

SWEETGOSPELHARMONY.COM

the way out trilogy

also the way back

Part III

TAKING BACK MY PERSONAL SPACE

Gullible's Travels:

50 YEARS A ZIONIST - NOW SEEKING TO MAKE AMENDS

H. D. Kailin

When a child, perhaps age 4, I touched a hot toaster. Ouch! Immediately I withdrew my fingers, noticing as I did so that I had left my fingerprints on the shiny, stainless steel surface. Of course I didn't *really* leave my fingerprints, I just thought I did. What I took for fingerprints were three etched wheat emblems, Hotpoint's abstract, stylized trademark. It took a long time before I figured that out – but then, as the pages following document, it's taken me a long time to figure out a lot of things. Burnt fingers are notoriously sensitive, that we know, all the more reason to figure out cause and effect relationships.

I acknowledge here at the outset the limited entertainment value to be derived from an account of my foibles and follies, which are not in any event all that lurid but of the humdrum, garden variety. To compensate for this, I have juiced this telling with cameo appearances from some of the curious cast of characters who've crossed my path. More pertinently, and this touches materially on the purpose of my disclosing these things, I have useful insights and timely info to impart regarding the great controversy now engulfing the world.

"With or without religion, you would have good people doing good things and evil people doing evil things. But for good people to do evil things, that takes religion."

(Steven Weinberg)

As squarely as I know how, I confront Christendom's fallen estate. My perception is that something is quite out of kilter with a religion whose adherents mindlessly beat the drums for war as much as these do. Think not that I speak about uneducated yahoos from the hills of West Virginia; rather, I speak of prominent denominations. I speak of myself, too, for I have sinned in that for decades I served as a willing tool of Gog and Magog, the Khazar Turkish foe. Beyond personal failings, there is the matter of structural defects in our common, evangelical religious culture which date back centuries. I happen to be historian enough to know what they are. I happen to be man enough to expose them.

While I applaud all whose paths wend relentlessly onward and upward, that

has not been my experience but a twisted and torturous trail, involving many wrong turns and detours, as well, a few flashes of light; as well a few sickening plunges into the abyss. That's what I have to work with and must make the best of it. Can I leave even one fingerprint on the shifting sands of time? Would I even want to? Meanwhile, I must pray, prepare, do what I can to get right with man and God and the natural world, for I sense that time is short.

FOREWARD

Art Linkletter's book, *Children Say the Darndest Things*, was published many decades ago and was based on his daytime TV variety show. Children often don't get it right but at least they try, such as the little boy who claimed on the air that octopus have eight testicles. Without any extra prompting from Linkletter, I too tried to tell the truth as I saw it. For instance, when our Washington, D.C. home came on the market, the head of the Orthodox Church stopped by for a look see. On first sight of him, I exclaimed: "It's Santa Claus!" Was the holy Patriarch bemused or was he embarrassed down to the roots of his long, white beard? I'll bet on the former, not that we will ever know, for this was the spring of 1951, at age 4, my earliest recorded contact with a representative of organized religion.

I did not always come out on top in my interaction with religious communions. In fact I rarely did. I remember well, June 2, 1953, watching on TV the coronation in Westminster Abby of Princess Elizabeth of England. For one unchurched (except for Unitarianism), this ceremony was a memorable introduction to the glories of the Anglican faith:

Guests and officials passed in a procession before approximately three million spectators gathered in the streets of London, some having camped overnight in their spot to ensure a view of the monarch and others having access to specially built stands and scaffolding along the route. The procession included foreign royalty and heads of state riding to Westminster Abbey in various carriages, so many that volunteers ranging from wealthy businessmen to rural landowners were required to fill the insufficient ranks of regular footmen.

Elizabeth was then anointed as the assembly sang "Zadok the Priest"; the Queen's jewellery and crimson cape was removed by the Earl of Ancaster and the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Devonshire, and, wearing only a simple, white linen dress.

A cross on the Queen's forehead [was made] with holy oil made from the same base as that which had been used in the coronation of her father. As this segment of the ceremony was considered absolutely sacrosanct, it was concealed from the view of the television cameras by a silk canopy held above the Queen by four Knights of the Garter. When this part of the coronation was complete, and the canopy removed, Don and the Duchess of Devonshire placed on the monarch the Colobium Sindonis and Supertunica. *(Wikipedia)*

This performance ran on interminably for hours, yet it worked a kind of magic on me. For decades afterward I was held in thrall to the Anglican Church and the British monarchy, as I justified British imperialism and Western culture. What moved me so? Pomp and circumstance; also false claims that God was in it. That's all it took to make of me an Anglophile.

But at the same time that I was holding Anglicanism in high regard, I was trashing Mormonism. To illustrate: I was working as a volunteer at the Old Soldiers Home in Washing-

ton, D. C. in 1968, age 21, under the guidance of Mrs. Mathaney, a wonderful lady who formerly had been my mother's head nurse in her medical practice. I remember our conversing animatedly about Padre Peo, the famous Italian, Catholic stigmata, and offhandedly I made some sighting comment regarding Mormons or of Mormonism. Having grown up in the Midwest and knowing Mormon folk, Mrs. Mathaney cautioned me that they were of a normal psychology and as well motivated as the rest of us. Mrs. Mathaney was big enough a person to understand the root cause of prejudice, that it was dislike of the unlike. Besides, what is there about Mormonism more absurd than the coronating of a 26 year old lassie as the titular head of the Church, a procedure dating back to King Henry the eighth, who made himself head of the Church so that he could divorce his wife? While to this day I prefer Padre Peo to Joseph Smith, I'm yet careful to distinguish legitimate preference to raw prejudice.

One of the old soldiers at the Soldiers Home was Mr. Morris. Wheelchair bound, he had coke bottle glasses which made his eyes seem as big as an owl's but this hardly detracted from his being a wonderful conversationalist. I remember his telling me about his misadventures on the maiden flight of a 747 jumbo jet out of New York bound for Rome. The system was overwhelmed and they lost his luggage and there were interminable delays. In Rome he went to the Vatican where his tour group was surprised by the Pope himself stopping to talk to them. What happened next is that his tour group dropped en masse to their knees, expecting to kiss the Pope's ring. The Pope detoured around his fawning sycophants to shake Mr. Morris's hand, instead. I suppose even popes can take only so much adulation.

So what at root is human religiosity? gullibility? idle superstition? the recrudescence of Gothic medievalism? Atheists, theists, do please listen up, we're all in this together, for when it comes to proving by what agency we and the Universe got here, no one can prove a thing. After centuries of close consideration, the essential mystery remains. Though I've had my share of bad run-ins with religion, I've also had my share of good experiences. No way will I be religion's destructive critic but I do have constructive ideas to offer. Gentle reader, you may hold me to that.

Another early experience: when a child I heard my elders taking about an earthquake that had occurred in Greece. I now know that about every 600 years or so the Anatolean Plate slips in relation to the Eurasian Plate and that on March, 18, 1953 this resulted in 1000s of homes collapsing with more than a 1000 dying. But what made this event stick in my mind and burned it into my soul was the news report that told of a mother and child falling into the yawning crack which opened under their feet, that just before it closed up, the mother managed to throw her baby free. This tragic event yet speaks to me about the fragility of life, the tenacity of mothers, and the place of religious faith to help us think through the implications. Albeit we are pawns in the universe, we still have value.

LIFE'S LYRICAL FOUNDATION

Before we walk, we crawl. Before we crawl, we lay in our beds and watch the stars go by.

A Gaelic Lullaby

Hush the waves are rolling in,
White with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! The winds roar hoarse and deep
– On they come, on they come.
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! The rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

Oglala Sioux Lullaby

Ink pa ta, na wa ziu
na si na, ca co ze,
ma ya, ma ya,
le ciya ku wan na

I will be standing at the top of the hill signaling for you to come here, now.

The Rolling Sea is Keeper of my Heart

Whispering wind,
Soaring bird,
Gently rolling sea,

Dancing waves,
Flying fish,
Beckoning to me.

Shining sail,
Steady ship,
Gather in my chart.

Guiding stars,
Silver moon,
Call me to depart.

The rolling sea is keeper of my heart.

We are the trade winds,
Free the sea birds rise,
Let us to the horizon go
Where there's open sky.

Hear how the wind blows,
Listen to the sea,
Come to my fair Islands,
Come away with me.

("Song of the Sea" Princess Liliuokalani)

Mary Magdalene

*She walks upon our meadows green,
The Lamb of God walks by her side,
And in every English Child is seen,
Children of Jesus and his Bride.*

("Song of Jerusalem," William Blake)

MAGNOLIA SHEPHERD

In June of 1951, the Kailin family: my father, Harvey Sr.; my mother, the doctor, Eloise; my younger brother, David; and I, Harvey Jr. moved to 5804 Johnson Avenue in Bethesda, Maryland. The street on which we lived was named for the Washington Senator's famous baseball pitcher, Walter Johnson, whose home was several blocks away. Everybody was new to the neighborhood because the neighborhood itself was new, consisting of tract homes recently built by Carl Freedman.

One of my earliest memories of our new home was that of watching a bulldozer smooth up our front yard. My brother, age 3, and I, age 4, were allowed to be on the front stoop as it made repeated passes and with each pass it worked its way closer to where we sat. Finally, in a panic, we started screaming and yelling and banging on the front door until Magnolia let us in. That, by the way, pretty much sums up the zigzag course of my career: curiosity impelling me forward, fear driving me back again.

And that is how it was for more than seven years (1951-1958), my brother and sister and I were raised by our live-in Negro housekeeper, Magnolia Shepherd, who in many ways acted as our surrogate mother. As much as they could, my parents tried to make her one of the family and, to that end, she took her place at the dinning room table with the rest of us.

The youngest of nine, and sole support of her mother, Magnolia was a sympathetic person, such that, when old man Norris across the street died, it was Magnolia's shoulder on whom his widow came over and cried. One time, a neighbor's child brought down a woodpile on himself and Magnolia cleared a chainlink fence to rescue him, no mean feat for one who weighed about a seventh of a ton.

Being the naughty children that we were, my brother and I would sometimes sass Magnolia. I remember our calling her "Roly Poly Noly," but she gave as good as she got. One day she came upstairs from her bedroom downstairs wearing her pillbox hat, her black plush coat, and with suitcase in hand, phoned for the taxi to come pick her up. My brother and I went into a panic, "Magnolia is leaving, Magnolia is leaving!" A ruse, the entire time she had been dialing with one finger, her other finger had been depressing the receiver button.

"Harveee, yew git yo butt in dis house right dis minute or I'z gonna hit yew upsides da head wid a fry pan!" That was Magnolia speaking or, rather, I should say, yelling at the top of her lungs. Yes, at times I was late for dinner and, yes, she at times she inadvertently informing the whole neighborhood as to that fact. Actually she was always gentle.

I remember the Thanksgiving Day turkey going from the oven to the table; then, just be-

fore it could be served, going back into the oven as my mother went into labor pains and had to rush off to the hospital. That was November, 1953. My sister, Janet, was born way too premature and had to stay in the hospital with severe lung problems. Even as she was brought home, it was still very much a touch-and-go situation but Magnolia devotedly nursed her along and it may be that her ministrations made all the difference.

Magnolia had a boatload of problems. She drank, smoked, and ate all the wrong kind of foods and she missed work on account of illness. At age 40, she died of a heart attack, after which there was a large, emotional church service. Doctors would say she had a bad heart but the folk who turned out to pay their last respects thought she had a good heart.

I can say that Magnolia was never my childhood hero. Heroic to my thinking were political figures like Lincoln or Truman or my next door neighbor, Rabbi Morris Gordon. Now that half a century has passed, I can say that most my childhood heroes have fallen off their pedestals but Magnolia shines forth more brightly than ever. She leads the parade. At the time I had not eyes to see this. I had to work my way past many illusions and mistaken ideas before I was able to properly identify with Blacks and Native Americans, as well, with all the people over the entire planet who've been wronged by an unjust system.

R A B B I M O R R I S G O R D O N

To our immediate south stood a solidly-built cow barn (previously owned by Thomson Honor Dairy), having a grey-slate roof and large revolving aerators above with two silos. This was Arylawn Recreation Center. Immediately to our west, were the Gordons; to the east, the Abrahams; to the north across the street, the Conns; down the street to the west, the Elmans; while up the street was the Marks family; on the next street over were the Bermans and the Goodmans. So what is this that I'm describing, a Polish *shtetl*? When one reflects that Jews make up about 2% of the US population, it's more than passingly odd that without any coordination or advance knowledge so many of my neighbors were Jewish. But even though Blacks were about 12% of the population, there was not one in the neighborhood. Zip. Evidently, a subtle racial selection process was at work.

The Gordon family next door included Rabbi Morris Gordon; his wife, Frances Ruth; his daughter, Arlene; and her younger brother, Albert who was my age. Being the same age, Albert and I spent a goodly amount of time together playing sandlot baseball at the recreation center, cruising its oak forest or being in and out of each other's homes. As a result, I have many Rabbi Gordon stories to relate all of which are a credit to his character and idealism. Every year, for instance, in the fall, for the Feast of Booths, Rabbi Gordon (who headed up a wholesale building supply business), built a large *sukkah* (temporary shelter) in

his backyard. There, through fronds and branches shafts of fall sunlight fell, while wasps and bees swarmed the plentiful fruit hanging from the rafters. It was a picture of bounty and harmony. Though it was never explained to me what any of this meant, I loved entering alone the *sukkah* and contemplating the sights and smells of this oasis of peace. I later learned that this, the fall festival, completed the cycle of Mosaic feasts which had begun with Passover in the spring. It symbolizes the longed-for messianic age, when peace will flow from Zion like a river, when each family will live at peace under their own fig tree.

One incident I can't date but remember well enough, had to do with the rescue squad truck – lights on and sirens sounding – rolling into our neighborhood. Someone down the street was having a heart attack. A gang of us children gathered on the front lawn, rubber-necking. Then Rabbi Gordon came down and told everyone to go home and we did so, no arguments offered. Other parents merely peeped out through closed Venetian blinds but not so Rabbi Gordon. He insinuated himself into the middle of the situation and when he spoke people listened because he spoke with moral authority.

One summer evening Rabbi Gordon invited the neighbor children over to view the Temple Ark which he kept downstairs in the recreation room. A beautifully handcrafted box, inside it was the Torah scroll. Putting on his prayer shawl, he opened the Ark's doors. Just then, as he scooped up the Scroll into his arms, he accidentally bobbed it and it would have hit the floor except that Ruth Ann Waldrop, the little girl from the house next door to the Gordon's on the west, caught it. Rabbi Gordon turned chalk white and said that had it hit the floor, he would have had to fast for 40 days and 40 nights. I believed him. It was obvious to me that it was real to him and if it was real to him, then it was real to me also.

I remember Mrs. Gordon's parents, her grandmother with a bun of black, kinky hair going white, her father, Abe, stooped and wispy-haired, both diminutive and seemingly completely out of place in an American suburb. Among themselves they spoke Yiddish. Then Abe died, after which things grew very somber in the Gordon home, until one day we all went for a ride in Abe's Studebaker Lark. Behind the wheel was Rabbi Gordon who unaccountably started pressing the accelerator to the floor, next letting off, causing the car to lurch which was rather upsetting to Mrs. Gordon. Then he said Abe had always complained about his car being underpowered but that this wasn't so. (This was in an era before automatic gearshifts had been perfected, when the way to downshift was to depress the accelerator.) It occurred to me even then that Rabbi Gordon was making another kind of point entirely from the mechanical one, namely, that the family needed to power their way out of their depression and move forward.

Another time had to do with Rabbi Gordon's rescuing my mother off the roof of our

house. Mom was up there checking the paint job. Yes, she had the roof painted white, better to deflect a thermonuclear bomb blast. It would seem totally laughable, except talk of nuclear war is in the air then, as it is today. But once on the roof, my mother, being six months pregnant, feared falling. And so Rabbi Gordon mounted the ladder and escorted her down. I remember his saying to my mother who was wearing a pleated, Scotch-plaid, wool skirt, "I'm not looking Dr. Kailin, I'm not looking." As my sister was born in November, 1953, I can date this incident quite closely to the summer or fall of that year.

Then there was the morning before school that Albert handed me the previous day's Washington Evening Star whose headline told of Albert Einstein's passing. That was in 1955. Albert and I were in complete agreement as to Einstein's greatness. Later I would learn that the Rabbi was also an admirer of Einstein and lectured about his spiritual insights.

One incident concerned the 1956 presidential election. President Eisenhower, was Rabbi Gordon's first choice, yet he was considering voting for Governor Adlai Stevenson instead, his concern being Eisenhower's health. Perhaps the Democrat slogan that year "If Ike gets sick we're stuck with Dick" resonated with him. What this incident said to me was that Rabbi Gordon wasn't looking to any human authority for instructions on how to vote, that he was doing his own thinking and that he was genuinely puzzled. I never thought of the Rabbi as one to feign knowledge he didn't have. Then, too, there was the occasion when he went to NIH (National Institutes of Health) to counsel an eleven year old boy who had a rare condition called "progeria." An aging condition, he was eleven going on ninety. Albert and I figured that there wasn't any problem under the sun his father couldn't handle.

An army chaplain during WWII, Rabbi Gordon told us kids that he didn't know that in the army one isn't suppose to volunteer, which is why, when they asked for volunteers, he raised his hand. The next thing he knew he found himself going over the hump into Burma. What he didn't tell us, which I only learned recently from the web, was that he served under the command of General Chennault with the famed Flying Tigers, and that he was awarded the Bronze Star; also, while in China, he organized safe passage for 1,000 refugees to travel by ship from Shanghai to Israel.

One memory I have is of Albert showing me some of the first postage stamps issued by the State of Israel which I examined with great interest. The blocky Hebrew lettering, the artistry and symbolism, I viewed with awe. This fascination later played a role in my entering the field of engraving. Another experience further disposing me to view Israel with favor occurred in 1960 when I saw the movie based on Leon Uris' novel *Exodus*.

I should mention Rabbi Gordon's light side, for instance, his teaching us the Hokey Pok-ey (a novelty dance) or taking us to Glen Echo Amusement Park where among other sights

was a young fellow who guessed your age. If he was right, you lose your money; if wrong, you win a prize. Ruffling himself up in an attempt to look older than he was, the Rabbi pulled his hat down low and assumed a stooped posture, not that any of this helped, for the man said 40 and was right on the button. Whatever the circumstances, lighthearted or serious, Rabbi Gordon possessed a confident dignity.

In the metaphorical language to which he was given, Rabbi Gordon would say that "the mountain of faith is climbable from many directions." That is the language of tolerance, my father's sentiment exactly. Eight years we lived as neighbors, as it were cheek to jowl, our homes being hardly 25' apart, yet always relations were amicable. So much then for my introduction to Judaism. Meanwhile, I was as proud to be a Unitarian as the Gordons were to be Jewish.

UNITARIANISM

For all my admiration for Rabbi Gordon, none of this seemed to detract in any way from my esteem for my own dear father whose qualities, though distinctly different from the Rabbi's, in my eyes, were equally worthy. For instance, in the Kailin's recreation room was a ping pong table and one time, the only time I can recall, there was a match up between the Rabbi and my father. Rabbi Gordon, the robust, hairy-chested type, would make lightening attacks, springing into the air on powerful legs while my father, laying back, used a lot of English as he played to the corners, trying to recover. Eventually the Rabbi emerged victorious, though not without a struggle. Even then I attributed his success to his having been much younger than my father and Albert agreed with me in this generous assessment.

A statistician and Chief of the Business Division of the Census Bureau, my father was the scholarly type as his large library and classical music collection attested. While his religion, Unitarianism, tended to generate more questions than answers, just as did Rabbi Gordon, he earnestly desired to leave the world a better place for his having lived in it. Each of them worked well into their 80's to advance their respective visions. In part, I attribute differences in outlook between my father and the Rabbi, not just to different religions, but to differences in upbringing. The Rabbi was born into the midst of war in Latvia in 1914 as German and Russian troops fought pitched battles 'round about his home town. Then in 1920, age six, he came as an immigrant to America, America the land of shining opportunity, "the *goldene medina*." Meanwhile, my father, born in 1909, in Madison, Wisconsin, grew up in a home which was attuned to seeing not just opportunity but injustices which tempered their enthusiasm for the American experiment. Beloved for his self-deprecating humor, his careful analysis of public issues, his moderation, his devotion to public service, my father was also something of a Jeremiad, a prophet of doom, who saw with sorrow our society heading inexorably for the rocks. If the worst didn't happen, he felt much relieved.

The Unitarians I met through River Road Unitarian Church were exceptionally moral, earnest people. For instance, I remember Muriel Davies who was active in the Sunday school program. She had been recently widowed, her husband, A. Powell Davies, one of the great Unitarian preachers of our time. His books remain influential in my life. I owe her and him and all of them a debt of gratitude.

Only partially in jest have Unitarians been described as "God's frozen (instead of chosen) people." The egghead-type, they do tend to over-intellectualize and, too, there maybe an element of the truth to the observation that the only time one hears God's name amongst them was when someone stubbed their toe, yet, in my experience, they were congenial.

A point of pride amongst Unitarians was their tolerance for others' beliefs. Because it was "broadening," our Sunday school class sometimes visited other denominations' religious services which is how I ended up inside a mosque - a beautiful sanctuary in downtown Washington subsidized, I believe, by the Turkish government. Its exquisitely graceful minaret, inlaid, mosaic tile and oriental rugs represent a highly-refined aesthetic. Also I noticed the devotion of those who came and kneeled.

In retrospect, it occurs to me that in all this tolerance there was operative an element of condescension. LRYers (Liberal Religious Youth) were meant to visit but not linger over-long. One was suppose to draw the logical conclusion about what were, presumably, superstitious practices and move on.

While I can't speak for others, for myself I can say that I admired Islamic aesthetics. I continue to believe that Unitarianism's reasoned skepticism has much to recommend it over abject credulity but I also think that it's good to keep skepticism and credulity in creative balance. Either way, hard choices between right and wrong need to be made which Unitarians sometimes succeed at and sometimes not. For instance their peculiar weakness for Thomas Jefferson whom, though a slaver, they count as one of their own, and they're as likely to name their sanctuaries after him as Catholics are to name their's after the Virgin Mary. It's doubtful that any of ole Tom's plantation neighbors ever lost any sleep over his high-minded rhetoric regarding slavery. They knew he was just spouting. Unitarians seem unable for the most part to figure that out. However that may be, we Unitarians used to affirm in the words of that noble bard, James Russell Lowell, that:

Once to every man and nation comes a moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side; . . .

D A R E T O B E

In my assessment, Rabbi Gordon had the kind of faith that doesn't need a Jewish State to

bolster it but I last saw Rabbi Gordon in 1960, after which the contact was lost. Nor can I very well ask him for, alas, as of March 2005, age 90, Rabbi Gordon is deceased. This I know, that he was one of the most strategically placed clergymen in America. For instance, he stood just a few steps away when from Dr. King when he delivered his "I have a Dream" speech at the Lincoln Memorial. Also, he was a close, personal friend of Vice President Hubert Humphrey. It will be interesting to learn from his soon-to-be-published autobiography, written with his wife's assistance in the last year of his life, whether he was an establishmentarian defender of the status quo or a champion of the downtrodden. And where did he come down on the issue of Zionism?

Rabbi Gordon's autobiography "*Dare to Be*" arrived March 17th, 2006. After reading it, I can no longer controvert the fact that he was a thoroughgoing Zionist, his expressed admiration for Albert Einstein or Martin Buber notwithstanding. What I didn't know until reading his book was that Rabbi Morris' beloved father deliberately threw over traditional Judaism for Zionism and, in this instance, as they say, like father, like son. "Palestine" and "Palestinians" are never mentioned in his book as if they were no more than a mirage. Nor is there any mention of Vietnam, my impression being that Rabbi Gordon never came to grips with this event. The moral vertigo that war caused cut through his family like a hot knife through butter. It separated father and son. Then too there is the photo of Rabbi Gordon and Prime Minister Yitzak Shamir, standing side-by-side, grinning for the camera. It was this same Shamir who oversaw Mossad's assassination of President Kennedy. I doubt that Rabbi Gordon had the slightest inkling about that. As I perceive it, he was in a state of denial and blind to many things. To say that he knew what the score was would be to increase greatly his culpability. The most charitable way I can put it is that when it came to Zionism, Rabbi Gordon had a blind spot so big one could have run a Mack truck through it. Such is my opinion of anyone who would elevate Zionism over traditional Judaism. I think he must have been sleepwalking through life, much as I did.

One story Rabbi Gordon related in his autobiography dated to his time in Burma when he was assigned two soldiers and was ordered to man a narrow metal boat and go down the Irawaddy River. Their function was to serve as decoys, that is to get the Japanese to shoot at them, thereby causing them to expose their position to American snipers. The way the system worked was that if you completed three such missions and survived, you were a living hero; otherwise you were a dead hero.

At five in the morning they launched off. At one point they started to take incoming rounds and steered to the river's center but swift currents carried them into the vortex of a whirlpool. According to the Rabbi, there are two kinds of whirlpools, ones that sucked you

in and one that just spun you around. In this instance, they found themselves going 'round and 'round for their outboard motor had fallen off. Said the Rabbi:

I thought we might go on twisting there in the river forever, when suddenly an apparition appears at the river's edge, a lovely Burmese woman, who is laughing merrily at us. When she's calmed down, she steps into a log boat on the shore, and maneuvers close to us with her one long paddle. She studies our predicament for a long minute, then extends the paddle toward us and, prodding our craft at just the right point, sends us spinning out of the whirlpool.

The maiden's name was Matay. She was a member of a tribe of Burmese tree dwellers who during monsoon season lived aboral lives but, when the waters receded, came down to forage in the jungle. Leading them through dense jungle undergrowth, she took the three men to her village where they climbed a vine to her sky hut. There they were introduced to her extended family – parents, brothers, sisters, a dozen children and they all sat down on woven mats. After shedding her muddied clothing, Matay returned, "wearing a fresh white sarong, with a flower in her hair." A feast ensued. All manner of exotic fruit was served up.

The custom is in that part of the world was that if a maiden sits down beside you, it signifies her interest in you and if you reciprocate by showing interest in her, then that settles the matter, you get married. And as it so transpired, Matay sat down by one of the three, the Sergeant, and Rabbi Gordon hissed at him, "Don't you dare touch her." And the Sergeant hissed back: "I'll take care of my self." To squelch the budding romance, Rabbi Gordon arranged for their departure the next day. As he reported, "When my men found out, they almost killed me," which raises an interesting possibility, not that of the Rabbi being throttled by his men, rather, that of chucking the war, and settling down to wedded bliss. Love trumps war. Would it have been any great shame if the Rabbi had torn off his captain's bars and thrown them in the mud, then joined his men in building a jungle paradise together?

The choice before them was that of Burmese civility versus Western civilization. Which one had the finer sensibilities? While living hand-to-mouth in the jungle may not seem all that alluring to those inured to the comforts of Western civilization, the question remains, on which side did the good, the true, and the beautiful reside? Was it with those who were living in balance with the natural world as this primitive Burmese tribe had been doing for untold thousands of years or was it with those who destroy the environment and trash the natural order as the upstart Judeo-Christian empire has been doing in recent centuries?

A towering figure in 20th Century, American Judaism Rabbi Mordechi Kaplan (1881-1983) was Rabbi Gordon's professor at Jewish Theological Seminary. More than just his instructor, Rabbi Kaplan was Rabbi Gordon's mentor and lifelong friend:

One of the highlights of my Seminary years is that I met and studied with the man who would prove to be the biggest influence of my life and my thinking as a Jew. ... It was Kaplan who made a vital difference in my devotion to Judaism, to my decision to become a rabbi, and to the kind of rabbi that I became. . . . Kaplan's precepts and example are at the core of my beliefs and my life as a rabbi.

As the founder of Jewish Reconstructionism, Rabbi Kaplan spoke the language of universalism. For instance he wrote:

We Jews have no monopoly on the wisdom of life. On the contrary, the wisdom which should display as synonymous with "Torah" should consist of our learning from the wisdom of all peoples, both ancient and modern, acquired by them in the course of their striving for the fulfillment of human destiny. (A New Zionism)

And yet, seemingly in contradiction to this magnanimous stance, he was also a confirmed Zionist. But that's how it often works: preach cream, deliver skim milk or even pure poison:

Zionism is a way to reconstitute the Jewish people. It is not merely an ideology of refuge, but a long-range process of a people to rededicate itself. . . . For Jewish people to serve Jews, it must provide them with the ability to make of its tradition a civilizing and humanizing force. For that, the core of the Jewish people must be situated in its homeland, Eretz Yisrael, and the tradition has to be relevant to the very ideologies, cultural, economic and sociological, which challenge it. (Rabbi Kaplan)

Therein lies the rub. Rabbi Kaplan's progressive, democratic view of Zionism was overwhelmed completely by David Ben Gurion's ethnocentric, ultra-nationalistic Zionism. In 1970 Rabbi Kaplan's book *The Religion of Ethical Nationhood: Judaism's Contribution to World Peace* was published. In it the ethnic "Nationhood" part prevailed, the ethical part was ditched, and "World Peace" was a chimera. Somehow, liberal Judaism always disappoints.

Mordechai Kaplan's last two decades were spent living in Jerusalem where Rabbi Gordon visited him on occasion, chairing his 80th and 90th birthday dinners. And when Rabbi Kaplan was nearly 95 years old, Rabbi Gordon rode around Jerusalem with him on his motorcycle. So let us leave it there at that as the two rabbis fiddle about with their rose-colored motorcycle goggles as they slowly disappear into the sunset, while we move on in search of reality, hopefully with fewer illusions.

Rabbi Gordon, who founded eight synagogues and shepherded others, also helped develop an organization called "Pairs" to counsel married couples. But in all the whirlwind of activity I detect something else. The lead actor in Alfred Hitchcock's 1953 film "I Confess," (a movie well worth seeing) Montgomery Clift, played a Catholic priest, Fr. Michael William Logan. Refusing to compromise the sanctity of the confessional, even if it meant his being convicted as a murderer, the priest, stubbornly allowed his religious value to overwhelm common sense. Could that have a parallel to Rabbi Gordon?

THE CONDON FAMILY

I used to awaken to the to the sound of the wind in the tops of the oak trees visible to the north out my bedroom window, just beyond our skinned-off, suburban tract developed by Carl Freedman. As well I could hear the distant, plaintive wail of a train's horn; as well, the sound of church bells. Once I got older, I went off in search of the train, though it was some years before I found it because it was in Kensington, Md, many miles away from Bethesda. As for the church bells, I didn't have to go looking for them; rather, I was taken to them, for across the street to the North and just slightly to the east was a Catholic family, the Condons. Pat Condon was my age, his brother, Christopher, a year or two younger.

Pat and I were best friends. We never competed. There was always comradery. One of the places we headed to was the recreation center immediately to the South. The old cow barn was still standing then and somehow we gained entrance into it. There I discovered that if I could squeeze my head through the metal stanchions, which I just barely could, that the rest of me would follow. Patrick wasn't so lucky, or I perhaps, I should say, not so lanky. His head got stuck. The rescue squad was called. Nothing they did helped. Finally the services of a plumber were engaged who with wrenches proceeded to undo the stanchion.

At that time there was a Japanese beetle infestation. These pesky little critters would devour the leaves of the ornamental cherry trees wholesale. Our job was to catch them. Patrick cut a deal with his father, a penny a beetle. He earned so much money that he took a wagon to the country store up on Old Georgetown Rd. to fill it with candy.

One of my early memories is of Christopher coming running out of the bathroom stark naked. Having just been given a bath, he came running back from the bedroom with one item of clothing on. Disappearing, he then came back wearing something more, repeating this until totally dressed. Adam before the Fall was also that way, a gleeful and gleefully unselfconscious streaker.

I don't recollect crucifixes and religious art or that the family was overtly religious but I carry the impression of sanctity, that there home was a safe haven in the Spirit. On one occasion Mrs. Condon, having baked a cake, bundled us and cake into the family auto and we drove to Old Georgetown Road past an ivy-covered, brick-walled entry gate topped by broken glass, to a house where she was greeted at the door by a woman in a black habit. (Was the purpose of the broken glass, to keep intruders out or inmates in? I didn't know and still don't know.)

Thus, one mystery, the bells, was replaced by another, Catholicism, a world apart from the one I was used to. It has been pointed out to me that Catholic crucifixes include a rep-

resentation of Jesus whereas Protestant crucifixes do not, the significance being that Catholics leave Jesus on the cross whereas Protestants celebrate the risen Lord. Not too keen on religious symbolism of any kind, I really don't take sides on this matter but there is a grain of truth in saying that Catholics live more in the thought world of the Gospels. They seem to me to value the life of Jesus whereas Protestants live more in the realm of Paul's epistles who has little to say about Jesus' life but much about his death and resurrection. But why should it be an either/or proposition? One can take what one wants from wherever one finds it and construct a thought world to suit ones own needs and specifications.

One day at the Condons' I organized all the figurine play toys and blocks in such a way as to create the representation of a little farm. Mrs. Condon was absolutely delighted by it. Of all the homemakers I knew, she was the one who could best relate to children's imaginative world. Another time, Mrs. Condon asked me how my mother was doing and I casually reported that she just had a baby. She could hardly believe that I had kept such an important piece of information to myself and so I went out on the front lawn and announced in my loudest voice three times "My mommy bore a baby!" thus heralding my sister into the world.

On another day the air raid sirens sounded; the neighborhood dogs started to howl. It was very eery. Mrs. Condon sent me home. It was just at the time that the US was conducting H-bomb tests in the Pacific. I had seen the blast on TV narrated by Dave Garaway as a fleet of surplus US naval ships were engulfed by the blast. Presumably the terror was coming from the USSR but I now know that in reality it was the US that was taking the lead.

P A T H O S

As children generally tend to be, my eyes were open to pathos. Also, I keenly felt the loss of animal life. I remember many such instances, so must choose just one, namely that of a rabbit. At Arlawn Elementary School, included a nursery school where a rabbit was kept in a cage out-of-doors. One evening after school, when we kids were playing, someone let it out, maybe not even intentionally, just fooling around with the latch on the cage. Thus this large, white bunny with pinkish eyes got loose. Before we could retrieve it, a little dachshund made a lunge at it. I saw the whole thing but didn't think the dog had so much as nipped the rabbit, yet it fell over dead with no struggle, without even a yelp. Ruth Ann Waldrop's mother showed up just then. She worked at the nursery and I remember her saying with sorrow, "What will I tell the children?" Another incident also at Arylawn had to do with a car crash. Two teenage girls had liberated the family auto for a joy ride. Over-steering a tight corner, they dashed head-on into a magnolia tree. I came on the scene just when the rescue squad did. The girls were screaming and yelling – but not from the damage done to their faces, which were streaming blood, but at the sight of the car whose broken radiator was steaming hot vapors. What were they going to tell their parents?

Then too there was the time, age ten, I visited my friend, Tom McLaughlin. Next door to him was a family where the mother had recently succumbed to leukemia. I was not well-acquainted there, yet I remember going over and looking for four-leaf clovers in the front lawn with the little girl who lived there. She was younger than I by a year or two. I remember she was in her Brownie uniform. I found it an unforgettable moment, the two of us looking for four-leaf clovers as a way of coping with an unspeakable sorrow.

A final example of pathos: etched in my memory is the sight of a certain father with his two small children in tow, going out to check on the side of his house facing an empty lot, which had plastered by neighbor kids with mud balls. What sticks with me was his equanimity, as if the really important thing was his children who were with him were ok, and what else might happen, a broken widow or two, or mud, was not so important.

THE WINNERS' CIRCLE

When growing up, I had a tactile appreciation of baseball: the grain of the wooden bat, the feel of lime underfoot on a newly-lined field, the piping in the felt uniforms, the leather of the glove. All the multifarious sights, sounds and smells of baseball excited me: the infield chatter, the crack of a well-addressed ball when a bat connected with it, a headlong dive to snag a ball before it could get away. The bonding of players as they came together as a team, I just loved it all. I was very competitive, throwing everything I had into the game which wasn't much, I was quite scrawny. Sweet was victory, bitter was defeat.

This love of the sport carried over from sandlot, pick-me-up games to watching professional sports. One time my father took me down to see the Washington Senators play in Griffith Stadium. Before the game we ate at a restaurant frequented by baseball players. There I met Nellie Fox, the Chicago White Sox 2nd baseman. I could hardly believe my eyes, he wasn't any bigger than my father, who stood 5'9." At 150 lbs, he weighed 10 lbs less. Not one to hit homers, yet Nellie sure knew how to get on base. A Golden Gloves recipient, his quickness and accurate throw held him in good stead at second base. With a big wad of tobacco located under his lip, he'd periodically let it fly with one foul spray. He kindly consented to sign the baseball program I proffered him.

I loved winners: Robbin Roberts, the Philadelphia Phillies star pitcher or Willie Mays of the Brooklyn Dodgers, but most idolized of all by me was the NY Yankees. This was the Yankees heyday, when Yogi Berra was behind the plate, Whitey Ford on the mound, Hank Bauer and Mickey Mantle in the outfield, and Moose Skowron at first. (Actually I remember the entire batting line up but I'll spare you the details.) The manager was none other than the late, great Casey Stengel. What a team! On TV I saw the fifth game of the 1956 World Series between the Yankees and the Dodgers when Don Larson pitched a perfect game.

As an adjunct to my passion for baseball was my passion for collecting baseball cards. They came one card to one piece of bubble gum. Stacks of bubble gum graced my bedroom, becoming brittle with age and quite stale, inasmuch as they were accumulating faster than I could chew them. Every now and then a pile of gum would fall over and shatter on the floor. As for the cards themselves, I studied them and studied them. On one side was the player's photo with his name, the position he played, and the team he played for while on the other side were his statistics. Later, when I went to College my mother dumped all my baseball cards in the trash. Do you have any idea how many thousands of dollars that collection would be worth today? But the key point is that this mania subsided. Fortunately this form of idolatry was a just passing phase.

But what was this all about, this business of loving winners? At root, money. For instance, how were the Yankees able to get so many great players? They bought them from the Kansas City (later the Oakland) Athletics. It was as if the Athletics were the Yankees unofficial farm team. All the Yankees had to do was whistle and on they came: Roger Marris, Enos Slaughter, Catfish Hunter, Reggie Jackson, and the "Bash Brothers" Jose Canseco, and Mark McGwire, just to name a few. So what's wrong with that? No level playing field, that's what. It's not sporting. My problem was that I had an undeveloped sense of fairness. Nor had I learned to identify with the underdog. Besides, what of this business of living life as a spectator? Is a virtual life life? Sports is wonderfully diversionary activity. Like bread and circuses in Rome, it keeps the masses occupied while others determine their fate. Speak about sound and fury signifying nothing.

S T A M P C O L L E C T I N G

I brought to stamp collecting the same passion I brought to baseball card collecting and then some. For each country, my stamp book had a little section telling about its form of government, its population, and what products its economy was based on and this became my entry point for learning more about geography and politics. My Scott's Stamp Catalogue, a huge volume, thousands of pages, was like Holy Writ to me.

Early on, I took special fancy to postage stamps produced by Great Britain for its colonies. I was overwhelmed by the artistry. My eyesight, then being excellent, I could detect every delicate undulation in the lines of the engraver's art. If I wasn't already a full-fledged Anglophile, I would have become one all over again based on nothing more than bits of perforated paper, ink, and glue. British sensibilities became my own. It didn't bother me, probably because it never crossed my mind, that Britain had invaded other countries, stolen their resources, subjugated their people. I was blissfully oblivious to all of this.

For love of postage stamps I used to bus to the headquarters of the US Post Office in downtown Washington, D.C., to its philatelic agency, where I obtained first day covers and laid out good money for commemorative stamps and blocks of four that included special numbers on the border. After a while this was getting to be like an addiction. I quit it cold turkey, gave my stamp book to my brother and moved on. No wonder in the Ten Commandments there's one proscribing graven images!

Before that, at age 11, in 1958, on a self-appointed, anti-communist crusade, I removed from my stamp book all my postage stamps produced by the USSR and its satellite nations and destroyed them. For me postage stamp collecting had a decidedly political dimension.

I never particularly connected Communism to Jewishness as Winston Churchill once did and it is ironic his doing so in that his mother was Jewish:

"Some people like Jews and some do not; but no thoughtful man can doubt the fact that they are beyond all question the most formidable and the most remarkable race which has ever appeared in the world.

And it may well be that this same astounding race may at the present time be in the actual process of producing another system of morals and philosophy, as malevolent as Christianity was benevolent, which, if not arrested would shatter irretrievably all that Christianity has rendered possible. . . .

From the days of Spartacus-Weishaupt to those of Karl Marx, and down to Trotsky (Russia), Bela Kun (Hungary - pre Crypto-Jew name, Cohen), Rosa Luxembourg (Germany), and Emma Goldman (United States), this world-wide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality, has been steadily growing.

It played . . . a definitely recognisable part in the tragedy of the French Revolution. It has been the mainspring of every subversive movement during the Nineteenth Century; and now at last this band of extraordinary personalities from the underworld of the great cities of Europe and America have gripped the Russian people by the hair of their heads and have become practically the undisputed masters of that enormous empire.

There is no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian revolution by these international, and for the most part atheistic Jews. It is certainly a very great one; it probably outweighs all others. With the notable exception of Lenin (subsequently revealed as a Jew), the majority of the leading figures are Jews." *(Illustrated Sunday Herald, February 8th, 1920, p. 5)*

FOR JOY OF NATURE

*Follow the trail to the open air
Alone with the hills and sky;
A pack on your back, but never a care,
Letting the days slip by!* (Agatha Deming)

My happiest memories are of filtered sunlight in wilderness openings, finding craw-dads in Bull Run Creek, of box turtles and blue birds and wild violets, of venturing forth into the snow. In summer evenings the fireflies emerged. Sometimes we caught them in a bottle. Then, too, there were June bugs which on occasion we flew like miniature kites from sewing string tied to one of their legs. I remember Bobby Waldrop, some half dozen years older than I, coming home one day with a 6 foot snake wrapped around his shoulders. One time I witnessed a Herculean battle between a paper wasp and a much larger, solitary wasp. They rolled over and over, stingers going in and out like a sewing machine needles, seeking a chink in the other's armor. Eventually the smaller wasp succumbed and was flown off to a mound in the lawn to be food for larva. Day sounds: that of whirring of katydids. Night sounds: the chirping of crickets and the croaking of toads.

When I was age nine, Dad took me to Greenbrier Camp in West Virginia. Driving there, I remember along the way roughhewn, mountain shacks with folk sitting out on their front porches. On one porch, I saw a women brushing out her long grey locks which stretched the length of her arm. It was all so countrified.

At Greenbrier, for the most part, we lived in tents on wooden platforms but also did primitive camping. That first night under the stars in a sleeping bag on the ground, who can forget? I listened seemingly for hours to the call of a whippoorwill, a spooky, mournful sound. There were other night sounds, as well, closer at hand, such as the rustling underneath my ground cloth of a large horny, black beetle. As the night progressed the moon charged the forest with an eerie light. By morning we little campers who the evening before were spread all about had pulled together to form a small knot.

One day, a portly, little German dressed in lederhausen paid us a visit. A jolly, Dutch Uncle, he taught us a song about an immigrant German boy returning home from his first day at school. His mother asked him:

*Vat is das my son, vat is das, vat is das,
I point to mein self, vat is das here?*

Demonstrating his newfound knowledge of English, her son replied:

*Das is mein noseschmeller, ya mamma dear,
noseschmeller, noseschmeller, das vat dis is.
Hoola, hoola, dat's vat ve learn at der schkoolhaus.*

eyebliker, lipshmacker, chinwagger, ticktocker, breadbasket, kneeknocker, girlicker, etc.

Then too, there was the boxing ring, a raised platform with ropes, all very professional looking. Opposing me in the ring was Dicky Dare Decker. We used to compete with each other to see who could say his name the fastest, like a machine gun "D-D-D" but in the ring he was fastest. It was a good match-up in the sense that it was a toss-up as to which of us was Camp Greenbrier's scrawniest camper. The only real question to be decided was whether both of us could keep our trunks up. I still remember the first punch he landed, what that felt like. Pow, right to the kisser. The sound of the bell ended more than just a single contest but my entire boxing career.

On the other side of the valley from Camp Greenbrier ran the railroad tracks where I would watch the engines, sometimes four of them in tandem, laboring to pull a long string of loaded coal cars. I used to keep count, one hundred and fifty-eight, one hundred and fifty-nine, etc. Then I watched the empties coming back. This was the machine in the garden. Decades before Rockefeller agents had proffered small sums on the locals for "mining rights." It may have looked at first like free money but other Rockefeller agents then came along and seized their land for the coal that was under it. There's no free lunch, not where the Rockefellers were concerned. The locals had to pay the piper.

THE NATURAL WORLD VERSUS THE WORLD OF HUMAN ARTIFICE

Moths, like many other insects, are born with the instinct to orient themselves by the moon but, as happens, they can be subverted by an artificial light source such as a street lamp. Then 'round and 'round they go in small, concentric circles. That's what's happening to mankind. People are becoming ever more focused on an artificial system while rapidly losing contact with natural rhythms and realities.

*Bedbugs in our blankets,
Red ants everywhere,
Chiggers round our waistline,
Sand flies in our hair -
But the dust of cities*

*At any cost we shun,
And cry amid our itchings,
"Isn't camping fun?"*

(Alice Arminger Skeen)

I recount my camping experiences for their own sake but also as a foil to Zionist values. Camping is about experiencing and appreciating the natural world. By contrast, Zionism is about the globalization of power. Not only is Zionism about seizing the high ground, God's holy hill in Jerusalem, but also ruling the world from Jerusalem. It is about consolidating, centralizing, dominating and all this in God's name. This involves more than just crass, commercial success but feeling justified about one's worldly success and getting others to agree in this assessment. These benefactors, so-called, want the world's approbation. But if they cannot elicit love, at least they can elicit fear. Modest, rural values, neighborliness, respect for the environment all end up being traduced when unbridled ambition reigns supreme.

The choices is ours to make regarding where our allegiance lies. Are our values rural and primitive or are they urban and modern? This I observe, that Jesus kept departing from the multitudes to retire into the wilderness. Was he using the natural world as his avenue to the supernatural? I think so. If so, isn't that what it means to be a transcendentalist: from our appreciation of Creation we appreciate its Creator? He too was a camper and could well understand what it's like to have bedbugs in his clothing and chiggers in his hair. But the dirt of cities he shunned and, amidst all his scratchings, it wouldn't surprise me if he too exclaimed, "Isn't camping fun!"

There is a road in the hearts of all of us, hidden and seldom traveled, which leads to an unknown, secret place. The old people came literally to love the soil, and they sat or reclined on the ground with a feeling of being close to a mothering power. Their teepees were built upon the earth and their altars were made of earth. The soil was soothing, strengthening, cleansing and healing. That is why the old Indian still sits upon the earth instead of propping himself up and away from its life giving forces. For him, to sit or lie upon the ground is to be able to think more deeply and to feel more keenly. He can see more clearly into the mysteries of life and come closer in kinship to other lives about him. (Chief Luther Standing Bear)

THE DARK SAYINGS OF MY ELDERS

As a child I used to listen in on the conversations of my parents and their friends, Bob and Sibley Schwenger and Erv and Gertrude "Butch" Swerdlow and Rod Riley. As did my father, they had all gone to the University of Wisconsin in Madison, then moved to Washington in the mid 1930's. They were my heroes. Alas, I never felt that I could understand what they said. I tried reading the books in my fathers library and having the same problem, no comprende. I would sometimes pipe up and speak my mind and everyone would laugh at the stupidities emanating out of my mouth. A backward, doltish child, the fault lay more within me than with them. It never occurred to me then that one day I would feel that I had a better handle on world events than they did. Being of the "liberal" persuasion, they believed in the efficacy of intelligently-administered government to better the human condition.

One of the leading lights of their generation was John Kenneth Galbraith. Born in 1908, Galbraith was a year older than my father and died age 97 in April 2006. For a while he was my father's boss during WWII at the Office of Price Administration. His upbeat book, *The Affluent Society*, came out in 1958. However, toward the end of his life, Galbraith became deeply pessimistic, as his following essay published in *Mother Earth* well indicates:

What is the real nature of American capitalism today? . . . In the mixed-economy America I grew up in, there existed a post-capitalist, post-Marxian vision of middle-class identity. It consisted of shared assets and entitlements, of which the bedrock was public education, access to college, good housing, full employment at living wages, Medicare, and Social Security. These programs, publicly provided, financed, or guaranteed, had softened the rough edges of Great Depression capitalism, rewarding the sacrifices that won the Second World War. They also showcased America, demonstrating to those behind the Iron Curtain that regulated capitalism could yield prosperity far beyond the capacities of state planning. (This, and not the arms race, ultimately brought down the Soviet empire.) These middle-class institutions survive in America today, but they are frayed and tattered from constant attack. And the division between those included and those excluded is large and obvious to all. Today, the signature of modern American capitalism is neither benign competition, nor class struggle, nor an inclusive middle-class utopia. Instead, predation has become the dominant feature – a system wherein the rich have come to feast on decaying systems built for the middle class. The predatory class is not the whole of the wealthy; it may be opposed by many others of similar wealth. But it is the defining feature, the leading force. And its agents are in full control of the government under which we live. . . . in a predatory regime, nothing is done for public reasons. Indeed, the men in charge do not recognize that "public purposes" exist. They have friends, and enemies, and as for the rest – we're the prey. Hurricane Katrina illustrated this perfectly, as Halliburton scooped up contracts and Bush hamstringed Kathleen Blanco, the Democratic governor of Louisiana. The population of New Orleans was, at best, an afterthought; once dispersed, it was quickly forgotten.

The predator-prey model explains some things that other models cannot: in particular, cycles of prosperity and depression. Growth among the prey stimulates predation. The two populations grow together at first, but when the balance of power shifts toward the predators (through rising interest rates, utility rates, oil prices, or embezzlement), both can crash abruptly. When they do, it takes a long time for either to recover.

The predatory model can also help us understand why many rich people have come to hate the Bush administration. For predation is the enemy of honest business. In a world where the winners are all connected, it's not only the prey who lose out. It's everyone who hasn't licked the appropriate boots. Predatory regimes are like protection rackets: powerful and feared, but neither loved nor respected. They do not enjoy a broad political base.

In a predatory economy, the rules imagined by the law and economics crowd don't apply. There's no market discipline. Predators compete not by following the rules but by breaking them. They take the business-school

view of law: Rules are not designed to guide behavior but laid down to define the limits of unpunished conduct. Once one gets close to the line, stepping over it is easy. A predatory economy is criminogenic: it fosters and rewards criminal behavior. Predators suck the life from the businesses they command, concealing the fact for as long as possible behind fraudulent accounting and hugely complex transactions; that's the looter's point. That a government run by people rooted in this culture should also be predatory isn't surprising – and the link between George H.W. Bush, who led the deregulation of the S&Ls, his son Neil, who ran a corrupt S&L, and Neil's brother George, for whom Ken Lay sent thugs to Florida in 2000 on the Enron plane, could hardly be any closer. But aside from occasional references to "kleptocracy" in other countries, economic opinion has been slow to recognize this. Thinking wistfully, we assume that government wants to do good, and its failure to do so is a matter of incompetence.

But if the government is a predator, then it will fail: not merely politically, but in every substantial way. Government will not cope with global warming, or Hurricane Katrina, or Iraq – not because it is incompetent but because it is willfully indifferent to the problem of competence. The questions are, in what ways will the failure hit the population? And what mechanisms survive for calling the predators to account? Unfortunately, at the highest levels, one cannot rely on the justice system, thanks to the power of the pardon. It's politics or nothing, recognizing that in a world of predators, all established parties are corrupted in part.

So, how can the political system reform itself? How can we reestablish checks, balances, countervailing power, and a sense of public purpose? How can we get modern economic predation back under control, restoring the possibilities not only for progressive social action but also—just as important – for honest private economic activity? Until we can answer those questions, the predators will run wild.

Here at the end of his days, after some 70 years of devoted public service, Galbraith admits, current conditions do not allow even for the "possibility for progressive social action." He concedes "in a world of predators, all established parties are corrupted in part." All his days he tried to work within the system but it all came to naught. He simply did not understand or else want to admit to himself the nature of the beast he was dealing with.

I N N A T E P E R C E P T I O N S O F R I G H T A N D W R O N G

I have already admitted in my favoring the Yankees over less well funded teams to a certain deficiency in my moral awareness, yet I was not completely devoid of a sense of fair play. Few are. It goes with our being social animals. When we yet lived in D.C., the neighbor boy across the alley, a Bulgarian, had taken my tricycle. My mother and I went over to his house to reclaim it but the boy's mother said that it was ok. I remember thinking, it's certainly *not* ok. As they were with the Bulgarian embassy, I attributed this stealing-is-ok-attitude to communism. (As if stealing never occurred under capitalism!)

LEADERSHIP AND FOLLOWSHIP

A scrawny, backward sort of kid, it wasn't plausible to me – or anybody else – that I was leadership material. It was only fitting to my station in life that I would relate not to heroes but their sidekicks: to Tonto, not the Lone Ranger; to Barney Fife, not Andy Griffith.

Real leadership is a rare, precious commodity. My 5th grade school teacher, Mary Hobson, had it. Others of my other teachers were good, but she excelled them all. My boss, Bob Clem, at Nationwide Paper Company in San Antonio Texas had it. So also Garnett Mattingly at Brewood Printing and Engraving who'd been there since before WWI. Only when I came under a real leader, did I ever really flourish. Same, too, in the volunteer firehouse here in Washington, State, we had a marvelous leader in Roger Lyckman, the only person I ever met who reminded me of George Washington. Where is real leadership, then controversy and strife depart and good things happen. Hero worship is innate in children with real leadership the desired goal.

ART, MUSIC, POETRY

We are so constructed that at an early age the rudiment of the holy trinity: the Good, the True, the Beautiful naturally emerge. By the Quaker formulation, this is because there is that of God in every man.

Thanks to my father, I was exposed to Johann Sebastian Bach whose music one Swedish Lutheran archbishop once described as the "fifth gospel." Because I thought I wanted to be an artist, my mother located a lady holding art classes in her home. I was given advance warning, however, that all of her students were girls but so strong was my determination to become an artist, that even this serious impediment did not dissuade me from joining.

Beginning about age 12, literary and artistic influences became my real education. That is when I started bussing it from Bethesda, Maryland downtown to the Capitol Mall where my main destination was the National Gallery of Art, my own personal temple of contemplation and delight. Particularly I gravitated to the Rembrandt rooms where some sixteen of his paintings were on display. Rembrandt brought a deep Christian sensibility to his work. So also Leonardo daVinci. His works were less well represented at the National Gallery but I had at home his notebooks containing many drawings and his wise observations.

One painting at the National Gallery was Salvador Dali's Last Supper. The only part of the painting really interesting to me was the loaf of bread in the center. I used to get up within a few inches of it and study it for the longest time. But the two paintings that made the biggest impression on me of all the works of art in the National Gallery were both by Vermeer, a woman with a balance and a woman with a red hat.

THE MARKS BROTHERS

January 20, 1961 broke cold and clear. Six inches of snow had fallen the night before and it was looking questionable whether we'd be able to get in to see President Kennedy's inauguration. But at the last minute Dad gave the go-ahead and we went. With us came the Marks brothers (not THE Marx brothers spelled with an "x" but Toby and Richard Marks, spelled with a "k" who lived down the street.) Because of his position in the Census Bureau, Dad was able to snag special tickets allowing us to view the inaugural parade from the roof of the Commerce building which overlooked the parade route. From my standpoint, the most memorable part of the parade was not President Kennedy and Jacqueline riding in an open car but, a large bison, no doubt symbolizing the "New Frontier," campaign slogan. It was snorting great, white plumes of condensed vapor as it ran down the parade route. Since it never got over 20°F that day, we would watch for a while, then, when we got too cold, duck indoors and watch the fish in the huge ceiling-high public aquarium which we had all to ourselves.

My friends, Toby and Richard, were not big Kennedy fans, nor were they impressed by promises emanating from Washington to fix what ails the world. Over time I came to appreciate how much their ideas differed from my own, and that maybe they had a better take on reality than I did. Having been raised in Virginia, their loyalty was to the Southern concept of States rights, not to a centralized Union. Robert E. Lee was their man, not Lincoln. Unlike my father who was in government, their father was a building contractor. Understandable, then, their favoring private enterprise over the public sector. Due I suppose to a kind of natural reticence rooted in modesty and respect, the Marks' were not given to overt expressions of religious faith but I believe their upbringing as Jews was a decisive factor in their outlook. A man of tolerant moderation, their father had an artful way of turning back the too vehement expression of opinion by those passionate about their views. More so than Rabbi Gordon, I believe he had internalized Judaism's idealistic side.

I first met the Marks family when they put on their annual, backyard carnival. For entertainment, Toby had made an ingenious roller coaster as children's ride and there were other activities, such as a magic act. The collected proceeds went into a glass bottle and were donated to Children's Hospital.

Without anyone putting Toby up to it, year after year, he executed a series of projects demonstrating unusual personal initiative. An early example: building a mock spaceship in the basement. It had various compartments and must have been about 18 feet long. Later, for the science fair, he built a real rocket with a parachute that deployed after being blasted some hundreds or thousands of feet high. Then, too, there was the time that we collected spilled lead from the drain pipes of a new housing construction site. This we melted down

on the stove top and poured into clay molds to make figurines akin to tin soldiers which we then painted. Also, we dug a fox hole and stocked it with candles and other provisions. One time we played all through the night a game like paint ball – just a lot of neat stuff that kids like to do. Toby wrote science fiction and submitted manuscripts for publication in sci-fi magazines. When it came time for college, Toby got a little Fiat and commuted to Maryland University. A regular, dependable guy, Toby did the thrifty, practical thing.

I guess you could say I was Toby's first student, and probably the most inept student he ever had. I don't know how it worked for him but, speaking for myself, I was very fortunate to have been his tagalong. While I had all the idiosyncrasies of genius, only not the genius, Toby had real genius but few, if any, idiosyncrasies. Later he went to MIT where he distinguished himself in the field of chemistry. Now Dr. Tobin Marks, he is one America's premier scientists. There is speculation on the web that he will win the Nobel prize some day:

In a relatively short but remarkably productive career, Tobin Marks has demonstrated exceptional originality, breadth, and insight. Tobin's style embodies discriminating choice of problem, elegant chemical synthesis, incisive elucidation of reaction mechanism, and decisive application of an awesome array of physical techniques. His published results are scholarly investigations of the highest quality, meticulously researched, and presented with great clarity. Tobin has mentored over 65 Ph.D. students and nearly as many postdoctoral fellows. Tobin's dedication is tempered with civility, genuine concern for the welfare of students and colleagues, and unflagging attention to the progress of our discipline. For 1981-1997, Tobin was the second most cited catalytic chemist and the second most cited inorganic chemist worldwide.

(North American Catalysis Society Newsletter, January, 2001)

MOVIE INFLUENCES

I don't remember our watching TV at the home of the Marks', except one time when we stayed up real late in order to watch "Lost Horizon." Made at the height of the depression in 1938, this movie painted a picture of Shangri-La, the Valley of the Blue Moon, as a place where life operated on different principles than does our own.

For the most part, movies don't stick with me. Only a hand full do I regularly run and rerun through my brain. "High Noon" is one of those. Another is "One Touch of Venus." "Haunting movie, haunting theme song:

Speak low when you speak love.

Our summer day

withers away

too soon, too soon.

Speak low when you speak love.

Our moment is swift

like ships adrift,

we're swept apart, too soon.

*Speak low, darling, speak low.
Love is a spark, lost in the dark
too soon, too soon.*

*I feel wherever I go
that tomorrow is near,
tomorrow is here and always too soon.
Time is so old and love so brief.
Love is pure gold and time a thief.*

*We're late, darling, we're late.
The curtain descends
ev'rything ends
too soon, too soon.*

*I wait, darling, I wait.
Will you speak low to me,
speak love to me and soon.*

THE BLACK EXPERIENCE

One day when out playing in the Marks' front yard, a toothless, old Black man, a hobo, wondered down our street, asking: "Wheah da pike at?" We were genuinely puzzled and asked: "Do you mean the sewer pipe?" We showed him the storm main with its manhole cover. No, that wasn't what he had in mind. Repeating himself, he asked, "Wheah da pike at?" Only much later did it occur to me that he meant the Rockville Pike, which we only knew of as Old Georgetown Road. That incident yet speaks volumes to me about the incomprehension of two races who share the same country, yet whose lives diverge radically. Ultimately, however, it was Black spirituality which informed my own. In fact, if it wasn't for Black spirituality, I don't think there'd be much of any kind of spirituality in America. Magnolia kept the radio tuned to a Black station (called "Negro" then) which is how I came to hear Paul Robeson sing "Ol' Man River" and it got me curious about the River Jordan:

*He don' plant taters,
He don't plant cotton,
An' dem dat plants'en
is soon forgotten,
But ol'man river,
He jes keeps rollin'along.*

*You an'me, we sweat an' strain,
Body all achin' an' racket wid pain,
Tote dat barge!
Lif' dat bale!
Git a little drunk*

*Ah gits weary
An' sick of tryin'
Ah'm tired of livin'
An' skeered of dyin',
But ol' man river,
He jes'keeps rolling' along.
Let me go 'way from the Mississippi,
Let me go 'way from de white man boss;
Show me dat stream called de river Jordan,
Dat's de ol' stream dat I long to cross.
An' you land in jail.*

AWARENESS OF MORTALITY

That “skeered of dyin’” part of *Old Man River* definitely spoke to my condition growing up with a morbid preoccupation with death. An early memory of mine was my Grandfather Keilhorn in conversation with my parents about some octogenarian relative in her eighties who “didn’t want to be locked in a burial box,” and Grandad laughing about this fear of death. I didn’t think it a laughing matter; not at all, more a perfectly legitimate concern.

I was long concerned that I was going to die young until a few years ago when I realized that I was seriously old, that, I couldn’t possibly die young, and should move on in my thinking. I used to walk home in early morning hours from downtown Washington, D. C. to Maryland and would pass by the 19th century Home for the Incurables. One could see shadowy images of the orderlies moving about, their shadows being cast on the ceiling, making them visible through large Victorian-style windows to the street below. Spooky.

I’ve observed that those most susceptible to religious conversion are those in their teenage years but why then? One reason may be that this is when we become aware of our own mortality, when it occurs to us that we’re not going to get out of this fix alive. In my case, one summer evening about 1962, on my own, I went to the National Geographic Society's headquarters in Washington, D.C. to hear Louis Leakey, the famous anthropologist, speak about his discoveries of human ancestors in Kenya's rift zone. With a great white mane like a halo about his head, and a dynamic speaking style, he had a flair for the dramatic. On leaving I paused to observe behind glass in the foyer two skeletons standing side-by-side: one, a Gorilla's; the other, a human's. I spent some time examining the similarities and dissimilarities. Afterwards I thought long and hard about that sight, particularly I thought about the human skeleton, wondering who it might have been or what that person might have thought had he or she known that he or she would be hung out for viewing. I was very troubled by that.

I had heard a sermon in the Unitarian Church titled "Pawns in the Universe" (or as my father said, "'Prawns' you say?") I was having a hard time getting my mind around the idea of non-existence and obsessed about it night and day so that I could not sleep. I asked my father about it but was not satisfied by his answer which was that we live to better the world and find our meaning through the continuing life of others. Actually that was a wise answer but I wasn't buying it.

Not only was I acutely aware of my own mortality but also of my father's whose health was always delicate. I remember age four the rescue squad coming for him That was 1950 or 51. For me, at least, the fear of his death never totally departed for the next 40 years of

his life, for I greatly loved him. Toward the end when, after a stroke November, 1992, I was at his bedside for 38 months for I never could get enough of being with him. Is it possible that underlying worship of God the Father is reflected reverence for our earthly father?

Of course I was not the only one whose religious quest was fueled by the desire to find an antidote for mortality. So the story goes, in his last illness, someone caught W.C. Fields, a noted skeptic, reading the Bible which struck this person as being oddly out of character. On being asked about this, Fields is supposed to have replied that he was looking for a loophole. Maybe that's all there is to it, a search for loopholes, a very human quest, for most other's in the animal kingdom seem to lack the requisite self-awareness to contemplate their own demise. But as George Macdonald asked:

What religion is there in being convinced of a future state? Is that to worship God? It is no more religion than the belief that the sun will rise tomorrow is a religion. It may be a source of happiness to those who could not believe it before, but it is not religion.

THE DEMISE OF MARY WELCH

Generally speaking, everyone wants to go to heaven but few are in much of a rush to get there. As for those of us who are modestly hoping that God is going to grade on the curve, we're not wishing to speed-up the timetable for that inevitable event. Nonetheless, I've known of a few instances where those who were real saints have rightly embraced their imminent demise with joy. Such was the case recently with Mary Welsh, age 91, who died February 18th, 2006. For the four years previous to that, she was had been in many respects my guardian angel. We got along famously. But she had a bum foot, a condition she was born with. And finally she was at the point of needing a wheelchair. She decided that was it, that she had lived long enough and did not want to be a burden and so she stopped eating. She was so healthy, it took six weeks for her to die. I was against this whole thing, probably for purely selfish reasons. But her resolve never weakened, nor did her innate cheerfulness. The grande dame of Quakerism here on the Olympic Peninsula, she touched many lives for the good.

A marvelous lady, with a twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips, Mary Welsh plied her various callings: wife, mother, elementary school teacher, friend, while approaching the world with open arms. Down home pragmatist, yet mystic too, she practiced a unique blend of traditional values and new thinking, combining, as it were, the contemplative traditions of the East with the more active principles of the West.

Having raised four children of her own in California and, afterward, being widowed, Mary moved to a little town called Sequim on the Olympic Peninsula so as to be near her

daughter and son-in-law, Laurel and Bob Norman. This was in 2002. Not long thereafter, to the surprise of all, Mary, then in her mid-80's, proceeded to adopt two teenaged, Kosovar refugees whom she saw through college, and this though she lived on a small stipend in a single-wide trailer. But that's how it was with her, through faith Mary made difficult things look easy, while taking life's reverses in stride. A lover of nature, she was much given to pottering about in her flower garden and was grateful for every day she lived. Appreciation it would seem may have been the mainspring of her existence and the secret of her joy.

In her eighties, though she had no money and lived in a single-wide trailer, Mary took on the responsibility of raising two refugees from Kosovo and saw them both through high school and on to college. How did she do that? People gave her \$25,000 up front to bring this off. She was the kind of person who exuded charisma and light and it was immediately recognizable that she would make a success of this venture. The mainspring of her life was gratitude. She could always find the silver lining behind any cloud. The only ones afraid of her was the CIA. No kidding she had her own CIA plant who came to our Quaker meetings just to keep an eye on her. After she died, he split, but not before absconding with a \$5000 CD belonging to one of the Quaker ladies.

So live your life that the fear of death can never enter your heart.

Trouble no one about their religion;

respect others in their view, and demand that they respect yours.

Love your life, perfect your life, beautify all things in your life.

Seek to make your life long and its purpose in the service of your people.

Prepare a noble death song for the day when you go over the great divide.

Always give a word or a sign of salute when meeting or passing a friend,

even a stranger, when in a lonely place.

Show respect to all people and grovel to none.

When you arise in the morning give thanks for the food and for the joy of living.

If you see no reason for giving thanks, the fault lies only in yourself.

Abuse no one and no thing, for abuse turns the wise ones to fools

and robs the spirit of its vision.

When it comes your time to die, be not like those whose hearts are filled
with the fear of death, so that when their time comes they weep
and pray for a little more time to live their lives over again in a different way.
Sing your death song and die like a hero going home.

(Chief Tecumseh (Crouching Tiger) Shawnee Nation 1768-1813)

F E M I N I N E M Y S T I Q U E

At the tender age of four I had my first experience with unrequited love. It was 1951, not long after we had moved to Bethesda, MD, from D.C. when I must have expressed to my mother how much I would like a visit from the little, redheaded girl who had lived across the street from us. My mother, the MD, being the compelling authority figure that she is, somehow wrangled such a visit from this little girl and her mother for lunch. Magnolia served. I remember how pissed off the little girl and her mother were. They demanded to know why I had asked them over. They obviously felt imposed upon and couldn't leave quick enough.

Later I was sweet on the little girl my age who lived two doors down. I used to play canasta with her and her older sister. She was a very nice person and had blond pigtails. Her father was a psychiatrist who nicknamed their cocker spaniel, (otherwise known as "Poochie") "Rorschach," instead, this after the psychiatrist who developed the famous ink blot test by the same name. They could as well have called him "Carpenter" because he was good at doing odd jobs around the house. All I ever asked of Ruthie, all I ever asked of any girl – was that she play sandlot baseball and go looking for crawdads and frogs at Bull Run Creek. Ruth Ann was good for all of that. Then disaster struck. She grew. I, a late bloomer with a genius for latency, did not. End of story.

In my 5th grade elementary school class there was one girl who made an especially lasting impression. Her name: Nina Kosofsky and she was totally unique. Under her artlessly straight bangs lay hidden an unusually broad forehead, suggesting at a glance that she was a brainiac but beyond that, one sensed that behind her brown eyes lay an unusually sensitive spirit. It's not as if she were one of those dark, brooding types. Not that. Nor was she one of those science Geeks who walked around with a slide rule. Nor was she one of those annoying over-achievers seeking to shine academically. Rather, there was an awesome, sincere integrity, just as clear as a bell. Maybe she was a poet or maybe a philosopher, I don't know. Mary Hobson, the most wonderful teacher any of us ever had, I could tell also felt that way about her. One could tell because of the deferential respect she accorded Nina. As for myself, I never bantered with Nina nor did anything in the least to draw her attention to myself. One simply had to respect her space. And one could only wonder if someday she

wasn't destined for greatness, for just maybe such a person as this could change the world. As I reflected on these things almost 60 years later, I went to the internet and was totally flabbergasted to discover almost no reference to Nina whatsoever. What happened? As it turns out Nina's younger sister, Eve (now deceased as of 2009), had become a world famous author. And she remains to this day the only substantive source of information on the web about Nina. Quoting an entry from Nina's diary from 1958 (the very time when I knew her), Eve, her sister, recorded the following snippet:

"I'm an 11 year old girl called Nina Kosofsky. I weigh 75 lbs., and I have dark hair and dark eyes. Quite

often I am a
bit short tempered. Your's truly
enjoys reading, dolls,

dancing, writing stories, poems, and plays. Hiking is also in my line. . . .

David is my 4 going on 5 year-old brother. He looks quite a lot like me. David is very cute when he wants to be (and that's almost always), and he knows it. He doesn't talk baby talk or lisp, except that he sometimes changes j's to d's and th's to v's.

Mommy:

My mommy's name is
Rita Goldstein Kosofsky,
and she is 36.

She also looks a lot like me. Mommy is very even tempered. Unlike a lot of mothers, she (almost) always likes, and usually uses, new ideas. I love her very, very much.

Daddy Leon J. Kosofsky, my father, is 38 years old. He is not fat, but just big. He is mostly bald, except for some hair around the edges of his head. He is sometimes

rather short-tempered
which I think is my fault, but
usually he

is very kind and understanding. Daddy can sometimes look like Yul Brenner. I love him very much.

Eve, my sister, is 8 years old. She has light hair and freckles. She is really a bookworm. I guess that must be part of the reason for her to be old for her age.

I seem to remember her
being even-tempered
more when she was young

although she is still very easy going.

So that's about all the world currently knows about Nina Kosafsky, that she was well organized in her thinking and that she loved her family. But I wondered, how did Eve end up with her diary? I felt a sense of rising alarm that maybe Nina is no longer with us, but then I found a single reference indicating that she might be living in Jerusalem but if in Jerusalem, why? Has she made *aliya*? Has she converted and become observant? Is she a Zionist? Some mysteries are not to be pierced. Maybe it's just that she is intensely private.

L I N C O L N ' S N A T I O N A L I S M

I should interject a few words regarding Abraham Lincoln, my erstwhile hero. I spent a goodly amount of time contemplating his words, as well, looking into his sad, deep-set eyes. I said to a Mormon once that I thought Lincoln, not Joseph Smith, was God's great 19th century prophet by reasoning that since God sanctioned the establishing of Israel as a nation, the concept of nationhood was validated and since Lincoln was the great proponent of national indivisibility, if he weren't God's very prophet, then at least he was doing God's work. Since 1890, little children lisp every day "one nation, *indivisible*." Really? Is that true?

O Captain! My Captain!

*O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up--for you the flag is flung--for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths--for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;*

From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won; 20

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman

This is the language of worship but I do not worship at Lincoln's alter anymore. In his Annual Message to Congress, December 1, 1862, Lincoln said of America, that it was "the last best hope of earth." I once agreed with that assessment. Now I prefer to think that Jesus, not America, is earth's "last best hope." For one, I dispute Lincoln's premise that once a State joins the Union it must never be allowed to depart. A perfectly respectable view is that the States of their own free will had joined the Union and might as freely depart. This view is actually enshrined in certain state documents (as in Texas, for instance), at the time they joined the Union. Besides, wasn't it the unanimous declaration of the thirteen united States of America, as found in the Declaration of Independence upholding the concept of one people dissolving the political bands which connected them with another, so as "to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them"? What's wrong with that? I agree, freeing the slaves was a worthy goal but Lincoln was quite explicit, preserving the Union, not ending slavery, was his goal. He proclaimed southern slaves free as "a measure of war," but never freed a single northern slave. Later he expressed a desire to send them to Africa. Lincoln created his own brand of northern servitude. It worked like this, young Irish immigrants the minute they stepped off the boat in New York harbor, were seized and forcibly inducted into the Army to fight the great patriotic war. We're supposed to remember Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, January of 1863, but supposed to forget about - or, better yet, not learn about the Enrollment Act of March 1863:

The New York Draft Riots in (New York City, July 13 - July 16, 1863) began as protests against President Abraham Lincoln's Enrollment Act of Conscription drafting men to fight in the ongoing American Civil War. Considered by some to be the worst civil unrest in American history, the riots included 50,000 participants and lasted four days, claiming hundreds of lives and destroying property valued at more than \$1,500,000 (approximately \$27 mil. in today's money). The civil police force could not contain the violent demonstration, so federal troops, who marched from the battlefield of Gettysburg, had to intervene to restore civil order.

(Wikipedia)

Other measures Lincoln adopted included that of closing down opposition newspapers, jailing thousands of dissenters, and suspending habeas corpus.

The very railroad which Lincoln represented as a lawyer, the Illinois Central, did much

through corruption to undermine state government. To resist the corrupting influences of large entities like railroads, the idea which gained currency especially among "liberals," is to create a strong, central government as a countervailing force. But wouldn't it make more sense to make corporations smaller, not government bigger? Alas, that is an idea having the backing of neither liberals or conservatives. And so bigness has become the order of the day. Even Lincoln came to see how mistaken this is:

We may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearing its end. It has cost a vast amount of treasure and blood. . . . It has indeed been a trying hour for the Republic; but I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless.

(letter to (Col.) William F. Elkins, Nov. 21, 1864)

Lincoln presented himself, quite self-consciously I might say, as a kind of savior figure. More so than any other President, he had artists and photographers over to the White House to record his visage for posterity. Since then his engraved image has been copied more times than has that of any other human being. I don't know if this qualifies as idolatry.

Imagine: over eight hundred thousand Americans slaughtered in his war "to save the Union." Any union that requires such a death toll doesn't deserve to be saved. "Whenever any form of government is destructive of these ends [life, liberty, happiness], it is the right of the People to alter or abolish it." (J.B.Campbell)

I have found others I more admire, John Muir's, the famous conservationist, for instance. After Lincoln's war broke out he took off for Canada. We have a tendency to create false dichotomies: pro-North, pro-South. Some folk have other agendas to pursue.

*Well if you want to say yes, say yes / And if you want to say no, say no
'Cause there's a million ways to go / You know that there are
And if you want to be free, be free / 'Cause there's a million things to be /
You know that there are ...* (Cat Stevens)

P O L I T I C S M Y C I V I L R E L I G I O N

I remember the day I became a John F. Kennedy supporter. It was the day after he beat Hubert Humphrey in the West Virginia primary. I fell for him hook, line, and sinker, the proof of which was my sporting 17 Kennedy-for-President buttons all at one time during the election campaign! Was that idolatry or was it mindless enthusiasm? Yes.

OLIVER QUICKMIRE AND TEMAGAMI PROVINCIAL FOREST

summers split by a red canoe

Beginning in 1959, for three summers in a row, each time for eight weeks, I attended Windshift Canoe Camp on Lake Temagami which is located about 150 miles north of Toronto. Run by Oliver Quickmire, this camp was everything one could hope for: we portaged from lake to lake, shot rapids, saw moose up close and personal, jumped off high cliffs into beautiful clean lakes, camped, picked berries, fished, swam, carved wood, built campfires.

Flora and fauna: blueberries grew profusely in that part of the world, especially on islands where deer couldn't access them readily. I recall three different types. As for conifers: there was red pine with three needles to the bunch distinguishable from white pine with five. Also there was balsam, spruce, jack pine, and larches. Between the slabs of rock at water's edge, one occasionally found exquisitely delicate iris growing. As for mammals: there were flying squirrels – not often seen – and red squirrels, differing in temperament from the sedate, city squirrels such I was used to seeing, for these squirrels were excitable, hyperactive, a given to wild chattering. In early morning hours on Lake Temagami, at dawn's first light, about 4 AM, one could hear the eeriest of sounds humans could ever hear, that of loons laughing maniacally.

As for the land, geologically speaking, it had been glaciated in the not too distant past and is still on the rebound from the impress of mile-thick ice which had long overlain it. An elongated affair, Lake Temagami, with all its arms and inlets, looks as if it had been gerrymandered by a politician. Camp Windshift itself was located on a small, craggy island at the lake's western extreme while at the opposite end 18 miles away was the only highway accessing the Lake. Midway between, on Bear Island, was a Hudson Bay Trading Post. Where Camp Windshift was located, the lake plunges 600 ft. deep. It's inhabited by some real lunkers: 50 lb. lake trout and four-foot long, great northern pike.

Overlooking the lake is a dining hall, which Oliver Quickmire built out of logs. It sported half-a-dozen plate glass windows facing southwestward. From there one day a fisherman was seen attempting to start his outboard motor. When he gave the starting rope a big pull, he fell right over backwards into the cold water. Immediately, Windshift campers jumped to the ready, launching their canoes to rescue him but it was all for naught for he was never seen again, his body never recovered.

Using a hand-operated pump, we brought good, clean water needing no treatment whatsoever up from the lake to a cistern above the camp. Every night we'd go down to a platform at water's edge and give the pump arm 150 strokes back and forth.

We took canoe trips up to a month long, but usually just for a week or two. For safety safe, to keep it from bears, perishables such as bread were carried in a wannigan, a wooden box toted by a tumpline. The tumpline consisted of a leather strap that went about the forehead and encircled the wannigan. By distributing the wannigan's weight to the top of ones head, spine, and back the load become more manageable.

Follow the trail to the open air

Alone with the hills and sky;

A pack on your back, but never a care,

Letting the days slip by! (Agatha Deming)

I remember as one of our jaunts, ascending Ontario's highest mountain, namely, Maple Mountain, which was all of 1000 feet above the surrounding terrain. At the top was a fire tower. Sporting a fearsome, big beard, the fire watcher greeted us at his cabin located near the base of the tower. He seemed glad to see us, saying that we were the first people he'd seen in many months. His one-room, wooden cabin had a door sporting big claw marks and was half-torn off its hinges from a bear attack. We were following the fire watcher up the rungs of the tower's ladder when suddenly he took off like a bat out of hell, clambering to the top because just then he had spotted the season's first forest fire. So we got to see him call in the coordinates. Later we heard that he had to be carted off the mountain - that he'd gone stir crazy.

One particularly memorable person at Windshift Canoe Camp was Peter Heffelfinger, a natural-born comic if ever there was one. Even Oliver Quickmire, who could be rather crotchety, was amused by his antics.

One of my fellow campers was Albert Bradley whose father was a scientist involved with Echo Satellite. A mylar-coated balloon, the satellite's purpose was to passively bounce back radio signals beamed at it. We used to watch for it under the night sky as the stars went by and the aurora borealis shimmered. By the way, nothing can be finer than singing "Jacob's ladder" or "Kumbaya" under the stars in a state of freedom - by which I mean that the State was nowhere to be seen. We were free.

Beavers play an important role in the ecosystem, hydrating the landscape with their dams. If you jump up and down, they will hiss at you from inside their homes. When hiking, I and the party I was with, had passed a rundown cabin in the woods which I was told had once been inhabited by a local Indian, as I later remembered it, whose name was "Grey Owl," who had befriended the beavers who freely came and went, and even muddied up his windows that his home might better conform to their idea of what a home should be.

GREYWOLF TELLS ME OF GREY OWL

Fast-forwarding 50 years, in 2010, I received word from a friend of mine that a Cheyenne Indian by the name of Greywolf had set up a teepee in Sequim and was welcoming people over to share his knowledge of Indian lore. Normally speaking, I'm not big on meeting people, yet toward dusk that evening, I was drawn over, though I had no particular idea or expectation as to what I would learn. When I got there, several others were there ahead of me whose knowledge of Indian lore eclipsed my own and Greywolf was telling them how best to site the teepee and how best to set the flaps etc. so as to draw the smoke upward and out. And he talked about native Americans he had known and stories they had told him. Eventually everyone left except myself and there was just the two of us.

And then it just popped into my head what I wanted to ask – a theoretical question. I told Greywolf that when I was 11 years old I had gone to a canoe camp in Canada, in the Temagami Provincial Forest about 150 miles north of Toronto. On one occasion, I and the party I was with were hiking long, when we happened upon a very rustic looking cabin. And someone spoke up and said that an Indian had built it and lived there long ago and that beavers whom he had befriended would go in and mud up his windows to make it better conform to their idea own of home. And just then I remembered or thought I remembered the Indian's name, that it too was Greywolf. Then I asked Greywolf: "How plausible do you think that story is?" Greywolf assured me that it wasn't just plausible but it actually happened, except he corrected me in one particular. He said, "No, his name was not Greywolf but it was Grey Owl."

A memory that had lain submerged in my subconscious for over 50 years, this was a cathartic moment, the first time I had shared it with anyone. Now that I had the correct name, I could located Grey Owl on You-Tube. Several documentaries from the 1920's and 1930's produced in conjunction with the Canadian Park System were on line. And here's the kicker, he wasn't an Indian at all. The whole world assumed he was because he dressed like an Indian, talked like an Indian, even had something of an Indian's nose and his hair was long and done up Indian fashion. Only after his death, age 50 from alcoholism, did it become public knowledge that he was non-Native and the public held that against him. Born an Englishman, he left for Canada as a young man after he accidentally blew up the office of the lumber company he worked for. (A prankster, he set off a charge in the chimney and, having miscalculated, demolished the place.) Anyhow, thanks to the generosity of a maiden aunt who paid his ticket, he made his way to Canada where he became a trapper and got into the trade for beaver pelts and married an Ojibwa and eventually he went Native. And at some pont he repented of being a trapper and befriend beavers instead. In the documentary one gets a fleeting glance at his wife who rather reminds me of my Quileute wife.

A N A T I V E A M E R I C A N P E R S P E C T I V E

Said Black Elk, Holy Man of the Oglala Sioux 1863-1950:

You have noticed that everything an Indian does in a circle,
and that is because the Power of the World always works in circles,
and everything and everything tries to be round.

In the old days all our power came to us from the sacred hoop
of the nation and so long as the hoop was unbroken the people
flourished. The flowering tree was the living center of the hoop,
and the circle of the four quarters nourished it. The east gave peace
and light, the south gave warmth, the west gave rain and the north
with its cold and mighty wind gave strength and endurance. This
knowledge came to us from the outer world with our religion.

Everything the power of the world does is done in a circle.
The sky is round and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball
and so are all the stars. The wind, in its greatest power, whirls.
Birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours.

The sun comes forth and goes down again in a circle. The moon
does the same and both are round. Even the seasons form a great
circle in their changing and always come back again to where they were.

The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood, and so it is
in everything where power moves. Our teepees were round like the
nests of birds, and these were always set in a circle, the nation's hoop,
a nest of many nests, where the Great Spirit meant for us to hatch our children.

ARCTIC SPRING

How desolate and forlorn
is the wind-whipped tundra
On the high Siberian plain,
Where permafrost underlies the gulag
And mukluks suck into the bog.

Then, suddenly,
up spring zephyrous breezes,
As downward and downward
through vast cloud chasms
Shafts of sunlight fall,
Jehovah's illuminations,
For the good land
waiting patiently below.

There snow geese and Arctic foxes
play again their chasing games
Amongst the rocky mounds
where ice-green lichens grow.

There, in that unchosen spot,
beside the melting ponds,
Blooms an iris of exquisite beauty,
whose long green stems
With magenta tipped ends
sway gracefully to the wind
In rhythmic splendor.

Within the genus, *Iridacea*,
and arguably its crowning jewel,
One finds a species termed: "Siberian;"
All joy when its flags unfurl!

Its banners are of celestial hue:
iridescent indigo and blue;
And its falls?
They likewise excel - -
Surcharged by color bursts of richest, brownish-yellow,
Splashes of honey-amber stipple!

Alas, those hope-filled days of bliss were brief.
Too soon the land fell silent;
Long since the fleeting bloom has ceased.
Underneath the turf the bulbs do sleep.

Ah, but memory, sacred memory,
once crisp, now bittersweet,
Now faltering, now grown old,
will you also cease?
Nay, not so.

Banked are the fires,
but still they glow;
Pungent are the memories,
though now grown old.
They yet leap and linger
through winter's blast and cold. - - HDK

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

I was first introduced to Quakerism, the name by which the Society of Friends is popularly known through a book in my father's library titled: *My One Contribution to Chess* by Frank Vigor Morley. Ostensibly a book about chess, in reality it is about Quaker sensibility. I attempted to read it several times through in my teen years but many of its subtle allusions remained beyond my comprehension, yet I kept returning to it, struck by the beauty of its vision. Most influential of all, however, were the three years I spent at Sandy Spring Friends School, from 10th through 12th grade.

This I know, 7th through 9th grade public school was a disaster. I despised North Bethesda Junior High School: its faculty, its principle; and most of its 1000 + students (not that I had anything against anyone in particular but in the aggregate I couldn't stand them.) I despised the regimentation, the medium-security prison architecture, the bells that went off, its hallways right down to the wax they used on the floors, the asbestos-panel ceilings. I hated team sports, cheerleaders, the Rah! Rah! school spirit. Moreover, I was slated to go to Walter Johnson High School, just another (expletive deleted) hellhole, so far as I was concerned.

Sandy Spring Friends School was my salvation. My hat is off to my parents for making the financial sacrifice of sending me there and for having the vision to see that I needed to be there. While I was never a big success academically, at least I found it survivable. There I witnessed more Christian behavior than I've seen before or since. Particularly I credit Mary Lillian Moore who was the school's dietitian but, in reality, the heart and soul of the whole operation. There were others too, Thorny Brown, for instance, the grounds-keeper who kept the physical heating plant going. Later on, he was appointed Headmaster and was most successful in that role. (An interesting feature of Quakerism is the high regard in which manual or even menial labor is held.) Then too, there was Barry and Anne Morley. Also, our English, English teacher, Mr. Ives, from Cambridge who would ask "My dear Rabbit, have you done your homework?" And, if not, he would tweak us on the ear.

In John Burrowes' religion class, I was introduced to the Society of Friends' early history and its colorful personalities. I was fascinated by the life stories of its founders, George Fox for instance, whose saying was posted up on the wall: "Let your lives speak."

More than any other group, the Quakers helped to establish the principle of religious freedom. In the course of achieving this goal, jails all over England were filled by Quaker dissenters who avoided "steeple houses" as they referred to the ornate structures sanctioned by the "established" Church of England, preferring their own, plain meeting houses. We're hardly aware of it these days but at one time the English language had the single "thee" and "thou" and not just the plural "you," a distinction that was lost when those of high birth - as

they count it - began referring to themselves as if they were plural. "Now that we are Pope, we shall enjoy ourselves," said one of them and the rest of society fell in right behind them in this vanity. But, being the plain people that they were, the Quakers abjured fancy forms of address and fancy clothes as well. Weighty men and women of prayer, they "quaked" under the conviction of God, which is how the sobriquet "Quaker" was derived.

A conscientious objector during WWII, John Burrowes had seen, as he put it, "the seamy side of life." Assigned to work in an insane asylum, he saw how unhappy the inmates were, on holidays gorging themselves with food, then getting violently sick. On one ward there were two people both of whom thought they were Jesus Christ and there were some terrible clashes between them, which raises a question: "How do we know" asked Burrowes, "a true prophet from a false prophet?" One of the asylum's inmates, speaking as a prophet, claimed that eating from aluminum cookware led to insanity. In the 1960's this seemed a preposterous idea but now that aluminum has been linked to Alzheimer's, it doesn't seem so farfetched. So how do we know a true prophet from a false prophet? Just as a saint is more than just someone who has performed two miracles (the Catholic formula), so also, a prophet is more than someone who correctly predicts the future but on a deep level reveals God's will.

My favorite John Burrowes story had to do with his hanging stockings up on the mantle before Christmas. As the father of six, he had quite a few to put out. When he ran short of stocking-stuffers – nuts and oranges – he filled his own stocking with lumps of coal. That same evening, his youngest daughter asked him if there really was a Santa Claus. Making fun, John got down on his hands and knees before the fireplace through which Santa was suppose to appear, mockingly stuck out his tongue and said "Yah, yah, Santa Claus, you old fraud." The next morning, being Christmas, everybody got up early to open presents. It was then that his youngest daughter happened to glance into his stocking and saw that it was filled with lumps of coal. Immediately she sat down and cried: "Daddy I know you were bad but you weren't that bad!" Mr. Burrowes asked us this question: "How bad is too bad?"

Quakerism is about cooperation, not competition. At Sandy Spring the saying was that it is a school with a 120 janitors, for everyone pitched in with the chores: setting tables, cleaning dishes, sweeping halls, cleaning bathrooms. Rejecting competitive, spectator sports, we played instead whimsically named intermural sports invented by Barry Morley, our history and chorus teacher: frazzleerham and brindeldorf, for instance. In frazzleerham, a score is achieved by kneeling a soccer ball to someone surrounded by an 8 ft long, knee-high log enclosure called a "rham." To score, the ball has to be caught in a frarp bucket, i.e. in some other context, a wastepaper basket.

In those days, Sandy Spring possessed one of the oldest, crankiest, army-green, surplus buses I've ever seen. Though it didn't leave us by the side of the road too often, it did look a

bit out of place when parked on the Washington Mall, its radiator steaming, yet it got us to the National Gallery of Art to see DaVinci's Mona Lisa, the first and only time it's ever been here. It got us to Arena Stage, a converted brewery where theater was done in the round; it got us to Camp Katahdin. Clearly enjoyment of culture and nature amenities were school priorities. So also the performing arts. In the spring we performed Handel's "Let the Celestial Concerts All Unite" in Sandy Spring's historic, Quaker meeting house, located a couple miles from the School. Even its window panes had an ancient, handmade look with ripples and bubbles. Possessing a sober yet friendly ambience, it is sacred space in my memory.

I remember the October Cuban Missile crisis of 1962, how the school came together in a meeting for worship in which our Headmaster Sam Legg expressed his outrage that the world was being held hostage to American aggression. It has since been revealed that President Kennedy came within two hours of issuing the order to invade Cuba where Russian commanders on the ground had their orders, that if attacked to launch at will the nuclear-tipped missiles under their control. So chastened was Kennedy by this near brush with worldwide catastrophe that he dedicated the rest of his brief life to being a peacemaker.

THE DIRTY DEED

As well, I remember November 22nd. A fellow student, Steve Gulick, had unaccountably stuck his head in the door of our trigonometry classroom and, seemingly out-of-character for him, a sober-minded person, he blurted out: "The President has been assassinated." He then continued on down the hall to tell another classroom. Everyone received his message with laughter and disbelief, even ridicule, myself included, except one person. Sitting to my left was Sue McGovern, daughter of the Senator from South Dakota. She immediately dropped her head down on her notebook and started crying. Always I've wondered about that incident, how one person had the ears to hear when all the rest of us did not. Our instructor, Mr. McDonald, who had a pronounced Canadian accent and habitually swallowed syllables, was trying to be reassuring when he said: "Oh, I'm sure it's just a joke." But within minutes classes were called. In the general meeting that followed, the bad news was confirmed. Then many were openly crying. Our history teacher, Barry Morley, in attempting to rise to the occasion, tried to put things in historical perspective by pointing out how Franklin Delano Roosevelt had died in office in wartime, yet the nation soldiered on without him. No doubt he meant his comment to be helpful but I thought then and since it was a lame comparison to be making. Any concern for our nation would have been fully warranted, for a horrible, vicious toad of a man, Lyndon Baines Johnson, had just assumed the Presidency but, no, that was not troubling us, only that we had lost a perceived friend. One person at Sandy Spring who might have known the score that day was Jim Angleton. His father, James Jesus Angleton, happened to be head of counter-intelligence at the CIA.

Simple Gifts.

T'is the gift to be simple

T'is the gift to be free

T'is the gift to come down

Where we ought to be

And when we find ourselves

In the place just right

T'll be in the valley of love and delight

When true simplicity is gained

To bow and to bend

We will not be ashamed

To turn, to turn will be our delight

Till by turning, turning

We come round right

(Elder Joseph Brackett)

A Peace activist par excellence.

In 1965 thirty-one of us were graduated, included one Cindy Farquhar who was of an old-line, Quaker family. Vivacious, sympathetic, I would say none of us more embodied the Quaker spirit than she did. On October 4, 2003 she and four others were met by forty government agents in the National Security Agency's public parking lot and arrested. Her purpose for being there was to hand-deliver a letter addressed to the NSA's director, Lt. Gen. Michael V. Hayden, requesting a meeting to discuss the agency's role in the war against Iraq and the eavesdropping on the diplomatic delegations from several UN Security Council nations. The letter reads in part "The Pledge of Resistance-Baltimore is requesting that NSA renounce past, present and future plans for illegal eavesdropping, announce it will not violate its mission statement and finally that it will uphold the US Constitution."

At trial, on cross-examination, it was revealed that NSA had been spying on their group prior to their departure to deliver said letter. (Now we know, thanks to a recent deposition of a 22-year ATT employee, that they are spying on us all.) In addressing the judge, Cindy Farquhar said "We were not disturbing the peace, we were, in fact, disturbing the war." Agreeing with her, Judge Gauvey found Farquhar and co-defendant Marilyn Carlisle not guilty of disorderly conduct. Ironical that she then found them guilty of trespass and fined each one \$260. Said Farquhar, "There has been at least one instance, and probably ongoing instances, of treating the American Friends Service Committee in Baltimore as a terrorist group. I am still enough of a Quaker that that makes my blood boil." That's what I love about Cindy, she let her life speak – passionately!

I remember a conversation I had with Cindy about the Vietnam War. I thought that it was about fighting communism; she thought that there was a hidden agenda relating to the testing of new weapons systems. She was right. I was wrong. She was light years ahead of me.

S E R E N D I P I T Y

After a meal, while seated about a dining room table, Barry Morley, Liz Rose, and I were talking animatedly when the three of us discovered that we all knew Peter Heffelfinger - Barry from Maine, Liz from New York, and I from Windshift Canoe Camp in Canada. (I still have the canoe paddle he autographed in 1959 to prove it!) I can't explain why but curious coincidences like this seem to pop up to an inordinate degree in my life. How is one to assign a meaning to such events? I think life is like a monogram sewn into a sweater, meant to be viewed from above, not from below. We never fully know. Not all coincidences are entirely coincidental. When Barry Morley was stationed abroad, one day out on the street, he started to sing an aria in his wonderful tenor voice. Blocks away, who knows who, a beautiful signorina, took up singing the soprano part. No coincidence about that, it was Italy! Now kiddies, don't be trying this in America, you might get lifted for disturbing the peace.

TWO BEAUTIFUL BELLES

On my first day at Sandy Spring Friends School, September 1962, having been dropped off early, I was greeted by the only other student then on campus, Claire Liversidge. We were both about to enter 10th grade. To keep ourselves occupied we played volleyball together. Lightning struck. I fell in love at first sight and stayed that way the next three years.

Claire lived in faculty housing attaching to the west end of Moore Hall, the dormitory where I lived the next two school years. Her father, Dave Liversidge, taught science, while her mother, Louise, was the school librarian. Mr. Liversidge, was careful, precise, and walked about with a slide rule. Wiry, light boned, intense, he reminded me of Mister Peepers, a modest actor on TV. Actually he was a very nice person, as was his wife. Claire's younger sister and brother took after their father, while Claire more resembled her mother.

I'm sorry for the English language's paucity of words to express what was neither carnal nor Platonic. I didn't want to jump Claire's bones but was transfixed by her youthful beauty. This spread to an appreciation for her whole family. I felt elevated, refined by love. For sure, this had something to do with pair bonding, a valuable instinct, but, also, there was also about it a selfless, disinterestedness, for where is love, there is absent the will to power.

In the evenings, a school-sanctioned method of passing notes between the girls' dorm upstairs and the boys' dorm downstairs existed which was called C.O.B., an acronym for what I don't remember, not "cash on board," not "crabby old bore," not "case of beer." Only once did I fold up a note into a tight little wad and send it off to Claire, in which I obliquely expressed my feelings toward her. I got back a we-are-just-friends reply and that was the end of the matter. She never showed me, beyond what politeness and kindness would dictate, any interest. We were together in classrooms, in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, in spring concerts, in Quaker meetings for worship. Once graduated, I never saw her again.

There was another young lady at Sandy Spring who was not fair of face and form, whom I did not love. Spastic, mostly confined to a wheelchair, her eyes crossed, her body contorted, she drooled, and sometimes gagged. Fortunately, Sandy Spring was a place where, unbidden, there were those who stepped forward to push her wheelchair and talk to her and be friends. I was peculiarly conscious of her presence and felt badly that I didn't have it in me to relate to her in any meaningful way. As can be seen, I was pretty much useless both in life and love. For one, I had yet to learn the lesson that chivalry is much akin to love.

Both these beautiful, young ladies went on to become successful people, one a social worker, one a teacher of special needs students. I bow to them, my life having been immeasurably enriched for having known them both.

INDIAN COURTSHIP PRACTICES

As the following account by Sarah Winnemucca, a Piute Indian shows, Native Americans, in their dealings with young people's romantic sensibilities, took a more enlightened approach than we tend to do:

Many years ago, when my people were happier than they are now, they used to celebrate the Festival of Flowers in the spring. I have been to three of them only in the course of my life.

Oh, with what eagerness we girls used to watch every spring for the time when we could meet with our hearts' delight, the young men, whom in civilized life you call beaux. We would all go in company to see if the flowers we were named for were yet in bloom, for almost all the girls are named for flowers. We talked about them in our wigwams, as if we were the flowers, saying, "Oh, I saw myself today in full bloom!" We would talk all the evening in this way in our families with such delight, and such beautiful thoughts of the happy day when we should meet with those who admired us and would help us to sing our flower-songs which we made up as we sang. ...

At last one evening came a beautiful voice, which made every girl's heart throb with happiness. It was the chief, and every one hushed to hear what he said today.

"My dear daughters, we are told that you have seen yourselves in the hills and in the valleys, in full bloom. Five days from today your festival day will come. I know every young man's heart stops beating while I am talking. I know how it was with me many years ago. I used to wish the Flower Festival would come every day. Dear young men and young women, you are saying, 'Why put it off five days?' But you all know that is our rule. It gives you time to think, and to show your sweetheart your flower."

All the girls who have flower-names dance along together, and those who have not go together also. Our fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers make a place for us where we can dance. Each one gathers the flower she is named for, and then all weave them into wreaths and crowns and scarfs, and dress up in them.

Some girls are named for rocks and are called rock-girls, and they find some pretty rocks which they carry; each one such a rock as she is named for, or whatever she is named for. If she cannot, she can take a branch of sagebrush, or a bunch of rye-grass, which have no flower. They all go marching along, each girl in turn singing of herself; but she is not a girl any more, - she is a flower singing. She sings of herself, and her sweetheart, dancing along by her side, helps her sing the song she makes.

I will repeat what we say of ourselves.

"I, Sarah Winnemucca, am a shell-flower, such as I wear on my dress. My name is Thocmetony. I am so beautiful! Who will come and dance with me while I am so beautiful? Oh, come and be happy with me! I shall be beautiful while the earth lasts. Some boy will always admire me; and who will come and be happy with me in the Spirit-land? I shall be beautiful forever there. Yes, I shall be more beautiful than my shell-flower, my Thocmetony!"

Then, come, oh come, and dance and be happy with me!" The young men sing with us and they dance beside us. Our parents are waiting for us somewhere to welcome us home. And then we praise the sagebrush and the rye-grass that have no flower, and the pretty rocks that some are named for; and then we present our beautiful flowers to these companions who could carry none. And so all are happy; and that closes the beautiful day.

. . . the courting is very different from the courting of white people. He never speaks to her, or visits the family, but endeavors to attract her attention by showing his horsemanship, etc. . . . She is never forced by her parents to marry against her wishes. When she knows her own mind she makes a confidant of her grandmother, and then the young man is summoned by the father of the girl, who asks him in her presence, if he really loves his daughter, and reminds him, if he says he does, of all the duties of a husband. He then asks his daughter the same question, and sets before her minutely all her duties. And these duties are not slight. She is to dress the game, prepare the food, clean the buckskins, make his moccasins, dress his hair, bring all the wood, - in short do all the household work. She promises to be "himself," and she fulfills her promise.

. . . the father pronounces them man and wife. They go to a wigwam of their own, where they live till the first child is born. This event also is celebrated. Both father and mother fast from all flesh, and the father goes through the labor of piling the wood for twenty-five days, and assumes all his wife's household work during that time. If he does not do his part in the care of the child, he is considered an outcast. All this respect shown to the mother and child makes the parents feel their responsibility, and makes the tie between parents and children very strong, . . .

It means something when the women promise their fathers to make their husbands themselves. They faithfully keep with them in all the dangers they can share. They not only take care of their children together, but they do everything together; and when they grow blind, which I am sorry to say is very common, for the smoke they live in destroys their eyes at last, they take sweet care of one another. Marriage is a sweet thing when people love each other.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE CLASS OF '65?

Those were the days my friend. We thought they'd never end.

Few places on planet Earth are more picture postcard perfect than is Southern Vermont, particularly in the fall of the year when the fruit trees are loaded with apples and the maples are turning all hues of yellow and red. Located somewhere between Brattleboro to the east and Bennington to the west is Marlboro Township, where Marlboro College is located. It did not begin as a school but as a summer music festival founded by the celebrated cellist, Rudolf Serkin. It was Walter Hendricks who founded the college. I had the good fortune to meet this visionary who founded one college after another. (After Marlboro he next founded "Mark Hopkins," named for the educator about whom James Garfield once said "The ideal college is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other.")

The picturesque campus included buildings such as Dalrymple Hall, featured beautifully built old barns and other farm structures which were renovated and then integrated with modern structures.

Though hardly any bigger than Sandy Spring Friends School, in 1965, Marlboro was hardly the safe haven that Sandy Spring had been. Instead of a secure sense of community, there was the theater clique, the artist clique, the music clique. Then, too, people were bouncing off the walls: drugs, partying, radical politics.

I witnessed the crossover point: a folk singer had been invited to the college to perform. Alas, he was of the old school, turkey in the straw, and people from the audience spontaneously started mocking him, criticizing him unmercifully for his stylized poses and they practically hooted him off the platform. I wonder if this wasn't the end of his career. Cardigan wool sweaters and pressed slacks had given way to combat boots and granny glasses.

The president of Marlboro College was the distinguished Tom Ragle who had down to his purple socks the buttoned-down, preppy look, a holdover from his days at Exeter Academy. He was a truly innovative educator who combined approaches he learned at Oxford with those used at Harvard to create a unique educational program. But a cultural sea change made all of that seem passe.

Nor was Sandy Spring immune to the 1960's culture shift, for in this same era its headmaster, John Burrowes, came to grief trying to enforce its dress code, including short hair and ended up being let go in 1966, whereas Tom Ragle, somehow weathered the cultural storm to retire in dignity in 1980.

While we accept as a matter of course that colleges are not high schools, that the over-

sight afforded juveniles cannot be applied to adults, this does not mean that bad behavior should get a free pass or be condoned. In my case, the regular habits I followed at home and at Sandy Spring Friends School persisted only for a little while before being challenged. At least I did not join with a gang of my friends who spend a weekend visiting a witch. Not seeing any percentage in it, I passed up the opportunity, figuring that either she was real or fake. If fake, well, that's stupid isn't it? Who wants fakery? But if real, then what? I made a conscious decision that if I wanted supernatural, then I wanted God, not the Devil. Anyhow, my friends camped out at the witch's haven and came back with lurid tales of having seen strange lights and mysterious vapors.

A girl I knew played her Ouiji board and invited me to join her. I declined. Whether this is a harmless parlor game or a spirit board that puts one in contact with occult powers, I do not know to this day. All I knew is that I didn't want to mess around with magic and dark powers. Eventually, however, that first fall, I succumbed to drinking wine to excess at some night spot where there was dancing. This behavior was a far cry from when I was at North Bethesda Junior High School where, out of shyness and self-consciousness, I left a sock hop (as such events were labeled) and never went back. Maybe I *needed* to be less inhibited. But six or seven weeks into my newfound lifestyle of drinking to excess, I passed out and was sick. I hate being sick. That was the end of it. I never drank to excess again. So, yes, it is true that I succumbed somewhat to the insanity of the times, but not completely. My Bob Dylan, Rolling Stones, and psychedelic drug period lasted all of about six months before I converted and became a Christian, June 6, 1967. Alas, that too was something of a disaster as I shall demonstrate hereafter, for I merely replaced one mistake with another.

I was all set to spend the summer of 1966 in Vermont in a kind of artist's colony with J. K. Adams and others. We had cleaned up an abandoned, 19th-century, two story, wood frame house whose interior walls were made of plaster and horsehair over lathe. I remember helping load up J. K. Adams' piano in a pick-up truck and following in another vehicle while he stood at it playing away, all the while hardly seeming to miss a beat as the truck bounced along over bumpy, dirt roads. I'm no judge of his performance to say whether he stood amongst the upper echelon of artists or musicians, but he was definitely among the purest of geniuses I've ever known, constantly working away on his projects which were done with astonishing spontaneity.

Just when the summer seemed set to go in one direction, I was contacted by John Achley, to see whether I was interested in going to Mexico with him, Nan Coolidge, Sheffield van Buriën, plus two of Nan's friends. I put the issue to J. K. who thought I should go which I did, leaving mid-July. Given the use of John's parents' yellow, Ford station wagon and we headed straight for Wyoming, then south to Mexico and didn't come back until early Sep-

tember. Along the way we sang the newly-minted Beetle's song:

We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine.

And are friends are all aboard, everyone of them is all we need. ...

We had many adventures, more than I can relate conveniently here. This I will say, that if you find yourself in Mexico bargaining with a rug or serape merchant, it sure helps to have someone like Nan Coolidge along. It's safe to say that she didn't get her gift of gab from old Mr. Taciturn himself, President Cal Coolidge (from whom she was either directly or collaterally descended) but from her mother's side who was Italian. One line of bull a merchant handed her was that 80 pesos was the high price, 70 pesos was the normal price and 60 pesos was the low price but he would let Nan have the item for 50 pesos. That's when the bargaining began in earnest. Somehow Nan always got them laughing which gave her the upper hand. In this instance, she walked away with the item they were haggling over for 30 pesos and all parties were happy.

While we were in Mexico City, the national presidential election was held. Suddenly one day political posters sprouted up everywhere. The next day they voted and that was it. Come to think of it, that beat spending a year of listening to the mindless caterwauling of Bush and Kerry, then having the election stolen by no-tape, electronic, touch-screen voting machines.

In one village we stayed at, there was a bakery. We stopped by there early one morning and the baker took us a tiny staircase to the loft above in which was a bed and his *mamacia* in it. He grabbed hold of her fat upper arm to show her off, he was so proud of her. *Oye mamacita, qua buena estas.*

On the street in Mexico City we came upon a couple of street toughs. They had a bottle of tequila with them. First they took a swig. Then they offered us a swig, and so we took a swig, back and forth it went that way. Pretty soon we were all friends.

I remember the evening we got to Acapulco. The sun was hovering low over the Pacific. Though it was quite dusky, we piled out of the station wagon all the same and made a beeline for the surf which was bathtub warm. The end of the season, Acapulco was all but deserted of tourists and we got luxury accommodations at rock bottom prices. Everyday we were there, there were huge, pink, pellucid clouds in the southern sky, overhanging the Pacific. Finally the day came for us to leave. The next day we read in the newspapers how the monsoon season had hit with a vengeance, with flooding, winds, and cars washed off the road. Our timing had been perfect.

It took us two-and-a-half days of non-stop, round-the-clock driving to get from Monterey,

Mexico to Bethesda, Maryland. I was the strongest driver among us and did the lion's share of the work behind the wheel. Ah, to be nineteen again! We were all friends and it was innocent fun. In 1968, Nan and John would marry. I attended their wedding which was conducted in the chapel located on Harvard University's campus.

DOING MY THOREAU THING

Happiness is a rundown shack in a rundown forest where the mice talk back.

Meanwhile I was much into reading Plato's Dialogues describing the trial and death of Socrates. I reasoned that if Socrates, being a good man, allowed himself to be sacrificed for the sake of the truths he believed in, then by the same token, why couldn't Jesus as a perfect man allow himself to be crucified for all mankind's sake?

A pastime of mine on weekends was exploring the Vermont woods cross-country. Without compass or map, I would just take off and walk all day even off-trail. On one occasion I decided to go from Marlboro College through the woods to Marlboro town, about two miles distance. I walked and walked until finally coming to the brow of a ridge where I expected to see the steeple of the town's Congregational Church appear but it was not that but the college which appeared. I was 180 degrees off the mark. On another occasion, deep in the woods I found an unoccupied cabin. To it I carried a cast iron stove (just a little one with tan and green enamel and two burners.) I tidied the place up a bit, cut a woodpile, and made a winter of it, doing art and a lot of reading, while keeping body and soul together tolerably well through winter's cold. My practice was to throw food in the snow and keep it frozen until needed.

I regret to say I had not the wisdom and strength to rise above the spirit of the times in which I found myself. The winter of 1966-1967 until March, for six months, was my hippie era when I let my hair grow long, while listening to the likes of Bob Dylan and Mick Jagger. By snow-shoeing about I was able to do just fine and could navigate the woods day or night in any condition of weather.

By spring, the snow was four feet deep and I was ready to go back to Bethesda, Maryland. A fateful decision as it turned out, for I never again got back to Marlboro College and eventually lost contact with all whom I knew there. The freedom I knew at Marlboro College, where liberty was license, I soon replaced all in one fell swoop (or was that one foul soup?) with Zionism, nationalism, and fundamentalist Christianity.

**WHEN YOU GO TO SAN FRANCISCO,
WEAR A FLOWER IN YOUR HAIR**

Such a strange, unsettled time was the summer of 1967. I began it in the Vermont woods, living in a one-room cabin heated by a little, cast-iron stove, being two miles from the nearest neighbor. Then in March I was back in Bethesda, Maryland. In May, age 20, I flew with my father to Madison, Wisconsin, for the first time to meet our extended family in the very place to which they migrated in the 1880's from a little *shtetl* in Poland.

My Uncle Clarence, my father's younger brother, shepherded us about. He took us to meet Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Carl Link, the latter having been an eminent scientist at Wisconsin University, who had invented the blood-thinner, warfarin. Modest about his accomplishment, his business card read: "Karl Link, ratter." He had a great wide head and a full, white mane, and I said that he was like a wise old owl. Then we visited Aunt Jane, then in her nineties, in an old folks' home. I remember her saying cryptically that she never had any complaint against America. I think she was addressing an ongoing family debate, on one side of which was Clarence and Karl, representing the radical wing, a legacy of my grandfather, Louis, and his father, Meyer, which they brought over from the Old Country. Louis Kailin stopped in London on his way over where he had a fateful encounter with Karl Marx. On the other side of the fence were my father, for example, or Uncle Dave Resnick, a conventional businessman. Uncle Clarence, alas, recently deceased (2009), age 95, was a survivor of action in Spain in 1937 with the famed Lincoln Brigade. His best friend, John Cookson, died there and Clarence nearly bled to death. Once home, the FBI hounded him, following him from job to job, getting him fired. His crime: that of being a premature anti-fascist. Only after December 7, 1941, was it ok to be anti-fascist.

A much beloved fixture in Madison, the Capital Times did a laudatory feature article titled: "Is Clarence Kailin the last Communist in Madison?" After that people around town began sporting buttons asking the same question. Uncle Clarence was always there for the working person or for down-and-outers, and to the end he was rallying the people to some good cause or another. What a true democrat is to the Democrat Party, what a true Christian is to Christendom, so Clarence was a true communist compared to the CPUSA.

From Madison, I hitchhiked to California on an inchoate quest to discover life's meaning. Poor Dad, it could not have been easy on him to drop his oldest son by the side of the road. He knew I was book-learned, not street smart, that if I was to learn anything at all, it would be the hard way but he could not dissuade me from carrying out my crazy plan and fly back with him to our home in Maryland.

The advantage to learning things the hard way is that, if one is so fortunate as to survive, one might have a few good stories to relate and maybe an important lesson or two is learned. So there I was, dependant on the kindness of strangers. The ride I took across a good stretch of Iowa was with a farm wife who invited me to go to her home with her and be a part of her family. Either her name was Mrs. Rock or she lived in a place called Rock, I'm a little vague about that, but I think back with fondness on her extraordinarily kind offer. When I consider all the trouble I've known – and caused – since, then I think of her offer and wonder who would I be today or where would I be living had I accepted her offer. No doubt for better or for worse, someone other than who I am.

In Nebraska I hitched a ride with a circus performer in a step van. He had bandy, little legs and powerful-looking arms. We drove through Nebraska's bad lands full of tumbleweeds and grey skies, some of the most uninviting, forlorn landscape I have ever seen. Finally we got to the Rocky Mountains, then on to the land of giant trees, the Sequoias and Redwoods, then on to San Francisco where not many days hence I found my life's mission.

To this day I wonder what drew me to San Francisco. My brother's apartment was in Haight Ashbury, which meant I had a place to stay. It was the very height of flower power and free love, yet I didn't relate to any of that. Occasionally I wandered about in Golden Gate Park but as a lost soul, not knowing who I was or where I was going. I attended a Byrd's concert in Big Sur but my heart was not in it. I remember the "Diggers," a loosely organized group of hippies doing social service such as feeding other hippies. But I didn't fit in there either. Even then I had the book habit and customarily I would walk several miles to downtown (past innumerable famous bars which I never once visited) to the Carnegie Library. But I didn't have to hitchhike across America to go to a Carnegie Library, every big city used to have one.

For a while I attached myself to a marvelous Japanese artist. Impeccably dressed in a formal blue, silk suit, he painted with India ink and brushes, never spilling a drop. With a quick flick of the wrist, he produced exquisite drawings of bamboo and birds on rice paper. I had no money, yet he generously allowed me to be with him in his studio, another instance of the kindness of strangers. This was my first direct contact with Buddhist sensibility. His reverent attitude speaks to me to this day. In the course of my life, I've known only a hand full of Buddhists but each contact was positive, even memorable.

On one occasion I visited a modern art museum. I love art, but this was just awful. I remember on display was an misshapen, porcelain toilet. I looked in it and sure enough, there was a turd in it. One day out on the street one day and somebody, reached out and invited me to see the big-top, Shriner circus. Another instance of the kindness of strangers.

Thus it was one fine spring morning in early June, I left my brother's apartment in Haight Ashbury where I was his guest. As was my habit, I wended my way downtown, passing along the way America's most famous bars as I headed for the Carnegie Library. This time, however, on descending to the street, my attention was caught by the *San Francisco Examiner's* banner headline. JERUSALEM BOMBED, it read. It was the first day of the Six-Day War. Staggered, I assumed the worst. Dropping to my knees as if to make a deathbed confession, for the first time I acknowledged that I was Jewish and for the first time acknowledged that the only hope for the Jewish people, or myself either, was Jesus Christ. I never celebrated the victory six days later, correctly discerning that it was temporal and temporary.

Thus, for the best of motives - support of the Jewish people - but for the worst of reasons - failing to distinguish the interests of the Jewish people from those of the Zionist State - I became a Jewish-Christian. To the Jews that meant that I was a Christian; to the Christians it meant that I was a Jew, while to the Unitarians, the Faith I was raised in, I was simply beyond the pale.

Please observe, however, the basis for my conversion - a fine piece of war propaganda. True, a Jordanian artillery barrage had occurred earlier that morning but hardly did that constitute a "bombing." No bombing of Jerusalem had occurred, the salient point being that at that juncture, the entire Egyptian air force had been taken out on the tarmac in a preemptive, surprise attack. Actually I had been conned. Israel had not been in mortal danger at all; it was the Arab world which was in danger:

The thesis that the danger of genocide was hanging over us in June 1967 and that Israel was fighting for its physical existence is only bluff, which was born and developed after the war. . . . To pretend that the Egyptian forces massed on our frontiers were in a position to threaten the existence of Israel constitutes an insult not only to the intelligence of anyone capable of analyzing this sort of situation, but above all an insult to the Zahal Israeli army"

(General Matityahu Peled as quoted by Ha'aretz, 03/19/1972)

B O R N A G A I N

If you have been born again from below, you will go below; you must be born again from above if you are to go above. ("A Stanza of Deliverance" Charles Hadley Spurgeon)

For many years, if in a humorous vein, I would refer to King Hussein as my "spiritual godfather," asserting that had he not attacked Israel, I wouldn't have become a Christian. Regardless of the proximate cause, there were larger forces at work, for I had been born again. To the extent that I was awakened to God and became obedient to God, I was born

again from above; and to the extent that I had become a Judeo-Christian Zionist, I was born again from below. Having both forces operative within me meant that I would probably lead a very conflicted life, which, indeed, I have.

For 50 years, my ruling impression was one of the Zionist State as an innocent victim of Arab aggression. Never once did I consider the alternative. That a million Palestinians had been driven from their homes and disallowed from returning never once bothered me for I saw only Palestinian intransigence, not Zionist intransigence. Whether I cared to acknowledge it or not, my humanitarian concern for Jews, but not for Palestinians, meant that I was a respecter of persons, not a lover of evenhanded justice. I had fallen prey to a societal consensus trance imposed by mass-media fear programming. It's ironic that my "Christian" conversion only compounded this malign tendency. It's not that I thought God hadn't created all men equal; no, not that. It's just that I thought He had created some more equal than others. Thus, by all that I said and did, I inadvertently told lies about God, who He is. That my conversion came just when Jerusalem's Temple Mount had fallen to the Zionist State gave me, I thought, a special connection to the City. Somehow it never dawned on me that the more I became wedded to earthly Jerusalem, the less I'd have to do with heavenly Jerusalem, the mother of us all.

A diligent student, I've read the Bible much and committed many verses to memory, carrying them about as a boatload of learned lumber. Alas, none of this seemingly commendable activity kept me from misapplying Scripture, particularly where regards the Zionist State. I was remiss in not asking pertinent question. In this matter, I was conformed by the attitudes of those around me, not transformed by the Spirit of God. As it turns out, what one takes from the Bible is often only a reflection on what one brings to the Bible in the first place. That Bible reading *per se*, is going to be profitable is not a foregone conclusion. Oddly enough, it was my persistent attempts to prove the correctness of my original views that ultimately led me to realize that they were quite wrong. That's good. It's always good to outgrow ideas that don't measure up.

Sometimes I've thought, if only someone had taken me aside decades ago and shared with me what I now know, perhaps I could have been spared a lifetime of futility and misdirection. Then it occurred to me, someone did just that. In 1968. I met a well-spoken, young man in Washington, D. C. who represented an organization called Liberty Lobby. Alas, I didn't have ears to hear his message for it contradicted my "born again" experience. I wrote him off as "anti-Semitic." While I have no idea who this person was or, at this late date, 40 years later, how to find out, I thank him most sincerely, for he was the only person to point out to me the error of my ways, the only one who ever did.

This I know: it takes no special effort to go wrong – just go with the flow and deep cultural biases will kick in to do the rest. Shaking off cradle-to-the-grave social conditioning is hard to do. Zionism is as pervasive as it is perverse. Whether we're liberal, conservative, middle-of-the-road; secular or religious; Jewish, Christian, New Age, whatever, there's a Zionism specially tailored for each one of us. For instance, I recall Hillary Rodham Clinton and Rev. Jerry Falwell both sharing the same speakers' platform on behalf of the Zionist cause. How's that for an odd couple?

President Bush, former House speaker Newt Gingrich and many other Republicans have certainly been reliable friends of Israel. But they have been no better friends than the great majority of Democratic leaders -- including former president Bill Clinton, Senate Democratic Leader Harry Reid and House Democratic Leader Nancy Pelosi -- all of whom are unwavering supporters of the Jewish state. Democrats have a long and proud tradition of supporting Israel. It was a Democratic president, Harry Truman, who recognized Israel just minutes after David Ben-Gurion proclaimed the founding of the Jewish state.

(Rep. Howard Berman, Democrat, 09/29/06)

For sixty plus years, either the State of Israel or the holocaust or some related subject has been front-page news. It's in our face 365 days a year. As well, it's in our churches, our schools, our government, our politics. That's why I say, we need not go looking for Zionism; Zionism, backed by high finance, long ago came looking for us. Is resistance futile or must we be subsumed into the great, Zionist collective, ultimately culminating in our taking upon ourselves the mark of the Beast? That is a question each must answer for him or her self.

As for Zionism, it is no isolate sitting in solitary splendor but, as I shall have occasion to demonstrate, it rests on empire, international finance, holocaustianity, with a pinch of Judeo-Christian bellicosity thrown in for good measure. Thus, while claiming to be Jesus's follower, in reality, I was Henry Kissinger's follower; for instance, in 1973, approving of Dr. Kissinger's initiative to overthrow Chile's elected government. As well, I supported the Contras against Nicaragua's duly-elected government. On and on, I was always wrong. I even tried to join the US Marines and go to Vietnam. Only my 4-F status kept that from happening.

By the spring of 2003, the falsity of my position was becoming painfully evident to me for besides the mushroom cloud of lies about Iraq's weapons of mass destruction, there was the phoney smallpox scare the September before whose only purpose was to create war hysteria. By August, 2003, the involvement of Mossad ("by deception we do war") with 9-11 was painfully clear to me. After 50 years of supporting for the Zionist State, I had had it. My whole life had been devoted to a lie. Never again!

After the scales had fallen from my eyes, I approached a dear brother of mine in the Lord of more than 20 years standing, and shared with him the evidence I had regarding

Ariel Sharon's and Mossad's role in 9 -11. A Jewish-Christian, his silent response was to take his thumb and index finger on one hand and his index finger on the other such as to scribe a triangle, implying thereby that I was but half a Star of David. (The Star of David consists of two intertwined, inverted triangles.) What he was doing was commenting obliquely on the fact that, whereas on one side I am of Jewish heritage, on the other, I am of Germanic heritage. Actually, I'm quite grateful for this double heritage: it gives me a vested interest in both camps and peace between them. In any event, I don't want to be associated with even half a Star of David, much less a full one. (A cabalistic, occult symbol, it only entered mainstream Jewish usage after the Rothschild banking family had adopted it in the 18th century as their family's shield and last name.)

A presentation of facts will not necessarily do the trick of converting. Our obligation is to the Truth, not our "best friend." Actually, friendship with one who has zero commitment to Truth is best ended and the sooner the better.

THUMBING A RIDE TO EAST LEMPSTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

I remember July 4th, 1967, by late morning Bakersfield, California was oven-like, the temperature well into the 100's. I was feeling faint when at last I caught a ride, one I should never have accepted. The person who stopped was a rumpold old man with a week's growth of stubble, driving an old beater of a car with a half-full flask of rotgut on the seat beside him. But he was headed my way and so I accepted. I was soon to learn his idea as to how to proceed was to stop at every bar along the way. At one of these refreshment stops I decided to try my luck thumbing for another ride while he finished up his drink. While I was thus occupied, he came staggering out of the bar. Looking neither left nor right, he got into his car and drove off. Except for the bar, there I was alone in the Arizona desert. Though straight as an arrow, the asphalt looked wavy from the heat rising off of it. Nothing was to be seen either way, except cactus, lots of blue sky and searing sun. God must have taken pity on me because 20 minutes latter a soldier stopped to pick me up and we tag-teamed all the way to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania without stopping, except for gas. But what was this mad dash back across the country all about?

What's the first thing one does on having an encounter with God? I can't speak for others but in my case it was to find someone to explain to me the meaning of the event. Thus in early July I found myself hitchhiking back across America, this time to a place called High View Church Farm, East Lempster, New Hampshire, for council, for there I was given to understand were godly people, which later in the main I found to be so.

Notice what I was doing, however, running off to find a man to tell me about God. As a

seeker I wanted something more than I previously had as an unbeliever but what I ended up with was more than I bargained for, more than I could handle. If I was all fired willing to, why not just try dealing directly with God, without involving an intermediary? Too scary. That's the irony of it: my seeking God and finding man instead. This isn't meekness but manifest weakness. Real Christianity requires real courage, not fake professions of faith.

Real faith makes a person strong, not dependent. The Zionist side of my conversion was a complete mistake, but the God side, the Jesus side, of my conversion, was fast turning into a mistake, as well. Zionism plus cultic Christianity, Christendom and Jewdom, whew, what a double dose of dumb that is but, as I have intimated earlier, I was learning life's lessons the hard way, so there you have it. It all comes back to ruling the world from Jerusalem, canceling Jesus Christ's expressed intention not permitting his followers to establish him as head of an earthly kingdom.

H I G H V I E W C H U R C H F A R M

Until May 2003, when it fell into the valley below, an ancient, natural rock formation existed in New Hampshire which was the State's most famous tourist attraction known as the old Man of the Mountain. Located high on a mountain in Franconia Notch, this crag, when viewed in profile, did have an uncanny human resemblance. Just as a barber puts out a barber pole, or an apothecary displays a caduceus to herald his calling so also (as Daniel Webster is alleged to have written) God hung out his sign, that in New Hampshire he makes men. New Hampshire is one of the more challenging places to live, especially in winter. 40 years later I still have chilblains in hands and feet from sub-arterial damage I suffered there.

With over two thousand acres running from valley floor right up over the mountain, High View Church Farm when I lived there had about 125 members. In the valley below, where the highway ran, was located its retail farm store, the "Home of the Jolly Farmer." It featured farm-grown produce: potatoes, "non-disappearing bacon," from its own hogs; pickled quail eggs from its own quailery, maple syrup from its own trees and sugar house, cider, home-made donuts, etc. At the top of the mountain was the school. It was the 2nd week of July, 1967 when I visited there.

In mid-September, 1970, I went there to live, staying until November, 22, 1971. And it was great fun at first, haying huge 20 acre fields and harvesting potatoes and working in the potato bin, sorting potatoes, and kinds of healthy activity. And people were singing all the time. Very idyllic.

R E V I V A L I S M

"And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?"

("The Second Coming" by William Butler Yeats)

Besides being enamored of High View Church Farm's apparent beauty, I also saw validity in the revivalist approach. For instance, in the summer of 1969, I met Arthur Blessitt. (Yes, the same Arthur Blessitt as dragged a 12' cross across the US.) Actually I didn't get to speak to him as he was passed out from a heatstroke under a tree on the Capitol Mall. His very pregnant wife (his first wife, not his current one) was propped up under the same tree. Their VW van was parked nearby. Fascinating to me was that individuals from all walks of life kept approaching members of Blessitt's small entourage and, while pedestrians detoured around them, in evident contrition, they got down on their knees right there on the sidewalk and, in all sincerity, prayed to get saved. Some I'm sure were changed for the better by this experience, others perhaps not. For instance, on April 3, 1984, after having been contacted by George Bush's aides, Arthur Blessitt was summoned into Dubya's presence and prayed with him to receive Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. In 1999, Blessitt said: "I am very proud of you [Bush] and your testimony for Christ." This was sheer lunacy.

While I do not necessarily question Bush's being "born again," I do wonder from which direction his rebirth came, was it from above or from below? Frankly, in light of our national experience with the last two "born agains," Clinton and Bush, and before that with Jimmy Carter, it might be good thing if in the future our Presidents were not born once too often and yet, if possible, Obama who makes no such claim, is worst of all. But what of my own "born again" experience? a mixed bag at best. On balance, I was, perhaps, only twice the son of the Devil that I might otherwise have been. Not bad considering some are ten times the sons of the Devil. I here renounce my so-called conversion as a false conversion.

When I converted to Christianity, admittedly I was not very discriminating; I thought belief in God so wonderful that anyone professing faith had my approbation, be it the Pope, Billy Graham, Martin Luther King, Jr., Uncle Arthur, you name it. But after awhile it dawned on me that there were distinctions to be made. For instance, because of my growing commitment to Zionism, I was deaf to what Martin Luther King had to say about American aggression inasmuch as the Zionist State was highly dependent on American power. I was not alone in such a sentiment. Now almost every fundamentalist church is of that sentiment, their first concern being poor, little Izzy, yes, poor little Israel, with its hundreds of nuclear bombs, with its prisons chock full of prisoners who are routinely tortured. Kings and princes fall down before Israel and do it homage and it's all a lie and apostasy.

MLK JR

Though I didn't know this then, King's increased moral stature as a Nobel Peace prize winner, combined with his stance against the Vietnam War, made him a perceived threat to the Zionist/American war agenda and it was that which sealed his fate:

When one considers the fact that the Israeli Mossad's American conduit, the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) of B'nai B'rith spied extensively on Dr. King, one cannot help but think that there was intense (covert) hostility to Dr. King within the upper ranks of the American Jewish community. . . . international mob kingpin Meyer Lansky, was making billions off the Black community through drugs, gambling, prostitution, labor racketeering . . .

(Final Judgement, Michael Collins Piper)

Were the USA to lose Vietnam, Meyer Lansky's International Crime Syndicate would lose its access to a lucrative source in southeast Asia's Golden Triangle for heroin which it turned around and sold to inner city Blacks. The proceeds from such sales were laundered through Swiss banks and the profits were sent to the Zionist State. (All of this has been amply documented.) Meanwhile, what was the Jewish mass-media doing?

As long as King only dealt with civil rights, he won its approbation but when he turned against what he called "the giant triplets of racism, materialism and militarism," then Life magazine, for one, turned on him with a vengeance, denouncing him for issuing "demagogic slander that sounded like a script for Radio Hanoi," and accused King of "introducing matters that have nothing to do with the legitimate battle for equal rights here in America."

Just as the Jewish establishment could not tolerate Jesus' interfering with their profitable Temple merchandising scheme, likewise, it found MLK Jr's interference intolerable. And just as Jesus was sacrificed on the altar of Pharisical ambition, so was King sacrificed on the altar of Zionist ambition. To this day, America's mass media rarely mentions King's Riverside Church address delivered April 4, 1967, exactly one year to the day before he was assassinated. That this speech, the most significant speech of his career, is highly relevant to what was going on in our day in Iraq, yet it was passed over in complete silence in Time Magazine's January 2006 cover story about King which has much to say about his love life but little about any real moral imperative.

To me, the relationship of this ministry to the making of peace is so obvious that I sometimes marvel at those who ask me why I am speaking against the war. Could it be that they do not know that the Good News was meant for all men? . . .

(MLK, Jr., April 4, 1967.)

April 5th, 1968, I was working in downtown in Washington, DC. when rioting swept the city on the news of Martin Luther King, Jr's assassination. I remember our being let out early from work because of the chaos in the streets and arson. Thus, about noon time, I departed my place of work, Brewood Printing and Engraving, at 13th and "G" and headed to my apartment near 18th and "T," observing rioters along the way shattering Kaufman Shoe Store's plate glass windows. Were they merely in need of alligator shoes or were they targeting Jewish businesses for destruction, I wondered?

For me, the galvanizing moment of the day occurred later that day when I first heard broadcast on the radio King's remarkable "I've Been to the Mountaintop" speech. Delivered extemporaneously and, according to King's best friend and traveling companion, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, with only 10 minutes advance notice, it remains to this day one of the greatest speeches of all time and a powerful last testament to the world. Somehow King must have had a premonition of what was coming down for, as the following extract demonstrates, the subject of his speech was his own imminent demise which came to pass the next day:

Well, I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days ahead. But it doesn't matter with me now. Because I've been to the mountaintop. And I don't mind. Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over. And I've seen the promised land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to know tonight, that we, as a people, will get to the promised land. And I'm happy, tonight. I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Was Dr. King given inordinately to premonitions of doom? To find out, over the next year I bought every book he ever wrote, confirming to myself that this was not so. And yet I was deaf to King's message of non-violence, ignorantly supporting the Vietnam War and yes, I supported every war since until 1993 when the US attacked Yugoslavia, for I was an unreflecting, flag-waving, apple-pie-and-motherhood conservative. Leading the nation to war were the usual suspects, the Kissingers, the Wolfowitzes, the Fleischers, the Libbys, the Liebermans etc., etc. *ad nauseam*, while in the amen corner bolstering their position were the Pat Robertsons, the Jerry Falwells, the John Hagees and yet, amazingly enough, to that moment I still believed the Big Lie, the one that God loves Israel. No, He doesn't.

Enough, I say. To put an end to the nonsense and the killing, one need not drop a single piece of explosive ordinance or fire a single round of ammunition. Because of its huge war-making establishment, the Zionist State simply is not viable financially. Cap its indebtedness and its goose is cooked. Already far more than \$100 billion has been extorted from America's long-suffering taxpayers for this imposture. No more! Let the Zionist imposture sink beneath the waves in a sea of red ink. And the sooner the better, for then the land could be returned to its rightful, legal occupants, the Palestinian people. As for the Zionized Ashkenazi living there, let them be indemnified to the extent of being given a one-way ticket back to wherever it was they or their ancestors came from. Better yet, settle a million dollars (\$50,000 over 20 years) on each Jewish family living there, allowing them to live wherever they want. This would cost the world far less than the current, interminable state of war. But this isn't going to happen so long as the Banksters control America.

*Well, come on all of you, big strong men,
Uncle Sam needs your help again.
He's got himself in a terrible jam
Way down yonder in Vietnam
So put down your books and pick up a gun,
We're gonna have a whole lotta fun.*

*And it's one, two, three,
What are we fighting for?
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn,
Next stop is Vietnam;
And it's five, six, seven,
Open up the pearly gates,
Well there ain't no time to wonder why,
Whoopee! we're all gonna die. (Country Joe)*

BACK TO HIGH VIEW CHURCH FARM

Blinded by Zionism to Christ's moral imperatives, too zealous to be satisfied with staid, mainline Christianity, I was now going to add Cult religion to the load of bilge. Though it was not overtly Zionized, the Farm suited my idea of a place where serious Christianity happened. Leading the commune (and probably owning it lock, stock and barrel), was one George Eversfield, as dynamic an individual as ever there was. In his early to mid-fifties, George had a shock of white hair and looked totally the part of a British officer, which in WWII he was. At one point (so I was given to understand), until a falling out had occurred, George had been Major Ian Thomas' right hand man, in charge of the American branch of his worldwide, evangelical ministry. (Major Thomas died recently, age 92. A brilliant platform speaker, he was active in his calling to the very end. It was my good fortune to have gotten to meet him at a Baptist church in San Antonio, Texas in the mid-1970's.)

As if he were Moses, George explained to us that "God spoke to him and he (George) to us." Though unremarked upon at the time, I now recognize that this was the essence of hierarchical religion. In retrospect, I think George wanted followers, not thinkers. And I guess what we wanted was someone to tell us what to do and George was the person to do it.

One day George told us that the derivation of the word "nice" meant the opposite of present-day usage. As if it were an unspoken edict, suddenly we all stopped using it, catching ourselves in mid-sentence if we forgot or glaring at others who didn't self-censor. Thus it was that in manners, morals, and in all such niceties (oops!) of language, George ruled.

The Farm was highly insular. Call it information deprivation if you will, but it was many years after the fact when I first learned about the Apollo 13 disaster. George, however, was highly informed. I remember on one occasion his reading to us from *Barons*, a financial journal, about President Nixon taking the US off the gold standard. He impressed on us how imminent financial collapse was. That, indeed, was an important turning point in world finance and 40+ years later, it may yet lead the world to ruin but George, as usual, was a little off on his timing, the point being, that he had all the information and we had none. He could develop his point of view, we could not. We just had to take our views from him.

If George favored certain Bible translations (Weymouth, J. B. Phillips, the NEB, then those were the ones we used. If he favored certain authors, George MacDonald, C. S. Lewis, Madam Guyon, Brother Laurence, Oswald Chambers, then those were the ones we read. Actually, these were all very good choices but, if one think about it, it will be realized that these very authors would have been the first to rebel against George and his dictatorship.

H O T H O U S E T O M A T O E S

A telling incident demonstrating the nature of this unequal relationship: as part of the Farm's far-flung operation, besides its 18 wheeler over-the-road trucks, and an airplane, there were greenhouses in Bermuda where tomatoes were grown. Beginning in the spring of 1971 we were getting weekly updates regarding the tomato operation. God, so we were told, told George what to do and George, ever attentive to the Divine will, responded, in this instance, by special ordering a large, iron, spoke-wheeled contraption capable of supporting a tomato-picker in the prone position as said person rode above the tomatoes, reaching down to pick the ripened fruit *en passant*.

To maximize yield, George decided to space the rows closer together and to dispense with aisles. According to one report from Bermuda, government agricultural inspectors were given the grand tour. On leaving the greenhouse, one of them, not realizing that he was being observed, pointed his index finger to his head while twirling it about, indicating thereby that he thought George was crazy.

Hearing about this occasioned much mirth for we knew George had the mind of God on this matter. We further knew that the things of God were foolishness to the natural man.

Then, inexplicably, all reports from Bermuda ceased. Later, in furtive whispers, I learned the rest of the story, that a wilt had set in, wiping out the entire crop. Incautiously, I piped up that maybe George didn't always know the will of God, that maybe he could be mistaken, just like any of the rest of us could be. That statement was received with shocked silence.

Other than that one outburst, I didn't press the matter further or confront George after he came back to the Farm that fall from Bermuda. What a weakling! I didn't even rise to the level of the cowardly lion in the throne room of the great and terrible OZ. Who knows, had I not been severely frostbitten and kicked out, I might yet be one of George's acolytes. Actually few ever survived George's wrath. I say this because in the course of rummaging about in the old farm house's attic one day, I happened upon a photo of its inhabitants from the late 1950s. There had been a complete turnover of farm personnel. Not one person in that picture was still there.

Since 1971, however, there have been farm members who continued on for the duration, being survivors of a rigorous winnowing process. They are the strong, enduring type, but most of all, submissive to George. That was the Farm's chief organizing principle, kowtowing to George. The farm people worked for food and lodging only, having no stake in the Farm itself.

Though he wasn't a member of the Farm, Larry Crump, a mechanic, songwriter and performer, was very popular with us. George extolled him highly, and justly so I would say, for he did seem to be a fine person. We hummed or sang his songs all the time. I still remember snatches of them, for instance:

*In the house and out of doors,
Shaking mats and scrubbing floors,
Washing, mending, ironing too,
These a little child can do.
So we'll do it all for Jesus,
Do it all for Jesus, do it all for Jesus,
He gave his all for thee.*

Or, another:

*Let me walk with God in the morning bright
Let me walk with God in the noonday heat,
Let me walk with God, in the evening light
Oh, while I live, oh, let me walk with God.*

I recall one evening the temperature dipping to 20° below zero. The next day it never got above 0°. I was sent out to build a bin to hold grain for the pigs. When I struck the nail, the wood boards, being frozen solid, often split apart. Other times I would miss the nail altogether, hitting my fingers instead. Ouch! It only takes five minutes in such conditions for someone like myself to become thoroughly miserable.

One of the facts of life at High View Church Farm was the need to praise the Lord. Actually, it was quite compulsory. Whenever anyone would say “Praise the Lord” (and this was constant and habitual), it was obligatory to say in return, “God be praised!” or something of like import. If one didn’t respond immediately and with evident enthusiasm, one was very likely to hear repeated “Praise the Lord!” only this time in raised voice and with sharpened tone. I can only compare this phenomenon to Nazi Germany where someone would click their heels together, give a sharp salute and bark “Heil Hitler!” at which point, whether one was a soldier or a civilian, it pretty much behooved that person to reply in kind or suffer consequences.

Worse yet was the periodic statement that “the Lord showed me that we are to do this or that,” this being a thinly veiled way of saying that George or Tom Pollack (George’s immediate subordinate over the Farm) had assigned us a certain task. But sometimes it was just a copying of George’s way of speaking, a way of announcing, “I live so close to the Lord, He directs my steps.” So far as I could tell, the Lord never showed any of them diddlysquat.

I will say this, Farm folk had high expectations both for themselves and for God. And that I would think can be good if properly applied. But sometimes the expectations were just a little too specific. For instance, I remember one dear lady, thin as a rail, expecting God to heal her diabetes rather than take her medicine. That didn’t pan out. Eventually she got back on her meds after which she got some meat on her bones.

George had been absent from the Farm at least a year, recuperating in Bermuda from a heart attack. It was late summer, 1971 when we were called to a meeting by Tom Pollack. There was a peculiar air of expectation. While we were all facing Tom in the communal dining room, some kind of commotion was occurring behind us. At the window looking in was George and his significant other, Sarah English, a 20 something blond bombshell. The women shrieked as if they were teeny boppers at a Beatles concert. While always very respectful of George, I was not worshipful and I found this stagy entrance off-putting. George was all noisy and boisterous, and hail-fellow-well-met as he greeted and hugged his High View followers. That was the first time I had ever met him.

What’s going on here? an expression of tribal solidarity, to be sure, where individual autonomy is overridden by a group dynamic but the real question is, why did we choose to

live this way when no one was forcing us to? I'm sure it had to do with the logical link we were making between individual salvation and our being a part of a community of the saved. This was Noah's Ark. In the main, we had rejected conventional fundamentalism's easy believism, its "Eternal Security," "once saved, always safe" doctrine, which is salvation today, lordship some other day, a grossly inadequate response to Jesus' sterner admonitions:

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. (Matthew 7: 13-14)

While we expected more from ourselves than conventional Christianity is generally willing to ask of its members, this is only good or bad depending on our underlying motivation and also depending on how community is defined. If one means by community a group of people dependent on a charismatic leader who tell everyone what God wants them to do, forget it. Substituting a godfather (George) for God the Father is a kind of idolatry. As for people wanting everything spelled out *dis is dis* and *dat is dat*, with everyone conformed to an arbitrary set of expectation, forget that, too. It's puerile. Sometimes we just have to get a grip on our inner Nazi, remembering this, that uniformity of appearance, belief, or action is not the same as unity of Spirit.

Another tendency to be on the lookout for is the desire to be subsumed into something greater than ourselves, whether it be it a person, a movement, a cause. It's good to serve a worthy cause or honor a worthy individual, only we should not get so carried away in our enthusiasm as to loose our individuality, autonomy, or personal identity.

H. L. Mencken once defined Puritanism as "the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy." At times the Farm slipped into that mentality. On one occasion, for instance, I remember a lighthearted frolic was occurring when George stuck his head in and asked, "What's going on?" Someone said that we were having fun and he replied, "Since when was the cross of Jesus Christ fun?" and left. That certainly cast a pall over the rest of the evening's activities and long afterward, as well.

One of the Farm's charming aspects was the singing that went on. We were always singing choruses of one kind or another. I learned dozens of them and still know many of them. One day, as part of a crew, we were working in the potato bin, singing away as usual, and one of the songs went something like this:

*Why worry when you can pray?
Trust Jesus to be your stay.
Don't be a doubting Thomas,
Trust fully in His promise.
Why worry, worry, worry, worry,
When you can pray.*

And it was about then that we heard sirens, sirens as in fire sirens, but were told to stay put. It was typical at the Farm that information of any kind was treated as privileged and that we would be left in the dark. I remember thinking at the time how ironic it was that at the very time that we were singing *Why worry?* when we all started to worry. At some point we were told that there had been a fire and that the grandmother of George's significant other had perished in the fire. She had just recently been moved into a new, manufactured home and I believe there had been a failure in the electrical system.

Normally, at the hyper-judgmental Farm, as part of the syndrome of over-explaining everything as the result of a direct agency of God, this sort of event would have been treated as a judgment of God. But for obvious reasons that interpretation was absolutely never raised as a possibility. As part of this syndrome, Farm members as an article of faith, did not believe in having insurance, just trusting God. My understanding is that to this day the Old Order Amish do not believe in having lightning rods because that is a move against trust in God's superintending power.

Religion is not necessarily a window on spirituality or, if it is, too often, it's a broken window, or one of those warped, fun-house mirrors that wildly distorts reality. It's not always easy to find the right balance between individual discretion and group cohesion. Only if we are aware that there's a place for both will we consciously puzzle our way through to a satisfactory resolution accommodating both. One need not despair about this. Answers exist.

Let us for a moment think about Peter, Paul, and John. These were large personalities. Note, however, how differentiated each was from the other. When meeting up with such individuals, rather than merely subordinating ourselves to them or copying them, may we be inspired to become uniquely substantial, even as they were, albeit recognizing that character building is a lifelong endeavor. Meanwhile, in a work setting, let us be as supportive as we can of good leadership and this for the work's sake. Leadership needs followship. But even then we need to keep our eyes open and question authority when appropriate. Our lives are our lives, for which we need to take personal responsibility. As for community, community is where we find it. Good folk are stashed about here, there, everywhere. One doesn't have to go off into the woods or join a commune to find them.

I will say of Farm members to their credit that they were stalwart. I remember Tom Pollock, for instance, telling us about the birth of his wife's child (which happened while I was there), that it had been an exceedingly difficult delivery and that in the middle of it the attending doctor made some kind of comment to the effect that the Lord isn't so good or the devil so bad either. It was just a throwaway line, no doubt to relieve tension, but Tom didn't take it that way; rather, as a challenge not to be passed over. Thus, in mid-delivery, Tom lectured the doctor, affirming his belief that God is good and that all good comes from God. What if Tom hadn't taken this tack? In the great scheme of things, would it have mattered any? Tom thought so.

Another Example, someone formerly associated with the Farm in North Carolina, a beloved woman, I can't quite call her name, Mother Bess, or something like that. She was hospitalized with a stroke. Actually, she was on her death bed as it turned out. One day the doctor stopped in and asked how she liked the canned music (Muzak), they were piping into her room? She sat bolt upright and exclaimed: "I like music about the Lord Jesus Christ!"

From my less-than-auspicious encounter with communal living, I've gleaned a few useful principles of association which have served me well. For one, I've learned to be aware of intentional community where there are too many intentions – especially of the wrong kind. If there are good intentions, let them be well-articulated. An even greater lesson than this has to do with the dangers inherent in concentrating spiritual and economic power in one man's hands. This is the basis for a cult. Conversely, God's *ekklesia*, is based on *koinonia*, a special quality of fellowship which is totally respecting of individual autonomy, thus becoming the standing denial of sectarian entanglement. As for holier-than-thou, one-upmanship, Larry Crump expressed it thus:

*Don't come round hear acting like a saint,
'Cause if Jesus hasn't saved you, friend you ain't.
Jesus is the only way, if it's just a part you play,
He can see the hypocrite right through the paint.
He can see the hypocrite right through the paint.*

The power George Eversfield wielded was small potatoes compared to the spiritual, economic, and military might now being developed for future use by one individual man whose purpose will be to fulfill Zionism's primary goal, that of establishing its one-world, pyramid scheme under the auspices of a dictatorial, all-seeing eye.

A final word about Larry Crump: he died while I was at the Farm. He died young, leaving behind a wife and a house full of children. This was his song and, I trust, his experience:

*One of these days I'm gonna wake up singin';
One of these day in the heavens oh so fair;
One of these days I know my Lord will call me;
Yes, I'll go and meet him in the air;
One of these days is gonna be my best day;
For there'll be no night no more when I get there;

One of these days I know my Lord will call me;
Yes, I'll go and meet him in the air;
One of these days is gonna last forever,
For there'll be no night no more when I get there;
No, there'll be no night no more when I get there.*

The Farm was for those who were exceptionally strong mentally and physically. I was neither. I was assured by my best friend, Hoey Jacobs, and immediate boss, that God would take care of me, that I didn't have to observe my dietary restrictions. The hell I didn't. Besides that, my feet were blue from frostbite. It was just a matter of time before the ax would fall. And so it did. With no explanation, I was told to leave. I remember well the day of getting into a car with Mrs. Hoffman behind the wheel, being taken to the bus station and being given fifty dollars. Go. And that was it. I suspect my Unitarian background, where I was taught to question and do critical thinking, counted against me. I was fortunate in being kicked out because some of my co-workers are with the Farm to this day (not in New Hampshire but the operation has moved to Nova Scotia, Canada), where they live behind barbed wire with guard dogs. But for the grace of God, that could have been me. George, alas, has since gone on to his reward, but Sarah, his mate, continues running the joint. One idea is to adopt children from the Philippines to do the work. Evil. Very evil.

A poisoned apple, yet the Farm was not without its charms, attracting as it did capable, dedicated people: writers, college professors, mechanics, etc. The food was good, the people, sincere. Truly, the land was sweet and good and we did what we could.

Though I had no significant interaction with her, I do remember well enough one seven year-old girl, Kate Gale, as well, her older sister and her mother. Kate was at the Farm 17 years before making her break for freedom. The one marketable skill she knew she had was apple picking. She figured she might be able to survive by attaching herself to a band of migrant workers and so she taught herself Spanish. Ultimately she became college educated, an author, a popular speaker and proprietor of the Red Hen Press and the mother of two. Yes, there is a life beyond the Farm and Kate is a poster child, demonstrating that.

THE HUTTERITES, A COMMUNAL CHRISTIAN SECT

Sometime before I became a Farm resident, I had read a book about the Hutterites, the western world's oldest communal society. The Hutterites, named after the martyred Jakob Hutter (*d.* 1536), their leading light, were part of the Anabaptist movement that arose in the early 1500's in Europe. As the official Hutterian Brethern website explains:

The communal lifestyle of the Hutterites finds its roots in the biblical teachings of Christ and the Apostles. Emerging as a distinct culture and religious group in the early 16th century, this non-resistant Anabaptist sect endured great persecution and death at the hands of the state and church in medieval Europe. However, the Hand of God remained on the shoulder of these people, and their descendants survived to battle to this very day.

The guiding principals of the early Anabaptists are stated in the Schleitheim Confession. In 1527, a group of Swiss Anabaptists led by Michael Sattler, met in Schleitheim, Switzerland, and agreed unanimously on the following principles:

Baptizing babies is not biblical (Matt 28). The Bible requires the separation of church and state.

Christians should not wield the sword (be pacifist).

The Lord's Supper is symbolic of the suffering of Jesus, and should be done in remembrance of Him.

The Ban should be applied to those baptised members who fall into sin repeatedly (Matt 15).

Pastors in the Church need to be responsible for teaching, disciplining, the ban and other duties.

Oaths are not to be taken by Christians.

The religion of the Hutterites is unique in that they believe in community of goods, in which all material goods are held in common. This idea is gleaned from several biblical sources. Throughout biblical history God has separated His people from the world. Abraham was called by God and asked to leave his people and homeland in order to better serve Him. The Israelites historically have been separate.

We can also read that Jesus and his disciples shared everything (John 12) and they held a common purse. In Matthew 19, Jesus explains to the rich young ruler that he needs to follow the Commandments and to give all he has to the poor and then follow Him. Throughout the Gospel, Christ teaches us to "love our neighbours" and the manifestation of this love is in caring for each other and in the sharing of possessions. Community of goods was practised in the the early church: the apostles and the early Christians held all things in common (Acts 2: 44-47, Acts 4: 32-35). Therefore, Hutterites believe community of goods and working for each other to be the highest command of love.

All members of the colony are provided for equally and no assets are to be kept for personal gain. Hutterites do not have personal bank accounts; rather all earnings are held communally and funding and necessities are distributed according to one's needs. Hutterites believe that all their work is to benefit the community and is a form of service to God.

Because the language of the Hutterites is German, one would have to know German to live amongst them. Language was never my strong suit. High View Church Farm seemed to offer the same thing as the Hutterites had without the language barrier. That was the dream. The reality was a cult of personality centered on George. That was the nightmare.

SAN ANTONIO BOUND

Because of my chilblains, on doctor's orders, I decided to depart for warmer climes. I nixed Florida from my list: too many old people. I decided against California too, too fast paced. I chose Texas, instead. I decided against Dallas or Houston, too big. I decided not to go to Galveston, too, too small. I decided not to go to Corpus Christi or Brownsville, too close to the border. Instead, I chose San Antonio. Sweet San Antonio, I picked you off a map, never having visited Texas before. There I spent most of the next eight years living and working, while continuing to pursue my quest for spiritual understanding. After two days on a Greyhound bus from Chicago, January, 1971, I arrived to beautiful weather, temperature: 81° but as I was leaving the bus station I kicked over a newspaper which said that the temperature a day or two before had dipped to 18°. I remember that reversal 18/81. I found accommodations at the YMCA that Friday. By Sunday I found a cheap apartment; on Monday, a job going door-to-door for Fuller Brush Sales Company.

The flora and fauna of San Antonio delighted me as did the sculpted limestone, landscape. There in San Antonio is a diminutive, dust-colored dove exists which stands stock still until one almost steps on it. Then, off it takes on a sharply upward angle. Quite startling. Then, too, there dwelled there the boat-tailed grackle, a large bird, more vain than any other I've ever encountered. They make a sound like a party noisemaker, going whirr, whirr, whirr, followed by a horrible squawk. Natural-born exhibitionists, I have seen them pick up a seed and hold it at the tip of their beak while bending their neck back until the top of their head touches their back. I loved the live-oak, mesquite, pomegranates, bluebonnets, and fig trees. Also, okra grew there readily, there being no food finer than pop-in-your-mouth, fresh-off-the-stalk okra, small and tender, no seeds, no slime, no fur.

After some years, my parents visited me and I got to take them to the Paso del Rio. The beautiful Paso del Rio, the river walk, it was built during the depression era by the WPA (Works Progress Administration) and the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corp.). For a while my father had been an administrator in the WPA and he took no small pleasure in seeing its handy work still being appreciated. San Antonio's mayor during the depression was Maury Maverick, a colorful, personable character who had cultivated a friendship with Franklin Delano Roosevelt, which helps explain why the City garnered so many public works projects.

I got to see all of San Antonio, first as a door-to-door salesman, then later as a truck driver. Visible from the doorstep at one home I stopped at on behalf of Fuller Brush was a shelf of books. I asked the young married couple that met me at the door about their book collection. They told me that it was the complete, collected writing of J. N. Darby. I asked where they worshiped and, if I understood them correctly, what they said was that they knew of no other Christians this side of Iowa. I could tell how forlorn they were but so was I, inasmuch as the only Christian community I recognized was in East Lempster, New Hampshire. I never saw this couple again. Oddly enough I was familiar with J. N. Darby, whose incredibly obscure translation of the Bible he had made in the middle of the 19th century in England. Having only a few dollars to my name, I bought it the month before in Erie, PA and brought it with me to San Antonio.

Each week for five successive weeks I sold fewer Fuller brushes than the week before. I remember at one home a housewife informed me that she didn't have any sales resistance and sure enough she didn't. She bought \$67 worth of stuff. After that all the starch went out of my sale's presentation. I didn't have the heart for selling anymore.

T O M F O O L E R Y O R W O R S E ?

Lie not one to another.

(Colossians 3:9)

No one wants to be lied to; not even liars want to be lied to. For that reason the Golden Rule, that of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you, cannot for the most part be squared with deceitfulness. But legitimate exceptions to the rule exist. I remember our housekeeper, Magnolia, saying that it was ok to tell white lies. Is that so? To illustrate I will employ three different types of lies, the first one being relatively inconsequential, a small-caliber deceit.

When I was yet peddling gimcracks door-to-door, I met a direct-sales veteran (long since retired) who kindly shared with me a few insider tips. He had been a sales rep for a dairy at a time when milk was still home-delivered. His well-honed *modus operandi* was to go to City Hall and gather the names and addresses of recent arrivals who had their power turned on. He would then land on their door steps to welcome them to the neighborhood, even if he lived on the other side of town! With this charming ruse, he managed to come in under their radar. With casual diffidence, he'd steer the conversation to the topic that brought him there – milk. Candidly he would mention that he worked for a dairy (taking care not to mention in what capacity) and that it had the best product in town but also the best prices. At the right moment, he'd whip out his customer contract book and close the deal, thereby garnering a fat commission. While this involved pretense, it was not of a type as was liable to cause anyone to get too hot round the collar.

Not so my second example, a scam the so-called Welcome Wagon Ladies used to pull. I don't know whether they are still up to old tricks or not but according to contemporaneous news reports, these gals would land on a homeowner's doorstep bearing little gifts and informational packets prepared by local merchants. While extending to the new residents a warm, seemingly sincere, welcome, in fact what these ladies were doing was surveying the unsuspecting newcomers' possessions and lifestyle. Based on their observations, they would file a report with the local credit agency which was underwriting the cost of their little caper. In other words they were spies. Because their ruse involved premeditation and collusion, it was construed by a court of law as a conspiracy to defraud homeowners of their privacy.

A third example. During WWII, in German-occupied Holland, Corrie ten Boom had to be trained out of her ingrained habit of blurting out the truth, at least to the extent of saying upon being suddenly awakened "there are no Jews here" when in fact there were. Her preparation in deceit proved its worth the day the Gestapo broke into her home in a midnight raid and demanded to know where the Jews were whom she was hiding; her response was appropriately deceptive. She lied. Her sister took the opposite approach. On being asked the same question, she spoke the truth, "right under your feet," then laughed so sardonically, that she wasn't taken seriously. That, too, worked. So what principle applies, situational ethics? As with all other rules, the Golden Rule is circumscribed by circumstance. Obviously one cannot very well tell the unvarnished truth if it's application is liable to result in injury or death to a third party. I'm not sure if it can be fully invoked even in the simplest of social interchanges. If someone asks you how you're doing, they don't want a detailed reply about your draining fistula. A "well enough, thank you," will suffice. But what if there were no candor at all? Alternatively, what if there were complete candor? Magnolia was right, there is a place for white lies, at least when committed in the context of concern for others.

RANK EMOTIONALISM

Religious expression ranges from the ridiculous to the sublime. Not in the latter category fell the Rev. R. W. Schambach. I remember well his San Antonio tent meeting. Stationed front and center under the big top, he was like a circus ringmaster, revving up the crowd with a rip-roaring message, then inviting forward those wishing to be anointed by him. He was dancing on one foot, then on the other, as he broke forth into raucous song as individuals, literally skipped down the sawdust trail (real sawdust!) eager for their personal encounter with the great Reverend Schambach. And he was ready for them, too. From a large, wooden barrel stationed in front of him, he grabbed up in each hand a big gob of grease and, as each person went sailing by, he would hit him or her upside the forehead with the palm of his hand. In my mind's eye, I can still see the fine spray of grease as the droplets on

impact became airborne and were highlighted by klieg lights. There was something about Schambach, something in his manner that reminded me of somebody. Yes, he reminded me of George Eversfield, the only person I've ever met who did remind me of George.

BILL BOLTON AND MARY CHARMICAE

In San Antonio the natives were friendly and I met many wonderful people, more than I can conveniently name here, but one stands out as having been particularly angelic. The circumstances were these: I had rented a garage apartment at 1022 Aganier, directly behind which to the east was the Missouri Pacific Railroad tracks and directly across from which to the north was an older wood-frame home on Summit Avenue. On hanging out my laundry on the screened porch above the garage, I saw an old man in a wheelchair sunning himself in the shade of a large tree. I supposed him to have been a cerebral palsy victim which supposition was later confirmed. From birth he had been crippled and spastic. His speech was hard to decipher – but not his smile – which was beatific.

Over time, I learned his story. He and his sister had grown up in that house, their parents specially having built it at ground level to accommodate Bill's wheelchair. Then tragedy struck; a thief started to make off with one of their chickens and their mother, making haste to catch him, got as far as the RR tracks before being hit by an oncoming train. After that Mary cared for her brother Bill and they and their house grew old together. To make ends meet, Mary became a Notary Public and did bookkeeping. Having suffered a nervous breakdown, the result of her mother's horrible death, she was always delicate, yet humorous, devoted to her brother, thrifty and caring. She never married until into her seventies, when a retired, railway worker, an upright, blue-eyed, salt-of-the-earth type, made her Mrs. Carmicael, the name by which I knew her. They had almost nothing, just old, patched clothing, clean and thrifty, everything primitive. One thing they did own, however, was a little, ramshackle shack south of San Antonio. Someone sold it to Mary and Bill with the story that there was oil on the property. There was no oil but there were renters, a family consisting of a Korean War veteran with one leg, his wife and three children – a very dear family indeed, barely clinging to life with a few rabbits, chickens, and a garden. That's where I fitted into the picture, to provide transportation to facilitate a meeting between renters and landlords. Out of that meeting, Bill got the idea of deeding over the property gratis. It was the poor helping the poor. I remember Guadalupe with tears in her eyes for gratitude.

After that Bill died. He never saw a doctor or had any medical care. In the aftermath of that event, I helped move out his book collection which consisted of material prepared long ago by the International Bible Students Association, the Jehovah's Witnesses precursor when they were still known (pejoratively) as Russellites. Though a confirmed bibliophile, I paid

this material scant regard. Too bad because it was inspiring to Bill but there's more to it than that; originally everyone in the Bolton household had been Roman Catholic but Bill's convictions worked on his sister, Mary, such that she really didn't know which religion had the better claim. Hedging her bet, she split the difference between them. Not good, not if the idea is to avoid consternation and controversy. We're not talking here about service clubs, Kiwanis or Rotary, but two rival religions, each making exclusivist claims. In any event, I never saw representatives from either one of those communions hanging about. Probably they were too scandalized. Eventually it dawned on me that the Bolton household's conundrum was my own: that of being between opposing religions.

DISPENSATIONALISM

Behind Christian support for the Zionist State lies a school of thought called "Dispensationalism." An ungainly word, it stands for an ungainly belief system. Before defining this, first allow me to relate the circumstances of my introduction to it. In San Antonio, I became acquainted with a man of rectitude, the Reverend R. A. Matthew, who taught prophecy from his home. A widower in his mid 80's, he was clear-headed, ramrod straight, spare, of cheerful countenance, and of moderate habits and no one could look more spiffy than he did in his Panama hat and seersucker suit. Rev. Matthew was somewhat old school; for instance, though I knew him for some years, I never learned what his initials "R. W." stood for. His word was his bond, and he was true to the light that he had. Moreover, he knew entire books of the Bible by heart, especially the prophetic books: *Isaiah*, *Daniel*, and what are called the Minor Prophets. These he loved expounding upon.

It had not always been so. As a young man, he literally chained himself to a desk in order to get himself to study. Later, when delivering newspapers by bicycle, he would have a Bible verse propped up on the handle bars. A true believer, he had one street-side of his house painted with a graph of the prophetic biblical time-line.

Not only did I greatly admire Rev. Matthew's devotion to biblical learning, I also respected his skills as a husbandman. For instance, one day he cut down the two pecan trees that graced either side of his sidewalk leading to the front porch of his home, leaving the stumps standing about four feet high. After that he stuck upright into the stumps outer perimeter sharpened little sticks, each about five inches long, some five to a tree and, in due course, they sprouted and grew, providing him with a desirable variety of pecan.

Having stocked his mind with many pithy sayings, Rev. Matthew would say such things as "Don't bend the fast, breakfast!" or, paraphrasing a Levitical injunction, he would say: "Don't eat the fat, burn the fat." Protesting those who promote the "Eternal Security" doctrine, who say "sin all you want, you can't lose your salvation," Rev. Matthew would reply

mockingly, "But I already sin more than I want." Rev. Matthew referred to the prophet Isaiah as "God's hippie" based on the text that reads "my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot for a sign" (*Isaiah 20:3*). Again from Isaiah, Rev. Matthews would say that it was those who wait upon the Lord - not those on whom the Lord waits - who would renew their strength. Following is the poem Rev. Matthew most loved to recite:

I met God in the morning
when the day was at its best,
And His Presence came like sunrise,
Like a glory in my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered,
All day long He stayed with me,
And we sailed in perfect calmness
O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,
Other ships were sore distressed,
But the winds that seemed to drive them,
Brought to me a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings,
With a keen remorse of mind,
When I too had loosed the moorings,
With the presence left behind.

So, I think I know the secret,
Learned from many a troubled way:
You must seek Him in the morning
If you want Him through the day!

(Ralph Cushman)

Though I didn't stick there very long, in 1975, I was baptized in the non-denominational, Spanish-speaking mission church which Reverend Matthew and his wife had founded.

With reference to Daniel's 70th week, Rev. Matthew would say "the prophetic clock had begun ticking again once Israel had become an independent state in 1948." He took particular interest in my Jewish heritage. I was pleasantly surprised by his acceptance for I had heard that conservative Christians were not well-disposed toward Jews.

No slavish follower of man or any school of thought, yet Rev. Matthew was deeply influ-

enced by Dispensational theology, particularly as articulated by Clarence Larkin in his book *Dispensational Truth*. An intricate, even arcane, hermeneutical overlay, Dispensationalism provides a prism through which the Bible can be viewed or, in my opinion, distorted. However that may be, its tenets have been popularized widely as in Hal Lindsey's *The Late Great Planet Earth* or in the *Left Behind* series by Tim La-Haye.

Dispensationalism first came to the attention of a wider public in 1909 when the Scofield Bible was published by Oxford University Press. Since then, Moody Bible Institute, Dallas Theological Seminary. Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, etc. have so popularized its tenets as to make it ubiquitous throughout the Protestant world. Not "that old time religion," as many suppose, Dispensationalism is actually something of a Johnny-come-lately, for it is not to be dated before the early 19th Century. It has given rise to many novel concepts and such unique expressions as, "the "secret, pre-trib rapture" or "the great parenthesis."

In a tract titled *The Reaper is Coming*, Dispensationalist, John D. DeHann, wrote:

I confess proudly, that Dispensationalism is the true interpretation of Bible prophecy. . . . God the Father will be reunited with the Jews ... and will save all Israel; not by the blood of Christ, but by restored animal sacrifices. . . . Anyone who denies Israel still has an unfulfilled Covenant in Abraham without regard to Christ, is an anti-Semite.

One needn't be a doctor of divinity. to figure out how such teachings advance the Zionist agenda. As regards the penchant for systematizing, a wise man told this parable:

You may remember the story of how the devil and a friend of his were walking down the street, when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground, look at it, and put it away in his pocket. The friend said to the devil, "What did that man pick up?" "He picked up a piece of the truth," said the devil. "That is a very bad business for you, then," said his friend. "Oh, not at all," the devil replied, "I am going to help him organize it." (Jiddu Krishnamurti)

One of Dispensationalism earliest proponents who invented many of its unique features, including the secret Pre-Tribukation Rapture, for which not one scintilla of supporting biblical evidence exists, was John Darby, the founder of a sect that exists tto this day, called "Plymouth Brethren." Said George Mueller, a contemporary and one-time supporter:

My brother, I am a constant reader of my Bible, and I soon found that what I was taught to believe (by Darby's doctrine) did not always agree with what my Bible said. I came to see that I must either part company with John Darby, or my precious Bible, and I chose to cling to my Bible and part from Mr. Darby.

This is not the place to vet Dispensationalism. (I have written about it elsewhere and, of course, others have written about it at length and pointed out its many deficiencies. I will re-

call, however, one lady I knew, Elizabeth, who had lived at High View Church Farm and had been raised with the Dispensational belief of the secret, pre-tribulation Rapture. She confided in me that as a child she would wake up in a fearful state of mind that the Rapture had occurred and that she had been left behind. For ministers who control people with fear, this pernicious doctrine offered them fertile ground for pumping fear.

MY DEAR GRANNIES

"I can lick any man in Texas!" Those were the words Berta Clement heard when she answered her phone one evening at the midnight hour. Knowing who said them, Mr. Liska, the manager of our rental apartments, and knowing what his condition was, inebriated, she immediately replied: "Well go to it!" and slammed down the receiver. Mr. Liska, a Czechoslovakian, stood not 5 foot tall. He had glazed eyes and long wispy hair done up in an attempted comb over. Our landlord, Mr. James, was Mr. Liska's drinking buddy so there was little recourse, if anyone had a complaint. Though I never told him, somehow Mr. Liska found out or innately sensed that I was Jewish for one day out of the blue he said to me "Too bad Hitler didn't get rid of all the Jews." When I responded that Hitler had it in for Czechs as well, suddenly Mr Liska spun about on his heels and was gone.

Berta Clement was one of the most noble individuals I have ever known, yet I was a long time getting to know her and that despite our sharing a wall so thin that if one of us sneezed the other one was liable to pull out a hankie and blow. I found this apartment my second full day in San Antonio and lived there for several years until the situation with Mr. Liska got too intolerable, necessitating my moving down the street.

Back during WWII there was a huge influx of workers and servicemen such that people had to live out of their automobiles. To handle the influx, gracious, old homes were split up into apartments. The war emergency passed but the apartments remained. Such then was my living arrangement, being the apartment to the rear directly behind Berta Clements' whose apartment was to the front. To get to the street, I necessarily had to pass by her's several times a day. Finally after 6 months she went "hur-umm," and created some excuse to ask a question of me that the ice might be broken between us.

I was keeping very much to myself at that time, like a hermit, still missing the Farm back in New Hampshire and viewing the world and everything in it as suspect. Actually the Farm was more suspect than the world but I didn't know that yet. Berta tended to her numerous potted plants which she brought out every morning and placed on the railing of the front porch and then, as summer approached, she would sit out there in an easy chair. And so we got conversant. One day she confided that she was too ashamed to bring anyone into her apartment because great swaths of ceiling paper hung down. And I allowed that maybe

I could do something about it. The ceilings were about ten or eleven feet high and sure enough things they were looking pretty disreputable but I went to work bringing the old paper down and replacing it with interlocking styro-foam panels a foot square. Then I painted the walls. I painted white on white but, to save money, the paint I bought being Sears' worst at \$4 a can and I ended up having to do several coats. After that Berta started having me over for an occasional meal, wonderful home cooking. Despite the 60 + years difference in age, we were the best of friends. Her only son had died a couple years before and she was quite lonely. We talked and talked. She was full of stories. Her maiden name was "Hammond" and her nick name, "Hammie." As one of her little nieces used to ask on coming into her home: "Hammie, have you not got no cakes or pies?" And of course she always did.

When Berta was a child, her grandmother told her what it was like growing up on the frontier. She had married when she was 15 and her husband, before he went off on a week's business trip, had asked her to make up a new pair of pants for him in his absence. She had never told him that she didn't know how to sew. And she never did tell him. What she did instead was rip apart the one pair of his pants that was in the house and used it as a template for the new pair. Then she sewed them both up and never let on a peep. I did some calculations, figuring out that this incident must have occurred round about 1850 when President Pierce was in office. As one interested in American history, this second-hand, reaching back into time delighted me. Berta identified herself as a Democrat and so I asked her which election had she first vote in, did she vote for Woodrow Wilson? She drew herself up straight in response and said that she had never voted in any election, that voting was unladylike. No doubt about it, she was definitely of the old school.

After moving out, I continued my friendship with Berta, visiting her every few days. She was 88 by then. And, mercifully, there was a new owner of the apartment house, one Lionel Watson. No youngster himself, he was in his mid to late 70's but spry. During the war he had been in the US Army, serving as a reporter for "Stars and Stripes." One day I found Mr. Watson carrying out a procedure I'd never seen before. The front porch was starting to go. Rather than replace the rotten boards, what he did was to lay down over them black plastic over which he poured an inch or two of cement which he then texturized to keep it from getting slippery.

Anyhow I was there one day to see Berta and Watson gave me the bad news that she had broken her hip and so I immediately rushed off to the hospital. She hadn't fallen so much as come unhinged, or so it was explained to me. She was in and out of consciousness. Then, after several days, she was sent to the nursing home where she lived another six months. In the course of visiting Berta, I became friends with her roommate. After Berta

passed, I continued visiting her roommate and her roommate's new roommate. When they went to nursing homes, then I was visiting four people. This process continued until I was into dozens of nursing homes. This gave me an overview of a world little spoken about, a world of need where many people are being warehoused with no one to care.

As they say, all service is worship, all worship is service. I was telling my mother about all the elderly ladies I was meeting and she said to me: "That's fine but when are you going to meet someone more your own age?" Lightning does not strike often in my life. It would be more than two decades.

BERTA CLEMENT'S ROOMMATE'S ROOMMATE

When Gertrude Manlove was a school girl, she was the one to whom her teachers turned when they wanted someone to recite poetry on special occasions. At one school assembly, when she recited the sentimental "Curfew shall not ring tonight," she did so with such feeling that suddenly the principal burst forth weeping. Even in her late 90's when I knew her, her mind remained as clear as a bell and she could yet recite from memory great reams of poetry - and word perfect at that. One lengthy poem she especially valued was titled "Whistling in Heaven."

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given.
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven.

T'was late in the autumn of '40;
We'd come from our far Eastern home
Just in the season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in the wagon
While husband was clearing the place.

So begins this epic poem of a pioneer family's wilderness struggle, as mother and infant are left to fend for themselves while hubby is off getting supplies:

Well, husband just kissed me and started --
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
Just at the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;

For, my dear, I was childish and timid,

And braver ones might well have feared,
for the wild wolf was often heard howling,
and savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Jose,
And all day long sat and cried,
For I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And when as the night came with its terrors,
To hide ev'ry ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And was almost dead with fright.
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scare daring to draw a full breath
Lest baby should wake, and his crying,
Should bring us a horrible death.

This, a fearful tale about "savage" Native Americans (of which the above is just one portion), was psychologically plausible because it reflected frontier realities. The question remains: on what did those realities rest? The poem functions as a way of eliciting chivalrous feelings, its informing assumption being Manifest Destiny, that is that the pioneers had the God-given right to expand their territory at the expense of others; hence their clash with the natives was just. If this involved a partial suspension of the Golden Rule, making it not applicable to people of color or to those of a different culture or religion, then so be it.

For a long while I sought to confirm Gertrude's telling by comparing it with a printed version. I sought out poetry anthologies in libraries and bookstores but never could come across it. Instead I located it in my own library. Unbeknownst to me I had it all along but it took 20 years before I discovered that. The circumstances were these: I was walking home from work one day when I espied a yard sale next to Berta Clement's apartment house. A sudden downpour had soaked the books left out on a display table. The price was right: 10 cents each, and so I bought two: *In Darkest Africa*, by Stanley, volume II, and an anthology of poetry. The person selling the books was very apologetic. He said that as a school teacher he should know better than to let books get rained on. Anyhow, on getting them home, I heated them in the oven on low and opened up the pages so that they wouldn't stick together. After drying them in this fashion, I put them in plastic bags so that they wouldn't spread.

mold about and there they sat in a box, unexamined and unread for two decades. Only when by chance I happened to open it, did I discover that Gertrude Manlove's beloved poem had been with me all the while.

WASHINGTON STATE, HERE I COME

In March, 1979, I moved from San Antonio, Texas to Sequim, Washington. Except for one visit in 1985 to San Antonio, I've never been back but my mind returns there often.

My parents moved to Sequim the same time I moved to San Antonio. Because I visited them there on occasion, I was acquainted with the place. At that time it had but one traffic light and retained much of its traditional, rural, pastoral character, now largely lost to gentrification and intense development. In recent years, it has grown in fame as a retirement community because it exists in a rain shadow. Sometimes it's referred to as "the banana belt." A lot of airplane pilots have settled here because, in flying over, they saw the "blue hole." Back in the early 1970s, there was a four story grain elevator, a train, a farmer's cooperative and precious little else to speak of.

ENVIRONMENTALISM

When in San Antonio, I got the strangest reports from my parents about their activities in Sequim, Washington. They had gotten in on the ground floor of an organization called "Protect the Peninsula's Future" and were fighting the placement of two nuclear power plants on the Miller-Blyn Peninsula, just a few miles from Sequim. The manager of the local Public Utility District, a guy named Jackson, had stars in his eyes. He was infatuated with the idea of managing a huge operation, instead of what he had, a few utility trucks. He and the PUD commissioners, too, were so sure that they were on the right path, that they had no time to read the scholarly reports my father, an economist, had prepared for them. One of the accomplishments of my parents that I am proudest of is their collaboration on a booklet written (and this before the Three Mile Island catastrophe) titled *Nuclear Power, the Once Bright Hope*. My father dealt with the financial angle; my mother, the health angle. Together they came up with a credible presentation demonstrating that the Nuclear Power would not produce "power too cheap to meter" as its proponents claimed; rather, power too expensive to use. But rational arguments were to no avail. What worked was a brilliant legal strategy which tied up the bonding authority statewide of WPPSS (called "Whoops!"), an acronym for the Washington Public Power Supply System. They were planning to build 23 nuclear power plants but couldn't proceed until the legal issues were settled on account of this tying up their bonding authority. It was a pipedream from the beginning. Eventually WPPSS went into default, the biggest to that time in Wall Street history. Many bondholders, little people, lost their shirt. Billion of dollars were lost. But what folly, to try to locate a nuclear power plant in a tsunami zone on an earthquake fault line.

That was just the beginning of battles. Port Angeles, the capital city of Clallam County, was all set to approve a fish rendering plant for downtown. And why not? Were they not given assurances that it was not going to stink up the town? PPF, however, sent a representative to Maine where this company operated another plant and learned that the stench it created was insufferable. So that was quashed.

The next big boondoggle was an oil port and pipeline. We thought it very poor form of environmentalists in inner Puget Sound for back legislation banning new oil ports in inner Puget Sound, legislation which tacitly seemed to approve of Port Angeles or points west of Port Angeles for such development. The environmentalist most responsible for this legislation was a fellow named Bob Lynnet. We were sure that he was a shill for industry, a Trojan horse inside the movement. Ha, were we wrong. This guy, Lynett is one of the most brilliant strategists that ever there was. He knew that the unstable, sifting soils of Puget Sound could not support a pipeline. It was an engineering impossibility. And sure enough, the whole project went down in flames.

Then there was the Marina that they wanted to put into Sequim Bay that costing ten million of taxpayer subsidy, all this to underwrite rich men's yachts, yet without any public boat launch. It's like the Night of the Living Dead. Zombie bureaucrats and politicians just keep coming. Now they are putting fluoride in the water of Port Angeles. Now they are building a biofuel plant downtown that will spew pollution equal to 10,000 fireplaces operating 24/7. The latest monstrosity: on power poles and lamp post every block or so, a citywide, microwave wi-fi system that adversely affects human health. Few in government seem to understand that on Port Angeles's doorstep is a world class heritage park, Olympic National Park, or that boundless opportunities exist for eco-tourism and other revenue-enhancing opportunities but most of all they just can't seem to grasp that people's health comes first.

Now when you come to Port Angeles, there's just two thing about which you must be ware: don't drink the water and don't breathe the air. Just look at what's happening: housing prices are plummeting. Crime is getting out of hand. They just never learn until there is complete catastrophe looming.

DARLENE SCHANFALD

A friend of mine of long-standing is Darlene Schanfeld. I first met her at my parents' home in 1986. The occasion, a presentation by "Beyond War," an organization active in the peace movement. I thought "Beyond War" naive beyond reason, beyond comprehension. It was at that time that I made my own presentation to the Kiwanis Club with charts and statistics in hand, showing how many more military division the Soviet Union and the Warsaw

Pact nations had than did NATO, etc. Much to my surprise, the Soviet Union crumbled to dust a few years later. That made my anti-Soviet posturing look pretty silly. Eventually I learned that I had been greatly misled. It turns out that I was the naive one, for I was depending on the CIA's publicly revealed assessments of Soviet might. One could call them exaggerations but, since the intent was to deceive, lets just call them lies.

I mention this in regard to being approached in 1989 by a valued friend, Jim Gadamus, concerning an organization called "Save Our State Park," the head of which was Darlene Schanfald. I was intrigued: with his great, beard, Jim, the avid hunter and gun-lover, seemed to be everything that Darlene, the vegetarian, was not and yet they were working together harmoniously. I always perk up in such situations when people who have little in common make common cause. The issue at hand had to do with land owned by the State of Washington, land which had been designated for a state park, was being deeded over to Mitsubishi, a private Japanese corporation, which wanted to build a destination resort and golf course on it. Given that Mitsubishi's land grab had the blessing of the Governor, the County Commissioners, the Chamber of Commerce, etc., making any effort at all to counter this seemed to me more than a little Quixotic. But I did lend my effort to this seemingly lost cause and, to my amazement, we won. The "crown jewel" of the State Park system, the Miller-Blyn State Park is a remarkable public asset located on the very spot where the nuclear power plants were to be placed. Again, this shows that sometimes it pays to try, even when there seems to be no prospect for success. Besides, helping others is self-restoring.

May we be conscious of the natural world and our place in it for what we do to the Creation we do to its Creator. I have heard the call to live lightly upon the earth, to be a steward of the environment.

Through my friendship with Darlene, in 1996, I met the Quakers, Mary and David Clark, and took up meeting for worship with them in their home. After more than 30 years, I was back where I belonged. Until then I was a rolling stone but life is with people and these, my friends, were instrumental in bringing me out of my fundamentalist funk.

NOT JUST SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT BUT ALSO ENJOYING IT

The paths' of my sister Janet and I rarely crossed at this time as she had been at Chicago University working toward a major in philosophy but for four days in the summer of 1973, we were together on an excursion to Seven Lakes Basin under the aegis of a National Park program called "Wilderness Interpretive Living Demonstration," "W.I.L.D." for short. A group of us, about ten in number, were assigned a Park naturalist, a high school biologist in the regular year and sent us off with him into the wilderness, hiking the loop from Deer

Lake, to the Basin, to the Sol Duc River. I remember just before cresting the final ridge, the stark contrast between the moon-like outcropping of rock along the trail and the lush valley on the other side, it was not unlike the approach to Shangra La. Descending into the Basin, alpine flowers of every description were in bloom: lupin, paintbrush, columbine and there laid out like jewels below were the seven lakes. There were bubbling brooks and marmot were to be seen standing guard at the entrance of their burrows. Also, there were camp robbers, that is, the diminutive Canadian Jay that made so bold as to eat from our hand or else would sneak food right out of the fry pan.

On Lunch Lake we met the back country ranger, a colorful character by the name of Mike Doherty. Later, he would become one of Clallam County's County Commissioners but at the time he was a seasonal ranger and a good raconteur I'm told, for my sister stayed up late into the night listening to his tall tales around a campfire while I slept away.

This trip totally transformed my sister's life. She gave up her philosophy major and moved to Seattle where she took up studying avalanche control at the University of Washington. Later she became a seasonal ranger and was stationed at Seven Lakes Basin where she spent seven summers. Eventually she became a full time ranger, married Jack Hughes, who for many decades was the Park's senior back country ranger and so it was that her entire life was transformed. My "mountaintop experience" was nothing so dramatic but memorable nonetheless. Operating under budgetary constraints, the Park long ago eliminated its W.I.L.D. program. But it served a purpose while it lasted. As a memento, we were given an arm patch with the Park's insignia and the letters "W.I.L.D." sown around its perimeter.

One need not climb a mountain in order to have a "mountaintop experience." Even in the midst of downtown San Antonio, I would sometimes park my Nationwide Paper Company truck in a loading zone, then walking down to the river walk, there to be transported by the morning's cool zephyrs along a placid waterway.

SAN ANTONIO DREAMING

(Dedicated to the one I love)

After seven years absence, I dreamed that I was back in San Antonio, making deliveries for Nationwide Paper Company but the only stop I remember making in my dream was to a large, two-story, white-frame residence. Boxy, its white paint was checked and peeling, it had no style about it. The lawn was unedged, the shrubbery, sparse.

At the front door I was given entry by a young woman, but it puzzled me, my not recol-

lecting having met her before. She was of slight build, solemn and dignified. Briefly we sat together in what seemed like an old-fashioned, high-ceilinged, Victorian parlor whose ornate decorations, from the intricately-patterned, wallpaper, to the velvet cushions, the satin window sashes, and the oriental rugs had long since faded or become threadbare. After a formal exchange of greetings, I followed her upstairs to a large open room where the family noonday meal was about to begin.

In contrast to the antique decrepitude below, the 2nd-floor was starkly utilitarian, almost to the point of being institutional. Kitchen linoleum covered the floor. Banked against the far wall were commercial, bakery ovens with a worktable on which bread dough was rising between them and the dining room.

It was an extended family with many adults present. Presiding over all was the young woman's father, an imposing figure of patriarchal bearing. Many among them were visibly handicapped. Behind me while we ate, sleeping fitfully in a cradle on the floor was an infant sadly deformed. It slowly dawned on me that due to genetic affliction, this household had become a closed society against the world, the bakery being part of a defensive strategy to protect them from prying eyes. Probably I was viewed as an intruder. Clearly, her father, whose over-bearing manner struck me as rather annoying, possessed a towering urge to self-reliance and, to be sure, he was a disciplinarian who ruled his house with a rod of fear.

When the meal was over, while the table was yet being cleared, I was introduced to the young woman's brother, a creature of startling appearance, with bull neck and bulging red face which contained many eyes, numerous extra eyes, that continued around on the sides behind his ears. Those to the front seemed fully functional while those to the rear seemed less developed, perhaps vestigial. Disconcerting was to know with which eyes to make eye contact. In attempting to strike up a conversation, all I could muster were a few inane comments. I never met a face so full of impossibilities as was his.

Afterwards, when back downstairs, taking my leave of the young woman, there welled up within me a great feeling of sympathy and kinship. She was so shy, yet possessing the inner reserves of one who had long coped with intractable problems. We were there to part company but when we looked into each other's eyes such distance as was left between us seemed to vanish. It was a rare moment of mutual acceptance when the usual barriers between people just melted away.

Then, as it were, like a bolt from the blue, her father broke in on us, his eyes flaming, his whole body quivering and out of joint. When he descended upon us, briefly, my new-found friend seemed to withdraw within herself. It may be that I too blanched. I know that I did.

But she recovered so quickly, with a look of hopeful resolve which crossed her face and animated her being, that I was transported, carried along with her above the fray. I knew then that nothing could ever come between us.

On awakening in the morning, I felt elated, like Moses come down from the mountaintop with an afterglow. But as was Moses denied entry into the promised land, so after the passing of many years, I felt the denial of earthly fulfilment until, that is, many years later when I met the girl of my dreams, a beautiful Indian maid, and she held out her hand and I stayed and stayed.

INTERVENTIONS FOR PEACE

In 1979, I first met Rabbi Raphael Levine. He spoke at the auditorium of Peninsula College in Port Angeles about how Jesus' sermon on the Mount had been derived from *Leviticus*, chapter 19. The Rabbi did a better job than any minister I've heard in interpreting who Jesus is. Then in the early 1980's, Seattle, Washington's newspapers began reporting on plans by six Seattle clergymen to travel to Tunisia to meet Yasser Arafat. Thinking this a perfectly awful idea, one that would set a terrible precedent of helping legitimize an unsavory terrorist, I got on the phone to Seattle's Rabbi Raphael Levine and found him in agreement with me. Despite protesting that he was ailing and old, he agreed to do something about it. One of the five slated to make this visit was Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen. Rabbi Levine figured he might have some clout within the archdiocese. I don't know what he said or did but a few days later, to my surprise, the newspapers announced that the Archbishop would not be participating. The other four went off to meet Arafat in Tunisia, where they got their pictures taken for whatever good that might have done, but, being small-fry Protestants, they garnered little publicity, except David Horsey in the *Post Intelligencer* did an editorial cartoon picturing them surrounding Arafat. "What did you Reverends come out here to see," Arafat asked the dorkish-looking Reverends, "my milking a goat in the desert?"

In 1991, Pope Paul II received Yassir Arafat at the Vatican and in 1993 President Clinton received him in the Rose Garden at the White House where the famous handshake with Prime Minister Yitzak Rabin occurred. Did this advance peace? Not one iota. The Zionists had whistled Arafat out of exile in Tunisia, not to make peace but to perpetuate a state of war. A corrupt, venal man, Arafat played exactly the role they wanted him to. It was a cruel trick on Israel's part to saddle the Palestinian people with this low-grade dictator.

In 1985, encouraged somewhat by this intervention, I tried again. I wrote and circulated a paper titled "No Flag Over Jerusalem." It was a proposal to initiate peace between Jews and Palestinians, not by starting at the periphery - that is, negotiating the status of the occu-

ped territories - but starting at the center, in Jerusalem. At the heart of the proposal was the idea of establishing a form of governance that would make the old City, Jerusalem-within-the-walls, a special entity whose purpose would be to maintain the city's current demographic and religious character and its four unique quadrants: the Armenian Quarter, the Muslim Quarter, the Jewish Quarter, the Christian quarter. To keep the peace, the proposal included the idea of bringing in from outside a constabulary such as the Swiss Guard as has protected the Vatican the last 500 years. By taking the religious issue inherent to the status of Jerusalem off the table, the national issue would obviously be easier to settle. I saw this as a confidence building measure. There was a window of opportunity when this proposal was made a year before the first *infitada* had begun in 1986 and had it been embraced, it could have forestalled the unfortunate period of strife that followed. But If you will examine the record of negotiation, I think you will find that there was never a sincere effort by Israel to make peace; actually the Zionists absolutely do not want peace. No way, what they want is the whole hog and I don't just mean Greater Israel from the river of Egypt to the Tigris and Euphrates but the entire world. Rapacious, they want it all.

HOW I SAVED ST JOSEPH CATHOLIC CHURCH

This is a curious tale briefly told, having to do with the \$18 million, 4.6-mile limited access reconstruction of Hwy. 101, bypassing Sequim, which opened August 18, 1999. Until then, traffic had been funneled down Washington Street, Sequim's main drag, and, especially in summer, when tourist traffic was up, it was a real drag. The 1993 Sequim Bypass Environmental Impact Statement estimated the project would reduce traffic volume on Washington Street by 50%. I don't know about 50% but things did improve noticeably.

I have never lived in Sequim proper. Even if I had, I would not normally have involved myself in traffic issues but my best friend was Michael Hannan, my bookseller, who approached me on the subject. His concern was that if a couplet were built, as the Sequim Chamber of Commerce was advocating, then one half of it would run down Washington Street, while the other half would run down Maple Street. Businesses people were afraid that if tourists drove around Sequim, instead of through it, they would be less inclined to stop and shop, which of course would be bad for business. However, one consequence of what they were proposing would be that of wrecking St Joseph Catholic Church, since the building stood on the south side of Maple St., while its parking stood on the north side. I saw Michael's point well enough. Besides, there was just too much traffic to keep in Sequim; besides, I knew others on Maple Street whose residential values would be ruined.

But I didn't really get of my duff until I was approached by a member of St. Joseph's, Tom Skillman. He came to me, his feet shuffling, his back bent, carrying a large box of

documents and clippings. Said his health was failing. He shoved his box of materials into my arms and implored me to carry on the good fight for him to save St Joseph's.

With great sympathy, I said to him that I would do what I could. Now we know that a promise made is a debt unpaid and so I went to work with a will, writing letters to the editor, attending public meetings but the most effective thing I did was get in touch with Oliver Hamilton, who had been the mayor of Sequim way back in the 1960s. He told me about his own experience in North Bend, or some such place where he once lived, that once the highway bypassed the town, it flourished, for people now went there because they wanted to be there.

Coming up was an advisory vote, whereby citizens of Sequim and precincts around Sequim could register their preference. Unbeknownst to me, the Chamber of Commerce was circulating its 8x14 glossy, color circular printed on both sides, while I, unbeknownst to them, was going door-to-door to thousands of homes with a xeroxed note signed by Oliver Hamilton, in which he told of his experience and recommended a bypass as the better way to go. And wouldn't you know it, the voters went overwhelmingly for Oliver's approach.

After Tom Skillman willed to me his files on the bypass issue, our paths never again crossed, yet over many years I used to see him around town. There didn't seem to be anything obviously wrong with him. I also learned that his brother-in-law was Stan Burrowes, who owned about 60 acres of land immediately north and east of the new interchange where Sequim-Dungenese and Hwy 101 intersect. No doubt the building of the bypass resulted in this parcel of land gaining considerable value as it was named by the newspapers as being actively considered by Fred Meyer as a possible, new shopping mall. The deal fell through as the local economy went south and there it sits to this day.

I yet contemplate someday introducing myself to the priest currently serving at St Joseph's and explaining to him the circumstances of my saving his church and see if he won't offer to someday have a statue of me situated near to that of St Joseph, holding baby Jesus.

WHO'S AFRAID OF HAZEL WOLF?

Me who, that's who, at least while she lived. Only after she was deceased (in the year 2000, at the age of 101) and only after 9-11 did I really start to appreciate who she really was. The dean of environmentalists in Washington State, Hazel did more good than any other. What she specially excelled at was coalition building, getting the labor movement, environmentalists, and Native Americans all on the same page for a good cause. My wariness toward her stemmed from her cobbling together an alliance between the peace movement and the environmental movement. Why? I was being protective of the State of Israel. Inasmuch as America was Israel's foremost protector, I opposed anything limiting America's war-making prerogatives. By reason of my defensive Zionism, I was in many respects an Establishmentarian apologist. It was that which blinded me to Hazel Wolf's true greatness.

Don't let the grandmotherly appearance fool you. Hazel Wolf gets tough when she feels the environment or people's civil rights are in danger. (Laura T. Coffey)

During the Depression era, Hazel had been a card-carrying Communist. "Do they give you a bad time about that Communist thing?" Emmet Watson of the Seattle Post Intelligencer asked her in 1985. Lighting up, she replied: "Oh, yes but not much. Sometimes they red-bait me, but they're always sorry when they do it, because I might shake my finger at them and tell them, 'Better not fool around with this old Communist.'"

Our household saw a lot of Hazel. Harvey Sr. chaired the local Audubon Society's environmental committee and it was not surprising to have Hazel stop by on her way to or from her home in Seattle to Port Angeles to visit her daughter but more than just Audubon business drew her, for I believe she was genuinely fond of my parents, and especially so my father. One time I stayed overnight with her in her Capital Hill apartment so that I could be at an anti-nuclear waste trans-shipment rally the next day. In leading out in Sequim, I was amazingly effective in garnering publicity, probably because Hazel was pulling strings behind the scenes, yet genuinely conflicted, as well, for the biggest supporter of Israel in the US Senate was Washington State's Henry Jackson, who was also the biggest supporter of the nuclear power industry in the US Senate. Only after 9-11 did I start to get my head on straight.

I was born fighting the establishment. I was told I tried to bite the doctor when he smacked my behind to start my breathing.

An excellent memoir by and about Hazel Wolf appeared in 2002, called *Hazel Wolf* and subtitled: *Fighting the Establishment*. Among other things, it documents bravery under fire as Hazel stood her ground against deportation. The powers-that-be feared her charisma, feared her independence of mind. But first, some background info. What made Hazel tick?

“My mother, like all parents at that time, tried to discipline me with the Boogey Man. I remember this stormy night. I was real small, maybe four or five, and I don't know what I did. Probably wouldn't go to bed or something awful like that. She said the Boogey Man was out on the front porch with a big sack and was going to take me away if I didn't do this and this and this. And I'd had it. That night I'd had it with this Boogey Man. I opened the door to check it out. And there's nothing out there, nothing. And that taught me something that I needed to know: the Boogey Man is never there. So I open all the doors.”

* * *

“I filed my petition [for citizenship] in 1974. [born in Canada], as a young lady she had emigrated to Seattle.] Then came my hearing. The young man asked me some questions about my mother and father, where they came from, when I came to this country – just routine questions. Then he asked me one political question.

“Do you regret being a member of the Communist Party?”

I said, “no, no. There are three reasons why I don't regret being a Communist. One is that I did more good for people while I was in the Communist Party than I have ever after. Two is that your life follows a path. When you come to a fork in the road, just take it. I came to a point in my life where I became a Communist, and that path just flowed right on till here I am today, and I like where I am today. And three is that I guess I could have saved myself a lot of trouble by not joining, but then I wouldn't have met a nice guy like you.”

He was just laughing. He said, “You made my day” and recommended me for citizenship.

* * *

“Just before I came in, the bird-watchers” in the Audubon Society suffered a stunning defeat from which they never recovered. The issue was whether to remain a little bird-watching club or to affiliate with the National Audubon society. The president, Dr. Claude Heckman, managed this transition in 1962. He may have done some hanky-panky, flooded a certain meeting with his people – I made a career out of not knowing how he did it! The people who lost still managed to kick Dr. Heckman out, they were so mad. The minute they , had affiliated, Seattle Audubon Society began to broaden politically and numerically. New people came into Seattle Audubon through the National Audubon membership drives, and they were reading the national magazine, which was much more political in those days, so the “bird-watchers” receded until you could just barely see them on the horizon.”

“Then came Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* in 1962. DDT was getting into the food chain, and, sure enough, the eagles were laying eggs with such soft shells that they broke them with their claws and created omelets. Pelicans were suffering the same way. We got a bumper sticker in our Audubon magazine – BAN DDT. Then Audubon began to extend its concern to all wildlife. Then they found that in order to protect wildlife, they had to protect habitats. So we took on clear-cutting, polluted air, polluted water, soil erosion, and, inch by bloody inch, nuclear power and war. We found ourselves covering the whole world, yes, and it extends from our little community into the state, into the nation, and pretty soon to the universe, and now they're a lot of clutter up there on the moon. It's just like John Muir said – “When we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it hitched to everything else in the universe.”

"I have always been concerned that the environmental movement is focused almost entirely on the preservation of the natural environment. They don't pay any attention to the human environment, and sometimes those things overlap, issues like unemployment, homelessness, crime in the streets."

"Most organizations I'm part of are relatively conservative, so I'm always building coalitions toward the left. I know when I can't do something – I wouldn't take a position on the United Nations, for instance. But I did take a position on peace. Environmentalists were hard put to say why they shouldn't join the nuclear freeze campaign in the 1980s. What's the use of saving all this wilderness, and what's the use of having all this clean air, if nuclear bombs are going to be thrown around? That should be our first priority – keeping the bombs out of circulation. Otherwise, we're just spinning our wheels. National security can no longer be defined in terms of military security, only in terms of environmental security."

* * *

"Hiking is not my number-one priority. I'm a kind of heretic. In fact, I wouldn't care if nobody ever went into the wilderness, including myself, much as I like to. There are some place we don't belong. Mount Ranier is an example, according to the Native Americans. It was the place "up there" where they never went. Only 'civilized' white people climb mountains for the sake of getting to the top. Native Americans had a practical reason for not climbing Mount Ranier, too – it was hazardous, and they might fall down and break their neck. They had better sense than to risk their lives just for the hell of it."

* * *

Hazel's formula for staying young:

"Number one, I don't have a TV, so I have no stress because I don't have to listen to what Congress is doing. Number two, I don't have a car, so I have no stress because I don't have to worry about where to park it. Number three, I have no medical benefits, so I can't afford doctors or pills, so I have to stay well. And number four, I eat an apple a day, and as everyone knows, an apple a day builds an insurmountable barrier to any medical interference."

* * *

Back in 1912, Hazel thought it wasn't fair for her school to have sports for boys but not for girls. That's the way it was at almost all schools then, but Hazel didn't care if other people thought that was fine. She was sure it was wrong. She asked her school principal to let girls play basketball. He said he'd give her equipment and time on the school court if she could find 10 girls who wanted to play—and he was sure she couldn't. But, Hazel had 10 girls waiting in the hall outside the principal's office! He was surprised, but he laughed and kept his promise.

She wants people to be treated fairly, to have jobs, safe housing, peace, and a healthy environment. Over and over again, she's gotten involved in issues that other people fight about. Wolf finds ways to get them to stop fighting, to laugh, and to cooperate.

In recent years she's worked to save the last of the ancient trees in the Pacific Northwest. At the same time,

she insists that timber workers must have other jobs to do instead of cutting down these trees, even though timber workers and environmentalists rarely help each other.

A nature lover, Wolf is a hiker and a kayaker. She's also an officer of the Seattle Audubon Society, a group that studies birds and protect the places where they live. When Wolf found that Native Americans and the big environmental groups weren't working together, she went to the tribal leaders and got them to join forces with groups like Audubon. Together they've a better chance of protecting the land, air and water that they all care so deeply about.

Wolf has had very little time to herself in her long life and she's stood up to powerful people who haven't agreed with her. She's even kept her sense of humor when faced with going to jail for peacefully protesting. "I always thought if I ever went to jail, I'd get to work a jigsaw puzzle," she said. "But the one opportunity I had, I didn't get to finish it because someone bailed me out." (Giraffe Heroes Project, honoring those who stick their neck out)

* * *

I like the question kids ask me "Do you still have your own teeth?" "Have you got a boy friend?" I tell them that I have most of my own teeth and that I am still looking for a boyfriend, but I can't find one that can cook. . . . all young people fear old age. They see old people and think, "that looks pretty bad," and they know that sooner or later they're going to be that way. "Now some of you have asked me how it feels to be in your nineties. I'll tell you how it feels. I feel like Hazel. I felt like Hazel in my eighties. I felt like Hazel when I was fifty. As far back as I can remember, I've felt like Hazel. Now don't you all feel like yourselves?" And they all did. "Okay, so we all feel like ourselves, no matter where we are, or what age. But there is a difference when you're ninety. When I was your age, for beginners I hated school. All I wanted to do was play basketball, go swimming, climb mountains, . . . No school for me. But there were some things I never wanted to do. One of them was I never wanted to make a speech in front of strangers. Now I am in my nineties. I don't want to play basketball. No way! I don't want to climb mountains. I don't want to do any of those things. The one thing I like to do is make speeches in front of strangers, like I am doing now. So you do what you want to do when you're fourteen, and you do what you want when you're ninety. But whatever you do, you've got to have fun.

* * *

"I don't worry about being an atheist, any more than a lot of Christians worry about being Christians. There are bad Christians in this world, but most Christians are good. There are bad atheists, also, but I want to be a good atheist. If people get any comfort from a religious belief or any other kind of belief, I wouldn't want to disturb it – there is a need for comfort in this world. And if I am wrong, I've got some insurance. My insurance is that Jesus said to the man, 'If you clothed me when I was naked, fed me when I was hungry, comforted me when I was sick, and visited me when I was in prison, you will find yourself on the right hand of God on the day of judgment.' I worked for clothing and feeding children, and for old-age insurance, to comfort the sick. . . . If there's a gathering in my memory, I hope it's a fund-raiser for a good cause."

MANUEL D' COSTA AND THE "HOT SEAT"

In the fall of 2011, on a Sequim side-street, I happened upon a garage sale being conducted by Manuel D'Costa who was parting with various of his personal effects from a storage unit. From him I bought a book on Christian history while we took this chance meeting to become reacquainted after a 30 year hiatus. I should observe that a quarter-plus century had not effaced our ability to recognize each other, which is not surprising in a way, for each of us are hawk-nosed Jews but his heavier features and build and back hair were characteristic of Portugese ancestry and gave him an arresting, "prophetic" look, more so than I ever possessed.

Neither of us referred back to former times, only to what was presently occurring in our lives. In his case, that since last we had last met, his wife had died of cancer and now his intention was to go to California to live with one of his children.

I yet remember his wife whom I last saw in 1983, petite, vivacious. As well, I remember his children who were toddlers then when he and family showed up at our small Christian fellowship then meeting at Bill and Lisa's home on rural Thompson Rd. That occurred about a year and a half after I had started meeting with neighbors and friends for Bible study. Together we studied a wide range of topics: war and peace, law and grace, Christian experience vs. cult experience, good works, abortion. We studied Paul's *Epistle to the Romans* in conjunction with Watchman Nee's *The Normal Christian Life* and , we did an in-depth study of *Phillipians*. First there were three of us, then five, then eight. For a small group I think we were making a respectable job of it and there started to be a kind of ripple effect out into the larger community as more and more visitors dropped by.

One of the books our study group took up at my behest was titled *Anointed for Burial*. I had come across it January 25th in a Kona Kailua bookstore on the Big Island of Hawaii. The next day I recommend it to a friend. The title drew a blank until I mentioned the author's name. Then his eyes lit up for he had learned that very morning that its author, Todd Burke would be speaking at WYAM (Youth With a Mission) two days later. Thus two days later, with pencil sharpened, I scribbled away furiously into my notebook Todd's message about missionary qualifications, which he summarized as "the right kind of man, message, and method." I thought it all quite relevant to our needs here on the Olympic Peninsula, for we all desired to be more and do more as Christian believers.

Anointed for Burial jointly authored by Todd and his wife, DeAnn, provides an account of their ministry in Cambodia. From the internet I found the following description:

Todd Burke, a young man from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and his wife DeAnn, first became interested in Cambodia

while studying at a one-year Bible course in Oklahoma, City. Todd was then accepted at Oral Roberts University in 1972. At an accelerated pace, Todd finished, and graduated in May of 1973. In early September of 1973, Todd made a trip to Cambodia, despite the many obstacles and hassles concerning obtaining a visa. For his short time spent in Cambodia, he would claim miraculous healings, demons cast out, and many other miracles. Later he would write a controversial book called, *Anointed for Burial*, about his experience in Cambodia before the curtain came down.

Although many take issue with what he wrote in his book, his book has been a catalyst for many in helping them decide to come to Cambodia to serve as missionaries. Radha Manickam and Ung Sophal, both who were repatriated to America, came to Christ under this ministry.

According to *Anointed for Burial*, Maranatha Church started to outgrow itself and the Burkes negotiated to Phnom Penh, the Burkes booked a flight out of Phnom Penh on March 29th, 1975. Pastor Kuch Kong escaped hours before the Khmer Rouge took over Pailin. He crossed over the border into Thailand which was a short distance from Pailin, but many Cambodian Christians died in the first few months of the communist takeover and even more would perish over the next four years. *(The Cry of the Gecko, chapter 7)*

Taking Todd and DeAnn's book at face value, I shared around with the rest of us, and it became the impetus for our praying to God to bring us further along. I remember praying that if need be that the roof fall in us if that is what it took to get us going. Not long thereafter, figuratively speaking, the roof did fall in on us, as I will explain.

February 27th, our Sunday meeting was visited by Manuel who made a profound impression. About 30 years old, tall, solidly built, personable, persuasive, he was capable of quoting long passages of scripture from memory. Manuel prayed over each one of us in turn, prophesying as if with the voice of God. He knew – or seemed to know – the failings and potentialities of each of us. The way it happened is that we had a discussion about the gifts of the Spirit. And Manuel offered to pray that we receive the gifts. Thus each in turn went to a chair designated by Manuel as “the hot seat.” Manuel began by praying with us or over us and ended up prophesying about us. To one he said: “you are a prophetess.” To another he mentioned marital problems. To another he mentioned great difficulties and disappointments that they had experienced in the past. Of another he observed that he seemed to have a lawyerly demeanor which was rather prescient inasmuch as at one time this individual had at one time been in training for the law. As for myself, Manuel said that I have the gift of tongues. (Alas, 30 years later, this gift has yet to manifest.) Later, when I was no longer in the “hot seat,” Manuel hastened over to me, presumably just having received a revelation that he needed to share with me, to say that I have a problem with the spirit of intellectualism. (To that I plead guilty as charged.) I suppose all of us cried tears of joy or concern at one point or another and prayed for one another. At various points, Man-

uel prayed, sang, or prophesied in a voice other than his regular voice which made the whole scene all the more remarkable. But whose voice was this? God's? Satan's? Or some other? I recollect toward the close of the meeting thanking Manuel for doing so much on our behalf. And so we all went on our way.

The next morning, after a night of uneasy dreams, I phoned Todd Burke in Oklahoma City, OK., requesting council and advice. The next month in March I flew out there but not before a couple further encounters with Manuel.

Tuesday, March 1. Our little study group again convened with Manuel in attendance, this time with his wife and three children in tow, the youngest of whom, an infant, had been born the February before. I announced at that time my intention to go to Oklahoma and council with Todd Burke. Everyone seem to think that a marvelous idea. At this meeting Manuel again started to pray over people. Over one young lady for whom he was praying, he stopped and said: "I'm sorry, sister, but there is something in your life that is hindering your receiving the Baptism." He then proceeded to probe her to reveal what problem there was. I remember this individual as having extended her hand to me and my having released it into Manuel's. And now she was being publically humiliated. Feeling a sense of responsibility, I went to her home later that morning. I didn't find her because another delegation with the same idea got there first. Later that day, however, I did connect with her. She had been through the wringer alright but, thank God, came through to a beautiful place of victory and dated her being born again to that day. Her testimony was as clear as a bell and I came away much encouraged.

That evening our study group again assembled – this time minus Manuel – our purpose being to assess where things stood. On the one hand there were those who felt that Manuel had a valid gift but had exercised it poorly. On the other hand, I maintained that Manuel had a Jesus Christ complex. Most, however, were on the fence, not knowing what to think.

On Friday we came together again and there was a sharp difference of opinion. Basically I stood alone in my sense of alarm. One person made the point that it is God's purpose to have prophets who function as Manuel did and gave out as a supporting scripture:

But if all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth. (1 Corinthians 14:24-25)

The point I made is that our homes and private lives are sacred and that we should respect each other's space and not intrude as busybodies in others' affairs. The voice of a prophet, I maintained, is no substitute for each hearing for him or her self the voice of God

within, otherwise the prophet usurps the role of the Holy Spirit. I allowed that there is a place for a prophet such as Nathan going to King David in the matter of the death of Bathsheba's husband but that was a very serious matter involving murder and when it comes to that, it is very late in the day. In such a matter as that, I do allow that there is a place for a prophet. After the benediction was said and the meeting was over, realizing that I stood pretty much alone, I announced my withdrawal from the group. One person, looking hurt, said it was like divorcing. I said, "no, that we are still friends."

On Saturday everyone except myself met with Manuel and all came away satisfied with Manuel's legitimacy. He was apologetic if he had offended in any way.

Tuesday, March 8, Manuel and I met face to face. As there quite a few new faces at that meeting, I limited myself to making general observations about prophets and their function, raising the issue of distinguishing true prophets from false. Afterwards, various people came to me and thanked me for my remarks. Addressing Manuel directly, I asked in a non-accusatory way if he said of a certain lady among us, that she was to be in charge of women's ministry, how was it that he wasn't effectually putting himself in charge? I also took exception to his "washing other peoples laundry in public."

Now it was Manuel's turn to quiz me. He asked me, did I not ask in faith believing that I would receive the gift of Tongues? And didn't we agree? And if two agree, doesn't their father in heaven hear them? And do they not have then that which they asked for? I said in response: We don't always get what we ask for. We see people who are sick. We pray for them but they don't necessarily get well. We see people who are lost. We pray for them but they don't always get saved. The fact that I asked the gift of Tongues doesn't mean therefore that I have the gift. Manuel's remarks were less to the point thereafter. He did say that we are not living under Law but Grace and he was sure that people were too charitable to stone him for any mistake that he might make. I didn't respond to that. But I did think that if some one comes up with a "thus saith the Lord," they jolly well better be right. Manuel asked that we pray together. I said there was no papering over our differences. And on that note the evening ended.

In retrospect, I am not at all happy with my role in this affair. I was overly alarmist. I did not exude the confidence of God. It could have been handled better.

I was graciously received in Oklahoma City by Todd's right-hand man, Mike Hudgins, and over the next couple of days he and Todd rolled out the red carpet for me. We watched a couple of movies together, *Chariots of Fire*, in which Todd saw in the film's antagonist a certain resemblance to me, or so he said. Also, we saw *The Man from Snowy River*. We also played Donky Kong, if you can believe that. On Sunday, Todd preached a sermon

based on the text “to increase and do not decrease” and to ‘seek the peace of the city where I have sent you into exile, and pray to the LORD on its behalf.’ His voice was melodious and easy to listen to as he outlined a strategy for co-existing in Babylon. Meanwhile our conversations continued. Based on what I was telling them, they were very favorable toward Manuel D’Costa, not something I wanted to hear but that was how it went. Actually they wanted to meet him.

Todd’s church exuded a quiet order. How was this achieved? As Todd put it to me, when he returned to Oklahoma from Cambodia, he found the charismatic movement in chaos. To establish God’s order he broke up the church community into cell groups with each group in submission to an elder, and each elder in submission to him. As for himself, he was in submission to someone from my part of the word, from Vancouver Island. In our discussion together Todd spoke of counseling with the word famous healer, Kathryn Kuhlman. I pointed out that Kathryn Kuhlman had resisted putting her ministry under the authority of any other and in 1974 had pointedly refused to speak from the same platform as the leader of the discipleship movement, Bob Mumford. Todd’s response absolutely floored me. He said that was why God struck Kathryn Kuhlman dead the next year.

I recollect spending a couple of hours alone in the sanctuary of Todd’s church, praying, praying alone very intently. And I came away convinced that Kuhlman was right and Todd was wrong. And that’s the way its been with me ever since. I never contacted Todd again.

As it turned out, Todd was not himself long for the discipleship movement. Six years later, in 1989, he threw over the church and also his wife and became a shaman. In 2006 he died in an auto accident. As for Bob Mumford, four years later, in 1989, he issued a "Formal Repentance Statement to the Body of Christ." He said, "I repent. I ask forgiveness." He acknowledged that abuses had occurred because of his teaching on submission: "Some families were split up and lives turned upside down," he said. "Some of these families are still not back together." In his statement, he admitted to not heeding warnings about doctrinal error from Hayford and two others. "While it was not my intent to be willful," he said, "I ignored their input to my own hurt and the injury of others." . . . He admitted that there had been an "unhealthy submission resulting in perverse and unbiblical obedience to human leaders." As for his saying: "every sheep needs to find his shepherd," that is only true if the shepherd happens to be Jesus.

Following is an overview of the discipleship movement that Mumford and his associates, known as the Fort Lauderdale Five, fostered:

"They had a national network of followers who formed pyramids of sheep and shepherds. Down through the pyramid went the orders, it was alleged, while up the same pyramid went the tithes." The relationships

that were formed became known theologically as "covenant relationships." A network of cell groups were formed. Members had to be submitted to a "shepherd", who in turn was submitted to the Five or their subordinates. ". . . large numbers of charismatic pastors began to be shepherded by the CGM leaders, a development that went uncharted but not unnoticed. It was uncharted because these relationships were personal and not institutional, so there were never any published lists of pastors and congregations being shepherded by CGM leaders. . . ." At its height, an estimated 100,000 adherents across the US were involved in the networks.

One of my best friends was Darcy Labell. I say "was" because I haven't seen or heard of him since 1992 and I can't help wondering whether something bad didn't happen to him, that he is with us no more. Homely yet peculiarly attractive, his sad, deep set eyes, reminded me of those of Henry David Thoreau. He had run an antique store in Port Townsend but gave it up. One day he announced his intention to go to Texas and live at a communal Christian community. I warned him about the pitfalls but he heeded me not and went and was profoundly disappointed. The place he went was Linsdale, Texas, to the community that had been founded by Keith Green and continued on by his widow, Melody. A gifted musician, Keith Green, when he was yet a new Christian and green as grass, had been swept up into the discipleship movement. It is instructive to see how that turned out:

In February, 1981, 15 former members of Last Days Ministries of Lindale, Texas, sent an open letter to their pastor, 29-year-old Keith Green, expressing distress over the "hurt, bitterness, often utter devastation through condemnation and unnecessary fears" they said had been suffered by members as a result of some of Green's policies. They felt that Green had become a pastor too soon after being "saved," and reminded him that "good intentions can, in the process of time, almost be cancelled by violating wise Biblical commands and principles." Specifically, Green was accused of:

Causing members to live in "constant dread and fear," mostly over the prospect of punishment or expulsion. Those who expressed a wish to leave were accused of being in rebellion against God, and predictions of dire consequences, such as miscarriage, and even cancer, were made.

Encouraging some members "to disregard our parents' wishes...and even to sever our relationship with them at times.

Enforcing "12-14 hour work days with frequent 48 hour "burns" (work without stopping.)

Requiring that new members of the community "sell your possessions and give to the poor."

Green was accused of sometimes living "in a totally different standard than the others in the ministry ... for example ... owning property while others must sell all of theirs ..."

Exercising undue control of members' lives: "Because of the structure of the ministry it is necessary to give up

our will to you to make important decisions for us that we ourselves should have been allowed to make...”

Interfering in the relationship between husband and wife “to the point that your word was law....” Green was reminded that “the fruit of the ministry should not be marital strife, separation, and even divorce.”

Confusing his “sheep” by vacillating between various shepherding bodies, so that no one knew what his source of authority was. They felt “like people on a small sailboat in a storm and you are the main sail, being blown about here and there with the latest, heaviest disciplinary doctrine.”

Green wrote in reply that “all the things you shared about me lording it over the sheep are very true,” and he promised to discontinue the following practices that had been criticized:

New members would now retain complete control of their own property.

Workers would be financially compensated.

There would be no restrictions on letters, phone calls and relationships except for continuation of a one-year “no dating” policy for community members.

No one would be asked to “clear” personal decisions with Green.

No one would be disparaged or accused of “rebellion” for leaving.

Green also expressed his intention to add more personnel so that the work week could be cut to a more normal length. And finally, he promised to be more open to suggestions and willing to make changes in the future. Tragically for Green, the future proved to be very short. The young pastor was killed in the crash of his private plane in July of 1982. (Shepherding/Discipleship, Linda Osborne Blood)

There exists in the world a free-floating pool of apostles and prophets who feel themselves ordained of God to exercise their gift. While some of them are confidence men, others are quite sincere. Either way, why are so many of us vulnerable to them? Could it have ought to do with our not having a countervailing vision or of our not knowing who we are in Christ Jesus, that he has set us free? If we are free indeed, then we will shed them as a duck sheds water off its back, for will accept no substitutes, nor accept any other mediator between ourselves and God save Jesus. A godfather or God the Father, that is often the choice before us. Once it is a settled matter that God alone is boss, then we will not be easily unsettled by so-called prophets and apostles, whether legitimate or not. If they press us too closely, if they violate normal human boundaries of privacy and autonomy, then we must show them the door or else ourselves make for the door. Just as I respect others’ space, so also I expect others to respect my space. Press me too closely then I shake dust and am gone.

How then to combat being taken over? One approach is to deny the validity of all char-

ismatic or prophetic manifestations. God speaks to no one directly these days is the informing idea some accept. Personally, I can't go that route. If we totally rule out direct intervention of God, then we reject what has held true throughout the entire biblical epoch and since. On the other hand, if we indiscriminately accept any and all manifestation, or claims of manifestation, or appearance of manifestation, what then? Either way, is there not a risk of our trivializing Pentecostal phenomena altogether or embracing that which is false and heretical? Thoughtful circumspection and uncoerced private judgment are needed. Remember, too, one can always hold in reserve deciding. Wait on the Lord for light and rush not to judgment.

For safety sake, many shelter behind a strong man. That is what traditional congregations often provide, someone who is authoritative. However, such authoritative figures often get a six-figure salary for their services. Ouch. Strong organizations often provide a comforting predictability as they enforce conformity to doctrine and practice. But that is not what I seek which is the non-subordination of anyone to anyone else in a worship setting. Maybe we "study" the Bible too much, using that as an excuse to advance our own interpretations, when we could be merely reading it and let each one draw his own conclusions.

As a matter of personal choice, I am most comfortable meeting with others around a table with friends as equals, where all have an equal status, where all have an equal say but least comfortable stretching back my neck to see someone up on a platform talking, while looking upon the backs of strangers. One involves active participation, while the other I would designate as being a spectator sport. Yes, I'll gladly listen to a lecture or sermon now and then but not on an ongoing, year-in-year-out basis. No thanks.

Albeit an anomaly on the American religious scene, the Azuza Street Mission revival of 1906-1909 points the way, I think, toward normal Christian experience, for this was a place where spontaneously Blacks, Whites, Hispanics all worshiped together, where men and women spontaneously shared leadership responsibilities, and where sharp distinction between clergy and laity seemed to vanish as the gifts of the Spirit were restored.

One of the biggest temptations in my opinion is the risk that comes from larger-than-life individuals imposing themselves in a charismatic setting, which they are attracted to because it provides them scope to exercise their "gifts."

At the center of the African prophetic churches is the role of the charismatic founders and leaders. The visions, prophecies, utterances, and actual practices of these leaders help define the identity and character of their churches and of the pentecostal African movement in general.

(The New international Dictionary of Pentecostal and Charismatic Movements)

In some instances the big man will ensconce himself at the center of his followers, as if he were a kind of Christ figure, using his followers for ego satisfaction and/or for personal financial gain, but not always; sometimes the larger-than-life figure used their influence for good:

Prophet Harris was born in 1865 in the Southwest Liberia village of Graway. . . . Harris was raised by a Methodist minister in Liberia. . . . In prison he had a revelation in a vision: the archangel Gabriel appeared to him, informing him that he had been chosen to be his prophet and convert people to Christ. As Harris and his small band of women followers moved from place to place in Liberia and the Ivory Coast, a large crowd of people would gather around him to hear his message and to accept his baptism and anointing. Harris's teachings were both religious and social. Asked for a total conversion to a new spiritual life, enjoining the believers to leave behind all vestiges of traditional religious practices. He warned of dire consequences for those who abandoned the faith. He preached against social vices as alcoholism, laziness, and the oppression of women, including traditional practices that discriminated against women, such as enforced mourning rituals for widows and the ostercising of menstruating women. Though he did not encourage the practice of polygamy, he advocated the equal treatment of wives in polygamous homes. Harris's social and religious reforms angered the French colonial government. He was repatriated to his home in Liberia, where his converts continued to seek him out until he died.

(The New international Dictionary of Pentecostal and Charismatic Movements)

Because classic dispensationalism advances the notion that the gifts of the Spirit belonged to a previous dispensation, one would think the Pentecostal movement would be completely free of it. Not so. Pentecostal Rev. Hagee of San Antonio, Texas is the foremost promoter of "Christian Zionism," the key tenant of dispensationalism. All who would have the oxygen of publicity must do so. His mega-church, his national TV ministry, his red carpet treatment in the halls of power in D.C. and Jerusalem attests to establishment sanction.

B A P T I S M / R E - B A P T I S M

In 1996, a home-based community I was part of welcomed a guy from Montana and his wife, Mary, who beautifully entertained us for with an evening of singing and guitar. Short, dark complected, they were obviously of native American heritage, and this carried over to their style of dress: she in her colorful, long skirt and scarf; he in his boots and blue jean vest. Joe, his name was Joe, made what I took to be a credible presentation of the law of God as found in the Mosaic Law. But then he went right off the deep end. By that I mean he proceeded to advocate that everyone present be re-baptized in the name of YAH-shua. If you were merely baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that wouldn't do. Those are not names but tittles, he explained. One must be baptized in Jesus name alone. But even if you were baptized in Jesus' name, that wouldn't do either. It had to be in the name of "YAH-shua," pronounced just that way, and no other, or you were out of the order

of God. Somehow in his view God is a real stickler for correct pronunciation, as if He had no interest in our intent, only in correct form. By the way, pronunciation changes over time and it is impossible to know except within broad parameters what the original pronunciation was but never mind that little detail.

The real point of this exercise is that if we were to let this guy re-baptize us then he, holy Joe, (sorry, but I am starting to make fun of him now), as he informed us, as our spiritual father, would graciously accept our tithe. From the large modern tour van he drove up in, I gather that many others must have accepted his offer but none of us did and when we didn't, suddenly, without a good-bye, or a hi yo Silver, he and she were gone, never to heard of or seen again. Whew, and good riddance. And of course it all sounds quite preposterous but is it really? For instance, do you think that the Catholic Church is liable to look favorably on Protestant baptism? Or that the Mormons are going to look favorably or Jehovah Witness baptism? To become a member in good standing with any of these communions, one would have to be re-baptized because the real, if unspoken, purpose of baptism is to affirm the respective organizations' exclusive franchise to administer God's sacraments, and that this trumps our personal testimony or relationship with God. But here's the kicker, I've heard of northern Baptists having to be re-baptized in order to become southern Baptists in good standing. Will wonders never cease?

I N D E P E N D E N T B U T N O T A L O O F

God has not arranged for [His] Word to speak independently or to shine forth life-giving truths by itself.

It is through his organization God provides this light. (*The Watchtower*, May 1, 1957)

He [Jehovah] does not impart his holy spirit and an understanding and appreciation of his Word apart from His visible organization. (*Watchtower*, July 1, 1965)

Above is what I call the "organizational imperative." Conversely, there is scriptural warrant to do good works, pray, seek the Presence, sing, praise, encourage and be encouraged. This is the life of God in the heart of man, for which organizational sanction is not required.

Shrink from freedom if you will. Seek organizational cover if you will but that is not in my opinion God's best for us. Maybe there is safety in numbers but I wouldn't know about that and don't want to find out. From whence cometh legitimate authority? From God placed within the believer. What if a false prophet shows up? So deal with it. If we congregate then we have to organize and subordinate. Speaking for myself, I prefer not to congregate. I prefer the company of a few friends. That is all.

312 AZUSA STREET

Glen A. Cook

Divine love was wonderfully manifested in the meetings. They would not even allow an unkind word said against their oppressors, or the churches. The message was the love of God. It was a sort of "first love" of the early church returned. The 'baptism' we received in the beginning did not allow us to think, speak, or hear evil of any man. We knew the moment we had we had grieved the Spirit, by an unkind thought or word. We seemed to live in a sea of pure divine love. The Lord fought our battles for us in those days.

The false was sifted out from the real by the Spirit of God. The Word of God itself decided all issues. The hearts of the people, both in acts and motives, were searched to the very bottom. It was no joke to become one of that company. No man 'durst join himself to them' except he meant business, to go through. It meant a dying out and cleaning up process in those days, to receive the 'baptism.'

In the beginning in 'Azusa' we had no musical instruments. In fact we felt no need of them. There was no place for them in our worship. All was spontaneous. We did not even sing from hymn books. All the old, well known hymns were sung from memory, quickened by the Spirit of God. 'The Comforter Has Come,' was possibly the one most sung. We sang it from fresh, powerful heart experience. Oh, how the power of God filled and thrilled us.

Brother Seymour was recognized as the nominal leader in charge. But we had no pope or hierarchy. We were brethren. We had no human programme. The Lord Himself was leading. We did not even have a platform or a pulpit in the beginning. All were on a level. The ministers were servants according to the true meaning of the word.

Brother Seymour generally sat behind two empty shoe boxes, one on top of the other. He usually kept his head inside the top one during the meeting, in prayer. There was no pride there. The people came to meet God. He was always there. Hence a continuous meeting. The meeting did not depend on the human leader. God's presence became more and more wonderful. In that old building, with its low rafters and bare floors, God took strong men and women to pieces and put them back together again, for His glory. It was a tremendous over-hauling process. Pride and self-assertion, self-importance and self-esteem, could not survive there. The religious ego preached its own funeral sermon quickly.

We had no 'respect of persons.' The rich and educated were the same as the poor and ignorant. , and found a much harder death to die. We only recognized God. All were . equal. No flesh might glory in His presence. He could not use the self-opinionated. We did not have to get our cue from some leader. And we were free from lawlessness. We were shut up to God in prayer in the meetings, our minds on Him. All obeyed God in meekness and humility. In honor we 'preferred one another.' The Lord was liable to burst through any one. We prayed for this continually. Some one would finally get up anointed for the message. All seemed to recognize this and gave way. It might be a child, a woman, or a man. It might be from the back seat, or from the front. It made no difference. We rejoiced that God was working. No one wished to show himself. We thought only of obeying God. In fact there was

an atmosphere of God there that forbade any one but a fool there attempting to put himself forward without the real anointing. And such did not last long. The meetings were controlled by the Spirit, from the throne. Those were truly wonderful days. I often said that I would rather live six months at that time than 50 years of ordinary life. But God is just the same today. Only we have changed.

Presumptuous men would sometimes come among us. Especially preachers who would try to spread themselves, in self-opinionation. But their efforts were short-lived. The breath would be taken from them. Their minds would wander, their brains reel. Things would turn black before their eyes. They could not go on. I never saw one get by with it in those days. They were up against God. No one cut them off. We simply prayed. The Holy Spirit did the rest. We wanted the Spirit to control. He wound them up in short order. They were carried out dead, spiritually speaking. They generally bit the dust in humility, going through the process we had all gone through. In other words, they died out, came to see themselves in all their weakness, then in childlike humility and confession were taken up of God, transformed through the mighty 'baptism' in the Spirit. The 'old man' died with all his pride, arrogancy and good works.

. . . a young lady of refinement was prostrate on the floor for hours, while at times the most heavenly singing would issue from her lips. It would swell away up to the throne, and then die away in an almost unearthly melody. She sang, 'Praise God! Praise God!' All over the house men and women were weeping. A preacher was flat on his face on the floor, dying out. 'Pentecost' has fully come.

The truth must be told. 'Azusa' began to fail the Lord also, early in her history. God showed me one day that they were going to organize, though not a word had been said in my hearing about it. The Spirit revealed it to me. He had me get up and warn them against making a 'party' spirit of the Pentecostal work. The 'baptized' saints were to remain in one body,' even as they had been called, and to be free as His Spirit was free, not 'entangled again in a yoke of (ecclesiastical) bondage.'

I N S U M M A T I O N

Neither a discipler nor disciple be, except to be a disciple of the Lord, for His leadership is leadership, indeed, where ours is provisional at best, that is, if legitimate at all.

May we not fall too much into anyone's orb but stand on our own two feet. It matters not who the man or woman is, or which organization, for our lives are our lives and they belong to God.

It helps to have a burning vision for the work, the work God called us to, not any other, for the call of God is not a cattle call as to a herd but is individual and individually discerned.

It is the work that disciplines us, that and the Spirit. May we not be entangled in the yoke of human bondage.

G O D ' S E D I F I C E

The bricks with which God builds
Are the bodies of believers who shared the vision:
The mortar: the blood, sweat, and tears of those who answered His call.

But who will a hammer be and who a nail?
And who will build according to the Master Carpenter's plan?

Those only who answered His call, who shared His vision
Who went to His work with willing heart and ready hands.

Wood, hay, stubble, precious stones, silver, gold,
What elements bring us to the constructing of the great visionary building,
The summoned-out community, the Body of our Lord?

P A S S O V E R

My first Passover was in 1986. It was the day after Chernobyl and we were waiting for the first radioactive cloud. I was seated at the head table next to the honored speaker. Before me were the participants, including a particular mother and child who caught my eye:

A N I G H T D I F F E R E N T F R O M A L L O T H E R S

With evening's arrival,
When all were gathered together,
A Passover *Haggadah* was read.
Philip Mesibov, dear brother,
Donned a tasseled prayer shawl
And blessed unleavened bread.

A sonorous song he sang,
With a song ancient and Hebrew he blessed
While with outstretched arms he held
A silvery goblet above his head.

Broken *matzos*, decanted wine,
The staff of life and the fruit of the vine,

Symbols are these of wounded flesh and blood,
Which testify of the *Paschal* Lamb
And give mute witness to His love.

But to know this only intellectually,
What is that to me?
Head knowledge one does not feel
A heart estranged can never heal.

Then I chanced to see taking place
A small but spontaneous act of grace:
In unconscious repetition of the holy rite
A mother embraced her infant child,
Pressing skyward what is holy and undefiled.

A mother and her little one,
Two in aspiring dreams immersed,
Not as some poor theologian, they conversed
With the all-transcendent Father of the universe.

A mother, all majesty *mysterium*,
Her child from Heaven sent,
She, her gleeful, bright-eyed, enrapturement.

Now, when I ponder those signs,
Elements in both kinds,
I am cast upon a sea, of oceanic awe,
For what I saw through obscuring mist
Was the meaning of the Eucharist.

Magnanimous Soul, Endearing Scion:
It is by you my thoughts ascend - -
To Jesus and Jerusalem.

THE LOURDES AVE MARIA (AN ADAPTATION)

Before Creation was begun
God had chosen you to be
Mother of His blessed Son.
When Creation was restored
You were there beside Our Lord
Whom you cherished and adored.

Unto us are children too,
Often doubtful what to do.
Thus we look away to you.
Take us by surprise.
Show us where your beauty lies.
Lead us to your Son above.
He will show us how to love.
How to pity and forgive.
Ave, Ave, Maria.

BOB BLAKE AND THE TRINITY

In 1994, through the intermediation of a patient of my mother's, Judy Galgano, I met Bob Blake, a retired school teacher from Alaska. He, his wife and daughter lived at that time in Port Angeles. At his suggestion, we studied together the prologue to John's Gospel, about which he did his own original research, producing detailed study papers which he generously shared with me. While I have heard it said that Jehovah Witnesses were first-rate personalities but second-rate intellects, in Bob's case I attest that he is first-rate in both departments. And he carried some of the points he was making with me but not all.

What I want to bring forth at the present moment, however, was my contribution to our discussion, namely a book by J. Rendel Harris titled: *The Origin of the Prologue to St John's Gospel*. That was nearly 20 years ago and that book remains as important to me today as it was then. Moreover, it was the gateway to other books by Harris. Ultimately, Harris, not the JW's, became the source or much of my thinking about Christian doctrine.

The JW view is that it is idolatrous to call Jesus God. Jehovah is not Jesus. Jesus is not Jehovah. Jehovah is God. Jesus is not. Thus when the JW's translate the prologue to John's gospel, they do it thus:

. . . and the word was with God and the word was a god.

By contrast, the King James Version reads:

. . . and the word was with God and the word was God.

It may only be a little tiny article, the letter “a,” which divides the two translations above but using or not using it makes all the difference in meaning. When it comes to the normal rules of grammar, the JW’s win the argument. I won’t try to recapitulate the issues involved here. One can research the matter for oneself. But what if the normal rules of grammar don’t apply in this instance? Harris makes that point in his book:

Our hypothesis that the Logos of the Fourth Gospel is a substitute for a previous existing Sophia involves (or almost involves) the consequence that the Prologue is a hymn in honor of Sophia, and that it need not be in that sense due to the same authorship as the Gospel itself. The best way to test the hypothesis is to see where it will take us, and what further light it will shed upon the primitive doctrine. . . .

The first thing that needs to be emphasized is that we are obliged to take a different view of the Greek of the Fourth Gospel from that which is commonly taken by New Testament exegetes. They are in the habit of describing the Greek of the Gospel as simple, but correct, and of contrasting it in that respect with the Greek of the Apocalypse. Our position is that the very first verse of the Gospel ought to have undeceived them as to the linguistic accuracy of the writer, and to have marked him as a “barbarian” in the Greek sense. In other words, ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν is not Greek at all: and a Greek scholar ought to have felt this at the very first reading. . . . It is this Syriac rendering that is the key to the understanding of this passage.

Again I won’t attempt to trace out all the arguments here. Harris’s book is available for free on the web. Following is my own translation of the disputed passage:

. . . and the Word was with God and the Word was divine.

Proverbs, ch. 8 records Sophia [Wisdom] as claiming:

I was by Him as one brought up with him.

Here Wisdom is the Creator’s attendant – not the Creator Himself, meaning perhaps that the JW’s may have a valid point to make, not that they are any too happy to have someone not associated with their organization making it for them. In another book, *The Origin of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, Harris writes:

We may say boldly that Christianity as a dogmatic system is founded upon two things: first, the identification of Jesus with the Wisdom of God, and second, the description of Christ so identified with Wisdom, in terms that are borrowed from the Sapiential literature. . . . Historically, the first impression He made upon His disciples and His was that of an abnormal, supernatural Wisdom.

NATIVE AMERICAN INFLUENCES

When growing up in Maryland us chill'n would play cowboy and Indians. I always preferred being the Indian, which may seem odd in a way for one who identified with winners: the Yankees, Winston Churchill, the British Empire. That's how it was with me, many cross-currents were operative in my life and eventually one came to predominate. Maybe I understood that Native Americans in terms of their lifestyle were the real winners. As Benjamin Franklin wrote in 1753:

"When an Indian Child has been brought up among us, taught our language and habituated to our Customs, yet if he goes to see his relations and makes one Indian Ramble there is no persuading him ever to return. When white persons of either sex have been taken prisoners young by the Indians, and lived awhile among them, tho' ransomed by their Friends, and treated with all imaginable tenderness to prevail with them to stay among the English, yet in a Short time they become disgusted with our manner of life, and the care and pains that necessary to support it, and take the good Opportunity of escaping again into the woods, from whence there is no reclaiming them."

I remember when I was five, learning that an Indian my age had moved in down the street. I got my parents to take me to meet him because I wanted him to teach me bow and arrow. Sure enough, he was exotic looking and exotically dressed, too, only he wasn't a Native American. Rather, was an Indian from India and knew nothing whatever about bow and arrow.

I can't recollect having met a Native American maiden until April 29, 1997, when I was fifty years old. It was love at first sight for both of us and we married a few months later. I guess you could say I married the first one I met. It was the finest thing I ever did do.

In 2006, my beloved and I were walking back at dusk into Port Townsend where we left our vehicle and our path took us by the sports stadium which had an old-fashioned six-foot, picket fence surrounding it. Peaked through the spaces between planks, we were dumbfounded by what we saw: an Indian village, tents and all – with hundreds of Native Americans milling about. Naturally we circled around to the entrance and went in. Speechifying was beginning. The master of ceremonies was this itty bitty woman whose spirit was so big that she could hold the entire stadium in the palm of her hand. Spirits were running high. They were so justly proud in achieving a gathering of the clans from afar, even from British

Columbia and Alaska. Toward midnight we slipped away and went to the beach where the canoes were that they had come in. We counted 52, two of which were seal-skin shells.

To the tribal anthropologist who has done so much to preserve the Quileute language and culture, Jay Powell, I wrote:

One of the most haunting pictures I have seen is that on the cover of your book about the Quileutes, this because Peggy has that look, especially so as a child, for Quileutes I am convinced have their own look. For instance, I knew Charlotte in Queets who passed on a couple of years ago. She was a childhood friend of Hilda's whom we visited repeatedly over the years. Though living in Queets, she was one who had the Quileute look. Charlotte I found to most engaging. She was active in in the Shaker Church. Peggy and I were married by Tom Jackson and Pamala in a Shaker ceremony, February, 1998 after which as one who was involved with Quakers, I began claiming that I was a shakey Quaker or else a quakey Shaker.

When Hilda was a teenager, she and three or four of her friends were in a pick-up truck on a logging road near the Queets and they all saw crossing the road before them a very large hairy creature and when she got home she asked her grandfather what it was that they had seen, and he said it was a "Stick Indian." I guess that would be an Indian who lives in the sticks. I have seen that term in a book from Canada, applied I think by Natives on Vancouver Island to Sasquatch. For 15 years or so, I have speculated whether Quileutes were not somehow related to Malays as from the Malaysia or Borneo. They too have the look. I have seen antique photos of longhouses in Indonesia with with carvings in front of them which could almost pass for totem poles or maybe as proto-totem poles, in that there was only one face, not many, one above another. Then just a couple of weeks ago, I saw a comparison of Mayan temples and temples in Bali and there are many striking resemblances.

<http://www.richardcassaro.com/suppressed-by-scholars-twin-ancient-cultures-on-opposite-sides-of-the-pacific>

What is interesting to me about the Mayan calender is not the ending date this December which so many are fixated on but the beginning date in 3100 BC. That would take us back to the time of Gilgamesh and Krishna and Nimrod. We know that the religion of Bali was that of the Hindus but now there is reason to think that the religion of the Mayans was that of Bali. Is it possible in making the journey that a few got off in LaPush, a shipwreck or a few dissidents. If this happened not long after a tsunami then the place might be deserted of humans. The key to fleshing out these bones of speculation may be linguistic which raises in me the question, have you looked for linguistic parallels with SE Asia.

B O S T O N C H A R L I E

A Klallam man named Boston Charlie used to hunt elk in the mountains. He was born in 1828 and died

in 1928. He spent his summers in the mountains and had a favorite camping spot where he camped every year. Today it's called Boston Charlie's Camp, and it's located at the base of Cat Peak. Boston Charlie was the last medicine man of the Klallam People.

He also helped the early settlers. He would go up to the hot springs to fast, pray and cleanse himself every year. The last time he traveled up into the mountains, he had a very close call. He must have fallen and hurt himself, for he was immobile. He was weak and didn't have anything to eat for several days. He told how the sun was going down and a huge being came up from a cliff. He thought to himself, now this is the day I am going to die. This being, called by the Klallams bigfoo, had great big leaves with blueberries and thimbleberries, wet with dew. He put it in Boston's mouth and then disappeared down the cliff. Boston survived that ordeal; he was rescued and that was the last time he went up into the mountains.

How Boston Charlie got his name: Because one of the first settlers was from Boston, tribal folks would call any white person a "Boston." Boston Charlie liked to experiment with things and was once given a knife and fork and told how to use them. Someone said, "you're trying to be a Boston!" and the name stuck.

(Native Peoples of the Olympic Peninsula)

An additional encounter Boston Charlie had with a "Stick Indian," as Bigfoot was commonly termed (would that be an Indian who lives in the sticks?), was along the Elwha River where he had fish curing in a smokehouse. A Stick Indian came along and swiped them but later returned and left a calf elk in trade.

I remember in those first months that I met my beloved that she said to me that thousands of Native children locally had been murdered. I said, "Naw, that cannot be." At that point, having lived here more than 15 years, I felt that I was up on things and could confidently deny such an outlandish charge. Certainly nothing like that has ever appeared in the *Peninsula Daily News*. Nothing like that, so far as I knew, was in the history books. I patiently explained, yes, we know that back east, General Amherst in the 18th century, because he had bragged in his diary, had sent small-pox infected blankets to the Indians and caused a mass plague. But surely nothing of that nature is known to have happened here in the western part of Washington State and certainly not in the 20th century.

My beloved had been to that point 20 years a locksmith. She was used to being met with disbelief. When she showed up on a call, many initially looked at her skeptically. An Indian? a female? that's not what they expected. And having no written source to convince me with, she let the matter ride. Ten years passed. Then I found out that she was right.

Over 50,000 children were killed. It happened this way. Not 40 miles from here the RCMP (the Royal Canadian Mounted Police), beginning in the late part of the 19th century

and continuing well into the 20th century, would head their patrol boats up the coastal rivers of Vancouver Island and collect the Native American children from their parents to be taken to residential schools run by the Anglican Church and by the Catholic Church. If parents did not cooperate, they were subject to arrest and their children seized by force. We have eye-witness accounts as to what was going on at these schools. A few samples:

Witness: "The girls who got pregnant were expelled immediately. Some of them were even found dead on the grounds of the Alberni school. None of us could ever leave the school grounds, and we couldn't mix with the boys – we couldn't even hold hands with them – so the staff had to be the ones who fathered those kids."

Witness: "We were playing soccer in the back field behind the school, where it was really covered in weeds. The ball got kicked among the weeds, and in those weeds I came across the remains of a body, maybe three feet long. It was decomposed and you could see a lot of skeleton After that, the RCMP came to us and told us not to say anything about what we discovered in the field."

Witness: "One day in 1946, I was 11, and I went to the place under the stairs where I would go and sit and cry. I heard Mr. Caldwell at the top of the stairs with another little girl, a few years younger than me Mr. Caldwell was screaming at her, and then I heard this sound, like a kick, and I heard her falling down the stairs. I looked out and saw her facing me, with her eyes open, not moving or breathing. I never saw her again after that."

Witness: "My sister Maggie was thrown from a three-story window by a nun at the school, and she died."

Witness: "Kids had TB there and they weren't sent away for treatment or any help. They just left them in there with us. And I remember one girl, she was just so sick, we didn't even want to get close to her. But then the nuns told us, you know, 'You guys get over there and play with her. You've got to be around her; you can't let her be over there by herself.'"

Witness: "I think they were trying to deliberately infect us with tuberculosis, because they always made me sleep in the same bed with girls who had TB. One on each side of me."

Report by Kevin Annett: the only priest ever to be defrocked by the Anglican Church of Canada for reporting on the true state of affairs:

The last native person who tried leading a protest at St. Andrew's Wesley United Church in downtown Vancouver was beaten to death by three cops in an alley shortly afterward. So far be it for me to endanger yet another innocent by suggesting we once again provoke the Beast who lives there.

Unfortunately, I came across something today that demands comment, and even action, in the latest congregational bulletin from that church: namely, an invitation to attend an "Indian Residential Schools Healing Night" in the church sanctuary on June 20.

Since there are no actual survivors of that particular church-run slaughter in the pews at St. Andrew's Wesley, one must assume the "healing" is for everybody else, as one might gather from such ludicrous bulletin remarks as, "What were our ancestors thinking when they created the residential schools?"

Bingo knew the danger, and he went ahead anyway, and for that I will always love him. For Bingo and what he represents will always be feared by the very people who will gather next Monday at St. Andrew's Wesley and pretend and even believe that they only want to do what's right by Indians.

To safeguard their illusions, the right kind of Indian will be there that evening: not Bingo and his raw pain, and truth, but "Chief" Bobby Joseph, the brown equivalent of Gary Paterson: the kind of smiling and forgiving red skin who white liberals love to be around.

Bobby is a happy guy - who wouldn't be, on a quarter of a million dollar government salary - who goes to all the white church conferences and says what the pale folks want and need to hear: that everybody can get over mass murder without having to face it, let alone do time for the crime.

Along with Chief Bobby will be a government guy, and a theologian from my old alma mater, the Vancouver School of Theology, completing the traditional trinity of church, state and hired Indian collaborator that made the residential schools massacre possible. So it's a fitting arrangement, I suppose, if we are to actually understand how the genocide was possible.

The Bobby Josephs were the white man's trackers, sent out to round up all their own children and cart them off to certain rape and torture and often death in the places called schools by their bosses. For that, they were rewarded well, and they got in the habit of thinking like the white man.

"Nothing will be gained by pointing fingers" Chief Bobby likes to say to people like Bingo, and me. Certainly nothing will be gained by Bobby, who knows the accusing finger is aimed not just at the white people.

But that's the wonderful world we Canadians have made, and it reminds me of what Bingo used to say to me, with such unusual seriousness, whenever we held a church protest.

"I feel like I need a bath whenever one of them Christians shakes my hand."

And yet the churchgoers at A and W extend their hands to each other with such apparent ease every Sunday, in their place of reverence, where they and all things are reconciled.

So what's really going on here? Is it commonly the case that the parishioners of the Church of Canada have it in for Native Americans? Does the Anglican Church of Canada itself bear a grudge against Native Americans? It's hard to square charges of ingrained racism with what we know of Canadian character in general or Canadians who attend church in particular. There must be some other explanation and there is. Large financial interests

back in Toronto made the decision to exploit the timber of Vancouver Island. The large Native population on the island represented a hurdle that had to be overcome. The decision was made at the highest levels of finance and government to carry out mass-murder to facilitate wholesale robbery. After that it was easy enough to find pettifogging nincompoops in the hierarchy, the usual deadwood that gravitates to moribund religious institutions, to do the bidding of those who pay their salaries. Hannah Arndt spoke of the banality of evil. This is one more example of the banality of evil at work.

9 - 11

... there is a power somewhere so organized, so subtle, so watchful, so interlocked, so complete, so pervasive, that they had better not speak above a whisper in condemnation of it.

(Woodrow Wilson, *The New Freedom*, 1913)

The "power" alluded to above by Wilson was the one which in his day (with his help), first created, then took control of the US Federal Reserve System. This same power then maneuvered America into WWI. Now as then, using its power over the purse, the press, and organs of State security, it continues to foment wars worldwide:

The antiwar Left would prefer that old-style American imperialism and the quest for oil had caused the Iraq War. They are the preferred enemies of the Left. They are the traditional villains. And they are safe villains. Mentioning Israel as a culprit would cause problems: it would lose support for the Left among activist Jews, and it would lead to hostility from the Israel lobby and mainstream Jewish groups. . . . In terms of left-wing psychology the ideal is to strike a radical, nonconformist pose without really alienating the powerful, thus avoiding any negative consequences as well as the cognitive dissonance that results from chiding designated victims. (Israel Lobby Denial: the Bankruptcy of the Mainstream Left, S. J. Sniegowski)

By far, the biggest failing of the Jewish-led "peace" movement is its unwillingness to confront the true nature of 9/11. Amy Goodman, Noam Chomsky, George Soros, etc., the left-wing's Jewish gatekeepers, will talk about anything and everything except who perpetrated 9/11. It's as if their purpose was to waste everyone's time through misdirection. Provable beyond any reasonable doubt is that 9/11 was a false-flag operation carried out in large part by Mossad (the Zionist State's secret intelligence agency) in conjunction with Zionists ensconced within the US government. It's essential to talk about this for only when Americans awake to the realization that they have been betrayed, that 9/11 was a knife in the back planted there by the Jewish Establishment, will meaningful resistance be possible. The Jewish Establishment has a hammerlock on American culture, finance, and politics.

9/11 has provided a pretext for war, to send American boys on a fool's mission to fight

and die for Israel and for oil. Unless stopped, that is just the beginning with worst deeds yet to be. The "official" 9-11 story promulgated by the so-called "Truth Commission" tasked to investigate it is patently unbelievable. (My own moment of first awakening came when President Bush tried to appoint Henry Kissinger head of this commission, a perfect example if ever there was one of having the fox guard the henhouse).

To put an end to the nonsense and the killing, one need not drop a single piece of explosive ordinance or fire a single round of ammunition. Because of its huge war-making establishment, the Zionist State simply is not viable financially. Cap its indebtedness and its goose is cooked. Already far more than \$100 billion (or, according to one source, Congressman Dingell, \$300 billion) has been extorted from America's long-suffering taxpayers for this imposture. No more! Let the Zionist imposture sink beneath the waves in a sea of red ink. And the sooner the better at that, for then the land could be returned to its rightful, legal occupants, the Palestinian people. As for the Zionized Ashkenazi living there, let them be indemnified to the extent of being given a one-way ticket back to wherever it was they or their ancestors came from. Better yet, settle a million dollars (\$50,000 over 20 years) on each Jewish family living there, allowing them to live wherever they want. This would cost the world far, far less than the current, interminable state of war.

Current reality is that the Zionists not only promote the war movement but, also control its opposition, that is to say, much of the organized peace movement which assiduously avoided the facts of 9-11. Thus, largely unchecked by organized opposition, President Bush was able to hammer home the horrors of 9-11, falsely claiming that it was an attack by Islamic extremists when it was far from that; rather, from top to bottom, inside and out, it was an insider job overseen by the master terrorist of our time, Ariel Sharon.

After I heard Sharon's neo-con pal, Larry Silverstein's verbal confession caught on video that he had "pulled" WTC 7; once I understood the role of the "Weehawken five" who were captured near the scene by the NY Police Department and later positively identified as Mossad agents by their own confession on Israeli TV as having been pre-positioned to film the event; once I had the testimony of Alex Rodriguez, the North Tower's lead custodian, that a bomb went off in the basement below him before the aircraft hit above; and with many other relevant pieces of evidence proving that the towers' free-fall collapse was the result of a pre-planned demolition, my life was forever changed. My Zionist-warped religion went out the window along with many of my former associates. If after years of accumulating evidence we can't get 9-11 right, what can we get right?

This the so-called "war on terror" is simply the U.S. Army's Indian Wars repeated on a near-planetary scale with the entire Islamic world, from the Philippines in the East to Mauri-

tania in the West, as the object of aggression. None of this could be taking place absent a core constituency supporting it, namely, the vast majority of Jewish organizations (though not necessarily the Jewish people), also America's largest Protestant body, the Southern Baptist Convention.

The way it works is this: Jewish Zionists, with Mossad's help, instigate terror (9-11 for instance) then Zionized Christians in the amen corner scapegoat Islamics in a push for war. While Judith Miller was inventing stories about weapons of mass destruction in the Jewish mass-media newspaper of record, the New York Times, General Frank led the charge into Baghdad, with Ambassador Negroponte following right behind to oversee the napalming of Fallujah and torture at Abu Ghraib.

Meanwhile, sucker-punched Gentiles, egged on by the Friedmans and the Krauthammers and other such mass-media pundits, volunteer themselves as bullet-stoppers, risking being blown to bits or sickening and dying from depleted uranium (Gulf War Syndrome) while being haunted forever by the innocent lives they took. Holding the whip hand, the neo-con Jews spur the Gentiles on "to stay the course" while Gentiles with bit in mouth, trot out at their command in service to the Zionist State. Regarding the carnage Judeo-Christianity hath wrought, let us not say: "these are the works of Abraham." It's too blasphemous.

Holy Saint Florin, spare my house. Send fire on others.

While today it is Islam which stands in the crosshairs, according to a June 2005 feature story in the prestigious Atlantic Monthly, tomorrow apparently it will be China. Titled "How We Would Fight China, the next Cold War," its author, Robert Kaplan, adopts an uncompromising pro-war stance. (And before writing off Kaplan and his views as the aberrational rantings of an isolated fruitcake, let it be noted that recently he was invited to the White House to brief President Bush on issues of foreign policy.)

Lumping Islam with Confucianism and condemning them both, another prominent Establishment academic, Samuel Huntington - also a zealot for war - identified the "Islamic-Confucian world" (that being Eurasia, from the Middle East to China) as "an arc of crisis," in need of American intervention. As the one who coined the "clash of civilizations" expression, the title of his book, he sees hostilities between the US and China breaking out by the year 2010, predicting that the flash point will be the oil lanes of the South China Sea. Evidently, Judeo-Christianity knows not the commandment: thou shalt not covet thy neighbors' oil.

But it didn't begin with 9/11. There has been a long theological gestation period preparing the way for Christianity and Judaism to link up under Zionism. Lecturing in Ascona, Switzerland some years ago, a 91 year-old Zen Buddhist, D. T. Suzuki, put his finger on the

issue which I seek to elucidate, namely Western religiosity's distinct tendency toward unbridled aggression. As he put it:

Man against God. God against man. Man against Nature. Nature against man.
God against Nature. Nature against God. Very funny religion.

Very funny religion, indeed, in response to which I say, "I've been hoodwinked long enough. Enough. "Ain't gonna study war no more."

FIRST PRINCIPLES

We know very little about life and what happens after death, but the little we do know tells us how much more reasonable it is to believe that we are here for a plan and a purpose, than that we and the universe are creations with no meaning, with no future, with no hope. As intelligent animals we must believe in a beneficent creator, whose power is beyond ours to resist, and whose wisdom not ours to dispute. And does not the Christian faith satisfy completely our recognition of these conditions? (Captain Loyd V. Kielhorn)

In this classically formulated statement, one can find the logic for making an informed leap of faith, a rational response to life's possibilities which I quote for no better reason than my being unable to improve on it and because it expresses with clarity the ground rules for my own quest, for I have chosen to posit both Creator and Creation as being good and vitally linked. No dogmatist, nor given to narrow certitude, Captain Kielhorn, my grandfather, was a sincere inquirer whose favorite Scripture verse he hand-inscribed in our family's King James Bible:

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God. (Micah 6:8)

With such lofty words of guidance as these, how can one go wrong? All the same I went wrong, quite wrong, my error having been that of allowing tribal interests (my tribe) trumping all other considerations, my error also having been cult religion, that being sectarianism, where one section is at war with the whole. These errors led me downward, deeper and deeper into night. But that's how it is, whenever special interests, be they tribal or sectarian, are placed above universal principals, disgraceful performance is sure to follow. I've noticed that whenever someone says "God and Country," that God is just a prop and Country is the main objective. This then is my attempt to distinguish those features making religion beautiful from those deforming it, rendering it unworthy of either God or man.

If we just let our vision of the world go forth, and we embrace it entirely and we don't try to piece together clever diplomacy, but just wage a total war . . . our children will sing great songs about us years from now.

(Richard Perle, Pentagon advisor)

That is Zionism in a nutshell, "total war" on behalf of a self-serving goal, that of ruling the world from Jerusalem. Presumably Perle would be good to his own children but in plotting aggressive, unjust war, he has made himself an unholy terror to his neighbors' children. Ethnic cleansing, dead American soldiers, the maiming of civilians is a matter of no moment to a "pragmatist" of his stripe for whom the end always justifies the means. Conversely, it's the place of all moral Jews to affirm that all God's children are of equal value in God's eyes. It may be that Mr. Perle underestimates the moral stature of his children. For should any of them be so fortunate as to survive the hell Perle and his cohorts would visit upon the earth to achieve their vision, rather than "sing great songs" about him as he supposes, I have the confidence that they are far more likely to piss on his bones. Foreign to most Jews I know of is the supremacist ideology which undergirds certain powerful, religious organizations, Chabad, for example, whose late, leading light said:

A Jew was not created for some other purpose; he is himself the purpose, since the substance of all divine emanations was created only to serve the Jews. (Rabbi Menacem Schneerson)

If "power is the ultimate aphrodisiac" as Henry Kissinger once claimed, then being the sole, undisputed planetary ruler must be its ultimate expression. That's what the coming Jewish Messiah is all about - absolute, irresistible power. More than just that, it is to be worshiped as God from the temple in Jerusalem. But in due course presumption will have its comeuppance:

For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God:
I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. (Isaiah 14:13)

Unwittingly, by embracing Zionism, what I did was to turn faith on its head, for I was effectively negating the Ten Commandments, Jesus, and all that's right or good. By claiming, albeit not for myself but for others, the "God-ordained right" to return to Zion, I inadvertently embraced this corollary: the right by force of arms to seize Zion, thereby showing myself more than presumptuous and more than unjust.

From the outset Zionism's larger aim has been to enmesh the West in the strategic center of the world, thereby furthering the ambitions of certain international Jewish banking families whose age-old design is to rule the world from Jerusalem. Subsidized by this cartel, the Zionist State exists not only as a pretext to seize Middle East oil but, worse yet, as a pretext to

instigate a global religious war to achieve global unification. Now we see a global conflict unfolding as Judeo-Christian "sons of Abraham" gang up and attack Islamic "sons of Abraham" in Afghanistan, Iraq, Lybia, Somalia, Yemen, Syria, and soon, it would seem, Iran.

Zionism is the willful demand to squat on God's holy hill where Abraham would have sacrificed Isaac, where later Solomon built God's Temple. It matters not whose Zionism is at issue: whether Islamics do it, whether Christians do it; or whether Jews do it; whoever does it, it is high presumption which always engenders strife.

A trap too easily fallen into is that of our thinking to help God out. That's what happened to Abraham. God promised him a son but Abraham, thinking God a bit slow in making good his promise, decided to help God out a little by impregnating his wife's handmaid. Likewise Christian Zionists, impatient with God's timetable, try to help God out by trying to bring prophecy to pass. They justify underwriting the Zionist State on the grounds that this is a necessary step to ushering in the prophesied messianic age. What nonsense. Also prophesied are wars, plagues, and apostasy. Does that mean moral imperative attaches to advancing such evils? Shall we do evil that good might come from it? This is the biblical promise:

Thus saith YHVH of hosts; Behold, I will save my people from the east country, and from the west country; and I will bring them, and they shall dwell in the midst of Jerusalem: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God, in truth and in righteousness. (Zechariah 8:7-8)

On being warned that evangelical Christian supported the State of Israel only because they believed that it was necessary to Jesus' second coming, Prime Minister Menachem Begin said that if the Christian Fundamentalists would support the Jews today, that he would support them tomorrow when the Messiah comes. That's the tradeoff: through the Jews, Christians get to fulfill their chimerical illusions about prophecy, while through the Christians, the Zionists get to fulfill their nefarious plan to rule the world.

I confess, my toxic, Zionized faith was as toxic as is the State which inspired it. I certainly didn't start out wanting it to be this way. Rather, I thought I was acting in conformity with *Genesis* which reads:

Now the Lord had said unto Abram, I will bless them that bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shalt all families of the earth be blessed. (Genesis 12:3)

Somehow (as is too often the case within Protestant, evangelical Christians) this verse became twisted in my thinking to mean that one should support the State of Israel. Think about that - giving aid and comfort to those who are, spiritually speaking, linearly descended

from the very Pharisees who put Jesus to death. Besides which, not distinguishing the interests of the Jewish people from those of the Jewish Establishment is itself a grievous error. 2000 years ago, the former heard Jesus gladly while the later had him crucified.

The same dichotomy exists today. Polling in 2000 and 2004 confirm that the vast majority of Jews, far more than 60%, opposed President Bush as well as his Zionist war agenda.. On the other hand, recently, (2006) the representatives of all 51 major Jewish organizations went running to Bush so as to get him to give the "green light" for further bombing of Lebanon (and were granted it, tooo.). Don't blame the Jews. Blame, rather, organized Jewry and the American political and religious Establishments who would crucify Christ anew today in Lebanon, indeed, in all the world, for they are the enemies of all mankind:

The only way to fight a moral war is the Jewish way: destroy their holy sites, kill men, women, children, cattle.

(Manis Friedman, Chabad Lubavitch rabbi, as quoted in the Jewish publication, *Moment*)

The vast majority of Zionists are not Jewish. They are Gentile. Indeed, the most rabid of Zionists are not Jewish. They are Gentile. Said Luis Lugo, the director of the Pew Forum on Religion & Public Life:

I can tell you, from all of our polling, that no issue more encapsulates an evangelical view of the world than the United States relationship to Israel. I have had evangelical leaders say that George Bush can do just about everything and not alienate his base, except on the issue of Israel.

White, Protestant Christianity seems utterly clueless regarding the evil they underwrite:

A report from the Pew Forum, the Washington-based religion and public life research centre, said: "The 2004 exit poll showed that a whopping 78% of white evangelicals voted for President Bush and that they comprised 23% of the overall electorate, making them by far the single most potent voting block in the electorate."

(*The Guardian*, 05/31/06)

Evangelical Christians of the Zionist persuasion acknowledge that at some future date there will be a man of sin, the anti-Christ, who will set himself up in the re-established temple in Jerusalem. Knowing this, isn't it more than passingly strange that they would issue from Jerusalem (02/06) a proclamation making this outrageous claim:

Christian believers are instructed by Scripture . . . to actively assist and participate in the plan of God for the ingathering of the Jewish People and the Restoration of the nation of Israel in our day.

(The Third International Christian Zionist Congress, Jerusalem, 02/96)

May we get it straight, just as straight as the apostle Paul did, that we are not obligated to underwrite the anti-Christ or his minion. That is why Paul distinguished so carefully between the two Jerusalems, the one that's below from the one that's above:

For it is written, that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bondmaid, the other by a free-woman. But he who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he of the free-woman was by promise. Which things are an allegory: for these are the two covenants; the one from the mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Agar. For this Agar is mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.

(Galatians 4:23-26)

HELEN SEARS

November, 2012. Over the last couple of years, I became acquainted with one of the dearest ladies I've yet known. Helen Sears is small, has strait white hair, a beautiful smile, unusually nice manners, unusually grateful for favors done her, and makes herself very useful in the effort to stop fluoride. Then in the last six or eight weeks she became unaccountably ill. Thanks to the fact that her husband, Merv, is a volunteer on the Port Angeles Utilities advisory board, they were able to correlate her coming down sick, really quite deathly ill, dizzy, nauseated, confused, with the start up of the citywide Wi-Fi network. On hundreds of power poles all over town one can see these strange looking units with two antennas sticking up and a coil below them. What they produce is a type of microwave radiation and what they are doing is slow-cooking the residents of Port Angeles from the inside out. Merv asks the City for info and is told to talk to the provider. The provider says its proprietary. The following is from Port Angeles's website bragging on the project:

Metro-Net is one of the first city-wide wireless systems in the nation designed to improve public safety and increase affordable internet access for residents and businesses.

As one of the first city-wide WIFI systems in the nation, and the only one to share infrastructure with a separate first-responder network, Metro-Net will enable fire and police departments to have dedicated, on-demand access to information vital to public safety.

For example, firefighters can pull up building plans when fighting fires and police can view images captured by video cameras on the waterfront from their police cars. At the same time, city residents and businesses can be online anywhere in the city, making it possible to work in a park, in a restaurant, on the beach, or at home, any time of day.

"This is truly a win/win/win. Police and Fire can work and respond more efficiently, residents will have a low-cost internet service solution, and revenue from these WIFI accounts will go towards the City's operation and maintenance costs," said Port Angeles Mayor Cherie Kidd. "With Metro-Net, people and businesses anywhere within the City can connect with the rest of the world. This makes Port Angeles the place to be for business expansion and economic development opportunities." Metro-Net is funded, in part, by a \$2.6 million Broadband Technology Opportunities Program (BTOP) Sub-grant.

I was in the firehouse 11 years and I can tell you that this business about firemen on the scene pulling up house plans is a crock. What's real is that the City is getting a pay-off of \$2.6 million to offer up its residents as guinea pigs. Not mentioned in the article is that City taxpayers will be ponying up \$1.7 million. The City is due for a class-action legal suit for grievous harm done untold hundreds. Besides the money angle, what's this really all about?

The dark horse of the New World Order is not Communism, Socialism or Fascism: It is Technocracy.

The development and implementation of Smart Grid technology in the U.S. reinventing the electrical grid with Wifi-enabled digital power meters is proceeding at breakneck speed. Although Smart Grid is the result of years of government planning, the recent kickoff was made possible through massive "green" grants that were quietly included in President Obama's economic stimulus package starting in 2009.

These lucrative grants have drawn in a host of corporate players, from utility companies to digital meter manufacturers to control software vendors. Global companies like IBM, GE and Siemens are putting their full effort behind the build-out that will consolidate all of America into a single, integrated, communication-enabled electric delivery and monitoring system, collectively called Smart Grid.

Proponents of Smart Grid claim that it will empower the consumer to better manage his or her power consumption and hence, costs. The utility companies will therefore be more efficient in balancing power loads and requirements across diverse markets.

However, like carnival barkers, these Smart Grid hocksters never reveal where or how Smart Grid came into being, nor what the ultimate endgame aims to achieve; perhaps most of them have no idea either, but simply repeat the mantra as if they know what they are talking about.

Smart Grid is born out of Technocracy and not the other way around.

Technocracy is a totalitarian system of government where scientists, engineers and technicians monitor and control all facets of personal and civic life economic, social and political. Herein lies the real danger: Who are these unelected controllers and why should anyone believe that they would be benevolent dictators instead of tyrants? Americans are a freedom-loving people who would certainly reject Technocracy's stealth takeover, if only they were aware of it. Indeed, Americans did pointedly reject Technocracy in the 1930's!

Thirty years ago, a researcher's mantra was "Follow the money, follow the power." This must now be restated: "Follow the energy, follow the power."

In addition to the United States, Smart Grid is being implemented in both Canada and Mexico. Planners are working on standards that will integrate all of North America into a single, unified Smart Grid system. Moreover, there is a serious initiative underway to create a Global Smart Grid that will integrate all the continents on the globe! The Global Energy Network Institute (GENI) project is gathering momentum and is endorsed by the

Dalai Lama, Archbishop Desmond Tutu, Sen. James Jeffords (I-VT) and Noel Brown (North American Director, United Nations Environmental Program), the United Nations and by the governments of Canada New Zealand, Switzerland, and China, among others.

The nature of the global grid is revealed on the Terrawatts website:

“There is a new world wide web emerging right before our eyes. It is a global energy network and, like the Internet, it will change our culture, society and how we do business. More importantly, it will alter how we use, transform and exchange energy.

“There is no energy supply problem, there is an energy distribution problem, and the emerging solution is a new world wide web of electricity.”

If a skeptic were to question the seriousness of organizations like Terrawatts and GENI, they should consider that the elitist World Economic Forum (WEF) has thrown its collective weight behind the initiative. It has managed to link the advancement of Smart Grid to the reduction of carbon emissions, thus promising a tangible way to fight global warming.

Founded in 1971, the WEF meets annually in Davos, Switzerland. Attendees are mostly the “who’s who” of the global elite.

The WEF presented a major progress report in January 2011 titled, “Energy Industry Partnership Programme”: “Accelerating Successful Smart Grid Pilots, a World Economic Forum report developed with Accenture and industry experts, sets out the centrality of smart grids as key enablers for a low-carbon economy and in response to increasingly growing energy demands. Over 60 industry, policy and regulatory stakeholders were engaged in the Accelerating Successful Smart Grid Pilots report, to identify the factors that determine the success, or otherwise, of smart grid pilots... There is an opportunity to launch the next wave of development towards a lower carbon energy system, and successful smart grid pilots will be a key step in this process.”

Mark Spelman, Global Head of Strategy at Accenture, participated in the WEF’s Smart Grid Workshop in 2010. When asked the question, “What value can Smart Grid add in the next 30 years?”, Spelman replied, “Smart Grids are absolutely fundamental if we are going to achieve some of our climate change objectives. Smart Grids are the glue, they are the energy internet of the future and they are the central component which is going to bring demand and supply together.”

Conclusion

Technocracy is a collectivist, utopian political-economic system run by engineers, scientists and technicians. It has the potential to be far more oppressive and controlling than Communism, Socialism or Fascism. Without Smart Grid, we are assured that there will be no rule of Technocracy.

Much more needs to be said, but this report seeks to highlight the following:

Technocracy, Inc. was the birth place of the energy-based economic-political model seen behind national, regional, continental and global Smart Grid initiatives R. Buckminster Fuller, a Technocrat at heart, pioneered the design for a Global energy network that is now referred to as “the new World Wide Web of Electricity”

All of Technocracy, Inc.’s original requirements for an energy-based system are process of being met

Global organizations like the World Economic Forum and the IEEE Standards Organization are fully backing and enabling the global Smart Grid

It is not clear who will oversee any or all facets of the global Smart Grid. The implied suggestion is that it will be the same engineers and global corporations that are currently developing it. There is no suggestion anywhere in literature that there is a plan for a hand-off of the resulting system to a political structure that serves the people.

The negative aspects of Smart Grid are seldom mentioned. Take cyber-security, for instance. Picture a tech-savvy criminal who breaks into your energy profile data by hacking the computers at your local substation: Based on your power usage, he knows when you are home and when you are not home, when you are awake and when you are asleep, whether you have a security system turned on or off, etc. Armed with such information, your possessions and personal safety would be at his disposal.

With the global groundswell of activity to create the global Smart Grid, it is doubtful that the initiative can be stopped, especially since it is so closely intertwined with the global warming movement and hence, Sustainable Development and even the United Nation’s Agenda 21 program.

In the United States, Smart Grid is escalating without any legislative oversight or involvement; in other words, it is being implemented exclusively by Executive Branch fiat. The same is true in other countries.

The original Technocracy, Inc. was successful for a season due in part to the bone-crushing pressure of the Great Depression. The Great Depression II currently underway will almost certainly sponsor renewed cat-calls that “Capitalism is dead” and pleas for a new system to replace it. The only system waiting in the wings, so to speak, is Technocracy, and its enabling infrastructure is the new World Wide Web of Energy.

(Technocracy’s Endgame: Global Smart Grid)

E D E N

However shaped by local cultural influences, humankind’s longing for a better world seems to be a given, which could explain why this concept has assumed so many guises. For instance, from Persia we get the word “Paradise,” meaning park; from Norse mythology, there is Valhalla, a majestic hall; the Happy Hunting Grounds is Native American usage; while in Greek mythology one finds reference to the Elysian Fields where the virtuous

dead were sent to dwell. The *Koran*, it speaks of “the righteous amid gardens and fountains.” Built in is the concept of reward. Moreover, some sort of relationship exists between a future state of bliss and a former state of bliss. In Isaiah’s Peaceable Kingdom, the lamb will lie down with the lion. Thus, we speak at times of the Edenic state, applying it allegorically to the womb or to a child-like state of grace. At other times, we use it symbolically of a promised restoration, a peaceable kingdom, the vision of Isaiah.

THE GOOD EARTH

Ua Mau Ke Ea O Ka Aina I Ka Pono

The life of the land is perpetuated in righteousness. (King Kamehameha III, 1843)

We think we know everything about the planet Earth itself. But for some strange reason we know nothing about a mere handful of dirt whose miraculous fecundity makes our gardens, fields, and pastures grow.

(Frank Waters)

The greatest fine art of the future will be the making of a comfortable living from a small parcel of land.

(Abraham Lincoln)

But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of YHVH of hosts hath spoken it.

(*Micah 4:4*)

Woe unto them that lay field upon field and house upon house till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth.

(*Isaiah 5:8*)

That so many are ready to live by luck, and so get the means of commanding the labor of others less lucky, without contributing any value to society! And that is called enterprise! I know of no more startling development of the immorality of trade, and all the common modes of getting a living. The philosophy and poetry and religion of such a mankind are not worth the dust of a puffball.

(Henry David Thoreau)

. . . connection with nature is essential for a person's intellectual, aesthetic, and moral health and growth. One must see and experience nature intimately, whether defined as the "not-me" or as landscape, to participate in the unity of Spirit underlying its visible processes. This connectedness is the basis of the self-reliance which determines how a person lives with integrity in nature and society.

(Ann Woodlief)

Surely if lost humanity doesn't find its way back to its agrarian roots, its prospects are dim.

MEET PAUL GAUTSCHI OF SEQUIM, WA

Paul Gautschi has been a gardener for over 55 years and is known locally as a master arborist. In 1979 Paul and his family moved to the Northern Peninsula of Washington from California. As a father to seven children, he has primarily raised food for his family and friends – never to sell. Paul has given lively tours of his orchards and gardens to international groups from 1 to 450 who also have enjoyed the fruits of his

labor. Published articles featuring Paul and his gardens include Sunset magazine and the Peninsula Daily News newspaper. Paul's generosity, passion and enthusiastic outlook has changed the lives of people in the local community and travelers from afar.

View Paul's approach to gardening on YouTube. See: [Back To Eden](#).

HOLOCAUSTIANITY

When growing up, the first Nazi atrocities I heard about had to do with rendering Jews into soap and their skins into lamp shades. We now know that both these story were made from whole cloth - it didn't happen but for many years, I took this at face value, as did much of the rest of the world. Counting as sacrosanct the suffering of the Jewish people, it never occurred to me to question the standard Holocaust account. Only in 2004 did I begin to learn how completely Zionists had exploited Jewish suffering, first of all by underwriting Hitler (In Germany, Max Warburg and in the United States, brother Paul were directors of American I.G. Farben which laundered millions of dollars over to Hitler; then deliberately interfering with bona fide efforts to ransom Jews out of Nazi-occupied Europe during WWII; also deliberately prolonging the war so as to bleed both Germany and the USSR to exhaustion; after the war, the Zionists cooked the books, vastly inflating the numbers who died. One way this was achieved was by the British turning over Auschwitz's commander to be tortured by Jews. After working him over for a few days, they had him agreeing to impossibly large numbers for they wanted as many Jews dead as possible - be they real or mythologic deaths - to provide a rationale for creating the Zionist State; also to justify visiting holocausts on others. "Holocaustianity" is not history but religion. Historical accounts can be questioned but to doubt the Holocaust in any particular is to risk being branded an "anti-Semite," and charged with a "hate crime." In Europe there are responsible scholars who are serving long prison sentences right now because they questioned, for instance, the existence of a gas chamber at Auschwitz - which is only right because there wasn't one - and never mind what you saw in Spielberg's movie, "Schindler's List" - that was Hollywood, not history. (The gas chamber many tourist saw at Auschwitz had been built by the USSR after the war. The Soviets had there own motives for attributing atrocities to the Nazis to cover for their own.)

Dan Gillerman, the Zionist State's UN ambassador, in a near panic over Iran's plan to sponsor a Holocaust Conference, said of the planned conference, that it was "proof of what a global threat Iran really is. ... Iran is proving yet again what an extreme, fundamentalist, lunatic regime it is." No, the Zionists are proving yet again their inability to face this issue in an open forum. Masquerading as history, holocaustianity is a religious cult, its purpose: to subjugate the West through the adroit merchandising of guilt. Such is the view of the Jewish scholar, Tony Judt, the director of the Remarque Institute at New York University:

The Shoah [Hebrew for Holocaust] is frequently exploited in America and Israel to deflect and forbid any criticism of Israel. Indeed, the Holocaust of Europe's Jews is nowadays exploited thrice over: It gives American Jews in particular a unique, retrospective 'victim identity'; it allows Israel to trump any other nation's

sufferings (and justify its own excesses) with the claim that the Jewish catastrophe was unique and incomparable; and (in contradiction to the first two) it is adduced as an all-purpose metaphor for evil -- anywhere, everywhere and always -- and taught to schoolchildren all over America and Europe without any reference to context or cause. This modern instrumentalization of the Holocaust for political advantage is ethically disreputable and politically imprudent.

Gilad Atzmon addresses the effect of such propaganda on Jews themselves:

It isn't coincidence that Zionists try to blur the distinction between the personal grief and the rational discourse. In order to maintain Jewish trauma the pain must suppress any possible reason. Reason is there to produce an explanatory argument. You see, once the Zionist realises the reasoning behind Jewish suffering, Jews would stop being victims and they would then become ordinary empathising and responsible human beings. As long as pain stands in the core of the Jewish discourse, the Holocaust is a never ending story with interchangeable protagonists: Once it was Hitler, then it became Stalin, Nasser, Arafat, Saddam and so on. As soon as you draw a demarcation line between pain and reasoning you then start to search for the causality. You look at your grief in terms of cause and effect. You then may ask whether it is a coincidence that all those major disasters happen to Jews. Is it a coincidence that so many young Palestinians give up on the hope for a better life? If you ask me, these are the elementary questions Israelis must ask themselves following a suicide attack. Somehow, they fail to do so. Once they start engaging themselves with those questions they won't be Israelis anymore. To de-Zionise the Israeli is to introduce reason into the trauma.

That Jews were mistreated I do not question but it is more than passingly odd that the 6 million figure was adopted early, as it were, out-of-the-air and has never changed, not even when the "official" death figures from Auschwitz were revised downward from 3 million to 1.5 million. The real holocaust was WWII itself: 25 million Russians dead, 10 million Ger-mans, etc. Yet the double standard runs rampant. If a civilian target is chosen by the Allies for deliberate, premeditated destruction as happened for instance in Dresden where more than 100,000 women and children were horribly incinerated - but because they were Ger-mans, not Jews - this is no holocaust, nor worth commemorating? Is it only Jewish deaths which are special and for that reason most be honored by the entire world?

Instead of a history text, Jews have the Holocaust, an event that matured into a religion. The holocaust religion is obviously Judeo-centric to the bone. It defines the Jewish Raison d'être. . . . Instead of old Yehova, the new Jewish God is 'the Jew' himself: the brave and witty being, the one who survived the ultimate and most sinister genocide, the one who came out of the ashes and stepped forward into a new beginning. To a certain extent the Holocaust religion signals the Jewish departure from monotheism, for every Jew is a potential little God or Goddess. . . . The holocaust religion is the conclusive stage in the Jewish dialectic; it is the end of Jewish history for it is the deepest and most sincere form of 'self love'. Rather than inventing

an abstract God who prefers the Jews to be the chosen people, in the holocaust religion the Jews cut out the divine middle substance. The Jew just chooses oneself. This is why Jewish identity politics transcends itself beyond the notion of history. God is the master of ceremony. And the new Jewish God cannot be subject to humanly contingent occurrences. The new Jewish God, i.e. 'the Jew', just re-writes fables that serve the tribe at any given time. This may explain why the Holocaust religion is protected by laws, while every other historical chapter and narrative is debated openly by historians, intellectuals and ordinary people. As one may guess, with such a self-centered intensive world-view, not much room is left for humanity, grace or universalism. It is far from being clear whether Jews can collectively recover from their new religion. However, it is crucial that every humanist stands up against the holocaust religion that can only spread misery, death and carnage. (Gilad Atzmon, Judea Declares War on Obama)

JUDEO - CHRISTIANITY

Its divisiveness is repugnant. Its history is bloody. And the "God loves me more than you" mindset is infantile at best, and homicidal at worst. ("Jewdyism(s)" by Judy Andreas)

One hears bandied about these days the expression "our common Judeo-Christian heritage," as if it were a given that the two are one. Ironic that, for at one time it might have been more appropriate to speak of a Judeo-Islamic heritage. For instance, in the 8th century, as Moorish armies advanced up the Iberian peninsula, the Jews of Seville and elsewhere threw open the municipal gates, allowing the invaders entrance. Afterwards, Islamics and Jews flourished together in what Jews call their "golden age," a renaissance of Jewish culture, wealth, and power lasting for centuries.

In 1961, when such usage was yet novel and not widespread at all, Rabbi Moshe Maggal of the National Jewish Information Service said:

There is no such thing as a Judeo-Christian religion. We consider the two religions so different that one excludes the other.

Yet as adamant as Rabbi Maggal was about this, Rabbi Eliezar Berkowitz, chairman of the department of Jewish philosophy at Hebrew Theological College, was more so. In 1966, he wrote:

As to dialogue in the purely theological sense, nothing could be more fruitless or pointless. Judaism is Judaism because it rejects Christianity; and Christianity is Christianity because it rejects Judaism. What is usually referred to as the Jewish-Christian traditions exists only in Christian or Secularist Fantasy.

By the '70's, however, a sea change in attitudes had set in; said Rabbi Martin Siegel:

I am devoting my lecture in this seminar to a discussion of the possibility that we are now entering a Jewish century, a time when the spirit of the community, the non-ideological blend of the emotional and rational and the resistance to categories and forms will emerge through the forces of anti-nationalism to provide us with a new kind of society. I call this process the Judaization of Christianity because Christianity

will be the vehicle through which this society becomes Jewish.

(Rabbi Martin Siegel, New York Magazine, p. 32, January 18, 1972)

Now we see that a new marriage of convenience has come to pass. Where before through most of their history, Jewdom and Christendom were bitter rivals, each one claim-ing to be exclusively chosen, now, under the aegis of Zionism, they cooperate. It all seemed so innocent to me once, Zionism presumably serving the humanitarian goal of restoring the beleaguered Jewish people to their ancestral land, Jews and Christians working together, righting ancient wrongs. However, the truth is something else again.

A D A R K A L L I A N C E

A telling indication of the higher-level alliance currently pertaining has to do with the 20 tons of heavy water surreptitiously sent to Israel in 1959 and 1960 from Great Britain. Brit-ain? In the movie Exodus, wasn't it Britain that at every turn tried to thwart Israel? That was for public consumption. The reality is that there was a co-ordinated effort with Britain pro-viding the heavy water, France a nuclear reactor, and the US, in 1967, allowing huge quan-tities of fissile material to be sent secretly to Israel. All of this together made it possible for a small, seemingly impoverished nation to become one of the world's premier nuclear powers with hundred of nuclear bombs in its arsenal. And then, to top things off, most recently, Germany, at the very time that it was in negotiation with Iran to limit its nuclear program, was providing special long-distance submarines to Israel so as to facilitate the Zionist State's ability to bring its nuclear-tipped missiles within striking distance of Iran. There are now five such submarines largely underwritten, if not gifted outright, by Germany in the Israeli navy.

Of course, this shows up these nations' commitment to non-proliferation for being nothing more than a public relations ploy, a charade, even a lie, that no such commitment ever ex-isted. The one person who most stood in the way of the Zionist State's nuclear ambitions was President Kennedy, a principled stance which cost him his life.

S T R A I G H T F R O M T H E H O R S E ' S M O U T H

"We must expel Arabs and take their places." (David Ben Gurion, 1937, Ben Gurion and the Palestine Arabs, Oxford University Press, 1985)

We must use terror, assassination, intimidation, land confiscation, and the cutting of all social services to rid the Galilee of its Arab population." (Ben-Gurion, May 1948, to the General Staff)

Jewish villages were built in the place of Arab villages. You do not even know the names of these Arab villages, and I do not blame you because geography books no longer exist. Not only do the books not exist, the Arab villages are not there either. Nahlal arose in the place of Mahlul; Kibbutz Gvat in the place of Jibta; Kibbutz Sarid in the place of Huneifis; and Kefar Yehushua in the place of Tal al-Shuman. There is not a single place built in

this country that did not have a former Arab population.

(David Ben Gurion, quoted in *The Jewish Paradox*, by Nahum Goldmann, 1978, p. 99)

If I knew that it was possible to save all the children of Germany by transporting them to England, and only half by transferring them to the Land of Israel, I would choose the latter, for before us lies not only the numbers of these children but the historical reckoning of the people of Israel.

(David Ben-Gurion as quoted on pp 855-56 in Shabtai Teveth's
Ben-Gurion in a slightly different translation)

We walked outside, Ben-Gurion accompanying us. Allon repeated his question, 'What is to be done with the Palestinian population?' Ben-Gurion waved his hand in a gesture which said 'Drive them out!'

(Yitzhak Rabin, leaked censored version of Rabin memoirs, published
in the *New York Times*, 23 October 1979)

There is no such thing as a Palestinian people ... It is not as if we came and threw them out and took their country. They didn't exist.

(Golda Meir, statement to *The Sunday Times*, 15 June, 1969)

This country exists as the fulfillment of a promise made by God Himself. It would be ridiculous to ask it to account for its legitimacy. (Golda Meir, *Le Monde*, 15 October 1971)

[Israel will] create in the course of the next 10 or 20 years conditions which would attract natural and voluntary migration of the refugees from the Gaza Strip and the west Bank to Jordan. To achieve this we have to come to agreement with King Hussein and not with Yasser Arafat. (Yitzhak Rabin as quoted in David Shipler in the *New York Times*, 04/04/1983 citing Meir Cohen's remarks to the Knesset's foreign affairs and defense committee)

Israel should have exploited the repression of the demonstrations in China, when world attention focused on that country, to carry out mass expulsions among the Arabs of the territories.

(Benyamin Netanyahu, then Israeli Deputy Foreign Minister, speaking to students at Bar Ilan University, from the Israeli journal *Hotam*, November 24, 1989)

It is the duty of Israeli leaders to explain to public opinion, clearly and courageously, a certain number of facts that are forgotten with time. The first of these is that there is no Zionism, colonialization, or Jewish State without the eviction of the Arabs and the expropriation of their lands. (Ariel Sharon, Israeli Foreign Minister, addressing a meeting of militants from the right-wing Tsomet Party, *Agence France Presse*, November 15, 1998)

Israel may have the right to put others on trial, but certainly no one has the right to put the Jewish people and the State of Israel on trial. (Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, 25 March, 2001 quoted in *BBC News Online*)

T H E M Y T H

*... gather your offspring, the weak and the feeble,
And go ye up to the fields of Jerusalem, the lofty,*

*Where happiness was yours in the years of thy youth.
There cast thy eye o'er your desolate fields,
And move the rust plow.
And there, under the olive trees, there
Perhaps you'll find your peace after the years of pain.
But if to die the fates have doomed you,
Do not in foreign lands give up your soul.
But only there, there where you've seen youth's beautiful morning,
Just there, just there where happiness once was yours.*

("To the Jewish People," Ilya Ehrenburg, 1911)

R E A L I T Y

Gaza: Of Mice and Men by Israel Adam Shamir

A cat called to the mouse holed up under the floor: "Come out, you have nothing to worry about! I have become a pious vegetarian, preparing for my Hajj, you may play freely". "Oh wonderful news", cried the mouse and ran out of the hole; a moment of the eternity clock passed, and the mouse found herself in cat's claws, goes Nizami's fable. This is, in brief, the development of Gaza crisis that began with Israel's phoney but much advertised "withdrawal" (a.k.a. "disengagement") from Gaza in summer 2005, followed by their phoney permission to run democratic elections for the Palestinian government.

- "Sharon changed his ways", exclaimed the good-meaning Americans and Europeans; "he, and after him, Olmert are ready for peace and reconciliation."
- "We liberated Gaza", said Hamas.
- "Oy vey!" cried the settlers.

The cries of joy and sorrow of the fake withdrawal had not died out, when the real siege and bombardment of Gaza began. After a few months of shelling, this real takeover of Gaza and arrest of all Palestinian leadership completed the picture of a fat cat playing with the mouse. Gaza after the withdrawal was one of the most depressing places on earth, with widespread starvation and vast unemployment, and it was not the Gazans' fault: whether under Hamas or Fatah rule, Gaza can't stand alone; this narrow strip is surrounded by Israeli troops and barbed wire, the Gazans have no way to sell their goods or to import their needs but through Jewish-controlled ports. Remove the SS men from Auschwitz to its perimeter, give the camp full autonomy but keep its gates shut from outside, and you'll get a picture of Gaza. . . . in the days of Israeli rule they could make a living . . . while "independent" Gaza was subjected to incessant shelling.

Queen Liliuokalani

*Whispering wind,
Soaring bird,
Gently rolling sea,*

*Dancing waves,
Flying fish,
Beckoning to me.*

*Shining sail,
Steady ship,
Gather in my chart.*

*Guiding stars,
Silver moon,
Call me to depart.*

The rolling sea is keeper of my heart.

*We are the trade winds,
Free the sea birds rise,
Let us to the horizon go
Where there's open sky.*

*Hear how the wind blows,
Listen to the sea,
Come to my fair Islands,
Come away with me.*

("Song of the Sea" Princess Liliuokalani)

More than 100 years ago, Queen Liliuokalani, as gracious and refined a Christian lady as ever there was, a songwriter with over 200 compositions to her credit (including "Aloha Oe"), was Hawaii's undisputed ruler. But in 1893 she was unlawfully deposed by the missionary faction which had her ignominiously thrown into jail on the charge of "treason," then robbed of her personal possessions. Helping to carry out this escapade were US gunboats and US sailors but it's best to let her tell her own story:

Words of harm towards my person had been openly spoken by the revolutionists; spies were in my household, and surrounded my house by day and by night; spies were also stationed at the steps of the Congregational church opposite my residence, to take note of those who entered my gates, how long they remained, and when they went out. My respect for true religion prevents my

stating the active part one of the preachers of God's Word took in this espionage.

. . . That first night of my imprisonment was the longest night I have ever passed in my life; it seemed as though the dawn of day would never come. I found in my bag a small Book of Common prayer according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church. It was a great comfort to me, . . . Here, perhaps, I may say, that although I had been a regular attendant on the Presbyterian worship since my childhood, a constant contributor to all the missionary societies, and had helped to build their churches and ornament the walls, giving my time and musical ability freely to make their meetings attractive to my people, yet none of these pious church members or clergymen remembered me in my prison.

. . . To this day, the only documents which have been returned to me is my will. Never since have I been able to find the private papers of my husband nor those of mine that had been kept by me for use or reference, and which had no relation to political events.

. . . I shall not claim that in the days of Captain Cook our people were civilized. I shall not claim anything more for their progress in civilization and Christian morality than has been already attested by missionary writers. Perhaps I may safely claim even less, admitting the criticism of some intelligent visitors who were not missionaries, that the habits and prejudices of New England Puritanism were not well adapted to the genius of a tropical people, nor capable of being thoroughly ingrafted upon them. But Christianity in substance they have accepted; and I know of no people who have developed a tenderer Christian conscience, or who have shown themselves more ready to obey its behests. Nor has any people known to history shown a greater reverence and love for their Christian teachers . . .

But will it also be thought strange that education and knowledge of the world have enabled us to perceive that as a race we have some special mental and physical requirements not shared by other races which have come among us? That certain habits and modes of living are better for our health and happiness than others? And that a separate nationality, and a particular form of government, as well as special laws, are, at least for present, best for us?

And these things remained to us, until the pitiless and tireless "annexation policy" was effectively backed by the naval power of the United States. . . .

If we have nourished in our bosom those who have sought our ruin, it has been because they were of the people whom we believed to be our dearest friends and allies. If we did not by force resist their final outrage, it was because we could not do so without striking at the military force of the United States.

. . . So it happens that, overawed by the power of the United States to the extent that they can neither themselves throw off the usurpers, nor obtain assistance from other friendly states, the people of the Islands have no voice in determining their future, but are virtually relegated to the condition of the aborigines of the American continent.

But for the Hawaiian people, for the forty thousand of my own race and blood, descendants of those who welcomed the devoted and pious missionaries of

seventy years ago, - for them has this mission of mine accomplished anything?

Oh honest Americans, as Christians hear me for my down-trodden people!
Their form of government is as dear to them as yours is precious to you.
Quite as warmly as you love, so they love theirs. . . . do not covet the little
vineyard of Naboth's, so far from your shores, lest the punishment of Ahab
fall upon you, if not in your day, in that of your children, for "be not deceived,
God is not mocked."

(Hawaii's Story Queen Liliuokalani)

Justly has it been said of New England's Congregational missionaries who descended on Hawaii in the early part of the 19th century, that "first they came sightless, then blinded by self righteousness, and lastly eyes open to self interest." However pure their initial intentions, somewhere along the way, they misplaced their moral compass and in so doing, rather than doing good to others, ended up doing well for themselves instead.

When the United States, ever heedless of Native rights, made Hawaii the 50th state of the Union in 1959, it did nothing to compensate the native born. Many of their number have had to depart for the mainland, expatri-ated simply because they could no longer afford to live in Hawaii.

What began as a moral fiasco in their day has become a public relations fiasco in ours. James Mitchner's novel, *Hawaii*, followed up a few years later by a movie of the same name, made all of this painfully clear. Though the movie is not in all respects historically accurate even by Hollywood's low standards, there remains an undeniable core of truth that Christian religious enterprise has seriously harmed native Hawaiian interests. Perhaps it's just a coincidence, but since the introduction of this movie, whose viewership ran in excess of 100 million, there has been a palpable loss of confidence in Christian missions by a public grown weary of cover-ups and insincerity.

If Christendom is ever to redeem its good name, it will be by honestly addressing and maybe even, if possible, redressing, the innumerable wrongs done in its name to Native peoples. As we see approaching the fulfillment of Queen Liliuokalani's dire warnings about the doom of Ahab, will there be repentance or will the day of grace also be allowed to slip away?

*Farewell to you, farewell to you
The charming one who dwells in the shaded bowers
One fond embrace,
'Ere I depart
Until we meet again*

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