

Seattle University

ScholarWorks @ SeattleU

Manuscripts, ca. 1921-ca.1966; n.d., Edwin
Mortimer Standing

Series II: Literary Productions, ca. 1919-1979;
n.d.

July 2022

Box 07, Folder 22 - "The Destiny of Man and the Evolutionary Process" (E.M.S.)

Edwin Mortimer Standing

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.seattleu.edu/standing-manuscripts>

Recommended Citation

Standing, Edwin Mortimer, "Box 07, Folder 22 - "The Destiny of Man and the Evolutionary Process" (E.M.S.)" (2022). *Manuscripts, ca. 1921-ca.1966; n.d., Edwin Mortimer Standing*. 15.
<https://scholarworks.seattleu.edu/standing-manuscripts/15>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Series II: Literary Productions, ca. 1919-1979; n.d. at ScholarWorks @ SeattleU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Manuscripts, ca. 1921-ca.1966; n.d., Edwin Mortimer Standing by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks @ SeattleU.

THE DESTINY OF MAN

AND THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS

by

E. Mortimer Standing

(Author of "Maria Montessori--Life and Work")

The writer of this essay was born and brought up a Quaker. After graduating in Biology he "evolved" through many different Weltanschauungen--including Unitarianism, Theosophy, and Buddhism, arriving eventually at the Orthodox Catholic Faith. Evidences of this particular "Path to Rome" are to be found in the author's approach to the problem of evolution, here described from an unusual angle.

I once heard a man declaiming, rather pompously, to a group of people about the origins of Christianity. "The Christian religion", he said, "is just one of those many mystery religions which flourished in the early Roman Empire - cults which centered around the idea of a dying and rising god, like, for instance, the Egyptian Story of Osiris. It has no more claim to a historical basis than any other of these mystery cults."

At that moment a man who was present quietly interrupted the speaker saying in the tone of one who was about to write a letter, "Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me what date it is to-day?" Surprised, and not a little put out by the interruption, the speaker replied, "July 15th." He was about to continue his discourse when he was interrupted again by the same man with a further question, "What year?" "1948 of course", he replied testily. "I am sorry to interrupt you again", said the other, "but you've forgotten something - you never said whether it was B.C. or A.D.!"

In a flash everyone, including the original speaker, saw the point of the interruptions. Clearly, something, and something pretty important, must have happened to have given rise to so universal a basis for the reckoning of Time.

I wonder if it has ever struck you that, apart from Christ and His Mother, only one other person is mentioned in the Apostles' creed; and it is Pontius Pilate. Why was he given such a unique place? The answer is, simply because, as a well-known Roman official, he places the whole story fairly and squarely in a definite historical setting.

But perhaps you may be one of those persons who say "I am not particularly interested in creeds: in fact, they bore me." Very well,

then, leave the creeds alone for awhile and try and imagine ourselves living in Palestine when all these things were taking place.

It is the "fulness of time", and the whole country is buzzing with excitement because something unusual has happened which has set a chord vibrating in every Jewish heart. For the first time in centuries a prophet has appeared in the land, and is drawing great crowds to hear him. He is the genuine prophet of tradition, both in appearance and manner; and when he speaks he does not mince matters. For instance, when the religious authorities from Jerusalem send an ambassey to enquire if he is the Messiah who is to come, he replies in the negative, but throws in, unasked, the information that they are a "brood of vipers!"

Some young fishermen from Galilee are amongst the crowd; and one day - just as one might say, "Look, there goes the man who climbed Mount Everest!" - the prophet points to a passer-by and says, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." This is sufficient introduction for the fishermen. They get in touch with the person so designated and spend the rest of the day in his company - and of their lives too!

The third day after this there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee and the Mother of Jesus was there. "Jesus was invited and His disciples too." Perhaps it was the fact that the new Teacher turned up accompanied by several of His disciples which had something to do with the wine running short. Any way we all know what happened; how in spite of His protesting to His Mother that His Time had not yet come He respected Her wishes - as She knew He would - and turned the water into wine. What a wonderful symbolic beginning to a movement which was to transform the drabness of human

life into a joy which even death cannot diminish but can only augment!

Have you ever noticed, by the way, what a lot of feasts are mentioned in the Gospels? The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a King that gave a wedding feast for his son; or that other wedding party which was missed by the five foolish virgins. Then there was the feast "with music and dancing" to celebrate the return of the Prodigal Son.

Many actual feasts also are described, like that one at the Pharisees house, which was interrupted so shockingly by the entrance of a woman of ill repute; or that other banquet to which Jesus invited Himself and His Disciples - His prospective host being perched the while like a huge bird on the branch of a sycamore tree.

Most wonderful of all these feasts was The Last Supper at which Jesus Himself was the Host - in a double sense. This last Passover Feast and the Passion to which it was the prelude marks the actual dividing line between the Old and the New Testaments. "This is my blood of the New Testament, shed for many, for the remission of sins."

At the marriage feast of Cana water is turned into wine; here wine into blood. One wonders - as they knelt in solemn surprise to receive their First Communion on the night of the Great Sacrifice - if the thoughts of any of the Disciples went back to those words uttered by John the Baptist, three years before; "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world."

Let us - still leaving theology creeds on one side for a moment - continue to imagine ourselves back at the beginning of the Christian era, seeing and hearing things for ourselves.

What the Forerunner prophesied with regard to his great successor - "He must increase and I must decrease" - has already come to pass. Jesus is now the man of the moment; and wherever He goes immense crowds follow Him. By the shores of the lake, the multitude almost push Him into the water, so He steps into Peter's boat and continues His discourse from there, as from a pulpit. A crowd of four thousand follow Him into the country hanging on to His lips for three days until they have nothing to eat. In Jericho the short stumpy tax-gatherer, try how he may, cannot even get a glimpse of this new Teacher until he hits on the happy idea of climbing up into a tree, where he waits until He and the crowd surrounding Him pass by underneath. On another occasion His relations, concerned for His welfare, cannot even get near Him for the throng.

What is there about this Man which makes Him such a center of attraction? Without doubt He must have been a supremely wonderful speaker. "Never man spake like Him." Unforgettable stories pour from His lips in an unending stream clear and pellucid as a mountain spring, yet deeper in wisdom than the midnight sky. "He speaks with Authority," they say, "and not as the Scribes and Pharisees." The mention of these latter reminds us that Jesus is not only a center of attraction but of repulsion too. The devils cry out from the mouths of their victims at His approach; and the Scribes and Pharisees follow Him with an unrelenting hatred, which does not rest until it has nailed Him to the Cross.

Then there were His miracles. What a buzz of excitement there must have been when the news spread around that He had arrived in a town. What efforts to make the most of His visit! Young and old hurried to hear Him, and the sick were carried on litters - that is, those who were fortunate enough to have friends to help them. But even amongst these there were disappointments, as in the case of the poor paralytic whose four friends agreed to carry him to the house where Jesus was preaching. When they got there they found the usual thing - crowds, crowds and more crowds. You can almost hear the people, standing near the door, saying as they approach, "If we can't get in, there's no hope of your doing so - four men and a stretcher - quite impossible!"

But where charity reigns there are no obstacles. One of them has a bright idea; and so up the outside steps they carry him on to the roof of the house. You know the rest of the story: the packed crowds inside are listening to the words of Jesus. Then the sound of voices on the roof; bits of plaster begin to fall; more dust and more plaster; more voices. A hole appears in the roof as a tile is lifted; it gets bigger and bigger. Then suddenly all the light is blotted out once more, and behold a man on a stretcher being let down with a rope at each corner - till at last the sick man and his stretcher come to rest in the open space on the floor in front of Jesus.

What a strange and dramatic situation! There follows a tense silence, made even more tense by the hard glitter in the eyes of the Pharisees who are watching with a venomous eagerness for a chance to find fault. They do not have long to wait, "Man" said Jesus, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." One can't help wondering whether the

paralytic felt a pang of disillusionment at these words. He had come hoping to be cured, and he is told that his sins are forgiven! Meanwhile there is a stir amongst the many Scribes and Pharisees present "who had come from every village in Galilee, and Judea and Jerusalem." "Who can this be that He talks so blasphemously," they mutter. "Who can forgive sins but ^{God} and God only."

Jesus knows their thoughts. A note of stern authority creeps into His voice; "Why do you reason thus in your hearts? Which command is more lightly given, to say Thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say Rise up and Walk?" And now to convince you that the Son of Man Has power to forgive sins while He is on the earth" - here He spoke to the palsied man - "I tell thee, rise up, take thy bed with thee and go home." And he rose up at once in full sight of them all, took up his bedding, and went home giving praise to God. Astonishment came over them all, and they praised God, full of awe, and said, "We have seen strange things today."

What had they seen? They had seen the Lamb of God taking away the sins of the world.

You may sometimes hear people talk like this: "I don't place much credence in the Gospels." It is hard to believe they are authentic accounts of incidents that happened nearly two thousand years ago - fourteen centuries before the invention of printing.

There are two ways of tackling this problem. One is scientific, by making a critical study of the oldest manuscripts. But this is a highly technical job which few of us have either the time or the qualifications to undertake. The other way is by means of what one might call "the literary criticism of common sense." It is easiest to explain what this means by an example.

Take any incident in the life of Christ and study it carefully, and you will find, first, that it fits in perfectly in every way into its historical setting. Secondly, it bears the stamp of a genius so original, so unique, that it is more reasonable to suppose that it really happened than to imagine that someone made it up. Let us take, as an example, that dinner-party to which Jesus is invited by the rather supercilious and patronizing Pharisee. The Pharisee, Simon, feels it is an act of condescension to invite this carpenter - turned - prophet to dinner at his house. He therefore gives instructions to his servants to treat this dubious guest with a somewhat scant courtesy. According to the custom of the period, the guests do not sit up at table, but recline on couches, resting on one elbow and using the other arm to eat with.

It is a warm night and the doors are open, or perhaps the meal is being served in the garden. Anyway the place is accessible from the outside. Suddenly there is a stir amongst the guests. Something unexpected is happening, something unrehearsed, not according to plan (according to Divine plan perhaps but not that of the host). A woman has come in from the streets (in a double sense) - who, having heard Jesus was at table in the Pharisee's house, brought a pot of ointment with her, and took her place behind Him at His feet, weeping. Then she began washing His feet with her tears, and drying them with her hair, kissing His feet, and anointing them with the ointment. His host, the Pharisee, saw it and thought to himself, "If this man were a prophet he would know who this woman is that is touching Him, and what kind of woman - a sinner".

In this dramatic moment Christ does not address Himself to the woman but to His host, for He knows only too well what is going

on in his mind. Taking in the whole situation in a flash, His inventive genius creates in a split second the whole story of the two debtors, which He at once proceeds to relate to His host.

"There was a creditor who had two debtors; one owed him five hundred pieces of silver, the other fifty: they had no means of paying him, and he forgave them both. And now tell me, which of them loves him the more? I suppose, answers Simon, a little suspiciously, that it is the one who had the greater debt discharged." "Thou hast judged rightly," replies Jesus. All this time the woman has been standing by the feet of Jesus listening with wonderment. With a woman's swift intuition she realizes that she herself is in the story, realizes it with joy and wonder, even before the next scene comes in this mounting drama. The new teacher's voice takes on a tone of severity as, turning towards the woman He says to Simon, "Dost thou see this woman? I came into thy house and thou gavest me no water for my feet: she has washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair. Thou gavest me no kiss of greeting but she has never ceased to kiss my feet from the moment she came it; thou didst not anoint my head with oil but she has anointed my feet with ointment." Cannot one imagine the rising tide of joy, self-respect, and - above all - of love with surges through the soul of Mary Magdalen as she hears herself vindicated before the whole company. Inexorably the voice of the prophet goes on, "And so I tell you if great sins have been forgiven she has also greatly loved. He loves a little who has little forgiven him." Then to the woman, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

At this moment there arises amongst those present a similar questioning as was noted in yesterday's story, "Who is this Man

that He even forgives sins?" Undisturbed by this commotion and with the calm voice of absolute authority Jesus continues, "Woman, go in peace: thy faith has made thee whole."

Confronted with a story like this common sense finds it more reasonable to say, "This is no imaginary incident: it has the ring of truth about it." Faith goes further and reverently exclaims, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"

One of the characteristics of the Gospels, which gives them an air of authenticity, is the curious and unforeseen way things happen. They have what one might call the unexpectedness of reality. To take an example. One day Jesus was walking through the streets of Jerusalem accompanied by some of His Disciples when they saw a man who was known to them to have been blind from his birth. It is quite possible that in their conversation they had been discussing amongst themselves the effects of sin. Whether this was the case or not, one of the Disciples put the Question, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents that he was born blind?" It was a somewhat academic question, and the Disciples were clearly looking upon the man as a "case". Not so Jesus, whose heart was - here as always - touched with pity. "Neither he nor his parents were guilty," Jesus answered; "it was so that God's action might declare itself in him."

Approaching the poor beggar He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay. Still the blind man could not see. But if he was disappointed it was not for long; for the voice of this Man whom he could not see, said, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." If Jesus intended to heal him why didn't he do it stright away? Perhaps to

test the man's faith. We are not told how the blind man found his way across Jerusalem to the pool of Siloam. Probably there were plenty of spectators willing to lead him, if not out of charity at least on the chance of seeing a miracle. So the beggar went; washed, and arose seeing.

At once the news was buzzed abroad in Jerusalem. Some people recognized the man they had so often seen as a blind beggar and told their neighbours. Others were incredulous and said, "It is not he; it is like him." But the man himself had no doubt as to his own identity, and his own cure and assured them emphatically that he was the very man.

Before long news of this extraordinary cure was brought to the ears of Christ's inveterate and ever watchful enemies, the Pharisees. The Man was summoned before them and they questioned Him narrowly as to how it was done. "Blind leaders of the blind" they were more interested in the fact that Christ made clay, that is, did some work on the Sabbath Day, than in the fact of the cure itself, thus "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." There was, however, some division of opinion amongst them. Though the majority maintained that Jesus must be a wicked person to have broken the Sabbath day, a few queried, "How can a man who is a sinner do such miracles?" In this dilemma they asked the beggar himself what he thought, and he replied bluntly, "He is a prophet."

Some of the Pharisees would not believe the man's story at all. So they therefore summoned his parents, who confirmed the fact of his cure, but would not say anything in favour of Jesus lest they incur the displeasure of the Pharisees. So once more the beggar himself is brought before them. "Give God the praise," they say, "and not this Man Jesus who is a sinner."

The beggar, not impressed, nor very interested, remarked, "Whether he be a sinner or not, I know not; but one thing I do know is that whereas I was blind now I see."

Again the Pharisees ask him, "What did He do to you?" How did He open your eyes?" This enquiry was followed by an amusing incident. "I've told you already," said the beggar, and you would not listen: why do you want to hear it again - do you also want to become His Disciples?" This was too much for the learned doctors of the law. They 9!) to become the Disciples of this strolling vagabond! "God spoke to Moses, we know," they said, "but as for this fellow we don't know where He comes from." But the beggar, a tough reasoner and not to be brow-beated, hits back, "Why this is a wonderful thing! You don't know where this Man comes from, and yet He has opened my eyes! Since the beginning of the world it has never been heard that anyone opened the eyes of a man born blind." In a self-righteous fury they reply, "Fellow you were altogether born in sin, and do you teach us?" and they cast him out.

Not that he cared a scrap. He passed out with joy from that stuffy atmosphere of prejudice and hatred into the great new world of million-faceted reality which had just been opened up to his wondering eyes - to the blue sky, the white clouds, the houses, and, most wonderful of all, the human face.

Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and did what they call in hospitals a "follow up". He sought and found the quondam beggar and asked him, "Do you believe in the Son of God?" In his simple forthright way the man replies, "Who is He Lord that I might believe in Him?" And Jesus replied, "Thou hast both seen Him and it is He that is talking to you." "LOrd I believe," he replied, and he

worshipped Him.

Who would have expected such a turn of events from so simple a question as, "Master who did sin thus that he was born blind - this man or his parents?" Truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

Many years ago I was giving a lesson on the life of St. Paul to an upper form in a boarding school. We happened to be dealing that morning with the Apostle's visit to Athens. Following the vivid description given by St. Luke on the 17th chapter of the Acts, I explained how the Athenians were always looking out for something new in the way of philosophy or religion; and how they eagerly took St. Paul "by the sleeve" and brought him to the Aereopagus so that he might discourse to them on his new teaching. The Athenians listened with interest to St. Paul's speech until he made mention of someone who had died and "was afterwards raised from the dead." This was too much for that urbane and sceptical audience. Some of them openly mocked, and others more polite, said, "We will hear more of this - another day!" At this juncture one of the most brilliant boys⁽¹⁾ in my class feelingly exclaimed, "Well, you know Sir, it is a bit thick!!" There are thousands of people today who, when they hear or read the story of Christ's Resurrection feel just the same as my pupil did.

That Christ lived, that He was a great teacher, and that He was put to death, they will admit; but that a man came to life again after He had been, as the creed tells us, "dead and buried" for three days and three nights, that is too much for them also.

Yet if one looks carefully into the Gospels one finds that the idea of the approaching death and resurrection of Our Lord is there

(1)

Footnote: Whose voice is often heard on the B.B.C. now.

as it were embedded in the story from the very beginning. For instance, when Christ in His burning zeal for His Father's House, drove the cattle and sheep, the hucksters and money-changers, helter skelter out of the temple precincts, exclaiming that they had "turned it into a den of thieves," the temple authorities were naturally annoyed. They were angry because, through commissions, they made easy money that way. When the Pharisees approached Jesus formally to ask Him what warrant He had for acting in this high-handed way, He replied, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up again." But, adds the evangelist, He was speaking of His own body! On another occasion when the Scribes and Pharisees had been asking Him to work a "sign from Heaven" to vindicate His authority, He replied that "no sign shall be given but the sign of the prophet Jonah". How as most people know, now, - and everybody knew then - Jonah was the man who spent three days and three nights shut up in the belly of the whale - and came out alive on the third day.

On their last journey up to Jerusalem, Jesus told His disciples quite plainly that the Jewish authorities would give Him over to the Gentiles and that they would scourge and kill Him but that on the third day He would rise again.

But even then the disciples seemed hardly to realize the full significance of these prophetic words. But it was not so with the enemies of Jesus. They - the Scribes and Pharisees - knew very well what Jesus had meant. And that was why on the day they had succeeded in having Him put to death, they went to the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, and said, "Sir, we have recalled it to memory that that impostor while He yet lived said, "I am to rise again

"Give orders, then that the tomb shall be securely guarded until the third day, or perhaps His Disciples will come and steal Him away. If then they should say to the people, He has risen from the dead, this last deceit will be more dangerous than the old one." Pilate, who must have thought them a set of fanatical busy-bodies making a fuss about nothing, humoured them (because he knew they could be dangerous) and replied, "You have a guard, away with you, and make it secure as best you know how." So they went away and made the tomb secure, putting a seal on it and setting a guard over it.

There is something peculiarly fitting - an act of poetic justice - that the very malice of the Jewish leaders should have helped to substantiate the great miracle that followed. For what happened to the guards? "Suddenly there was a great trembling of the earth because an angel of the Lord came to the place, descending from Heaven, and rolled away the stone and sat on it. His face shone like lightning, his garments were white as snow - so that the guards trembled with fear and were like dead men."

The next morning some women had been to the tomb and finding it empty, were returning to the city to tell the disciples about it. "They had not finished their journey (I am now quoting the Gospel verbatim) when some of the guards reached the city, and told the chief priests all that befell. These gathered with the Elders to take counsel; and offered a bribe to the soldiers. "Let this," they said, "be your tale: His Disciples came by night and stole Him away while you were asleep. If this should come to the ears of the governor, we will satisfy him and see that no harm comes to you." The soldiers took the bribe, and did as they were instructed:

and this (continues the Gospel) is the tale which has gone abroad among the Jews to this day."

Which do you believe?

Some people say, it does not really matter much whether Jesus of Nazareth rose again from the dead or not; after all it is His teaching which is the main thing, and that is not affected whichever way you look at it. But the Disciples did not think so, as the following story shows. Three days after His death, in fact on the very day of His resurrection, though they did not know it, two of them were walking from Jerusalem to Emmaus, a distance of some eight miles (no motor-cars or buses in those days!) They both wore long faces, looking like men who had received bad news. This, in fact, was exactly what had happened. Their melancholy expression was not lost on a stranger, also on foot, who drew near to them. Introducing himself he put them a rather personal query, "What is the subject of your conversation as you go along, that you look so sad-faced?" One of them replied, "Are you the only pilgrim in Jerusalem who has not heard what has happened there the past few days?" "What happenings?" went on the stranger. To which they replied, "About one Jesus of Nazareth whom the chief priests caused to be crucified: but as for us, we had hoped that it was He who was to deliver Israel." The stranger, as we all know, was no real stranger, but was Christ Himself, who had in some way caused their eyes to be "held fast" (as the Gospel puts it) so that they should not recognize Him (nothing extraordinary in that, by the way! could not He who made the eye suspend or alter it's function at will?) Whereupon the stranger, beginning with Moses and the whole line of the prophets, interpreted them in such

a way that He made it clear to them that it was to be expected that the Messiah should undergo these sufferings, and so enter into His glory. Arriving at their destination they invited this stranger - now more like a friend - to share their meal. And then at "the breaking of the bread" He vanished, and they realized the truth. Now they understood why their hearts had burned within them on the way. The meal over, without waiting, they set off at once to tramp back that eight miles to Jerusalem, to announce the good news to the other Disciples.

Using what we have called earlier on "the literary criticism of sanctified common sense" we say to ourselves: no one would have possibly thought of inventing such a story; it is so full of unexplained and unexpected incidents; and yet how true it is to the characters of the people taking part in it. One can say the same thing with regard to all the other recorded appearances of Our Lord after His resurrection. The very fact that He came and went, appeared and disappeared, is not what anyone would expect on the face of things, if He really had come back to life. Of course, if He had been just a ghost that would have been a different matter: that is, in fact what ghosts are supposed to do. But ghosts don't sit at table and eat fish and honey, nor invite their friends to touch and handle them, just to prove they have flesh and blood.

Read carefully the whole description of what happened in these early days and weeks after the crucifixion and Resurrection, and you see very clearly that what is occupying the minds of the Disciples is not the teachings of Jesus, but Jesus Himself, together with almost unbelievable fact - almost too good to be true - that He has risen from the dead. It is love for a Person - not

a doctrine - that concerns them now - Doctrine will come later.

Nowhere does this stand out more unmistakably than in the case of Mary Magdalene, "out of whom Jesus had cast seven devils", and restored her, as we have seen, to dignity, self-respect and a new life. She was amongst the faithful few that braved the enmity of the Jewish mob and stood by the cross through those unspeakable hours of agony and reproach.

She was the first to be at the tomb on the first Easter morning, to embalm the body of Him whom she loved with a love that was stronger than death. In the incident that followed we have again that curious with-holding of the vision. Turning round by the open tomb she saw Jesus standing there without knowing who He was.

"Woman," He said, "why art thou weeping? For whom art thou searching?" She, supposing Him to be the gardener, said to Him, "If it is thou, Sir, who has carried Him off tell me where thou hast put Him and I will take Him away." Jesus said to her, "Mary", and she to Him, "Rabboni" (Master). Not even in the reconciliation scene between Cordelia and King Lear could you find so much joy and passion in so few words. If she had known them, Mary Magdalen might well then have quoted the words of that other Shakespeare character who said,

"My soul hath it's contents so absolute
That not another joy like this succeeds
In unknown fate."

But she would have been wrong. For the whole point of this story is that the rapturous re-union was to last forever, through all the endless vicissitudes of "unknown fate". It belonged, and still belongs, to a world that is beyond Time, and Place and Death. For

at the heart of the universe there is an infinite and unspeakable joy. It wells up eternally from the utterly perfect society of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity where they dwell, in the mysterious and ineffable unity of the Divine nature, in light inaccessible. Mary's inexpressible joy was a radiation from that everlasting happiness. The seraphic St. Francis of Assisi had also drunk deep of that joy; and that is why he exclaimed, "So great is the happiness that awaits me that all pain is a delight." This is the joy of which Our Lord, who is the author of it, said, "and their joy no man shall take from them."