

Silent World

The night is quiet except for noise of a jet, the wail of a siren. When these are gone, one can still hear the wind through the trees and the gentle rain. Nights are when the world tunes itself down, renews itself. But the daysah.. the days are full of the sounds of life..so full that the delicate ear strains to sift through the mass to extract tile meaning. Voices, footsteps, traffic, clanging and clattering, whining and shrieking, shouting and yelling, asking and telling. Your own voice answering. Sound, all around, and no way to turn it off; no way to shut it out. The crescendo never comes; just the constant drone, until you are numb. So much sound, until the night, when the world rests.

What of the good and pleasant sounds? The first cry of the newborn, the delightful laughter of a child, the early song of birds, waves on the shore, a crackling fire, rain on a tin roof...the loving, gentle word. The endless sweet music of the world. The laughter that is good, rolling and swelling and lifting. And a smile that is silent, a part of the silent world.

There, in the silent world, the wordless world, the place where no sound can invade, is inner world of me, inviolate, sovereign. In it, the loudest motion is my heart beating. Deep in its core, thoughts are born and nurtured. My private world. A place to safe-keep all precious thought and feeling. A place where love can grow.

Speak no words, for they have no place in this silent world. Let me see your eyes..move, and I will know. I see smiles that tell me of the people who wear them. Sad eyes sadden me and glowing eyes lift the spirit. A stance, a walk, a fine motion of the hand, all tell me something and I understand.

But most of all, faces tell the unspoken tale. The faces of children wherein lies the story of man, his wonder at the world, his helplessness when confronted by overwhelming force, his tranquility in the comfort of familiar things. These faces, sending countless messages, waiting to be understood.

I have spoken the words and your ears lave heard them. Listen now, to the end of this tale. My silent world is nothing if it is all mine and never shared. If it shuts out your inner world, it is alone. In aloneness it will feed

upon itself until it is consumed and is no more. It needs your world, and you need mine. Come, let us share and build together. Our treasures are limitless.