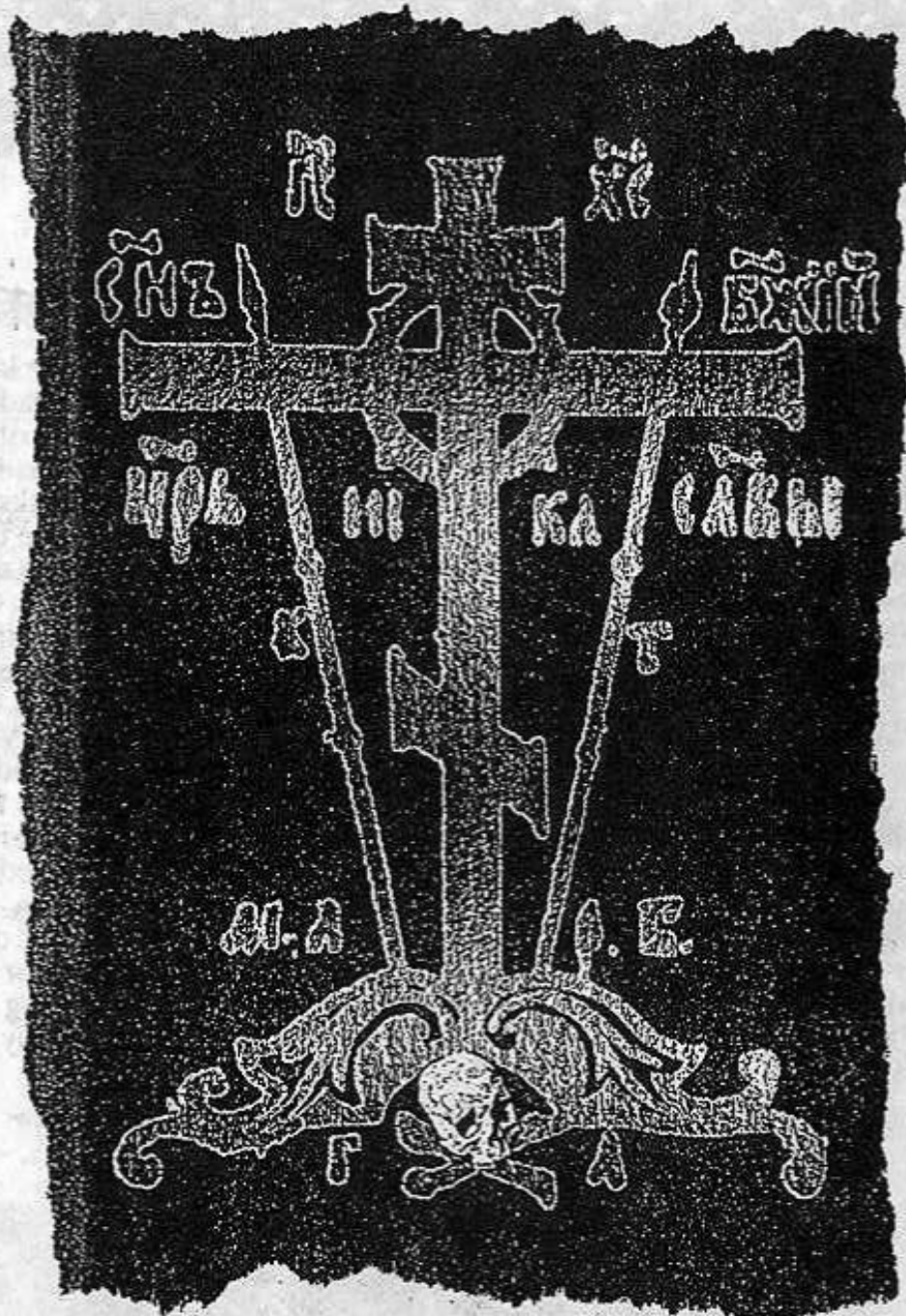


TRULY ALL THINGS ARE VANITY



LIFE IS A SHADOW AND A DREAM

DEATH TO THE WORLD  
7777 Martinelli Rd  
Forestville CA 95436

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# DEATH WORLD

*The Last True Rebellion*



— № 8 —

**DEATH TO THE WORLD**  
is a zine to inspire Truth-seeking and soul searching amidst the modern age of nihilism and despair, promoting the ancient principles of the last true rebellion: to be dead to this world and alive to the otherworld. Correspondence is encouraged and articles for submission are welcomed. Each article printed herein is true to life and has been written out of pain of heart for love of truth.

**DEATH TO THE WORLD**  
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COVER - Ancient icon of virgins



**What do we mean by: DEATH TO THE WORLD**  
"The world is the general name for all the passions. When we wish to call the passions by a common name, we call them the world. But when we wish to distinguish them by their special names, we call them passions. The passions are the following: love of riches, desire for possessions, bodily pleasure from which comes sexual passion, love of honor which gives rise to envy, lust for power, arrogance and pride of position, the craving to adorn oneself with luxurious clothes and vain ornaments, the itch for human glory which is a source of rancor and resentment, and physical fear. Where these passions cease to be active, there the world is dead.... Someone has said of the saints that while alive they were dead; for though living in the flesh, they did not live for the flesh. See for which of these passions you are alive. Then you will know how far you are alive to the world, and how far you are dead to it."  
St. Isaac of Syria (6th century)

This issue of D.T.T. W. was produced on Spruce Island, Alaska- where Saint Herman, the monk who brought Orthodoxy to America 200 yrs. ago, lived and died.

# Funeral Dirge

By  
St. Nilus of Russia (+15th century)

At the hour of death, where are the friends and acquaintances we made on earth? What if some of them were famous and eminent rulers on earth? Has not all of this corrupted into ashes and stench? This life is like a cloud of dust that is seen for a moment and then is gone, for it is less substantial than a cobweb.

Whether we will it or not we have to leave this life, and we know not when. Death's awful mystery comes upon us suddenly, and soul and body are violently severed, divorced from their natural union by the will of God.

What shall we do at that hour if we have not thought of it beforehand, if we have not been instructed concerning this unavoidable event and find ourselves unprepared? In that bitter hour we shall grasp in full the ordeal which the soul must undergo when it is separated from the body. Alas, what anguish it experiences at that hour, and there is no one to take pity on it. It looks up at the angels and prays in vain. It reaches out towards men and there is no one to help it; there is nothing but the good it has done in Gods sight.

We look upon the coffin and we see our created beauty become hideous and abominable, it's form gone. And as we gaze at the naked bones let us say to ourselves: Who is this skeleton? - King or beggar, hero or outcast? Where is the beauty and delight of the world? Is not all become hideous and stench? All that was honored and desired on earth has become useless. Like a flower withering, like a shadow passing, all that is human awaits destruction.



ST. NILUS

# THE ARENA

## THE SUFFERINGS OF THE MARTYRS



### BEAUTY BATHED IN BLOOD

The following is a true account of a woman who gave her life for the sake of truth and for God. On the 25th of June in the year of 305 AD this woman suffered the greatest torture ever imaginable and thus we warn the reader that what they are about to experience might be shocking or upsetting. Please understand that those who love the truth don't fear what people will do to their flesh for their faith. After reading this account one cannot help but understand and feel that in truth there is a living and loving soul within our flesh that desires freedom, a freedom that only God can give.

In the morning at sunrise great agitation and commotion descended upon the ancient city of Nisibis. This is because the Emperor Diocletian commanded his men to cast many Christians into prison where they would undergo diverse torments. The emperor was informed of the existence of a women's monastery and forthwith soldiers were dispatched to arrest and bring before the judgment seat all the nuns. Breaking down the convent doors with hatchets, the soldiers entered only to find there three nuns. One of the soldiers then wielded his sword to strike down the Abbess. A young nun by the name of Fevronia falling at his feet said, "I beg you before God who dwells in the heavens, slay me first, so I may not witness the death of my friend."



The soldiers like wild beasts went and seized Fevronia and clapped a heavy iron collar about her neck, and began pushing her about. The soldiers then took Fevronia, ushering her out of the convent.

A great multitude assembled in the amphitheater when the saint, with an iron collar and hands tied, was brought forward. Everyone in the crowd was moved to compassion. The persecutor then spoke to Fevronia, saying, "Maiden, what are you, slave or freeborn?" Fevronia answered, "Slave."

"Whose slave are you?"

"I am the servant of the Lord."

He then asked, "What is your name?"

She answered, "The poor Christian woman."

He then began to try to convince her to marry a man who desired her beauty, but Fevronia answered, "I have an indissoluble bridal chamber in the heavens that is not made by hands, and a dowry which is the Kingdom of the heavens, and a deathless Bridegroom. Therefore it is not possible to live with a man. Do not be deceived; neither do you labor to test me with flatteries and threats, for you will never defeat me."

Upon hearing this challenge the tyrant flew into a rage. He ordered that the holy woman be disrobed and displayed before all, so that she might be shamed by her indecent exposure. After the soldiers removed her monastic garb and presented her naked, the perverse tyrant said, "Do you see, Fevronia, what things you could have had and have given up?"

Fevronia, a very pure person in body and soul answered, "There is but one Creator Who, in the beginning, made us male and female. Wherefore, I am not only willing to endure this nakedness, but to have each of my limbs dismembered for my Christ if He gives me His Grace to suffer torments for His Love. Therefore I must tolerate this nakedness that I might contest with the devil, your father."

Moved to wrath again, the persecutor ordered that four men stretch and bind the nun so that they could mercilessly beat her back. The pitiless men beat her for a long time, whilst others made a fire under her and sprinkled the fire with oil, causing her worse burns. Witnessing this atrocious punishment the crowd cried aloud, "Have compassion on the young woman!"

On the contrary he ordered his men to increase the scourging and beating. When it was seen that strips of her flesh fell to the ground, and that she appeared dead, he commanded that she be cast to one side. Seeing her move he said aloud, "How did the first match seem to you, Fevronia?" Christ's martyr answered, "Know that in the first trial with Christ helping me, I not only remained unconquerable, but I regarded your tortures with contempt."

The persecutor then said, "Suspend her upon the wooden pole and lacerate her sides with iron claws; then burn her torn members to the bones." They tore at the saint so that her flesh fell to the ground and her blood streamed forth as a river. Later they brought fire and burned her entrails. Looking steadfastly up into heaven she said, "Come to my aid, O Lord, and do not abandon your servant."

Many of the spectators left, unable to bear the persecutors' raw pitilessness. She was then taken down and tied to a stake. He continued to try and interrogate her but she wasn't able to answer. Because of this he ordered a physician to cut and remove her tongue and then burn it. Hearing this the saint immediately extended her tongue, nodding to the physician to cut it off. When the physician removed his iron surgical instrument, the crowd asked the persecutor to let her be left alone for awhile. That savage man agreed to leave her tongue in place, but ordered instead the breaking of her teeth which the physician began to do. From the pain and hemorrhaging Fevronia fell unconscious.

Upon her coming to, the persecutor asked her, "What do you say Fevronia? Will you worship the gods?" The holy woman answered, "You are an accursed old man! Why do you not slay me quicker than I may go to my beloved Christ, instead of impeding my path?"

Then he commanded that her breasts be cut off so her chest might be further burned. When her right breast was cut off and thrown to the ground, the saint prayed, "O Lord, my God, behold my affliction and let my soul come into your hands." After the removal of her left breast, she fell silent as all those who witnessed this spectacle cursed the persecutor and his gods.

He then had her removed from the stake, and unable to stand she fell to the earth. He then ordered the severing of both her hands and one foot. Her hand was then cut off. When the executioner attempted to remove her foot, the axe missed the joint of the ankle bone. Only after three swings was he able to remove her foot. Fevronia experiencing incredible pain, then extended her other foot upon the wooden block so that he might be able to remove the other foot also.

The persecutor upon seeing this became even more hardened and said, "Do you see the strength of this shameless woman?" When Fevronia's other foot was dismembered, the evil ones said to one another, "Let us go and eat and leave this ill-fated one, since you have punished her enough." The persecutor then answered, "By the gods, I am not leaving until she gives up the ghost!" Her head was then struck off, and she left this heartless and painful world, and entered into Eternal Life through her glorious death.



## LOVERS OF TRUTH

The soul untried by sorrows is good for nothing.

St. Theophan the Recluse (+19th century)

At the present time many suicides are taking place, not only from disbelief, but also from lack of patience. They do not want to endure anything. If the Lord had not given men the natural desire to live, then almost all would kill themselves.

Elder Joseph of Optina (+20th century)

Cowardice and agitation are born of unbelief; but as soon as the ascetic has recourse to faith, cowardice and agitation vanish, like the darkness of night before a rising sun."

St. Ignatius Brianchaninov (+19th century)

Live as though you are not of this world and you will have peace.

St. Anthony of Egypt (+4th century)

The drunkard, the fornicator, the proud- he will receive God's mercy. But he who does not want to forgive, to excuse, to justify consciously, intentionally....that person closes himself to eternal life before God, and even more so in the present life. He is turned away and not heard."

Elder Sampson of Russia (+19th century)

The hour of death will come, it will come, and we shall not escape it.

St. Hesychius of Jerusalem (+5th century)

All I know is that I don't know anything.

Elder Gabriel of Kazan (+19th century)

# THROUGH CLOSED DOORS



In May of 1980, the singer/poet Ian Curtis of Joy Division hung himself in his Manchester, England home the day before he was to depart on their first big U.S. tour. On the same day in Washington State, Mt. St. Helen's erupted, and a young man prepared for high school graduation, and the turmoil that his life would soon become...

The day after graduation, I left for San Jose, seeking the skateboard meccas of Northern California. Through previous trips, I had my first exposure to the San Francisco Punk Scene. There in a Holiday Inn on San Carlos Blvd., I cut my hair and went "punk." I loved the Pistols, the Ramones, and the Germs, and Darby Crash's rise and subsequent fall earlier that year was a true inspiration.

Having grown up in a small town, I was young, innocent, and naive. I rejected the repressive path that dictated I go to college and get a job. Being sensitive, the pain of rejection was replaced with the anger that fueled a generation. While my friends were deciding which college to go to, I resolved to live fast and die young...

The next two years, I stayed in the small town, giving and taking physical and mental abuse. Total alienation ensued, and I began massive consumption of alcohol and drugs to numb the pain. No one could hurt me again...

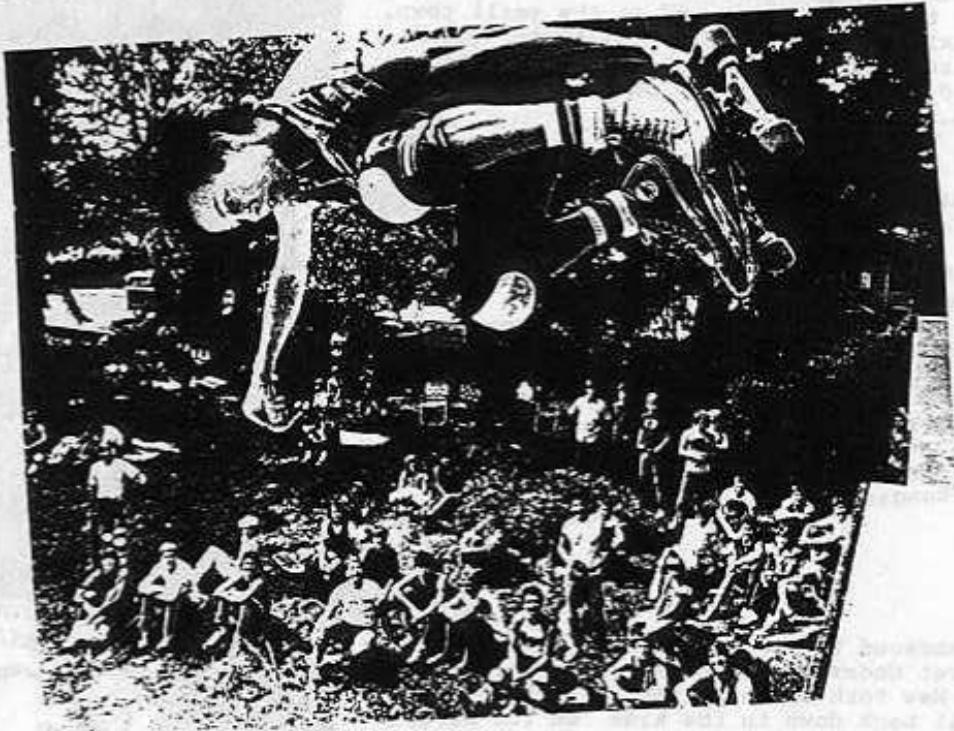
Through regular roadtrips, I got to know most of the punks up and down the West Coast in the Scene. By fall of 1982, I moved to Portland with \$40 and 40 cans of Campbell's Soup. The City was a revelation for me. I saw many young people living many different lifestyles, and for the first time I felt accepted! The creativity of the early punk movement was staggering. The ideas were a complete departure from what we viewed as the boring, burned out 60's and 70's. No more rock stars since everybody would be in a band. The worst was the best. And if we were negative it was only a reflection of the garbage around us - Reaganomics and Limited Nuclear Warfare.

We embraced the best of the 50's (Beatniks), 60's (Velvet Underground and the Stooges), and the 70's (The New York Dolls & British Punk Movement), and took it back down to the kids on the street. Jumping trains, dumpster diving, and beer theiving were but romantic notions, and self-abuse was a glamorized thing. We did not stop long enough to think about the toll that this brand of Nihilism was inflicting on our body, soul, and spirit...

In 1983, some friends & I that were playing in an "industrial" band, had a house in the warehouse district of S.E. Portland. We would have basement shows every Saturday Nite. The best bands from Portland and Seattle would come play, and an occasional S.F. or L.A. band would come thru. T.S.O.L., The Fartz (w/Duff from Guns'n'Roses playing drums), and The Accused (their first show) all played there. Even a young rich girl named Courtney Love hung out, trying to make friends with somebody.



One evening a riot involving a group of jocks and punks broke out in front of the house. Poison Idea, a local hardcore band, was setting up for their set. Suddenly the garage I was living in burst into flames, the victim of arson, with a fireball rising 75 ft. into the air. As the flames jumped to the main house, we rushed to save the band equipment. The only thing I managed to save was the keg and my skateboard. I guess these were the important things in my life.



Later in 1983, I won the Northwest Vertical Championships for the second year, reaching a peak that I would never again attain. I skated drunk (as usual) as I could not skate well sober any longer. I was asked to join the Jak's team in San Francisco, and headed there for the rest of the summer. These were the "salad" days of the S.F. scene as the scene was just exploding. Maximum Rock n Roll was just starting, Thrasher was just getting big, and the "On Broadway," "Fabulous Mabuhay Gardens (Fab Mab)," and the "Tool & Die" were the happening clubs. The Jak's were a seminal presence on the scene, and founding members were in such early S.F. bands as the Trolling Midgets and the Woundz. Although there were some ripping skaters on the team, the brethren consisted of musicians who skated, not always so well. We eventually had divisions in L.A., Portland, Seattle & Vancouver B.C. We were tight - a roving band of Pirates, and these were to be my happiest days...

While waiting for trial, I was placed on methadone maintenance, and released on bail. I called my mom from a pay phone, telling her that it was likely that I would go to county jail or even the penitentiary for a couple of years. A friend (that had just stopped by for the first time in 5 years) comforted her, and told her of a church in Alaska that might be able to help.

I did not want to go, but my options were few. The judge decided that this qualified as "treatment" and that I could go until I came back for trial. Anticipating that it would be a while before I could use again, I started shooting dope in addition to the methadone - a powerful and dangerous combination. My skinhead friend was also on methadone, and when he found out that I was shooting up, he blind-sided me, ripping my lip open up to my nose. He told me he was sorry, but that I gave him no hope. He drove me to the hospital, and returned a while later with a large "fix" that we did in the hospital room. Sixteen stitches later, I left and packed for Alaska...

Anticipating that I might bail, my father came to Portland to fly up with me. I asked to borrow \$20. He gave it to me knowingly, not asking why. As I copped my last bag, I was strangely peaceful. I thank God that I did not have more money, or I would have surely O.d'd. I left Portland, all my bridges being thoroughly burnt...

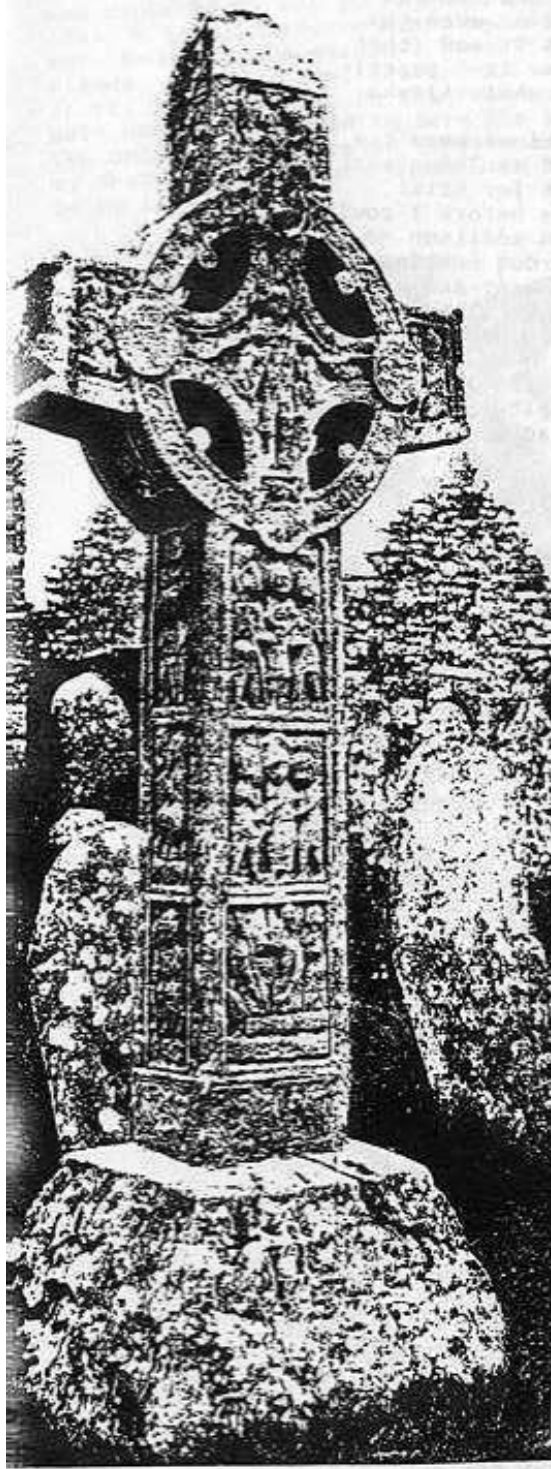
The evening flight arrived in Anchorage, and I was still "well." I nodded off in the car on the drive to the church community. I was given a guest room in the "Big House" - a large building that once was a Catholic convent, and now was the center of the community. The next morning, two priests came to get my father and I and take us to breakfast.

The younger priest was very warm, not at all put off by this shell of humanity that sat in front of him. The older priest was the pastor of the community, and a very unusual man. As we talked over breakfast, I started to get very sick. One last time, this horror would be with me.

The pastor asked me a lot of questions about myself: Why was I here? Did I want to come? Had I ever believed in God?...My father did a lot of the talking, I being unable to respond. I left that morning thinking I really liked this pastor - he was salty, gritty, and to the point. He was the first Christian that I had met that really seemed alive.

The next six or seven days I did not come out of the guest room, for I was exploring the depths of hell. Alone in a foreign place, I did not even have the comfort of the street sounds to calm me. The silence was deafening! A young lady came down and gave me a small cross to help me through. Finally I slept...

When I awoke, the fever, cramps and chills were gone. It was a sunny fall day, and I had survived. I wasn't sure whether I had another "kick" left in me, and the thought of suicide had crossed my mind. The people who lived in the "Big House" took good care of me - feeding me and keeping me company. I was amazed at how warm they were, but yet they didn't try to talk to me about God, or convert me.



For the next three months that I would be there, it was decided that I would work with the groundskeeper, as he was also the head of the "Big House." He was a warm man, and worked harder than anybody I'd ever seen. At the end of the first day of work, I was tired, and my mind began to scheme. I called my dealer in Portland, and he agreed to airmail me some dope. It would take two days...

The next evening, everybody in the house left for a hockey game. Alone in the Big House living room, I stared out at the beauty that is Alaska. Totally quiet, totally serene. But yet, the dope pangs would not leave me alone. I searched for alcohol, but could not find any. All around the house, the icons of Christ and His saints stared at me. I felt as if I were being watched...

Suddenly, a massive wave of fear descended on me. It was as if ten years of the fear I never had experienced came to me all at once. I felt small, vulnerable, and completely paralyzed. Finally, I ran out of the Big House and over to the church. Nobody was around, as it was getting close to midnight. I called my mom, and got her out of bed. I cried as I told her I wanted to die, and she comforted me, asking me to get on my knees and say a prayer with her. I hung up and went to the Nave

(body) of the church. I got on my knees and begged to God - if You are there, remove this fear and pain. As sudden as it had come, the fear was gone. A sense of peace entered me, and I laid on the church floor for a long time. Finally, I left the church. I stood on the front porch looking at the beauty of Christ's house. Being crushed and defeated, this is the one time that God could come to me, and I would listen. I began to weep, and for the first time I thanked God for loving me...

A few months earlier, my mother had a dream where a large bird with wings one hundred feet wide flew over my sister and her. They were in a field. At first the bird was threatening, but then hovered over them, protecting them with his wing. The bird then told my mother that her son would be all right.

Several months later, more burglary charges were brought forth, and I returned to Portland to go to county jail. I had been to jail many times before, but I was a Christian now, and not strung out on junk. Fear was ever-present, but God's grace was there always. I was tempted with drugs, but did not succumb. My cellmates mocked me, ripping out pages of the Holy Bible and rolling cigarettes from them. The amount of support from the outside was overwhelming - daily correspondence and visits from Orthodox priests. And on the inside, I always felt the Saviour's presence. The new charges would bring two five-year sentences in the Oregon penitentiary.

As I entered the courtroom to face the judge, I saw the black-robed priests. They had successfully petitioned in the judge's chambers for my release to the church in Alaska. I would have five years probation and \$28,000 restitution. If I relapsed, I would get the full ten years. I thanked God for His rich and abundant mercies. Just before Pascha (Easter) of 1989, on Holy Saturday Eve, I was received into the Orthodox church, sacramentally cleansed of the sins of my former life. The joy that I had always tried to kill was now complete...

"Paradise raised me up as I perceived it,  
it enriched me as I meditated upon it;  
I forgot my poor estate,  
for it had made me drunk with its fragrance.  
I became as though no longer my old self,  
for it renewed me with all its varied nature."  
(words borrowed from St. Ephrem the Syrian)

In the years since then, I have stayed sober. Not through 12 step programs or modern psychology, but by being immersed (as much as I am able!) in the ancient otherworldly life of the Orthodox Church.

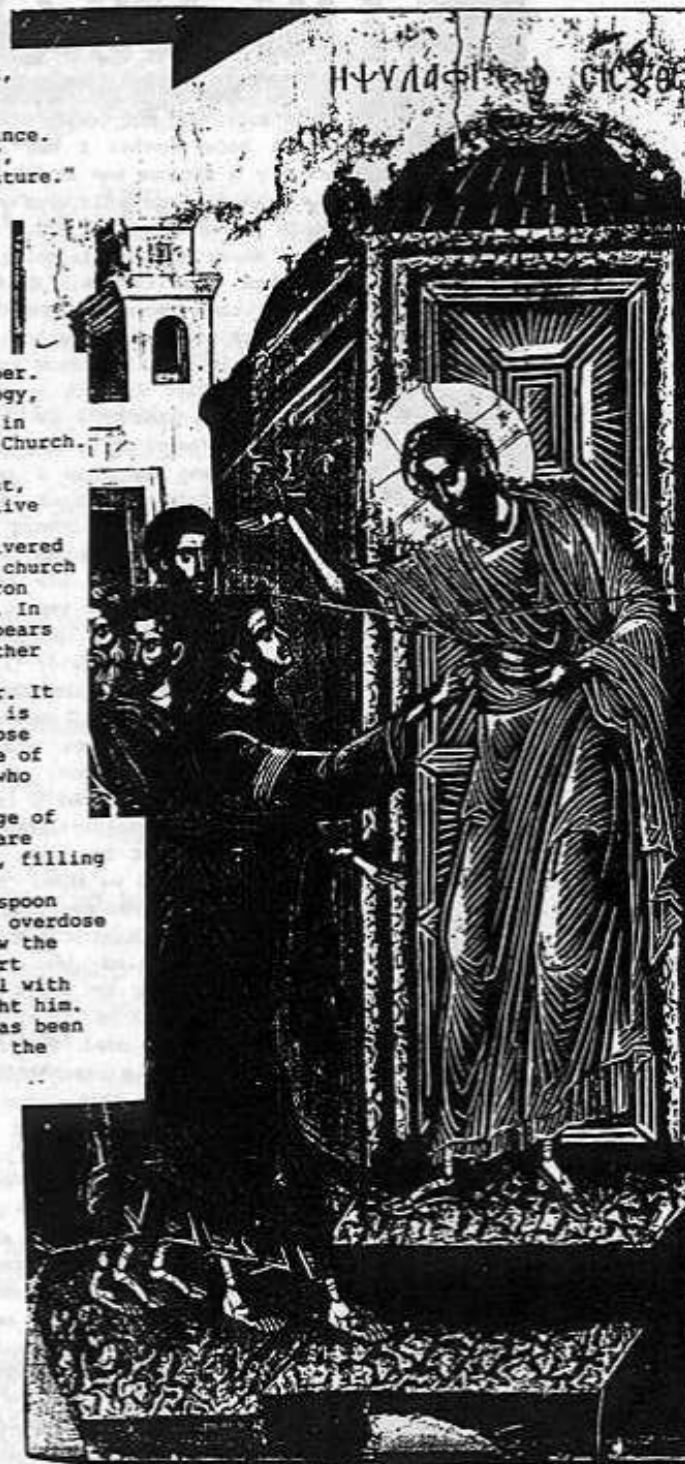
Only by the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and His infinite love for all mankind, am I alive today. I give thanks to the Saints, whose intercessions save our lives daily. I was delivered to Alaska on September 26th, the day that the church commemorates St. John the Evangelist, the patron saint of the church where I had my conversion. In the Holy Scriptures, St. John symbolically appears as an eagle, the same one who comforted my mother in her dream. October 6th is the day that we commemorate St. Thomas the Apostle and Doubter. It is also the date of my conversion, and Thomas is my name. I feel bound up with these saints whose prayers are pleasing to God. St. John, because of his great love for children, and St. Thomas, who doubted as many do.

These ancient saints are part of a lineage of "rebels" that continue up to this day. These are the true radicals, whose lives we can imitate, filling the spiritual vacuum that plagues us today.

We can follow the way of the needle and spoon and end up like Johnny Thunders, dead from an overdose on a New Orleans Hotel floor. Or we can follow the path of alienation and despair that led to Kurt Cobain's tragic end in Seattle, unable to deal with the fame and fortune that the world had brought him. Or we can follow the way of the Cross, that has been sanctified with the blood of the martyrs, and the toil of righteous ones...

Thomas #

Holy Apostles John and Thomas,  
pray to God for us!



Icon of Christ and Apostle Thomas

# THE INSOMNIAC

Sleep had not really taken possession of me; I do not know whether I was awake or asleep, when suddenly a strange man rose up before me. He was as pale as a dead man. His eyes were as if open, and he looked at me in terror. His face was like a mask, like a mummy's. His glistening, dark yellow skin was stretched tight over his dead man's head with all its cavities. He was panting. In one hand he held a bizarre object which I could not make out; the other hand was clutching his chest in suffering.

He filled me with terror. We looked at each other without speaking, as if the strange creature was waiting for me to recognize him. And a voice told me who he was and then I recognized him, and he opened his mouth and sighed. His voice came from very far away; as if it were coming from a deep well.

He was in great agony, and I suffered for him. His hands, his feet, his eyes- they all showed suffering. In despair I wanted to help him, but with his hand he made a sign to stop. He groaned in such a way, I froze. Then he said, "I have not come; I have been sent. I shake without stop; I am dizzy. Pray God to have pity on me. I want to die but cannot. Everything you told me before is true. Do you remember, before my death, which you came to see me and spoke about religion? I told you then and other times, 'Photios, save up money, or else you will die a pauper. Look at how rich I am, and I will be richer.' You asked me then: 'Have you signed a pact with death, that you can live as many years as you want, and enjoy a happy old age?'"

"And I replied: 'You will see, I will live past a hundred. My son makes a lot of money, and I married my daughter to a rich man. My wife and I have more money than we need. I am not like you who listen to what the priests say: 'A Christian ending to our life...' and all that. What is to gain from a Christian ending? Better a full pocket and no worries. Give money to the poor? When did your so merciful God create paupers? Why should I feed them? And they ask you, in order to go to Paradise, to feed idlers! Do you want to talk about Paradise? I'm the son of a priest and I know these tricks. That those who have no brains believe them is one thing, but you who have a mind have gone astray. I tell you and affirm that if you continue to live this way, you will die before me, but I will live to be a hundred and ten years...'"

After saying all this, he began to turn this way and that, as if he were on a grill. I heard his groans. He was silent for a moment, then continued: "This is what I said, and in a few days I was dead! I

horror! Lost, I descended into the abyss. What suffering I have had, what agony! Everything you told me was true. You have won the bet.

When I was in the world, I was an intellectual, a physician. I knew how to speak and was listened to; mocking religion. And now I see that everything I called stories, myths, paper lanterns- is true. This what I am experiencing now is true- this is the worm that never sleeps. This is the grinding and gnashing of teeth.

After speaking this, he disappeared. I heard his groans gradually fading away. I began to fall asleep, when an icy hand touched me. Opening my eyes, I saw him again before me. This time he was more horrible and smaller in body. He was like a baby with a large, old man's head which was shaking.

"Soon the sun will rise, and those who have sent me will come to seek me!"

"Who are they?"

He said confused words which I couldn't make out, and then; "There where I am are many who mock you and your faith and now they see that their spiritual darts don't go beyond the cemetery. There are both those you were good to and those who slandered you. The more you forgive them, the more they hate you. Kindness makes them bitter because it makes them feel their defeat. The state of them is worse than mine. They cannot leave their dark prison to come and find you as I have. They are severely tormented. Now we understand that our intellect was only stupid, our conversations were spiteful meanness, our joys were lies and illusions.

You who bear God in you hearts, Whose word is Truth- you have won the great wager between believers and unbelievers. This I have lost. I tremble, I sigh, and I find no rest. In truth, there is no repentance in hell. Woe to those who walk as I did while on earth. We were drunk and mockers of God. Everyone applauded us. They treated you as mad; as an imbecile.

If only those evil men who are still on earth could see where I am, if only they were in my place, they would tremble for everything they are doing. I would like to appear to them to tell them to change their paths, but I do not have the permission to do so. The saying is fulfilled, "He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteousness even more; and he that is filthy, let him be made filthy even more; and he that is righteous, let him do righteousness even more; and he that is holy, let him be made holy even more."

With those words he disappeared.

Photios Kontoglou (+20th century)

# Nihilism

## THE ROOT OF THE REVOLUTION OF THE MODERN AGE

"What does Nihilism mean?" wrote Friedrich Nietzsche. "—That the highest values are losing their value. There is no goal.... There is no Truth, no 'thing in itself.' *There is no answer to the question: 'why?'*"

In 1962, the young Eugene Rose undertook to write a monumental chronicle of the abandonment of Truth in the modern age. Of the hundreds of pages of material he compiled for this work, only the present essay, on Nihilism, has come down to us in completed form. Here Eugene reveals the core of all modern thought and life—the belief that all truth is relative—and shows how this belief has been translated into action in our century. Today, three decades after he wrote it, this essay is more timely than ever. It clearly explains why contemporary ideas, values, and attitudes—the "spirit of the age"—are shifting so rapidly in the direction of moral anarchy, as the philosophy of Nihilism enters more deeply into the fiber of society. Nietzsche was right when he predicted that the 20th century would usher in "the triumph of Nihilism."

Some years after writing this essay, Eugene Rose became a monk in the mountains of northern California with the name Fr. Seraphim. Although he lived his whole life in America, he has become, after his death, the most popular spiritual-philosophical writer in Russia today.

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MORTALS, let us leave this world of deceit.  
Christ calls. Let us go. For life is good  
Sailing above the troubled sea of care.  
One quest alone employs lonely man;  
How he may reach the Haven of true peace,  
Where never comes the strain of breaking hearts.  
O happy life, all music, free from sorrow!  
Where is the seeker of true gain,  
Will part with all the world and choose the Cross?

St. Theodore Studite † 9th Century



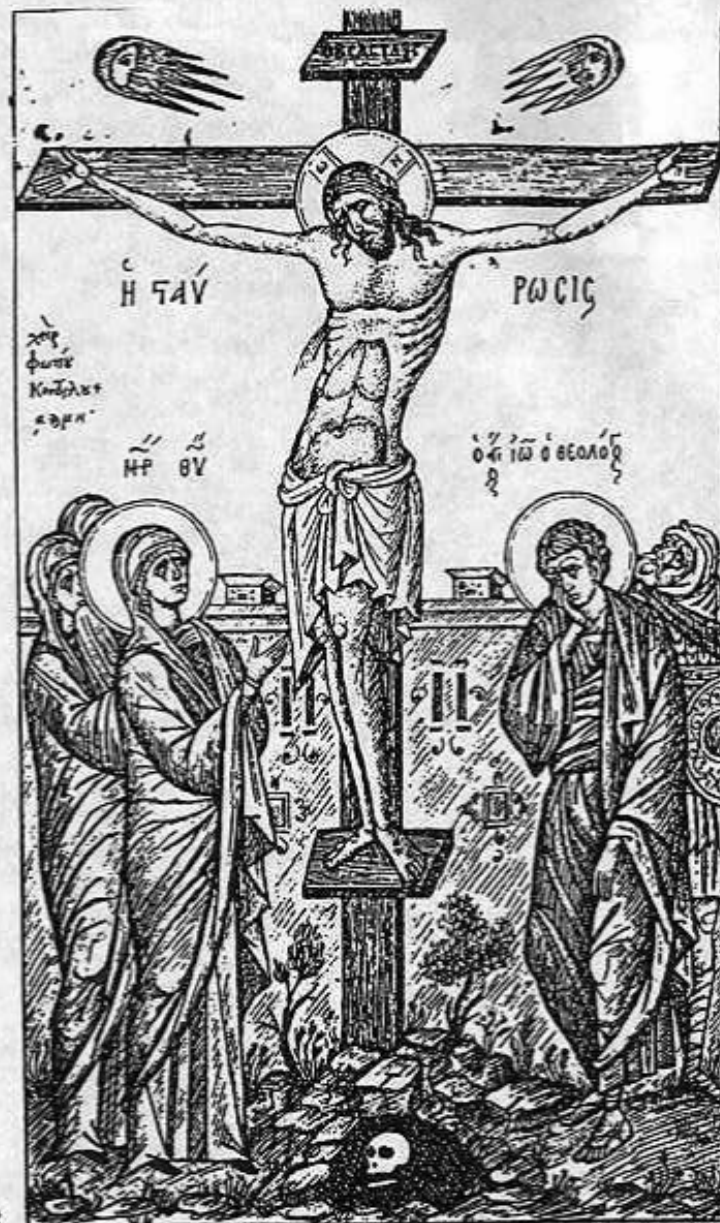
ST. ANTHONY

# DEATH TO THE WORLD

is a zine to inspire Truth-seeking and soul searching amidst the modern age of nihilism and despair, promoting the ancient principles of the last true rebellion: to be dead to this world and alive to the otherworld. Correspondence is encouraged and articles for submission are welcomed. Each article printed herein is true to life and has been written out of pain of heart for love of truth.

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COVER - Ancient icon of virgins

## What do we mean by: DEATH TO THE WORLD

"The world is the general name for all the passions. When we wish to call the passions by a common name, we call them the world. But when we wish to distinguish them by their special names, we call them passions. The passions are the following: love of riches, desire for possessions, bodily pleasure from which comes sexual passion, love of honor which gives rise to envy, lust for power, arrogance and pride of position, the craving to adorn oneself with luxurious clothes and vain ornaments, the itch for human glory which is a source of rancor and resentment, and physical fear. Where these passions cease to be active, there the world is dead.... Someone has said of the saints that while alive they were dead; for though living in the flesh, they did not live for the flesh. See for which of these passions you are alive. Then you will know how far you are alive to the world, and how far you are dead to it."

St. Isaac of Syria (6th century)

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