

We The People
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We the People 375 The Scribbler



Good Day to You. We live in times of great change and a time of great threat. It seems like so much of humanity is in peril and no doubt the young may well feel helpless and devoid of a great future. We live in tumultuous times where hope is so very important yet fear may haunt our every waking moment. I recently read an article on resilience in tumultuous times and in particular about fear. As we become disconnected from each other and the natural cycles of the living world, we dwell increasingly in fear which is the adversary of the spirit. It is the proverbial elephant in the room. To the extent that we try to control nature and create comfort, we are acting out of Godless fear. Behind it all is a gnawing concern about not having enough or losing what we already have. We can already feel it growing in many parts of the world as the shadow of community breakdown begins to stimulate angst and increasingly divisive politics. Just as with anger or indeed any emotion, it is not that fear is a “problem” rather it needs to be acknowledged and expressed. If not, all too often, it hijacks our actions in a way that does not promote resilience or faith. I am reminded of Presidents Roosevelt's inspirational speech in 1933 when he stated.. **"So, first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is...fear itself, nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance".**

A loyal listener to 4CRB is Bruce Whiteside who is a selfless full time carer for his wife. His father William Whiteside had aspirations as a young man of being a press journalist. His father thought this to be a doubtful career and said **"no son of mine will be a scribbler"**. The word **'scribbler'** in this context is a colloquial term for a journalist or news writer and it's a phrase I had not heard before. In future I may even describe myself as a **'scribbler'** as someone who records ideas and stories with quill and ink. Imagine my surprise and delight when Bruce shared one of his father's poems with me as he was a **scribbler, poet and philosopher**. William Whiteside wrote the poem in 1946 in New Zealand and called it.... **'I Am Fear'**. He was clearly ahead of his time because the poem records the moment as though it was written for today and I would like to share it with you now.

I Am Fear

*I stand beside the statesmen
As in a gilded council hall
They plan a new world order
For the nations big and small,
I watch their grim set faces
Read the hopes within each heart
Hear the lofty aims propounded
As each one speaks his part,
I see the documents they sign
For I am always near
I am the background to their thoughts
The voice that whispers in each ear,
I am the shadow of History
I am fear!*

*I shape the destinies of Nations
I breed Hate and Bitterness,
I spread the rumour and it grows
Helped by radio and press
I speed the wheels of Industry
In the race of armament,
I sow the blood red seeds of War
Of greed and discontent,
I march in the ranks of all men
From the vanguard to the rear,*

*A shadowy wrecker of unity,
I am fear!*

*I am the invisible horseman
Riding the highways of Time,
Blighting the lives of millions
In every age and clime,
For mine is a great and awful power
And many my victories be,
But I have often known defeat!
Courageous hearts spell Victory!*

*God planted in the souls of Man
A tiny vital spark,
Which flaming to its fullness
Lights his pathway in the Dark!
Only the shining light of Faith
Can strip me of my power,
I have fought it down the ages,
I will fight it to the hour!*

*When men of goodwill everywhere
Crossing the deadline of doubt
Bearing the Banner of Brotherhood
Put my legions to the rout!
Man's faith in man and faith alone,
Can break my fatal power,
For I am fear, and all I fear
Is Faith's Triumphant Hour!*

Written by William Richard Whiteside, Nov. 4th 1946, Whakatane. New Zealand

Until next time this is Kent Bayley



Whiteside family home.