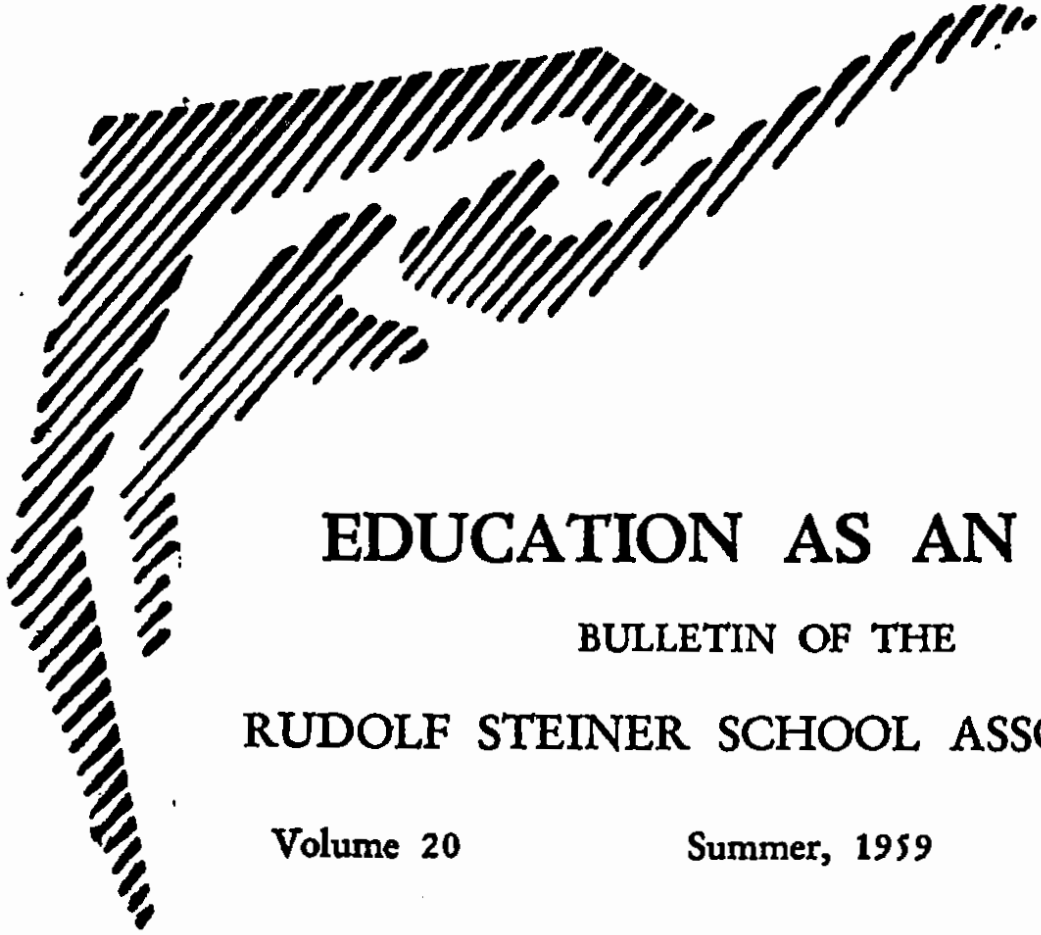




EDUCATION AS AN ART

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THE EARTH SPEAKS

Long ago the Earth was as bright and clear as a jewel, and Man who lived on her was still pure and without sin. There stood a tree on the Earth in those days, full of wondrous fruit. Round about the tree was a shining garden, in which grew every kind of flower, each one more lovely than it is today. And in those days the Earth could still speak and sing.

When God sent Man down to live on it, the Earth welcomed him with a song. God in His goodness allowed Man to eat of all the fruits, except from the wondrous tree in the center.

Alas! the serpent came and tempted Man and he ate of the wondrous fruit. At that moment the Earth became sorrowful, and dark, and gloomy. Since that day, the Earth has become silent: she speaks no more, she sings no more.

Man has become a wanderer upon the dark Earth. But not forever will she be silent. When Man himself is still, she will speak again, sing again.

Every footfall and touch of Man she can feel, and whether he walks over her with love, or walks without love. She rejoices when he bends over to the stones in humility and thankfulness, when he looks upon the plants with reverent wonder, when he watches over her animals as carefully as a shepherd. She suffers pangs when Man greedily uses and abuses her creatures. She has a long memory and remembers everything that Man does to her.

And when at the end of his life Man has to leave the Earth, he comes to the portals of Heaven, where an Angel stands before him, holding the scales of justice.

The Angel asks, "What good have you done? Speak!"

Man then recounts his good deeds, every one that he can remember. But the scales are not yet weighed down, to show that he deserves to enter the portal.

"What else have you done that was good?" asks the Angel with the scales. But Man is silent now. He has no more to say; he knows of nothing else.

Anxiously he looks around him, here and there, searching for help, someone to speak for him. In his distress he begins to tremble. Who will help him? Who will save him?

In this moment of greatest agony and loneliness, there sounds from afar, from the lowest deeps, a loving and maternal voice.

"Have mercy! He was my son. I bore him, I nourished him, and he—ever with gratitude—touched me with his feet."

"That is the voice of your mother, Earth," the Angel says. "She has interceded for you. The scales are tipped. You may enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

"My loving thanks, O Mother Earth—you who were silent when I walked upon you, you who have saved me in my dire distress."

—Karl Schubert *

(Translated by Ruth Pusch)

EDITOR'S NOTE

The program of the annual Pedagogical Conference this summer at the Waldorf School in Stuttgart, Germany, is of special significance. First of all, it links itself firmly with the world-wide Schiller celebration of the 200th anniversary of the poet's birth. Friedrich von Schiller's philosophical thought, particularly in his *Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Mankind*, finds its noble culmination in his concept of a third member of the human soul, between the active will and the shaping clarity of thought, uniting and sublimating these two: an all-important central element, whose harmonizing, living quality can be observed in a child's serious relationship to play, in an adult's concern with the arts and his own self-education. Schiller's inspired image of the ever-developing human being is one of the roots of those educational ideas out of which Rudolf Steiner could give the impulse for the first Waldorf School, just 40 years ago.

And not only in Stuttgart but over all the world wherever its 65 daughter schools are flourishing, we will commemorate the Fortieth Anniversary of the founding of the Waldorf School. With many other teachers, parents, alumni, we join our thoughts with the theme of the Stuttgart Conference: To maintain and strengthen the mediating center of the human being. This is the educational task of today.

THE PLAY OF ST. CHRISTOPHORUS*

ENTRANCE OF THE CAST:

We will search for the master of greatest might.
We will follow the star of brightest light,
We will work to achieve the highest goal,
Courageous and with reverent soul.
We will serve.

OFFERUS: My limbs are sturdy and full of power,
My body grows stronger from hour to hour,
I'd like to do tremendous deeds
In life, to satisfy all needs.
To whom shall I my service offer?
To whom shall I my strength then proffer?

THE ANGEL OF OFFERUS:

Search for the master of greatest might,
Follow the star of brightest light,
Offerus, work for the highest goal,
Courageous and with reverent soul.

OFFERUS: I will search for the master of greatest might,
I will follow the star of brightest light,
I will work to achieve the highest goal
And heed what my Angel tells to my soul.

CHORUS: Step by step he wends his way,
Does not tarry, does not stay;
Cloud and wind, star, sun and moon,
Let him find his master soon!

OFFERUS GOES ON HIS WAY AND MEETS A

BLACKSMITH: I hammer the anvil and forge the iron.

OFFERUS: Can you lead me to the greatest king?

BLACKSMITH: I do not know him.

OFFERUS MEETS A

PEASANT: The birds are singing,
The buds are springing,
I sow the seed.

OFFERUS: Can you tell me who has the greatest might?

PEASANT: I do not know it.

SHEPHERDESS: My cows and my sheep
Are grazing in peace,
My dog guards their sleep,
My heart is at ease.

OFFERUS: Who is the ruler of the world?

SHEPHERDESS: How should I know that?

BAKER: I knead the dough and bake the bread.
I work for the living, I pray for the dead.

OFFERUS: Can you show me the road to the highest Lord?

* With the kind permission of "Erziehungskunst," publication of the Waldorf Schools Association, Germany

BAKER: That road, my friend, I know it not.
 Yet, can you see yon towers bright,
 That shed around their dazzling light?
 There lives a king of highest might,
 Who rules his lands by day, by night.

OFFERUS, RUNNING AHEAD:
 I will hasten to offer my service to him.

CHORUS: Step by step he wends his way,
 Does not tarry, does not stay;
 Cloud and wind, star, sun and moon,
 Offerus finds his master soon.

THE KING: Mine are these lands here, far and wide,
 I rule with power in glory bright,
 There's none that equals me in might.

OFFERUS: Sir, may I offer my service to you?

THE KING: If you fight for me I shall welcome you.

OFFERUS: Hah, I shall fight and I shall battle!
 Let's go to war! I'll show my mettle!

A MINSTREL OF THE KING:
 A little song first let me sing,
 With your permission, Lord, my King.

HE SINGS: Adam and Eve, in the Garden of God.
 Did not know of earthly sod,
 Pure as the angels they lived in bliss,
 'Til the Devil, with a serpent's hiss,
 Made them eat an apple red,
 Made them God's command forget.

OFFERUS: King, why did you make that sign?

THE KING: That's my secret, only mine.
 An answer I don't want to give.

OFFERUS: If you won't tell, then I must leave.

THE KING: Well then, I made a cross in the air
 To shield my heart from fear and despair,
 For of the Devil I am sorely afraid.

OFFERUS: Oh, then I no longer can give you aid.
 You are no longer my master great.

THE ANGEL: Search for the master of greatest might,
 Follow the star of brightest light;
 Offerus, work for the highest goal,
 Courageous and with reverent soul.

OFFERUS: I will search for the master of greatest might,
 I will follow the star of brightest light,
 I will work to achieve the highest goal
 And heed what my Angel tells to my soul.

CHORUS: Step by step he wends his way,
Does not tarry, does not stay,
Cloud and wind, star, sun and moon,
Let him find his master soon!

OFFERUS, AFTER A PAUSE:
I journeyed on through many lands,
Across the streams, through desert sands:
The strongest master I could not find.
This presses heavy on heart and mind.

THE BLACK KNIGHTS, WHO COME RIDING ALONG:
Hooh, Hooh! on horses black as night
We ride like a windstorm with furious might!
We rage, we race, along, along!
The night is cold, the winds are strong.

A BLACK KNIGHT WITH A RED COCK'S FEATHER:
For whom are you waiting? What is your desire?

OFFERUS: The greatest master of highest birth.

THE DEVIL: I am the master that rules the earth.

OFFERUS: Then let me be your servant true.
No work too hard that I can't do.
Hah, I shall fight and I shall battle!
Let's go to war! I'll show my mettle!

THE BLACK KNIGHTS:
Hooh, Hooh! on horses black as night
We ride with a thunderstorm's furious might,
We rage, we race, we're bold and strong,
The night is cold, you come along!

A CROSS AT THE CROSSROADS:
I stand alone at this crossroad lane,
I bear the Christ in his cruel pain.

OFFERUS: Why does the cross cause you dismay?
Why do you turn your horse away?

THE DEVIL: That's my secret, only mine.
An answer I don't want to give.

OFFERUS: If you won't tell, then I must leave.

THE DEVIL: He Who on the Cross did die,
He is mightier than I.

OFFERUS: Then you are not the strongest Lord;
Then I must leave you, on my word.

THE BLACK KNIGHTS:
Hooh, Hooh! On horses black as night
We ride like a windstorm with furious might.
We rage, we race, along, along!
The night is cold, the winds are strong.

THE ANGEL: Search for the master of greatest might,
Follow the star of brightest light,
Offerus, work for the highest goal
And avoid all evil that blackens your soul.

CHORUS: Step by step he wends his way,
Does not tarry, does not stay,
Cloud and wind, star, sun and moon,
May he serve his master soon!

OFFERUS: Now the strongest master is known to me.
But how might I his servant be?

THE MORNING STAR APPEARS:
I bring good tidings of the sun:
The night does flee, the day is won.

CHORUS: Arise, you little children all
And listen to my waking call!
The morning star has risen high
And twinkles in the rosy sky.
We bid you welcome, dearest day;
The night has gone, it dare not stay.
Light up our hearts with your clear light,
And drive away all fear and fright.

OFFERUS TO THE HERMIT WHO HAS ENTERED:
Good father, pray, can you advise,
How can I serve the Lord, the Christ?

THE HERMIT: Forget your food, and try to fast.

OFFERUS: No, father, no! He who works hard must also eat.
I cannot serve Him thus, indeed.

THE HERMIT: Then try to wake and never sleep.

OFFERUS: No, father I must sleep at night
To build anew my body's might.
Of sleep's refreshing force I stand in need.

THE HERMIT: Then try to serve Him with your prayer.

OFFERUS: My stammering words would be of little use in need.
I cannot serve Him thus, indeed.

THE HERMIT: Well then, do you see yon river broad?
By carrying people, a living load,
Safely across, protected from harm,
You might serve Christ with the strength of your arm.

OFFERUS: The wilder, the deeper the river for me,
The greater my joy in Christ's service will be.

THE HERMIT: No ferryman lives at the water's edge,
No one can set over, no one can fetch.
Go then, my prayer will follow you
That you may faithful service do.

CHORUS: Step by step he wends his way,
Does not tarry, does not stay,
Cloud and wind, star, sun and moon,
May he serve his master soon.

THE ANGEL: Whoever has asked you, you've carried across,
Your arm was so strong there was never a loss.
Rest peacefully now at the river bank steep,
The Angels are guarding your dreams and your sleep.

THE RIVER: Water murmuring, wave and billow,
Rushing river, sighing willow!

THE LIGHTNING: Fiery flames and zigzag lightning!

THE THUNDER: Rumbling roaring thunderclap!

THE RAIN: Dribbling, dribbling, dropping, dropping,
Pouring rains are falling, falling.

THE WIND: Winds are blowing, storms are blasting,
Fill the night with howling fury.

THE VOICE OF A CHILD:
Offerus!
I cannot serve Him thus, indeed.

OFFERUS: Is it a child that is calling me?
The night is so dark, I cannot see.
Nobody there! I'll go back to sleep.
The night is so cold, the river so deep.

THE VOICE: Offerus!

OFFERUS: A second call?—I'll go back to sleep.
The night is so cold, the river so deep.

THE VOICE: Offerus!

OFFERUS, TAKING UP HIS STAFF:
Now I must go to the river wild!
What do I find? A little child!

THE CHILD: Carry me, safe, to the other shore!

OFFERUS: Come here! My burden was never so light before!
But oh! how your weight now presses on me!
I struggle for breath, what is happ'ning to me?
My knees are trembling, I break into sweat.
O child, you're my heaviest burden yet!

THE CHILD: O Offerus, fearless and faithful, O hero so strong!
You bear on your shoulders the Lord to Whom the
 world does belong.
Henceforth your name shall be Bearer of Christ,
 CHRISTOPHORUS

CHRISTOPHORUS: O Lord, how may I thank you?

THE CHILD: Go tell the people of My might,
 Enkindle in their hearts My light!
 Since lovingly you have carried Me,
 Your dead staff shall full of blossoms be.

THE ANGELS: The Lord of the waters and winds so wild
 Offerus carried as delicate child.
 Christophorus now may serve Him on earth.
 O that in all of us Christ have birth!

THE RIVER: Water, water, flow in peace!

THE LIGHTNING AND THUNDER:
 Fiery flames, give warmth to the hearth!

THE RAIN: Soothing, cleansing, softly falling drops of rain!
 Quench the thirst of plants and beasts and men!

THE WIND: Cooling breezes waft and sing!
 Joy to every creature bring!

THE MOON APPEARS:
 The moon with her mild and silvery light
 Brings peace to your dreams in the silent night.

THE MORNING STAR APPEARS:
 I proclaim the glorious sun;
 The night escapes, the day has won.

CHRISTOPHORUS: Behold! my staff so dry and dead
 Bears flower on flower, blue, yellow and red.
 In truth I have carried the Lord of the World
 Who holds sun and stars in His hands unfurled.

THE ANGELS: You have found the master of greatest might,
 You have followed the star of brightest light,
 Christophorus works for the highest goal,
 Courageous and with reverent soul.

CHRISTOPHORUS: I have found the master of greatest might,
 I may follow the star of brightest light,
 I may work henceforth for the highest goal,
 Courageous and with reverent soul.

CHORUS: We will search for the master of greatest might,
 We will follow the star of brightest light,
 We will work to achieve the highest goal,
 Courageous and with reverent soul.
 We will serve.

*—From the original of Caroline von Heydebrand,
 freely translated into English by Lisa D. Monges*

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