

## Suicide



And how shall we know death when we find it. We have searched the woods and the rivers. We have searched the mountains and the storms. Where shall we meet.

The young ask of the old - why do we live for so long, and the old ask the young to cherish life as it is so short.

And we think of death as the end,

and yet there have been those who think of it as the beginning - and what is really concrete about our existence - our body or our soul. And many think of the physical self as producing the thought process - and yet others feel that the body is merely imagined as it is in a dream. What then has the chance of existence after death - the body or the soul? Many would think the soul more long lasting after the body decays. And yet how many bodies are still living long after their soul has died. For many, death comes early. Many live not past childhood. When they come of age they regiment themselves in jobs and suburban or urban living, in military life, in many daily and weekly routines. Even their recess, their few weeks of living, are scheduled. Why? Is this not a form of suicide? This search for security.

And what is it that we shun? Is it not a fear of life that drives us towards this death. We fear life as it incurs responsibilities. We try to run from responsibility. We ritualize our lives to avoid the necessity of making decisions - and we produce leaders, asking them to make decisions, asking them to carry responsibility, asking them to live. And yet they die. We ask them to end pollution and yet we are as guilty; we ask them to end wars and yet we are those that fight. We ask them to help us live and yet we, as they, cherish death -

The song of the assassin's bullet has been sung too often; and now we must question the death of leaders. Must they enshrine their ideas with their death, baptize their philosophy with their chosen end. Are they conscious of their choice or is it perhaps a desire to hide from the true test: can society exist around a concept of life? Is humanity that unsure of itself that it has to depend on myths of rebirth after death for its security? And we take the seasonal change as a constant, as evidence, as we die in autumn and are born again in spring. Does death scare us that we must make it a part of our plan to be able to accept it? Is it death we fear or is it life? Is not the autumn as beautiful as spring?

When leaders lose faith in themselves, the need for death becomes greater. The craving for death becomes the only answer. There have been many strong revolutionary leaders, but few that can follow the revolution. The basic bond of mankind is survival. During revolution the fight is for survival - survival of humanity or survival of an ideal. After the revolution is over the bond is no longer there. In times of revolution, decisions must be made fast, without lengthy thought. The mark of a good leader is the ability to make decisions, take the chance of making mistakes, and then make the best of the decision. In times of peace, there is too

much time afforded the thought process before decisions are made. The more that is thought, the less one can act. Decisions are put off until they destroy the leader.

Our country is as a child, pushed ahead of its years, forced into achievements. We are her people, pushed into progress, forced beyond our emotional ability to comprehend.

The industrial revolution has come too far ahead of the philosophical revolution - We have had our economic depression, and now we are in the midst of philosophical depression.

I have tried hard to feel the impulse of suicide - perhaps hoping that I would never have the power to succumb to death in its purest form. I have coveted this feeling as one that holds, within its bounds, the key to the maladies of society -

I have found depression, caging my soul, feeding upon itself. I have found the loss of faith and the inability to decide. And yet I have returned -

And the snow had come again to cover easter when all had thought the winter gone - as no one had noticed the entrance of spring, she, being jealous, fled. And as he had said before, the spring came a second time, with more drama and brilliance. And we saw the clouds bannished at sunset, leaving in an orange robe, and the clear warm breeze that replaced them told us spring was finally here. We looked far into the distance to see the fleeing winter and we saw the most beautiful of rainbows. And this time we danced and embraced the warm wind of spring. And so many had faith in its power.

Love and kisses,  
 The jack of hearts



earth day april 22