When my beloved granny passed on recently at the age of ninety, she was still marvelling at the magic of electricity, the wonder of the horseless carriage, and the miracle of the telephone. When she was growing up they didn't have those things, and when they did come along in quick succession around the turn of the century they knocked her for a loop.

My generation, on the other hand, takes these things for granted. I don't stare in fascination at something so ordinary as a jet flying overhead. Sure, I can appreciate it, but I don't go to pieces at the unbelievability of it all. These inventions are all kakenxenxenxedxax part of the civilization I was born into.

But we have the URANTIA Book. If I'm anything like my granny, I doubt that I'll ever stop saying WOW! Some of us who were brought up to be materialists are so overwhelmed, relieved, and grateful to have the truth fall into our hands that I suspect we'll spend the rest of our earthly days struggling to keep our enthusiasm under control whenever our favorite subject comes up.

By contrast, our children and our children's children will include the Book as part of their heritage. And because they will be reared within a framework of truth, the experience will be second nature to them. Consequently they will be in a better position to impart the teachings of the Book to their less-enlightened contemporaries than we who get carried away with our emotions and scare people off in all directions. These children will never know what it was like for us to wallow around in spiritual blackness, and they'll never have the experience of clawing and groping their

way out into the light because they will be born in the light.

Hopefully they'll learn to bear with us old fogeys when we're

still gasping "Far out!" at ninety.

I believe that we should pin our hopes on the upcoming generation, the babies being born today. Not that we should sit back and wait for them to take over, but we can do our best to bring these children up as living examples of everything the URANTIA Book teaches us. Let's face it: "Old things are passing away. Behold, all things are becoming new."

Saskia Palay