

RELIGIOUS NEWS

World Consists Of Skilled Giants With Moral Infants

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Americans who died in 1929 had never heard of jet planes, food freezers, guided missiles, radar, Dacron, electric typewriters, fiberglass, electric razors, the four-minute-mile, the Los Angeles Dodgers, TV, stereo, or even bubble gum.

As late as 1949 if you wanted to think of the

height of impossibility you said a thing was as ridiculous as "flying to the moon." Yet last Wednesday morning, VIP pass in hand, I braved the heaviest traffic jam in Florida's

Perspective

history, squeezed my way

onto the Cape, and along with more than one million other people who jammed into Brevard County, gawked while three men took off to fly to the moon. At this writing their fate is still uncertain — but their destination remains unquestioned.

Such progress! We seem to live in a veritable miracle world. Yet moral

and social problems have become uncontrollable monsters. In Brevard County, the hub of scientific research, our marriage counselors have coined a term to describe the unique problems of the area. It's called the aero-space syndrome.

Something's wrong! Our knowledge of science has clearly outstripped our capacity to control it. Ours is indeed a world of nuclear giants and moral infants.

Our national ability to produce shiny products that break down by deliberate planning is phenomenal. Automobile companies admit their products are made to stay in good repair no longer than three years — the average length of time it takes to pay for one. The prime example is my three year old car which simply fell apart last month. Muffler, tailpipe, alternator, battery, power steering, headlights, radiator and tires went out (or fell off) in that order. And when I thought everything had happened that could happen, I drove along and watched in dismay as my outside mirrors slowly turned downward and dropped to the pavement at 65 mph.

The standard joke at the Cape has to do with the astronauts sitting atop their rocket and suddenly realizing the whole thing was put together by the lowest bidder.

We have come to a time of external pretense and internal poverty and have a strange combination of arrogant complacency and spiritual indifference.

I thrill at our ability to conquer outer space and pray for the brave men risking it. I only wish we'd spend a fraction of the effort and funds on the vacuum of inner space. The results could be astounding.