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Human Attitudes in Appalachia

JACK E. WELLER*

It is a real privilege and pleasure to be invited to address this distinguished group today. Even though I am now a Kentuckian, my many years spent in this fair state of *West* Virginia (you see, I did learn how to say that) were such happy ones that I will always feel that the Mountain State is my real home. It is also a privilege to be on the same program with my friend, Harry Caudill, a man who has done so much to bring the plight of deep Appalachian counties to the attention of the nation.

My first reaction to the invitation of Mr. Hanlon was to say "no", since I can in no way pass as one who knows much about the subject of law. When he assured me that this was not necessary for my part of the program things began to look a bit different. I note that my subject has been listed as "Legal Attitudes in Appalachia." I would like to say that it will be more like "Human Attitudes in Appalachia," the legal end of its being only one aspect of the matter. I am not a lawyer, nor a sociologist. I am a Presbyterian pastor. My business is people. I have lived in the mountains now for 16 years and hope that some insights have been gained into what makes people tick in those hills. It is from this perspective—of people—that I would address you this morning.

We Americans are people of a dream. When our forefathers landed on these shores they came with a dream. They followed the dream and in great measure they made the dream come true. It was the dream of freedom, of security, of human dignity, of equal treatment before the law, of the right to education and employment, of opportunity, and of a decent place to live and raise a family. That dream, like a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, has led us on to achievements and wealth and opportunities undreamed of by our forefathers. Because we have achieved these dreams we are a people of hope. We live in hope, for the tomorrows have almost always been brighter than the todays. Thus, hope might be defined as a lively dream—a dream able to be achieved and realized—a dream which is so alive that most of us automatically operate on the assumption that such dreams do materialize.

So, most middle class Americans are a people of hope. We look forward to and plan for the tomorrows because life has taught us

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in many valid ways that the tomorrows hold things which are bright and worth planning for. We live in an "open door" society. So many doors of opportunity open before us we hardly know which one to go through next. There are so many things to do, so many advantages open to us, so many places to put our time and energy, so many community groups demanding our time, so much so that I am sure we all have wished at some time or another that we had been born twins, and our wives wish that we could spend at least a few more hours at home. Our opportunities drive us on, our dreams lure us on. We are a hopeful people, and hope is a lively dream, an alive and vibrant dream that animates our life.

We, who are people of lively dreams, find it difficult to believe that in our land there are those for whom the dream is dead. How can this be? Many of us came out of poor and unpromising backgrounds, so it is possible to move from poverty to prosperity. We made it. Why can't others? Why haven't they? Yet you know it to be true. You know these people of the dead dream. The families up the hollow who haven't made it; the people in the old coal camps who will rock away the remaining broken years of their lives; the inner city people whose restless activities threaten the very fabric of our society. Why can some men make it while others can't? We do not know, but we do know it happens that some people are defeated by the very forces that challenge others to new achievement.

It is about these people of the dead dream that I wish to speak this morning—the poor, those who have not made it in our society. I will address the subject of Appalachian mountain poor about which I know most, although the story of Negro poor and inner city poor is the same story with different events and characters. As we think of the Appalachian poor I hope we are mature enough to realize that all Appalachians are not poor, and that all mountaineers are not within the culture of poverty. The dream still does flourish in many a mountaineer's life, of course. I am assuming that we are not concentrating our energies in this conference on that area of our society that is *not* in trouble economically. I, too, am disturbed that the picture given of Appalachia is so often only of poverty but I would remind you this morning that this is the area on which we are focusing our attention.

How does the dream die in the human breast? How does it die among people who live in the very heartland of eastern America?

The early pioneers in these mountains came with the same dream in their hearts as everyone else. The new land must have looked like a land flowing with milk and honey: rich bottom lands; great forests filled with game, nuts, fruits, berries; fresh water in roaring streams with abundant fish; a good climate. It was a good dream this man had for himself and his family, and he meant to make it come true the same as all the rest of his countrymen, and he bent his back to conquer that land. But the land would not be conquered. As he cut the trees which held back water, the streams covered his fields. As his family grew, they quickly ran out of good land and were forced to farm the hillsides which, at first, were rich enough, but which were soon washed down into the streams. The frontier closed in quickly on the mountaineer as the land suitable to support him and his growing family soon filled up. How different this experience from all the rest of America, where the frontier was an expanding concept that stretched on ahead. For the mountaineer the hope of progress, of increasing wealth and prosperity for his family, became a little less as years went by. While for America as a whole, each succeeding generation became richer than the one before, for the Appalachian, each succeeding generation became poorer than the one before, or at best no richer. A static economy developed in the mountains in contrast to the dynamic economy of the rest of our land.

Those mountains, which looked so good at first, tended to imprison the mountaineer within the culture he brought with him. The mountains were not simply a geographic barrier; they were a cultural, educational, economic, psychological barrier as well, keeping him in and others out. Yet not entirely, of course, as we are not speaking in absolute terms, but only relative ones. But it is interesting to note that in this year 1968 there is not yet one single modern highway across the Southern Appalachians. Think how many there are across the Rockies, but we have not yet one. Even yet there is not the enthusiasm for new educational techniques, new art forms, new types of investment within the region, or even the willingness to take a new look at the law or religion, that can be found in the vital centers of our land elsewhere. Thus these mountains have tended to imprison people within a culture built for yesterday, and yesterday's culture does not fit today's dream. So the dream began to die behind the ridges.

About the turn of the century, when the moving economy outside the mountains spied the resources we had in timber and coal, agents

were sent to bargain for them. Our economy operates on the basis of getting the best bargain possible. When we go out to buy a car or a house or an appliance we attempt to get the best deal we can. So these agents sought bargains. Let it be said that the mountaineer also wanted a bargain, but he was at a disadvantage. These hill folk were pretty self-sufficient. (We always think of this as a great and desirable asset in any man, but here it proved to be a disadvantage). They grew what they needed, or they made what they needed, and they traded for what they did not have. This was not a money economy as much as in the rest of the nation. So, when the mountaineer was offered 50c for a 6 to 8 foot tree, and he had a thousand of them, he thought it was a good bargain and he took it. When he was offered 50c to \$5 an acre for the mineral rights for coal which he could not use, he thought it was a good bargain and he took it. He was a farmer. It was the surface of the land that was his wealth, he believed. When he found out later that he had sold the most valuable part for so little, that somebody else now claimed the wealth that might have been his, his dream died a little more. And it kept dying as the trees were stripped from the land, causing more floods, and as the coal left in mile-long trainloads to make some distant stockholders prosperous while he was impoverished.

Yet, life went on. The mountaineer found himself in a limited economy-agriculture and coal mining. About the end of World War I something else began to happen out beyond the mountains. In the flat lands of Ohio, Indiana, Kansas and Nebraska, agriculture began to be mechanized in earnest. Field was added to field as the American farmer began to lead the world in productivity. For example, in 1850 it took the American farmer 10 man hours to raise 12 bushels of corn. In 1930 it took him 10 man hours to raise 60 bushels of corn. And in 1965 it took 10 man hours to raise 600 bushels of corn. But not in Appalachia. A combine could hardly turn around on those narrow bottomlands, and tractors could not be used on those steep hillsides. Productivity on American farms zoomed upward (and aren't we grateful, else we would share the fate of much of the rest of our hungry world?), but not in Appalachia. The size of the average American farm rose to 302 acres, but in Appalachia the average acreage remained at nine. The investment in machinery and equipment per man on the average American farm rose to \$75,000, but not in Appalachia. Something out there, out beyond, over which he had no control, destroyed

the Appalachian farmer's ability to make a living on his land. The mountain farmer did everything right according to our American philosophy. He worked hard, he loved his family, he had faith in God, he sent his sons off to fight our nation's wars, but he failed. And the dream died a little bit more for him and for many of his people.

The same thing that happened in agriculture also happened in coal mining following World War II. Machines made somewhere else began to take away the Appalachian miner's ability to make a living in the mines. Four out of five men were put out of jobs in the mines by machines. Again the miner had done everything right according to our American success philosophy. He worked hard, loved his family and the rest, yet again he failed and the dream died a little bit more. In fact, the whole history of mining could hardly have been planned to kill the dream any better. The legacy of the mines for many was death, sickness and brokenness, unemployment for months and even years, debilitating strikes and mine wars, living in camps that could hardly be called stimulants to gracious living, boom and bust, slate piles with acrid fumes and polluted streams. You have lived in some of these camps, haven't you? You've been there when the mines shut down and watched the dream die suddenly? You've watched untrained men and immobile men and sick men and illiterate men sit beaten on their porches while the houses tumbled down around them and all human services disintegrated, unable to stay yet equally unable and ill-prepared to leave? Some made it away with a battered dream still alive in their hearts, but many did not. Hope had died.

The equation by which most of us live in America did not hold for them. For us, energy = success. The more you put in, the more you get out. I cut my eye teeth on that equation. It was paddled into my britches by parents who would not let me believe and live otherwise. Energy = success. But for many of these Appalachian farmers and miners, and in great measure for the society as a whole in the mountains, the equation went like this: energy = failure. Do you understand how this happened? Can you see how the dream that drove us on because it kept coming true for us was not the dream that came true for many in the mountains? Can you see how the very events which provided abundance for our tables and energy for our economy were the very events which spoiled the dream for many a mountaineer?

Then came strip mining. The broad form deed was upheld by the courts and the right to use the land surface for mining the coal came to be interpreted to mean the land could be covered up, ruined, destroyed. Though it didn't affect all of the people, the fact that it happened at all, and the fact that the native Appalachian little man again stood the brunt of it made the dream die just a little bit more, and hope move a little bit further away. America was not being for them the land of opportunity and success.

How ironical that two of the very first industries to become so highly mechanized in our economy were the only two major industries supporting mountain people. Jobs gone now, wealth still going away to somebody else, education still not first-rate in many places, hospitals and doctors still not as plentiful as elsewhere, public services and aids still not equal to the rest of the nation, families began to move. The greatest migration in our nation's history has taken place in the past three decades as mountain people moved out into the northern cities to work. Again, how ironical. Probably the least prepared for moving of all our nation's various peoples, the most poorly educated, the most land-locked, were the ones forced to move.

Moving is not a new solution to the human economic problem. In all ages people have moved in order to find economic opportunity. How many of our forefathers came to this new continent for this very reason. So mountain people migrated as they were forced to, and this was right. But people generally move according to a sociological pattern called "selective migration." Who goes? The young, the able, the skilled, the educated, the leaders, the ambitious. Who stays? This is determined by a process which I call "selective non-migration," and it is just as selective. Who stays? The old, the poorly-educated, the maimed, the halt, the blind, the lazy, the retarded, those with no marketable skills. I don't mean to say that all the able people have left the mountains, but I do mean to emphasize that most of the unable people have stayed.

Every society has its dependent people. What the percentage would be I do not know. Assume that it is 5%. In the mountains what would it be? 5%? Definitely not. 45% or 60% or even 75% is a much closer approximation. Thus here we have a society with its economy destroyed in great measure, with its tax base weak, with few services and inadequate education, with a small percentage of able, independent people who are leaders, and with this great

mass of the dependent, unable people with the "can't do" outlook. Most of the people who might have provided some of the answers and leadership to the region have gone. And the dream dies a little bit more for the whole society. Men say to one another, now, "There ain't nothing here for nobody, and there never will be."

Is it any wonder that here are a people who look backward to yesterday instead of forward to tomorrow? Is it any wonder that here are a people who tend to look at change, any change, as out to destroy what little they have left? Is it any wonder that here is a society which has developed in cultural ways different from the rest of America?

Think of it this way. We are as we are because of all that life has done to us. In a million imperceptible ways life has trained us: through our parents, their hopes and dreams and desires for us; through our heritage and traditions as a people; through our community, its spirit, its direction, its feelings and hopes (as well as despairs); through our schools, how good or how poor they might have been; through our neighbors, what kind of people they were; through the models we had for emulation as youngsters; and through all the rest that life has done to us. Thus a people in whom the dreams of America have been fanned alive through the years will develop in other ways from those in whom the dreams have been smothered and killed. If, in driving down the road in your car you could turn your wheels ever so imperceptibly to the left and could keep them there, at the end of 20 miles you would find yourself in an altogether different place than if you kept your wheels straight. So in our lives. Here is a person whose goals, hopes, drives and dreams are just a little different from ours, and at the end of 20 years he finds himself an altogether different kind of person than us.

Let me illustrate what some of these differences might be between those of us in a culture of the lively dream and those in the culture where the dream is dim or has gone out. And here I want to make clear that we are talking about the culture of poverty anywhere in America, and anywhere in the world. It resembles itself everywhere: in inner city, in Appalachia, in the rural South, in the Congo, India, Southeast Asia, etc. When the dream dies, hope dies and the culture of poverty is formed. That culture is not simply the absence of money. It is a way of life. If any of you were to discover on returning home that you had lost everything—house, land, job,

money—you would not remain poor very long. Your culture, your attitudes toward work, toward the future, toward education and learning, toward the world, toward yourself, would soon put you on the road upward again. But the culture of poverty is a dead end. It tends to be for those who have no hopes of ever again getting out and who develop attitudes, ideas and ways which enable them to live in poverty and wrest some satisfactions from it, but it does not enable a person to get out of poverty.

From what I have observed, we are all on the same scale of human values and attitudes, really, whether we are prosperous or poor, whether we still believe in the dream or not. Those in the middle class, where the dream is still lively, tend to be further along toward one end of the scale of cultural characteristics, toward the pole of hope. Those in whom the dream is dimmed tend to be further along toward the other end of the scale of cultural characteristics, toward the pole of despair. We are all on that line somewhere. In many ways, Appalachian culture, prosperous as well as poor, tends to be further along toward that other end. Now, consider these illustrations, keeping in mind that no one lives at either extreme. The extremes are pictured to make it plain.

At our end of the scale, we are goal oriented people, object oriented. Life for us consists of setting goals and working toward them. We have many goals in our life: a particular level of income, travel to certain places, a particular kind of house or style of furniture, a certain level of retirement security, a certain level of educational achievement for our children. Our children have goals too: driving a Mustang, getting a college sheepskin, or whatever. We even have goals on our days off. We plan them. We are going to cut the grass, or trim the shrubs, or wash the windows. And if our neighbor comes over and wants to spend the whole morning standing around talking, we get restless because we've got things to do. We are goal oriented people. Life has trained us that way. Our goals have so often been achieved, or approximated, that we assume that this is the way all life goes and ought to be.

But what if you lived within a society where goals were not that achievable, where a few goals were, yes, but not travel, not wealth, not a new home, not a top job, not a new Mustang nor a superior education. Then what kind of a life would you tend to have made for you? You would find the goal, the object, of your life to be involved with the only thing really left to you—the individuals

around you. Life then, would consist only of inter-acting with family, neighbors and people around. Not goals, but people, would be the meat and drink of your existence. And not just any group of people, but these particular people whom you know intimately and well, in whom you can trust, your own kind and long-time neighbors.

Suppose a man and wife (their children are off in school somewhere) who live out of the region, one day, decide that they will go down into the mountains and see for themselves about these mountain people. So they climb into their air-conditioned car and take a drive down through. As they go along they peer out the windows at the little mountain cabins perched precariously on the hillsides. They see a cabin, unpainted, with broken toys around the yard and the coal pile by the broken-down fence. They see the porch steps sagging, and the screen door half off its hinges and a window or two broken. They see so much that could obviously be done. Yet there is the family, all on the front porch sitting and swinging and enjoying life. "There," exclaims the wife. "Look at them. Look at that house. Look at that yard. Look at all there is to do around there, and them sitting, doing nothing. That's the trouble with people like that. And we pay our welfare to keep them. If they'd just get up off their porch and get busy they might be able to make it without government help." And the people on the porch say as the car speeds by with windows rolled up (the air conditioning doesn't work unless they are), "Look at that poor couple. Bet they ain't got no friends in the world."

There is caricature on both sides. The couple in the car does have friends, but they don't mean as much to them as the friends of those people on the porch. And that couple's friends are interchangeable. They can leave the friends they have now and move almost anywhere in the world and find a new set of friends who mean as much to them. Those people on the porch do have goals and ambitions, too. But they are not to have a fine car or a fine house or travel or wealth or any of the things that seem to be realizable goals to us. Their goal is to live "without confusion" with those around them. That's all they have that is secure, that is worth staking their life on. We are goal oriented—life has trained us to be this way. They are person oriented—life has just as carefully trained them to be that way.

Let me give another illustration as an example. We in the middle class, where the American dream comes true, tend to live to work.

Life for us means work. We like to work. It fulfills us and gives us satisfactions and rewards far beyond the money we receive. We get our fun out of work, and life for us means work.

What if you lived in a society where work was not quite so red hot, however, where work was unrewarding, dirty, dangerous, occasional or deadening. Then you would tend to develop an attitude which is toward the other extreme—you would work in order to live. Work would not be an over-riding concern of life. You would work enough only to keep things going for you. Some time ago as I was sorting my mail in the post office lobby at home a man next to me called to his buddy across the lobby, "Hey, Jigger. Goin' to work today?" This was Wednesday. Jigger called back, "Naw. I got enough to last me through the weekend." And this offends us. "Sure, he has enough to last him," we say. "But why doesn't he work to get ahead a little bit, buy his wife a new hat, fix up the house, save for a new car, put a little away for a rainy day." We can think of a thousand uses for a little extra cash. But look at it through Jigger's eyes. "If I work today it might have to be for some woman, telling me that I missed a blade of grass over there, or didn't get the window quite clean up on the second story." Working for a woman is most often repulsive to a man whose life has taught him that work is a man's world in the mines, the fields, or woods. Or, it might be cleaning out somebody's sewer line, or cutting the brush for the power line over the mountains. It would be dirty, or dangerous, or degrading, or utterly fatiguing. "All this for 8 or 10 bucks," thinks Jigger. "No, it isn't really worth it. If I can live till Monday without that, I'll do it," he concludes.

There are many other characteristics of the culture of poverty which we must understand if we are adequately to serve the poor. They have just as much right to be the way they are as we have to be the way we are. They have come by it honestly. We very carefully train our children for success in society. "Wash your face before you come to the table, Suzy." How many times do I have to tell you this? Save some of this allowance, Bill. You may want to get something with it later on." Over and over and over do we train our children for success, day in and day out. Our own lives are models for them to follow, to pattern their lives after. Then is it strange to you that families in the culture of poverty turn out children who have been just as carefully trained for failure in our society as we try to train our children for success? I remember a

story that went around town a while back. A welfare worker was making a call at one of the homes under her care. As she walked up on the porch a small boy was playing there. "What do you want to be when you grow up, Sonny?" the welfare worker asked. "I want to be on welfare like pop," he replied. And this offends us, too, doesn't it? But why? Doesn't every little boy want to be like his father, and every little girl want to be like her mother? And, who do these children in the culture of poverty know is successful, after whom they can pattern their lives?

These are people without hope, people without a lively dream. How do you restore hope? How do you begin to put back the dream in the heart of a man again? You begin by enabling some dreams to come true. You begin by opening doors and helping people through them. You begin by releasing the tight bonds of injustice, or poverty, or inability, or frustration that have held them captive. The solution is not "do for" people, but "do with" people; enable people; lend your skills and training to free them again.

One of these "door opening" and hope restoring skills is law. Will Appalachian people accept legal service for themselves? My own belief is that they will. They are no different from the frustrated everywhere. They will not accept it automatically. They will not flock to receive services simply because there is an announcement that they are available. It is important to note that the poor have learned through long years that they cannot afford professional help so they just do not bother even trying to get it. This includes medical help, dental help, counseling help, psychological help, and legal help. They are usually very uninformed or misinformed about procedures, rights, opportunities or services available. They have little confidence in the professions as being able or willing to help them, often thinking that these educated professional people will even "do them in." Or, they have had experiences of "charity" which were degrading to them, or inadequate. There is a fairly common feeling among the poor that things can be, and indeed are, rigged against the little man or the poor, so that even if they went to court they wouldn't get justice anyway.

A lawyer who works with the poor in southeast Ohio says, "It is so obvious that many of the people that come to me have given up. They need something to lean on. They need to know that the law is their friend, created so serve and protect them. If nothing else, legal services is proof to many that someone is for them. These

people must begin to feel that the law is a part of their heritage too—they must be given reason to believe that the rules of society are available to benefit them.”

It is hard for us to understand this kind of fearful attitude toward the professions on the part of the poor. For us we accept the world, its bureaucracies, its laws, its public officials, its police, its customs, its dress. The world is our world, and all of us have some sense, at least, that we can control our world and can relate positively to it. Our families have been a bridge to the world beyond. The poor family, however, tends to be a bulwark against the world that controls and manipulates them. They fear the bureaucracy, the public welfare department, the police. All these tend to be the enemy that can undo them and which has the power to do it. These folk tend to reject the world's customs, dress, amusements. They do not control their world. All they have known is the world controlling and betraying them. The poor of any culture tend to be suspicious of the “expert,” of the technician, or of one who is educated. Let me at this point indicate what I feel to be some guides toward working with the poor.

The poor are people: hurt people, defeated people, vulnerable people, with a low self-image. They need to know first our acceptance of them as people, not as unsuccessful people, or unworthy or low-down people, but as human beings who are also made in God's image. And they must know us as people. I mention this first because the poor tend to be far more person oriented than we are. They are very sensitive to relationships, like our children who know how Pop feels even when he says nothing. In my first parish, which was in western New York State in a farm community, the first task, I knew, was to get to know the people. So I visited them. At the door I would say “I am the new Presbyterian minister in town,” and immediately people knew who I was, at what status in the community, I held, where I lived, what education I had had, etc. Do this at a mountain cabin and the attitude comes back, “So? Who are you? Are you my friend? My enemy? Have you come to do me good as so many others have done?” What counts is not your title, nor how much you've gone to school, or how much money you make, in fact these may well count against you, but who are you as a person. Can you relate to this man? Can you accept him and talk with him as a man to a man, not looking down nor up at him?

This mountain man is responsive to persons, and to emotions.

He has not been trained to discuss and evaluate ideas, abstractions and theories. In seminary we were taught to preach ideas, to make sermons that hold together intellectually because most of us live on ideas. A sermon that has good ideas sends our minds and hearts in all directions. A poor mountaineer hardly even hears the ideas. He listens for the emotions and for the relationships that are communicated in the sermon. This is equally true for him in any field. It is not hard to dazzle a mountaineer with all kinds of fancy language and ideas and turn him away by so doing. The medical profession does this all the time to my people, giving them all kinds of fancy language which they cannot understand at all. Maybe we in the professions need to do this for our own ego building, talking our "in lingo" and keeping "one up" on the outsider. But you don't reach the Appalachian man that way. You turn him away.

Communication—how difficult it is. Yet it is *our* task to do the communicating. We are the ones who are facile with words. We are the ones who know the concepts and the principles and if communication with the poor does not take place, the blame is on us. Words mean different things to us than to them; they have different connotations. One of my fellow workers was recently relating a conversation she had with a girl whose daddy was participating in one of the unemployed fathers programs. The child said, "He has to go to school, too." "Oh," said my friend, "Back to school. Well, what does he take?" "Usually a baloney sandwich and a pop," came the reply. The simplest explanations, the most careful use of simple words, the avoidance of lingo is necessary if we are not to "turn off" the poor. They simply are not people of ideas and abstractions, or of deep thinking and careful reasoning.

Because the poor are very sensitive to relationships it is seldom possible to do business with them on a purely business-like basis. It takes time, often. It takes time to establish a personal relationship, time to "set a spell." I remember the report of a man who was to contact five men in a remote area, telling them they had been accepted for a special training program to which they were to report the following Monday morning. "It took me six hours to see five men," he gasped. Yet, if he had not taken this time the men might well have been convinced that he was more interested in the program than in them and might not have showed up on Monday morning. It is frustrating to us who want to get our business over and move on.

Yet, here are people who need more than legal information. Here

are people who are not adept in business, legal, social or family situations. They are often victims through ignorance. They are impotent people who have let situations deteriorate so much and so long because they did not have the know-how nor the resources to get help, and because they felt deeply that life was rigged against the little man, the poor man. They need real pastoral advice and treatment. Many of them have such deeply involved and emotionally explosive troubles that counseling becomes a necessary procedure. And it is very important that it be counseling which arises out of a personal relationship and mutual trust. Because the poor feel that the law is rigged against them (and I don't want you to assume that other professions don't get this same attitude reflected toward them—the medical profession, psychiatry, the welfare office, the established church), we who would assist the poor must somehow convince them that we are really ready to serve their needs and to win for them their rights. This is not easy to do, but once the word is out to indigenous community leaders and family leaders that such-and-such a person is really on their side and can be trusted even though he is a lawyer or a doctor or a preacher, the great hurdle is leaped.

I used to think that the human spirit was indomitable, that there was a bounce to the human being, that you can't keep a good man down sort of thing. I don't really believe that anymore. I believe that the human spirit is a very tender plant that can have the life crushed right out of it. Many of the poor are such tender plants, with life's dreams crushed. It can be your task to help bring such tender plants to life again, to nurture in them in some measure the dreams that bloom so naturally in our own hearts.