



## The Bluebird Letter

Gifted and successful in their separate but related careers, proud grandparents four times over, two wonderful friends since we first met at college over two-score years ago elected to spend the last Sunday afternoon of their vacation on a rare and treasured visit with yours truly. As they faced a long drive home, over well-traveled highways, the golden hours of our time together began vanishing all too swiftly into the timeless halls of memory. Suddenly the little lady, soon to be pictured on the front page of their hometown newspaper receiving our Hoosier Governor's award for her years of outstanding civic leadership, shifted our conversation to the Bluebird letters, for she and her husband are among the increasingly few who have been on the Bluebird letter mailing list from the beginning almost thirty years ago, and as they are members of families long distinguished for vigorous and successful leadership in church, civic, business and professional organizations, and as they are long-time, first-name friends with one of our state's most potent tax law makers, it has long been my expectation that they will gladly and freely become effective leaders in our crusade to cast out the onerous burden of myriad hidden and direct taxes on the fruits of our labors, to begin sustain our local, state and national government with the proper fruit of our Father's earth, our Father's ground rent, to begin practicing our Father's golden rule in all our relations with one another to the end that all of us, our Father's beloved children, find ourselves equally welcome to draw forth from — and to freely enjoy upon our Father's garden earth all those things whereof we each have need.

Noting the unnumbered hours gladly and freely poured into the research, preparation and mailing out of the Bluebird letters, the ever-increasing financial burden, the dearth of visible results, she asked me pointblank: "Why don't you quit?" Totally surprised, my mind reacted instantly like a jarred trigger finger on a cocked gun. We were startled to hear the words exploding out of my throat: "Christ never quit!" She flinched slightly. Then as the brain warmed to this new and unexpected direction, the little lady was reminded in a gentler voice that "Henry George never quit. "Uncle Jim" (James C. Carson) never quit. (Our growing roster of Georgists sparkles with the names of brilliant minds, secular and divine, honored in our histories of the arts and sciences, the professions, business and industry, politics, the religions of the world.) And while it is true that this mind has not been entrusted with the superb talents given to these wonderful men, God willing, I shall never quit as long as the power of decision is entrusted to me. **GJ**