

# Journal 8

1/2006

The Journal is published four times a year by

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

## In this issue

Love Can Be Fully Present  
—Jeff Olson

War—The Ideal Condition for  
Human Society?  
—Walt Ziegenhals

Make Me An Instrument of Your Peace  
—Jim DuCanto

From Our Readers

In Defense of The Last Rose of Summer  
—Bud Hayes

LOVE Works  
—Andrew Harvey

A poem—Jim DuCanto

innerpeaceworldpeace.org

## A JOURNAL OF INNERPEACE/WORLDPEACE

### ABOUT THIS ISSUE

This issue, more than any other so far, brings out the diversity of fields that have a bearing on nonviolence. The study of violence/nonviolence is truly an interdisciplinary and multidisciplinary endeavor. Walt Ziegenhals, the author of our first article, is a retired minister and one of the most regular of those who come to the Friday night vigils. He usually has prepared something to read to the group. Over what now amounts to several years, he has compiled an impressive body of writings making the case against war. Writing both as an historian and a moralist, his research has led him to question, not just our presence in Iraq, but other times in American history when military solutions were thought necessary. He is troubled by an ongoing militaristic bias in American foreign policy and by the willingness of many not only to endorse but to glorify war, and to see aggression as preferable to peacemaking. The article in this issue is one of the best examples of the kind of work he is doing. He read it at a Friday night vigil this past October.

Physician Jim DuCanto is a new contributor to these pages. Jeff Olson met him at a retreat led by Paul Ferrini, author of *Reflections of the Christ Mind*. Jim tells a remarkable story about conducting a very difficult medical procedure in a state of synchrony with his higher power. I have tended to think of spiritual practices as parallel or adjunctive to what we do. We take time out to pray, read, meditate and then return to what we are doing. In this story, the spiritual state coincides with the work being done. Notice also how Jim's spiritual focus enabled him to sidestep a potential clash of egos at a critical moment.

My article examines violence as a cultural phenomenon. I believe that violence is learned, or at least more learned than innate. We don't realize how much violence we absorb from a culture infatuated with violence. It is similar to becoming infected with a disease. With violence as well as with disease there are implications for prevention and treatment. If violence is to be effectively addressed, all the disciplines will need to play their part: history, ethics, theology, psychotherapy, medicine, cultural studies and more.

—Bud Hayes, *Editor*

### LOVE CAN BE FULLY PRESENT

I start each day with a meditation that uses ideas from Paul Ferrini's *The Power of Love, 10 Spiritual Practices That Can Transform Your Life*. I might begin with parts directly from his work and expand on them, however it flows each day. I have become so familiar with some of Ferrini's thinking that sometimes I'm not sure what parts come from Ferrini and what comes from me. Last month it was my turn to open the Saturday morning group with a reflection and it came out something like this:

Mother-Father God,  
Help us accept ourselves as we are right now.  
Help us accept ourselves when we don't measure up to the way we would like to be.  
Help us accept our shadow side, our fears, our blaming, our less-than-noble impulses.  
They are but visitors, whom we can come to know in friendship, and then invite to leave.  
Help us let go of our perfectionism and relentless self-judgment,  
For they are not adversaries to resist, but only worn-out shoes, no longer useful.  
Help us to be gentle with ourselves, to dance lightly with the spirit in joy and love.  
Help us remember that your love is unlimited, offered without conditions, with—out exceptions.  
Help us to be bringers of love.  
Help us extend our love to our families, both when they nourish us and when they irritate us.

*continued on next page>*

Help us  
extend  
love...

—Jeff Olson

Help us extend our love to our neighbors and friends, even when we disagree with them.

Help us extend love to our leaders, even when we believe their policies will lead to further violence.

Help us extend love to all in Iraq—to civilians, to U.S. and Iraqi troops, to insurgents, to Saddam Hussein, to people of all religions and beliefs, to all in need of healing.

Help us extend our love to all the hurt places within ourselves and all the hurt places of the world.

Give us the courage to stand up for freedom and compassion in a loving way, without attack.

Mother-Father God, we are thankful that love can be fully present in our lives, with each other right here and now.

Amen.

—Jeff Olson

## WAR—THE IDEAL CONDITION FOR HUMAN SOCIETY?

Not everyone sees the issues of war and peace in the same way. Not everyone believes that war is evil and peace is good. Indeed, there are those who glorify war, who believe that war is good for the nation, that war is “the ideal condition for human society.” While I don’t know many such people personally, when I meet them or read about them, I am always taken aback.

Former President Theodore Roosevelt was one such person. I recall reading about Roosevelt’s martial exploits during the Spanish-American War. He was portrayed as a “Rough Rider,” a “man’s man,” hero of the battle at San Juan Hill. What I did not know, until recently, is that this first President Roosevelt, in the words of historian Howard Zinn, “gushed over war as the ideal condition for human society.” In his address to the Navy War College in 1893 Roosevelt said, “All the great master races have been fighting races...no triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumph of war.” (*A People’s History of the United States*, p. 300) Two years later, in a letter to Ambassador Lodge, he proposed that “this country needs a war.” To those who, like President Eliot of Harvard, saw him as a jingoist, Roosevelt lashed out, characterizing them as “futile sentimentalists of

international arbitration”...“who would bring about a flabby, timid type of character which eats away the great fighting qualities of our race.” (*The American Political Tradition*, Richard Hofstadter, p. 276) In 1917 at a speech to the Harvard Club, Roosevelt chastised Socialists, IWW’s, and all who wanted peace as a “whole raft of sexless creatures.” (Zinn, p. 369). These are the words of an American President, one whom I had remembered for battles against corporate giants and for his strong pro-environmental policies. This same President, however, may also have been, in the words of Richard Hofstadter, “a herald of modern American militarism and imperialism.” (Ibid., p. 271) How many American politicians have “gushed over” the glories of war?

I am unable to say. However, in our day there are a number of national and corporate leaders and just plain citizens who share Roosevelt’s martial spirit. I think of Donald Rumsfeld’s boast to the North Koreans that the U.S. has the ability to “wage two wars simultaneously.” I think of evangelist Pat Robertson urging the U.S. to assassinate Venezuela’s President Hugo Chavez for failure to toe our policy line. I think of a Halliburton Corporation brochure designed to encourage investors by predicting that “the war on terrorism is a growth area—it’s a market!” (NPR, 2/19/04). I think of

“...and peace in the same way. Not everyone believes that war is evil and peace is good. Indeed, there are those who glorify war, who believe that war is good for the nation, that war is ‘the ideal condition for human society.’ ”

—Walter Ziegenhals

“no triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumph of war.”

—Paul Harvey

*continued on next page>*

militant “Dead or Alive/Bring ‘em on” George Bush and his pre-emptive war doctrine. I think of a retired gynecologist, a neighbor of mine from Serbia, who argues that “dropping a few atomic bombs on the Arabs” is the answer to the problems in the Middle East.

Finally I think of Paul Harvey who lives in the same community that I do, River Forest. Speaking on the 23rd of June, Harvey bemoaned the “decline of American wartime aggression,” saying that “we (Americans) didn’t come this far because we are made of cotton candy. Once upon a time, we elbowed our way onto and across this continent by giving smallpox infected blankets to Native Americans. That was biological warfare. And we used every other weapon we could get our hands on to grab this land from whomever. And we grew prosperous. And yes,” Harvey continues, “we greased the skids with the sweat of slaves. So it goes with most great nation states which, feeling guilty about their savage pasts, eventually civilize themselves out of

business and wind up invaded and ultimately dominated by the lean, hungry, up-and-coming who are not made of cotton candy.” (*The Progressive*, 9/10/05). Conservative Paul Harvey, and, I assume, many of his listeners apparently believe that America’s sordid history of domestic aggression is justified by its successful rise to power.

As we think about peace; as we pray for peace; as we stand here on Friday nights witnessing for peace, we must not forget that certain of our leaders and some of our neighbors are convinced that we “flabby and timid”/ “cotton candy” types have got it all wrong. The question is not, they would argue, should we seek peace through peaceful policies or through war. No. They prefer a nation at war to a nation at peace; they believe that “no triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumph of war.” As we witness and pray for peace, we need to keep in mind those who believe that war is “the ideal condition for human society.”

—Walter E. Ziegenhals

### **MAKE ME AN INSTRUMENT OF YOUR PEACE**

*“Lord, make me an Instrument of Your healing ministry and peace. Work through my hands that Your will be done, and let what may happen occur as a result of Your divine will.”*

These are the words I recited in the silence of my mind and heart as I rode a patient transport elevator to the hospital roof to receive a deathly sick patient. These were the thoughts and prayers that I submitted as I braced myself for one of the most dramatic cases I have ever provided service for.

The patient had a ruptured abdominal aortic aneurysm and was being transported by helicopter from a small sister hospital to the “Big House” for emergency and definitive care. The man’s condition was beyond serious. He was bleeding to death internally from the largest artery in his body. I was the anesthesiologist on call that day, so it was my job to keep this poor guy alive long enough for the vascular surgeon to fix him. I had to make sure the patient stayed asleep, didn’t move

during the operation, didn’t remember anything during the operation and finally would wake up at the end relatively pain-free.

I met a patient bundled on a gurney offloaded from the helicopter. Though I was calm as I introduced myself to the patient, I began to feel a surge of adrenaline enter my body, but I was energized, not fearful. After a short elevator ride, we were in the operating room.

My surgeon and the medical staff were already there and had grasped the gravity of the situation. Often in times like this, fear and anxiety permeate the operating room. However, I remained centered and proceeded with what needed to be done.

The surgeon challenged me regarding my desire to insert a very large intravenous catheter. He said, “You already have a large intravenous catheter in this patient, why do you need this extra one?” I softly

*continued on next page>*

“My hands and feet  
and body and eyes  
all went where they  
needed to go. My  
higher power had  
guided me.”

—Jim DuCanto

## From Our Readers

*(Christina Fernandez,  
who attends our Saturday morning  
InnerPeace/WorldPeace meetings, sent  
this letter to the Oak Park Wednesday  
Journal about her experience at  
Fort Benning in Columbus, Georgia.  
Inadequate coverage of events relating to  
nonviolence and peacemaking by the  
media is an ongoing problem.)*

4

and simply replied, “You don't understand. Would you please simply place this line for me?” which he promptly did with no further comment.

I connected the special IV catheter to a high-flow rapid transfusion unit. Then I gave our patient the anesthetic medication to go to sleep. The patient went to sleep safely as we prepared to open him up and have a look inside.

When the surgeon opened him up, the patient's blood pressure quickly vanished, causing complete cardiovascular collapse. Some people might say he died right in front of me.

I activated full flow on the rapid infuser, which is about 10 times faster than normal volume infusions for treating low blood pressure. Six liters, eight liters, fourteen liters of intravenous fluid went through the rapid infuser, interspersed with blood transfusions, as I danced with the patient's hemodynamics and the surgeon's desperate efforts to salvage, repair, and replace the damaged aorta.

I would back off the fluid administration only to find the patient needed more—so I would give more. The risk of giving too much was that I could put this man into congestive heart failure and give him a heart

attack if I were too aggressive.

Emotionally, I felt very little fear. I felt completely in tune with the patient, surgeon and my equipment. We were like a jazz trio playing off each other in improvisation. I was completely in the moment, and filled with peace. The patient survived.

Later the surgeon thanked me, saying “We couldn't have done this without you...” I thanked him without the usual feeling of an inflated ego. Like all physicians, I had trained long and hard. In the panic and chaos of a crisis, fear and ego can inhibit the very best execution of one's training. However, I had surrendered myself to a higher power. It was my hands that did the work, but my ego had stepped aside and received divine guidance. My hands and feet and body and eyes all went where they needed to go. My higher power had guided me.

Though this whole experience lasted only two hours, I wonder what it would be like to always exist in a state of complete surrender to the divine mind and heart. This is my current challenge.

—Jim DuCanto

On November 20, 2005, an important event took place in our own backyard, and it was scarcely covered by the media. There was a Vigil/Protest at the gates of Fort Benning in Columbus, Georgia, the location of the *School of the Americas* (SOA), renamed the *Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation* (WHISC) on January 17, 2001.

Over 19,000 persons from all over the U.S. and other countries, including 250 from Chicago and 20 from the Oak Park area, attended: college kids, babies in arms, physically challenged people, war veterans, priests, nuns and religious leaders from all denominations. All gave voice to those voiceless who have disappeared, been tortured or killed by graduates of the SOA/WHISC.

It was a peaceful demonstration of compassion and awareness. Its purpose was to bring an end to the military aid given to 23 countries for over 59 years by SOA/WHISC. This is a school which exports killing tactics and warfare, and it is supported by our tax dollars.

The WHO, WHAT, WHEN and WHY of great journalism is being lost when we need “*Desperate Housewives*” and “*Reality Shows*” on TV to distract us, not to mention articles which tell us how to dress and what to eat. We prefer sensationalism to learning about the real issues in the world today.

There is something we can do. We can contact our legislators about closing the SOA/WHISC. There will be an opportunity to do that by voting for bill HR1217 coming up this spring. It's time that we stop spreading fear and act according to conscience.

—Cristina Fernandez, Oak Park, IL

## IN DEFENSE OF THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

I came upon a last rose of summer when I was out walking the other day. It was the sole remaining blossom in a small, front yard garden. I was so taken with it that I stopped to examine it more closely. It rested at the top of a single stem which stood tall and brave. The petals of the blossom were fully extended but retained their full symmetry. The deep salmon color was still vibrant. It was a touching sight, but it evoked in me a feeling of sadness.

It set me to thinking that usually "the last rose of summer" is a term of mild denigration. The emphasis is on shabbiness and decline. Yet this rose, advanced as it was in its cycle, seemed to be saying, "I'm still beautiful," and it would be right. I think of how easily we miss the beauty in less than perfect things, how one dimensional we are in our assessments. I think of how easy it is for us to dismiss people who offend, annoy or frustrate us as dumb, stupid, without a clue. There is a casual brutality in our ordinary language which contributes, I believe, to the pervasive level of violence in our culture.

We think of those as "other" who go "postal" in the work setting, who lose it in "road rage," who resort to violence in domestic situations, of the youth who terrorize our schools, the drive-by shootings, the serial snipers and suicide bombers. To the extent that they are "other," we can be grateful. But they are also not that different from ourselves. We are all on a continuum, not on one side or the other of a chasm that can never be crossed.

Albert Camus' highly suggestive metaphor of the plague in the book by that name has new relevance for me these days. When I read about the never clearly defined diagnosis in that book, I think "violence." In some it is a raging fever. Others are without symptoms. All are infected. We are infected, and we would do well to respect the threat of that infection. Michael Nagler in his book, *Is There No Other Way? A Search For A Non-violent Future*, talks about how the media trivialize each new incident of violence by concentrating on the details, the twisted wreckage, the

blasted out interior, the body parts. We put ourselves at risk if we dull the capacity for outrage, or fail to see how the violence within ourselves is linked with violence all around the world.

Nagler, and a gathering number of others are saying, in effect, that if the plague is ever to subside, each of us will have to reach deep within ourselves to address the source of this malady. No type of violence, however innocuous it may seem, can be spared scrutiny. The thought of bypassing opportunities for a well-turned insult or a clever put-down does not particularly appeal to me, but if this is what it's going to take to turn things around, I think I'm ready.

In whatever change we do attempt to make, however superficial or profound, we are not without assistance. The figure described by Isaiah is not unlike a "last rose of summer."

"He had no form or comeliness that we should look at him,  
And no beauty that we should desire him.  
He was despised and rejected by others;  
A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;  
But he was wounded for our transgressions,  
He was bruised for our iniquities;  
Upon him was the chastisement that made us whole,  
And with his stripes we are healed."

— Isaiah 53: 1,3,5.

Next time someone mentions "the last rose of summer," take another look.

—Bud Hayes

"We put ourselves  
at risk if we dull the  
capacity for outrage,  
or fail to see how  
the violence within  
ourselves is linked with  
violence all around  
the world."

—Bud Hayes

# Love Overcomes Violence Everywhere

“Everyone pretends they want to know and experience Love, but to know and experience Love is to die to all your private fantasies and agendas, all your visions of ‘right’ and ‘wrong,’ even ‘good’ and ‘evil.’”

— Andrew Harvey

# 6

## LOVE WORKS

*(In the last issue I reported on my visit to Dachau. Here is a report from someone who survived Auschwitz. In both cases, strangely enough, light was found in “the heart of darkness.” Bud Hayes, Editor.)*

...we find ourselves in the early afternoon on the Mount of Olives...It was then that I noticed the faded black numbers on the bare arm sticking out of his Hawaiian shirt. I gasped;...now, he turned slowly and stared at me, into me, steadily, as if weighing my soul.

“Yes, I was in Auschwitz. As a child. From nine to thirteen. I don’t know how or why I survived, but I do know what I learned.” I waited. He opened his mouth, then stopped, and shrugged his shoulders.

Words are hopeless. I want to say something so big, but I only have small words to say it with. That is why I speak of these things so rarely and to so few people. Perhaps the old Jewish prophets were right; some things are too terrible and too holy to be spoken of.

I am not going to dishonor the horrors we all lived through in that hell by going over them. You know many of them, and you have the heart to imagine more, although nothing you can imagine can come close. But it is not of these things that I wish to speak to you. I want to tell you what I discovered in hell. It may shock you.

In Auschwitz, I discovered that there was one thing I was even more terrified of than death. When you live in an atmosphere of terror, you realize that all the fears you shrink from in ‘normal’ circumstances are relatively minor and that there is one terror that everyone has which is overwhelming, and that hardly anyone ever talks about because very few have gone through enough to find it out.

“And what is this terror?” I asked, a little afraid by now.

“The terror of Love, of Love’s embrace of all things, all beings, and all events. Everyone pretends they want to know and experience Love, but to know and experience Love is to die to all your private fantasies and agendas, all your visions of ‘right’ and ‘wrong’; even ‘good’ and ‘evil.’ Everyone who comes to that death is dragged to it kicking and cursing and screaming and

weeping tears of blood, just as Jesus was in the garden.”

He breathed deeply as if to steady himself.

“I was twelve years old. It was mid-winter. I was in despair. My mother, father, and sister had all starved to death. I knew by then that the chances of surviving or of being saved were very slim. There was a guard who was particularly sadistic who used to beat me with his leather strap until I bled.

“I was only twelve. What did I know about anything, about God? All I knew was that I had to decide, once and for all, whether the horror I saw around me was the ultimate reality or whether the joy and tenderness I could still feel stirring inside me was the truth.

“I knew that they couldn’t both be the truth. If the horror of the camp was the reality about human nature and life, then what was stirring in my heart was some kind of mad joke. If what was stirring in my heart was real, then it was the horror that was the mad joke.

“I thought about this for months. ‘Thought’ is too polite a word. I bled about this. I wept over it. I wrestled with it as Jacob must have wrestled with the angel. I had to know, or I would drown in the darkness. For the first time, I started to pray. My prayer, which I began to repeat at every moment, was only four words: ‘Show me the truth.’ Nothing came. Not a single insight, not a single vision, no dream with any comforting angel. Nothing at all.

“But I went on praying, more and more desperately, and then early one winter morning I heard a quiet voice say to me, ‘You must decide.’ What did it mean? For a week I wrestled with this. What could the voice mean? How could I, a child, decide the truth of the universe? Was this the devil laughing at me? Was I God in disguise? The maddest thoughts swirled round my brain.

“Slowly, I began to understand. I understood that I was always free to decide whether the world I was being shown was the real one or whether the world I felt in my heart was the truth. When I really thought about it, the second choice seemed even more frightening than the first.

“What if Love was the real choice?  
*continued on next page >*

“When I opened my eyes, a sun not of this world had come out and was blazing in glory all around me.”

—Andrew Harvey

Would I have to love the guard who had beaten me? Would I have to forgive the apparatus that had killed my parents and hundreds of thousands of others? Would I even have to forgive, in some mysterious way, God Himself for having allowed these horrors to take place?

“I lived through indescribable torment, much worse, even, than what I had suffered in the camp at the hands of the guards. A twelve year old soul, let me tell you, has abysses some of the angels would be scared of.

“Then, one morning, I awoke and knew quite simply what I had to do. I had to choose what was at the bottom of my heart, the fire I felt there when I thought of my mother, or our cat at home, or the flowers and vegetables in our kitchen garden. So I went out into the camp yard, covered with snow, with a gray, lowering, hopeless sky overhead and, closing my eyes, I screamed with my whole being silently, ‘I choose love! I choose love! I choose love!’

“And then it happened. When I opened my eyes, a sun not of this world had come out and was blazing in glory all around me. The snow along

the barbed wire glittered like diamonds, and the air was sweet and hard like the skin of a cold apple against my cheek. The guard I hated came out of another building at that moment, smoking a cigarette. He didn’t see me, but I saw him and—this was the miracle—I felt no fear at all, and no hatred, only a burning pity that scalded my eyes with tears. I did not feel vulnerable as I had feared. The Thing in me that was crying was stronger than anything or anyone I had ever encountered. It or He felt like a calm column of fire that nothing could put out.

“ Somehow I survived for another year until release came. Whenever I could, I would gaze at the way the ordinary light changed on the ground, along the wires, on the roofs of the huts and the crematoria. I know now Whose light it was a reflection of. The fire in my chest did not leave. It has never left. I have tried to live and breathe and act from it and from its laws.”

—Excerpt from  
*Sun At Midnight* by Andrew Harvey

## MISSION STATEMENT

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

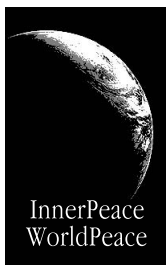
We believe there is a necessary connection between inner transformation and finding effective alternatives to violence in the world. We welcome dialogue with others.

“Returning violence for violence multiplies violence, adding deeper darkness to a night already devoid of stars.

Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that.

Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that.”

—Martin Luther King, Jr.  
(Where do We Go From Here: Chaos or Community? (1967), p. 594.)



**FYi**

### 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

Fear, Anger, Sadness, Rage  
Vision of the Original Wound.  
I Externalize the Pain  
In the rush to Avoid the Shame  
That I am not worthy to dwell among the Gods.  
Then comes the warm embrace  
Of myself  
Holding my fears and judgments  
With Warmth and Compassion

—Jim DuCanto

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

RETURN REQUESTED

