

Hail to you, psychoneurotics!

You who see sensitivity in the insensitivity of the world,  
uncertainty among the world's certainties.

You who so often experience others as yourselves.

You who sense the anxiety of the world,  
its narrowness and boundless self-assurance.

Hail to you!

For your phobia of washing your hands from the dirt of the  
world,

For your fear of being locked in the world's limitations,  
for your fear of the absurdity of existence.

For your subtlety in not telling others what you see in them.

For your awkwardness in dealing with everyday things,  
but deftness in handling the unknown,  
for your transcendental realism but lack of everyday realism,  
for your exclusiveness and dread of losing those you love,  
for your creativity and ease of wonder,  
for your maladjustment to that "which is" but  
adjustment to that which "ought to be,"  
for your great but unutilized abilities.

For the belated recognition of your greatness,  
and of those like you who will come later,  
and will also not be recognized.

For your being treated instead of treating others;  
for your heavenly power forever being pushed down by  
brutal force;  
for that which is prescient, unsaid, infinite in you.

For the loneliness and strangeness of your ways.

Hail to you! (p. xvi)