

**THE WILL TO BE WHOLE**  
**in psychodrama theory and practice**  
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What do I do with the part of me I don't like? Is exorcism, whether hypnotic or religious, the answer? Should I wish it would go away, or pretend that it doesn't exist? You've tried that. It doesn't work. What if I claim it as mine? If this is me, I'm the one to deal with it. But how?

**Let Positives Include Negatives**

As you grew into a personal identity, weren't you clearer on who you were not than who you were? And doesn't defining what is negative prepare the way for forming a more adequate concept of who you are? Without the negative, how could the positive stand out, showing the way for our going beyond where we were before? We do not dispose of the negative as waste to be gotten rid of, but as vital to the illumination of positive realization. So don't obsess on a bottom line, for what we encounter as we go may be more fruitful. Besides, I'm not always sure I recognize a bottom line as **the** bottom line when I come to it.

More confirmation of the common habit of thinking in terms of opposites comes from the Kent Rosanoff Word Association Test, which provides frequency tables for 100 stimulus words, such as 'black,' 'soft,' 'sour' and 'slow.' You are to respond with the first word to pop into your mind. Check it out. 'White,' 'hard,' 'sweet,' and 'fast' come long before 'night.' 'pillow,' 'tart,' and 'easy.' See their *Manual of Psychiatry*, pp 889-937. We rely on opposites before synonyms to keep us on track. This suggests how memory of language may be coded outside our immediate awareness.

Language may require images. Though images can operate on their own, they surely have supported language as we were learning it. With constant usage it is as if the language has become the image, so that in rapid processing it isn't any longer necessary to return to the root. Indeed, it may not be possible.

Whenever we make the attempt we readily come up with imagery, but don't assume this is the original imagery. Rather, we construct something for the occasion. How do we construe what we've accessed? Unless we're artists, we resort to language, which is circular. Consider how we learn a second language as adults. Usually in terms of our native language. If we go to the country where everyone speaks the second language every day, and immerse ourselves in their language culture, we mix the new words with our current activity, and they become part of us. Before long we become fluent speakers of another language and no longer even think in our native tongue, unless we go back home.

Words and images sustain the stories we see, hear, and live through. We don't file them away as if on video-tape, but as variable pieces on a steady background. What we retrieve at will is not a faithful replay of what once was, but a reconstruction plausible enough to pass as accurate. When written or photo recordings are made available for comparison, the discrepancies may shock us. The discrepancies are not random, but are a function of who we are. My memories are mine. When shared with others who were there on the scene with me back then, our interaction may increase the accuracy of what we reinsert into memory, displacing our initial recall, but more than that, how I've re-registered the memory reflects my personal perception and echoes me even more. No one remembers everything. So we unconsciously select what shall remain, that we may claim what we need when we need it.

In amnesias we don't forget everything. Abilities we retain may have lost their owner's tag. So my present behavior lacks a personal context. This leaves me 'at sea,' until chance provides a key through some back door, which restores recognitions. Is this a clue to a more general process, whereby less readily accessible memories constitute our unconscious? If so, we can appreciate Freud's iceberg analogy, which may even understate the vast extent of psychic processes outside awareness. The division of labor between conscious and unconscious may normally serve us well, but when the need for therapy arises, we may be required to modify the boundary.

We speak of that as 'raising consciousness' or 'putting the past to rest.' Were it not for stories we would not be able to gather coherent memories. Without them we would not even recognize who we are. All my memories of past events have been coded in terms of my body in action, time and space. This is why theater staging is such an aid to recall. When directors grasp the emerging story they have a vital clue to

where protagonists have been, a choice of strategies toward working through conflict, and possible futures where one may win. Thus protagonists intend their futures.

### Positive and Negative Polarities

I no longer pursue entities and essences but favor instead action and relationships. Some of these ideas are already widely shared. Others may strike you as new. Among the troubled we find rapid shifting between negative and positive behavior, which more often than not turn out to be two aspects of a single phenomenon, especially when approached as dialectic dialogue on stage.

Jung called our public self-presentation the persona archetype, over against a 'shadow' archetype, which we not only keep from the world, but often from ourselves as well. His task as healer was to restore the shadow to consciousness. A Scot philosopher, John MacMurray, whose Gifford Lectures were published as *The Self as Agent and Persons in Relation*, proposed the same general perspective with regard to opposites.

I'm always a doer. Only occasionally am I a thinker. I can't conceive of myself standing utterly alone. I've always been in relationships. I would not exist but for the relationships which nurtured me, and which are still in me. All I do, all I've ever done has been in the presence of others, and when there are no people around, there are the people within, and the divine Presence I experience both out there and in here.

Do I have a soul? I am a soul, which includes my body. I've never experienced body apart from spirit, the source of my living. Mind is an abstraction, involving cognitive functions, which exist only so long as I exist. To ask how it relates to body is an improper way to separate the inseparable. I am replete with feelings and emotions, but I reject the suggestion they impinge on me as if from the outside. There is no separate little me in my brain to process everything going on inside and outside me. I see my body as me. I own feelings and emotions as mine.

Language offers the distinction between subject and object, 'I' and 'me.' When I monitor the deeds I'm doing, it is 'me' I see. I can't get a handle on myself monitoring. Every time I try to I end up with more of 'me.' When we do something together you respond to my ongoing me. What comes from me to you is always the product of that self-conscious relationship within me. You cannot penetrate to its source any more than I can, for you are in the same boat. Though we doers get along well with our own me's and each other's, the agents behind them move so swiftly neither you nor I can lay hold of each other's or our own.

Yet we have the impression we know one another's 'me's.' We wouldn't but for an 'I' in each of us. All the 'me's' are particular selves. The 'I' of theory and observation has been called 'ego,' but it is nevertheless **the self**. My 'I' and your 'I' are beyond science.

Note how we're accumulating polarities, I relate to me, you relate to you. When we relate with each other, it is then as a pair relates with a pair. The self-conscious pair which is me or myself, and the self-conscious pair which is you or yourself could not have come into being without a facilitating environment we'll call a world, nor can they continue without an ever changing world we hold more or less in common. The world recedes into the background as we relate strongly with each other, and we forget it's there, at least for a while, but let something unexpected happen and our relationship with that world becomes a matter of major concern. Relative constancy of the world gives us time to get our bearings.

Our protagonists are not so fortunate. Uncertainties within their worlds render relationships problematic. No wonder they're confused. We help them simplify. Healers have so much control over the therapy setting we can stabilize a world for them. Severe cases are staged with a protagonist together with only one other, begin with protagonist and director, but very soon to add an auxiliary representing someone in his or her life. Those aware of a spiritual dimension may choose to ask some special person to represent their spirituality. Protagonists progressively shift focus toward auxiliaries, while directors recede into the background.

I am no less important to the process, but protagonists don't have to worry about me. Having seen me on stage with others, their first hand experience lets them safely turn attention to themselves. I become more influential just because of this. I facilitate change protagonists only know through what happens to their relationship with the auxiliary, which alteration then in some small measure becomes transferable to the

person the auxiliary represents. When it carries over to the protagonist's significant other, this in turn allows the protagonist to respond in a different way than the way things have been going. Change is underway.

As director I come to be present within the protagonist's off stage interaction with the real person the auxiliary represented on stage. I am the new ingredient in the protagonist's world which allows him to be different than he was before. How is the protagonist able to make that shift? Because that's what we were building on stage, a new world for the protagonist to live within. Analysts may speak of transference, but as director I see myself representing a world for the protagonist. And how can that be? In the theater I orchestrate all that happens. Therefore all he has to keep track of is me, and I've become the Rock of Gibraltar. All the attention and energy the protagonist used to dissipate in trying to hold a world together is being automatically taken care of by a director he's come to trust. Now he can get something done.

Protagonists exhaust themselves in keeping tight control of themselves. The larger part of them lies outside awareness, off on its own tangent, constantly tripping them up. Protagonists pause at what they're doing to repair the situation as best they can. While occupied with suffering, the protagonist sees others in gear, moving steadily ahead, while he falls farther and farther behind. He may not remember who called him a loser while he was growing up, but *here is evidence they're right. I am a loser*, he says. He may just give up, or find out who's to blame. Our task is to lead him out of the negative victim role to a positive role. I acknowledge both negative and positive, and seek to shift the protagonist into a positive posture, which creatively re-frames the negative.

### Theater Opens Doors

To think in terms of theater opens many doors. I shall sketch similarities and differences between playing a part on stage and playing one's role in life. Both are initially proscribed, 'givens which were there before I came onto the scene. The culture is in them. Both call upon my willingness to act accordingly. In effect I have made that choice to live out 'this role' at this time in my life. What impels me to do this?

Both take place on a kind of stage. We are present for others; others are present for us. A selection of others interact directly with us. Their being-there is essential to our doing what we do---and vice versa. These are the main characters and the bit-part players vis-a-vis me. In both we pass through a series of scenes with a continuity that may not be altogether apparent in the short run, but which shows its relevance over the long run.

In both one encounters persons as obstacles, whose goals compete with ours. With resourcefulness (=spontaneity) we resolve (or find promise in resolving) conflict in the protagonist's favor, hopefully at no expense to anyone else. Indeed, if we can manage it, to their benefit. Conflicts have outcomes. Of course there may be a series of outcomes, often negative, before the final positive outcome, end of play or end of life.

### To Be Made Whole

#### Mona Psychodrama I, age 26

**My feelings were broken** Mona came to psychodrama today expecting to be protagonist. The group lined up behind her over the other two possibilities. She was ready to deal with the loss of her mother when she was five. I interviewed the protagonist as if she were her mother when mother was 26, her age at her death. She was a thin blond who wore a perpetual smile. They had been married 7 years and had 3 children. Mona was the middle child between sisters. Mother worked in a fireworks factory, but had cancer the last 3 years of her life. A month before she died mother sent Mona to live with relatives.

1) We went to the last time Mona saw her mother alive. Mother wrote Mona a letter. With Mona in the role reversed position as mother, we had 'mother' speak the letter to her daughter. (In reality mother handed the letter to little Mona, so that she could read it later). Mother said, *I'm going away, and I can't come back. I'm upset that I can't do things with you anymore. I want you to know that I'm sick and that I love you. I've written this for you to have something to remember me by.* Then they brought in one child after the other till mother had seen them all. Today I gave Mona the chance to say, as if she were still five, whatever she'd felt at the time but had been unable to express, and finally I conferred upon her present wisdom, despite her youth then. So Mona pleaded, *I need you. Don't leave me. Can't you come back for the holidays? I know you have no choice. If you did you'd never have left. I love you very much.*

2) Mona mentioned in passing how she'd acted at the funeral home, pulling off flower petals. In an imaginary scene I brought mother back from the dead, so that Mona could say how she felt about that now. *I'm sorry for the childish way I acted. I tried to be happy.* 'Mother' replied: You were a child; you didn't know what was going on. Mona said, *Don't hate me. I wanted to be the perfect child for you. Was I?* Mother said, *You were.* They held one another for a long time amidst a flood of tears.

3) Mona brought mother up-to-date. Two months after mother died, Dad remarried, and let stepmother throw her out onto the street when she was eleven, where she was brutally beaten up and left almost unrecognizable in the hospital for months. Mona screamed at mother, *Where were you when I needed you?*

4) Mona chose three chairs, into each of which she placed a person to represent important relationships in her life. So Mona showed her mother how things stand with them, addressing them one at a time. We began with stepmother: *You beat me with that leather belt till I bled, but I never let you see me cry. There is no pain you could suffer that would bother me a bit. I'd like to see you suffer.*

Mona role reversed with mother, for 'mother' to react to stepmother too. *How dare you ever put your hands on my child! She was a good kid, tender, precious, kind. If I were on earth you'd be dead.*

I reversed Mona into the role of the stepmother to have her say whatever would be helpful. 'Stepmother' said, *Take me to the hospital. I'm having a heart attack.* to which Mona responded, *Die!* The group laughed. Mona was entitled to her anger.

5) Next came the father chair. Mona said, *You were always there for me when I was little. Then when Mom died you turned to the bottle. You watched stepmom beat me. I even overdosed, leaving a trail of pills to my room where you'd find me. But you said I'd sleep it off.*

In the role of mother speaking to dad, 'mother' said, *I left you with the responsibility for my kids. You brought a stranger into my home. I left you my heart and soul on my deathbed. You screwed up these kids for the rest of their lives, especially in kicking Ona out when she was eleven. I could care less about your living or dying.*

Then Mona reversed into dad's role, speaking as dad would, *I did the best I could. Don't you think you deserved some of those punishments?* Here's what she'd like dad to say: *You're right. I heard you crying. I'm sorry. I should've protected you.*

Mona as herself told father: *You told me you couldn't tell me if you had loved my mom. For years I tried to work things out between us. You should be a man, but you're not. You're a wimp. I want nothing more to do with you."*

6) Next we focused on Mona's husband. She told her mother: *I have a great husband and baby. I know you must've been watching over me when I found Phil.*

'Mother' turned to Phil: *There hasn't been a blessing in her life more wonderful than you. I'm so happy you were there for her. Thank you for supporting her, so that she can smile again.*

I role reversed Mona into the Phil position, so that 'Phil' could address mom: *Mona's a good person. I'm helping her the best way I can. We can work through this.*

Then 'he' turned to Mona: *I'm here all the way. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. I love you. I've felt your pain. I can't wait for you to come home.* All three hug.

7) I asked Mona what was still bothering her. *I want to yell at my mom for not being here for me,* she answered.

So to mother Mona said: *I know this is childish, but I'm mad that you left. You weren't there for me, but I know you couldn't help it. I want you back so bad. I wanted you to be there for my baby's birth, her christening, and every holiday. I'm sorry I'm mad, but I miss you.*

'Mom:' *I understand. Don't feel guilty.* They embraced.

8) The protagonist asked for a scene to apologize to her husband and her daughter. We met three year old Kay. She said, *Grandma takes care of me while you're gone. I look more like dad than mom.*

Mother said she was *a very smart little girl.* Ona told Phil he was a big part of her recovery, and she thanked him. Mona told Kay, *I'll never leave you again. I'm sorry I was mad at you and acted like a monster. My feelings were broken, but they're getting better.*

Back in Kay's role, 'Kay' said to the auxiliary representing Mona, *Then why were you mean to me? Why did you call me stupid?"*

Back in her own role Mona replied: *I'm sorry for that. That's why I went to the hospital, but I'm getting better. My baby will never shed another tear over me.* Dad chimed in. The family embraced.

9) We concluded with an intrapsychic scene. Mona chose a double and told the double how she felt about Mona, how she despised her. sometimes she wasn't smart, nor pretty, not a lot of good things.

With Mona reversed back into the self represented by her double, listening to the criticisms, I asked her how old she was. Taken by surprise, she said 26.

I pointed to the critical part of herself (where the double now sat) and I said, *She's 26 over there, but how old are you over here?* She understood and said '12.'

So at 12 she responded. *You're right. Sometimes I'm not those things, sometimes I am. Don't say mean things to me. I need you to mother me. I need love, compassion, sharing, time to do stuff for myself, time to be me. I want to see the sky and say it's pretty."*

The 26 year old said, "I want these things for you. Don't blow it."

As 12: *Love me, be patient with me and I will be these things.* Mona dropped out of role for a moment, afraid that it might be too late. *Not if you take care of your 12 year old, accepting her as she is, and loving her anyway,* I said, calling for an embrace, which they did, with more tears.

At one point I asked the group if they thought Mona deserved the kind of mothering the 12 year old longed for and the group was unanimous in their support.. Sharing was enthusiastic. Most of the audience had been in tears some time or other throughout the psychodrama. Mona had arrived at a good place.

**Mona Psychodrama 2**, two weeks later. **A bird hits a high window** Mona described herself as "drained and directed." By 'directed' she had reference to her wearing blinders like a horse. If protagonist she'd talk with father and stepmother, telling them what she's done at the hospital, how she has been working through the pain they brought her. A bird colliding with a high window caught her attention. "I'm like that bird," she said.. The group chose her.

1) We began with the blinders metaphor. I set up a corridor of chairs to represent the blinders, with Mona at one end, had her look down the corridor, to see what was at the other end. She knelt down to put the blinders at eye level, and said she couldn't see very well, but she said it is a happy place like a gateway to a Six Flags amusement park. Over at the far end are hopes and dreams, which drew her forward, but with very little steps, as if hobbled with a rope. Simultaneously she sensed being pushed from behind. Dreams and hopes were personified as husband and daughter at the far end of the corridor, longing for her return. She felt frustrated and guilty not to be at home. Her self-confidence low she said " I can't promise what I'll be when I return. No guarantees." If she ran down the corridor, she imagined being like a bird hitting the high window.

2) She'd come up against a wall. We 'concretized' the wall with a row of chairs between her and the audience. She role reversed with this wall, giving the wall a voice, which said that behind the wall lay fear, pain, heartache and shame. The wall is made of brick and concrete, taller than Mona. As the wall she said, *I'm very strong. Ona tries to get around me but she can't. I protect her, but she's trying to knock me down. I'm her friend. I've been here so long. Now she wants to put me aside. I won't let her.*

Back in her own role, Mona said to the wall: *I'm afraid to go home. You need to go away so that I can show my emotions. I can't look big and strong, because I'm not."* The 'wall' replied, *I'm not going anywhere.* Mona said, *I don't want you to be so big.*

I explained that the wall was there to protect her. The wall said, What can I do then, to help you?

Mona said, *Kay is the most important thing in the world to me, but I can't spend more than five hours with her or I'll lose it.* Mona complained to the wall: *You get in my way. I need to be myself with my family. I need you to go away.* But she negotiates. *Maybe you could put small things behind you, but not so large that you get in the way with what matters to me the most.*

3) I had Mona take the role of her daughter Kay. We learned that three year old Kay likes to 'drive' her pink convertible. *Mommy's in the hospital because her feelings are broken,* Kay explained in answer to my

question. Mona chose an auxiliary to represent her daughter, and addressed her, saying *You know that I'm here for you. I want you to come to me. I've been mean to you, but I don't want to do that again. I'm not perfect.*

The auxiliary as little Kay replied, *I'm glad you're not perfect. If you were, I'd have to be perfect too.*

Mother Mona continued: *I want to be there for you, but sometimes I don't like you.*

Quickly I reversed Mona into Kay's role, asking little Kay to tell Mona whether she understood. Kay replied: *I understand you try. I don't want everything, just your love. Grandma told me you didn't buy me at K-Mart, and you don't have a receipt. I'm a gift from God.* The comment overwhelmed Mona.

4) I asked Mona when she'd felt like that. In the seventh grade she'd come home from school sick. She wore ragged jeans and tee shirt. Her stepmother challenged her right to be home, and refused to believe her when she protested: *I'm really sick.*

Stepmother shouted at Mona's father, *Do something with her!* She screamed at little Mona. *You don't do what you're supposed to. I oughta smack you. Mona cowered. Can I please go to the doctor?"*

*No!* stepmother bit back at her; *You were there just the other day.* Out of role, Mona commented to the director, *I'd be on the floor.*

*And afterwards?* I asked:

*I'd be in my room praying and crying, 'Why does she do this to me?' All I want is for her to love me. I didn't think that God loved me then, but I do now, because He gave me my husband and our daughter.*

5) I brought her back into a scene modified by Mona's present wisdom and the ability to speak her mind to stepmother without fear of reprisal. *I hate you sooo much,* she said. Like we were on the Johnny Carson show I asked, *Just how much do you hate her?* Mona rose to the bait. *I'd tie her to an airplane landing strip, and have a 747 land on her face. And I'd do it to Dad! I don't want to call her Mom,* Mona said, *She made me.*

6) Mona addressed an auxiliary representing her father. *You hurt me more than she did, but not in the same way. I've learned something here. You needed somebody and she was the first to come along. You fulfilled your need. And I got beat up, for no reason.* 'Father' asked: *Was I supposed to step in? Yes!* Mona screamed. *You were never there for me. You never protected me.*

Staging is vital here. Auxiliaries representing mother and father were seated next to each other in these last two scenes. We brought up empty chairs to the far side of each, and called upon the auxiliary who represented little Mona to sit next to the stepmother, and the auxiliary who represented the husband to sit next to Mona's father. We directed Mona's attention to the main males in her life and the main females, and raised the question as to whether she ever confused them. Instantly she got the point, that her feelings toward the stepmother spilled over onto Kay, and sometimes feelings toward her father spilled onto her husband.

7) In an intrapsychic scene she confronted herself in the form of her double sitting opposite. "I can't believe you did such stupid stuff," she said, referring to outbursts at home which brought her to the hospital. She and the double reversed roles. Where the double had been, she said: *When I did that, I was so alone. Today's Mona wasn't there for me. I needed to be strong. I don't need your punishment. I need your love. You're so stupid!* the critical Mona persisted. *I'm stupid when you're not with me,* she replied [a major thesis of this paper]. Again the critic condemned: *Why can't you make a decision on your own?* As prompted, Mona in the role of the double replied: [again supporting our thesis] *I need all of me. I need you too. I want to be a strong person, and the one sitting over there is strong. But so harsh?* I asked. Mona stood up to the critic: *You did some bad things, but you came to the hospital for help. By myself I'm helpless. You need to be there for me. OK, I'll help,* that side of herself agreed, *but how? Remember who you're really angry with.* Mona referred to the three chairs of a previous scene, and then added, *Sometimes I forget.* The other said, "I'll remind you. I need you to take care of this child inside you. Don't criticize so much. I hear your negatives. Why don't I hear your positives? [NB: our focus on negatives and positives]. The auxiliary replied, *Let down the wall.* Mona responded: *I've tried. You don't hear me but I hear you.* I re-defined the extremes of Mona as the contrast between 'grown-up Mona' and 'the little girl inside you.' Then I reminded her of her feelings toward Kay, saying that 'the little girl inside' needed quite as much and

deserved no less. At last grown-up Mona said to the girl inside: *As you grow older I'll make sure you know that you're special. Can you understand what you've got? You got it so good.* The double replied. *I need you to tell me.* So she did. They celebrated their union with a hug, and we cut scene.

I interpreted that one additional (to stepmother) possible basis for some of the negative feeling toward the three year old may have been the contrast between life for the three year old and life as it had been for Mona when she was growing up! Of course the little girl would seem uncooperative and unappreciative, and Mona growing up would've been delighted to have it half as good as she, but little Kay had no way to know that. Fortunately for her, the world hadn't been as bad to her as it had been for her mother. We brought Kay back to the stage for her mother to say whatever she wanted to say to her.

Mona said, *I'm sorry. I expect too much of a three year old.* The double in role as the inner child said, I love you. You're pretty. Mona declared, *I love you, too,* viewing the two side-by-side together.

9) We returned to the initial stage setting with its corridor of blinders. As Mona produced them in action, she named them as stepmother and father, and identified each, respectively, as *what I don't want to be to Kay and what I don't want to be to Phil.* She agreed she should cut herself some slack, and be more gentle with herself.

Her peers shared well with her, and she seemed relieved.

Healing stories describe the situations in Ona's psychodramas. They show the activity of 'universal stressors,' stories 10 and 11, for which stories 19, 20, and 21 function as counterscripts.

#### Generalizations

1. Healing is movement toward wholeness, including healing of body and spirit (=soul). Purely cognitive approaches risk leaving the body behind, and somatic approaches invite sabotage from the unacknowledged spirit.
2. Healing comes from within, in response to the interaction between healer and healed.
3. Healing is an intentional deed. When the healer asks, "Will you be made whole?" he is asking that the paralyzed man declare his intention, that is, choose his future.
4. We cannot effectively intend if we are divided within ourselves. Kierkegaard understood this and advised that we *will but one thing.*
5. Healing occurs within community, for whether or not the community is present in fact, it is there within us. This is the obvious merit of group approaches.
6. Stories teach us about healing, and invite us to rewrite our own ongoing stories. If I've been healed, I've turned a corner.

#### Some Pertinent Stories

**Story 20:** Roles: Nurturers= those who see youth through its struggles, such as teachers, coaches...etc. Nurtured= those who benefit. They attract Monitors. See *Dazed and Confused, Huckleberry Finn, The Breakfast Club, Catcher in the Rye, Nick Adams, Hansel and Gretel, Great Expectations, Stand by Me, A River Runs thru It.* **Story 21. Transform:** Hero changes dramatically, becomes new person. Catharsis likely. Religious, political conversions See: *Scrooge, My Fair Lady, Ordinary People, Kramer vs Kramer*

#### Postscript: Spiritual Coordinates

This is familiar religious territory. For the Holiness Movement, Story 19 finds expression as 'Salvation from sin,' or being 'born again,' whereas Story 21 suggests 'Sanctification,' 'being cleansed from inbred sin.' Traditionally, repentance precedes salvation, and unconditional surrender or consecration precede sanctification. [When I wear my theological hat I suggest we see it the other way round, viz: Salvation precedes repentance, makes repentance possible. And sanctification precedes surrender, making utter, unconditional submission possible. That maximizes Grace. Otherwise repentance and surrender may be construed as earning or somehow deserving the blessings. But I won't insist on it. I never insist on theological subtleties anyway].

And what of the middle category, No. 20, Nurture? Have you ever seen Horace Bushnell's classic *Christian Nurture?* His thesis is that far from needing to be 'born again' a child can be raised a Christian with no need for the child ever think he was ever outside the faith.

William James' classic *Varities of Religious Experience* distinguishes between the Once Born and the Twice Born religious temperaments. Institutional and liturgical persons prefer the former, whereas evangelicals today prefer the latter.