"What Name?"

What drives me into care;

puts longing and a desire for love in my heart;

places me in the struggle between my will and my duty;

fills me with yearning to know and do;

and forces me into life?

At the same time, what makes a comedy of my care;

allows my longings to miscarry and casts me into solitude;

calls me to duty and torments me with guilt;

limits my knowing and doing;

and makes me finite?

What do I name that

which is beyond time and yet master of it,

beyond existence yet always at its heart?

 ~Rudolf Bultmann \*

“There are saints among us”. Were those of us attracted to the Institute such extraordinary people or was there something we did with one another that brought out a human quality?