

particular blade of grass is hit upon or another. None of it lasts very long. All of it is soon forgotten. Think of the U.S. - 200 millions of people. How many of them will you ever know by name? How many of them will you ever know much about? You are just one of this great mass of humanity rushing back and forth about their little concerns, terribly excited about this matter or that, and 100 years from now practically all of them will have disappeared. 200 years from now hardly anyone will remember ^{most of them} they even existed. How many of your ancestors who lived ^{as recently as} ~~ever~~ 200 years ago would you even know the names of? How many of them would you recognize if you saw them? How many of them do you know anything about? And the U.S. is only 6% of the people of the world. Nearly 4 billion people on this world; what an anthill! What difference does it make whether you were born in ~~the~~ America where you can drive an automobile, where you can eat pleasant food, where the chances of your ever having to suffer from violence == violent attack is still comparatively slight. ^{How fortunate you were} ~~All accidental that you~~, humanly speaking, ^{to be} were born here instead of Vietnam where the Communist armies are rushing over the territories seizing pillaging, destroying. And the areas that they hold will soon be == in which they have gained control will soon be listing the people together and forcing them into a mould of slave labor and constant fear. Man is like the grass that grows up. The wind passes over it, and it is gone. As we ~~with~~ look at humanity, look at ourselves, we find that as a person says, You are better ~~iii~~ looking than someone else, that you show more brains than the next person does. That you are a nicer character and you beam with pride. Somebody snubs you and thinks the next person is more attractive than you are, and you cringe with disappointment. How utterly silly is the pride that all of us have in our little victories, and the dreams that we have, or our little defeats. Just think of any particular quality of which we might boast, or for lack of which