

# 'Do You Miss America? I Do.'

By THE MISSION SINGERS

"Miss America," recorded by Mark Lindsay on the Columbia label, is a song of pictures. One can almost imagine a real person living such a life as the song describes. But there's no such person. America is an idea, and the song is a beautiful symbol of that idea.

Some people will object to the explicit description and picture that the song uses to talk about our country but as direct and as earthy as this description is, it's not new, it's not unique. The Bible describes the Church in much the same way:

"There was a woman whose dress was the sun . . . She was soon to give birth, and the pains and suffering of childbirth made her cry out . . . a huge red dragon stood in front of the woman about to give birth, in order to eat the child as soon as it was born. Then the woman gave birth to a son . . . But the child was snatched away and taken to God and his throne. The woman fled to the desert . . ."

What's the point? It's that pop music doesn't hold the monopoly on earthy, sensual descriptions of "sacred ideas". Real religious tradition believes that if you want to hold an idea in your head, you've got to be able to hold it in your hand.

That doesn't mean that the only real things are physical and material. But it does mean that if something is real, it's able to be grasped; it finds a definite expression in concrete life.

That's why the best parts of the Bible are stories filled with "holdable," "graspable" people and things. That's why so much of pop music has been called "gutti." The way to get a message across is to give it a solid handle which people can cling to.

Someone should sponsor a contest in which each person is invited to describe, in one sentence, how the "spirit of America" has affected him. There'd be a lot of varied answers — some good, others bad — and those answers would go a long way in describing what America really is.

One good answer would be found in this song: "Lord, to hear her laugh was to know a joy that drove a soul insane." The person who has something to really laugh about is a free

## 3 Women Paid Tribute

Winona, Minn. — (RNS) — Muriel F. Humphrey, wife of former Vice President Hubert Humphrey, was one of three women honored here by the College of Saint Teresa.

The Teresa of Avila Award was presented to Mrs. Humphrey during the 57th annual commencement exercises for her accomplishments as "a woman of today: wife, mother, trail blazer in programs of mental retardation."

Also honored were Sister Margaret Ellen Traxler, S.S.N.D., who was recognized as an "intrepid and fearless leader in interracial and social justice programs," and Pauline Frederick, NBC News U.N. Correspondent, for journalistic excellence.

### MEMORIAL PARADE

Holy Ghost School Band took part in the Gates Memorial Parade, Sunday, May 24. Francis Gutberlet, president of the Holy Ghost Home School Association also rode in the float. The truck was driven by Anthony Shaw.

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person. The person who knows how to hear laughing is well along the road towards "a joy that drove a soul insane."

It's hard to detect honest laughter in the forest of howling hyenas who use laughter to hide their fears. But where honest laughter is, there is Miss America.

The Miss America pageant will be coming up again soon. If you watch it, think of the song of the same title, and ask yourself, "Is this the Miss America the song describes? Is this the child that the young girl went through pains to give birth to? Is this the American dream?"

We think not. What is the American dream? Well, let the song speak, let the "makeup melted on the cemetery lawn" speak, let the crying and laughing of a woman who's really living speak. And, finally, let your own mind speak.

(Catholic Press Features)

### 'MISS AMERICA'

As a young girl she ran wild,  
Freely gave herself to men who understood.  
She lay naked in the sun,  
Giving birth to one who's clear and strong and good.  
Lord, to hear her laugh was to know a joy that drove a soul insane.  
And she'd lead you down a path through her rivers, valleys etched in summer rain.

Do you, Miss America, Miss America?  
Miss America, I know I do.

She was offered jewels and fame  
And she wore the pearls of souls whom she once loved.  
She was driven to the site of a marble grave  
Where lay a dying dove.  
Rage exploded 'cross her face  
And makeup melted on the cemetery lawn,  
And she cried for the graves  
And she wrapped her fingers 'round the deep rose dawn.

I've seen her in the forest  
And she's singing peaceful songs for you and me;  
And I heard her in the hills and  
I'm glad to say she's still alive and free.  
O Lord, her loving eyes casting ripples 'neath the sun  
Without a sound,  
And she mirrors clearing skies  
As her children race along the rain-washed ground.

(Published by Viva Music, BMI)



MARK LINDSAY



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