

Explore

To explore is to go on a quest into. Many examples can explain this definition. I can explore the caves at Maquoketa Iowa. This would involve clambering over the slippery (slimy) slabs of granite, that lead tortuously down onto several levels of ritual chamber rooms. I could explore the writings of David Hume especially his studies of the nature of human understanding. Finally I could explore the variety of African medicinal treatments for arthritis, which is bothering me. These are all explorations, and yet they are all quite different.

Exploration is a flexible activity. Man is a flexible creature, whose curiosity and inventive energy know no limit. He feels he can investigate any corner of the world around him. Death, however, hovers at the farthest margins of his investigations. He can only go so far, can only penetrate so deeply, can only give, or love, or construct so consummately. The finitude boundary is death, which appears to take over as systems run down—tire, lose momentum, lose the ability to risk, or explore.

Should we be given the seemingly inexhaustible drive to explore, without the correlative ability to understand the boundary limits of human longing? Does it not seem more probable that the world maker, who gave us the drive to explore, built into the inscrutable, ultimates that go without saying? Does it not make sense to say that our quest for meaning is already dense with meaning?