

- The power of a mind to keep the memory of sounds in years of deafness.

IF I HAD THREE DAYS TO HEAR

My young friend, Virginia, has asked me what I would do if, for three days, I could hear again.

Many long years ago, when I learned that I was to be totally deaf for life, I promised that when I entered this "silent world" I would carry with me such vivid memories of sound that the loss of hearing would never become unbearable.

Yet as the years passed, those memories dimmed—and now I can no longer watch a bird's throat swelling in song and hear the music in my mind. So, if I had granted to me three days of perfect hearing, on the first day I would search for, and listen to, sounds I have never heard. I would listen to a giant plane as it zoomed across the sky and disappeared—a tiny fleck against fleecy clouds. I would know the song it sings to my son who is a flier.

I would turn on a radio and pray that I would hear Bing Crosby singing *White Christmas*, as I marveled at the miracle of broadcasting.

In the evening of that first day, I would seek out a symphony orchestra, and I would remember great voices—those of Caruso, Schumann-Heink, Mary Garden—as I listened to the mellow tones of the cello.

At dawn the second day, I would wander into fields and woods, searching for a little brook that would talk to me as it murmured over moss-grown rocks.

I would hark to the wind sighing among trees and grasses; I would listen for the call of a lark, the chirping of robins. And at dusk I would hear their sleepy twittering as they settled for the night.

Then, in the black-dark hours, I would hear the stealthy sounds of things

moving in the night, and I would fall asleep to the sound of rain pattering on my roof, and when I wakened it would be the third and last day of hearing, so...

At dawn, I would seek one sound to which I would listen all the day, and I

would engrave that sound so deeply on my mind and heart that I would be able to hear it forever and ever

...
I would hear and listen and thrill to another sound which I have never heard—the voice of my son. — *Lucille Griswold, in Coronet.*

KINDNESS COSTS SO LITTLE

All of us can give appreciation, kindness, interest, loyalty, understanding, encouragement, tolerance—and a score of other little portions of ourselves. Each of us should “major” in the items in which we are “long,” and fill in with the others. Suppose I am passing a neighborhood store in which I notice a particularly attractive window display. I say to myself, “someone put real thought into trimming that window, and he or she ought to know that at least one passerby appreciates it.” So I stop in, ask for the manager, and compliment him on the display.

I find it always pleases a merchant to know that his windows are noticed, even though I may not buy a penny's worth of the merchandise displayed in them. In one instance the clerk who trimmed the windows I praised received a raise in pay as a result of my compliment. — *David Dunn*