

Journal 13

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A JOURNAL OF INNERPEACE/WORLDPEACE

IN MEMORIAM

InnerPeaceWorldPeace, now well into its sixth year with its Saturday morning meetings, Friday night vigils and periodic publication of this Journal, has experienced its first death. And it has been an untimely one. Dick Glennie, a longstanding participant in InnerPeace/WorldPeace, developed within a few short weeks a never fully diagnosed fatal lung condition and is gone. He was only 69. It has been a wrenching loss. Yet those of us who attended both the wake and the memorial service the following morning felt that, far and away, the mood that predominated in both those events was one of deep joy more than grief. Dick was a gift to all of us who knew him and the testimonials came pouring out, both formal and informal. It has been an uplifting experience for many to celebrate his life. Here are some of the reflections about Dick from our IP/WP members.

—Bud Hayes

Peace to you Dick Glennie.

You made us smile.

You made us laugh.

You shared song with us.

You shared your love of family and life.

You shared your insights and wisdom.

You shared your joy.

You will be missed.

—Pat Eichenold

In Memory of Dick Glennie,
from another member of the circle.

We will miss you.

—Emory Mead

(who also provided the following poem)

Folding Your Tent

Once again death's mystery

holds us in its arms

and we are memoried

with a thousand things

you were and are, and now

always will be.

We celebrate this journey with a quiet shyness

always a little uncomfortable

with a mystery so deep.

But with hearts full of life

we hold out our hands

to receive the mystery of death

the gift of death

and sometimes we weep.

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Everyone,
I too share these sentiments
and am glad I had the
opportunity to get
to know him. Yes, Dick was
“family” to those of us in
InnerPeace/WorldPeace.
This is a terrible loss but we
will celebrate his
life together.
—*Bud Hayes*

Inner Peace/World Peace
friends,
Without Dick, the world
is a poorer place today.
I am grateful for the time
we had him.
—*Sue Piha*

Eyes that see all the way in now
proclaim to us the new truth,
When you stand close enough to death
it isn't death anymore.
Its new name is life,
yet those of us with earth-eyes
still call it death.

There is really no death
for those caught up in God,
only a moment of folding up your tent
a hard, painful, giving-up moment
It is always painful to let go.

We praise a man
who had a vision to let go.
We praise a God
who had the love to ask him
to let go.

O God of life
dip us into the mystery of letting go
of folding up our tents
so we, your earthen vessels,
can bear the beauty of the breaking
and hold the fullness
of the life.

Do earth-people always call things
by the wrong name?
Is it death we celebrate?
Or is it life?
Or is it letting go?

I warn you
when God gives you the grace to let go
be prepared
for a radical transformation!

—by *Macrina Wiederkehr*,
Seasons of Your Heart

I am so very sad to hear of Dick's death.
I feel like I've lost a dear family member.
I am very grateful to have known him. His death
reminds me again of just how precious this brief
time is that we have together.

—*Barry Koren*

A journey to Hiroshima—and discovery of a powerful symbol for peace

By Paul Seline

I was about to
set foot in the city
that my country
had leveled on
August 6, 1945...

—Paul Seline

I was not expecting to find imagination and hope—light shining in the darkness—when I visited Hiroshima in 2002. As a Fulbright Memorial Fund (FMF) Scholar, I was in Japan to learn about its educational system. But on this side trip with a small group of other Fulbright members, dread would have best described my mood as the bullet train neared the station. I was about to set foot in the city that my country had leveled on August 6, 1945, with an atomic bomb responsible for the deaths of approximately 140,000 people by December of that year.

My dread was assuaged somewhat by Yoko Konosan, a FMF interpreter who had agreed to accompany us to Hiroshima. She said that no one would hold our group responsible for events of WWII. Konosan had grown up in Hiroshima and had offered to show us Peace Memorial Park and Museum even though it was her day off. And like everyone in Hiroshima, she had a personal connection with the atomic bomb. Her mother had been a high school teenager in 1945. She was a little late for school on the morning of August 6. At 8:15, when she saw the flash from the atomic bomb, she crouched behind a cement water fountain that she was passing in the schoolyard. That act saved her from intense radiation and heat injuries. Her daughter, Konosan, was born five years after the war ended.

While riding in a taxi to the Peace Park, I was awed by this modern, thriving city of towering office buildings gleaming in the afternoon sun. Gingko and maple trees glowed autumn yellows and reds on wide boulevards. I was soon to learn that this rebuilt city has become an international center for the study and advocacy of peace, in part, because of a young girl's imaginative wish.

The Peace Memorial Park is located in the center of the city and covers many acres around ground zero. You might think, if you didn't know the city's history, that you were just in a beautiful, big city park with flowers, sculptures, beautiful trees and a museum near its center...if it weren't for the skeletal ruins in the park of a building, now commonly referred to as the Atomic Dome, with its exposed steel girders. The bomb blast radiated out in all directions, but because it exploded directly above this building, the structure survived, a grim reference point for ground zero.

Arriving at sunset, we first toured the park, talking in whispers in this place that felt so hallowed. We stopped at the Peace Bell and Konosan encouraged us each to ring the bell "for world peace." With the loud tolling of the bell still resonating through the park, we walked to the nearby statue of Sadako. A two-year-old girl when the bomb had fallen, Sadako had survived the blast but developed "the atomic sickness" (leukemia) about nine years after the war as a result of exposure to bomb radiation.

Eleven-year-old Sadako heard of the Japanese folk legend that if you fold 1000 origami cranes, the gods would grant your wish. Sadako's fame originated because of her unique wish. She didn't just wish for her illness to be cured; she wished to bring peace and healing to all victims of the world. She spent 14 months in the hospital folding cranes and corresponding with her classmates and a growing number of young people in Japan. One story says she folded 1,300 paper cranes before she died at age 12 on October 25, 1955. Another version, popularized by Eleanor Coerr's book, *Sadako and the Thousand Paper Cranes*, says that Sadako was able to fold 644 cranes before she became too weak to fold anymore, and her classmates folded 356 cranes so that 1000 origami cranes could be buried with her.

No matter the version, her life was turned into a popular children's story that has been translated into many languages. As a result of Sadako's story, people from all over the world bring chains of 1000 origami cranes to place at the statue of Sadako. Huge glass cases near the monument display a sampling of these kaleidoscopic wreaths. One of our FMF teachers had a suitcase containing 1000 cranes that her elementary school students had folded. She gently placed this chain of cranes at the base of Sadako's monument.

In growing darkness, we entered the nearby Peace Museum. I was overcome with emotion as I viewed the artifacts that have been donated by survivors and families of victims. In one glass case was a

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Journey to Hiroshima continued>

half-melted lunch box of a young boy. Viewers can see the blackened remains of the food inside. The boy's mother knew where her son would have been in his classroom when the bomb struck, but she could find no trace of him. However, during her search, she found his lunch box, which she took in her desperation to have something by which to remember him.

Another case contained a tricycle that a little boy had been riding as the bomb hit. Since riding the bike was the boy's favorite activity, his parents decided to bury the bike, its metal blistered from the blast, with the remains of the boy. Forty years later, family members decided to move his remains to a different location, and they donated the tricycle to the museum.

Konosan also showed us a picture of a blackened office building wall which became a message board for survivors. They would scratch messages on the charred wall, giving names of missing relatives and asking if anyone had seen them. Konosan said that when she saw television images of makeshift bulletin boards near the World Trade Center with similar messages soon after 9-11, she immediately thought of the Hiroshima message wall. She also noted that Hiroshima survivors of the blast had flashbacks to their nightmare when they saw TV images of crowds running away from the World Trade Center.

The Peace Museum does not just chronicle the destruction caused by the atomic bomb. A large portion of the museum is about the emergence of peace as the mission of this city. Besides richly detailing Sadako's story, the museum documents other Hiroshima initiatives such as the development of Hiroshima University's internationally respected peace curriculum and the Hiroshima Peace Institute, within the university, which hosts a variety of peace conferences.

I left the museum impressed that the Hiroshima community chose to respond to hurt not with violence but with introspection and a growing commitment to the promotion of peace. And I was surprised by the parallels between August 6 and 9-11. However, I also felt regret as I walked out of the Peace Memorial Garden in November 2002 because the United States was in the process of making plans for war with Iraq and a massive bombing of Baghdad. The brief hope of many Americans in the aftermath of 9-11 for introspection and peaceful initiatives was fading as war drums beat ever louder.

Each year since returning from my visit to Japan, I read *Sadako and the Thousand Paper Cranes* to my freshmen English students. We discuss the story and how a young Japanese girl's wish helped transform origami cranes into a symbol of peace. I then spread out an array of colorful origami paper. Students each pick a piece and work collaboratively until everyone has a crane. Then we attach thread and suspend the cranes from the ceiling just as Sadako's brother suspended Sadako's cranes from the ceiling above her hospital bed.

As I write these lines, cranes are silently fluttering above my head...peaceful reminders of my journey to Hiroshima. I had arrived in Hiroshima with dread but left with hope. I saw a city that had emerged from the ashes of war to become a center for using imagination to work for a world at peace and free of nuclear weapons. I left Hiroshima with the story of a young girl whose wish for peace has become a light in the darkness, an inspiration that teachers around the world can use to help children learn non-violent methods of dealing with hurt.

Helpful Web Sources

<http://www.sadako.com>

Details on how to send paper cranes to Hiroshima and educational benefits of origami

<http://www.sadako.com/fold/folding.html>

Directions for folding origami cranes

<http://www.city.hiroshima.jp/shimin/heiwa/peaceenglish.html>

The City of Hiroshima, Devotion to the Cause of Peace

Each year
since returning
from my visit to Japan,
I read *Sadako and the
Thousand Paper Cranes*
to my freshmen
English students.

—Paul Seline

Building Bridges*By Jean Ellzey*

Democrats are seen
by many as wanting to
avoid spiritual issues or as
being indifferent to them.

—Jean Ellzey

I have been on a lifelong quest to “find my voice,” to feel comfortable expressing my opinion in group settings, and also to find communities that value diversity and constructive conversations. After 9-11, I was introduced to *InnerPeace/WorldPeace*, which I have been attending ever since. What a liberating experience this has been for me because men and women seem to listen equally to each other. I also belong to a fairly new group called the *Network of Spiritual Progressives* (NSP). I think such small groups are able to build bridges between people, at a time when dialog is sorely needed.

I was raised in Texas in a culture where the opinions of women didn’t matter much when expressed in the public arena or in some families. This upbringing has a lot to do with why I value groups such as IPWP and NSP, where everyone’s voice is important. At IPWP, our goal has been to learn from each other, help each other find peace, and build bridges to common ground.

I first became acquainted with NSP last year when I was part of a group that discussed a book which had just come out—Michael Lerner’s *The Left Hand of God*. Rabbi Lerner is also the editor of *Tikkun Magazine*. Lerner points out the big vacuum right now in American political discourse about spirituality. Many of us see Democrats avoiding spiritual issues or as being indifferent to them. Republicans are seen as attracting the most conservative on the religious spectrum who over-promote single issues like abortion, prayer and teaching creationism in the public schools. Those on the left are seen, for the most part, as not even wanting to discuss the relevance of spirituality to politics. Those on the right are seen as defining its relevance too narrowly.

Michael Lerner is calling for a new kind of discourse where people of all political persuasions and spiritual/secular beliefs can dialogue and learn from each other as to what values and concerns they have in common. He wants to build bridges between polarized groups in order to create a new kind of community in America, more broadly based and in constructive conversation.

The first conference of NSP was held in Berkeley, CA, in the summer of 2005. A second conference took place in Washington, D.C. in the fall of 2006. Since its founding, 100 chapters have formed across the country. The new chapters form their own structure, objectives, projects and small group tasks. For instance, in order to promote depolarized communication, a chapter in Connecticut recently offered a “Compassionate Conversations Workshop,” based on the teachings of Marshall Rosenberg in his book, *Nonviolent Communication: A Language of Compassion*.

When I first heard about a chapter of NSP forming in Oak Park, I was pleased because I could look forward to the diversity of opinions and a sense of community. One of our recent assignments was to write an “elevator speech” about what NSP stands for. To qualify as an “elevator speech,” the speech had to be brief enough that it could be said while riding a few floors up or down in an elevator. Here’s what one person wrote: “NSP is a network of people rooted in the belief that the highest good for each of us can be reached by working for the highest good of all, and that we can best create a world of peace by learning to embody the traits of love, compassion and nonviolent communication in our own lives.”

Practicing empathy and compassion is not easy. I could never do it all by myself. I need the support of groups where I feel that I belong and can benefit from the ideas and experiences of others, and receive encouragement for ways I want to change. I’m glad for IPWP and NSP as a means to build bridges and for providing me with a place to feel part of a community.

The Oak Park chapter meets on the second Sunday of each month from 1:30 to 3:30 pm at the Gale House, 127 S. Kenilworth Avenue, just south of Unity Temple. If you are interested in being involved in a like-minded community, come to one of the monthly gatherings. Visitors are welcome.

How Healing and Peace Came to Iraq

I got a peek at the crystal ball last night and saw an excerpt from the newspaper in the year 2011. The president's name was a bit fuzzy though, so I just inserted the name "Daniel Ashton" below to make it read better.

— Jeff Olson

September 3, 2011 Chicago Tribune

"Peace and prosperity are flowering in Iraq," said President Ashton today as he attended a memorial service to mark the one-year anniversary since the last war-related death in Iraq.

One of the more remarkable stories of the early twenty first century is the dramatic change in Iraq from incipient civil war to a flowering of prosperity and peace. Reminiscent of the end of Apartheid in South Africa in the 1980's and the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989, the transformation in Iraq was both rapid and entirely unexpected. In none of these situations did experts or conventional wisdom at the time believe that such fundamental change was so close at hand.

In late 2007, three U.S. Congressmen and hundreds of U.S. people of faith went to Iraq to apologize, to mourn with hurt families and to "be of service." In a highly symbolic move, they humbly washed the feet of not only ordinary people of Iraq but even of representatives of violent insurgent groups. Iraqi television pictures of Americans and even some U.S. soldiers crying with families who had been hurt by the warfare were widely shown. The new attitude of Americans triggered widespread discussion inside of Iraq about the kind of society Iraqis wanted for themselves.

Spurred on by the faith community in the U.S. and organizations such as the *Network for Spiritual Progressives* (NSP), the media and candidates for president in early 2008 began to respond less to the question of "When should the U.S. get out of Iraq?" and more to the question "How can we be a healing force in Iraq?" A movement had begun to lobby columnists, news reporters and politicians to call for a foreign policy of generosity and to address the "healing" question until it became a focus of national discussion and was raised regularly in candidate debates.

In 2008, Daniel Ashton was elected President of the U.S. after advocating an attitude of respect and compassion for all adversaries both in Iraq and in U.S. politics. Ashton embodied an attitude of humility and forgiveness that extended even to the most violent. His request to Americans to find ways to show their caring to Iraqi people triggered a burst of activity not only by Americans, but from Saudi Arabia and Europeans as well.

Even before taking office, Ashton clarified that U.S. troops would be leaving entirely unless there was broad consensus to be invited back, that whatever our country's motives may have been in the past, our intention now was solely to support the highest good of the Iraqi people, and that the U.S. rejected any intention of trying to control or dominate Iraq. Upon taking office, Ashton immediately began withdrawing U.S. troops and in an unprecedented action, asked troops still remaining to volunteer without weapons to build schools and hospitals—following the example of the Dutch army in Afghanistan.

There have been no suicide bombings or truck bombings since a year ago September 1st. IED (Improvised Explosive Device) bombings were greatly reduced starting in 2008, especially after the Sunni mosque explosion of 2008 generated not so much cries of revenge as an outpouring of compassion and help from the Shia population. The flood of Iraqis leaving the country slowed in 2007 and began reversing in 2009 as tens of thousands returned to their homes.

The flowering of peace and prosperity is now evident in Iraq from the smallest village to central Baghdad.

MISSION STATEMENT

InnerPeace/WorldPeace advocates for nonviolence by means of spiritual disciplines, group meetings, education and activism.

We believe there is a necessary connection between inner transformation and finding effective alternatives to violence in the world. We welcome dialogue with others.

Paralyzing Fear

The enemy of compassion and hope

By Betsy Davis

Hebron, 2004

I am walking on the wall,

Dizzy from the soft breeze of orange blossom and rubble.

It would be easy to fall.

The wall is narrower than expected.

And the wind now whips up a cocktail of

Distantly remembered acrid smoke and today's tear-gassed olives.

On the honed edge of the wall's capstone my feet begin to bleed;

It would be so much simpler just to dive

into the certain comfort of a tribal embrace.

But there are others up here along the wall

working to hold this equipoise.

Perhaps if ten of us achieved perfect balance

at the same moment,

The wall would vanish.

—Jim Mervis, August, 2004

So there was the scene—
Israeli soldier, probably
very recently out of high
school, armed and in an
awesome uniform, gun
pointed toward the
ground, but certainly
ready, facing a woman
in a flowing dress—
shapeless enough to
have just about anything
underneath it.

—Betsy Davis

Is it possible to be pro-Israel and pro-Palestine in any meaningful way? Is it really necessary to deny or to minimize the pain of one side in this or in any conflict in order to feel or to express or to appreciate the pain of the other side?

The poem above was written by a traveling companion of mine after a particularly difficult day during our trip three years ago to Israel and the West Bank. We were part of a group sponsored by the *Tikkun* community, a largely Jewish, though also truly interfaith, group of people who are trying mightily to walk a “progressive middle path” through this world of polarizing fears.

Tikkun calls its philosophical and political posture a “progressive middle path”—a middle path that is useful, humane, and, I believe, more likely to be lasting than the more common and easier process of demonizing one side and idealizing the other because it is more likely to reflect truth. *Tikkun* uses the term “progressive” because progress only happens when all members of a situation are engaged in the walk down that path. The Hebrew word “*tikkun*” means “repair” or “renewal,” and the organization that bears that name believes that the path to renewal must include identifying and overcoming the paralyzing fears that are the enemies of compassion and hope.

Here is a little scene from our bus, traveling through a checkpoint leaving Hebron. Four days before, a suicide bomber had killed four people at another checkpoint not far away.

We had just cleared the checkpoint and were still driving slowly. Pointing out a scene by the side of the road, George, our guide, said, “She isn’t where she is supposed to be.” He was indicating a Palestinian woman who had left the queue and was walking all alone toward an Israeli soldier, also standing by himself. So the two of them were alone. Together. Through the windows of the bus we saw these two people come to a complete stop about thirty feet from each other. Too far to converse, though we realized that they might very well not have a language in common anyway. So there was the scene—Israeli soldier, probably very recently out of high school, armed and in an awesome uniform, gun pointed toward the ground, but certainly ready, facing a woman in a flowing dress—shapeless enough to have just about anything underneath it.

Now the odds were great that neither person was a danger to the other—probably neither of them wished the other any harm at all. But neither of them knew that for sure. We speculated about what was in the

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I am convinced that
what it might take to
“recover” from the
trauma of the Nazi
Holocaust is not
something that
non-Jews can fully
understand and
certainly not
prescribe.

—Betsy Davis

“Paralyzing Fear” continued>

minds of those two people—a young and probably terrified soldier who was armed but not certain what to do? —a Palestinian woman facing a heavily armed and fearful young man with the power to do almost anything? —or maybe an angry young man just looking for a target, facing a desperate and angry young, old, whatever, woman? girl? or, probably most likely, just a person confused about where she was supposed to be. Our bus drove away before they started moving again.

This struck me at the time as a moment of great drama, and so in a sense it is. But there is nothing at all unusual about it on the West Bank, where, if one is Palestinian, traveling to a friend’s house for a cup of tea—or to one’s own fields, school, place of business—often involves a trip through such a checkpoint and where young Israeli soldiers spend all day every working day making such judgments about their own and others’ lives.

The disruption and bitterness on the side of Palestinians who must submit to such frightening and humiliating treatment is easily understandable to anyone who is open to thinking about it. But the destructive forces on the young Israelis are more insidious and perhaps not as obvious. What does it do to a young person’s soul to have that kind of daily life and death power over others at the age of 18?

After two or three days in the West Bank, watching the terrible abuses of power that Israel gets away with, I wrote this in my journal:

“The human rights abuses of the Israeli government are huge. That it receives so much support from the worldwide Jewish community demonstrates just how much the fear of persecution is an ingrained part of the Jewish identity. Israeli government leaders and their supporters are doing all sorts of horrible things to keep all Palestinians under their control—mostly counterproductive, but fear-out-of-control is like that. I am reminded often on this trip of an Israeli rabbi who contends that because of the Holocaust it is necessary for Jews to strike back harder than other people when they are threatened. That may be so, but if that is the case, then that is an even stronger argument that Israel is not an appropriate nation to have power over another people—and certainly not until they recover from the trauma that would lead an entire people—who value a philosophy of love and care for ‘outsiders’—to this degree of cruelty.”

Three years later—and after another, even more intense, visit to the West Bank and many conversations with American Zionists—I am convinced that what it might take to “recover” from the trauma of the Nazi Holocaust is not something that non-Jews can fully understand and certainly not prescribe. And just as strongly, that the worldwide community must find a posture that accepts this and responds to it with appropriate compassion and still ends Israel’s untenable occupation of the West Bank—the entire West Bank—and its continuing control of and oppression of Gaza.

The “appropriate compassion” for Jewish pain must, at this time in history, include support for the continuation of a Jewish nation-state. This is a hard reality for many progressives to accept, as it certainly does require compromises with democratic principles. But there is no other way forward but to accept this. And the price for this privilege is high: Israel must relinquish its iron grip on daily Palestinian life, release its political prisoners, dismantle or compensate for all of the settlements on the West Bank and in East Jerusalem, allow some Palestinian refugees to return to their ancestral homes, share Jerusalem and water and other resources fairly, and move or dismantle the separation barrier.

There have been several detailed proposals that include all of these provisions (most promising, the Geneva Agreement of 2003) that have been rejected by all sides as too compromising to various interests. As of this writing in 2007, things look very difficult indeed, both for the Palestinians and for their current oppressors, as layers of pain grow and grow and overlay one another.

“Perhaps if ten of us achieved perfect balance at the same moment, the wall would vanish,” says Jim Mervis.

Rabbi Akiva says, “Ours is not to complete the task, but neither is it ours to set it aside.”

Living at peace with the non-human creatures

By Kathy Fricks

"That which you do to the least of these, you do to me."

This is the sentiment of Jesus. I believe it.

About three years ago, a short film clip helped me realize that I had never understood these words, and that I lived in a personal world of rationalization and self-deception.

I saw it accidentally, just five seconds, of a cow who was so sick that she could not stand. She could not even cry. She could not assist those around her in moving her body into the slaughter machinery. Despite beatings, she could not move. I saw the determination and creativity of my own species, as men devised a kind of tarp underneath her and pulled at it and her tail, until her body reached the knife, which cut her throat. Five seconds and the piece was over.

At that moment, I changed. Not my "thinking" changed, "I" changed. I can not participate in this. I can not do this by proxy anymore. It is part of my self-definition. Others may do it, I will not. I have no argument with others to whom this realization has not come; this is my experience.

I now enjoy cooking as never before: guiltless cuisine including the colorful seasonal bounty we all love—squash, berries, snow peas, parsnips. These delights are now augmented by nutritional powerhouses such as beans, lentils, nuts, seeds, and tofu. Never had I understood the versatility of tofu, a simple soy concoction that morphs into soups, desserts, and startlingly realistic meat substitutes. I see tofu as a food-of-a-thousand faces, assuming endless textures and flavors, allowing unlimited creativity. Amazingly, and counter-intuitively, my culinary repertoire actually increased. I had really limited myself in the "meat and potatoes" box.

Taking control of what I eat has helped lower the "bad labs" caused by animal fat. Arteriosclerosis, high blood pressure, and cancer have been linked to excessive animal fat and insufficient fiber. I no longer consume the incredible amounts of antibiotics and hormones which are fed to animals to fatten them up and protect them from the illnesses created by their filthy living conditions. My immune system can beat the bad guys because I am not inundated by excess antibiotics from meat.

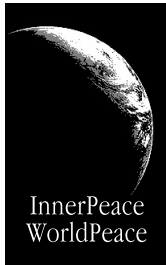
Best of all, though, I now live at peace with the non-human creatures around me. My spirit is no longer bifurcated: I can look people and cows straight in the eye and know that I am sacrificing no one and honoring everyone. It's a terrific feeling.

If you, the reader, have any desire to eat less meat, I'm happy to tell you that it can be done deliciously and healthfully. I will show you how. On the back page are two recipes which provide complete nutrition and are very tasty. Enjoy them and never be afraid to call me for help. My phone number is 708/863-0248.

Amazingly, and
counter-intuitively,
my culinary repertoire
actually increased.

—Kathy Fricks





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To Our Readers

We would like to hear from you. This journal is about conversation and dialogue about the things that matter most. All responses will be acknowledged. Some, with your permission, will be included in our journal as space allows.

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- Emory Mead, Design
- Jeff Olson
- Sue Piha
- Wayne Vanek

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Kathy's Recipe *(please refer to article on previous page)*

Eggless Salad

Ingredients: 2 boxes extra firm tofu (Whole Foods brand is the cheapest and is organic); very finely chopped combination of any or all of the following: carrots, celery, black olives, bread and butter pickles or pickle relish, onion, green pepper or any colorful pepper combination, cilantro, parsnips; raisins; nutritional yeast-powder which can be found by the brewer's yeast at Whole Foods; Veganaïsse-mayonnaise substitute found near the yogurt at Whole Foods; spices— according to your own taste-but I use salt, pepper, cumin, red pepper flakes-sparingly, curry powder; sugar.

1. Squeeze the water out of tofu with hands so that remaining is "dry" and "crumbled."
2. Chop all veggies very, very fine and use quantities that you like.
3. Add veggies to tofu and then add: Veganaïsse, raisins, spices, nutritional yeast and sugar all according to your taste.
4. Mix. Serve as you would egg salad.

Tofu Peanut Sauce Stir-Fry

Ingredients: 2 boxes extra firm tofu; vegetables of your choice, chopped in medium to large pieces, such as broccoli, green or colored peppers, carrots, celery, onions, potatoes, parsnips, cauliflower, yellow squash, zucchini; one can of coconut milk-Thai version; small jar of peanut butter-chunky if you like; spices-red pepper flakes, cumin, curry, cinnamon; raisins.

1. Gently squeeze tofu to remove some water but not to harm shape. Cut tofu across diagonally each way, then horizontally and vertically across center. Slice laterally into fourths by turning on-end and slicing down. Separate each piece which will look like many small triangles onto flat surface. Salt and spice them generously. Slightly brown tofu in olive oil.
2. In separate pan, stir-fry vegetables to brown them. After browning, add raisins and a little water to simmer until vegetables are tender but not soft.
3. In separate pot, mix coconut milk, peanut butter, and spices to taste.
4. Mix all three elements together and simmer a few minutes to mix flavors. If it is too thin, use cornstarch or any other thickener. Serve over rice.

InnerPeace/WorldPeace
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RETURN REQUESTED

