

The Planetary Man

Ernesto Balducci

And here, on this edge between the past and the future, that I can, without denying anything of what we are, guess my new identity as a believer. The planetary man is man post-Christian, in the sense that they do not fit him determinations that separate us from the common men. Freed from its objectifications ontological and returned to his existential dynamic, what is the Incarnation of God if you do not dive into the human, by virtue of the love of God is the very essence? The military chaplains who broke up from the sides of the buoy to offer them to the brothers and dropped vertically into the ocean give perfect shape to the mystery that hides my God. The qualification of Christian weighs on me.

It gives me satisfaction to know that the first believers in Christ were ignorant. The term was invented in Antioch, in 43, by bureaucrats and by the Roman soldiers who, for reasons of public policy, they needed to identify in some way certain little communities comply with the rules of society. Therefore, an invention of Power, which stands for better control. Such as profiling, sociological identifications fall into the needs of the Panopticon: who fits you, already a worldly favors with this integration project. "I am but a man," here is an expression of the New Testament in which best expresses my faith. And the next day it will understand that Jesus of Nazareth is not intended to add a new religion to the existing ones, but on the contrary, he wanted to break down all barriers that prevent man from being a brother to man, and especially to man more different, most despised. He said, when I am lifted from the earth, will draw all men to myself. Not before then, but just at the moment where, raised on the cross, he went in agony and let his spirit, stripped of all determinations. It was not then, nor Semitic race, neither Jew nor the son of David. It was universal, as universal nothingness of death, and how universal quality that quell'annullarsi blazed: love for others until the annihilation of self. And in this annihilation of love to Jesus' definition, planetary man. Before he died, he had shouted: "If you are son of God, save yourself." But he could not save himself because he had deposed from the birth of the life jacket. So it was that he descended into hell. Even his God had abandoned him when, slipped into the ocean of death, became forever a brother to all the desperate. Its universality should be stored here, in this his spare settle for the love of men, in the heart of the total negativity.

Between me and him there are seven walls of ideology, because I learned her name by the sword in his hand, as he wanted the intransigence pedagogy. The seven walls are falling, one after another, and after every fall I seem to understand that it means its sequel. Some time ago my brother in faith, even a bishop, he said take up the cross and follow Jesus means choosing unilateral disarmament. Profound paradox, in which I find myself. But the paradoxes that we say are innumerable. Jesus revealed things that only we are given to understand, because only now the iniquity measure reached its peak. When I repeat that the message of Jesus is universal because he is the Logos in whom and from whom and for whom all things were created, a kind of immense yawn me from deep salt, as before a truth made vacant by 'abuse. But when I reflect in silence on concrete gestures with which he, putting himself against the men of religion and power, went out to meet the poor, the meek, the afflicted, the persecuted as if plainly saw in the darkness a path of light, the path that still now descends to the depths of hell where the sense and non-sense, life and death, love and hate are compared. Here your lost identity of meaning, giving way to the one that everyone is able to give to itself, outside of any inheritance, just with the shoulder or by rejecting the responsibilities of the future of the world. If we let the future come to himself, as always came, and we do not recognize other duties that those who had our fathers, no future, we will be granted. Our secret pact with death, in spite of our civil and religious liturgies, will have its final swing. If we decide, stripping of each costume of violence, even of what became frame of mind, to die to our past and to go to meet each other with hands full of different heritages, to forge a pact between us that banning all weapons and establish ways of creaturely communion, then we will understand the meaning of

the fragment which now locks us in its borders. This is my profession of faith, under the forms of hope. Those who still professed atheist, or Marxist, or secular and needs a Christian to complete the series of representations on the stage of culture, do not look for me. I'm not a man.

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