

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.