

What World Is Blind To Love Can See

She slipped in quietly and took a seat near the rear of the crowded courtroom. No one seemed to notice her. She was dressed in a plain cotton dress and awkwardly held a large, battered purse under her arm. Her dress was too long and too old, hitched up around her scrawny waist with a belt that didn't match. Her hair was pulled back and tied with a faded ribbon, revealing the stark features of her face. She wore a 20-years-too-late hat. She had on shoes with laces and no socks. Over it all she wore a torn, plastic rain coat.

Her eyes darted around the courtroom looking at the spectators and then at the important ones at the front . . . judge, jury, lawyers, and finally the defendant. She sat very still—mouse-like. Moving only her eyes as she darted first here and then there.

AT THE FRONT of the courtroom the trial was nearing its completion. The jury had returned from the jury room and the judge was asking them if they had reached a verdict.

The defendant stood. He was a tall, gangly teen-ager. He wore a surfer's coat and his hair flopped in his eyes. He stood with his hands in his pockets, half-smiling, half sneering at the jury.

Guilty. And very quickly the judge pronounced sentence on the boy who had robbed and threatened to kill.

THE BOY snarled, "You're all a

Perspective

By Jamie Buckingham

bunch of ———," and the policeman led him out a back door. Next case.

The mousy little woman rose and left the courtroom. Her eyes blurred with tears. The boy was her son.

They say that love is blind. Not so. Love looks with x-ray eyes deep into the soul and sees what those who do not love can never see.

THE PROSECUTING attorney didn't love her son. He had never seen him until day before yesterday. The judge didn't love her son. He had never seen him until that morning. The jury didn't love her son. They didn't even know he existed until yesterday afternoon. If anyone knew him, it was his mother. But it was too late for her.

All the others saw only a sneering, ugly-tempered juvenile delinquent. But that mother had seen beyond that. She saw the times she nursed him through the mumps and chicken pox. She saw the times he threw his warm, chubby arms around her neck and splashed hot baby tears on her cheek. She saw the fear in his eyes on the day he walked up the big steps for his first day in school. She saw the terrible loneliness and confusion that had

been his when his daddy had beaten him time and time again in a drunken stupor. She saw when he had begun to go astray because she had to leave him at home while she worked nights as a cleaning woman.

Love blind? Nonsense. Love sees far more than the cold, objective look of the outsiders. Love sees all.

I KNEW HOW she felt. She didn't have the ability to express her love. That ability had been killed many long years ago. Even the ability to cry had been whipped out of her. But her heart ached with the love for her ugly son.

Last year we cleaned out the closets in our house. In the bottom of one I found an old floppy-eared rabbit with one eye gone and a big split in the side where the stuffing was falling out. I tossed it in the trash box.

In a moment, I heard a stifled sob behind my back. Turning around I saw my baby girl, with both hands over her mouth and tears pouring down her cheeks as she tried to hold back the sobs.

I PULLED HER close to me and said, "What's the matter, honey?" She just pointed into the trash can at the old floppy-eared rabbit. She didn't need to say more. Her love saw something that my adult eye could never see.

Love blind? Oh no. Prejudice—ignorance—jealousy—hate—these things are blind. Love alone sees.