

THE WITNESS

VOLUME 75
NUMBER 4
APRIL 1992



*A light in the
tomb*

credit: Margaret
Thompson, SSJ

*Resurrection
survey, p. 8*

*Dan Berrigan,
p. 16*

*Renewing the
earth, p. 20*

Abortion

AT A DINNER MEETING of the clergy who meet monthly to discuss a paper of varying topics, the current approach of the *Witness* was a topic of conversation. A number of members of this group expressed the strong feeling that you are "pro life." Apparently this was suspected by some of the articles recently published in the *Witness*. If this is a fact and you are pro life, the *Witness* is in deep trouble.

I would appreciate it if you would give me a clear answer whether you are pro life or pro choice. This is a critical problem and many of your readers are pro choice and would cancel their subscriptions were this to be a fact that the editor was found to be pro life.

I just hope and pray this isn't the case.

E. Lawrence Carter
Sierra Madre, CA

[Ed. Note: Abortion will be discussed in an upcoming issue of *The Witness*.]

Gay/Lesbian concerns

IT TROUBLES ME to have to write this letter, but I am saddened at a recent major change in editorial direction at *The Witness* which has become apparent. Specifically, your magazine seems to have dropped coverage altogether of the concerns of gay men and lesbian women in the Church. In reviewing

issues from the last several months I see not one bit of coverage. Why is this? I might remind you that even as I write this

letter, persecution of an openly gay priest in Canada is taking place at the first Bishop's Court trial in 41 years in that country. *The New York Times* has covered this event which is taking place practically in your back yard, yet *The Witness* has had nothing to report. Is it no longer "politically correct" to include the

concerns of gay men and lesbian women in *The Witness*?

The immediate cause of this letter is the article on Magic Johnson and AIDS in the February issue, which does not even use the "g" word. Who does Ched Myers think has been at the forefront of this epidemic from the beginning, and who has contributed more or shown more caring than gay men and their lesbian sisters? After months of silence on gay Christian themes by *The Witness*, it was shocking to find a major article focusing on Magic Johnson which deliberately excluded mention of gay men and lesbian women. Your timing was appalling.

Now is not the time to saw off anybody, least of all gay Christian people who have supported your magazine for years. I have found the articles in *The Witness* consistently challenging, thought-provoking and spiritually nourishing for a long time but I must protest this new editorial direction in the strongest terms. Since when can *The Witness* afford to alienate a huge segment of its readership? Editorial "tolerance" of gay men and lesbian women but deafening silence about their individual issue in the Church is hypocritical, to say the least.

Frank B. Dowd
Washington, D.C.

[Ed. Note: Chris Ambidge called from Toronto as I was reading your letter. He was reporting for us on the Bishop's Court trial, as you will note in this issue. If you look carefully, you'll note that more than half of the last seven issues include gay and lesbian voices. It is not our intention "to saw off anybody." Please feel free to alert us to events that you believe warrant coverage.]

Witness contributions

THIS OFF-THE-WALL contribution is in response to your Advent letter to *Witness* subscribers, which, as you may recall, did not ask for money.

So, I guess you could say it is my way of shouting from the distance: "Go for it. Persevere in all things. Know that you are speaking for those whose voice is not as clear and whose courage is not as strong. Know too that

you are in redemptive, albeit painful, ways confronting the hell out of many of us who may not want it but need it. Indeed, are famished for it. Again, I say, persevere!"

Almus Thorpe
Bloomfield Hills, MI

HERE'S A LITTLE GIFT to *The Witness* in appreciation for your gift to me and the whole Church. You and the new team are doing beautifully — a new, mid-west, angle of vision on national problems and superb layout and art work. How do you afford that talent?

In substance, there is still too much of the tired predictable liberalism of the past and not enough sense of priority and focus. That's not a complaint. I know it will take time to get there. But we're a small Church who need to rally around two or three carefully chosen goals if we are to have any impact. "Ain't it awful" is not an adequate response.

Right on.

Charles H. Long
Forward Movement
Cincinnati, OH

Witness praise

AFTER YEARS OF SUBSCRIBING to *The Witness* but reading it only rarely I have begun to read it regularly — and am being much affected by it.

I have adopted a Sabbath period of reading, prayer and reflection, of which *The Witness* and *Sojourners* are a major part. Between the two I am experiencing consciousness-raising and personal challenge — sometimes coming close to threatening.

I am grateful for your willingness to live on the cutting edge, always from a strong faith perspective.

Eve Vitaglione
Raleigh, NC

THE WITNESS LOOKS GOOD. The focus on the city, the play between the now and the 1930's etc. is a real service for the readers. History slips through the fingers too quickly.

Bob McGovern
Narberth, PA

AS ONE WHO OFTEN SEEMS TO collect magazines for reading when I finally have the time, your lay-out along with such high-quality art draws me into reading *The Witness* upon receipt, so I can now say your publication no longer is in the pile "for later." Of course, the content is the real treat, challenging, thoughtful, and timely. Thanks!

Barbara T. Cheney
Madison Heights, MI

A legacy

WHEN I ARRIVED BACK HOME in the Sierra foothills after [the sudden death of her father, Vic Schumacher], I found, in the mail that awaited my return, a gift subscription to *The Witness*. The card that was enclosed with that first issue told me that the subscription was a gift from my beloved "Pop." Each issue of your magazine that I've received during the past year has reminded me both of my father's life and of what are the most important questions to be faced in living in today's world.

Please use the enclosed check to renew my own subscription and to help you subsidize limited income and third world subscriptions. Thank you very much for helping to keep hope alive.

Yvonne Schumacher Strejcek
Nevada City, CA

Old Witnesses

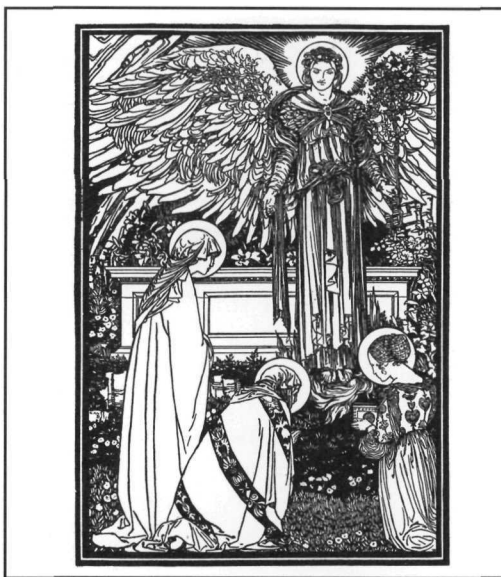
[We sent very old copies of *The Witness* to thank readers who sent financial contributions to *The Witness* in 1991. These letters are in response to those issues.]

THANK YOU VERY MUCH for sending me the two 1926 copies of *The Witness*. I read every word, many of them written by people I once knew — or knew about. My 97-and-a-half-year-old sister enjoyed them too. Her life work was in Christian Education, first at Boston's St. Paul's Cathedral and then at the Diocesan House. But her more important influence was going to parishes all over the Dioceses and running classes for teachers (plus those interested) in evening courses at the Cathedral. Every clergyman in our Dio-

cese knew Lillian Boyd!

As you know, I have been a *Witness* subscriber for years — and loved it — until last year when it seemed to change character. I agreed to take it for one more year and hope for improvement.

When I say I am staying on, you know I find the trend has turned! And I am including my subscription for 1992 with this letter.



From the April 13, 1933 cover of *The Witness*.

You are very wise to seek subjects mentioned which readers may have to offer, such as initiating new ministries in parishes.

[I also enjoy writing] our Parish Letter for over 200 shut-ins, lonely or sick people, called *Lifelines*. I was appointed Editor and Coordinator — had ten writers and 20 "mailers." After 15 years and my 88th birthday, I resigned — but I am still a writer.

Doris Boyd
Beverly, MA

I WANT TO THANK YOU for sending us a couple of copies of the old *Witness* magazine. It was indeed a nostalgia trip to read them.

Names and often faces simply leaped off the pages: Bishop Frank Wilson, who was perhaps the first Bishop I ever saw when he would stop by to visit his brother at the Deerpath Inn in Lake Forest, Illinois, where we also lived at that time. Then there was Bishop Stewart who confirmed me and Bishop

Irving Peake Johnson who handed me my high school diploma in Colorado (Since we were at a girls' boarding school at the foot of Pike's Peak, and we all adored this Bishop full of funny stories, we always referred to him as "Bish I Peake Johnson"); and C. Rankin Barnes who was a neighbor and acquaintance of my family. Then there was mention of Ed Thayer being ordained priest; later to be a Bishop we came to know. (Was he being anointed? There weren't other ordinations mentioned.)

Many other names had less personal contact, but many degrees of awareness and occasional brief contact: Bishop McElwain, whose daughter is still a friend; the Bill Spoffords, senior and junior, Parsons, Hobson, Sherrill, Manning, John Suter, Bernard Iddings Bell, Gardiner Day, James DeWolfe, Kinsolving the senior, even Joe Fletcher and many more.

To my husband the names of Hobson, Manning and many of the Tuckers have close memories. He also was amused to see the same arguments about abolishing "281," and to "discontinue the Departments of the National Council," a mere 68 years ago...to save money in the grim 1930's — and get on with evangelism. Sound familiar?

Today *The Witness* is still a witness to our times, and in our times.

Keep at it.

Ann Wood
Spokane, WA

THANK YOU for sending the old issues of *The Witness* — fun to read! Great idea!

Wish I had such good things in closets around here — I'd distribute them!

Ann Poole
Orchard Lake, MI

***The Witness* welcomes letters to the editor. We are most able to accommodate letters of 200 words or less. Please send comments to *The Witness*, 1249 Washington Blvd., Suite 3115, Detroit, MI 48226-1868. It is our policy to edit letters for length when necessary, but not for style.**

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THE WITNESS

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It is the policy of *The Witness* to use inclusive language whenever possible.

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Our triumphant holy day

Some time ago, archeologists uncovered the bones of Jesus Christ. Understanding the enormous theological ramifications this discovery would have, they considered who best to break the news.

They settled on Paul Tillich, thinking (in a narrow-minded, first-world-centric fashion) that he'd be well-suited to speak to both American and European Christians.

They approached him gingerly.

Christ's body had been found, they said.

Tillich leaned back in his chair, raised his hands to his chest.

*"So," he said, "he **actually** lived."*

The Gospel and the Church have, I think, a hold on us that goes beyond what we can or would articulate.

This must be so.

If you look around on Sunday and consider the people who share your pew, what do they make of the things attested to in the Book of Common Prayer and the hymnal? Do we, as a community, believe in angels, visions, miracles, the resurrection?

So much of this is tacit. It is worked through our hearts, often from childhood when even the meaning of some words was foreign.

The form is familiar. In this season, we know the transition from purple to black to white. We know the readings, the

hymns, the heartsick moment when the altar is stripped and the piercing contrast of trumpets, lilies and good news.

We also know that, push come to shove, there are some interesting ways of interpreting and reinterpreting the assertion that Jesus Christ walked out of the tomb.



He is risen

credit: Robert Hodgell

Part of our reticence about such things may stem from the fact that push often comes to shove under the hand of Biblical fundamentalists who ask the question because they would like to draw lines around you, fencing you into one camp or another.

In an effort to push from a different direction, *The Witness*' editors took turns calling several *Witness* readers last month. We asked what people made of the Resurrection and the answers were varied (see page 8).

The question for me is prompted partly because I get glimmers of what my own

life and that of the Church might be if we were unambiguous in our answer. *What life might be* is different if we consider the Resurrection a metaphor than if we have confidence that Jesus rose from the dead and ate with the disciples.

The implications are different.

And while fence-sitting is a traditional liberal pose which offends few, we might at least consider stepping down.

The Gospels are remarkably concrete — even inviting us to put our hand in Christ's wounds.

My parents preferred sanctuaries filled with light because they could see the faces of others transfigured with the love for and of God. I preferred the darkness of Taizé where my face did not have to bear testimony, but that's partly because I was working through what the testimony might be.

editor's note

Jeanie Wylie-Kellermann is editor/publisher of *The Witness*. Artist **Robert Hodgell** lives and works in Bradenton, Fla.

I value darkness and “the shadow of this red rock” but I’m increasingly appreciative of the faces of those transfigured in love.

One of those who has affected my relationship to the Resurrection, although I only met him twice, is Dan Corrigan, retired suffragan bishop of Colorado (and then some).

When Corrigan preached at the installation of my father at the Church of the Advent, Boston, he said:

“Sam Wylie is my good friend . . . and I don’t care if he lives or dies.” Corrigan went on to complement the church building and to add that whether it stands or falls is of little consequence. (Elizabeth Corrigan says “Dan would say things that would startle people.” See *Witness* profile on page 26.)

But buildings and people could fall and Corrigan could hang on to a loving and provocative detachment. All this because of the Resurrection. One gets an inkling of what the ramifications of this faith might mean . . .

Thirteen years later, Corrigan led a retreat for college students (and recent graduates) that I attended. He told stories. I began to worry that there was no coherence to them. But toward the end, it crashed over me that he was saying that if all the institutions we rely on fail (and he thought it likely that many of them would), we should have confidence that green

shoots will grow and that we will be needed to nurture them; just because we know the merit of what we have now does not mean that we should even imagine that this way of doing things is the best.

Afterwards I spoke with him because my father *had* died and I found I did care.

“I look like my father,” he said. “Every time I looked in the mirror to shave, I saw my father’s eyes criticizing me. I was younger then. Now,” he said, “he just winks at me.” — Dan Corrigan

Corrigan smiled.

“I look like my father,” he said. “Every time I looked in the mirror to shave, I saw my father’s eyes criticizing me. I was younger then. Now,” he said, “he just winks at me.”

From time to time (often during the eucharist), I feel the presence of the communion of saints — a breeze past my shoulders, a ring of golden light above me that seems to be filled with voices of many praising God. (Ask me if I feel silly trying to write this down . . .)

My father wasn’t much for graveyards. I am. He insisted that where we meet after one of us has died is at the communion rail. Wrapped in that confidence is the certainty that the living Church *does* act out the Resurrection and can serve as an example of the continuation of Christ’s effort to praise God and serve creation.

But Sam Wylie wasn’t “a modern variety of liberal pacifist millenarianism” (see book review on page 25). He didn’t hedge his bets on the known over the unknown.

I think he really meant that at the heart of our faith — and in that moment when the Church celebrates (over and over again) the resurrection of Jesus Christ — we can meet. Our hearts and our hopes are joined. Those of us continuing here get a glimpse of the truth of the Resurrection.

A friend of mine says she’s amazed at how often she hangs on to an experience of death, because she has forgotten that throughout her life a Resurrection has followed personal loss. She is speaking metaphorically of resurrection, but I wonder how often the Church (and those of us in it) hang on to death by refusing to even allow questions about the Creed.

In our doubts and our inarticulate longings there may be intimations of a life stronger than death. We’ll only sense whether that’s true if we raise the questions. —J.W.-K.

Will the real savage please stand up.



What happens to a man who murders, enslaves and tortures countless human beings? He's celebrated. At least that's been the case with Christopher Columbus for the past 500 years. It's time to discover the truth about Columbus. For more information write to The Episcopal Council of Indian Ministries Field Office, 504 North Robinson, Oklahoma City, OK 73102.

This graphic is part of a series produced by the Episcopal Ad Project and is described on page 17.

Vital Signs, a column devoted to events in the Episcopal Church, is introduced on page 17 of this issue. Julie A. Wortman edits the column and can be reached at *The Witness*, 1249 Washington Blvd., Suite 3115, Detroit, MI 48226; 313-962-2650. Wortman, who was staff writer for *Episcopal Life*, becomes an assistant editor of *The Witness* next month.

Mission Street Manifesto

for all varrios

by Juan Felipe Herrera

Blow out the jiving smoke the plastik mix the huddling straw of the dying mind
and rise sisters rise brothers and spill the song and sing the blood that calls
the heart the flesh that has the eyes and gnaws the chains and blow
and break through the fuse the military spell the dreams of foam
make the riff jump the jazz ignite the wheel burn the blade churn rise
and rise sisters rise brothers and spill the song and sing the blood that calls
the ancient drums the mineral fists the rattling bones of gold
on fire the lava flow the infinite stream the razor wave
through the helmet the holy gun the Junta the seething boot
shake it do the shing-a-ling the funky dog of sun and moon
pull out the diamonds from your soul the grip of light the stare of stars
rip the wires invade the air and twist the scales and tear the night
go whirling go singeing go shining go rumbling go rhyming
our handsome jaws of tender truth our shoulders of sweating keys
to crack the locks the vaults of hands the dome of tabernacle lies
and rise sisters rise brothers and spill the song and sing the blood that calls
and spin a flash deep into the sorrow of the silent skull
the vanquished lips the conquered song the knot in the belly of earth
break out through the fenders the angel dust kiss the methadone rooms
go chanting libre chanting libre go chanting libre go
libre *La Mission* libre *El Salvador* libre *La Mujer*
the will of the worker now the destiny of children libre
blow out the jiving smoke the plastic mix the huddling straw of the dying mind
the patrolling gods the corporate saints the plutonium clouds
strike the right the new Right to crucify the right to decay
the triple K the burning cross the territorial rape game
and stop the neutron man the nuclear dream the assassination line
the alienation master the well groomed empire the death suit
and rise and rise libre libre and rise and rise and rise libre
and rise sisters rise brothers and spill the song and sing the blood that calls
blow out the jiving smoke the plastik mix the huddling straw of the dying mind
forever
forever
forever.

Poetry

!

We repeat the Nicene Creed on a regular basis. We know it by heart. Its rhythm runs deep. Central to that creed are the words of the Resurrection. For many the Resurrection is an idea with which they have made peace, sometimes an uneasy peace.

One board member of the Episcopal Church Publishing Company, Christopher Bugbee, recently converted to Judaism after 20 years of wrestling with Christianity. He waited to see if the service of conversion would cause him confusion. It didn't.

"I had a general feeling that a great burden had been lifted. I would never have imagined this."

He still acknowledges Jesus as prophet and teacher, but no longer feels an obligation to assert that Jesus is the son of God, raised from the dead.

"I always felt my reach exceeded my grasp," he explained. "We need to find ways to honor our doubts."

Now when friends ask him his views on the Resurrection and he explains that the idea is untenable to him, some respond, "Why is that a problem? I don't believe in it either and I consider myself a Christian."

This month we decided to put the question to *Witness* readers. We pulled names from our mailing list — some random, some not — and began conversations that we share with delight.

—J.W-K.



**JESUS SAID TO HER-MARY
SHE TURNED ETS AID TO HIM-RABBONI**

French woodcut, circa 1500.

Marianne Arbogast is assistant editor of *The Witness*. **Jeanie Wylie-Kellermann** is editor/publisher. Artist **Joan Iverson Goswell** reproduced this 16th century French woodcut for Visminas Co., 812 Ivy St., Pittsburgh, PA 15232.

And on the third day...

Saundra Cordingley, Elbridge, N.Y., resident in psychotherapy at Onondaga Pastoral Counseling Center in Syracuse, N.Y., and rector of a small rural parish in Jordan, N.Y.

The Resurrection and the strength of Christ's presence must have been a great surprise. I think in our lives it is also very surprising; we can't anticipate what the new life will look like. Faith is the thread that keeps us connected to it, when it's not very clear or very certain what the outcome will be.

In my own life, when I went through a divorce, it was a kind of death experience, but my ministry was enriched and myself changed — but it took quite awhile. From what was really a painful ending, there were real gifts. The hope is that we can get through the suffering, despair, and brokenness to a place where we experience joy and new life, and be able to use that to help other people.

The central conviction I have is that there is hope for wholeness and joy through the terrible experiences of life, loss and grief and brokenness. Hope in the historical resurrection faith can really keep us going through the experience.

Robert Eckersley, a C.P.A. in Scranton, Penn., and treasurer of the Episcopal Church Publishing Company.

Let's see, I have to be very honest, don't I? I think that it's mythology, but it's wonderful mythology. I think it's rooted in truth, but after I get done saying all that, my mind is not sufficiently esoteric to grasp the possibility of actual resurrection. At the same time, I think the

recurrence of the theme is such as to make us all pause. Two thousand years later there is a substantial body of people who literally believe in the Resurrection.

Sometimes I say, "Gee, am I a Christian at all?" And then I flee very quickly

to Bishop Spong or Bishop Jenkins; both are Episcopalians and both seem to agree with me.

I'm troubled by the whole question and I keep coming back to it. This bishop in England said that he is too matter-of-fact to believe in miracles if you mean by them something that can't happen — something supernatural.

But if you mean things we can't understand . . . that happens all the time.

I'm not ruling it out, but I'm not saying I believe in it.

The Sermon on the Mount is a miraculous thing to me as the center of our philosophy — that is Resurrection enough for me to make Easter a very important event.

Lunette Gay, Azle, Texas — a retired professional artist.

It wasn't necessary for Christ to rise from the dead for me to believe in Jesus' philosophy and love it. What more do we need from Jesus Christ than the teachings — how to live, how to treat each other, how to love our brothers and sisters?

I believe the spirit lives on. I don't know how it does but I trust God for that.

Jesus came to this earth to teach us and help us understand the Old Testament and what it meant in our lives. That's enough. If there's something else, Hallelujah! But I'm not going to bargain for that.
—Lunette Gay, Texas

We need eternal companionship with God. I'm HIV-positive so that makes these issues for me very raw. There's a great immediacy to my search to be whole before God.
— California

I'm an old lady. I'm not concerned about this old, arthritic body. What we leave behind — with the people we've met and loved and the children in our community — is our resurrection.

It hasn't been an easy life, but it's been wonderful. I'm grateful. I believe it's kind of greedy to want to hold on to what we have forever.

I'm a practicing Methodist. I believe with all my heart in the Christian faith. Jesus came to this earth to teach us and help us understand the Old Testament and what it meant in our lives. That's enough. If there's something else, Hallelujah! But I'm not going to bargain for that.

Gilbert Prince, Newport Beach, CA, retired priest, age 83.

My faith in the Resurrection has never varied or wavered. It is substantiated each time I read the beginning of the service of burial: "I am the Resurrection and the Life..."

[Before entering the ministry] I was an engineer studying wavelengths through a spectroscope — infrared, gamma rays, X-rays, ultraviolet rays, and so on. I thought, my goodness, there must be an engineer and architect for all we enjoy in this earth of ours. In seminary, I realized there was much more to it, and basic to this was the Resurrection of Jesus.

Nan Peete, canon to the ordinary, Atlanta Georgia and

ECPC board member.

Oh Lord. What I do believe is that whether he did or didn't is missing the point. It gets us caught up into the medium and not the message. What's im-

portant is that in some form he was transformed from the earthly Jesus to the risen Christ — that transformation is what we're about. Asking how it happened gets us away from what it means to be the redeemed people of the risen Christ.

It's real clear that whatever happened from Good Friday to Easter morning, it wasn't the same person in the same form; he was not recognized. The other thing that becomes important to me is that while the earthly Jesus is male, the risen Christ is not — we are male and female.

I believe the Resurrection happened but I don't care about the mechanics of it. I care about the ramifications of it because that's what we live in.

Life after death? I hope....

I think one of the reasons that Christianity became easily accepted in the continent of Africa, with the American Indians and the Indians in Central and South America has to do with the concept of life after death. We pray to the saints. We pray to the great cloud of witnesses. Each of these cultures has its way of doing that. There is some continuity to life.

If you really believe in the Resurrection, you also have that hope to make the impossible possible.

A San Francisco librarian, who joined the Episcopal Church because "I could not find within the Roman Catholic communion an honorable reception of me as a gay man."

I think we liberals so emphasize the social dimension of the Resurrection that we forget that we worship a transcendent God whom we hope has a personal relationship with each of us as individuals. We couldn't be happy even after all kingdom aspects were achieved, because we are creatures of infinite yearning. We need eternal companionship with God.

I'm HIV-positive so that makes these issues for me very raw. There's a great immediacy to my search to be whole before God. Being gay and HIV is an exile experience. I was just reading Isaiah in concert with Walter Brueggemann this morning — when you are marginalized, it's that constant interplay between judgement and promise, between despair and hope.

Having looked at a variety of other options — secular humanism, agnosticism, Buddhism (and I have a great affection for Buddhism) — I continue to come back to the story of Jesus Christ. If it isn't true, it ought to be. My faith is a species of my hope. I choose to believe in the Resurrection, and the Incarnation, because this is what God ought to be like.

At the risk of sounding like a fundy, I think we need to keep it in mind that Easter comes after Lent — we are resurrected from our sinfulness.

Sometimes I'm kidded by my friends in the gay community — I have an abiding sense of my own sinfulness and it is not because I'm gay or because I have engaged in sexual activity. It is because I have not always treated people as whole human beings. The sin resides in turning that human being into an object whether that person is someone you've met in a bar or a homophobic person who feels justified in persecuting gay and lesbian people. [Joining the communion of saints and being in harmony with] Pat Buchanan, Phyllis Schlafly and Jesse Helms is part of the hope.

TW

Amaryllis: Easter Prelude by Sara Fischer

In the season meant to usher dormancy
the withered brown bulb holds past and future both, all
in the heart that pumps, breathes, feeds on loam even
as leaves fade yellow and droop. I brutally cut
at the base near the heart where leaves still remember to be fat,
(this is what the book said to do)
wrinkled-succulent, they bleed on the scissor
and nothing is left but the naked heart to promise more, or not.
Guests who know no better laugh at the empty pot, the naked heart,
"Isn't it time to surrender to the back porch? Face reality?"
they prod and tease, not knowing the promise
I too begin to forget as a season passes,
fall into dampest dark winter and forget to even look,
even I.

Then something in the heart isn't brown anymore.
A tip of a shoot, newborn green, emerges like the eye of a barnacle
Barely visible through the hard dry layers of seasons.
I, eager midwife, bring water, food, more light.
Watching, waiting.

All during Lent it shoots forth daily centimeters of hope.
I open the blinds when I leave in the morning darkness
enacting still an illusion that light is mine to give,
and whisper greetings of encouragement as I come and go.

Soon a stalk big and strong enough for sighs of joy;
I boast to my friends as though my holding on was all,
when its own twinned power — death and life —
raised up these shouting red trumpets.

Give earth a rest

The Indigenous Environmental Network has proposed an Unplug America Day as an alternative response to Quincentennial celebrations.

On October 13, 1992, IEN suggests, we should begin the next 500 years by giving the Earth a day of rest. Those who choose to do so will refuse to use any source of nonrenewable energy for one day, doing nothing that taxes the energy of the Earth.

"We wanted to find a way to express from our point of view something we haven't seen expressed," says Paul Rodarte of IEN. "It won't cost any money and will force people to recognize their dependency" on energy sources that are not sustainable. He points out that counter-Columbus activities next October will use energy just as will the celebratory Columbus parades and festivities.

Robert Allen Warrior,
The Progressive, March 1992

Corporate outlaws

U.S. corporations with plants in Mexico are shown violating environmental, health and safety laws in video footage released by The Coalition for Justice in the Maquiladoras. The video documents corporations, including General Motors, Ford Motor Company, and Stepan Chemical Company, dumping hazardous waste in canals and ditches or employing independent contractors who utilize unsafe methods of waste disposal. It also reveals the practice of obtaining a labor force through a company which warehouses workers in prison-like conditions. One barracks is shown in which 60 women, employed by the New Jersey-based Beckton Dickinson Corporation, sleep in one windowless room in bunk beds spaced about a meter apart.

For information about this video, contact Ed Feigen of the AFL-CIO in Washington, D.C. at (202) 637-5187.

Voces Unidas, Fourth Quarter,
1991

Bread for the world

Bread for the World is launching an effort to pass legislation to help end childhood hunger in the U.S. The legislation calls for increased funding for three programs: WIC, which provides food to low-income pregnant women and children; Head Start, which offers a preschool program to low-income children; and Job Corps, which provides education and vocational training to youth.

"The knowledge that one in five children lives in poverty is both a tragedy and a judgement on how the goods of this world are distributed," said Bishop Edmond Browning, who encourages churches to hold Offering of Letters services, during which members write their legislators concerning this issue.

For more information, write Bread for the World, Attn. Katherine Smith, 802 Rhode Island Avenue N.E., Washington, D.C. 20018, or call (202) 269-0200. Enclose \$5 to receive an Offering of Letters Kit.

Give and take

In our society, people with disabilities are often perceived as needing, period. We may be seen as needing someone to take care of us or needing guidance or charity. We may be perceived as patient and good, but we are typically unrecognized as givers.

Sadly, the one who is often wronged the most in this situation is not the potential recipient but the person who is prevented from giving. Giving in our society confers a certain status. Those who give, as well as take, enjoy a position of social respect and opportunities for social gratification.

Carol Gill,
Mainstream, October 1991

Anti-gay violence

"The gay community is under siege in this country. We are fighting an epidemic of violence," says Robert Bray, spokesman for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force in Washington. Reported harassment of homosexuals in 1990 rose an average 42 percent over 1989 in six cities, the task force

said. It documented 1,588 anti-gay incidents during 1990 ranging from threats to murder in New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The "increased visibility [as a consequence of AIDS] has garnered us additional power and tolerance in some places," Bray said. "The price we've paid is we've become an easier target for bigots and bashers."

Outlook, February 1992

If your enemy was fasting

I was fasting [in an Israeli prison], and my lawyer came to me and said, "Look, there's an Israeli who is fasting for you outside. If you don't stop fasting, he will die. You are fat. You can handle yourself, but he cannot." I stopped my fast because of an Israeli fellow who was fasting in support of me. Imagine how you would feel if your enemy was fasting for you.

**Mubarak Awad, exiled director of
the Palestinian Center for the Study
of Nonviolence in East Jerusalem,
Ground Zero, Winter 1992**

Short takes

Higher powers

Everyone should "help American Indians secure Federal legislation that will enable us to continue ceremonies and practices," Vine Deloria wrote recently. "We still believe in higher powers and communicate with them in ceremonies and prayers. *Just in case* we are right, it would be a prudent thing to help us."

Robert Allen Warrior,
The Progressive, March 1992

[Ed. Note: This article is adapted from an address designed to help lawyers understand how Christians relate to the law, particularly in light of the Resurrection.]

It was edited for a *Witness* readership, rather than a legal one.]

I am part of a community which, in the course of the last 2,000 years, has often found itself at odds with the official policies of the state. That community is the Christian Church. I have spent a good deal of time with smaller groups of Christians who challenge state authority. I have friends who are members of self-described Christian communities of resistance.

There is a very real sense in which the Church as Church, by its very nature, always stands opposed to the state — as well as all other principalities and powers in the world. When it is not in some state of tension with the law — that is, when it does not resist the seduction to violence which is so integral a part of the law — it is in all likelihood failing in its role as the Church.

The resistance of the Church is not based upon a claim to power, but on the invocation of memory. And that memory is of a people whose charge was to be faithful and know that its power is in powerlessness.

Andrew McThenia is a professor at Washington and Lee Law School, former chancellor of the Diocese of SW Virginia, and a member of the board of the Episcopal Church Publishing Company. McThenia has been published previously in *The Witness* regarding his decision to risk arrest during the Pittston coal strike. The full version of this address was published in the *Washington and Lee Law Review*, Volume 48, Winter 1991. Artist **Joan Iverson Goswell** reproduced this 16th century French woodcut for Visminas Co., Pittsburgh, Penn.

The story to which we try to be faithful — our generative narrative — is a very specific one. It is that God entered into human history in the person of an itinerant rabbi named Jesus. He spent some time in an occupied territory teaching and associating with all sorts of people, most of whom seem to have been at the margins of society. He preached a message and lived a life which offered a whole

new definition of what it means to be human. His agenda was personal and extremely threatening to the political and religious establishment because almost everything he said and did called into question the administered arrangements of the existing world. The message was so radical and he so threatening that he was tried and killed in the name of the law. If the story ended there, it would be



AND LO a great multitude, which no one could number cried out in a loud voice: Salvation to our God who sits upon the throne and to the Lamb.

The Law and the Resurrection

by Andrew McThenia, Jr.

just one more tragic event in a fallen world. However, it does not end there, because three days later he rose from the dead. The Resurrection is what makes the story unique—and we believe that therein lies God’s ultimate saving power.

Our job is not to establish empires or even to persuade others to change the law. It is instead to try to live out the awesome truth of that simple story: that the suffering of the crucified Christ here and now represents God’s victory over the fear and thrall of death.

A major problem for many of us who seek to follow Jesus is that from the perspective of our own faith, we do not reason correctly. We reason as if everyone, or at least a majority of the world, accepted our story as true. We have forgotten that we are, as were the early Christians, a minority people. The Church lost a critical purchase on its ability to see the world clearly when, at the time of Constantine, the Church and the state united. Ours is a failure of memory. We reason and think as if we were a majority and yet we are, in fact, strangers in a strange land.

In the Christian community, servanthood became less important than the glorification of God’s empire. The form of language had to change to accommodate a people who had come to view themselves as God’s agents in running a government. One would not, in such a newly configured world, ask what Christian conscience demanded. The thought process turned to what was “effective.”

But once the Church starts worrying about “effectiveness,” it has succumbed to the power of death by doubting the power of the Resurrection. If God is in control of history—that is, if the Resurrection is what we claim it to be—then we do not need to worry about success or effectiveness. Our job is to follow the God who is in control of history. To be obedient means not to let other institu-

tions (i.e., the law) claim our primary obligation and subvert that obligation to our neighbor. That means the Christian community must be respectful but wary of the claims of the law.

Realism would seem to counsel that the Christian community should be less interested in urging the creation of a Christian nation or even of “reintegrating law and theology” than in trying to discern what it means to be faithful in a world which increasingly considers its basic story either incredible or irrelevant. But we continue to sponsor symposia on the reintegration of law and theology and to have White House prayer breakfasts attended by many religious leaders who seek to make the United States a Christian nation. All of which goes to show how seductive power is. Even as a minority people we continue to have dreams of imperialism.

While we in the Church did not have much trouble accommodating ourselves to the relationship of power when the Church and Caesar were united, we have had a great deal of difficulty accepting the reality that we are once again a confessing minority.

All too often the Church recites its liturgy and sings its hymns but neglects to remember the transformative stories that give it life. It mouths the words but cannot hear the voice which wants to question and challenge what has been settled by conventional wisdom. The priests of the law talk of its aspirations and point with some justifiable pride to its origins in the Church, and yet never acknowledge that to insure its own survival the law must rely on a willingness to resort to violence.

And that is the divide. The Church, when it challenges the law, if it is to be the Church, cannot resort to violence. The law, on the other hand, to be effective must stand ready to back its pronouncements with force.

No matter how much the law seeks to justify its activities strictly as matters of interpretation, no matter how many levels of bureaucracy separate and isolate the Supreme Court from the executioner who pulls the switch, there should be no mistake—the law is in bondage to violence. It is not that the law is evil, merely that it is fallen. Most of the world knows only two responses to violence—fight or flight—and that version of reality is woven into the fabric of the law.

But there is another way; a third way which is neither fight nor flight. It is the example of Jesus, who overcame the violence of the world by absorbing it himself. The Church, as the body of Christ, has that same fundamental mission to proclaim an alternative to violence.

Resistance to the official law, if it is to capture our imagination and permit the law to grow, must be based on a powerful story. But it cannot be based on power. It must be redemptive. Any story of resistance which deviates from the example of the life and death of Jesus and substitutes violence for the loving resistance and suffering made normative in Jesus is not holy obedience.

Nothing we can do would be more effective than that which God has already done. To act as if our witness, whatever form it takes, is one which would put God’s word in triumph over the power of death is fundamentally to misunderstand the Resurrection. It is to assume that the Resurrection is somehow not yet complete. It is to succumb to all the temptations to power which Jesus wrestled with and defeated in the wilderness.

To live in grace is to live knowing who and *whose* we are. What we do is far less important than that. Our witness for a more just society results from the knowledge that Christ will come again as judge and king, and in the meantime, we are charged with witnessing to the power of the Resurrection. **TW**

The time is 1:30 a.m., Holy Saturday. I am summoned to the intensive care unit of a New York hospital.

Good Friday, April Fools' day, the day of the First Fool of all, had come and gone. We had spent the day miming that foolishness through what might be called aptly, an iron Forest of Fools, Manhattan. But more of this later.

I held the hand of my friend, a hand beautiful, pallid, helpless, a 24-year-old hand, a hand shortly to be unhandled from me, as from all and sundry uses of this world. Handed over to Sheriff Death.

This entity, implacable and inef-
fable at once, is, as one comes to learn, professionally uninterested in such items as friendship, tears, reconcilings, memories sweet and vagrant. More, in such places as hospitals he practices his own brands of intensive care. He creates a species of mordant havoc, hustling people of all ages and conditions brusquely through a door — into we know not quite what or where.

Nonetheless, I held this hand in mine. About me I saw row upon row of bodies, each as near as I could judge, in somewhat the same condition as my young friend. Each was laboring in a kind of dreadful mimic breathing, a computerized breathing, a unison not of heart and mind, but as though urged by a Central Breather with a circuit for soul.

Up and down, in and out they breathed. Not of their bodies' volition. None of them, for these few dreadful hours, could

have requested that their portion of the world's sweet and sour air be increased or withheld.

The surreal switch in me was turned on high. I looked about and thought to myself, maybe those 19th century philosophy types were right. Maybe the whole shebang is nothing more than a kind of Machine of Machines. Maybe you and I and all those bodies lying about on Pharmaceutical Death Row, maybe we're no more than machines punched out by the Great Machine in the Sky.

Maybe we're all breathing by hose and circuit, living by switches and currents.

I heard a whisper; there's a Machine in your future. In point of fact, that Machine is your only future. The Machine will

breathe for you, it will think for you. It will clench and unclench your heart.

Eventually toward dawn, my head cleared. My hand was holding a hand; David was beyond doubt, dying.

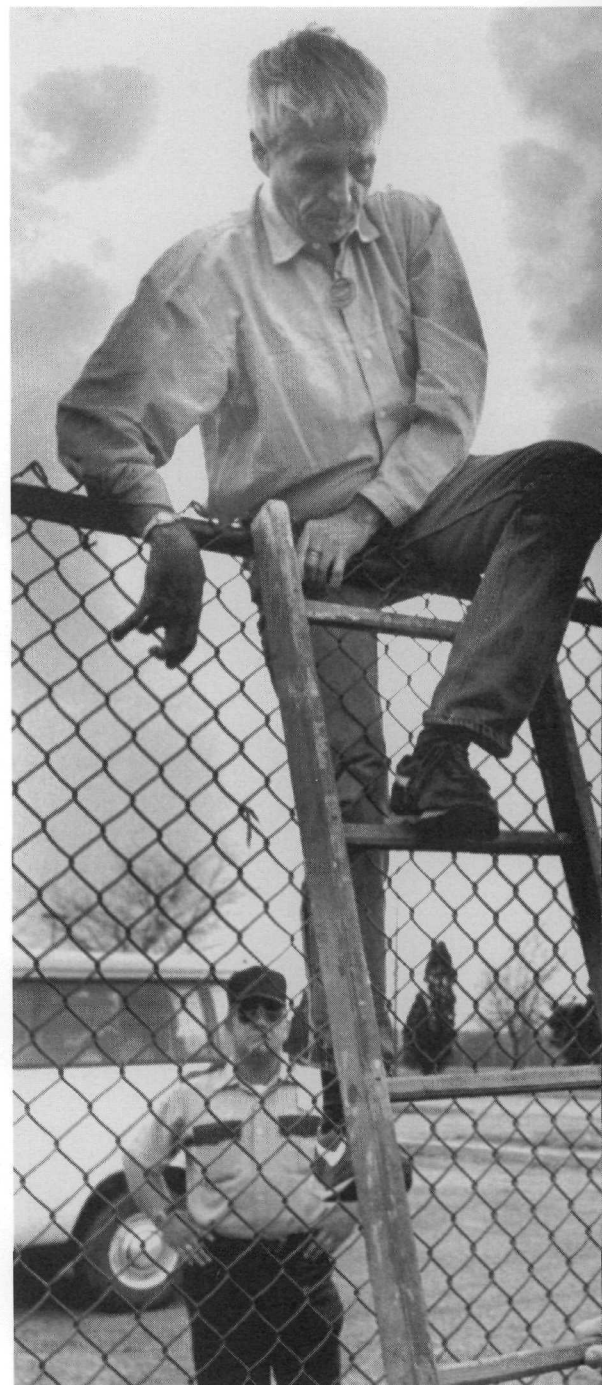
David was Wanted. It made not a whit of difference that his friends, with all our tears and holding on and secret fury and wild will, wanted him too. We said such things in his ear again and again that night, while the machine breathed for him, and his heart strove valiantly to keep him on course. In vain. About 2:30 a.m., a good heart which had borne him steadily through the wobbly world, stalled.

We wept afresh, and held one another. The Sheriff, so to speak, was permitting farewells if not prolonged beyond measure.

The young woman affianced to David ran her hands tenderly over his body, once, in farewell. It was a gesture, if I may be permitted a piety, that called to mind

David was Wanted. It made not a whit of difference that his friends, with all our tears and holding on and secret fury and wild will, wanted him too.

Daniel Berrigan is a fellow traveller, a Jesuit, a participant in resistance and a poet.



Daniel Berrigan

Deterri
by Danie



credit: Linda Dow Hayes

g Death

Berrigan

Mary touching the limbs of her son, with death in the air and a tomb in the offing.

We collected David's possessions and left. We walked the dead streets awhile, stilled after the tumult of events that day, our Stations of the Cross through Manhattan, our arrest and jailing.

No street is so chillingly dead as one that shortly before was so madly alive. We walked and walked, friends bereft of our friend, a woman and her doubled grief, bereft of her bridegroom. I said to her, What hurts and hurts, is the utter clarity of that life of his.

What a curriculum, that short life. Twenty-four years old, graduate in architecture, Columbia. He turned down classy jobs that would have gotten him safely on the down escalator to hell. "One of the companies," he told me, "was awarded a fat contract to design a chemical warfare lab; another, to remodel a national guard base." Thank you but no thank you. He began as a tenant organizer in New York, for something called "The Single Room Occupants' Legal Services." Full time there, part time sheltering and feeding the poor. Part time being added in his case to full time, and subtracted from such irrelevancies as food and sleep.

David worked out of the cardinal's building. Two years before, the cardinal, as military vicar, had penned a letter to Catholic military chaplains. It stated, in effect, that from a Christian (sic) point of view, nuclear weapons were a regrettable but tolerable phenomenon.

The letter went beyond its intended addressees. It landed, so to speak, in David's lap. The season was midwinter, bitterly cold. David took to the street,

alone. He set up a small table borrowed from the cardinal's building, and stood there in the outer doorway day after day, fasting in the cold, during the noon hour. On the table before him were pamphlets and leaflets concerning nuclear weaponry, offering a message far different than the cardinal's.

He studied scripture with us and was arrested with us. He and his friends of Pax Christi moved into an old brownstone on West 114th Street, and a community got underway. They found space in the Cathedral of St. John

the Divine for a night shelter for the homeless. A church on Broadway donated a room and they opened a soup kitchen and fed street people. Sunday mornings they brought a Coxie's army of neighbor-

hood kids into their house for breakfast and talk, sometimes about Christianity.

One year, it transpired that every Friday night a group of us gathered in the front room of the brownstone, from 8 o'clock until God knew when. The subject was that nightmare of God's and ours, the Book of Revelation. For 16 weeks we dissected the nightmare; beasts, seals unsealed, trumpets, battlefields, the banquet of damnation, a lion become a lamb, martyrs under an altar. Together we made some sense of that sublime and holy nonsense.

Sense also of the dark side of America, a bestial psyche that, light lacking us, would lead us into irremediable darkness.

And during those same weeks it came to us, a predawn chill. Something was happening in our midst that had happened also, according to the book, to the early community. Which is to say, putting matters simply, death.

Together we made some sense of the dark side of America, a bestial psyche that, light lacking us, would lead us into irremediable darkness.

David was slowing down, he was ill. Then he was in the hospital. The medicos zigzagged toward a diagnosis, something about a virus of the heart, something about heart surgery in the offing.

David had good days and bad; he raged against his wasting body, his weakness, against the rites and spells and incantations and gaucheries of something wretched, known as 'medical protocol.'

On Good Friday of that year, the community took on Manhattan. Some 800 people marched in the Stations of the Cross through the heart of the city; from the U.N. on the East River, to the S.S. Intrepid, a mothballed mausoleum of world violence, moored in the Hudson like a foul embolism in a fair stream.

We took it all on; the noise and traffic and crowds, the sleek world headquarters of this or that multicorporate ripoff, the false fronts behind which murder proceeded on schedule, so clean, so legitimate. We took on the sleazy porno of Times Square. And finally, the notorious Riverside Research Institute, where the star wars scenario of Reagan (and Bush) proceeds apace. There some 60 marchers were arrested.

It was April 1, All Fools' Day, Good Friday. As we walked, we passed hand to hand a large folio inscribed with Buddhist texts. On it the pilgrims wrote a message to David, who but for his illness would have been with us.

And that afternoon, duly booked and briefly held and summarily released with a court date, I delivered the message to David. He was cheerful and alert, had had a good day. He scanned the greetings of his friends with relish, heard our report of the march and its aftermath. And before dawn he was dead.

Easter dawned. Strange, I recalled, Christians were celebrating an illegal event, an event that marked their beginnings, like a birth mark on the newborn; illegal. Our birth was illegal. Christianity

erupted from a tomb, sealed and guarded by order of Caesar. Christianity is an illegal entity, in principle. The tomb was sealed; it was off limits. No one was to enter. No one, it goes without saying, was to come out.

*Friends east coast to west
are in jail. Their acts of
resurrection — planting
trees, casting blood about,
climbing fences, sitting in.*

The death that preceded all this, the event of Good Friday, was quite another matter. The trial and execution of Jesus were at every point legal, sanctioned by Church and state, carried out with a fine eye to punctilio and dispatch. Pilate and Caiphas were at one in righteous effort. More, on occasion they even exchanged roles, Caiphas donning the executioner's cap, all expedience and finesse, Pilate doleful and soulful and false, inquiring after the truth he despised. It was as though the two would display before the world the fine meshing of twin gears; worldly religion, religious worldliness.

An arrangement that perdures.

For me, such thoughts bear on the life and death of my friend. In the world, an errant and lethal nonsense is being huckstered by those whom Brecht called, in a like context, "a race of inventive dwarfs." The death of Jesus, that monstrous "legality," takes form today in the threatened crucifixion of humanity. Every step of the rake's progress toward a universal Hill of Skulls is legal. So is the neutron bomb. So are the Cruise and Pershing missiles. The MX is legal. So is the Trident fleet. A fictional cynical "step by step disarmament" masks the intent; to get rid of obsolete weapons, to proceed with deployment of ever more lethal ones.

All nicely legal. So will the end of the world be — legal.

On the other hand, every attempt, even the most modest or maladroit, to interfere with the lemming rush to oblivion, is branded as criminal. The least hint and symbol and start of resurrection — raising a cry, crossing a line, kneeling and praying in forbidden places, pitting our blood against the nuclear hammers of hell — these are condemned as criminal acts. We are criminals; surrounded as such, dragged away as such, charged as such, tried as such, convicted as such, punished as such.

This is our story.

I set these words down, friends east coast to west are in jail. Their acts of resurrection, their passionate gift of life — planting trees, casting blood about, climbing fences, sitting in; these are criminal acts.

Their crime, the deterrence of death. Take them away!

But such friends, such fools, will not go away.

Not even Sheriff Death shall take them away.

Death itself shall be taken away.

This we are told.

At the tenth Station of the Cross, amid the folly and fury of a great city, on Good Friday, the reading thundered; from the letter of Paul to the Christians of Corinth:

"Sisters and brothers, consider your calling. Not many of you are wise with the wisdom of this world, not many high and mighty. Rather, God has chosen the fools of this world to confound the wise, the weak to shame the strong. The despised and outcast God has chosen, those who hardly claim existence at all, those on the edge, those at the bottom. This God did, in order to declare null and void the inflated pomp of the world...

"Now we live in Christ Jesus, who is God's very wisdom, and our own."

This, dear friend David, dear fool, I believe.

Rest in peace. Amen, Alleluia. **TW**

Just what is collegiality?

The Church's bishops spent five days at western North Carolina's Kanuga Conference Center last month trying to stare down their confusion over what to do when individual episcopal authority and conscience comes into conflict with the so-called "mind" of the house.

It's a tough question, as the convener of the special meeting, Presiding Bishop Edmond L. Browning, knows too well. At a press conference simmering with questions about why the bishops kept going into closed session during General Convention last summer, he was asked which was more important, maintaining the "collegiality" of the House of Bishops or individual diocesan authority.

"As Bishop of Hawaii I would have said individual authority," he acknowledged. "As Presiding Bishop, I'd have to say collegiality."

Speak out on violence

The first of a series of regional hearings on violence towards women is scheduled to be held in Boston on April 25. Sponsored by the Executive Council's Committee on the Status of Women, the hearings are intended to help the Church listen "to the voices of those whose lives have been affected, to encourage theological reflection about the connections between violence and sexism in our society, and to promote appropriate educational and direct-service programs in response."

The next hearing is tentatively scheduled for Los Angeles next January. If you want to find out how to participate, contact one of the committee's co-chairs, either Carolyn M. Wilson, who is executive director of Episcopal Outreach Ministries and director of the Diocesan Human Resources for the Diocese of Milwaukee, or Diana Akiyama, associate dean of Stanford University's Memorial Chapel.

Discovering Columbus

The truth is what you'll get in these four posters created for the Episcopal Council of Indian Ministries by the Episcopal Ad Project. The medium is provocative, the messages hard-hitting. "Like any tourist, Columbus brought home a few souvenirs," runs the head of one that shows a ship carrying human cargo from the New World back to Spain.

The Church's Executive Council has called upon Episcopalians "to analyze and reflect upon differing effects that Colonialism has brought to our various people — colonizer and colonized — and to act faithfully and prophetically on that reflection as the Church in 1992 observes the 500th anniversary of the voyage of Christopher Columbus."

These posters will help. Write to the Episcopal Council of Indian Ministries' Oklahoma Field Office, 924 North Robinson, Oklahoma City, Okla., 73102 to get ordering information. Each poster is \$10, and "reflection" packets are available for \$7.

Empowerment has a future

"Empowerment ministry is clearly one of our priorities," Diane Porter, executive of Advocacy, Witness and Justice Ministries at the Church center, assured members of the Episcopal Urban Caucus at their 1992 assembly in Cincinnati, Ohio, as she announced new dramatic cutbacks in National Church program budgets. "Lobby for principles, but not individual programs."

Only 65 percent of the funds originally budgeted for church programs this year will be available, Porter said. The shortfall is blamed on the recession, cutbacks in the national apportionment aimed at leaving more money with local ministries and retaliatory action by some congregations and dioceses who disagree with the Church's apparently liberal line on homosexuality and sexual morality.

At 65 percent funding some programs may no longer be viable. Caucus members

would not like to lose either Jubilee Ministries, one of the most notable — and popular — of the Church's empowerment programs, or the Coalition for Human Needs (CHN), what staff officer Gloria Brown has called "the hard money source for [empowerment] program funding."

But Porter was making no promises. "There will be a restructuring of the empowerment ministries," she told the group.

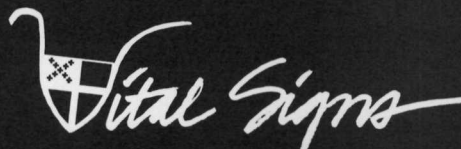
Executive Council will review the recommendations for restructuring at its June 15-19 meeting in Albuquerque, N.M. Council has already acted to protect the budgets of the Church's overseas and Central American dioceses, along with funds for Indian work, by keeping them at the 95-percent level.

Unfortunately for those who have withheld funds from dioceses and the National Church as a means of forcing liberal leaders to their knees, sexual ethics are unlikely to change because of the dramatic decrease of funds for Church programs.

Executive Council vacancy

David Booth Beers, who has recently become Presiding Bishop Browning's chancellor, has resigned his membership on Executive Council. A lay person will be elected to serve the remainder of his term (which runs until 1994) at the council's June 15-19 meeting in Albuquerque, N.M.

Names, along with a brief listing of the nominee's qualifications, should be sent c/o Secretary of the General Convention, to: The Nominating Committee of the Executive Council, 815 Second Ave., New York, N.Y., 10017.

The logo for "Vital Signs" features a stylized graphic of a cross with a heart shape inside, followed by the words "Vital Signs" in a cursive script.

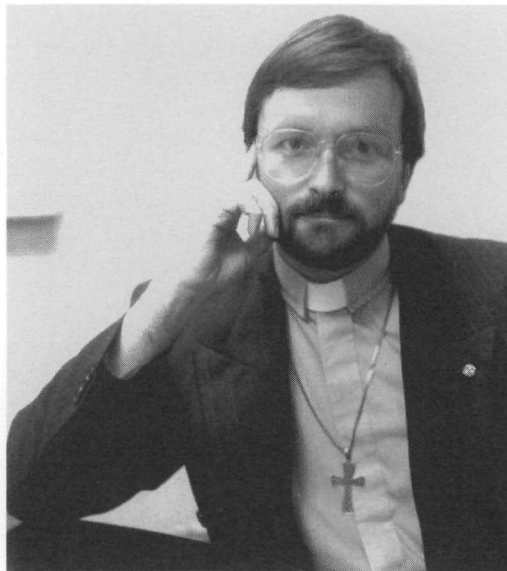
On trial for sexuality

by Chris Ambidge

It all began innocently enough. Jim Ferry, a parish priest in Toronto, met and fell in love with someone. The two decided that this was not a flash-in-the-pan, but a relationship for the rest of their lives. They were happy for three and a half years. The problems started when it came to the bishop's attention — because both of them are men. Bishop Terence Finlay of Toronto asked Ferry to resign from St. Philip's parish in suburban Unionville. When he refused, the bishop summarily removed Ferry from St. Philip's and placed him under inhibition (meaning that Ferry cannot exercise his priesthood anywhere in the Anglican communion). On February 3, the matter moved to the rarely-convened Bishop's Court, where Ferry is standing trial for refusing to obey his bishop. In the wider sense, the Anglican Church of Canada is also on trial, both in the Court and in the secular media. At issue is how the Church treats its gay and lesbian sons and daughters, both lay and ordained.

In late spring of 1991, Ferry received a message from a handful of people that if he did not resign quietly, the bishop would be told of his sexual orientation. In the face of what was essentially blackmail, Jim went to his bishop and said that there was trouble brewing in the parish, and what it was. In the course of that interview, he told Bishop Finlay both

about his sexual orientation, and about his partner. The bishop asked for time to think and pray about the situation.



James Ferry

credit: Bill Glisky, Anglican Journal

Two weeks later, Finlay asked for Ferry's resignation. When Ferry refused, he was inhibited, and one of the suffragan bishops took services at St. Philip's the next Sunday. At this time, a letter from Bishop Finlay was read which "outed" Ferry. It announced that Ferry had been removed "because of his decision to remain in a relationship with another man." The congregation were surprised by the revelation, and angry at his removal.

The bishop said that his actions were forced by the standards adopted by the national House of Bishops on homosexuals in the Church. In 1979, the House issued a set of Pastoral Guidelines that recognized homosexuals as "brothers and sisters for whom Christ died," who should

have full civil rights and full call on the pastoral resources of the Church. The bishop went on to say, however, that this was not an acceptance of homosexual activity, that they could not accept blessing of homosexual unions, and that candidates for ordination were required to abstain from same-sex activity. In the absence of legislation from General Synod on these issues, Bishop Finlay contends that the guidelines are binding in order to preserve the bishops' collegiality.

As a gay person, I find the acceptance offered by the 1979 Pastoral Guidelines to be, at best, qualified. They can be paraphrased as "it's OK to be a bird, as long as you don't fly." The being/doing split is anti-incarnational. Like many other lesbian/gay people, I have found a powerful dissonance between, on the one hand, the 1979 Guidelines, and how they were applied to Ferry; and, on the other hand, the acceptance of Jesus that I find in the Gospel.

On the surface, the charges laid against Ferry deal not with the morality of his homosexuality, but rather with the "legal and honest demands" and "godly admonitions" of the bishop. Ferry, like all priests, promised to follow these at his ordination. In actuality, the trial *does* deal with morality, morality as determined by the bishop and then imposed through the promise of obedience.

It is Ferry's contention that the bishop could not demand that the relationship be terminated, any more than the bishop could prohibit a priest from marrying someone from Asia, or an atheist, or from marrying at all.

The five judges are being asked to consider whether or not the Pastoral Guidelines are binding on bishops. The diocesan lawyer has said that Finlay was compelled by them to act as he did. Other bishops have apparently not felt so compelled. The Court heard from an-

Chris Ambidge is editor of *Integrator*, the newsletter of Integrity/Toronto, and a lay member of the Toronto diocesan synod.

other priest who told his bishop that he was gay, but who explicitly made no promise to remain sexually abstinent.

On the witness stand, Ferry's lawyer asked him why he didn't simply choose, as the bishop had implicitly asked: Either continue as a priest, or continue the relationship. He replied, "How can I choose between my two loves? I love the Church, and I love my partner. Either of those choices is like asking me to cut off my arm."

The Court has received huge amounts of media attention. It has been covered on a daily basis by television networks and major newspapers from coast to coast, and even abroad. Cynics may say that this is because sex sells newspapers. While that is true, newspapers are not the only ones to benefit.

One of the other reporters said to me at the trial that he thought the process was pretty healthy. At first I thought he was wrong. The trial process itself is medieval, and thousands of people have been voyeurs into Ferry's private life. The

In late spring of 1991, Ferry received a message from a handful of people that if he did not resign quietly, the bishop would be told of his sexual orientation. In the face of what was essentially blackmail, Ferry went to his bishop. Two weeks later, Finlay asked for Ferry's resignation.

Church has been presented as prurient and intolerant, damning one man's career and vocation for something over which he had no more control than his eye colour. The blaze of publicity has focused for lesbians how un-welcomed they are by parts of their Church. Lesbian/gay

clergy are running for cover in fear of an oncoming witch-hunt. It has cost Ferry himself dearly: his partner, who is an even more private person than Ferry, could not tolerate the publicity, and the relationship has burst under the strain. It has been a dark and enervating time for those of us who are lesbian and in the Church.

On further reflection, though, the process is healthy. As Christians, we have been promised that there will be a resurrection, though we know not what form it may take. Anglicans tend to be polite to a fault, and papering over cracks is one of our favourite approaches to conflict. Many would rather ignore the entire issue of lesbians. The media coverage, and indeed the trial itself, have stripped the paper away. People have been forced to consider the homosexuals who are sitting beside them in the pew. The debate continues. The outcome for Jim Ferry is now in the hands of five judges. The outcome for the Anglican Church of Canada is in the hands of God. **TW**

Welcome to The Witness!

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We've sent this issue to you because we understand that you may have a vested interest in life after death. . . For 75 years *The Witness* has published articles addressing theological concerns as well as critiquing social issues from a faith perspective.

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Over and over again, artists Newton and Helen Mayer Harrison have made the journey to Calvary. They have witnessed countless crucifixions and mourned a myriad of agonizing deaths, but the callous destruction of life they repeatedly encounter has not caused them to despair. On the contrary, the Harrisons adamantly maintain their hope in resurrection — specifically, the return to vitality of our dying planet.

Via a combination of photography, drawing, painting, poetry, creative thinking and hard-nosed scientific inquiry, these two artists (a married couple) have spent the past 20 years offering alternatives to the death sentence that humanity has levied on much of the earth's natural environment. Their proposals for the restoration of ecologically damaged areas not only find their ways into art galleries and museums, but onto the desks of urban planners and into the texts of environmental impact reports. Their artistic — sometimes whimsical — approach to questioning the way human beings interact with their surroundings is being taken seriously by researchers and government officials around the globe.

Professors of art at the University of California, San Diego (a school noted for its pioneering scientific research and for the Scripps Institute of Oceanography), the Harrisons began working with issues of life and death in the early 1970s when they created a series of self-sustaining ecological systems that could maintain life in an art-gallery setting (a metaphor criticizing the "lifelessness" that characterized much of the artworld at that time). They raised brine shrimp at a museum in Los Angeles, grew oranges in another museum in Orange County, California, and bred catfish in a gallery in London, England. The practical value of their artistic forays into biology started to become apparent when they succeeded in mating

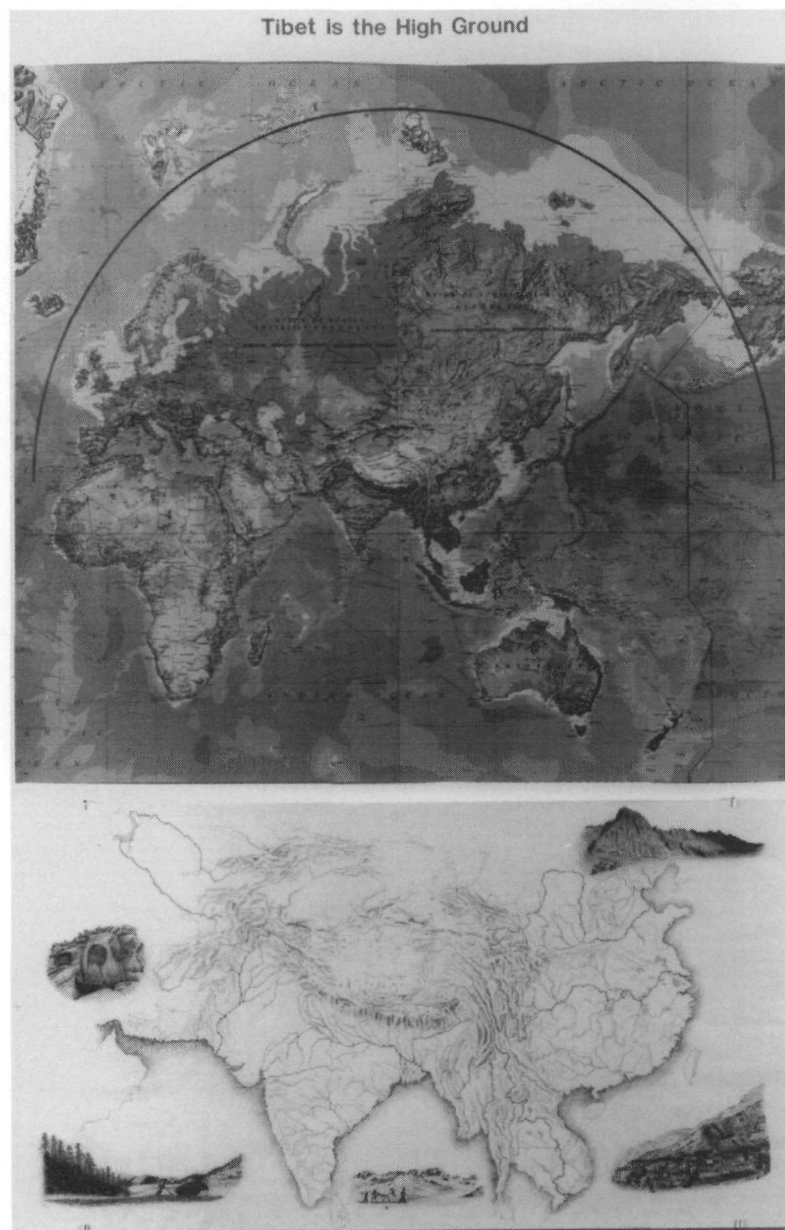
Renewing the earth

by Blaise Tobia and Virginia Maksymowicz

a certain rare species of crab in captivity — in a makeshift habitat they had constructed at their studio — while marine biologists had failed.

This last experience led the Harrisons

to what was to be a decade-long series of artworks called *The Lagoon Cycle*, which considered the delicate balances necessary to maintain plant and animal life, and ultimately human life. One part of the



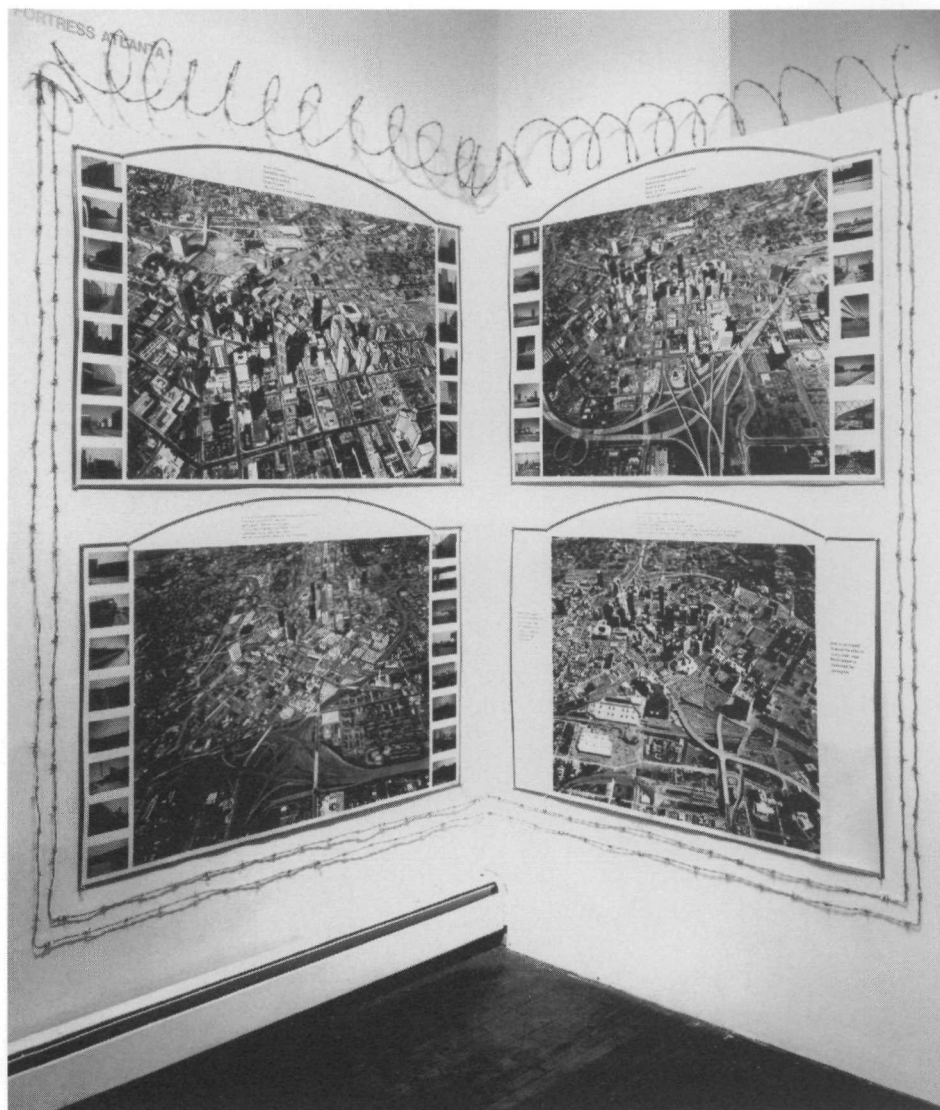
Tibet is the high ground
by Newton and Helen Mayer Harrison.

photo: D. James Dee
credit: courtesy
Ronald Feldman
Fine Arts, N.Y.

series focused on California's Salton Sea, a landlocked body of salt water, created by human error. This manufactured "sea" becomes increasingly more saline due to evaporation in the desert climate and increasingly more polluted as agricultural runoff from the Imperial Valley fills it with pesticides and fertilizers. Their proposal, complete with meticulously handpainted aerial photographs and images of local flora and fauna, suggested digging a channel to the Gulf of Mexico to allow a natural, gradual cleansing of the water.

The Harrisons have since made artistic proposals for a range of waterways, from the Great Lakes of this continent to the Sava River in Yugoslavia. They have also taken on a variety of other types of environmental problems including those of urban areas. During the 1980s, they were invited by combinations of arts and governmental administrators to make proposals for the cities of Baltimore and Atlanta. They are currently working in conjunction with the city of San Diego and the architectural firm of Martinez, Cutri and McArdle on a proposal for the rejuvenation of a 1540-acre landfill site. The eyes of the artist and the environmentalist can be seen in the Harrisons' insistence that the original contours of the local terrain be restored — a point they argue both aesthetically and for reasons of animal and plant survival, since frogs, mice, rabbits, coyotes, foxes, bobcats and mule deer have still been observed in San Diego's canyons and could flourish in such a restored natural environment.

If the Harrisons' commitment to the future of our ecosystem has led them beyond the artworld into the world of scientific research, government bureaucracies and urban planning, it has now begun to lead them into even more unexpected alliances. In 1991, they began *Tibet is the High Ground*: a dialogue with the Dalai Lama. It centers around the Dalai



Fortress Atlanta by Newton and Helen Mayer Harrison. photo: D. James Dee credit: courtesy Ronald Feldman Fine Arts, N.Y.

Lama's dream of preserving the Tibetan Plateau as a biospheric sanctuary (in his words, a "Peace Park") and the Harrisons' interest in linking world climactic changes to atmospheric disturbances over Tibet.

In part due to the efforts of Father Matthew Fox and his Institute for Culture and Creation Spirituality, there has recently been a surge of interest among religious progressives in the interrelationships between ecological issues, religion, and the arts. However, unlike the introspective, self-searching approach

taken by Fox's circle, Newton and Helen Mayer Harrisons' quest is taking them outward in directions far and wide — seeking the spirit and substance of a planetary resurrection as they journey.

TW

art and society

The WITNESS

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APRIL 3, 1947



Mary Sees The Angels

BY
ALLAN ROHAN CRITE

The Resurrection Faith

IT OUGHT to be quite evident at Easter that Christianity proclaims a gospel: that it is good news, not good advice. Christianity does not point us to Christ and say, "There is a great and noble man. His teachings will help you, his graciousness will make you all friends; follow him as best you can." That is no gospel. It is difficult to understand how anyone who looks at life with open eyes, who knows what people are like, who is aware of our precarious situation at this point in history can still believe that good advice, even Christ's good advice, can save us. The word of Christianity is not, "follow this teacher and do your best," but "Jesus Christ, the power of God unto salvation."

One of the greatest New Testament scholars, Johannes Weiss, becomes poetic when he describes the transformation that Easter made in the lives of the disciples: "The dying and rising Son of Man was for them no longer a doctrine, a matter of speculation, a novel addition to the hope of the good time to come; it was an actual experience, a prototype and pledge of their own patient endurance and of its reward."

We stand today in desperate need of that transforming power. We need it in our lives to give us faith and patience and courage. We need it working through us to bring unity and order and justice to our world. And this gift of God to us is like all his gifts, we cannot have it for ourselves until we have given it away. The Church must always make it clear that the resurrection faith can only maintain itself when men accept the burden of their humanity and their solidarity with their fellows. Sometimes this faith is presented as a recipe for security from the tensions and responsibilities of the human situation; but that is to deny the crucified and risen Lord. The power that Christ promised his first disciples, the power he gave them, carried a condition: they must be witnesses for him. That witness takes different forms in different ages.

In every age the same qualities of personal life are required, but the changing social conditions of the world call for a new witness for a new age. What sort of things are required of us, then, at this precise moment? These three primarily.

First, we are to be active living members of the Church, worshipping in it, supporting it, helping to make the Church more effective. Bishop Bergrav of Norway has described the need: "Let the Church of Christ be the fire in the forge of the world, for it is cold now in the world. Even you his potential instruments are cold and therefore cannot be shaped to his will. Come! Pray! Be one in Christ and penetrated through and through with his fire."

Next we must do all we can to relieve the hunger and want of millions of starving people in Europe and Asia and throughout the world. There are many opportunities for us to share in this relief work. Our own Church has promised to raise one million dollars this year through the Presiding Bishop's Fund for World Relief. And after we give generously to that fund as an expression of our Christian faith we must go much further to work in all ways to bring the "good news" to bear on the insidious sin of poverty.

The third required witness is this: to be servants of the cause of unity among the nations of the world. That cause is becoming increasingly unpopular in this country, for it is now understood that if there is to be unity and peace there must be a working agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union and great numbers of our people do not want such a working agreement. It is in this difficult area that we are called to witness the power which comes to us through the resurrection of our Lord. What are the conditions of peace? None of us can be satisfied with facile answers to that question. Perhaps we cannot know the answers, but at least we can make every effort to see that we do not put our efforts and our influence on the side of those who spread disunity and prepare the way to war.

"Quotes"

The first Easter changed defeat into victory, despair into the proclamation of good news — cowardice into heroism. This is not a matter of opinion, even of faith. It is an historic fact. The disciples, by their own account, at the time of the Crucifixion held that all was lost. Discouraged, saddened, they were on their way to take up life as best they could, when they had the overwhelming experience of the living Christ. His transforming power sent them out into the ancient world as indomitable apostles of his kind.

— Henry K. Sherrill, the P.B.

Celebrating
— 75 —
years



*The ubiquitous
apocalypse:
"Alas, for the
day of the Lord
is at hand. . ."*

credit: Dierdre Luzwick,
a Wisconsin artist
recently published by
Harper and Row.

New Humanity Arising

by Bill Wylie-Kellermann

The Nonviolent Coming of God

James W. Douglass (Maryknoll, N.Y.: Orbis Books, 1991), \$13.95 paper.

The point here is similar to one that was made by William Stringfellow, when he was pressed by a friend to declare whether he really believed in the Resurrection. Stringfellow paused and said, "Phil Berrigan going to jail."

Though it may not exhaust the meaning of the Resurrection for Stringfellow, this vignette does go to the incarnational heart of the Second Coming as described by Jim Douglass in this remarkable book. The essence of his argument includes a thoughtful and sophisticated Biblical analysis. He reads the "Human Being" (that apocalyptic and messianic title of the Gospels so mistranslated from Aramaic through Greek to English as "Son of Man") to be both a personal and *collective* name for the new humanity. This is no tag for a single male individual. It is simultaneously a name for the humanity of Jesus and a name for the "beloved community" (to employ Martin King's phrase). He argues that Jesus uses the term in this very way. Hence the new humanity, as the Gospels attest, is given authority to forgive sins, must suffer and die for the sake of transformation and will come again in fullness.

Douglass further contends that we might look about empirically and find that new Human Being coming in this historical moment as the phenomenal rise

of non-violent movements in unexpected places around the world, from Burma to the Baltic States, to Tiananmen Square.

This fusion of Biblical analysis and embodied movement is characterized in the life of Jim Douglass. He and his wife Shelley, founders of the Ground Zero Community of resistance to the Trident submarine in Washington state, are among the leading practitioners of nonviolence in North America. They now live on the other side of the "nuclear train" tracks in the African American community of Birmingham, Alabama.

Why is it such a rare and astonishing fact that a New Testament scholar should be found doing primary research during a long jail sentence, sharing a home with a family of Palestinian tax resisters during the Intifada, or walking a pilgrimage of repentance to Baghdad in the wake of the Gulf War? His writing is a rare genre which seamlessly weaves these experiences in and out of his exegesis. The dusty feet of the pilgrim can do fancy hermeneutical footwork. The analyst of scripture writes full of heart because he has staked his life upon it.

And the Biblical insights are flashes of brilliance. For example, Douglass reconsiders the baptism of Jesus after closely reading the texts on John the Baptist and considering the variety of people who came out to him for baptism, including prostitutes and soldiers and tax collectors and even perhaps Samaritans. It was as though Christ rose from the waters, took a look around at the motley company he'd joined, and was granted in that moment a vision — of the reign and realm of God.

Or again, he unearths the revolt of Judas the Galilean who led a tax rebellion

about the time of Jesus' birth, raising a guerilla army and taking Herod's garrison at Sepphoris, just outside of Nazareth. The Romans in turn, brought down the troops from Syria, made slaves of the rebels and burned the city to the ground. Jesus grew in wisdom and stature just walking distance of a burned city, monument to Roman power. Douglass, who walked the distance himself, ingeniously suggests that thereby Jesus glimpsed the scenario and fate of Jerusalem in the Jewish War of 66-70 C.E. His prophecies of destruction accurately read the times, but with a contingency, a freedom to choose a different outcome. Was not the Realm of God his alternative to the cycle of institutionalized violence or abject oppression and the violence of revolt? Was not the "kingdom" Jesus' attempt to save Jerusalem in a concrete historical sense?

book review

If Douglass' book has an obvious shortcoming, it is a temptation to a modern variety of liberal pacifist millenarianism, as if a progressive evolution of consciousness will transform humanity. Though it can hardly be counted naive in assaying the powers or anything less than radical in its demands, this book remains long on imminence and short on transcendence. Still, for those of us who live at the "end of the world" (in the face of a global order built on violence and annihilation) there is a yearning for a Second Coming. We pray for it. *The Nonviolent Coming of God* truly invokes it, and calls us all to the incarnation of the One who was dead and yet lives.

TW

Bill Wylie-Kellermann is a United Methodist pastor, faculty member of the Whitaker School of Theology and author of *Seasons of Faith and Conscience: Kairos, Confession and Liturgy*, Orbis Press, 1991.

“We need to turn a cold and fishy eye on all that we do as Church work, our programs, meetings, rummage sales, bazaars, and ask ourselves whether anything that we are doing helps anyone remember that God made this world, God loves this world and God is here in his world.”

—Daniel Corrigan, *The Witness*, 1961.

Daniel Corrigan's health is frail, so Elizabeth, who shared his ministry, is now the one who often holds together their life and the telling of that life. She offers a personal fabric for a ministry that quite publicly advocated for women, for African Americans, and for peace.

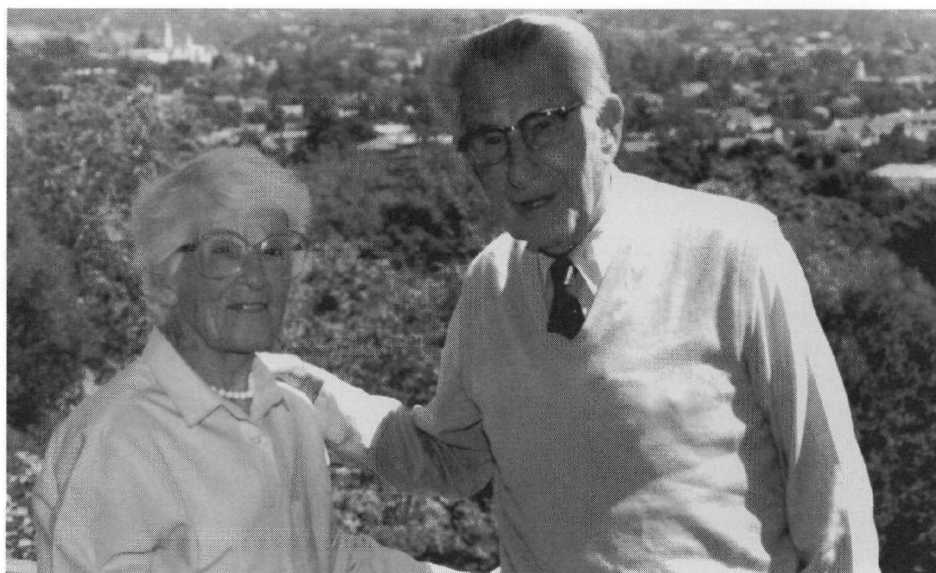
Daniel Corrigan, who was born in 1900, is well-known in the Church. When he worked for the Home Department of the National Church he was the liaison to African American colleges. When white trustees held meetings at which black faculty were not allowed to sit, Corrigan halted the meetings.

When an East Coast amusement park excluded African Americans in 1963, Corrigan and the head of the Presbyterian Church purchased tickets for themselves and two black friends. They spent the night in jail.

When the Vietnam War was raging, Corrigan celebrated the eucharist in the Pentagon.

When women — who had only been allowed to be seated at the 1970 General Convention — were denied ordination in 1973, Corrigan joined Bishops Bob DeWitt and Edward Welles in ordaining the Philadelphia 11.

These are stories we know. They are part of our heritage. Elizabeth Corrigan is proud of her husband, whom she says “was always disrupting things if he saw



Elizabeth and Daniel Corrigan at home in Santa Barbara, California.

Transfigured in love

by Jeanie Wylie-Kellermann

things wrong. He had a way of saying things that would startle people.” But she wishes she had been more assertive; there were times when she needed him home — “it wasn’t done in those days. We didn’t tell men what we expected of them.”

Elizabeth Waters grew up in Milwaukee. She was adopted by an Episcopalian when her mother died in childbirth. In many ways the Episcopal Church became her home, connecting her to her extended birth family in England.

Dan Corrigan was raised by a traveling engineer — in Michigan, in Mexico, in California. His mother died after a long illness when he was 12. His first wife died in childbirth when he was 24. Their son, David, was sent to live with his maternal grandparents.

“Dan’s life had fallen apart,” Elizabeth says, so the Cowley Fathers of Massachusetts fulfilled a life-time dream by arranging for him to study for the priest-

hood at Nashota House.

In 1926, Corrigan met Elizabeth Waters during a eucharist at the cathedral in Milwaukee.

“Daniel says he fell in love with me that day. I had other beaux at the time, but he made himself available even when they were *there*. We were married the following September.”

They brought David to their home and had four more sons. Over the next 19 years, the Corrigans served several Wisconsin parishes. Corrigan’s work in parish reconciliation was well-received. Elizabeth Corrigan says the family thrived. “We ice-skated and we swam and the boys sailed. We really got to know everybody.” But in 1944, Corrigan chose to serve a downtown parish in Baltimore.

“It was a period of great darkness and struggle and defeat in many ways,” Elizabeth Corrigan says. The vestry was not

Jeanie Wylie-Kellermann is editor/publisher of *The Witness*.

elected; it was “perpetuated.” It included businessmen who did not attend the parish, but had control of the endowment.

When Corrigan offered daycare at the parish house to working World War II mothers, the vestry was angry. Steps to integrate a Chinese congregation, which shared the building, into the life of the parish were also resisted.

“He had to learn so much about how to work very differently with people. They were — what would you say — more sophisticated.” Elizabeth Corrigan started to define the attitude of members of their Wisconsin parishes as “simple,” then paused and said “I don’t mean simple; I mean teaching the Gospel . . .”

Word that David Corrigan had been killed in World War II arrived in Baltimore and six months later the birth of their last son sent Elizabeth Corrigan into shock.

“I was very, very sick. I was 43. During the war they didn’t have nurses, so no one knew about it. They found me and gave me blood.”

After rectifying surgery, Elizabeth Corrigan went into a seven month convalescence, leaving her husband and sons in the care of a nurse.

The Corrigan family moved to Minnesota in 1948 to serve St. Paul’s, St. Paul. At first, “I was in bad condition,” she adds. “I was so nervous, I had skin problems. I didn’t want to be in public at all. But that left me, dear, and I became very, very happy. These were great years for Daniel,” she adds. “He made a strong wonderful parish out of a struggling Anglo-Catholic parish.” Parishioners who had been isolated from the diocese, were “no longer on a fringe.” They also got involved in work at mental institutions and prisons.

In 1958, Corrigan was consecrated suffragan in Colorado.

But, according to Elizabeth Corrigan, the relationship between diocesan and suffragan was difficult and it was a relief when, two years later, the presiding bishop

[Arthur Lichtenberger] asked Corrigan to serve as head of the Home Department of the National Church.

“The New York years were the happiest years of my life. Dan travelled a lot and I was alone, but I felt perfectly secure. I went to every art place I could find. When Dan was home it was priority time. We didn’t have a listed phone number. He had no parish to take care of. We met such wonderful people at the United Nations, from Churches overseas . . .”

In the early 1960s, at a gathering of the World Council of Churches, Corrigan was able to receive communion with members of other denominations. “Something changed in his life. He knew then that all of us belong to the same Lord.”

Elizabeth Corrigan felt keenly the rejection sent their way by some bishops after her husband was arrested on July 4, 1963 trying to integrate the amusement park. And she remembers those who spoke up for them.

Corrigan served a variety of colleges, seminaries and parishes after his official retirement in 1968.

While at Amherst, he invited Saul Alinsky, a dramatic community organizer, to the campus because African American students were struggling against discrimination.

When the Vietnam War was raging in 1970, Corrigan was arrested, with students from Bexley Hall where he was then dean, for celebrating the eucharist in the Pentagon.

Three years later when Corrigan joined Bishops Bob DeWitt (retired, Diocese of Pennsylvania) and Edward Welles (retired, Diocese of Western Missouri) in planning the Philadelphia ordination, “he was told, ‘If you do this, you’ll probably be deposed.’ I was so frightened by that. I thought, ‘The Church is all my life.’ But I could see that Dan was determined to do it, whatever the outcome. I came to see it

his way.

“The presiding bishop [John Allin] called a meeting in the Chicago Airport tower. No one would speak to us. When they took us into the tower — it literally felt like the Tower of London — I remember the presiding bishop saying they had broken the canons of the Church; they would be tried.”

When the 1976 General Convention accepted the ordination of women, those ordained in Philadelphia had their orders recognized; the bishops who ordained them were not deposed.

“I’ve always been deeply moved when Dan preached. He preached without notes, out of his own faith, always strong,” she added. Despite the price exacted from her for her husband’s ministry, there is a tenderness in Elizabeth Corrigan’s voice as she recalls the things that were important to him.

*Witnesses,
the quick and the dead*

When Elizabeth Corrigan mentioned her husband’s confidence that “we are continually being resurrected,” Daniel Corrigan joined the conversation.

“Our living proves it,” he said. “Over and over again, you say, ‘This is dead.’ And then suddenly it’s alive. Or ‘My job is dead — I killed it’ and then there’s more to do. We have so many experiences of resurrection. People who believe in the Resurrection — who can stop them?”

Perhaps our inheritance from the Corrigan family is a willingness to do the *real* work of the Church — to practice resurrection — while also turning a cold and fishy eye on the price that clergy families often pay for ministry. **TW**

Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front

by Wendell Berry

Love the quick profit, the annual raise,
vacation with pay. Want more
of everything ready made. Be afraid
to know your neighbors and to die.
And you will have a window in your head.
Not even your future will be a mystery
any more. Your mind will be punched in a
card
and shut away in a little drawer.
When they want you to buy something
they will call you. When they want you
to die for profit they will let you know.
So, friends, every day do something
that won't compute. Love the Lord.
Love the world. Work for nothing.
Take all that you have and be poor.
Love someone who does not deserve it.
Denounce the government and embrace
the flag. Hope to live in that free
republic for which it stands.
Give your approval to all you cannot
understand. Praise ignorance, for what man
has not encountered he has not destroyed.
Ask the questions that have no answers.
Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.
Say that your main crop is the forest
that you did not plant,
that you will not live to harvest.

Say that the leaves are harvested
when they have rotted into the mold.
Call that profit. Prophesy such returns.
Put your faith in the two inches of humus
that will build under the trees
every thousand years.
Listen to carrion — put your ear
close, and hear the faint chattering
of the songs that are to come.
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful
though you have considered all the facts.
So long as women do not go cheap
for power, please women more than men.
Ask yourself: Will this satisfy
a woman satisfied to bear a child?
Will this disturb the sleep
of a woman near to giving birth?
Go with your love to the fields.
Lie easy in the shade. Rest your head
in her lap. Swear allegiance
to what is highest your thoughts.
As soon as the generals and the politicians
can predict the motions of your mind,
lose it. Leave it as a sign
to mark the false trail, the way
you didn't go. Be like the fox
who makes more tracks than necessary,
some in the wrong direction.
Practice resurrection.

— from *A Country of Marriage*, Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1973



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