



past, so you would know me."

He said those final words and turned to face the door. I reached out to him swiftly with my hand. I did know what I meant to do. Stop him from leaving? Keep him with me? Or touch the hand that had made no move to touch me?

Maybe I would say what I used to say as a child, "Take me with you . . . I miss so much going for a walk with you."

I was confused, of that I was certain. My arm stretched out in the air and he faced the door, his back to me fading slowly, like a puff of smoke fades in the wind. He was gone and I had not had the chance to ask him: Do you feel as I do now? Does the yearning boil within your souls nearly melting them, as it does within us?

I did not ask my question. But I heard the whispered answer from behind the closed door, "Of course we yearn. Why else would we endure the journey to return?" •

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Why Will We Grow Old (*)

by **Jumbe Nogma**
from **Zambia**

Dear Ma
Here I am
Alone in this crowd
Sway from home
Everybody is talking
About questions and answers
I still find no solutions
War
My Throat chokes with stench from unburied bodies

Poverty
How can I forget those big stomachs
Heavily placed on thin feeble legs

But Ma
I met a Hungarian
She spoke of "rising from a wheelchair"
I met a Palestinian
With no gun in his hand
A South African
With an unclenched fist
A European with a smile so real
An American with no patronage
The laughter filled my heart with warmth

Here I am
In communion with life
A call to share
Why will they grow old Ma
to prejudice
to hate
to kill
Why will they grow old

(*) taken from the article of Anu Talvivaara, "Justice, Peace and Creation: A Youth Perspective" in ECHOES, of the World Council of Churches Programme III on Justice, Peace and Creation, No.1, 1992