

## "APOLLO"

August, 1969

So many emotions flooded through my mind during Apollo 11. I want to express two of them.

The first is the warm humanity and believability of the three astronauts themselves. They hardly fit the "great man" mold which we so often build up in our minds. They instead projected an ordinariness that made each one of us watching their incredible achievement feel as if we had met them somewhere before. I think we have all needed this lesson in the ingredients of greatness that Apollo 11 revealed to us, especially at a time when there are so many available substitutes for the real thing. I personally feel that more than anything else it was this basic reality that was communicated by Collins, Aldrin, and Armstrong that accounted for the universal concern for their safety that swept the world during those unforgettable days.

The second impression that struck me was the total dependence the astronauts had upon each other, and not only that crucial inter-dependence of the three men in space, confined for a week in the microcosm of their ship, but they also needed the loyalty of a thousand other men to underpin each small part of the whole of their mission.

Apollo 11 reminded me with tremendous forcefulness of that fact of our existence today that we are often tempted to ignore: No one of us can go it alone today! We need each other and we dare not ignore each other. This is true of men, of nations, of churches.

Is there an inescapable oneness between the two impressions I have mentioned? Greatness and teamwork now go together; the new form of the hero is not a singular adventurer out by himself but the man in discipleship, loyal to other men around him, responsible, well trained, modest and because of the mixture of these things, free to achieve beyond anything we have ever expected.

Apollo 11 has taught us as much about ourselves as the moon.