

# OREGON Daily EMERALD

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## RENAISSANCE

Peace is a forgotten name, remembered only in dreams. Remembered in dreams that look through a dark mirror reflecting darkness. Peace is a mockery, a footstool before the seat of the scornful. Somewhere are the peacemakers, the uniters of nations, wearing cutaway coats and striped pants, and drinking rare vintage wines from the grapes of European hillsides where but recently hunger-bloated children scabbled for roots to eat. We are the peacemakers . . . .

**We are the hollow men  
 We are the stuffed men  
 Leaning together  
 Headpiece filled with staw. Alas!  
 Our dried voices, when  
 We whisper together  
 Are quiet and meaningless  
 As wind in dry grass.**

Faith is a grey shadow, swinging from a gallows in a cold wet wind. Faith is an ironic smile (you must disarm but we will keep The Bomb). Faith on its deathbed remembers Geneva. Easters in Switzerland. Crocuses and furry anemones pushing fragile faces through the fading snow. And over them all the white marble place where a League of Nations expressed faith in peace. The marble place—a suitable sepulchre. A tomb with words written upon it:

**Do you remember that hour before the din of the attack—  
 And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook  
 you then  
 As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?  
 Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back  
 With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-grey  
 Masks of lads who once were keen and kind and gay?  
 Have you forgotten yet? . . . .  
 Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll  
 never forget!**

Ah, but you have forgotten! It was only thirty years ago in April . . . the great war, the war to end wars. And afterwards you built the marble palace in Geneva and your faith was a pillar of fire doused quickly by blackouts in Europe in 1939. And with your planes you built greater fires and killed:

Peace Faith Love Hope Charity  
 Little children, dogs and cats, thoroughbred horses,  
 young men with good minds, idiots, cripples, old women  
 with stained teeth, farmers and poets, music, books  
 Yourselves!

But look, now it is spring again. Easter again.

**To what purpose, April, do you return again?  
 Beauty is not enough . . . .  
 Life in itself  
 Is nothing.  
 An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs,  
 It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,  
 April  
 Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.**

Don't you understand, you? You listeners to oracles and radio commentators and syndicated columnists. You watchers at keyholes and newsreels, gapers at delegats to the U. N., haters of communists capitalists fascists nihilists jews negroes japs germans brothers mothers and fathers. You with The Bomb in your fumbling nervous hands. You with fountain-pens-that-write-under-water hesitating to sign new legislation. What is this senseless babble of flateyed Influence and authorities on international relations and economic problems of the South Pacific—

**A cluttered incoherency that says to the stars:  
 "O God, save us!"**

Oh yes, yes . . . That appeal to God. We have heard it before: when your plane crashes on an iceberg, when your child is dying, when your LST is hit, when you find you have cancer. . . . .

**This is the way the world ends  
 This is the way the world ends  
 This is the way the world ends  
 Not with a bang but a whimper.**

"Hallowed be thy name . . . give us this day . . . forgive us, forgive us, forgive us . . . for Thine is the Kingdom, Thine is the power . . . God, God God . . ."

Haven't you forgotten something else?

This is April. This is Easter. Christ arose! The tired old earth is covering the scars with clean new grass. Flowers hurry to camouflage the tank tracks in the mud. Sheep, goats, cattle are leading their naked young into the sunlight. There is still life. There is still love . . . .

Now you remember! This is what He said:

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the troubled world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. This is my commandment. That you love one another as I have loved you.

**Ah, through the open door, Is there an almond tree  
 Aflame with blossom!—Let us fight no more.  
 With nothing fight anymore—In each other at least  
 See, how gorgeous the world is Outside the door!**

# The Easter Story AS TOLD BY ST. LUKE



Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments: And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead?

He is not here, but is risen; remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, Saying, the Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. And they remembered his words, and returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

It was Mary Magdalene, and Josanna, and Mary the mother of James, and other women that were with them, which told these things unto the apostles. And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.

Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come of pass.

And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about three-score furlongs. And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, What manner of communications are these that we have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and has not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?

And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?

And they rose up the same hour and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. And they told what things were done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread.

And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?

Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them.

And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things.

And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

And he led them out as far as Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy: And were continually in the temple praising and blessing God. Amen.

**He is  
 Risen...  
 He is not  
 here...**