

The Dawn of the '60s

We were the crew-cut, bobby-socked children of the '50s and '60s, fed on the boob-tube fantasies of *Howdy Doody*, *Leave it to Beaver*, and *Father Knows Best*. Bubble gum, Barbie, and baseball cards were the height of our desires, and our roots in the middle-class values of the American dream were as painstakingly tended as a Norman Rockwell painting. We pledged allegiance to the Stars and Stripes every morning at public school, and every weekend Mommy and Daddy dressed us up in our permanent-press finery to worship Billy Graham's God, who was going to make us a success when we grew up. But we grew up in a way that Mommy and Daddy never intended.



John F. Kennedy came on the American scene like a knight in shining armor, but in the midst of Camelot, the bubble burst. Our consciences were slowly awakening to the self-centered evil of the Great Society that we were growing up to give our blood, sweat, and tears to. A cry was forming in our hearts to be free from a system of things that was destroying human life and the earth itself through war and greed-based industry. We had to be free from the political, social, and moral corruption we saw around us. We had to get ourselves back to the Garden.



The clarions of the counter-culture became our Messiahs. Our minds were transformed by their alternative visions and utopian ideals. The prophetic urgency of their messages stirred our souls with the hope that we could return to innocence through flower power, free love, and psychedelic revelations. The Movement began as we slid out of a system of hypocritical double standards and compromised consciences to let it all hang out and do our own thing.