

# Word Worth

On line monthly magazine and editorials



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## December Issue Coming Out November 28

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***Tolerance: A Double Edged...***  
by Marien Helz

It is acceptance of variation, the tolerance of differences, that has elevated us to a position of extraordinary world influence. When, however, we embrace the intolerant, we step to the brink of cultural suicide, .... When we tolerate the intolerable, we allow our own culture to be as desecrated as clear water is by an oil spill.

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***Suddenly, It's Clear***  
by Susan Johnson

Two generations of Americans were taught a cruel but remedial lesson in the importance of personal responsibility on the 11th of September. For several thousand people, it came too late. For the rest of us, whether we are lucky enough to live, or if we must die similarly unnecessary deaths, will depend on whether or not we paid attention this time.

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***Father Heart***  
by Banwell Goddard

Deprived of love at birth and alone in a hostile world from the age of eight, Philip Hathaway Clark grew into one of the most compassionate and intelligent human beings the world has ever seen. Now, it's 1897, and his principles seem to be telling him to send his motherless children, his life's sole joy and comfort, away. This historic novel is taken from his memoirs.

*in* [Arts](#)

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# Editorials

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## Cover

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### *Tolerance: A Double Edged Sword*

by Marien Helz

After witnessing the most execrable horror imaginable practiced upon one human being by others, St Jean De Crèvecoeur wrote in the mid 1700's:

*Everywhere one part of the human species are taught the art of shedding the blood of the other; of setting fire to their dwellings; of leveling the works of their industry: half of the existence of nations regularly employed in destroying other nations. What little political felicity is to be met with here and there, has cost oceans of blood to purchase; as if good was never to be the portion of unhappy man. Republics, kingdoms, monarchies, founded either on fraud or successful violence, increase by pursuing the steps of the same policy, until they are destroyed in their turn, either by the influence of their own crimes, or by more successful but equally criminal enemies.*

**As long as there's  
a guillotine, no  
one's head is safe.**

In 1833, William Apess, of the Pequod nation, who had a white grandfather, wrote:

*...the disgraceful act in the statute law passed by the legislature of Massachusetts...the fifty-pound fine levied upon any clergyman or justice of the peace that dare to encourage...a legitimate union in holy wedlock between the Indians and whites....*

*But as I am not looking for a wife, having one of the finest cast...you will see that is not my object. And if I had none, I should not want anyone to take my right from me and choose a wife for me for I think that I or any of my brethren have a right to choose a wife for themselves as well as the whites—and the whites have taken the liberty to choose my brethren, the Indians, hundreds and thousands of them, as partners in life, I believe the Indians have as much right to choose their partners among the whites if they wish....*

The absurdity with which we are stricken by the idea that there should have been legislation forbidding a marriage between a person from one of the indigenous nations and Americans of European descent shows how far we have come on the road to tolerance and how difficult the path. Yet we have, despite the multitude setbacks, come to the point of tolerance at which we are not distanced by the race of a George Washington Carver, we accept the wackiness of a Thomas Edison, we

smile at the foibles of an Eleanor Roosevelt, we enfold the bizarreness of an Alfred Einstein. It is that acceptance of variation, that tolerance of differences, that has elevated us to a position of extraordinary world influence. When, however, we embrace the intolerant, we step to the brink of cultural suicide, for it is the tolerant that the intolerant first want to destroy as it was the Quakers that the Puritans worked so hard to drive out of Massachusetts. When we tolerate the intolerable, we allow our own culture to be as desecrated as clear water is by an oil spill.

At the time that Jewish people were being murdered by the millions under Nazism, it could be argued that, "We didn't know." With CNN around, we all know; we know about the Taliban soldiers going into villages and shooting the lucky men, taking the unlucky captive and murdering them by skinning them with knives and machetes. We know about the soldiers who had murdered a woman's husband, then shot her to death in view of her children, then lived for ten days in the house brutalizing the three daughters from the age of six years old to twelve.

Savagery of this nature, always begins on a simpler level. After people learn to accept the first level, the bar is lowered, and then lowered. In Germany, it began with forcing Jews to wear markings identifying them on their clothing, then to carrying signifying ID cards, then to targeting many other groups, then to the point at the end of the war when ordinary Germans were turning in their neighbors hoping to thereby escape the ever widening net of Nazi murder, to escape being among those who were Nazi targets. A German woman who married an American soldier after the war and moved here said, "You could wake up in the morning, and the entire family living across the street would be gone." The Jews were the first targets, then gays, gypsies, Poles, finally anyone. Whenever targets are accepted, targets always widen.

**Targets always  
widen.**

The French Revolution, began with beheading an obscenely oppressive aristocracy. It ended with beheading, for public spectacle and amusement, any person who had worked for, or knew, the aristocracy—hence the adage, *As long as there's a guillotine, no one's head is safe*. Targets always widen.

The bullying which is the hallmark of the beginning of pogroms and destruction often takes women as its first targets. Because they are linked inexorably to men, women and men alike feel that it's not serious and things can't go too far. None-the-less, in some European villages during the two hundred years of cultural death, every last woman was murdered for being a witch. Eventually, any man or woman who owned an enviable tract of land could be charged with being a witch, and if a confession were extracted under torture, their lands could be taken from the heirs. Targets always widen.

Religions which mandate that women subjugate themselves to husbands, take away any escape for those who have assaultive partners, any hope for those with husbands with addictions, any control against family ruin for those with profligate spouses. The family, and social, system of checks and balances that exists when there are two equal partners is negated.

In so far as there is such a thing as an inalienable right, the most basic of those is to feel the sun on your face, to feel the wind through your hair. The most impoverished of all human beings have, if nothing else, the right to see the beauty of the sun rise, to see the glory of the sun set. In Afghanistan, the women have been denied these simple rights for five years.

It has bewildered me that in this country, men, who are the sons of mothers, the fathers of daughters, have not been so appalled by this that they have not stormed Congress long ago demanding cutting off all commerce with Afghanistan. It has dismayed me that in this country, women who have earned the hard won right to use their talents to the fullest, have not stormed the United Nations long before September 11<sup>th</sup> demanding sanctions against the Taliban. *As long as there's a burqa, no one's head is safe.*



Those who fool themselves into the complacency of thinking that this is anything less than large scale murder need to see logic. The women of Afghanistan are in a large part widows since the country has endured a generation of wars. Since they are not allowed to work, they must beg for food. They scrape up moldy bread meant for animals to try to feed their children. They and their children are sentenced to death by penury and starvation. What an amazing way for the country to honor their dead heroes: to deny their wives and children the means of surviving.

**As long as there's a burqa, no one's head is safe.**

Those who escape starvation can often be murdered by making medical care for women unavailable and illegal. In Afghanistan, more women die in childbirth than anywhere else in the world. One in four children die before their fourth birthday.

The Taliban was given a football stadium that was paid for by the international community, with the idea that they could come closer to the world community through games. They use it to execute men and women for public spectacle and amusement, referred to by a Taliban clergyman as a joyful event. The Taliban rule is a culture. Nazism was a culture. Both have inspired a glassy-eyed following with a perverted vision of a noble ideal. The Taliban could happily reduce the entire world to bones and rubble at their feet and convince themselves that it was Allah's idea.

Were it not for September 11<sup>th</sup>, the Taliban would still be widening their net of devastation, degradation, and desecration. It is only because of the thousands who died, that the world has awakened. For that reason, each of the thousands murdered on September 11<sup>th</sup> is a martyr in the deepest sense of the word.

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# Columns



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## Cover

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### *Suddenly, It's Clear*

by Susan Johnson

The lesson was one that those of us born after 1945 had already been taught if we had honorable parents and grandparents. These two older generations knew it well, having learned about it through one or more world wars. If any of us ever wondered why these people took life so seriously, why they cried out when someone desecrated an American flag, why they didn't stand by silently when someone did something wrong, it's no longer a mystery.

**The subversive elements of three attitudes: political correctness, "s\_\_ happens", and "whatever" blurred the wisdom.**

Although our elders taught us about personal responsibility, somewhere along the linear space of time the subversive elements of three attitudes: political correctness, "s\_\_ happens", and "whatever" blurred the wisdom of what they said.

Why are these attitudes to blame for the success of the attack? Because whether we like it or not, we are all interdependent on one another's behavior. Case in point: thousands of people from every conceivable walk of life died in New York City because none of the people who were sitting more than a thousand miles away in a Florida bar called the police when they heard a couple of guys bragging about how many people were going to be killed.

Why didn't they call? Was it because they failed to understand the ramifications of personal responsibility? Absolutely. Worse yet, their inaction was sanctioned by the ACLU's relentlessly numbing policy of political correctness along with its misinterpretation of the word freedom to mean free-for-all. For years, the cops have been handcuffed by this group that made it not just difficult but nearly impossible to hold people who are suspected of plotting destruction or to get search warrants in order to collect evidence of it. Even if the people in the bar had called, the cops would have had a hard time acting on their reports.

In the days before the liberals gelded it, the CIA would have discretely terminated Saddam and Osama. Today, covert activities must be proposed to Congress first and then held back until there's a vote. In other words, our so-called secret services must play by politically correct rules while our adversaries lie planning and laughing. The ACLU and their ilk fail to understand that there are no rules in the realm of evil.

They are also guilty of failing to explain to the public that by giving every advantage to the bad guys, they imperiled those of us who are honest. By handcuffing the police and the secret services, they foisted the responsibility for public safety upon innocent citizens who have no training in law enforcement, no desire to be vigilantes.

Of course, the liberals and the people in the bar weren't the only ones who acted irresponsibly in this instance. Half a dozen other Americans could have lessened the destruction or prevented it altogether. While the travel agent who sold a one-way ticket could have suggested to the airline that their security force might at least question her cash-paying passenger before letting him on an aircraft; the flight instructor who pocketed \$50 thousand in cash could have blown open the whole operation by calling in the police. The travel agent is guilty of dismissing suspicious behavior as "whatever". The instructor is guilty of being part of a subculture that rationalizes its behavior as belonging to the "s\_\_\_ happens" school of justification. But, as I see it, he is also guilty of nothing less than treason since his dishonesty did nothing less than facilitate an act of war.

Impossible as it seems, some people in the U.S. remain uneducated by last month's unspeakable horror. Unfazed by the heartbreak. Unaware that this is not fiction, not a movie. They still haven't learned. Even as terrorists walk freely among us, plotting their next act of carnage, denying our citizens not only the right to liberty but the right to live, some dimwitted people still whine about their perceived loss of civil liberties.

Things have changed folks. The free-for-all wasn't free after all. It cost thousands their lives and the rest of us our trust. As a result it's imperative that we become personally responsible, that we unflinchingly do what is right and unflinchingly prosecute those who do wrong. We must be proactive, using our eyes and ears and voices to assist our law enforcement agencies in every way possible. And, for the foreseeable future, to preserve our lives, and any semblance of our former freedoms, we must be willing when necessary, to temporarily set aside certain civil liberties so that never again will American citizens be entombed in bombs destined for their homeland.

The terrorists must be found, here and abroad, and destroyed. They don't deserve the leg up offered by the irresponsibility born of *political correctness*, *s\_\_\_ happens* and *whatever*. They also don't deserve the luxury of having opponents who play by the rules. Denying them this assistance is the least we can do to redeem those who died one sunny Tuesday morning in the United States of America.

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**Arts**

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The earlier chapters of *Father Heart* are available in the April, May, June, July, August, September, and October, 2001, issues in the Archives page.

**FATHER HEART***by Banwell Goddard***Chapter Eight**

"Pull!" Roy shouted. Out of the tall spring clover a clay pigeon sailed high in an arc over his head. He aimed and fired, blowing the pigeon into an orange starburst against the clear blue sky. "Pull!" he shouted again. This time I sent the pigeon high to his right, a shot Roy finds difficult to judge correctly. He fired, hitting the trailing right edge, leaving more than half of the pigeon to fall to the ground.

"Roy, you're firing late on your right side, you've got to get the gun up faster and then correctly follow the path of your target," I said. "Here's your last pigeon," I sent the clay disk in the same path. He aimed his shotgun and squinted against the sun's bright midday rays. He fired and made a clean hit.

"That's twenty-one out of twenty-five, Roy." I said walking up next to him. "I'll take your gun." Roy's shotgun was given to me by my brother when I graduated from high school. It was heavy and had a hard kick. Roy first had to shoot it from a kneeling position. He was stronger now and handled the gun well.

"Go set up a dozen of those Osage oranges on the bar for Grace. Grace, come here and let's load your rifle." She brought the small rifle to me and I handed her six bullets for its cartridge.

"Roy, come back here and stand behind us. Grace, you are to shoot from the standing position. Get your bead lined up." I waited while she planted her bare feet and brought the gun up to her cheek. "Take a breath and squeeze the trigger when you feel perfectly still." She curled her small index finger around the trigger and fired. The bullet from her gun blew the first Osage orange off the wooden sawhorse. "Continue." She fired and the second orange flew off the bar accompanied by splinters from the wooden rail. "You let the barrel drop on that one. Make sure you take a deep breath. Don't let the barrel drop."

Grace brought the curly maple stock up to her smooth little chin and eyed down the sight. She fired a clean hit, the third orange flew off. At the end of the row of oranges, she had had eight clean hits, three low shots that hit both the bar and the orange and one complete miss.

"Unload your weapons and check them for ammunition. They must be cleaned and put away properly before your trip." I said.

I packed the ammunition box and turned to the children. "When you are finished cleaning your guns, bring them to the house. We'll have lunch and then go over

your French and math lessons. In fact, at lunch, we will speak only French," I said.

"I only missed one and you missed four." Grace said to Roy.

"It's not the same Grace. Your targets were sitting perfectly still and mine were being thrown through the air," said Roy.

"I'll race you to the house," said Grace.

"No running with your guns, children!" I shouted.

"They're not loaded, Father," Grace shouted back, continuing to run.

"Grace, if you run with that gun, I'll whip your behind so hard you won't sit all the way to New York."

In the barn, I locked the ammunition in a steel cabinet stored below the floor boards. The children's Indian ponies, Pierre and Mademoiselle, stamped and nickered, their heads thrust out above the stall doors. I gave each of them a small handful of oats and scratched the soft fur between their ears.

In the afternoon, I drilled Roy in his French verb conjugations while Grace performed her algebra examples. Then it was Grace's turn for Italian vocabulary and translation.

"Father, all of the math examples made me tired," said Grace balking near the end of the lesson. "Can't we stop now and go riding?"

"This is the last one," I said. "Then you may be excused."

"Non tutto il male vien per nuocere," Grace pronounced. "Every cloud has a silver lining."

"Roy, put all of the books away please. Grace and I must make a few adjustments to her dress," I said.

"Go in your room and put this on, Grace," I said, handing her the unfinished dress.

She stomped into her room and stomped back out in the dress. I took a few measurements and began pinning the hem.

"Grace, you must stand still. Otherwise you will get poked with a pin," I said.

"But Father, can't you hurry? Roy is already out in the barn. It isn't fair that I am in here," said Grace, craning her neck to catch sight of her brother through the open window.

A soft breeze blew through the window billowing the polished cotton of her dress. Sweet scents of Kansas wildflowers wafted on the warm afternoon air.

"There is only a little more to do and then you will be free to ride your horse. But you must stand still," I said.

"I do not want a dress anyway. They are uncomfortable and it is impossible to ride in them," said Grace.

"It is not impossible to ride in a skirt. Young ladies do it all the time. You will either need to learn to ride sidesaddle or you shall have to get a split skirt so you can continue to ride like a boy. I am not certain what the current fashion is in Paris, but you will need to adapt to it when you arrive," I said severely.

"Adapt?"

"Yes, you will need to see what the custom is and then learn to do as others do," I said.

"Well, Roy and I don't want to go to Paris. We already know French so we can just stay here with you. Besides, I do not want to leave Pippin, Jacques, Pierre, and Mademoiselle," said Grace.

Roy cantered bareback on Jacques past the open window.

"You will learn many things besides better French," I said, taking the last measurement. "Skin the cat and then you can ride while I make a few adjustments to this dress. Put your hands up high and don't wriggle."

I pulled the dress carefully over her head and she ran to her room to put on pants and a shirt. Grace was ten and had not yet developed a feminine figure. She was slim with blonde hair bleached by the sun and nearly as tall as her brother who was a full year older.

At the sewing machine, I hemmed the dress and made a sash for her waistline. The dress would not do for society in Paris, but it would get my daughter from Parsons to St. Louis. There, her Aunt Emma would no doubt buy Grace and Roy the proper clothing for their ocean voyage and subsequent arrival in Europe.

Both children galloped past the opened window with Roy in the lead and Grace pursuing. She urged her pony faster, drumming his thick-furred sides with her bare heels. Spring had only just arrived in Kansas, and the ponies still had their winter coats. Shrieking Indian war whoops, the children circled our small house. I went out through the door to watch them. Salt from sudden tears stung my eyes. I knew I wouldn't see them ride their beloved ponies again. When they were returned to me, they would be older and too sophisticated for these childish pursuits.

I made dinner alone, letting them ride until the sun was ready to set before I called them in.

"After dinner, you must both take a thorough bath," I instructed.

"Father, Grace and I do not wish to go to Paris. We prefer to stay here with you," said Roy. I had saved one of the last smoked ducks for tonight's dinner. It lay uneaten on Roy's plate though it was his favorite meal.

"Your Aunt Emma would be disappointed to hear that Roy. She's happy about taking you to Europe," I said. "You'll be there for the first year of the century - 1901, an important year."

"But, it might not be much fun there, and we won't have our own ponies," Roy persisted.

"It's true that you will not have your own ponies. But I'm certain you will be able to hire horses from a stable. There are other things for you to do in Europe," I said.

"Will you come to get us?" Grace asked.

"Perhaps," I stalled.

"When?" she asked.

"In a year, when you both have learned to write nice long letters to me in proper

French and German. Then I will know that you are ready to see me," I said.

"But why must we learn so many languages, Father? No one else at school speaks anything but English," said Roy. "And they never heard of calculus and trigonometry. I don't see why we have to learn so many things that no one else does."

"Miss Langworthy says it's because Father went to a university in New York, and that he is the most over-educated man in Kansas," said Grace.

"I'd hoped that I'd taught you better manners than that. Your Aunt Emma will be disappointed to find that she's taking two such ungrateful children on an expensive trip." I said. "Grace, where is your napkin?"

"It's in my lap, Father," she said, sliding it off the table and onto her lap.

"I don't see why she wants to take us anyway," said Roy.

"We've discussed this before. When your mother was dying, your Aunt Emma promised her that she would take care of you," I said.

"But Mother's been dead for a long time and we haven't even met Aunt Emma," said Roy.

"May we take flowers to Mother's grave before we go away, Father?" Grace interrupted.

"Yes, we will on the way to the train station," I said.

"But why must we go with Aunt Emma now?" persisted Roy.

"Because this is a convenient time for her and because you are both old enough to appreciate what you'll be seeing," I said.

"Is she like our Mother?" he continued.

"She looks like your mother looked, but she is not exactly like your mother," I said.

Not like your mother at all, I thought to myself. She has none of the sweet goodness of your mother nor her loving and generous kindness. For ten years, she has acted as if you two did not exist. For ten years, she has let me struggle to find you proper care when she promised your mother, my dear Annie, that she would help me take care of you. Emma promised to marry me and take care of you. Of course, no decent man would hold a woman to a promise like that—a promise made when her sister lay dying. But what of the children; didn't her heart break at seeing two babies without a mother?

To Roy, I said, "Because you are both ready to see the world. To learn that there is more to life than the flat plains of Kansas. To expand your horizons beyond the dusty rutted tracks of Parsons, to dine on different food besides the wild game and domestic fowl your father has cooked for you. To see that there are men in this world who do not spit on floors and to find that there are men and women in this world who discuss more than the weather. They talk about art and music and politics and religions and literature and poetry," I said. "Also, it will be a civilizing endeavor for both of you to see things through a woman's perspective."

"What is a woman's 'spective?" asked Grace.

"Perspective. It is the special way a woman has of viewing different situations. You

will find as you grow up that a man and a woman can watch exactly the same event and a woman will see something completely different than the man saw," I said. "So far, you have only seen things from my perspective. Now you will learn some things from your Aunt about the world."

"What will you do while we are gone, Father?" asked Roy.

"I will pray that you are both studying hard and learning something," I said, "I will dream of children who are not insolent. And, I will have all of the smoked duck to myself."

And a part of me shall die each day that you are away from me, I added silently.

The next morning, we arose early, packed the wagon and harnessed the horses. Grace and Roy said good-bye to their beloved ponies and cried at leaving them. The ponies seemed to know their lives were about to change. Their sweet playmates were leaving and their days would never again dawn to soft chubby hands filled with corn. Our ears echoed with their whinnies as we drove out of the yard, the ponies standing knee-deep in clover, the green grasses waving good-bye.

It was the loveliest of spring days that we had for our long drive to the city. Our route took us beneath treed canopies dripping with dewdrops gleaming like crystal in the slant of brilliant sunlight. Rich damp earth, pungent from its hibernation, rose behind the horses' hooves. The world had gone from its winter monochrome of brown to a spectrum of citrus - the oranges of orioles, yellows of finches and above us the pale lime of new leaves unfurling.

We came upon two fawns, all spindly legs and spots, looking up from their breakfast of tender sprouts. I looked carefully in the underbrush and found their mother looking on. How soon would they be on their own, I wondered. It made me wish I that I could oversee my fawn-like children, staying out of sight, but watching over them in case of danger.

All of nature, it seemed, was breeding or caring for its young, and here I was taking mine to a stranger who would bear them away to a place where I could no longer see them or help them. They would be unreachable except through thoughts and letters and that ethereal thread that connects a child to the father.

Though the trip should have been filled with excitement and anticipation for the children, they rode in silence. Usually they talked about all the things they wanted to do and see in the city and treats that they wanted to have purchased for them. Today they were quiet and didn't argue. They must have sensed the fact that it wasn't certain when we would all see each other again.

Near their mother's grave, we picked wildflowers and laid them upon her headstone. Annie Keith Clark, born 1860, died 1889. My dear sweet wife, her dying words etched on her gravestone "Do not let my babies forget me!" We said the Lord's Prayer.

"In your prayers, you must remember to speak to your mother, to ask her to watch over you and keep you safe," I said. "Just as you do here."

We climbed back into the wagon, and I clicked my tongue to the horses.

"Father," said Roy in a voice so serious and grown up that I caught my breath. "Must we really do this?"

I stopped the horses and turned to the children.

"Until now you have been with me every day of your lives. Your Aunt Emma has the means to show you the world. I have only the means to show you Kansas. It is not enough to see the world through books and photographs. One must absorb the world's sensations with one's own eyes and ears and nose and skin. To live vicariously as I have done is not enough. I hunger for the sound of foreign languages, not just the sight of them on a page. I wish to look a foreign man in the eyes to see his heart—not just to read about him in the newspaper.

"You will have a chance to see all the great cities of Europe, to hear their music, to see their art. It will be a great adventure and when you are grown, you will be grateful to have done this," I said and turned from them before my voice could break. We drove on towards Parsons. The children and I would take the train from there to St. Louis where we would meet Emma.

At the train station, I arranged to board my horses. I bought tickets for the three of us and a porter took our few pieces of luggage.

On the train, I pulled out the original railroad survey maps that I'd drawn in what seemed another lifetime.

"Grace and Roy, have a look at this," I said, showing them the blueprints.

"What is it?" asked Roy.

"These are my original surveys of this railroad line," I said. "I thought you might like to see them."

"Did you build the railroad line?" asked Grace.

"No, I didn't build the line, but I told the railroad company where to locate the railroad," I said.

How ironic that the railroad lines that I had surveyed myself would now take my children away from me.

We arrived in St. Louis after dark and went directly to the hotel Emma had specified. There, she had a suite of rooms reserved for the night.

Standing before her door, I knocked, hoping no one would answer. But the door was swept open by an Irish maid who said, "Mrs. Booth is expecting you."

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