

with wavy blonde hair, fair complexion and blue eyes, dressed in a business suit was seated on one side of the table and across from him sat a dark skinned, dark haired, youthful looking adult probably in his mid-thirties, dressed in neat casual clothing, with a grey haired, pleasant faced, older man, possibly in his late fifties sitting next to him.

There was no one there to fit the mental image I was trying to match. 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 it occurred to me that they look like us. Bias comes in all colors, all nationalities, all ages, all social levels and both sexes. It is not revealed by appearance, only by word or action. Under diverse circumstances, at times we all find ourselves capable of failure to discern fact from fiction and right from wrong.

Pocketing my change, I walked to the entrance, pushed the door open and stepped outside into the mild and scented, mid-spring morning. The flow of traffic had increased considerably in volume and speed. Reaching my car at curbside I walked around it, unlocked the door, slid into the drivers seat and started the engine. I waited for a small convoy of military trucks and three school buses 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. More traffic heading in the other direction reminded me that traffic is always heavier heading into town in the mornings and the reverse is true in the evenings. My destination was at the edge of town and I had planned to be there at 7.45 a.m.. 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, followed by a period of shock and bewilderment. For a while many had 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. We had come down out of the grandstand and joined our favored contestants in that conflict. Now in a blink of time we had become instant participants in a fight to the death contest of our own. We had ended one week