

#### A JOURNAL OF ORTHODOX FAITH AND CULTURE

#### ROAD TO EMMAUS

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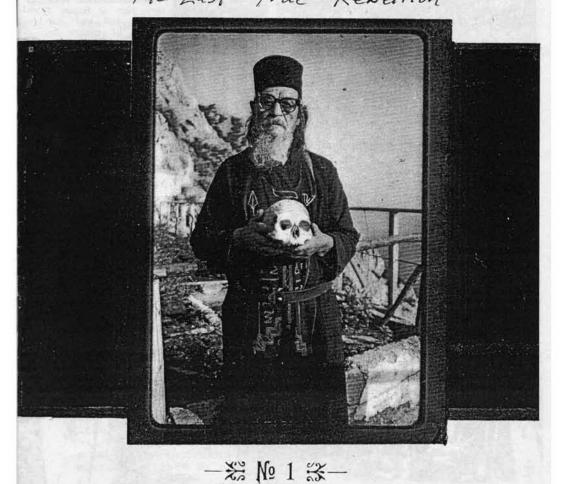
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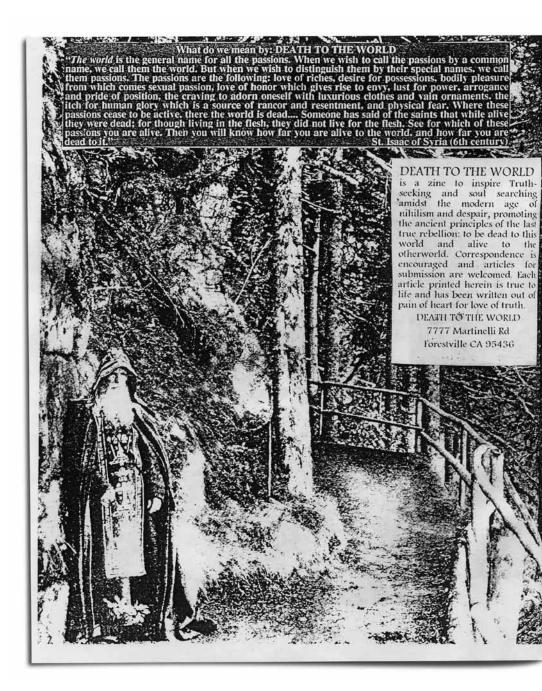


## DEATH TO THE WORLD IN PRINT

# DEATH WORLD The Last True Rebellion



Cover of Issue No. 1.



#### DEATH TO THE WORLD

The last true rebellion is death to the world. To be crucified to the world and the world to us.

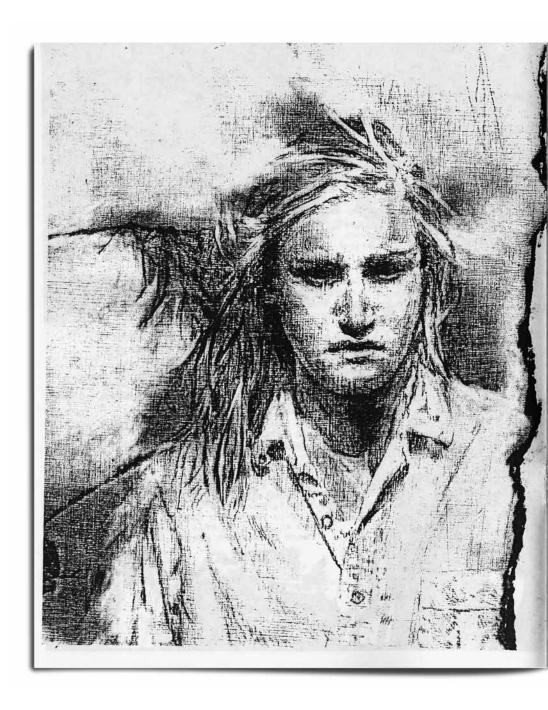
With the seed of dissatisfaction deeply planted in the heart of today's society, rebellion has been a small key to unlock the doors of change. But the rebellion that the world has known is not a fullness of true rebellion.

Since our times have come to a point where things can't get much worse, the few remaining lovers of truth must search deeper into themselves and deeper into the truth itself — but to get to this point a revolution must take place. A revolution in the hearts of these lovers of truth. A revolution that annihilates all earthly and worldly thinking and that nurtures a way of thinking that is not of this world. Because that which is of the flesh is of the flesh and that which is of the spirit is of the spirit.

There is a grave necessity for this internal revolution, for only by this can progress be made. For how can one help a world with festering wounds until one mends one's own wounds. After this spiritual surgery has taken place, true rebellion is an ideal that is attainable.

In this age of confusion and destruction, the necessary distinction between good vs. evil has been deathly confused. The result of this is nihilism. The philosophy of nothingness, that no ultimate truth exists. In nihilism, there is neither love or hatred, good or bad, life or death. The result of this is the soul destroying idea that even God does not exist.

The natural reaction to all of this is an internal rebellion of the soul, for the soul cannot deny its own existence. At this point an all-out unseen war is fully engaged. In the case of the lover of truth, the rebellion manifests itself externally in a rebellion against this corrupt world. This is good, but there are too many people who just stop at this point. Without searching any further, how can one expect to uncover the answers? True rebellion will stop at nothing in the fight for the good of the world, for the good of others, and for the good itself in whatever way it manifests itself. It is necessary to wage a revolution in the heart in order to conquer evil with good so as to have a rebellion in truth. This is the kind of rebellion that must take place or else it isn't rebellion at all.



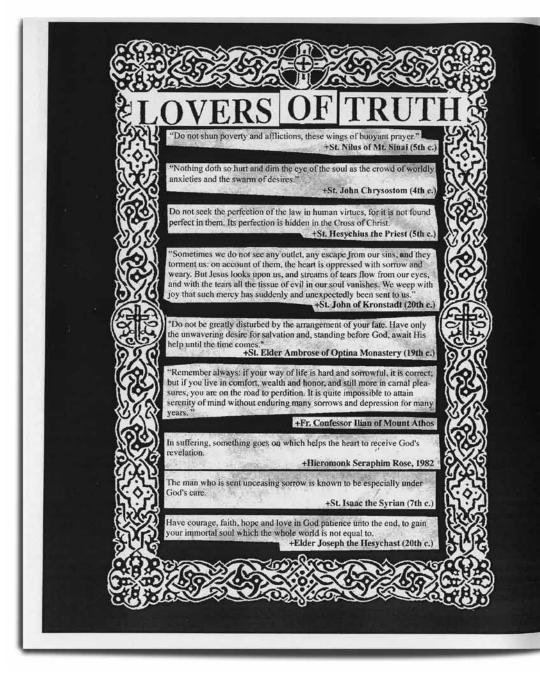
### PERFECTION IN PAIN

"I was so young - I didn't know what it meant to be hurt and then to hurt." - Rites of Spring

AT THE TIME of acute self-consciousness at the birth of adulthood, when the soul is still innocent and open, has not been hardened, and the world is a big apple with possibilities that are seemingly limitless, and relationships can seem to be so perfect and so easily perfect, and the soul has been just awakened to the intense sense of personhood, self-hood, and asks (for the first and sometimes only time in one's life) the question of who he is and why he's here, the soul is wide open and seeks to go beyond itself. The person feels deeply and intensely, having not yet learned to block and hide these feelings which later prove too painful, and he longs to share this feeling, this self-awareness, this intensity, this pain with others, and to feel what others feel, especially those who are going through the same thing. Everything is poured out freely, sometimes too freely, and there is no attempt to guard one's inner world from being trampled on. The child who has never been hit by a car, if he is not told of the dangers, will have no fear of walking into a busy street.

However, when the person gets older, as time passes, the perfect "soul-mate" relationships which began so intensely, like a wondrous blossoming flower, become disappointing because there was nothing higher to hold them together; and the seemingly limitless possibilities which present themselves in youth become smaller, one possibility closing itself off after another once one goes further on a certain path (for each person can only take one path at a time). And then occurs what has formerly been feared and rejected—a layer forms on top of the raw person, a protective coating; and it cannot be helped, for pure vulnerability is too painful.

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# ENLIGHTENER OF JUPAN NIKOLXI

#### EVANGELIST AND EQUAL-TO-THE-APOSTLES(

In 1853, after over two centuries of isolation, the island nation of Japan threw open its doors to the outside world. A short eight years later, the Russian Consulate requested that the Church send a young and gifted priest to serve the few Orthodox Christians from Russia living in the country, and possibly engage in missionary work amongst the Japanese people. The Church chose Nikolai, a young priest-monk who had been praying for God to use him in Japan. In summer of 1860, Nikolai left St. Petersburg for Japan. On the way, he spent winter in Nikolayevsk, a port facing the Okhotsk Sea. God gave him the great chance to meet a man, later to be called St. Innocent of Alaska. St. Innocent gave him precious advice, especially about the importance of translating church texts into Japanese. Nikolai set foot on Japan the following year in 1861.



Fr. Paul Sawabe

Jupon arriving in his new home, Father Nikolai began to study intensely. After a deep study of the local culture and language, He began translating prayer books, the Bible, and instructional material for catechumens, in order to allow him to reach the hearts of the Japanese, who up until now had only been exposed to the corrupt Christianity of the west in the 17th century, who were later expelled from the country. A great lover of liturgical singing, he also went about translating hymns into Japanese. Because of the corrupt nature of the western missionaries in trade dealings centuries earlier. Christianity was banned in Japan.

In spite the government ban on Christianity, Father Nikolai began his missionary work, which was initially through his translations. After several difficult years, three local Japanese people neighboring the Church became some of the first converts to Orthodox Christianity. St. Nikolai's work began to have an effect, as more and more people came to Orthodoxy. During a brief return to Russia in 1869, St. Nikolai used the opportunity and purchased a printing press. With the press on hand, he began a fervent work "of publishing worship books and small pamphlets in Japanese in the most pressing areas – instruction for catechumens as well as liturgical material.

This miraculous feat, worthy of a true Saint, is made even more apparent when one reads St. Nikolai's own words regarding the Japanese attitude toward Christianity: "The Japanese of that time regarded foreigners as beasts, and considered Christianity to be a vicious church, to which only notorious evildoers and magicians could belong." In fact, in 1871, there was a massive outbreak of oppression and persecution of Christians.

Spread from Issue No. 20.



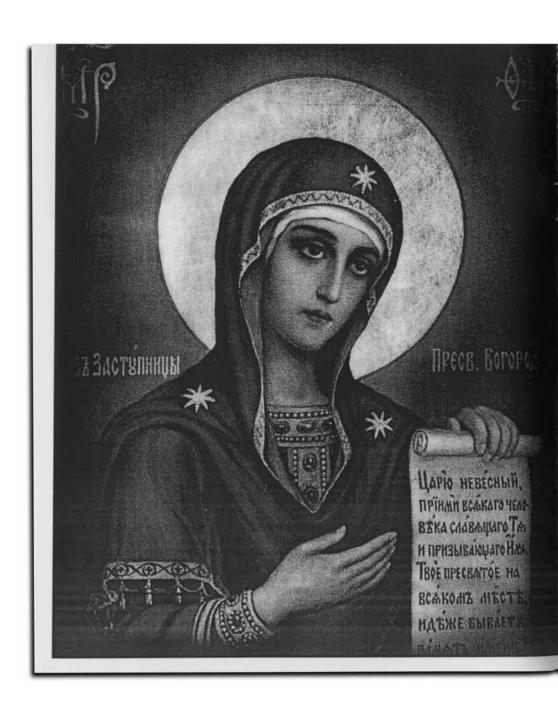


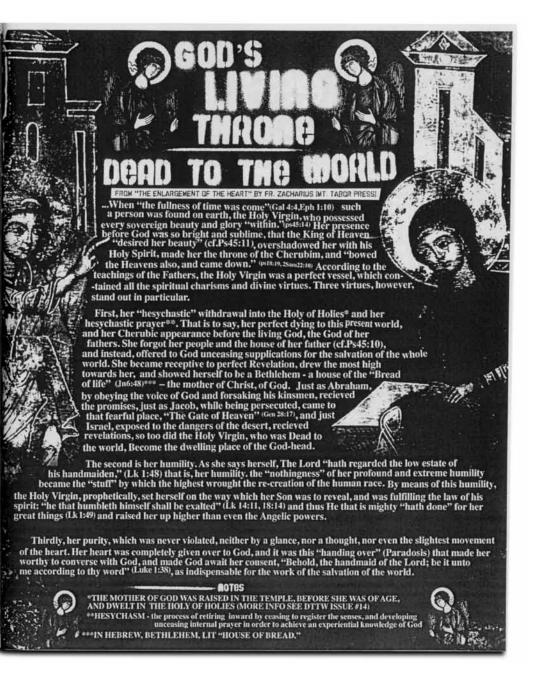
#### ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA!

We are all imprisoned, imprisoned by our own minds. We are western prisoners, insanely etching the scientific method and so-called great philosophies onto our prison walls. Gnashing our teeth and biting our tongues we gorge ourselves on whatever food is slid under the prison door. Deprived of everything, we seek after anything and eat it up. We buy into the most ancient of lies, yet we think we are so free in these four stonewalls and iron bars. The room is too dark to see, but we believe we are clothed in light. The mashed up lies about God and ourselves have been eagerly forced down our throats by our own sick pleasure, but yet we think ourselves to be philosophers. We have become voiceless as fish, yet we think ourselves to be great orators. We are have become as our torturers. Thinking ourselves great men, we have become fools. We constantly feed off of our own sensation, doing nothing to nourish ourselves with what is truly important. We have forgotten our humanity and have become as wild beasts (only because we thankfully ate this sloppy lie as it was some delicacy). Our hearts beat off of the shock of our own egotistic pulse that shudders throughout our bodies, pushing others away in order to create a false utopia inside ourselves. We not longer live to our full potential, but roll around as swine in mud, enjoying only the external and shunning the internal. We tell ourselves life is to fast to focus on within. We all march in a parade of foolishness, acting as drunken apes in a small cage at a zoo. We have made ourselves to be spectacles, our lives are just a show, and for what? What about when we are six feet under? In one hundred years we will lie forgotten, eaten by worms, returning to our dust. What then? Would life end? Some of us have the opportunity to ponder our end on a deathbed; most of us are not so lucky. Can we really say we will be here or there tonight? This hour could certainly be our last. Where is the pleasure of life when all things are weaker than shadows? One fell stroke and death in turn prevails over all our varities. Like flower that wastes away and a dream that passes and is gone, so are all of us into dust recalled. Vanity is all the works and quests of man and they have no being after death has come; our wealth is with us no longer. How do we keep our so-called glory? When death comes all these vanities are washed away. We cannot resist, the concord and bond of nature will be broken, we will be rent in two, and the body and soul will be ripped apart. What will become of us walking food for worms? Let us peel our eyes back, humanity, and remember ourselves! Life is like a vapor of smoke! We must recognize who we are, what we can become. We are fashioned once again after Him who was born of the dead. What is hope is there if man does not survive death? In order to survive this most important event of our lives, we must die now, die to our own selves and polish our hearts to reflect the conqueror to death. Let us die so that in death we will not die, and be able to sing from our coffins:

LELUIA, ALLELUIA ALLEUIA!

Spread from Issue No. 23.





Spread from Issue No. 20.