Castro's Conscience

Larry Turner
College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol10/iss2/49
In those years - they have called us the dud generation - after the fall of McCarthy but before Vietnam, at the university we heard little of what was happening in the world, and little was. So isolated were we that I knew Christmas was approaching only when surprised by a decorated tree in the cafeteria.

It chanced a magazine described Castro and his rebels hiding in the hills of Cuba. It was as if an angel had appeared to me with the message: Go to Cuba; join him; serve as his conscience.

As when David was sent against Goliath or when 300 under Gideon faced the host of Midianites as thick as locusts, my lack of qualification validated the call. With one year of high school Spanish and never yet south of Cincinnati, at five-foot eleven and 115 pounds I was an unlikely guerilla. I acknowledged the call, but did not go.

What would have happened in Cuba it was not mine to know, it is not mine to speculate. Instead

I acquired education, wife and family, career, lived years of uneventful days like some instrument custom-ordered but never called for or delivered.