

silent before they thought. Christ, I am sure, was a silent and thoughtful man. In my quiet moments, I begin to think. Sometimes my thoughts are deep, profound; at other times, trivial and meaningless. When I think, I withdraw into a silent, still, sleepy world of my own. Nothing disturbs me. Thoughts of life, death, life after death, joy, sorrow, and grief drift aimlessly into my brain, linger a moment, and slither away like a ghost haunting its prey. The ghost is my memory, and I am its prey. This ghost—this haunting memory is silent, but living. May I ever be silent, living, and thoughtful! May I thereby become wise, instilled with the wisdom of a silent, thoughtful Christ.

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The Power of Words

Geraldine Hingle

WORDS have the power to enliven, to quicken, and to thrill. Words have the power to harass, to injure, and to wound. Words have the power to soothe, to captivate, and to heal. Because of words, friends have been made, compromises have been reached, treaties have been signed, and nations have been created. On the other hand, because of words people have become embittered, wars have raged, and nations have fallen. Mighty is the power of words!

Because of the power of words, used by adroit hands, one can visualize what others have seen. Edna St. Vincent Millet creates a complete panorama of autumn beauty in one line from her poem, "God's World": "Thy woods this autumn day that ache and sag and all but cry with color!"; Weldon Johnson in his poem "The Creation" gives one a vivid picture in these words: "Darkness covered everything, blacker than a hundred midnights down in a cypress swamp"; Thomas Wolfe makes the reader not only see but also experience dawn with his words, "The cool streets just grayed now with that still, that unearthly, magical first light of day which seems suddenly to rediscover the great earth out of darkness, so that the earth emerges with an awful, a glorious sculptural stillness—." Through these words the reader catches the vision of the author.

Also words can appeal to the sense of hearing. Listen to the sounds in the words—"the metallic click of ice-covered branches as they sway in the wind"; "silver bells, how they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the icy air of night"; and again in "an old opera tune played on a harpsichord." There are words that grate on the ear, such as *guts*, *shut-up*, and *vomit*. However, there are words that are soothing to the ear, such as *memory*, *music*, and *mother*. Yes, strident discords or great symphonies can be created through the use of words.

Authors, especially poets, use words to create their emotions in the mind of the reader. Sympathy wells in the reader's heart when he reads, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the smile of a

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