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# **Paul Tillich**

## **An Impersonal Ground of Being**

**Glenn F. Chesnut**

In a later chapter, I am going to talk about reasons for regarding the ground of being as a fully personal God. But given the peculiar situation which has developed at this point in history, where the rise of modern atheism during the 1840's still casts its shadow over the western world, it seems useful to begin by explaining some of the ways in which many of the great thinkers, over the past three thousand years, have linked a *personal* spirituality to an *impersonal* ground of being. It has been demonstrated repeatedly through the ages that we do not need to regard the ground of the universe as a highly personal God-figure in order to create a method for dealing with the sacred and the infinite which will enable us to handle the traumas of life and heal the overpowering burden of resentment and fear which can otherwise build up and destroy all of our happiness and satisfaction. I am going to start at this point in particular, because I want to get the scientifically minded on board first, before going any further in this book.

I remember what I was like when I was in my twenties and was a scientist myself, working in research labs and atomic energy facilities, when I was a good-hearted young man who would have been delighted to have some of these ideas explained to me. I had

been brought up believing in a warmly personal God, and never truly let go of that at the bottommost level of my heart, but it no longer seemed to make any sense in terms of all of the physics and chemistry I was learning. So if you like, you can understand this and the immediately following chapters as myself at age sixty-seven talking respectfully and helpfully to myself at age twenty-two. It is a debt, if you will, which an old man needs to pay to a young man, and other young people who think today as he thought then, because there was nothing mean-hearted or trivial about that young man. I was thirsty and seeking for knowledge about the ultimate nature of things. That was why I went into science in the first place.

And I can still remember the thrill which I felt in the summer and fall of 1961, right after I turned 22, when I first opened Paul Tillich's two books, *The Dynamics of Faith* and *The Courage to Be*, and then the book Charles Hartshorne did (with W. L. Reese), called *Philosophers Speak of God*. That was the first time I had ever read anything by people who knew and understood about the world of modern science, who were talking intelligently about God and the ground of being, instead of simply uttering pious platitudes. The ideas they discussed were as sophisticated and complex as anything which the theoretical scientists investigated, and I discovered that philosophical theology could be as intellectually rigorous a discipline as nuclear physics or physical chemistry.

Both Tillich and Hartshorne had helped take care of the wounded and ill soldiers in the First World War, the one as a military chaplain on the German side and the other as a hospital orderly in France on the American side, and neither man tried to prettify or deny the enormous evil and suffering which we can encounter in this world. When I read Tillich describing "the God beyond God" who appears when we have lost all faith in the personal God of conventional western theism, I found his vision an extraordinarily frightening one. In fact, the first time I tried to read *The Courage to Be*, I found that it dug so deeply into our fundamental human existential anxieties that I ended up having to put it down before I was finished. But eventually I built up my nerve and picked it up again, and ended up

learning that even a totally impersonal ground of being — if we recognize its true sacredness and its implications for the way we need to live our lives — can provide a spiritual basis which can enable us to deal with anything which life throws at us.

The story of Tillich's own life, including not only his World War I experiences, but also what happened to him after Adolf Hitler's rise to power fifteen years later, made it clear that he was not just talking words but laying out the structure of a faith that we could actually live by, no matter what happened to us. And in fact the best way to get to the heart of Tillich's teaching is to explain it in the context of his own life story.

### **Tillich's childhood and youth**

Paul Tillich was born on August 20, 1886, in a small German village called Starzeddel, where his father Johannes Tillich was the Lutheran pastor. For almost seven hours, the little baby struggled at the point of death before he turned the corner and it became clear that he was going to survive.

Otto von Bismarck, who had created the modern German state by his conquests and acquisitions of all the surrounding German-speaking parts of Europe up in the north, was still Chancellor of Prussia (a position he held from 1862 to 1890). Kaiser Wilhelm II became the new emperor in 1888, when Tillich was around two years old. It was the height of nineteenth-century German power and prestige.

When Tillich was around four, his father was made Superintendent of the diocese of Schönfliess-Neumark, where he was in charge of a number of pastors and parishes, serving a role similar to that of an assistant bishop or coadjutor bishop. They moved to Schönfliess, a town of three thousand, which was still surrounded by its medieval wall and towered gates, and governed from the old medieval Rathaus or town hall. The atmosphere of the Middle Ages and the sense of being in the presence of centuries of tradition were still alive when Tillich was a child.

When he was twelve, he began his studies at a "Gymnasium," as it was called in German, a secondary school which emphasized a kind of strongly humanistic education which involved learning to read the pagan Latin and Greek classics, and also the study of German philosophers like Kant and Fichte, who would be regarded by anyone who believes in a strongly personal God as being, both of them, nearly total atheists. Any residual discussion of God in Kant and Fichte pertained only to their idealized discussion of the presuppositions of the moral life, and even then, merely at certain peripheral points.

This is important for understanding Tillich's thought later on. The greatest challenge to his father's and mother's belief in God did not come from popularizations and accounts in school textbooks of what were believed to be the necessary implications of modern scientific knowledge, but from this kind of much more ancient humanistic education, which indoctrinated students with both the old paganism of the ancient Greco-Roman world and the neo-paganism of the Renaissance and Enlightenment eras. The results however were much the same. Any kind of belief in a personal God was made to seem incompatible with being an educated person.

In 1900, his father took up a position in Berlin. The young Paul, who was now around fourteen, was introduced for the first time to life in a big city, and fell in love with city life instantly. He never ever wanted to go back to what he regarded as the stultifying and boring life of the small towns and tiny rural villages where he had spent his early childhood. The only positive thing which he found coming from his forced move to the United States later on was the opportunity to live in what he regarded as the most exciting city of them all, New York, the city which surpassed all others in its excitement and variety and cultural opportunities.

Not long before he finished at the Friedrich Wilhelm Gymnasium in Berlin, when he was only seventeen, his mother died of cancer. It was a devastating blow which left a permanent mark on his soul. He nevertheless somehow pulled himself together well enough to pass

his final examinations in 1904, and started university at the normal age.

As was commonplace among German students, he attended lectures at several different universities, so he could hear as many of the great scholars as was possible. In spite of the antireligious atmosphere of his humanistic secondary education, he studied Protestant theology at the University of Halle from 1905 to 1907. He also attended lectures in Protestant theology at the Universities of Berlin and Tübingen, and finally received his Dr.phil. degree at the University of Breslau in 1910. He also completed the requirements for a Licentiate in Theology at the University of Halle in 1912, which enabled him to be ordained as a pastor in the Evangelical Lutheran Church.

He had gotten through the death of his mother and the challenges to faith posed by his humanistic secondary school education, where most of the curriculum had been based on skeptical and atheistic authors, and was nevertheless willing to commit himself to a life of service as a pastor.

### **The First World War**

He was now to be assaulted however by challenges to faith that far surpassed anything he had ever been subjected to before. The First World War began, and Tillich was called to serve as a German army chaplain on the Western Front from 1914 all the way to the end of the war in 1918. The horrors of the trench warfare were unbelievable. Those who know nothing of the massive slaughter and helplessness of those sent to their doom in continual pointless human wave attacks and counterattacks should read the classic account in Erich Maria Remarque's novel, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. In its original German, the novel bore the title *Im Westen nichts Neues*, "Nothing new happening on the western front," a grim reference to the fact that all the fighting and dying accomplished nothing, as the two sides remained locked in conflict along essentially the same battle line for month after month, with neither side able to gain any military advantage or "win" the war.

Tillich had two nervous breakdowns during those years. Everywhere he could hear the sound of the shells exploding along the line of battle, the groans and screams of the dying as he rode in the ambulances bringing the wounded back from the front, the weeping of those who had lost limbs, or been blinded, or had their lungs destroyed by gas attacks. Instead of preaching sermons, he spent his time saying the prayers for the dead over and over as the bodies of thousands of young men were shoveled into their graves. There was no “nice God” who would make sure that “everything turned out for the best.” There was no true joy or kindness to life which he could see anywhere, no cheerful comradeship of brothers in arms, only raw fear, bitterness, and despair all around him, and the knowledge that anyone who refused the order to mount a suicidal mass charge on the enemy’s trenches and die in the mud of no man’s land, would instead be shot to death on the spot by his own commander.

Even when I met him, almost fifty years later, Tillich still had what Vietnam war veterans call the thousand yard stare, the look in his eyes which told of the unbelievable horrors that he had witnessed.

Then during that same period, he was hit by yet two further blows. He had married a young woman named Grethi Wever shortly before the war. They had a child, but the child died in infancy. Then at the end of the war, Paul discovered that Grethi had had an affair with his best friend, Richard Wegener, and was pregnant with that Richard’s child, a little boy, who was to be named Wolf, to whom she gave birth in June 1919. Then six months later, in January 1920, Paul’s sister Johanna died. She had been the only family member with whom he had been truly close since the death of their mother.

### **The Dark Night of the Soul**

The Dark Night of the Soul is not a romantic poetic term for a vague intellectual disquietude or a polite intellectual skepticism. It describes the entry into a kind of hell on earth, a period of

overwhelming terror and despair, where everything which seemed to give meaning to our lives collapses under us. The term comes from a strange and nightmarish episode in the ancient Hebrew poem called the Song of Songs, in verses 2-7 of chapter 5. The young woman in the story hears her lover knocking on her door in the middle of the night, and sees his hand reaching in, trying to touch her. She arises from her bed, opens the door, and goes out into the sleeping city to try to find him, but he has inexplicably vanished. She calls out to him and no one answers. As she wanders through the dark streets, she comes upon the night watchmen, who are supposed to be the city's protectors. But instead they beat her savagely and rip off her clothes, and leave her to wander half naked, wounded, and stunned through the pitch black streets. Where had her lover gone, the one to whom she had committed her soul, the one who should have been there to protect and save her? She loved him and trusted him, and he seems to have only turned on her and abandoned her with total treachery. Far better would it have been for her, she thinks with total outrage, if she had never loved him at all, let alone trusted him with her soul and life.

Young Paul Tillich believed that he had been called by God, the Lover of our Souls, to serve as a pastor, and in fact, for the first two or three weeks after he had begun his work as an army chaplain, he still believed that he could hear God knocking on the door of his soul, and see God's hand beckoning to him. Instead, as the full reality of the war broke upon him, he found himself cast into an overwhelming nightmare that only kept getting worse and worse.

That is what any truly deep spirituality has to overcome. When the naive beginning stage of our love affair with God seems to totally collapse, and all the good things which we believed about him seem to be betrayed by bitter reality, we have only two ultimate choices. We can choose to live the rest of our lives in bitterness, cynicism, and anger, or we can somehow open up our spiritual eyes and ears to see and hear a higher understanding of the meaning of life and the divine light of God.<sup>1</sup> Those who go the first route, often destroy themselves totally, with alcohol, drugs, cynicism, angry

attacks on other people, and a soul-destroying bitterness. The ones who go the other route embark upon the path of the saints, and develop a new and different kind of courage and faith. Their eyes are in fact even clearer than those who fall into everlasting bitterness, for they see human imperfection with even greater clarity, and yet somehow they are not destroyed by it, but rendered more compassionate and filled with an enormous depth of personal humility. They emerge from their suffering filled with a divine light which makes them sometimes almost visibly glow with light. You can sense it the minute they walk into a room and begin to speak. Where did they get that courage and that divine light within? Not from going back into the old naive and childish beliefs about a "nice" universe, and not from clinging to sentimentality and wishful thinking.

Thomas Merton, when commenting on St. John of the Cross's writings about the Dark Night of the Soul, noted that second and third-rate philosophers and theologians often put together long, wordy, and complicated attempts to make sense out of "the meaning of suffering." If God is all powerful, all knowing, and all loving, then how can evil exist? And so they write lengthy books on the subject, and come out with nothing useful by the end of it all, if the reader has any common sense. But what St. John of the Cross said was short and simple: *the only way one learns the meaning of suffering is to go through suffering*. That is a truly profound statement. The only thing I would add is, that the only way one learns the meaning of suffering is to go through suffering and nevertheless discover, at some point along the line, *how to reach out and touch God in spite of the pain and suffering*. And this discovery lifts us up into a new dimension of existence, as we discover how to climb up out of that miry pit, and live by a new set of rules and a new and different kind of meaning.

In the twelve step program, no one has to be taught about the Dark Night of the Soul, for no human beings truly commit themselves to working the steps until they have descended so deeply into the pit of rage and anguish and despair that life seems

impossible to maintain any longer. No one is going to truly work the steps the way they were intended, until they have no choice but to work the steps or die. The twelve steps are twelve things to do, which will enable us to climb up out of that pit and find that new dimension of reality which works by its different kind of divine and eternal rules.

But whether we use the twelve steps or some other spiritual discipline, one of the most important things that happens, if we are able to walk through the Dark Night of the Soul successfully and ascend back up into the light again, is that we are given by grace a vision of a new meaning for our lives, to replace the old meaning which was destroyed.

### **University teaching**

Tillich did successfully get through his Dark Night of the Soul, and began building a new life for himself. He began to realize that he had important things to teach people about the relationship between theology and culture, and especially theology and the arts. Many years later, he would take his American students in New York City and give them guided tours of the great art museums in that city. In the art of various periods one could see painters and sculptors giving expression to the deepest existential anxieties of their eras. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, one saw the anxiety of fate and helplessness and the confrontation with powers beyond any possible control. In the later Middle Ages, one could see the anxiety of guilt, death, and condemnation. In mid-twentieth century art, one could see the anxiety of emptiness and meaninglessness. There was a kind of catharsis which could be achieved, as Aristotle called it in his *Poetics*, a kind of cleansing that came from realizing that other human beings had felt the same things that we are feeling. For people have been suffering in lonely and isolated anguish, who believe that no one else has ever experienced the torment that they have experienced or done the terrible things that they have done, the simple realization that *we are not alone* can be a saving message of new life and new hope.

And Tillich also realized that the old authoritarian German way of life had to be replaced with a spirit of democracy and social responsibility for all segments of society, all the way down to the poorest and worst abused segments of society. He began to realize for the first time what the Hebrew prophets had been talking about when they preached about our social responsibility for the widows, the orphans, the poor people, the resident aliens, and the other people on the neglected fringes of our society, and why Jesus had devoted himself to the poor and the outcast.

So it was a new kind of theology which he began developing, a theology of culture combined with a kind of political activism that had him speaking out forcefully for a new kind of social and political order in post-imperial Germany. It was a theology based on a new kind of profound compassion which he had learned from his own sufferings and from observing the sufferings of those around him. It was a powerful message, based on a new and deeper understanding of the meaning of life.

In 1919, the year he turned thirty-three, Tillich obtained a post at the bottom of the academic ladder, serving as a Privatdozent at the University of Berlin. He lectured on the philosophy of religion, the theology of culture, and the relationship of religion to politics, sociology, art, and the new Freudian depth psychology, which made it clear that the capacity for massive evil lurked at the bottom of every human heart. Under sufficient pressure, as the experiences of war made clear, all human beings were capable of murder, rape or prostitution, lying, theft, abuse of power, enormous atrocities of revenge, and every other kind of evil under the sun. We could not build a truly moral society until we came to grips with the extraordinary power of the demonic forces which would constantly work to corrupt it.

A docent in the German university system was roughly equivalent to a non-tenure-track lecturer in an American university. Docents had university positions but were not considered faculty members in the proper sense. The German doctoral degrees in those days did not require quite the same level of competence as an

American Ph.D., so docents had to continue their studies on their own, and publish scholarly works to establish their worthiness of being given a professorship. Because there were so very few openings at the higher teaching level, most of them did not make it, including unfortunately even some of the brightest and best. There were many very good scholars who never obtained a real position on a university faculty, and ended up spending the latter part of their lives teaching in secondary schools.

In spite of the odds against him, after five arduous years, Tillich was called to a post as Extraordinarius (roughly equivalent to an American associate professor) at the University of Marburg. This was in 1924, the year he turned thirty-eight. There were two other very brilliant young men on the faculty, of roughly his own age. Martin Heidegger (1889-1976) was Extraordinary Professor of Philosophy at Marburg from 1923 to 1928, and published *Being and Time*, his great work on existentialist philosophy, in 1927. Rudolf Bultmann (1884-1976) had come to the University of Marburg in 1921, and was to remain a professor there for thirty years. He had already established his reputation with his book on the *History of the Synoptic Tradition* (1921), which used a new technique called form criticism to analyze the sayings of Jesus in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. New Testament scholars at most major American universities still use variations of this basic method to this day. But Bultmann was also an existentialist, and had begun developing his idea of demythologizing the New Testament, where the basic message was reformulated in terms of existentialist philosophy. Heidegger was an open atheist, who saw the ground of being as an empty abyss of nothingness into which we were being led to our deaths.

At that point in his life, Tillich found himself rebelling against all of these existentialist ideas, even though he was eventually to include a good many of their existentialist terms and ideas into his own theology. Also, the position he had been given at Marburg had him teaching systematic theology, which was not his real goal. But probably even more important, Marburg was a beautiful and

charming little medieval town, with an emphasis on the word little. Tillich wanted to live in a big city, and he quickly decided that he was willing to pay a price for it.

The next year he accepted a position as professor of the philosophy of religion and of social philosophy in the philosophical faculty of the Technische Hochschule at Dresden. This kind of institute of technology did not have the prestige of a university position, but as Tillich said in an autobiographic memoir later on, he wanted “the openness of the big city both spatially and culturally. Dresden was a center of visual art, painting, architecture, dance, opera,” and this was what he needed to feel that he was truly alive.<sup>2</sup>

In 1929, the year he turned forty-three, Tillich finally got what he was looking for. He was given a full professorship (in philosophy and sociology) at the University of Frankfurt, a good university in a decent sized city, teaching exactly what he had always wanted to teach. He began to be a well-known theologian in Germany, and he also used every opportunity to speak out on German political issues. In particular, he began to develop a reputation as a major and effective public opponent of the rising Nazi movement.

On January 30, 1933, Adolf Hitler was made Chancellor of Germany, and on April 13 Tillich was fired from his teaching position and replaced by a philosopher who had just joined the Nazi party.

### **Coming to America**

Tillich turned forty-seven that summer. Everything that he had worked for all those arduous years had been destroyed. He was a man not only without a job, but also apparently without a future. Providentially however, Reinhold Niebuhr, the leading American theologian of that time, happened to be spending that year in Germany, and invited Tillich to America. Niebuhr taught at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, which at that time was considered one of the three top graduate theological institutions in the United States (along with Yale and the University of Chicago). It was located right across the street from Columbia University.

Tillich and his family arrived in New York on November 4, 1933. He did not have even a minimum knowledge of the English language, and he also found out almost immediately that the Americans were not impressed by his reputation back in Germany. Neither Union nor Columbia regarded him as good enough to teach on their faculties. He was finally somewhat grudgingly given a position at Union as a Visiting Professor of the Philosophy of Religion and Systematic Theology, but it was made clear to him that he was only given that as an act of charity, and that they wanted him to find some other teaching position somewhere else in the United States, at an institution more in keeping with what they regarded as his somewhat limited abilities. Duke University eventually brought him for an interview, but did not regard him as good enough for their faculty either, and no place else in the United States was interested in giving him a teaching position. Meanwhile, the news from home made it clear that Hitler was going to destroy Germany and be responsible for the deaths of millions.

Again Tillich was forced to walk through the Dark Night of the Soul. Again he had to start from scratch to develop new meaning for his life, when all the old sureties and so many of the things he loved in life had been destroyed. He was in a strange and alien world, where he was regarded with contempt, and did not even speak the language, trying to start over again. When Tillich spoke in his theology about the power of the New Being to bring new life and meaning out of the abyss of Nonbeing, he was not talking glib theories but reporting what he had learned from his own life struggles. He did not mean that climbing up out of the pit was easy, but he did proclaim over and over that the ground of being was a source of grace and the possibility of New Being. Two of his most important later books were entitled *Dynamics of Faith* (1957) and *The Courage to Be* (1952).<sup>3</sup> Faith was necessary to walk through the Dark Night of the Soul and emerge into the sunlight on the other side, but so was courage. In his autobiographical memoir, Tillich talked about how he served for many years as the chairman

... of the Self-help for Emigres from Central Europe, an organization of refugees for refugees, giving advice and help to thousands of newcomers every year, most of them Jews. This activity brought me into contact with many people from the Old World whom I never would have met otherwise, and it opened to view depths of human anxiety and misery and heights of human courage and devotion which are ordinarily hidden from us. At the same time it revealed to me aspects of the average existence in this country from which I was far removed by my academic existence.

His new American students were the brightest of the bright. But their faces remained blank and uncomprehending when Tillich would sprinkle his lectures with his customary references to German authors like Fichte, August Wilhelm Schlegel, Schelling, Goethe, and Hegel. This turned out not to be a bad thing in the long run. Had Tillich remained in Germany, in spite of the fact that he was a recognized figure in German theological circles, I do not believe that he would have been remembered for very long after his death, and in particular it is difficult to see how he could have risen to the stature of one of the four or five most important theologians of his century.

But in America, Tillich had to learn how to explain his ideas all over again, working from the basics all the way up and giving all of the details in the process. In the course of doing this, he was forced to sharpen his thought and develop even greater depths of profundity, as he searched for explanations and examples which would make sense to any intelligent person from any culture or part of the world.

If I were asked what I thought made a work a perennial classic, I would point to three necessary features. First, a real classic is a work of such depth that one can read it multiple times over the course of one's life, and still gain new and valuable insights each time it is read, and obtain yet further food for one's own creative thoughts. The greatest classics produce, not disciples mechanically reproducing the master's ideas, but people who are inspired to produce great creative achievements of their own. Second, a work

which is too tied into the current fads and the passing fancies of its own period cannot achieve that status, because one of the measures of a true classic is that it can and will still be read and treasured, even centuries later, by men and women from totally different cultures. Third, it must be written on two levels, where it can be read equally well by ordinary people or advanced scholars. Shakespeare's plays, in their time, had to compete in the same kind of commercial market which we have for contemporary television and film productions, and supply the completely ordinary people who flocked into his theater with a kind of drama and action which they could appreciate, and which would make them also think about the meaning of life and the nature of human existence in a way which was in fact quite deep and profound. St. Thomas Aquinas's *Summa Theologica* was written by him to be used as a beginner's textbook for people who knew little or nothing about the complexities of advanced philosophical theology, and in fact many sections of it can still be used effectively for that purpose today, in the hands of the right teacher.

Tillich's struggle through this second Dark Night of the Soul forced him to write true classics, so that the new meaning he forged for his life during those early years in New York City turned him from a very competent man into a truly great thinker.

In 1937, Union Theological Seminary finally gave him a permanent position on their faculty, albeit as only an Associate Professor of Philosophical Theology. But as Tillich continued to adapt his ideas to expression in English, Americans slowly began to understand how brilliant his theological system really was, and Tillich in turn had been forced by his American experience to articulate his ideas with all the supporting philosophical framework attached. In 1940 he was finally awarded a full professorship. It had taken him seven years of struggle to win full acceptance there in New York. He became an American citizen that year, and committed himself to the New World and his new life, without ever looking back again.

To sum up the final years of his life fairly quickly, Union required mandatory retirement at age seventy, so in 1955 he went to Harvard as University Professor. *Time* magazine for March 16, 1959, had Tillich's portrait on the front cover, which was an honor that he richly deserved. The only other American theologian with his philosophical skills had been Jonathan Edwards, two centuries earlier. The works which he published during this final period of his life are all true classics, including especially his three-volume *Systematic Theology* (1951-63),<sup>4</sup> *The Courage to Be* (1952), and the *Dynamics of Faith* (1957).

In the American theological world of that time, Harvard was in fact a slight step down in terms of prestige. But in 1962 he was made Nuveen Professor of Theology in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, and was back in one of the top three places again. He remained teaching there until his death in 1965, at the age of seventy-nine. He was buried at New Harmony, a tiny little town in southwestern Indiana which had been the site of an experimental utopian and communitarian community founded by a man named Robert Owen in 1825. Tillich's gravestone, a large chunk of rough granite with a simple inscription on it, is placed in the midst of a tiny but beautiful garden enclosed by evergreen trees.

Paul Johannes Tillich  
1886-1965

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of  
water that bringeth forth his fruit for his season.

His leaf also shall not wither and  
whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

## NOTES

1. In the works of the existentialist psychologist Rollo May, who was a close friend of Tillich's, we can see an excellent picture of the basic healing process from a psychological perspective. Like Tillich, he took the tragic dimensions of human existence seriously. See, e.g., Rollo May, *Love and Will* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1969) and *The Courage to Create* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1975), whose title was modeled after Tillich's *The Courage to Be*.

2. Paul Tillich, *My Search for Absolutes* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1967), Chapter 1, "What Am I: An Autobiographical Essay: Early Years," available on the internet at <http://www.religion-online.org/showchapter.asp?title=1628&C=1595> (January 31, 2007). He did manage to also gain a position from 1927 to 1929 as *Honorary professor für Religionsphilosophie und Kulturphilosophie* at the University of Leipzig, so he did not totally abandon university teaching.

3. Paul Tillich, *The Courage to Be* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1952) and *Dynamics of Faith* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1957).

4. Incorporating material from the Gifford lectures which he gave in 1952-54: Paul Tillich, *Systematic Theology*, 3 vols., (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1951-63; repr. 1967 as three vols. in one).