

The NEW BERN

MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
SOUTHERN NORTH
CAROLINA
Regional Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern, NC 28560



VOLUME 12

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1969

NUMBER 18

Like us, you'll find it hard to believe, but there were New Bernians who didn't have their television sets turned on Sunday afternoon and night. A sample Mirror survey indicates that there may have been hundreds of adults who didn't bother to fill a ringside seat for the biggest story since Christ arose from the dead.

What they missed, of course, was a golden opportunity, all for free, to witness a great moment in history. It is safe to say that never before have the inhabitants of our 259 year old town been so deeply stirred. If you didn't experience emotional stress, you are a most unusual human being.

It was a Sabbath to remember, and remember it you will if you watched the spine tingling drama unfold. On the surface (a bad choice of words) the least excited of all interested Americans, and world citizens, were the astronauts. That, precisely, is one of the reasons they were chosen for the chores they were called upon to perform.

After it was over, we admitted somewhat sheepishly to several friends that at intervals, during the afternoon and evening, we stepped outside and looked up at the moon. It was a recurring impulse that could not be resisted, and we were surprised (but shouldn't have been) to learn that a lot of other folks did exactly the same thing.

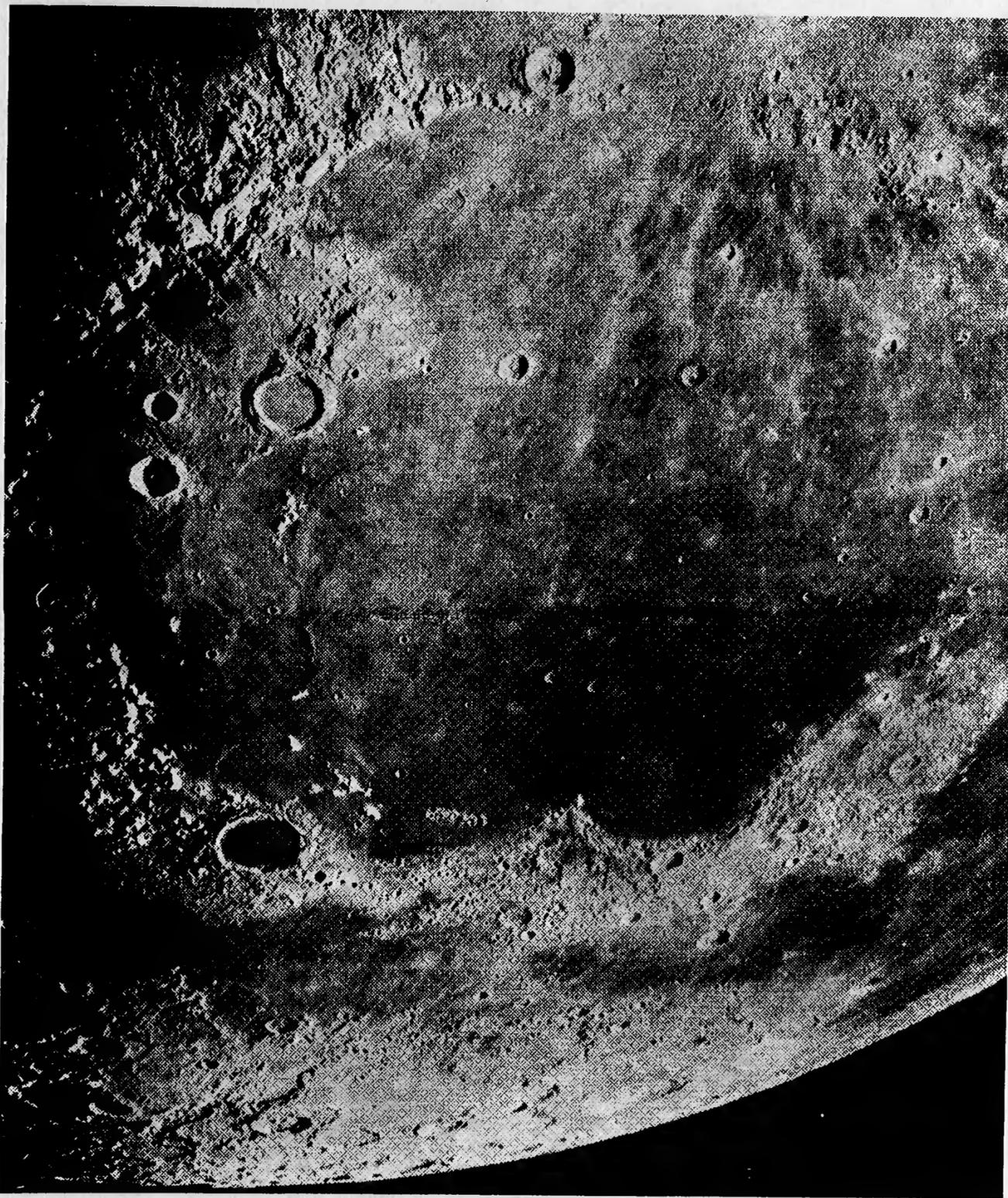
Seeing is believing, and there can be no doubt that Apollo 11 fulfilled its mission, but the average human mind still finds it hard to grasp and accept the reality. No one but God performs miracles, but within man's limitations, what happened Sunday was as close to fashioning a miracle as anything a mortal has accomplished up to this point.

Science and religion aren't in complete agreement on all matters, but it should be reassuring, whatever your faith may be, to take note of the fact that these and other astronauts profess belief in the omnipotence of a Supreme Being. To us, it seemed particularly fitting, agreeing it was probably a coincidence, that man's first landing on another planet came on the Lord's Day.

Those of little faith might regard as corny the fervent response of Neil Armstrong's mother, when reporters approached her shortly after she attended Sunday worship at the church of her choice. At that time, the lunar landing had occurred, but her son hadn't emerged from the craft to do what no man had done before him.

Mrs. Armstrong, bless her heart, doesn't have the voice to make a living out of television commercials, but she has the sincerity that would make her a good next-door neighbor. In quavering tones she simply said, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." Billy Graham has never preached a more eloquent sermon for a larger congregation.

There is no way to measure the tremendous impact that this astounding event had on countless millions of human beings. The effect lingers, and it may very well be that none of us will ever feel quite the same a-



THROUGH THE AGES

It ever has been thus, man gazing at the sky,
Counting the stars and asking how and why.
Confined to one small world, he saw the beams
That shone in outer space, and had his dreams.
As old as all of time, this never ending story,
Mortals reaching out to heavens in their glory;
Yearning to feel beneath them the dust or sod
Upon a far-off planet, designed by God.
And surely, One above Who made us richly blessed
Gave human minds and hearts this urge, this quest;
An ancient shepherd's journey to the distant hills,
Covered wagons rolling west, across rocks and rills;
Tiny vessels setting forth, on vast uncharted seas,
Lindbergh winging in the night, man was meant for these.
As long as there are snow-capped peaks, he must ascend,
Beyond the blue horizon is his challenge to the end.
A creature in God's image, now he better understands
Wonders of the universe, with moon dust in his hands.

—JGMCD.