

# Journal 7

2005

The Journal is published four times a year by

InnerPeace/WorldPeace  
319 South Harvey Avenue  
Oak Park, Illinois 60302

## In this issue

Expanding the Circle...

"I'm Not the Only One"

A Changed Heart

Dachau: An Update

L.O.V.E. Works—

Another Little Piece of the Heart

From Our Readers

A Work in Progress

Some Signs and Symptoms of  
Inner Peace

innerpeaceworldpeace.org

A JOURNAL OF INNERPEACE/WORLDPEACE

## EXPANDING THE CIRCLE OF CONVERSATION

We welcome a new writer in this issue. George Ochsenfeld is the convener of the *Progressive Forum*, which has begun meeting on a monthly basis in Homewood. It has concerns similar to those of InnerPeace/WorldPeace. Jeff Olson and I attended the June meeting. I like George's idea of the four interconnected foundations for a saner world. We also welcome the return of Mikki Symonds to our pages. While deeply committed to nonviolence, she struggles with her own violent impulses in the context of her family and writes about that. She writes directly from her own experience in a way that is highly valued in this journal.

There is some dispute over the authorship of "Signs and Symptoms of Inner Peace." Saskia Davis is the name we have. We understand the piece is copywritten but we have been unable to find an address to contact. We hope Ms. Davis will not begrudge our use of it. It expresses what we are about in such a clever and ironic way. The editorial team struggled over my Dachau article. It is a grim report but I felt strongly that the affirmation at the end would mean far less without the full picture of what I saw. Jeff Olson condensed our *L.O.V.E. Works* story from a longer chapter. A great gulf is bridged. It is a cogent account. Finally, Jeanne Clark and Tim Bradley are the first to comment in the new *From Our Readers* section. Tim has been coming all the way from Palatine to some of our Friday night vigils. He has also traversed quite a distance in his life experience and he writes about that. We welcome comments about the journal as a whole or specific articles, and, most important, the sharing of your own experience with our readers. We hope that the new section will be an expanding one.

—Bud Hayes, *Editor*

## I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE

I'm a canary, choking since birth on the fumes of modernity, apparently more sensitive to violence, absurdity, and insanity than most. I suspect you are too, or you wouldn't be reading this. We must find a way out of this coal mine. Or else...

We don't need air filters. We need a cultural and spiritual revolution, which begins with relentless questioning of everything: external authority, cultural assumptions and values, and most importantly, our own habits, thoughts and beliefs. Start the day off right: slaughter your sacred cows.

The world is caught in a mad trance of violence, greed, and delusion. The world economy is driven by relentless consumption of resources. The rich devour the poor. Materialism has become a religion, celebrities are gods, sports are holy sacraments, war is armed service. The fog of ignorance obscures two basic facts: we are all suffering and we are all brothers and sisters. I envision four interconnected foundations to a saner world: non-violence, voluntary simplicity, sustainability, and experiential spirituality. I will start with the last, since it makes the others sensible.

Sit quietly. Let your mind settle down. Do it again and again and again. Deep within, you will discover being: silent, blissful, loving. This is your home. It's good to be home. Home is beyond fear and craving, thought and image, and ordinary emotion. Home is awareness without content. I'm not talking theory or belief system. I'm talking about a state of awareness that anyone can directly experience. Shut up and go home!

Can we stay home? No, we must go out into the world and work. We have jobs. No one knows why. But we can go home regularly for rest and rejuvenation. By returning to being, we receive gifts: creativity, intuition, holistic perception, and access to boundless love and joy.

Experiential spirituality is the art of returning home, of quieting the mind, of tapping the Inner Source. When we practice this art, the other three foundations of a sane world emerge spontaneously: non-violence, voluntary simplicity and sustainability.

When we are at peace with ourselves, we are at peace with the world. Sitting

*continued on next page>*

Deep within,  
you will discover  
being: silent,  
blissful,  
loving.

—George Ochsenfeld

“You can either  
practice being right  
or practice  
being kind.”

—Priest friend of  
Anne Lamott  
“Bird by Bird”

2

still, experiencing whatever comes up, dark night or bright day, we burn off anger and aggression. We heal the hurt and fear beneath our rage. Our hearts open, and non-violence becomes natural.

Voluntary simplicity follows experiential spirituality like satiation follows meal.

Once we start tapping inner joy, we step off the treadmill of compulsive consumption. Why sweat blood for toys which bring only limited satisfaction? If we spend less, we can work less, and have more time for love, leisure, and service. Awaken the senses, and the simplest experience—food, music, nature, breathing—becomes extraordinarily pleasurable. A glass of water drunk with full awareness is more enjoyable than a Kingdom of Dollars.

Holistic perception, a fruit of meditation, gives birth to an urge for sustainability. With the realization that we are creatures (yes, animals!) inseparable from our ecosystem, comes the felt sense that what we do to the ecosystem, we do to ourselves and to our family, which is all of creation. So we tread more lightly. Sustainability also means personal sustainability. We are born of nature, and should live as nature designed: natural food, exercise, laughter, love, work and play. And when our day is done, we must accept sleep.

*Question:* Foundations for a sane world? This is a receipt for disaster! If everyone practiced voluntary simplicity, the entire world economy would collapse!

*Answer:* Do you mean the economy is dependent on infinite growth in a finite world? Do you mean the economy that functions as an addict, consuming ever greater resources to maintain itself? Yes, that economy would collapse if everyone suddenly practiced voluntary simplicity. But they won't. A gradual transition might give the economy time to change.

*Question:* But still, it would mean a dramatic drop in the standard of living, right?

*Answer:* Do you mean for the 20% of the world who live in luxury or the 80% who live on a dollar a day? Yes, inhabitants of the overdeveloped world would lose toys.

*Question:* Toys? What about the miracles of high tech medicine?

*Answer:* No one knows how much wealth would be left for complex technology in a world of radical simplicity. The privileged may no longer get heart transplants. But if the primary goal of the economy became meeting human need, basic medicine, food, shelter and clothing would be available to all.

*Question:* You're a dreamer!

*Answer:* Yes, but as John Lennon said, "I'm not the only one."

—George Ochsenfeld

## A CHANGE OF HEART

As someone who intellectually understands the logic of war and violence leads only to destruction and escalated violence, I have committed myself to demonstrating and discussing peace as the only way we humans can continue on this earth. However, I know that as a mother, I have failed to model peace to Walker and Miguel when I have yelled at them and spanked them. These failures have weighed upon my soul, and despite my abstract understanding of peaceful processes, I could not practice them. Then about three weeks ago, my heart changed, and I have internalized a truth I had heard but could not live: we must forgive ourselves, accept our

humanity and humbly acknowledge our shortcomings. If we fail to do so for ourselves, we cannot extend this merciful forgiveness born of the acceptance of our human frailties to anyone else. The harsh light of judgment we turn on ourselves will spill out onto others, and we cannot help but act from this harshness that permeates our thinking. Tasting the sweetness of forgiveness and relaxing into our humanity can help us turn off this judging mind.

Forgiveness has given me the heartfelt understanding that as a human, I cannot avoid making mistakes—even the same ones again and again! When I laugh at myself and accept my errors gracefully, even gratefully, my children learn that it is

Kindness is  
our way;  
kindness begets  
kindness;  
and kindness  
allows us to  
behave from  
our human  
hearts.

—Mikki Symonds

okay to make mistakes. They learn that I understand they will make mistakes and I will love them nonetheless. I also tell them to share their mistakes with me so that we can figure out how they can avoid making the same ones over and over again. They learn to say cheerfully to themselves—and sometimes to me—“That’s okay. You can pick it up.”

Acting from humility helps me connect deeply with others on a human level and helps open my mind to empathizing with them. Acting from this empathy has led me to see the power of gentleness. Walker, my six-year-old son, has been responding very well to my being gentle. He has owned up to his mistakes rather than trying to hide them or hold onto them to save face. In fact, we came up with a way for him to work toward a goal rather than have things taken from him as a consequence. Now Walker has a way to act autonomously and enjoy the fruits of his labor.

As you might see, the fruits of forgiveness create a more positive atmosphere—most of the time. Coming to this understanding did not come easily, however, and it will not be an overnight, permanent, nor the same process for anyone. I imagine that I will need to revisit forgiveness in different ways in the future, even the near future. When I look back on it, only a ruptured relationship with Walker and a major health problem pushed me to question how I had been failing Walker and my body.

Over the past two years, the books I have found most helpful were Byron Katie’s *Loving What Is* and Tara Brach’s *Radical Acceptance: Accepting Your Life with the Heart of a Buddha*. The practices I have found most useful, which I have been doing daily for five years, have been having a prayer of the heart, or mantram, meditating, yoga and centering prayer. I pray several times a day in several ways, and prayer has opened my heart to the grace of strength and love.

Ironically, pursuing meditation and yoga with the spirit of needing to be strong for others led me to become too hard on myself. This hardness permeated my heart, and I found joy began to elude me. This hardness and dryness often sapped the joy from the sweet souls entrusted to my care when they were with me. I learned that even

when we think we might be living in a spiritually sound way, we can be using those spiritual practices to our own ends, and therefore, we harm ourselves and others. I learned that only God can judge others and me. My duty is to act from my conscience and allow others to do the same. Now I can speak for myself only and speak of facts in the spirit of love and honest, not combative, inquiry. I believe my doing so allows me to maintain my integrity and gives others the freedom to act from theirs rather than waste their time trying to defend their ideas. I think we all delude ourselves to some degree, and all of us are trying to live as best as we know how. When my words and actions demonstrate those beliefs, I free others to act from their best selves.

We all have our own reasons for thinking we need to judge ourselves or punish ourselves. Many of us think that we need to be hard on ourselves or we will become brutes with no self-control. Creating outside strictures on my behavior took energy from ministering to the spirit of love in me, which thereby could not minister to the spirit of love in others. As a parent, I realized that I want my children to behave well because they joyfully choose creating good relationships rather than fear my reaction or anyone else’s. How can I teach them the delight of right relationship if I do not demonstrate it? Anne Lamott in *Bird by Bird: some instructions on writing and life* quotes a priest friend: “You can either practice being right or practice being kind.” (P. 94) Think of when kindness has helped you recognize your failings in a light that releases you to reach your heights. Did kindness preempt your judging mind? Perhaps practicing kindness along with forgiving ourselves can lead our hearts to the well of waters that will open our minds, clear our eyes and pacify the truths we must courageously speak.

—Mikki Symonds

Dachau is a  
testimony to  
the triumph  
of the human  
spirit under the  
worst conceivable  
circumstances.

—Bud Hayes

### **DACHAU—an update**

This summer I spent an afternoon at Dachau, Germany's first and longest running concentration camp. I was there with my wife, Vickie, our grandson and a friend of his. It was our first trip to Germany. Vickie insisted that it include a visit to one of the concentration camps, not high on the list of tourist priorities for two 16 year old boys, but she held her ground. Dachau has come with me in a way that no other place I visited in Germany has. It has taken me some time to come to terms with the experience. What I am about to write is still part of that.

The camp is located on the outskirts of Dachau, a suburb of Munich. It occupies the equivalent of four or five football fields on flat land bordered by woods and residential area. Viewed from the outside it is a quiet and peaceful place now, as it probably was then, which seems ironic given what went on there. I believe others have commented on this. Our tour guide was a British man who had done this a number of times before. He spoke in that somewhat offhand manner that many Britishers have, so that it was difficult to tell what he was feeling when he told us about some of the more harrowing aspects of the camp, but he knew his material well, so that it seems now like I have an almost verbatim memory of many of the things he said.

Dachau began as a camp for political prisoners in the mid-thirties when Hitler was getting rid of his political rivals. In the early years of the camp the residents, better cared for than later on, constituted a significant labor force in the munitions industry. The more ghoulish features of the camp developed only in the later years when the prison population was made up almost entirely of minority groups targeted for extermination, Jews of course, but also the mentally ill, the disabled, Gypsies and homosexuals. What became apparent to me as the tour progressed was how the system was designed to kill the spirit before it destroyed the body. It is by means of this that it reaches its full demonic depths, the "heart of darkness."

One vertical display case encapsulated for me the whole

dehumanizing process. On one side there were photographs of men who came to the camp from all walks of life, distinguished men from the professions, honorable men from the trades, dressed in ways commensurate with their social station and personal style. On the other side there was a poster photograph of these men after they had been homogenized, standing in straight rows, in uniform dress, striped prison pants, gray shirts, caps, in identical postures, each man looking down to accentuate his inferior status. The tour guide pointed out that this photograph was taken in such a way that half of each man's face was in shadow, suggesting something sinister. The Nazi party used this poster as propaganda, saying it was cleaning up society by taking these "undesirables" and putting them to work. Eliminated from this process (and here is the spiritual death before the physical) was any tolerance whatsoever for anything having to do with individual expression. These men entered the camp disenfranchised, robbed, in the words of the guide, of their possessions, their honor and their dignity the latter being, I might add, the last protection against the abyss.

Conditions at the camp became increasingly cruel and arbitrary as the mass production of death replaced work as the primary objective. The barracks where the men slept and ate occupied the large, center area of the camp. Save for one sample barracks left standing, all that remains now are about 30 rock-filled plots, each about the width and length of four railroad cars. There is a track around that area similar to what one often sees around a football field. Beyond the track there is a wide, pleasant swath of grass; beyond that, a deep ditch; and finally, a high electric barbed wire fence with a strong enough current that anyone touching the fence would be electrocuted immediately. Setting foot on that swath of grass was regarded as tantamount to escape. Prisoners could be shot on the spot. We were told that guards sometimes made sport of the prisoners by taking a man's cap and tossing it just far enough onto that forbidden swath of grass that a man would have to step onto the grass to retrieve it, and telling him to pick it up. Prisoners could be shot on the spot for

All western  
Christians have  
some level of  
complicity  
in the  
Holocaust.

—James Carroll,  
*Constantine's Sword*

refusing to obey an order. It was common for prisoners to be placed in such arbitrary dilemmas from which there was no way out. Some men crossed the green, descended into a ditch and emerged on the other side to grab the electric fence, knowing they were choosing suicide.

In the absence of cameras, drawings were made by some of the prisoners of a practice used to extract information. A prisoner would have his hands tied behind his back. Then a rope would be wound around his shackled wrists and he would be allowed to dangle from a hook, sometimes for hours. Dislocated shoulders were not treated unless there was someone in the prison population who could pop the bones back into place.

One woman in our tour group asked the guide whether there was some connection between this method of torture and the Crucifixion. He did not think so, but the drawings of men dangling in agony seemed to me a clear mockery of the Crucifixion. It gave me new appreciation for how artists, in their renderings of the Crucifixion over the centuries, have acknowledged the dignity of suffering. There is no dignity in the drawings of these dangling men. Their degradation is complete. It was commonplace for prisoners to drop dead from illness, malnourishment or exhaustion anywhere, while at work, in the soup lines, while standing at attention for roll call each morning, which sometimes lasted for hours. The bodies were removed like debris. Nothing was made of their passing. Again, the degradation was complete.

I suspect that for most people a tour of Dachau at some point catches up with them emotionally. It is probably different for each person. Mine came after we had visited the gas chambers, an older, smaller facility and the crematorium, a newer, larger facility employing more efficient methods of extermination to accommodate the growing industry of death. The buildings are just on the other side of wrought iron gates through which all prisoners entered the camp. Built into the rounded top of one of the gates is this inscription: "Arbeit macht frei." Work makes you free. Work liberates. The tour guide commented on the profound cynicism of such a sign at the entrance to a death camp. I

stood there thinking that every prisoner who entered that camp probably saw the sign that I was looking at now. It gave me an eerie feeling of solidarity with them. I thought of that moment again and again in the days that followed. I began to realize that something had fixed me to that spot. It was as if I was saying to myself: "This is as far as I can go with you. I can't go back in there." Even though our little tour group did go back in shortly after that moment, and I with them, something in me has stayed at the entrance. I think that for the first time I can understand why some people must deny the Holocaust. For me that does not mean I don't think it ever happened. I don't see how anyone taking a tour of Dachau could think it was a hoax or a fabrication. I think it was that the part of me that still stands outside that gate had begun to say "No!" At first it was just that, a "No." But then, as I went back to that moment again and again, as one might revisit in memory the scene of a trauma, the feelings began to come—revulsion, rage and a great, enveloping sorrow. I am still returning to that scene, and when I do, my throat tightens and my face contorts. Little by little I let the grief out in a manageable way, and I realize that my "No" is not a denial that it happened, but a protest that it did and a not wanting to bear the burden of its implications. James Carroll, in *"Constantine's Sword,"* has said that all western Christians have some level of complicity in the Holocaust. To visit one of the sites must be, whatever else it is, an act of penance.

The tour was arranged so that the last thing viewed before leaving the grounds was the memorial with the words that quickly became famous after the memorial was first completed: "Never Again." It is inscribed in five languages, Hebrew first, then French, English, German and Russian. I am still processing my reaction to that statement as well. At first my spirits were lifted and I could still hear the heroic resolve that captured the attention of the world and reassured us that it would never happen again. Grudgingly I realized that, 60 years later, the statement sounds

*continued on next page>*

5

“I believe that  
you have been  
created in the image  
of God and that  
nothing you do, to  
me, to others or to  
yourselves can  
entirely erase  
that image.”

— a Rabbi in Dachau

*Dachau continued>*

hollow. There have been more atrocities, new genocidal systems gone unchecked. That slogan itself has been used to justify new atrocities and forms of oppression. Were I to erect a sign there now, it would be: “Always a possibility.”

In remembering those hours spent at Dachau I do not think of myself as a tourist. Tourism for me is a casual activity. A tourist enters, observes and moves on. I believe that to visit a place like Dachau is to enter something that one cannot leave. One can only become part of the ongoing process of coming to terms with it and understanding its implications. To visit Dachau is to grieve. To visit Dachau is to become aware on a deeper level of the vulnerability of democratic institutions, indeed of the fragility of civilized society itself. But it is also to embrace one other dimension of the Dachau story. Slowly over the years since the Nazi era a body of literature has accumulated which testifies to the fact that the nihilism of those camps, the systematic attempts to dehumanize its residents, were not nearly as successful as they appeared.

In one of the display cases on the tour there was a single paragraph about an alternative life which the prisoners cultivated with one another. They did for one another what they could. They drew strength from talking about their lives and what was meaningful to them. From that alternative life has sprung a literature and artistic representations which could fill another memorial site. One of the stories that has come out of that experience is about a missionary priest by the name of Engelman Unzeitig. He was sent to Dachau by the Gestapo and for nearly four years he carried on a surreptitious ministry with the prisoners. He was not the only one. Priests and clergy were held in special contempt by the Gestapo. Nearly 3000 of them were assigned to Dachau. They conducted an active ministry, visiting the prisoners, composing hymns and designing liturgies which spoke to the circumstances.

During the winter of 1945 there was a terrible outbreak of typhoid. Many died from the disease. Those infected were confined to a special barracks and left to die with no one to give them

care. There was a request for volunteer orderlies. Twenty priests came forward, including Father Unzeitig. In appalling conditions the priests both cared for the sick and performed their duties as priests. Most of them eventually became infected. Father Unzeitig died two weeks before the camp was liberated in March of 1945.

There are many other names that could be added to that of Father Unzeitig and the other priests and clergy at Dachau. Others did not come to the camps with a ministry but found one there, or at least a moral vocation. Victor Frankel, Elie Wiesel, Primo Levi come to mind. There are many others. They all testify to the fact that the great Nazi experiment in death failed. Even while it was going on, while many were dying and there was great suffering, new dimensions of spirituality were being discovered. There is a story of Gestapo who attempted to humiliate a rabbi by forcing him to strip and assume a demeaning posture in front of them. Arrogant and full of contempt, they taunted him and challenged him to say something out of his rabbinical office as he crouched before them naked. This is what he said, and I like to imagine that it was delivered in a calm, even voice, free of rancor and without fear: “I believe that you have been created in the image of God and that nothing you do, to me, to others or to yourselves can entirely erase that image.” The ineradicability of the *imago dei* in the human soul is the dimension that finally defeats all forms of oppression, all demonic systems, that exposes the delusion that any human can be robbed of his or her dignity. Dachau is a testimony to the triumph of the human spirit under the worst conceivable circumstances.

— Bud Hayes

September, 2005

# Love Overcomes Violence Everywhere

The invisible  
chalice of tears  
that she has  
balanced without  
spilling a drop  
falls, breaks  
into a thousand  
shards,  
splashes out all  
its contents.

—Marc Ian Barasch

## LOVE Works

### Another Little Peace of the Heart (excerpts)

A group of thirty girls flown in from Israel and Palestine will live together for two weeks in a rural New Jersey camp program called *Building Bridges for Peace*. In discussion, in play, in team-building exercises, in art, in song, they begin to know each other.

After several days, paper bags are set out in the center of the room, and each girl is asked to write down a phrase that best expresses her feelings about it. The responses are scrawled in magic marker and posted on the walls.

Under "Zionism" an Israeli has written "Idealists who fought to come back to their country," and a Palestinian, "An evil organization that wants to kill all the Arabs in the world."

Under "suicide bomber," the Israelis write "A killer" and "A dead murderer"; and the Palestinians "A blessed person," "A winner in the next world," and chillingly, "What I hope to be."

The kids shuffle from poster to poster, subdued, disbelieving. Now it's all been shoved out into the open...

Some days later they visited The Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C. The girls start down the first corridor highlighting Nazi book burnings, lurid charts of racial mug shots, posters warning of "racial defilement." One corridor narrows and dead ends into an exhibit telling of the saga of the Lodz ghetto where 164,000 Jews were sealed in and trapped behind bricks, barricades and barbed wire, forcing them to live with "overcrowding, starvation, disease and the stench of raw sewage."

One girl who'd proclaimed herself a "would-be jihadi" is in tears. An Israeli, overcome, sags against the shoulder of a Palestinian friend who clasps her tight. Others walk slowly, arms around each other's waists.

Amal and two of the more militant Palestinian girls are mugging for the camera as they photograph each other signing the guest book. An Israeli who reads Arabic found that Palestinians had written in the guest book, "Death to all Jews." By the time they get back to camp, all the girls are in an uproar. They gather in knots to scream and cry, beside themselves.

"So now it's public!" a Jewish girl yells. "It proves you want to hurt us, to exterminate us! I can't believe I spent a week with you, and now I know you want me dead."

"Don't you feel sad at the piles of bodies, the millions who died?" Another Israeli demands, in tears. "For a few hours, you couldn't just leave off your suffering and feel ours?"

A quiet Palestinian who has barely spoken all week shouts, "We've seen bodies, too! Ghettos, checkpoints, identity cards, this is my reality back home. A camp filled with barbed wire, surrounded by soldiers, the streets filled with sewage. This is happening to us too!"

The next day has been scheduled as a day of silence. Before it officially begins Rachel approaches Amal and says, "Look, I know I will never fully understand your pain, but I'm sorry for what happened to you." Amal gazing into the distance, finally nods with the smallest of smiles.

The final night is a gala feast. An elderly man, one of the organization's board members, approaches a cluster of girls that includes Amal. He introduces himself as a Holocaust survivor, and pointing to the four Palestinian girls, says jocularly, "I bet we have four less suicide bombers." Amal's face drains of blood. The room grows still. "You think we're all terrorists?" She looks as though she is going to faint. Then her eyes flash back to life, and something shocking occurs. Amal the warrior, Amal the stoic—cries. The invisible chalice of tears, that she has balanced without spilling a drop, falls, breaks into a thousand shards, and splashes out all its contents. Amal cries and she can't seem to stop.

All the girls gather around Amal, their own angry one who had secretly gotten used to being treated like just herself; who had opened just a little in the sun of their affection. All of them, Jews and Muslims and Christians, Palestinians and Americans and Israelis surround her,

*continued on next page>*





# From Our Readers

## 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.

# 8

*LOVE Works continued>*

telling her, "You are not a terrorist. You are not the enemy. We know you. You are Amal."

All the girls have been touched these days in some way. One girl incredulously told me, "I wanted them to know that I have pain too, but that's exactly what they're telling me!" Many of the girls planned to visit each other when they get back. One Israeli girl resolved to endure the social stigma of not serving in the army. One girl returned to become a counselor herself. One Palestinian became an environmentalist, enlisting people on both sides to save the fragile ecosystem that they all share. Another girl, to the ire of her fundamentalist community, has become a feminist.

*From Field Notes on the Compassionate Life, A Search for the Soul of Kindness, by Marc Ian Barasch. Holtzbrinck Publishers. (The above selection is a small piece of one of many fine stories.)*

The work of peace seems daunting these days. Where does one start? How does one proceed? What are the ingredients for peace? How do we educate our imaginations and wean ourselves off our steady diet of violence? Where do we find hope to keep on?

I open the InnerPeace/WorldPeace journal to find a place to start and many places to continue. The Journal is full of stories, ideas, suggestions, and information to inspire and to educate me on how to develop peace within myself as well as ways to take action. Above all, it inspires hope. Yes, the Journal says in different ways, on page after page: there is hope.

—Jeanne Clark

## A WORK IN PROGRESS

Recently a very good friend of mine recalled what it was like in Chicago when the riots broke out after the shooting death of Martin Luther King. "They killed him. I don't know why," she said. She is a very kind and sensitive woman with a great capacity for love and friendship and almost none for hate, anger or prejudice. I can see why it would be difficult for her to understand his assassination. Unfortunately, I remember my own reactions on that spring day in 1968 when Dr. King was murdered. The news came just after my senior high school class had returned from a field trip to Chicago, where we had spent the day visiting an inner city high school. We had been allowed to choose between several high schools for the visit. I chose a school that was mainly Puerto Rican because my hate and prejudice at that time were focused on African Americans or those who supported causes meant to benefit them. So, I am ashamed to say, when I heard that Martin Luther King was dead, I was glad. It was a daily occurrence for me back then to talk as if I wanted my perceived enemies and their allies dead.

I won't try to give all the reasons why I was so prejudiced and filled with hatred at that time, but a few things stand out. My father was openly racist, so some of it may have come from him. I also felt alienated from my peers and went through a period where I was against everything that I thought they were for, such as the civil rights movement and the counter-culture of the sixties. Part of it was also just ignorance. At any rate, as I moved into early adulthood, things began to change. I got jobs and went to college and was exposed to a greater variety of influences. In the late sixties, on a cross country trip, I met someone who was even more extreme than I. It was like looking in a mirror, and I didn't like what I saw. On the same trip I heard a mother talk about her son in Vietnam and was not able to empathize with what she was going through. It was only later that I began to think about the war in personal terms. In the early nineties I became friends with an Afro-American who was a Christian fundamentalist. We were rivals and different in many ways, but we just liked each other, and I was able to see him as a person.

What really broadened my outlook, however, was travel. In the summer of 1970, as part of a university tour, I spent a summer in Europe and Morocco. That year was a real turning point for me. Someone on that tour called me a "liberal,"

*continued on next page>*



“...so I ask God  
to forgive the  
hatred that  
was and that  
still remains...”

—Tim Bradley

which came as a real shock. Because of the connections I made on that trip, I no longer felt alienated from my peers, and it did not take long for me to rethink my attitude toward African Americans.

I came to the point where my racism was gone, but my inclination to hate was not. My hatred simply refocused on conservatism and militarism. I saw in conservatives my former self and had no understanding why they could not change as I had. I continued to see the world in simplistic, either/or terms: you were either on the side that was working to bring heaven on earth or on the side that was going to bring nuclear destruction. I admired the actress and activist, Melina Mercouri, and loved to imitate the way she said “I hate conservatives,” in her wonderful Greek accent. In a short story I wrote in 1981 I had the main character say that people who favored nuclear armament had no right to live because their actions were leading to mass murder and destruction. I was often filled with outright rage at that time.

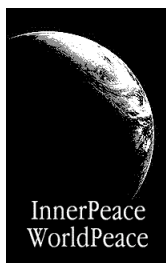
I had begun to change during the decade of the nineties, but the most significant change has taken place through my involvement in the peace movement during the past four years. My good friend whom I mentioned at the start has helped me to see what the word “love” can mean in big and small ways. Others in the peace movement have helped me. I watch how loving they are and I want to be that way too. I begin to see that to be rid of hatred is to be free. To be able to love brings energy and a new kind of power. I know that I still have hatred in me. My loving is a work in progress, not something that I can do all by myself, so I ask God to forgive the hatred that was and that still remains and to replace that hatred with love.

—Tim Bradley



open your eyes  
come return to the root  
of the root  
of your own soul

—Rumi



## Journal Sign-up

Sign up at our *website*:  
www.innerpeaceworldpeace.org, or  
phone: 312-720-1171 or write to:  
InnerPeace /WorldPeace  
319 South Harvey Avenue  
Oak Park, Illinois 60302

## Use of Our Material

You are welcome to reproduce articles or make copies of this journal. If you do quote from this journal, please credit the source and let us know how you used it.

## From 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.

## Editorial Group

Mary Erkins  
Bud Hayes, *Editor*  
Emory Mead, *Design*  
Jeff Olson  
Amy Abbott Pappageorge  
Demetrios Pappageorge

budhayes@innerpeaceworldpeace.org

## A JOURNAL OF INNERPEACE/WORLDPEACE

### SOME SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS OF INNER PEACE:

- > A tendency to think and act spontaneously rather than on fears based on past experience.
- > An unmistakable ability to enjoy each moment.
- > A loss of interest in judging other people.
- > A loss of interest in judging self.
- > A loss of interest in conflict. (serious symptom)
- > Sudden prolonged overwhelming feelings of appreciation.
- > Contented feelings of connectedness with others and with nature.
- > Frequent attacks of smiling.
- > An increasing tendency to let things happen rather than making them happen.

WARNING: If you have some or all of the above symptoms, please be advised that your condition of inner peace may be so far advanced as to be incurable. If you are in contact with anyone exhibiting any of these symptoms, you remain exposed only at your own risk.

—Saskia Davis

InnerPeace/WorldPeace  
319 South Harvey Avenue  
Oak Park, Illinois 60302

RETURN REQUESTED

