

These journal entries were written during a stormy period for me. I'd just dropped out of college and left my San Francisco apartment, thinking I'd walk across the country like Peace Pilgrim. Unfortunately, I found the project a little more stressful than I'd expected.

October 23, 1980

Loose notes:

- I. I am walking across U.S. to find God.
- II. Why, dear? Let's talk about what you believe.
- III. Talking about what I believe with Andrea, meaning imposed on events is arbitrary. The Beatles.
- IV. God is beyond the meaning we impose, yet more immediate than we dare admit. What moves us, what we move in.

I thought of donuts and then there was a Winchell's. Sometimes things seem to happen that way, events falling into place after thoughts like coins into slots.

After donuts, it seemed like instead of keeping on walking, it might be a better idea to put up in Lodi for a few days. The darkening walnut trees. At Lockeford Street the sidewalk gave way to soft dust alongside the east-west railroad line. I stopped and took off my shoes. Somebody in a pickup honked at me and my hand flew out, pointing with the middle finger. Maybe they meant it as a compliment? I just get so mad.

A big old white house with a porch swing, a sign on the front door: Room for Rent.

What else?

Lodi has a high concentration of churches and yarn shops per capita. The agricultural workers and high school kids get drunk on the weekends and leave the street corners littered with shattered glass from car wrecks. Sunday morning sun glitters on the pale green broken glass at the intersections then they clean it up so people don't get flat tires on their way to church. There is no garbage lying around in Lodi, even in the worst part of town by the railroad tracks. They clean everything up.

I think cleanliness and a low tolerance for eccentricity go hand-in-hand. The rooming house in Berkeley where I lived for two years was dump. But I loved it so much.

Story?

I got a letter from Marilyn one month after she had her breakdown or her pseudo-breakdown or whatever it was; one month after she rushed out of Berkeley in my favorite green flannel shirt, leaving a note on the kitchen table that said it tore her heart out to leave but that she had to go because I was holding her back spiritually.

At the time I didn't believe she'd stay away more than a week. For one thing, she'd left all her clothes. Her shoes were still tumbled in with mine on the floor of the closet. And she'd left her piano music. When the third day came I checked with her friend Charley the Magician and sure enough she had been eating acid again, so that explained that. In between preparing for my orals I worried and waited for her to come back.

And waited and waited and waited.

As a matter of fact I was the one who talked her into her first trip when I was having my brief but violent infatuation with [ISOLATION TANK GUY]

October 31

Loose notes:

1. You ain't goin' nowhere 2. There is nothing to get 3. There is nothing besides This 4. You don't need anything

Something to do with the trains makes a tremendous crash. They mostly seem to do it in the middle of the night, and I can't get away because the rooming house is right across the street from the track. Also, there really isn't any way *not* to live near the track here because the tracks split the town four ways. Everybody in Lodi has to get used to the trains.

What else?

Mrs. Bowser makes me so homesick I could cry. Mrs. Bowser owns this rooming house. I just had toast and coffee with her while she told me about getting her appendix out. I really like who she is and who I think she's been.

What else?

Food stuff.

I think that "accepting my own finitude" (Alan Watts' phrase from *The Supreme Identity*) is hopelessly intertwined with accepting the finitude of everything else.

In other words I am one person with one stomach roughly the size of a cantaloupe and that means I can't put twelve boxes of donuts inside my stomach. It also means that the stomach is going to have to keep being refilled. I can't just eat dinner once and for all. I wish I wouldn't keep forgetting that. It feels good to be hungry and eat enough to satisfy the hunger.

But not just food. I remember how exhilarated I felt after I read that book, *The Human Prospect*. Not by the prospect of the extinction of man, but by the demand to use what you need and no more. For a little while I took cold showers to keep from wasting hot water. And I think of V and his compost and his, "If only everyone would just bury

his own garbage.” I loved him in the dirt with the cracked shovel and the two soggy boxes of garbage because I love it when people translate what they say into what they do.

I’m not trying to make a case for social responsibility, though. It’s something different. Like last night when I put water in the soup pot to wash it, not letting the water run over the sides of the pot since three inches of water is plenty to wash a pot. I’m talking about recognizing that you need THIS water to wash THIS pot and you have to stand on THIS piece of tile and rub for a certain amount of time in order to have a clean pot. About how recognizing the this-ness, the finitude, is tangled up with recognizing God.

Story?

Dear Frank,

You would like where I live I think. It’s very bare and it smells like lemons and peppermint tea because that’s what I have every morning before I let the shades up. The landlady’s name is Mrs. Bowser and she is partial to me because I gave her some apples. (That’s why I gave her the apples.)

This is probably the safest place I have ever lived in my entire life. In fact in the whole town there are only two things that scare me. One is dogs and the other one is trains. Of course it’s only my subjective bias that gets me in the fear track. But I do have trouble. It reminds me of those round clicking wire things that hamsters run on, my fear does. Noisy and restless and endless and I tell myself, Marilyn, stop being ridiculous, but I can’t.

Anyway. I also go for one donut and coffee every day at sunset because I hate sunset and I love donuts so it balances. I miss your stream of criticism.

Love,
Marilyn

P.S. Please mail my umbrella. We’re coming into the wet season. Oh, and please mail my sewing machine. I had a slight altercation with the chief of police and Mrs. Bowser rescued me. I want to give her a present. Sorry to be a bother.

November 3

SACRAMENTO TO RENO 134 MILES.

Victor	8 miles	Lodi
Clements	12	Galt
Wallace	20	Elk Grove
Valley Sprs	29	Florin
San Andreas	39	Sacramento
Altaville	50	
Angel’s Camp	51	Places to stay in Galt & Elk Grove
Carson Hill	55	Is there a bus station in Florin?

Melones	57	Everywhere Greyhounds stop on 15 80
Sonora	58	betw Sac. & Reno

I mean, even if I really want to keep doing this, there's a limit to how far you can walk in one day.

Loose notes:

- I. I quit school again.
 - A. Daddy says I have to have purpose without all answers.
 - B. I actually think I have answered some things for myself—what I think:
 - 1. Nobody has all the answers; arranging random events in arbitrary pattern of meaning (John is dead)
 - 2. Andrea the preacher's wife and how I should take advice from "older & wiser" rather than do what *I* think
But who has anything but what they think? you choose which 'older & wiser' to listen to based on what you think
 - 3. What I think: it is more fun to let go of plans and worries and direct attention to simple facts in present rather than watching your mind heave
 - C. Teaching as a Conserving Activity (371.102) and the threat that living in present presents to consistent behavior and analytical thought

Story?

Well, I went to UPS with her sewing machine. It was like her to tell me to mail it. What did she think? It would have cost a small fortune. But she didn't notice normal everyday things like that.

I was standing in line with the box, thinking about that, and my arms were starting to ache, staring at the dull gray stretch of counter and the bright silver scales and one stubby scratched pencil...

And I thought to myself, it would be cheaper to *take* her the sewing machine than to ship it.

Halfway to Lodi I turned around and went back to San Francisco. She told me not to follow her. I shipped the sewing machine.

(Let's say...

he sees her get her hand torn?
and they talk and a day later she tells him to go to away?)

"Karamazov, tell me, am I very ridiculous now?"

"Don't think about that, don't think of it at all!" cried Alyosha.

“And what does ridiculous mean? Isn’t everyone constantly being or seeming ridiculous? Besides, nearly all clever people now are fearfully afraid of being ridiculous, and that makes them unhappy...It’s almost a form of insanity.”

November 11

Dear

Dear Ruthie and Maurice,

I’m sorry not to have written for so long. Mom told me that you said, “If she needs anything...” Well, I don’t need anything, but I love you for the way you always say that.

So I’ve done it again—quit before I was done with the job. It’s a definite fault. I even have trouble finishing stories. To finish college and get a degree is important enough that I’m going to eventually do it. That’s what I told Dad. But it’s true that the way I stop and start and stop and start may not look too good on my record.

I’ve had some interesting times since I left San Francisco. I’m not sure how much mother’s told you of what I’ve written to her. Did she tell you about when I fell down the hole? I’ll tell you that:

It was evening and I had it in my head that I had to walk to the next town before I went to bed. I’d promised Mom that I’d call her though, so I called her before I started out and she said to me, *please* don’t walk around after dark. Well, that made me even more determined to keep going. So after I hung up I started walking down the road. There were tall trees on either side of me and I could barely see what was under my feet. Then a car came and it didn’t see me and I realized that if I wasn’t careful I was going to get hit. After that, whenever I heard a car I would get off the road and out of sight before it came. Then it got later and there weren’t many cars. I was tired. I wasn’t paying attention and I didn’t notice the sound of this particular car until it was right on top of me. The headlights blinded me. I jumped out of the road—and there was absolutely nothing under my feet.

For some reason the highway department had dug a hole there. A deep one, too. About twice as deep as I am tall. I was lucky I didn’t break my neck. When I finally managed to get out of the hole (I didn’t tell Mom, but the truth is that V was with me that night—he shoved a log down and I climbed up) I went back to the first town to wait till daylight before I went anywhere. Mom was right: it’s stupid to walk around when you can’t see where you’re going.

She tells me interesting things have been happening to you, too. I hear that you really did it, you sold the restaurant. I can hardly believe it. I don’t know whether to congratulate you or send you a sympathy card because I know deep down how proud you were of what you made of La Cita. I’m glad that I came to work for a few months last summer. I had a feeling that I might not have too many more chances to do that.

There will be big changes now, I guess. Really, I can hardly believe it. Will you still make Mexican food for us, Ruthie? Will you be looking to move to Silver City right away?

Since I have an address now, you could drop me a note if you want. I would like mail. I miss knowing the news about my grandparents. The new address is

217 Lockeford, Apt. G

Lodi, CA ? (I don't know the zip code.)

Lodi is a small town where two highways intersect so it reminds me some of Tukumcari. I like being here better than I liked being in San Francisco. I live in a small apartment in a big old white house and I go to the library a lot and take walks and just enjoy how quiet it is. In the next letter I'll tell you about my two exciting jobs (ha!), at Winchell's and Senor Taco.

I hope you'll forgive the long silence. I love you very much.

Becky

Loose notes:

Everybody imposes arbitrary meaning and value on the situation in which he finds himself. The situation is God; the force that moves us and the space we move through. God is beyond meaning and value and understanding

Story?

I preached to myself the lecture that I preach a lot to other people about not infringing on somebody else's private space. I reminded myself that she'd asked me not to follow her.

Then I drove to Lodi, all the way to Lodi.

On Lodi Avenue I was held up for about five minutes by a long and indecisive train and I was able to see what caused the noise that Marilyn mentioned in her letter. When the engines pushed backwards the impact shuddered the whole length of the train, and there was a crash that hung in time like the sound of thunder. I watched them push and pull the thing back and forward in front of the nose of my car. Behind me, a blue Volkswagen did an illegal u-turn and roared impatiently away. The tinny little sound of the warning bell drifted in and out between the crashing cars, very faint like a two year old with a mixing bowl and spoon. The flashing red lights did a jerky dance above my head. The train lumbered back and forth and finally pulled away toward the north, stiff rusty flanks swaying heavily.

Marilyn has a straight spine and a not-going-anywhere saunter that is unmistakable even in bad light. I didn't want to make her mad. I stepped off the curb into the gutter to keep her from hearing my footsteps.

She turned. The new street was not lit and I almost didn't see where she'd gone, then I heard her sneakers grate in the gravel. We passed a John Deere place and the machinery loomed above, mammoth and primeval, blocking out swaths of stars.

Beyond and to the right rose a wire fence with two sagging lines of barbed wire along the top. I couldn't see what was behind the fence but as soon as Marilyn reached the corner of it, there began a frenzy of hoarse, high-volume barking.

From the way she stiffened I could tell it bothered her but she didn't cross the street, which would seem to me the logical thing to do. In fact, as she got toward the middle of the fenced stretch, she slowed down. Then she stopped.

In the shadow of a combine I stopped too, and watched her nervously.

"I told you, it's just me and you don't have to freak when I come by," she was telling the dogs. "Are you just bored, or what? No. You'd like to kill me, wouldn't you?"

She hooked her fingers between the links of chain and leaned her forehead on her hands. The dogs went crazy. It hurt my ears even from half a block away. One of them lunged against the wire, pushing her backward and sending a shudder along the fence the length of the block. She didn't move her fingers.

November 12

Story?

In the emergency room they took off two of her fingers because the bones were splintered beyond repair. They told me that while I sat staring at some gray crumbs of something stuck in the crease at the edge of the blue vinyl chair. For the first time then I knew that something was really wrong with Marilyn. It wasn't another story she was making up to get my attention. I looked away from the crumbs at a piece of the coffee table and the ash tray and last month's *People* magazine. Somebody had emptied the ashtray without wiping it out, so there were still those crusty little round spots in the bottom. To understand how serious the thing was that made Marilyn ruin her fingers, you would have to know how she loved to play the piano.

I started to cry.

They didn't want to keep her there at the hospital for the night. If it were up to me I

[I just thought of something. Oh!

This is a story about a confrontation between
the irrational and the rational parts of me.]

"Why did you do that?" I finally said to her when we were back at the place she'd been staying and she was lying on the bed.

I hadn't meant to ask her that. I know that the worst thing you can do to a person in a delicate psychological state is to ask them accusing questions.

She didn't answer me. One gray foot switched irritably back and forth like a windshield wiper.

I hadn't meant to talk to her at all. She wasn't saying anything to me. If she wanted silence, fine: silence. But the room was so small. As I sat in the chair my knee was just two feet away from the metal bed frame and three feet away from her dirty soles.

BORING

200 x ? = 4,000

_____20
200) 4,000
fifteen or twenty pages

Today I have been in a rotten mood. Do I do it on purpose? Am I really choosing feeling rotten over ecstatic union with the supreme reality? That's what I would tell myself day before yesterday but today it seems ridiculous. Why would I choose to feel rotten? I know one thing: Working too much is the pits.

Carol works about sixteen hours a day at Winchell's and sleeps the rest of the time to be able to do what she perceives as necessary to take care of herself and her son. She makes her son fry donuts all night on weekends. Sometimes the way he talks to her I think he hates her. If I were her I think I really might kill myself.

My knee hurts a lot. Not really hurts but aches and is stiff. It's worse and I don't know if it's the yoga or all the standing with this low-wage labor I'm doing.

I read the book about yoga today and was thinking about enlightened eating so I ate roughly another dozen donuts at work tonight—*again*— For the last two weeks I haven't eaten much besides donuts.

SUGAR TABOO

I want to stop eating all those donuts but they're free. They just throw them away if I don't eat them. Who can I give them to?

anyway, it's amazing what the body will function on.

Poem for V:

What it is is that you have to stop trying to get somewhere
besides this in order to fully appreciate
the headlights on the cracks and green stains.

The itching that you're scared is lice is lice. The person you
thought you were with is someplace else;
places never coincide. You
have to hunt the eyes in order to appreciate what it is.

It's only scratching beside a still face, and watching lights go by.

or

Scratching
Touching his blank face
Watching soft lights float by

No.

There is no magic, but it's absolutely silly to keep doing something you don't like, you can do whatever you want.

That's the thing! I have a superstition that I have to be obsessive about food but it's only a superstition. Like, suppose I start eating sensibly instead of compulsively. Does that mean I will never want to stuff sugar till I vomit? No. I'll probably still want to sometimes. Just like leaving all my stuff in S.F. Because I left it, does that mean I never miss any of it? No. Sometimes I wish I had brought my sandals and my income tax returns and that good story I wrote. But I don't have to think about my sandals all the time and miss them all the time. Furthermore I couldn't if I tried. Unless I wanted to make a lifework of learning to miss my sandals.

And it's the same with food. If I stop eating compulsively do I have to think about apple fritters all the time? No. I couldn't if I tried. Sometimes I might really want them but the wanting passes just like everything passes. There is no magic.

Derail all the games, even the get-God game, and see what's left!

November 14

I saw a cat with a mottled flank like the inside of a seashell. I saw it through spiky orange and yellow flowers against moving leaves.

Loose notes:

1. God is found only one moment at a time, in the present.
2. The presence of God is not dependent on what I feel like or what I do or what happens to me. God is faithful. My unfaithfulness causes suffering.
 1. WHAT HAPPENS: saints suffer & die hideous deaths. Being aware of God doesn't exempt you from anything on the physical plane. Thinking I was pregnant. Getting hit in the face.
 2. WHAT I DO: Charles Manson. Overeating. Walking across U.S.—that ghastly evening seeing my face splinter in the mirror & realizing just how lost I could get.
 3. HOW I FEEL: You can't order your moods. sometimes I almost hate God. But what am I going to do? Where can I go? Donuts, overeating (tantrum), what happens? Nothing. Still standing right there, still no clarity, except then I have a stomach-ache.

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Considering the fact that I live in a place where all situations are absolutely equal, I waste amazing amounts of energy deciding what to do next.

It all has to do with the strange way that time behaves. If I'm worrying about what to do next then no situation seems sufficient but if I am contentedly sitting in the present then everything is o.k., including what I'm doing.

So why would I ever want to worry? It seems so stupid. I have a picture of time as a sort of moving conveyor belt and the present is a hole on it and I am spread-eagled over the hole desperately trying not to fall in
and telling myself how I wish I could fall in—

The thing is, as I was telling myself last night, that you can't tack the presence of God down so you can find it later. Suddenly I find myself and then I'm happy and I start trying to explain to myself how I got there and I'm lost again. Of course, it isn't a matter of getting what you need; it's a matter of submitting to what you've got. You can only do it one second at a time because it changes.

But I know, I know that there is such a thing as [enough] and the only thing that keeps me hungry is the way I try to squirm away from it

I want it all the time not just in crumbs
and that is a lie because if I wanted it I would have it

I am scared that if I stop or even slow down I will never get started again.

Dear Sir,

I read about your 12-day service trips in a magazine article. Could you send me more information? I'm 22 and healthy. I want to learn how to build a fire, read a compass, and pitch a tent.

Sincerely,

Story?

The donuts came bobbing up through the murky grease in orderly rows. Carol pushed her glasses higher with the knuckle of one finger and didn't say anything. She didn't turn around.

"Mom. Can I?" he repeated.

Steve was working at the other fryer, making the french crullers. Letting them burn. He was tall and even in an apron, doing his gesturing with a sugary spoon, he was forceful.

"If you go camping, who am I going to get to work for me?" The question came out with an unfriendly jerk. The way Carol was standing, her feet apart and one elbow on her hip, was the way she used to stand when she fought with his father.

No.

Story?

The donuts came bobbing up through the murky grease in orderly rows. Janet stood very still, watching them. Across the room her mother was slopping glaze over raised donuts with manic energy. Then she rushed to the fryer to flip the donuts, her glasses slipping down her nose. She hadn't stopped charging around since the divorce. For six months she'd been working sixteen hours a day, seven days a week.

There was no trick to figure out why, of course. She talked about facing economic realities but the way Janet saw it was that she didn't want to slow down enough to notice how miserable she was. It was hard to stay in the same room with her.

Steadily and carefully Janet turned the donuts in her own fryer.

"Hey mom," she said.

But her mother had stopped to watch a furniture commercial. She was thinking of buying a new sofa. The TV was new, too, sitting up on a shelf beside a grimy white plastic bucket full of powdered sugar. It was to keep Carol company because she didn't like to be alone in the shop in the middle of the night. Janet only worked on weekends.

"Mom."

No.

November 23

I was sleeping a lot to get away (eating a lot too, but not sugar since Tuesday) so then I read about the monks getting up at two a.m. to pray so I decide okay, I will get up at two a.m. to pray. Well no make that four.

So I set the alarm for four and go to bed early and I cannot sleep. I try for an hour and a half then I get up and eat apples and nuts for a while, wondering if Mrs. Bowser can hear me munching and crunching and burping through the wall.

When I have burped my way to a standstill I throw the shells away and lie down again, frustrated by my tantrum. I have a lot of tantrums. Still I can't sleep.

Finally at two I start to drift off then at two-thirty the trains start. They make horrible noises. High volume, horrible, terrible violent noises. Shrieks, squeals, crashing and shuddering, banging and grinding. The toots are supposed to be a perfect fourth but they are out of tune. I from my position of cosmic love and understanding fantasize about killing all the people responsible for those noises. Then I picture shooting myself in front of them as a protest. Blood & pain.

I remind myself I have set the alarm at four so I can get up for more of this. Hate to miss any. Anyway I did get up and even though I haven't slept am feeling reasonable.

I finally discovered what I want to do with my self:
Get rid of it.

I was sitting here thinking I might not mind having a baby, and the thought of it brought this wave of emotion, the love I think I might feel if I had a baby, and it made me remember my mother saying, “You’ll never know how much we love you.”

But I still think that love is not like the popular idea of it, like a blanket somebody throws over your head so that if somebody loves you you’re both toasty under the blanket.

Everybody is alone. And love is nice for the lover, but the lovee—if the lovee wants to get warm she has to love right back, generate her own heat. Love is not a blanket.

My parents do give me an easy opportunity to love, I’ll say that. Not only are they naturally loveable people; they provided me with all these useful things when I was growing up: bed and board and sewing machines and piano lessons, etc.

I know that they think I don’t appreciate their love properly. Maybe I don’t. But they have a commitment from me. I consciously decided a couple of years ago to treat my family ties as though they were important. I think that was an arbitrary decision because I think all decisions are arbitrary, but that doesn’t mean my commitment isn’t real. I won’t get out of touch with them. I can picture myself working to support them, eastern-style, when they are old. I think they can count on me.

Story?

In between imagining what it might have been like to see *The Maltese Falcon* with Jim Hopkins I could hear Natalie yelling at my mother in the other room. The rackety fans above the fryers didn’t begin to cover the racket Natalie was making. The customers were probably hearing every word. They were probably loving it.

Once last year I had been kissed by Martin Schmidt behind the incinerator after a basketball game but I hadn’t told anyone. He bumbled around and accidentally hit me in the nose with his lips and then he virtually ran away because he was so embarrassed, or maybe scared. I know I could have killed him for ruining my first kiss like that.

But Jim Hopkins would be another story, I was sure of it. Even if he were just as clumsy, *he* would think he was doing fine, and that counts for a lot.

I tried to explain to my mother that quality of singleness of attention he had and how that made a single invitation carry so much weight.

But there will be other movies, she said.

I couldn’t get through to her that just because he’d asked me to one movie didn’t mean he’d ever ask me to another.

Teresa, I’m sorry, but who’ll work for me if you don’t? she asked, not looking at me. I could tell I was making her

No.

The old guy across the hall really likes getting free donuts. They also like them at the nursing home, except it’s such a long walk I can’t do that very often. I think I just have to get used to the idea that some of them will get thrown away.

November 28

Nobody is self-accepting all the time.

Self-acceptance only happens when the way you appear or perform in a certain situation doesn't matter to you.

The idea of self-acceptance implies the presence of a feeling of self-acceptance, when what it really is is an absence of the longing for self-acceptance:

“The reason I am equal to this situation is because I don't really care whether I am or not!”

In the park, when those guys were eyeballing me...

If I had cared, then immediately that peaceful self-acceptance would have disappeared. But since I didn't care, there was also none of the satisfaction that I might have expected to feel from finally being equal to a situation that I was never equal to before.

There was just peace.

You could derail everything, every game that exists, like that I'll bet. For example, I'm very excited about the way that idea (of ceasing to chase what doesn't exist) applies to my ugly boring and painful game about food.

All I have to do is eat lots of rice and vegetables and eggs and fruit every day and I won't want to O.D. on sugar. That seems very clear and simple now with my belly full of brown rice and lettuce and carrots and peanuts and yams.

Loose notes:

- Playing piano—resolving paradox of consistent effort + being in moment
- Yoga class—perfection in imperfection
- Clarity sometimes not dependent on actions (fasting) yet sometimes is (leaving s.f.)
- Problem: my quitting school, daddy's remark, book on education
- I won't argue with anyone about what i believe (especially andrea)
- Everybody's beliefs are arbitrary
- I believe in my internal voice

despair/eternal bliss are the same thing: REALITY. Doesn't matter.

If it doesn't matter, then why not be kind, why not be good, why not be happy, why not be perfect?

Why not, indeed?

In yoga class the guy said, I don't want to pass out grades because everybody is already doing his best, everybody is already perfect

The trouble is that mostly I forget that it's natural to want to love and be perfect. I'm scared to slow down and notice what I really do want
(because it's scary to find out you're not going anywhere)

Examples of things that don't matter that it would be nicer to do right:

1. Having stayed to work when Carol asked me to last Sunday.
2. Walking across U.S.—not having quit. But I will never get away from God, see below
3. Sister Theresa of the National Inquirer

Sense of God's presence is not dependent on my actions
fasting—frustration
overeating: clarity!

Karamazov again:

“Life is paradise, and we are all in paradise but we won't see it, if we would, we should have heaven on earth the next day.”

“Believe me, every one is totally responsible to all men for all men and for everything. I don't know how to explain it to you but I feel it is so, painfully even.”

“If it were God's will for me to live I would wait on you, for all men should wait on one another.”