

Young again

one more time ... please



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There's Trouble in Paradise, written by Kenny O'Dell, went to the Billboard Top 40 when performed by The Crests with Johnny Maestro as the lead singer. Only three words comprised the whole first six lines of that song. When there's trouble in paradise, the song told us, it's time to begin ...

If you remember that song and the name Johnny Maestro, let's talk.

(Others need read no further. Really.)



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Calling all angels

Calling all angels

Calling all angels, ooh

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Doo Wop, British Invasion, Rock and Roll, and Folk Music all streamed into your ears and raced through your veins. The energy of youth ran hard inside you towards being grown-up. Heart-tugging sweetness combined with raw, visceral emotion powered your dreams. It all took you along streets of yearnings towards boulevards of dreams. You saw happy times ahead, and there were. Remember good-paying jobs with benefits, affordable education, and prejudices that excluded some from life's most fulfilling opportunities beginning to break down. That's what you had—when you were young.

You would never forget the music. It was the original “the force,” and it really was with you. It branded itself into your every day. You could never be the same. Idealism never felt so good to so many. You could dream, and you believed in dreams. Hope was a common commodity. There was hope for relationships, careers, far off places, homes with green grasses, friends, community, church, and trust in others—trust in what was good—with loud shouts at things not good. The future had never held such allure to a generation. You could taste the wonder of what could be in store for you, and you ran ahead as fast as you could to try to catch it before you grew past it, or it grew past you.

Have you forgotten? No. That's impossible. The memories are there, though perhaps diminished. But because you have them, you are needed now. You are going to have to dream one more time, be young again one more time. You are going to have to ask God (if that's your inclination) to give you your youth back, once more, for just a moment, a moment such as this one. Those around you not of that earlier time need you to do that. It is a desperate situation. We have lost the ability to dream. We have lost our vision of ideals that could be reached for even if out of reach. We need some leadership to get that back. Where will we get that leadership? Well, yes, you are it. Bluntly, you are all we got, because you have been there, and you are the only one who can show the way to others. Help them, help them, you are their only hope. Before you are gone, you need to pass it on. There is an empty blight on the land, and the only remedy at hand is you. We need to have those who know how to dream step up now to take the young to the places you have been, and maybe beyond. It's what we are missing, and you are the missing link. You can't quit yet. Before, it was your life. Now, it is theirs. Don't let them down. Please. It's up to you to give life to new dreams and to instill a belief that dreams can be more than fantasy riding on moonbeams. Be young again. One more time.

By the way, what trouble had needed our calling out to angels years ago? It was fake news, even back then. The fake news was believed and it made “the birds no longer sing” and “the stars no longer shine,” according to the lines of the song (*listen on YouTube*). It was serious—boy girl relationships. But, it has gotten more deadly. Those lyrics could be inserted now into certain current youthful pop songs where the ante has been upped by specific references to depression and even suicide. What have we allowed to happen? The popularized “OK Boomer” may well deserve a penitent response. To do that, the angels will need your help. They need hands, arms, legs, and mouths of ones who have been there, ones who know how to do the angels' bidding in these kinds of matters.

