

HIS STEADY HAND

Author Unknown

The darkness of night creeps round about
me
And I am sore afraid.
The stillness is like a death bed stealing
Upon me, covering me with its out stretched
arms.

I lift my voice unto the heavens and
Cry. The resonant voice comes storming
Back at me and I shudder at the sound.

Bewildered, vexed, and distraught, I fall
Upon this earth and weep. Is there no
Help, save that above? The arms of time
Wrap themselves around me and there
is no running away. To struggle would
Surely bring my fate. So I rise and
Firmly place my feet upon God's earth and
Take my stand. Then, suddenly, as if
It were planned that way, His outstretched
Hand fell toward me and beckoned me to
Follow. The muddleness of it all seemed
Very far from me now.

"You are my image." He said to me. "You
Are the ruler of your soul. Be strong, have
Faith, endure, be courageous, lest you fall
Into a pit of darkness and torture." Then
He laid His reassuring hand upon my shoulder

And he bade me open my eyes to the
Darkness once again. I winced and
Faltered in my steps forward. I stopped,
Turned around and He nudged me on. As
I moved on, I felt the presence of
My master and knew that I had won.
That I would never walk in darkness and
Desolation again.

The stillness and the darkness creeps upon
Me and I walk with faith in my heart,
Never to walk alone again.

EDITORIAL CONTINUED

main anonymous (this seems easy enough,
doesn't it). Detection and punishment of
cheaters comes under the duties of the
student government. Report your finding
to them and let them take the necessary
action. (This, too, may very easily be
done anonymously. A fellow sympathizer
in another class.) There are many ways
which you as students can combat this
most prevalent of school diseases and
reduced greatly it must be if the school
is to attain its objectives. Act now!

TIME ...

By Sue Ingram

The time rushes on
I stand still and it steals past.
If it would stop but for one fleeting
moment,
But no, time waits for no one.

I cannot recall my many yesterdays,
Yet, some stand out so vivid and dear.
If I could just return to that certain
day, that certain week,
But no, time rushes on.

I am young yet, only in my teens,
But there are many days I wish to recall,
Days which I would like to relive, and
change,
But no, the time has past, it will not
return.

I must live for today, and not look back.
Yet deep in my heart, memories will linger

YOU

By Jo-Jo

Granite and peony, ocean and
bird's song,
Night and spring, you and I.
We are all synonymous.
We all say the same things
In the same words.
You live, You are part of life's
procession, Life's continuity,
Life's Love.

Feel the affinity with every
living thing,
And everything that will live and
did live.
Symphony with a grand purpose:
Life, and to be.
No more needs to be, there is no
further Identity.

The staff expresses its deepest
sympathy to Harry Bowles on
the death of his mother

Do your part to encourage honesty. We,
as students, own this school and the
responsibility for decency is ours. Let
us assume this responsibility and clean
up this mess.