

LETTERS to the editor

I couldn't describe for you, Jack, or any reader, the feeling I had marching to the Memorial Service for Dennis Jones, to the very place where a black son was shot by a West Hartford rookie cop last summer, to a spot only a few feet from our very own campus.

Brothers and sisters, black and white, marched in the hot sun last Sunday. When the service began a symbolic heavy cloud came over the campus, making twilight of the mid-afternoon. The choir from Dennis' church sang with such power that I wished I was black. Mrs. Jones said the stupid law has got to be made right. With real soul power she did not plead for her son. She simply made clear what sophisticated Americans have clouded—no car is worth a life. Though the cop was cleared of any charges, many of us are going to be charged up for a long time.

I ended the service by suggesting we pray with our eyes wide open in protest to a world which has closed its eyes to so much.

It was a slow three minute walk back to my home in the dorms. I realized again that the burden of mankind's agony is very close to home, to U of H and to all of us.

Bob Potter