

**Suggested Readings for those interested in
THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE GOD-IMAGE**

1. **Armstrong, Karen. A History of God:
The 4,000 Year Quest of Judaism, Christianity and Islam
Gramercy Books, 1998**
2. **Borg, Marcus J. The God We Never Knew:
Beyond Dogmatic Religion to a More Authentic Contemporary Faith
Harper San Francisco, 1997**
3. **Buber, Martin. I and Thou
Translated by Maurice Friedman**
4. **Edinger, Edward F. The New God-Image:
A Study of Jung's Key Letters Concerning
The Evolution of the Western God-Image
Chiron Publications**
5. **Edinger, Edward F. Transformation of the God-Image:
An Elucidation of Jung's *Answer to Job*
Inner City Books**
5. **Heschel, Abraham, Joshua. God in Search of Man
Farrar, Straus, and Giroux**
6. **Jung, Carl Gustav. Answer to Job
(From Vol. 11, Collected Works)
R. F.C. Hull (Translator)**
7. **Kushner, Harold When Bad Things Happen to Good People
Avon Books, 1981**

Time after time, the images must be broken, the iconoclasts (smasher of images) must have their way. For the iconoclast is the soul in us which rebels against having an image that can no longer be believed in, elevated above our heads as a thing that demands to be worshipped. In longing for a god we try again and again to set up a greater, a more genuine and more just image, which is intended to be more glorious than the last and only proves the more unsatisfactory. The commandment, "Thou shall not make unto thee an image," does not of course, refer merely to sculptured or painted images, but to our fantasy, to all the power of our imagination as well. But we are forced time and again to make images, and forced to destroy them when we realize that we have not succeeded. The images topple, but the voice is never silenced. The voice speaks in the guise of everything that happens, in the guise of all world events; it speaks to all generations, makes demands upon us, and summons us to accept responsibility...It is of the utmost importance not to lose one's openness. But to be open means not to shut out the voice—call it what you will. It does not matter what you call it. All that matters is that you hear it.

Martin Buber, from *The Way of Response*,
ed. N.N.Glatzer

How late I came to love you, O Beauty so ancient
and so fresh, how late I came to love you! You were
within me, yet I had gone outside to seek you.
Unlovely myself, I rushed toward all those lovely
things you had made. And always you were with
me, I was not with you. All these beauties kept me
far from you—although they would not have existed
at all unless they had their being in you. You called,
you cried, you shattered my deafness. You sparkled,
you blazed, you drove away my blindness. You shed
your fragrance, and I drew in my breath and I pant
for you. I tasted and now I hunger and thirst. You
touched me, and now I burn with longing for your
peace.

from *The Confessions of Saint Augustine*

Life is this simple. We are living in a world that is
absolutely transparent, and God is shining through
it all the time. This is not just a fable or a nice story.
It is true. If we abandon ourselves to God and forget
ourselves, we see it sometimes, and we see it maybe
frequently. God shows Himself everywhere, in every-
thing—in people and in things and in nature and in
events. It becomes very obvious that God is everywhere
and in everything and we cannot be without Him. It's
impossible. The only thing is that we don't see it.

Father Thomas Merton, 1965