# The Name We Hold

***An Atmadeva Reflection***

A name is one of the first things we are given.

It accompanies us through life.

Spoken.

Remembered.

Written.

Called across rooms.

Carried in introductions.

Over time, it begins to feel like who we are.

Yet a name, at its simplest, is a sound.

A way for others to find us.

A point of recognition in the world.

But we rarely experience it so lightly.

A name may carry our family, our history, our culture, our memories and our sense of belonging.

It becomes familiar.

Personal.

Something we hold closely.

And when someone forgets it, mispronounces it or calls us by another name, something within us may react.

Sometimes we feel overlooked.

Sometimes misunderstood.

Sometimes simply unrecognised.

Not necessarily because of the sound itself, but because of what it has come to represent.

**We are not merely hearing a different name. We may be experiencing a break in recognition.**

And so we correct.

We repeat.

We restore.

Perhaps because, in that moment, we are also seeking to restore the recognition we felt was missing.

There is nothing inherently wrong with this.

Our names deserve respect.

Yet there is another possibility worth exploring.

To recognise that who we are is not contained entirely within a name.

The name identifies us.

But it does not hold the whole of our experience.

It cannot contain every thought we have carried, every feeling we have known, every relationship we have formed or every quiet movement of our inner life.

And perhaps beneath all these changing experiences, there is something more fundamental.

**The Presence in which our experiences unfold.**

The name may change.

Its pronunciation may vary.

Someone's memory may fail.

Yet the possibility of arriving in Presence remains.

And when we begin to recognise this, something may soften.

We can still value our name.

We can still correct it.

We can still honour the history and affection it carries.

But perhaps we no longer need to ask it to carry the full weight of who we are.

There is a quiet freedom in that.

**To honour the name we have been given, without mistaking it for the whole of who we are.**

*Atmadeva Devatma*

*The Living Wisdom of Arriving*