there are X-Factors, serendipities, which enter in and change history from its predictable and patterned way. Jesus is the One who assures us that we are to live as if the future has already broken in—as, indeed, it has in Him.

This leads me to suggest that central to the Christian Faith is Jesus' Resurrection. But when preaching about it, the text behind any text we use is, “He appeared also to me” (I Cor. 15). The Resurrection is not confined to talk about “then” but is now, any more than it is confined to talk about life in the world-to-come but to the new quality of life here. So it would seem to me that we have to speak about Event and Interpretation here more than anywhere. The interpretations talk about an empty tomb, a revivified corpse, bodily ascension and other “proofs.” The Gospels give variations on the theme without trying to “justify” them. Even if all the signatures on the innumerable Howard Hughes' wills were to match in every detail, we'd know that all but one (or all for that matter) were forgeries. So the stories should vary; but it's not the description and explanation that matter; it's the Fact.

The resurrection quite obviously was not a public event. Caiaphas and Herod did not “see” Him. The public generally did not meet Him. His coming again was in a form that only those whom He had prepared recognized. Most important is what the resurrection says about our world. Jesus' way has backing in the eternal nature of things. The foundations of the world are laid bare. The way of the Cross is God's way; and to take up one's cross and enter into His sufferings is to know the power of His resurrection. It’s the ethical aspects revealed through His love-death that are certified, underscored, and made triumphant in what we call “the Resurrection of Jesus.” Faith is not dependent upon our explanations but upon the promise the resurrection makes to us “in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which we shall pass through in His fellowship; and, as an ineffable mystery, we shall learn in our own experience Who He is,” as Albert Schweitzer says on the last page of his Quest for the Historical Jesus.

If there were more time, I would stress at greater length the importance of the God-search in the modern novel. Elie Wiesel in Night, Frederick Buechner in Love Feast, John Updike in A Month of Sundays, Flannery O'Connor and William Faulkner: these and others are testaments of the God-hunger, the God-search, the God incarnate in our fellows. Kurt Vonnegut in Mother Night tells the story of an American living in Berlin when war broke out. He became an announcer for overseas broadcasts to America and an apologist (like Tokyo Rose) for Hitler propagand. As the story opens, the announcer has returned to America to meet the invectives and hatred of his fellow Americans. Unknown to them, however, he had been a secret agent of our government, sending through his broadcasts coded messages to our State