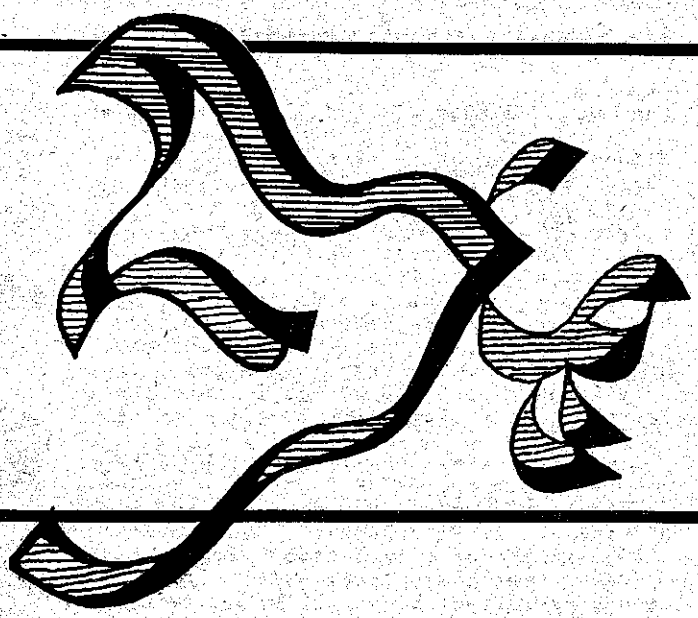


# Delmarva PEACEWORK

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## Colman McCarthy to Speak at Pacem Series

Colman McCarthy, the *Washington Post* columnist, will be the first speaker in "Learning Violence, Learning Peace" -- the Pacem in Terris series of four programs in April and May that will deal with the subjects of peacemaking and violence. Each program will take place at Wilmington Friends School, 101 School Road Alapocas Wilmington, and with the exception of the first one which begins at 5:30 PM, they will start at 7 PM.

The series will consist of the following presentations:

**April 19: "Peace Education: Does It Work?"** -- a lecture given by Colman McCarthy, syndicated columnist for the *Washington Post*, pacifist, educator, and founder of the Center for Teaching Peace in Washington, D.C. Since 1983, he has taught courses on nonviolence to over 5,000 students at high schools, Georgetown University, and the University of Maryland. He continues to teach a first period class daily at Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School, and he will share with us insights he has gained over the many years as a peace educator. (This program will be held at 5:30 PM in the Auditorium at the rear of the school, off of the parking lot.)

**April 25: "Veterans Working for Peace"** -- an evening with four American veterans who are now devoting their energy to peace efforts. Veterans Dave Neifeld (WWII) and W.D. Ehrhart (Vietnam) from Philadelphia will join John Carmody and Tim Bayard, both Vietnam vets from Delaware, in discussing why they work for peace, how they feel about their service, and how they have changed. This will be a rare opportunity to speak to veterans who are coming to



terms with their military service and choosing to use their experience to help bring about peace with justice. (This program will be held at 7 PM in the Meeting Room at the front right of the school.)

**May 16: "Who is Telling All the Stories? Television and the Cult of Violence"** -- a lecture by Dr. George Gerbner, Dean Emeritus of the Annenberg School for Communication, University of Pennsylvania, the Director of the Cultural Indicators Research Project, and the Founder and Chair of the Cultural Environment Movement. He is deeply concerned about the impact of media violence on children and the ways in which it desensitizes them, creating an acceptance of force as a legitimate way to deal with conflict that atrophies the capacity for empathy. (This program will be held at 7 PM in the Auditorium at the rear of the school, off of the parking lot.)

**May 29: "The Balkan Situation and How It Has Come Home Here"** -- a panel discussion with Lisa and Bill Darling who are hosting a Bosnian student, Deborah Cooper who is facilitating the placement of students from the Balkans in area Quaker high schools, and Dijana Cebic, a young Bosnian woman from Bihac who is attending college in the Delaware Valley. The panelists will help us explore what it means to reach out to victims of a far away war in a personal way and the transformation that it brings to both guest and host. (This program will be held at 7 PM in the Auditorium. At its conclusion, there will be a free will offering to help bring more students over from the Balkans.)

All of these programs are free and open to the public. They are presented by Pacem in Terris, with the co-sponsorship of the Peace Studies Program of the Social Studies Department of Wilmington Friends School, to encourage public discussion of these vital issues. For more information, please call the Pacem in Terris office at 302-656-2721.

## Copapayo Project Renewal

The Copapayo-Delaware Partnership project of Pacem in Terris is going through an exciting process of renewal, thanks to the leadership of Ana Maria Viscarra and a generous inheritance gift. The Partnership works with Copapayo -- our sister village in El Salvador. Peace in El Salvador has ended the danger for the residents in

Copapayo, but it has not lessened their economic difficulties. Much remains to be done and the villagers are willing to do it, but they do not have the economic resources to undertake needed development projects. They are looking to us not only for our friendship, moral support, and encouragement, but also for our financial support for specific projects that they cannot realize without our help.

To become a part of this important work, attend the next Copapayo-Delaware Partnership meeting on Monday, April 15, at 5:30 PM at the Pacem in Terris office, 900 Washington Street. If you would like more information or are unable to attend the meeting, please call 656-2721.

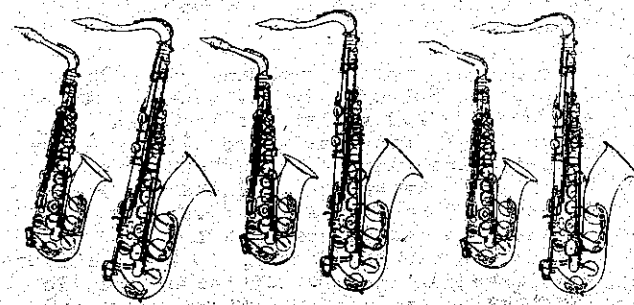
## Benefit Jazz Concert

The Delaware Committee for Racial Harmony, a project of Pacem in Terris, is co-sponsoring with Blackman's Development Center a benefit concert by the Harry Spencer Jazz Quintet on Saturday, April 13, at 7 PM at the Christina Cultural Arts Center, 705 North Market Street, Wilmington.

Harry Spencer, saxophonist and well-known member of Wilmington's jazz scene, has been widely recognized for his talent. He is frequently called, "a jazzman's jazzman."

Proceeds from the performance will benefit the Education Project of the Africa Fund and the Blackman's Development Center.

Tickets cost \$5 and children 6 and under are free. For tickets or more information, call 656-2721.



pacem in terris

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## Program on UN Habitat II

### CAN LOCAL GOVERNMENT PLAY A ROLE IN THE UN?

Today the majority of the people in the world live in cities and each week the world's cities are growing by one million people! Fifty percent of these people are children. The stress that this rapid urban population growth is putting on basic services like housing, safe drinking water, health care and adequate sanitation, economic and social needs is unprecedented. At the same time, as the cities grow, the rural areas are being pushed farther and farther into ecologically fragile regions.

To address these challenges, the UN is convening the second UN Conference on Human Settlements commonly known as Habitat II and called the City Summit. Habitat II which will be held in Istanbul will encourage governments and local authorities to embark on partnerships with urban dwellers to improve the management of cities. The goal is to create opportunities for citizens to participate in local decision-making processes.

UNA-USA-DE is pleased to announce that, G. Arno Loessner, who will participate in Habitat II in June will be their guest speaker at their Annual Dinner on April 2. Dr. Loessner is the permanent representative of the International Union of Local Authorities. He has also served as Vice-President and Secretary of the Board of Directors of the University of Delaware.

The Annual Dinner will be held on Tuesday, April 2, at 6 PM at Clayton Hall at the University of Delaware. The cost of the dinner is \$17 per person and checks for that amount should be made payable to UNA-USA-DE and sent to Dorothea McLane, 300 Overbrook Avenue, Wilmington, DE 19803/ tel. 302-762-0753.

Dr. Loessner's talk at 7:30 is co-sponsored by Pacem in Terris, the Dept. of Political Science & International Relations, the College of Urban Affairs and Public Policy at the University of DE, UNICEF-Delaware, Habitat for Humanity, and the American Association of University Women Delaware Branch. For more information, call Robert Fisher at 302-7662-9181.

## Cuba Calls, We Must Answer

by Wyn Lang

Picture Washington being bombarded with leaflets from the sky, exhorting the people to overturn their government and kill their leaders. Can you imagine the reactions?

As Pastors for Peace point out, the flyover on February 24 was just one in a series of 1,700 violations of Cuban territory by Brothers to the Rescue -- an organization founded in the office of the Cuban American National Foundation and directed by an ex-CIA agent who was involved in the Bay of Pigs invasion and the Contra War in Nicaragua. Their flights have been part of a tradition of hostile penetration of Cuban territory by Florida mercenaries that goes back 33 years. In 1971, a Cessna flew over Havana scattering grenades that killed eight people. Cessnas from Miami have sprayed phosphorus on sugar fields; bombed sugar cane mills and tourist hotels; dropped off weapons, explosives, and infiltrators on Cuban territory; scattered leaflets urging people to rise up against their government; buzzed parks and residential neighborhoods to intimidate common citizens. All these attacks were carried out by mercenary Cessnas, not by military planes. Every attack on Cuba since the Bay of Pigs has been made by so-called "civilian" vehicles. In 1976 a bomb planted by then CIA agent Orlando Bosch killed 73 passengers aboard a Cubana Airlines plane. He is free in Miami, despite a Justice Department ruling that he be deported. Last July 13, January 9 and January 13, Bosch dropped hundreds of thousands of leaflets over Havana calling for the people to overthrow the socialist

government. Cuba's Defense Minister at that time warned that future airplanes faced the risk of being shot down. According to the *New York Times*, U.S. Intelligence admits that on February 24 "at least one [of the airplanes], possibly all three, had violated Cuban airspace." It also admitted that "the air traffic control tower in Havana had warned the pilots they were in danger."



Cuba has submitted reports on 25 specific incursions from Florida into Cuban territory in the last 20 months. These have been reported through all appropriate diplomatic channels, to both the U.S. government and the International Civil Aeronautics Agency. The U.S. government has been well aware that planes from Florida have been violating U.S. aviation regulations and international laws. But nothing has been done to stop or sanction the violators. The U.S. government has a responsibility not to harbor terrorists. But Brothers to the Rescue is still being allowed to operate from the U.S. -- even though it has repeatedly broken national and international laws and regulations.

Up until now, the Cubans have reacted to these repeated violations with restraint. The incursions have continued and increased. Cuba might well have assumed that the U.S. was tolerating and abetting an escalation of terrorism, since nothing was being done to stop it.

The Brothers to the Rescue pilots chose to ignore repeated warnings -- not only that they were in Cuban airspace, but that they were flying over a restricted military zone. (Public records show that a military airport and a naval base are in the area. How many times would a foreign and hostile Cessna be allowed to fly over a U.S. military base?)

According to international law, any nation whose territory is violated has the right to self-defense -- in the same way that an individual has the right to say no to a molester. While this fact does not unconditionally excuse Cuba's actions on February 24 which resulted in the tragic loss of lives, it cannot be denied that if Brothers to the Rescue had not violated international law on that day, pilots' lives would not have been lost.

If there were no U.S. economic blockade of Cuba, then these events would never have happened. If relations between our two nations were normalized, there would be no pretext for fly-overs or other acts of provocation. The U.S. is not at war with Cuba and U.S. citizens are not well served by letting our foreign policy be dictated by the special interests of a small number of provocateurs in Miami.

According to Gillian Gunn Clissord -- director of Georgetown University's Cuba Project, which fosters academic and cultural exchanges with Cuba -- the fly-by that ended in tragedy was part of a "conscious campaign to manipulate Cuba into overreacting." Right-wing exiles have long been looking to reverse a perceived thaw in U.S.-Cuba relations, she notes.

The downing of the planes insured the successful passage of the Helms-Burton Bill

which intensifies the embargo against Cuba and will increase the sufferings, hunger, and hardships of the Cuban people, antagonize our allies, interfere with international business, and U.S. treaty obligations. It imposes stronger sanctions against countries that trade with Cuba and codifies the embargo into law, making it necessary in the future for an act of Congress to repeal it rather than an Executive Order. It also gives Cuban-Americans and others the right to sue in U.S. court for compensation from third-country companies engaged in the "trafficking" of property expropriated from exiles by the Cuban government. Another provision empowers the U.S. government to deny visas to foreigners who have benefited from the uses of expropriated property. Gunn Clissold believes the legislation effectively "sabotages the prospects for liberalization within Cuba."

Wayne Smith, former top U.S. diplomat in Cuba, now a senior fellow at the Center for International Policy, a liberal think tank, predicts that anti-Castro forces will not ease pressure now that the sanctions bill has been enacted. "They want a navel blockade. They want military action. They want to overthrow the Castro regime," he says, adding that in the current political climate, none of these options are out of the question.

Mike Royko remarked in his column in the *News Journal* on March 11, that we do business with China and Vietnam, yet we still treat as a dreaded enemy, "a puny island with a tired government and a feeble economy that isn't a threat to us or anyone else."

I urge all peace and justice lovers to see the video, "Cuba Calls -- We Must Answer" and then show it to friends and neighbors. Call Pacem in Terris (656-2721), Justice for Cuba (731-5289), or Wyn Lang (798-6648) to borrow the video, or for a presentation.

Wyn Lang is on the Board of Pacem in Terris and is the Chair of our Delaware Committee for Racial Harmony.

Information for this article was drawn from different sources, including the *Pastors for Peace Update and Action Alert* (March 3, 1996) and "Clinton's Collapse on Cuba," in *These Times*, March 18, 1996, pp. 6-7.



## Pacem in Terris Directory

In order to help you find your niche in Pacem, we are listing the contact people of our various projects and sub-committees. Please note, that the sub-committees of the Board are open to non-board members in order to maximize participation.

- Copapayo-Delaware Partnership, Contact: Ana Maria Viscarra, 322-6119.

- DE Committee for Racial Harmony at Home & Abroad, Contact: Wyn Lang, 798-6648 or 656-2721.

- DE Citizens Opposed to the Death Penalty, Contacts: Sally Milbury-Steen, 656-2721 or Kevin O'Connell, 984-3355.

- Disarmament Committee, Contacts: Jim Lertola, 733-8816 or Don Kuespert, 658-1816.

- Education Committee, Contact: Tim Bayard, 652-8123.

- Finance Committee, Contact: Don Kuespert, 658-1816.

- Membership Committee, Contact: Leo Robb, 366-1225.

- Ulster Project Delaware, Contact: Susan Menson, 995-1903.

- Volunteer Service Exchange/International, Contacts: Sally, 656-2721 or Maureen Collins, 655-8547.

# A View from the West Bank

By David Rose

Pale white was how I was described after an airport security guard in Cairo took my passport and asked me to wait in a tiny obscure room. I didn't know the language or the customs. I sat isolated, blankly staring at the floor beneath my feet. I found myself conscious of avoiding eye contact with the few unknown strangers held captive in this stale little room. I wondered if I'd be separated from the tour. There is no crime here we were told, because the punishments are too stiff.

What could have gone wrong? Why did they want me? Was it because my name is Rose? Did they think I was a Jew? I began to think the worst and wondered if I would ever see my wife again.

"What's this all about?" I asked a man in uniform. He glanced at me with cold indifference and walked away. I didn't dare make a fuss; I was subject to their laws. The soldier I could see through the glass fondling his machine gun, told me that, without a word.

I realized then how much I feared the Arabs. How our country chooses our enemy for us, only to make them friends later on. How fickle countries can be for money, and their people are the victims. Our media painted these Arab people as evil, and right now I was a believer. A sigh of relief came over me when a stern, stocky Arab man handed me back my passport while looking through me. This was Arab intensity up close.

I expected the city of Cairo and the Great Pyramids of Giza to be the highlights of the trip. They, of course, were but as it turns out, some of my strongest reflections came from Jerusalem and the West Bank. We had seen most of the sights Israel had to offer, and made a lot of friends along the way. One is an American writer named Milt, an extremely interesting and funny guy. Turns out that he and Hamdy, our guide, were trying to interview some Palestinian refugees to get their point of view on the struggle between Israel and Palestine. After some careful planning by Milt and Hamdy, and begging on my part, we went into a different world.

This was a special day, security was especially tight because of the Palestinian election. Our driver needed to have the proper tag on his car along with the right heritage. He was Palestinian, but he was born in Israel. (We hoped that this would be enough for us to get through security.)

After making our way past the border patrol and out of Israel, we came upon a refugee camp located outside of Jerusalem in Bethlehem. Cab drivers did not drive Mercedes cars in Palestine. We had to be from Israel and that meant that we were probably the enemy. As the refugees' curiosity increased, they eased closer and slowly gazed into the windows of our car. We looked back into their dark sunken eyes and saw in our reflection, their pain. Soon we would see it through their eyes.

We continued out of Bethlehem onto a road built just for the Israelis. No Palestinians were permitted to travel on the first half of the road. It was a beautiful new road designed to by-pass Bethlehem and it was a pleasure to ride on compared to the pothole infested ones we had left behind. Driving suddenly became enjoyable and I almost forgot our reason for being there as we took in the view of hillsides and open land. That is, until I saw the camp.

The walls that surrounded the camp were made of block, their placement haphazard, the mortar almost nonexistent. Barbed wire lined the top sporadically. These walls were made as much to keep people out as to keep them in. We would soon find out, once inside these walls, that there was little hope of escaping. Driving into the gate, we expected security to be as tight as

everywhere else we had been. We were surprised to find none. No need for security here; these people had nothing anyone would be interested in stealing.

As we ventured farther, we came upon two men attempting to fix an automobile. We asked them for their point of view in light of the election. They were afraid to give it to us, and suggested that we go deeper into the compound. Off we went, bouncing along down this long single muddy lane. What was causing mud in this barren desert, I wondered?

Finally life. I didn't know if I should be happy or terrified, but it was too late to think. The crowd swarmed around us and the place was alive with excitement. The people were voting today for the first time. It was cause for celebration.

No one seemed to mind the crowd, the noise, the mud, or traffic overrunning the narrow road. They were too busy handing out what looked like business cards with faces of politicians on them and some lettering which I couldn't make out. These were politicians of a different sort. They were driven around in tiny beat up cars with posters of themselves glued to every piece and spare part of the car. The vehicles were so dirty, you couldn't even see who was in them until they stepped out of the car.

We made our way through the crowd and into a school yard. At first, people were reluctant to answer our questions, but Hamdy convinced them that our intentions were pure. Apparently, they respect Egyptians, because they have their own country. The small group grew as more people wanted to give details about their lives. They could not have been more hospitable. Tea was immediately brought in for us.

One man we met was a carpenter with nine children. He worked in Israel and said that when they close the borders, he can't work. If he can't work, his children can't eat. They have no welfare. This condition is common throughout the camp.

Pictures were taken and cards exchanged. They were disappointed that we weren't from CNN, and that they wouldn't be on the news in America. We were then escorted by an older gentleman who had somehow been chosen to show us the rest of the village. As we walked through the streets, we suddenly became aware that we had lost our driver.

As our new guide continued to talk to Hamdy, we would have to stop to get the translation. We stopped in front of one of the houses and were told it was home to thirty people. We were asked to come in. I noticed the construction looked like the wall at the gate that we had driven through. The block wall held up a slab of reinforced cement that became the roof for this two-room house. Chunks of cement that must have fallen from the ceiling exposed the reinforcing rods. Fortunately, this condition only existed in the kitchen which was separated from the living area by a ragged cloth. The living area was about 10 x 12; the kitchen area was about 10 x 4, making the total square footage of this place no more than 160 square feet.

For a house this size to hold thirty people must make every day into a family reunion. The place was clean. I wondered what they did with their clothes; I didn't see any. Lain across the floor were woven mats, similar to the tatami mats the Japanese use, only thinner. Surrounding the perimeter of this tiny room were matching pillows. There was a religious picture on the wall and the place looked nice.

There was no yard, only a walkway where there were two old women. They had to be in their seventies. They were seated in crossed-legged fashion and had been there long before we arrived. Most of their teeth were missing, but they held their smiles wide at the sight of us. We smiled back, nodded, and exchanged thanks as we left their home.

Our elderly guide, who was quickly becoming our friend, invited us into his home which was more comfortable than the previous one. He had kids that had graduated from college and had managed to get out of this hard life, which had visibly taken ten years off of his.

We entered his living room, happy to see furniture. (Sitting crossed-legged for lengths of time makes my joints think they are being redesigned to stay that way.) The three of us stood waiting for his selection of friends to join us. Everyone wanted to come in, but we ended up with nine, since that was all the furniture could hold. We were asked to sit, and did so as a group.

Our host summoned drinks for us, even though I thought that we had gone through that already at the school. When a young man returned with Turkish coffee, I wished that we didn't have to do it again. Fortunately, the cups are small. Maybe it was my facial expression, but somehow I sensed that they were aware that I didn't care for the coffee. Out of the room this same man went in a flash to get us some tea.

Hamdy and the old man began rapid conversation, and everyone would interject, except for Milt and me. We would just look at each other and smile waiting our turn. It turned out that this old man had been chosen to guide us, because of his knowledge and of the time he had spent in the camp. It appeared that this village had been home to Yasser Arafat who was favored to win the election that day. President Jimmy Carter had visited here and was still lurking about in Israel and Palestine, making sure that the election ran smoothly. We also found out more about the people who lived here.

One man told us that his brother, a Palestinian soldier, had been shot by Israeli soldiers and killed in the line of duty. Because of his brother, he was not allowed to enter Israel to see family or friends. He wasn't allowed to visit the Mosque with the golden dome, headquarters of his religion. He had committed no crime against Israel, but was punished for the sins of his dead brother. We also learned that most of the people in the camp lived on credit extended to them by merchants. Each week that goes by, they find themselves deeper in debt.

The tea had not arrived yet and we were ready to go, but Hamdy informed us that it would be an insult to leave before the tea. So we waited. We had not eaten since breakfast and it was about three in the afternoon, so we were getting hungry. As if they had read our minds, they brought cookies with the tea.

One of the men suddenly got up in the middle of the conversation and knelt down on a rug next to me. He was praying; one of the five times his religion would require him to pray each day. I remembered waking up in Egypt to the sound of people calling into loud speakers in the streets and chanting prayers at 4:45 in the morning. These people are not ashamed of their religion and their devotion is admirable.

While we waited (for soda this time), they asked us if we thought President Clinton would do anything to help them. Milt said, "No," that he wouldn't because America clearly cared only about Israel. I think he felt uneasy saying this; truth hurts. I also think he felt that they had become our friends and you owe it to friends to tell them the truth. They asked if he was a good President? Milt and I just looked at one another and shrugged our shoulders. They asked who was America's best President? Milt and I disagreed on this; he felt Eisenhower was and I felt it was Lincoln.

These questions seemed silly, so I asked one of my own. "What would happen if the Israeli soldiers came to your gate today?" They replied that they would stone them. I asked again, "Even against machine guns?" "Yes," was their response without hesitation. The mood had suddenly changed. You could see the tension in their contorted faces while they spoke of their hatred for the Israelis -- a hatred so strong that they would willingly give up their lives against any odds of winning. It was time to go.

We left the house and were greeted with welcome sunshine. Walking down a declining road the pungent odor of raw sewage filled my nostrils. I was warned to avoid the path of water running in the middle of the street. It was raw sewage making its way

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continued from p. 3

to the road we had traveled in on by car. This explained the muddy roads in the desert. As I looked beyond the road, I saw crops. "Are they your crops?" we asked. "Yes, these crops feed the whole village," the old man said. The three of us looked at each other in disbelief. The sewage made its way right for the crops and may have been what kept them alive. I wondered how they kept the people alive. We found our driver, got a few more pictures, and thanked our hosts.

Crossing the border was more nerve racking than ever. The line of cars entering Jerusalem became four abreast and extended for a mile. When we finally made it to the check point, the soldiers seemed more nervous than ever. They insisted on seeing all of our passports, but they were most interested in our driver's and Hamdy's. I was most interested in the machine guns as they leaned into the car. I could feel sweat drip down my back as my mind came up with all sorts of possibilities. I breathed a sigh of relief when we were able to go through the gate.

Back at the hotel, I made my way for the pool and Jacuzzi. The laps through the water cleared my mind of any fear I had. Sitting in the Jacuzzi, I reflected on the day. Israeli living was as close to home as any place I'd seen on this trip; it felt good to be in the hotel. It seemed safe, like home. I wondered what the Palestinians were doing.

That night five of us went into Jerusalem and stumbled upon a rally held by some Israelis who were protesting the Palestinians' right to vote. The rally was held in the middle of the street on a grandstand made for the occasion. The streets were ringing with the sounds of protest in Hebrew and English. Armed soldiers were everywhere. As we pushed our way through the crowd, the group seemed to gather even tighter around us. They began to sing their national anthem. I felt the energy of the crowd, banning together to fight for their leaders. Spotlights shone brightly on the black canvas of evening, giving a false feeling of daytime.

We made our way to a cafe and had some ice cream and coffee. It seemed so odd to be eating ice cream in the open air, while voices from loud speakers echoed out threats of hate, along with songs of hope. The place was packed, for a rally is an excuse to see friends and gain strength as a group. This one seemed to hit its mark.

A cab driver who was Palestinian forced us to split up on the way back to the hotel. We were a group of five and four was the most the cab could hold legally. Police were everywhere and we were boarding his cab in front of them, so he was insistent. I wondered how he felt waiting through this rally to take home the people who had vehemently protested him all evening. I never got a chance to ask him, because Milt, my wife and I took another cab.

With a sense of apprehension and anger in his voice, our new driver asked if the rally had ended. He was Palestinian, too. We told him it was over and he seemed relieved

at that, and at the fact that we were Americans. He said that there were 20,000 armed personnel guarding Jerusalem today, made up of soldiers, police and civilians. It seemed like everyone carried a machine gun. He drove with the speed of a storm, happy to have a destination away from that place.

That night the five of us talked about the events of the day. Here in the Holy Land -- the Land of God, his people still have not learned to get along. I am left with this query. If all land gives life, doesn't that make all land Holy? If all life is a gift from God, doesn't that make all life worth worshipping? Then, what is there to fight for? Maybe, nothing.

*David Rose traveled to Egypt, Israel, Gaza, and the West Bank in January 1996. He lives in Wilmington where he is an insurance and real estate broker.*

## Thoughts on Killing

by Tim Bayard

(Another in a series of contrarian themes. These articles are meant to provoke thought and discussion, not to upset or antagonize. They represent decades of unuttered thoughts by an aging Vietnam veteran who wants better for his country, his fellow citizens, and the peace community.)

I want to speak about killing. It is a subject distasteful at best, but it is also universal and right at the heart of peace-making: we can do absolutely nothing to bring peace with justice to this world if we don't deal with killing. It is not always the conclusion of violence, but it is always a definite conclusion, one from which no one ever can go back, so we cannot separate our concerns with violence in general from lethal violence. It is distasteful, but, then, so much of life is.

Killing is not a subject for table talk and rarely for polite discussion. Nonetheless, it should be recognized and acknowledged, lest people become even more squeamish than they already are. It is not a subject really appropriate for an intellectual discussion, for then it can be dealt with at arm's length, cleanly, passively, objectively. Killing is a subject of fear, filth, passion, lust, and wantonness, fit only for those with the courage to face it head on. I propose to make it as easy as I can, by leading the gentle reader through a series of experiences from my own life. I hope that by putting a human face on killing I can shed some light on it and maybe even some understanding.

I would also like to propose consideration of a group of people who perform societal functions possibly or usually employing violence -- killing. This is the category of humans I would give the name "Proxies." These people do things, unpleasant things, for the rest of us, or "in the name of society:" police, slaughterhouse employees, prison guards, farmers, exterminators, fisherfolk, security guards, military personnel. Killing is done for the large part of society by a small part of society, the Proxies. Even if the job does not always require the use of deadly force, Proxies have to be ready to kill as a part of their daily jobs.

Killing to survive is often hidden or sanitized, so we can distance ourselves from it, rationalize it, even ignore it. The most obvious category provides meat for our tables. I have tried to be reasonable about vegetarianism, even being for a time a "social vegetarian," that is, one who doesn't impose it on others, but I admit enjoying animal flesh, as does a large portion of humanity. I still try to rationalize, for myself only, killing a perfectly nice cow to end up with hamburger, and I can be quite happy with milk products, but I just can't see chicken the same way. I had one of those life's moments at the mercy of a rooster almost as large as me when I was five and have never felt the same about eating chickens. I can live with this category of killing.

A more troublesome category involves the people who do the killing to put the meat

on our tables. The animal rights groups are trying to make everyone involved in eating meat feel bad, and I think anyone who ever eats a BLT sandwich should be prepared to say something in defense of this group of working people, my first group of Proxies. In this life, we all have jobs done for us by Proxies, a long and unpleasant list in fact, and almost all killing is done for us by Proxies. People who work in slaughterhouses come first. What they do is killing, and they do it for all others who eat meat, and we need to acknowledge and come to terms with this fact.

As I grew older, and larger than the largest roosters we ever kept, we gave up raising chickens, and I moved on to killing the predators of my much-beloved cherries. We had several cherry trees, both sweet and pie varieties, and I took to sniping at the various birds who delighted in stealing them. I began with the classic bow-and-arrow and worked my way up to a second-hand BB gun. I lurked under nearby pine trees and left little bird corpses under the cherry trees, hoping to scare the rest of them away. I kept at this for several years, until I was sent away to school, not, I hope for my evil activities. I may have had regrets after my first robin hit the ground, but not many and never after; I was a fierce and ruthless hunter, extremely territorial about my cherries. I look back on these depredations with very little regret even now.

At about the same time, my friends and I spent many afternoons and Saturdays playing "war" of various types: knights, especially Crusaders, cowboys-and-Indians, and WWII -- fighting the Japs and Germans. You must remember that this was in the first ten years after the end of WWII and it was all very real to us. We killed and were killed over and over. The most dangerous activities involved mounted combat on bicycles with clothesline poles and very primitive shields. I can hardly believe we never inflicted real damage on each other.

I don't think that many of us ever thought about what we were really doing. Were we just acting out the recent history of our fathers and uncles and older adult friends? Were we following subtle directions from our postwar American society? Were we just plain bloodthirsty? We just didn't know what we were really doing then, of that I am now positive. The one thing we never did, at least I know for certain I never did, was to think of what it would be like if we were not playing games, but were really engaged in combat, with all the possibilities of killing and being killed. This is a conclusion that has only come to me after many years of nightmares, reading, and reflection: we did not consider what reality would be.

After finding out that my first choice of a career as a Navy destroyer sailor was impossible due to serious color vision problems, I did not think I would ever have to do any military service. I knew I could do my national service in the Peace Corps and feel good about it. The Vietnam war put paid to that scenario. I learned in Basic Training that a sizeable part of American society would be perfectly happy to have me kill on command and die just as easily. I was just a cipher to "them," not a real person with a real life. Once in Vietnam, I found the situation just an extension by degree of what I had experienced during my first year in the army, nothing special or out of line. Then came the Tet Offensive in January and February of 1968.

I learned how to deal with combat the old-fashioned way: on-the-job. So did we all in my unit, a map-making, "rear-area" mob, not qualified for the glories of real war. It is enough to say that Tet was an extreme experience, and it sure made me think. I wondered why I was here. I asked why me? I kept my head down and kept it together, to use the polite version. I could hear and see death all around. The only killing was out of my sight and not including any of my friends, two facts for which I am eternally grateful. I never even fired a shot, but that is another story.

As soon as I was assigned to my unit in Vietnam, I began learning the local drill, including guard duty and escort duty. Conflicting information and directions were

continued next page

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given us; watch out for everything and everyone and do not fire unless you have orders to. During the first hours of the Tet Offensive, I watched as far-off VC ran onto Plantation Airfield between me and firing points; perhaps three quarters of a mile off. I was not allowed to fire on these people because I might hit Americans. Of course, I kept excellent fire discipline and made sure my head was down to avoid the fire from those same Americans in those same firing points who obviously didn't have the same orders as I. In the ensuing days, my friends and I, frequently on guard duty, talked about Tet and what we would do if confronted by more VC some night and close to us. The "don't shoot without orders" nonsense was still the rule, but we all decided to shoot first and ask questions later. One VC with an RPG (Russian-type bazooka) would ruin any of our days, and we were seriously interested in getting home alive and in one piece after what we had been through. I remember distinctly that I had made my peace with the eventuality of just blowing some little Vietnamese person away to get home alive. I knew not only that I could kill but that I would kill, and without hesitation.

Two other incidents that occurred at Tet illustrate another aspect of killing. I suppose it is best characterized as "benefitting from killing." Early in the morning, just hours after the Tet Offensive began and just as it was becoming light, I heard the sound of helicopters, the terrible sound of mini-guns, and something like the sound of rain hitting asphalt. A group of the enemy was preparing to blow a hole in our barbed wire defenses on the side of our compound that bordered Highway One, that fabled main route of Vietnam. They were caught just in time by gunships and massacred; that sound of rain was really the sound of thousands of bullets hitting the road. I am writing this today partly because those people died, and I am never, never sorry I heard the sound of their death.

A few hours later, we were told to get into our bunkers and firing points, because the Air Force was going to lay in a strike very close to us. We obeyed with alacrity. A spotting plane came over and fired smoke rockets into the jungle about 3/4 of a mile away. Then, fighters came in and dropped napalm on the jungle. We knew, or at least fervently hoped, that the enemy in that area was burned or driven away. Again, I am never, ever sorry I benefitted from an air strike that used napalm. Would it make any difference to anyone that the napalm was dropped inside the base under attack during a desperate and confused time? Being alive still is the best defense and justification for it all, as people who have survived similar episodes understand.

Once back in the World, as we said in those days, and especially once out of the army, I had no immediate reason to be killing anyone, and the certainty that I could kill went away. The memory of that feeling has never gone away. Once I was a child playing at war, never thinking about killing and being killed. I became a man, fortunately without having killed anyone, and felt what it was like to be in a killing situation. Some people have said that it is like a disease from which you can never recover, so I remember, only remember.

At Fort Benning, I discovered another aspect of killing. I was assigned to the great "Infantry Center" because of its very high priority, even though I am an Engineer. Of course, they had no actual "assignment" for me, so I pulled duty details. One morning in October 1968, I found myself on a truck heading to work at the Post Commissary: I was the only G.I. on the truck who didn't have a block "P" on the back of his fatigues. This means that I was the only member of the detail not a prisoner. I was put to work beside one of these inmates and found he was doing time for plinking at Vietnamese and killing one. I can still remember how I felt at that moment; I was home from the war with a good record -- a very good record -- and I was being treated just the same as a murderer. It wasn't the Jane Fonda's or hippies or protestors who were treating me this way. It was the United States Army, of which I was SP/4, RA11857325.

Let me quickly move forward about nine months. I was at a wedding reception in Charlottesville talking with a friend I hadn't seen for two years or so. Someone came up to us who must have known my friend. He overheard our conversation and interrupted to call me a murderer. My friend and I were both struck dumb; we couldn't figure out just what this person meant. I know now, because he had overheard something about Vietnam, assumed I had been there, and assumed I had been having fun killing over there. I still remember how I felt at that moment: astounded and frozen by the word "murderer." How could this person have known what I was doing, or, much less, what I had gone through or what I had actually done? But this person was actually treating me in very much the same way as the army had.

The circle comes around all the way when the Proxies are blamed for the killing they do for the rest of us. Remember at the end of the Persian Gulf War when our military was criticized for so much killing? I found that it was all too easy for the society of which I am a part to go after me for doing their killing, to treat me as a murderer, to treat me the same as a murderer. I conclude from this that society is perfectly content to have killing done for it and in its name, but please don't remind us of it!

Killing has an attraction all of its own. Some people will even admit that they enjoy or have enjoyed the act of killing. If, into the bargain, killing can provide some material benefit, it is then doubly enjoyable. Individuals like this, and religious groups, ethnic groups, political groups, and nations like this. Only individuals acting as individuals are usually held personally responsible for killing, however. Groups can get around this difficulty by forcing group members to do the killing and then avoid all responsibility for the killing by using legal ploys and just plain old denial. All the while this goes on, most of society sits around waiting for some conclusion, feeling unsettled and squeamish. TV makes this a particularly difficult task, as it is inordinately fond of showing the grossest of events in gorgeous living color. The ultimate approach/avoidance event for society is the violence of everyday life, from domestic disputes to wars; we hate the fact of it and can not turn our face from it as it is reported. I submit that this is where squeamishness really comes from. Real violence is not a part of most people's daily routine; it is usually a part of someone else's. If it gets too close, most people get squeamish about it.

Growing up when I did, my violence was mostly in westerns, war movies, war documentaries, and stories, mostly in the Bible, about wicked cities. I remember vividly the switchblades and zip-guns of the urban battlefields, and sometimes wonder now if things are really worse than they were thirty, forty years ago. I was quite oblivious to dangers other than lightning and cars on our road for many years, even after some civil rights violators threatened my family and even after staring into many submachine gun barrels on the streets and roads of France, Algeria, and East Germany, long before I went into the army and went to Vietnam. My experience has been unremarkable, actually, considered in the long run, but quite extreme taken in the rest of American society's experience during my lifetime. I happen to live in a squeamish society in a squeamish time.

This leads me to a final aspect of killing: being killed. Most people, I hope, do not spend much of their time anticipating being killed, but it is an experience that some of us of my generation have had. It certainly helps with feelings of squeamishness, because being killed is real, not imagined. I spent a portion of my year in Vietnam thinking about being killed -- any time now! It all started with the Tet Offensive, maybe even before, and didn't end until I got home. I was not alone. My friends and I all thought about it and talked about it, because it was all around us and could come at any moment. I will not make any detailed explanation of the process of accepting one's own death, partly because I think this is different

for every individual and partly because it is very private. It may be the beginning of courage; it certainly was for me, and it was most certainly the beginning of equanimity. It is also the end of squeamishness, and it is an experience that can leave one hardened.

Of course, most people who are killed don't have much of a chance to tell us survivors how they felt; how IT felt, but that doesn't seem to keep society from giving less importance to the person killed than to the killer. Society has a million reasons to protect a killer and is barely learning to consider the victim. Perhaps when that balance is more nearly achieved, there will also be a clearer understanding of the act of killing.

If Dave Grossman in his recent book, *On Killing*, is correct, most humans do not want to kill any more than they want to be killed. Unfortunately, there is a growing proportion of humans who do not seem to be concerned by killing -- I shall take the Balkan disaster as my example -- and dealing with them, continuing to strive for peace with justice in this world with them in it, is becoming more and more difficult. Dealing with their killing must happen; killing is, in a way, the root of all evil. And, grant me one high cliché, people kill people, not things kill people.

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The experience of war, of combat, of benefitting from killing, of surviving has the undeniable effect of hardening a person. It certainly did me. My perceptions of and reactions to many things are different from those of others around me. I sometimes feel very cold and detached and fatalistic. I can share my experiences and these feelings with very few people, and none who are otherwise close to me. Only one, my dear wife, has heard and seen it all. She is alternately amazed and repelled by this person, so different from the one she married. She is that most rare of creatures, the honorary Vietnam veteran, and she understands all and forgives most of it. Now, I have to do the same.

*Tim Bayard is the Vice-President of the Board of Pacem in Terris and co-ordinates our Creating the Peaceable Classroom project.*



# 6 Upcoming Events - April - May

April

2. "Can Local Government Play a Role in the UN?" - a lecture by Dr. G. Arno Loessner, 6pm, Clayton Hall, U. of D., UNA-USA-DE Annual Dinner. Cost is \$17. For info, 302-762-9181.
3. "Bosnia: The Thugs Have the Guns," a talk by Danilo Yanich, Urban Affairs & Public Policy, U. of D., 12:20 -- 1:10 pm, Ewing Room, Perkins Student Center, U.D. Part of "Research Race, Ethnicity and Culture" lecture series. For info, 831-1899.
4. 28th Anniversary of the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. in Memphis, TN
5. Good Friday Vigil and Stations of Justice & Peace, 11am at Lockheed Martin, Mall Blvd., Valley Forge, PA. For info, call Brandywine Peace Community at 610-544-1818.
7. Dead Man Walking - FREE showing of the movie, 7:30pm, Smith Hall, Room 140, U. of Del., Newark, DE.
11. Re-read and revive the great Pacea in Terris Encyclical by Pope John XXIII, issued this day in 1963 and calling for an end to the nuclear arms race.
13. Harry Spencer Quintet Jazz Benefit Concert, 7pm, Christina Cultural Arts Center, 705 N. Market St., Wilm. Tickets cost \$5. Sponsored by DE Comm. for Racial Harmony & Blackman's Development Center. For tickets, call 656-2721.
15. Deadline for Volunteer Service Exchange/International applications. For info, call 656-2721.
19. Learning Violence, Learning Peace - Pacea in Terris Spring Program Series. Part I - "Peace Education: Does It Work?" -- a lecture by Coleman McCarthy, Washington Post syndicated columnist, pacifist, and peace educator. 5:30pm, Friends School Auditorium, 101 School Rd., Alapocas, Wilm. For info, call 656-2721.

20. Family Fair on the Square with Bayard House, 12 noon - 5pm, Rodney Square, Wilm. Celebrity guests and live music. For info, call Bayard House at 654-1184.

22. 26th Anniversary of Earth Day.

25. Learning Violence, Learning Peace - Pacea in Terris Spring Program Series, 7pm, Meeting Room, Wilm. Friends School, 101 School Rd., Alapocas, Wilm. Program II, "Veterans Working for Peace" with Dave Neifeid, W.D. Ehrhart, John Carodv, and Tim Bayard. For info, call 656-2721.

May

9. "Money, Economics and Caste," a speech by Rev. Dr. Alan Boesak, South African pastor, activist, & author, 6pm, Westminster Presbyterian Ch., 1504 West 13th St., Wilm. Cost is \$5 (dinner is included). Part of "Approaching the 21st Century Issues of Faith in a Fractured World." To make a reservation, call 654-5214.

11. Sister Helen Prejean, author of Dead Man Walking and subject of movie by that name, will give a free public talk at 10am at 4th and Arch Friends Meeting House, Philadelphia. Free parking, enter lot on 4th St. Sponsored by Criminal Justice Comm. of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends.

16. Learning Violence, Learning Peace - Pacea in Terris Spring Program Series, 7pm, Auditorium, Wilmington Friends School, 101 School Rd., Alapocas, Wilm. Program III - "Who is Telling All the Stories? Television and the Cult of Violence," lecture by Dr. George Gerbner, Dean Emeritus of the Annenberg School for Communication, U. of PA. For info, call 656-2721.

29. Learning Violence, Learning Peace, 7pm, Auditorium, Wilmington Friends School, 101 School Rd., Alapocas, Wilm. Program IV - "The Balkan Situation and How It Has Come Home Here," - a panel discussion with Lisa & Bill Darling, Deborah Cooper, & Dijana Cehic. Free will offering will be taken. For info, call 656-2721.

to associate themselves together as a military company or organization, or to drill or parade with arms in any city or town of this State, without the license of the Governor thereof..." Herman Presser organized a group of men for a parade, was arrested, found guilty, and appealed to the US Supreme Court. Justice William B. Woods wrote for the Court: "We think it clear that the sections (of Article XI) under consideration, which only forbids bodies of men to associate together as military organizations, or to drill or parade with arms in cities and towns unless authorized by law, do not infringe the right of the people to keep and bear arms" (Presser v. Illinois, 116 U.S. 252 (1886)).

In another case which also interpreted the right to keep and bear arms only in relation to the militia, it became clear that the keeping and bearing of arms is a collective and not an individual right. The collective right refers to the state or federal militia (United States v. Miller, 307, U.S. 174, 1939). The "right of the people" is a collective right.

The phrase "to bear arms" refers to a military group and has a technical meaning, since a hunter does not "bear arms" in hunting a deer or a grouse. Nor does a police officer "bear arms," or a merchant armed against a robber.

Among other pertinent cases are the following: Miller v. Texas (153 U.S. 535, 1894); Robertson v. Baldwin, (165 U.S. 275, 1897); and state cases: a 1905 Kansas Supreme Court case, City of Salina v. Blaksley; and an 1874 Georgia case, Hill v. State.

Twenty-four states have laws banning private military organizations, of which seven ban private paramilitary training. The reason for this is clear: as an axiom of political science states, there cannot be two rival centers of armed power in any political unit, city, county, or state, without civil war. It was the rival militias in North and South that made the Civil War of the 1860s possible.

The Southern Poverty Law Center of Montgomery, Alabama estimates that 190 paramilitary groups now operate in thirty-six states, and that at least thirty-seven have ties to white supremacist organizations. They also have ties to the NRA. It is worth speculating what would happen if instead of angry white men organizing armed militias, there were scores or hundreds of armed African-American militias training with weapons and using the same rhetoric against the governments of Alabama, Mississippi, Michigan, and Missouri.

The problem that we face, of course, is political and financial power -- not only in the NRA and the militias, but in their allies in Congress. Moreover, the NRA has a program for children, known as the Eddie Eagle program, to teach children how to handle guns. It claims six million graduates. It also has a program for women -- the "I Refuse to Be a Victim" training program.

Only a well-organized public opinion that favors gun control can counterbalance such a well-organized and well-financed gun lobby.

John Swomley is a former Executive Secretary of the Fellowship for Reconciliation and Professor of Social Ethics at St. Paul School of Theology. He lives in Kansas City, Missouri.

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## Guns, the N.R.A., and the U.S. Constitution

by John Swomley

The National Rifle Association has for a number of years contributed substantial sums of money to candidates of both major political parties. Recently, however, it has to all practical purposes joined the Christian Coalition as an important partner of the Republican Party -- not the moderate wing, but the right wing.

After President Clinton, in his State of the Union Address, indicated he would continue to maintain the assault weapons ban, the NRA's chief lobbyist forged an alliance with Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole (The Nation, June 19, 1995).

Even before this, the NRA took credit for a large part of the Republican victory in Congress in 1994, asserting that eighty percent of NRA-supported Congressional candidates, supported by almost \$4 million in NRA contributions, had won seats in Congress.

The NRA has built its 3.5 million, largely male, membership on two themes. It creates paranoia that government aims to take away guns from hunters, sportsmen, and those who see guns as necessary for defense. It also claims it is defending a Constitutional right to bear arms. Even President Clinton, in the aftermath of the Oklahoma City bombing and the publicity about the various armed militias throughout the United States, affirmed that these groups have "a right to keep and bear arms."

Both President Clinton and the NRA are wrong. The Second Amendment of the Bill of Rights does not confer a blanket right to own weapons. That Amendment says: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

It is important to take a look at the history of that Amendment. When James Madison originally proposed it in the First Congress, these were the words: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed, a well-armed and well-regulated militia being the best security

of a free country; but no person religiously scrupulous of bearing arms shall be compelled to render military service in person."

However, in the debate that followed, the proposed amendment was shortened to its present form. No right was given to individuals to bear arms, but only to the collective body of the people (Annals of Congress, vol. 1, p. 451, June 8, 1789).

A majority of state constitutions have similar though not identical provisions. In Massachusetts and Kansas, for example, the language is: "The people have a right to keep and bear arms for the common defense. And as, in time of peace, armies are dangerous to liberty, they ought not to be maintained without consent of the legislature, and the military shall always be held in exact subordination of the civil authority, and be governed by it."

The phrase "a well-regulated Militia" requires official interpretation and oversight. "In 1903, Congress passed a law providing that the 'regularly enlisted, organized and uniformed active militias in the several states should constitute the 'organized militia' and be known as the National Guard" (Carl Bakal, The Right to Bear Arms, p. 304-305).

The US Supreme Court has on at least five occasions clarified the meaning of the Constitutional provision. In United States v. Cruikshank, 92 U.S. 542 (1876), Chief Justice Morrison R. White wrote: "The right...specified is that of 'bearing arms for a lawful purpose.' This is not a right granted by the Constitution. Neither is it in any manner dependent upon that instrument for its existence. The second amendment declares that it shall not be infringed; but this means no more than that it shall not be infringed by Congress."

In 1879 the Illinois legislature adopted Article XI of the Military Code of Illinois which made it unlawful "for any body of men whatsoever, other than the regular organized volunteer militia of this state and troops of the United States,

## Peacework

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Delmarva PEACEWORK is published five times a year. Volunteers for writing, editing, and distribution are always welcome. The Editor invites your comments & suggestions. Call Pacea in Terris at 302-656-2721. Deadline for the June - August issue is 5/15....

# A Justice Based on Healing

by Jim Considine

A sense of benevolency prevails. Most present appear to be happy, chattering to one another. Some are smiling. Yet they are in court, and the 16-year-old youth standing is appearing before a judge. The judge doesn't mince words. "Well done, Jimmy," he says. "You've achieved all you promised and more. I wish you well. Your record is clean. You can go now. Good luck."

Hardly a typical court scene, you may well say. Yet it is a common sight now in New Zealand where, for the past seven years, a restorative philosophy of justice has been practiced with youth offenders under a marvelous piece of 1989 legislation called "The Children Young Persons and Their Families' Act." It is this process that brought Jimmy to court four months ago for joyriding in stolen cars. After his arrest, a family group conference was convened by a trained mediator. To it were invited the victims, in Jimmy's case the car owners, Jimmy and his family, his teacher and football coach, and a police representative.

In a relaxed but formal setting, the question asked is not how do we punish this offender but how do we repair the damage done by this offense. A different focus. A different starting point. A different philosophy. And a very successful one. In New Zealand, youth re-offending rates for males aged 15 to 19 years is down substantially. Much of this drop can be attributed to this new process. In addition, youth prisons have been virtually abolished and family bonding strengthened. Now there is a considerable move towards extending the system to the adult courts through pilot schemes.

Restorative justice is a philosophy that embraces a wide range of human emotions, including healing, mediation, compassion, forgiveness, mercy and reconciliation, as well as sanction, when appropriate. It enables the best virtues of human interaction to occur. It also recognizes a worldview that says we are all interconnected and that what we do, be it for good or evil, has an impact on others. It is the philosophy underpinning most traditional law, including Native American, Polynesian, Aboriginal, Indian, African and Celtic traditions.

An essence of Biblical justice was based on restitution and built on two major pillars, the notion of shalom, and the renewal of the Covenant. The seeking of shalom, the well-being or common good of the community, underpinned most social interaction. Crime impeded this and violated the Covenant. Restoration of both were imperative if the people were to remain in a right relationship with God. Coupled with these two concepts were three secondary practices--the years of jubilee to attempt to redress debt and keep the common good in focus, places of sanctuary to help further temper community over-reaction and allow time for due process, and the special provisions made to help the anawim, the poor, especially widows and orphans.

Restorative justice allows for this ancient indigenous tradition to be effective in our time. The process provides the opportunity whereby those affected by criminal behavior--be they victims, offenders, the families involved or the wider community--all need to have a part in resolving the issues which flow from the offense. Victims and offenders assume central roles and the state takes a back seat. The goal is to heal the wounds of every person affected by an offense. No easy task, but surely a more honorable aim than merely focusing on punishing the offender.

At the conference, the offenders first have to admit their guilt, and apologize for their offending. If they claim innocence then they simply proceed through the traditional adversarial system. The full implications of the offense need to be spelled out and confronted as the offender faces the causes of offending. This happens very rarely in the current retributive system, which results in very few ever understanding the effect their crimes have had on their victims. Having admitted their guilt and apologized, they then get a chance to explain their behavior, while any friend or parent present can add any background information to fill out their personal circumstances. This is offered not by way of excuse but simply to fill out the picture. Then the victims get a chance to express their feelings about the matter.

# Meetings

7

April (A), May (M)

A3 DE Committee for Racial Harmony at Home & Abroad.  
M1 1st Wed., Pacem in Terris Office, 7:00. Call 656-2721 or 798-6648.

Disarmament Committee - 5:00pm, Pacem in Terris office. For info, call Jim Lertola at 421-9082.

A15 Copapayo-DE Partnership - second Mon., 5:30pm  
M13 Call Pacem in Terris for info at 656-2721.

## Other Area Meetings of Interest

A17 DE Citizens Opposed to the Death Penalty -  
M15 3rd Wed. at 6 pm at the Franciscan Center, 833 N. Market. Call 656-2721 or 656-0711

A22 Amnesty International DE - 4th Mon., at  
M27 7:30 pm at Greenhill Presbyterian Church, 3112 Pennsylvania Ave., Wilm. For info, call Bruce Dalleo at 302-656-9444.

## Newark

A9 Newark Amnesty International - 2nd Tues. of  
M14 each month at 7:30 pm in the Gliwa Room of Memorial Hall at First Presbyterian Ch. of Newark, 292 West Main Street, Newark.

## Downstate Delaware

A3 Kent County Peace Fellowship - 1st Wed. at  
M1 7:30 pm, Camden Friends Meeting, 12 Camden-Wyoming Ave. For info, call Ruth Johnson at 302-335-4330

## Maryland-Eastern Shore

Center for Conflict Resolution, 1100 Camden Ave., Salisbury, MD, 21801-6860, Ph. 410-219-2873; FAX: 410-219-2879, Michael McCormick, Dir.

Mid-Shore Peace Advocates - For more info, call Frank Ziegler at 410-634-2491.

MD Peace Action - For info, contact the Maryland Peace and Justice Center, 325 E. 25th St., Baltimore, MD 21218 or call 410-467-6500.

## Pennsylvania

Brandywine Peace Community - Weekly vigils at 6E in Philadelphia and Valley Forge, protesting nuclear war preparations. Info: 610-544-1818.

Finally, they work toward consensus as to what they will recommend as a suitable package to a judge. In Jimmy's case, because he had a drinking problem he had to attend a program for three months, pay some compensation to the car owners and perform 100 hours of community service, all within a four-month period. Having completed that, he starts again with a clean slate.

The victims examine their feelings and can take advantage of any support network which will facilitate healing. Victims are helped to see that their own victimization is only intensified by feelings of retributive action against the offender. The community's role is to create the conditions most favorable to the restoration of both victim and offender. It aids healing by providing mediators, judges and the like. Provided there is cooperation, parties can reach agreement about repairing the damage where that is possible. Obviously in some cases, like murder or rape, it is not. Yet the more serious the offense, the greater the number of secondary victims there are, like family and friends. These are totally ignored in the current retributive system. Besides whatever reparation is possible, offenders may be required to work in the local community for a set time, do periodic detention or, in far fewer cases than is current, even go to prison.

Imprisonment usually systematically destroys and crushes prisoners, wrecking both families and individuals. It is a sinful structure, and needs to be condemned as such. The New Zealand Catholic bishops in 1989 issued a statement calling imprisonment an affront to human dignity and "a poison in the bloodstream of the nation." This year, they have gone one better by issuing a nationwide pastoral letter called Creating New Hearts; Moving from Retributive to Restorative Justice. After dealing with the social injustice which often leads to escalating crime rates, they compare the values and processes of the traditional retributive system with those of the restorative system. They conclude that the latter offers "a more positive focus and would guarantee a healthier, fairer and more positive form of criminal justice."

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## A Look at Pacem Books

Pacem in Terris has a wide variety of excellent reading materials to broaden horizons and enlighten minds. Here are just two highly recommended works:

Long Walk to Freedom, the autobiography of Nelson Mandela: Little and Brown, 1994. It is the exhilarating story of how a man raised in African tribal culture and oppressed by apartheid came to be a mover of mountains. "To millions of people around the world, Nelson Mandela stands, as no other living figure does, for the triumph of dignity and hope over despair and hatred, of self-discipline and love over persecution and evil.... An epic of struggle, setback, renewed hope and ultimate triumph."

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse, Peter Matthiessen, Penguin Books, 1992 (Viking Press, 1983), the story of Leonard Peltier and the FBI's war on the American Indian Movement (AIM). The author tells of the Lakota tribe's struggle with the U.S. government to keep their traditions, from the Battle of Little Big Horn in the 19th century to Indian wars of the 1970's. Nick Kotz of the Washington Post writes, "Kept off the shelves for eight years because of one of the most protracted and bitterly fought legal wars in publishing history, In the Spirit of Crazy Horse makes clear why the traditional concept of the inviolability of the earth is so important. Wake up, America, before it's too late!"

Books may be checked out of the Pacem in Terris Library for three weeks at a time, so come in and browse and borrow.

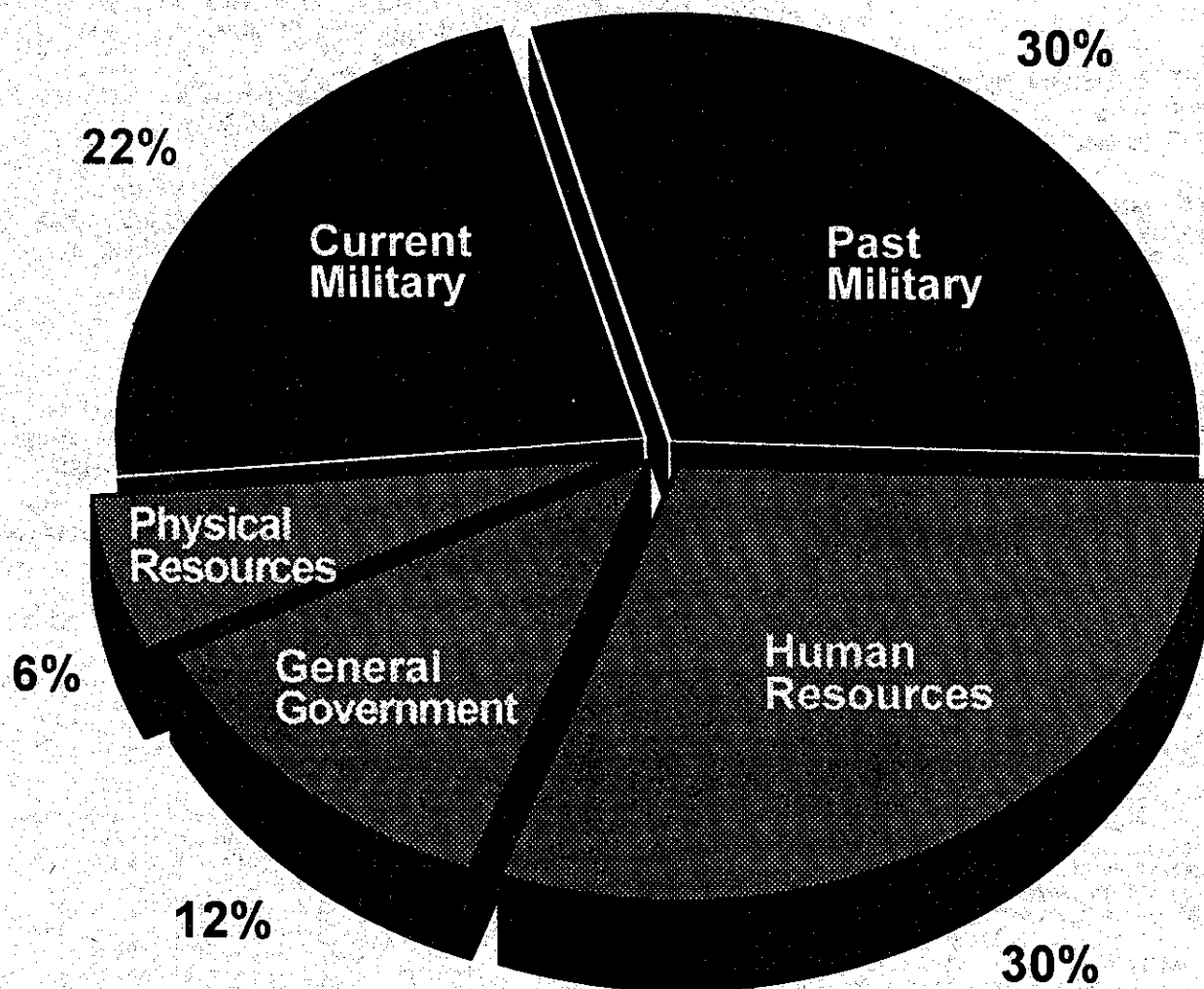
## Be a Student Mentor

What's more fun than a barrel of monkeys?? Helping little kids by being a school "mentor" no foolin' --- ask Leo.

Please give it a try. If you don't like it, just don't continue. But I believe it's the most important work I've ever done, and by far the most fun. Please tell me you're willing to take that first step, and I'll help you get started. Minimum commitment: 30 minutes per week. Maximum commitment: full time. For more information, call Leo Robb at 366-1225.

# WHERE YOUR INCOME TAX MONEY REALLY GOES

The United States Federal Budget for Fiscal Year 1997



## 22% Current Military

### \$286 Billion

(Military Personnel \$67B, Retired Pay \$13B, Operation and Maintenance \$90B, Family Housing \$4B, Procurement \$46B, Research and Development \$33B, Construction \$5B, DoE Nuclear Weapons \$10B, NASA 50% \$7B, Coast Guard \$4B, plus CIA, President's Funds, International Security Assistance, FEMA)

## 30% Past Military

### \$377 Billion

Veterans Benefits \$39B  
Interest on National Debt (80% estimated to be created by military spending) \$338B

## 30% Human Resources

### \$381 Billion

(Education, Health and Human Services, HUD housing subsidies, Food Stamps, Labor Department)

## 12% General Government

### \$156 Billion

(Government, Justice Department, International Affairs, Peace Corps, 20% interest on national debt, civilian portion of NASA)

## 6% Physical Resources

### \$74 Billion

(Includes Agriculture, Commerce, Energy, HUD administration/community development, Interior Department, Transportation, Environmental Protection)

## 100% Total Federal Funds

### \$1.274 Trillion

### How These Figures Were Determined

War Resisters League creates these flyers each year after the President has presented the budget. This year, however, the 1996 budget process is not yet finished, and President Clinton has offered only a skeletal 1997 budget. Our figures are 1997 projections as reported in the *Budget of the United States Government, Fiscal Year 1996*. They do not reflect the many changes Congress is still making to the current year budget and the future impact of those changes. One thing we know: the military budget is Congress's "sacred cow" (see back of flyer).

The percentages are Federal Funds, calculated after removing Trust Funds (such as Social Security), which are raised and spent separately from income taxes. What you pay (or don't pay) on April 15 goes only to the Federal Funds portion of the budget. The government practice of combining Trust and Federal Funds (the so-called "Unified Budget") began in the 1960's during the Vietnam War. The government presentation makes the human needs portion of the budget seem larger and the military portion smaller.

"Current military" spending adds together money allocated for the Department of Defense (\$247 billion) plus the "defense" portion from other parts of the budget. Spending on nuclear weapons (without their delivery systems) amounts to about 1% of the total budget.

"Past military" is represented by veterans' benefits plus 80% of the interest on the national debt. If there had been no military spending, most (if not all) of the national debt would have been eliminated. Analysts differ on how much of the debt stems from the military; estimates range from 50% to 100%. We felt that 80% may even be conservative.

### The Government Deception

The pie chart below is the Administration's view of the budget (and similar to the figures you'll see in your IRS booklet or the media). This is a distortion of how our income tax dollars are spent because it includes Trust Funds (e.g., Social Security) and buries the expenses of past military spending in nonmilitary parts of the pie. For a more accurate representation of how your Federal income tax dollar is really spent, see the large chart.

