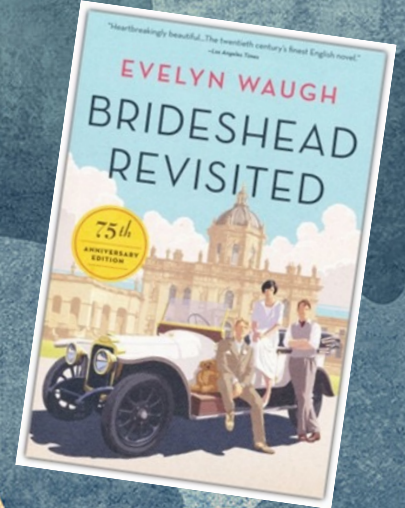




God's Grace as "A Twitch Upon a Thread"

Brideshead Revisited, Pt II

Barbara Harrington, PhD





Oh all you saints and angels,
who see Him face to face.
I most humbly beg
the assistance of
your prayers and intercession,
that I may in such a manner receive
Him here in this place of
banishment
and to be brought, one day,
to behold Him with you in our true
home
and there to praise and bless
Him for ever and ever.
Amen

“Catholics seem just like other people.”

"My dear Charles, that's exactly what they're not-- particularly in this country, where they're so few. It's not just that they're a clique--as a matter of fact, they're at least four cliques all blackguarding each other half the time--but they've got an entirely different outlook on life; everything they think important is different from other people. They try and hide it as much as they can, but it comes out all the time. ”

"I don't think Julia cares for me," I said.

"I don't think she cares for anyone much. I love her. She's so like me."





“
*"I suppose they try and make
you believe an awful lot of
nonsense?"*

*"Is it nonsense? I wish it
were. It sometimes sounds
terribly sensible to me."*



"Does your family always talk about religion all the time?"

"Not all the time. **It's a subject that just comes up naturally, doesn't it?**"

"Does it? It never has with me before."





“Julia can go to church whenever she wants to. I shan't try and stop her. It doesn't mean two pins to her, as a matter of fact.”

“Wherever she turned, it seemed, her religion stood as a barrier between her and her natural goal.”



"Surely, Father, it can't be wrong to commit a small sin myself in order to keep him from a much worse one?"

But the gentle old Jesuit was unyielding as rock. She barely listened to him; **he was refusing her what she wanted, that was all she needed to know.**

When he had finished he said, "Now you had better come to the church and make your confession."

"No, thank you," she said, as though refusing the offer of something in a shop, "I don't think I want to to-day," and walked angrily home.

From that moment she shut her mind against her religion.



"Why not?" said Julia. "I don't believe these priests know everything. I don't believe in hell for things like that. I don't know that I believe in it for anything. Anyway, that's our lookout. We're not asking you to risk your souls. Just keep away."
"Julia, I hate you," said Cordelia, and left the room.



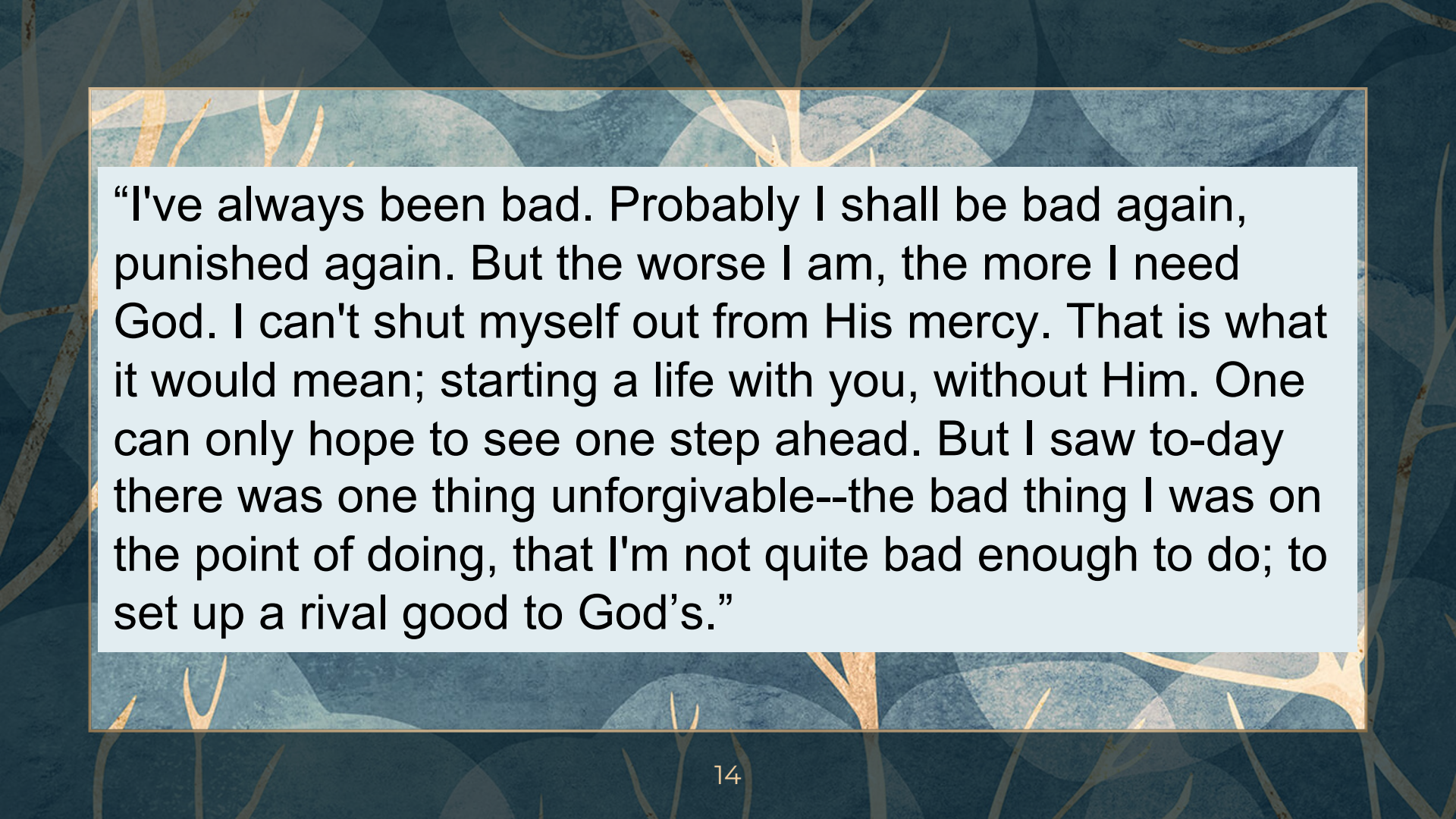


“I don’t
want
love.”



“I’m going
to get Fr.
MacKay.”





“I've always been bad. Probably I shall be bad again, punished again. But the worse I am, the more I need God. I can't shut myself out from His mercy. That is what it would mean; starting a life with you, without Him. One can only hope to see one step ahead. But I saw to-day there was one thing unforgivable--the bad thing I was on the point of doing, that I'm not quite bad enough to do; to set up a rival good to God's.”

“Then on the morning of the wedding-she came bursting in before I was up, straight from Farm Street, in floods of tears, begged me not to marry, then hugged me, gave me a dear little brooch she'd bought, and said she prayed I'd always be happy. *Always happy, Charles!*”





"Still trying to convert me, Cordelia?"

"Oh, no. That's all over, too."



Charles Figuring Out Anthony



"I just wanted to find out how much truth there was in what Anthony said last night."

"I shouldn't think-a word. That's his great charm."

"You may think it charming. I think it's devilish."

"For God's sake," I said, for I was near to tears that morning, "why bring God into everything?"

"I'm sorry. I forgot.

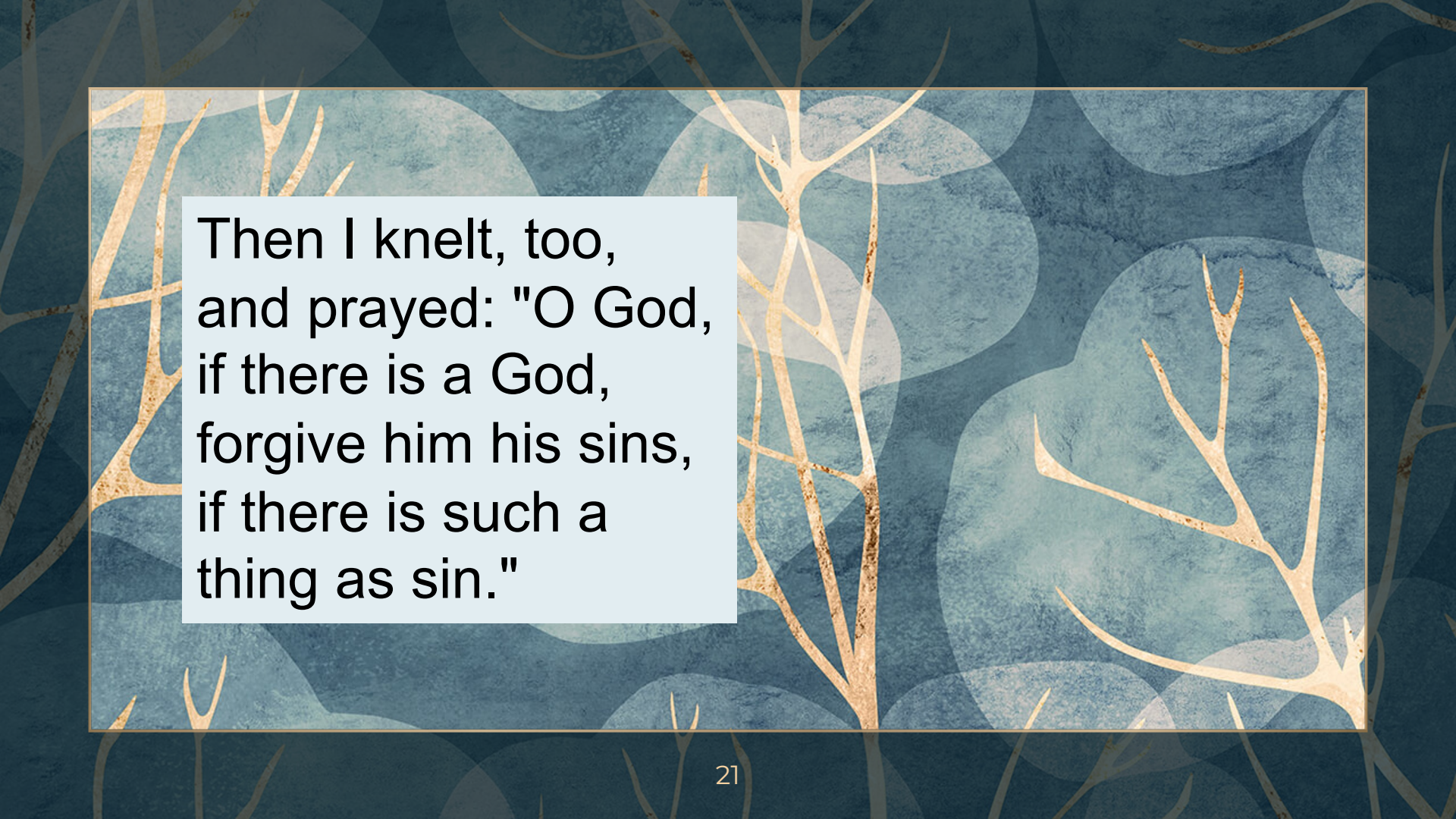
It seems to me that without your religion Sebastian would have the chance to be a happy and healthy man."

"It's arguable," said Brideshead.



"I have left behind illusion," I
said to myself. "Henceforth I
live in a world of three
dimensions--with the aid of
my five senses."
I have since learned that
there is no such world;





Then I knelt, too,
and prayed: "O God,
if there is a God,
forgive him his sins,
if there is such a
thing as sin."



“...a small red flame--a beaten-copper lamp of deplorable design, relit before the beaten-copper doors of a tabernacle; the flame which the old knights saw from their tombs, which they saw put out; that flame burns again for other soldiers, far from home, farther, in heart, than Acre or Jerusalem. It could not have been lit but for the builders and the tragedians, and there I found it this morning, burning anew among the old stones.”