

Loyal fans followed and worshipped him. The famous rock guitarist lived a promiscuous life without restrictions, indulging in drugs and outrageous behaviour both on and off the stage.

According to Robert McGee and Donald Sapaugh in *Search for Peace*, at the end of one of his concerts in 1970, Jimi Hendrix smashed his guitar. Expecting this kind of action, the audience screamed and applauded until they realized that something was wrong. Suddenly the applause stopped. Hendrix had fallen on his knees and remained in that position . . . motionless. He broke the stillness by asking, "If you know real peace, I want to meet with you backstage." Apparently, nobody responded to his startling invitation. Several days later, he died from a drug overdose.

Hendrix sought peace and joy in things that gave him some short-lived pleasure, but he could not find real, lasting peace. All his efforts, searches and calls for help were in vain. He was famous, yet lonely. He died of a spiritually hungry and broken heart.

Hendrix seemed to have everything most people want . . . except peace.

While everyone talks about peace these days, the world is headed toward anything but peace. No matter who is to blame, the fact remains that, even with all the new technology and religiosity in the world, there is no peace in sight. Everyone wants to do his or her own thing, to go his or her own way. There is no peace among the nations, and no peace in human hearts. There is unrest everywhere. As we look around, we find little personal, domestic, social, economic, or political peace anywhere. Why?