

Each one looked like the personification of an above average, responsible American citizen. No one looked like the intolerant voice I had been hearing. If faces are the mirror of the soul, in this case the reflection was missing.

As I waited for someone else to pay the cashier and then paid my own bill, I kept trying to decide what biased people look like and I decided they look like us. At some time under diverse circumstances we all fail to discern fact from fiction or right from wrong.

Pocketing my change I pushed the door and stepped out into the mild and scented, midspring morning.

no # The flow of traffic had increased considerably in volume and speed. After starting my car and reaching the parking lot exit, I waited for a small ^{military} convoy of trucks and three school busses to pass before I was able to swing out into the street and blend into the line of cars heading away from the central portion of the city.

I was reminded that morning traffic is always heavier heading into town and the reverse is true in the evening. My destination was at the edge of town and I had planned to be there at 7:00 AM. A check of the time at the restaurant ^{had} revealed there was no need to hurry so I relaxed as I drove and let my mind prod my memory.

War had come to the United States ^{Suddenly} like being awakened from a deep sleep by an earth-shattering explosion in the middle of the night. The surprise had been complete, ~~and~~ followed by a period of shock and bewilderment. A time when for a while we wondered if we had really heard the blast or if it had only been a dream.

As a nation we had been seated in the grandstand watching with concern and partisanship, a deadly game of war being contested in Europe. Now in a