THE SPIRITUAL QUEST AND HEALTH
AND C. S. LEWIS

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In this study, C. S. Lewis's books, essays, stories, and poems, in addition to biographies and essays written about Lewis, were read in an attempt to understand the relationship between Lewis's spiritual quest and his total health. The spiritual quest is defined as the search for the ultimate truth and meaning of life. For Lewis, who was a Christian, the quest for the Spirit is a journey toward God-Jesus-the Holy Spirit.

Health is defined as total experience; the interrelationship of the body, mind, and spirit with all there is, has been, and will be. Health is considered a changing perception, not a fixed state. The dimensions of Lewis's health—physical, psychological, social, and spiritual—are studied. Lewis's physical states, literary works, literary themes, friendships, ethics, marriage, and views on religion are considered as each relates to his determination to know and to love God.

For Lewis, anything without God is nothing. God is the creator of all living things and all matter. He is the inventor of all loves and is Love. In Lewis's opinion,
one's health is in direct proportion to one's love for God. When man loves God he is healthy, the more he loves Him the healthier, the less he loves Him the less healthy.
THE JOURNEY

The quest began as a solitary journey. Because of the persistent nudging and then shoving of two unrelenting motives, the woman stepped onto the overgrown, boulder-studded footpath which led into a distant confusion of landscape shapes. One of the inspirations for this difficult trek was the dream of striding honorably across a stage black gowned, doctor clad. But overshadowing even this motive was the vision of living within and re-creating a history of one man's spirituality and health.

Struggling up and over several enormous, ancient stones without a compass, with myopic vision, a bruised psyche, and a befuddled mind, the neophyte explorer was joined by C. S. Lewis strolling the same path (Lewis made it clear that he always preferred walking. Modern vehicles distracted and irritated him). In wrinkled, well-worn clothes, Lewis's jovial, intellectual, gentleman-farmer presence filled the dark, twisted shadows of the dense forest with a comforting glow. The trees and shrubs and undergrowth became visible shimmering shades of gold-green in contrast to the threatening blacks and grays which existed before the light. Though the trail tangled and disappeared many times ahead
among vague forms and over crests and into crevices, the burden on the pilgrim's back felt noticeably lighter, her vision cleared somewhat, and her feet maneuvered the obstacles with increased agility.

The walk was long. Along the way, frequently, the two comrades were joined by Lewis's friends. Mr. Tumnus, the faun from Narnia, carrying an umbrella as the day was quite warm, appeared from behind a tree. He startled the woman but Lewis laughed and said, "I might have known you would be here. You can help us find our way."

The three came upon J. R. R. Tolkien, known as "Tollers," as he was stooping to examine an intricate leaf formation on a plant growing from a rock beside the path. He doubted Mr. Tumnus's integrity stating, "A faun can not be gentle and steady. All fauns are capricious with a tendency toward brawling riot. Don't trust this fellow!"

Nevertheless, because Tolkien had affection for Lewis he walked with the group, all the time being certain to stay a distance from the mythical creature.

Mrs. Beaver of Narnia, in her apron and cap and sensible shoes and knowing Mr. Tumnus well, thumped her tail as a greeting to the walkers and immediately began an explanation to Tolkien that Narnia was not Middle-Earth and in Narnia many unusual things were possible. She offered her home as a place to rest and while the sojourners put up their
feet she cooked a simple meal of potatoes and bread and fish.

After the respite in Mrs. Beaver's den, the group continued on their way. "Under the Mercy!" was heard from a green glade as Charles Williams stepped in to join the travelers. He was delighted to see the faun and Mrs. Beaver in company with the humans. Williams was fond of the unusual. His face shone with a sweet smile as he shook Lewis's arm. He greeted each creature and human in turn and gently explained to the woman his term of "Co-Inherence" so she could understand why Lewis's appearance into her exploration had so significantly relieved her worry and distress.

Joy Davidman Lewis joined the group. She brought hilarious fun and new angles of thought and a full image of the words steadfastness and courage. Owen Barfield arrived to argue with Lewis about emotions and intellect and the experiences of "longing." Arthur Greeves's "ordinariness" offered peace and solace to the travelers. The air vibrated with laughter, words of enlightened argument, and love. Talk often turned to Spirit-God-Aslan (He-Who-Is-One has many names) who flowed into and between and around the travelers. This paper is that journey.
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

_Health's Spiritual Dimension_

In 1962, Hoyman introduced to the field of health education the concept of the spiritual dimension of health. He saw health as a multidimensional unity with physical, mental, and spiritual dimensions.

Selye, in his classic *Stress of Life* (1951) and later in *Stress Without Distress* (1974), states that spiritual ideas and values are an important aspect of the health of an individual. After researching the relationship between religion and longevity, Pelletier (1981) confirms that spiritual beliefs and the consequent lifestyles fashioned on these beliefs have a significant influence upon health.

Rossner (1980) explains that in most ancient cultures health was considered an integration of spirit, mind, and body with its natural and social environments. This belief has been reborn in recent times and is considered truth within the doctrines of many health educators and is germinating with invasive growth in the beliefs of physicians, nurses, psychologists, sociologists, and theologians (Dossey 1984).
There have been three previous doctoral dissertations written on the spiritual dimension of health. In Banks's study (1979), the majority of the health educators interviewed perceived that there exists in health a spiritual dimension. In this majority group the spiritual dimension was thought to be the central core, the source for all of the other dimensions of health. The health educators participating in Poehler's study (1982) believed that there is a spiritual dimension of health and that this dimension is important. In Bradley's research (1985), 79.4 percent of the health education faculty addressed were certain that spiritual factors exist which influence personal health status. These spiritual factors can be differentiated from physical, social, and psychological factors.

Health is Experience

Dossey (1982), in his book Beyond Illness, says that health is total experience. People tend to mistake the map for the actual territory of health. They suppose that lab tests, x-rays, and physical examinations are the same thing as health. Health care consumers want to wear the masks of health, preferring the symbols to the experience itself. They accept the doctor's pronouncements rather than choosing to know personally what health really is. They think of health-as-object (low cholesterol, normal blood pressure, slender body, limber limbs, shiny hair, cavity-free teeth)
instead of living within health-as-experience. Dossey explains, "better to eat the menu instead of the meal" (1984, 10).

All experiences of life are bound together with interwoven threads so that the meaning of the experiences are totally dependent upon these very connections. Life is changes of growth, decay, quiescence; life is transformations. Each person grows and ages because he is alive. The evidence of his life is the fact that he also dies. He dies because he is alive. Life is creation and destruction (Kapleau 1967).

Health is led forward by illness. Through illness health is evident. Within the rhythms of health and illness and birth and death, man is spared a coma-like existence. Humankind tends to believe firmly that without illness and death there would be pristine perfection but, rather, the experience could be sameness, dullness, nothingness. The world is seen clearly by perceiving relationships. Without some shifts and changes of self and environment, one could become blind to life and health (Davenport 1979).

Would it be possible to see a tree against a hill if the tree branches, trunk, and leaves were the exact color of the ground and the grasses beneath it, and the sky and the clouds above it? Could anyone know an exquisite moment filled with the experience of glowing health without a
muffled moment experienced through an irritating veil of aches and pains?

Health strategies must always include the awareness of wholeness; birth and death, pain and pleasure, illness and health. Health is total experience; health is being. All efforts to improve health go beyond the physical body to emotions, sensations, spirit, and to the environment. There is nothing invariable, absolute, or objective about health and illness. Health and illness are linked together and to everything within us and about us with unbreakable bonds. "There is only one health-event and that is life itself" (Dossey 1984, 99).

In studying the health of man, allowing dominion of one part of the human being over all the others is accepting a concept which is weak and cannot be defended. Mind does not dominate the body, nor the body the mind, and the spirit must be in unity with the mind and the body. The two words, "health" and "wholeness," are derived from the same source. The search for health needs to be a search for wholeness; a refusal to accept fragmentation and disunity (Dossey 1984, 18).

**Definitions of Health and Dimensions of Health**

The definition of health in this study is borrowed, in part, from Dossey. Health is total experience; the result
of the interrelationship of the body, mind and spirit with all there is, has been, and will be. Health is a changing perception, not a fixed state (Dossey 1984).

In this study, the dimensions of health are considered to be spiritual, social, psychological, and physical. These divisions are recognized as being only patterns to aid in understanding, not actual separate entities. Health is wholeness. Dividing health into dimensions is like talking of the night's star groups. The Big and Little Dippers exist merely in the mind of the beholder to clarify and diminish chaos in an attempt to "see" the universe. So also are the dimensions of health named to reduce disorder in this study of total health. The divisions do not exist in reality separate and apart. There is one fabric and it is not torn.

1. "The physical dimension of health is the individual's biological structure and function" (Bradley 1985, 17).

2. "The psychological dimension of health is the individual's perception of self, reality, his/her own feelings, past experiences, and the future; as well as the capacity for learning, creativity, and playfulness" (Clinebell 1983).

3. "The social dimension of health is the person's interactions, feelings, integrity, and responsibility in relationship with other individuals and society" (Bradley 1985, 17).

**Quest for the Spirit**

What is the quest for the Spirit? The definitions of this pursuit are as varied as the numbers of individuals in the universe. Frankl (1975) states that for religion, which he defines as beliefs concerning the cause, nature, and purpose of the universe, to be meaningful it must be exquisitely personal.

For O'Connell (1984) the quest is the attempt to live in the Presence of God. It is, for her, the journey toward the Spirit, the Holy, the Sacred; toward God who is already present. She says that Spirit (God) is a Reality which somehow transcends her reality. This is not a search for something or for someone who is far off and unaware of her searching. O'Connell is already present to that which she seeks.

In one of Dickinson's poems (1960, 162), she describes the Spirit as an all-encompassing, supernatural grace.

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Love-is anterior to Life-
Posterior-to Death-
Initial of Creation, and
The Exponent of Earth.
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Nouwen (1979) understands that he belongs to a story of which he knows neither the beginning nor the end, but in
which he has a unique place. The quest for the Spirit, for Nouwen, is breaking through the veil obscuring human existence and following the vision which is the Source beyond the limitations of human createdness. Nouwen (1981) believes that the search is a reaching out to the innermost self, to fellow human beings, and to God who is Love Itself. The quest for the Spirit is not a journey into special thoughts, ideas, or feelings but is living in the presence of God in simple, ordinary experiences (Merton 1962; Nouwen 1976).

Care must be taken not to identify God with any specific event or situation. To do so is to play God and to distort truth. The temptation is great to suggest where God works and where not, which actions He sanctions and which He does not, and when He is present and when not. No man, no woman, no non-believer, no priest, no rabbi, no guru, no scholar, no prophet has "special" knowledge of God. God cannot be limited by any human concept or prediction. He is greater than any mind or heart (Nouwen 1976). The journey is toward God; "not the God created by our own hands or mind, but the uncreated God out of whose loving hands we are born" (Nouwen 1975, 85).

For Underhill (1937), the quest for the Spirit is being; not wanting, having, or doing. It is being aware that the entire universe from the tiny wren to the Milky Way refers
back to the Absolute Beauty of its Creator. The search is the willed communion of the little human spirit with the Infinite Spirit.

To Steindl-Rast (1983), the ability to listen is the attitude of the guest for the Spirit. This listening is a profound attunement, a being fully present to each moment as it occurs. It is a transcendence of the ordinary by reaching into the depths of each experience to see, touch, hear, taste, and smell each cell, corpuscle, nerve fiber, and vibration which makes that minute live. By listening deeply to the message of the individual moment one is able to connect with the Source of Meaning and to know the unfolding truth of life.

Wilder expertly expresses "being fully present to" in "Our Town" when he has Emily, who has exited the stage of life, ask the wise, old stage manager to allow her to go back to earth for one day, the day of her twelfth birthday. On returning from reliving this day, Emily, through tears, says to the stage manager:

I didn't realize. So all that was going on and we never noticed. Take me back--up the hill--to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look. Good-by, Good-by world. Good-by, Grover's Corners . . . Mama and Papa. Good-by to clocks ticking . . . and Mama's sunflowers . . . And to food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths . . . and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you. Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it?--every, every minute?
Stage Manager: No. (pause) The saints and poets, maybe--they do some (1968, 100).
With articulate artistry, Eliot weaves a timeless tune ennobling the quest:

The moment in and out of time,
The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight
The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning
Or the waterfall, or music heard so deeply
That it is not heard at all, but you are the music
While the music lasts (1943, 27).

and again:

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time (1943, 39).

Recently, scientists and scholars have not only accepted, but have openly embraced, the notion of the interconnectedness of each-with-every, one-with-all, all-with-all in the universe. This oneness, for many, is the prominent signpost directing the way on the eternal quest. "The phenomena may be individuals carrying on separate existences in space and time, while in the deeper reality beyond space and time we may all be members of one body" (Jeans 1981, 103). "The single event is the universe itself" (Watts 1975, 54).

"Ultimately, the entire universe (with all its 'particles,' including those constituting human beings, their laboratories, observing instruments, etc.) has to be understood as a single undivided whole, in which analysis into separately and independently existent parts has no fundamental status" (Bohm 1980, 174).
In his reverence for the beauty and the mystery of the land, the air, the stars, the moon, the sun, and all earth's creatures, the American Indian has inherent in his culture the ability to think of all as one. "The man who sat quietly in his tipi meditating on life and its meaning, accepting the kinship of all creatures and acknowledging unity with the universe of things was infusing into his being the true essence of civilization" (Standing Bear 1933, 99).

Poets sing of the mystical search with images which glorify.

may my heart always be open to little birds who are the secrets of living whatever they sing is better than to know and if men should not hear them men are old

may my mind stroll about hungry and fearless and thirsty and supple and even if it's sunday may i be wrong for whenever men are right they are not young

and may myself do nothing "usefully" and love yourself no more than truly there's never been quite such a fool who could fail pulling all the sky over him with one smile (Cummings 1968, 481).

Frost, in barest eloquence, sensed:

We dance round in a ring and suppose, But the Secret sits in the middle and knows (1981, 214).

Reflection on the eternalness of man, the "I Am" of the human spirit, has been one of the sanctuaries sought by tired travelers along the Way offering protection from the howling, carnivorous winds of mortality.
I do not think seventy years is the time of a man or woman; nor that seventy millions of years is the time of man or woman, nor that years will ever stop the existence of me, or anyone else (Whitman 1959, 140).

"There is no death, only a change of worlds" (Chief Seattle 1971, 102).

What do you think has become of the young and old men? and what do you think has become of the women and children?

They are alive and well somewhere, The smallest sprout shows there is really no death, And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it, And ceased the moment life appeared.

All goes onward and outward . . . nothing collapses, And to die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier (Whitman 1959, 30).

Merton saw the quest for the Spirit as a pilgrimage into the soul which is "a Bethlehem where Christ comes to be born" (1948, 379). The search for God is a journey back to, forward toward, and into He Who Is Life Itself. "Before we were born, God knew us" (Merton 1948, 419).

What is the quest for the Spirit? What is the meaning of life? The ultimate essence of existence differs from man to man. Just as everyone has his own unique mission between birth and death, he also has as unique an explanation of what is the central core of life, of what offers significance to this time on earth. Every person is questioned by life and can only reply by answering in his very personal way for his own existence (Frankl 1955).
Spirit Becomes God

For C. S. Lewis, the quest for the Spirit began as an insatiable thirst for knowledge, primarily of literature. The images and symbols created by word-artists were his joy, his soul food, his ecstasy. During adolescence and early adulthood, Lewis was a loudly-professed atheist who scoffed at all who trusted in any transcendent Spirit. In his early thirties he found himself believing in an impersonal Absolute Mind which he did not call God. Lewis saw no possibility of a relationship with this Reality since he pictured Him as having projected man much as Shakespeare made Hamlet. How could Hamlet possibly meet Shakespeare? This Reality Lewis called "Spirit" (1955).

"Spirit" then closed in on Lewis in vivid awarenesses which he described as terrorizing. Spirit said, "I am the Lord"; "I am that I am"; "I am" (Lewis 1955, 27). Lewis expresses the horror he felt during this revelation. It did not feel at all like an amicable search for God. It was more like "the mouse's search for the cat" (1955, 227).

And, then, Lewis gave in and called Him, "God." The quest for God continued until his death in 1963 when, hopefully, he found Him. A fellow professor and friend who knew Lewis during the last nine years of Lewis's life said of him, as Lewis was nearing death, "Never was a man better prepared" (Como 1979, 104).
Why Study Lewis?

In researching the quest for the Spirit in relation to health, why study C. S. Lewis? Lewis was invited into this narrative for several reasons. The first, because he is a man who has scrutinized his involvement with God as an unswerving seeker of truth. For more than thirty years Lewis examined his spiritual beliefs with the tools of a scholar, mercilessly discarding those which were without verity and joyfully holding to those which did not dim in the light of honest, critical judgment. The second, because he is a contemporary of the writer's time which perhaps allows a more valid study. Barzun and Graff (1985) state that the value of a history usually increases in proportion to the nearness in time and space between the writer and the events about which he testifies.

Third, Lewis was chosen because he has written in profusion and these works, since they still hold the public's interest, are accessible to a needy researcher. The fourth purpose for studying Lewis is that he moved from the position of zealous non-believer to ardent lover of "The Love That Loves Love, and, in Love, All Things" (Lewis 1983a, tape 4), making it possible to study chronologically his developing search for the Presence of God.
Why Study Lewis, God, and Health?

In recent years, the disciplines practiced in the journey toward the Spirit which include study of related readings, prayer, meditation, contemplative solitude, talking with religious professionals, and involved participation in the rituals of religion have been correlated with enhanced health (Boyd 1974; Brown 1974; Clifford 1987; Green and Green 1977; Kilian 1985; Mays 1975; Moberg 1984; Pelletier 1977, 1979, 1981; Shapiro and Walsh 1984; Smith 1981). The research into Lewis, God, and health is merely another peek through the keyhole into the expanse in which the relationship between the Spirit and health resides.

Because more and more evidence confirms the interrelatedness of all the dimensions of man—his psyche, his soma, and his spirit—medicine needs to consider seriously the concept of holism. To study the spiritual domain there exist many charts to the territory written by scholars, mystics, theologians, adepts, and saints (Dossey 1984). Lewis, a scholar, offers to medicine one more map outlining the virgin territory in which Spirit and health dwell.

The spirituality of man is the essence of his existence (Banks 1979; Clinebell 1983; Dossey 1984; Frankl 1955, 1963, 1975, 1979; O'Connell 1984). This center of individual man has rarely been investigated by professionals and is often poorly understood even by the person in whom the Spirit breathes.
In the main, research on health and illness has been
done in the realm of the physiological, the kingdom of the
flesh, bone, and blood. There is a tendency to ignore the
dimensions of man which are difficult to examine and, often,
impossible to quantify. There is an old Sufi story of Mulla
Nasrudin, an enlightened teacher, which relates to this
tendency. While on his hands and knees, looking in the
street for a lost key, he was spoken to by a friend. "You
lost your key here, Mulla?" "No," said Nasrudin, "I lost it
in my house." "Why are you looking here?" asked the friend.
"Because," answered Nasrudin, "the light is better here
(Shah 1971, 63). In studying man and his health, the
emphasis has been in areas where the light is best.
Actually, the keys are hiding in many places at once. This
study is an attempt to add dimension to the cartography
which directs the explorers to the keys.

In *Science and Human Values*, Bronowski explains how an
act can live in two instances (1956). Events in Lewis's
life, discoveries made by Lewis, word-pictures given birth by
Lewis exist in two moments; in the moment of their original
occurrence and in the moment of their being appreciated by
another person. As Lewis is read and read about, as his
existence is mulled over, considered, and savored, the
initial act is re-enacted, his word-images are re-created
and each lives again. The echo which began in the original
moment is heard again and again. Another purpose of this investigation is to experience the re-creation of C. S. Lewis: his life, his God, and his experience of health.

**Method of Research**

The historical method of investigation is the framework of this study. History is a knowledge of the past which comes down through, and is processed by, one or more human minds. The writer of a history selects, distills, and arranges the facts giving to each its position in the story (Carr 1961). "The historian peers eagerly back into the twilight out of which he has come in the hope that its faint beams will illuminate the obscurity into which he is going" (Carr 1961, 179).

The selection made by the writer must have two faces to be successful and correct. It must correspond to the mass of evidence and it must offer a graspable pattern to the reader. Judgment is the form of intellect required. He himself is judged by the amount of it he calls forth (Barzun and Graff 1985).

What reasons are there to trust this history?

1. Documents do exist (Barzun and Graff 1985).
   a. Documents exist which are written by Lewis.
   b. Documents exist which are written about Lewis by fellow scholars and friends and critics, many of whom lived beside him and knew him.
c. Documents exist which attempt to interpret the quest for the Spirit.
d. Documents exist which define health and health's dimensions.

2. These documents have been critically tested.
a. The value of each document has been tested by questioning the author's competency, his nearness to the event discussed, his ability to be truthful, his bias, and his expertness on the matters discussed (Barzun and Graff 1985).
b. Whenever possible, two or more witnesses to an event have been used (Barzun and Graff 1985).

3. The new document, *The Spiritual Quest and Health and C. S. Lewis*, constructed through researching the documents in reason 1, has been critically tested using reason 2a and reason 4.

4. There has been a careful effort to rule out false conclusions by judgment. The rule used to govern this judgment is the rule of probability, which is the balance of chances that, given particular evidence, the event recorded happened in a certain way (Barzun and Graff 1985).

5. The notion of an absolute past is recognized as a delusion. All the knowledge there is is the observer's knowledge of the event containing exact
and erroneous data. This is multiplied by as many observers as there are. That is all there is.

Historical knowledge is not hidden in some reality where it could be found (Barzun and Graff 1985).

The focus of this study is the recognition of fluctuations in Lewis's experiences of health (physical, psychological, social, and spiritual) as he searched for and journeyed toward his God. The approach is exploratory since each new fact gleaned has stimulated interest to look further. The reasoning has been deductive because the facts gathered have produced the conclusion.

**Different Modes of Knowing Used in Study**

History tells a story about the past and is intended as reading for anyone who has the compelling interest (Barzun and Graff 1985). Histories cover all conceivable activities of man and, consequently, have no specific technical terms. Every ordinary word becomes a technical term in the historical narrative. Care must be taken to select each word so that together with every other word the intended meaning is portrayed accurately and precisely with vividness and force (Barzun and Graff 1985).

Wilber, a sociologist who has studied spirituality and the science of religion, explains that in the descriptions of body, mind, and spirit different modes of knowing, expressed
through different word-sets, must be used. If knowledge about the body (matter) is desired then logic and linear thinking work best—the empirical-analytical frameworks of thought which allow the probing of this realm (1984).

If a study of the mind is desired then a knowledge of symbols and their meanings and an appreciation of the communication within and between humans is necessary. To describe a man by using only technical, analytical language leaves out the unquantifiable, ineffable essence of that man.

Spirit requires even another mode of knowing. Actually, all words fail. Spirit cannot be described with words as spirit is ultimate, final, the highest realm, beyond human thinking and words. In spite of this insurmountable difficulty, when words are attempted they are words of an act of contemplation, or prayer, or meditation, or intuition—words of an experience (Wilbur 1983, 1984).

Dossey (1984) clearly states that this intuition and these highest forms of knowing, if uninformed by the lower, logical means of perception are not higher at all. They are then merely lower and a confusion. He states, "we should neither totally substitute intellectual forms of knowing for spiritual forms, nor subvert the intellectual mode of wisdom with an approach that is totally spiritual in quality. The correct approach is to know the applicability and the limitations of each. We must wisely choose how we know" (Dossey 1984, 190).
"The intuitive mode of probing the world, describable in the nonlogical language of poetry and metaphor, can exist alongside the linear forms of knowing that characterize traditional science" (Dossey 1984, 92). Used together, these modes "can enrich, enliven, and broaden the description of the world we could achieve by using one method exclusively" (Dossey 1984, 92). "Time-transcendent and object-transcendent truth cannot be easily given in scientific language whose basic structure denies their very existence. . . . If we want proof of the new ideas, we must be willing to employ a language of a different kind" (Dossey 1984, 92). For example, the kind of language used by Lewis to describe an encounter with Aslan (the Lion who is the son of God as He appeared in Narnia, a country connected with, but outside, the world):

"Oh, children," said the Lion, "catch me if you can! . . ." A mad chase began. Round and round the hilltop he led them, now hopelessly out of their reach, now letting them almost catch his tail, now diving between them, now tossing them in the air with his huge and beautifullyvelveted paws and catching them again . . . so that all three of them rolled over together in a happy laughing heap of fur and arms and legs. Whether it was more like playing with a thunderstorm or playing with a kitten Lucy could never make up her mind. . . . When all three finally lay together panting in the sun the girls no longer felt in the least tired or hungry or thirsty (Lewis 1970c, 160-161).

The levels of body, mind, and spirit interact but are not the same. "Matter is not mind and neither is mind spirit" (Dossey 1983, 169). Ink and paper are not the
Lewis excerpt, although the image is presented through ink on paper. The moment described is the mind of Lewis at the time of its writing but it is more than just ink, paper, and Lewis's mind. It is also his spirit and God's influence on his spirit, and all the influences on the spirit which is all of Lewis. Lewis's written narrative is also effected by the body, mind, and spirit of the readers who are interpreting his words. In this study, the levels of knowing of body—empirical and analytical; and of mind—practical, explanatory, and symbolic; and of spirit—direct, intuitive experience are used when each is considered appropriate.

Limitations of Study

There is an awareness that Lewis's quest for the Spirit, whom he names God, is one of the many paths which could be chosen for the investigation of the relationship between Spirit and health. Lewis believed in the Holy Trinity (Father, Son, and Holy Spirit) which makes him a member of the Christian faith. Consequently, the avenue leading to life's central meaning which is examined is one man's Christian pilgrimage. Health could be, and needs to be, studied in relation to other spiritual quests.

Questions Asked and Answered

The following six questions were used as the skeleton on which to build the body of this study. Each of the questions is discussed in the final chapter.
1. Did Lewis consider his spiritual dimension to be the center of his existence? If he did not, how did he define the essence of Lewis?

2. How would Lewis define health? What were his thoughts of health?

3. How exactly did Lewis quest for God? What were the patterns and disciplines of his search?

4. If the search for the central meaning of life is the spiritual dimension of a person, what questions about ultimate truth were answered for Lewis as he journeyed toward God? What questions were not answered?

5. What could Lewis's experiences of God and health offer others?

6. How would Lewis react to this study?

**C. S. Lewis**

To portray a . . . man is beyond any ending, and becomes a grave conceit to begin. And though the portrayal may have considerable validity, both for yesterday and tomorrow--even for today, it can never be more than an indication of the whole of [a man] (Smith 1985, 187).

If he was anything, C. S. Lewis was the essence of clarity. [When writing about Lewis] . . . one feels like a man with a candle attempting to illuminate a beacon (Oury 1977, 2).

A heavy responsibility rests on those who forage through a dead man's correspondence (Lewis 1966, 108).

Because in every form of writing Lewis speaks with a clarity which illumines itself and which cannot be enhanced
or strengthened, in all instances when at all possible, Lewis's words are used in this study.

When Lewis refers to humankind he most often uses "he" or "him" or "man." In this study "he," "him," or "man" is also used rather than "she," "her," or "woman" or the clumsy "he/she," "her/him," or "woman/man." No discrimination is intended.

Clive Staples Lewis was born in Belfast, Ireland in 1898. His father was a solicitor (lawyer) and his mother the daughter of a clergyman. She had earned a Bachelor of Arts degree from Queen's College in Belfast. His brother, Warren (Warnie), Lewis's only sibling, was three and a half years his senior and was Lewis's close companion during his entire life. Lewis's mother had a cheerful and serene temperament while his father, though sentimental and passionate, had not much talent for happiness.

Their home was a place of endless books: books which lined the study, the drawing-room, and the cloakroom; books which were stacked two deep in the landing bookcase, and books which filled the corridors and the bedrooms. Early in life Clive (known as Jack by all the family members and friends) became an omnivorous reader. Lewis's imagination inspired him to make up stories even before he could write.

Lewis was not yet ten years old when his mother died of cancer. He had prayed to God for her recovery and the
prayer had been denied. "With my mother's death all settled happiness, all that was tranquil and reliable, disappeared from my life. There was to be much fun, many pleasures . . .; but no more of the old security. It was sea and islands now; the great continent had sunk like Atlantis" (Lewis 1955, 21).

Jack was educated for a time in two English boarding schools which he despised. He continued to read voraciously and discovered most of the English poets by the time he was fifteen. Before his sixteenth birthday Lewis moved to Surrey, England to live with a tutor, W. T. Kirkpatrick, with whom he studied for two years. Kirkpatrick was a strict atheist whose life was ruled by rational principles. He never spoke a word which was not meticulously logical. Lewis recalled these years with Kirkpatrick as two of the most content in all his life. Kirkpatrick, writing to Lewis's father, stated, "While admirably adapted for excellence and probably for distinction in literary matters, he [Lewis] is adapted for nothing else. You may make up your mind on that" (Kirkpatrick 1915).

Immediately after winning a scholarship to Oxford, Lewis was called to serve in World War I. He roomed with another cadet named Paddy Moore and they made a pact to take care of each other's parent (Lewis's father and Moore's divorced mother) if the other one was killed. Paddy died in
the war and Lewis lived with Paddy's mother, Janie Moore (Minto), as her "son" until a few months before her death in 1951 when her health required placement in a nursing home.

In 1925 Jack was elected to a Fellowship in English Language and Literature at Magdalen College, Oxford, England. He remained in this position almost thirty years until, in 1954, he accepted the chair of Medieval and Renaissance English at Magdalene College, Cambridge, England.

During the Oxford years, one of Lewis's primary interests was his commitment to relationships with several male friends. He and these friends were together frequently: talking, discussing, arguing, laughing over tea and beer and food in hotels and pubs and his rooms in Magdalen, or on short jaunts or long walking tours into the English countryside. J. R. R. Tolkien and Charles Williams, the authors; "Humphrey" Havard, Lewis's physician; Warnie, his brother; Owen Barfield, an author and a solicitor; and Hugo Dyson, a college teacher, were the men Lewis saw with the most frequency. Lewis, with regularity over a period of almost forty years, wrote his Irish neighbor and boyhood friend, Arthur Greeves, and, whenever possible, joined him for a short holiday. He cherished each of these men and the hours spent in companionship with them. "Oh for the people who speak one's own language" (Lewis, unpublished letter to A. K. H. Jenkin, 1925).
Joy Davidman Gresham, in 1950, entered Lewis's life as a pen friend through letters mailed between Joy's home in New York state and Lewis's in Oxford. Lewis did not meet Joy until 1952. He married her in a civil ceremony in 1956 for the charitable purpose of allowing her to remain in England with her two sons. She was diagnosed as having terminal cancer soon after this wedding took place. In 1957, Jack and Joy were married by an Anglican priest in her hospital room. Lewis's feelings of friendship for Joy were strengthened with feelings of romantic love, and her death in 1960 devastated him for a time.

Lewis wrote over forty books in his lifetime as well as many essays, magazine articles, and poems. These forty books include scholarly works on literary studies, science fiction stories, books on theology and ethics, children's stories, and a novel. Since Lewis's death several compilations of his letters, his essays, and his poems have been published. Every book written by Lewis is still in print.

During the 1920s Lewis moved gradually from atheism to Christianity. In 1931, at the age of thirty-three, Lewis became convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. His conversion was complete. From that moment on he thought, imagined, created--lived and loved--with Him at the center of his existence.

Due to illness, Lewis resigned his professorship at Cambridge in the summer of 1963. On November 22, 1963,

Summary

The history of Lewis, his God, and his health did not begin on the day of his birth, November 29, 1898, nor end at his death, on November 22, 1963. Lewis was endurably influenced through his interpretations of Homer, Dante, Spenser, Mallory, Milton, and numerous other brilliant thinkers who lived before him. The light of their work found resplendent reflection in his life and writings. In his acceptance of God as the Ultimate Reality of life Lewis was ineluctably changed. Lewis's mother, father, brother, teachers, students, wife, step-sons, and friends touched him, influenced him, and shaped him, adding new dimensions to his relationship with God and his experiences of health. Those people who knew Lewis personally, and also the readers of Lewis, have been and are changed by his character, his life, and his literature and join his historical procession which continues.

As the words of this study are written and then read, Lewis, his God, and his health are experienced. The lives and, consequently, the health of the writer and the reader are influenced. Health is total experience, is a fluctuating perception, is the living of life.
CHAPTER II

LEWIS'S QUEST RELATED TO PHYSICAL HEALTH

Ransom was nearly well before he detected his most serious injury. It was a wound in his heel. . . . The wound had been inflicted by human teeth—the nasty, blunt teeth of our own species which crush and grind more than they cut. . . . It was still bleeding. It was not bleeding at all fast, but nothing he could do would stop it. But he worried very little about this (Lewis 1965b, 187).

I knew that he [Lewis] was ill, indeed, that he had been so since 1961 when the troubles with his health began. He, however, seemed to think little of it (Hooper 1980, xi).

Having not an iota of the hypochondriac in him, Lewis tended to be rather bored with the state of his health. He never grumbled (Hooper 1982, 151).

Physical Ailments

Lewis had no inclination to put his physical health in the center of his life. He was fortunate to have very few serious health problems until three years before his death. Following is a brief account of the one serious injury and the illnesses he did experience.

According to two of Lewis's biographers (Green and Hooper 1974) he suffered from a weak chest throughout childhood with frequent respiratory infections and fever. In his several collections of letters (Lewis 1966, 1982b, 1986b) there is an occasional mention of being in bed with a fever and a "cold."
While serving in the army in World War I he was diagnosed as having P.U.O. (pyrexia [fever] of unknown origin) and was ill for three weeks in a hospital in France. He was also wounded during World War I when a piece of shrapnel entered his chest, lodging there for twenty years until it was surgically removed.

In his late fifties Lewis had significant pain from osteoporosis (a disease of the bones) and for a period of time wore a brace. Prostate gland enlargement with heart complications along with kidney involvement began to eat away at Lewis's body in 1960. Lewis's death in November 1963 was caused by heart failure.

**God's Cruelty to Man**

Although Lewis very infrequently focused on his own physical health, as a youth and an atheist he did write of the sufferings of the species of man caused, in Lewis's opinion, by God's deliberate cruelty.

The sky above is sickening, the clouds of God's hate cover it. . . .
Body and soul shall suffer beyond all word or thought,
And madness is come over us and great and little wars.
And O, my poor Despoina, do you think he ever hears
The wail of hearts he has broken, the sound of human ill (Lewis 1983b, 23-26)?

When Lewis was eighteen he wrote to Arthur Greeves,

"When God can get hold of a really first rate character like Charlotte Bronte to torture, he's just in his element:

***••••••»  ••••***
cruelty after cruelty without any escape" (Lewis 1986b, 175). In the same letter is this hastily scribbled poem demonstrating Lewis's mood of sadness and isolation.

Oh Galahad, my Galahad,
The world is very lone and sad,
The world is old and gray with pain
And all the ways thereof are bad (Lewis 1986b, 175).

**God Becomes Man**

When Lewis accepted God as the Fact above and below all facts he did so with total subjection. "I have come to give myself up," said John [the pilgrim] to Mother Kirk [the church] in The Pilgrim's Regress (Lewis 1981b, 173). Lewis had allowed thoughts of God to spin in his mind for many years and he had twisted and pulled them, attempting understanding, with images of God's destructive rage or His non-existence or His disdainful lack of interest in mankind and then into a philosophy which gave God an existence but no concreteness. When God arrived solidly, heavily into his rooms in Magdalen College, when Lewis was in his early thirties, He was in the form of a Man, Christ. "Now a philosophical theorem, cerebrally entertained, began to stir and heave and throw off its gravecloths, and stood upright and became a living presence" (Lewis 1955, 227).

**The Body and God**

From this point on, Lewis thought about the physical body and his physical body in relation to God and to His Son.
Because Jesus wore a body it was good and to be celebrated.

When Lewis thought about his natural self he saw its connectedness with Jesus and His Father and thus the very universe:

We all live in second-hand suits and there are doubtless atoms in my chin which have served many another man, many a dog, many an eel, many a dinosaur. Nor does the unity of our bodies, even in this present life, consist in retaining the same particles. My form remains one, though the matter in it changes continually. I am, in that respect, like a curve in a waterfall (Lewis 1978c, 151).

If I knock out my pipe I alter the position of a great many atoms: in the long run, and to an infinitesimal degree, all of the atoms there are. . . . Everything is connected with everything else (Lewis 1978c, 59-61).

There was a time when every man was part of his mother, and (earlier still) part of his father as well: and when they were part of his grandparents. If you could see humanity spread out in time, as God sees it, it would not look like a lot of separate things dotted about. It would look like one single growing thing—rather like a very complicated tree. Every individual would appear connected with every other. And not only that. Individuals are not really separate from God. . . . Every man, woman, and child . . . is feeling and breathing. . . . because God, so to speak, is "keeping him going" (Lewis 1960b, 156).

Behind every spermatozoon lies the whole history of the universe: locked within it lies no inconsiderable part of the world's future. The human father is . . . a carrier, often an unwilling carrier, always simply the last in a long line of carriers—a line that stretches back far beyond his ancestors into pre-human and pre-organic deserts of time, back to the creation of matter itself. That line is in God's hand. . . . No woman ever conceived a child, no mare a foal without Him (Lewis 1978c, 138).

The Spirit of the Age

Before moving aside to offer God his center, Lewis as an atheist was taken up in the philosophy of the time, the
Spirit of the Age as it is called in *The Pilgrim's Regress* (Lewis 1981b). The philosophy held that man is merely his biology. Everything could be explained through biological chemistry. God was the human need for safety and security and thus imagined by man to diminish the chemical reaction of fear. Being in love was hormonal. Friendship was simply a biochemical reaction inside one's body. During this period in Lewis's life, in conversation with a friend, the following exchange took place:

Cecil Harwood: If there are no such things as spiritual forces, then how can you explain the similarity of the world's languages?
Lewis: Probably, by the similarity of the world's throats (Griffin 1986, 16).

**Man is More Than Biology**

After Lewis had moved beyond this philosophy to knowing that there is much more to a man than his mere biology he then had another humorous exchange with a fellow don (tutor, teacher) at Magdalen College, Oxford:

Other Don: I saw in the papers this morning that there is some scientist fellah in Vienna ... who has invented a way of splicing the glands of young apes onto old gentlemen, thereby renewing their generative powers! Remarkable, isn't it?
Lewis: I would say "unnatural."
Other Don: Come, come. What happens in Nature must surely be natural. . . . I don't understand you! You'll be an old man yourself, one day.
Lewis: I would rather be an old man than a young monkey (Gibb 1965, 61).

One of Lewis's horrors was that if people believe all there is to human existence is biology then nothing would
take priority over the extension of life no matter the cost. He made this horror clear in many of his books and essays. Weston, the evil scientist in *Out of the Silent Planet*, argues with Ransom, his captive, in a space ship on the way to Malacandra (Mars):

Ransom: I consider your philosophy of life raving lunacy. I suppose . . . you think you are justified in doing anything—absolutely anything—here and now, on the off chance that some creatures or other descended from man . . . may crawl about a few centuries longer in some part of the universe. Weston: Yes—anything whatever, and all educated opinion—for I do not call classics and history and such trash education—is entirely on my side (Lewis 1965a, 27).


I had rather that the human race, having a certain quality in their lives, should continue for only a few centuries than that, losing freedom, friendship, dignity, and mercy, and learning to be quite content without them, they should continue for millions of millenia (Lewis 1982a, 297).

**Celebrate the Senses**

Alongside the belief that the maintenance of many virtues was more important than the continuance of breath, Lewis also believed that God created the body so that man could sense His presence, enjoy His universe, experience love and God who is Love, and understand the central meaning of all existence, Himself. Without the body none of this would
be possible. Lewis knew and appreciated his body. He glorified it through his writings.

He could see "holiness" in the Great Divorce: "The Spirit shook his head, scattering light from his hair as he did so" (Lewis 1946, 80), and again in Perelandra describing the Eve of that planet:

Neither our sacred nor our profane art could make her portrait. Beautiful, naked, shameless, young . . .
the face so calm that it escaped insipidity by the very concentration of its mildness, the face that was like the sudden coldness and stillness of a church when we enter it from a hot street (Lewis 1965b, 64).

"Read and smell," says Lewis, "'Goodness' can excite the nose."

Warm and sweet, and every moment sweeter and purer, and stronger and more filled with all delights, it came to him. . . . He would know it henceforward out of the whole universe--the night-breath of a floating island in the star Venus (Lewis 1965b, 102).

There rose a smell which Lucy found it very hard to describe; sweet . . . a fresh, wild, lonely smell that seemed to get into your brain and make you feel that you could go up mountains at a run or wrestle with an elephant. "I feel that I can't stand much more of this, yet I don't want it to stop" (Lewis 1970g, 206-207).

And the sounds of the universe can be heard by those who listen. What do trees sound like?: "that queer lilting, rustling, cool, merry noise" (Lewis 1970c, 135). And what is the sound of Susan's horn calling for Aslan's help?:

"There came a sound that I'd never heard the like of in my born days. . . . The whole air was full of it, loud as thunder but far longer, cool and sweet as music over water, but strong enough to shake the woods" (Lewis 1970e, 94).
Touch is honored by Lewis in a quote from Perelandra:

Over his head there hung ... a great spherical object, almost transparent, and shining. ... He put out his hand to touch it. Immediately his head, face, and shoulders were drenched with what seemed (in that warm world) an ice-cold shower bath. ... Such was the refreshment that he seemed to himself to have been, till now, but half awake (1965b, 47).

Lewis says thank-you for sight and taste in a letter to his friend and fellow poet, Ruth Pitter. He has just received and "sunk his teeth" into her gift of homemade marmalade, the "gold and amber gift." This is "a proper gift from a poetess, to show that you can imprison sunlight in other snares than words" (Griffin 1986, 365). Seeing and tasting the actual preserves could not have been more delicious than savoring his word-gift to her.

Awaken to the Gifts

Without the callouses that build with the evasion of painful truths, Lewis's words pierce clean and clear. "You can miss all this! You must be ready and awake to receive the gifts of the senses. We have free will. God's presents can be ignored." In a scene from The Last Battle, in the Stable, the Dwarfs are given a glorious feast by Aslan (the Lion who is God in Narnia); pies and tongues and pigeons and trifles and ices and good wine.

But they couldn't taste it properly. ... One said he was trying to eat hay and another said he had got a bit of an old turnip and a third said he'd found a raw cabbage leaf. And they raised golden goblets of rich red wine to their lips and said "Ugh! Fancy
drinking dirty water out of a trough that a donkey's been at" (Lewis 1970b, 147).

Aslan explains the Dwarfs's blindness to the true reality:

"They will not let us help them. They have chosen cunning instead of belief. Their prison is only in their own minds, yet they are in that prison; and so afraid of being taken in that they can not be taken out" (Lewis 1970b, 148).

First Things

Even in the most exquisite moments of daily life when all five senses are tuned so that the experience is rich and thick and you are moving in light which seems "to be a liquid you could drink" (Lewis 1986b, 352), the physical health required for this apprehension must not be "first things." "Health [physical] is a great blessing," states Lewis,

but the moment you make health one of your main, direct objects you start becoming a crank and imagining there is something wrong with you. You are only likely to get health provided you want other things more—food, games, work, fun, open air (Lewis 1960b, 118-119).

Lewis was a walker. His home, The Kilns, was a bit over two miles outside of Oxford in Headington Quarry and he, most often, walked in to Magdalen College, often making the trek twice daily. He and his close friends, for many years, took yearly walking vacations of three to five days duration, often covering eight miles daily across the country landscapes of England and Wales. Also, when Lewis had a moment or two of free time he would stroll about the enormous
college grounds of Magdalen or wander through Oxford or walk over to one of the other colleges or wander into the country or strike out to a local church for evensong or morning prayer or a communion service. Walking for him was a "third or fourth thing" enjoyed for many varying reasons and not undertaken as an "exercise" to simply increase his physical health.

About the word "hiking" my own objection wd. [would] lie only against its abuse for something so simple as going for a walk. [There is today] the passion for making specialised and self-conscious . . . activities which have hitherto been as ordinary as shaving or playing with the kitten (Lewis 1966, 259).

To day I worked in the morning and afternoon and walked into town by Cuckoo Lane . . . after tea. The real autumn tang in the air had begun. There was one of those almost white skies with a touch of frosty red over the town, and the beginnings of lovely colouring in the college garden. I love the big kitchen garden there. There is something very attractive about rows of pots—and an old man potting—and greenhouses and celery trenches. . . . I saw both a squirrel and a fat old rat in Addison's walk, and had glimpses of "it" [the word Lewis used in writing to Greeves to describe the poignant longing he often felt and later called "Joy." This longing he came to understand as an invitation from God to notice His Presence] (Lewis 1986b, 311).

When four or five of us after a hard day's walking have come to our inn; when our slippers are on, our feet spread out towards the blaze and our drinks at our elbows; when the whole world, and something beyond the world, opens itself to our minds as we talk; and . . . an Affection mellowed by the years enfolds us. Life—natural life—has no better gift to give. Who could have deserved it (Lewis 1960a, 105)?

"First things" are loving God and following the Tao—the moral code—the universal rule. Physical health, though
desirable, is a "second thing" and simply one of the means toward being able to attend to the "first things." Most of us find being appreciative and attuned and thoughtful and loving to our neighbor (especially to the boring or the irritating one) easier if we feel well. Whatever helps us to pay attention to "first things" is worth the effort expended.

If physical needs and wants and desires are made to be "first things" and thus are offered total allegiance then what can follow is gluttony, obesity, vanity, self-centeredness, promiscuity, adultery, disease, jealousies, lies, concealment; everything that is the reverse of health. For any happiness quite a lot of restraint is necessary (Lewis 1960b). All natural desires and sensations and needs are neither high nor low, holy nor unholy in themselves. When God's hand is on the rein they are holy; fun, joy-filled peace-makers. They all go bad when they are made into false gods, into "first things" (Lewis 1946).

And anyway, all healing of the physical ills is done by God. Doctors have known for a long time that they do not heal, though they may give the Healer other names. The magic is not in the medicine but in the patient's body. The doctor's treatment simply stimulates the natural function or removes the hindrance. Every cut must heal itself; no cut has ever healed in a corpse. The natural function of the
body to heal and make well is an energy which proceeds from Him. The whole system of Nature is energized by this same Energy (Lewis 1978c).

The Body Comedy

Lewis knew his body. He realized that as well as the marvels to be gathered through the attunement of the senses there was the need to realize the humorous aspect of being forced to exist within a physical shell. Lewis often thought of the body as a divine joke told at our expense though also for our endless benefit. He enjoyed St. Francis's view of the body which he expresses by naming his physical self "Brother Ass." Lewis comments:

Ass is exquisitely right because no one in his senses can either revere or hate a donkey. It is a useful, sturdy, lazy, obstinate, patient, lovable and infuriating beast: deserving now the stick and now a carrot; both pathetically and absurdly beautiful. So the body. The fact that we have bodies is the oldest joke there is (1960a, 143).

The Body Pathos

During the last decade of his life Lewis also agonizingly expressed the terror and grief which living in a body often brings. In A Grief Observed he tells of his inability to feel exactly what Joy (his wife) felt as she lay dying:

the merely animal fear, the recoil of the organism from its destruction; the smothery feeling; the sense of being a rat in a trap. It can't be transferred. The mind can sympathize; the body, less (Lewis 1960a, 14).
Also, in one of his last letters to Greeves, in November 1962, Lewis writes:

I am v. [very] sorry to hear you are ill. Especially the heart trouble. I know now what it's like—gaspering like a new-caught fish which no one has the kindness to knock on the head (Lewis 1986b, 562).

Throughout Lewis's writing are examples of his mindfulness of the physical body; its joys and jokes and agonies, but nowhere is the body or its maintenance a "first thing." As an example of his willingness to put "first things" first is the story which follows about Lewis and his body and his wife's deterioration from cancer.

"Co-Inherence" or "Substitution"

With the help of his good friend and fellow author, Charles Williams, Lewis accepted a belief that the world is ultimately a unity and because man is made in the image of God he is capable of knowing and indeed experiencing the joys and sorrows of another person. This theory Williams used frequently in his writings and was called by Williams "Co-Inherence" or "Substitution." When Lewis's wife was suffering from a depletion of calcium in her bones due to a widespread cancer, Lewis asked God to let him help in any way he could. Lewis began to have severe pain in his back and legs and it was discovered that as fast as he was losing calcium Joy, his wife, was building calcium and mending her disease-ridden bones causing her pain to decrease significantly. He wrote to a friend:
The intriguing thing is that while I (for no discoverable reason) was losing chalcium [calcium] from my bones, Joy, who needed it much more, was gaining it in hers. One dreams of a Charles Williams substitution! Well, never was a gift more gladly given; but one must not be fanciful (Vanauken 1981, 230).

Last Things

As Lewis was nearing death he continued thinking on "first things." In a letter dated November 26, 1962, he wrote to an American woman whom he had never met and knew he would never meet in this life but with whom he corresponded in the hopes of offering to her comfort and encouragement. He talked of the possible resurrection of a physical body. Lewis held to the belief that after death we have a body as Christ had a body when he appeared to the apostles after the crucifixion though certainly not a body with much similarity to our earthly one. He said:

Not that you and I have now much reason to rejoice in having bodies! Like old automobiles, aren't they? where all sorts of apparently different things keep going wrong but what they add up to is the plain fact that the machine is wearing out. Well, it was not meant to last forever. Still, I have a kindly feeling for the old rattle-trap. Through it God showed me that whole side of His beauty which is embodied in colour, sound, smell and size. No doubt it has often led me astray: but not half so often, I suspect, as my soul has led it astray. For the spiritual evils which we share with the devils (pride, spite) are far worse than what we share with the beasts: and sensuality really arises more from the imagination than from the appetites; which, if left merely to their own animal strength, and not elaborated by our imagination, would be fairly easily managed. But this is turning into a sermon!

Yours
Jack (Lewis (1982b, 110-111).
And to the same woman five months before his own death:

Can you not see death as the friend and deliverer? It means stripping off that body which is tormenting you: like taking off a hairshirt or getting out of a dungeon. What is there to be afraid of? . . . There are better things ahead than any we leave behind. . . . Don't you think Our Lord says to you "Peace, child, peace. Relax. Let go. Underneath are the everlasting arms. Let go, I will catch you. Do you trust me so little" (Lewis 1982b, 117)?

And again to the woman, in June 1963, "It will be fun when we at last meet" (Lewis 1982b, 119). "Thanks for your note," he wrote to a friend in October 1963. "Yes, autumn is really the best of the seasons; and I'm not sure that old age isn't the best part of life. But of course, like autumn, it doesn't last" (Lewis 1966, 308).

The day before Lewis died he was living within love—love for God and for his fellow human—and giving secondary consideration to his personal health as shown in this letter to a young boy:

May I congratulate you on writing such a remarkably good letter: I certainly could not have written it at your age. And to go on with, thank you for telling me that you like my books, a thing an author is always pleased to hear. It is a funny thing that all children who have written to me see at once who Aslan is, and grown ups never do!

Please tell your father and mother how glad I am to hear that they find my serious books of some value (Lewis 1985b, 113-114).

And then he died; a well man.
CHAPTER III

PSYCHOLOGICAL HEALTH AND LEWIS AND GOD

"Here is a little story of Babbins [Lewis at age two and a half] to amuse the old people," wrote Lewis's mother from a seaside resort to his father at home. "I took him into a shop to buy a penny engine and the woman asked him if she should tie a string to it for him. Baby just looked at her with great contempt and said, 'Baby doesn't see any string on the engines that Baby sees in the station'" (Lewis, W. H. 1965 (?) 7).

The Realist

Lewis began life a realist. His exceptional intelligence was obvious from the start. Though at a very early age he wrote many fanciful stories about dressed animals in strange lands, the actual fabric of the stories was unimaginative and dull (Green and Hooper 1974). Albert Lewis, his father, was a solicitor and his mother was now dead. The conversations Lewis heard in the house were of government politics and law cases and the daily business activities of adults. His early stories followed the ideas presented to him by his father. There is not a hint of the marvelous ordinariness, the extraordinary world of simple goodness proclaimed and gleaming as found in his much later stories, also of talking animals, The Narnian Chronicles.

Lewis had found the world of "faerie" but did not believe in it; in fact, was somewhat embarrassed that he
felt such an enormous bliss in the reading of Potter's *Squirrel Nutkin* or in Nesbit's *The Amulet* or Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*. Lewis's imagination lived in the "other worldly," his reason in the adult world of his father. What he believed in he found prosaic and dull, what he loved he did not trust (Lewis 1955).

**Pessimism in Early Life**

Lewis's mother, who died when he was nine, had a "talent for happiness in a high degree—went straight for it as experienced travelers go for the best seat in a train" (Lewis 1955, 3). His father was "sentimental, passionate, . . . easily moved both to anger and to tenderness; [a man] who laughed and cried a great deal and who had [infrequently met with] happiness" (Lewis 1955, 3).

From my earliest years I was aware of the vivid contrast between my mother's cheerful and tranquil affection and the ups and downs of my father's emotional life, and this bred in me long before I was old enough to give it a name a certain distrust or dislike of emotion as something uncomfortable and embarrassing and even dangerous (Lewis 1955, 4).

In the year of Lewis's mother's death, his grandfather and his uncle also died, which cloaked Lewis in a pervasive mood of pessimism which lingered for years (Lewis 1985b). "I had very definitely formed the opinion that the universe was, in the main, a rather regrettable institution" (Lewis 1955, 63). Lewis remembers summing up his general attitude in a conversation with a friend at one of his boarding
schools, "Term, holidays, term, holidays, till we leave school, and then work, work, work till we die" (Lewis 1955, 65).

Pessimism winds through his early letters to Arthur Greeves. In 1916, Lewis wrote with sarcastic, dismal jest, "My father seemed in very poor form when I got home, and fussed a lot about my cold: so everything is beastly, and I have decided--of course--to commit suicide again" (Lewis 1986b, 128).

He responded to a letter from Greeves in October of that same year:

You ask me why I am sad, and suggest that it is because I have no hope of a "happy life hereafter." No; strange as it may appear I am quite content to live without believing in a bogey who is prepared to torture me forever and ever if I should fail in coming up to an almost impossible ideal (which is a part of the Christian mythology, however much you try to explain it away). I should think it horrible to feel that if life got too bad, I daren't escape for fear of a spirit more cruel and barbarous than any man (Lewis 1986b, 136-137).

Green and Hooper comment that in Lewis's letters to Arthur, which span a period of almost forty years, there is a striking change in the tone of the letters following Lewis's conversion. At that point, there begins and continues to be a sense of personal well-being and happiness (1974).

Choosing "First Things"

Walter Hooper, the co-author with Roger Green of Lewis's most frequently read biography, was Lewis's personal
secretary and close friend, "as [Lewis] once said to his house keeper, 'the son I should have had'" (Green and Hooper 1974, 303) and lived in The Kilns with Lewis during the last months of his life. Hooper is certain that the commitment of Lewis to live his life as a thanksgiving to God was the step which made him the "good and great man he was."

Without the conversion his one-time rampant ambition would not have been enough. . . . For Lewis and his ambition, it was very like a man living with a beast with only enough food for one. And the beast wants it all. As it turned out, First Things found their proper place and secondary things remained where they should (Lewis 1982c, xiv).

Several years after Lewis's death, Warren Lewis recorded in his diary a notation quoting a letter recently written by a long-forgotten friend of Jack's who had been, years before, in a boarding school with him when they were both in their mid-teens. This letter demonstrates that though, as an adolescent, Lewis's wit was evident, the wit displayed flippancy and sarcasm.

He was a bit of a rebel; . . . I think he took his work seriously, but nothing else. . . . The quite extraordinary thing about Lewis is the complete transformation of character that took place after he left Malvern. I met him in Oxford after the war [World War II], but was staggered to find him the author of The Screwtape Letters. When I knew him, I can only describe him as a riotously amusing atheist. He really was pretty foul mouthed about it (Lewis, W. H. 1982, 298).

**Reason and God**

When Lewis accepted God as Reality, in the beginning his conversion was predominantly through reason. In his
first books on Christian apologetics (defense of the faith)
his words were thought-provoking and logical, appealing
primarily to the mind rather than the emotions, giving
reason the dominant role in all the activities of a man
walking on the road to God.

No emotion is, in itself, a judgement: ... all
emotions and sentiments are alogical. But they can be
reasonable or unreasonable as they conform to Reason
or fail to conform. The heart never takes the place of
the head: but it can, and should, obey it (Lewis 1978a,
29-30).

Lewis continues:

The human mind has come into Nature from Super-
nature: each has its tap-root in an eternal rational
Being . . . God. . . . That spearhead of the Super-
natural which I call my reason links up with natural
contents—my sensations, emotions, and the like. . . .
I call the mixture . . . "me." . . . When the physical
state . . . dominates my thinking, it produces only
disorder. But my brain does not become any less a
brain when it is dominated by Reason: nor do my
emotions and sensations become any the less emotions
and sensations. Reason saves and strengthens my whole
system, psychological and physical, whereas that whole
system, by rebelling against Reason, destroys both
Reason and itself (Lewis 1978c, 29-32).

Owen Barfield met Lewis when he first arrived at Oxford,
in 1919, and remained his close friend until Lewis's death,
in 1963. Barfield explains what he saw occurring in Lewis
about the time of Lewis's conversion to Christianity:

At a certain stage in his [Lewis's] life he deliberately
ceased to take any interest in himself except as a kind
of spiritual alumnus taking his moral finals. . . .
What began as a deliberate choice became at length (as
he had no doubt always intended it should) an ingrained
and effortless habit of soul. Self-knowledge . . . had
come to mean recognition of his own weakness . . . and
nothing more. Anything beyond that he sharply sus-
pected, both in himself and in others, as a symptom of
spiritual megalomania. . . . It was this that lay behind that distinctive combination of an almost supreme intellectual . . . maturity, laced with moral energy, on the one hand, with . . . a certain psychic immaturity on the other (Barfield 1965, xvi).

Lewis, drawing on his unique, reasonable wisdom presents the theme of the Tao which provides one of the enduring foundation stones on which many of his very diverse literary works rest. According to Lewis, the Tao is the Universal Rule of Decent Behavior, the Way, the Moral Law. The first peoples of the earth knew the Tao and all people know it. It is the law of fair play, charity, courage, good faith, honesty, and truthfulness. The Tao is, explains Lewis, eternal. When Christ arrived on earth He did not bring it into existence. It was here long before Him, before time. Christ did say to live by it.

It is taught by mothers, ancestors, religions, and by sages and poets from every culture of which there is any knowledge. Through the Babylonians, the ancient Egyptians, the Platonists, the Australian aborigines, and the American Indians can be seen the denunciations of oppression, murder, treachery, and falsehood; and the mandate for kindness, for giving to those who need, and for honesty. Good is objective, goodness is God; and reason the organ through which it and He are known (Lewis 1960b, 1965c, 1978a, 1985a).

Imagination Plays with Reason

Always, always, though, from the beginning, pushing up through the solidness of reason were the wildflowers of
Lewis's imagination: the bright true colors which make one smile and stop and peer closer to see better, to be certain not to miss the absolute perfection of each wisp of a petal, each tiny movement in the wind, the clarity of the color and the shape and the surprise. Particularly the surprise to see the flower just there, just so unexpected, and so beautiful.

In a letter to Greeves written in 1916:

It's those little things that keep one from being lonely on a walk: there is one horse here that I have got to know quite well by giving him sugar. Perhaps he may save me from a witch some day or lead me home in a fog (Lewis 1986b, 108-109).

And later, written when Lewis was in his mid-thirties, The Pilgrim's Regress is Reason strong but acquiescing to be portrayed wearing the majestic, transparent trappings of Imagination.

John [the pilgrim] saw it was a woman in the flower of her age: she was so tall that she seemed to him a Titaness, a sun-bright virgin clad in complete steel, with a sword naked in her hand. . . . "My name is Reason," said the Virgin. . . . Reason set spurs in her stallion and it leaped up on the giant's mossy knees and galloped up his foreleg, till she plunged her sword into his heart. . . . The Spirit of the Age became what he had seemed to be at first, a sprawling hummock of rock (Lewis 1981b, 52-53).

Imagination intoxicated by the vision in the next field, rubbing to get free, pushing to run rampant but always contained by the fence of Reason is The Screwtape Letters. For example, in a letter from Screwtape, a senior devil, to his less significant nephew, a junior in the service of Satan, in reference to their Enemy, God:
He's a hedonist at heart. All those fasts and vigils and stakes and crosses are only a facade. Or only like foam on the seashore. Out at sea, out in His sea, there is pleasure, and more pleasure. He makes no secret of it; at His right hand are "pleasures for evermore." Ugh! . . . He's vulgar, Wormwood. . . . There are things for humans to do all day long without His minding in the least—sleeping, washing, eating, drinking, making love, playing, praying, working. Everything has to be twisted before it's any use to us.

Lewis knew well his imagination. Though often passionately momentarily set afire by its offerings, Lewis wished for Reason to be in control. No equality of voting from a round table council; he wanted a monarchy.

He and his friends talked and argued and tugged in delight with ideas: Tolkien, Barfield and Harwood, and his brother and Greeves and others discussing the longing for God and sensations and thought and imagination and creativity. Slowly, very slowly; thoughtfully, very thoughtfully; Lewis gave way to the poetics in him, allowing reason and imagination and emotion to reflect God's light with balanced intensity. And in the beginning came The Great Divorce along with the science fiction trilogy, and later The Narnian Chronicles, culminating in the work in which reason and imagination and emotion are so intricately interwoven that the power of each has perfect brilliance but the reflected light in no way obscures the others, Till We Have Faces.
Imagination Dances with Reason

Sarah Smith, a very plain cleaning woman from Golders Green, England, is transformed into her actual awesome beauty in God's country (Heaven) in the book *The Great Divorce*. Through Lewis's creative genius, the reader is a witness to the virtues of goodness—honesty, fairness, kindness, joy, and loyalty—as Sarah's beauty becomes visible.

All down one long aisle of the forest the undersides of the leafy branches had begun to tremble with dancing light... Some kind of procession was approaching us, and the light came from the persons who composed it... If I could remember their singing and write down the notes, no man who read that score would ever grow sick or old... [And then came] a lady in whose honour all this was being done.

I cannot now remember whether she was naked or clothed. If she were naked, then it must have been the almost visible penumbra of her courtesy and joy which produces in my memory the illusion of a great and shining train that followed her across the happy grass. If she were clothed, then the illusion of nakedness is doubtless due to the clarity with which her inmost spirit shone through her clothes... And only partly do I remember the unbearable beauty of her face.

... [My guide said] "It's someone ye'll never have heard of. Her name on earth was Sarah Smith and she lived at Golders Green... She is one of the great ones [in heaven]. Ye have heard that fame in this country and fame on Earth are two quite different things" (Lewis 1946, 106-107).

With a "thank God" to Lewis's imagination, the reader of *Out of the Silent Planet* is offered a startling perspective on viewing differences; like suddenly being expanded by a hearty splash of cold, fresh water when withered and wrinkled from the world's heat. Ransom, from Earth, is on Malacandra
(Mars) and has met for the first time a creature of Malacandra, a Hross.

Ransom rose to his knees. The creature leaped back. . . . They became motionless again. Then it came a pace nearer, and Ransom . . . retreated . . . not far; curiosity held him. Neither dared let the other approach, yet each repeatedly felt the impulse to do so himself, and yielded to it. It was foolish, frightening, ecstatic and unbearable all in one moment. . . . It was like a courtship—like the meeting of the first man and the first woman. . . . It was like something beyond that; so natural is the contact of sexes, so limited the strangeness, so shallow the reticence, so mild the repugnance to be overcome, compared with the first tingling intercourse of two different, but rational species (Lewis 1965a, 56).

Through Imagination dancing with Reason again and again in The Narnian Chronicles, Lewis, the teacher, beguiles with images of goodness and right and love so strong that the reader lifts his head from the page expecting his room to be rustling with the dance of the tree nymphs or filled with the odor of Mrs. Beaver's cooking or cracking with the sound of the unicorn's hooves striking evil down. The reader looks to his shoulders half anticipating to see the velvet and gold cloak of charity wrapped round his hunched and burdened back. It is easier to stand straight while reading Lewis. Anyone can go to Narnia and return new.

The Coming Together

Following The Narnian Chronicles is the book, Till We Have Faces, which Lewis thought to be his best work of fiction and which his admiring critics see as the result of
the coming together of Lewis into a whole of poetic goodness and genius.

When Lewis first believed that truth meant God he struggled with the question of whether he could continue living a life of literature or must he offer another service during his time on earth. In 1940 he published an essay, "Christianity and Culture," which now can be found in the collection of essays, Christian Reflections, in which this issue is settled.

If, as I now hope, cultural activities are innocent and even useful, then they also . . . can be done to the Lord. The work of a charwoman and the work of a poet become spiritual in the same way and on the same condition (Lewis 1985a, 24).

When he resolved this dilemma, in the firm belief that people such as himself who are not fit for another kind of work are justified in making their living by teaching and writing, he allowed the birth of his unique genius (Green and Hooper 1974). The genius born through the belief in God and the right to write as a thanksgiving to God came to full personhood in Till We Have Faces (Christopher 1987; Green and Hooper 1974; Howard 1980; Walsh 1979).

Several other previous occurrences in Lewis's life watered and fed into lovely maturity the genius which produced this myth-novel. For the first time, in the 1950s, Lewis took a long and deep and close look into himself while writing his autobiography about his journey from atheism to faith in God, Surprised by Joy.
Joy Davidman Gresham began writing letters to Lewis in 1950. They met in 1952 and married in a civil ceremony in 1956, the same year that Till We Have Faces was first published. Lewis's friendship with and love for Joy opened him to his own emotions in a way which had not occurred before, strongly influencing his ability to produce a novel in which the characters are as multidimensional as real people are and in which these characters are the center of the novel rather than, as in his past stories, examples of the virtues or evils Lewis wished to portray (Carpenter 1979; Christopher 1987; Green and Hooper 1974; Lewis 1978b; Walsh 1979).

Along with the surging inwardness which took place in the writing of Surprised by Joy and in his courtship and marriage, Lewis's relationship with Owen Barfield encouraged his interest in a harmony within his own multidimensional self. Barfield believed that reason stands beside imagination and emotion and not above them in the real experiences which act as guides in the search for truth.

With the support of these varied occurrences, Lewis then created his last fiction, Till We Have Faces. He writes the book to "the Greeks," meaning the Rationalists; those readers who live by logic and reason in whose group he had so recently belonged. In mythic prose he tells "the Greeks" that there is more than mere logical thinking. Though he respects this thinking it is incomplete.
The woman in the story, the main character (Queen Orual), has been taught by a Greek slave, the Fox, and feels disdain for the primitive priest in charge of the religion of her city. Lewis combines the impact of the beliefs of the priest with the logic of the Fox to carefully clarify that these beliefs are like thin, clear water to thick, living blood compared with the Reality of the Living God, though the priest's pagan beliefs come closer to the truth than the Fox's.

In a dream, Lewis takes Queen Orual deep down into her deepest self, down below philosophy, down to truth.

"Oh no, no, no; no further down; mercy!" said I [Orual].
"There's no Fox to help you here," said my father. "We're far below any dens that foxes can dig. There's hundreds of tons of earth between you and the deepest of them" (Lewis 1980a, 275).

Lewis acknowledges the reality of that which is unseen:

What many see we call a real thing, and what only one sees we call a dream. But things that many see may have no taste or moment in them at all, and things that are shown only to one may be spears and water-spouts of truth from the very depth of truth (Lewis 1980a, 277).

And then Lewis describes the god (representing Christ in pagan times) coming to Orual:

The air was growing brighter and brighter about us; as if something had set it on fire. Each breath I drew let into me new terror, joy, overpowering sweetness. I was pierced through and through with the arrows of it. I was being unmade... The air and stars and sun, all that was or will be, existed for his sake. And he was coming. The most dreadful, the most beautiful, the only dread and beauty there is, was coming (Lewis 1980a, 307).
The Answer May Be No Answer

During the last few years of his life, becoming discernible about the time of the writing of Till We Have Faces, Lewis accepted having no definite answers to some of life's most compelling questions. He who always had to have an answer no matter the question began to accept the grays instead of demanding the blacks and the whites. He has Orual say in Till We Have Faces:

I ended my . . . book with the words no answer. I now know, Lord, why you utter no answer. You are yourself the answer. Before your face questions die away. What other answer would suffice (Lewis 1980a, 308)?

Again, in his last book, Letters to Malcolm Chiefly on Prayer, Lewis writes three pages about the possible resurrection of a body after death and ends with, "Guesses, of course, only guesses. If they are not true, something better will be" (Lewis 1964, 124). The tone of the book is quiet, gentle, like a summer afternoon with a wise old friend; quite different from his earlier books on Christian apologetics which stagger the reader with their brilliance and perhaps blind him momentarily to the duns and grays of earthly existence.

Genius and Goodness

Nevill Coghill, a friend of Lewis's who knew him well and loved him, says of him in Light on C. S. Lewis:
He was always impressive to meet; I prefer my first word, "formidable." But this was softened by joviality in youth and kindliness in maturity. Genius is formidable and so is goodness; he had both (Gibb 1965, 66).
CHAPTER IV

THE SEARCH AND SOCIAL HEALTH

Friendship is the greatest of worldly goods. Certainly to me it is the chief happiness of life (Lewis 1986b, 477).

We think we have chosen our friends. In reality . . . a secret Master of the Ceremonies has been at work. . . . "You have not chosen one another but I have chosen you for one another." The Friendship is not a reward for our . . . good taste in finding one another out. It is the instrument by which God reveals to each the beauties of all the others. . . . They are, like all beauties, derived from Him, and then, in a good Friendship, increased by Him through the Friendship itself. At this feast . . . it is He who has chosen the guests. It is He, we may dare to hope, who sometimes does, and always should, preside. Let us not reckon without our Host (Lewis 1960a, 126-127).

The Longing

Through his friends Lewis came to know that God is "above me and within me and below me and all about me" (Lewis 1964, 21) and through God he found his friends. His first notice of the breath of God arrived on the provocative gusts and breezes of longing for he knew not what; intense longing which could not be satisfied in cloudscapes or north winds or women or music or even books. He pursued them all and found not the answer but simply more questions and more desire and more aridity when the most recent quest had ended without satisfaction.
Arthur Greeves

Friends he met along the search led him to the reality behind this sensation of longing which he came to call "Joy" (Lewis 1955). The first was Arthur Greeves, a boy his age, who lived close to his home in Belfast, Ireland, and who had pursued Lewis's friendship but had been rebuffed. Lewis had his brother Warren and books and the hills near by: that was sufficient. One day, Arthur, who was ill (as he frequently was), asked to see Lewis and Lewis went. In Arthur, Lewis discovered another who felt the "stab of Joy" (Lewis 1955, 130). "I had been so far from thinking such a friend possible that I had never even longed for one; no more than I longed to be King of England" (Lewis 1955, 131). "Nothing, I suspect, is more astonishing in any man's life than the discovery that there do exist people very, very like himself" (Lewis 1955, 131).

Letters were exchanged between Greeves in Ireland and Lewis in England from 1914 until Lewis's death in 1963. The letters are the most graphically clear examples of Lewis's changes during his lifetime and, when read from beginning to end, are a masterpiece of the man: from earliest sketches to the final painting; in shades, and hues, and subtlety, and in bold and brilliant color (Lewis 1986b).

The first letters are depictions of Lewis's early genius, arrogance, ambition, wit, imagination, atheism,
honesty, and intolerance. They talk of his deep love of nature, ravenous hunger for knowledge, boredom with schoolmates, and his intense caring for, mixed with condescension toward, Arthur.

Of these letters and of Arthur, Lewis, around 1935, remarks:

During the earlier years of our acquaintance he was (as always) a Christian, and I was an atheist. But though (God forgive me) I bombarded him with all the thin artillery of a seventeen year old rationalist, I never made any impression on his faith. . . . He remains victor in that debate. It is I who have come round. The thing is symbolical of . . . our history. He was not a clever boy, he was even a dull boy; I was a scholar. He had no "ideas." I bubbled over with them. It might seem that I had much to give him, and that he had nothing to give me. But this is not the truth. I could give concepts, logic, facts, arguments, but he had feelings to offer, feelings which most mysteriously--for he was always very inarticulate--he taught me to share. Hence, in our commerce, I dealt in superficies, but he in solids. I learned charity from him and failed, for all my efforts, to teach him arrogance in return (Lewis 1986b, 25).

George MacDonald

The second friend was George MacDonald, a poet, preacher, and writer of stories, who lived in the 1800s. He wrote the book Phantastes which "baptised" Lewis's imagination, though as Lewis says in the preface to George MacDonald: 365 Readings, the rest of Lewis was won over much later "with the help of many other books and men" (Lewis 1986a, xxxiii). "I regard . . . him as my master; indeed I fancy I have never written a book in which I did not quote
from him" (Lewis 1986a, xxxii). Through MacDonald, the longing, the "Joy," which heretofore had beckoned Lewis from "the world's end" now sounded in his room, accompanied by a sweet and golden light which colored the very marrow of his immediate surroundings.

I saw the bright shadow coming out of the book into the real world and resting there, transforming all common things and yet itself unchanged; . . . the bread upon the table and the coals in the grate (Lewis 1955, 181).

This bright shadow, much later, was known to be "holiness," "God's light," by Lewis, as he sought truth below the very roots of truth. He was surprised frequently by the acquiring of friends, most often unsought, who were looking deep for truth also.

G. K. Chesterton

After Greeves and MacDonald, G. K. Chesterton, the author, arrived from within his books, one of which was The Everlasting Man.

I liked him for his goodness. . . . It was a liking for goodness which had nothing to do with any attempt to be good myself. . . . I felt the "charm" of goodness as a man feels the charm of a woman he has no intention of marrying (Lewis 1955, 191).

In reading Chesterton, as in reading MacDonald, I did not know what I was letting myself in for. A young man who wishes to remain a sound Atheist cannot be too careful of his reading. . . . God is, if I may say it, very unscrupulous (Lewis 1955, 191).
**Good Men**

Lewis met many other men who "were . . . good; that is, they all believed and acted on the belief, that veracity, public spirit, chastity, and sobriety were obligatory" (Lewis 1955, 201). Among them were Owen Barfield, Nevill Coghill, A. K. H. Jenkin, and, through their books, the authors, Johnson, Spenser, and Milton; all who had that "same kink" (Christianity) (Lewis 1955, 213).

And then came "Tollers" (J. R. R. Tolkien) and Hugo Dyson, who, one night, in a tree-protected lane behind Lewis's rooms in Magdalen College, with the wind blowing the leaves suddenly, unexpectedly from the nearest branches, convinced Lewis, after hours of conversation, that the Christian myth can be as appreciated and enjoyed for its story as all the other myths which Lewis loved. The difference between the Christian myth and the others was that it was fact; it was God's myth become history. The others were men's myths, breathed on by God, but of men (Carpenter 1979).

Lewis wrote Greeves:

I have just passed on from believing in God to definitely believing in Christ--in Christianity. I will try to explain this another time. My long night talk with Dyson and Tolkien had a good deal to do with it (Lewis 1986b, 425).

**Words and Barfield**

With these friends, Lewis re-evaluated and re-interpreted his thoughts, and beliefs, and visions. In
exchanges with Barfield, not only did he learn to value his imagination and emotions as experiences as truthful as his thought, but he also looked at words. Somewhere, near the beginning, in a quiet discussion over lunch, Lewis referred to philosophy as "a subject." "It wasn't a subject to Plato," said Barfield, "it was a way" (Lewis 1955, 225). Barfield believed that as language evolves words are distorted, muddied, deflowered, and often replaced gradually by other words, so that their original clarity and essence are dimmed or lost. Conversations are full of these changes: liquidation, no longer only meaning "the change from a solid to a flowing substance" but "to kill"; diplomacy, not only "the conduct of government officials in negotiations between nations" but "skillful, manipulative dishonesty"; Christian, not only "a believer in Christ" but "a good or honorable or charitable person"; swine, not only "a domestic hog" but "a cheat, a cad"; words, which in their change, become vague descriptions, often devoid of any distinct meaning.

The reader sees Barfield's influence in Lewis's writings, as Lewis, to whom nothing was more important than truth, searches for just the word which says precisely what he intends to say. In Out of the Silent Planet, Ransom who is captured by Weston and Devine and is on his way to Malacandra in a spaceship observes:

The very name "Space" seemed a blasphemous libel for this empyrean ocean of radiance in which they swam. . . . He felt life pouring into him from it every
moment. . . . He saw now that it was the womb of worlds, whose blazing and innumerable offspring looked down nightly even upon the earth with so many eyes.

. . . No: Space was the wrong name. Older thinkers had been wiser when they named it simply the heavens--the heavens which declared the glory (Lewis 1965a, 32).

And, again, the careful choice of the only right word is shown when Ransom is talking to the hrossa on Malacandra about his two fellow humans who forced him to this planet.

"Had he [Ransom] come alone? No, he had come with two others of his kind--bad men ('bent' men was the nearest hrossian equivalent)" (Lewis 1965a, 67).

**God and Work and Tolkien**

With Tolkien, in many talks over beer and food at Magdalen or at the Eastgate Hotel or The Bird and the Baby Pub (called thus by the friends but actually the Eagle and Child) or on long walks during which Tolkien lingered often to discuss the individual biological virtues of each plant while Lewis impatiently waited (he liked walking not strolling), Lewis gathered together his ideas about writing and God.

Don't you get the feeling of something waiting there and slowly being recovered in fragments by different human minds according to their abilities, and partially spoiled in each writer by the admixture of his own mere individual invention (Lewis 1986b, 388)?

But, replied Tolkien, man . . . comes from God, and it is from God that he draws his ultimate ideals. Lewis agreed. . . . Therefore, Tolkien continued, his imaginative inventions must originate with God, and must in consequence reflect something of eternal truth . . . a splintered fragment of the true light. . . . Lewis was convinced by the force of Tolkien's argument (Carpenter 1979, 44).
All the greatest poems have been made by men who valued something else much more than poetry (Lewis 1985a, 10).

An author should never conceive himself as bringing into existence beauty or wisdom which did not exist before, but simply and solely as trying to embody in terms of his own art some reflection of eternal Beauty and Wisdom (Lewis 1985a, 7).

That Hideous Strength

Lewis loved his friends. In a celebration of his friendships woven into the fabric of his beliefs, Lewis wrote the last story in his science fiction trilogy, That Hideous Strength. In it is his revered tutor, Kirkpatrick, as MacPhee, the agnostic logician. Charles Williams's Arthurian myths, which Lewis treasured, are some of the major threads holding the story together. Barfield's name and one of his theories receive a mention. Tolkien is represented by calling attention to a portion of the mythology which is in his Lord of the Rings. According to Carpenter's book The Inklings (which is the story of Lewis and his friends) the main male character in That Hideous Strength is, in a sense, Williams--his spiritual strength, his vigor, his charismatic charm (Carpenter 1979). "Humphrey" Havard, Lewis's long-time physician and friend, is mentioned in the second book of his science fiction trilogy, Perelandra.

Friends on Lewis

And his friends loved Lewis. In the preface of Light on C. S. Lewis, Barfield talks of Lewis:
Through the whole of his life I never recall a single remark, a single word or silence, a single look, the lightest flicker of an eyelid or hemi-demi-semitone of alteration in the pitch of his voice, which would go to suggest that he felt his opinion entitled to more respect than that of old friends he was talking with because, unlike theirs, it had won the ear of tens or hundreds of thousands wherever the English language is spoken and in a good many places where it is not. I wonder how many famous men there have been of whom this could truthfully be said (Gibb 1965, xiii).

Tolkien, after Lewis's death, in a letter to one of his children says:

We owed each a great debt to the other, and that tie, with the deep affection that it begot, remained. He was a great man of whom the cold-blooded official obituary has only scraped the surface (Carpenter 1979, 252).

"Humphrey" Havard, who met Lewis in the 1930s and remained close to him until his death in 1963, talks of this relationship, "He gave one a warmth of friendship which I have never met anywhere else" (Carpenter 1979, 171).

Walter Hooper met Lewis a few months before Lewis died. Through living with him at The Kilns, Hooper grew to love him with a depth rarely found in so short a relationship. He chose to spend the greatest portion of his life between that time and now researching and compiling Lewis's literature for publication. About Lewis, Hooper says, "Much as I hang on every word that Lewis wrote, I would happily exchange all for one more conversation with him over tea in the sitting room of the Kilns" (Como 1985, 247).
Joy Davidman Gresham

Love in the shape of friendship and a woman arrived when Lewis was nearing sixty. This love transformed his life. Although he had been writing Joy Davidman Gresham for two years, Lewis did not meet her until 1952. The second of these meetings was recorded by Warren Lewis in his diary.

She proved to be a . . . Christian convert of Jewish race, medium height, good figure, horn rimmed specs., quite extraordinarily uninhibited. . . . At a lunch at Magdalen, . . . she turned to me in the presence of three or four men, and asked in the most natural tone in the world, "Is there anywhere in this monastic establishment where a lady can relieve herself?" But her visit was a great success, and a rapid friendship developed; she liked walking, and she liked beer, and we had many merry days together (Lewis, W. 1982, 244-245).

Green and Hooper discuss the magnetism which brought these two together:

Lewis found Joy a splendid companion from the first. The vivacity and depth of her mind, the quick and logical response to argument, and the considerable breadth of literary knowledge embracing many fields in which he was deeply interested made this inevitable. They struck fire from one another (Green and Hooper 1974, 259-260).

Lewis and Joy were married in 1956 in a civil ceremony. They were married again by a priest in what was believed to be a death-bed ceremony in 1957, and were parted by her death from cancer in 1960. This union, though brief, changed Lewis permanently. Through Joy he learned of man-woman love at its most exultant, learned to delve into the depths
of his emotions, learned first-hand the agonizing compassion for a beloved's pain and suffering, and learned to undress into the truths which lie in vulnerability and quiet, gentle humility. He watched and prayed and soothed as Joy's body lay disintegrating, often in unbearable pain. Joy, in spite of the destruction of her body, remained at peace with God and thankful of her love from Lewis to the end.

In the last hours she said, "You have made me happy" (Lewis 1978b, 147). "She said not to me but to the chaplain, 'I am at peace with God.' She smiled, but not at me. Poi si torno all' eterna fontana [then she turned her face to the eternal fountain]" (Lewis 1978b, 89).

The Loss of Joy

Lewis's grief was overwhelming. He could not assuage it. Work had always relieved his pain. He wrote A Grief Observed with the hope of ridding himself of at least some of the horror of loss which was reducing him to "a whimpering child" (Lewis 1978b, 17) and with the intention of perhaps helping others who understood this racking grief no better than he. The book is anguish laid open: raw, ragged, with no covering, gaping, bleeding. Relief comes slowly, but not freedom from the dulled pain, not soon, not ever.

To say the patient is getting over it after an operation for appendicitis is one thing; after he's had his leg off it is quite another. After that operation either the wounded stump heals or the man dies. If it heals,
The fierce, continuous pain will stop. Presently he'll get back his strength and be able to stump about on his wooden leg. He has "got over it." But he will probably have recurrent pains in the stump all his life, and perhaps pretty bad ones; and he will always be a one-legged man. . . . At present I am learning to get about on crutches. Perhaps I shall presently be given a wooden leg. But I shall never be a biped again (Lewis 1978b, 62).

To take the old walks alone, or not at all,
To order one pint where I ordered two,
To think of, and then not to make, the small
Time-honoured joke (senseless to all but you);

To laugh (oh, one'll laugh), to talk upon
Themes that we talked upon when you were there,
To make some poor pretense of going on,
Be kind to one's old friends, and seem to care,

While no one (Oh God) through the years will say
the simplest, common word in just your way (Lewis 1977, 108).

While looking over his final manuscript for A Grief Observed, Lewis comments, "The notes have been about myself, and about . . . [Joy], and about God. In that order. The order and the proportions exactly what they ought not to have been" (Lewis 1978b, 71-72). Lewis also observes, "I ought to have said, '[Joy was] like a garden. Like a nest of gardens, wall within wall, hedge within hedge, more secret, more full of fragrant and fertile life, the further you entered. . . . In some way, in . . . [her] unique way, like Him who made it. . . . Up from the garden to the Gardener'" (Lewis 1978b, 73).

Lewis and Society

Lewis rarely talked in his literature or in his life about "society." He spoke instead about and to the
individual person. To Lewis, "society is corrupt because individuals are corrupt" (Willis 1983, 118). Social problems are caused because a person chooses in the direction of self rather than in the direction of God and then another individual and another and another does also.

The moment you have a self at all, there is a possibility of putting your self first—wanting to be the centre—wanting to be God, in fact. . . . Out of that hopeless attempt has come nearly all that we call human history—money, poverty, ambition, war, prostitution, classes, empires, slavery—the long terrible story of man trying to find something other than God which will make him happy (Lewis 1960b, 53-54).

Lewis had a horror of progress for the sake of progress and the defiling of man and nature which always follows. Consequently, he wrote frequently on the subject. His book That Hideous Strength (1965c) is the story of progress without the Tao or God. It tells of the corruption of a man because of the dream of belonging to the "inner circle," the power which controls, the progressive element destined to change England.

This was the first thing Mark had been asked to do which he himself, before he did it, clearly knew to be criminal. But the moment of his consent almost escaped his notice; certainly, there was no struggle, no sense of turning a corner. . . . For him, it all slipped by in a chatter of laughter, of that intimate laughter between fellow professionals, which of all earthly powers is strongest to make men do very bad things before they are yet, individually, very bad men (131).

In the same book he speaks of "the conversion of an ancient woodland into an inferno of mud and noise and steel and concrete" (90), and of:
the river itself which had once been brownish green and amber and smooth-skinned silver, tugging at the reeds and playing with the red roots, now flowed opaque, thick with mud, sailed on by endless fleets of empty tins, sheets of paper, cigarette ends and fragments of wood, sometimes varied by rainbow patches of oil (121).

Lewis clearly describes what happens to a village in the grips of the mania of achievement. The reader recognizes his home town.

A man could no longer drink with a friend in his accustomed bar; . . . familiar shops were crowded with strangers who seemed to have plenty of money, . . . prices were higher; there was a [line] . . . for every . . . bus and a difficulty getting into every . . . [movie]. Quiet houses that looked out on quiet streets were shaken all day long by heavy and unaccustomed traffic: wherever one went one was jostled by crowds of strangers (Lewis 1965c, 123).

God, the Tao, and Individual Man

In Lewis's opinion, "a consistent practice of virtue by [each person in] the human race even for ten years would fill the earth from pole to pole with peace, plenty, health, merriment, and heartsease, and . . . nothing else will" (Lewis 1962, 63-64). And so he set out to do just that.

Lewis gave two-thirds of all his book royalties to a trust which helped the poor anonymously; his gifts of money were not limited to this fund. Because he gave in secret, the extent of his charity is still not a certainty, the only certainty being that he gave most of his money away. Though he loathed letter writing he answered every letter written him (and he received thousands following the wide,
enthusiastic reception of his books) except those letters from persons who were blatantly insane. Lewis believed this was as significant a work in God's world as the writing of literature, perhaps more significant.

He, to his death, had an enthusiasm for life and all life's adventures and creatures. In three letters to children written in Lewis's last year, his humor is whimsical and affectionate.

I love real mice. There are lots in my rooms in College but I have never set a trap. When I sit up late working they poke their heads out from behind the curtains just as if they were saying, "Hi! Time for you to go to bed. We want to come out and play" (Lewis 1985b, 32).

I am thrilled to hear that your street runs North as well as South, because in this country all streets . . . run in two directions at the same time. They are trained to change the moment you turn around. What is even cleverer of them they turn their right side into their left side at the same time. I've never known it to fail (Lewis 1985b, 55).

Congratulations on . . . [your new baby sister]. I never saw a picture of a [baby] shower before. I had to put up my umbrella to look at it (Lewis 1985b, 47).

A fellow professor at Cambridge, Richard Ladborough, who worked with him from 1954 until 1963 says of those last years:

The one author he was usually silent about was himself. Little did we know, or even guess when he dined with us in hall of an evening, that he had been engaged in penning during the daytime one of his magna opera. He was silent even when occupied in translating the Psalms. . . . He had illustrious colleagues in this task, including . . . T. S. Elliot. But he was unforthcoming about the whole enterprise. . . . I
think that was partly due to his modesty and to his reticence. No man was less given to name-dropping, and no one was ever less of a snob. . . . Gossip about people at all was completely foreign to him. More often than not he would make a point of sitting next to the most junior person in the room (Como 1985, 100).

While living with Lewis during the last three months of Lewis's life, Walter Hooper never heard him utter a cross word or give an order. He was affectionately called "Boss" by Hooper, his stepsons, his housekeeper, and his gardener but only by virtue of his "unfailing kindness and courtesy" (Hooper 1979, 15-16, 1987).

In the last two weeks of his life Lewis was reading Les Liaisons Dangereuses, in the original French, and invited a friend from Cambridge to come to The Kilns in Oxford for dinner and a talk about the book. His colleague said Lewis was his "usual gay and humorous self." "I somehow felt that it was the last time we should meet and, when he escorted me, with his usual courtesy, to the door, I think he felt so too. Never was a man better prepared" (Como 1985, 104).

**The Funeral**

At Lewis's funeral the friends gathered to say good-bye. "It was a very cold, frosty morning, but the winter sun coming through the yews was brilliantly bright. One candle stood on the coffin. The flame burned steadily. Although out in the open air, it did not so much as flicker" (Carpenter 1979, 251).
"We've certainly lost a friend." said Jim Dundas-Grant, another old comrade of Lewis's, to Havard as they passed out the church yard gate. "Only for a time, D. G. Only for a time" (Griffin 1986, 449).
CHAPTER V

LEWIS ON SPIRITUAL HEALTH

If anything is spiritual, everything is (Lewis 1986b, 398).

No Religion

"You ask me my religious views: you know, I think, that I believe in no religion. There is absolutely no proof for any of them... Christianity is not even the best. All religions, that is all mythologies to give them their proper name are merely man's own invention," writes Lewis to Greeves in 1916. "Of course, mind you, I am not laying down as a certainty that there is nothing outside the material world: considering the discoveries that are always being made, this would be foolish... Whenever any new light can be got as to such matters, I will be glad to welcome it. In the meantime I am not going to go back to the bondage of believing in any old (& already decaying) superstition" (Lewis 1986b, 135).

In his next letter to Greeves, Lewis admits to his friend that he knows Yeshua (Jesus) did exist, "Tacitus mentions his execution in the Annals [Cornelius Tacitus, Roman nobleman, 55-120 a.d.]. But all the other tomfoolery about virgin birth, magic healings, apparitions... is on
exactly the same footing as any other mythology" (Lewis 1986b, 137).

Truth is God

There is no tiniest hint, no smallest nuance of rumor, not even the minutest suggestion from a passionate censor in any of the writings about Lewis that he ever knowingly allowed an untruth to take root in his being. He relentlessly searched for truth. He did not wander off that road. If he found a lie he left it where it lay and moved on in search of its truth.

Lewis was aghast as the slow, prodding certainty came creeping into him that the writers he most admired, often revered, were either believers in the Tao, in the Way, in goodness as absolute or were Christians. Then, in his first experiences in Oxford, the men he met who had the virtues of honor and verity and kind mirth and charity and who offered him the glory of treasured comraderie were believers in Jesus, not simply as a mortal but as the Son of God, or were crossing into that belief. He was heartsick, enraged; he wanted independence, not interference. "No word in my vocabulary expressed deeper hatred than the word Interference. . . . Christianity placed at the center what then seemed to me a transcendental Interferer" (Lewis 1955, 172). Lewis, with a personality much more interested in escaping pain than in finding happiness, was comforted by the
materialist's belief that death ended all. "The horror of the Christian universe was that it had no door marked Exit" (Lewis 1955, 171).

"Joy"

From earliest recollections Lewis had moments of "it," of "Joy," of a sudden emotion which was so marvelous as to be painful, so lonely as to be comforting, so full of glory and then gone before he could turn to see, or reach out to touch, or be still to know what "it" was. He had felt, at those times, more awake, more alive, more a part of . . . what? The scientists were saying the experience was simply sensation, body sensation. Freud, popular in this period, was saying sublimated lust. Lewis did not know; he tried to pinpoint the sensation to a cause: women, music, books, landscapes. No, not any of those (Lewis 1955). Not God; please, "No, God!," not God.

"Joy" is God's Sign

"I felt as if I were a man of snow at long last beginning to melt. The melting was starting in my back--drip-drip and presently trickle-trickle. I rather disliked the feeling" (Lewis 1955, 225). "Total surrender, the absolute leap in the dark, were demanded. . . . The demand was simply 'All.' . . . [I was] the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England" (Lewis 1955, 228-229).
"Joy," from that moment on, though wondrous and often occurring, came to Lewis as "a pointer [a signpost] to something other and outer" and held much less importance. Before, when Lewis had been in doubt about the meaning of "Joy" and had been "lost in the woods," "the sight of a signpost [was] a great matter." Now that "we have found the road, . . . we shall not stop and stare. [The signposts] will encourage us and we shall be grateful to the Authority who set them up. . . . Though their pillars are of silver and their lettering of gold, 'we would be at Jerusalem'" (Lewis 1955, 238).

Is Goodness Good?

Goodness, which Lewis thought he craved, was, at times, a burden, an irritant, a bother, and even frightening. "I wasn't sure whether I liked 'goodness' so much as I had supposed," said Lewis, as he saw an eldil, a spirit, in Perelandra.

As long as what you are afraid of is something evil, you may still hope that the good may come to your rescue. But suppose you struggle through to the good and find that it also is dreadful? How if . . . your very comforter [is] the person who makes you uncomfortable? Then, indeed, there is no rescue possible: the last card has been played. . . . Here at last was a bit of that world from beyond the world, which I had always supposed that I loved and desired, breaking through and appearing to my senses: and I didn't like it. I wanted it to go away. I wanted every possible distance, gulf, curtain, blanket, and barrier to be placed between it and me (Lewis 1965b, 19).

And, in letters to Malcolm: Chiefly on Prayer, Lewis at the end of his life, writes:
Let's now at any rate come clean. Prayer is irksome. An excuse to omit it is never unwelcome. We are reluctant to begin. We are delighted to finish. . . . The really disquieting thing is . . . we believe that we were created "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." And if the few, the very few, minutes we now spend on intercourse with God are a burden . . . rather than a delight, what then? What can be done for . . . a rose-tree that dislikes producing roses?

[But] if we were perfected, prayer would not be a duty, it would be delight. Some day, please God, it will be. . . . I am therefore not really deeply worried by the fact that prayer is at present an [annoying] duty. . . . We are still only at school. Or, like Donne, "I tune my instrument here at the door" (Lewis 1964, 113-115).

The Regenerate Man

In Miracles, readers are given a technical picture of what occurs inside a man when God is invited in to be the "Boss of the cottage"; He desires to change it into a castle. When discussions occur about "spiritual life" there is frequently a confusion of terms. Lewis offers clarification. To him, the "soul" is all that is not body, not material in a man: his emotions, passions, memory (what is frequently called a man's psychology) neither good nor bad in itself. "Spirit" is a man's rational element: his conscience, his will by which he makes choices. "Spirit" is given to him at birth and can lead him in the direction of goodness or destruction.

The "newness" or "novitas" is what arises from the man when he chooses to acknowledge the Divine and to become a regenerate man, a follower of God. This "newness" is not a
part or an element of the man but is merely a redirection of the whole man. "There is nothing more in a regenerate man than in an unregenerate man, just as there is nothing more in a man who is walking in the right direction than in one who is walking in the wrong direction" (Lewis 1978c, 172).

Yet, this new man is totally different; all parts of him are changed. When a good man attempts to live a moral and rational life without the "newness" he must consider his passions and imagination somewhat dangerous; portions of him to be overseen by the landlord Thought. The person who is "regenerate" will find his body, soul (psychology), and spirit (will) in harmony eventually.

The brain does not become less a brain by being used for rational thought. The emotions do not become weak or jaded by being organised in the service of a moral will—indeed they grow richer and stronger as . . . a river is deepened by being banked. The body of the [regenerate] . . . man, other things being equal, is a better body than that of the fool or the debachee, and his sensuous pleasures better simply as sensuous pleasures: for the slaves of the senses, after the first bait, are starved by their masters (Lewis 1978c, 127).

The ancient philosophers, those who lived a life seeking truth without God, considered the body an encumbrance which often warred with the conscience. The "new man" knows that his body, psychology, and spirit are gifts and the means by which he can contemplate, appreciate, and worship God and can become one with himself in the process (Lewis 1978c).
Holiness in Lewis

"Holiness" was seen often in Lewis. Hooper writes, "I knew—I just knew—that no matter how long I lived, no matter who else I met, I should never be in the company of such a supremely good human being again. Of all my memories this is the most indelible and is certain to remain so" (Hooper 1980, xv). Lawlor states, "In Lewis's own life a 'quiet fullness' meant that the transcendental was never at variance with the prosaic. . . . In Lewis . . . the visionary and the moralist, commonly disjoined, are at one. . . . We shall not see another like him" (Gibb 1965, 81-82).

"In 1954, the time had come for Holiness to emerge as the ripe and weighty fruit of Lewis's mystical experience. It was no longer a hint that he had received from another [MacDonald]; it was now a quality of his own, overflowing from his soul and offered to us in the stories of Narnia," says Tixier (Schakel 1979, 143).

Kilby wants readers to know Lewis as "a man who had won, inside and deep, a battle against pose, evasion, expedience, and the ever-so-little-lie and who wished with all his heart to honor truth in every idea passing through his mind" (Kilby 1964, 5). "Lewis's adult Christianity . . . was the core of his being. If he had lived in a country where martyrs still perish, he would have suffered the flames and never recanted" (Walsh 1979, 244).
Lewis would wish that none of these statements had been written about him. "It is not for us to say who, in the deepest sense, is or is not close to the spirit of Christ (Lewis 1960b, 11).

When asked how he could have known evil with such accuracy as to write The Screwtape Letters (a story written firsthand by a senior devil, Screwtape, to his junior devil nephew about how to win souls over to Satan) Lewis says, "some have paid me an undeserved compliment by supposing that my Letters were the ripe fruit of many years' study in moral and ascetic theology. They forgot that there is an equally reliable, though less creditable, way of learning how temptation works. 'My heart'—I need no other's—sheweth me the wickedness of the ungodly" (Lewis 1982d, xvi).

And, in another demonstration of his humility, in The Four Loves, Lewis describes Charity, which is the pure love for God, and ends with:

and with this, where a better book would begin, mine must end. I dare not proceed. God knows, not I, whether I have ever tasted this love. Perhaps I have only imagined the tasting. Those like myself whose imagination far exceeds their obedience are subject to a just penalty: we easily imagine conditions far higher than any we have really reached. . . . To know that one is dreaming is to be no longer perfectly asleep. But for news of the fully waking world you must go to my betters (Lewis 1960a, 192).

"A man's spiritual health is exactly proportional to his love for God" (Lewis 1960a, 13). Though many considered him the epitome of a spiritually healthy human, Lewis thought
of himself as wobbling and weaving on regenerate man's legs along the road to Jerusalem.

Religion

"I think what really worries me is the feeling . . . that there is really nothing I dislike so much as religion—that it's all against the grain, and I wonder if I can really stand it" (Lewis 1966, 195). Lewis, throughout his life, had frequent disagreements with man's religions. He never attempted to write about any denominational approach to God but talked of "mere" Christianity; the ancient words found in the New Testament with emphasis on the spoken words and acts of Jesus.

Religion is, quite often, the delicious enticement leading people straight into Satan's hole, says the devil, Screwtape, to his nephew, Wormwood, "provided that meetings, pamphlets, policies, movements, causes, and crusades matter more to him than prayers and sacraments and charity, he is ours—and the more 'religious' (on those terms), the more securely ours" (Lewis 1982d, 21).

Objecting to actions observed during religious occupations and preoccupations, Lewis writes in his Letters to Malcolm:

[The Anglican clergymen must take the view that people] can be lured to go to church by incessant brightenings, lightenings, lengthenings, abridgements, simplifications, and complications of the service. Those who remain—many give up church going altogether—merely endure. . . . And they don't go to church to be
entertained. They go to use the service, or, if you prefer, to enact it. . . . "Tis mad idolatry that makes the service greater than the god" (Lewis 1964, 4-5).

I can well understand how a man who is trying to love God and his neighbour should come to dislike the very word religion; a word . . . which hardly ever appears in the New Testament. There is danger in the very concept of religion. It carries the suggestion that this is one more department of life . . . added to the economic, the social, the intellectual, the recreational, and all the rest. [Actually], we have no non-religious activities; only religious and irreligious (Lewis 1964, 30).

Lewis writes in Mere Christianity that "the Church exists for nothing else but to draw men into . . . [God]. If they are not doing that, all the cathedrals, clergy, missions, sermons, even the Bible itself, are simply a waste of time" (Lewis 1960b, 170).

Because Jesus, in the gospels, instructs his followers to gather together in His name and to receive the sacrament of the body and the blood, Lewis attended services: when possible morning prayer daily and communion at least weekly. He said, for him, church was often valuable as an humbling experience:

I disliked very much their hymns, which I considered to be fifth-rate poems set to sixth-rate music. But as I went on I saw the great merit of it. . . . I realized that the hymns . . . were, nevertheless, being sung with devotion and benefit by an old saint in elastic-side boots in the opposite pew, and then you realize that you aren't fit to clean those boots. It gets you out of your solitary conceit (Lewis 1982a, 61-62).

[During communion] a hand from the hidden country touches not only my soul but my body. Here the prig,
the don [college professor], the modern in me have no privilege over the savage or the child. Here is big medicine and strong magic (Lewis 1964, 103).

**If There is No God**

What happens if there is no God? What if this whole thing is a monstrous Cosmic joke? In one of The Narnian Chronicles, The Silver Chair, Lewis exemplifies the "what if." In the story, the children, attempting to rescue the prince and accompanied by the creature Puddleglum the Marshwiggle, in the depths of the earth under Narnia in Underworld, have been told by the wicked queen that their imaginations have taken over and they have been deceived. They must come awake and realize that all there is to the world is exactly what they see in Underworld; lamps, not a sun; cats, but no Lion (Aslan); dank, dark earth, but no Narnia. They are making up the rest. The prince, the children, and Puddleglum are becoming convinced by the witch until Puddleglum retorts:

Suppose we have dreamed, or made up, all those things--trees and grass and sun and moon and stars and Aslan himself. Suppose we have. . . . In that case, the made-up things seem a good deal more important than the real ones. Suppose this black pit of a kingdom of yours is the only world. Well, it strikes me as a pretty poor one. [Our] play-world . . . licks your real world hollow. . . . I'm on Aslan's side even if there isn't any Aslan to lead it. I'm going to live as like a Narnian as I can even if there isn't any Narnia (Lewis 1970f, 159).

In a letter to a friend, the question "what if there is no God?" is considered:
I do not think there is a demonstrative proof . . . of Christianity, nor of the existence of matter, nor of the good will & honesty of my best and oldest friends. I think all three are (except perhaps the second) far more probable than the alternatives. . . . But supposing one believed [in God] and was wrong after all? Why, then you wd. [would] have paid the universe a compliment it doesn't deserve. Your error wd. even so be more interesting & important than the reality. And yet how cd. [could] that be? How cd. an idiotic universe have produced creatures whose mere dreams are so much stronger, better, subtler than itself (Vanauken 1981, 89)?

And, in Lewis's last book, published after his death:

Even now, even if--let's make an impossible supposition--His voice, unmistakably His, said to me, "They have misled you. I can do nothing . . . for you. My long struggle with the blind forces is nearly over. I die, children. The story is ending," would that be a moment for changing sides? Would not you and I take the Viking way: "The Giants and the Trolls win. Let us die on the right side, with Father Odin" (Lewis 1964, 120).

God and Oxford and Cambridge

"I believe in Christianity as I believe that the sun has risen, not only because I see it, but because by it I see everything else" (Lewis 1980b, 92). So Lewis lived and wrote what he believed. As a college teacher and then a professor he never imposed his Christianity on anyone and never discussed these beliefs professionally with his colleagues or with his students unless the subject was first mentioned by the other person (Como 1985; Gibb 1965; Schofield 1983).

In the colleges of Oxford University which are as prestigious as any in the world, no teacher was expected to
openly and without irony acknowledge a personal God, and, certainly, no teacher was to write to the unscholarly public about Him! Lewis did. He was, several times, passed over for a professorship; in fact, never offered one for twenty-nine years at Oxford. Then Cambridge University in Cambridge, England created a chair for Lewis in 1954 in Medieval and Renaissance English and Lewis accepted, spending the rest of his professional life, until 1963, in this new setting. Oxford tried to get him back in 1957 by offering him the Merton Professorship but Lewis remained loyal to his new college (Carpenter 1979; Green and Hooper 1974).

**Man Can Choose**

Within Lewis's literature several themes are the heartbeats which sustain the life of his word-visions. One of these is that all men, in every choice, choose God or the stark nothingness of evil. There are no other choices. In *Out of the Silent Planet* Ransom chooses to help the hysterical woman and her defective son and it is an infuriating nuisance; his original plans of great import are forced aside. Through this simple decision he goes to another planet, meets eidsils (spirits), is assigned a task by Maleldil (God), and eventually saves Perelandra (Venus) from evil. "A stone may determine the course of a river. He was that stone at this horrible moment which had become the centre of the whole universe" (Lewis 1965b, 142).
Each person's actions, though perhaps at the moment appearing inconsequential, can be God's way to accomplish a task which He, up to that point at least, has chosen not to do on His own (Lewis 1964). How many times did I turn my face away rather than help a small child or an old woman or a friend? How many times did I decide that my plans could not be changed much as I would like to help? Was that God who asked? Was He the child or the woman or the friend? Could I have smiled rather than grimaced at that irate driver? God, was that You?

**The Great Dance**

The universe is a Great Dance says Lewis again and again in his books. Each person must find his place and his steps. There are no unimportant steps. The music continues; it is orchestrated by Him who wrote the symphony. The centre of the dance is each and every person and object and occurrence; each grain of sand, each thought, each prayer, each shell, each cloud, each flower, each action, each decision, each relationship, each charity, each color: that is the center. Find your place, listen to the rhythm, and move to the tune. You are necessary and expected; the dance does not occur without your response to the melody. You can be out of step, you can sit out the dance, you can change the steps of others, you can do a jig or a minuet
or a funeral dirge, you can tear apart the ballroom, you can decorate the ceiling with stars; you have choice.

The Weight of Glory

In many of his writings Lewis reminds that to be a person has inherent in it the weight of glory. There are no ordinary men. "We should conduct all our dealings with one another, all friendships, all loves, all play, all politics" in the knowledge that each of us is immortal.

Nations, cultures, arts, civilisations--these are mortal, and their life is to ours as the life of a gnat. . . . It is immortals whom we joke with, work with, marry, snub, and exploit. . . . We must play. But our merriment must be of that kind (and it is, in fact, the merriest kind) which exists between people who have, from the outset taken each other seriously--no flippancy, no superiority, no presumption (Lewis 1980b, 19).

"To be called out of nature into the supernatural life," into the quest for God, "is a costly honour." Even to be man rather than beast is a loss as well as a gain. "Man has difficulties and sorrows which the other primates escape. But to be called up higher still costs still more." And then Lewis, as is frequently his way ends with, "but I walk in wonders beyond myself" (Lewis 1958, 131-134).

The Gift Before Going

Lewis ended his life with a gift, Letters to Malcolm: Chiefly on Prayer, in which he says the "pleasures [of life] are shafts of the glory as it strikes our sensibility" (89).
The song of a bird or the murmur of a wind can be heard as a gift from Him with whom there are pleasures forevermore. To see light dance and play and fall into the leaves of trees and lightly splash the forest floor with gold-green "will show you something about the sun which you could never get from reading books on astronomy. "These . . . are 'patches of God-light' in the woods of our experience" (91). "One's mind runs back up the sunbeam to the sun" (90).

Lewis told his brother during the last days, "I have done all I wanted to do, and I'm ready to go" (Green and Hooper 1974, 305). And soon he left; the regenerate man. "A man who has been in another world does not come back unchanged" (Lewis 1965b, 10). The changed man returned to that world, to "the light from behind the sun" (Lewis 1964, 28).
CHAPTER VI

DISCUSSION AND CONCLUSIONS

All that is not eternal is eternally out of date (Lewis 1960a, 188).

[God] will have man. Yes, and the very heart, center, ground, roots of a man; dark and strong and costly as blood (Lewis 1980a, 295).

For Lewis, God is the creator of all living things and all matter, and is the inventor of all loves and is Love. Anything without God is nothing. He is in everything although everything is not Him. Evil is not God though it is corrupted good and God is in goodness. He is in the man doing the wrong deed; He is not the wrong deed. He made the trees which are felled for the shopping center; He provided the matter which builds the center; the living trees nor the destroyed trees nor the center are Him. He made the material which made the bomb; He is not the bomb.

Look into a grain of sand and He is there. Look into the vast heavens and He is there. Look into a child and He is there. Look into an old, lonely, drunken street man and He is there. Look into a gnat or an elephant or a wind or a raindrop and He is there. What then? Then, whatever directs a person toward God is good and whatever leads one away from God is destruction. That for Lewis was ultimate
truth and guided his life if not within the moment of every act at least in the contemplation of any act.

1. Did Lewis consider his spiritual dimension to be the center of his existence? If he did not, how did he define the essence of Lewis?

Lewis would never have used the term "spiritual dimension" nor would he have talked of "the center of his existence." These words are vague in their connotations and are ideas which he would consider and then re-word with more clarity. For Lewis, very simply, God is the creator of life and loving Him the purpose of life. All that is not God is nothing. God, in Lewis's belief, is everywhere in him; in his body, his mind, and his spirit, and in the emotions and sensations and intellect within these aspects of him. God gave him the gift of life; all parts of him and it, and Lewis said, "how gracious of You to have me." He often did not understand why he received a particular burden or a particular joy but he learned to accept no answer to many questions simply acquiescing to the knowledge that God is the answer and understanding is often not possible in this mortal life (Lewis 1964).

Who is God and Who is Lewis?

In his book, Letters to Malcolm, Lewis attempts an explanation of who he is and who God is.
[There are] two representations or ideas. . . . One is the bright blur in the mind which stands for God. The other is the idea I call "me." . . . The real I has created them both—or, rather, built them up . . . from all sorts of psychological odds and ends.

. . . What am I? . . . If I could examine my thinking it would . . . turn out to be the thinnest possible film on the surface of a vast deep. . . . Dazzling lightness as well as dark clouds come up.

. . . And depths of time too. All my past; my ancestral past; perhaps my pre-human past. . . . If I could dive deeply enough, I might again reach at the bottom that which simply is. . . . Only now am I ready . . . to "place myself in the presence of God." [The mystery], if I could follow it far enough, would lead me to . . . the point where something . . . unimaginable leaps forth from God's naked hand. . . . Here is the actual meeting of God's activity and man's. For what I call "myself" is . . . a dramatic construction; memories, glimpses in the shaving glass, and snatches of the very fallible activity called "introspection." . . . What shall I call Him? The Author, for He invented us all? The Producer, for He controls all? Or the Audience, for He watches, and will judge the performance?

Here, [then], is the holy ground. . . . "May it be the real I who speaks. May it be the real Thou that I speak to" (Lewis 1964, 80-82).

2. How would Lewis define health? What were his thoughts on health?

Definition of Health

Chapters two, three, four, and five of this study are a collection of Lewis's thoughts on health taken from his diverse writings. He rarely used the word "health" in his books and essays. He only once used the terms elaborating the dimensions of health—physical, psychological, social, and spiritual—in relation to the word "health." Though he had an avid interest in many aspects implied by these terms—the workings of the human body, friendship,
vocations, married love, appreciation of nature, man's relationship with God, goodness—he would not choose to speak of them using the terms of the four dimensions of health. The only definition ever offered by Lewis having to do with the word health was his definition of spiritual health. "A man's spiritual health is exactly proportional to his love for God" (Lewis 1960a, 13). Because Lewis believed that loving God is the total purpose of life, this definition of spiritual health perhaps could also serve as his definition of health. When man loves God he is healthy, the more in tune with God the healthier, the less awareness of God the less healthy.

Love for God

Love for God is prayer and laughter and sacrament and repentance and forgiveness and gratefulness and love for your neighbor, and integrated solidly into these behaviors is the Tao, the Moral Code, the Way. Health is, also, these things. Be aware! he warned himself and others. This love for God, this Charity, is everything but it is the bedrock of the act, is inseparable from it; is not the garment thrown on for style, to impress; whether a gown of gold or a rag of sack cloth. Dressed for effect it is not Charity, not love for God, but love of self:

an elaborate, fussy, embarrassing and intolerable show. Such people make every trifle a matter of explicitly spiritual importance—out loud and to
one another (to God, on their knees, behind a closed door, it would be another matter). . . . The real work must be, of all works, the most secret. Even as far as possible secret from ourselves (Lewis 1960a, 185).

3. How exactly did Lewis quest for God? What were the patterns and disciplines of his search?

Lewis lived each day and found God in the moment that arrived. "Always one must throw oneself into the wave" (Lewis 1965b, 210).

**Laughter**

He laughed often. He laughed uproariously with friends, he was easily amused about himself; guffawing laughter and joyful mirth occurred frequently. In the readings about Lewis by those who knew him intimately or slightly there is recurrent reference to his infectious laughter and appreciation of humor and entertaining wit.

Two of Lewis's stories tell of his need not to take his own ideas too seriously. In Dante's *Paradiso*, Pope Gregory arrives in Heaven and discovers that his theological theories on which he had labored long and lovingly were wrong. "We are told how the redeemed soul behaved. . . . It was the funniest thing he'd ever heard" (Lewis 1985a, 11).

When Lewis talks of prayer in his *Letters to Malcolm* he wants the reader to know the moment when "the real I . . . speaks to the real Thou. . . . The most blessed result of prayer would be to rise thinking, 'But I never knew before."
I never dreamed... I suppose it was at such a moment that Thomas Aquinas said of all his own theology, 'It reminds me of straw' (Lewis 1964, 82).

One Man's Reveries

Lewis insists to his readers that he thinks of his ideas as his "reveries," as "one man's myths" (when myth means a truth told with poetic vision).

My idea of God is not a divine idea. It has to be shattered time after time. He shatters it Himself. He is the great [destroyer of images]. . . . The Incarnation is the supreme example; it leaves all previous ideas of the Messiah in ruins (Lewis 1978b, 76-77).

We cannot see light, though by light we can see things. Statements about God are extrapolations from the knowledge of other things which the divine illumination enables us to know. . . . If anything in it is useful to you, use it; if anything is not, never give it a second thought (Lewis 1960a, 175).

And, in The Horse and His Boy, Shasta, who cannot see Aslan (God), asks, "Who are you?"

"Myself," said the Voice [Aslan], very deep and low so that the earth shook; and again "Myself," loud and clear and gay: and then the third time "Myself," whispered so softly you could hardly hear it, and yet it seemed to come from all round you as if the leaves rustled with it (Lewis 1970a, 159).

Living in the Present

Lewis consistently took the attitude of "ideas, only ideas" along with him as he considered God. Besides not taking himself too seriously, although he did take the gift
of life seriously, he often speaks in his writings of the importance of living in the present.

Screwtape writes to his nephew about the necessity of encouraging the man whom he has been ordered to bring to Hell to live anywhere but in the present. "Gratitude looks to the Past and love to the Present; fear, avarice, lust, and ambition look ahead. . . . [Only in the Present] do all duty, all grace, all knowledge, and all pleasure dwell" (Lewis 1982d, 44-45).

In The Great Divorce, a Ghost from Hell is talking with an Angel in Heaven. The Ghost says that perhaps he will do what is necessary to stay in Heaven but he would rather go back to Hell and come back to Heaven another day when he feels better and more able to do what has to be done in order to stay. The Angel replies, "There is no other day. All days are present now. . . . This moment contains all moments" (Lewis 1946, 100).

In Lewis's last years when writing to a woman who is unhappy and in pain he says, "The great thing with unhappy times is to take them bit by bit, hour by hour, like an illness. It is seldom the present, the exact present, that is unbearable" (Lewis 1982b, 58).

Other Behaviors

Lewis read Christ's words and believed. He attended church regularly and took the sacrament of bread and wine
because Jesus says to do so. He offered his monies to the needy and wrote thousands of letters to strangers because Jesus states that if you help others you are helping Him. "[Lewis] was extremely literal about giving to the poor. If Lewis had met a man who said, 'I need your coat,' he would unhesitatingly have taken the coat off and handed it over" (Walsh 1979, 18).

He forgave himself since Jesus said that forgiveness comes when one asks. In The Screwtape Letters Lewis says, "Despair is a greater sin than any of the sins which provoke it" (Lewis 1982d, 87). Not to forgive oneself sets one up as a higher judge than God. Lewis forgave others; Jesus said not to judge.

Lewis prayed daily for himself, for others; for the dead and the living. He read every day, often for hours, to gather the wisdom of other seekers of truth. He wanted to taste all truthful experience. "Even the eyes of all humanity are not enough. I regret that the brutes cannot write books. Very gladly would I learn what face things present to a mouse or a bee; more gladly still would I perceive the olfactory world charged with all the information and emotion it carries for a dog" (Lewis 1961, 140).

Lewis often resented time away from his books, perhaps always resented these interruptions, and yet he knew "what one calls the interruptions are precisely one's real life—the life God is sending one day by day: what one calls
one's 'real life' is a phantom of one's own imagination" (Lewis 1986b, 499).

And Lewis also knew that no matter the sublimity of the wonders garnered from books or tossed around and reshaped through long soaking conversations with learned, loved friends, "it is of more importance for you or me to-day to refrain from one sneer or to extend one charitable thought to an enemy than to know all that angels and archangels know about the mysteries of the New Creation" (Lewis 1978c, 162).

**Solitude and Friendship**

Time alone was an imperative for Lewis. He sought solitude for reading and writing and praying and thinking and walking. He also relished the companionship of a few intimate friends. "While friendship has been by far the chief source of my happiness, acquaintance or general society has always meant little to me, and I cannot quite understand why a man should wish to know more people than he can make real friends of" (Lewis 1955, 33). Lewis was appalled by modern man's lack of solitude and lack of communion with loved friends. "He lives in a crowd; caucus has replaced friendship" (Lewis 1980b, 107). Then Lewis continues, "We live, in fact, in a world starved for solitude, silence, and privacy, and therefore starved for meditation and true friendship" (Lewis 1980b, 107).
The Tao

The Tao was reviewed daily by Lewis, always in the hope that eventually he could transcend the need for the code and simply live the rules joyfully without the rules. He never, even at the end, felt he had come close to this ideal.

By now I should be entering on the supreme stage
Of the whole walk, reserved for the late afternoon.
The heat was to be over now; the anxious mountains,
The airless valley and the sun-baked rocks, behind me.

Now, or soon now, if all is well, come the majestic
Rivers of foamless charity that glide beneath
Forests of contemplation. In the grassy clearings
Humility with liquid eyes and damp, cool nose
Should come, half-tame, to eat bread from my hermit hand.
If storms arose, then in my tower of fortitude--
It ought to have been in sight by this--I would take
refuge;
But I expected rather a pale mackerel sky,
Feather-like, perhaps shaking from a lower cloud
Light drops of silver temperance, and clovery earth
Sending up mists of chastity, a country smell,
Till earnest stars blaze out in the established sky
Rigid with justice; the streams audible; my rest secure.

I can see nothing like all this. Was the map wrong?
Maps can be wrong. But the experienced walker knows
That the other explanation is more often true (Lewis 1977, 119-120).

Love for God and Neighbor

And Lewis loved his neighbor. He did not necessarily like his neighbor nor ignore his faults; he simply decided to love him. "The two great commandments [love God with all your Heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind, and love your neighbor as yourself] have to be translated 'Behave as if you loved God and man'" (Lewis 1964, 115).
Lewis explains that man cannot love because he is told to. He must use the law—the command—and act as if he does until such time that he does so automatically without the moral code. "When you are behaving as if you loved someone, you will presently come to love him" (Lewis 1960b, 116).

Lewis lived these two commandments but believed that only in Heaven would he love as the word "love" truly translates in Jesus's words. So Lewis asked himself, "If I were sure that I loved God and man what would I do?" And then he went and did it; not always, not perfectly, but more often, certainly more thoughtfully, than most.

4. If the search for the ultimate truth and meaning of one’s life is the spiritual dimension of a person, what questions pertaining to ultimate truth were answered for Lewis as he journeyed toward God? What questions were not answered?

**Truth**

Lewis wanted truth, no matter the pain nor the joy which truth brought; he diligently, consistently looked for truth. If any question was definitely answered for Lewis it was, "Is anything other than truth of any value?" The answer was a resounding, "No!" In his collection of readings by George MacDonald there is a quote on truth which Lewis chose to print.
I would not favor a fiction to keep a whole world out of hell. The hell that a lie would keep any man out of is doubtless the very best place for him to go to. It is truth . . . that saves the world (Lewis 1986a, 113)!

Questions and Answers

Any other questions which Lewis had about life and God were not answered so simply nor so quickly. He believed there is a God, he believed Jesus is the Son of God, he believed that the Tao exists always since before time. He knew these to be truths, perhaps without the absolute certainty with which he believed in the value of Truth, at least with the certainty that he did gladly live and would have gladly died in the defense of these beliefs. He knew that his pictures of God were Lewis's myths and that whatever was the truth of God would be so much better, so much lovelier, so much more glorious than his images. He wanted to walk into the glory of the real God.

5. What could Lewis's experiences of God and health offer others?

Surprises

Lewis believed that health is loving God. For the person who has inklings that loving God may be what health is, that perhaps this is the truth of the matter, Lewis offers many unexpected gifts. The surprises are sometimes shocking as they jolt the mind and the senses shattering
previous thoughts and emotions. At other times they are subtle, shy, almost hidden gifts which require meticulous scrutiny. They light the path and cast many shadows. Only a few are mentioned here. To write about all the gifts received by the hundreds of thousands of recipients has already required thousands of pages of thank yous with more coming. To read Lewis is to come away with arms full of color and radiance and visions and silken threads with which to weave one's own fabric of truths and meanings.

The first of Lewis's surprises is his explanation of how to be almost certain not to find God. Avoiding God until about 200 years ago was most difficult, almost impossible, but in our time and place it is extremely easy. He advises those who want to stay free of God to:

avoid silence, avoid solitude, avoid any train of thought that leads off the beaten track. Concentrate on money, sex, status, health and (above all) on your own grievances. Keep the radio on. Live in a crowd. Use plenty of sedation. If you must read books, select them very carefully. But you'd be safer to stick to the papers (Lewis 1985a, 168-169).

But, he warns, look out! In his own case he never looked for God. "It was the other way round; He was the hunter (or so it seemed to me) and I was the deer. He stalked me . . . took unerring aim, and fired" (Lewis 1985a, 169).

The Meaning of Joy

For Lewis's readers who are looking for God there is the gift of understanding, into the depth and beyond, of what
the "peak experience" is for Lewis and what it may be for them. Many, if not most, humans have these moments and for each the moment is unique and personal. Lewis explains that the "peak experience"—"Joy"—is God's invitation to know him. It is the moment when one actually comes close to touching God; the moment of more clarity, more knowing than occurs any other time; an experience of oneness with all that is in the moment. But, the thing seen or felt is not God, only a glimpse of the secret, and the person, by seeing into the keyhole concealing the secret, is, in a flash, touching the secret. The moment is a signpost along the spiritual quest pointing the way, glistening with the news that God is.

I have had the most delicious moments of It [Joy]. . . . Indeed to day . . . winter sunshine . . . gilt and grey skies shining thro bare shock-headed bushes . . . restful pale ploughland and grass, and more than usual of the birds darting out their sudden, almost cruelly poignant songs. . . . I got such a sudden intense feeling of delight that it sort of stopped me in my walk and spun me round. Indeed the sweetness was so great, & seemed . . . to affect the whole body as well as the mind (Lewis 1986b, 338).

"[Joy is] seconds of gold" (Lewis 1955, 119). "All Joy reminds. It is never a possession, always a desire for something longer ago or further away or still 'about to be'" (Lewis 1955, 78). "Its very existence presupposes that you desire not it but something other and outer" (Lewis 1955, 168). "I sometimes wonder whether all pleasures are not substitutes for Joy" (Lewis 1955, 170). "Something too near to see, too plain to be understood, on this side of
knowledge" (Lewis 1955, 180). "Joy proclaims, 'You want--
I myself am your want of--something other, outside, not you
nor any state of you" (Lewis 1955, 221).

In deepest solitude there is a road right out of the
self, a commerce with something which, by refusing to
identify itself with any object of the senses, or
anything whereof we have biological or social need, or
anything imagined, or any state of our own minds,
proclaims itself sheerly objective; . . . the naked
Other, imageless (though our imagination salutes it
with a hundred images), unknown, undefined, desired
(Lewis 1955, 221).

Feelings are Not God

Another gift from Lewis to persons on the quest, along
the same line as the explanation of "Joy," is that feelings
and sensations are not God's presence or absence. In moments
of "Joy," one feels a connectedness with the immediate
experience and calls "it" God. The sensations are not God;
the experience is an invitation to comprehend the intense,
almost painful longing. God is not absent simply because
these feelings and sensations are absent. Because we are
human--biological--we have fluctuations of mood, sensations,
and physical health. We assume when we feel dull and dry
and empty that God has left.

Accept these sensations [of Joy] as birthday cards from
God, but remember they are . . . not the real gift.
. . . It is not the sensations that are the real thing.
The real thing . . . can't usually be--perhaps not ever--
experienced as a sensation or emotion. The sensations
are merely the response of your nervous system. Don't
depend on them. Otherwise when they go . . . you might
think that the real thing had gone too. But it won't.
It will be there when you can't feel it (Lewis 1966,
241).
God is less credible when I pray in a hotel bedroom than when I am in College. . . . It is your senses and your imagination that are going to attack belief. . . . Our faith wavers not so much when real arguments come against it as when it looks improbable—when the whole world takes on that desolate look which really tells us much more about the state of our passions and even our digestion than about reality (Lewis 1985a, 43).

A man can no more diminish God's glory by refusing to [acknowledge His presence] than a lunatic can put out the sun by scribbling the word "darkness" on the walls of his cell (Lewis 1962, 53).

Faith . . . is the art of holding on to things your reason has once accepted, in spite of your changing moods. . . . One must train the habit of Faith. The first step is to recognise the fact that your moods change. The next is to make sure that . . . some of its main doctrines shall be deliberately held before your mind for some time every day. . . . We have to be continually reminded of what we believe. Neither this belief nor any other will automatically remain alive in the mind. It must be fed (Lewis 1960b, 123-124).

**Goodness**

Who has ever walked into goodness? Actually walked into the golden aura and wrapped it around oneself? And then sat down in the midst of its grasses and flowers and felt its light caress against one's skin? And smelled its elusive fragrance? And then touched its softness and its power with one's fingertips? And danced with it? And heard the sounds of its melody in the wind? And felt good in the goodness? This is the gift which Lewis offers anyone who opens many of his books; the experience of being in goodness and with God who is Good.

The children and the Dwarfs had made good use of the royal wardrobes in . . . the castle of Caspian, and what with silk and cloth of gold, with snowy linen
glancing through slashed sleeves, with silver mail-shirts and jewelled sword-hilts... they were almost too bright to look at... Yet nobody's eyes were on them or the children. The living and strokable gold of Aslan's mane outshone them all (Lewis 1970e, 209).

Both the children were looking up into the Lion's face as he spoke... And all at once (they never knew exactly how it happened) the face seemed to be a sea of tossing gold in which they were floating, and such a sweetness and power rolled about them and over them and entered into them that they felt they had never really been happy or wise or good, or even alive and awake, before. And the memory of that moment stayed with them always, so that as long as they both lived, if ever they were sad or afraid or angry, the thought of all that golden goodness, and the feeling that it was still there, quite close, just round some corner or just behind some door, would come back and make them sure, deep down inside, that all was well (Lewis 1970d, 178-179).

That sense of being in Someone's Presence... had descended on him with such unbearable pressure... At first it was almost intolerable;... there seemed no room... The very air seemed too crowded to breathe; a complete fulness seemed to be excluding you from a place which, nevertheless, you were unable to leave. But when you gave in to the thing, gave yourself up to it, there was no burden to be borne. It became not a load but a medium, a sort of splendour as of eatable, drinkable, breathable gold, which fed and carried you and not only poured into you but out from you as well (Lewis 1965b, 72).

Choice

And, last to be mentioned, the gift from Lewis to the reader on the quest, of understanding the importance of minute-to-minute decision making. Lewis, with startling clarity over and over throughout his literature, allows the reader to know that in each moment, in each tiny act a choice is made in the direction of good or destruction; toward God or away from Him. Each person is free to make
each choice. Each motion made is of utmost importance. Nothing one does lacks import. The cleaning woman, the professor, the housewife, the welder, the poet, the company president has a choice and each choice is as significant for each as for the others; toward God or toward nothingness, toward truth or toward meaninglessness.

Each person thinks and talks and reads and muses and decides what has meaning, what is "right," what "makes sense." The thinking and mulling over is stimulating and exciting and fun. Then comes the moment. The moment when the person who is but a man enters another world, the world of the momentous choice; "to enact what philosophy only thinks" (Lewis 1965b, 148). "Enough has been thought, and said, and felt, and imagined. It . . . [is] time that something should be done" (Lewis 1955, 225).

Good and evil both increase at compound interest. That is why the little decisions you and I make every day are of such infinite importance. The smallest good act today is the capture of a strategic point from which, a few months later, you may be able to go on to victories you never dreamed of (Lewis 1960b, 117).

In the book Perelandra, the innocent queen of the planet Perelandra has the incredible first awareness of free will.

I thought that I was carried in the will of Him I love, but now I see that I walk with it. I thought that the good things He sent me drew me into them as the waves lift the islands; but now I see that it is I who plunge into them with my own legs and arms, as when we go swimming. . . . One's own self to be walking from one good to another, walking beside Him as Himself may walk,
not even holding hands... I thought we went along paths—but it seems there are no paths. The going itself is the path (Lewis 1965b, 69-70).

6. How would Lewis react to this study?

In 1956, Dabney Hart studied in England preparing a dissertation on Lewis. She attended his lectures, talked with people who knew him, read his works, and visited him in his rooms. "Lewis took neither himself nor my research very seriously. [He] . . . would have considered it more worth [my] . . . time to read Greats at Oxford or to immerse [myself] . . . in medieval literature than to write a dissertation on him" (Hart 1984, 5-6).

When Hart visited his college rooms, Lewis provided her with a space for writing, a few articles and clippings, and chocolates and tea much as a kindly great uncle would for a visiting niece. He obviously had no interest in the information provided in the articles and clippings. He talked with Hart about her teaching in the States and about her year in England rather than about his work (Hart 1984).

Lewis disliked the research degree in the humanities, then popular in the United States. He believed it to be more important for the humanities student to acquire more of the knowledge already available rather than to forge a new path and add to the sum of knowledge. He knew that often the inquiry made in the dissertation had as its chief claim that no one had done it before. Hart assumed that Lewis added
her dissertation onto the pile of research dissertations which he believed to be a waste of a scholar's valuable time.

Certainly Lewis's thoughts concerning this dissertation would be the same. He would be kind and would suggest that another topic of more importance should have been chosen.

The Quest

For Lewis, health is loving God and loving God is the purpose of life. On the spiritual quest each person has the free will to choose his own path: all the detours, all the places to stop and gaze with awe or horror or studied interest, and the sanctuaries in which to contemplate and rest. He is not alone although he often feels alone. The quest is, at rock-bottom, a search for truth and each person seeks his truths in a way never before or after duplicated. Guidance and encouragement from others who have been or are on the quest is readily available to the seeker if he asks.

If truth is sought with constancy and courage while living within the Tao, Lewis would say the search is for God no matter the name attached to the goal, for behind all truths is God (Lewis 1970b). "In Hinduism, in Neoplatonism, in Sufism, in Christian mysticism, in Whitmanism, we find the same recurring note . . . [having] neither birthday nor native land. Perpetually telling of the unity of man with
God, their speech antedates languages, and they do not grow old" (James 1961, 329).

Lewis

"There has lived on the earth, 'appearing at intervals,' for thousands of years among ordinary men, the first faint beginnings of another race; walking the earth and breathing the air with us, but at the same time walking another earth and breathing another air of which we know little or nothing, but which is, all the same, our spiritual life, as its absence would be our spiritual death" (Bucke 1964, 384). Lewis was such a man.

In the writing of this dissertation, using the facts available which are "ludicrously few in comparison with the totality . . . I am less like a botanist in a forest than a woman arranging a few cut flowers for the drawing-room. . . . [I] can't get into the real forest of the past; that is part of what the word past means" (Lewis 1979b, 3-4). Hopefully, the few selected blooms and buds have in their vase some of the luminous color and the delicate strength which were theirs in the garden.

There has been no attempt or desire to prove anything in this study. The interest has been to look into one man's quest for God and to watch the pulsations, the fluctuations in his total health during the journey.
Lewis believed nothing in his life had significance unless God was the ultimate "first thing." Lewis's friends believe that his love for God shaped him allowing him to be the literary genius and the loving, joy-filled man he was.

During Lewis's life devoted to God he wrote books that twenty-five years later are read by the thousands, he had friends who continue twenty-five years after his death to talk of him with love, he found passion and friendship within a contented marriage, and he was able to scrutinize his own acquired knowledge and thoughts and emotions and imagination and sensations so that the scrutiny offered enlightenment to others. He had a profound respect and awe and enjoyment of the natural world around him.

He believed that each person on earth is loved by God and thus is more important than any theory, any institution, any philosophy, any nation, any thing. He thought daily, and each day all the day, about his own actions as related to God. He laughed and was grateful and believed that living was a marvelous adventure; sometimes horrifying, sometimes glorious, but always an adventure: a "divine, magical, terrifying, and ecstatic reality" (Lewis 1986a, xxxiv).

Was his life full of courage, laughter, honor, truth, charity, friendship, vitality, and peace because of his love for God? That is certainly the way it appears. But this is a question which has no answer. Lewis would say it does not matter. All that matters is turning toward God.
There is no peace except where I am, saith the Lord—
Though you have health—that which is called health—
yet without me it is only the fair covering of
disease;
Though you have love, yet if I be not between and around
the lovers, is their love only torment and unrest;
Though you have wealth and friends and home—all these
shall come and go—there is nothing stable or
secure, which shall not be taken away.
But I alone remain—I do not change (Carpenter 1892,
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