

GOING YOUR WAY

Wot! No saucers?

By the Rev. E. N. BROOMHEAD, MA, BD.

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I'm one of the few myself, and I must say it gives you a sense of grievance.

Why me? My friends have seen them, my small daughter talks of taking a flying saucer into town but as far as I am concerned the skies are empty.

It's the obscurity that hurts! After all, nobody likes to be overlooked, and missing out on the flying saucers is worse than missing out on the Royal Garden Party.

Those who have seen the saucers—about 99 per cent. of the population—can write to the FS Committee.

Mrs. Thucydides Smith-Smith, a local

celebrity, has written, very sharply, to Mr. Menzies and Dr. Evatt. No reply so far!

But in her case you'd really think the Government would do something about it. After all, a socialite like Mrs. Smith-Smith is born with a positive distaste for obscurity, and it's really too bad of these flying saucer navigators to relegate her to a state of cosmic insignificance.

Insignificance! Obscurity! For some people these words are more to be dreaded than "guilt" or "sin." But in spite of all grievances against the saucers, I cannot help thinking what a wonderful world it would be if we all realised exactly how obscure we really are.

Class distinction would disappear, of course,

celebrity has written just like these flying |

just like these flying saucers, and pride would vanish like a cat over a back-yard fence.



AWKWARDNESS and self-consciousness would probably go as well.

When you realise how little notice you take of anybody you pass in a busy street—even socialites—it comforts you to remember they pay just as little attention to you.

We don't pass like ships in the night, but like tadpoles in a crowded pool.

Yet true obscurity is the first condition for true greatness.

The majority of the saints of God had first to lose themselves to all social importance in order that God might use them for eternal duties.

Sacred history shows us how the greatest work—for God and man—has been accomplished by obscure souls whom the world overlooked and who worked on in uncomplaining insignificance.

Their epitaphs, like those of unknown soldiers, bear the proudest words of all—"Known

words of all—"Known unto God."