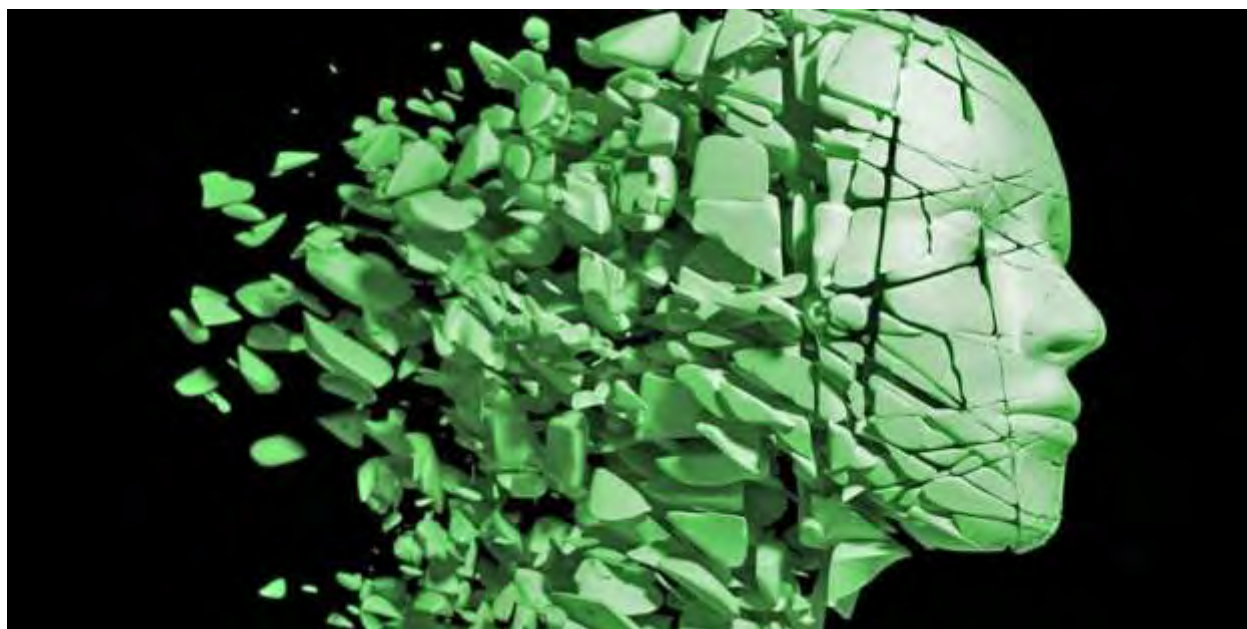


I finally knew in reality the world is dying and that we are starting all over again

Our Unification Church Missionary

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One of my fellow-teachers needed help with an English assignment so I read a book for her, a novel. And not only a novel but (of all things) science fiction. One of those end-of-the-world books where man's own fear and a few political accidents bring about a catastrophe that leaves everyone in the world stone blind, except for the usual few and diversified survivors. These few who can see are suddenly responsible for the rebuilding of the world, which is, of course, dying rapidly before their very eyes.

Nature inevitably takes advantage of the situation and strikes for revenge in the form of thousands of man-eating, soviet produced plants which prove to be, needless to say, much more intelligent than anyone dreamed. I'm sure you remember the book or one like it that you read somewhere along the line in your past. For some reason I found the book fascinating and continued reading until the not-so-odd-hour of half past three in the morning. I went to bed with a slight case of the willies, as you can well imagine if you read the book.

In the morning, after my counterpart left for her job, I sat down to finish the book off in an hour or so. The book was extremely well thought out and written well enough so that the feelings the author tried to convey sunk in quite effectively. These feelings clung to me like the scent of smoke. Then suddenly, faintly, I knew something that I hadn't really known before. A realization that must have come to many of you by now. It came to me like a curtain being drawn back.

I knew -- knew for the first time -- that this is the end. That finally, in reality the world is dying and that we are starting all over again. I wanted to keep the feeling with me, to become a part of me, a reminder, but I was afraid to grab at it because I knew it would slip away. I tried to let it linger as long as it would and then it began to fade. But the knowledge was still there. That the world is finally finished, and groping blindly for life. Then the thought vanished along with the excitement it had brought, the adventurousness, the relief of knowing that we were beginning now.

I know the days will continue much like before. I'll witness and be rejected or rewarded. We'll all have days when we think "Can they ever understand?" or "How can they not understand?" but I, for one, know... I, for one, have finally gotten it through my head that this is it. The end of everything. Everything that made us insecure and afraid. And the end of everything that we were secure with.