

MILES AND MILESTONES TO MONTREAT

Everyone's road to Montreat is a distinctly different one. There are no two alike; and no two cover the same territory. Some are comparatively smooth and uncluttered, but all are rather long and often tedious. Remember that each person's own journey through the years to Montreat is unique. Remember too, that this journey did not just happen. If you were too busy with other things to watch the road signs and directions all these years, someone else was watching them for you, and has guided you to Montreat.

Your journey probably began about 1936 or 1937. You were in no mental condition to realize this then of course. You were too concerned with bottles and Ivory soap and strained vegetables. You wouldn't have cared how many bumps or curves were in the road ahead even if you had been aware that there was a road. This was the road that would eventually carry you to Montreat.

As long as you were being carried bodily, or as long as you were riding in your carriage, the road presented no problems. Then came the switch to self-locomotion. This surely seemed to be a slow and painful way of traveling, but you were a very determined little person with an even more determined little personality. Along with that unusual knack you developed for putting one foot in front of the other, there came the overwhelming desire for controlling the action of your vocal cords. By good, hard, concentrated screaming, those vocal cords had become well conditioned for years of steady, trouble-free service. Now to get them down to a slightly more human pitch, and then air some of those great ideas and plans that kept filling your brain.

To put it bluntly, you began to talk. Needless to say you were so pleased with the sound of your very own voice, belonging so peculiarly to you and to no one else, that you never ceased to exercise it to its fullest. Sometimes you may have felt that you were not being fully understood, and no one seemed to realize that it was because you were having trouble maneuvering that thing called a tongue. You wished you could examine it more closely, but every time you caught it with your hand and got a good grip on it, someone pulled your fist out of your mouth and began explaining to grandmother that you were beginning to cut another tooth.

Then you tried another way--sticking your tongue out as far as possible and then looking down in that general direction as hard as you could. This took even more explaining on mother's part, because poor grandmother was quite shocked at having been looked at with such an expression by her formerly favorite grandchild.

Well, believe it or not, the object of these last seventy volumes was to drive home the fact that you were not aware of the existence of "roads" when you were a baby.