



# SKI!

It's the season to celebrate snow, now the first good fall has come to the diocese. Pictured above slicing

the sharp slopes is a skier on the famous Bugaboos in British Columbia. (Photo by John G. Zimmerman.)

## Chicago Asks the Time

By THE MISSION SINGERS

What would you say about a person who listens to Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is?, sung by a group called Chicago, and then says, "That's a stupid question; it's 3:33"? You'd have to admit that he has no idea of what the song is talking about.

This is a time of change, a time of discovery. Yet, who knows what time it is?

Christian time is 1970. That means we measure our time from the year Christ was born, nineteen hundred and seventy years ago. But many Hebrew people pay little attention to that, and so they measure their time differently. Eastern religions also have a great variety of time measurements.

And we are talking about time only on our planet. Writers of science fiction (Don't

laugh; some of today's successful ideas for space flights were stolen directly from Jules Verne. It often takes a while for science to catch up with the imagination) like to picture the possibilities of time and life on other planets and solar systems.

There's a famous science-fiction story "The Great Slow Kings," about two beings from another planet who move, talk and think so slowly that in the time it takes them to decide to visit our planet, man has built and destroyed his world, rebuilt it and destroyed it again.

In this instance, science itself is not far behind this type of thinking. Some scientists insist we cannot dismiss the possibility that stones are alive.

"Consider it this way," a scientist might say. "A piece of granite could be living, breathing, talking, walking. We would simply not be able to

notice it. A rock has a life span of three billion years. Our lives last 60 or 70 years.

"We can't detect life in the rock for the same reason we can't discern the tune on a record that spins at the rate of one revolution per century. And, of course, the granite would not notice us. All it sees of us is a flash in the darkness."

Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is is a song that struggles, even unconsciously, with such possibilities and at the same time deals with the reality of pushing and shoving people, whose only apparent goal is to "beat the clock." It's fighting the attitude towards schedules and organization that make our lives one big time-punch card.

What the song is saying is that if we live by the clock we will die by the clock. What it's saying is that life isn't a plan, it's a promise.

To limit our perspective, to put blinders on our eyes so that we can see only a clock that tells us how late we are for work, for meals, for bed—to be so limited is to cheat ourselves.

The song doesn't have an answer. But at least it's asking the right questions. People who

## THE MUSIC BAG

DOES ANYBODY REALLY KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?

As I was walking down the street one day  
A man came up to me and asked me what the time was that was  
on my watch, and I said,  
"Does anybody really know what time it is?  
Does anybody really care? If so, I can't imagine why.  
There's time enough to cry."  
As I was walking down the street one day,  
A pretty lady looked at me and said her diamond watch had  
stopped cold dead, and I said,  
"Does anybody really know what time it is?  
Does anybody really care? If so, I can't imagine why.  
There's time enough to cry."  
As I was walking down the street one day  
Being pushed and shoved by people trying to beat the clock for  
what I just don't know, I know I won't go, and I said,  
"Does anybody really know what time it is?  
Does anybody really care? If so, I can't imagine why.  
There's time enough to die."

(Copyright 1970 by Columbia Records)

are impatient with the younger generation, who say we do nothing but wait for the answers to be handed to us on a silver platter, should try to understand that we're searching to find God and ourselves.

Give us time to listen and question. No one owns the clock. God will judge us in His own good time, and who knows when that is?

(Catholic Press Features)

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