

## BABETTE'S FEAST

### PARTS REVIEW

Guests's meal delight and drinking a toast on the pastor's behalf

Guests's communion and expressing their thanks for the meal

Guests's confessions, time for mercy and the sister's hymn

Epilogue showing Babette's will, the reason for her

- **GUESTS'S MEAL DELIGHT AND DRINKING A TOAST ON THE PASTOR'S BEHALF**

#### **Prayer at the table**

Remember we have lost our sense of taste  
and now, let us pray using my pastor's own words.  
May the bread nourish my body  
May my body do my soul's bidding  
May my soul rise up to serve God eternally,  
Amen

#### **Comments while enjoying the meal**

Not a word about the food, not a word.

Like the wedding at Cana.  
The food is of no importance.  
We won't even think about it.

#### ***The General :***

Exquisite an Amontillado. The finest I have ever tasted outside of Spain.  
This is quite definitely a genuine turtle soup.  
It is truly the best turtle soup I've ever had in years.

#### ***Babette*** (from the kitchen)

Now the champagne. Each guest, a glass and fill the general's glass whenever it is empty.

***The man in the kitchen***

It must be some kind of lemonade.  
This is good.

***The General***

This is blinis Demidoff ! And this is certainly Veuve Clicquot 1680.

***One guest***

Yes I think it will snow all day tomorrow.

***Another guest***

I remember well my very first meeting with the Pastor. I shall never forget the sermon he preached. I was a depraved and quarrelsome person, envious and I have tried to become a good Christian. It was your father who made me see the light. Do you remember what he taught us ? “Little children love one another”. And you can’t forget him saying “Pastor, near in all time”. Friends, I can assure you Pastor’s collected sermons are among the favourite reading of Her majesty the Queen.

***A guest (about the pastor’s miracle)***

Do you remember the time indeed, it was almost a miracle, the pastor had promised to conduct a Christmas sermon at the church across the fjord ? It has been pouring, that no captain would risk the crossing. The pastor told them if no boat would take him, he would walk across to them on the waves. Three days before Christmas the storm abated. A cold spell set in and the fjord froze from shore to shore (= he was able to cross). He preached the sermon. And this had never happened before in any man’s memory. To the holliest man in the history of Denmark.

***The General (talking about his staying in Paris Café Anglais)***

On day in Paris, after I had won a riding competition, my French fellow officers invited me out to dine at one of the finest restaurants, the Café Anglais, a justly renowned restaurant. The chef [é], surprinsingly enough, was a female. We fed on (= were served) Cailles on Sarcophage, a dish of her own creation, and a delightful memory.

General Gallifet (minister of war by that time) who was our host for the evening, explained that this woman, this head chef had the ability to transform a dinner into a kind of love affair. A love affair that made no distinction between spiritual and other bodily appetite.

General Gallifet said that in the past he had fought a duel [a] for the love of a beautiful woman. But now there was no woman in Paris for whom he would shed his blood except for the Café Anglais Chef. She was considered the

greatest culinary genius. And what we are dining tonight, I assure you is nothing less than Cailles on Sarcophage.

*The guests* : Hallelujah !

*Another guest reaction* :

That it is. Man shall not merely refrain from but also reject any thought of food and drink. He is to live in state of perpetrating sin. Only then can he eat and drink in the proper spirit.

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- GUESTS'S COMMUNION AND EXPRESSING THEIR THANKS FOR THE MEAL

*A guest*

As Pastor always said "Dear brothers and sisters, the only thing we can take away from this earthly life are those we have given away".

Our dear sisters will be rich in the next life.

*The General*

A good meal, eh, aunt ?

*The aunt*

Yes, as the storm has died down, yes.

*Babette ('s indications)*

Water in the small glasses.

*The guests*

Our joy in Jesus. Oh, how exciting to be a Christian.

*A guest* (reading a verse from the bible)

"And they came unto the valley of Eschol and they cut down a branch with a cluster of raisins. And two of them bore it upon a staff".

*The General ('s thank-you speech)*

Mercy and truth have met together. Righteousness and bliss shall kiss one another. Man, in his weakness and shortsightedness believes he must make choices in this life. He trembles at the risks he takes (= the foolish doubts).

We do know fear. But no. Our choice is of no importance.

There comes a time when your eyes are opened. And we come to realize that mercy is infinite. We need only await it with confidence and receive it with gratitude. Mercy imposes no conditions. Everything we have chosen has been

granted to us. And everything we rejected has also been granted. Yes, we even get back what we rejected ; love, truth and mercy. For mercy and truth are met together. And righteousness and bliss shall kiss one another and a love Christ will illuminate the world. And save you sufferings, it is all over.

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• **GUESTS' S CONFESSIONS, TIME FOR MERCY AND THE SISTER'S HYMN**

*Another guest ('s confession)*

You rascall ! you did cheat me with that timber you sold me !

*The guest (answering)*

Yes, dear brother. I cheated you more than you realized.

*The former guest*

But I played a trick on you and you never knew.

*The guest answering*

Then I deserve it. May this meal have pleased you.

*One guest :*

You deserve God's grace Solveig. God bless you dear Solveig.

*Another guest*

You are so intelligent Christopher.

*The guest*

Brother !

*Filippa's hymn*

Oh, watch the day. Once again hurry off.  
And the sun bathe itself in water.  
The time for us to rest approaches.  
O God, Whodwelleth in heavenly light.  
Who reigns above in heaven's hall.  
Be for us our infinite light in the valley of night.  
The sand in our hourglass will soon run out.  
The day is conquered by the night.  
The glories of the world are ending.

So brief their day, so swift their flight.  
God, let Thy (=your in old English) brightness ever shine  
Admit us Thy mercy divine.

*(The General and his aunt are about to leave)*

***The General ('s love confession)***

I've been with you every day of my life.  
Say that you knew.

***Filippa***

Yes I know it.

***The General (adding)***

You must also know that I shall be with you.  
Every evening I shall dine at your table.  
Not with my body which is of no importance but with my soul,  
For I'm forever your lover and friend.  
Because this evening, I have learned, my dear, that in this beautiful world of  
ours all things are possible.

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## • EPILOGUE SHOWING BABETTE'S WILL

***A Guest***

I haven't tasted such food.

***Another***

You come to tea tomorrow.

***Guests dancing round in a circle***

To serve the Lord with our soul  
so that our true home we shall find.  
The stars have moved closer.  
Perhaps they move closer every night.  
Our Lord plays games in the sky.  
Perhaps there will be no snow this year.  
Hallelujah !

***Both sisters (to Babette)***

The dinner was just marvellous.  
Everyone realized it was a special meal.

***Babette (answering)***

At one time I was the head chef at the Café Anglais.

***One of the sisters***

We shall all remember this meal when you are back in Paris.

***Babette (answering)***

I shall not return to Paris. There is no one waiting for me there.

They are all dead and buried.

And I have no money.

***One sister***

And those 10,000 francs.

***Babette answering***

All spent. It's all gone. A meal like that at the Café Anglais costs 10,000 francs for twelve persons.

***One sister***

But dear Babette, you should not have given all you owned for us.

***Babette***

In fact, I didn't do it just for you. It wasn't just for you.

***One sister***

Yes but now, you'll be poor the rest of your life.

***Babette***

You don't understand. It's obvious. An artist is never poor.

***One sister***

You mean that is the kind of meal you cooked at the Café Anglais ?

***Babette***

I didn't cook. I practised art. When I did my meal, it's always new.

When I gave all my best, Papin (the French musician who trained one of the sisters in Denmark) knew that.

***One sister***

Achille Papin ?

***Babette***

Yes, he said “Throughout the world sounds one long cry from the heart of the artist : Give me the chance to do my very best.

***A sister***

But this is not the end Babette. You can't think it is all over.  
Surely Providence cannot allow it. In paradise, you will be the truly great artist that our merciful Lord meant you to be.

***The other sister***

Ah, how you will delight the angels !