

A woman remarked to me last week that she had acted not very far from here as a substitute teacher in public schools. She said in the public schools the first grade is alright, the second grade is alright. But when you get into third grade or into fourth grade there is a tumult, you just cannot maintain order. There is a tumult. Everyone has freedom to do what they feel like.

Everybody blames others for these troubles we've had. If we look at ourselves we see the troubles ~~we~~ come from us. We have freedom, but what use are we making of our freedom. We have the world situation. In Cambodia we have a million people who have been killed and tortured, and how much protest have you heard? anywhere else in the world about this ~~the~~ condition? being allowed to exist?

You have it in Vietnam. Thousands of people having to flee in boats. Half of those who flee in these boats, the boats sink or the people die of starvation on them. Comparatively few escape. Now there is a big fuss made because the Chinese troops are attacking Vietnam. Let's say they shouldn't attack them. But I find it hard to keep from feeling a hope that they'll succeed! in what they are trying to do. After what Vietnam and Cambodia have done, even though I recognize that there is probably less freedom in China than in any of those.

Man when he thinks of himself as a first cause he comes into sin, he comes into wickedness, he comes into misery, but all there awaits him was what was recognized by Henley in his poem where he spoke of the "bludgeonings of chance." Where he spoke of the "menace of the years" and how "charged with punishment the scoll." Sin is universal. Misery from sin is here wherever we go.

Man is not a first cause. In many ways man is not even a second cause. It is often purely imaginary on our part that we are an individual cause!

When I was in college we ~~had~~ had a very fine message given us by a speaker from Vanderbilt University. By "fine" I mean it was very interesting, and very well given.

I will never forget the illustration with which he began. He said this universe is like a great big fly ~~is~~ wheel 100 mi. wide. We are going around ~~it~~ 100 revolutions a minute. He said it is going at this tremendous rate. He said that I think is a picture of the complexity of this universe in which we live. He said on this flywheel there is a little fly sitting on the edge of it. That's man! And the fly thinks the fly wheel was made for him!

It sounds silly, and ridiculous to us. But when we look at the other side of the picture it fits it very well. Many feel that man is not even a second cause, that man is caught in the bludgeonings of chance, that he is caught in the force of causation one after another. So there is nothing he can do to help himself.

When I was in college I remember one of the professors said