

Who am I?

Vocation as Identity

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What keeps us from finding our vocation?



My Mom

The society of our time and place.



Married: Dad is 32. Mom is 19.

International events



My Dad during World War II

Mental health





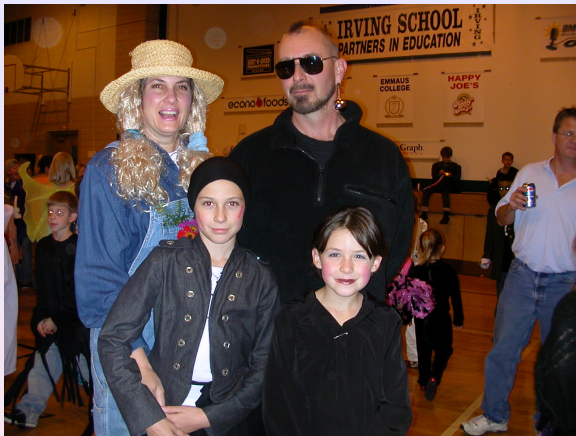
Some people do not have to search. They find their niche early in life and rest there, seemingly contented and resigned. They do not seem to ask much of life; sometimes they do not seem to take it seriously. At times I envy them, but usually I do not understand them. Seldom do they understand me.



I am one of the searchers. There are, I believe, millions of us. We are not unhappy, but neither are we really content. We continue to explore life, hoping to uncover its ultimate secret. We continue to explore ourselves, hoping to understand.



We like to walk along the beach—We are drawn by the ocean, taken by its power, its unceasing motion, its mystery and unspeakable beauty. We like forests and mountains, deserts and hidden rivers, and the lonely cities as well. Our sadness is as much a part of our lives as is our laughter. To share our sadness with one we love is perhaps as great a joy as we can know, unless it be to share our laughter.



We searchers are ambitious only for life itself, for everything beautiful it can provide. Most of all we want to love and be loved. We want to live in a relationship that will not impede our wandering, nor prevent our search, nor lock us in prison walls; that will take us for what little we have to give. We do not want to prove ourselves to another or to compete for love.



We are wanderers, dreamers and lovers lonely men and women who dare to ask of life everything good and beautiful. Those who are too gentle to live among wolves.

John Kavanaugh