

My Future

BILLIE COLE

The drama of the future becomes ourselves. A part of us is already dead, gone, and no longer existing anywhere. From the beginning of our existence we have left behind a part of us each day, a portion of burned energy which will never return. Thus, this much of us has passed existence and is as dead as our ancestors. Yet, so much as our forefathers were alive, we are alive at this moment. We are the casual result of many thousands of events and circumstances which have come from the beginning down through the strain of humanity related to us. What we did at the age of two or four is still alive so much as we are alive. As a man is breathing, so is his grandfather living; so far as one is dead and gone, so is the other.

The past and the future are held together in that thought process which has existed since man first felt an emotion urging expression. This aura of intelligence, this light, shines eternally on the spark that makes life. Just as we are made of many minute parts, humanity is a part of the immortal will which progresses through infinite time. We are not only individuals, but also a part of the human growing process of thought. The will, or

thought, increases in power as humankind grows older; its range is ever widening. This seems proof that man is deathless.

The universe is infinite, and in it each of us is only an infinitesimal speck of living dust. The realization comes to us that the individual is only a spark in the network of humanity.

If we, as individuals, are so small, why should we be divided into so many nationalities? A forgetfulness of self will bring for our future one nationality—man.

Only with an integrated will of man can we ward off war and corruption. Inequality encourages a suppression of creativeness. Only with a free expression of mind can full measure be made of our possibilities.

Education is a means to do away with the slums harboring jealousy, revenge, vanity, and unhealthy appetites. Through an educated understanding of life man will not lean on a cramped soul, but he will increase the breath and depth of immortal thought. This and that empire will be no more; we shall have one empire, that the empire of man. He who believes it brings it nearer. The drama of the future belongs wholly to us.