

voice that is still." The reader feels all the joy of a new day in the words, "And jocund day stands tip toe on the misty mountain top." From perhaps the greatest love poem ever written one thrills with Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways." Calmness, serenity, and faith are reinforced in one's mind when he reads,

"I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given."

Since through the use of words one sees, hears, and feels others' experiences and thoughts, one can truthfully say that words are powerful.

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My Son

Douglas M. Currie

IT WAS almost noon and I was tired; I had been driving since early morning and was now making my way through the industrial district of East St. Louis. It was a warm summer day, and many children from the tenement houses were playing in the street. The people in this section of town were those who earned just enough for the necessities of life with nothing left over for even minor conveniences. These were the working people for whom life was most often the struggle of getting enough to eat.

As I rounded a corner I was obstructed by a large crowd in the street. A new convertible was standing astraddle of the sidewalk, and a little boy was lying in the street. A large crowd had gathered around the driver of the car. He was a young man, heavy-set, and dressed in a flashy sport suit.

"The boy ran in front of the car. I tried to stop," he said.

He was nervous and shaking and must have sensed the anger of the crowd. He tried to explain—to tell someone that it was not his fault and that he was sorry—that he wanted to make it square. But no one listened; no one cared what he said; he had killed one of their people. He was a rich man's son for whom life had always been easy. He had always had enough to eat, he drove a big new car, and he never had to work twelve hours a day because the "old man" was out of a job. To these poor people of the tenements he was a foreigner. He represented what they could never hope to have and a way of life completely alien to them. He had killed one of their boys, a son of the tenements.

All the rage and frustration, not just against this man, but against society, was brought to flame by this accident. Several of the men in the crowd grabbed the man. The women tore at his clothes and scratched at him. A large man took a knife from his pocket, opened

it, and advanced toward the quivering victim. The scene was then interrupted by a woman who shoved her way through the crowd.

"Stop it! Stop it!" she cried. "Has not enough blood been shed this day?"

The man with the knife stopped and, shaking her off his arm, said, "Look, lady, this guy has run down this little boy. Do you want him to get away with it? What if that boy was *your* little boy?"

The woman looked at the crowd.

"That dead boy," she said, "is my son."

Then turning from the crowd she walked to the lifeless body of the boy. Slowly the crowd dispersed, and the arrival a few minutes later of a police car brought order to the tragic scene.

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Freedom

Richard Clutter

FREEDOM! A word that is used many times a day by many people but which is not just a word at all. It is a cause—a cause for which our forefathers fought and died. It is an ideal—an ideal of every righteous being that has lived upon this earth. It is a reward—a reward for those who believe that every man is created equal. It is a grace—a grace of God that is given, not through justice alone, but through His mercy. Lastly, it is a way of life—a way of life that can result in peace among enemies as well as among neighbors.

Do all of us who live in this nation deserve the freedom that we have? Do we always show that it should be ours by loving our neighbors and believing that they are all our equals? The answer for many of us is no. If we do not then deserve freedom, why are we blessed with this divine gift? Many people accredit it to the justice of God, but can it be justice? Justice can only be obtained if one is thought to deserve it. I believe that this freedom, this grace of God, is, like all of His gifts, given through his mercy. Since this grace is given through mercy instead of justice, we must not take it for granted, but must strive to pay the debt that we owe to God by granting to others the same freedom that God has granted to us.

We are told to love our enemies as well as our neighbors. This is a very difficult thing for man to do, especially if he is a slave to his enemy. As his enemies rule over him longer and longer, his dislike for their actions grows and grows, until he eventually hates his enemies, instead of merely hating their actions. I do not believe that freedom among men will automatically develop love among enemies, for that requires much more than mere freedom. But I do believe that freedom and what it stands for tend to lessen the hatred among enemies—hatred that develops from a feeling of inferiority.