

Review

Children and Perfection

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Abstract

This paper demonstrates the incredible fact that “perfection” science strives after exists in children, whose thinking-mode beyond science is followed here. This is a scientific paper beyond science to guide science. Perfection is kid-alive. Sections from a. to n. depict astute fun, casual perfection, clumsy immaturity, deep music, half-truths opening out, parenting adult excellences, and ever birthday today.

Of course all sciences strive after perfection, even trying to define what perfection is. This essay demonstrates the incredible fact that perfection concretely exists for science to pattern after. Perfection is children for whom we care. Now demonstration of this fact is beyond science, in the realm of children unconcerned with adult science. We adults must understand children in their own mode that is delightfully concrete common sense, bordering on poetry. This childish sense includes metaphors and even grammatical irregularities. Their peculiar argument and wording, if any, “correct” our adult scientific orthodoxy.

“Perfection” staid and neat is neatly dead, and nothing dead is perfect. Perfection must be alive as the child jumping. This essay a tiny tot toddling to marvel at wonders of the child’s primordial power our root, bubbling forth to begin and begin again, hopping in rambling sections from a. to n., roughly clustered around astute fun, casual perfection, invincible immaturity, deep music, half-truths opening out, parenting adult excellences, forever birthday today; these themes are all “kid-stuff,” doing show-and-tell in the kindergarten of life so noisy crazy, so irrepressible irresistible. That is perfection.

Do you complain of how random and disorderly this essay is? Look. What child is not messy? Don’t you know how any baby dies when cleaned too much? Babies are just tiny unnoticed turtles persistently dragging their dirty tails in wet mud (Merton, 2010), fooling around anywhere they casually want to crawl. The child is just too alive to be systematized; this essay is too much giggling with children to line up logically clean. In fact, the kid-incidents cited below are randomly picked—for they are too many—out of outrageous gifts of kid-joys overflowing my life.

Sorry about the mess of this paper, but enjoyment is guaranteed as

you read these pages jumping alive as children. But an all-important theme penetrates this essay. It is that nothing is more indispensable than having fun living, and none is more expert at having fun than children, and so if we want to live at all, we had better go play with children, our tender parents in the know.

The Child, the Perfect

Even the “absolute eternal God” of Judeo-Christian faith is alive, resenting, repenting, and rejoicing, all depending on how his created human beings behave. John even says that in our inter-human loving, divine love is perfected (1John 4:12). Even the Kid-God Jesus says Perfect Kingdom belongs to immature kids. This announcement is so surprising that all three Gospels record it. Matthew 19:14, Mark 10:14, Luke 18:16. John 3:3 goes even further, saying that we must be reborn (into a baby) before even seeing the Kingdom itself. How could Papa-God resist loving his own kids so dirty so naughty? Such surprising perfection is kid-alive!

Looking at children, we realize we must learn about what perfection is. Children teach us on how imperfect even our idea of “perfection” is. Perfection is what we live on, so children teach us on how to live. We have no perfect children, we say, yet they do show us perfection. Perfection lives fully at present to live future, and living today to live [1,2] tomorrow is children. If you disagree, give me your “perfection.” I stand by this intimate kinship between children and perfection. This intimacy gives me much joy.

The Child The True, the Beginning, and the Root

You would then ask me why I adore the child. Here is my answer, simple and surprising, even to myself. The child is divine inside

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me and outside. St. Anselm famously defined his God as “that than which nothing greater can be conceived.” We can also define the child as that than which nothing more basic can be conceived. So the child is as absolute as the Greatest Basic.

And that is what Li Chih 李贽 (1520-1602) meant. His “Heart of the Child 童心” in us is our true heart 真心 that ever begins us 初. Losing it, we turn false 假, and no studies or practices can replace our falsehood. Having it, all we do and say turn full and authentic, charged with primal kid-power of the beginning of all things [3].

Coming back to the child in us, we turn full and tough afresh. To create, we just come home to the child. Having started living as the child, we must start now as the child. That is what we are; it is how we live. The child is our be-all and end-all. The child is our perfection. So says Li.

Agreeing with him, I push him further and say, all this is because the child as our heart and our true beginning is our root. Rooted in this child heart, we shall be solid and stable in our authenticity, and turn powerful. The primal child-music sings through us, moving things. Almost all Chinese classics have chapters on music. They all begin at vibrating our total being, shaking up shouting and dancing out the music of our being-vibration, resonating through Heaven and Earth. Is this not “child”?

We judge music—composition, performance—not by how cleverly it is crafted but by how transparently it vibrates forth this cosmic root-power of the child. What is important is not no-missing notes but basic root-coherence. Jascha Heifetz manipulates both notes and emotion, while Yehudi Menuhin and Georg Kulenkampff let music through. Menuhin hugs silence of music, as Kulenkampff sings the silence heartily.

This is perfection; nothing needs be added. The rest is just decoration. Putting on powder is useless unless one is wholesome, and our root-wholesomeness is the ruddy child flowing in and out to give me joy singing. This is why the child attracts us for no specific reason other than that the child is our basic power. Our caring for tender children nurtures our root that parents us, as Wordsworth aptly sings, “The Child is father of the Man [4].” This famous line is part of “My Heart Leaps up When I Behold” in *The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* (Wordsworth, 1904).

Now “tender” is Janus two-faced, the one facing in-and-personal, in pain, the other facing out-interpersonal, felt tenderly, and facing one way is facing the other. I am tender-felt to a baby tender as I am tender-pained facing him. “Tender” is tender to my heart toward tender kids, and am tender in pain, as China has “I love疼you” as “I pain疼 you.” “Care” originally means grief, too. Such heartfelt com-*passion* is noted by Mencius as unbearable heart-sensitivity to people, 不忍人之心, and by Jesus performing Mercy-miracles

in his visceral co-pathos, *splanchnizomai* [5].

The child is music yelling dancing; they never whisper, not even when their sister baby is sleeping. Hearing these children cheering, listens to our own deep self tuned at the root. Such original shouting music is often silent, too. I once asked a tiny missy, “Do you want to be pretty?” She nodded, shy soft. I was so soul-touched as to whisper, “I do, too,” and we parted good friends. She is still nodding so precious in me-in-tears.

That is eternal music, still singing in my heart. Nothing is more perfect. The rest of this essay is my stunned appreciation of some of such bewildering exhibitions of this root-power of the child so awesome so casual, so alive and so irrepressible. The child just bubbles out. I cannot stop this child-invasion, for I do not even want to stop it. I am totally disarmed.

The Child Disarms us, in Rhythm so Casual so Astute

Children simply disarm us. Perfection must disarm us, or else it is no perfection. Writing about all this perfection in children gives me so much joy no one can take away. Perfection must be such joy or it is no perfection. Children dance life in perfect rhythm so contagious. Perfection is contagion of rhythm wailing or elating. The children hop, skip, and jump “Once-u-Pon-a-Time” to “Live, Happily, Ever-After. The, End,” and then they say, “Do-it-a-Gain!” Perfection dances kids’ rhythm, again and again.

We tell children how we adore them, and they just stare at us. They don’t know adoration, they just want fun playing. That is perfection! These children are our salvation. Poets are born in them, so are scientists. We need to be poets and scientists to be human, for which we need to be the child.

“Kids know nothing about money, right?” On the contrary, kids are good at bartering and giving. Money is to be spent away, not hoarded to rot away. Kids show us how best to handle money. Not learning from children on money is the root of world miseries. To think on children cleanses our mind and our world into smiling, to make and spend money just rightly in smiles; now money is no longer a headache but a means to laughing together.

Furthermore, the children’s straight judging and stunning insights are situation-rhyming stratagems, in their indomitable humor to bounce through any warring cutthroat days. Dr. Trueblood cited the brave humor of soldiers putting their lives in the frontline of mortal struggles that gloriously fulfilled their mission[6] (Trueblood, 1964), but he failed to show how their “humor” derives from his four-year-old child. Casual invincibility of undaunted humor in any conflict is children’s.

Children no Failure

“You must be kidding, pal! Kids are so clumsy so cruel, don’t

you know?” How insensitive can you be, pal? Kids’ cruelty lasts five minutes or less; our adult hatred lasts in wars for 50 years or more. Who is more “cruel”? Besides, no child wants to stay a child; self-dissatisfaction prods them growing ahead. Aren’t we touting ourselves how great we are as adults now? Education nurtures self-dissatisfaction. Kids self-educate happily; we are educated willy-nilly hating it as hell. Who is clumsier?

“But kids make mistakes all the time.” O, no, they never do. Look. Whatever Tommy draws is all right full, and so all is “right.” No mistake can seep in. He draws an airplane, oops, a car. O dear, it’s now a tree. It’s magic! Everything is thus full here now. Everything keeps pretending, as it is tending-stretching pre-forward. We call it self-education; they call it “singing” that Tommy is dancing drawing, here now, and there is no other “here now.”

So, school is a fun-place “doing things.” His teacher grades him, not he. Does he “have to repeat the same grade”? He has no “have to,” for repeat is fun, and fun-repeating does not repeat the “same” stuff, nor does fun have “have to.” Everything Tommy does is fun; he has no failure, only fun. Tessie (aged 12) went to Spelling Bee, and was eliminated at the word “dramaturgy.” I her Akong-grandpa was so upset, but not she. It was her “dramaturgy,” doing her fun-drama. She did not fail; she had fun. If her days so dramatic are not perfect, there exists no perfection.

You see, “mistakes,” “failures,” and “immaturity” look back. Children only look ahead. So, they look forward here now to the next moment, and “the next moment” is always filled with hope, and nothing can be against hope, for we always hope for the better. Children live in hope here now so full filled with future fun. Isn’t their world “perfect” as can be?

“Don’t they plan?” They don’t plan; they pre-tend, extending their here now ahead of them, here now. They are crooks, and they are policemen; they are sick, and they are doctors. They have fun doing so, pretending their future now. “Don’t we do so, too?” Yes, but we do it with no fun. They do it with fun, ever en-joying it to the full. That is the difference. That difference makes our life so full of failures and mistakes, in remorse in headaches. Our days are headaches.

Children have no headache, and even laughed at an old man—in love with children—who had no headache! I told them they have no headache, and then they began laughing at themselves with no headache! I do not know why having no headache is such fun, but, to think of it, having fun has no headache, now does it? They play no-headache in having fun at having no-headache! Perfection has no headache, either, lived by kids.

“Don’t children have pain and sorrows?” Of course they do, and they heartily wail out their pain, and they make a clean breast of it and forget it all. They have constantly been mistreated and even

tortured, and they die silently so clean. Sad or happy, live or die, they keep going so clean so full. That is why we say they go straight to Heaven. We adults mistreating them shed tears over “poor little children”—what are we? Monsters?—but they don’t care, you see. They are so clean![7].

Perfection in Child-Immaturity

Kids are still shouting and laughing now, as they are living in eternity here now, to grow natural alive. But they don’t care. They just laugh and shout! Not caring a bit is the eternity of the Kingdom of God! No wonder, eternal kingdom belongs to kids, as Jesus the kid says. Kids just give us shouting joy, for nothing! So does God’s Kingdom; it is theirs who don’t care!

Jesus declared, not that children is part of the Kingdom of God, not even that children belong to the Kingdom, but that it is to children that the whole perfect Kingdom of God supreme belongs. His declaration so stunned all the gospel-writers that they all record his saying almost identically. Matthews 19:14=Mark 10:14=Luke 18:16. John 3:3 says so likewise, a stunning passage that stunned Nicodemus so smart a scholar. The mystery here is bottomless, as we are surprised by this kid-Joy of all joys. This theme is worth meditating. What I’ve got so far is as follows, all of which gives me joys exquisite, invincible, ineffable, and irresistible.

But how could immaturity be what Perfect Kingdom belongs? So let us zero in on kid-immaturity. In fact, immaturity is of supreme importance more than any other admirable features of the children. A toddler of two and a half years suddenly blustered, “Kó-chui (Cute)!” Everyone laughed, and he laughed with them. That was so cute of him! His very shouting “cute” showed him cute. He was right there and then a wonderfully tight coherence so self-referential that it spreads happy laughter all around.

His ignorance so empty, just laughing with everyone laughing, is divine bliss all refreshing. That is also why we laughed. No one would dare explain their laughter to him, and he would not understand it anyway. He was perfect as he was. Now, such kid-immaturity as “perfection” absolutely divine can be delightfully unpacked.

To begin, children’s empty immaturity whips up their insatiable curiosity to learn more. The emptier they are, the more eager they are to ask to learn. It is their fabulous Socratic empty-honesty that fills up their whole day. And of course “asking” is the essence of scholarship, as its Chinese, “learning-asking 學問,” aptly describes.

The children even ask why they ask, and to “their asking about their asking” belongs the inner sanctum of their Father’s Kingdom. This insistent constant asking is the Holy of holies to make the Kingdom of Father God so alive growing; thus the whole Kingdom belongs to these children.

Child so “Immature,” Adult so “Mature”

“But still, kids are so immature! Can’t you see them so clumsy?” Now, isn’t it kids’ self-knowledge of immaturity that makes them ask and ask? Look. No kid wants to stay kid; they want to grow up. “Grow” is such a sweet four-letter word to them as they hate staying as they are. We adults want to stay adults, and no more growth of us! Who is less immature, to know immaturity as kid, or not to know it and proud of being not immature, as adult? All this shows that we adults are so immature more than they, and we do not even know it! Shame on us adults! In their self-dissatisfaction of knowing self-immaturity, they ask and ask to embody true scholarship we adults claim as our own!

Let me put it this “adult scholarship” way, and we will be reduced delightfully to children. I do not assert the big thesis comprehensive. No one can. All I want is to try my best to persuade you to look at things my way, “to see a world in a grain of sand” with William Blake. Time settles dust, and then grains of sand are counted; no dust settled, no grains counted. The counting is “history.” Kids do count grains. Kids just play grains so dusty dirty, having fun, having history or not.

And this grain is mine, refreshingly different from yours. You and I then would realize that there are countless other grains seeing countless other worlds. Those grains of sand are kids’ sand so dusty so exciting. Now we call such messy viewing “immature” because these views are all partial, but they are actually ever opening out to any others they happen to be in touch with. We so “mature and comprehensive” do not see how much fun these kid-openings are, ever playing around so alive with sand.

All this is what is irresistible about kids’ “immaturity,” ever sparkling with things novel. By being “mature and comprehensive without exception,” we kill these novelties alive. Lessing said, “If God were to hold out in his right hand all Truth, and in his left hand the active search for Truth and should say to me: Choose! I should take his left hand and say: Father! Give me this one; absolute Truth belongs to Thee alone.” Whatever reason he had, his intuitive request must be childish insatiable curiosity. This child-heart makes scholarly researches.

Mathematical logician Whitehead (1979) said, “There are no whole truths; all truths are half truths. It is trying to treat them as whole truths that plays the devil”[8]. To point to Whitehead’s contradiction, “so, all is half?”, barks up the wrong tree of comprehensiveness that is nowhere. Or rather, this critique may be another half-truth frolicking at “all half-truths.” Mrs. Whitehead then said, the saying means that we must see things from one angle, and then from another. These two statements join in the child’s immaturity. All ideas are particulars that open out new as all truths are half truths (Whitehead) opening out all sorts of “looking into”

things (Mrs. Whitehead). Opening out and looking in are children at play. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead are children.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead are correct in time also. Play takes time as we change mind, see otherwise and see more. We grow out of “before” as time goes. That is the child at play. Time is the child alive that keeps changing and growing. We adults caution ourselves never to say “Never!,” never to say “all!” We want to be right always.

But kids don’t care. They shout “Never!” now, they say it “all” now, and soon enough change their minds. That’s how they never say “never.” Perfection cannot be dead; if “alive” in time is more “perfect” than “dead” eternal, perfection must be children in half-truths. “All truths” are indeed “half truths” (Whitehead) growing alive (Mrs. Whitehead). All truths are children.

Do the long-faced adults say contradiction cannot exist, such as a “round square”? That baby face so round square plump is smiling at you! Don’t you see how almighty kids are just by playing with logic? My granddaughter Tessie, aged two and a half, was asked why fish has no umbrella. She confidently said, “Cause fish has no hand!” Now, adult logicians, parse this “cute logic” if you can! Kids are experts at that, you know!

For example, adult Kant says, \$100 in pocket buys but not \$100 in mind. The child would then tell Kant, “\$100 in mind would make you make \$100, as not thinking of \$100 will never make you \$100. So, \$100 in mind does buy \$100 to buy things.” Didn’t Kant himself say \$100 in mind is the same amount as \$100 in pocket (Critique of Pure Reason A599=B627)? He needs just one more push into kid’s logic-magic. If Berkeley says, to be is to be perceived, kids would say, to think is to make be. All this is kid’s version of adult’s “ontological argument”[9]. “God” means “that than which nothing greater can be conceived,” said Anselm. Let us simplify. God is the greatest thinkable that either exists in mind only, or else exists in mind and in actuality. The latter is greater, so God must exist actually. Again, God can be thought not to exist, or else cannot be thought not to exist. The latter is greater, so God must necessarily exist actually. All this is Anselm. Poor adult’s constipated mind concocts such argument to prove God’s existence, while Father God is his children’s.

Now, if all this is not fooling around with half truths, non-separatism playing with separatism, what is? Aren’t the concoction of ontological argument and its fascinations concocted by our child-wonder at whether abstract thinking can or cannot hook on to concrete actuality, and if not, why not, and if so, how so? All this is kids playing with thinking in fun. Adults are set in thinking, bound to logic; kids play their cute-logic, “I’m OK! You are no-K!”

Let us take one last adult example. The fight of science with religions such as the Bible, such as evolution against creation, tells that “truth” changes from age to age as part of history shifting.

So, truth is alive as children, or rather, children are the truth alive always playing with “half truths,” eager to open out ever anew. An MIT professor said, “Gentlemen, I’m sure half of what I say today will turn false tomorrow. My problem is I don’t know which half will turn false.” That unity of “I’m sure” and “I don’t know” tells of truth as kid-alive; kids are sure they don’t know, and they love it, while it is “my problem” to adults, who had better come home to children to live in truth that is kid-alive.

But then children could not care less about all such adult stuff! They just have fun playing with their “immaturity” that is their “truth”; isn’t all this irresistible? We call it kids’ immaturity so perfectly attractive that no one can escape them. That is the “perfection” of “immaturity.” Whitehead, Mrs. Whitehead, and Lessing are all great children playing truth-puzzles; here “comprehensive truth” is nowhere, as any “mature” adult assertion is senseless. All fun of all plays must be childish, to which the Perfect Kingdom belongs.

Why did Lin say “profound when frivolous” for Chuang Tzu[10]. ? It is simply because the profound is playful as Chuang Tzu, one of the Great Ones who keep their inner babies (Mencius 4B12) at play. Here only babies remain, “fooling around” to charm the world into being. The Indians call it Child Krishna’s play “lila” that creates (Erdman, 1988), though India does not say all this is because the world is a child playing to create itself.

Now let us turn around to see how intolerable “adult maturity” is. We see eloquent protests against social injustices. Dickens avidly told us of cruelty on children and the poor. Orwell fumed at colonialism in mono-cultural dominance. Mother Teresa served the poorest of the poor. Our society applauds them with utmost kudos, while making no amends as they want the society to.

Mark Twain said, “A classic is a book people praise and don’t read.” I say, they praise it to avoid reading it. We praise these protesters to avoid listening to them, and so social injustices and cruelties continue as before as usual. Socialist heroism gained fame in society for its projects that make no dent in society, as any dent made soon bounces back “no more dent.” Being at a loss at gaining fame in society while failing in the same society, I am in sheer pain at the sad irony (of which China is full). That irony is adult hypocrisy quite painfully unfair.

The protesters are the kids shouting “Not fair!” Our society is adults applauding and moving not an inch. Jesus fumed, saying, “You build the tombs of the prophets and say, ‘If we had lived then, we would not have partaken in the prophets’ blood,’ and then you kill some of them!” (Matthew 23: 29-30, 34-35, abridged). I am in pain as the slaves greatly distressed at the scene of injustice (Matthew 18:31) and adult hypocrisy against protesters. I had better tell my master my Jesus as those slaves did.

By the same token, the biggest adult crime is impatience that brushes

the kids aside, as Jesus’ disciples did—no wonder Jesus was angry at the disciples (Mark 10:14)—or else overwhelming the child’s tender buds of growth with tons of technical information beyond them, to snuff off their tender curiosity. They turn atrophied; they give up. Taiwan’s education system commits this enormous crime against tender kid-buds. It is our tough adult-assignment to select books on physics, astronomy, and the classics that fit their tastes and interests.

Child so Immature Again

“But clearly we adults are more mature and perfect than kids, right? You cannot deny that. Jean Piaget tells us so, too (Flavell, 1963).” Here we go again! Oddly enough, we do complain about this adult and that, but we cannot complain about any kid. This is precisely because kids are immature, still growing! When a kid declares, “I know seven added to eight make fifteen!” no one complains that she is an imbecile. We all clap our hands, don’t we? In her declaration so alive, seven, eight, and fifteen turn jumping alive!

Now, just listen to this kid-conversation. One says, “I’m six. I can take care of you.” Another puffs up his mouth and protests, “I’m seven and a half! ‘I’ will take care of you all!” Whereupon, a tiny tot declares, “I’m two and a half!” That collapses the whole gang.

It is because no one knows what “to take care” means, and the smallest child exposes their total ignorance. That tiniest tot is ever ready to announce, “Mom knows!” But they are not Mom, so his declaration collapsed the whole gang of “big” kids. What does kid Piaget the seven-year-old know, while saying so much?

“Gumma!” “O you came, Tommy!” “Yap!” Tommy means every word of his. He says no word; he ex-presses himself. He throws out his whole being calling his grandma, and then he fully accepts her joy of welcome with the totality of his being! And then, Tommy runs to Mom, shouting, “Mom, gum’pa give me candy, and tell me don’t tell Mom!”

Wow! His full pep overflows the seamless integrity of his transparency, and he in this way cleanses big kids, grandpa, and mom! Jesus keeps smiling beside, silent, loving him and the big kid Piaget. We cannot help smiling at Tommy, either, but we wonder about big boy Piaget.

All this while, Mom has been smiling, too. Mom won’t say she will take care of them. Mom just does it in silence. “Knower says not; sayer knows not,” mumbles Lao Tzu (56) beside them, also smiling. Lao Tzu loves mom and loves kids, you see; his love fills his entire Classic of Tao and its Integrity 道德經.

To say is human, to know, divine. Saying often errs as knowing forgives and accepts. The parents know, forgive, and accept, divinely cherishing their precious children self-ex-pressing. That is God’s Kingdom Jesus warmly proclaims; he is God’s Kingdom

blessing children the essence of the Kingdom of Perfection. All Kingdom is theirs, says Jesus, tender as children. He is the child of God his Father, who knows and says not, to forgive and accept us all, smiling.

We had better realize that we are all “kids of all ages,” awaiting a small child to deflate us. What does Piaget the kid know? Levi-Strauss finds the “savage mind” (Lévi-Strauss, 1968) with tons of complex stuff to teach us “civilized” people. “Fools rush in where angels fear to tread” (Pope, 1709); foolish adult hubris commits suicide, as ancient Greeks keep warning us, until we stop our “acorn-contest in heights,” as Japan puts it. “團栗の背比べ Donguri no seikurabe” is a common Japanese saying.

Child Sires Excellence

We should never forget: the child sires and maintains poetry and science, as the child’s tender mercy hugs the pet. A poet stops creating, a scientist stops going, when they lose the child in them. In contrast, whenever we see any single spark penetrating deep, any single surprise shaking the foundation of our assumptions, or any single radical revolution of our taken-for-granted gestalt, we meet a child casually sprinkling on us childish humor and laughter absolutely precious.

Things profound are kid-casual. When a Tiny Rue 小露, aged four, tells me to be happy, her merest wish is my command heaven-absolute! Mencius sighed (4B12), “Great Ones are those who lose none of their baby-heart.” If we ask him why, his answer would be simple, “They are ‘great’ in their baby-inside because nothing greater can be conceived or dreamed of.” It is what Jesus declares, “Perfection belongs to children!” In the child, senior Mencius and junior Jesus look at each other, and smile, for they are children; as we admire them, we admire children.

“You just said ‘kids are great, so kids are great.’ Tell me why they are great.” Must I tell you that Socrates in his early eristic dialogues keeps asking, and that makes him kid-great, that all poets and scientists push, thanks to their kid-hearts? But then such citations do no proof, do they? Not even Li 李贄 saying kids are our “beginning 初” helps much. All they do is just to demonstrate, to wit, show and tell as kids, on kids.

At this basic level of kids, all we do is to say, “Come and see.” “Come and see,” Philip told Nathanael (John 1:46), to lead him to Jesus our kid-root. Let us go to kids and see. The fact is that the child parents the parents. No child parenting, no parent existing. Child’s immaturity parents so many perfectly admirable features in the perfect Kingdom, and whatever sires perfection cannot itself be not-perfect. So, children who parent perfection cannot be imperfect; they are parental perfection.

But all we see here now is children so irresistibly immature.

Irresistibility must be perfection! Offhand, I can cite thirteen excellent features immaturity irresistibly begets, to make the divine Kingdom a kid-perfect paradise. The thirteen features are as follows, among many others, more and more various beyond counting, as children always surprise our adult predictions.

To the immature child, [1] everything happens before their wide eyes for the first time so fresh, so exciting, [2] for the child to learn so enthralling, to constantly learn all things novel. Thus the child [3] adores and respects the “big mature” others who know so much! [4] In this way, children venture out of their status quo always, and all this while, [5] are ever self-aware of self-as-imperfect (isn’t it ethics?), in need of parent [6]. Children are children because they forever yearn to come home to their parents. Don’t we all, we the kids of all ages?

In fact, [7] my parents are my ever-present milieu in which I live, move, and have my being (where else is religion?). “Far away” is “O Mom! I’m lost!” (Buber, 1958). He should have put this example as one that shows the mother of I-Mother relation. And the I-mother relation is the prototype of the I-Thou relation. Mom is here with me in me, as I am here, even when I am far away lost somewhere I don’t know [8]. Immaturity is motherly I-Milieu of I-Thou that engenders I-It of the myriad. [9] Immature children can thus birth, birth, without ceasing. They shout all day without turning hoarse (Lao Tzu 55) and can recover from almost any damage, any surgery, in no time, while we adults cannot.

Kids [10] love to pretend; pretending plays with lies, and their lies give lie to their presence at present. All this while they never lie, saying, “Mom, grandpa give me candy, and tell me don’t tell Mom.” Such spontaneous honesty to the bones! There cannot be art-creation without kids’ honesty radical and playful with things fascinated at. We have no artist pretending—art is pretending—who is phony, not see-through honest with herself and things gazed at.

Kids make history that does not cheat, as birds flying, branches swinging, or squirrels hopping do not cheat, as music singing, heart beating, or days going, do not cheat—as children do not cheat. The whole world is disarmingly led, guided, and driven by frank children, as if nothing is the matter, while kids could not care less about all this.

Thus [11] immaturity mothers all these precious things, and so immaturity is to be cherished as “mother” of all things so precious, to make life worth living. Socrates’ self-examination is just another way to urge [12] self-awareness of self-immaturity to [13] venture on. Socratic midwifery urges us to kid-practice to make life worth living. If we ever lack in adventure in honest self-awareness, we are dead. Kids are often of last importance in our do-list, and come out the first. No wonder, David in the Old Testament who was the

youngest boy taken for granted, so ruddy and tough, was picked as the king to rule the whole Israelites (1 Samuel 16:11-12).

The kid-robbed Mom is deprived “Mom” of being Mom, lamenting refusing to be comforted (Matthew 2:18). Childless mother is an unbearable pain of self-depravation. No immaturity, no kid. No kid, no mom; no mom, no life. And so, no immature kid, no life exists. Mom lives in her child forever, for her child is the flesh of her flesh, the bone of her bones. The child is mother’s very life, making Mom truly “Mom” alive.

No wonder, few people resent children as we all smile at their clumsy immaturity; we are so attracted by it as to care for them. Our top ideals are religions, and all religions adore children as their top ideals. Jesus blesses them, being angry at his disciples brushing them aside. This is because Jesus himself is the kid, ever in touch with “my Father.” His Gethsemane prayers show child-intimacy with his Father, to end with “Father, into your hands I commend my spirit” before dying (Luke 23:46). Jesus shows kids as the hallmark of the fatherly Kingdom.

The Child could not Care Less

Now, what is so stunning here is that the children themselves could not care less about “all such stuff.” They do not understand it. All they want is to play, to venture out, and to come home to Mom, nothing else. And their “nothing else” pleases every adult of us aspiring for the perfect Kingdom. Similarly, Jesus is unaware of whether he is immature or he is the world’s savior, as John’s Gospel that reflects later disciples’ reflections keeps taking him to say.

Don’t ask me why, but children’s simple “nothing else” just charms us all, with all their soiled cheeks, all clumsy hands, stumbling feet, even forgetting to eat, just wanting to fight out their game of their clumsy play, nothing else! They are completely one with their fighting play, absolutely for nothing! Aren’t they charming in all their clumsy shouting and stumbling, aren’t they so immature so irresistible?

We cannot win; we do not even want to win over these tottering tots, for they have nothing for us to win. Their immaturity simply completely disarms us! Their clumsy immaturity is beyond the realm of excellence, as their simplicity laughs at all adult “excellences”; how could sophisticated “excellence” compete with kids’ simplicity all of a piece?

In fact, don’t all excellences begin right here, artistic, poetic, musical, socio-ethical, scientific, and religious? The kids’ clumsy spontaneity in misshaped immaturity is the very vitality budding forth excellence beyond all excellences, to beget all excellences.

That is why not a single one of us can win them for, to repeat, they have nothing for us to win. Or rather, their immaturity makes us forget all our “illicit desires” for excellence! We are ashamed before

all those dirty kids. And such our spontaneous shame produces our adult excellence. Their immaturity, radical and clumsy, produces, rounds up, and completes all our adult excellence.

The throwaway spontaneity of kid-immaturity is thus the perfect Kingdom of the Father who just loves those kids! Their Father even belongs to them, all-won over! How could loving Father resist loving these messy kids shouting, forgetting all? No one can resist them! Amazing it is how baby-wobbly tenderness, ready to crush, constantly in need of caring, is the tough dynamo in command of the dawning future! This amazement is so heavenly that all Parental Heaven belongs precisely to these kids, insists Jesus.

But of course the baby is birthing-nature unceasing, and so, to these children that are the pan-birthing power, the Kingdom of their Father the all-Creator belongs. Here our amazement lies in the “of course,” and this wonder is Jesus the Child who announcers this fact to bless the children.

The Knowledge of Good and Evil

And so, as we consider the primal beginning of all things, we cannot help but end up applauding the children. Let us be the child then and ask this kidlike question, as we are told of the story of the original Garden of Eden (the story so kid-innocent), “Why can we not taste the fruit of knowing good and evil? Why is it evil just to know ‘good and evil?’” (Genesis 2:17) (Kushner, 1996).

An adult would of course answer us, “Because knowing ‘good and evil’ amounts to knowing, or at least pointing to, the existence of evil, and being aware of the existence of evil is the first step to doing it.” And we the kid would protest, “But doesn’t knowing evil prepare us against evil? Being forewarned is being forearmed, right?” Wow! How smart we kids are!

Now, the response to our query surprises us, worth pondering long, “That is true after doing evil, after knowing evil. You are right in the present world full of evil. In the post-evil world, knowing evil is a needed weapon. Weaponry exists only when enemies exist, and the enemy, evil, has been created by knowing it and doing it—as weapon. Now, knowing weapon also induces enemy-existence. Thus the tree of life, the tree of knowing good and evil, in the Garden of Eden, is now guarded by angels with a flaming sword against being polluted any further (Genesis 3:24).”

“Where are the kids around the Tree in all this conversation?” Can’t you hear Boy Chuang Tzu 10/16 blustering, “Good guys not go, big crooks won’t go!”? Li’s children 李贄童子 are reigning as they ring ‘round the roses “beyond good and evil.” And these messy kids go beyond adult Nietzsche who cleverly concocted “beyond good and evil.” This Eden Garden is their home; they are playing good guys shouting their fighting slogan, “We are OK! You are no-K!” at crooks they play in turns, grabbing and rolling, all so tender.

Where is the stupid Tree of what Knowledge now?

Adult's dull translation of kids' "play" so exciting is of course personal relations with things spread to interpersonal dealings with persons and things. I do so to enable me to live on, and your life also deals with persons and things, and is enabled. Inter-engagements inter-enable lives. Kids just say, or rather show, how they play and grow up playing. Play needs playmates. Kids are playmates. Kids play interpersonally.

These kids grow as they shout and fight and grab. Actually, kids don't sleep. They just hit the pillow, get up, and go play. "Don't they wash 'baba duckie' and slip into 'jamama'?" That's Mom's job, not theirs, as our heartbeat is Mother Nature, not us. My god, kids are dawn! And kids grow as they sing and dance together. Such music dancing life is called "play and grow." Every moment is their birthday of new life. Children are our joys of birthday at play. Such perfect fun belongs to children alone!

Fortunately, the baby's play-and-fight has no weapon that shows the knowledge of evil. Fortunately also, we always have babies with us, for no-baby would have made humanity extinct. Our very life depends on our children carrying on our life. They have, and are, the Tree of Life, and so the Garden of Eden—the Kingdom of God—belongs to them, for they are the angels to whom the Garden belongs, where they are not ashamed not wearing anything, nakedly honest. They are totally shame-less here; after all, it's their home. We simply adore them, so "adorable."

Soft kids so tender are thus my immortal teachers who lead me on to the heavenly dynamics of perfection so joyous so casual. And all this while, absolutely no child would care about me! How could Jesus resist blessing them so wobbly so casual? Not even I their bystander can resist recording all this in all admiring smiles!

"Casual" is indispensable. "Look how humble I am!" shows pride; "Look how sane I am!" tells of insanity. Forgetting parents loves them, insists Chuang Tzu (14/6-11). "Healthy" forgets health; knowing health no-"sick" ciphers sickly "sick"-obsession. "Good" forgets "good"; knowing good not-evil buds evil. "Top virtue no-virtue, so virtue 上德不德, 是以有德," sighs Lao Tzu (38).

A lady came out to greet me as I slow-walked my morning walk. I said I admire her flowers, and she said she did not plant them, "Nature brought them over." The next-door neighbor greeted her, "How are you doing, grandma?" She said, "I'm doing." She told me she is 92, painted "that house" in six weeks, and bakes her own bread every week. She would give me some next week; "What day of the week is it today?" she asked. She looks forward to what's coming beyond here now beyond knowing. I said I'm 78, and she said I'm just a kid. She is the kid who cleanses me inside out into kid.

These kids, 12 and 92, all tell of Garden of Eden; the tree knowing good-evil is left behind, forgotten. It is hopping kids' paradise no-wonderland, all natural, soiled so alive, in dirty sludge growing lotus beauty not soiled. "The Kingdom of God is ours the casual kids," proudly says Jesus a kid among kids. As Lao Tzu extends common "sense," Jesus blesses kids. They nod, and smile.

I don't know how to make of this fact, though. Children are made by sexual acts that happened after people were driven out of the Garden of Eden. Is sexless birth of Jesus relevant here? "Is sex evil, then?" Well, not every act outside the Garden is evil. Jesus' acts and his apostles' acts (in The Acts) are done outside the Garden. Besides, even if sex is evil, as a purist Augustine may say, God in his love—love relates to sex, though sex may or may not relate to love—can and often does bring good out of evil. Loving Jesus' cross is sheer evil to yield Good Friday. Children are one of heavenly blessings of sex, whether sex itself is evil or not. How could children inside the Garden be born outside it? Has God in his love arranged children inside the Garden to be born outside it, so they can bring us parental outsiders into the Garden? That must be it! That is sheer joy, isn't it, worth celebrating by children of all ages dancing the music of life so joyous so innocent. Now, isn't all such meditation an idle music so essential a luxury to fun-living? Isn't this meditation a gift of singing kid-music?

Music

Music is kids', for they live music and grow dancing music. Of all musicians, beautiful Mozart may be the kid of all kids, but I am surprised. Mozart is beautiful in, say, his string quartets, but not always in all-beautiful melodies. In fact, his early quartets are so clumsy wobbling around, seldom melodious all through.

He just starts with a humble tune-bit of three notes or two, and strays all over this bit, before and after, up and down, right and left. This rambling is his beauty enthralling. His arbitrary expansion lilts to charm us in. You may say his expansion is tuneful, but how wanderings so random can be tuneful is unclear. He is kid-casual, and that must be how kid-beautiful he is.

His later quartets are much organized and parallel-structured, and now they are hard to perform alive, as their structuralism presses them dull. Only Talich Quartet tames boredom into Mozart alive. Most other quartet players just drone on. Beethoven takes over here, to soar structured, but Beethoven is no longer self-abandoned fooling around as Mozart is. Mozart is a kid rambling to draw us in.

We are turned on, but by what? It must be by childish spontaneity; Mozart cannot plan rambling, though he revises often. Beethoven plans, not Mozart. Mozart's beauty moves in kids' spontaneity. The kid is music. She is beauty itself. Kids fooling around are irresistible. Kids the music reign the world and beyond! No wonder, Mozart's

“Magic Flute” of love conquers all, beyond good and evil. That Magic is the kid, all kid!

Child Parents us

Now here is another bombshell. I have long been puzzled over why no baby begins at Shakespeare-Einstein’s level. All babies must begin—though with gusto—at learning basic “Three R’s,” as Shakespeare and Einstein were wholly illiterate at birth. Now I know. Learning growing is more significant, heavenly more, than learned-grown results earthly. Shakespeare matured is less precious than Shakespeare the baby, simply because “enthused schooling” belongs to the Kingdom Divine that belongs to kids.

The magic of heaven belongs to young students, and all teachers are students learning from their students. The Kingdom of God is under dynamic kid-God beyond adult-God. Kid’s God keeps parenting adult’s God ever afresh ever on the go, on the way, ever at new beginning, “day, day new, again day-new 日日新, 又日新,” carved the bathtub used to cleanse the King T’ang millennia ago in China to tell us today (大學 2). Each new day ever new is eternity carved in our daily bathtub, and new is perfection.

Thus kid-new is the perfection of heaven. Heaven is time creating new space at each moment after each moment. A jobless hobo Confucius molds the entire China irrevocably, forever. A New Zealand butterfly’s one flutter arouses tsunamis in Scotland and Greenland. Every rustling leaf rumbles heaven, as every casual breeze is a cosmic event shaking eternity.

All this is the Eternal incarnating ever resurrecting, as if nothing is the matter. Things rush in for us to [1] sense their [2] senses with our felt [3] senses, sensed threefold. Lewis in his lively digging into the etymology of “sense,” (Lewis, 1967) missed sense as verb and the threefold unity alive of “sense,” as the daily impact of the Eternal incarnate, continually resurrecting into our daily world anew. Every day events are earth-shaking Events of novelty unique and each individual.

Thus we are sense-drenched, destined to ever reaching the destination forever over there, never here yet. Our destiny is our destining. Our heavenly destiny and destination are carved into each stomping of our earthly kid-trudges ahead. Our every step stops and goes, casual as kids. Kids stumbling and roaming ahead at each instant are our eternal Heaven.

The medium is the message as the written words write on, as an ongoing style decides what is said. What is being said determines what is said, each instant going routinely on brand new, moment by moment, all related one to another. Instant sweeping miracles belong to the impatience of the devil in hell of isolation.

Isolation in time—an instant—is hell because it has no kid with their words, wobbly in the making, that are inter-verbs, wording

rhyming, always in pun in sense, hand in glove. This is “style” of how words rhyme in puns, joined together, to express that specific style of that kid’s world, called “sense” being constantly baby-made. What is being said is what is said in the making; how it is being said (style) is what is being said. So, the style is kids’ sense of their content in the making. Missing the style misses the content. Science must write poetically to turn alive as nature is alive.

Besides, every kid differs from every other, as every mother knowing her several kids would tell us. Each kid’s wording style rhymes with that kid’s own actuality specifically lived. A specific style is words’ specific living root, in wording to root words actual, specifically kid-earthed delightfully soiled. Every dirty kid is on her own and on his own, shouting and grabbing and fighting so tender so irresistible. That is how they sing out their specific styles to express—shout out—what they want, as they grow.

Thanks to style, words sing in ode to cosmic joy hopping in kid-sense. Schumann has no long sustained ballad. He has only two beautiful sonatas. He just sparkles with tiny bubbles enthralling, unstoppable and various unlimited. He even captures tender kids dreaming in his tender Kinderszenen, Opus 15! Piano is suited to kid-bubbling; Schumann is a tender piano-kid waltzing, bouncing, knowing his how-to and whereto.

I would also be really surprised if you don’t hear children beautifully “fooling around” in Edwin Fischer’s bouncing Mozart concertos. Schumann differs radically from Mozart, of course, and they are both no less so alive that they sound forth the unlimited variety of children’s styles. Vladimir Ashkenazy admirably brings out this Wunderkind, bouncing in tender 2s, 3s, and 5s, in “Schumann: The Works for Solo Piano,” Decca, 7 CD-set. “Robert Schumann: Chamber Music (complete),” Brilliant, 7 CD-set. Just dip yourself in tender impish Mozart’s Piano Concertos Nos. 17, 20, 22, 24, and 25 in CDs 6, 7, 8 of “Edwin Fischer,” EMI, 12 CD-set. (No. 20 daunts me, though.) Another joking child, steady, fooling around, is of course Joseph Haydn. Hear the “Haydn Edition,” Brilliant, 150 CD set, his “String Quartets (Kodaly Quartet),” Naxos, 25 CD set, and “The Piano Sonatas (John McCabe),” London, 12 CD set, etc. I am always transfixed in his music, whenever I go to him to be lifted by his sunny nature. I hear him telling Schumann and Mozart, “You guys are still too adult-sophisticated!” Haydn is rock-bottom childish!

“How do they differ?” Mozart is so tuneful as to grow in us; we just grow in him. In contrast, in Schumann’s music, we cannot hum the tune, but his ineffable melodic coherence composes the music all its own. This feature makes Schumann elegant and sublime; it makes what he calls “abstract music” clean, cleansing, and alive.

Kids “fool around for nothing” yet so coherent alive and natural! Schumann-“abstract” is kid-“for nothing.” Children are thus

“abstract musicians”! Schumann is such kid in the piano more versatile than in other instruments. His chamber music does chant tunes, but they are ethereal, floating abstractly. I hear in Mozart and Schumann two types of the child we admire. Both jointly create the New Jerusalem singing day and night. The perfect Kingdom belongs to kids whose wondering wandering hands are building it up, in tumbling seven falls, eighth up. This is how Japan describes a tumbler, “Nana-korobi, ya-oki! 七転び八起き!” That tumbler is the child giggling as she stumbles again and again. Perfection belongs to perfecting kids toddling ahead and playing ahead again, as they keep saying, “Do it again!”

Wonder at Water, Kid-jokes

Look at how tots Tessie and Terry are frolicking with plain water! They clap hands as they watch water sparkle into a cup. They are sweaty and dirty as they breathlessly gulp water down, and then clap tiny hands again! O, how irresistible they are! They are precious as can be, showing us how precious “water” is! Just water is before them, and they are in paradise! Now look, they are grabbing, fighting, and stumbling again! If this is not heaven, heaven does not exist. If their wonder at water and their natural fights alive in Mother Nature is not true science alive, nothing is science.

Here Jesus and Chuang Tzu are winking at each other and laughing, for they are imps and tots themselves. Lin Yutang caught Chuang Tzu being frivolous when profound, profound when frivolous. He could have just said that Chuang Tzu is a child, and so he is invincible. Trueblood is the first person to catch humor of Christ, thanks to his four-year-old son laughing about Jesus’ words (Lin, 1942).

Kids alone can catch Jesus’ laughter. Kids alone can laugh Jesus’ jokes, as only Jesus the kid can spit out those jokes to laugh kids’ laughing humor. And then countless authors follow Trueblood who sensitively followed his kid. Laughter of kids is heaven booming irresistible. To the small kids’ sense of humor, surprising and sensitive, belongs the contagion of the Kingdom of big Parent God entirely invincible as tiny kids.

Baby soft softens me. Baby wholly dependent on me hugs me warm into me. Baby weak refreshes me into our dawn hers and mine. Even baby imagined babies anything touched to baby-touch me. Anyone who loses the baby loses science and poetry, together with the future that is the baby. Isn’t “scientific research” kid’s poetry of play at play, wow-ing at every step of fooling around with novelties undreamed of Isn’t “philosophy” kid’s fascination at thinking? Isn’t “thinking” just kids “fooling around”?

Birthday Today

“Babies are glorious Perfection growing tender,” Baby Jesus sings. Babies reign perfect Christmas that is their birthday—everyday.

Happy Birthday, the very First, my dearest Quinn! You are the youngest of all babies in my pictures so baby-precious. I learn smiling at your smile so relaxed, at every dawn. You are my biggest tutor. Your faint smile is my joy forever. Happy, Happy First birthday, ever, dearest Quinn! I congratulate you, my dear Baby Quinn, and you now turn me into my own first year of my life. How could I thank you enough, my dearest Quinn? And I know, too, you could not care less about my gratitude!

I remember, on my birthday, I drove to Village Wild Rose in Wisconsin, population 100. I stood on a brook-bridge, reading a sign, “Only kids of ten or under can fish here.” A boy came by, and asked me, quite seriously, “Are you ten? Then you can fish here, you know.” I sighed, “Well, I’m a few days older than ten. Thank you, honey.” That scene is still vividly with me today, decades later. Now that Baby Quinn is bringing me up so young, I hope I can go back there and fish now.

My dear grandson Andrew aged eight wants to change his birthday, so he can get his presents earlier, can you imagine? All right, then, let us go see Baby Quinn. He was just born last year; he will grant you your wish, my big Andrew! Quinn has an Open Sesame to birthdays, you know.

My god, every one of us is on her birthday and his baby-birthday, today! We are all in the Sparkling Kingdom of “perfectest” Perfection! “Perfectest” is in kids’ vocabulary, as “no-K” and “fafa”-flower are. Kids make no mistake, you see, and so these words must be correct. We must go correct all adult dictionaries! Happy Birthday today, all of us babies, as Li Chih 李贽, born just yesterday in sixteenth century (1520), wisely told us! He begins 初 his life today with us! It is his birthday today with ours! We are all Quinn’s in our First Birthday, as we can change our birthdays to go fishing, all so perfect!

Now, the essential relevance of this paper to science is obvious. All medical sciences aspire after “perfect health,” and Mother Nature has graciously supplied a concrete pattern of vigorous health. It is healthy children happily alive all around here now. These children are the true science. Without these children jumping alive, there would have been no science at all.

This paper has meticulously shown how “perfect” these happy casual children are, all so messy. While nothing is perfect in our actual world, those messy happy children are shouting at us, for us to look up to them to follow them closely, as we naturally take care of them. We learn from them our “science” truly so called as we care for them in pediatrics as pediatrics learns from these wobbly children what it means to be in perfect health as the pattern of all sciences.

Besides, if someone by any chance says this paper is in philosophy, not in science, an answer comes quite obviously. Philosophical

reasoning is itself scientific argument, simply because science is part of philosophy, as all thinkers say since Plato and Aristotle, Newton and Einstein, William James, Thomas Kuhn, and Michael Polanyi, and the list goes on. Science belongs to philosophy. Science is philosophical as philosophy is scientific. To separate science from philosophy simply kills science. Nor should we ever reject philosophy to reject science.

By the same token, the popular debates over scientific evolution vis-à-vis religious creation also show how closely related science is to theology. Theology handles the ultimate issues of life, as science handles all issues of life. Citing matters theological is inevitable in this paper that considers the basics of science. Avoiding theological issues would have been quite defective and irresponsible here. This philosophical paper that touches on theological issues is a fully scientific paper.

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