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winter 1958



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winter, 1958

THE LANTERN

URSINUS COLLEGE

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The Quill

THOUGHTS

Last spring the SATURDAY EVENING POST began a series of articles under the heading "Adventures of the Mind". In one of the early articles of this series Paul Tillich presented an essay called "The Lost Dimension Of Religion" in which we are told that in today's society of speed and mass production, man has lost what might be called an intangible value, that of deep religious conviction. He pointed out that men are trying, often desperately, to recover this value; some are literally chasing the world over in their search. And, for the most part, they remain unsatisfied.

The things for which they search are answers to questions that deal with such things as the motivations of men, the forces that guide life, the nature of the individual and if life ends with him, the nature of God and of reconciling tragedy. If these men were seeking for material goods they would be able to find them or find substitutes. But they do not, and when whole groups continue to search and question we have a phenomenon worthy of notice. We can be certain that they consider the intangible value valuable.

Many of the searchers become discouraged and tend to lean toward a fatalistic view of events. The fatalist makes the assumption that since an event occurs, it had to occur. If one man did not lead an army out to conquer the world, another man would have done so. Now this assumption is not entirely correct, and it is not entirely incorrect, because environment and circumstances are great factors in determining trends in the course of events. Yet it's a false assumption that a particular person had to come along and perform in a certain manner. Conditions can only be ripened for such performances; they can never guarantee the execution. The fatalist is what he is often because he is lost in a maze of historical facts that he has amassed, and despite the capabilities of his intellect, remains lost and perhaps a bit confused. He has lost the ability to think above and beyond the immediate milieu and found fatalism the easy way out. He has lost out in his search for the intangible values—fallen into a rut because he couldn't overcome the difficulties that fatalism raised. In this light fatalism becomes nothing more than an attempt to justify failure. Yet not quite ready to admit this, many continue their activities and searching, striving for the answers.



Now consider the men who seem to have found the intangible values. Just how did they experience the "revelation"? What did they find and under what circumstances? I feel that it is perhaps sufficient to say that they experienced all of this by cultivating habits that foster such events—not by hunting blindly at a mad pace, but by thought of the kind that eventually leads to understanding and hope. Thought that is free, deep, almost untouchable in definite terms—but only in the finite. By losing himself in thought one can find himself—eventually find himself in the right perspective with his God. He begins to understand his needs and his God answers the unanswerable. He has found depth, the meaning and purpose of life, and can live accordingly under the concept that the greatest faith is expressed through a moral sensitivity. He can strive for perfection, that impossible possibility, and be justified.

In this Christmas season it is perhaps fitting that we re-consider and re-evaluate our thoughts, beliefs and actions—and reach for depth of understanding. Recall the Christmas story for what it is and what it can do for men, if those men will only permit and accept it . . . for the burden of choice rests on each individual. The Christmas story,

then, is a story to tell the greatest story of them all—that through a man God gave all men an escape. In this there is always the danger of making idols out of idylls, yet this is true of every symbol used in any religion. It might be well if more people would think these matters through for themselves, experience the period of inner confusion and turmoil, and listen through the clamor for those clear tones that signal peace on earth and goodwill to all men.

THE FIFTH YEAR

(As suggested by a friend, who, though lacking in formal education, is steadily advancing up the economic ladder by rights of his inherent intelligence, yankee ingenuity and gumption.)

Most students class their first year at college as the most difficult year of their life thus far. There is good reason for this belief. Although many of the problems faced are not in themselves large, it is the fact that many small problems, when faced at the same time, seem to grow to enormous proportions.

Take a young student from high school (age 18), remove him from his familiar surroundings and friends, place him in a strange new environment, with many other equally strange and confused young people, and you will start to get the picture. Next, you give him a set of rules that must be obeyed, rush him through customs, and feed him strange and sometimes downright poisonous foods. By this time his resistance is so low, and his mind is so confused that the fact he must also maintain a satisfactory scholastic average means little more to him than so many drops of water.

Worry is his constant companion. Even as one obstacle seems to diminish as he rapidly makes adjustments to this new way of life, another is immediately thrown into his path. Suddenly the fact that low marks mean ineligibility dawns through the somewhat numbed skull. And since each professor teaches and assigns homework, reports, outside reading assignments, and term papers as though he were teaching the only course of importance and the day has thirty hours, the first year student is close to total collapse. Just as he realizes that he will never catch up, the Spring Prom is here, exams are over, and he is now a full-fledged Sophomore.

Needless to say, the second, third and fourth years pass in rapid succession. Granted, there are times when life for an upperclassman becomes pressing, but as a fully integrated member of the student society, help is always readily available and no problem is really insurmountable.

All look with longing towards the completion of the senior year and the awarding of the coveted diploma. With that passport to success firmly in one's hand, the cares and

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Suddenly the new graduate realizes that he is almost on his own. At last he has completed his education and is about to brave the rigors of the cold, cruel, world. He has at last entered the fifth and most critical year.

With the fifth year comes complete independence, and with that new found independence comes responsibility. Responsibility to God, to Country, to self. Each must make his or her own way in the world, but there are two things he must remember. First, the diploma that he receives is visible proof to the world that he has measured up to the standards of an institution of higher learning. This alone should do much to quiet the feeling of being alone. He is now one of many, and from this mystic bond he should be able to draw strength.

Second, it is well to remember that this diploma is merely the key that opens the door to success; it is no guarantee of success itself. Once that door is opened, it is up to the person to sell himself and prove that he or she is the best qualified.

The fifth year will tell.

• • • • •

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Grouse Shooting

by Timothy H. C. R. Combe

We stood on the terrace and watched the sunset. Below us, in Lake Vryny, only fly-snatching trout shivered the still image of the fire in the sky.

Blue shadows were flowing down the slopes of the Montgomeryshire mountains. And on the moor was a pageant of red-gold and the rich purple of the wild heather. I turned to my host.

"Tomorrow," I said, "is the 12th of August. I would like to do my duty in this battle with the grouse."

It is a mistake, I know now, to be facetious about such a thing.

All round me for days the sportsmen had been gathering.

My host regarded me with the same chill hostility that Field Marshal Montgomery would have shown if someone had interrupted one of his H.Q. conferences with a tale about an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman.

"Have you ever done any shooting before?" he asked. My mind turned to that

cardboard target that I had once carried home from a public park in London, with its perforated heart. Something told me that that was nothing to boast about.

I reflected on the neurotic rabbit down in Herefordshire, who met me one day when I was carrying a service rifle. He was lucky enough to escape with his life from what he obviously regarded as the opening of the North African campaign. I decided not to mention that either. I simply said, "Well, I have not done this sort of thing before." I did add: "But I have been on a Safari."

There was no purpose in explaining that, so far as I know, I am the only man who has emerged after three weeks in darkest Africa with only his own skin as a trophy.

"Very well," said my host, "I'll find you a gun."

I think it was over dinner that night that it first occurred to me that I wasn't really wanted. I had thought that the conversation had lingered for an inordinate length of time on fellows who would never be invited again,

on maniacs who fired along the line of guns instead of straight ahead, and on weaklings who had been carried home. But I really got the point when the moustached captain turned to me and showed a blue lump on the back of his hand. "That," he said menacingly, "is a shot I collected from one dam' fool. I keep it there to show the next madman I meet on a shoot. He'll see more than that too."

Silently I went to bed; but there was no refuge there. Two sleeping-pills later, I was sitting bolt upright in bed listening to the dogs howling ominously in the kennels below. Morning has never taken so long to climb over a mountain.

Now, I have a theory in situations like this. One must always make an ally of the expert. Stealthily I went in search of headkeeper Billy Bull. We collided in the doorway. There was nothing stealthy about his search for me. He had just heard that I was to walk next to him, and he was very anxious to see if I could tell the butt from the muzzle of a gun.

* * *

Up the mountain road we drove, ahead of of the main party. We heard the other gentlemen before we saw them. Firmly they marched along the lane, their impressive handmade shooting boots ringing on the stones. They were an awe-inspiring sight. The commander, the wing-commander, the sinister captain, the stockbroker, and a burly Frenchman, who carried his gun like a fully-paid-up member of the Maquis. They had bandoliers, tweed caps, plus fours, and dogs attentively obedient as a convention of butlers.

I was not quite so impressive as I was wearing suede shoes, grey flannel trousers tucked into rather splendid socks, and a plastic raincoat. They were very decent, and tried to put me at my ease. Even my host laughed and said: "Mind that gun. It will cost you a hundred and fifty bucks if you wreck it!"

He gave me a handful of cartridges. I tucked them into my raincoat pocket, and a moment later we were climbing through the heather. Nervously I took my smouldering pipe out of my mouth. Soon I was frantically searching for it among the cartridges. I took the cartridges out one by one to see how many cartridges were on fire. Happily nobody noticed except a baleful Labrador.

Into a bog we plunged. Soggy suede is usually unhappy footwear but I was grateful. It made a peculiar sucking noise which hid my wheezing.

"You had better load now," said Billy Bull, stepping smartly away and to my rear. I noticed that he was not half so fast on his feet as the Labrador which took one look and got behind him.

(Continued on Page 14)

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LIGHT

IRV MOORE

The night is cold. Sheep huddle together in the pasture for warmth. The stars riding high in the firmament shine like diamonds set in a tiara worn by the earth itself. The moon is conspicuous by its absence.

Almost all the people of the nearby town sleep peacefully. There are a few, like Esther, who are kept awake by the loud, bass, gruff snoring of their husbands. At times children waken and cry. The people sleep, dreaming of the days to come, of days gone by, of loved ones, near and far, alive and dead. The people sleep . . . some of the aged will never waken. Esther notices that her husband's nocturnal concert has ceased. Now she can sleep undisturbed, she thinks. Her husband is dead.

The shepherds in the field, wrapped in many layers of animal skins in a feeble attempt to ward off the knife-like cold of the night, sleep in shifts.

"But I never did it," mumbles one of the sleeping trio.

The waking one starts, it is the first human utterance he has heard in several hours.

"What's that?" he retorts.

Silence.

A dog barks on a far distant hillside and is answered in mournful tones by the weeping, whining wind.

Light begins to fall on the hillside where all four shepherds are now bound by the ropes of Morpheus. The light awakens one of the silent quartet.

"It's too early for the sun," he thinks.

He glances toward the sky. Suddenly his heart begins to pound loud within him.

He shakes the trio awake. Grumbling and groaning, they demand in no uncertain terms to know why he awakened them at this hour.

"Look up at the sky."

"What is it?"

"The brightness nearly blinds me; I can't look any more!"

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"Don't you hear it?"

"You're mad, hear wha . . . Yes, yes, I hear it! Voices!"

"FEAR NOT, FOR BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE. FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY IN THE CITY OF DAVID, A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD."

The sky is suddenly bereft of sound, and



only the bright new star remains. The shepherds arise and leave the sheep to graze unprotected. Three walk erect as trees, following the star. The fourth is bent low, his right leg withered, his weight supported on a crude crutch. Soon he is outdistanced by his three companions. He stops to rest and finds himself alone in the cold, barren night. The star shines. His friends are no longer in sight.

Tears, hot and salt, flow freely from his eyes.

"Damn this leg! Damn it, damn it, DAMN IT!"

The everlasting hills throw back his words in defiance.

Slowly, painfully, he drags himself along the cold, hard, impersonal earth.

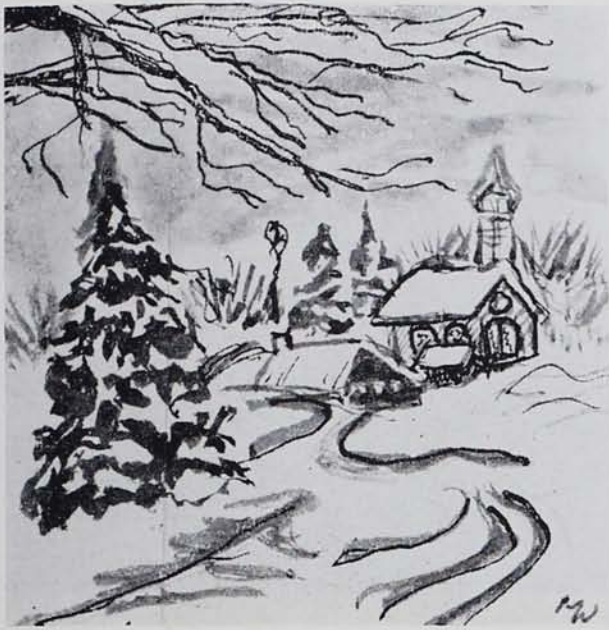
"Oh God, if only I could run; I'll never get to see the king."

It is morning before he reaches Bethlehem. He finds his friends overflowing with joy at having seen the king.

"He smiled right at me," said one.

"You lie! He smiled at me," came the swift retort.

(Continued on Page 15)



A Christmas Prayer

Richard T. Schellhase

O Lord our God,
 Who knowest what it is to be flesh,
 Teach us to know what it is to be Spirit;
 Thou who wert manly, teach us to be Godly;
 Thou who didst live with us, teach us to live with
 Thee.

We praise Thee for presenting Thyself to us;
 Help us to present ourselves to Thee.
 We thank Thee for Thy gift of love;
 Grant us grace to love Thy gift.

As Thou, through Thy Son, didst
 Enlighten a dark and desolate world,
 So may we, through Thy Son,
 Illume the times in which we live.

As people who, having walked in darkness,
 Have seen a great light,
 May we now set that light upon a hill,
 That it may not be hid.

Glad tidings of peace were by Thee
 Brought to earth;
 May the peace of glad tidings be
 Found in our hearts.

Humbly, we kneel at Thy lowly crib;
 Strengthened we rise to carry Thy cross.
 In our worship and at our work,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us still.

AMEN

Modern Magnificat

Carolyn Carpenter

"My soul doth magnify the Lord."
 This was the song she sang;
 She, blessed of mothers everywhere,
 When her Great Son was born.

Her heart was filled with love and peace,
 Its hymn rose up to God
 With grateful praise for His dear gift
 To her and all mankind.

Now, too, our hearts this Christmas time
 Are filled with thankful praise;
 We're humbled that He'd send His Son
 To die—Our earth to save.

So let us, kneeling, pray the words
 That Mary sang of yore;
 That henceforth all we do and say
 May **magnify the Lord.**

. . .

Pauses

Carolyn Carpenter

It seemed that time had stopped to pray
 That morning just at dawn—
 Had paused to kneel there by the lake
 Before the morn rushed on.

Against the dark strength of the hills
 Was set a golden sky,
 Unbroken save for one lone star
 And new moon placed on high.

The embers of the campfire
 Were memories of the past:
 A streak of red in Eastern sky
 Said day was coming fast.

But, still . . . , for one brief moment,
 The holy silence stayed;
 The birds seemed muted by the spell,
 The wind no whispering made.

Oh, thank you, God, for pauses,
 When thoughts of Thee are born;
 For silences you've tucked between
 The embers and the morn.

On Selfishness

LINDA LEE

Every person is, to some degree, selfish. Each cares for himself first, for others second. One many find satisfaction in attitudes which approach, but never reach, altruism. Another may find satisfaction in the benefits he can obtain by drawing upon the wealth of the world. One may be an ascetic, the other a hedonist, and yet both are selfish, for each is trying only to please himself.

Ascetic: Your bacchanalian orgies, your platters heaped high with spiced meats, the bowls overflowing with fruit are wrong. Your life of pleasure is an evil life.

Hedonist: My life is no longer than the moment between twilight and darkness. The world is overflowing with riches. It pleases me to take all that I can of what has been provided. It pleases me to enjoy life. How unhappy you must be with your wooden pillow and narrow bed.

Ascetic: The wooden pillow satisfies my soul. When my body suffers my spirit rejoices. Surely I shall go to heaven.

Hedonist: You say you have a claim on heaven and yet you are living only to establish firmly that claim, while I, even though you call my philosophy evil, have done more worthy things. My women were poor wanderers until I took them in and dressed them in rich clothing and adorned them with sapphires and diamonds.

Ascetic: Yes, you did that, but only because their beauty was pleasing to you.

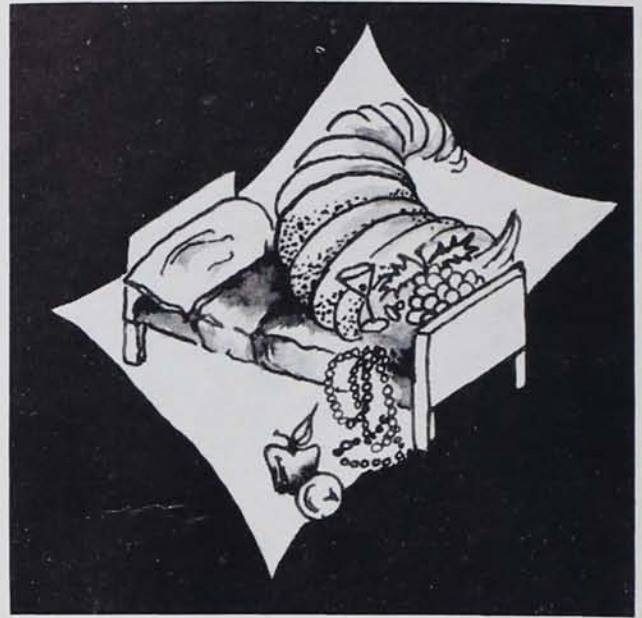
Hedonist: Once I saw an old, starving woman, a slave, being beaten. I bought her and have cared for her and have even become angry with her when she tried to do small chores.

Ascetic: No doubt you were greatly pleased by your generosity. How did the woman react?

Hedonist: At first she grabbed handfuls of food and when she had finished stuffing her stomach she stuffed her pockets. She was dazzled by the splendor of my home and often used to steal small trinkets. I spoke to her about that and she stopped. But she still hoards food because "There might not be enough."

Ascetic: Her selfishness then, is caused by a fear of hardship and of death. It is a better sort of selfishness than yours. . . .

Hedonist: And than yours. Yet she deserves no praise for it has arisen out of want and is the basic selfishness—the striving to preserve life. After security is obtained comes the enhancement of life.



Ascetic: Let me continue. Her selfishness has in it a greater good than yours. You exploit your slaves and probably cheat the merchants. Your selfishness interferes with the reasonable and basic selfishness of others and the degree to which it interferes is the measurement of its evil. The old woman's selfishness is harmless . . . and so is mine.

Hedonist: Perhaps so. But the evil which you claim is present is balanced by the good I have done, even though that good is the result of selfishness. You have done neither good nor evil to anyone except yourself, you have cared for no one else, you have lived alone—in complete selfishness. Although your body has been mortified, you believe your spirit to be rich. I have physical wealth and my spirit, if I have one, must be almost starved to death.

Ascetic: God has created a delicate balance.

Hedonist: Perhaps He did it to please Himself.



Reginald, I think you've carried this informal class atmosphere too far.

Termination



CAROL BORTHWICK

Quiet is the town,
Solemn and hushed.
The church bell is tolling,
Filling the heavy air
With its melancholy tones.

Tongues are silent;
All seems breathless.
The mountains, tall and foreboding,
Frown down upon the valley
Where some pause briefly.

As the spade bites the sod,
The gentle rains begin.
They flow softly, descending
As tears from heaven,
Mingling with mine upon the cold earth.

Cynthia

CAROL BORTHWICK

Mystic swirls
Twisting, turning
Deep within Cynthia
Flashing red
Droplets spinning
In the depths.
Dazzling streaks
Of amber gold
Twisting, turning
In the ancient Cynthia,
Pool of darkened charms
And forgotten sins.

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Grouse Shooting . . .

Suddenly the ground in front of the wing-commander erupted. He fired and down tumbled the first grouse. And just as suddenly the ground in front of me erupted too. So did my gun. The most surprised skylark in the world rocketed up to safety high overhead.

On and on we went.

I was in a coma of heat and exhaustion when the blur of the heather in front of me seethed and bubbled with brown feathered hysteria. Billy Bull said afterwards that there were eight grouse. I was too busy to count. I was trying to get my right arm out of the sleeve of my plastic raincoat, to release the safety catch, and get the butt of my gun disentangled from my armpit. I heard it go off. I saw a grouse hesitate, sag, and topple into the heather.

"Good shot," cried the stockbroker, "a beauty!!!"

"You didn't know much about that," muttered Keeper Bull as the astounded Labrador dumped the grouse at my feet. . . .

Even the bird's eyes looked amazed as they filmed.

I paid no heed to blood pouring profusely from my right thumb which the safety catch had viciously sliced, and I did not feel the ejected cartridge as it crashed against the bridge of my nose. The others could go on if they wished. I had made my mark. So down, back over the moors I strolled, my feet light, gun under one arm, and the grouse dangling in my hand. Arriving at the hotel, I made straight for the bar.

The occupants were very civil. "Good shooting, sir," they smiled. I beamed at them and bought them all a drink.

"It's a funny thing about Tom's gray mare," they said. "Never comes off the moor except for bad weather, but she came down this morning right enough, and on a lovely day like this."

Not even my host, looking baffled into his port that night, quite compensated me for such a horrid lack of taste on the part of an animal, which one is brought up to regard as a best friend.

COVER PHOTO

Our cover photo was taken just after the heavy snowfall last year that brought everything to a standstill. Mr. Richard T. Shellhase took the original picture on a 35mm color slide. From this slide a black and white negative was reproduced which in turn was used to make the print for this cover. The prints were made from the slide on equipment made available to us by the Call-Chronicle Newspapers of Allentown.

—EDITOR

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Light . . .

"He may have smiled at you, but *I* brought him the best gift," the bass member of the proud trio is speaking.

"Damn you," said another, "he smiled at me *because* he liked my gift best. It was better than yours and you know it."

"You're both mad, you brought common, mundane things. You must admit, he'll like the toy boat best. Besides, he'll never know that I stole it."

At this point, the crippled one, head bowed, shoulders sagging more than ever before, creeps slowly away, weeping.

Time, like a great river, rolls ever onward. Some thirty years pass, leaving the cripple to seek the king throughout the land. Disappointment follows disappointment, failure upon failure.

One Friday afternoon, an old, old man is seen lying in a doorway at Jerusalem. A great crowd of people passes by. A corpulent gentleman in flowing robes kicks the cripple to move him from his path. The mob passes on.

On a hill outside the city wall, three men hang on crosses.

"If you are king," cries one, "save yourself and us!"

"Do not fear God," says the other, painfully, "We're getting just reward for our deeds. This man between us has done nothing." He speaks to the tortured man on the center cross, "Lord, remember me when you come into your kingdom."

The last words which the shepherd-thief hears are comforting.

"Truly I say to you, today you shall be with me in Paradise."

Suddenly it is still. Ominous clouds loom on the horizon. A cold, sharp, biting wind moans through the now deserted streets of the city. The earth begins to quake beneath the cripple, who is still lying in a daze in the street. The shaking dislodges some bricks from a nearby building. The bricks plummet to earth, striking the cripple who cannot move away.

"I have searched for you, and I have never found you. Now must I die before I see your countenance?"

A bright unearthly light shines about the poor beggar lying in the street, his life ebbing away with every slow beat of his heart.

Must I die and not find you? Oh God, show me truth and light. Show me . . . show me . . . sh . . ."

The light about him grew brighter. Had any man been there, he would have seen the leg become whole.

**COLLEGEVILLE-TRAPPE
ESSO SERVICE CENTER**

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ALL FOREIGN CARS

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Oilzom

COMPLIMENTS OF A
A PHOENIXVILLE FRIEND

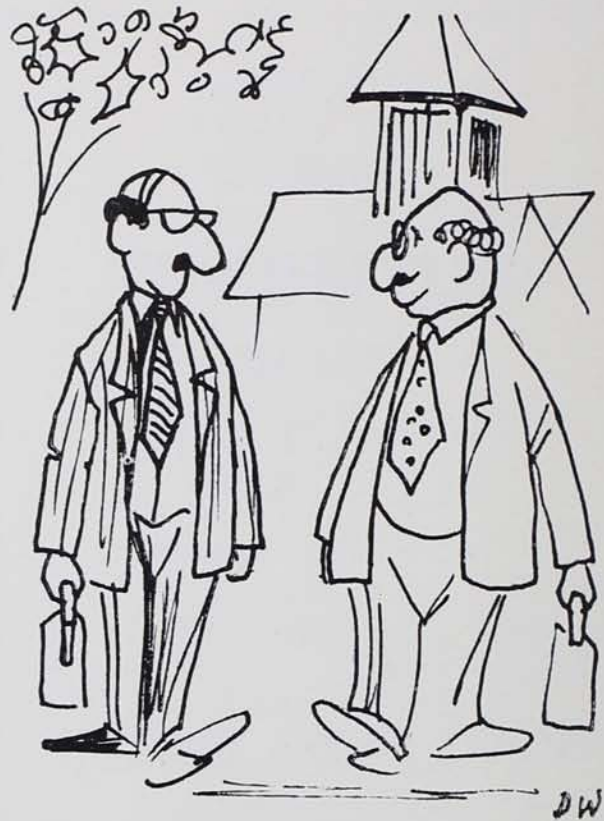
G. B. ECHENHOFER CO.

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"Precision Proportioned Meats"

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MArket 7-1143



I decided to give my six hourlies all first semester so I can devote more time to my student-faculty show skit.

JOE CIFELLI

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The Ideal Place . . .

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Shirts . . . A Specialty

PROMPT SERVICE

My Petticoat Princess

T. M. McCABE

I watch them on the street each day
I've little else to do
The girls, I mean, of modern times
I'm sure you've seen them too.

But among this seething turmoil
I found a jewel of richness
A throwback to more gracious times
My Beautiful Petticoat Princess.

Her golden hair was shoulder length
Her beauty striking, and more
Sheer elegance was her pale rose dress
And petticoats, at least a score.

One was silk and soothing
For comfort I am told
Two more of Nylon did cover this
One to have and one to hold.

Still two more of cotton
Starched and stiff as wood
To give with shape and body
As only such garments could.

And one and two of Organdy
Rose red, flamingo pink
Warm colors, yes, of tender years
Dreams to live, and thoughts to think.

Crinoline, next, you can be sure
And Taffeta of darker hue
Perhaps a gift from someone dear
That means that "I Love You".

Dacron last, with needle work
Showing hours of loving care
My Beautiful Petticoat Princess, Aye
A delicate Pearl, today so rare.

Danny Palladino presents . . .

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Main Street — Trappe, Pa.

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— AT REASONABLE PRICES —

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or

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NORRISTOWN, PA.

??

Carolyn Carpenter

Where am I going?
Why do I go?
What is my purpose here?
How can these others go dauntlessly on,
Devoid of my questions and fear?

Just to be trusting,
Just to have faith,
Just to be sure of a plan;
Just to go out and stand under the stars
And feel God reaching for man.

From whence comes this trusting?
On what stands this faith?
And where lies the sureness of plan,
In a world that is soiled with envy and hate
And man's degradation of man?

Can faith grow with trusting?
Does trust come from love?
Can love be the theme of God's plan?
Can God bring this message through envy and hate
And bewildered questions of man?

STORM

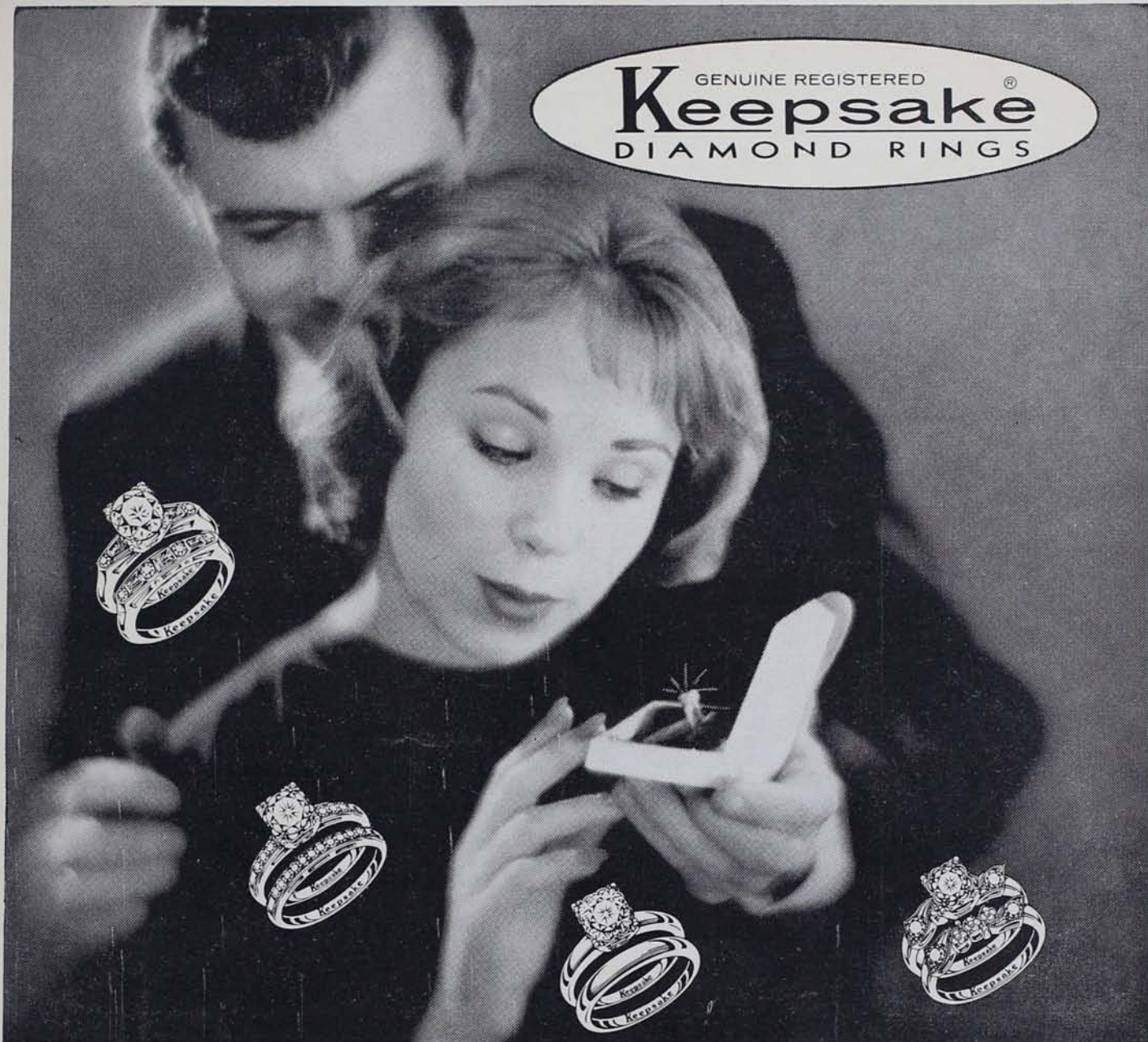
FLORA McQUEEN

Lightning!
Brilliance of realization
Streak unto the heart;
Thunder!
Roar of piercing pain
Tempest of tumbling tears;
Silence!
Sullen stillness of obscurity
Rending remembrance of happiness.

To walk alone
In the dark night,
To remember—
To be sad—
These bring the black sky within reach.

Strength stands by itself;
Lonely in a crowd—
Dark night comforts it,
Cruel world ignores it.
But still alone it stands.

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