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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

31 SEP 26 P5:04

September 26, 1991

MEMORANDUM TO THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH: DAVID DEMAREST
 TONY SNOW *TS*

FROM: BETH HINCHLIFFE *BH*

SUBJECT: COMMUNITIES OF LIGHT RADIO ADDRESS

The attached five-minute script is for a radio address to be released Saturday, September 28, in advance of your Monday appearance at EPCOT Center. The address begins by looking ahead to the Monday event saluting all 575 Points of Light. The remarks also introduce your concept of "Communities of Light," explaining their vision and possibilities.

PRESIDENTIAL RADIO ADDRESS: COMMUNITIES OF LIGHT

Usually when I speak to the nation it's to announce a new program, or discuss some pressing national policy. Well, today I won't be talking about programs or policy -- but about a vision for a better future.

Over the past two years, I've honored Americans who have shown "the better angels of their nature" -- by volunteering to help others. These individuals and groups realize that we build a better America not by protesting or demand that others assume responsibility for our problems. We build better futures by taking on the problems we see in our own communities. These people answered their own inner call for action. They illustrate our land's genius and generosity -- a land where ordinary people accomplish extraordinary things.

I call them "Points of Light" because they shine through the dark times of want or despair. On Monday, the 575 Daily Points of Light will come to Orlando, Florida. Barbara and I will take part in a national tribute in their honor. These people come from every state; range in age from 7 to 102; and cover the spectrum of faith, experience and background.

This group of individuals and organizations also forms an inspiring portrait of our nation's potential. They address the problems our nation fears most -- and they do because they want to, or because they feel they must.

Tracey
Taylor
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Some offer friendship and advice to troubled teens, befriend the lonely, or simply hold drug-addicted babies. Others serve meals to AIDS patients, build housing for the homeless, reclaim crime-infested neighborhoods. Through the combined light generated by these acts of consequence -- we can dissolve the darkness; we can rekindle our own belief in ourselves.

Imagine all 575 living in one place. When you realize that people like these live in your neighborhood -- some just waiting for a chance to serve others -- then it's easy to picture such a place. If every community in this land committed itself to sacrifice and action in this work -- then each could become a "Community of Light."

In a Community of Light, people would discover the fulfillment that comes with helping others.

In a Community of Light each school, business, place of worship, and group would lead its members toward the light of service; as equal partners in solving social problems at their root.

In a Community of Light, people would use their ingenuity, experience and passion to find solutions that work for their neighborhoods, their communities.

In a Community of Light, everyone will be sought after for their own gifts -- for each person has something to share. Walt Whitman celebrated this when he wrote: "I hear America singing ... Each singing what belongs to him or her and to no-one else."

It's odd, but in many communities around this country, neighbors don't know one another. Huge apartment buildings teem

The America Reader
by Diane Ravitch


with strangers; city blocks teem with strangers; suburban neighborhoods lie silent because people won't come to a front door to say, "Hi. Welcome to the neighborhood."

We start building communities of light by creating friendships and bonds where we live. When we treat neighbors as friends, listen to their problems and concerns and talk about ways of making things better -- then we establish the foundation for a community of light.

No, volunteerism won't solve every problem. It won't fuel our economy. It won't establish and protect the rule of law. It won't supplant essential government services. But it will provide the equally essential heart and soul our communities deserve.

So, starting today, I call on every city, town and neighborhood in our country to accept this great challenge to become a "Community of Light." Then, together, we'll find a way to unite this country not through our fears, but through our good works.

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THE AMERICAN READER

WORDS THAT MOVED A NATION

EDITED BY DIANE RAVITCH

The Mayflower Compact • Joseph Hopkinson, Hail, Columbia • Ralph Waldo Emerson, Self-Reliance • William Lloyd Garrison, Prospectus for *The Liberator* • Abraham Lincoln, First Inaugural Address • Susan B. Anthony, Women's Right to Vote • Edwin Markham, The Man with the Hoe • Vachel Lindsay, The Leaden-Eyed • Milton Ager and Jack Yellen, Happy Days are Here Again • David Lillienthal, Confirmation Hearings • Pete Seeger, Where Have All the Flowers Gone? • Ronald Reagan, Speech at Moscow State University • Benjamin Franklin, Poor Richard's Almanack • Thomas Jefferson, First Inaugural Address • On Top of Old Smoky • Theodore S. Wright, Prejudice Against the Colored Man • Harry Macarthy, The Bonnie Blue Flag • The Ballad of John Henry • Elizabeth Cady Stanton, The Solitude of Self • Woodrow Wilson, War Message to Congress • Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Second Inaugural Address • Hubert Humphrey, A Plea for Civil Rights • Newton N. Minow, Address to the Broadcasting Industry • Harvey Milk, A City of Neighborhoods • Abigail Adams, Correspondence with John • Oliver Wendell Holmes, Old Ironsides • Emily Dickinson, Success • Go Down Moses • Frederick Douglass, Speech to the American Anti-Slavery Society • José de Diego, No • Ralph Chaplin, Solidarity Forever • Herbert Hoover, The American System of Self-Government • Karl Shapiro, Elegy for a Dead Soldier • John F. Kennedy, Speech at the Berlin Wall • Lorna Dee Cervantes, Refugee Ship • Theodore H. White, The American Idea • Thomas Paine, Common Sense • George Perkins Morris, Woodman, Spare That Tree • Stephen Foster, Old Folks at Home • John Brown, Last Statement to the Court • Walt Whitman, O Captain! My Captain! •

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through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.



He Returns No More was painted by Paul Schnitzler in 1868. With 618,000 deaths, the Civil War had the highest death toll of any war in American history.



WALT WHITMAN

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING and O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Walt Whitman (1819–1892) was born on Long Island, New York, and grew up in Brooklyn, New York. Printer, journalist, teacher, and government clerk, Whitman edited several newspapers, including the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

Whitman first published *Leaves of Grass*, in 1855, at his own expense. Only about nine hundred copies were printed, most of which he gave to friends. A slender volume, consisting of twelve untitled poems and a preface, it initially attracted little attention. In time, however, it influenced generations of American poets. Whitman's innovative free verse—without rhyme or meter—and his realistic imagery and personal tone represented an abrupt departure from conventional poetry. *Leaves of Grass* was expanded and revised periodically by Whitman throughout his life.

"I Hear America Singing" was published in 1860. "O Captain! My Captain!" was written soon after Lincoln's assassination and was published in Whitman's *Sequel to Drum-Taps* (1865–66).

I Hear America Singing

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it
should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his
plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for
work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in
his boat, the deckhand singing on the
steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench,
the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his
way in the morning, or at noon
intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the
young wife at work, or of the girl sewing
or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to
none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the
party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong
melodious songs.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize
we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel
grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the
bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for
you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale
and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS

SPEECH TO THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

Slavery is not abolished until the black man has the ballot.

With the assurance of a northern victory over the South, the fight against slavery appeared to be won. Congress approved the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting slavery, on February 1, 1865, and within a week eight states ratified the amendment. It was only a matter of months until it was adopted officially. But what

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary

Embargoed for Release
Until 9:00 A.M. EDT
Saturday, September 28, 1991

RADIO ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT

The White House

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Over the past two years, I've honored Americans who have shown the better angels of their nature by volunteering to help others. These individuals and groups realize that we build a better America not by protesting or demanding that others assume responsibility for our problems; we build better futures by taking on the problems we see in our own communities.

These people answered their own inner call for action. They illustrate our land's genius and generosity, a land where ordinary people accomplish extraordinary things. I call them "points of light" because they shine through the dark times of want or despair.

On Monday, the 575 Daily Points of Light will come to Orlando, Florida. Barbara and I will take part in a national tribute in their honor. And when America looks at these heroes, it should see and cherish them first as individuals. They come from every state, range in age from 7 to 103, and cover the spectrum of faith, experience and background.

But we should also look upon them as a group that can shine the light toward a better future. The 575 Points of Light form an inspiring portrait of our nation's potential. They address the problems our nation fears most. And they do because they want to, or because they feel they must.

Some offer friendship and advice to troubled teens, befriend the lonely, or simply hold drug-addicted babies. Others serve meals to AIDS patients, build housing for the homeless, reclaim crime-infested neighborhoods. Through the combined light generated by these acts of consequence we can dissolve the darkness, we can rekindle our own belief in ourselves.

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In a community of light, people would discover the fulfillment that comes with helping others. In a community of light, each school, business, place of worship, and group would lead its members toward the light of service as equal partners in solving social problems at their root. In a community of light, people would use their ingenuity, experience, and passion to find solutions that work for their neighborhoods, their communities. They would adapt other people's successful programs in efforts to meet their needs, or if necessary, they would craft their own.

MORE

In a community of light, everyone will be sought after for their own gifts -- for each person has something to share.

Walt Whitman celebrated this when he wrote, "I hear America singing; each singing what belongs to him or her and to no one else." It's odd, but in many communities around this country neighbors don't know one another. Huge apartment buildings teem with strangers. City blocks teem with strangers. Suburban neighborhoods lie silent because people won't come to a front-door to say, "Hi, welcome to the neighborhood."

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END