

Etty Hillesum

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [May 6, 2020](#) issue

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There's no containing what we
call God, force-field of agape
love, nameless, wild, omnipresent
within the seed, the star, the sparrow,
galaxies and grains of sand, limitless
without exception, mystery beyond
our knowing, beyond and in all sons
and daughters, in those who show us
how to live, stripped of self to flower
forth, the desert blooms, the spark
ignites the Dali Lama, Desmond Tutu,
Rumi, Etty Hillesum singing, yes,
singing, on the train to the camps.