

VOLUME • 72 NUMBER • 9 SEPTEMBER 1989

THE WITNESS

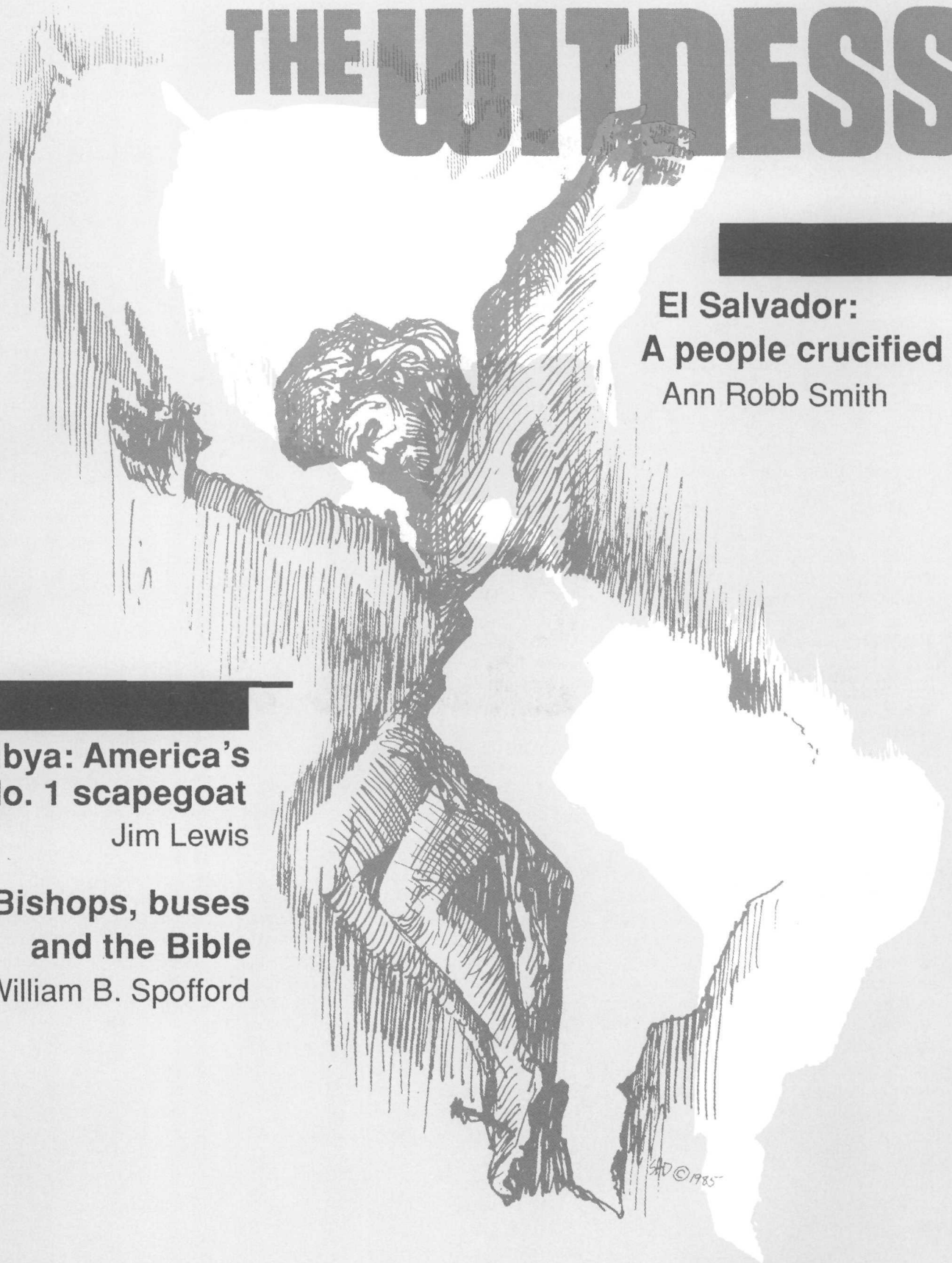
**El Salvador:
A people crucified**
Ann Robb Smith

**Libya: America's
No. 1 scapegoat**

Jim Lewis

**Bishops, buses
and the Bible**

William B. Spofford



AD © 1985

Letters

In 'Catch 22' position

The Beverly Harrison interview in the June issue is the most sensible I have read thus far in addressing the issues of ethical responsibility, reproductive choice and abortion. Abortion is not, has never been an isolated, single issue.

So often when I have exposed myself as pro-choice I have been labeled anti-life/pro-abortion. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Pro-choice goes so much further than the abortion issue, as Harrison has pointed out. The right to choose also includes the right to choose *not* to have an abortion. It includes the right to choose *not* to be sexually active — for both men and women. It includes the right to choose not to have children at all.

The female in our culture is in a "Catch 22" position from birth. Even as a small child she is encouraged by our culture to be cute, coy, flirtatious and seductive toward males. When this gets her into a compromising position with a man later in life she is the one who is expected to put a halt to possible sexual activity. Then she may be called every manner of obscene name for being "fickle." Sometimes this ends in rape or at the very least unwanted sexual activity. She is taught to defer to the male so when she does not, she feels, or is made to feel, guilty, which can lead to sexual activity which she does not want or feels is inappropriate.

It is time that we teach our male children (and adults) that they have just as much responsibility for avoiding sexual activity which may result in pregnancy as do females. No woman (with one possible exception) ever got pregnant without the presence of male sperm, but the woman is usually the one who takes the abuse, and if abortion is not the choice she makes, she is the one whose life will most probably be affected negatively.

Judith P. Yeakel
Langley, Wash.

Educate the middle

I would like to say that your June issue was excellent, balanced and sound, dealing with abortion from a number of important perspectives. Also there was an awareness of the complexity of the issue.

So many of the people on both sides are talking past each other. We can't reach the fanatical Right-to-Lifers, but can, I think, convince many perplexed people in the middle — particularly liberal Roman Catholics — who have positive attitudes about sexuality and contraception but are troubled by questions of when a human person actually appears in the reproductive process. Is passage through the birth canal that point or does it occur before — or even after in the case of some gravely deformed infants doomed to half lives of dehumanized existence.

The only fresh comment I have heard recently was made by a biologist who said that had those in his profession done an adequate educational job in recent years, few people would confuse an early fetus with a human person.

Now sadly, we must devote time, money and energy to the cause — resources one wishes could be put to other purposes and needs. With every good wish and gratitude for your good work.

The Rt. Rev. George W. Barrett
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Uniformly excellent

I found your issue on reproductive freedom uniformly excellent. I write about Elizabeth Maxwell's short piece in particular. Although describing one young woman's decision, she at the same time makes one of the most powerful arguments for ordaining women. I seldom see this mentioned, yet it is irrefutable. The high school senior came to see Maxwell because "I saw a woman's name on the sign outside."

This is not an isolated experience. We

women priests hear it often. Some people will only seek the pastoral care they need from a woman, just as some will seek it only from a man. Would those who oppose ordaining women deny this care to those seeking guidance and spiritual advice and comfort?

How ironic that this example of a uniquely women's ministry should appear in an issue containing letters attacking the elevation of Barbara Harris to the episcopate.

The Rev. Bea Blair
New York, N.Y.

RCAR address sought

Thank you for the excellent issue on abortion. Many of your authors were from the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights (RCAR). I could find no address for this group. Could you please print it?

Leonora Holder
Long Beach, Cal.

(RCAR, composed of 30 national Protestant, Jewish and other faith groups which have joined together to preserve the legal option of abortion, can be reached at 100 Maryland Ave. NE, Suite 307, Washington, D.C. 20002. Tel. 202-543-7032 — Ed.)

Abortion capital crime

There are so many statements in the June issue that I don't agree with that it's hard to know where to begin. I expect many of the people who support abortion are against capital punishment, which seems highly ironic. Capital punishment is a good phrase for what happens to the hapless person in fetal form who makes the mistake of being unwanted. How in heaven's name people who profess to love God and be followers of Jesus can support this form of capital punishment is incomprehensible. Our God is a God of mercy. Where is the mercy in the June WITNESS?

It isn't an either/or question — either a miserable mother or the death of a child yet to be born. There are many other possibilities. For the love of our Savior, think!

Virginia M. Jones, MSSW
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Cancel sub

The June WITNESS nauseates and scandalizes my religious sensitivities. I could hardly believe that the Episcopal Church would be for abortion — murder of a living “fetus” — under the guise of “pro-creative freedom.” Please remove my name from your subscription list immediately. May God forgive all of you.

Margaret R. Fox
Washington, D.C.

Female PB next?

Your issue on procreative freedom took a sensitive issue and handled it well. Bravo!

As a feminist male, I am overjoyed at the gains made by women so far and I hope to see even more. How about a female Presiding Bishop someday?

Keep up your co-creative work with God. Remember that those chastised in God's name will be comforted by our loving Creator.

Patrick Schwing
Cincinnati, Ohio

Male bashing offensive

I take offense at the male-bashing that I sometimes find in THE WITNESS, especially since I generally share your progressive editorial views. Let the following words, from the editor herself, suffice. In the interview with Beverly Harrison, the following question is asked: “Politically, don't men take it for granted that they can exercise their own power in society over life and death issues — conduct wars, build nuclear missiles, engage in toxic experiments which

endanger fetal life?”

This observation is not limited to “men.” Margaret Thatcher led the British to war with Argentina and opposed the recent, more progressive movement in NATO for disarmament led by Helmut Kohl. Also, all men do not fit this bill. I have a hard time seeing how this statement about “men” fits someone like Gandhi or Martin Luther King, Jr., and for that matter, myself.

If you expect individuals to be conscious of the use of inclusive language, as you should, should you not guard against such sexist stereotypes as implied in this question?

The Rev. Raymond F. Person, Jr.
Durham, N.C.

(Perhaps it would have been more objective to phrase the question, “Politically, don't men generally . . .” But the point is that women are still second class citizens — ruled by or locked into patriarchal power structures and institutions — the world over. Until this system of doing things changes, oppression and injustice will continue. —Ed.)

Lauds summer issues

The June issue on procreative freedom is superb. I cannot praise you too much. It's gorgeous and is bound to make an imprint on the church. I wish you all success with it. Hurrah!

And the July-August issue also moved me. The Pittston strike reenacts everything we went through back in the early twenties! Old Bill Spofford would cry with joy to read this issue. Thanks to all who took part in it.

Joseph Fletcher
Charlottesville, Va.

(More letters, pro and con, on our issue about War in the Coal Fields in October; plus an update on the strike. —Ed.)

Not without honor

In looking over the July/August issue I was struck that the WITNESS cover

from the 1984 special issue commemorating women's ordination was repeated in Julie Wortman's article and it has a new meaning for me: I found that the symbol for woman at the center reminded me of Barbara Harris as the bishops laid hands on her in Boston, and the rest of the design represented the bishops. Its black-and-whiteness also reminded me of the way in which our differences of color can be united and interwoven in spiritually moving and momentous events such as that consecration.

But I must take exception to the title, “Still prophets without honor.” The spirit of the Philadelphia Eleven is often found in groups where women are continuing the struggle. Their ordination may not be put forward in political arenas, but perhaps that is to be expected. In matters of strength and spirit, however, I believe that each of them is honored and not forgotten.

Beatrice Pasternak
St. Louis, Mo.

Dog ate letter, too?

Did the dog eat our letter, too? You wondered “if the dog ate the homework” in your editorial, “Shell shock and other 815 surprises.” Then in your comments about our letter responding to that editorial in the July/August issue you enjoyed the correctness of your conjecture. Did the dog eat the following sentences from our last paragraph?

We sought to use the power of our ownership responsibly; we did so in concert/conjunction with other churches and other pension funds both within and without this country. Perhaps you will enjoy as we did the irony that among the members of the coalition (who owned shares of Royal Dutch) listed by the ICCR was the Diocesan Investment Trust of Newark.

Having held before us in your editorial

Continued on page 20

THE WITNESS

Editor Mary Lou Suhor
Assistant Editor Susan E. Pierce
Promotion Manager Lynne Hoekman
Editorial Assistant Susan Small

Sr. Contributing Editor Robert L. DeWitt

Contributing Editors Barbara C. Harris
Carter Heyward
James Lewis
Manning Marable
J. Antonio Ramos
William W. Rankin

Publisher Episcopal Church Publishing Co.

ECPC BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Chair J. Antonio Ramos

Vice-Chair Carman St. J. Hunter

Secretary Gloria Brown

Treasurer Robert N. Eckersley

John H. Burt
Alice Callaghan
Otis Charles
Migdalia DeJesus-Torres
William R. MacKaye
Nan Arrington Peete
William W. Rankin
Chester L. Talton
Chris Weiss

THE WITNESS (ISSN0197-8896) is published monthly except July/August by The Episcopal Church Publishing Company. Editorial Office: P.O. Box 359, Ambler, PA 19002. Telephone (215) 643-7067. THE WITNESS is indexed in *Religious and Theological Abstracts* and the American Theological Library Association's *Religion Index One Periodicals*. University Microfilms International, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106, reproduces this publication in microform: microfiche and 16 mm or 35 mm film. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1989. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$20 per year, \$2.50 per copy. Foreign subscriptions add \$5 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please advise of changes at least 6 weeks in advance. Include your label from the magazine and send to: Subscription Dept., THE WITNESS, P.O. Box 359, Ambler PA 19002.

THE WITNESS



Table of Contents

- 6 El Salvador: A people crucified
Ann Robb Smith
- 10 Libya: America's No. 1 scapegoat
Jim Lewis
- 12 Reflections from a prisoner's journal
Sam Day
- 15 Bishops, buses and the Bible
William B. Spofford
- 18 An interview with Sarah Weddington
Jan Nunley
- 22 Integrity dialogue hopes thwarted
Louie Crew

Credits Cover graphic by Sr. Helen David, design by TSI Visuals; graphic p. 7, Sr. Helen David; graphics p. 9, 15, Lee Miller; graphics p. 10, 11, IFOR's *Reconciliation International*; graphic p. 17, Len Munnick, WCC's *Forum*.

Editorial

The making of a stacked Supreme Court

Our guest editorial this month is by Martin Schram, syndicated columnist with United Features. ©1989 United Features Syndicate, Inc. Reprinted by permission.

Sorry to say, the Supreme Court's whittling of abortion rights is the ultimate pro-choice decision.

Pro-choice — as in our choice. We made our choice in 1980, again in 1984, and for good measure we reaffirmed it in 1988. We made it even though we knew we would someday regret it.

We made our choice when we elected and reelected Ronald Reagan, despite his repeated warnings to us that he intended to pack the Supreme Court (in fact, all our courts) with judges who would abort the precedent-setting decisions that affirmed a woman's right to have a safe abortion.

It's perverse but true: We pick our presidents these days even though we may disagree with them on fundamental issues. We chose Reagan, for example, even though we disagreed with him on most issues — the deficit, defense spending, the environment and especially, abortion.

Polls show that we have for years believed women have both the right to have an abortion and the right to make for themselves this very personal decision that affects their bodies. A recent Gallup Poll showed that 58% of Americans did not want the court to roll back its 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision, which (as the pollster phrased it for those interviewed) “ruled that states cannot place restrictions on a woman's right to an abortion during the first three months of pregnancy.” Just 37% wanted the ruling overturned and 5% were undecided.

Also, in another Gallup survey last October, a whopping 66% of us opposed the Reagan Administration's decision to withhold government funds from clinics

providing abortion counseling. Only 26% of us backed the Reagan decision.

Yet, here we are, stuck with a carefully stacked court that has given us just what we don't want. The Rehnquist court has dropped on us a neutron bomb ruling: It left standing the shell of *Roe v. Wade* but wiped out the vitals that were inside.

Abortions are not illegal — yet. But by upholding a Missouri law that bars public employees and public funds from being used in abortions unless the life of the mother is endangered, and by inviting each state to set its own laws, the Supreme Court has struck hardest at those who can least afford it.

This will be the result: America will become a land of safe abortions for the well-to-do. Poor women will be left to their own devices — and those of quacks. Safe abortions will still be available for women who can afford to pay private physicians and hospitals, or who can afford to shop from state to state until they find one that will permit a safe, publicly assisted abortion.

As our TV weathermen say, there is no relief in sight; in fact, it just figures to get worse. Three of the four dissenting justices in the latest abortion decision are the court's only octogenarians. Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., an Eisenhower appointee who turned out to be a court moderate, is 83; Justice Thurgood Marshall, a Johnson appointee who is the court's only liberal vote, is 81; Justice Harry A. Blackmun, a Nixon appointee who proved to be a court moderate and the author of the original *Roe vs. Wade* ruling, is 80.

Actuarial tables tell us it's possible

President Bush could wind up naming replacements for all three. Also Justice Byron R. White, a Kennedy appointee who has turned out to be one of the court's most conservative justices, is 72 and has talked of retirement. If Bush winds up picking successors to Marshall and White, we will have a Supreme Court comprised of justices chosen entirely by Republican presidents.

The true legacy of the Reagan years is that he bequeathed to us a Supreme Court that will rule our lives and those of our children and grandchildren in ways that are not to our liking. For this, we have only ourselves to blame — that is ourselves and Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis, who never could focus public perceptions on the danger we faced from an all-conservative court.

Just this past week, the news reminded us of all there was to know about the Reagan presidency and why we wound up with government policies we opposed. There was the sentencing of Ollie North and the scandals of HUD — reminders of all our president never cared to know. There was the Supreme Court's abortion ruling — a reminder of all we never cared to know about what his decisions could do to us.

But then there was that news report about Reagan himself — a reminder of why he'd captured our spirit and our votes in the first place. Ever-heroic, he was riding the range at age 78 when the horse bucked and landed him first on the ground and briefly in a hospital. “My own private rodeo,” Reagan reportedly quipped.

What a guy. That's what we like in our presidents.

El Salvador: A people crucified

by Ann Robb Smith

Her name is Carmen. Her face, framed by waves of black hair, is infinitely sad. She is Rachel, weeping for her children. She is Mary, keeping vigil at the death of her son. She is one of the Comadres of El Salvador — a mother of the disappeared...

We had come to El Salvador to learn and to see for ourselves what was happening there. We were participants in a travel seminar, sponsored by the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia in conjunction with the Center for Global Education at Augsburg College, Minneapolis. Our assorted group included seminarians, several pastors, a theology professor, a seminary dean, a community organizer, a church worker and a child psychiatrist. We were a long way from home.

The Comadres came together as an organization at the suggestion of Roman Catholic Archbishop Oscar Romero, who was murdered by death squads, as a way of redeeming their suffering and the loss of their loved ones. Their office was in a little house on a side street in San Salvador, lined with pink and cream stucco row houses. The street looked quiet in the morning sunshine, but there were sandbags around the doorway to the Comadres' house and we were urged to go in quickly. The house had been dynamited two years ago. Recently there have been renewed threats.

We met with Carmen and two other women in the small front room. They "saluted us for our humanity" in coming

to visit them.

One of the women said, "For nine years we have suffered — disappearances, jailings, assassination. Seventy thousand civilians have died. Thousands have been assassinated by the death squads. Between 1980 and 1983 sometimes we would see 25 to 30 bodies along a roadside. The Comadres search for the disappeared. Many have never been found. Our struggle is to find out what happened to them and to get them back alive. There are secret jails and they might be hidden there."

"Who is arrested? What have they done?" we asked.

"Union members, human rights workers, church people and priests are threatened and arrested. CRIPDES (the Christian Committee for Displaced Persons) was attacked. They accused us of being guerrillas because we organize to stop oppression. One of our leaders was arrested just a few days ago. We are protesting. One of our members has been captured four times, tortured and accused of being a guerrilla. We expect the situation to get worse because the leaders of the new government are also the leaders of the death squads. We ask you to be alert. We expect more captures," she said.

"Why are you here? Why do you stay?" we asked.

When the woman named Carmen answered we heard in her voice the age-old mourning of a mother for her child.

"I have been here since my son was assassinated in July 1979. We found him five days after he disappeared. He was missing his tongue and his eyes. One of his legs had been cut off. We found him with two of his friends. They were

wrapped in sacks. His name was Emmanuel."

She spoke his name clearly and slowly. It was important to speak his name. It was his memorial.

"What did he do?" we asked.

"He was a carpenter."

"What can we do?"

"Ask the United States to stop military aid to El Salvador," Carmen said. "The aid does not help us. It just makes the bombardments possible and pays the death squads. Take our message to the women in the United States. Tell them not to allow their sons to come to El Salvador."

The U.S. sends \$1.5 million per day into El Salvador, making that tiny country — the size of Massachusetts — one of the top five world-wide recipients of Washington's generosity. As a result, the Salvadoran army grew in the last decade from a force of 10,000 to 56,000 troops. In spite of this massive aid, 70% of the population remain under or unemployed and the per capita income has dropped.

"Where do the dollars go?" we asked a U.S. embassy official. He replied that, in addition to the military, humanitarian and economic aid, we also give cash for the balance of payments owed to the United States.

"In other words," we said, "the cash given by the U.S. government to El Salvador goes back into U.S. banks."

"That's right," he answered.

It was tense the entire time we were in El Salvador. We had been warned that we might have difficulty entering the country. However we were admitted without incident and breathed a sigh of relief when we passed through immigration. Our relief was short-lived.

Ann Robb Smith is in her final year at the Lutheran Seminary in Philadelphia and is a candidate for holy orders in the Diocese of Pennsylvania. She traveled in El Salvador and Nicaragua in May and June of this year.

Our travel seminar guides from the Center for Global Education gave us strict instructions. No photographs of soldiers or military installations. No photographs of any of the people we interviewed unless specific permission was given. We were to keep our voices low. We were told not to say dangerous words like Cuba, Nicaragua, Marxism, guerrilla, Lutheran Church or FMLN (the guerrilla front). We were warned we would be under surveillance, that all long-distance calls were monitored, and we were to mention no names over the telephone. We were told to keep any posters or pamphlets that we might receive out of sight, and our Bibles too. Church people who work with the poor are suspected of being sympathetic to the guerrilla movement so Bibles could be considered subversive. We were told not to go out at night because it was not safe.

The night we arrived in El Salvador, a group of urban guerrillas attacked the barracks of the First Army Brigade as well as three other targets in the city. Reports varied as to whether three or eight guerrillas had been killed. The army claimed they had received no casualties. We heard gunfire almost every night.

We spotted the first man watching us at breakfast the first morning we were in El Salvador. He stood on a street corner across from the hotel, clearly visible through the open window. Our group of 16 people was watched by two men. They were not very subtle in their surveillance. It was quite obvious to all of us. They also searched the suitcases in our hotel rooms.

We left the city to visit a little village established for war refugees by the Lutheran Church in El Salvador. It was located on the site of a former coffee plantation and a few of the original buildings still stood.

It was an hour's ride across a lake in the early morning mist to the village.

The two small boats that brought us, had a playful, holiday look to them with their striped awnings of pink and blue. The lake was wide and beautiful, rimmed with the high peaks of volcanos. There were women bathing and washing clothes on the beach when we landed and children splashing in the water. It was an idyllic, pastoral scene — belying the horror that had brought these people here. For they were victims of the war that has ravaged El Salvador. Their former villages have been destroyed. Many of their husbands, sons and fathers have been killed.

We did not see young men in the vil-

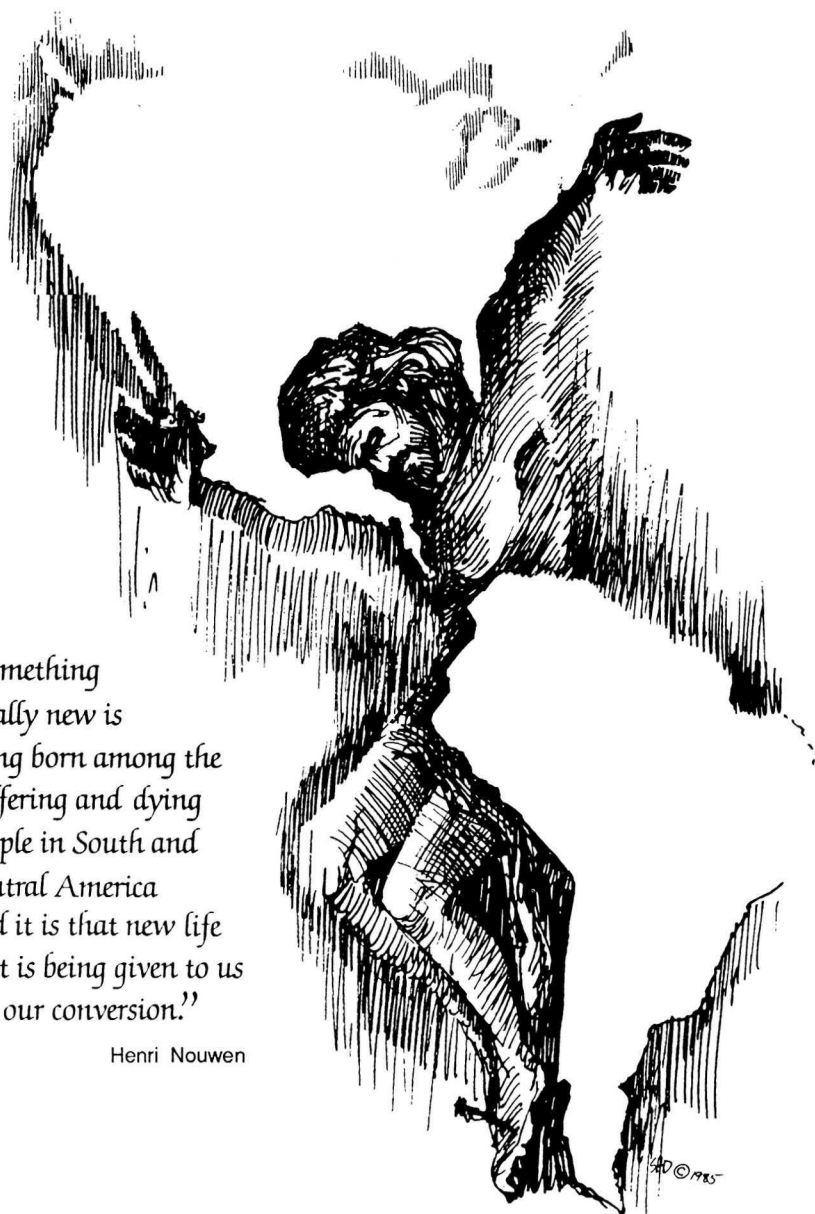
lage, only older men and little boys. A woman and two elderly men greeted us. They had been chosen by their community to be their leaders.

"We understand that you are coming here to find out about our reality," they said to us. "We are glad that you are here. Because that is how other countries will know. The government speaks of democracy but actually there are captures and assassinations each day. Day by day people are taken from their homes. Later they are found dead."

They showed us the village. There were neat, new houses, built of corrugated metal roofs and walls of black

"Something totally new is being born among the suffering and dying people in South and Central America and it is that new life that is being given to us for our conversion."

Henri Nouwen



plastic over wooden frames. Children were everywhere. They told us there were 35 families in the community, 150 adults and 300 children. Many of the children were war orphans, adopted by village families.

The woman's name was Angela. The lines by her eyes and mouth were as fragile looking as a spider web, but her back was straight. She sat and talked with us on the long, low porch of an adobe building overlooking the lake. It was hot and dusty on the porch. Chickens scratched in the dirt nearby and pigs rooted in the brush.

We asked Angela, "Is it unusual to have a woman as a community leader?"

"Before, many times, women were afraid to speak in front of men," she told us. "But through our suffering we have learned our rights. In most communities there are many widows. Therefore they become leaders."

Angela is one of the widows. She told us that the army came to her community in 1979. The men had not run away to hide because they had done nothing wrong and had no reason to be afraid. Angela told us that the soldiers took the men and killed them near their homes.

"This happened to many of us," she said. "Our husbands didn't run away and so they got killed."

Angela told us about the massive recruitment of young men into the army.

"They take away our sons, who are the only source of money for their mothers," she said. "They take them away to defend the country, they say. But we know it isn't true. They only defend what belongs to the big millionaires. The army is the sons of poor mothers. We raise them on a fistful of beans and salt to become cannon fodder. No one knows what happens to them."

But in the face of tragedies like Angela's, the people still find the strength to endure. The church, in the broadest sense of that term, including both Catholic and Protestant churches,

has played an active role in empowering the poor with a sense of their own self-worth as children of God and their right to a better life. In the Base Christian Communities, attitudes have changed from a passive acceptance of the hardships of life as "God's will" to an active demand for justice.

Archbishop Romero was a martyr in this movement for justice and is now regarded as a saint by the people. His tomb in the Metropolitan Cathedral has become a shrine, covered with messages, testimonials, flowers and surrounded by candles. A steady stream of people come to kneel and pray.

Lutheran Bishop Medardo Gomez carries on the Gospel imperative "to preach good news to the poor and to set at liberty those who are oppressed." We were invited to have lunch with him.

The bishop's home is located near the First Army barracks so we had to pass

through an army roadblock before we could go on to his house. We were required to get out of our van while the soldiers searched through our pocket-books and briefcases.

Bishop Gomez greeted us warmly. "We need your visit most in terms of solidarity," he told us. "It is very important because the government does not like the presence of many foreigners here. It bothers them and they wish you would not come. In spite of all the talk of democracy, we got a letter from the military telling us to discourage visits from foreigners." The bishop smiled. "So we thank you. Return and send others to visit. Your presence signifies life. Solidarity is not just a theory, but is very practical. You who come will feel affection for the Salvadorans. Affection is born here. Then, return home to generate more solidarity."

Gomez's life has been threatened and

El Salvador Statistics

Population: 5.5 million.

1 million refugees, most in the United States.

600,000 displaced within El Salvador.

70,000 civilians killed and 7,000 disappeared since 1979.

Labor force: 2.2 million.

1.4 million working Salvadorans earn minimum wage or below.

Unemployment: 32.5%.

Underemployment 44%.

Income

Annual per capita income: \$700.

Minimum daily wage: \$3.60 for urban workers, \$2 for rural workers.

66% of the population cannot meet basic needs.

Economy

Gross National Product: \$4 billion.

Inflation is 25%, up from 16% in 1979.

Exports fell from \$1,132 million in 1979 to \$580 million in 1987.

Imports rose from \$955 million in 1979 to \$985 million in 1987.

Foreign debt grew from \$939 million in 1979 to \$2.3 billion in 1987.

Defense spending as part of the national

budget rose from 14% in 1980 to 28% in 1988.

Housing

63% of the population lives in below standard housing.

Housing deficit estimate: 700,000 units.

Social

650,000 school-age children do not attend school.

One out of four children is malnourished.

25% of children die before five years.

Infant mortality is 71 per 1,000.

2.9 physicians per 10,000 people.

Average life span of industrial workers and peasants is 40 years.

U.S. aid

\$3.3 billion since 1980.

El Salvador is the fifth largest recipient of U.S. aid in the world, and first in Central America.

FY1990 request: \$97.6 million in military aid; \$108.4 million in economic aid; and \$180 million in economic support funds.

— Margarita S. Studemeister
Washington Center
for Central American Studies



he is accompanied now by a "body-guard," a young U.S. citizen named Alice. Alice is one of a corps of internationals living with Salvadorans who are under death threats. They believe that the presence of foreign observers will inhibit the death squads from carrying out their threats.

For a man under the threat of death, Gomez seemed remarkably calm. He is a handsome man with a serene expression and a face unlined by worry. He gave us a simple lunch of fried chicken and potato salad.

Gomez told us that the poor of El Salvador die from hunger and the lack of basic necessities. They live in sub-human conditions, "worse than animals in the homes of rich people," he said.

"We decided to work with those most in need," Gomez explained. "This is to respond to our reality. We can't ignore the suffering of our people, so we go with them and we receive more from them than we can give. The church is strengthened — not in numbers, but in faith. By being with the people we understand what incarnation is. God became human to understand human beings and to serve them better. The church has to do this — incarnate itself within reality, by telling the story of the people. This gives life to the congregation."

"Is this liberation theology?" we asked.

"I don't like the term liberation theology because our enemies have given it a

political connotation," Gomez replied. "We call it a Theology of Life because it is the faith of the people. It explains the presence of God every moment. It is the testimony of those who suffer. So we don't use the term, 'option for the poor,' but rather, 'attention to the most needy.' God attends most especially to the poor because they are the most needy. Just as in the parable of the Prodigal Son, the parent loves all the children equally, but attends most specially to the most needy one. This is how we see God working among our people."

"What are you accused of?" we asked.

"Of being a communist, a guerrilla sympathizer. Do you remember when the Pharisees accused Jesus of being possessed by the devil, Beelzebub? In modern form, it is said you are a communist. Jesus was bothered by the accusation against him. He said that blasphemy is the only sin that cannot be forgiven. This is solace for us."

Gomez smiled. "When I am accused of being a communist, then I know it is the spirit of God working in me."

Because of the turmoil in the country, we had to cut short our visit to El Salvador by one day. The FMLN called for a general transportation strike to protest the June 1 inauguration of President-elect Alfredo Christiani, a member of the right-wing ARENA party. ARENA was originally established as an anti-communist paramilitary organization and has been linked to some of the country's most brutal human rights

abuses, including the murder of Archbishop Romero in 1981. We learned later that the strike had lasted two days and had been 95% effective in halting all traffic. We would not have been able to leave our hotel.

But in spite of the tension, in spite of the intimidating presence of the military throughout the city and the threat of capture and torture, the people are filled with a courage and a strength that is founded upon their faith in a righteous and loving God who is on the side of the poor. Theirs is a spirit reminiscence of the earliest Christians who faced persecution and martyrdom with grace and courage and unshakeable faith.

Carmen, Emmanuel, Angela, Alice, Medardo. Only Medardo Gomez is a real name. He is already a marked man in El Salvador. The others may not yet be marked — therefore their names have been changed in order to protect them from threat, capture or assassination.

(Next month Part II: How Low Intensity Warfare strategy affects Nicaragua.)

Barbara Harris: Bishop

Order a copy of the historic April issue of **THE WITNESS** commemorating the Feb. 11 consecration of the first woman bishop in the Episcopal Church and Anglican Communion.

1 to 5 copies: \$3.00 each
6 and over: \$2.00 each

Enclosed is a check for \$ ____.
Please send ____ copy/ies of the April **WITNESS** to:

Name _____

Street Address _____

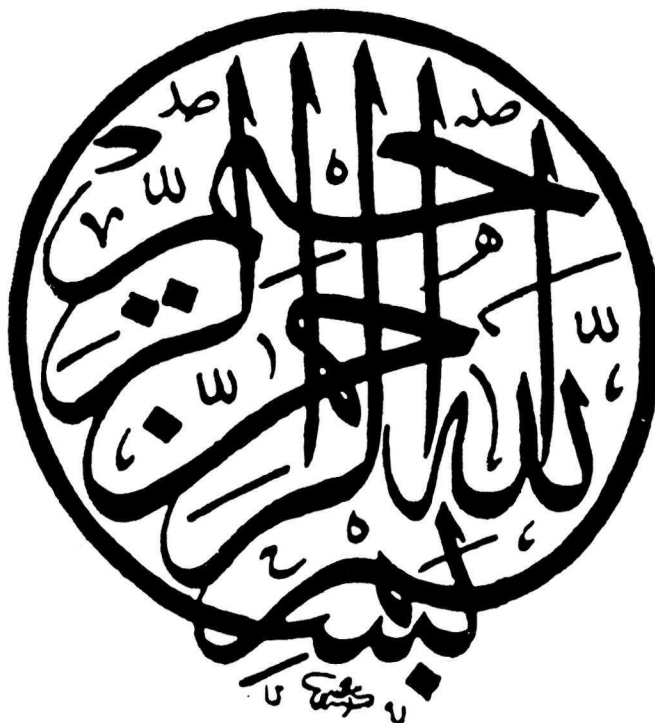
City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

Libya: America's No. 1 scapegoat

by Jim Lewis



Arabic script centering on the Name of God
and God's titles of Giver of all Gifts
and Most Compassionate One.

The big jet was hardly off the ground when a stewardess walked down the aisle handing coupons to the passengers.

Each blue card had six boxes to scratch. Taking a quarter from my pocket I scratched mine to see if I was a winner. The prizes consisted of such things as a free drink, a free movie headset, and a first-class round trip ticket. As I uncovered the squares on my card, the man me behind said to his companion, "With my luck, I'll probably win a trip to Libya."

She laughed and so did I. This flight I had boarded from Kennedy in New York to Rome was, in fact, only a connecting

flight. In Rome, I, along with nine other Americans, would take a plane bound for Libya where we would live for six days, guests of the Libyan government.

The trip, sponsored by the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR), a peace and justice organization with a long track record in civil rights and peacemaking, had a much harder time getting off the ground than our three-hour-delayed flight.

Back in January, in the twilight hours of the Reagan administration, a nasty exchange took place between U.S. and Libyan fighter planes in the Gulf of Sidra, an inlet off the Mediterranean Sea, on the northern coast of Libya. Libyan planes were shot down in the exchange of fire.

The Rev. Jim Lewis is Director of Social Ministries for the Diocese of North Carolina and a

This action by our government sparked discussion on the part of the FOR Middle East Task Force, on which I serve. After an hour and a half conference call, FOR leadership decided to pursue contacts at the Libyan Mission to the United Nations in the hope that a U.S. delegation could counter what looked like an explosive last hurrah by our trigger-happy President.

After two postponements, our delegation gathered in New York prior to departure for Tripoli, to be briefed by Dr. Ali Treiki, Libya's delegate to the United Nations. The FOR team consisted of peace activists from Virginia, California, New York, Washington, Missouri and North Carolina. We were accompanied by Dartmouth College professor Dirk Vandewaale, an expert on Libya.

Our task was simply stated. We were going to make contact with Libyans so that we could show our concern by listening carefully to their concerns about U.S.-Libyan relations. Beneath it all was the intent, on the part of grass-root peace activists, to reduce the tensions between our countries by putting a human face on the enemy.

Boarding the plane in Rome, I met a Libyan woman, dressed in traditional garb, on her way home from Italy. I discovered that she has a brother in Charlotte, who does construction work there. She was as excited as I about this connection. She'd like to visit him someday. I told her I hoped that day would come soon. She was the first of many Libyans I would meet who have connections in the United States.

When we arrived in Benghazi, we were warmly received by Libyan officials from the Peace and Solidarity Committee. Television and press people recorded our arrival.

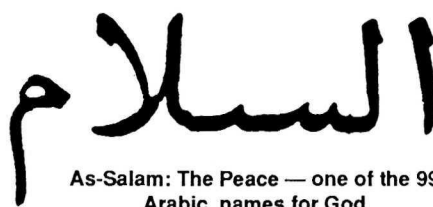
One of the men in the Libyan entourage wanted to talk with me about the Klan. He had attended the University of Oklahoma and was interested in racial conflict in the United States. He had

fond memories of our country despite the hostility he felt as a non-white person.

Later in Tripoli, I met people with relatives in Atlanta and Detroit — many had graduated from major U.S. universities. One woman had a daughter studying at Berkeley.

One man told me he had difficulty explaining the United States to his son. He said when President Reagan authorized the bombing of Libya on April 15, 1986, killing as many as 100 civilians and wounding hundreds, the child was panic-stricken. He cried for his uncle, living in the United States, because he was sure that he would be killed since the Americans must hate Libyans.

Every Libyan I met was eager to renew a relationship with the United



States, a relationship which, they said, deteriorated during the Reagan years. They hoped that President Bush would restore contact and end their isolation.

There is still shock and anger at the 1986 bombings. The Libyan-Arab Committee for Solidarity and Peace, in charge of our trip, scheduled us to see one of the targets of that bombing — the home of Muammar Qadhafi, Libya's leader. The attack caused Qadhafi's family to flee and resulted in the death of his 16-month-old adopted daughter, Hanna.

President Reagan justified the air raid by linking Libya to an April 5 bombing of the La Bella discotheque in West Germany. The explosion killed one American soldier and injured 60 others. Later it was shown that Libya had no connection with the explosion. Most experts

now agree that Syria was the headquarters for the bombers.

Qadhafi's yard was full of pieces of exploded U.S. bombs and a plane that was shot down. Shattered glass was strewn about among the flowers in a small garden. Some pictures still hung on the wall. Qadhafi's bed, his child's bed, remained in place.

Later we spoke with people in the neighborhood who lost friends and children in the bombing raid. One man in our delegation apologized for what the United States had done.

I recalled the Bible story from Luke. The disciples, James and John were angry at the hostility shown them by a Samaritan as they questioned Jesus, "Do you want us to call down fire from heaven to burn them up?" Jesus rebuked them, repudiating revenge for all time.

Most Libyans I spoke with were convinced that U.S. military might was directed against Libya because it is a small country that has said "no" to the United States.

Libya has said "no" to our military presence there by kicking out our bases. They have said "no" as well to our manipulation of the oil production to U.S. advantage. Libya, in actuality, is an easy scapegoat for American frustration and hostility. It is slightly larger than Alaska with a population of only about four million people. Roughly 90% of that population live on the Mediterranean coast. Such a concentration leaves this country a sitting duck for any serious military operation. "Why, you'd never strike Syria like you do Libya," said one woman. "They're much more dangerous but not so easy. So you pick on us."

In the 16th chapter of Leviticus, an outline is provided for the ritual slaying of sacrificial animals. One of the animals sacrificed was the goat, the scapegoat, killed in the name of Azazel.

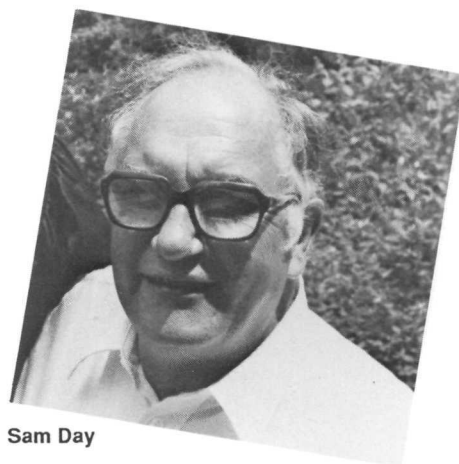
When Jesus was brought before the high priest, Caiaphas, he became the

Continued on page 21

What's a nice guy like Sam Day

*Suppose you are a respectable, 62-year-old middle class citizen who disagrees with U.S. nuclear policy — particularly with the fact that the government has strewn missile silos all over your beloved Midwest. Suppose, further, you decide to do something about it. You edit a book called **Nuclear Heartland**, exposing the location of the secretly placed silos so people will realize they are in their backyards. And you participate in a “peace planting” (non-violent civil disobedience) with a group of other anti-nuclear activists, scattering seeds inside a Missouri missile silo in a symbolic act of reclaiming the land. Now the government is very unhappy, and sentences you to six months in prison.*

That's what happened to Sam Day, promotion consultant of THE WITNESS and co-director of Nukewatch, who has been behind bars since late March. What is life in jail like for Day? Who are his cellmates? Here are excerpts from Day's journal detailing his experiences with the U.S. criminal justice system.



Sam Day

Life in the Lafayette County Jail in Lexington, Mo. has been quite an experience. When I arrived, I was taken aback by the noise, the smells, the dirt and the squalor. A guard gave me a torn mattress and a filthy blanket, ushered me into a cellblock, and told me to find a bunk. In the dim light, everything looked full to me. But I found an upper bunk piled high with magazines.

I had a cold when I arrived here, so the first few days were difficult because of the tobacco smoke and the fumes from the open toilet just a few feet from my nose. I was appalled by the close quarters; seven of us in a metal cage about 10 by 20 feet.

A boom box two cells away blared reggae all day long competing with the noise from the TV set in the “bullpen,” where we take our meals. Through the evening and into the pre-dawn hours, bouncing against the inner walls of this metal drum in which we live, came the voices of other exuberant young prisoners, some still in their teens — arguing, cussing, sometimes just shouting for the hell of it.

It also bothered me that I was isolated from friends and loved ones. Only one 40 minute visit is permitted each week, and it has to be conducted by telephone

through a window. To make matters worse, our one telephone to the outside world is controlled by a small faction of prisoners who pass it from hand to hand during the occasional times we have access to it.

Despite the unpleasantness of these conditions — or perhaps because of it — I have found this place to be not only endurable but enjoyable at times. The key to my successful adjustment has been my fellow prisoners and my outside supporters.

At first the other prisoners didn't know what to make of me. At 62, I am at least one or two generations older than everyone else. “Hi, Gramps,” said one as I groped my way into the cell, where I was also only one of two whites. And, unsurprisingly, I was the only “political” prisoner. The others had never encountered any one screwy enough to let the cops come and get him at the scene of the crime.

“Couldn't your lawyer get you no bond, buddy,” one of my cellmates asked in bewilderment.

My short time here has bonded me to men who belie the stereotype of the jail inmate. Eddie, from an upper-class family in Nigeria, is here because of a fraudulent credit card scheme he and his

friends concocted after graduating from the University of Missouri and failing to find work in their field. Two other Nigerians share the cell with us.

Sam, who stole from the post office to satisfy his cocaine addiction, is a gentle soul whom I have watched read the same letter from his wife night after night, his eyes brimming.

Tony, from the Kansas City ghetto, beats me regularly at chess and has the mind of a genius. He is also a career criminal. “Man, I just love money,” he explains.

Without letters from friends and loved ones I would succumb to the loneliness and boredom that nibble away at the morale of every prisoner. They nourish and sustain the emotional attachments that are lacking here. And the letters remind me of the good I am doing simply by being here. The value lies in serving as an example to others and demonstrating that jail, with all its loneliness and hardships, can nevertheless be an endurable experience offering a political activist the time and opportunity to enhance and strengthen his or her work.

On the morning of May 3, the cellblock gate clanged open and the voice of Paula, our friendly jail matron, cut through the TV din: “Mr. Day, get all

doing in prisons like these?

your things together, you're goin' *all* the way."

Three hours after leaving Lexington in the company of two Federal marshals, I found myself in handcuffs and leg chains, climbing the long flight of marble steps leading to the front door of the U.S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. The scene was straight out of Hollywood: a domed, colonnaded building looming behind a high fence topped with razor wire rolled in menacing coils. I rubbed my eyes in disbelief. Could this be me, a mere nuclear protestor, walking into the maw of the biggest of the big joints?

My stay at Leavenworth lasted only a week. I was a "holdover," a prisoner in transit, locked into a dormitory that also serves as the "hole" for the nearby Leavenworth prison camp.

Compared with the bedlam of the Lafayette County Jail, the Leavenworth hole was a piece of heaven. I had a real mattress to sleep on, a good light to read by, fresh air to breathe. I could look out the window and see the sky. The food, brought to us by orderlies and eaten on our cots, was plentiful and tasty. I felt like a bird in a gilded cage.

Security was tight. Whenever I left the hole, which was seldom, I had to back up to the door and put my arms through a slot so a guard could apply handcuffs. We went everywhere — to the TV room, to sick call, to the exercise yard — with our hands locked behind our backs. On two occasions, I was taken with other prisoners to a small courtyard for an hour's exercise. And there, once again, I was in Hollywood — pacing to and fro under the watchful eyes of guards in towers atop the high stone walls, nodding to the other convicts, listening to the pigeons and swallows which freely come and go at Leavenworth.

On the afternoon of May 10, I was taken from the hole, led down into the bowels of the prison, stripped, searched, reclothed, handcuffed and chained, then herded into a pen with about 20 others from all parts of the penitentiary. Accompanied by guards equipped with radios on their belts, we filed through the vast main lobby and down the marble stairs. As I stepped blinking into the bright sunlight, careful not to trip over the chains that bound my ankles, I beheld an amazing sight: Fanning out from the prison bus were half a dozen U.S.

"The value of being here lies in serving as an example to others and demonstrating that jail, with all its loneliness and hardships, can nevertheless be an endurable experience offering a political activist the time and opportunity to enhance and strengthen his or her work."

marshals at parade rest with shotguns on their hips, pointed skyward. Did they think one of us would hobble off and disappear too quickly to be tackled by a burly guard?

I was soon to learn the shotgun deployment is as inherent to prisoner transportation as handcuffs, ankle and waist chains, and strip-searching. A shotgun posse awaited us when we drove into a remote corner of the Kansas City Airport to board the prison plane, and when we alighted later at Oklahoma City.

The prison plane flew in from the east and disgorged a load that included two dozen young soldiers handcuffed forlornly in their dress uniforms. We filed into the plane through the tail ramp. Our cabin attendants were marshals outfitted in blue jump suits. While we waited for

the plane to take off, I noticed that no one was wearing seat belts. I pointed this out to a marshal and remarked, half-jokingly, that failing to fasten seat belts is a violation of FAA regulations.

The marshal reddened and replied, "There's the strap. You can put it on yourself if you want." His tone implied that seat belts were a frill for the faint-hearted. When I pointed helplessly to my handcuffs, he leaned over curtly and snapped the seat belt for me.

My travels on the prison airlift resumed the next morning after an overnight stay at the Federal penitentiary in El Reno, Okla. which serves as the hub of the Federal air prison transportation system. For the next seven hours the plane flew 2,000 miles back and forth across the Midwest, picking us up and dropping us off like so many mail sacks. While marshals patrolled the aisles, we shifted uncomfortably in our seats, trying to ease the pressure of the cuffs on our sweating wrists and ankles. Accomplishing bodily toilet functions in these restraints was a task I found impossible, so I took no liquids on the long flight. Our plane flew first to Springfield, Mo.; then to Terre Haute, Detroit and Chicago. Finally I was dropped off at Rochester, Minn.

It wasn't until the marshals sorted us out on the Rochester airstrip and herded me into a van that I learned my new prison home was to be Yankton, S. D. Yankton Federal Prison Camp is one of the newest institutions in a penal system that is expanding at the rate of 800 inmates a month and expected to double in population in the next few years. It opened last summer on the former campus of Yankton College, and the Federal government, as the new owner, sent a small cadre to begin converting the college into a prison camp. By the time I

arrived, the population had risen to about 200. Our job was to help prepare the way for another 300.

We slept four to a room in a nicely appointed, unlocked dormitory. We ate on tablecloths in a dining hall that served meals as varied and as tasty as I have enjoyed in my home town. The camp had a library, tennis courts, gym, pool tables, TV and laundry rooms. Except for occasional head counts, our time was our own from midafternoon until after midnight. I soon had to begin reminding myself I was a prisoner. It felt more like being at Phillips Exeter Academy, the prep school where I spent four years as a boy.

Inmates at Yankton are so well treated and so highly motivated that some volunteered for extra work on weekends. I was assigned by chance to one of the choicest jobs — healthy, non-taxing work with the landscape crew. But by that time I had made up my mind to cease cooperating with the institution.

Even before my conviction for violating laws sanctioning nuclear annihilation, I had mused about noncooperation in prison, a concept that flows logically from noncooperation with nuclear policy. My thoughts on this had begun to crystallize in Lafayette County Jail, but before thought could lead to action I was diverted by another matter.

A day after arriving at Leavenworth, I had awakened to discover I could no longer see out of my right eye. The eye needed medical attention, but because I was in transit I was unable to get it looked at until a few days after my arrival in Yankton. The physician's assistants at the prison camp were most helpful. They arranged for me to be examined by two ophthalmologists, who ordered a CAT-scan because they were concerned about the possibility of a tumor causing pressure on the optic nerve.

Facing the possibility of immediate transfer, I deferred further thought of noncooperation. My indecision was re-

solved by the welcome news that there was no tumor. The blindness had been caused by a vascular occlusion, which damaged the optic nerve. The medical people gave me a clean bill of health.

With that I drafted a letter to the superintendent declaring my noncooperation and my intention to leave the prison camp the next day. I had in mind a prison version of symbolically "crossing the line." I had the good sense to show the draft to inmate friends who pointed out that such an act could precipitate a charge of attempted escape, which could lengthen my prison sentence. They urged me to stick to the idea of refusal to work. So I wrote a second draft.

The decency of the Yankton staff made this a difficult decision. It would have been easy for me to fade into the woodwork and do my time without trouble. But in the end I succumbed to the urge to confront the dishonesty of a prison masquerading as a prep school. As I pointed out in my letter to the superintendent, I can't cooperate with the system that imprisons me for refusing to cooperate with the larger system of nuclear annihilation.

Yankton Federal Prison Camp lost no time expelling me. Within two hours I was on my way to Yankton City Jail, where I found myself in the more comfortable setting of iron bars, an iron bunk and the ever-murmuring TV. It's a prison that looks, sounds and acts like a prison — the proper place for an anti-nuclear activist to be.

I spent 16 days in Yankton City Jail until my transfer to the Minnehaha County Jail, which, in addition to being the largest in South Dakota, also serves as a way station for Federal prisoners like me.

In the place I take my meals, the massive profiles of the Presidents, chiseled from the granite bulk of Mt. Rushmore, look down on me from a mural that dominates the room. On the left, George

Washington. On the right, Abraham Lincoln. Next to him, a square-set jaw and bristling mustache identify Teddy Roosevelt.

But it's the fourth figure that holds my attention each time I shuffle with my fellow prisoners, plastic cup and spoon in hand, into the mess hall. The high cheek bones, flaring nostrils and jutting lips on the face where Thomas Jefferson's ought to be suggest a Lakota warrior.

Approximately a quarter of the inmates here are Native Americans, who constitute the largest ethnic minority in South Dakota. At meal time they cluster at a table near the painting. Most have stayed here many times.

One them is Yellow Earring, a young man whom I have come to know because I share a cell block with him and five others. Joining his group for lunch one day, I asked him how many of his 28 years he had spent in captivity.

Yellow Earring made a quick mental calculation, adding up the years of reform school, jail and prison. "Eleven," he said.

A friend from across the table volunteered that his total came to seven. But he explained, as if in mitigation, that he was only 21.

This South Dakota bastille is clean, spacious and modern. Through the bars of my cell window I can see cars and people coming and going, the neon lights of a Chinese restaurant, the approach and retreat of majestic summer thunder clouds. The daily connectedness with the outside world makes this a livable place.

My connectedness is also reinforced daily with the arrival of cards and letters from friends and loved ones, and from all over the country and the world. A jail clerk has meticulously removed the postage stamp and flap from each letter as a precaution in case the sticky stuff contains LSD.

Letters come almost daily from my at-

Continued on page 16

Bishops, buses and the Bible

by William B. Spofford

Recently, I received an invitation to a conference on evangelism. The brochure noted that the gathering would be at a fine and historic conference center in the lovely North Carolina hills. The leadership seemed promising and there appeared to be enough workshops to get persons mixed and sharing. Besides, there was a good deal on air fares.

Right after I received the invite, I had to travel from Salem, Ore. to Boise, Idaho and I went by bus. The bus ride got me to thinking about how the church today practices evangelism.

Most of my two decades in the episcopacy have been spent in the vast geographic regions of the Pacific northwest. And, since retirement, I have also served in the Dioceses of Nevada and Alaska, where communities tend to be small, ethnic and separated by miles of desert or frozen tundra.

These are the areas where, in the past, bishops of note helped to give form to the current church. There was Frederick Wister Morris, Bishop of all Oregon. There was Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, who prior to moving into the Presiding Bishop role, covered much of the old Northwest Territory; and Peter Trimble Rowe who, as first bishop of Alaska, canoed, dog-sledded and hiked over mountain passes to establish the church in that land of great wildness and beauty. And the first Bishop of Eastern Oregon, Robert Paddock, went into isolated communities of the High Desert and, by gathering folks in community halls, local

bars and a borrowed church building or two, seemed to get things rolling.

These men used shanks-mare, horses, "tin lizzies" and, when attending national church events, the railroads. The aim, then as now, surely was to win the souls of humanity to the Way and Witness and Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

But, often, in our fly-over era, when church leaders bump around the planet as members of innumerable frequent flyer programs, it does appear that all of us talk to each other rather than to those persons, whom, presumably, we are reaching out to in the name of the Lord.

Now, I assure you I have been as guilty as the next person. But then I had to ride the Salem to Boise night bus — decidedly a local — as it wandered into each highway and byway of my old jurisdiction. The trip went up the lovely Columbia River Gorge, glistening in the light of the full moon; through the irrigated wheat and row-crop areas of Mor-

row County; past the Umatilla Indian Reservation and into the Blue Mountains; down into the Grande Ronde and Baker valleys and over into the Snake River Breaks at Farewell Bend, which countless trappers and migrants from St. Joe, Mo., made famous; and on into Boise, along a developing 40 mile strip-city.

Thinking of the invitation to the evangelism conference, I got to reflecting about those who were riding with me. There was a very weary great grandmother who had suffered an over-extended wedding and reception. We shared a seat and she was delighted to be going back to her one-bedroom flat in a rural town. She was not a great conversationalist nor could she sleep. At one point, I remarked on the full moon and she said "We're both too old for that!" At about 2 a.m. she offered me a potato chip from a most crackly package. When she got off at 4 a.m., she said it had been a pleasant trip, which come to think of it, it had been.

There was a Native American who was going to a summer job with the U.S. Forest Service in Wallowa County; at least, he hoped there was a job. He was met by a young guy in a Forest Service uniform in LaGrande.

I enjoyed listening to the four pickers who, after shopping in Portland, got off at Hood River to see if they could work the apple crop there, even though the industry was down because of the pesticide scare. A lithe wind-surfer also got off and, after collecting three boards out of the storage bay, dis-



The Rt. Rev. William B. Spofford, Jr., retired Bishop of Eastern Oregon and retired Assistant Bishop of Washington, lives in Salem, Ore.

appeared into the night. Hood River is the nation's wind-surfing capital.

There were three young mothers, one with a three-week old infant, who were on their way to visit home or grandparents in Birmingham or Mobile, which seemed a long, long way from rural Oregon.

There were two young fathers, each with two kids, who seemed to be managing all right and were obviously single parents. And there was a goodly coterie of us senior citizens, some of whom had been on the bus trip for a week or two . . . tough oldsters, those.

Throughout the night, the bus driver was grumpy but efficient. He would wake us up at every stop and tell us the amount of time we had. The younger passengers went to buy fast-food; the oldsters lined up at the inadequate lavatories. And, like lemmings, the minority of smokers dashed off to get their fix, snuffing out their cigs just as they got back to the bus door.

The trip took 15 hours, overall. As we crossed the Snake River where Idaho breaks off from Oregon, it was Sunday morning. The bedraggled man in the seat opposite opened his Living Bible and

worked away at Ephesians. Any other divine references I heard were of a profane variety coming from some cowboys who had closed a bar in Pendleton until the bus arrived and were going over to Vale to see about getting work out in the Owyhee and Jordan Valley areas.

In Boise, after picking up my backpack, I walked up to the Cathedral, where 20 years ago I had been the dean, for a celebration of Holy Communion. There were friends there, of course, but they seemed to have very little relationship to the community of bus riders.

The point is, I guess, that we ought to, on occasion, ride the bus. Nobody on the bus seemed at all concerned that a number of Episcopalians were meeting in Fort Worth, Tex. because they were concerned about the gender of ordinands. One rider mentioned Texas in light of the savings and loan scandal. That was one of the times of creative swearing, I recall, having to do with why those shy-sters should live off the backs of guys like him! But church stuff . . . no, I didn't hear much.

No one seemed interested in much more than getting to where they were going, whether they had enough cash to manage it, and, in some cases, whether

there would be jobs available for them when they arrived. Those are not, I am sure, issues which give us much space for evangelistic lingo. But they were the concerns of these "targets" of evangelism. And, friends, at 3 a.m. at a bus stop, much of the ecclesiastical news we absorb and the mail we get seem as strange and foreign as trying to make sense out of events in Iran or Beijing. Bus riders seem preoccupied with their aching feet and backs, their burdensome kids, and where the jobs are, if any.

Because of calendar restraints, I will probably fly to the next three services of episcopal ordination I attend. But I might lay episcopal hands on a little better if, instead of arriving in a crowded, gleaming airport, I got off at the bus terminal, usually located in the middle of, or near to, the local Skid Row. I have yet to find any Episcopal Church within comfortable walking distance of those depots. However, I usually find the Salvation Army office and the mission of a group of non-orthodox believers.

May the conference on evangelism be all that you — and God — want it to be, friends. I won't be using your kind offer of contracting a trip with the official airline. If I come at all, it will be by bus. **tw**

Day . . . Continued from page 14

torney, marked "Special Mail: Attorney/Client privilege. Open only in presence of inmate." These mailings are special indeed. The affidavits they contain are chapters for a peacemakers' guide to jails and prisons being written by friends and colleagues incarcerated as I am for breaking laws sanctioning nuclear annihilation.

From the Federal women's prison at Alderson, W.V., Bonnie Urfer sends pen-and-ink sketches to illustrate her own and other stories about penal life.

From his skyscraper cell at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in downtown Chicago, Duane Beane writes about the

despair and bitterness of prisoners by the hundreds stacked like cordwood in an airless glass and concrete tower designed to hold half as many.

From the hole at the Federal prison camp in Oxford, Wisc., to which he was consigned for refusing to submit to the indignity of daily strip-searching, Jerry Zawada, a Franciscan priest, tells how two burly guards grabbed him and pulled his shorts down.

These and other stories will be published in a Nukewatch book, "Prisoners on Purpose," a work entirely written, illustrated, and edited from prisons and jails. Its purpose is to demystify incarceration by "telling it like it is" in the

Federal prison system.

As editor of the project, I have utilized my banishment from work camp as an opportunity for work of my own. Instead of a broom I push a stubby lead pencil. I watch the clock not in longing that time might pass more quickly, but in panic over the swift approach of each new deadline. Rather than ruing the boredom, isolation and spartan sterility of a county lock-up way out in the middle of nowhere, I am thankful for chance to do my thing in peace and quiet.

(At press time Day was being transferred to the Federal prison in Sandstone, Minn. "Another night, another jail," he wrote. — Ed.)

Short Takes

U.S. Role in El Salvador

Salvadoran military sources estimate that for each U.S. military adviser there is at least one other U.S. adviser working in intelligence or security, often with ties to the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agencia (DIA) or the National Security Council. One such source estimated the current number of military advisers at 300 which would bring the total U.S. in-country personnel directly involved to 600.

Among that number one can no longer include former U.S. defense and army attache George Maynes, who recently retired from the U.S. Army to work as a private, full-time consultant to the DNI, the shadowy National Directorate of Intelligence at the nerve center of the "special operations" war in El Salvador. Special operations is the catchall phrase for unconventional narrowly targeted actions ranging from disappearing key activists of the urban popular movement to long range patrols in FMLN zones of control.

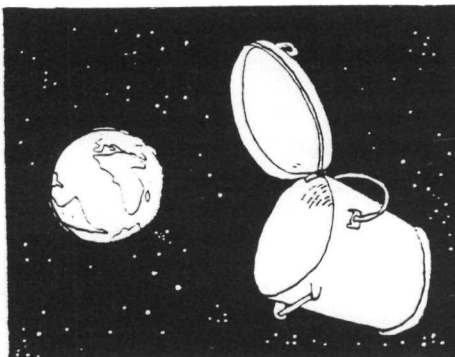
According to Salvadoran Col. Juan Orlando Zepeda, DNI receives most of its aid from the CIA.

Sara Miles and Bob Ostertag
NACLA Report on the Americas
July 1989

Jesus was political threat

The hunger of human becoming is never satisfied by receiving. Nor does one come to human maturity and fulfillment by some sort of insulated inner event, serenely detached from the social, historical, painful and conflictual demands of the total human situation. Had Jesus himself been able to maintain such serene detachment and uninvolvedness in the social and political and conflictual dimension of human tragedy, he would surely not have been crucified as a political threat.

Monica K. Helwig
Eucharist and the Hunger of the World
Quoted in St. Clement's Circle, NYC



The fire next time?

The Galileo shuttle is scheduled to carry 50 pounds of plutonium.

The House Subcommittee on Energy, Conservation and Power conducted investigations under Edward Markey of Massachusetts, on the risks of plutonium carrying shuttles after the Challenger accident. But Markey was replaced as chair by Philip Sharp of Indiana, and there has not been a continuation of this inquiry.

Yet despite the Challenger disaster, NASA plans to launch shuttles in 1989 and 1990 that will carry enough radioactive plutonium to kill every person on earth. The plutonium is not required for propulsion, but will be used to supply on-board electric power for instrumentation, as well as heat for the instruments on the Jupiter probe.

Many scientists who are experts in the field of radioactivity are apprehensive. They see three possible disaster scenarios. The first, a launch pad explosion in which the shuttle's liquid fuel would ignite, with plutonium released, to contaminate Cape Canaveral and environs. Second, a Challenger-like explosion in the upper atmosphere would disperse the poisonous plutonium over a broader area. Third, any serious space mishap within the Earth's 22,000 mile gravitational pull could spread the uranium derivative even more widely over the earth.

Prof. Karl Grossman
Quoted by Women's International
Coalition to stop Radioactive Waste

Izzy's legacy

I really owe my success to being a pariah. It is so good not to be invited to respectable dinner parties. People used to say to me, "Izzy, why don't you go down and see the Secretary of State and put him straight." Well, you know, you're not supposed to see the Secretary of State. He won't pay any attention to you anyway. He'll hold your hand, he'll commit you morally for listening.

To be a pariah is to be left alone to see things your own way, as truthfully as you can. Not because you're brighter than anybody else is — or your own truth is so valuable. But because, like a painter or a writer or an artist, all you have to contribute is the purification of your own vision, and add that to the sum total of other visions. To be regarded as nonrespectable, to be a pariah, to be an outsider, this is really the way to do it. To sit in your tub and not want anything. As soon as you want something, they've got you!

I. F. Stone 1907-1989
The Nation 7/10/89

Success is simply a matter of luck.
Ask any failure. — Earl Wilson

Rich get richer

Average change, since 1977, in the annual federal taxes paid by the richest 1% of American families: minus \$44,000; average change, since 1977, in the annual federal taxes paid by the remaining 99%, plus \$212.

Harper's database
of fascinating facts

Future tense

At a June conclave in Ohio, it was reported by the Corps of Resigned Priests United for Service (CORPUS) to the 250 married Roman Catholic priests gathered that 18,000 priests have resigned and married in the United States, 100,000 worldwide. And 10% of America's 20,000 parishes lack a resident priest, 43% worldwide.

An interview with Sarah Weddington:

Supreme Court abortion decision

Before the Supreme Court issued its opinion in Webster v. Reproductive Health Services July 3, Sarah Weddington says she spent 10 mornings in a row "dressing up" in anticipation of a ruling. Weddington is the Austin, Tex. attorney who argued Roe v. Wade before the Court almost 17 years ago. She's had a distinguished career as a Texas legislator and aide to President Jimmy Carter. With the Webster decision, she fears the privacy rights she fought for in Roe could be even further eroded by the Reagan-era Court. Jan Nunley, a National Public Radio reporter, interviewed Weddington for THE WITNESS after Webster was handed down.

Now that you've had a chance to look at the Webster decision, what conclusions have you drawn about it?

I think that the Webster decision creates many questions that we frankly just don't know the answer to. It's a confusing opinion to an attorney who is trying to predict what the future is, because it gives no guidance whatsoever in terms of the outside limits of what a state could do to interfere with a woman's right to make her own decisions — her right to privacy — and still be within the Constitution.

On the one hand the majority says, "We trust that the legislatures will not resort to the archaic laws we used to have," and yet now in the state of Louisiana there is a move to simply reinstate the law that was in effect before 1973. Would the Court consider that archaic? Would it prevent the implementation of such a law? The difficulty is that the Court does not give us any way to predict where the appropriate guidelines or boundaries of legislation would be. And so I think what you'll see is all kinds of legislation introduced that would interfere in a most basic way with a woman's right of privacy, and only through a lot of very expensive and time-consuming

litigation will we find out what the Supreme Court's more definitive view really is. In the meantime, what it means is a tremendous effort in the political realm, involving a lot of money, time and energy, which, frankly, I wish we could be spending on some of the other social problems of today.

Are you discouraged to think that the question is being thrown back to legislatures which seem to be largely anti-choice, regardless of the prevailing opinion of their constituents?

It's hard to know where the legislatures are in the various states. For the last 16 years, the people who've been most organized and effective in pressuring legislators have been those opposed to abortion for any reason. What remains to be seen is how we are able to mobilize the great majority of citizens who do believe that it ought to be a woman's choice. If we can do that effectively, I think we can offset some of the fear legislators are feeling about how people may vote against them if they believe in a woman's right to choice. We've got to convince them that the consequences of voting against that right of choice are much more severe than voting against

the "right-to-life" movement.

What role do churches and synagogues and religious institutions in general have on both sides of this issue?

I think there are a number of appropriate roles. Certainly those persons who are religious have a right to state their public opinion and try to persuade others. But those who oppose abortion tend to cloak themselves in religiosity and suggest they have the only answer and anyone who disagrees is not following the will of God. I think it's very important in this debate that we hear from a variety of voices.

This is a matter of great diversity in Jewish, Protestant and Catholic faiths, and there is no one agreed upon answer among people who are "religious." I think for too long we have left it to those who feel that there's only one way to interpret the Bible, only one way to love the Lord, and only one way to feel about abortion.

The pro-choice religious groups don't seem to be as vocal as the other side.

It's clear that the official Catholic Church — certainly not all Catholics — and some of the fundamental Protestant

'confusing' says *Roe v. Wade* attorney

groups have made abortion their primary focus and do have an organizational advantage. When you can reach people every Sunday or during prayer meetings during the week and tell them who they're supposed to call and what they're to do and hand out literature, that is a tremendous advantage. It's a much harder organizational task to reach the majority, who are going about their grocery shopping and jobs and raising their families, with the message that abortion should be an individual decision and that one person's religious faith should not be forced upon everyone else.

How did your upbringing as the daughter of a Methodist minister influence the formation of your conscience on the issue of abortion?

My father preached what I would call a doctrine of Christian social concern, which said we should be concerned about what's happening to people around us. I think it's hypocritical to say every woman should carry every child to term, and then to turn our backs on those children already here who are without adequate housing and clothing and so on. So my upbringing made me much more aware of the difficulties and injustices.

It is also necessary to look at what abortion laws were doing in terms of their impact — not only the fact that abortion was the number one cause of injury and death to women at one point in our nation's history, but also that the whole concept of dignity is one that is based on a loving God who made us with consciences and the ability to make decisions on our own. Women should be allowed to make those decisions. Often it will be in consultation with a moral



Sarah Weddington

advisor or with significant family members, but it should not be the government's decision.

I do think that Americans United for Separation of Church and State, who filed a brief with the Supreme Court, were trying to look at this issue and find where the religious principles were. What they said is the whole concept of "when does life begin" is a concept that various religions treat differently, and that to impose a view that all life begins at conception is to impose one religious view on everyone else. There is no agreement within the religious community, or within law, or medicine, or science or any of the other fields. The Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights and several other groups, are trying to focus on how individual people can have the freedom to state their own views while

observing the distinction between government and religious belief.

What did the Court mean when, in *Webster*, it refused to rule on the preamble to the Missouri law which states that life begins at conception?

I don't think the Court itself knows. The majority opinion says that it may mean that the state only meant that to apply to tort and property laws. They were really reaching over backwards to adopt a possible interpretation that would not interfere with *Roe v. Wade* or the cases that followed it. I feel convinced that the state meant it to set a basis for trying to argue in the future that all human rights apply at conception. The consequences of that are so far-reaching, they're hard to imagine at this point.

Are we talking about a revamping of our whole legal code?

We are, and it's totally opposed to the entire tradition of our legal history. We have never treated a fetus as being a person, and I think to do so now would have untold complications.

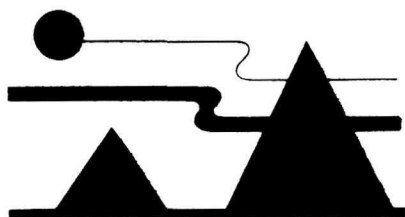
What alternatives are available to women in case *Roe v. Wade* is overturned or gutted?

I think all of us would prefer to see the law remain what it is, with abortions safe and legal. There's really a four-pronged approach. The first is to prevent the legislatures from passing bills that would change the law. The second is trying to look at how to present more effective arguments. Somehow we're just not getting across that this is really about who gets to make the final deci-

sion — the government or the individual. A third effort would be trying to look at alternatives, but my own focus would be on the legal, which is the fourth. There are three abortion cases the Court has already accepted for the fall.

What are your plans?

My role will be as a back-up, doing legal education. Most people hear a two-sentence statement from one side or another, because that's what TV gives us. What I want to do is explain to people the issue of privacy and some of the legal considerations involved.



Pro-choice issue available

■ Procreative freedom — the June issue of *THE WITNESS*, gives a comprehensive theological and social analysis of reproductive freedom. Features penetrating interviews with Faye Wattleton, president of Planned Parenthood, and Beverly Wildung Harrison, feminist theologian. Also, an African-American male viewpoint by Faith Evans, president of the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights, and articles addressing pastoral and legislative implications.

Please send me your issue on procreative freedom. I have enclosed \$2. (Pre-paid orders only.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Send to *THE WITNESS*, P.O. Box 359, Ambler PA 19002.

That's a right that's really been under attack by this Court, with the 1986 *Hardwick v. Bowers* decision on sodomy laws, and now *Webster*. How far do you think they intend to go?

I don't think anybody can really say. When Robert Bork was suggested for a seat on the Court, he said that there was no right of privacy; it's not in the Constitution and it just doesn't exist. On the other hand, in the *Webster* argument the Solicitor General on behalf of the United States government argued there was a right of privacy, but it applied only to the field of contraceptives. You may remember Connecticut at one point made the use of contraceptives, even for married couples, a criminal offense, and the Court overturned that in *Griswold v. Connecticut*. In *Roe*, they said that right of privacy also applies to abortion, and the Court at least at this point is saying the *Roe* still exists.

One of the questions (Justice) O'Connor asked at the hearing on the *Webster* case was that if there is no right of privacy, what would keep a state with an overpopulation problem from requiring women to have abortions? The Solicitor General said, well, you couldn't do that because that would involve force. But I think his answer is incorrect.

What would happen if there was a law that said if you already have one or two children and have another child, you would then be guilty of a criminal offense — in other words, forcing women to have abortions by making the pregnancy illegal? I think there are a lot of ramifications. If we had a situation where we needed more children — as one Presidential candidate suggested, to help pay off the national debt and support an aging population — what would happen if a state tried to require women of childbearing age and ability to have more children? Right now none of that could happen because of the right of privacy. But without it, I think it raises questions.

Letters . . . Continued from page 3

the model of the Diocese of Newark for responsibility in investments, were you reluctant to name them among the other owners of Royal Dutch/Shell? Or did the editorial principles which permitted the use of quotation marks for a statement alleged to have been made in a publication of the CPF but not found there extend to the omission of our words without indicating that any deletion of abbreviation had taken place?

Yung Hsuan Chou
Donald E. Bitsberger
Church Pension Fund

(The original CPF letter ran two and one half pages of single spaced type, far too long for our pages. Every publication reserves the right to edit letters to fit available space. Ellipses are not indicated simply because they would take up more space. Letters to the Editor of THE WITNESS stand a better chance of being printed in full if they are not more than four or five single-spaced typewritten paragraphs. — Ed.)

Study guides to prison

I am director and professor of a graduate degree program offered by New York Theological Seminary at SingSing Correctional Facility. I want to use your study-action guides *Must We Choose Sides* and *Which Side Are We On* with our Long Term Prison class. Can we have 15 of each, hopefully, as a gift? The students pay no tuition and cost NYTS nearly \$60,000 a year.

George W. Webber
New York, N.Y.

(We are delighted to furnish these Study Guides [see back cover] to the seminary for its prison program, and count on the kindness of friends and strangers to help us fulfill such requests, through our annual fundraising appeal. — Ed.)

MOVING?

Keep *THE WITNESS* coming by sending a corrected mailing label from a recent issue to: *THE WITNESS*, P.O. Box 359, Ambler, PA 19002. Please send it at least six weeks before you move.

TW

Libya . . . *Continued from page 11*

sacrificial offering. He was seen as a subversive threat to the entire sacrificial system surrounding the Roman empire and Jewish religion. Thus Caiaphas remarked, "This man must die for the good of the nation." Jesus became Azazel, the scapegoat.

When George Shultz, Reagan's Secretary of State, said, "We have to put Qadhafi in his box and close the lid," he became Caiaphas, the high priest of political assassination. And Qadhafi, the man from the desert, became Azazel, the scapegoat, who must die for the good of the United States — Rome reincarnated.

Qadhafi and the Libyan people have become, in every sense of the word, the great American scapegoat over the past eight years. What made that possible?

The answer to that riddle lies in the fact that Libya is a Bedouin country and Qadhafi is Bedouin to the bone. Americans need to study the man in order to understand the people.

Qadhafi grew up in a desert tent, listening to radio broadcasts out of Egypt. His hero was Egypt's Gamal Abdul Nasser, who called for a united Arab world to counter Zionist forces and a Western imperialism which threatened Arab integrity. He longed for the day when he could lead Libya into independence from outside colonial forces.

Qadhafi embodies a Bedouin spirit. Fiercely independent, reclusive and stubborn, frugal in his lifestyle, restless and, therefore, impulsive, he is a child of the desert. He sees life mystically, in simple idealistic terms. His view is not always practical, but it is certainly creative. His fits of anger and his moments of charm come directly out of the desert.

Libyans are relentlessly fighting the indignities and humiliations of Western colonial rule. Americans are called to remember a few basic facts about Libyan history.

Libya was not even a country until 1951 when three provinces were unified

under King Idriss.

Before that time, the Bedouin tribes that inhabited the region had been occupied and suppressed by the Roman empire, the Ottoman Empire, and most recently the Italians, from 1911 through World War II.

Under Italian rule, half the population of Libya was either killed or forced out of the area.

Following W.W. II, the area was so poor that the leading export was scrap metal from wartime bombing. It was only in 1958, with the discovery of valuable low sulfur oil, that the Libyan economy turned around.

Today whole segments of the land are cordoned off because there are estimated to be hundreds of thousands of active W.W. II land mines. Dozens of people are killed each year from mines.

In September of 1969, Qadhafi led a military coup which abolished King Idriss' monarchy, beholden to U.S. interests. U.S. military bases were forced to leave. Libyan oil was nationalized as Qadhafi sought to claim Libya for Libyans.

The Qadhafi revolution has been remarkable in many ways. Health care quality is high and free. Women, still constrained in domestic roles, are assuming a larger role in professional life and governmental decision-making. A new commission is beginning to address human rights abuses. The educational system provides free education for all citizens. Libya is no longer a poor country.

But all is not well. Sub-Saharan blacks migrated north into Libya to do the work Libyans now refuse to do, like road building and the multitude of service work necessary in a modern society. Ironically, it was the sub-Saharans who were planting gardens and preparing Tripoli for the 20th anniversary of the revolution in September.

Eastern Europeans were easy to spot. They came in large numbers to do the middle level service, managerial and

technocratic jobs. A visit to a modern hospital rehabilitation center revealed a majority of the staff from Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Despite Qadhafi's efforts, Libyans are still struggling to move from Bedouin tribal existence into a modern socialist state.

Students and faculty I spoke with at Al-Fateh University in Tripoli wanted exchange and dialogue with Americans. Government officials were hopeful for a softening of U.S. attitudes, a chance to come out from the "terrorist nation" tag hung on them during the Reagan years. Islamic leaders expressed a desire for mutual conversations with Jews and Christians in search of common unity.

Before he died, Albert Camus wrote, "Over the expanse of five continents throughout the coming years an endless struggle is going to be pursued between violence and friendly persuasion . . . Henceforth the only honorable course will be to stake everything on a formidable gamble; that words are more powerful than munitions."

The longer I work at a world peace effort, whether it be in Central America, Israel and the Occupied Territories, or Libya, the more I realize that human contact and conversation between people at odds with one another are crucial.

Years ago, as a U.S. Marine, I sang "From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, we will fight our country's battles on the land and on the sea." In those days I carried a pistol. Just recently I went to Libya unarmed and disposed to meet the "enemy," in search of a spirit which has the power to dispel doubt and restore faith. Faith in the power of love which, Jesus promises us, can bring down the walls separating one human being or one nation from another.

Given the new overtures for peace in Central America and the Middle East, one can only hope that Libya will be included in discussions around the table and not bombed under it. **TW**

Integrity dialogue hopes thwarted

by Louie Crew

My educators taught me that *integrity* equates with honesty and establishes “a good reputation.” Used car salesmen boast huge quantities of it. Even bishops like others to ascribe integrity to them, as if integrity is respectability’s Gold Card.

“How absurdly they name themselves!” our critics sometimes mumble about Integrity, the group founded for and by lesbian and gay Episcopalians. “What homosexuals have integrity? We despise them. How could we respect them?”

The Episcopal Church desperately needs to restore its own integrity. Gay and lesbian experience reveals many ways the church violates its wholeness.

Why do church commissions discuss us, yet exclude us as members? When I asked the Presiding Bishop, who has proclaimed “There will be no outcasts in the church,” he explained to me, gently, that he lacks the authority to appoint lay people and clergy to the commissions.

Every year each diocese in our church convenes and has at least one guest speaker. In the 15 years Integrity has been in existence, our 120 dioceses have invited approximately 1800 guests to speak at diocesan banquets, but not one has featured a lesbian or gay male Christian speaking to our issues. Few hear *about* us; almost no one hears *from* us.

Yet the church has proclaimed an interest in dialogue on the issue of homosexuality. At the 1988 meeting in Detroit, General Convention passed Resolution D-120, which stated:

Resolved that this 69th Convention,

responsive to the call of the Standing Commission on Health and Human Affairs “to find a non-judgmental occasion to listen and talk”

... strongly urges each diocese and congregation to provide opportunities for open dialogue on the subject of human sexuality, in which members of this church, both heterosexual and homosexual, may study, pray, listen to and share their convictions and concerns, their search for stable, loving and committed relationships, and their journey toward wholeness and holiness . . .

To test this resolution, I wrote the following letter to every parish in both dioceses of South Carolina — South Carolina and Upper South Carolina — where I lived this past year:

General Convention has asked all congregations to listen to lesbians and gays tell our stories. Please suggest some dates which would be agreeable for you to receive us.

We can accommodate a variety of formats. Please advise us about what best engages your people. General Convention Resolution 120 stressed that you should provide non-judgmental space. Do not be put off if that is impossible for some of your people . . .

Results: not one invited us. Most did not answer their mail.

Five or six priests in each of the two dioceses wrote to admire my courage. Two said that they hoped they might even have their congregations ready for dialogue within a couple of years. One even bragged that as chaplain he had already arranged such dialogue, but he would not even chat with me when I called for a follow-up, perhaps because

in the same post with his letter came a copy of a warning from his bishop, the Rt. Rev. William Beckham of Upper South Carolina:

I have learned over this past weekend that you have received a letter from Dr. Louie Crew of Orangeburg on the content of General Convention Resolution 120. Some of you have called the Diocesan Office somewhat dismayed by the letter, its expectations and even its tone.

Please know that, while we certainly urge study and discussion on a Christian response to the whole subject of human sexuality, we are not sponsoring Integrity nor even requesting that you invite gays and lesbians to come in and make a presentation. In fact, we don’t think that the resolution calls for this. Failure to invite “special guests” does not do violence to inclusiveness.

Rather what is called for is open and honest dialogue within the Christian community in a manner which enables us to share concerns and hear those of others.

Note also that Resolution 120 affirms the biblical and traditional teachings on chastity and fidelity.

Admittedly, this is an explosive issue which can do much to divide us.

For that, and for many other reasons, do what you think best and in such a manner that does not alienate parishioner from parishioner nor any from you.

Human sexuality is certainly important but it is not the primary issue of the church nor does Resolution 120 intend it to be.

Those who want to discredit you will

Dr. Louie Crew is the founder of Integrity and was recently appointed Associate Professor of Academic Foundations at Rutgers University.

often go for your style or tone. Mother always taught me to say "please" and to respect people's right to say "no" or, preferably, "no thank you." I had said, "Please suggest some dates which would be agreeable for you to receive us."

Mother also taught me what men, and she did not use that pronoun generically, mean when they say things like, "For that, and for many other reasons, do what you think best and in a such a manner that does not alienate . . ." Among good ole boys down home in the South, that translates as "Take him out back and beat the bejesus out of him (preferably physically, but spiritually will do) if that pleases you but don't dare get caught or say I told you to."

I sent a copy of my letter and Bishop Beckham's response to all bishops on Integrity's honor roll — those who have said that they cannot abide by the House of Bishop's resolution asking them not to ordain lesbians and gays. One bishop replied, "I really was not surprised to read the contents of Bishop Beckham's letter. I'm afraid that he conveniently missed the point of Resolution 120. You are absolutely correct in your interpretation of it. I hope you favor the Presiding Bishop with copies of the materials you sent me . . ."

The letter penetrated the underwhelming silence of most others. But note what the bishop does not say. He does not say, "I deplore Bishop Beckham's interpretation and have called the Presiding Bishop to say so."

Nor does the bishop write, "Obviously Bishop Beckham has not delivered the House's promises." Instead he says, "I was really not surprised."

Did any other bishop think that the church would heed Resolution 120? The secular world judges harshly those who knowingly write bad checks. Another friend, a gay bishop, replied: "The bishop's response to your letter . . . is, I expect, representative of all too many Episcopalians. And, God bless you for

continually creating the clearing which makes it possible to see the nature of the soil in which we hope to plant a fresh crop of life. I am increasingly aware of the work that is before us if gay men and lesbian women are to have the possibility of growing to fullness as God has created us. What I experience is more like being under a heavy blanket of wet leaves and having to push through — maybe I'll make it and maybe I won't and in any case I'm twisted, stunted and discolored and lacking typical blooms . . ."

She that has ears to hear, let her hear what the Spirit says to the churches: Twist and stunt resemble disintegrate, not integrate. The church, the gay bishop implies, conspires to violate his integrity.

The Diocese of Upper South Carolina has sponsored several forums on AIDS, yet made no effort to inform Integrity/South Carolina of them. Such policies seem to say, "We want a reputation for compassion. Why don't you decently go on and get AIDS? Then we will show you how properly we can love you."

I raised this point at a conference at Trinity Cathedral in Columbia. Many in

the audience gasped audibly, but at the Eucharist, Methodist Bishop Melvin Wheatly, much more experienced in such matters, nodded to me directly saying, "He's right. Before we can talk about healing, we all have some guilt work to do here, in facing our sin of homophobia, our sin of exclusion." Two of the canons of the Cathedral would not even speak to me.

This past spring, I sent the following message by EPINET, the electronic mail service of the Episcopal Church, to the Rev. Wayne Schwab, Director of the Office of Evangelism Ministry at the Episcopal Church Center:

Can you give me a statement regarding your office's work to evangelize among lesbians and gays?

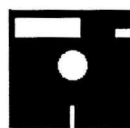
I am preparing my address for the Integrity convention this July, at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco. I will note Integrity's own mission to over 20,000 persons during our first 15 years. Am I correct that this makes us the largest new ministry within the Episcopal Church during that period?

I want to applaud others in our church who have evangelized among lesbians and gays. Please help me document that work, especially efforts by your own office.

I have a hunch that "The Episcopal Church welcomes everyone" has been one of our church's strongest appeals, even where we should emend the claim to "— well, almost everyone." I take great pride that the church most identified with the powerful actually tries, at least in some places, to embrace the lowly, that in our church sometimes the last are first and the first last.

I would appreciate your reflections in these regards.

I did receive a letter in return from Schwab, but sadly it detailed no concrete efforts by this church to spread the Good News to the lesbian and gay community.



To potential
WITNESS
authors

THE WITNESS will now accept manuscripts on computer disks, either 3 1/2" or 5 1/2" floppies. The word processing program must be DOS compatible. Acceptable programs are WORDSTAR 3.3 and above, WORDPERFECT, MICROSOFT WORD, MICROSOFT WINDOWS WRITE, XYWRITE III, MULTIMATE and DCA files prepared with IBM DISPLAYWRITE 3, SAMNA WORD, VOLKSWRITER 3, and WORDSTAR 3000. **Do not send original disks.** We cannot be responsible for damage in transit. Send a copy and a hard copy print-out.

Yes, I want to take advantage of your special offer. Please send me the book(s) I have checked at \$2.00 each. Payment is enclosed.

- ☐ **Must We Choose Sides**
☐ **Which Side Are We On**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Fill out and mail today to

THE WITNESS
Box 359
Ambler, PA 19002

FINAL OFFER TO WITNESS READERS

Order **Must We Choose Sides**, or **Which Side Are We On**, two of the best-selling Study Action Guides on the market — dealing with Christian Commitment for the 1980s — for only \$2.00 each, a tremendous savings.

Must We Choose Sides?

1979, 127pp. \$5.95

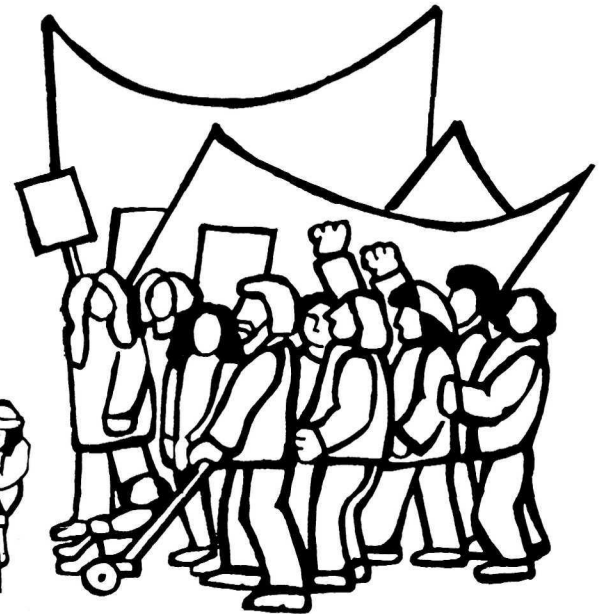
Explores the role of working people in our economic system. Investigates harsh realities of everyday life. Who owns America? Who pays the price? Six comprehensive sessions help readers examine class background and the myths of capitalism. Group exercises probe individual experience and insight, apply tools of social analysis while engaging in theological reflection.



Which Side Are We On?

1980, 172 pp. \$6.95

Deepens understanding of the present crisis — inflation, unemployment, the danger of war. Moves beyond historical



critique of capitalism to explore other alternatives. Raises questions for Christian activists. Can we reclaim our radical heritage? How do we confront political and religious ideology? Seven in-depth sessions for group study and action.

The Episcopal Church Publishing Company
P.O. Box 359
Ambler, Pennsylvania 19002

NONPROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
North Wales, Pa.
Permit No. 121