

**California April, 2007**

**There is no assurance, as there once indeed was, that a life spent in loyal labor would earn, not only respect, but security for one's family. That is a great loss, that we must repair, just as we must repair our relationship with nature and with our neighbors around the world.**

**Creative leadership at the political level is hard to come by today. Creative leadership may come from other areas—business, art, science---and that is fine. But it must come, and it must come from you, from your generation.**

**So have confidence in your creativity. Do not let the demands of the workplace or of academia dampen your zany spark for joyful living. Insist on seeing the world through you own new eyes, and bring your surprise gift o f the new to the crumbling institutions of those who now hold power only by force. Power should be held by those who earn it by creatively serving the needs of the people.**

**How shall we live? What kinds of dwellings and communities shall we live in? How shall we get around? What shall we eat and where and how will it be grown? These are among the old questions that need new answers. I hope you will have confidence in yourselves to remake the world while there is yet an opportunity to do so not in desperation.**

**And in the shorter term, I ask you to be a patriot and defend the Bill of Rights that makes our nation a beacon of freedom in the world. You have a right to representation if you are arrested, and so does everybody else in America. You have a right to not be held without evidence and you have a right to have that evidence reviewed by a court, and so does everybody else in America. You have the right to read any book and not have the government peeking at what you are reading and thinking, and so does everybody else in America. That, very simply, is what America is. Our highest public officials swear when they take office to defend those rights against all enemies, foreign and domestic. You are seeing in your own time the gravest attack on those rights in the history of our nation. They are your rights and your freedoms and you had better get out in the**

streets if need be and defend them, for once they are gone they are hard to gain back.

Work to protect the best part of America, our legally enshrined freedoms. Once you have done that, dearly beloveds, work to remake America's way of life so that it is in balance with nature and with the needs and dreams of the whole world.

And don't neglect your studies, either.

And learn all you can about public funding of elections, which is the issue I have traveled the country selling since 1999. We have Clean Elections in Maine, Arizona and Connecticut and you in California are working on it, and I don't need to tell you about it. But I need to urge you to get involved. Find out what group is working on it and join it. It is the answer to our future.

END?

Now, let me part with the great old poem of another of my old neighbors in New England.

This is no doubt Robert Frost's most famous poem. It is a good one for you to read or recite to yourself when you are staying up all through a cold night of study. It was a good one for me



when I was walking into a new town on a cold morning.

**It is called Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening by Robert Frost**

Whose woods these are I think I know  
His house is in the village, though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives the harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

END

**Only a New England poet would stop to bother  
about whose woods those were; a Western poet, I  
think, would just assume the land was God's and  
would skip the property title search.**

**A final few lines, if I may, from Edna St. Vincent  
Millay. From her most famous poem, "First Fig."  
Which may be useful lines to you on those late  
study nights:**

**My candle burns at both ends;  
It will not last the night;  
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends  
It gives a lovely light!**

**Thank you**