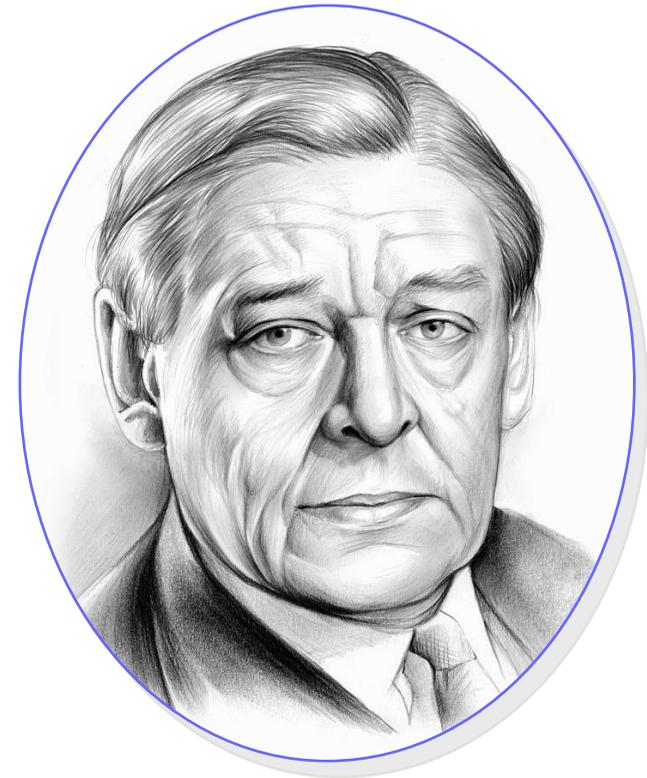


ADULT EDUCATION SCHEDULE:

March 11 - T.S. Eliot
March 25 - John O'Donohue
April 22 - Chief Seattle
May 13 - Annie Dillard
May 27 - Wendell Berry

THE END IS OUR BEGINNING



T. S. Eliot
1888 - 1965

THE WASTE LAND

April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.

Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the arch-duce's,
My cousins' he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.

I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

- ◆ What are your thoughts on this excerpt from "Little Gidding?"
- ◆ Do we ever cease exploring?
- ◆ Or do we settle for staying in our comfort zones?
- ◆ What does it mean to know a place for the first time?
- ◆ What might be the two waves of the sea?
- ◆ What might Eliot mean by the fire and the rose becoming one?

LITTLE GIDDING

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

Through the unknown, unremembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not know, because not looked for
But heard, half heard, in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always—
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flames are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

- ◆ What do you think about this poem?
- ◆ Why might April be the cruelest month?
- ◆ Why might winter have kept the poet warm?
- ◆ Do you feel free in the mountains?
- ◆ What can you learn from this poem?

JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

A cold coming we had it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.....
All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we all led that way for Birth or Death?
There was Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth
and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdom,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I shall be glad of another death.

- ◆ What are your first thoughts about this poem?
- ◆ What do you think this poem is about?
- ◆ What is notably missing from this poem?
- ◆ Why the use of the word, “Magi?”
- ◆ Why was this Birth a “Hard and bitter agony for us?”
- ◆ What “Death” is the narrator speaking of?
- ◆ Why might the Magi be no longer at ease at home?
- ◆ What might this poem say to our faith?