



The Gravity of Beauty

Hebrews 8:1-6

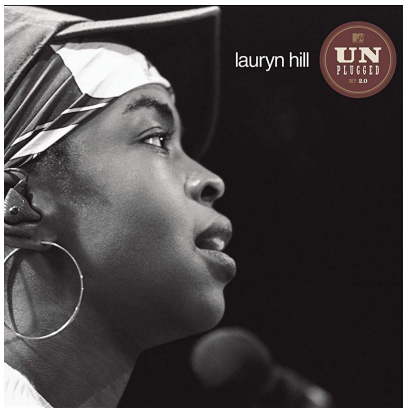
04.30.2023

Dave Lomas

Hebrews 8:1-6

Now the main point of what we are saying is this: We do have such a high priest, who sat down at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in heaven, and who serves in the sanctuary, the true tabernacle set up by the Lord, not by a mere human being. Every high priest is appointed to offer both gifts and sacrifices, and so it was necessary for this one also to have something to offer. If he were on earth, he would not be a priest, for there are already priests who offer the gifts prescribed by the law. They serve at a sanctuary that is a copy and shadow of what is in heaven. This is why Moses was warned when he was about to build the tabernacle: “See to it that you make everything according to the pattern shown you on the mountain.” But in fact the ministry Jesus has received is as superior to theirs as the covenant of

which he is mediator is superior to the old one, since the new covenant is established on better promises.



“A true transcendental is a perfection in which all existing things participate in some degree or other as a necessary condition of their very existence. And a property that in its infinite and absolute reality is convertible with all the other transcendentals...And that may therefore be properly regarded as divine names as in some sense pointing towards God in himself.”

- David Bentley Hart

“Everything that exists is in some way true, good, and beautiful.”

- Peter Kreeft

Romans 1:18-20

The wrath of God is being revealed from heaven against all the godlessness and wickedness of people, who suppress the truth by their wickedness, since what may be known about God is plain to them, because God has made it plain to them. For since the creation of the world God’s invisible qualities—his eternal power and divine nature—have been clearly seen, being understood from what has been made, so that people are without excuse.

Truth is that which corresponds to reality.

Goodness is that which aligns to its nature and its teleology.

Beauty is that which awakens.

“Rather than commanding our attention with the force of necessity or oppressing us with the triteness of something inevitable, or recommending itself to us by its utility or purposiveness. The Beautiful presents itself to us in entirely unwarranted, unnecessary and yet marvelously fitting gift. Beauty, as opposed to mere strikingness or brilliancy, is an event, or even one might say, eventuality as such. It’s the movement of a gratuitous disclosure of something otherwise hidden, which need not reveal itself or give itself. In the experience of the beautiful, and in this pure gratuity, we are granted our most acute, most lucid, most splendid encounter with the transcendence of the source that gives being to beings. The beautiful affords us our most perfect experience of that existential wonder...All philosophy begins in this moment of wonder at the sheer ‘thereness’ of the world. It’s an amazement that lies always just below the surface of our everyday consciousness. It’s not just the arts where we find it. It’s in our experience of all reality, but we are usually forgetful of it. Beauty stirs us from our habitual forgetfulness of the wonder of being. It grants us a particularly privileged awakeness from our fallenness into ordinary awareness reminding us that the fullness of being, which far exceeds the moment of its disclosure, graciously condescends to show itself again and again, infinitude of an event...of a mere instance. In this experience we are given a glimpse, again with a feeling of wonder, that maybe momentarily restores to something like the innocence of childhood.”

- David Bentley Hart





“All philosophy begins in this moment of wonder at the sheer ‘thereness’ of the world. It’s an amazement that lies always just below the surface of our everyday consciousness.”

- David Bentley Hart

Late have I loved you,
Beauty so ancient and so new, late have I loved you!
Lo, you were within, but I outside, seeking there for you,
and upon the shapely things you have made
I rushed headlong – I, misshapen.
You were with me, but I was not with you.
They held me back far from you,
those things which would have no being, were they not in you.
You called, shouted, broke through my deafness;
you flared, blazed, banished my blindness;
you lavished your fragrance, I gasped; and now I pant for you;
I tasted you, and now I hunger and thirst;
you touched me, and I burned for your peace.

- St. Augustine