

OVERTURE*

Fragments on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

1. Closing

Always late, time-lacking; we still arrive too late to understand.

CMIDAO GHMERTO, CHANT FROM SIONI CHURCH, TBILISI, GEORGIA

2. Infinity

This voice has lived here for two thousand years.

It looks as though I'm already on the right track. So let me tell you that in the last analysis, this world of Gods - I don't accept it, even though I know that it exists.

Like a young babe, I am convinced that our sufferings will be healed and smoothed away, that the whole offensive comedy of human conflict will disappear like a pathetic mirage, and that, ultimately, during the universal finale, at the moment of eternal harmony, there will occur and become manifest something so precious that it will be sufficient for all hearts, for the soothing of all indignation, the redemption of all men's evil-doings, all the blood that has been shed by them, will be sufficient not only to make it possible to forgive but even to justify all the things that have happened to men - and eve if all of that becomes manifest and becomes reality, I will not accept it.

I understand what a shaking must rend the universe when all that is in heaven and under the earth flows together in one laudatory voice and all that liveth and bath lived exclaims "Just and true art. Thou, O Lord, for Thy ways are made plain."

It may very well be, perhaps, that when I reach the moment in my life at which I see it, or rise up from the dead in order to do so, I myself may exclaim with all the rest "Just and true art. Thou, O Lord!", but it is something I do not want to do. I want to be here when everyone suddenly discovers why it has all been the way it has. I want to see it for myself, and if by that time I am already dead, then let me be raised up again.

3. The Dream of Mary Magdalene A dark dream, slicing it by knife

UPALO JESO CHRISTE (CHRIST HAVE MERCY ON US), CHANT FROM SIONI CHURCH, TBILISI, GEORGIA

4. Calling Death – the Journey

The Logos comes out of the mouth. And whoever feeds from the mouth will

be perfected. The perfect are conceived through a kiss, and are born. This is why we kiss one another.

ROMELNI KERUBIMTASA (WHO LOOKS LIKE THE CHERUBIN), CHANT FROM SIONI CHURCH, TIBILISI, GEORGIA

5. Wake up

6. Blessed is the Womb that has not conceived

Blessed is the womb that has not conceived and the breasts that have not given milk. Whoever has come to know the world has discovered the body, and whoever has discovered the body, of that one the world is not worthy.

PSALM 103 IN GREEK

7. Crying of Miriam of Magdala

Yet, when you see your likeness you are happy. But when you see your images that came to being before you and that neither die nor become visible, how much will you bare?

Be brave. And even if you doubt have courage towards such or other forms of nature.

God giveth you a body as it hath pleased him. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection.

AMIN, AN EXCERPT FROM GEORGIAN LITURGY

8. It is necessary to rise in this flesh, since everything exists in it

Some are afraid lest they rise naked. Because of this they wish to rise in the flesh, and they do not know that it is those who wear the flesh who are naked. It is those who [...] to unclot themselves who

are not naked. You say that the flesh will not rise. But tell me what will rise, that we may honour you. You say the Spirit in the flesh, and it is also this light in the flesh. But this too is a matter which is in the flesh, for whatever you shall say, you say nothing outside the flesh. It is necessary to rise in this flesh, since everything exists in it.

CMIDAO GHMERTO AND KRISTE ARDSGAM KWDRETTIT, SVANETIAN PASCHAL HYMNS

9. The Youth in Linen Robe leaves

10. Hesykhia

- Where do you come from murderer?

Where are you going vagabond?

- That which oppressed me has been slain And that which encircled me has vanished.

My craving has faded and I am free from my ignorance.

I left the world with the aid of another world.

A design was erased by virtue of a higher design.

- I did not see you descend,

But now I see you rising.

Why do you lie, since you belong to me?

- I saw you, though you did not see me, nor recognise me.

I was with you as with a garment, and you never felt me.

DZWRIRAGI I KWIRIA, SVANETIAN SONGS

11. Preparation. First

12. End of Wedding

A człowiek, który bez miary

Obsypany twymi dary

Coś go stworzył i ocalił

A czemuż by Cię nie chwalił.

Wielu snem śmierci upadło,

Co się wczoraj spać pokładło.

My się jeszcze obudzili...

13. Healing of Miriam

- Lord, dost though not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?

SZEN GIGA LOBT, AN EXCERPT FROM GEORGIAN LITURGY

14. Stoning

15. Przybądźcie z nieba na głos naszych modlitw

Mieszkańcy chwały wszyscy Święci Boży.

Z obłoków jasných zejďte aniołowie,

Z rzeszą zbawionych spieszcie na

spotkanie.

Anielski orszak niech twą duszę przyjmie.

Uniesie z ziemi ku wyżynom nieba,

A pieśń zbawionych niech ją zaprowadzi,

Aż przed oblicze Boga Najwyższego.

16. Preparation. Second Another attempt to visit the grave

- He promised to teach me, but he didn't teach me anything.

Sometimes he stopped speaking and from

a shelf on the wall took some bread, which

we shared. This bread had a real taste of

bread. Never after have I felt this taste.

He poured me and himself wine which

had a taste of sun and earth from which

this place had been built.

He promised to teach me, but didn't teach

me anything.

One day he told me "Now leave". I never

tried to find him since I understood that

he had come to me by mistake.

Sometimes I cannot restrain myself from

recalling, with fear and guilt, fragments of

what he had told me.

- Do not touch me. He said, do not touch

me.

17. A certain Man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany; J, 11

- A certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha.

- It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.

- Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus.

Therefore his sisters sent unto him,

saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou

lovest is sick.

- When Jesus came, he found that he had

lain in the grave four days already.

Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem,

about fifteen furlongs off.

- Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus

was come, went and met him, but Mary sat still in the house. Then said Martha 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died'

- When she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly.

When Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she said unto him:

'If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died.

If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died.

If Thou hadst been here.'

KYRIE ELEISON, AN EXCEPT FROM GEORGIAN LITURGY, SIONI CHURCH, TBILISI

18. Jesus's Lamentation - ZAR

19. Consolamentum – a Letter

When I was a little child,

And dwelling in my kingdom,

In my father's house,

and was content with the wealth and the

luxuries of my nourishes,

from the East, our home,

my parents equipped me (and) sent me

forth;

and of the wealth of our treasury

they took abundantly, (and) tied up for

me a load

large and (yet) light, which I myself could

carry,

And they took off from me the glittering

robe,

Which in their affection they made for me,

and the purple toga,

Which was measured and woven to my

stature.

And they made a compact with me,

And wrote it in my heart, that it might

not be forgotten:

'If thou goest down into Egypt,

and bringest the one pearl'

MEGISTIS PASCHA, BYZANTINE CHANT FROM ATHOS

20. Raising the light. Easter Troparion from Athos Christos anesti

Let them be born for one childhood.

For everyone shall be salted with fire.