

BRIDGE TO BELIEF

I remember as a little boy of five crossing a marsh near a country village. I suppose it was just a small one, but to a five-year-old it looked a long way across. To reach the other side I had to jump from one little clump of earth to another. A slip meant a plunge into muddy soup.

To add to the hazards, not all of the little clumps that were my bridge across the marsh were as firm as they looked. Some were fairly solid, but others gave way beneath my weight. Then sometimes I had to detour to the right or left to find a way. A few times I had to retrace my course and find a different route. But I kept on going because I wanted to be on solid ground.

In certain respects that boyhood experience of mine is a parable of the experience of contemporary man. Now, more than ever before in history, mankind is in a marsh of uncertainty and instability, going now this way, now that, seeking firm ground—a bridge to some stable and satisfying belief—but not knowing where to find it.

There IS a Way Out of the Morass of Doubt and Uncertainty

by Thomas A. Davis

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ation by
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