

gress at the expense of these various claims do not understand either the religious conviction or the sense of urgency which now determines her involvements — her public influence is great in this country, and she does the work she feels she must do . . . now. Many other writers before her have turned aside from their creative work to follow what seemed to them to be the dictates of a higher responsibility, Milton among them. In May, 1982, she received the honorary degree of Doctor of Sacred Letters at Emmanuel College, Victoria University, Toronto. In her convocation address she spoke the credo by which she lives:

Ours is a terrifying world. Injustice, suffering, and fear are everywhere to be found. It is difficult to maintain hope in such a world, and yet I believe there is hope. I want to proclaim and affirm my profound belief in the Social Gospel. I speak as a Christian, a woman, a writer, a parent, a member of humanity and a sharer in life itself, a life I believe to be informed by and infused with the Holy Spirit. I do not think it is enough to hope and pray that our own lives and souls will know grace, even though my entire life as a writer has been concerned with my belief that all human individuals matter, that no one is ordinary. Our Lord's new commandment speaks very clearly. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." . . .

If we have been given any commandment, as I believe we have, then surely it must mean that we pray and work and speak out for peace, and for human and caring justice for all people that on earth do dwell.

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## Alone. . . or lonely?

To be *alone* is to be quiet,  
freed for a time from the pressure  
of having to respond  
with words  
and smiles  
and reassuring actions.

To be *lonely* is to search desperately for a kindred spirit,  
for one fellow-pilgrim  
among the many others  
who travel life's crowded highways  
with me.

To be *alone* is to have time to ponder  
who I am  
— The daughter of a freeing God  
— a unique, response-able  
person.

To be *lonely* is to try in vain to respond  
to another's need for friendship  
when our two souls can find no common ground  
on which to stand.

To be *alone* is to have time to reach out  
toward the creating Presence  
who, I believe, dwells in and around  
each of us.

To be *lonely* is to smile  
and chatter  
and try to please  
while I am crying bitterly deep within.

To be *alone* is to celebrate my uniqueness,  
to colour my aura the rose-gray  
of early dawn.

To be *lonely* is to be isolated by my uniqueness,  
to colour my aura  
fog-gray.

I wonder — do I have too much loneliness  
because I have so  
little alone-ness?

**Genevieve Carder**  
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