From *The Journals of Soren Kierkegaard*, August 1, 1835

 What I really lack is to be clear in my mind *what I am to do,* not what I am to know, except in so far as a certain understanding must precede every action. The thing is to understand myself, to see what God really wishes *me* to do; the thing is to find a truth which is true *for me,* to find the *idea for which I can live and die.* What would be the use of discovering so-called objective truth, of working through all the systems of philosophy and of being able, if required, to review them all and show up the inconsistencies within each system;--what good would it do me to be able to develop a theory of the state and combine all the details into a single whole, and so construct a world in which I did not live, but only held up to the view of others;--what good would it do me to be able to explain the meaning of Christianity if it had *no* deeper significance *for me and my life;*--what good would it do me if truth stood before me , cold and naked, not caring whether I recognized her or not, and producing in me a shudder of fear rather than a trusting devotion? I certainly do not deny that I still recognize an *imperative of understanding* and that through it one can work upon men, *but it must be taken up into my life, and that is* what I now recognize as the most important thing. That is what my soul longs after, as the African desert thirsts for water.