

Jerusalem's Three Ages - David O'Hara

I see it this way: there are three animals within one. And three ages of each animal. And they are all the Lamb.

THE FIRST AGE, I am sure there is a little boy. This little boy is a Being greater than anything you may think. He is playful, and kind. And he is some small Jew of Nazareth! Now, I think they call him *Rex Iudaeorum*. he says that he likes to play with the small sheep; and he says that he likes to skip small stones across the large, deep, wide waters. This is the animal of the Lamb, as I am *sure* you understand. His nature is revelatory,

and his seals are sacred.

They are given a Roman *sancrosanctitas* —not that it matters to God anyway

(Is Joseph not His Father?)

He holds in his carpenter-worn hands, yet still oddly soft, like the touch of a beautiful woman; a papyrus scroll, it was authored to a person proper. —you are not worthy to read it.

THE SECOND AGE, I am sure there is a dying man. This dying man is a Being greater than anything you may think. He is torn, and weary, and martyred. And he is some poor Jew of Jerusalem! Now I shall call him *King of Fools*. He says that he thirsts;

and he says that his limbs are stretched over the rough, splintered, and large wood.

This is the animal of the Ram, as I am sure *you* understand. His nature is sacrificial, and his wounds are holy. They are given a Roman spear-point, —not that it matters to God anyway
(*who is He, if not That?*)

He holds in his blood-caked hands, those which are still strangely soft, like the touch of a grieving Mother, a crown of peppered thorns. It was woven to a person proper.
—you are not worthy to wear it.

THE THIRD AGE, I am sure there is a rising God. This God is a Being greater than anything you may think. He is light, eternal, and new. And he is some strange Jew of eternity! Now

I think they call him, *Pantokrator*. So

I shall chant: *Pantokrator*

(such is the *Pantokrator*

second *Pantokrator*

coming)

And he says that he

is Life; and he says that his feet

are longer pinned to the great, dark,

brittle cross. This the animal of the

Lion, as I am sure you *understand*. His

nature is Glorious; his voice is Thunder.

It is given a LORD'S proclamation.

—not that it matters to God anyway.

He holds in his beautifully radiant

hands, yet still suitably soft, like

the touch of an old friend, the keys

of Death, like the touch of a

lover,

the keys of Life. They were taken from

a person proper.

—you are not worthy to keep them.

(yet you shall receive them)

And such is Your greatest gift...

And the Lamb says, "I am within You,"

for you are him.