



14 forgiveness

forgiveness and popular culture
gareth higgins



introducing the series

This paper is the fourteenth in a series of 15 papers to be produced over a two year period as part of the *Embodying Forgiveness* project run by the Centre for Contemporary Christianity in Ireland (CCCI). Drawing on a broad range of contributors, from a broad range of backgrounds, the papers aim to explore the meaning of forgiveness in the Bible and in different Christian traditions, and to ask about the implications of the practice of forgiveness for our society. It is worth saying at the outset that we have not insisted on a particular definition or understanding of forgiveness among those who will be contributing to the series. Rather, our hope is that through this series of papers we will come to a fuller and more authentic understanding of forgiveness and its implications for church and society.

In reality, every reader is, while he is reading, the reader of his own self. The writer's work is merely a kind of optical instrument which he offers to the reader to enable him to discern what, without this book, he would perhaps never have experienced in himself. And the recognition by the reader in his own self of what the book says is proof of its veracity.
 Marcel Proust

introduction

Northern Ireland's Christians, in an unfortunate misinterpretation of Jesus' injunction to be in – but not of – the world, have often been dismissive of art and creativity. But we would do well to remember that Jesus also said that it is not what a person sees that makes them capable of evil, but what emerges from the heart. Human creativity in all its myriad forms can be an aid to our journeys with God, and this paper seeks to point out some of the creative signposts that may help us consider forgiveness, without which, of course, there will be no human future. This paper seeks to begin a discussion about forgiveness in popular culture, and to provide some tools for engagement with it. I am primarily a film enthusiast, so I'll deal mostly with films, but other forms of art are no less valuable. I want to write about popular cultural artefacts in a way that encourages people to actually *see or read or listen to* them. Those of you who simply want to be prodded in the direction of films or books or pieces of music that may make a difference to you, or that will at least open you to the possibilities of what this art form can do, will, I hope, find something of worth on these pages.

what can art do for you?

At its best, art can transport you to what C.S. Lewis called a “thin place,” where the line between harsh reality and the transcendent is so subtly blurred that for a moment you find it difficult to tell the difference. The comment by Proust at the beginning refers to literature, but tells the truth about film and music as well. *Life* itself may be given to us in a flash of celluloid light, or a bar of contemporary classical music, as the very human desire to live vicariously through characters and circumstances removed from ‘real life’ overwhelms with its all too easy charms. And your heart is lifted, or squeezed, or torn down, as you imagine what could be, or weep for what is, or fear for what is threatened. Who among us has not felt at least in microcosm the anguished courage of a William Wallace in *Braveheart*, or identified with the last-minute redemption of a Lester Burnham in *American Beauty*, or suffered the torment of a Michael Corleone in *The Godfather Part II*, on realising that what we thought we controlled was actually controlling us?

Popular culture, in the final analysis, can do for you what all great art does – irritate and heal, challenge and affirm, inspire and sadden. Art should be treated with the same respect as church or poison, for it can change your life. People of faith have always been at the pioneering edge of art, from Michelangelo's Sistine masterpiece reaching up to heaven, to Bach's attempt at honouring the creativity of God with mathematically profound sonatas, to more recent stumbling worshippers and wounded prophets such as Nick Cave and Frederick Buechner. These people understand what David Dark meant when he wrote the following, which could serve as an adequate summary of my intended message:

There isn't a secular atom in the universe.

Despite this, contemporary Christianity, at least in its institutional forms, often seems reluctant to recognize, never mind embrace, the wonder of human creativity on the spiritual journey. So, let's begin by having a look



at some examples of where spirituality and art meet.

magnolia (1999, paul thomas anderson)

Unless you relent, and let my people go, I will send a plague of frogs.
Exodus 8:2

Film, music, and literature are reflections of human values. It may then be assumed that forgiveness will appear in these media in broad proportionality to its appearance in real life. I cannot produce statistics to confirm this, but I suspect it is true. American popular cinema, in particular, reinforces what theologian Walter Wink calls the myth of redemptive violence – proposing that all problems should and can be solved quickly – and without any kind of moral consequence – by a loud thump from Herr Schwarzenegger. But there are treasures to be found, if we look in the right place.

Magnolia is one of my favourite films. So I'll concentrate on this magnificent epic journey into the psyches of a few Los Angeleans over the course of one rainy day. It's impossible to explain this film to someone who hasn't seen it; come to think of it, it's impossible to explain it to someone who *has* seen it. But I'll try. The film begins with a discussion of the theory that there are no coincidences, that everything works together as part of a seamless, providential whole. Life is too strange to think otherwise, don't you agree? We are then thrust into a tale of trauma and redemption. A man lies dying from lung cancer, tended by a male nurse, while his much younger wife appears to be swayed by the neurosis of her looming grief. A boy and his father prepare for the boy's latest appearance on a combative adult/kid quiz show that makes the circus freak-shows of the past seem tame by comparison. The quiz show host is shown having sex with his secretary, before telling his producer that he also is dying. His wife waits at home, nursing the first of many large whiskey tumblers that she will need that day. His adult daughter picks up a trick in a bar, and takes him home for a rough encounter that will pay for the rest of the day's cocaine. A self-help guru begins his seminar for the day, expressing his repellent sexist views on how to "trap women." A journalist arrives to interview him, sure that she knows more than we do. An electric goods salesman drives his car into a shop window, and talks about his plans to have corrective dental surgery, even though there's nothing wrong with his teeth. A cop prays by his bed after listening to his own personals ad on the phone, and sets off for work. And the weather's not looking good at all...

There's a storm brewing at the heart of *Magnolia*, but before the catharsis of the remarkable downpour that climaxes the film, we get to spend a long time in the company of these broken people. Each of them has been responsible for causing pain to others, each of them has experienced their own trauma, and each of them needs a shock to change direction. The film takes us into the heart of darkness, and it feels unpleasant, wrenching, painful to be there. This kind of darkness is all too often invoked as the excuse for Christians not to engage with such films. But I would contend that the contrary is true. Darkness and trauma and pain are the story of so much of our world. While it is not helpful for us to be weighed down by the sense of trauma that often surrounds us, it is irresponsible on the other hand to ignore this. I remember some friends telling me that they did not want to see *Schindler's List* because it would upset them too much. Well, that may well be the case, but perhaps there are occasions when *the only thing we should do* is to swallow our sense of self-protection and *allow ourselves to be upset*. Oprah Winfrey once told Steven Spielberg how she empathised with the pain it must have caused him to spend time making that film, and asked him how he coped with it.

His answer was succinct, and affirmed his honesty: “Well, yes, it was painful to make that film, but not as painful as it was to live through the events that we were portraying.” I think he would affirm this question: Is our sense of personal comfort more important than taking the pain of life seriously and perhaps being encouraged to *do something about it*?

Back to *Magnolia*. It would be unfair of me to tell you the whole story, so I shall just concentrate on one aspect. William H. Macy plays ‘Quiz Kid Donnie Smith,’ a man in his early 40’s, who achieved temporary fame as a child on the very same quiz show/display cage that the other contemporary character endures in the film. He works in an electric goods shop, and only has the job because of his long-lost celebrity. When he crashes his car and asks his boss for a loan to pay for his new teeth braces, the employer, ironically named Solomon Solomon (the law of diminishing returns applies: twice the name = half the wisdom), fires him. Donnie makes his way through the driving rain to a plush bar where he drinks tequila and observes from afar Brad the bartender, the object of his affection. Brad has braces, which look funny on an adult male, but lend pathos to Donnie’s dilemma. He wants Brad to love him, and even explains that he’s getting his teeth fixed to win his heart; but Brad’s embarrassed, and a Machiavellian elder statesman at the bar interferes to prevent Brad and Donnie’s relationship going any further. We next see Donnie borrowing another car from a kindly elderly lady, and driving to his former place of employment, where he uses a key copy to break in, and steal wads of cash from the safe. He has to shimmy down a telegraph pole to make his getaway, and while he’s doing so, something very strange happens. Frogs fall from the sky; thousands of them. Some of them hit Donnie, and he falls to the ground, smashing his teeth in. A passing cop – the one we saw praying earlier, picks him up, dusts him off, and sits with him under a petrol station roof while the frantic din of the frogs drowns out their conversation.

Once we can hear it, we catch Donnie saying, through tear-stained eyes: “I really do have love to give. I just don’t know where to put it.” Then the two new friends silently return to the electric store, where the cop helps the thief return the money he stole. The cop gives Donnie his number and makes sure he gets home safely, before returning to his tasks on the beat. The film ends with his voiceover:

A lot of people think this is just a job that you go to. Take a lunch hour, job’s over, something like that. But it’s a 24-hour deal, no two ways about it, and what most people don’t see is just how hard it is to do the right thing. People think that if I make a judgement call then that’s a judgement on them but that is not what I do. And that’s not what should be done. I have to take everything, and play it as it lays. Sometimes people need a little help. Sometimes people need to be forgiven. And sometimes they need to go to jail. And that is a very tricky thing on my part, making that call. I mean, the law is the law, and heck if I’m gonna break it. . . You can forgive someone. Well, that’s the tough part. What can we forgive? Tough part of the job. Tough part of walking down the street.

Some people need to be forgiven. It is rare in a Hollywood film to see the guilty be treated in such a fashion. Donnie is representative of so many of us, with his anguished cries about where he should put his love, his desperation for community, and his anxieties about the future. He doesn’t like or love himself, because he has been shown so little love by others. And when he reaches what he thinks is the point of no return, of irrevocable immoral choice, by stealing from Solomon, it is not with a sense of triumph that his financial problems are solved. He steals the money with one hand, while the other is metaphorically covering his eyes, because he can’t face what he’s done. But the intervention of God (what



else could the plague of frogs mean?) should not be read as a punishment. Rather, in much the same way as a parent will slap their child's hand away from the fire, it is God's mercy that sends this torrent. Donnie falls to the ground – much like we have fallen as a race – but the divine allows him to be caught by grace. In this sense, Donnie is everyman. The 'Christian' response to Donnie may be to initially despise him; but he is you and I and all of us. Where do we put our love? Does anybody truly understand us? Don't we *all* need to be forgiven? In other, more mainstream films, Donnie would be a peripheral character, or would not appear at all. He would not be considered interesting or exciting enough. *Magnolia*, thankfully, is wiser than most. We see a man like us, and we see him being treated with dignity. "What can we forgive?" is the question posed by this film. And while its answer seems to be "Most, but not everything," it comes closer to a piece of Christian prophecy than most sermons I've heard. There are universes of life inside this film, and we would do well to heed its message.

babe – pig in the city (1999, george miller)

Sometimes the smallest things make the greatest difference.
Gandalf, The Lord of the Rings

Jesus Christ returns to earth as a pig, unsure of his destiny, and unites humanity against the forces of darkness, showing the way by including the broken where the powerful would exclude. This, no more and no less, is the point of the sequel to *Babe*. It's directed by a former doctor, who clearly understands what makes the world sick. Its values are radically anti-corporate and pro-community, but it recognises the struggle (there's a neon Coke sign that says "eternity"). Its simple message, as Peter Gabriel sings over the credits, is that "a kind and steady heart can mend a sorry world."

This is a very wise film. It begins as Babe, the humble 'sheep-pig' returns from his tremendous victory at a farm contest. In the first of many sage statements, the narrator informs us, "The first hazard for the returning hero is his fame." In a tragi-comedic turn of events, Babe becomes accidentally responsible for a serious injury to Farmer Hoggett, and has to make his way to the big city to make enough money to keep the farm, in danger of bankruptcy due to medical bills. As the narration says, in one of many insights in response to which an adult audience will knowingly chuckle, "They couldn't go forward and they couldn't go back." The city to which he travels is a postmodern Babylon, a hybrid of the world's capitals, beautifully realised in wondrous production design. The movie is smart and stylish, with a clear sense of place, but this is also one of the most surreal films ever made for a wide audience. *Pig in the City* is extremely dark for a film ostensibly for kids; but real life is like this.

The motto of this picture is: "More often than not in this uncertain world, fortune favours the brave," and we're clearly meant to see in Babe a type of Messiah. Whether or not his porcine origins raise eyebrows in the Semitic world, we easily believe it when the criticism that he's "acting as if he's *the word* around here" is responded to by a wizened animal, who says, "I think he is." Babe makes a home for the excluded, animals with broken legs and broken hearts, and feeds them in a surreal Eucharistic ritual, after rescuing his would-be murderer from drowning. Many adventures later and Babe is reunited in a new Eden with the Farmer and animals, as the narrator says, "The pig and the farmer were content in each other's company, and things were back to where they started, more or less." This film manages to encompass themes as deep and wide as gun violence, redemption, egalitarianism, vegetarianism, and the Holocaust. Like the most honest redemptive art, *Pig in the City* declares to

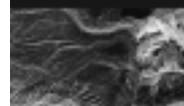
the prodigal that “you can’t always put things back the way they were, but you can look to something afresh.” When the movie ends, as the camera deep focuses on a fountain of (living?) water, we may be left wondering just how on earth, in a place just a little to the left of the twentieth century, the director of *Mad Max* could come up with something so gentle, so profound, so uncynical, and so right.

paris, texas (1984, wim wenders, sam shepard)

I used to think that Thomas Merton, that saint of real life mysticism, who left this earth too soon, was too wise to have lived in the twentieth century. But then I saw his character pop up in Robert Redford’s excellent little horror film *Quiz Show* and realised my mistake – his was a profoundly modern spirituality, with the gift of connecting ancient truth claims with contemporary reality, just what we need in these troubled times. Merton says that no one can find true life “unless you have risked your mind in the desert.” There’s something about the truth of Sam Shepard’s writing in *Paris, Texas* that leads me to believe Shepard must be familiar with Merton, and not just because it’s about a man wandering in the kind of desert that has real sand and baking sun. This movie is about that most common of modern malaises – community breakdown, but before we get to that, let’s have a moment’s silence in honour of great opening title sequences. . . This one is red on black, and somehow fits right in with the burning drama of one man’s broken heart, and the starkness of what happens when people break faith with each other. Whoever coined the phrase “the desert of the real” may have stolen it from this movie, which opens with exceptionally beautiful shots of a lonely man appearing out of nowhere in a barren landscape, watched by a hawk. The metaphor is not strained, though, but we’re gradually made aware that this man is troubled by how deep the talons of his past have sunk into his soul. He almost looks like a cartoon character – evocative of the Road Runner’s nemesis, Wile E. Coyote after a nervous breakdown. Then when we see his face in close up, we realise that it’s Harry Dean Stanton and know that his story must be even worse than that poor animated wolf’s inglorious end. It isn’t long before he’s on a hospital gurney, looking like Jesus. His face is heart-breaking for the audience and his character – when he looks in a mirror he has to run away; and I wonder if that experience is closer to home for more of us than would like to admit it. Something BAD has happened to him, as he says – “A lot can happen to a man in four years. All kinds of trouble.” And his experience has made him different – his shoes are “one size bigger.” But that’s just the tip of his iceberg; we’re watching a dead man walking, trying to find out if he can ever go home, staring into the long distance, searching for “her,” or freedom from the past. Which, I suppose, is what all of us, to some degree, at some points in our lives, are looking for.

So, anyway, his brother comes to pick him up, showing both real grace (he’d rather have him confess to horrible misdeeds than to say nothing) and an aptitude for making Travis feel worse about himself (he has the perfect wife, work and wealth, while Travis has nothing but the past). In the early scenes between them, we see how brothers – whether biological or spiritual – can unwittingly bring both love and a sense of competition. We follow him to where he meets and bonds with the son who is too young to remember him, and we discover that Something Bad happened to break their relationship.

We see that Travis owns a piece of land, but he says he can’t remember why he bought it. This made me think of how we sometimes get to the stage of forgetting why we did certain things that were important in the past, but not anymore, lost in the mists of time. Of course, buying fields is an honourable biblical activity, whether those that host pearls of great



price, or hold the dead bodies of broken traitors. Maybe Sam Shepard was thinking of such plots of land when he wrote this. There's something about land in the history of our faith that resonates with the deeper emotions of the human spirit, so it's easy to understand how Travis' plot gives him dignity, in spite of it being little more than a small patch of dust bowl. Aside from the land, we discover that Travis has also lost the love of his life. The film paints the depth of their love by screening an old home movie, the camera dancing round them as they play on the beach with their son. This is one of the great cinematic scenes of what true love is really like – the audience may resonate with, or feel envious toward the way the characters touch each other's faces and lips. The son says, "Is that my mom?" and Travis replies, "It's not really her, it's only her in a movie," probably the most appropriate answer, for in a sense this scene is about the power of cinema to touch us. Travis and the boy travel to meet the mother, who is working in a kind of brothel for people who don't touch each other. Travis talks to her through a screen, like a bank teller to a customer. A long scene ensues where Travis breaks our hearts with the story of their love and how it broke; he retells how their affair ended:

He just lay there in bed and listened to her scream...he didn't feel anything anymore, all he wanted to do was sleep. He wished he were far away in a deep vast country where nobody knew him.

The two lovers are relating through a screen, which is not unlike how this generation uses computers to relate – this reminds me that we need to take care that we don't stop touching each other. Travis is letting her go by telling her of his love, but that he realises he cannot be an adequate father to their child; the regret for things past, and how dependent love can trap is palpable. They have to turn away from each other to communicate the deepest thoughts, and the scene is so uncomfortable that I wanted to turn away from the screen, too. And we, the audience, become so caught up in the story of their love that we want the closure of them ending up together – which I suppose represents our desire to forgive them both for their failures, for being too much like us, really.

This film speaks of the resurrection of a dormant soul, and is a good model of what I might call "healthy non-closure," by which I mean it is honest about the loose ends that we often find ourselves with. There is no total closure other than God – if those who hunger and thirst for righteousness will be filled, then so will Travis, who wants to put things right, and move on with his life. Depression, brokenness, and being an outsider so often give people better vision – they see the truth more clearly, or, as someone has said, "Thinking people don't sleep too well." And I guess this is the curse of the prophet – people of faith who want to see the truth and build the Kingdom of God will often find themselves struggling deeply with their own sense of happiness and self-esteem. It is important not to become overwhelmed by the 'birth pangs' of creation, the 'groans' for redemption that St Paul speaks of; but it is more important to listen for them, and to respond by helping yourself, and others, to become more human. Sometimes this means 'losing' in the short term, but true humanity takes the long view. Four years in the desert for Travis is a blink of an eye for God, and God, of course, will not let you be tested beyond what you can bear. There is more than enough grace in the universe to cope with your brokenness and mine, whatever its source or consequences.

The strangest moment in this film has Travis pass by a man on a bridge, shouting shibboleths at the interstate traffic below, like the war veterans we have all seen in urban America: "There will be no safety zone," rhymes his portent of doom, and Travis quickly passes by, perhaps so as not to be 'infected' by whatever demon has possessed this brother. But there is a look of recognition between them, as if Travis is saying, "I know where

you have been.”

Earlier, Travis tries to drive in the right direction after getting lost, and indicates the antidote to such meta-pessimism, and this may be *Paris, Texas*' greatest gift to us, the broken audience:

'I don't know where I turned off, it didn't have a name...but I can find our way out again.'

The prophet on the bridge may sound too close to home when he says “there will be no safety zone.” Maybe that's where you or I are at right now. We may not know where we turned off the road, but we can find our way out again. There is a safety zone for the broken. If the grace of God isn't enough for Travis, a man who once tied his wife to a stove, then it isn't enough for me. The film ends with mother and son reunited, and Travis bathed in a green light – almost like he's going to be taken to space. It's a fresh beginning, and he allows himself a satisfied smile – he has forgiven himself, done something right, and perhaps will again. Surely this is the meaning of redemption – not what we've done, but how we respond to it when we receive grace? If so, Wenders and Sheperd's film is worth our time and attention. It's a slow journey, but it might just change your direction.

Magnolia, *Babe* and *Paris, Texas* are films far too important to be passed over briefly; while some people may wonder what place they have in a theological reflection, I make no apology for focusing on them. If we are attentive, we will find forgiveness and other spiritual truth in these unexpected places. *Magnolia* declares that all of us are welcome in the community of the kingdom of God, no matter what our mistakes or vulnerabilities. Whether our mistakes are toward each other, or before God alone, there is more grace and forgiveness in our God-breathed world than we can possibly imagine. When the frogs fall, we are reminded that God is always bigger than our best ideas of him or her, and that there is sometimes a need for us to be awakened by the shock of God's benevolent power. In *Babe – Pig in the City*, the film-maker is wise enough to proclaim that it is in the small things that God is perhaps most present. That those who feel they have failed at life (like the pig who fears he has irrevocably damaged his master) can not only find forgiveness for themselves, but can be agents of change, setting others free to be more fully human. *Paris, Texas* is both generous in what it says about mending broken lives, and realistic about the fact that sometimes the best way to heal relationships is to let them end peaceably. Travis is a broken man who may not be able to get everything back that he lost, but helps his lost love to show him grace. The evidence of her forgiveness is that she returns to the son who reminds her of the relationship that nearly destroyed her. Reconciliation indeed.

As Dr Rowan Williams, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, said at his enthronement, “We can't assume that any human face we encounter has no divine secret to disclose.” The three films discussed in this paper exemplify the dignity such discernment demands. Forgiveness, for each of the protagonists, always includes putting some things back together, or looking to things afresh. But, more than that, it involves *becoming more human*, accepting God's image in themselves and others. We would do well to do the same.

looking elsewhere?

If these films lead you to look elsewhere for spiritual wisdom about forgiveness in popular art, then the following, from *Secret World* by Peter Gabriel, may be helpful:

*Seeing things that were not there
Underwater, unaware
As the plane flies through the air
Down by the railway siding
In our secret world, we were colliding
In all the places we were hiding love
What was it we were thinking of?*

Peter Gabriel is one of modern music's most innovative gurus. He's also one of the most honest musicians, whose incisive lyrics often tell us more truth about himself than we may be comfortable with. His song *Secret World* is about the break up of a long-term relationship, and suggests that, in all our brokenness, we need to return to the source of our wholeness, admit we can't work things out by ourselves, and start again.

Such metaphors for conversion can be found woven throughout much of contemporary art – from Ian McEwan's novel *Atonement*, to the movie *Monster's Ball*, which declares fearlessly that love heals the broken and truly casts out all fear. But this is not easy grace, nor is the contemporary art terrain without its lamentation. Henryk Gorecki's *2nd Symphony* is over an hour of dark Holocaust memorial, and is there to make us reflect, without proposing trite answers to the human condition. Sometimes we *have* to remember. And John Irving's magisterial novel *A Prayer for Owen Meany* is a neo-magic realist fable about the friendship between a boy and the guy who killed his mother. It asks just how much grace the human spirit needs to get by in this world, and ends with tragic remembering, too.

Going a bit further back, Victor Hugo's amazing tome *Les Miserables* is worth noting. It is too massive a story to be summed up by one theme, but for our purposes, this book is about the Christian community at its best and worst. Many will know the story – Valjean, a thief, stays the night at a bishop's house, and steals some expensive cutlery before sneaking out in the middle of the night. He is caught and returned to the bishop's house by soldiers, now under the threat of death for his crime. The bishop, instead of agreeing to press charges, greets Valjean with open arms and tear-filled eyes, saying: "I'm so glad you returned. You forgot something!" Then he gives Valjean his silver candlesticks and insists that the soldiers let him be on his way, quietly advising Valjean to use this grace for others. This is nothing less than a sacramental gift of life from the church, a truly Christian act (if by 'Christian' we mean the imitation of Christ, which I'm not sure the church always understands these days). We are, all of us, in need of such grace. And we all, I am sure, are confronted by situations that need *our* grace. *Les Miserables* reminds us that there is a better way.

Of course, you will find your own way on your journey with art. My thoughts are simply that – *my* thoughts. But if there are pieces of wonder and grace out there in galleries and theatres and record shops and cinemas, then we should be prepared to look for them. Art may not have all the answers – and why should it? – but it has some of them. To those who have ears, let them hear.

conclusion

We are fortunate to live in a time when music, film, and literature are more accessible to the general public than ever before. Thankfully, some of the books, records, and movies out there have something valuable to say about forgiveness and spirituality. The messages may not always be palatable or explicit; and there's as much trite sentiment and arrogant judgment in art as there is in the church. The rich messages of art may take a little bit of digging to find, but they are there if we are attentive. Any film or book or piece of music that makes us reflect on choice, or

confession, or our mutual brokenness as fallen people, or our need to accept responsibility and its consequences, or the need to engage in remembrance (not denial), or that reminds us that forgiveness is a free gift must be welcomed.

We must always be attentive and sensitive to the unknown pain of those around us, especially in the Christian community, so I want to finish this paper with a quotation from a great – but, like the rest of us, broken – man, who understood the pain of exclusion and unforgiveness. His education in a Northern Irish school may or may not have increased his wisdom, but nevertheless, what he says is true, and worthy of reflection, as it sums up the need for, and meaning of forgiveness:

Repentance can change even the past.
Oscar Wilde



recommended reading

L. Gregory Jones, *Embodying Forgiveness: A Theological Analysis* (Eerdmans: Grand Rapids, 1995).

websites

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Concluding Reflections

about the author

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