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In all the world--thru all the ages--men have hungered for a few basic God-given rights. They have lived for them, longed for them, fought, and died for them.

Time and human progress to our present day and way of life have not appreciably altered these needs and desires. Food and water? Of course. Clothing and shelter? Certainly. Beyond these lie extraneous elements of variable magnitudes, governed by one's personality and what is required for his own happiness.

Some people have persistent, peculiar needs. Some people are most happy when they can make and see others unhappy, when they are amid and creating chaotic conditions, when they are soaking up, like sadistic sponges, the life's blood of another, with hatred, deceit, greed and cruelty. They are ecstatic when they have taken from others the last vestige of material independence, freedom and human dignity, and finally when they have taken their own lives.

These are the genitors of war! These are the thieves of peace! They belong to the ages...for they have always been. But, must they forever be? We must watch them...we must fight them...and, we must win!

I do not want war. I advocate PEACE. The good of this land which I enjoy as a free being would be worth my struggle to preserve. A stable peace and how to achieve it? I do not know. The answer to this question is surely yet beyond us. As Adlai Stevenson so aptly commented in 1952, "If the pursuit of PEACE is both old and new, it is also both complicated and simple. It is complicated, for it has to do with people, and nothing in this universe baffles man as much as man himself."

Fear and suspicion prevail when a lack of knowledge and understanding are present. Some people believe a common language for the entire earth is a necessary means to better communication between peoples and nations. Over three and one half billion people now speak nearly two hundred separate languages, and complicated still further by hundreds of different dialects. Americans think English would be the natural universal language, as it is spoken by over three hundred million people. I think it would difficult to convince the five hundred and fifty million who speak Mandarin, don't you?

No, we do not speak the same language. We do not worship the same God. We do not dress alike, eat alike or think alike. We are apart and vastly different in a thousand ways. Yet, by the miraculous gift of creation, we are alike with the same basic needs of sustenance and life and with similar desires of freedom, independence, happiness and PEACE. It would seem to me that with these similar desires, human beings around the globe could get together. We can help each other to help ourselves. A friendly hand extended is as readily understood as a universal smile. Let's use them both.

, A hungry person is belligerent beyond reason. He must be fed, and I believe our great storehouse of food is being used more wisely with passing time in that respect. The Peace Corp is of tremendous value and I think the future alone will point out its long term worth. Likewise the rest of the world will be hard pressed to match the generousities and humanities this great nation has provided mankind and the world. If peace is ever a complete and total realization, the United States of America will be a great leader to that end.

Please do not misunderstand or misinterpret me, as I am not one of those who believe, "If you are an American, you are right." On the contrary, I am disturbed and distressed as I am sure you must be also to see the ever increasing rot and decay of American mind, matter and morals. I could write an oration on that to be sure! Still I see the good of our majority out-do the bad thru the dark of night, as the heaven's brightest star.

We as individuals and a nation have seen many wars on this earth, and it would seem that the human race will have many more. But you still must do your dishes, even if they are only to become dirty again. You still must take a bath, clean up and get a fresh start in life.

Conflict is a by-product of man's creation, but so is compassion and love. Let us excel in the latter, and pray for the wisdom of leadership.

We are being led now to the vast horizon of space, and I wonder if it might



mean another chance for man to extend himself in the undying quest for peace or only a bigger, grander stage for conflict?

I feel so small in all that is so great. Yet, all great things must have a beginning and if total peace shall ever be a reality, it will be only an extension of our ideals as individuals; as a community; a city; a state; a nation; and finally the whole world. Good can be as contagious as evil and love is the all encompassing prescription for the ills of a war weary earth. I am an idealist. I am a dreamer. I read and study the history of our planet aflame in turmoil for centuries past, cognizant of our present conflict, and I am afraid of our frightening future. Yet, I dream. I am certain that I shall never live to see the abolition of aversion, the dissolution of prejudice, or the reality of nations and their peoples linked in a bond of common respect, understanding, and peaceful endeavor. Yet, I shall dream. And, in my own way I shall resolve to do my best to strike a spark that may kindle a fire of kindness and a warmth of unselfish generosity toward others. Will you join me? Peace can begin at home; within ourselves; unto our neighbors and fellow-men; regardless of race, color, and creed.

The greatest leaders and statesmen would falter and fall without sincere, devout followers. And, likewise, our most earnest desires for peace become futile in a mockery of ideals.

Our nation was formed on a pedestal of lofty conviction; was nurtured, and grew to a place of unexcelled stature and power in the world of nations today. It now stands as a bastion of hope for free men around the world and the worthy prize of our assailed endeavor is PEACE...a most worthwhile prize indeed.

Our leaders cannot accomplish this without a faithful following. We must give unity to purpose and when the purpose is peace, the task is well worth our best efforts. There can be no better effort than a "Prayer for Peace." Mine I have written in a few lines of poetry...

Oh elusive "Dove of Peace,"  
Spread thy wings o'er all the land;  
May thy flight be guided by  
Our loving Master's hand.  
Soar high above in watchful flight;  
Seek out the troubled place;  
Turn to love the bitter hate  
Of kindred, tongue, and race.  
Tireless may thy journey be  
And all the earth thy nest;  
May brotherhood, among all men,  
Soon let thy tired wings rest.  
Until that day, God speed thy way  
To give free men their lease  
With honor of a tranquil life  
Brought by the "Dove of Peace."