

# Your Unfathomable Soul

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How easy it would all be if we could solve the problems of the world and unknot the subtleties of our souls with a computer. In the 17th century, the philosopher Leibnitz speculated that in discussing philosophical problems, we would one day simply "take up our pens, or sit down at our abacus, and say to one another — calculate." He dreamed of an age when questions of meaning would yield to answers of mathematics.

In his poem *We Are Many*, Pablo Neruda envisioned that in time he would so clearly understand all the different parts of his complicated personality that, "When I try to speak of my problems I shall speak, not of self, but of geography." Finally yielding to clear borderlines would be all the confusion, conflict and romance of the self.

Nonetheless here we are, after thousands of years of study and introspection, capable of surprising ourselves. Passions upend us; soul-strength comes upon us as if unbidden at challenging moments; we beat our hearts in repentance and each New Year the soundings from our chests are different and unpredictable.

It can be tiring, even dispiriting, to discover anew how little we know about ourselves. But mostly it is invigorating to understand that we refuse to yield to understanding. We will continue to confound ourselves, and each other, until the end of time. Hallelujah for the unfathomable soul.