

The image features a dark, black background. A bright, glowing sun or star is positioned on the left side, partially obscured by a curved horizon line that arches across the frame. The sun's light creates a lens flare effect, with rays extending outwards. The horizon line is illuminated with a gradient of colors, from a pale blue at the top to a bright yellow and orange near the sun. To the right of the sun, the word "SEHNSUCHT" is written in a white, glowing, outlined font. The letters have a slight shadow, giving them a three-dimensional appearance as if they are floating in space.

SEHNSUCHT

Luke 15: 14-18

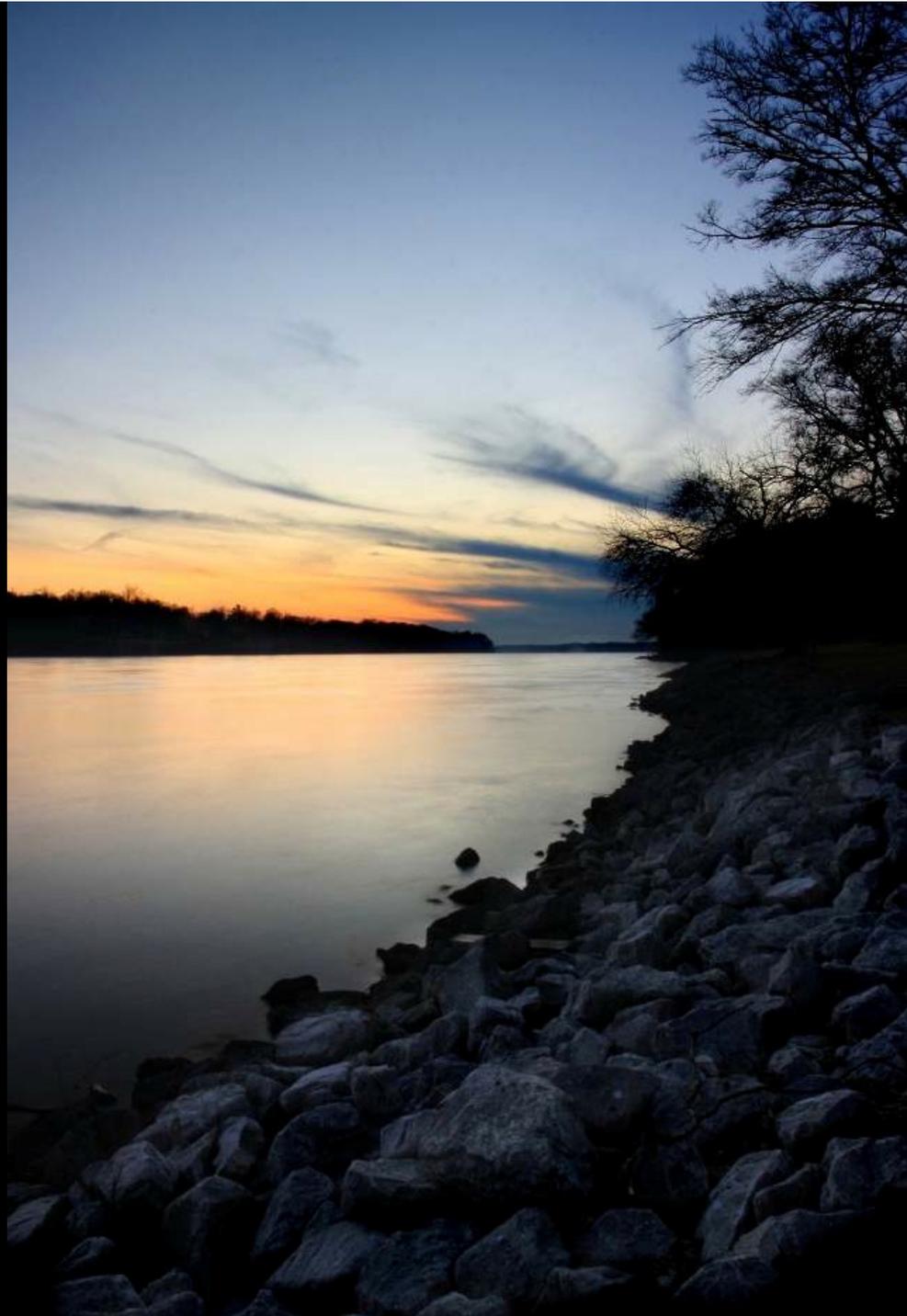
After he had spent everything, there was a severe famine in that whole country, and he began to be in need. So he went and hired himself out to a citizen of that country, who sent him to his fields to feed pigs. He longed to fill his stomach with the pods that the pigs were eating, but no one gave him anything.

“When he came to his senses, he said, ‘How many of my father’s hired servants have food to spare, and here I am starving to death. I will set out and go back to my father....

**Something, calls to me,
The trees are drawing me near, I've got to
find out why?
Those gentle voices I hear, explain it all with
a sigh.**













Our commonest expedient is to call it beauty and behave as if that had settled the matter. Wordsworth's expedient was to identify it with certain moments in his own past. But all this is a cheat. If Wordsworth had gone back to those moments in the past, he would not have found the thing itself, but only the reminder of it; what he remembered would turn out to be itself a remembering.

The books or the music in which we thought the beauty was located will betray us if we trust to them; it was not in them, it only came through them, and what came through them was longing. These things – the beauty, the memory of our own past – our good images of what we really desire; but if they are mistaken for the thing itself they turn into dumb idols, breaking the hearts of their worshippers. For they are not the thing itself...

Our life-long nostalgia, our longing to be reunited with something in the universe from which we fell cut off, to be on the inside of some door which we have always seen from the outside, is no mere neurotic fancy, but the truest index of our situation.

The following slides are formatted
without backgrounds for printing

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