



Norman's Whereabouts

by Norman Searah

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As the song (though I can't remember who wrote or sang it) goes, "It's a strange, strange world we live in Master Jack. No hard feelings if I never come back." If there were another world we could travel to, I imagine there would be many people going there (leaving a lot room, empty homes, businesses, etc.), and many wanting to come back. I find our world, yours, mine and ours to be always changing, whether we like it or not.

A changing world surely affected the young J.R.R. Tolkien, author of Lord of the Rings. Tolkien said the Industrial Age invaded his world. When he became older, and World War I began, he and his classmates were taken up by the nightmares of war, and Tolkien wrote about them.

There have been many authors, painters, and other artists who have served in wars on all sides. Sometimes I find it interesting to listen to a group of old soldiers talking about their war days. I wonder what it was like

since they're old and can't hurt anyone now. But, they're still being hurt by their memories.

A lot of movies have been made about war. I find these movies interesting, but I still would like to know how soldiers really feel about war and how it's affected humanity.

For example, after and/or during World War I, many returning troops had influenza, gave it to others, and many, many died.

I wonder what other diseases and habits people bring home from a war. Think about it, or just take a close look at this war and what our troops are bringing home.

Wouldn't it be better if we could talk with each other rather than fight? Before the next war, we need to start talking now and not after it begins. If we need something to do instead making war all the time, we might try working together on the planet we call home. It's my home too, and it's all we've got. We keep telling the next generation this will be their world, but look at what we're passing on to them: a big mess, such as nuclear waste that will be around for centuries or dump sites that contain chemicals that seep into the water ta-

ble forcing some places with only bottled water to drink. (I wonder if this water is much better to bathe in.) Litter is everywhere. We throw trash and smash cigarette butts on the ground figuring someone will clean up after us. I often see farmers picking up trash on farm land like a city street cleaner.

The Earth cries to us for help, and where are we? We are only thinking of ourselves. We build more homes than we need and take up so much land that wild life are living on city streets. It would be interesting to see how we'd think about this if we were the animals, and they were the people. If we thought about this hard enough, we might stop having wars.

I'm not a scientist. Like some of you, I am a simple person. But, if I can do my best as a poor person, can't a rich person do the same? I'm a diabetic who has had a stroke, and I know how to change to survive. As a diabetic needs to change to live, so must we all. Earth is calling. She's calling all of us. We need to deal. We need to deal with global warming, poverty, and suffering, and all that hurts us. We need to end war.

I care. Will you?

