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THE WITNESS

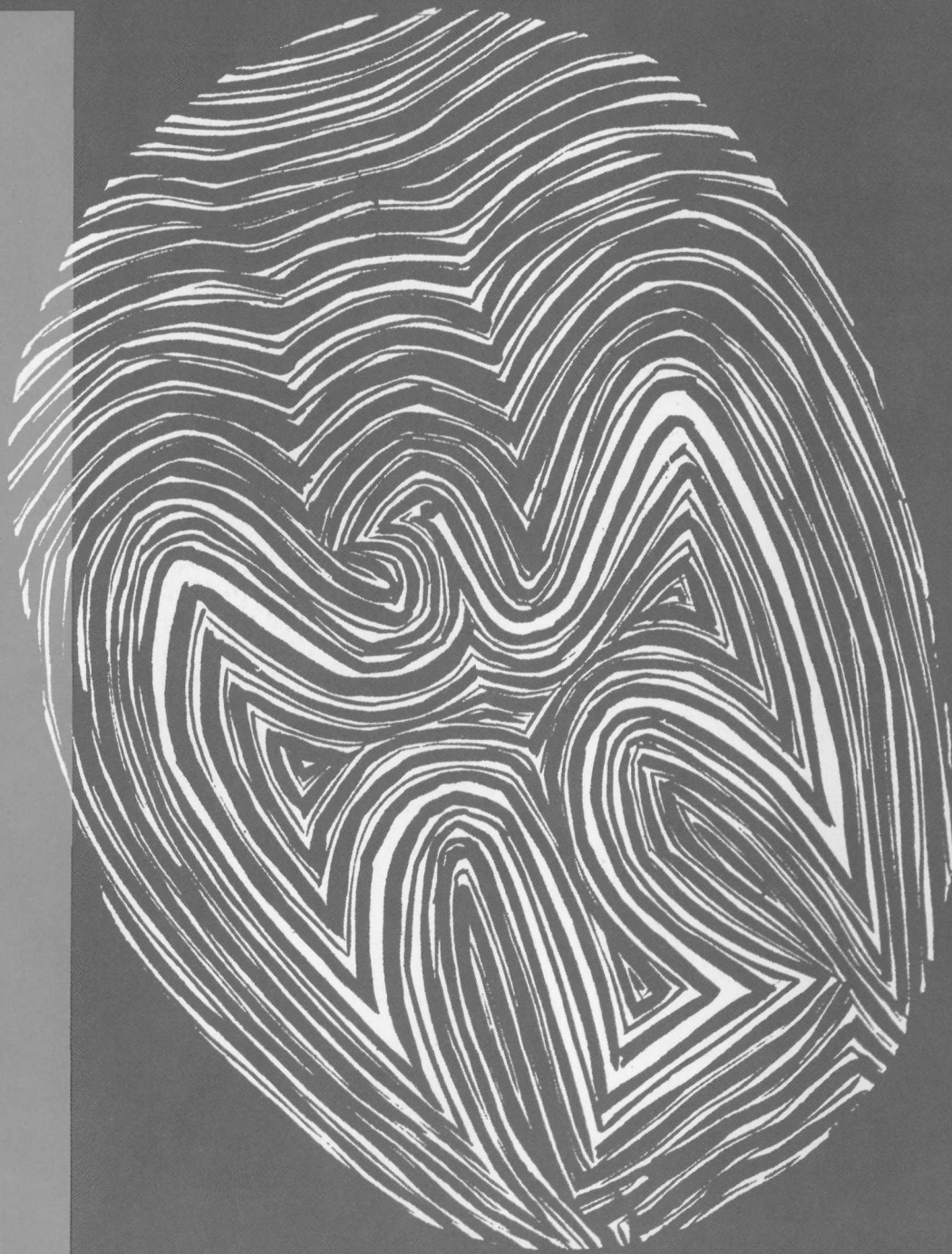
Sanctuary

Jean Molesky

Henry Atkins

One pilgrim's progress

Robert L. DeWitt



Letters

Defends embassy

I am disappointed in you for printing Norman Solomon's April article, "Sometimes there's just no reasoning with diplomats."

Perhaps Ambassador Hartman's silent rejoinder to that title would have been, "There's no reasoning ever with fools." Even a little knowledge of the purpose of diplomacy, or of the history and modus operandi of the Soviet Union, or of the structure of our own government would have been of benefit to Solomon.

He is quoted as telling the Ambassador, "We have come to the U.S. Embassy here in hopes of supplementing its activities on behalf of nuclear escalation with activities for nuclear disarmament." Since when is our State Department (let alone a mere embassy) responsible for nuclear escalation? I thought we had a huge Defense Department and a Congress to deal with military matters of that nature. If I wanted to voice my very real opposition to nuclear armaments, I would go to Washington, not to a single embassy. Of course, taking on an embassy in Moscow affords one instant notoriety.

Embassies worldwide are planned and operated to be secure against invaders, whether disgruntled natives, dissenters, freaks or what-have-you. You don't just walk in and plan to stay!

Finally, Solomon expresses no gratitude for the fact that he was carried out of the building. Being carried, he ran no risk of contamination from carcinogenic powder such as the Soviets had been making a practice of sprinkling on the inside doors of the American Embassy.

Solomon's article did little to enhance the case against nuclear escalation; it seemed more like a smear sheet against an ambassador who has a fine record and against an embassy staff doing an incredibly good job in an extremely difficult situation.

Jane Clarke
Asheville, N.C.

Fatuous grandstanding

THE WITNESS showed poor editorial judgment in celebrating the caper of Solomon and Guarisco in the American Embassy in Moscow. I am sure that they — and, one hopes, THE WITNESS — know full well that Ambassador Hartman has no role in making U.S. arms control policy. So why spotlight this bit of fatuous grandstanding? It looks like just one more cheap shot at American diplomats, scorned by the right as spineless wimps selling the country down the river and reviled by the left as pea-brained apparatchiks subservient to the establishment.

If this country's arms control policies are to be turned around, it will be through citizen action in the U.S. political arena — votes, in other words. Stunts like this do the cause more harm than good. If Solomon and Guarisco are serious about working for disarmament, let them roll up their sleeves and help those organizations that are doing admirable work in this field, such as Common Cause and SANE. Or, if they really want to promote communication and understanding between the two countries, let them work for an expansion of citizen exchanges. Despite the rather narrow limits imposed by the Soviet government and the U.S. lackadaisical attitude, there is much that ordinary citizens can do in this field, working through such organizations as Sister Cities International and the Citizen Exchange Council.

That won't get them any media exposure, however, and it isn't nearly as much fun as harassing American diplomats.

Frederick Hartley
Bethesda, Md.

Solomon responds

It would be comforting to trust in established political channels for opposing the nuclear arms race. But the past 40 years have provided a tragic history of how

citizen reliance on government institutions has actually assisted U.S. nuclear escalation. The sad truth is that lobbying and voting are woefully insufficient for any realistic movement that hopes to end the thermonuclear spiral.

After many years of interviewing radiation victims, reading declassified government documents, and working as a disarmament activist, I am convinced that relying on traditional avenues of political expression cannot halt the logical consequence of U.S. policies — nuclear war. While we might easily confine our efforts to doing as civics textbooks instruct, remaining "respectable" and avoiding aspersions like the ones cast by Clarke and Hartley in their letters, such caution seems quite likely to be suicidal in the long run. In terms of preventing worldwide annihilation, legal channels offer us wide and varied "freedoms" — to be ineffective.

More than ever, with a nuclear test ban repeatedly put forward by the Soviet Union and rejected by the United States, the main problem is here at home. Realizing that one's house is ablaze, one is ill-advised to depend on writing letters to the fire department.

The issue is human survival, which requires going beyond circumspect niceties. As human beings it is essential that we actively develop capacities to non-violently and emphatically resist holocaust-planning. The sanctity of deferring to the rights of property where death-dealing policies are being executed — whether an embassy suite or a missile site — should be disregarded when we more fully realize what is at stake. As theologian Dorothee Solle writes: "We shall be free only when we join forces with life against production for death and the ongoing preparation for murder . . . We shall become free when we learn to work for peace actively, deliberately, militantly."

Norman Solomon
Portland, Ore.

Big brother, again

I was saddened but not surprised by Vickie Miller's April Letter to the Editor in which she registered her "disgust, outrage and shock" at the content of THE WITNESS.

My psychological credentials are nil, but I sense a kind of transference of anger and frustration from a pesky, won't-go-away-situation to a pesky, won't-go-away publication. As a vestryperson, Ms. Miller is well acquainted with the hopeless, festering slums of Belle Glade, Fla. (16,000 souls packed into a four-block area of substandard housing). She too has seen the Establishment stand silent, indignant, polarized.

Thankfully, Howard Quander of the Episcopal Church Center drew up and presented the vestry with a proposal for low cost retirement housing. It would have involved HUD monies and interaction with NOAH (Neighbors Organized for Adequate Housing), a secular agency. Paranoia replaced paralysis within the vestry!

How long before we see His wounds? Will we ever dare to touch them? I gave each vestry member a year's subscription to THE WITNESS. But "Big Brother" was watching me. I left town before the tar and feathers — coward that I am.

The Rev. Charles B. Farrar
Tequesta, Fla.

Appreciates policy

The dam letter from Vickie Miller not only made me madazzell but increased my appreciation for your great publication. Don't change your policy.

Fred E. Luchs
Athens, Ohio

Dissent & 'Superpowers'

I can't help feeling a bit of sympathy with those rightwingers who read THE WITNESS, personified in the April letter from Vickie Miller. I hope she doesn't

have a stroke when she opens the magazine only to find a page from *Izvestia* reproduced in the center fold! She might give up writing letters and redouble her efforts to sic Big Brother on you.

I used to read rightwing publications, just to see what those who would exile, silence, kill or, at least, round me up into a camp were up to. I no longer find it useful or productive. I can get quite enough of the official line by a cursory glance at the papers, or by lending half an ear and eye to TV "news." The country has veered so far to the right that I don't need to inflict extremist views on myself to keep track of what those who declare themselves my enemies are doing. The mass media more than adequately represents them.

Every time I hit the streets for one of my causes (Central America in the last few years, Disarmament since the late 50s) I feel that I am representing at least one citizen of a country where such is not tolerated as well as myself, a citizen and native of a land where dissent is allowed as long as the establishment doesn't feel too threatened by it. I have a dent in my head from one of the times (1968) when they really tried to sweep the streets of us.

It is the nature of the two beasts — the "Superpowers" — that they give a lot of attention to each other's dissenters. Perhaps it's a bit naive of me, but I somehow don't think that the average Soviet citizen is quite as far from reality as John Q. Public is.

Thank God for your continuing efforts to rectify that situation. I really enjoyed and learned from all the April articles, especially Carter Heyward's and Charles Meyer's. Am still tittering over the Don Wright cartoon as well. Last, but not least, the letter "In streets with bishop" and your editorial, "The case of the missing canon" were gratefully received and "amen'd" to.

Donald McEvoy-Albert
San Diego, Cal.

Preached on article

In addition to other fine articles in the March 1986 WITNESS I would say that I wish all clergy of the church would read the article by Bishop John Spong, "The powerlessness of Christ."

It is a cogent article, very germane to the date in which we find ourselves as the church in the 20th century and speaks well of our uselessness and powerlessness as a voice in the world.

Indeed it was of such articulate interest that I felt impelled to preach not only the contents but the spirit of the article in my sermon on Good Friday. Thank you for this article and indeed for the magazine, THE WITNESS.

The Rev. Robert L. Leather
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Christ not powerless

I'm concerned about the March article by Bishop John Spong about the powerlessness of Jesus Christ. Bishop Spong seems to forget Jesus Christ was not powerless. His acceptance of the cross was entirely voluntary. God would have removed the cup from Him had He asked. He also reminded St. Peter that legions of angels were at His disposal. He reproaches Pilate when Pilate cavalierly tells Him he has power to crucify or release Him, that Pilate has no power except that given him from above.

Jesus Christ accepts the cross for a specific purpose, the redemption of the world. If He meant for us to renounce power in every form, it is hard to see why He established His church on earth as an institution. Through its long history, the church and its leadership have, of course, abused power, as all institutions do. But it has also used power for good. I think, for instance, of the Middle Ages when the Truce of God and the Peace of God were proclaimed to try to reduce the violence of the times. Churches and church people have frequently and ap-

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THE WITNESS

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Confronting the 70% solution

A national poll taken immediately after the bombing of Libya revealed that more than 70% of U.S. citizens were in favor of the action and supportive of the president. That was one of the most abhorrent facts surrounding the event, and, if true, is cause for a national examination of conscience.

Third World countries have typically distinguished between an oppressive U.S. administration and the *people* of the United States, whom they view as victims of that administration as well. But now, were people and president speaking as one? Did Americans really back this president who plays world bully and ordered a strike that amounted to an act of war? Surely the remaining 30% of us sank lower and lower into our chairs, as reports of civilian casualties reminiscent of My Lai filtered through: "And women . . . and children, too."

For Christians who were aghast at the immoral killing, inflicted, as the president would have it, in a "moral" cause, the following reactions by world and national figures from faith communities may prove helpful:

● The British Council of Churches has always believed that adherence to international law is a necessary moral basis for the maintenance of world order. On this and other grounds, this council totally and unequivocally condemns terrorism . . . The issue of Libyan responsibility for international terrorism is at present before the UN Security Council. The failure of the U.S. government to await the Council's judgment before resorting to military action is a clear breach of the charter. Furthermore, such an attack on targets in a city, inevitably involving civilian loss of life, was disproportionate in scale. It has not only

undermined respect for international law but has done nothing to discourage further terrorist acts in retaliation. Her Majesty's government owes it to the British people to explain fully why, in contrast to its partners in the European community, it has given support to a form of American action which undermines rather than strengthens international security. **Archbishop of Canterbury Robert Runcie.**

● The U.S. military action against the Republic of Libya is a serious unilateral action with grave consequences . . . Terrorism is a growing cancer within the body of our global community. It is a reaction on the part of those convinced that without violent measures, their grievances will not be addressed. Clearly, no responsible government can make peace with terrorism, terrorists or those who support them. At the same time, it is the height of irresponsibility not to address these underlying causes, thereby showing moderate elements in the Middle East that avenues to the resolution of long standing grievances other than terrorism exist. By making terrorism unnecessary, we cut terrorists off from their support base and their reason for being. Although one can and does abhor terrorism and seeks its eradication, the quality of the response must witness to the maturity of the policy and decision-making process. Before using force, has every alternate avenue of response been explored? Is the response proportionate? Is the action to be effective rather than efficient or expeditious? Does the action produce international trust and cooperation? **The Most Rev. Edmond L. Browning, Presiding Bishop of the United States.**

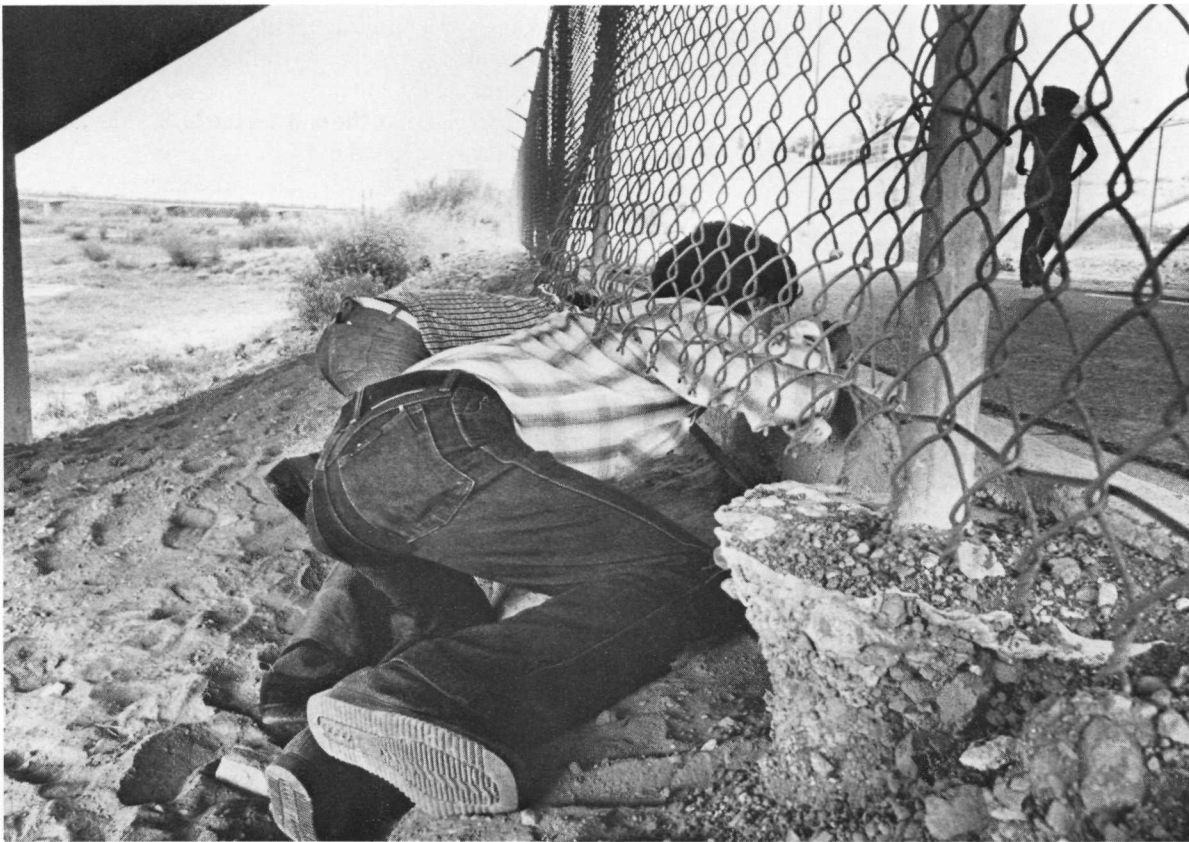
● The U.S. Administration has frequently used military engagement against a comparatively weak "adversary" to deflect attention from the negative consequences of its policies in one part of the world, or to gain support for a military approach to conflicts in another.

We therefore cannot separate this action from the current heated debate over your policy of support for the Nicaraguan Contras and your renewed verbal attacks on the USSR. **Arie Brouwer, General Secretary, National Council of Churches in telegram to President Reagan.**

● The American Friends Service Committee strongly opposes your Administration's military attacks against Libya. This action was wrong, reckless and has already escalated the cycle of violence. U.S. attacks on Libya provide terrorists with new grievances. U.S. strikes inevitably kill civilians. Our response to terrorism becomes increasingly indistinguishable from terrorism itself . . . We call upon your Administration to address itself to the broader Arab-Israeli-Palestinian conflict which provides the context for terrorism in the Middle East. **Asia A. Bennett, AFSC Executive Secretary, in communique to President Reagan.**

● As Christians we affirm that all of humanity is one family, that all people are made in God's image, and that the life of a Libyan child is indescribably precious, even as is the life of an American child. Attitudes which view the Libyan people as outside the human community, speaking of them in sub-human terms, make it appear possible to bomb them with impunity . . . What is happening to our own souls in the killing of our brothers and sisters? **Statement by Bishop John S. Spong and signators from the Diocese of Newark.**

What, indeed, is happening to the soul of America? People of peace must stand fast and faithful, even if 70% of those around us wave the flag and cry for blood. ■



More for appearance than deterrence, a fence along a U.S. Customs Service inspection lot offers some undocumented youth a path of entry into Laredo.

Border now war zone, sanctuary

by Jean Molesky

The Rio Grande Valley today is both war zone and sanctuary. It is a delicate ecosystem of large landholders, of the U.S. Border Patrol, of refugees, farmworkers, and religious and humanitarian persons. Indeed, it is a small but powerful arena where one of the most controversial battles over immigration is being waged.

Those are impressions gathered recently from a trip to South Texas where I interviewed U.S. officials, refugees, and churchworkers in an area where thousands of refugees from Mexico and Central America pass through each month.

Between Rio Grande City and Brownsville, Tex., a stretch some 120 miles long, the battle over immigration rights is intensifying. Yet the area, dotted with small communities,

Jean Molesky is an instructor in Contemporary Immigrants and Refugees at the University of California, Berkeley.

ranches and *colonias* of farmworkers, is only a small section of the 2,000-mile-long U.S.-Mexico border where 1 million have been apprehended annually over the last four years, trying to cross illegally into the United States. It is estimated that for every one caught, five to eight make it across the border, safely to the north.

On one side of the battle are the Border Patrol and the INS. Infra-red sensors, like those used in Vietnam which can detect human beings, are planted at frequent sights along the Rio Grande. Helicopters fly overhead, and green Border Patrol trucks cruise up and down highways and backroads searching for "illegal aliens." Last year 60,000 refugees were arrested by the INS in McAllen, Tex. alone; most of them were deported.

At the same time, a highly organized and covert network reminiscent of the Civil War's Underground Railway for slaves, has been transporting Central American refugees out

The recent six-month trial of Sanctuary Movement workers revealed the U.S. Government's determination to engage those who are working for asylum for political refugees in a battle of historic proportion. In this article, Jean Molesky presents a background on illegal border crossings in the Rio Grande Valley; in the accompanying box, Henry Atkins analyzes the theological choices now remaining for the faith community involved in sanctuary.

of South Texas. Lawyers offer legal services; sanctuary and churchworkers provide shelter, social services and bond money. Ecumenical groups educate church members to the refugee problems while volunteers from out of state contribute their services to these groups. But the battle has escalated as churchworkers have been arrested and charged with the crime of assisting refugees to reach safe haven.

Throughout the history of the valley, whose population is 15% Anglo and 85% Hispanic, the "alien" was a Mexican seeking better economic possibilities north of the border. But in the last five years, a new population treks north to the Rio Grande, seeking asylum from war-torn countries — El Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua and Honduras. They constitute 15% of the total entries.

The majority of the refugees come from El Salvador, where estimates are that some 40,000 have been killed in the last three years alone. In the course of repression, some 25% of the Salvadoran population has been uprooted. Thousands are teenage boys, fleeing the military draft. Other refugees are from Guatemala, a country of 7 million, where 1 million are displaced — 500,000 in their own country and more than that number in the exterior. Their relatives have been kidnapped, tortured, murdered; their homes and fields burned. Still others are peasants and workers fleeing the Nicaraguan countryside where Contras are raiding the borders.

The status of refugee is no respecter of age: infants to old women and men trek hundreds of miles to the United States hoping for a new life.

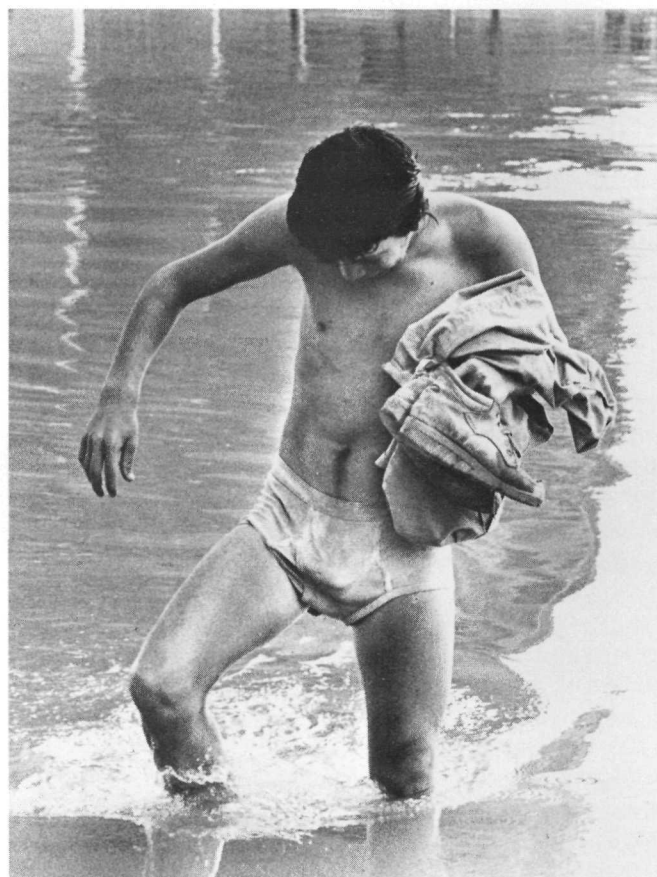
"Thank God, I am alive," said a Salvadoran woman I met who had just arrived in Texas. "But I am tired. I have not eaten, my muscles are aching. If I had known what was going to face me, only God knows if I would have said, 'Yes.' And the journey is still long."

She and nine others had walked for almost a month from the

Guatemalan-Mexico border through hills, mountains and brush in order to remain undetected. Nonetheless, two of the children with them were abducted in Southern Mexico; all of the women were violated and, in the end, on the U.S. side, all the men were caught and detained in El Corralon (the corral in Spanish), the INS detention center near Port Isabel, Tex.

As wars intensify in Central America, arrests, incarcerations and deportations continue not only in the Rio Grande Valley, but along the borderlands and in most large urban areas.

A number of large cities have refugees. Los Angeles has 300,000 Salvadorans; Houston has 150,000, according to Sister Tess Browne, a Franciscan who has been a long-time valley worker. "It's closer and \$100 cheaper for a Salvadoran to come through Texas than California," she pointed out. Some estimate that there are half a million Salvadorans in the



Bobby Sanchez

Clutching his life's possessions, this undocumented refugee finds a shallow crossing point on the Rio Grande into Laredo. Some 15% of those who cross the border illegally are now classified by the Border Patrol as "OTMs" — Other Than Mexicans, or Central American refugees.

Options narrow for sanctuary

by Henry L. Atkins

Sentencing for eight of 11 church workers convicted because of their participation in the Sanctuary Movement has been set for July 1 in Tucson. Their trial, which had gone on for almost six months, has been a test of the Sanctuary Movement by the U.S. government.

Federal prosecutor Don Reno stated that this was an alien smuggling conspiracy and charged the defendants with conspiring to violate U.S. immigration laws. Judge Earl H. Carroll forbade the defendants to speak about their moral, spiritual or religious motivation or of existing conditions in El Salvador and Guatemala.

The 1980 Refugee Act which is the law of this land states that if people are fleeing their country because of political persecution they can be granted political asylum. But 98% of the Guatemalans and 97% of Salvadorans who have applied for such asylum have been denied. Judge Carroll also would not allow defendants to talk about the 1980 Refugee Act and its lack of enforcement.

Subsequently, on May 1 a Federal Jury convicted six defendants of conspiring to smuggle Salvadorans and Guatemalans into the United States. They are the Rev. John M. Fife III, of Tucson; Sister Darlene Nicgorski, of Phoenix; Margaret J. Hutchison, of

Tucson; the Rev. Ramon Dagoberto Quinones of Nogales, Mexico; and Philip Willis-Conger of Tucson. All six face maximum sentence of five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Convicted on lesser charges were the Rev. Anthony Clark of Nogales, Ariz., and Wendy Lewin of Phoenix, who face maximum sentences of five years and \$2,000 each.

"Conspiracy" on the part of the sanctuary workers in this case seemed to be to get the U.S. government to obey its own Refugee Act, a task which gets harder each day with a President who funds Contras to illegally attack Nicaragua and who states that he doesn't care what the World Court thinks, he will not obey it. On April 10, Judge Carroll stated in the Tucson courtroom in the presence of the jury, "Acting lawfully is not a defense."

The issues of the trial were set forth by the Ramon Flores family, Salvadorans living in sanctuary at St. Michael's Chapel at Rutgers University, months before the trial. Ramon, Victoria and Roberto Flores had been called as witnesses by the prosecution. They stated that the government sought three objectives in this trial:

"First," said Ramon and Victoria, "the U.S. government wants to destroy the Sanctuary Movement in this country. Second, the government knows that involving movements and organizations in long, costly legal cases can be an effective way of demoralizing a movement and using up its resources. Thirdly, the government does not want us living here. They want us back in prison in El Salvador. They want to deport us, and if

they win in the courts, they believe this will be easier." With the verdict, the Flores family now believes that the price of justice in the United States has gone way up, not only for Central American refugees living in this country, but for all justice-loving people of Central America.

I think they are right.

Before he was killed, Archbishop Oscar Romero stated "Christ invites us not to fear persecution, because those who are committed to the poor must risk the same fate as the poor, and in El Salvador we know what the fate of the poor signifies: to disappear, to be tortured, to be captive, and to be found dead." The major test the Sanctuary Movement has faced during this trial in Tucson is a test of its theology of solidarity. People of faith in some 300 temples and churches across this land have said *yes* to the oppressed by opening their doors to take in the tortured, the prisoner, the beaten child and the homeless — the exile. The Sanctuary Movement has also allowed the suffering people of Guatemala and El Salvador to speak about their own reality. Their story is greatly different from what we hear coming out of Washington. Hearing the word spoken by our sisters and brothers from Central America has brought transformation to those of us in the Sanctuary Movement. We have also stated that we will struggle with our oppressed sisters and brothers for justice so that all of us may know liberation not as a concept but as a historical reality. This trial in Tucson has called us to another realization:

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The Rev. Henry L. Atkins, Jr., is Episcopal Chaplain to Rutgers University at New Brunswick, N.J., one of four Episcopal sites offering sanctuary. Others are St. Francis House, Madison, Wisc.; St. Mark's Berkeley, and All Saints Church, Pasadena.

United States. (A 1980 study revealed that 86% of the dishwashers and busboys in Los Angeles were undocumented Hispanics, while 62% of the garment workers were thought to be undocumented.)

The fierce debate unleashed over immigration rights is argued in the fields, work places, courtrooms and Congress. It centers over the definition of who are refugees and what their rights are. Sanctuary workers claim that Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees meet the requirements of the Refugee Act of 1980 which accords refugee or asylum status to persons who cannot return to their country of origin because of persecution or fear of persecution due to race, religion, nationality, social status or political opinion.

But the U.S. government does not recognize many Central Americans as political refugees, preferring to label them "economic refugees." The United States consistently grants political asylum to fewer than 3% of the Salvadorans, less than 1% of the Guatemalans, lower than that for almost every other country. And restrictions against refugees are tightening across the border.

"The INS increases apprehensions by 15% a year," stated Sister Marian Strohmeier, who works with refugees in the Catholic diocese of Brownsville. "The Border Patrol is inconsistent, though. If El Corralon is full, they let other refugees slip through. But at the end of the month, there are quotas to meet so pickups intensify."

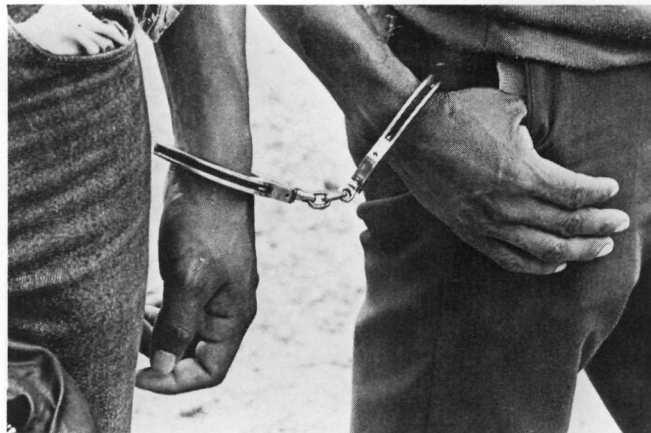
Evidence of military action, too, is heightening. Several months ago, tanks were temporarily set up at precarious points along the river to frighten off entries.

Last summer, members of the Border Patrol equipped with gas masks, riot helmets, service revolvers and bullet-proof vests could be seen not only at the National Guard Armory but on the front page of the McAllen newspaper and television news. They were anticipating violence related to the Mexican federal elections at Tamaulipas, across the river, according to Border Patrol Chief Silvestre Reyes.

What can a Central American refugee expect if arrested by the Border Patrol?

Once apprehended, the detainee is sent to El Corralon, the INS detention camp for OTMs (other than Mexicans). Located miles from any settlement, it is installed with tight security: double barbed wire fences, armed guards and an alarm system. Detainees outfitted in bright orange jumpsuits mill around all day under the hot Texas sun idly awaiting their hearings with an immigration judge.

The staff of El Corralon, however, is proud of its site as a "model camp." Originally a border patrol school from 1967-76, it was converted into a detention camp in 1981. "We have two full-time nurses, a contract doctor, and seven full-time



Bolby Sanchez

Males are handcuffed to make escape difficult

cooks. The detainees have access to visiting rooms, phones, washing machines and a recreation room. We have a library of some 5,000 books, though most are in English, and a recreation specialist who organizes soccer, baseball and volleyball games to keep them occupied.

"We don't keep women with children here, and we don't keep pregnant women. We don't want them to give birth while in custody. That would be inhuman."

The immigration officer pointed out the well-staffed kitchen, large mess hall, four barracks, the courtroom on the grounds and four cement supported roofs which shade small sections of the dusty yard. El Corralon can accommodate 500 men and women.

"You know we take good care of them while they're here," the officer stated. "We spend \$30-35,000 a month on groceries. We serve them nutritious meals but they really don't appreciate it. When we serve them roast beef, they call it 'horsemeat.' But they're not used to eating food like that. They only know black beans, rice and chicken — not even Kentucky Fried chicken — just plain old boiled chicken."

While the refugees are told of their legal right to counsel at the time of their apprehension, most fail to understand the significance of this right, and no explanations are given. Coming from countries where legal systems are quite different and because of cultural barriers, the refugees spend most of their stay in the detention center in ignorance and confusion about the U.S. legal system, bonding procedures and their rights as protected by the Constitution. Most are deported to their country of origin. Last year \$7.8 million was spent in air fare.

Church and foundation-supported organizations have been formed by persons whose ethics and religious convictions do not tolerate persecution of the refugees within the U.S. bor-

ders. Despite immense poverty in the valley (two of its four counties are rated the poorest in the United States), food, shelter, assistance in finding relatives and friends, and spiritual support have been offered to thousands of men, women and children over the past four years.

In 1982, Bishop John Fitzgerald of Brownsville diocese founded Casa Oscar Romero, named for the Archbishop of El Salvador, who was assassinated in 1980. It has offered temporary refuge to more than 3,000 Central Americans seeking sanctuary in the United States.

Testimony to the refugees' sense of welcome at Casa Oscar Romero could be seen in the large mural on one side of the building: bold and colorful scenes of Bishop Romero's life, his words, "If I am killed, I will rise among the people."

While the Casa can adequately accommodate 40 persons, as many as 140 have swelled its walls recently. Those who stay do so for only a week, maybe 10 days, before moving on to relatives or to look for work and a new life.

"We welcome every refugee. We want them to feel like it's their home while in the valley," said Sister Ninfa Garza, director of Casa. "I have set down only two rules: Respect each person and keep the place clean." She led me through the kitchen, where refugees were chopping lettuce, making tortillas and washing dishes.

Walking through the three dormitories lined with bunk beds, I saw the transitoriness of their lives: a few personal belongings, a suitcase, a photo or memento of home. Some napped trying to recover from the long journey; an elderly woman knelt in the dark corner before a crucifix.

"All of these refugees come from Central America," continued Sr. Ninfa. "Many come in poor physical and emotional health. See that young boy over there," pointing to a boy of 14 years. "He arrived yesterday from El Salvador. Whenever a plane goes overhead, he is terrified and hides under the closest table or bed. Several have suffered such trauma due to war."

Operating on a small budget, Sister Ninfa has coordinated neighboring parishioners to help donate food, clothing, construction expertise. New toilets, a wash house and patio testify to the generosity of many. "We need food, money, blankets. And, yes, we need toothbrushes. Such a simple thing, but hundreds of people pass through here . . ."

Staff members at Casa Oscar Romero have been arrested and found guilty for their work with refugees. Jack Elder, Lorry Thomas, former directors, and Stacey Lynn Merkt, a former volunteer, have all been convicted and sentenced in the last year on charges of aiding and transporting illegal aliens.

"The refugees have really evangelized us," explained Rosemary Miranda of the Valley Inter-Religious Task Force

on Central America (VITCA). "Our concern for their plight has drawn church members of many denominations in the valley together. While VITCA educates church members on refugee problems, the independent ecumenical Border Association for Refugees for Central America (BARCA) provides legal services to hundreds of refugees, as well as food, clothing, health services and transportation to thousands. It has grown out of the concerns of many church people: Catholics, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians and Mormon volunteers."

The Border Witness, modeled on Witness for Peace in Central American countries, encourages volunteers from various parts of the country to join them for two weeks. During that period the volunteers provide direct services to refugees as necessitated by further arrests/trials of refugee workers in the valley, and monitor and record activities of government representatives which violate the rights of refugees. It is hoped that when the volunteers return to their home communities they will communicate the plight of refugees, particularly in South Texas.

Projecto Libertad, a non-profit corporation funded by foundations, churches and private contributors, has a staff of lawyers who have given legal assistance to more than 3,000 refugees.

Bishop Fitzpatrick who has ministered to the refugees doesn't believe the cycle will slow down or end in South Texas or in the country until the U. S. government changes its foreign policy in Central America.

"We need to change the stance of the government and thus create a more benevolent attitude toward refugees from these countries. As long as we continue to support a civil war in El Salvador, more refugees will continue to seek refuge in our country."

The morning I left South Texas, a new group of refugees had arrived. Each had paid \$1,000 (for many a life's savings) to a coyote, a professional smuggler, who would help them into the United States. As they crossed the Rio Grande and saw the one skyscraper of six stories in McAllen in the distance, the coyote pointed out, "There's New York! I'll leave you now." There they stood in wet feet.

Easily identified by their timidity, out-of-style dress, non-local accent in Spanish and eyes filled with fear and anxiety, they were easy prey. ■

July, August issues to be combined

In an effort to cut publishing costs, the July and August issues of THE WITNESS will be combined. Two hikes in postal rates this year alone have ravaged our budget. Remember, look for the July-August edition to be mailed in late summer, not separate issues. Many thanks!

Short Takes

From whence comes power?

When, in the New Testament, Christ goes into the desert at the start of his public life, it is the Devil who takes him to a high place and offers him "all this power and the glory" of earthly kingdoms, saying, "It has been committed to me, and I give it to anyone I choose. Worship me, then, and it shall be yours."

There are more reassuring passages in scripture. We, in North America and the rich countries of Europe, are those to whom the power and glory of earthly kingdoms has presently been given.

The significance of Easter is indeed that of human redemption and renewal, but of a renewal that comes by way of apparent failure and humiliation, by the vindication of the poor and outcast over the complacent and powerful. It is a thought worth pausing over, if only once a year.

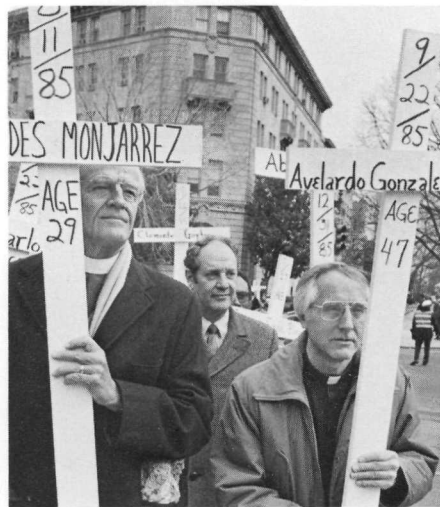
William Pfaff
L.A. Times Syndicate

Unnatural selection

As technodocs decide which women's genes are superior and which are inferior, who may reproduce and who is not "healthy" enough to, they distance women still further from our bodies, our selves. Future generations of women, growing up in a world of male-run reproductive industries, will have no sense of themselves as beings capable of procreating. They will know that women provide only the raw materials from which men manufacture people to desired specifications . . . If successful on a grand scale, this could intensify the class system: Poor women here and in the Third World would serve primarily to carry the embryos of the upper class, and males would far outnumber females . . .

Sex predetermination techniques may also translate sexual prejudice (a preference for male children) into a sexist reality. Previctimization has already become a lucrative practice in India, according to Mona Daswani, a social worker in Bombay. Doctors there have set up businesses to detect female fetuses through amniocentesis. When a female fetus is found, it is aborted, she says. Daswani estimates that 78,000 female fetuses were aborted this way between 1978 and 1983.

Gena Corea
The Progressive 1/86



Protest U.S. policy, pledge aid to Nicaragua

More than 200 Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders demonstrated on the steps of the Capitol in March to proclaim that U.S. policy about Nicaragua is based on "exaggerating misinformation and outright falsehood." In the group were 20 bishops, including Episcopal Bishop Paul Moore of New York, above, left, and Catholic Bishop Thomas Gumbleton, Detroit, right. At center is Rabbi Marshall Meyer, New York.

Bishops Moore and Gumbleton also joined a coalition of religious leaders in April to announce a nationwide campaign to match any funds Congress appropriates in Contra aid with the same amount in true humanitarian aid for the people of Nicaragua. This massive effort, called *Quest for Peace*, pledged to match in one year Congress' previous vote of \$27 million in Contra aid and has already delivered \$20 million in aid to Nicaragua. *Quest* hopes to reach the \$27 million goal by the end of June.

WITNESS readers wishing to join the campaign can make checks payable to *Quest for Peace* and send to: Quixote Center, P.O. Box 5206, Hyattsville, MD 20782. The Center is initiator of the project, which now includes a coalition of 240 groups plus 850 individual co-sponsors from 41 states and the District of Columbia.

"If Congress votes \$100 million more, we'll match the \$100 million," Gumbleton said.

Truth in diplomacy?

We come, then, to the normal means used in international politics by one country, to impose its will upon other countries. The first and the normal means is diplomacy; the regard in which this skill is held is attested by the commonplace that a diplomat is one who is sent abroad to lie for his country. I have read enough newspapers in the last 70 years to know that it is not true, as another commonplace has it, that truth is the first casualty in war; in diplomacy truth was never alive to be a casualty . . .

John McKenzie
The Civilization of Christianity

Re sanctuary verdicts

"With that evidence, if this had been a bank robbery, there would have been an acquittal," said defense attorney Robert Hirsh, who was noticeably shaken by the verdict (against his Sanctuary defendants.) "If it had been a murder, I'd have gotten an acquittal. But these people defied the system, and the jury didn't like that."

Philadelphia Inquirer 5/4/86

Recommended viewing

"So here we are 15 years later — a man who came from a military family and had nothing but the highest military ideals has come full circle. From sitting in the cockpit flying aircraft in Vietnam, he's ended up with a backpack down in the jungle of El Salvador being bombed by the same airplanes he used to fly. It is just the most incredible transition a man can go through."

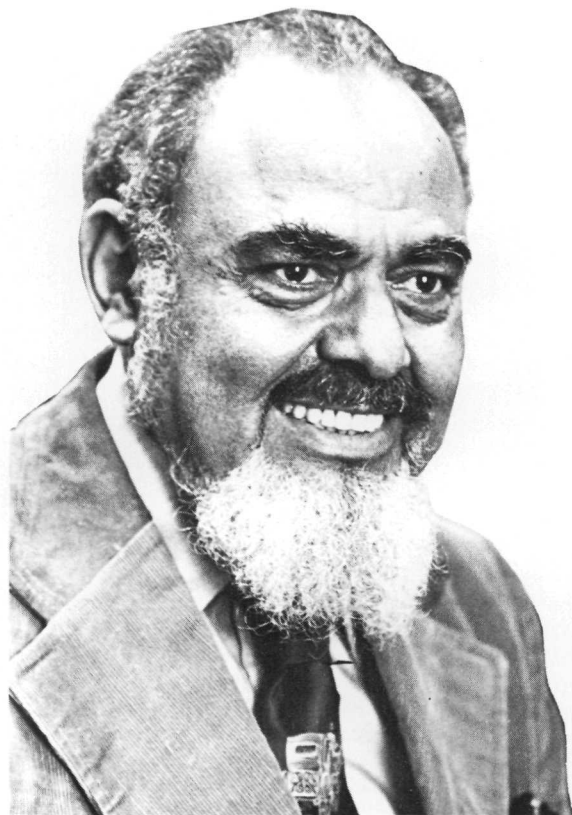
Thus does Air Force Captain Terry Savery speak about Charlie Clements in *Witness to War*, a film describing the U.S. doctor's medical experiences in El Salvador. The 29-minute film, now viewing on PBS stations, took the Oscar for best short documentary at the recent Academy Awards ceremony. Produced by David Goodman of the American Friends Service Committee, it describes one person's odyssey of conscience and the impact made on him by the Salvadoran people's struggle to survive the violence of war.

Quote of note

One must always try to live life forward and understand it backward.

Sören Kierkegaard

In memoriam: Charles Radford Lawrence II



Charles Radford Lawrence, II was born May 2, 1915 in Boston and raised in Utica, Miss., where his parents were teachers at the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute. He received his bachelors degree from Morehouse College in 1936, a masters degree from Atlanta University in 1938 and a doctorate in Sociology from Columbia University in 1952. Following in the tradition of his mentors at Atlanta University, W.E.B. Dubois and Ira D.A. Reid, Charles was both a scholar and an activist.

From 1943 to 1947, he taught sociology at Fisk University in Nashville, and was a research associate at the Institute for Race Relations. From 1948 until his retirement in 1977 he was Professor of Sociology at Brooklyn College, City University of New York, and from 1966 to 1977 was Chair of the Sociology Department.

In 1977, he was elected President of the House of Deputies of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church. He was a member of both the Anglican Consultative Council and the church's Joint Commission on Ecumenical Relations.

Charles Lawrence's many honors included: The Kent Fellowship, The Julien Rosenwald Fellowship, election to Phi Beta Kappa, The Bishop's Cross for Distinguished Lay Service to the Diocese of New York, and Honorary Doctorates from: Morehouse College, General Theological Seminary, Seabury Western Theological Seminary, Virginia Theological Seminary, St. Paul's College and Berkeley Divinity School.

Lawrence is survived by his wife Margaret; his three children, Charles III, Sara Lightfoot, and Paula Wehmiller; his five grandchildren, John, Maia, Abram, Tolani and Martin; and two sisters, Lois Moses and Ann Weathers.

THE WITNESS mourns the loss of Dr. Lawrence, whose pervasive sense of social justice guided his career. He was presiding at General Convention in 1985 when the church voted to divest itself of stock in firms continuing to work in South Africa, a cause for which he campaigned.

We celebrate his life by presenting, below, the eulogy delivered by his son during the funeral Eucharist April 7 at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York.

A son's tribute to his father

by Charles Radford Lawrence III

I sit at my father's desk. He has told my mother and sisters that he would like me to give the eulogy at his funeral. This is a final message of love, respect, and pride that he has left for his son. He has entrusted to me the task of bidding you, his friends and loved ones, farewell — of capturing an image or recollection in which his spirit can briefly reside so that

he can thank you for your presence in his life.

I feel inadequate before this task. My anxiety is betrayed by the growls in my stomach. But even in my sense of inadequacy, I know that I am my father's son. He would have had the same upset stomach, the same self-doubt; though no one of us would have doubted him. He

would have asked the Lord's assistance and I find myself, once again, following his example.

The evidence of his love and work are all around me — the pictures of his grandboys, John, Abram, and Martin smiling down on him from a shelf high above his desk; the grandgirls, Maia and Tolani, nearer to his desk; his beautiful

Margaret closest to him.

On the shelves above his desk, hundreds of volumes attest to his life's work as a scholar and activist, as do a dozen diplomas, citations and honorary degrees on the wall across the room; the prayer books and Bibles, the journals, and directories of the Episcopal Church. His desk calendar is filled with commitments in his own hand: Skyview meeting, ACC Standing Committee (Toronto), NAACP seminar (Tappan Zee), St. Luke's Germantown, the Morehouse Reunion. His work continued. Charles Lawrence's life was full to the end. He had no intention of slowing down or stopping.

The images have been with me constantly these past two days. His strong and beautiful hands, his warm bear-like embrace, his robust melodious laughter (as kids my sisters and I used to find my father in a crowd by following the sound of his laughter), his eyes beneath unruly eyebrows — passionate, intelligent eyes that betrayed the true Charles Lawrence even when he presented his most formal self; eyes that were alternately intense and mirthful; eyes that occasionally flashed anger at stupidity or bullying, and increasingly in recent years, were moist with joyful tears. A handsome man in both his youth and older age.

But the physical images only call to mind what we loved and admired most in this man — and what remains with us — *his spirit*.

At first these images come to me in sharp contrasts:

- The public figure — outgoing, gregarious, presiding at General Convention, delivering a sermon or commencement address.

- The private man — shy beneath his outgoing exterior, happiest in the intimacy of his family, most content with the *Sunday Times* beside a roaring fire. Few people knew as much about my father as he knew about them.

- The academician and scholar —

intrigued by facts and data and theory.

- The passionate yet pragmatic activist — concerned above all with leaving the world a better place than he found it.

- A man of absolute principle and immaculate standards who expected much of himself and others but loved us all without condition, without judgment.

Charles was proud — proud of his race, proud of his family, proud of his church and his community. Almost everything he touched was well-done and turned out well. People thought him an important man, and he was. And yet there was not in him a shred of self-importance; not an ounce of pridefulness. If asked about his success, he'd say, "I'm blessed," and mean it.

He was a man who worked on serious things: peace and civil rights, raising kids, and spreading the word of God. There was little that he did for fun, and yet he found fun in almost everything he did. He laughed with others and at himself. The place that Dad loved most to reside was at the dining room table. It was there that we learned about language and politics and the fun and importance of gathering one's friends about one. But mostly we told stories and laughed.

I do not experience these contrasting images as in conflict or contention. There was a wholeness, a solidness about my father that could not be missed. He knew who he was and where he stood. The contrasts — public/private, scholar/activist, judge without judgment, proud without pride — are more dialectic than dichotomy. The opposing forces form a circle to make a whole. It was Charles' integrity that made him what he was.

I think about his capacity for leadership. Responsibility was thrust upon him early. His family's eldest child, he drove his mother and siblings from Utica, Miss. to Boston in a Model A Ford at the age of 14. His father died when he was 35 and Dad became the extended family's head.

Brother, sisters, nephews and cousins looked to him for counsel, guidance and advice. Yesterday his youngest sister, Ann, said to me "Even as a boy, Charles always knew the answer to everything."

Charles had a natural air of authority about him. He commanded respect without ever asking for it. In high school, my rowdiest friends, the guys who stole hubcaps and crashed parties, were perfect gentlemen in my father's presence. They'd stand and say, "Yes sir, Dr. Lawrence," and answer his many questions about school and home and where their parents and grandparents were from. It was much later that I realized Dad's secret. He gained respect by giving it. He talked and listened to the fourth grade kid in Spring Valley who shined shoes the same way he talked and listened to a bishop or college president. He was seriously interested in who you were and what you had to say. And although he had the intellectual and physical tools to outmuscle a smaller person or mind, he never bullied. He gained your allegiance by offering you his strength, not by threatening to overpower you.

This is not to say that his son did not know his capacity for anger. I didn't tell my father about the sixth grade teacher who slapped me around until I was grown. I wasn't sure that I could count on my father's pacifism in the face of his anger at a man who would repeatedly hit a child in the face. And I didn't want to be responsible for my father going to jail.

The most precious thing in Charles's life was Margaret; the gorgeous, brilliant priest's daughter he courted in Vicksburg. And he kept courting her until he drew his final breath. He'd call from General Convention and say, "You should have seen your Mother, Buddy Boy. She was more beautiful than ever." And I knew he'd told her so a dozen times that evening.

Long before Women's Liberation was in vogue, Dad was a liberated man; shar-

ing in cooking and cleaning and child-raising with Mom; not made insecure by her independence, or her status, or her professional accomplishments, but basking in the light that she reflected; taking pride in her strength and competence and in the fact that this extraordinary woman adored him.

He took pride in his daughters' accomplishments too — in Sara's prolific and brilliant scholarship in *his* field and in her MacArthur prize; in Paula's genius as a teacher and administrator and in her work in the church; in the artistry of Carol's films. And he was not afraid to show affection for his sons. It was not surprising when he became a champion for the ordination of women in the church. It is not surprising that his son married a woman like his mother or that his daughters, like their mother, married strong and gentle men.

During these last two years Charles' body seemed to desert his great and wonderful soul. He struggled mightily to live, not because he feared death. He told me he'd made his peace with death during his bout with cancer. He struggled to live because Margaret insisted upon it — he'd do anything for her — and because there was still work to do. But most of all, because he loved being with us.

As I stand here I know that his spirit is with us still . . . ■

Continued from page 8

We who are in solidarity with the oppressed may be called to the same fate as the poor — to be captive.

Prosecutor Reno said after the trial that "The Justice Department will continue to prosecute these alien-smuggling cases. I think this jury verdict is going to have a significant impact on those persons who were well-intended but misguided." Alan C. Nelson, INS Commissioner in Washington, stated, "Perhaps now that this verdict is behind us, those of the

'Sanctuary' Movement can redirect their energies in a manner that is within the law." Clearly, the State has its own theology and is willing to use the courts and the threat of prison to impose it on U.S. faith communities.

John Fife also made a statement immediately after the verdict: "I plan for as long as possible to be the pastor of a congregation that has committed itself to providing sanctuary." Sanctuary churches and temples from New Jersey to California have echoed Fife's statement. The Sanctuary con-

gregations will not abandon refugees from Central America nor the prophetic theology of solidarity, even if it means that various members may have to suffer "the same fate as the poor."

This trial has made one thing clear. In this society one has at least two theological options, the option for a state theology or an option for a prophetic theology of solidarity. Let us hope and pray that more and more good people of this land will opt for the latter. ■

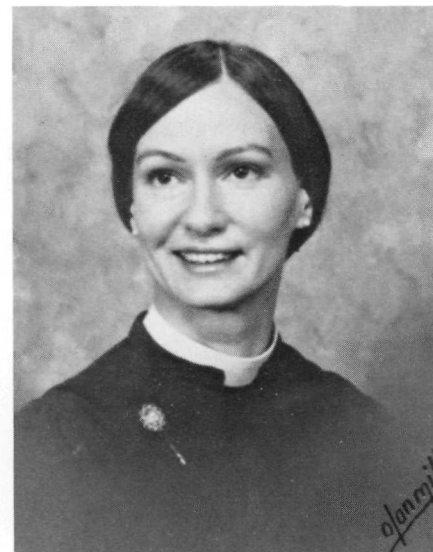
Nominated for bishop

The Rev. Mary Chotard Doll had been named one of four nominees for suffragan bishop for the Diocese of Washington as *THE WITNESS* went to press. With election slated for May 31, there is a possibility that Doll could be the first woman bishop in the Episcopal Church by the time readers receive this issue.

Nominated with Doll were the Rev. Lawrence Harris, the Rev. John Chamblin, and the Rev. Ronald Haines.

Contacted by *THE WITNESS*, May 3, Doll said, "I am very happy about the nomination for myself and for the church. I think the church is ready for this. But whatever happens, it will be good for the church, the parish, and me." She has served as rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, for the past six years.

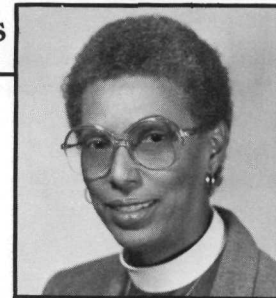
The nominee is daughter of the former Bishop of Maryland, Harry Lee Doll, who died in 1984. She was born in the capital city and worked there for five years for the National Security Agency as an intelligence research analyst. "Junior high school students are usually very impressed when I say that, but it was a



Chotard Doll

title that applied to all. I was not a spy," she laughed. "I dealt with language research."

Her family has been "very supportive," but "we haven't started to pack yet!" Her husband, Bernard Fenik, is a classics professor at the University of Cincinnati. They have two children, Kirsten, 19 and Matthew, 16. ■



Canterbury tales of 1986

It all came flooding back — high school English Lit and Geoffrey Chaucer's impossible to read, Middle English *Canterbury Tales* — stories told by a group of people making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury Cathedral. Chaucer got the idea for the stories when he himself went on such a holy trip and noticed how many different kinds of people there were in the party.

The old bard again would have found rich material for his quill in the stories of Kate, Alison, Mary, Ruth, Emily, Carmen and several others among the more than 300 women (and a respectable scattering of men) gathered at Canterbury in late "Aprille" for a "Pilgrimage and Joining Hands Conference" sponsored by the London-based Movement for the Ordination of Women (MOW). The stories were shared in plenary, in small groups and in random conversations following a majestic Eucharist in the Cathedral, a thanksgiving for the ministry of women in the Church of England and in the Anglican Communion.

The service, a dramatic high point of the pilgrimage, began with a lengthy and colorful women's procession — deaconesses, religious, lay readers and lay workers from the Church of England, followed by lay readers, deacons and priests from abroad. We "pilgrims" wound our way across Lady Wooten's Green, through the Quenin Gate and past a gnarled mulberry tree planted by Henry VIII, to be joined by other women bearing hand-made banners that hailed female saints from the Blessed Virgin to Winnie Mandela. At the Cathedral's

West Door we linked up with 16 bishops and other male clergy from the Church of England who support women's ordination, while inside an enthusiastic throng of some 2,500 waited. In all we represented 22 provinces of the Church, with about 50 persons from the United States.

Underlying the mood of celebration was the divided opinion of MOW members themselves on the question of women's ordination, lending me a sense of *deja vu*. There was also the spectre of legislation to be submitted for final approval at the upcoming July General Synod of the Church in England, which raised for some of us echoes of the "conscience clause" adopted by U.S. bishops. The measure, to which the Bishop of London seems to be devoting an inordinate amount of time and energy, would allow women ordained abroad to officiate under highly restrictive licenses limited to six months in any one year and two weeks in any one parish. The convoluted Anglo-Saxon reasoning behind this defies comment here, but is seductive enough for some British women to count it as a victory.

The meeting was far from conclusive and perhaps was not meant to be. Americans in particular were somewhat frustrated by the culturally different approach of many British women and had to keep reminding themselves that our role there was purely one of support, not leadership. This, if anything, was the outcome of the gathering, a pledge of support by women from abroad if and when MOW determines how others can be helpful.

More important, however, were the stories told by "pilgrims" — ordained

and lay — from Brazil, Kowloon, Massachusetts, London, South India, Uganda, Kenya, New Zealand, Canada and many other places: The tale of the deaconess whose ministry dates back to the end of the World War II when she began "pastoring" a congregation no male clergy person would take, only to have candidates she had prepared for Confirmation rejected on the presumption that they had been insufficiently instructed by a woman; the tale of the bishop's wife who struggles for her own sense of identity as she fulfills the demands of her supporting role to a man who, for the sake of collegiality, opposes ordination of women; the tale of the priest who ministers in the Yukon under circumstances of sheer deprivation; and the tales of others laboring in loneliness and isolation with little or no outside support. The common thread of the stories is faithfulness, calling, commitment and firm resolve.

Picking my way carefully around the spot where Becket, unshaken in his conviction, met his demise I wondered what effect the pilgrimage might have on the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who actively opposes women's ordination, and who had been visited two days prior by 16 of the "pilgrims." As gray rain clouds swept overhead, I mused that on some not too far distant day "whan Aprille shoures soote, the droghte of March hath perced to the roote," the new tales from Canterbury will be of women celebrating the Eucharist, some of whom may even be in pontifical vesture. ■

One pilgrim's progress:

Probing the mystery of uniqueness

by Robert L. DeWitt

One day in my early teens I made a Copernican discovery. It was the sudden and astounding awareness that behind and beneath the infinite data and impressions and experiences that had marked my life was a deeper fact. It was the awareness of the mystery that I was a unique being. A unique being, suspended in the midst of facts and family and history, partly obscured by them, sometimes enhanced by them. That self-discovery was as of a piece of bedrock, the foundation of all else in my existence. The thought was so staggering, so numinous, that I distinctly recall backing away from it as from a hot wire, and thinking that I must consider this again, but not then. I have been considering it ever since.

Some years later I matriculated at Episcopal Divinity School, (EDS) bearing with me quite a bit of vocational ambivalence; but by the time a few weeks had passed, I knew that this was a place which, if not aware of my secret, was at least congenial to it. Since then, as I have sat at the banquet of life, howsoever rich or meager the fare, howsoever peaceful or contentious the table conversation, I have always been able quietly to lift the corner of my placemat and take a reassuring peek at this fundamental fact of my existence.

I attended EDS during one of its many golden ages. The faculty, — Washburn, Dun, Muller, Hatch, Emrich and Addison — were an impressive group. There was, however, an air of the slightly heretical about the seminary. *Creeeds and Loyalty* was a slender volume which had been brought out a few years prior to my arrival. It consisted of essays by the faculty responding to charges of heretical teaching at the school. In my time there were a number of bishops across the church who would not allow their postulants to attend this seminary because of that reputation. The concern was caused by a lingering literalism about theology on the part of the critics, a literalism which still lurks here and there in various

estuaries and lagoons and backwaters of the Episcopal Church.

That EDS faculty, in the words of an old prayer, did not think themselves wiser than their fathers, but neither were they blind to new manifestations of truth. A statement of Peruvian theologian Gustavo Gutierrez, has often come to mind in this regard: "The history and traditions of the church are our heritage, not our boundaries." Are we only passive recipients of the grace of God, or are we sentient, thinking co-creators with God? And if not the latter, then what is the significance of our consciousness of self, that mysterious uniqueness which has marked us for eternity? Perhaps my most grateful recollection of those EDS years is the realization that I was taught nothing which I had later to unlearn. There was much I was not taught. There was much more I was not yet ready to learn. But what I did learn was sound coinage, and, invested, has continued to bear interest.

My consciousness of self I assumed, and still do, to be my most personal and precious patrimony. But it did not spring forth fully informed on ethical matters. Consequently, theological education has had to be a continuing concern. New experiences and problems demanded a new and deeper understanding. So it was, for example, when in both parochial and diocesan roles I encountered in virulent form the problem of racism. Beginning in the '40s with Gunnar Myrdal's landmark work, *An American Dilemma*, a study of racism in America, I found I had much to learn. But what I learned was congruent with what I felt about selfhood.

What, then, would this fact of human existence have to do with the question of racial subordination? One option is to recognize that this mystery of personhood is a gift which attaches to each and every other person, as to oneself. The other choice is to clutch this value as belonging solely to oneself, and risk — or indeed demonstrate — a mental aberration which is delusional. The God of all has no only child. The problem of racism is compounded of our personal prejudices, and the labyrinth of institutional forms and structures and practices in which they are embedded and perpetuated. A solution to racism must include a true evaluation of what it means to be a person — any person.

The Rt. Rev. Robert L. Dewitt, retired Bishop of Pennsylvania, is senior contributing editor of THE WITNESS and winner of the Episcopal Church Publishing Company's William Scarlett Award in 1985. The above article is excerpted from an address delivered as part of the Kellogg Lectures at Episcopal Divinity School, Cambridge.

The Vietnam war was another great learning experience for me. It taught me the danger that can come from unquestioned assumptions. In that instance the assumption was that government can be trusted to know what it is doing, and counted on to communicate the truth about what it is doing. It was a revelation to realize that across this nation there were hordes of beatniks, draft dodgers, draft card burners, drop-outs, who were closer to the truth of what was going on in Southeast Asia than were the official government communiques, and the media which published them.

John Milton said, "Who ever knew Truth bested in free and open encounter?" But I also learned from the Vietnam experience how bitter and costly that encounter can sometimes be. As I became clearer as to where truth lay in that struggle, and began to express myself publicly, I was astonished at the outrage that resulted — vestry petitions, Diocesan Council and Standing Committee debates, anonymous letters, an unfriendly press. But what is one to do when it is discovered that acting out the truth, consistent with one's sense of integrity, an act of being true to oneself, proves costly? This question has only one response — it is worth the price.

If Vietnam for many people was learning the power and influence of an established government, there are many others who have had a parallel experience with the powers of business and industry. I recall a meeting of the Executive Council of the Episcopal Church in the early '60s. The issue of investments in South Africa had come up, and before us was a resolution calling for the removal of the Council's accounts from banks which were doing business with South Africa.

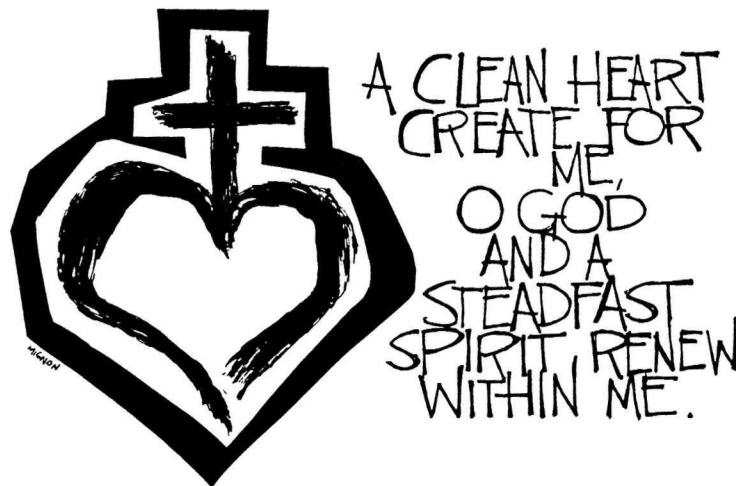
Bank officers came before the meeting to explain that we did not understand the complexities of the business, and that our proposed action would be counter-productive. They assured us that our hearts were in the right place, but that we were confused by matters we did not understand. Probably we did not know much about the intricacies of the banking industry. Certainly we were confused after the bank's explanation. The Council finally voted for disinvestment, but more from raw nerve-end morality than from a fully informed conscience. Many crucial ethical decisions will continue to be made before all the evidence is in, because the urgency of the issue cannot wait.

Back in the '40s I read a book entitled *Why Women Cry*, by Elizabeth Hawes. Paraphrased, the first sentence says, "This book is written for all the women who feel that if once more they have to wash that dish, do that laundry, clean that house, or kiss that husband, they will scream." My interest in women's liberation goes back a long way, but I am a slow learner. In fairness, it must be said that men have a lot to learn on that subject. Our socialization is such that it takes a lot of

wrestling to impute to others — in this case women — the same weight of value of selfhood which one ascribes to himself as a man. But it is fundamental to his own selfhood to do so. Else, again, he risks a demented consciousness of self which comes perilously close to mental delusion. Basically, God has children. Secondly, they may be sons, or daughters. But all are children of God, none with the bar sinister on their escutcheons.

At root, this matter of the meaning of selfhood is a theological question. It would be hard to find a more honest and authentic reason for studying theology, than to wonder about the connection between the Christian religion and one's own life. Kierkegaard once wrote: "A thinker erects an immense building, a system, a system which embraces the whole of existence and world history — and if we contemplate his personal life, we discover to our astonishment this terrible and ludicrous fact, that he himself personally does not live in this immense, high-vaulted palace, but in a barn alongside it, or in a dog kennel. . . ." It is so easy for us, in our devaluation of our selfhood, to go about the work of theology as though it were "over there." We are the poorer when we deal with things of incalculable worth which we do not appropriate for ourselves — to live in the dog kennel — because we know not our own worth. To what end do we venerate the mighty acts of God if we do not see the "for us" implications of those acts? The Incarnation, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection can draw from us a deeply-felt awe and astonishment. But so can Doug Flutie's last pass of the game. Doing theology is not a spectator sport.

Gutierrez, again, says: "Theology is reflection, a critical attitude. Theology *follows*; it is the second step. What Hegel used to say about philosophy can likewise be applied to theology: it rises only at sundown." Theology is reflection on action. It is a reflecting on what we have thought, said, done; a reflecting on the meaning of our involvements with and for others; a reflecting on the meaning of this self which thinks,



speaks, acts, gets involved. Without action, theology is specious. Without theology, action is directionless, or wrongly directed.

My theological reading since seminary has made vivid for me this principle of theology as reflection. Kierkegaard spoke to me, as he does to many, with an electric impact. He seemed to know that hidden secret inside each of us, that transcendent yet pathetic and vulnerable self without which we are lost, yet which we are always in danger of losing. "Only that man's life is wasted," he wrote, "who lived on, so deceived by the joys of life or by its sorrows that he never became eternally and decisively conscious of himself as spirit, as self . . ."

Then, too, I encountered Rudolf Bultmann. One of the ranking New Testament scholars of his time, he did not treat scripture as a compendium of things which were said long ago and far away. Rather, he pressed constantly the linkage between scripture and selfhood. He saw the Incarnation and its sequel not as an alien invasion, a "Close Encounter of the Third Kind." Instead, he saw God's coming to mankind as inseparable from mankind's coming to itself. The authenticity of God's coming to God's own is inseparable from a person's coming to claim his or her own God-given heritage.

Let me attempt to open the scriptures and to divide the Word. We are told in the Bible that "God fashioned mankind of dust from the soil. Then God breathed into their nostrils a breath of life, and thus mankind became a living being . . . God created mankind in the image of God, in the image of God they were created, male and female God created them."

Can you imagine yourself in God's image, as creator of your world? Not easily. God, we feel, is the potter, we are the clay. We are one more artifact placed with the collection on God's shelf. But there is more to it than that. That is not the whole story of our creation. We are made in the image of God — a whole population of little gods!

Think of this for a moment. You, a little god? You didn't create your world. Or did you? Did you not create *your* world? What you make of the world is *your* creation. What you see is what *you* see. What you feel is what *you* feel. What you think is what *you* think. What you do is what *you* do. And what you see, feel, think and do, is different from anyone and everyone else. Your world is your world. You created it, you continue to create it, day by day, year by year.

What you make of the world is the world you have made, your creation. The whole thing. Good and bad. The things that are a joy, and the things that are a mess. Your joy, your mess. Those who are your friends, and those you choose to think are your enemies. Your friends, your enemies. You made them. You are the creator-Lord of all you survey. Made in the image of God who created the world, you are therefore the little god of what-you-make-of-the-world.

But even being a little god is a heavy assignment. You can't just sit back and contemplate the world you have made, because some of it is not working out right. And so it is that the Bible tells us that God is not just the creator, but also the redeemer. God made the world, but also feels responsible for it, because God loves it. Have you ever tried to make over something which did not come out right? Untangling a quarrel with a friend? Facing ridicule? Being let down by a person on whom you depended? God has. And so, made in the image of God, you are not only the creator of what-you-make-of-the-world, but also are the redeemer of what is amiss in it. This, too, is your divine assignment. These "hard to live with" parts of your world are yours. And though at times some of these hard-to-live-with things seem too much to bear, and though you, too, like God would sometimes like to expunge what you cannot correct, nevertheless you are the image of God. You, too, are the creator and redeemer of *your* world.

Think of the social issues of your time — racism, sexism, classism, imperialism. They are the things that are demeaning people, others who like you are made in the image of God.

These issues are for you not optional. They are not only for those who happen to have an interest in that kind of thing. They are devaluations of you, blasphemies against the divine. The particular political judgments you make on these issues will result from your own insights. Your response will be a function of your own gifts for prayer, or speaking, or writing, or action with others. But you feign indifference or disinterest only at the peril of rejecting your own selfhood, because when we speak of these issues we are speaking not of some world out there, but of your world.

Do you think that too small a world, if it is incarnated in your consciousness? It is the only world there is, for you. And small? It includes all of your others, all of this world, and extends to the farthest reaches of the galaxies.

I have earlier referred to my most valuable possession, an awareness of the mysterious quality of my selfhood, the most stark and absolute fact of my existence. My life, ever since the birth of that awareness, has been a process of trying to get it into sharper focus, clarifying its identity, understanding its meaning. In that process Christian doctrine has been a means of grace for me. It has provided answers for the questions with which it seems I was born. Yet in attempting to realize the fulness of what it means to be the person I am, I am constantly falling short. Again and again I am discovering repressed parts of my being which I call "others" — other people, other places, other things. It is reassuring to me that in the church I find a fellowship of people similarly afflicted with unrealized potential. It is a veritable homecoming to be received into a church which is a Fellowship of the Incomplete, a Community of the Not Yet. I belong. And I am above all grateful

for the coming of Christ, who traces for me the authentic shape and destiny of my selfhood. This critical pilgrimage, yours and mine, is difficult enough as it is. Without that One, it would be a stumbling in the dark.

This is, indeed, a critical pilgrimage on which we have embarked. Where does it lead? There is one given, which seems unalterable. And that is the fact that you are the person you are, and one hopes you are conscious of your uniqueness, aware through that selfhood of your claim on eternity. A second given is that you have been situated in this place, in this time, with all the uncertainties and problems, as well as the excitements and novelties which mark this era as the swiftest-changing of any in history. A third given is that your culture, your nation, your church, and all your created universe are integrally related to you. One could say embodied in you — in your thinking, feeling, hoping, living. And perhaps finally one can say that your well-being, even your health, depends upon how carefully, how conscientiously, how caringly, you tend these inter-related parts of your existence. A theologian once said that if God had a body, it would be the universe. You are made in the image of God, and you do have a body.

I know myself too well to expect perfection of all the billions of my others who make up this human family, a perfection of which I am by no means capable myself. And yet, must we assume and believe that there is no way in which the structures of society can be arranged, or re-arranged, so that gross poverty, hunger, inequality, and the threat of war will no longer hang over us as a sword of Damocles? Old Testament scholars, and particularly Norman Gottwald in his volume *The Tribes of Yahweh*, tell us that the biblical Israel which produced the Old Testament was an amalgam of many disparate groups who came together with a common concern. Their stories were all the same, though the particulars differed. One group, which came out of Egypt from slavery joined with other groups of outcasts whom they encountered in Canaan. Banding together, they all adopted the name, and the story, and the god, of the group from Egypt, because they all had been in slavery, they all were looking for release and relief. And from that bonding came one of the most — if not the most — striking and stunning human experiments human history has ever known. It produced a people who produced the Bible. It changed the course of human history.

Think of those who make up the underside of our current history — Blacks, Hispanics, Native Americans, women, gays, the poor, the unemployed, the destitute, the addicts, the hungry. Is it too much to hope that they can find the commonality which will enable them, as was the case with the ancient Israelites, to band together and write a new chapter in

history? Can they create a chapter which will see the abolition of at least the grossest abuses of our societal order, and usher in a new era of relative justice, of reasonable equality, of at least an approximation of genuinely human existence on this planet? I am not willing to relinquish this hope.

The Bible leaves no doubt that a great reversal is in the mind of God. Our God has put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. For the sake of *your* world, *your* culture, *your* nation, *your* church, may you be an instrument of that great reversal. But if that kingdom delay its coming, for God's sake, for your own sake, watch for signs of its coming, and be faithful. ■

The healing of a blind man

He asked him, "Do you see anything?" He said, "I see men, for I am seeing them like trees walking about."
Mark 8:23-24

Maybe he was worse off than other blind men, like a demolished jalopy compared to a Cadillac with a dent.

Maybe before he became blind he was nearsighted. Jesus corrected that problem with the second shot of power.

Maybe he had less faith than the average, only enough to get to midsight.

Maybe miracles occasionally need fine tuning, like a tv or a camera or a carburetor.

Maybe the people the healed man happened to see were thin, haggard, twiglike.

Maybe he was crying and the tears blurred his vision. Or maybe he got carried away and started to black out. Or maybe a speck of dust was in his eye.

Maybe Jesus wasn't feeling well. His power, like a much used battery, had gotten low. (But, of course, this is impossible).

Frankly, I can't figure it out. When I get to heaven, I think I'll ask Him. Question number three thousand, four hundred sixty-eight.

— Mark R. Littleton

The lessons of

Campus protests across the United States escalated in March and April, urging colleges and universities to oppose apartheid by divesting in corporations doing business in South Africa. One such site was Yale University, reported to have between \$350 and \$400 million invested in such corporations. By the end of April, some 300 people had been arrested in connection with anti-apartheid protests on the Ivy League campus. They included students, members of Yale's clerical workers union Local 34, public officials, ministers, and labor union leaders. In addition to criminal charges, approximately 100 students faced university disciplinary procedures as well.

The scenario unfolded like this: In early April, students erected a shantytown, "Winnie Mandela City," opposite the Yale Administration Building. On April 15 at 5:30 a.m., police arrived to dismantle Winnie Mandela City with sledgehammers. Seventy-nine protestors who were camped there refused to leave, and were arrested. The next day, the Yale Office of Investments, which has overseen the steady expansion of investments in South Africa, was the focal point of arrests, with 22 students apprehended. The following morning, 61 students who had camped in front of the Investment Office were arrested for trespassing and suspended from the university without a hearing.

In response to continued pressure, the Yale Administration has given permission for Winnie Mandela City to be rebuilt on its original location and to remain there through commencement. Yale also scheduled a special meeting of the trustees to discuss the issue of divestment, and finally, the Administration announced that it would send a two-week factfinding group to South Africa in June.

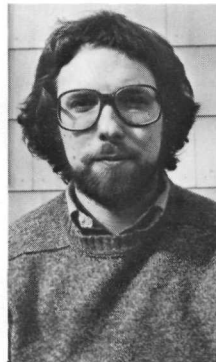
The accompanying article by Joseph H. Summers, a seminarian from the Diocese of Michigan, who participated in the demonstrations, reveals his reflections the day following his arrest.

At a time when so many Americans seem enamored by its mystique, it seems appropriate to reflect on the degree to which counterterrorism can help to preserve peace and civilized society. My own reflections come out of participating in a recent sit-in against Yale's support of apartheid in South Africa, and the response it met on the part of the New Haven police department.

First, let me say that although I am only 30 years old I have definite memories of segregation. I remember segregation as a kind of murder: the murder of the identity and culture of a people; the murder of the souls of White people who closed their hearts to avoid the fate of those who cared. I remember watching a Black youth in my parish bleed to death because a White hospital across the street from my church refused to give him medical care, or provide an ambulance to take him to the colored hospital 14 miles away.

Just as brutal military dictatorships are necessary to maintain order in Third World countries where people are starving to death because of payments these countries must make to the International Monetary Fund and World Bank, so too the systemic violence we call segregation

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was necessary to keep Black people in subhuman conditions.

This brings us to South Africa, where many of the very same people — like Ronald Reagan, who supported and defended segregation to the very end, and called those who challenged it communist or communist-manipulated — are now supporting apartheid. As a Christian, the moral imperative I feel in opposing apartheid is clear. A nation of people are being murdered culturally, psychically and physically.

Though it is incredible that slavery of the kind found in South Africa could exist in the 20th century, it is only slightly less incredible that those who consider themselves heirs to a legacy that is opposed to slavery should not see it in their interest to overthrow it. Instead, U.S. corporations and universities whose endowments are invested in them, have for years profited by the wages they can pay people who have no basic legal or human rights and have in the process played a vital role in the maintenance and development of this system.

Several other factors led me to challenge the Yale Corporation's support of apartheid. One had to do with coming home after having helped to break up a fight between youths threatening each other with an assortment of weapons, only to watch an old film called "Angels with Dirty Faces." In this film, a priest who is working with similar youth realizes that as long as those at the top continue to profit from violence and injustice, there is no way he is going to be able to convince such youth that there is a better way. This seems especially true when the only economy open to them is the underground economy of crime. This priest's realization that he had to go after

counterterrorism

by Joseph H. Summers

the people at the top if the people at the bottom were going to be able to create any decent life for themselves reminded me of something I knew, but which is easy to forget when you're in the midst of a community which seems so cut off from those at the top. It also helped to wake up that morning and read that Bishop Desmond Tutu had been named head of the Anglican church in South Africa. I felt that if this bishop of my church could risk his life for his people, the least I could do to support him in this struggle was to suffer the loss of study time.

Despite all this, it was still difficult to sit down yesterday. The idea of being arrested and going to jail is frightening for me. Those who think that people are just having fun should realize there is no better way to overcome fear than to sing, clap, and shout. And yet it became clear that it was, and is, a moral imperative for me to do all in my power to get Yale to divest.

Having said this I would like to speak to the counterterrorism which is used in this country, as I experienced but a tiny portion of it in my arrest; and to raise the issue of where the use of counterterrorism is leading us as a nation.

First, let me say plainly that my arrest reminded me of the degree to which our criminal justice system is a form of counterterrorism which operates on the notion that terrorizing those who have broken the law will keep them from doing it again. Those who have been subject to the terror of criminal violence, may think that this response is appropriate; but I would like to directly challenge its effectiveness. Having been through this minor arrest and jail experience, it is not surprising to me that while ever increasingly large sectors of our population are arrested and put in jail, our society con-



Student protestor being carried off by New Haven police.

tinues to become less safe.

The philosophy which appears to guide the New Haven jail seems to be based on the belief that through rendering people totally powerless and therefore absolutely dependent, you will foster obedience and cooperation. (I do not mean to suggest New Haven is unique in this.) This philosophy can be seen in the refusal to let prisoners know what is going to happen to them next, and in not giving definite responses to questions. Prisoners cannot go to the bathroom or flush the toilet without asking someone for help, because toilet paper is not in the cells and the toilets can only be flushed from outside the jail cells. (This latter point becomes more of an issue when you understand that nine people are crammed into cells the length and breadth of a bed.) There probably is a practical explanation for all these things (understaffing, not wanting to mislead people, fear that people will break the toilets) but I suspect that such mechanisms and rules

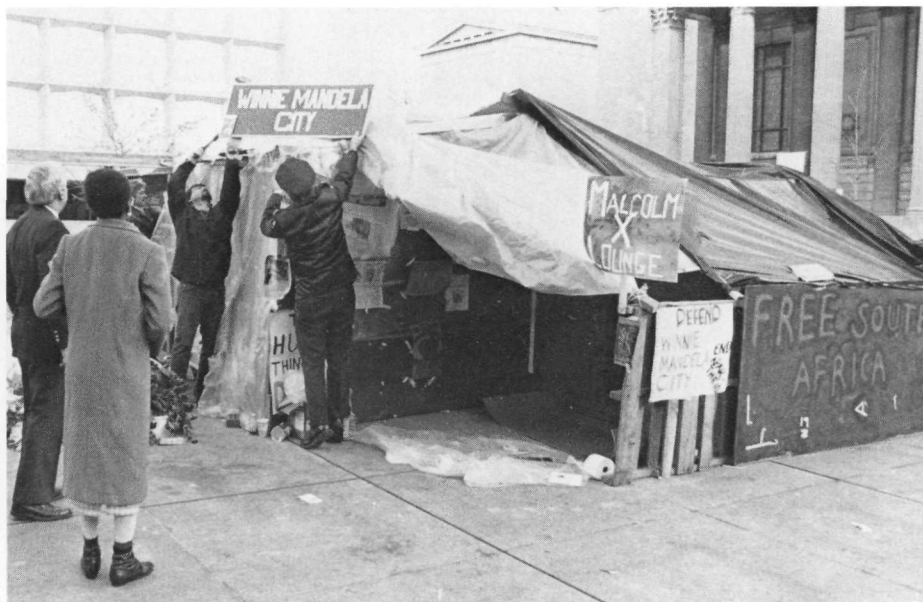
are created in the belief that the more powerless a person is, the more pliable he or she will become.

Perhaps they do make people temporarily more acquiescent, but it's hard to imagine anyone not hating those responsible for stripping them of their human dignity in this fundamental way. I am afraid that individually the police bear the brunt of this anger and hatred. It is important to say that although there were some indications that police were going out of their way to intimidate us, I am sure that it was less than the average prisoner experiences. It seems clear to me that for this reason anyone working in the jails should go through a regular re-sensitization program through experiencing what life is like on the other side.

The essence of the terror I experienced in my arrest is best represented not by the memory of being one of nine held in a six by six foot cell with nothing in it but a bunk bed and a combination toilet drinking fountain for over six and a half

hours at the mercy of people who either actively resented our presence there or for whom we were at least a nuisance. It is best represented by the trucks the New Haven Police Department used for our arrest. They are essentially mini-moving vans in which prisoners are put in a metal box which has no windows, no grating, no light, no ventilation and no way of communicating with the driver. These were the containers we were put in after we were arrested for our orderly and non-violent demonstration, and within which we were taken to the police station. These were the containers we were left in after we arrived at the police station, presumably as they processed the first group of 12 non-violent demonstrators arrested before us. As the eight of us sat in this dark, hot, airless van which is perhaps five feet long and three feet across, with no way to communicate with anyone outside, I could not help but think of Elie Wiesel's descriptions of the freight cars that Jews were loaded into, the cars that helped to drive so many people insane before they even got to the concentration camps. I found the 40 or so minutes in this van far more frightening than when I put myself between two outraged teenagers with knives. It came as close to what the Hebrew Scriptures portray as the dominion of death, the place where one is totally isolated, where there is no light, no air, no space, as anything I have ever experienced.

One of those arrested mentioned that if they ever put his mother in one of these vans, given her age and heart condition, it would kill her. I was left wondering how many have died in such vans because their cries were unheard or unheeded. I can easily see the youth I work with who have experienced such a trip either attacking the police, or running away despite police orders to stop, for fear of being put in such a van. The New Haven Police department may argue that similar vans are used elsewhere, but



New Haven police dismantle original shantytown. Yale union workers refused to participate.

I would like to see what medical studies have been done on how these vans affect people in terms of the stress that they create. I suspect that it might be somewhat comparable to being locked in the trunk of a car.

The only possible excuse for such vans is as an instrument of counterterrorism, something the police can use to terrorize those they have arrested, either to punish them, or to make them more compliant. The lesson I learned was that I would do everything in my power to keep anyone I loved from being put in such a van, even if they did not have heart problems. As with the experience in jail, feeling but a tiny bit of what Blacks experience all the time in South Africa, feeling what large sections of our population regularly undergo, helped me experience all the more strongly the need to challenge the process.

My final point: From all I can see, counterterrorism does not stop those who are suffering from real injustice and it dehumanizes those who exercise it. We saw how easily terror became an accepted fact of life in World War II.

When Mussolini and Franco first bombed civilian populations it was considered the act of total barbarism, and yet by the end of the war most of the Western powers had come to use this kind of terrorism as a basic part of their military strategy.

Currently we see counterterrorism more and more widely used by our government both domestically and internationally. Internationally, the latest incident is the raid on Libya with its civilian casualties; but it is perhaps better illustrated by the administration's mercenary army, the Contras, who are known throughout the world for their willingness to murder Nicaraguan civilians, including women and children. That Britain and Israel are being held up as models for how to deal with terrorism should cause people to think twice about how effective this strategy has been with the Irish or with the Arabs.

At home we see this counterterrorism most graphically in the willingness to expand the powers of the police and incarcerate larger and larger sectors of the population, and also in the attempts to

silence political dissent. Nowhere is this latter issue more graphically illustrated than in the increasing use of conspiracy laws as a way of multiplying penalties infinitely. Recently, in response to non-violent sit-ins in front of the manufacturers of the engines for the cruise missiles, the Michigan Supreme Court unanimously upheld a judge's right to hold people indefinitely in prison unless they promise not to protest there any more. Some have already been imprisoned for months as a result. What would the United States look like today if we had had laws that would have allowed the courts to keep people in the labor movement or the civil rights movement in jail until they agreed not to protest anymore.

The lessons of history are clear. Terror can rule for a day but its reign will not last. Temporarily, it forces people into the same kind of despair that is reflected in the meaningless attacks on American citizens, attacks which can accomplish no political goal save to satisfy a thirst for revenge. But eventually, partly because some have learned to withstand its blows and others are simply unable to stand them any longer, people rise up and demand their place in the sun. Ideally this takes the form of a nonviolent movement such as the civil rights movement.

It can also take the form of a mutually destructive war. If nonviolent change is possible people will inevitably prefer it, but if, as we have seen in South Africa, nonviolent movements meet no response and/or are violently crushed, they will just as inevitably be pushed towards war. Terrorism, whether in the form of bombings abroad, or violent crime at home, will only be ended if the United States uses its power to do something about the conditions which force people into the kind of hopelessness that fosters such insane actions. The Yale University administration can only avoid the confrontations it claims to be appalled by, if it begins to show a willingness to let non-violent protests be heard. ■

Letters . . . Continued from page 3

appropriately been involved in lobbying democratic governments for the use of national resources for humane purposes.

When the issue has to do with drugs, or pornography, or child abuse, or abortion, frequently church people will try to organize to express power for their view of the good in society. But when the issues are more important, war and peace, the overthrow of governments (Nicaragua), or the holding up of corrupt ones (El Salvador), church people somehow are strangely silent. We have just as much power on these issues as others, and we are called to use it. God in His grace gives us the courage to fail as well as to succeed. He nowhere gives us the vocation to do nothing and to resent power as though power in itself were of the Devil.

The glory of the Christian gospel is that God's goodness is not only better but ultimately more powerful than all forms of darkness. Our vocation is not to renounce power, but to use our intelligence in the power of the Holy Spirit to perceive where God is at work in all creation, and in all human institutions, and help.

The Rev. Frederick F. Johnson
Spring Valley, N.Y.

Needs deeper argument

I have enjoyed reading Jack Spong. He is always out there in the front lines. Most of the time one is in agreement, but at the same time the argument needs somehow to be driven deeper. He is right when he says it is okay for us in the church to have lost power in our own time. (This refers, of course, to mainline churches; the evidence is something else for the religious right.) Many have felt for years that a lot of lay people let themselves be gulled by terribly inept and incompetent clergy out of a false sense of loyalty to an imagined piety. In America in particular one ought to view clergy privilege and titles with the deepest of suspicion and disrespect. We have deserved, even begged, to be pulled down from our pedestals, and it is hard to mourn that it has happened.

There is in that a kind of holy and wonderful irony which is that pulled down we are better off, more Christ-like, than we were before. No one is giving way for us any longer.

Yet something more ought to be said. Of course, power is profoundly seductive, and the best way of getting one's way is by applying power. Power always convinces its user of her or his moral righteousness, and of the need to get power in order to get the good done. Fernando Marcos, Baby Doc, and every president of the United States has steadfastly proven this simple truth.

So, one may march up and down in front of the White House with a sign in favor of this or that, but if you want to win, getting on TV and into congressional office is the way to go. We may be able to give theological and intellectual assent to the idea of a powerless Christ, but we *believe* that we cannot get the good done unless we adopt power as our best hope.

What that means is that all of us are entangled in a kind of blasphemy (the presumption, in this case, of knowing the mind of God). This is the great dilemma of Christian ministry. To do good we must adopt the tools of evil.

It seems there is not much which can be done about that. But, perchance, we could be a touch less self-righteous that our own convictions are the convictions of God, a touch more willing to confess our inordinate love of power (which we nearly all exercise in our personal affairs as much as the public ones), and a willingness to 'fess finally that the power trip of humans is not the power trip of God.

Only in powerlessness can God's will finally be done. The mark of our frailty and sinfulness is that we will nearly always settle for the short gain, rather than the Kingdom itself. We cannot bear the truth that to give up power would mean, in fact, to be crucified, and others, far more innocent with us. But the day we do it is the very day the Kingdom of God will come in.

Douglas Evett
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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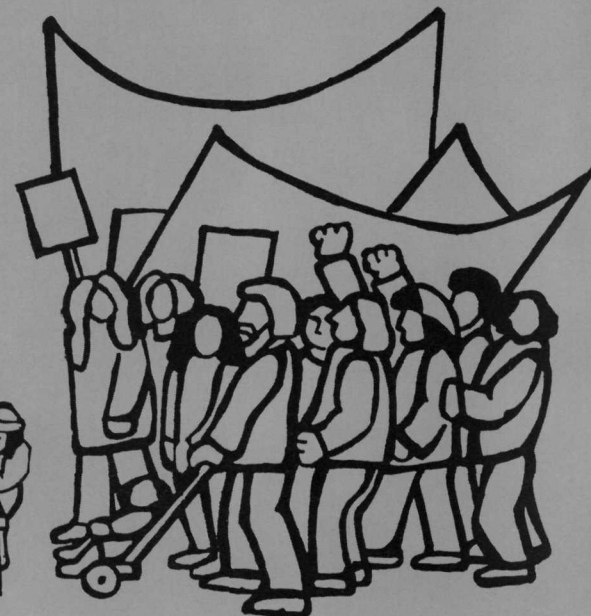
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