

**BBC RADIO ULSTER
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY
Friday 3rd April 2009**

I've been getting all nostalgic this week.

Maybe it was unemployment figures rising as fast as an Osmond up the Top 40.

Maybe it was the economic gloom as depressing as Valerie Singleton telling you the Blue Peter tortoise hadn't made it through the winter in her cardboard box, held together by sticky back plastic.

Or perhaps it was the mindset of hijackers burning vehicles at rush hour in Belfast again, as hard to scrape off as that last stubborn scrap of wood chip wallpaper when you were trying to make your living room a better place.

But I think the news that got me all nostalgic was the National Trust opening a new visitors centre on top of Divis and Black Mountains.

As a child one of my biggest adventures was to climb to the top of the Black Mountain. It was almost as exciting as Thunderbird 3 taking off from Tracy Island.

There was no visitor centre back then. Just a big transmitter, an army base, an angry bull and a few other wee lads like me who imagined we were climbing Mount Everest like Sir Edmund Thingamy.

I still remember the thrill of getting to the mountain top. The views were breathtaking.

You could see the dome of the City Hall, where old men argued. Samson and Goliath where they'd built that big ship that sunk and there was the Co-op Superstore smouldering again in York St.

From the top of the mountain you could see across the peace lines to strange alien places you had never been, like in Star Trek, except unlike Captain Kirk you would never boldly go where no one from your side had gone before.

You could look across Belfast Lough where the rich people lived and in the distance you could even see where the Mountains of Mourne swept down to the slot machines, candy floss and 'kiss me quick' hats.

That was the seventies, but I've been thinking about another mountain top this week, from the sixties.

Did you know that on this very day, forty one years ago, Dr Martin Luther King made his famous mountain top speech.

He said 'I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over. And I've seen the Promised Land. I may not get there with you.' he cried 'But I want you to know tonight, that we, as a people, will get to the promised land!'

He was assassinated the next day.

Forty years later we have the first black President of the USA.

So what's your promised land when you go to the mountaintop?

Your dream for a better future that you may not live to see?

And what steps will you take today towards that promised land?

Have a good day and especially on this day, have a dream.

Tony Macaulay