

Tonight a nation mourns, a nation prays. The newsmen said: "The world is sad". They're looking up tonight. They're bowing heads and folding hands. This crisis called the "fifty-twoers" into bands. The twenty-ones are heard across the lands. Beat the drums lowly. Job is recalled. Why, they're asking, why? The eyes are blurred, the voices heard are wet with grief. The glad faces are gone. Trembling hands light the candles and fumble at worn beads. Four guard the catapult. The flags are half way up the pole. The shroud entwines that last full measure of devotion.

Are we in touch with HIM ? Why, when the waves of tragedy cover us do we endeavor then to learn? Will we call the "Lifeguard" now, or tread in vain? Couldn't we have searched the lighthouse on the shore, before our anchors dragged and sank to ocean's floor?

Were these words heard tonight of God and Soul and prayer, just words that sounded good? Were these things spoken for our ears or for our hearts and souls? Does HE really hear? Can we communicate when lines are broken from the storm of rust, disuse and fear? Are these the prayers from cobwebbed shelves brushed off in time of need. The painful intercessions that we plead...where are the muddy knees and uncreased trousers of the past. Where are the Enochs of this day, who walk beside HIM on the way? Who read the Bible last?

Is this renewal time? Is this the sign we sought, the fellowship we yearn? Or can we row away again beyond the fall of land, until our need is great once more and we've lost sight of shore? We bob as corks on a sea of apathy. The nets are cast, the waves are high, the flood is running out it's course. The green has filled our bow. The shoal is now. Futility. The broken oars dangle in their locks. How the time did fly...the Fisherman is nigh. Here comes the caisson, "Hats off"...

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Written as midnight approached on that day; November 22, 1963