

10TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

THE
**IRRESISTIBLE
REVOLUTION**

LIVING AS AN ORDINARY RADICAL

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UPDATED AND EXPANDED



IN SEARCH OF A CHRISTIAN

I remember when one of my colleagues said, “Shane, I am not a Christian anymore.” I was puzzled, for we had gone to theology classes together, studied Scripture, prayed, and worshiped together. But I could see the intensity and sincerity in his eyes as he continued, “I gave up Christianity in order to follow Jesus.” Somehow, I knew what he meant.

I wondered what it would look like if we decided to really follow Jesus. In fact, I wasn’t exactly sure what a fully devoted Christian looked like, or if the world had even seen one in the last few centuries. From my desk at college, it looked like some time back we had stopped living Christianity and just started studying it. The hilarious words of nineteenth-century Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard resonated in my thirsty soul:

The matter is quite simple. The Bible is very easy to understand. But we Christians are a bunch of scheming swindlers. We pretend to be unable to understand it because we know very well that the minute we understand, we are obliged to act accordingly. Take any words in the New Testament and forget everything except pledging yourself to act accordingly. My God, you will say, if I do that my whole life will be ruined. How would I ever get on in the world? Herein

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lies the real place of Christian scholarship. Christian scholarship is the Church's prodigious invention to defend itself against the Bible, to ensure that we can continue to be good Christians without the Bible coming too close. Oh, priceless scholarship, what would we do without you? Dreadful it is to fall into the hands of the living God. Yes, it is even dreadful to be alone with the New Testament.¹

I knew we were not going to win the masses to Christianity until we began to live it. So I went on a quest. I went looking for a Christian. I looked around hoping to find someone else who might be asking, What if Jesus meant the stuff he said? And I kept coming across dead people—the desert fathers and mothers of the fifth century, Francis and Clare of Assisi, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Martin Luther King Jr., Oscar Romero (and it was hard to miss that these dead people might have lived a little longer had it not been for reading this little Book). And then there was Dorothy Day and Mother Teresa, sassy contemporary radicals. Rumor has it that the only time Dorothy Day and Mother Teresa met was in Philly. And rumor also has it that Mother Teresa attended our beloved parish at Sacred Heart in Camden when she was in town. Dorothy Day was an activist and a communist, a mother and a journalist, who converted to Christianity. As a Christian, she courageously spoke out against the roots of oppression, war, and poverty, and steered the Catholic Worker movement² through the 1900s, a renewal which has given birth to dozens of hospitality houses scattered around the world. Unfortunately

1. Søren Kierkegaard, *Provocations: Spiritual Writings of Kierkegaard*, ed. Charles E. Moore (Farmington, PA: Plough, 2002), 201.

2. <http://catholicworker.org>.

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for my hunt, she died a few years back in 1980. Mother Teresa, on the other hand, was still alive. She seemed to be giving the gospel a pretty good shot and probably wouldn't be around too much longer. So my friend Brooke, with whom I had been dreaming since before St. Edward's, and I decided to write her a letter. "Dear Mother Teresa, we don't know if you give internships out there in Calcutta, but we would love to come check things out." We shared with her the story of St. Ed's and our newly born vision of church, as all our friends stood by hooting and hollering, "You are writing who?!" And then we waited. And waited.

MOMMA T

I am not the most patient person, so after a few weeks, I got a little fidgety. With summer approaching, I decided to just start calling nuns to see if any of them knew how to get ahold of Momma T. Some told me to write her again. Others wondered if it was a prank call. But finally I ended up talking to a precious nun in the Bronx. She told me, quite amused (I think she felt sorry for me), that she would let me talk to "Mother Superior" there in the Bronx. Feeling pretty good about talking to anyone with "superior" in their name, I got ready. Mother Superior picked up the line and we talked. She told me I needed to write a letter to Mother Teresa. I told her I had. She told me I needed to wait. I told her I had. Then she said she would give me a number for Calcutta, and I was not to give it out (darn telemarketers). So I got the digits for Mother Teresa.

I did some homework and found out that I needed to call at 2 a.m. and that the call would cost four dollars a minute. (So I resolved to talk fast, not easy for a Tennessee boy.) I was calling from our dorm lounge, on a pay phone. Pay phones were what we used to call people on in the

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1900s. You put quarters in them. Crazy, huh? So this call took a lot of quarters. With my friend Brooke standing beside me, both of us praying someone would answer, we called at 2 a.m. from the pay phone in our college lounge. It began ringing. I was expecting to hear a formal greeting: "Missionaries of Charity, how can we help you?" Nope. I just heard an old raspy voice on the other end mutter, "Hullo." Thinking I had the wrong number in Calcutta with the tab rolling at four dollars a minute, I started railing: "Hi-I'm-calling-from-the-USA-trying-to-reach-Mother-Teresa-or-the-Missionaries-of-Charity—I'm-wanting-to-visit." On the other end, I heard the muffled voice say, "This is the Missionaries of Charity. This is Mother Teresa." My initial reaction was, "Yeah right, and I'm the pope." But I held back. I told her we had written and wanted to come work with her. She asked how long we wanted to stay, and I told her we would like to spend the summer, about two to three months. "That's a long time," she said, and I shot back, "Or two to three weeks, or two to three days . . ." Heck, two to three hours seemed nice. She said, "No, come for the summer. Come." Come? Where would we eat and sleep? So I asked her, "Mother Teresa, where would we eat and sleep?" She didn't worry a lot about that. She said, "God takes care of the lilies and the sparrows, and God will take care of you. Just come." Who am I to argue with that? I thanked her, and we hung up.

COME AND SEE

Whenever folks asked Mother Teresa about her work in Calcutta, how it was going, what life was like, she would say, "Come and see." Finally, we actually were. I was ready to see Christianity lived out. Brooke and I got a bunch of shots and headed to Calcutta together to live an incredible adventure

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working alongside Mother Teresa and the sisters among the “poorest of the poor.” In the morning, we worked in an orphanage called Nabo Jibon, taking care of children with physical and mental handicaps, many of whom had been abandoned in the train stations. In the afternoons, I worked in Khalighat, the Home for the Destitute and Dying, the first home Mother Teresa had started.

Every week, we would take soap and bubbles and meet about a hundred street kids at a water hole. We’d set up a station to help bandage wounds, a station to sew clothes that were torn, and an area for washing off the kids and splashing each other. The brothers would cook a meal for everyone. Some of the kids just wanted to be touched with love, and some confessed that they cut themselves or scraped their knees just so they could be seen in the make-shift clinic, to be held and healed.

When we got there, I thought we were crazy, and then I saw that there were dozens of people from all over the world who had come there to join the work, ordinary radicals just trying to figure out how to love better. We quickly settled into a little hostel across the street from the Mother House, where Mother Teresa and the sisters lived. There were volunteers from all over the world, ranging in age from eighteen to eighty. Some had been there for years. They taught me to love, to risk, to dream. There were missionary evangelicals, curious atheists, simple pilgrims, and wild revolutionaries.

One of my great inspirations was a man named Andy, who pretty much ran the home for the dying. (He had been there longer than most of the sisters.) Andy was raw and sassy and gentle. I remember him telling one of the young nuns, “Sister, can you visit Mr. Raju, the lovely man in bed number fourteen? He has s--- everywhere.” The nuns

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didn't know how to respond; some would frown and some would giggle. I also remember Andy rolling his eyes with a smile and scolding me for pampering one person too long, because there were "so many who need to be loved."

One day, one of the patients I was very close to was on the verge of death. On my way home, I gave him a hug and stuck a protein cookie under his pillow. Busted. Andy saw what I had done, shook his head hopelessly with a big smile, and we left together to go to Mass. Eventually, Andy told me his story. (He didn't talk much about himself.) He used to be a wealthy businessman in Germany, and then he said he read the gospel and it "messed everything up." He read the part where Jesus commands the disciples to sell everything they have and give it to the poor (Luke 12:33), and he actually did it. I had met some fundamentalists before, but only "selective fundamentalists," not folks who took things like that literally. He sold everything he owned and moved to Calcutta, where for over ten years he had spent his life with the poorest of the poor. He told me that in a few years he might want to go back and visit his beloved mom for a bit, and then he would come back to be with the dying and destitute, his new family. I had gone in search of Christianity. And I had found it. I had finally met a Christian.

DYING TO FIND LIFE

I fell in love with the Home for the Destitute and Dying and spent most days there. I helped folks eat, massaged muscles, gave baths, and basically tried to spoil people who really deserved it. Each day, folks would die, and each day, we would go out onto the streets and bring in new people. The goal was not to keep people alive (we had very few supplies for doing that) but to allow people to die with dignity, with someone loving them, singing, laughing, so they were not

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alone. Sometimes folks with medical training would come by and be overwhelmed with frustration because we had so few medical supplies, and the sisters would hastily explain that our mission was not to prolong life but to help people die well. As Mother Teresa would say (telling the old story about throwing starfish back into the ocean even though they continue to line the beach in thousands), "We are called not to be successful but to be faithful." That sounds good, but it was the beginning of my years of struggling with the tension between efficiency and faithfulness. I remembered Gandhi's saying that what we are doing may seem insignificant, but it is most important that we do it. So we did.

While the temptation to do great things is always before us, in Khalighat I learned the discipline of doing small things with great deliberation. Mother Teresa used to say, "We can do no great things, just small things with great love. It is not how much you do, but how much love you put into doing it." Just as Andy would reprimand people for using too much soap when washing dishes (we mixed ashes with the soap to multiply it), I also heard many a volunteer scolded for not putting enough gravy on the rice, since the plate was being served to Jesus himself.

Khalighat is one of the places that showed me resurrection, that life is more powerful than death, that light can pierce darkness. Those dying people were some of the most vibrant people I had ever met. There is a morgue in the home for the dying. As you walk into it, a sign on the wall reads, "I'm on my way to heaven." And when you turn around to walk out, another sign says, "Thanks for helping me get there." I could truly say, "Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?" (1 Cor. 15:55). Death was "swallowed up" (v. 54) by the laughter of the dying and the singing of the destitute. I knew what Jesus meant when he

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told Peter that the “gates of hell would not prevail” against the church, as I was finally seeing a church that was storming the gates of hell itself to save people from its horrors.

As I looked into the eyes of the dying, I felt like I was meeting God. It was as if I were entering the Holy of Holies of the temple—sacred, mystical. I felt like I should take off my shoes. I knew what Dorothy Day meant when she said, “The true atheist is the one who denies God’s image in the ‘least of these.’” The reality that God’s Spirit dwells in each of us began to sink in. I had sung the old worship songs in youth group, like “Sanctuary” (“Lord, prepare me to be a sanctuary pure and holy”), but I don’t think I ever realized that we really are the sanctuaries where the Spirit dwells. Our bodies are the temples of God, and that’s not just a reason to eat less cholesterol. We are the body of Christ, not in some figurative sense, but we are the flesh and blood of Jesus alive in the world through the Holy Spirit—God’s hands, feet, ears. When Paul writes, “I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me” (Gal. 2:20), he means it. Over and over, the dying and the lepers would whisper the mystical word *namaste* in my ear. We really don’t have a word like it in English (or even much of a Western conception of it). They explained to me that *namaste* means “I honor the Holy One who lives in you.” I knew I could see God in their eyes. Was it possible that I was becoming a Christian, that in my eyes they could catch a glimpse of the image of my Lover?

SOCIETY OF OUTCASTS

I began to understand what it meant when the curtain of the temple was torn open as Jesus died on the cross. Not only was God redeeming that which was profane but God was setting all that was sacred free. There’s a whole stream

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of thought called “dirty theology,” which explores the radical dynamic of Jesus’ challenging what was deemed clean and unclean, holy and unholy, sacred and profane. From being born as a refugee, to dying on the cross, Jesus enters into the “dirty” world we live in. He does things like wash feet and heals people with unlikely things like dirt and spit. He calls the religious folks a “brood of vipers” and says the “tax collectors are entering the kingdom ahead of you.” All of it is a challenge to see the world upside-down. Everything is redeemable, and God is found in unlikely places. It has been said that Jesus consistently challenges the chosen and includes the excluded. Now God dwelled not behind the veil in the temple but in the eyes of the dying and the poor, in the ordinary and the mundane, in things like bread and wine, or chai and samosas. And wherever two or three of us come together in community, God is there among us.

One of the most sacred places I went was a leper colony outside of Calcutta. I heard that one of the brothers was gone, and so I asked if I could have his bed (okay, his spot on the concrete floor). The brothers agreed, and I spent the last couple of weeks in India in the leper colony. Leprosy is still a dreadful illness among the “poorest of the poor.” Very little is known about it. And there are no Magic Johnson-type celebrities to bring attention to the disease. There are no famous lepers. It is a disease of the outcasts, the untouchables. One of the lepers explained to me that oftentimes lepers don’t even know the words *thank you* because they have never needed to say them. They had rarely experienced occasions when they used language of gratitude. But then there was this community of lepers, called Gandhiji Prem Nivas, which means “Gandhi’s new life.” I don’t know how much you know about Gandhi, but he would have been proud. Gandhi had walked that very

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land a few years before envisioning a new society in the shell of the old, a movement of people who stepped out of the empire that was oppressing them and began creating a new way of life, marching to the sea to get their salt and spinning their own cloth. I saw Gandhi's dream alive.

Years back, folks had given the land along the railroad tracks (worthless for development) to Mother Teresa, and she began caring for lepers. Then the lepers began to care for one another. Now there are over 150 families, teaching one another "thank you." They grow their own vegetables, raise animals and fish. They make their own shoes. They sew their own clothes.³ And they make saris for all the sisters, blankets for the orphanages, and bandages for a medical clinic there in the colony. The clinic is run by lepers who had been treated and now care for others. They even make their own prosthetic arms and legs out of wood for those who have undergone amputation.

I was the stranger at first (not many westerners there!), but a stranger who was quickly welcomed into their family. Each day, I made my rounds to visit new friends in the colony. I would sit and watch the shoemakers make shoes. They would custom fit each one, since every foot is uniquely affected by the disease. They made me a pair.

3. This is where I was first inspired to begin making my own clothes and shoes, which entails beautiful bonding moments with my mother, who teaches sewing and may have wished for a daughter, but I do what I can. Watch out, Liz, there's another Claiborne on the block. We still make clothes together each year. And over the years, we've made some pretty sweet stuff. I'll confess—I have a leopard sweatshirt (fake, of course). And a blanket we made that folds into a pillow. And we made a pair of circus pants that have velcro extensions to fit all of my different-length stilts. (The biggest is eleven feet tall!) Oh, and Mom made the tuxedo for my wedding. It was way beyond my skill set—each pocket had nine parts. I'm used to pockets with one part. I'll also confess a designer once offered to buy the pattern, until I told him the pattern was made out of newspaper.

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I would head down the long corridor of spinning wheels, threaders, and looms as dozens of folks worked busily with huge smiles. I would stop and talk to my good friends Jon and Kisol, who worked together threading all the needles for the looms. Jon was an elder, an old man who had lived with leprosy for decades. He asked me about my family back in the US. When he heard that my dad had died when I was a kid, he told me I could call him Good Father. He adopted me. Kisol was a young guy, only eighteen years old. Both of his parents had died from the disease, and they had left him with his two young sisters to take care of. Jon and Kisol were hard to leave. They invited me to their homes. They fixed me tea and scrumptious Indian sweets. We would tell stories, jokes, pray together. We would sit around and laugh when John passed gas and blamed it on Kisol . . . you know, all the usual things you would imagine doing with lepers in Calcutta.

THE GREATER THINGS

Most days I would go to the clinic run by the lepers-become-doctors, and a line would form as people waited to be treated. The doctors would lay out a huge pile of cotton about four feet high, and my job was to roll cotton balls for them as they cared for one another. I would watch intently, fascinated by their love and compassion. One afternoon as things were winding down, one of the doctors had to leave early, but there were a few patients still waiting to be seen. He looked at me and emphatically said, "You know how this works; you have been watching. It's your turn." Startled, I just stared at him. I had been watching, and I did know what to do, but I wasn't sure I dared. I came forward and sat in the doctor's seat and began staring into the next patient's eyes, and the decision had already been made. I

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began carefully dressing the man's wound. He stared at me with such intensity that it felt like he was looking into my soul. Every once in a while he would slowly close his eyes.

When I was finished, he said to me that sacred word I had come to love: "Namaste." I smiled with tears in my eyes and whispered, "Jesus." He saw Jesus in me. And I saw Jesus in him. I remember thinking back to the stained-glass window my United Methodist church bought for over \$100,000. I saw a clearer glimpse of Jesus in this leper's eyes than any stained-glass window could ever give me.

I knew that I had not just looked into the eyes of some pitiful leper in Calcutta but that I had gazed into the eyes of Jesus, and that he had not seen just some rich, do-gooder white kid from America but that he had seen the image of God in me. That is nuts. What would the world look like if we truly believed, as the apostle Paul figured out, that we no longer live, but only Jesus lives in us (Gal. 2:20)?

As I lived in the leper colony, the Bible came to life, changed from black and white to color, just like it did on the streets of Philly. I saw the gospel with new eyes. One of the texts that had always given me trouble was John 14:12: "Very truly I tell you, all who have faith in me will do the works I have been doing, and they will do even greater things than these, because I am going to the Father." You shall do even greater things? Here's the Son of the Almighty, God incarnate, telling us ragtag disciples that we will do the same things he has been doing. I don't know about you, but I haven't raised anyone from the dead lately. I haven't seen anyone turn water into wine (although I had a friend who tried). And I hadn't healed any lepers. Even though I touched them, they still went home lepers at the end of the day.

But I began to discover "the greater things." It was not just miracles. I started to see that the miracles were an

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expression not so much of Jesus' mighty power as of his love. In fact, the power of miraculous spectacle was the temptation he faced in the desert—to turn stones to bread or to fling himself from the temple. But what had lasting significance were not the miracles themselves but Jesus' love. Jesus raised his friend Lazarus from the dead, and a few years later, Lazarus died again. Jesus healed the sick, but they eventually caught some other disease. He fed the thousands, and the next day they were hungry again. But we remember his love. It wasn't that Jesus healed a leper but that he touched a leper, because no one touched lepers. And the incredible thing about that love is that it now lives inside of us. In the verses just after the one about the greater things, Jesus assures us that the Spirit now lives in us. Jesus says that he is going to the Father but will also remain inside of us, and we in him. We are the body of Christ, the hands and feet of Jesus to the world. Christ is living inside of you and me, walking the earth. We shall do even greater things because the love that lived in the radical Christ now lives within millions of ordinary radicals all over the planet.

For the record, I am a strong believer in miracles, and so many stories come to mind of miraculous providence. How about one quick one: A friend of mine was working down in Latin America in a health clinic they had set up. They had very few supplies, and one day they had run out of everything except a bottle of Pepto-Bismol. So when people showed up with all sorts of illnesses, all they could offer them was Pepto. But then, my friend says, "The crazy thing is people were getting healed." They were coming with all sorts of illnesses and injuries, and the missionaries would give them Pepto.⁴ A

4. This is not a promo for Pepto-Bismol, nor would I suggest that this experience is replicable.

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crowd of folks gathered from all over, and he said that somehow that little bottle never ran out. So I know miracles are real, story after story comes to mind. But beyond the miracles, what has lasting significance is love. We can do all sorts of miracles, but if we have not love, it is nothing. In the leper colony, I had the strange sensation that somehow God's Spirit was alive in me.

I have a friend who says one of the reasons we don't see many miracles in industrialized countries is that we don't really need miracles. When we get sick, we go to the hospital. When we get hungry, we go to the store. I have come to believe that when we live in a way that requires miracles, we will start to see them. One of my goals is to live in a way that invites and expects the miraculous. And most of the miracles I've seen have been in those all-too-few moments when I stepped out into a space of utter reliance on God. I want more of that.

Oh, one more story. I remember hearing about a clerk at the grocery store who had a customer in the checkout line pray for her and she was healed. She got so excited she grabbed the intercom phone and announced, "If anyone needs prayer or healing, come to lane 4!" We need more stories like that one. It does make you wonder what we do not see because we do not risk. Fear holds us hostage. We are not desperate enough to see miracles. I'm not ready to walk on water, but I'm also not ready to let the televangelists and prosperity preachers hijack the supernatural stuff from the rest of us. Imagine what would happen if the prayer movement and social justice movement converged, and we had Christians who prayed like they depend on God and lived like God depended on them? Hallelujah. That would be a miracle, and I'm ready to see it.

The time had come to leave the leper colony and, very soon, Calcutta. First, I had to say bye to Jon and Kisol.

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We hugged and cried. And I will never forget our last exchange. Jon had always liked my watch. It was digital, and he liked the beeps and all. As we said goodbye, I wrapped it on his arm. It went to the very last notch around his bony wrist. He looked at me and, shaking his head, said he had nothing to give. I said he had given me more than I could explain, and I said, "You adopted me." He smiled. Kisol had a necklace with two medals he wore around his neck every day, probably one of the only material possessions he treasured. They were the icon medals that Mother Teresa gives you when she prays with you to remember her blessing and continual prayers. Kisol had two of them, old and worn down, that he wore around his neck. Mother Teresa had given me a couple a few days before, and I wore them on dental floss around my neck. As I was leaving, Kisol took his medallions from around his neck and put them around my neck. And I gave him mine. We hugged and I left.

Gandhi would be proud of this little "experiment in truth" that bears his name. The lepers had shown me a glimpse of what God might have had in mind for the world. I remember praying in the leper colony each morning with the brothers, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." And perhaps for the first time, those were no longer empty words that I hoped would come true someday. They became words we are not only to expect to come true but also to enact. Such an idea was foreign to me in the materialism of my land, but it was so close to what I saw in the early church: a people on the margins giving birth to another way of living, a new community marked by interdependence and sacrificial love.

They had not chosen to live in "intentional community." Their survival demanded community. Community

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was their life. The gospel was their language. No wonder Jesus said, “Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of God.”

FIND YOUR CALCUTTA

After leaving the colony, I said the rest of my goodbyes and promised to write Andy. I went through the streets of Calcutta giving hugs, saying goodbyes, splashing in the monsoon puddles. A few of the beggars asked me if there was anything I could leave them. My bag was empty. I had given away all the bubbles, toys, candy, even my secret stash of Gatorade and emergency cash. I had nothing left to give but love. At last, I was at peace. Then the time came to leave Calcutta.

I had gone to Calcutta on a search for Christianity, hoping to find an old nun who believed that Jesus meant what he said. And I had found Christianity, but it didn't belong just to Mother Teresa. Eventually, we did meet Mother Teresa. In Calcutta, she was not “Mother Teresa the Saint,” she was just “Mother,” running around on the streets, hanging out with kids, caring for the sick, going to Mass each morning. Mother.⁵ In fact, when we finally talked, I had very little to say. I just wanted a hug, and I got it. It was sort of like, “Yep, there she is, another ordinary radical in love with God and her neighbors.”

After Mother Teresa died, I was in an interview with some reporter who asked me if Mother Teresa's spirit will live on. I said, “To be honest, Mother Teresa died a long time ago, when she gave her life to Jesus. The joy and compassion

5. My friend Brooke ended up going into the hospital at the same time as Mother Teresa, and the doctors said Mother Teresa just told them, “There are far too many people out there hungry, homeless, and alone for me to be in here lying around. Let me out.” So they did.

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and love that the world finds so magnetic are only Jesus, and that is eternal." I saw that eternal love all over Calcutta. I did indeed see Christ in Mother Teresa, but I also found Christ in the lepers, the children, the destitute, the workers. I even began to recognize that Christ lives in me.

Mother Teresa always said, "Calcuttas are everywhere if only we have eyes to see. Find your Calcutta." I was ready to come home. I knew that my Calcutta was the United States, for I knew that we could not end poverty until we took a careful look at wealth. I was to battle the beast from within the belly. I learned from the lepers that leprosy is a disease of numbness. The contagion numbs the skin, and the nerves can no longer feel as the body wastes away. In fact, the way it was detected was by rubbing a feather across the skin, and if the person could not feel it, they were diagnosed with the illness. To treat it, we would dig out or dissect the scarred tissue until the person could feel again. As I left Calcutta, it occurred to me that I was returning to a land of lepers, a land of people who had forgotten how to feel, to laugh, to cry, a land haunted by numbness. Could we learn to feel again?

I had the chance to return to Calcutta after Mother Teresa died, and the work was as vibrant as ever. The charisma of Mother Teresa and the Missionaries of Charity has been a great influence on our work in Philly. Even to this day, we have a saying above our door: "Today, let's do small things with great love . . . or not answer the door."

Since writing this book, I have helped dozens of folks make the pilgrimage to India. And like me, many of them returned only to realize that you don't have to go to Calcutta to find Calcutta. We only need to ask God to help us find our own Calcutta and give us the eyes to see the marginalized people next to us.

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I'll never forget one businessman I met who, upon hearing about my trip to Calcutta said, "Wow, that's a terrible place that makes you come home and say, 'God bless America.'" I gently replied to him, "Actually, Calcutta is a beautiful place that makes you come home and say 'God bless Calcutta.'" He just sort of stared at me blankly.

The Irresistible Revolution

Living As An Ordinary Radical

By Shane Claiborne

Revised and expanded! In this updated 10th Anniversary Edition of *Irresistible Revolution*, Shane Claiborne uses unconventional examples from his own life to stir up questions about the church and the world, while challenging you to truly live out your Christian faith. With new material throughout the book and a full new chapter, Shane brings you up to date on the “revolution” – adding new stories, sharing what his community looks like now, and bringing fresh inspiration to live out the Christian message in practical ways.

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