

ANHELLI. THE CALLING

*Because I know that time is always time
And place is always and only place
And what is actual is actual only for one
time
And only for one place
I rejoice that things are as they are and
I renounce the blessed face
And renounce the voice
Because I cannot hope to turn again
Consequently I rejoice, having to construct
something
Upon which to rejoice*
[Fragment of Ash-Wednesday
by Thomas Stearns Eliot]

1. The Storm

Behold our hearts fatigued worse than
the bodies.
Behold the bells tolling after the dead
prophet!
Behold the Angelus for those who do
not see the sun.

And behold! They rise... They have
risen from the dead,
but they cannot roll the stones away...
May those who have the soul rise!
May they live!
For this is the time of living but for
the strong.

IRMOS OF HOLY FRIDAY

2. Communion of Saints. Jerusalem of the Sun

Tread lightly for this ground 'tis but a
vast graveyard.

GREEK HYMN, FRAGMENT OF
GREAT COMPLINE, II PLAGAL MODE

3. Prayer of shining Flesh / Bodies

4. Tobias and the Angel

In your breath abides the Holy Spirit

IRMOS BOGORODITSE DIEVO

5. Nuptial Chamber. The Sacrament

*Awake, north wind and come, you south!
Blow on my garden, that its spices may
flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden,
and taste his precious fruits. [...]
I was asleep, but my heart was awake.
I have taken off my robe. Indeed, must
I put it on?
I have washed my feet. Indeed, must
I soil them*

[Song of Songs, 4,16; 5,2; 5,3]

6. I need that goddam Miracle

AMIN

*Have you not taken on the flesh?
Does the pain not gnaw at you and the
death not scare?
Does not your mother bear you? That
once there rose within you
the memory, with terror of the 'ere Genesian
graveyard...*

[Juliusz Slowacki, *The Ghost King*,
variation of the text 247b]

*Nothing has hurt you
According to hopes
... Na odludnej wieży
Twój trup – rzucony przez krwawych
rycerzy
Gnije... i węże skoczyły na ciało.
A w dalekości – duchów tajemnica [...]
Łąki mgłą ćmione...przesrebrna
gwiazdzica
Srebrną swą strzałą rani i przenika.
Garnki płaczebne... i koń wojownika,
Słowiańskie dary zwykle... błyskawica
Stosów, co lasy sosnowe rumieni...
Pieśń wzlatująca ponad huk płomieni –
Dla innych. Pamięć twoja pogardzona,
Pod głową wieniec z gadzin czoło
chłodzi...*

*Your angel rises, breathes (departs).
[Juliusz Slowacki, *The Ghost King*,
variation of the text 244]*

MISERERE, FRAGMENT OF PASCHAL
CHANT FROM CUGLIERI, SARDINIA

7. Sarah's Prayer. The Calling

- And thus possessed I am with your
breath,
That keeps wake beyond the edge of
grave
And grows where angels' wings would
come

ROMELNI KERUBIMTASA, HYMN
FROM SIONI CHURCH, TBILISI,
GEORGIA

8. Meeting

*To reach that which you do not recognize,
You need to go through that which you do
not recognize.
To reach that which you do not possess,
You need to go through that which you do
not possess.
To reach that which you do not know,
You need to go through that which you do
not know.
To reach that which you are not,,
You need to go through that which you
are not.*

[Paraphrase of Mount of Excellence
by St. John of the Cross according to
the drawing by Diego de Astor]

WE, FILLED WITH SPIRIT...
FRAGMENT OF THE SERVICE THREE
YOUNG MEN IN THE FIERY FURNACE
FROM THE 2406 MANUSCRIPT OF
THE GREEK NATIONAL LIBRARY,
TRANSCRIBED BY M. ADAMIS

9. Gift of Tongues

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS, FRAGMENT
OF MISSA VULTUM TUUM, CORSICA

10. Let us place Three Crosses

Let us place three crosses in imitation
of the suffering of our Lord and on
those three let us nail three soldiers
each most virulent in his own company,
and the one whose life will last the
longest, with him the victory.

IESO, PASCHAL CHANT FROM CAS-
TELSARDO, SARDINIA

11. The Column of Death

*- The fastest animal that you can ride
towards excellence: suffering.
- Audiam, quid loquantur in me Dominus
Deus.
I will turn silent and thus will heed what
my God and my Lord speaks in me.
And if he wishes to (make me the object of
his words) (speak to me), let him enter
my inner being because I won't come out.*
[Paraphrases of Master Eckhart's
On Aloneness]

CUNTEMPLA CORO INDURANDU
SU LAMENTU DE MARIA, PASCHAL
CHANT FROM OROSEI, SARDINIA

12. Awaiting. Proskomide

*I am not yet born; O hear me.
Let not the bloodsucking bat or the rat
or the stoat or the club-footed ghouel come
near me.*

*I am not yet born, console me.
I fear that the human race may with tall
walls wall me, with strong drugs dope me,
with wise lies lure me, on black racks rack
me, in blood-baths roll me.*

[...]
*I am not yet born; O hear me,
Let not the man who is beast or who
thinks he is God come near me.*

*I am not yet born; O fill me
With strength against those who would
freeze my humanity, would dragoon me
into a lethal automaton, would make me
a cog in a machine, a thing with one face,
a thing, and against all those who would
dissipate my entirety, would blow me like
thistledown hither and thither or hither
and thither like water held in the hands
would spill me.*

*Let them not make me a stone and let
them not spill me.
Otherwise kill me*
[Fragments of *Prayer Before Birth*
by Louis McNeice]

IRMOS FOR DORMITION OF
THEOTOKOS

The angel of the Lord announced
unto Mary.
And she conceived by the Holy
Spirit.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord.
Be it unto me according to your
Word.

And the Word was made flesh.
And dwelt among us.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray
for us sinners, now and at the
hour of our death.

Amen.