

# Michigan Peace Team

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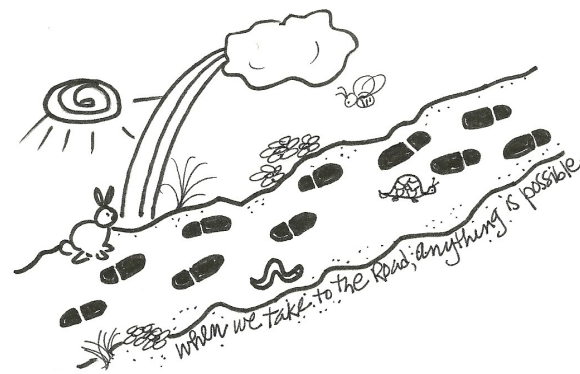
## Newsletter Theme - On the Road to Peace Kim Redigan

In this special, online summer issue of our newsletter, Michigan Peace Team takes a look at peacemakers as they take to the road in their work for justice and peace.

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The road to peace is often a long and bumpy one – filled with detours, pot-holes, and unclear directions. At the same time, it is



often a joyous and exhilarating journey filled with surprises and unexpected gifts. When we come out from behind our computers - leaving behind our stuffy offices and mounds of paperwork - and take to the road, anything is possible.

I recall unbearably long bus journeys to protests in D.C., New York, and Tennessee organized by the intrepid Sigrid Dale (featured in this issue) on behalf of the Detroit Area Peace with Justice Network, as well as 16-hour treks to the School of the Americas protest with my high school students each November. While subsisting on two hours of restless sleep on a bus kept as cold as a meat freezer and surviving on junk food purchased at rest stops

and rural gas stations is not my idea of a good time, these brutal trips provide an incentive for achieving world peace sooner rather than

later.

Memories of leisurely car rides with peace-loving friends are far gentler. Each summer I hear the siren call to take to the road for peace – in a car rather than a bus or plane. Memories of the wind blowing through my hair while listening to Joni Mitchell and discussing politics with people who are on their way to or from jail or a conference or a protest are seductive for an earthling like me who hates flying and would walk to Palestine were that possible. In fact, flying is the worst part of peacemaking for me. I absolutely loathe flying in its entirety. Everything about it . . . from the dehumanizing march through security lines to the plastic-wrapped croissant to the disorienting and artificial



## On the Road ... Newsletter Theme continued

environment of airports in lands far and near – there is not a single aspect of flying that I find even slightly tolerable.

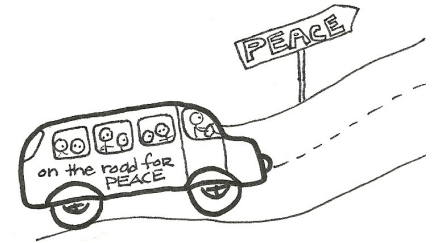
For people like me, it's all about taking to the road in a vehicle that makes contact with the ground. Perhaps it comes from reading too much Jack Kerouac as a teen or perhaps it comes from a deep-seated romantic belief that somewhere in the corn fields and the deserts and the mountains and the plains and even in small towns pockmarked by omnipresent Wal-Marts and McDonald's there is a hunger, perhaps latent and unrecognized, for peace and justice in our beautiful country. It has often been on these road trips that my mind turns to the reality of our nation's power and arrogance and ignorance but, at the same time, to our nation's possibilities and its potential for compassion and nonviolence and humility.

There is a Franciscan aspect to peacemaking on the road

that is irresistible – a going forth to speak a word of peace to our wounded world.

With our increasing consciousness of global climate change, it may be time to rethink our reliance on buses, planes, and cars. Perhaps we can see the world and our country even better if we follow in the footsteps of great peace travelers like Francis, Gandhi, and Peace Pilgrim who took to the road with nothing more than their own two feet. Pilgrimage as peacemaking.

Michigan Peace Team hopes that you enjoy this online issue and that you contribute your own stories of Peacemaking on the Road as we remind ourselves that the journey itself is the destination. As the great peacemaker A.J. Muste said, "There is no way to peace . . . peace is the way." Happy travels.



## U-Turn Toward Peace Barbara B. Nolin



When the Southern Poverty Law Center's last Intelligence Report features RAGE ON THE RIGHT, and we must admit this country seems to be at odds on most issues, why would we dare suggest that PEACE is possible?

When the head of Israel declares that peace cannot be imposed, I agree with him. If peace is administered from 'above' we can hardly call this peace.

I would propose that peace is something we make. I propose that we are not the **UNITED** States of America,

and that peace is most needed right here at home. How do we make peace here? Surely differing points of view are at the root of our unrest. Surely we will never be united in seeing alike. It has been a wake-up call for me to find a statement from the military, so simple, so profound. General George Patton has said, "If everyone is thinking alike, then someone isn't thinking." Yea, George!

**Learning to exchange thoughts with someone who does not agree with you is rock bottom to the peace process.**

We prefer to be silent or walk away. When will we grow up? Teaching Junior High students is a great way for me to 'think again.' We listen to each other. We do!

The Dalai Llama suggests that bringing toddlers into a classroom of elementary students has been a great way to begin. What a thought!

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## U-Turn continued

We want the CEOs and individuals from congress, and all of us to sit down and listen to each other. Here's a simple path toward peace.

**Sit down.** What a great way to strip away power! Pictures of administrators or military personnel show them standing up. Let us sit down!

**Listen.** A very difficult task for many. Think of someone you know who when he/she IS listening - is really busy thinking of what they want to say next. We

might lose our own train of thought. Are we brave enough to lose our points and think with 'them?'

**Look.** Usually we look over a small child. All it takes to make contact with a Small One is to look at them straight in the eyes. It works! They can't resist being recognized. Try that with their parents or grandparents. [*Looking at adversaries with love and respect works too.*]

Oh, to look and really see! To listen and really hear! Is not this the groundwork of peace? Try it - tomorrow. No, today.

## Peace on the Road Paula Marie Deubel

To me, "peace on the road" was found almost everywhere I walked in Palestine during one of my peace team journeys; this I can say with honesty, despite the ambiance of violence that always breathed in the dusty air. What a victory there is in that realization! Despite the tanks, the soldiers, the police state atmosphere, the feeling of a higher peace became only more and more emphasized.

The shy smiles of beautiful dark-eyed children radiating their surprise when offered the tiniest token of friendship (such as a piece of candy or gum) acknowledged peace.

The countless men and students who thanked us for having saved them from being beaten, merely by standing alongside them so they could pass through checkpoints to get to work or school, spoke of a grateful peace.

The lovely women and mothers who nodded in warm

welcome as they swept by in flowing veils conveyed unspoken peace and mutual understanding

The two nights I spent sleeping on the parched ground high up on the mountain under the stars at Camp Masha was definitely one of the most peaceful nights I ever experienced, even though it was shattered at dawn by heavy explosions of dynamite, as part of the mountain was smashed to build an Israeli-only road. That horrible sound will never take away the memory of two nights of beautiful peace spent on the mountain.

The fact is we all live out life moment to moment while merging together so many different shades of experience, sometimes even very contradictory ones, thus heaven and hell can both be discovered within the same hour.

Peace is something that can never be taken away from any of us.



## Ecological Footprint ... Asking the Questions

**Sheri Wander**

It started with the simple act of procrastination. Trying to avoid some task or another, I took an on-line quiz to learn what my ecological footprint is. It was completely eye-opening and depressing! I like to think that my lifestyle is relatively ecologically sound - but my footprint still required more than one earth to sustain a population at that level.

So, I started playing with the results. What if I drive less - use public transport more, buy a bike, or switch my work schedule so that my job share buddy and I are each working alternative days rather than driving every day for half a day's work? Buy less? Compost more? Move back into a cooperative housing situation? It all helped a bit (and I have made some changes), but when it came right down to it the result was the same -- unsustainable!

ACK! I got a desperate feeling -- I started lying to myself -- I'll get rid of my car and walk everywhere. I'll never eat



animal products, use plastic or other petroleum products. Still, it seemed no matter how I added it up, the online result came back with more than one sad faced, depleted earth symbol accusing me of using much more than my share unless I cut down on travel and cut out air travel entirely.

The answer seemed simple - at

least on paper. No more airplanes. WHAT? But, I love to

travel. I love meeting people and learning about their lives and cultures and struggles. It nourishes my spirit and gives me what I need to continue this work. I also think it makes me a better trainer.

Beyond that, this work often requires travel. Yes, it is true that MPT has been able to do some "virtual accompaniment." But most nonviolent conflict intervention work requires you be there physically. And yes, thanks to email, the internet, conference calls, Skype and the countless other tools, technology has allowed us to accomplish a great deal without having to be in the same place. And yet, there are times when simply nothing can substitute for those face to face encounters.

So what to do? Like most of the questions I encounter as I do my work with Michigan Peace Team and Nonviolent Peaceforce, I find there is no "one right, absolute answer." Instead I find more questions - each with a range of "right" answers that vary from person to person and situation to situation.

Maybe the important thing is that we simply remember to ask the questions? Is this something that requires a face to face meeting or would a phone conference work? Is there a speaker/trainer/facilitator that is geographically closer and could do the job?

And of course for me one of the answers is to remember how connected things are. So, I try to live a more ecologically sustainable life by consuming less, sharing more, recreating, recycling, re-gifting, reusing, driving less, lowering the heat, etc.



It also means doing what I can to help offset the ecological footprint I leave, and inviting others to do the same. An MPT team member on the Fall 2009 Palestine team added the following note to his fund appeal:

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## Ecological Footprint continued



*One of the challenges we often face as we do this work is the ecological footprint of our travels. Perhaps you might also contribute to our work by helping to off-set this. Consider walking someplace you might drive, turning down the heat, or planting a tree this spring.*

This message spoke to me and I now try to include it as part of any request for support. **After all, supporting the work must also mean caring for the Earth on which it happens!**

## Flashbacks from My Journey Fred Elmore — MPT 2009 Fall Team

“What, are you crazy”? said a friend on hearing of my pending trip to Palestine.

While in Palestine, MPT members are seldom alone especially after dark. Yet I was needed with another group and olive tree pruners do not punch time clocks. Thus I found myself on the road alone after dark. A short taxi ride was shared with two Israeli men. While explaining logistics to me they asked, “Are you headed to Yit-zar?” (An Israeli settlement near the MPT house.) I responded, “No, Huwwara.” They never said another word to me. I assume they figured me for an activist as Huwwara is not a tourist town. We parted company without incident. I moved on to ....

... the intersection, a location where Israeli settlers and Palestinians make transportation transfers. At the Palestinian corner I got the “cold shoulder” from a young family. When they boarded the “service”—a shared van/taxi, they discouraged me from entering - nothing physical, just a NO NO with frowns and pointing to the other corner. A man in the service asked, “Where you go?” “Huwwara”, I replied. He motioned for me to get in. And then it hit me. They think I am an Israeli. I pointed to my chest, “No Israeli La La La (No No No)! American! American!” Talk about global warming....smiles ...“Welcome Welcome” ... gestures to sit.

It was time to fly home. Tired and hungry after sightseeing in Tel Aviv, I was getting confused by the bus driver’s transfer instructions. An Israeli soldier said,



“I’m headed that way, walk with me.” He was a handsome, intelligent, young officer heading to the airport to meet his girlfriend. We walked to the new bus stop; he said politely, “You wait over there.” He stood distinctly apart from me. Later we boarded the same bus. Did he suspect that I was an activist? Maybe his thoughts were just elsewhere.

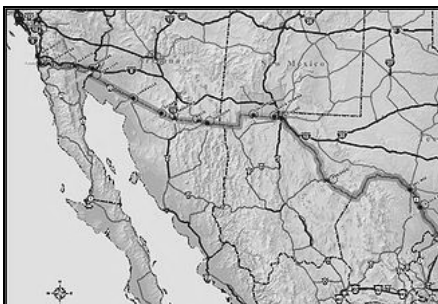
An English friend in Palestine said, “All you Americans are so nice. How can your country do such terrible things?” - I: “You mean like attacking Iraq?” - She: “Yes!” - I: “I think England attacked Iraq, too.” - She: “Oh yea, I guess that’s right.”

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## What's Going on in Arizona? Charlie and Jean Dietrick Rooney

Each year Charlie & Jean Dietrick Rooney, longtime Detroit activists, travel between Detroit and Arizona. They now spend half each year as volunteers with "No More Deaths," [www.NoMoreDeaths.org](http://www.NoMoreDeaths.org) a humanitarian group working to prevent migrant deaths in the Sonoran desert south of Tucson.

"What's going on in Arizona?" is a question that inevitably comes up when we phone our Michigan friends these



days. Most often it refers to S. B. 1070, otherwise known as the Immigration Enforcement Law.

In the past year, Arizona politics have gone from

right-wing-leaning to extreme-right-dominated. While the causes are many, the most proximate is Governor Janet Napolitano's promotion to Secretary of Homeland Security. She was succeeded by the Attorney General Janet Brewer, a Republican, who signs legislation previously vetoed routinely by Napolitano.

A few examples: Abolition of all restrictions from carrying concealed weapons other than for previous felony conviction -- even eliminating mandatory safety classes. The same legislature that has rejected all proposed tax increases despite a \$2 billion budget deficit, has found time to pass legislation to eliminate the Hispanic studies program in the Tucson public schools.

But undoubtedly the biggest stir, and terror, has been created by SB 1070. The key part of the law requires police to ask those they have stopped for other reasons about their immigration status if they reasonably suspect the person is an illegal immigrant. Lawsuits challenging 1070 have been filed, charging that it is an illegal intrusion by the state into federal immigration policy and that the law will result in racial profiling. The original wording of the law excluded "solely race" as a basis for reasonable suspicion. This created a national uproar, since it approved race, along with other factors, as a basis.

Within a week the Legislature changed the wording to exclude race but that resolved nothing. At the press conference when she signed the bill, Gov. Brewer could not explain how an officer could have reasonable suspicion except by the color of the detainee's skin, or a Hispanic accent.

From a human rights perspective the most disturbing part of this law is that it attempts to blame immigrants, who are struggling to survive, for the failure of our legislators to find an appropriate formula to allow immigration when the need for it is obvious, and so many are eager to apply. As Bishop Gerald F. Kicanas of Tucson wrote to the Catholics of the diocese: "The great majority of persons -- women and men and children -- who have entered our country without documentation are not criminals. The new law makes them criminals by their mere presence." In addition, the force that is driving so much immigration is "Free Trade," a reality that few Americans know about. These unfair trade policies imposed on Latin America by the US have destroyed the domestic agriculture market in Central America, especially in Mexico. In other words small farmers in Latin America can no longer survive as farmers; and their families are starving.

Since the onset of NAFTA in the mid-1990s, over 6000 women, children and men, double the number of 9/11 victims, have died attempting to cross the southern Arizona desert. With very few exceptions, they have been simply seeking a way to make a living and to improve the future of their children. These immigrants only want to feed their families, and have almost no opportunity in their home countries. In similar situations migrants from all over the world cross borders because they see no other way to provide for their families.

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## Arizona ... continued

The tragedy of the Mexican-American border is that our legislators have defined no reasonable way to allow people desperate to support their families to legally fill jobs that the American economy desperately needs them to fill.

Unfortunately, most Americans don't know enough about the real situation at the border to have an informed opinion. A good way to start a dialogue about this issue is to discuss with fellow Americans what they would do if they were in one of the following situations, which are commonplace along the border:

**Manuel** sat with nine other men at a crowded table in Nogales, Sonora: He had found his way to a soup kitchen for migrants. The day before he was deported by Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) in a raid on a factory where he had worked for several years. His wife and two daughters, all three US citizens, did not know where he was until he called from a pay phone. There were tears in his eyes as he expressed his determination to return to his family in spite of the risks involved. **What would you do in his situation?**

**Rosa and her husband** were in the desert for two days before the Border Patrol arrested them: They had left their home village in Guatemala where there were no jobs to support their family. They left their children in the care of relatives, and spent three weeks traveling to "el Norte." After just one day of walking in Arizona's rugged desert wearing thin-soled shoes, Rose's feet were blistered. On the second day, when a Border Patrol heli-

copter "dusted" her group and they scattered for cover, she fell and hurt her knee. She continued on, despite her injuries, until they were captured several hours later by Border Patrol. Now, sitting on a street in Nogales, Sonora, as a volunteer treated her feet and knee, Rosa and her husband wondered out loud about where they would spend the night, and what their future holds. Do they return to the poverty of their village or try crossing again when Rosa is healed? **What would you do in their situation?**

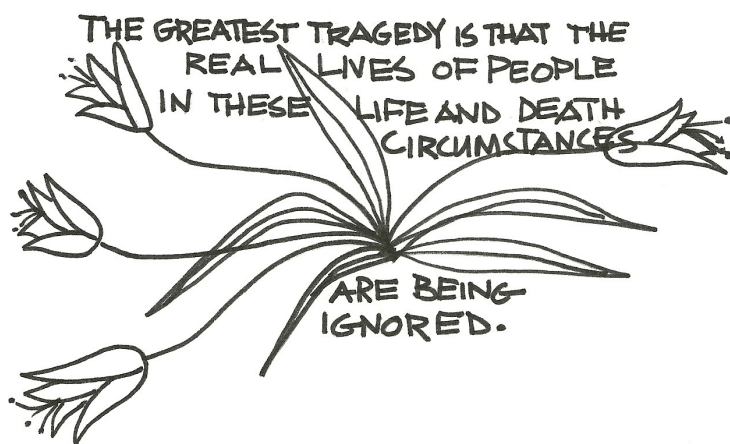
Perhaps the greatest tragedy of the current situation is that the real lives of people in these life-and-death circumstances are ignored. Solutions like SB 1070 blame

the victim, increase militarization of the border, label immigrant communities as criminal, and result in a campaign of terror which tears families apart through increasing numbers of raids and deportations.

Fortunately, this reactionary legislation has unleashed a torrent of energy by defenders of human liberties, includ-

ing all the organizations like "No More Deaths" that are advocating for those in imminent danger of death along the border because of current policy.

We ask your support for the work that hundreds volunteers are doing here with inadequate resources. Your support will make a big difference. For example, \$62 will buy 100 sealed gallons of water for distribution on remote desert trails. Volunteers distribute 100 gallons daily from June through September to save migrants from the searing summer heat. Contributions can be made online at [www.nomoredeaths.org](http://www.nomoredeaths.org)



## Our Lady of the Greyhound Sigrid Dale



I remember how it all started. I just don't quite remember what the occasion was; it could have been the RIBBON PROJECT, a wonderful idea by Justine Merritt, a grandmother in Colorado, who wanted there to be life on our planet for her grandchildren. Why not surround the Pentagon with a Ribbon, lovely pieces of fabric about the size of pillowcases, on which people painted or stitched their ideas of a world at peace? Surely the arms race would stop if we just wound such a ribbon around the Pentagon. How naïve we were then.

The event was to take place on August 4, 1985. Was it the week before that event that someone called me, saying that the organizer of the bus to Washington, for which I had registered – it must have been that event – had quit, when she knew she could not fill the bus. I believe it was three days before the trip and past the time to cancel the bus. They asked, "Would I see if I could get people together and save the bus?" Well, I could try. I've always believed that the Spirit calls us to be where the action is, or where the evil is that we are up against. And I had no other way to go to Washington except by that bus. Even though most of the people after having been told the bus was probably not going, had made other arrangements, but I had not, and the bus company, which I think now no longer exists, wanted their money. So I got busy, spent a couple of days on the telephone, finally ending up with 27 people, most of whom were willing to come up with a little more money than they had been told the trip would cost and off we went. It was

a beautiful August day, a Sunday, I believe, and we not only had enough ribbon, held by mothers, dads and kids, to surround the Pentagon, but the White House and the Capitol as well.

My friends in Germany had made beautiful pieces and the publicity even reached what was then the GDR, the Democratic Republic of (East) Germany, from where quite a number of pieces were sent and I ended up with a pen pal from there. But that's another story.

Before too long there was another event and I guess it had gotten around that I would probably be willing to organize a bus. How many trips I have now forgotten, but all were important, all were a challenge of either not enough phone calls or too many. Over the years, whether the trips were to Washington, New York or, so necessary to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where work on nuclear weapons is still going on and our President, who had given many of us hope for a world without nuclear weapons, is planning to build a new uranium processing facility, costing \$ 3.5 billion. I do know there were six bus trips to Oak Ridge from 2003 to 2008. Lists were made and with time we had many faithful riders who took it upon themselves to put up with the 10 – 12 hour rides to either one of the three destinations, participating in the demonstrations there, and then getting back on the bus for the equally long ride home. Sr. Rita Mary Olszewski, beloved by so many of us, could always be counted on to be with us. In my mind I can still see her sitting on that bus with a big smile on her face.

Since Unions are important for folks like us, we used Greyhound for many years. One return trip stands out. Our driver was to be relieved by another driver in Cincinnati. When one of our alert riders, looking out in the darkness north of Cincinnati about 3 AM, noticed a road sign showing Cincinnati to be to the south. "Why are we going south?" the alert rider wanted to know. Well our driver was kind of a rookie it turned out.

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## Greyhound continued

She had made a wrong turn and had to get back to Cincinnati, where her relief driver was to be waiting. It set us back a couple of hours on that trip. We decided to end our relationship with Greyhound and now have a great Company, ALLSTAR, based in Southfield, which I recommend highly. I also highly recommend Turner, who let us take a bus to New York, which had not been paid for. So many people wanted to go to the huge anti war demo on February 15, 2003, that the phone kept ringing; for a couple of days all I did was answer. ALLSTAR had only two buses at that time. Turner came through and trusted us with the money until we got back. All three buses were filled. One thing that stands out in that event was not only the tremendous crowd, but the bitter cold, the same as it had been on January 18<sup>th</sup> in Washington.

Those two trips so close together, so many people from all over the country at Washington and more in New York, and we were not able to stop the war!

One of the trips, on the first anniversary of the Iraq War in 2004, was not by bus, but by two cars of the daily AM-TRAK train to Chicago, one of the cities where big rallies were held. People said how much easier that was and how comfortable, and they wanted to use the train all the time after that. Sadly, our country has not made public transportation a priority and it turns out getting to New York by train would take about 30 hours, with a couple of transfers, waiting time, and a bus from Detroit to Toledo. So back to the buses we went and that will not change any time soon. There actually was one more train trip to Chicago for another rally some time later, but I was away and cannot take credit for it.

I write this as the Review Conference of the Non-Proliferation Treaty winds down. It takes place at the UN

every five years. I've organized the bus every time for the March and Rally that always takes place the Sunday prior to the beginning of the conference. People come from around the globe. The biggest group is always from Japan. They know the horror of "the bomb" first hand.

The trips to Washington and New York have not been without their little mishaps. As we neared New York City on the 2005 trip, we were excited to see the Manhattan skyline, but a while later, it had disappeared. The highway signs are poor there. The driver, who does not go to New York every day, and our own eagle eyes had missed a road sign. We were late arriving at the spot where the organizers had wanted us to meet, but all worked out in the end. Another time, in spite of our best efforts to keep people together, one woman could not be found at our return departure spot in Washington. We got the police involved in the search and one rider offered to stay over in Washington to continue the search, when out of the darkness she appeared. On another occasion one fellow, whom we did not know well, also had to be searched for, for a long time before we could start on the return trip.

The ministry of the "Holy Greyhound" is never boring, but I learned that it had become so much a part of me, that letting go of it almost broke my heart, as I watched "my bus" pull out without me on May 1 for its trip to New York. I'll still work on organizing buses, but can no longer go because at 80 years of age, my health has deteriorated. The ministry will go on. There is so much work to do!

*Special thanks go to Kim Bergier, who has been a tremendous help through the years, also to Helen Weber and Fr. Paul Chateau, who has let us use his parking lot at Our Lady of Fatima as a gathering site over the last dozen or so years.*

### SPECIAL REQUEST FROM MPT: HELP US TO KEEP THE MICHIGAN PEACE TEAM DREAM ALIVE!

Your gift and the gifts of others help to ensure that the vision and mission of MPT continues. You can make a tax deductible contribution to MPT on a monthly basis through your credit card by contacting MPT, or you can send a check to Michigan Peace Team, 808 W. Barnes Ave. Lansing, MI 48910. Your gift would be deeply appreciated!

## Kindnesses on the Journey

**Annette Thomas**

PEACE. It does not mean to be in a place where there is no noise, trouble or hard work. It means to be in the midst of those things and still be calm in your heart." [Author unknown] I found this saying as I browsed for Holiday cards in a quaint, little shop this past Christmas. I read and re-read these words. Was it possible that I had misinterpreted the true meaning of PEACE all of these years? To me it had always meant to be in a place where there is no noise, trouble or hard work. I was forced to re-evaluate the meaning of PEACE.

As I traveled down memory lane in search of past experiences where this sense of PEACE might have come

into play, I recounted an incident that had taken place in Germany a few years ago. At a concession stand, where a friend I was traveling with and I waited in line to order, we observed the young Muslim woman behind the

counter. She seemed distraught, struggling to regain her composure. When it was our turn to speak with her, we were able to engage her in conversation. She confided in us that she was being taunted and had removed her head cover to spare herself more grief. Disgusted by the behavior of the others, I invited myself inside through a side door. After a short conversation, I was able to convince her to put her head cover back on and assisted her in refastening it. Hugs were exchanged and I left. As my friend and I made our way back to our car, we turned to look in her direction one

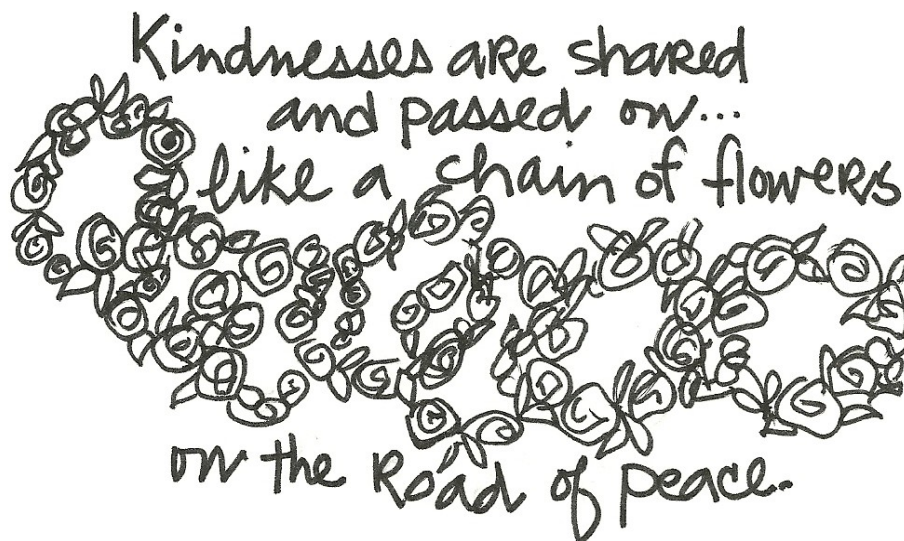
and were delighted to see that she was smiling. Relieved, we continued on our way.

Not for one moment had it occurred to me that my actions would have an impact on her. It just seemed like the right thing to do. There were many times, before and after that incident that I'd been in situations where I had wished I'd taken the initiative to make things right, but for whatever reason, it just wasn't to be. In retrospect, what had taken place in Germany on that day exemplified the definition of PEACE on that Holiday Greeting card - that one could be in the midst of turmoil and yet retain a level of calm in their heart,

regardless of the chaos and unrest surrounding them.

Then I remembered an incident where someone offered me a bit of solace. During a moment of darkness in my life, where I was grief-stricken beyond consoling, a stranger came to

me and gently placed his hand on my shoulder. "Has someone died?" he softly asked. When I was able to tell him that no one had, he responded, "Then everything's going to be alright", and quietly walked away, allowing me to experience that same calmness in my heart the young Muslim woman must have felt as I stood by her side. Kindnesses are shared and passed on, from individual to individual, unwittingly changing the structure of our lives, leaving us with a remarkable sense of PEACE in our minds and in our hearts.



## A Roadmap to Hope

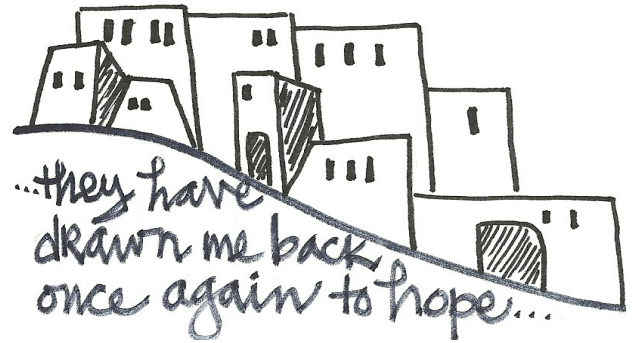
### Bob Walters, retired pastor

I've visited the Holy Land seven times, from the first in 1979 to Easter 2010. I've seen first hand the settlements and accompanying by-pass roads grow exponentially like cancer in the West Bank; I've seen the water control and inexorable land acquisition there; I've seen the Wall snake through it, taking more land under the guise of security.

My feelings have gone from curiosity, then shame and anger, to hopelessness. Yet, my Christian friends there continue to work for peace, justice, and hope when there is so little outward physical evidence of hope. They continue to witness to the Prince of Peace. Israeli peace leaders do the same, continually speaking out, rebuilding, even as their government opposes their efforts with increasing force.

My last visit this Holy Week and Easter included the privilege to worship with some of these Christian friends during the most significant days in our Church year.

So they have drawn me back once again to the hope Jesus lived and died for, and for which he was raised from the dead: selfless love is stronger than might...the first

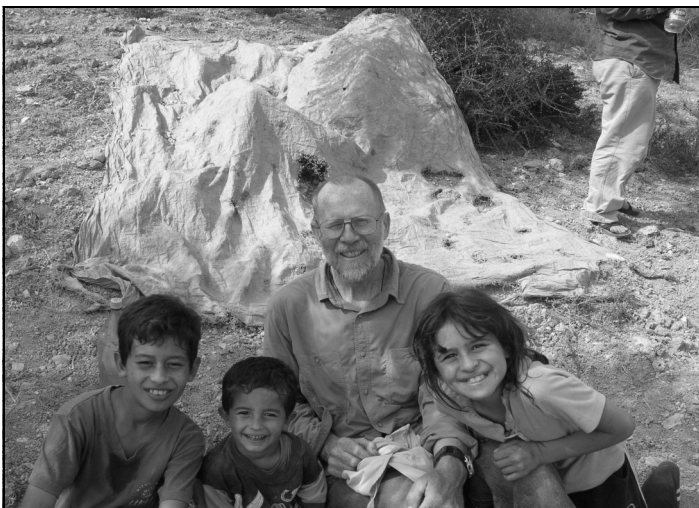


puff of the Spirit: a whole new order, compassion not weapons.

Lasting peace with justice is critical for both Israelis and Palestinians. The truth will come out. It must be told. The fate of both peoples is intertwined. Anger and hopelessness will destroy both of them and rot their souls, let alone threaten international peace. These feelings will do the same to me.

So I must keep telling the story, the truth, long as I have breath. I must keep praying, for both peoples, not just my friends there. I must keep speaking the truth to power, in love. I pray for both peoples to raise up and follow non-violent leaders like Martin Luther King, Jr., Desmond Tutu, and Nelson Mandela. Thanks for listening to this old man. Pray for me...and peace.

## Flashbacks continued





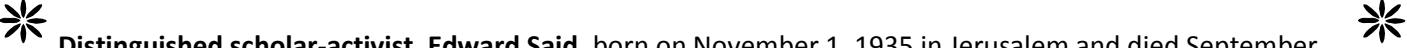
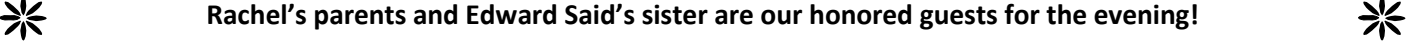



Fred Elmore and Palestinian youth in an olive grove bordering an Israeli settlement

So many assumptions made; they about me and I about them. Yet civility, tolerance and helpfulness were common even in the midst of military occupation, mistrust and long suffering. I came home thinking that people are basically good when encountered on the individual level. Yet evil does exist and seems to surface more often when we have no personal contact with "the other side."

It is easier to demonize those we do not know. **I hope more will choose to travel and connect.** Maybe I am crazy; just crazy enough to think that "loving enemies" and "turning cheeks" were final instructions not think tank brainstorming; just crazy enough to think sending old folks to take risks for non-violence is better than sending young folks to kill or be killed; just crazy enough to believe that the world can become more just and more peaceful.

<p><b>MICHIGAN PEACE TEAM</b> 808 W. Barnes Lansing, MI 48910 Phone: 517 484-3178 Web: www.michiganpeaceteam.org</p> <p><b>MPT's 2010 Newsletter Committee</b> Nancy Ayotte Kim Redigan Annette Thomas Liz Walters</p> <p><b>Regarding MPT newsletter artwork:</b> Nancy Ayotte, IHM creates all the artwork for MPT Newsletters Her creations are pure gift to MPT and to our readers. This gift is yours to freely use in other peace work.</p>	<p><b>MPT Core Members</b></p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Mary Pat Dewey</td> <td>Mary Ellen Gondeck</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Peter Dougherty</td> <td>Jasiu Milanowski</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Kassy Fineout</td> <td>Paul Pratt</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sr. Mary Ann Ford</td> <td>Sheri Wander</td> </tr> </table> <p><b>MPT Staff</b></p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Peter Dougherty</td> <td><b>Staff Email Addresses</b></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Mary Hanna</td> <td>cpeterdougherty.mpt@gmail.com</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Martha Larsen</td> <td>maryhanna.mpt@gmail.com</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Julie Powers</td> <td>mlarsen.mpt@gmail.com</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Nicole Rohrkemper</td> <td>jpowers155@gmail.com</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Liz Walters</td> <td>nicoler.mpt@gmail.com</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>elizabethwalters.mpt@gmail.com</td> </tr> </table>	Mary Pat Dewey	Mary Ellen Gondeck	Peter Dougherty	Jasiu Milanowski	Kassy Fineout	Paul Pratt	Sr. Mary Ann Ford	Sheri Wander	Peter Dougherty	<b>Staff Email Addresses</b>	Mary Hanna	cpeterdougherty.mpt@gmail.com	Martha Larsen	maryhanna.mpt@gmail.com	Julie Powers	mlarsen.mpt@gmail.com	Nicole Rohrkemper	jpowers155@gmail.com	Liz Walters	nicoler.mpt@gmail.com		elizabethwalters.mpt@gmail.com	<p><b>MPT Vision</b> To pursue peace through active nonviolence in places of conflict</p> <p><b>MPT Mission:</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Provide training in active nonviolence designed for the specific needs of participants.</li> <li>• Recruit and mentor individuals seeking experience with violence reduction teams.</li> <li>• Place violence reduction teams in domestic and international conflicts.</li> <li>• Educate the public to the vision and practice of nonviolence.</li> <li>• Convene, support and participate with local peace action groups.</li> </ul>
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**Michigan Peace Team's Signature Event - Friday, November 5, 2010, 5 pm to 9 pm+**
  

  
**Living Justice**
  
**Celebrating the Life and Work of Rachel Corrie and Edward Said**
  
**With Craig and Cindy Corrie and Grace Said**
  

  
**Friday, November 5, 2010**
  
... doors open at 5:00 pm - a fantastic silent auction - followed by a delicious dinner ... wonderful pre-
  
senter's ... special awards ... and late evening dancing
  
**Price: \$50 per person**
  
**Banquet Hall: Greenfield Manor, 4770 Greenfield, Dearborn, MI 48126**
  

  
**Rachel Corrie**, a 23-year-old American peace activist from Olympia, Washington, who was crushed to death
  
by an Israeli bulldozer on 16 March 2003, while undertaking nonviolent direct action to protect the home of
  
a Palestinian family from demolition. Since then an enormous amount of solidarity activities have been car-
  
ried out in Rachel's name around the world, more than 30 songs written by various musicians are dedicated
  
to her life and work, and poems, artwork and theatre continue to celebrate her vision and mission.
  

  
**Distinguished scholar-activist, Edward Said**, born on November 1, 1935 in Jerusalem and died September
  
25, 2003 in New York City, was a University Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia
  
University. He was one of the most important literary critics of the late 20th century. Also for many years he
  
was the most prominent spokesperson for the Palestinian cause in the United States. Dr. Said wrote ten
  
books, including *Orientalism* his best-known work.
  

  
**Rachel's parents and Edward Said's sister are our honored guests for the evening!**
  


HELP US TO KEEP THE MICHIGAN PEACE TEAM DREAM ALIVE!

Your gift and the gifts of others help to ensure that the vision and mission of MPT continues. You can make a tax deductible contribution to MPT on a monthly basis through your credit card by contacting MPT, or you can send a check to Michigan Peace Team, 808 W. Barnes Ave. Lansing, MI 48910. Your gift will be deeply appreciated!