

Reflections for
PEOPLE *with*
POWER
to **CHANGE**
their world.

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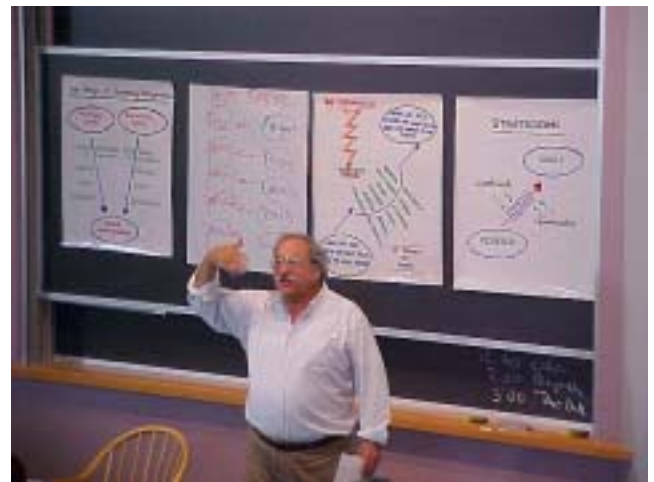
organizing: people, power & change

In democratic countries,
knowledge of how to combine
is the mother of all other forms of knowledge;
on its progress depends that of all others.

– Alexis de Tocqueville

When the knower has to apply knowledge...

Let us imagine a pilot,
and assume that he has passed every
examination with distinction,
but that he had not as yet been at sea.
Imagine him in a storm;
he knows everything he ought to do,
but he has not known before how terror
grips the seafarer when the stars
are lost in the blackness of night;
he has not known the sense of
impotence that comes when the pilot
sees the wheel in his hand
become a plaything for the waves;
he has not known how the blood
rushes to the head when one
tries to make calculations at
such a moment;
in short, he has no conception
of the changes that takes
place in the knower
when he has to
apply his knowledge.



— M. S. Kierkegaard
“Thoughts on Crucial Situations in Human Life”
In *Parables of Kirkegaard*
T.C. Oden, Editor (1978) Princeton University Press, p. 38

Be patient toward all that is unresolved
in your heart
and try not to love the questions
themselves.

Do not now seek the answers
which cannot be given to you
because you will not be able to live
them.

And the point is, to live everything.

Live the questions now.

Perhaps you will then gradually,
without noticing it,

Live along some distant day into the
answer.

— Rainer Maria Rilke

Even though it might not seem so at
first sight, the greatest difficulty is
building our shared dream of the ideal
city. Once we have clarity of the city
we desire, we will find, that to build it,
is less difficult than we would of
imagined it was. Nevertheless to
discover this, we must not resign to
accept anything different than our
most ambitious dreams.

— Enrique Peñalosa, Mayor of Bogota
Colombia, 1998-2000

This is a great discovery, education is
politics! When a teacher discovers that
he or she is a politician, too, the teacher
has to ask, What kind of politics am I
doing in the classroom? That is, in
favor of whom am I being a teacher?
The teacher works in favor of some-
thing and against something. Because
of that, he or she will have another
great question, How to be consistent in
my teaching practice
with my political choice?

— Paulo Friere
A Pedagogy for Liberation

Schooling has a profound impact on
the lives of people and society. As a
teacher, I believe that my actions in the
classroom play a very real role in
creating and changing and shaping the
world, one child at a time. I need to
ask myself what kind of neighbors I
want, and then I need to work
to create a classroom that
helps create that world.

— Steven Wolk
A Democratic Classroom

Knowledge emerges only through invention and re-invention, through the restless, impatient, continuing, hopeful, inquiry men pursue in the world, with the world, and with each other...problem posing education is revolutionary futurity...it is prophetic...it corresponds to the historical nature of man...it affirms men as beings who transcend themselves, who move forward and look ahead, for whom looking at the past must only be a means of understanding more clearly what and who they are so that they can more wisely build the future.

— Paulo Freire
Pedagogy of the Oppressed



What is Happening

I look around and see people
Disregarding each other's mind, body, and soul.
Why are you so angry? Why the rage and revenge. It must end.
There is so much hate. Where is the love? I don't see it.
People are afraid. Intimidation is so wrong.
There is too much harm, hurt, destruction. Where is the
conscience?
Who are your friends? Are they competitors, rivals?
We need to respect and honor each other.
There is so much loneliness, don't you see them?
The need a companion. Try to be obedient, stop being so unruly.
We need good self-esteem, no doubt. Be proud.
We need assurance and faith that things will change.
Don't be afraid, don't be sad. There is hope.
The children need guidance. Don't mislead them.
Compromise and learn self-control. Teach morals.
Practical, sensible, rational; isn't there enough foolishness?
Encourage each other. Life is too short.
Be thankful. There is light beyond the darkness.
It can shine through, forgive, have patience, and be devoted to
kindness.
We need a future, it's our responsibility.

— Rhonda Strohofer, a member of the Kitchen Table Project

First They Came for the Jews

First they came for the Jews
and I did not speak out
because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for the Communists
and I did not speak out
because I was not a Communist.

Then they came for the trade unionists
and I did not speak out
because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for me
and there was no one left
to speak out for me. — Pastor Martin Niemoller



Help me to Believe in Beginnings

God of history and of my heart, so much has
happened to me during these whirlwind days:

I've known death and birth;
I've been brave and scared;
I've hurt, I've helped;
I've been honest, I've lied;
I've destroyed, I've created;
I've been with people, I've been lonely;
I've been loyal, I've betrayed;
I've decided, I've waffled;
I've laughed and I've cried.

You know my frail heart and my frayed history --
and now another day begins.

Oh God, help me believe in beginnings
and in my beginning again,
no matter how often I've failed before.

Help me to make beginnings:
to begin going out of my weary mind
into fresh dreams,
daring to make my own bold tracks
into the land of now;
to begin forgiving
that I may experience mercy;
to begin questioning the unquestionable
that I may know truth;
that I may create beauty;
to begin sacrificing
that I may accomplish justice;
to begin risking
that I may make peace;
to begin loving
that I may realize joy.

Help me to be a beginning for others,
to be a singer to the songless,
a storyteller to the aimless,
a befriender to the friendless;
to become a beginning of hope for the despairing,
of assurance for the doubting,
of reconciliation for the divided;
to become a beginning of freedom for the oppressed,
of comfort for the sorrowing,
of friendship for the forgotten;
to become a beginning of beauty for the forlorn,
of sweetness for the soured,
of gentleness for the angry,
of wholeness for the broken,
of peace for the frightened and
violent of the earth.

Help me to believe in beginnings,
to make a beginning,
to be a beginning,
so that I may not just grow old,
but grow new
each day of this wild, amazing life
you call me to live
with the passion of Jesus Christ.

Service without humility is selfishness and egotism.
— Mohandas Gandhi



Service is a form of worship –and also a powerful method of self-transformation. Most service that we offer is selfish; it is service for the sake of reward: money, praise, or fame. By service, the Sufis mean service “for God’s sake,” without any thought of reward. This kind of service comes when we remember that we are a part of God’s creation, and that by serving creation we are serving our Creator-not for a heavenly reward, but out of love and gratitude. An old sheikh once said, “service without love is like a beautiful corpse. The outer form is lovely, but it is lifeless.”

**To Julia de Burgos
(1914- 1953)**

People are already whispering that I am your enemy
Because they say that in verse I give you to the world

They lie, Julia de Burgos. They lie, Julia de Burgos.
What you see in my verses isn't your voice; it's my voice,
Because you are the clothing, but I am the essence,
And the most profound spreads between the two

You are a cold marionette of social hypocrisy,
And I am the virile, fleeting impression of the humanity.

You, honey of courtesy and hypocrisy, not I,
That in every poem bares my heart

You are like your world, egotistical, not I,
That does everything to be what I am

You are only the serious woman
Not I, I am life, strength, woman,

You belong to your husband, to your owner, no I,
I am nobody's; or everyone's, because
I give myself to everyone, to everyone, in
My clean sense and thoughts.

You do your hair and put make-up on, not I,
That the winds do my hair and the sun do my make up

You are a lady, tide to man's prejudice, not I,
That I am a wild horse smelling God's justice in the
horizon.

You do not make any decision, others makes the decision
for you,
Your husband, your parents, the priest, the tailor, the
theater, the casino, the automobile,
The jewelry, the banquets, the champagne,
Heaven and hell and the societies opinion.

Not like me, that my heart is the one who make the
decisions,
My thought, who make the decision is me and only me

You aristocrat flower and I the people's flower.
You have everything, but you owned to everybody,
But me my nothing, I do not owned to nobody.

It is I who must begin...

Once I begin, once I try--
here and now,
right where I am,
not excusing myself
by saying that things
would be easier elsewhere,
without grand speeches and
ostentatious gestures,
but all the more persistently
--to live in harmony
with the "voice of Being," as I
understand it within myself

--as soon as I begin that,
I suddenly discover,
to my surprise, that
I am neither the only one,
not the first,
nor the most important one
to have set out upon that road...

Whether all is really lost
or not depends entirely on
wether or not I am lost...

— Václav Havel

A rock pile ceases to be a rock pile the
moment a single man contemplates it,
bearing within him
the image of a cathedral.
— Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Community and Democracy
can not exist within
a hierarchy of voices.
— Steven Wolk



Our Deepest Fear

Our deepest fear
is not that we are inadequate.
Our deepest fear
is that we are powerful beyond measure.
It is our light
not our darkness,
that most frightens us.
We ask ourselves,
who am I to be brilliant,
gorgeous, talented, fabulous?

Actually, who are you not to be?
You are a child of God.
Your playing small doesn't serve the world.
There's nothing enlightening about shrinking
so that other people
won't feel insecure around you.

We were born to make manifest
the glory of God that is within us.
It's not just in some of us;
it's in everyone.
And as we let our own light shine,
we unconsciously give other people
permission to do the same.
We are liberated from our own fear,
our presence automatically liberates others.

— Marianne Williamson

Caminante no hay camino.

Caminante, son tus huellas
el camino, y nada mas;
caminante, no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar.
Al andar se hace camino,
y al volver la vista atras
se ve la senda que nunca
se ha de volver a pisar.
Caminante, no hay camino,
sino estelas en la mar.

Wonderer there is no way (translation)

Wonderer, the only way
is your footsteps, there is no other.
Wonderer, there is no way,
you make the way as you go.
As you go, you make the way
and stopping to look behind,
you see the path that your feet
will never travel again.
Wonderer, there is no way—
only foam trails in the sea.
— Antonio Machado

NEVI'IM JUDGES 7

The Lord said to Gideon, “you have too many troops with you for Me to deliver Midian into their hands; Israel might claim for themselves the glory due to Me, thinking ‘Our own hand has brought us victory.’ Therefore, announce to the men, ‘Let anybody who is timid and fearful turn back, as a bird flies from Mount Gilead’” Thereupon, 22,000 troops turned back and 10,000 remained.

“There are still too many troops,” the Lord said to Gideon. “Take them down to the water and I will sift them for you there.

Then the Lord said to Gideon, “Set apart all those who lap up the water with heir tongues like dogs from all those who get down on their knees to drink.” Now those who “lapped” the water into their mouths by hand numbered three hundred; all the rest of the troops got down on their knees to drink. Then the Lord said to Gideon, “I will deliver you and I will put Midian into your hands through the three hundred ‘lappers’; let the rest of the troops go home.

Empower me
to be a bold participant,
rather than a timid saint in waiting,
in the difficult ordinariness of now;
to exercise the authority of honesty;
rather than to defer to power,
or deceive to get it;
to influence someone for justice,
rather than impress anyone for gain;
and, by grace, to find treasures
of joy, of friendship, of peace
bidden in the fields of the daily
you give me to plow.

Ted Loder
Affirmations and Invocations



Why must we organize youth in an effort to empower and develop them as leaders?

Don't limit a child to your own learning, for he was born in another time.

Rabbinic saying

Too often we give our children answers to remember rather than problems to solve.

- Roger Lewin

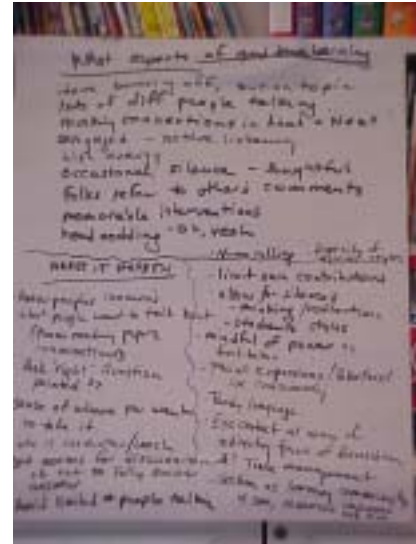
Thousands of years
of history have passed...
and during all that time
human beings
have fought, killed,
plundered and wronged each other
in every possible way.
Of such stuff history is made.

But also during that time,
other human beings
have quietly and patiently persevered
in the development
of the arts, crafts,
inventions, ideas and programs.
From these millions of creative persons,
most of them unnoticed and unknown
in the upheavals of history,
have come the good and lasting things
in the sum of human culture.

Barbara G. Walker

With the drawing of this Love, and the Voice of this Calling,
We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

—T.S. Elliot



Center and Ground

The leader who is centered and grounded can work with erratic people and critical group situations without harm.

Being centered means having the ability to recover one's balance, even in the midst of action. A centered person is not subject to passing whims or sudden excitements.

Being grounded means being down-to-earth, having gravity or weight. I know where I stand, and I know what I stand for: that is grounded.

The centered and grounded leader has stability and a sense of self.

One who is not stable can easily get carried away by the intensity of leadership and make mistakes of judgement or even become ill.

— John Heider

The Tao of Leadership:

Lao Tzu's *Tao Te Ching* Adapted for a New Age (1985)

We are all on a journey together...
To the center of the universe...
Look deep
Into yourself, into another.
It is to a center which is everywhere
That is the holy journey...
First you need only look:
Notice and honor the radiance of
Everything about you...
Flay in this universe. Tend
All these shining things around you:
The smallest plant, the creatures and
objects in your care.
Be gentle and nurture. Listen...
As we experience and accept
All that we really are...
We grow in care.
We begin to embrace others
As ourselves, and learn to live
As one among many....

- Anne Hillman
Affirmations and Invocations

Where there is no sharing there is no reality.
Where there is self-appropriation there is no reality.
The more direct the contact with the Thou (or other),
The fuller is the sharing.
The I is real in virtue of its sharing in reality.
The fuller its sharing the more real it becomes.

— Martin Buber



(Song)

There is only one God
There is only one King
There is only one Body
That is why we sing.

So, Bind us together, Lord
Bind us together with cords
That cannot be broken.
Bind us together, Lord
Bind us together in Love.

We are the family of God
We are the people of God
We are the only one Image
That is why we sing. So...

Alone, you can fight,
you can refuse, you can
take what revenge you can
but they roll over you.

But two people fighting
back to back can cut through
a mob, a snake-dancing file
can break a cordon, an army
can meet an army.

Two people can keep each other
sane, can give support, conviction,

love, massage, hope, sex.
Three people are a delegation,
a committee, a wedge. With four
you can play bridge and start
an organization. With six
you can rent a whole house,
eat pie for dinner with no
seconds, and hold a fundraising party.
A dozen make a demonstration.
A hundred fill a hall.
A thousand have solidarity and your own
newsletter;
ten thousand, power and your own paper;

a hundred thousand, your own
media;
ten million your own country.

It goes on one at a time,
it starts when you care
to act, it starts when you do
it again after they said no,
it starts when you say We
and know who you mean,
and each
day you mean one more.

— Marge Piercy

Do not be conformed to this world but be
transformed by the renewing of your minds, so
that you may discern what is the will of God-what
is good and acceptable and perfect.

For as in one body we have many members and
not all the members have the same function so we,
who are many, are one body in Christ, and
individually we are members one of another. We
have gifts that differ according to the grace given to
us: prophecy in proportion to faith; ministry, in
ministering; the teacher, in teaching; the exhorter,
in exhortation; the giver in generosity; the leader in
diligence; the compassionate in cheerfulness.

— Romans 12:2,4-8

There is neither Jew nor Greek slave nor free, male
nor female, (gay or straight), for you are all one in
the eyes of god.

— Galatians 3:28

God loves inclusivity

Visits of condolence is all we get from them.
They squat at the Holocaust Memorial,
They put on grave faces at the Wailing Wall
And they laugh behind heavy curtains
In their hotels.

They have their pictures taken
Together with our famous dead
At Rachel's Tomb and Herzl's Tomb
And on top of Ammunition Hill.
They weep over our sweet boys
And lust over our tough girls
And hang up their underwear
To dry quickly
In cool, blue bathrooms.

Once I sat on the steps by a gate at David's
Tower. I placed my two heavy baskets at my side. A
group of tourists was standing around their guide
and I became their target marker.

"You see that man with the baskets? Just right of
his head there's an arch from the Roman period.

Just right of his head."

"But he's moving, he's moving!" I said to myself:
Redemption will come only if their guide tells them,
"You see that arch from the Roman period?" It's not
important: but next to it, left and down a bit, there
sits a man who's bought fruit and vegetables for his
family."

— *Tourists*, by Yehuda Amichai

The Ripple Effect

Do you want to be a positive influence in the world? First, get your own life in order. Ground yourself in the single principle so that your behavior is wholesome and effective. If you do that, you will earn respect, and be a powerful influence.

Your behavior influences others through a ripple effect. A ripple effect works because everyone influences everyone else. Powerful people are powerful influences.

If your life works, you influence your family.

If your family works, your family influences the community.

If your community works, your community influences the nation.

If your nation works, your nation influences the world.

If your world works, the ripple effect spreads throughout the cosmos.

Remember that your influence begins with you and ripples outward. So be sure that your influence is both potent and wholesome.

How do I know this works?

All growth spreads outward from a fertile and potent nucleus. You are a nucleus.

— John Heider
The Tao of Leadership:
Lao Tzu's Tao Te Ching
Adapted for a New Age (1985)

Wherever two or more of you are gathered in His name, there you shall be in the presence of the Lord.
— Gospel of Mark

Once there was a young warrior. Her teacher told her that she had to do battle with fear. She didn't want to do that. It seemed to aggressive; it was scary; it seemed unfriendly. But the teacher said she had to do it and gave her the instructions for the battle. The day arrived. The student warrior stood on one side, and fear stood on the other. The warrior was feeling very small, and fear was looking big and wrathful. They both had their weapons. The young warrior roused herself and went toward fear, prostrated three times, and asked, "May I have permission to go into battle with you?" Fear said, "Thank you for showing me so much respect that you ask permission." Then the young warrior said, "How can I defeat you?" Fear replied, "My weapons are that I talk fast, and that I get very close to your face. Then you get completely unnerved, and you do whatever I say. If you don't do what I tell you, I have no power. You can listen to me, and you can have respect for me. You can even be convinced by me. But if you don't do what I say, I have no power." In that way, the student warrior learned how to defeat fear.

— Pema Chodron

When Things Fall Apart: Heart Advice for Difficult Times

Any religion that professes concern for the souls of men and is not equally concerned about the slums that damn them, the economic conditions that strangle them, and the social conditions that cripple them is a spiritually moribund religion only waiting for the day to be buried.

Equally fallacious is the notion that ethical appeals and persuasion alone will bring about justice. This does not mean that ethical appeals must not be made. It simply means that those appeals must be undergirded by some form of constructive coercive power.

— Martin Luther King, Jr.

May our eyes remain open even in the face of tragedy.
May we not become disheartened.
May we find in the dissolution
of our apathy and denial,
the cup of the broken heart.
May we discover the gift of the fire burning
in the inner chamber of our being-
burning great and bright enough
to transform any poison.
May we offer the power of our sorrow to the service
of something greater than ourselves.
May our guilt not rise up to form
yet another defensive wall.
May the suffering purify and not paralyze us.
May we endure; may sorrow bond us and not separate us.
May we realize the greatness of our sorrow
and not run from its touch or its flame.
May clarity be our ally and wisdom our support.
May our wrath be cleansing, cutting through
the confusion of denial and greed.
May we not be afraid to see or speak our truth.
May the bleakness of the wasteland be dispelled.
May the soul's journey be revealed
and the true hunger fed.
May we be forgiven for what we have forgotten
and blessed with the remembrance
of who we really are.

— The Terma Collective
Prayers for Solidarity and Justice



History says, don't hope
on this side of the grave.
But then, once in a lifetime
The longed for tidal wave
Of justice can rise up,
And hope and history rhyme.

So hope for a great sea change
On the far side of revenge.
Believe that a further shore is reachable
from here.
Believe in miracles
And curves and healing wells.

— Seamus Heaney
Nobel laureate

On Being Asked to Write a Poem Against the War in Vietnam

Well I have and in fact
More than one and I'll
Tell you this too

and not one
breath was restored
to one

I wrote one against
Algeria that nightmare
And another against

shattered throat
mans womans or childs
not one not

Korea and another
Against the one
I was in

one
but death went on and on
never looking aside

And I don't remember
how many against
the three

except now and then like a child
with furtive half-smile
to make sure I was noticing.

when I was a boy
Abyssinia Spain and
Harlan county

— Hayden Carruth

In the first place, the distinguishing characteristic of absolute despair is silence. There is a world of difference between the person who, believing that there is not use, says so to himself to no one, and the person who says it aloud to someone else. A person who marks his trail into despair remembers hope—and thus has hope, even if only a little... what we do need to worry about is the possibility that we will be reduced, in the face of the enormities of our time, to silence or to mere protest. Mr. Carruth's protest poem is a poem against reduction. On its face, it protests-yet again-the reduction of the world, but its source is a profound instinct of resistance against the reduction of the poet and the man who is a poet. By its wonderfully sufficient artistry, the poem preserves the poet's wholeness of heart in the face of despair. And it shows us how to do so as well. If we would help if we could, we will help if we can.

— Wendell Berry

For everything that was written in the past was written to teach us, so that through endurance and the encouragement of the scriptures we might have hope.

— Romans 15:4

Always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have.

— 1 Peter 3:15-17

Now faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see.

— Hebrews 11:1

The impossible dream (from “man of LaMancha”, the Quest)

To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run where the brave dare not go

To right the unrightable wrong
To love, pure and chaste, from afar
To try when your arms are too weary
To reach the unreachable star

This in my quest,
To follow that star
No matter how hopeless
No matter how far
To fight for the right

Without question or pause
To be willing to march into hell
For a heavenly cause
And I know if I'll only be true
To this glorious quest
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm
When I'm laid to my rest

And the world will be better for this
That one man, scorned and covered with scars
Still strove with his last ounce of courage
To reach the unreachable star.

— Words and music by Mitch Leigh

No statement says all that could be said.
No prayer fully expresses our faith.
No confession brings perfection.
No pastoral visit brings wholeness.
No program accomplishes the church's mission.
No set of goals and objectives includes everything.

This is what we are about.
We plant seeds that will one day grow.
We water seeds that are already planted,
knowing that they old future promise.
We lay foundations that will need further development.
We provide the yeast that produces effects beyond our capabilities.

We cannot do everything,
and there is a sense of liberation in realizing that.
This enables us to do something and do it very well.
It may be incomplete, but it is a beginning,
a step along the way,
an opportunity for God's grace to enter and do the rest.

We may never see the end results.
But that is the difference
between the master builder and the worker.
We are the workers, not master builders;
ministers, not messiahs.
We are prophets of a future not our own.

Amen.

— Archbishop Oscar Romero

Oración del Éxito

Si piensas que estás vencido lo estás
Si piensas que no te atreves, no lo harás
Si piensas que te gustaría ganar
Pero que no puedes no lo lograrás,
Porque en el mundo encontrarás que el
Éxito comienza con la voluntad del hombre.

Si piensas que perderás, ya has perdido
Todo esta en el estado mental
Porque muchas carreras se han perdido
Antes de haber corrido
Y muchos cobardes han fracasado
Antes de haber su trabajo empezado
Piensa en grande y tus hechos crecerán
Piensa en pequeño y quedarás atrás;
Tienes que pensar bien para elevarte,
Todo esta en el estado mental.

Si piensas que estás adelante lo estás
Tienes que pensar bien para elevarte
Tienes que estar seguro de ti mismo,
Antes de intentar ganar un premio
La batalla de la vida no siempre la gana
El hombre más fuerte o el más ligero,
Porque tarde o temprano el hombre que
Gana es aquel que cree poder hacerlo.

— Dr. Christian Barnard

Oration of Success (translation)

If you think that you are defeated, you are
If you think that you do not dare,
you shall not do it
If you think that you would like to win
But that you cannot, you shall not win
Because in the world you will find that
Success begins with the will of man.

If you think that you will lose,
you have already lost
It's all in the mental state
Because many races have been lost
Before they were run
And many cowards have failed
Before having begun their work
Think big and your deeds shall grow
Think small and you shall remain behind;
You must think well to elevate yourself,
It's all in the mental state.

If you think you are ahead you are
You must think well to elevate yourself
You must be sure of yourself,
Before attempting to win a prize
The battle of life is not always won
By the man who is strongest or quickest,
Because sooner or later the man who
Wins is he who believes he can.

— Dr. Christian Barnard

I will give you a talisman. Whenever you are in doubt, or when the self becomes too much with you, apply the following test. Recall the face of the poorest and the weakest man [woman] whom you may have seen, and ask yourself, if the step you contemplate is going to be of any use to him [her]. Will he [she] gain anything by it? Will it restore him [her] to a control over his [her] own life and destiny? In other words, will it lead to swaraj [freedom] for the hungry and spiritually starved millions? Then you will find your doubts melt away.

— One of the last notes left behind by Gandhi in 1948, expressing his deepest social thought.

And I dream of our coming together
encircled driven
not only by love
but by lust for a working tomorrow
the flights of this journey
mapless uncertain
and necessary as water.

— Audre Lourde,
“Our Dead Behind Us”



Now Thomas (called Didymus), one of the twelve, was not with the disciples when Jesus came. So the other disciples told him, “we have seen the Lord!” But he said to them, “Unless I see the nail marks in his hands and put my fingers where the nails were, and put my hands into his side, I will not believe it.” A week later his disciples were in the house again, and Thomas was with them. Though the doors were locked Jesus came and stood among them and said, “peace be with you!” Then he said to Thomas, put your fingers here; see my hands. Reach out your hand and put it into my side. Stop doubting and believe.” Thomas said to him, “my lord and my god!” Then Jesus told him, “because you have seen me, you have believed; blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed.”

— John 20:24-29

Jorge the Church Janitor Finally Quits

No one asks
where I am from,
I must be
from the country of janitors,
I have always mopped this floor.
Honduras, you are a squatter's camp
outside the city
of their understanding.

No one can speak
my name,
I host the fiesta
of the bathroom,
stirring the toilet
like a punchbowl.
The Spanish music of my name
is lost
when the guests complain
about toilet paper.

What they say
must be true:
I am smart,
but I have a bad attitude.

No one knows
that I quit tonight,
maybe the mop
will push on without me,
sniffing along the floor
like a crazy squid
with stringy gray tentacles.
They will call it Jorge.

— Martin Espada, *Poetry Like Bread*



The thing I fear and desire most in life is passion.
I fear it because it is spontaneous. Unnamed.
Beyond my reasonable self. I desire passion because it
has color, like the landscape before me. It is not tame;
it is not neutral. It reveals the backside of the heart.

— Terry Tempest Williams

Walk On by U2

And love is not they easy thing
They only baggage you can
bring...
And love is not the easy thing...
The only baggage you can bring
Is all that you can't leave behind

And if the darkness is to keep ups
apart
And the daylight feels like it's a
long way off
And if you glass heart should
crack
And for a second you turn back
Oh no, be strong



Walk on, walk on
What you got they can't steal it
No they can't even feel it
Walk on, walk on
Stay safe tonight

You're packing a suitcase for a place
none of us has been
A place that has to be believed to
be seen
You could have flown away
A singing bird in a open cage
Who will only fly, only fly for
freedom

Walk on, walk on
What you got they can't deny it



Can't sell it, can't buy it
Walk on, walk on
Stay safe tonight

Ant I know it aches
And you hear it breaks
And you can only take so
much
Walk on, walk on

Home...hard to know
what it is if you've never
had one
Home...I can't say where it
is but I know I'm going
home
That's where the hurt is

And I know it aches
And you heart it breaks
And you can only take so
much
Walk on walk on

— Dedicated to
Aung San Suu Kyi

But we have only begun
to love the earth.

We have only begun
to imagine the fullness of life.

How could we tire of hope?
--so much in the bud.

How can desire fail?
--we have only begun

to imagine justice and mercy
only begun to envision

how it might be
to live as siblings with beast
and flower,
not as oppressors.

Surely our river
cannot already be hastening
into the sea of nonbeing?

Surely it cannot
drag, in the silt,
all that is innocent?

But yet, not yet--
there is too much broken

that must be mended,
too much hurt we have done
to each other
that cannot yet be forgiven.

We have only begun to know
the power that is in us if we
would join
our solitudes in the
communion of struggle.

So much is unfolding that must
complete its gesture,
so much is in the bud.

— Denise Levertow

Quick and Easy Recipe for Motivation Cake

The basic mix:

2 cups Hope for Change to sweeten the cake
4 cups Solidarity to hold the cake together
Combine and blend well.

In order to make the cake rise you will need:

1 cup Righteous Anger at Injustice
Stir into batter but allow the lumps to remain.

Bake in a hot Urgent oven; do not cook too long,
cake will overbake and become inert and unyielding.

When done, top with delicious
“You can Make a Difference” frosting.

To make the frosting combine:

1/2 cup Action Plan
1/2 cup Accountability
1/2 cup Skills and Confidence Building

Sprinkle on some Recognition and enjoy!

— from the makers of *Movements in Minutes*
Judith Roberts

...There is an abiding recognition that existence is inherently storied.
Life is pregnant with stories. It is a nascent plot in search of a midwife.

— Richard Kearney in *On Stories: Thinking in Action*



That's the way the cookie crumbles.
— my mom and dad

Life ain't always 50/50.
— my mom and dad

When we had looked well at all of this, we went to the orchard and garden, which was such a wonderful thing to see and walk in, that I was never tired of looking at the diversity of the trees, and noting the scent which each one had, and the paths full of roses and flowers and the many fruit trees and native roses, and the pond of fresh water.

There was another thing to observe, the great canoes were able to pass into the garden from the lake through an opening that had been made so that there was no need for their occupants to land. And all was cemented and very splendid with many kinds of stone...with pictures on them...I say again that I stood looking at it and thought that never in the world would there be discovered other lands such as these.

This an other eyewitness account show that the Spaniards were astonished by the architectural wonders, agricultural abundance, royal luxuries, ritual violence, social stratification, and spatial organization of the capital. To their great surprise Mesoamerica was an urban civilization organized by powerful, pervasive religious beliefs and practices.

Within eighteen months, however, distrust, intrigue, torture, murder and conquest dominated the interaction between Spaniard and Aztec.

— Excerpt taken from *Religions of Mesoamerica* by David Carrasco

The invitation
Native American elder

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living.

I want to know what you ache for, and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't matter to me how old you are.

I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dreams, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.

I want you know if you have touched the center of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shriveled and closed from fear of further pain! I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it. I want to know if you can be with JOY, mine or your own; if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic or to remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true.

I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself; if you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul. I want to know if you can see beauty even when it is not pretty every day, if you can source your life from IT'S presence. I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine, and still stand on the edge of a lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, "YES!"

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have.

I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone and do what needs to be done for the children.

It doesn't interest me who you are, how you came to be here.

I want to know if you will stand in the center of the fire with me and not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied.

I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away. I want to know if you can be alone with yourself, and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.

Táctica y Estrategia

Mi táctica es mirarte,
aprender como sos
quererte como sos.

Mi táctica es hablarte
y escucharte
construir con palabras
un puente indestructible.

Mi táctica es
quedarme en tu recuerdo
no se cómo ni
con que pretexto
pero quedarme en vos.

Mi táctica es ser franco
y saber que sos franca
y que no nos vendamos simulacros
para que entre los dos
no haya telón ni abismos.

Mi estrategia es en cambio
más profunda y más simple
Mi estrategia es
que un día cualquiera
no se cómo ni
con qué pretexto
por fin me necesites.

— Mario Benedetti

Tactics and Strategy (translation)

My tactics are to look at you
To learn how you are
To like you how you are.

My tactics are to talk to you
And listen to you
To construct with words
An indestructible bridge.

My tactics are
To have left I in your memory
I do not know how
Or with what pretext
But to have left I in you.

My tactics are to be frank
And to know that you are frank
And that we are selling maneuvers
to each other
So that between both of us
There is no drop curtain or abysses.

My strategy is however
Deeper and simpler
My strategy is
That one day
I do not know how
Or with what pretext
Finally you need me.

— Mario Benedetti

We always want to do the right thing, but we do the wrong thing when we do not make a decision about what to do. Decisions have power. Decisions have force. They usually take us to the exact place we need to be, exactly the way we need to get there. It is the wavering back and forth that is dangerous. It places us at the mercy of events; we fall prey to the choices people make for us. Since time and opportunity wait for no one, our lives will not stand still until we figure out what to do. The rightness of a decision is based on our ability to make the decision. When we weigh what we want against what we will have to do, a decision can be an effortless event. We must know what we will and will not do, what we can do and choose not to do; and decide in harmony with the things that we know. The freedom from making a decision can only come after we have made the decision.

Today I decide to be free from all decisions.



— “Acts of Faith: Daily Meditations for People of Color”
by Iyanla Vanzant

Great it is to believe the dream
when we stand in youth by a starry stream,
But a greater thing is to fight life through,
and say at the end the dream came true.

— Edwin Markham

If your plan is for one year, plant rice.
If your plan is for 10 years, plant trees.
If your plan is for 100 years, educate children.

— Confucius



Till We Outnumber 'em

So there's these two rabbits, a mamma rabbit and a papa rabbit, sitting there in the woods one day munching on stuff, when a big wind comes along and carries with it the sound of dogs off in the distance. Mama and papa rabbit don't really pay attention to this and they go back to munching on stuff, when all of the sudden up over the hill appear two dogs. No one does anything they all just kind of freeze and look at each other for a few seconds and then swoosh the rabbits bolt off running for their life. The dogs take off after mama and papa rabbit in hot pursuit, barking and yelping and hooting 'n hollering dogs. The chase gets real close, the dogs can just taste mama and papa rabbit and mama and papa rabbit see their lives flash before their eyes when all of the sudden they dive into a hollow cave under a big tree stump. Outside the dogs are livid with anger and aggression barking 'n yelping and hooting and hollering. Safe inside, the mama rabbit, all nervous, looks to the papa rabbit and says, oh my dear, I reckon we ain't gonna make it out of this alive. So the papa rabbit just looks at mama rabbit, both safe inside the warm dark cave, and says, oh its okay dear we'll just stay here...until we outnumber 'em.

—Woody Guthrie

It is better
to light a candle
than to curse
the darkness.

— Chinese Proverb





No idea is so outlandish
that it should not be considered
with a searching
but at the same time a steady eye.
— Sir Winston Churchill

A pessimist sees the difficulty
in every opportunity;
an optimist sees the opportunity
in every difficulty.
— Sir Winston Churchill

Judo Strategy

As an organizer, if you go head-to-head with an incumbent, you're likely to lose. There's little you can do that an incumbent can't do as well, if not better. But you don't have to go head-to-head. Instead you may be able to play off the links between the business you are targeting and the incumbent's existing business. You do something that the incumbent can't match without hurting his existing business. You create a dilemma for the incumbent. He wants to, and could come after you, but he doesn't. So for now at least, the incumbent leaves you alone.

The Japanese art of judo teaches how to use an opponent's weight against him, to turn his strength into weakness. In organizing, the judo strategy exploits the links between games to turn the incumbent's strength into a handicap.

Let them remember that there is a meaning beyond absurdity. Let them be sure that every deed counts, that every word has power, and that we all can do our share to redeem the world in spite of all the absurdities and all the frustrations and all disappointments...and, above all, remember to build life as if it were a work of art.

We are all pharaohs or slaves of pharaohs. It is sad to be a slave of a pharaoh it is horrible to be a pharaoh. Daily we should take account and ask: What have I done today to alleviate the anguish, to mitigate the evil, to prevent humiliation? Let there be a grain of prophet in every man.

- Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel.

True generosity lies in striving so that these hands -whether of individuals or entire peoples- need to be extended less and less in supplication, so that more and more they become human hands which work and, working, transform the world.

- Paulo Friere

Action

And indeed there will be a time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair
[They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"]
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted to a simple pin--
[They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!"]
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.
— The love song of J. Alfred Prufrock 1917

All mankind
is divided into
three classes:
those that are immovable,
those that are movable,
and those that move.
— Muslim Proverb

Proverbs and Songs XXIX

Wanderer, your footsteps are
the road, and nothing more;
wanderer, there is no road,
the road is made by walking.
By walking one makes the road,
and upon glancing behind
one sees the path
that never will be trod again.

Dream Deferred

What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore -
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over -
Like a syrupy sweet?
Maybe it just sags
Like a heavy load.
Or does it explode?
— Langston Hughes

Ahora es tiempo para organizar
y juntos todos vamos a triunfar
y vente companero y vente companero
que juntos todas vamos a triunfar

y ven aqui, luchando en unidad en diversidad
y ven a qui, por todos tus derechos como
seres humanos

y ven aqui los hombres y mujeres y los ninos
tambien
que juntos vamos todos a ganar

Ahora es tiempo para organizar
y juntos todos vamos todos a triunfar
y vente companero y vente companero
que juntos todas vamos a triunfar

And now is the time to organize
all together we are going to win
come my partner male and female
together we are going to make it happen

Come here fighting let us unify in the midst of our
diversity
and come here for all your human rights
and come here men women and children alike
that together we are going to win.

and now is the time to organize
all together we are going to win
come my partner male and female
together we are going to make it happen

— Music and words by: Luis Arturo Alvarenga

I think organizing is a mode of travel a sort of
climbing. It starts with a desire to be some-
where different, to change something. In
organizing we don't go alone, we gather
others and take them with us, they want to
go there too. We move with energy and
focus, we know the climb is hard but we have
a vision of our destination. We travel, if not
in terms of geography, then certainly, in
terms of the conditions we
demand for our lives.

— Claire Gilbert

What good is it, my brothers, if a man claims to have faith but has no deeds? Can such faith save him? Suppose a brother or sister is without clothes and daily food. If one of you says to him, "Go, I wish you well; keep warm and well fed," but does nothing about his physical needs, what good is it? In the same way, faith by itself, if it is not accompanied by action, is dead. But someone will say, "You have faith; I have deeds." Show me your faith without deeds, and I will show you my faith by what I do. You believe that there is one God. Good! Even the demons believe that—and shudder. You foolish man, do you want evidence that faith without deeds is useless? Was not our ancestor Abraham considered righteous for what he did when he offered his son Isaac on the altar? You see that his faith and his actions were working together, and his faith was made complete by what he did. And the scripture was fulfilled that says, "Abraham believed God, and it was credited to him as righteousness," and he was called God's friend. You see that a person is justified by what he does and not by faith alone. In the same way, was not even Rahab the prostitute considered righteous for what she did when she gave lodging to the spies and sent them off in a different direction? As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without deeds is dead.
— James 2:14-26



One Man with an idea in his head is in danger of being considered a madman,
two men with the same idea in common may be foolish, but can hardly be mad;
ten men sharing an idea begin to act,
a hundred draw attention as fanatics,
a thousand and society begins to tremble,
a hundred thousand and there is a war abroad,
and the cause has victories tangible and real;
and why only a hundred thousand?
Why not a hundred million and peace upon earth?
You and I who agree together,
it is we who have to answer that question.
— William Morris, 14 November 1883

WHAT IS RUAH?

RUAH is the ancient Hebrew word for “breath” and “spirit.” In the Bible, RUAH is the power of God which brings creative life out of chaos, liberates people from their slavery, and inspires prophets and sages to attend to the inner voice calling for change and renewal.

RUAH brings together people from varied traditions to explore ancient and contemporary paths.

RUAH exists for people: who are dissatisfied with the frenetic pace of society and seek a deeper and more centered life; may or may not be regular worshippers or members of a church, temple, or mosque; want to learn how to meditate and wish to support others and to be supported in their spiritual journey; want to explore the connection between compassion and a changing world.

RUAH supports the individual’s spiritual journey with retreats, workshops, courses, meditation groups, and audio tapes.

Dare Might Things

(an excerpt)

In the battle of life, it is not the critic who counts; nor the one who points out how the strong person stumbled, or where the doer of a deed could have done better.

The credit belongs to the person who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly; who errs and comes up short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; who does actually strive to do deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotion, spends oneself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at worst, if he or she fails, at least fails while daring greatly.

Far better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those timid spirits who neither enjoy nor suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.

—Theodore Roosevelt

The Seven Pentacles

Under a sky the color of pea soup
She is looking at her work growing away there
actively, thickly like grapevines or pole beans
as things grow in the real world, slowly enough.
If you tend them properly, if you mulch, if you water,
If you provide birds that eat insects a home and winter food,

If the sun shines and you pick off caterpillars,
if the praying mantis comes and the ladybugs and the bees,
then the plants flourish, but at their own internal clock.

Connections are made slowly, sometimes they grow underground.

You cannot tell always by looking at what is happening.
More than half a tree is spread out in the soil under your feet.
Penetrate quietly as the earthworm that blows no trumpet.
Fight persistently as the creeper that brings down the tree.
Spread like the squash plant that overruns the garden.
Gnaw in the dark and use the sun to make sugar.

Weave real connections, create real nodes, build real houses.

Live a life you can endure; make love that is loving.
Keep tangling and interweaving and taking more in,
a thicket and bramble wilderness to the outside but to us
interconnected with rabbit runs and burrows and lairs.

Live as if you like yourself, and it may happen;
reach out, keep reaching out, keep bringing in.
This is how we are going to live for a long time: not always,

for every gardener knows that after the digging, after the planting,
after the long season of tending and growth, the harvest comes.

— Marge Piercy

A Drop of Honey

Burma and Thailand

Once a king stood on his balcony eating honey on rice cakes with his chief adviser. As they ate, they gazed down on the street below. The king was in good humor that day, and as he laughed, a drop of honey fell from his rice cake on to the railing.

“Sire, you have spilled a drop of honey. Do let me wipe it up for you,” offered his adviser.

“Oh, pay no mind, my dear,” said the king. “It’s not our concern. The servants will clean it up later. I do not wish to be disturbed just now.”

They went on eating and talking as the drop of honey warmed in the sun and began to slowly drip down the rail. At last it fell on the street below.

Attracted by the sweet smell, a fly landed on it and began to eat.

“Your Highness,” the adviser commented, “the drop of honey has now landed in the street and is attracting flies. Perhaps we should call someone to clean it.”

“Pay no mind,” answered the king merrily. “It is not our concern.

Suddenly a gecko sprang out from under the palace, and ate the fly in one gulp.

Next a cat spied the gecko and pounced.

The cat, playing with its food in the middle of the street caught the attention of a dog, who attacked it.

“Now, sire, there is a cat and dog fight in the street. Surely we should call someone to stop it?” implored the adviser.

“Oh, pay it no mind,” said the king. “Here come the cat and dog owners, they’ll stop it. We don’t need to get involved.

So the two continued to eat their honey and rice cakes and to watch the spectacle from their comfortable perch.

But below in the street, the cat’s owner began beating the dog. The dog’s owner then started to beat the cat. Soon the two were beating each other.

The King’s good humor turned to anger as he watched the scene below. “I’ll have no fighting in my streets,” he bellowed. “Call in my guards to quell this fighting at once!”

The palace guards were summoned. But by this time the fight had grown as friends on either side joined the fray. The guards tried to break up the fighting, but soon they too had joined in. With guards involved, the fight erupted into civil war. Houses were burned, and the palace itself was set afire and destroyed.

The kingdom was never returned to its former splendor, but new wisdom was gained in that country. Some people still say: We are each responsible for our actions, large and small. Small problems if unattended, grow into larger ones, and the whole kingdom can be lost from a drop of honey.

— *Doorways to the Soul*
Edited by Elisa Davy Pearmain

Go with Me in a New Exodus

O God of fire and freedom,
deliver me from my bondage
to what can be counted
and go with me in a new exodus
toward what counts,
but can only be measured
in bread shared
and swords become plowshares;
in bodies healed
and minds liberated;
in songs sung
and justice done;
in laughter in the night
and joy in the morning;
in love through all seasons
and great gladness of heart;
in all people coming together
and a kingdom coming in glory;
in your name being praised .
and my becoming an alleluia,
through Jesus the Christ.



The people of America are red, white, black, yellow, and all the shades in between.
Their eyes are blue, black, brown, and all the shades in between.
Their hair is straight, curly, kinky, and most of it in between.
They are tall and short, slim and fat, athletic and anaemic, and most of them in between.
They are the different peoples of the world becoming more and more the “in between”.
They are a people creating a new bridge of humankind “in between” the past narrow
nationalistic chauvinism and the horizon of a new humankind — a people of the world.
Their face is the face of the future.
— Saul Alinsky, Reveille for Radicals

The acorn

A rabbi was once passing through a field where he saw a very old man planting an oak-tree. “Why are you planting that tree?” said he. “You surely do not expect to live long enough to see the acorn growing up into an oak-tree?”

“Ah,” replied the old man, “my ancestors planted trees not for themselves, but for us, in order that we might enjoy their shade or their fruit. I am doing likewise for those who will come after me.”

“If more politicians were thinking about the next generation instead of the next election, it would be better for the United States and the world.”

— Congressman Claude Pepper (1900-1989)



If you will it, it is no longer a dream.
— Theodore Herzl

The Cure At Troy

Human beings suffer
they torture one another
they get hurt
and they get hard.

No poem or play or song
can fully right a wrong
inflicted and endured.

History says,
'don't hope on this side of the grave.'
But then once in a life time
the longed for tidal wave of justice can rise up
and hope and history rhyme.

So hope for a great sea change on the far side of revenge
believe that a farther shore is reachable from here,
believe in the miracles and cures and healing wells.

Call miracles self healing
the utter self revealing double take of feeling.
If there is fire on the mountain and light in the storm
and God speaks from the sky
that means someone is hearing the outcry
and the birth cry of new life at its term.

It means once in a lifetime
that justice can rise up
and hope and history rhyme.

—Seamus Heaney

Hay personas que luchan un día y son buenos.
Hay otros que luchan un año y son mejores.
Hay quienes luchan muchos años y son muy buenos.
Pero hay los que luchan toda la vida:
Esos son los imprescindibles.

(English translation)

There are those that struggle for a day and they are good.
There are those who struggle for a year and they are better.
There are those that struggle for years and they are very good.
But three are those that struggle for a lifetime:
Those are the essentials.

— Bertolt Brecht

In a higher world it is otherwise,
but here below to live is to change,
and to be perfect is to have changed often.

— John Henry Cardinal Newman

I arise in the morning,
torn between a desire to improve (or save) the world
and a desire to enjoy (or savor) the world.
It makes it hard to plan the day.

— E. B. White

“Blessed Be These Hands” A Litany

Leader: Blessed be the work of your hands, O Holy One.

People: Blessed be these hands that have touched life.

Leader: Blessed be these hands that have nurtured creativity.

People: Blessed be these hands that have held pain.

Leader: Blessed be these hands that have embraced with passion.

People: Blessed be these hands that have tended gardens.

Leader: Blessed be these hands that have closed in anger.

People: Blessed be these hands that have planted new seeds.

Leader: Blessed be these hands that have harvested ripe fields.

People: Blessed be these hands that have cleaned, washed, mopped, scrubbed.

Leader: Blessed be these hands that have become knotty with age.

People: Blessed be these hands that are wrinkled and scarred from doing justice.

Leader: Blessed be these hands that have reached out and have been received.

People: Blessed be these hands that hold the promise of the future.

All: Blessed be the works of your hands, O Holy One.

— Diann Neu

Be patterns, be examples in all countries, places, islands, nation, wherever you come, that your carriage and life may preach among all sorts of people, and to them. Then you will come to walk cheerfully over the world, answering that of God in everyone; whereby in them you may be a blessing, and make the witness of God in them to bless you.

— George Fox, 1656

Be the change that you want to see.
— Ghandi



Question and Answer

Durban, Birmingham,
Cape Town, Atlanta,
Johannesburg, Watts,
the earth around
struggling, fighting,
dying-for what?

A world to gain.

Groping, hoping,
waiting-for what?

A world to gain.

Dreams kicked asunder,
why not go under?

There's a world to gain.

But suppose I don't want it,
why take it?

To remake it.

— Langston Hughes

This is the transcript from the last minute of a 13 minute video piece I made a year and a half ago, my senior year at Oberlin College. It is an attempt to capture the hopes and plans of seven of my friends and classmates. It is inspiring for me to look into friends eyes and see hope and excitement about travel, new work experiences, love and families, and changing the world.

Featuring: Mica Cheng, Dan Flynn, Kara Hall, Sam Kerby, Wendy Malamuent, Erica Morse, Michael Polizzi, Damon Weston

I want to increase peoples knowledge of the-I want to increase their awareness the world as a whole- and encourage them to- I want to make it a better place, or help them make it a better place.

I want to travel and work abroad-not just travel but work in a different country, doing something with my interests in plant evolution and agriculture, especially in genetically modified crops.

And I'd like to learn how to deliver babies

And I want to travel and I want to laugh a lot, and I want to do all kinds of different music.

I want to- I want to work with people.

I hope to farm.

I want to be a lawyer.

I want to drive an eighteen-wheeler

I would like to explore a new city.

I would like to live in New Mexico again, and I would like to live closer to my family in Minnesota.

I would love to live in a city- I have never gotten to know an American city very well.

I want to go back to Vermont.

I feel torn- I want to be close to my sister in Boston, but I also want to go out west and explore a new place.

I want to stay in touch with my family.

I ant to be part of a community of people that make me feel empowered.

Can you look straight [ahead]?

Mhmm, is that straight?

Yeah. I want to look straight at things. That's a good one."

Pass It On

Freedom doesn't come like a bird on the wing..
Doesn't fall down like the summer rain.
Freedom. . . freedom is a hard won thing.
You have to work for it, fight for it, day and night for it
And every generation has to win it again!

Pass it on to your children, Brother.
Pass it on to your children, Sister.
They've got to work for it, fight for it, day and night for it.
And every generation has to win it again.

Pass it on to your children.
Pass it on.

— Music by George Kleinsinger, Lyrics by Millard Lampell

If there is no struggle there is no progress.
Those who profess to favor freedom and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want
crops without plowing up the ground.
They want rain without thunder and lightening.
They want ocean without the awful roar of its many waters.

This struggle may be a moral one, or it may be both moral and physical,
but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand.

It never did and never will.
— Fredrick Douglass, August 4, 1957

To be of use

The people I love the best
jump into work head first
without dallying in the shallows
and swim off with sure strokes almost out of sight.
They seem to become natives of that element,
the black sleek heads of seals
bouncing like half submerged balls.

I love people who harness themselves, an ox to a heavy cart,
who pull like water buffalo, with massive patience,
who strain in the mud and the muck to move things forward,
who do what has to be done, again and again.

I want to be with people who submerge
in the task, who go into the fields to harvest
and work in a row and pass the bags along,
who stand in the line and haul in their places,
who are not parlor generals and field deserters
but move in a common rhythm
when the food must come in or the fire be put out.

The work of the world is common as mud.
Botched, it smears the hands, crumbles to dust.
But the thing worth doing well done
has a shape that satisfies, clean and evident.
Greek amphoras for wine or oil,
Hopi vases that held corn, are put in museums
but you know they were made to be used.
The pitcher cries for water to carry
and a person for work that is real.

— Marge Piercy

Three Questions

If I am not for myself,
Who will be for me?

If I am only for myself,
What am I?

If not now,
When?

– Rabbi Hillel
