

Legacy



I am my parents' son

Daniel Zwickel McJean ben Avram

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“The Olive Tree that stands in silence upon the hills of time ...”

The mid- to late 80s were a relatively somnambulant time, as far as most Americans were concerned. For the people of Central America, however, it was Vietnam.

We did not employ soldiers of our own — we used proxies.

In Nicaragua, they were the Contras; in El Salvador, they were D’Aubisson’s death squads and the Salvadoran army itself; in Honduras, it was the notorious *Batallón 316*.

I say “proxy” because we funded and armed them and provided munitions, transshipped through the Naval Weapons Station, Concord, California, among which were phosphorous bombs, incendiary ordinance which, upon contact with the skin, burns inward until it hits bone — essentially the napalm of the 80s.

As we all know, war means killing civilians. It always has, always will. The purpose of those wars was to “stop Communism”. For that noble cause, nuns, priests, nurses, doctors, teachers were targeted. (A friend of mine going down there, a Unitarian Universalist minister, was advised to wear a lot of makeup — for her safety, so as not to be mistaken for a nun. Ironically, she was among the Witnesses For Peace who were kidnaped by Ronald Reagan’s own Contras, Americans threatened by American surrogates. Gratefully, she returned home unharmed.) And not just in those three countries. Our Ambassador to Honduras, as of this writing Deputy Secretary of State, John Negroponte, “ran” a campaign of terror throughout Central America.

Tens of thousands of civilians were imprisoned, tortured, assassinated and disappeared in that holocaust.

But there were those who, throughout America, sought valiantly to stop the madness.

And if there was one single place, one touchstone commemorating that effort, it was the railroad tracks in front of the Weapons Station where Vietnam Army intelligence veteran S. Brian Wilson was run over by a munitions train on September 1, 1987, losing both his legs, in protest against those wars.

“The Tracks” became known throughout the world, attracting the likes of actor Martin Sheen, who was making a movie in Germany when he heard of the occurrence, and arranged to visit the site, and Joan Baez and Holly Near, who sang there.

The section of track is still there, though unmarked. What is marked is a tree which my father planted next to the chapel on the base, August 17, 1992, a cutting from the olive tree in our front yard. In August of 1993 the “Tree of Peace” was dedicated to my father, with base Commander Richard Owens of the Naval Station in attendance, nine flowers planted around it, one for each decade of my father’s life.



Throughout history America has strayed from its path. Yet the promise of America has always been one of liberty, of justice, of compassion for our brothers and sisters. We mobilize hundreds to save the life of a few, or even just one. We reach out when tragedy strikes another part of the world. Americans willingly lay down their lives to protect, or in service of, others, even those in other lands.

To wage a war of any kind, but especially a war of terror, against another has always been antithetical to the values of America, and so when we act so egregiously towards a whole region of other countries, it behooves us to commemorate that act, so that we may, eventually, learn to no longer tolerate such a crime against humanity.

There can be a no more fitting monument to the cause of peace in that turbulent time than the Tree of Peace, and so it deserves to be preserved — and it will be, in memory of so many lives destroyed, and in the hope of a future of peace with justice.



Chapter 1: "Legacy"

Abraham & Jean Zwickel In Celebration of their Life & Times

Presented under the sponsorship of
the Mt. Diablo Peace Center at
the Mt. Diablo Unitarian Universalist Church
August 30, 1998

You all know me, but I feel that the auspiciousness of the occasion demands a formal introduction.

Namaste (the Divine within me greets the Divine within you.) I am Daniel Zwickel McJean ben Avram, son of Jean and son of Abraham, a second generation pacifist and conscientious objector, a birthright Jewnitarian and Troubadour of jazz. And I am my parents' son.

Mother and Father say I exaggerate. Of course. I'm writing it as I remember it. You should hear some of the whoppers on me my mom insists on repeating! So consider all this to be lies and half-truths, mendacity and prevarication, smoke and mirrors, rumor and innuendo, but mostly true. My true, anyway.

My father and mother, Abraham and Jean Zwickel brought their ideals, including pacifism, to their relationship when they met in 1943. My mother was living in an interracial, pacifist Christian commune in New York City called the Harlem Ashram. My father Abe, who already knew the founder of the Ashram, Jay Holmes Smith, had heard that they were planning a walk from New York to Washington to protest the Jim Crow laws which codified legalized segregation. Living in Baltimore at the time, he joined them en route and there the two met. Father was that great World War II-era rarity – both a conscientious objector and a Jew!

Mother, from a Unitarian family and strongly influenced by the New York City Unitarian minister, John Haynes Holmes, held a similar pacifist philosophy and had in fact lost a teaching job for refusing to conscript young men to go kill Germans. Father worked in a Quaker fire fighting fire-fighting camp and ultimately served in prison for refusing to cooperate with the military when the camp was taken over by them. That was but the first of a lifelong series of arrests for acts of conscience.

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It was in New York and as a member of the Harlem Ashram that my mother met and was befriended by the great Puerto Rican Nationalist, Don Pedro Albizu Campos, considered to be the island nation's Patrick Henry in the history of its 500-year struggle for independence, first from Spain and then from U.S. colonial rule — which continues to this day.

As a result of that chance meeting, her involvement as an Independentista culminated in the publishing of her book, *Voices for Independence* in both English and in Spanish (and now accessible online at: www.WhiteStarPress.ws), which has received hemisphere-wide attention, particularly in Colombia where one of its major poets, Sicomoro Zon, was inspired to write an epic poem titled *Voces de Independencia (honestidad y conciencia)*, followed by a paean to Mother titled *Dedicado a la Abuela Jean* (Dedicated to Grandmother Jean.)

Not limited to those areas of endeavor, they were both amateur musicians and staunch supporters of the arts, and became close friends with the noted Canadian poet, songwriter and pacifist, Wilson MacDonald, facilitating his entree into the New York literary scene. Thus began a life-long friendship with the great artist. They treasure many hand-lettered, illuminated and hand-colored examples of MacDonald's poetic art.

An early sign of their love and compassion which marked a lifetime commitment to their ideals, one of their early jobs was running a home for spastic children in Southern California.

As you can see, it is impossible to speak of my father's Lifetime Membership in the Usual Suspects' Club without talking of my mother as well, for their partnership goes deeper than marriage. Both social justice activists, Father was the one who always leaped to the front lines while Mother, quietly supportive, provided the necessary reality check and kept the rest of their life running in an orderly fashion.

Abraham Zwickel ben Chaim was born of Ukrainian parents in Brooklyn on July 15, 1903. While his father, called Charles, a master tailor, continued a family tradition. Father struck out in a different direction. Sickly as a youth, his interest in all aspects of natural living led to his becoming a vegetarian in his twenties as he pursued a career in healing in Chiropractic. Among the house guests at our home in Hemet, during my high school years in the early 60s, was Jay Dinshaw, founder and president of the American Vegan Society. My brother, David and I were born and raised vegetarians, and I continue so to this day.

Their early concern for civil rights and the nuclear madness led to their involvement in many areas of social justice. Mother, a language teacher and graduate of the Sorbonne at the University of Paris, created her own 'farmworkers movement' while teaching English to local Mexican nationals in our agricultural community. When César Chávez came along she was already a veteran. Joining him on the picket lines, she would make juices for him when he became a vegetarian, partly, my mother believes, from their influence.

Of the many protests, demonstrations, vigils and marches I have participated in since before I can remember, even as a babe in arms, a highlight of my life was a walk, with my folks, in the summer of 1962 for unilateral disarmament. Journeying from Point Loma in San Diego

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toward the Mare Island Naval Shipyards, West Coast site for the manufacture of Polaris submarine, leafleting and speaking in public all along the way.

We only got as far as Salinas when we had to return so that I could begin my junior year of high school in the fall. The sponsoring group, CNVA (Committee for Non-Violent Action)–West, was one of the first groups in the U.S. to use what became known as the ‘peace symbol’, a representation in semaphore for the letters ‘N’ and ‘D’, for Nuclear Disarmament. Designed in 1958, it originated with the British Ban-the-Bomb movement (those pesky Brits!) Outspoken critics of and activists against the Vietnam War from the early sixties, their participation in the coalescing of liberal, progressive elements in their community (including a number of my high school teachers!) led to the co-founding of the Hemet Unitarian Fellowship in Southern California’s Riverside County, a bastion for rational discourse which still thrives today.

Finally tired of fighting all the John Birchers (those of you with knowing glances are showing your age!), my folks moved to San Ysidro on the Mexican border, near where I had been attending college at San Diego State; during their brief sojourn there, Mother taught literacy in the poverty-ridden *colonias* of Tijuana. There her Sorbonne education showed – to this day she speaks Spanish with a French accent!

With my moving up north to the Bay Area in 1971, my folks followed in 1976 and immediately made their mark as the support van drivers for the Continental Peace March beginning with the feeder-walk from Concord sponsored by (our own!) Mt. Diablo Peace Center, and kept with them until it reached Indio, in Southern California.

From that walk their pantheon of friends was augmented by the friendship of the Buddhist monks of the Nipponzan Myohoji sect. They were invited by them to participate in their annual pilgrimage from Hiroshima to Nagasaki one summer where the monks became their hosts. Father has gone through a couple of the Buddhist drums given him over the years, as testified by his last being patched up with duct tape. They accompanied his diligent vigiling at the Weapons Station gate as he would block weapons trains and explosives trucks, getting himself arrested time after time.

Their introduction to Puerto Rico, decades after their friendship with Don Pedro began, was a revelation. Armed with little but a few names and telephone numbers, mention of the name of Don Pedro caused the Nationalist *independentistas* to spread the red carpet and greet them with *abrazos* and a love and affection that has spread to the Puerto Rican communities of New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

Mother’s tireless lobbying on behalf of independence led to an international delegation sponsored jointly by the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the War Resisters League and attended by myself as the Zwickel family representative to study the effects of militarization on Puerto Rico and its little neighbor island of Vieques. Her lobbying of the Unitarian Universalists, however, has yet to bear fruit but, frail and tottering at eighty-five she relentlessly persists nonetheless.

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The global range of interests having encompassed Servas, an international hosting organization, the Esperanto universal language movement, and World Federalism, since moving up north the Gray Panthers, the Sierra Club and Habitat for Humanity have been but a few of the many groups which have benefitted from their participation. Joining the Mt. Diablo U.U. Church, for all their uniqueness they proved to be the prototypical Unitarian Universalists: they voted Democratic, shopped at the Coop and drove a VW van (well, actually, I did. But it was theirs first!)

Vocal activists against the U.S.'s adventures in Central America, they were at the Naval Weapons Station, Concord on that fateful day when Brian Willson was assaulted by the munitions train, costing him his legs.

As a sign of the strength of their presence in the Bay Area, a few years back they were nominated by local environmental activist, Ruth Meckfessel and were accorded the honor of being named "Humanitarians of the Year" by the Contra Costa Board of Supervisors.

Annual participation in the Ecumenical Good Friday services outside of the Lawrence Livermore Lab (and arrests on Abe's part), vigils at each execution at San Quentin, vigils and demonstrations against the Gulf War and its progeny and other madnesses our country continues to perpetrate, against homelessness, false imprisonment of warriors for justice such as Leonard Peltier and Mumia Abu Jamal, the shipment of spent nuclear fuel rods through the Bay Area (following upon years of strong opposition to nuclear energy and the uncertainty and dangers it poses), support of the sovereignty of the Hawaiian people (Mother's activity in solidarity with the Puerto Rican independence movement), travels to Israel where they met with Palestinian leaders under house arrest, to Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade, Mexico City for an International Conference calling for the decolonization of Puerto Rico (leading to a brief visit to Sandinistan Nicaragua), not to mention Jean's testifying before the United Nations Decolonization Committee and, being the only Anglo testifying in support of independence, the only person of any race or nationality mentioned by name the following day in the New York Times – the list just goes on and on. Even their 50th wedding anniversary trip to Hawaii was just a thinly-veiled rationale for studying the sovereignty movement and meeting with its leaders, one of whom, Kekuni Blaisdell, was our host.

Prominent mention must be made of my folks' friendship with the woman who called herself Peace Pilgrim, whom they knew even before the beginning of Peace's pilgrimage. That event took place on New Year's Day of 1952. Having given up all her possessions and wearing hand-made trousers and tunic bearing the legend, "Peace Pilgrim" on the front and, on the back, "10,000 Miles on Foot for World Peace" and vowing not to initiate conversation unless engaged or to ask for anything, accepting only what was offered, trusting that "God will provide", Peace went on to quietly, gently but deeply to touch the lives of tens of thousands of seekers after a compassionate way of living. Mother became her "press agent", and we were her hosts whenever Peace came to the community where we were living. Mother and Father once joined Peace on a

pilgrimage through Alaska. That profound relationship was but one manifestation of the complete integration of my parents' beliefs and lives.

(Oh, and did I mention Mother's hearing Parsifal at the opera house in Dresden (want to know what Dresden looked like before we bombed it all to hell – ask her), barely escaping by train the Nazi closure of Germany in 1939 following bicycling through Europe, at times even solo, once staying in a centuries-old castle? Life is not all toiling in the vineyards!)

Let's see. Have I left anything out? Of course I have, but I was told to keep it down to two hours.

Known and recognized and embraced by many public figures others but know and recognize, Abraham and Jean Zwickel's is a small, seldom-visited place in history, but an incalculably significant one.

Together, with the world which is their beneficiary, we honor and embrace them – I honor and embrace them.

–Daniel Zwickel McJean ben Avram



“Una Canción Para mi Madre”

It would be a Scottish tune with a salsa back beat — all bagpipes and cuatros, Highlander ice and Caribbean fire, Celtic pragmatism and Boriqua passion

This is a song for my mother, daughter of a schoolteacher and a Unitarian preacher. Abuela Jean, independentista.

A committed pacifist from her early 20s, my mother married a radical Jewish social activist and conscientious objector, Abraham Zwickel, who served time in prison in the best Thoreau tradition for refusal to cooperate with the military. Mother was a member of the Harlem Ashram, an inter-racial, pacifist Christian commune when they met on a march protesting Jim Crow, in 1943.

The founders of the Ashram were Ralph Templin and Jay Holmes Smith, two Methodist ministers expelled from India for their pro-Gandhi activities. When the great Puerto Rican nationalist, Don Pedro Albizu Campos, under ‘house arrest’ in Columbus Hospital in New York City, heard of the Ashram, his followers invited members to meet Don Pedro. His response to the question of Indian independence was, “India is Britain’s problem – Puerto Rico is yours!” Thus began over fifty years of my folks’ involvement in the Puerto Rican independence movement.

On April 19, 1999 David Sanes Rodriguez, a civilian observer for the Navy and living on the small island of Vieques, off the southern Puerto Rican coast, was accidentally killed when a live Navy bomb fell on him during an exercise. The *Viequense* response was something they themselves, much less the U.S. Navy, would have scarce imagined until it actually happened. Few, if any of them would have consider themselves to be pacifists, yet they recognized the futility of violent resistance

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against the might of the U.S. military. Puerto Rican passion notwithstanding, from what corner might this movement have appeared? Under whose auspices might it have been nurtured?

My mother packed a lot of power in that diminutive frame of hers. A cultured, well educated Middlebury College grad with a degree from the Sorbonne and an accomplished pianist, her vocation as a schoolteacher was really just a sideline to her true calling. She was well-traveled, once having bicycled across Europe, staying at youth hostels in centuries-old castles, and barely escaping Germany by train in 1939 when Hitler was closing its borders! Yet she and my father lived their lives in voluntary simplicity, dedicated to the pursuit of peace and social justice.

Quiet and unassuming, they rubbed shoulders with the best of them. In her post-college years Mother would arrange readings for the great Canadian pacifist poet, Wilson MacDonald when he would come to New York City. Jay Dinshaw, founder and president of the American Vegan Society, and Wilson Riles (Sr.), former California State Superintendent of Schools were house guests in our Southern Californian home. Up, nearly, to her death in 1981, whenever the woman who called herself Peace Pilgrim blew into our town, her radio and television interviews and church and college appearances were arranged by my mother.

Dorothy Day, founder of the Catholic Worker movement, once invited my folks to come and march with Martin Luther King, Jr. in Selma. Among her papers at Marquette University is a letter to my folks, dated 1969. And in a near-brush with pop celebrity, my folks also turned down an invitation to a party with Woody Guthrie as a guest, in Topanga Canyon where we were living, in the early 1950s.

At a public meeting my father once asked Richard Nixon, how he, as a Quaker, could justify his staunch militarism. (Nixon mumbled something about “different kinds of Quakers.”) My folks were embraced by Joan Baez at peace rallies. César Chávez became a vegetarian under their influence, and my mother would make fresh vegetable and fruit juices for him when he was fasting. Former U.S. Representative, Congressman Ronald Dellums, author of a “Transfer of Powers” bill on behalf of Puerto Rico, wrote an introduction to Jean’s book, “Voices For Independence”; actor, Ed Asner wrote a complimentary blurb for its cover.

My parents never sought celebrity, nor were they ones to capitalize on their many friends who were very public figures, who all recognized the sincerity and strength of my folks’ beliefs and their great integrity. Mother and Father’s mission, if you will, was to live their lives in such a way as to demonstrate the power of pacifism, non-violence and civil disobedience. This is what they brought to the island nation of Puerto Rico and its *Isla Nena*, Vieques.

One day they realized that, after devoting so many years to the Puerto Rican cause, they had never actually been there! They remedied that soon enough, getting to know the many people who are at the forefront of the independence movement, including the prime movers of the nonviolent Vieques uprising. In the 1970s and ‘80s, over a period of eight years or so, my folks would stay in Puerto Rico, getting to know it and its people, learning its politics and economics. My mother would

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interview individuals on the political and social issues of the day and publish in national and international peace and justice magazines.

One such article resulted in a \$5,000 grant from a peace group in Germany to a “land rescue” community called Villa Sin Miedo (Village Without Fear) for property up in the of Puerto Rican highlands after the U.S. army burned the original settlement to the ground. Along the way, sponsored by the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF), my mother appeared before the United Nations Committee on Decolonization. As the only Anglo speaking on behalf of the Puerto Rican people, she was the one person quoted by name in the New York Times the next day. (Harumpf!)

So much for background. Now we get to the meat of the story.

For years my mother had been beating her head against a brick wall, trying to get the international peace and social justice community interested in Puerto Rico, to little avail. Finally, her harping paid off. She managed to get the attention of Matt Mayer of the War Resisters League (WRL). A conference in Northern California resulted, which my mother and I attended. A few years later, Puerto Rico’s status having finally become a major issue, an international delegation to study the effects of militarization on Puerto Rico and Vieques, the first of several annual sojourns, was organized by the WRL and the FOR.

On the way to Vieques one sunny day, John Lindsay-Poland, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR)’s Task Force on Latin America & the Caribbean, so much as admitted that, had it not been for my mother’s persistence, that Delegation would have never come about and here’s the chorus of the Song.

That evening there was a major town meeting with all the movers and shakers of the resistance present, and I believe that there had to have been a feeling of empowerment on the part of the people of Vieques. Here, after all, were pacifist peace activists from all over the United States, plus folks from Panama, the Philippines and Okinawa, acknowledging the struggle of the Puerto Rican people, and, perhaps even more importantly, listening to them.

It took a tremendous amount of courage and will to rise up, a year and a half later, against the might of the U.S. Navy. Might a measure of that have come from that town hall meeting? I cannot say, but I believe that Ismael Guadalupe, Carlos Zenón and Bob Rabin may admit as much. Who knows? Of course, her son would think that. This is just my biased, unsubstantiated opinion, but I believe my mother’s hand to have been in that nonviolent uprising.

My mother tells the story of Zenón’s going fishing one day. Anchoring his vessel in front of the Guided Missile Destroyer, USS Dewey, he was told to move, that the Navy had an exercise to conduct. Well, Carlos had his fishing to do so the Navy would just have to wait. Which is exactly what happened!

Few are aware of my mother’s existence, save a small number among the New York, Chicago and San Francisco Puerto Rican communities, among them the famed poet and independentista Piri Thomas; the acclaimed Nationalist patriot, Alejandrina Torres, who was among the prisoners of

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conscience my folks would visit at the Federal facility in Pleasanton; and the “Vieques Three” – Rabin, Zenón & Guadalupe.

None took to the streets upon her passing. But her life is a monument to the indomitability of the human spirit in pursuit of peace and social justice. When the roll is called, she will be hailed as a mother of Puerto Rican independence and those who know will call, in the Latin American tradition of recognizing and honoring those who are absent, yet present in spirit, Abuela Jean, *Independentista, ¡Presente! Y que ¡viva Borinquen libre!*



“Abuela Jean”

On Friday, August 26, 2005, on or around 4:20 in the morning, in Antioch, California, my mother, Jean Cameron Wiley Zwickel joined her beloved Abe on that Final Adventure.

Dedicado a la Abuela Jean

*Suenan las campanas
vuelven a sonar,*

*todas las mañanas
para ir a rezar...*

The bells are tolling
they toll again
every single morning
calling to prayer

*La Abuelita anciana
marcha hacia el altar,
porque buena y sana
quiere a Dios llegar.*

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The elderly little grandmother
walks toward the altar;
a good woman and wise
she wishes to come to God.

*Ya la marcha es lenta
porque por la edad
no puede avanzar,*

Her march is slow
because of age
her advance is impeded

*mas la nieta atenta,
buena de verdad,
la ayuda a llegar...*

but her attentive granddaughter
truly kind
helps her arrive...

*Sicomoro Zón (Colombia)
(English translation by Hector Lugo)*



Jean Zwickel died Friday morning, August 26,
in Antioch, California. She was 92.

Dear Contra Costa Times,

My mother, Jean Zwickel, died this morning at Lonetree Convalescent Home in Antioch. She had been suffering from severe rheumatoid arthritis and an enlarged heart. She refused food or drink for four days prior and passed peacefully.

She was born August 3, 1913 in St. Louis, MO, daughter of a schoolteacher, Lula B. Hoss and a Unitarian minister, the Rev. Dr. Frank S.C. Wicks, of All Souls Unitarian Church, Indianapolis,

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Indiana, whose classic sermon, “Good Men In Hell”, published in 1914, was distributed well into the 1970s, having undergone nearly 50 printings.

She grew up in Cleveland Heights, Ohio and was raised by her aunt Imogene, and Imogene’s husband, Superintendent of Schools Frank L. Wiley. She attended Middlebury College in Vermont, Class of ’35, so fluent in French that she was the first Freshman allowed to live in the French-speaking only Chateau. Jean went on to study at the Sorbonne, receiving her post-graduate degree through Columbia University from the University of Paris.

A committed pacifist and ardent defender of civil and human rights, she met her husband, Abraham, in 1943 while on a march from New York to Washington to protest the Jim Crow Laws.

A friend of many notable activists, from the Canadian pacifist poet, Wilson McDonald and the Catholic Worker’s Dorothy Day to Peace Pilgrim to César Chávez, her great passion was for Puerto Rican independence, in support of which she testified before the U.N. Committee on Decolonization. Her book, “Voices For Independence”, with contributions from former Congressman Ronald Dellums and actor, Ed Asner, has found its way to as far as Colombia. She was a lover of classical music, enjoyed singing and playing the ’cello, but her great musical passion was the piano, which she played nearly every day well into her 70s.

While traveling throughout Europe just before World War II by bicycle and train, staying at youth hostels, sometimes in castles, she attended the opera in Dresden and so saw its famed opera house before it was destroyed. She narrowly escaped Germany just before Hitler closed the borders.

She and her husband were supporters of labor and the environment, also, and fought injustice wherever they found it.

Her husband, Abe, passed in January of 2000; her older son, David, passed in September of 2001. She is survived by her son, Daniel, of Pittsburg, California, her granddaughter, Karen Elizabeth Brown of Augusta, Georgia and two great granddaughters.

A Memorial Concert to celebrate her life (was) held January 29, 2006 at the Mt. Diablo Unitarian Universalist Church in Walnut Creek, California.

Those who so wish may send a contribution in her memory in support of the people of Vieques, Puerto Rico, to:

*TFLAC, 2017 Mission St. #305
San Francisco, CA 94110*

and mark “Vieques” on the memo line. TFLAC is a committee of the international pacifist organization, Fellowship Of Reconciliation.

Peace with justice,
Daniel Zwickel McJean ben Avram

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“How Johnny Steele Met My Father”

My *patrón*, Guillermo called me one day, asked me to meet him at a home here in Pittsburg. “Bring your toy,” he said. Guillermo loves to sing, and I’ve been playing guitar (that’s what he refers to as my ‘toy’) for him since 1979.

That evening he introduced me to the host of the affair. “Zwickel,” the fellow says. “Are you Abe’s son?” He proceeded to tell me this account of his meeting my father.

His football buddies and he were going to the Post Office to register for the Selective Service. They were all typical Pittsburg punks — no politics to speak of. Anyway, this old couple were at a card table, catching guys as they went to register, talking to them about alternatives to the military.

He talked with this old guy — just that one time. They never met again. But what the old man had to say got him to thinking about things going on in the world beyond his own town. And he would read about him in the paper every once and a while. The guy was always demonstrating and getting busted, always about some sort of injustice or other. But his manner impressed this young fellow as much as what he said and did — that gentle manner of his.

Like he said, he never saw the old guy again, but what he said stuck with him, and radically altered his life. His politics took a hard turn to the left, turning him into a raging radical and pretty much coloring what he does for a living.

Johnny came to my dad’s memorial, apologized for being late — he’d had a photo shoot to do — and asked if he could say a few words. I said, ‘Sure. Of course,’ and he proceeded to tell this story I’d just recounted about fifteen minutes earlier. Coming from him, though, it was so cool. And, you know how you tell stories and occasionally wonder if you remember them just the way they happened? I had.

And do you ever wonder if just one person can change another one’s life? Can anything ‘insignificant me’ does ever make a difference?

Well, that evening was Johnny Steele’s victory celebration. He’d just won the San Francisco International Standup Comedy Competition.

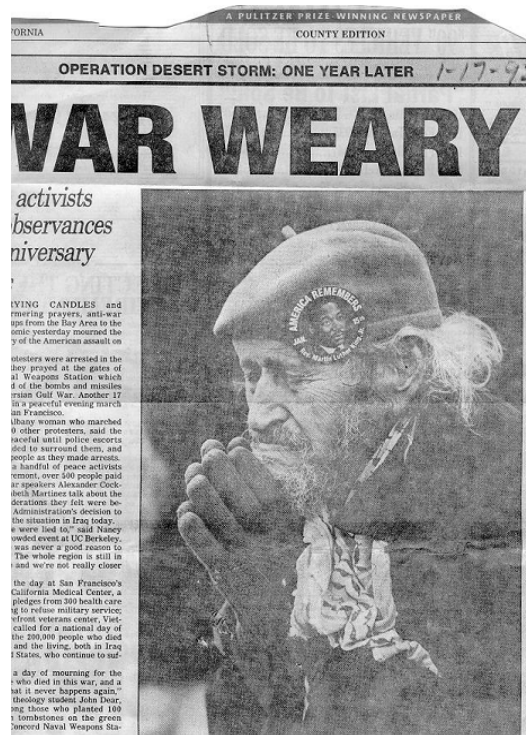
No connection I could really say, but ask any stand-up comic if politics and outrage are ever fuel for the fire, impart any kind of edginess. Yeah, my dad would laugh his ass off.



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“The Abraham Zwickel ben Chaim Memorial Website”

July 15, 1903 to January 31, 2000



In Celebration of his Life

The Drummer
strikes the drum
a heartbeat sound
walks and chants the call for peace
na mu myo ho ren ge kyo.

Each year the drum
more frayed, more patched

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sounds a little softer —
no less determined

a whisper

Each year the chant
more quavering
sounds a thinner tone—
no less compelling

a whisper

Each year the step
more halt
walks a little slower —
no less committed

a whisper

The drum is silent now
except as it echoes
in the ears of those
who heard with him
a different drummer

whisper.

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“I can visualize Abe as he stands before the Pearly Gates of Heaven. Rather than begging to get in, he is beating his Buddhist drum while protesting heaven's policy of discriminating against sinners and non-believers.”

—Arne Westerback, *Mt. Diablo Peace & Justice Center*



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in peace's name is useless

By Joan Morris
TIMES STAFF WRITER

For more than 80 years, Abe Zwickel lived peacefully in an unpeaceful world.

Abe had absolutely no tolerance for violence, war, hatred, injustice, pollution, waste. Whenever he saw these evils, he felt compelled to do something about them.

Abe walked thousands of miles in protests and demonstrations. He spent time in jail because of his pacifist beliefs. He stood for hours in the blazing sun and the pouring rain in the name of people he never met.

Through the blisters and sunburns, scrapes and bruises, he never once had a moment's regret, says his son, Daniel Zwickel.

Abe was a frequent and sometimes startling sight at protests outside the Concord Naval Weapons Station and Lawrence Livermore Lab. Rhythmically beating his "peace drum," Abe, with his flowing white hair, frail frame and weathered smile, contrasted with the youthful faces that often surrounded him.

"He was sort of the grand patriarch of protesters," says Janess Hanson, a longtime friend who admired Abe's dedication and fearlessness.

Abe's pacifism was born in the glowering shadow of World War I, when Abe was a 14-year-old telegram messenger in New York. With growing horror, Abe began to realize that among the wires announcing impending visits, safe arrivals, and births and weddings, were condolences from the War Department.

Abe's humble neighborhood was a long way from a French battlefield, but to teen-age Abe, the telegrams brought the inglorious realities of war to his doorstep. The deaths, and the pain they caused, made the introspective boy look even deeper inside, and strengthen his desire to find other ways to resolve conflict.

Several years later, when Abe received his draft notice, he chose an alternative to military service, joining a Quaker fire camp and fighting



forest fires around the country. But on the way to a California fire, Abe heard a speech by a Chinese pacifist. His words provided context for Abe's own jumbled feelings. He realized, Daniel says, that while he was willing to dedicate his life to his country, he could not in good conscience serve in the military. Peace, not violence, was the path he walked.

Doing time

Abe left the fire camp and turned himself in to authorities in Sacramento, where he was charged with draft evasion and convicted. He was sentenced to two years in prison.

"My father devoted his entire life in service to his country," Daniel says. "People seem to only recognize those who serve militarily."

"It may well be the job of soldiers to defend our country's shores, but it is the job of the pacifists to see that those conflicts never occur."

After being jailed for his beliefs, Abe said in interviews, it became easier for him to stand up for causes.

See ZWICKEL, Page 42



ABRAHAM ZWICKEL, then 93, top, of Pittsburg is led away by law enforcement officers during a protest against the NIF laser project at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory. Above, Zwickel and his wife, Jean, shown in 1991.

Abe Zwickel, 'grand patriarch of protest,' dies

- In a life of activism, from Brooklyn to Concord, he said no act peacefully done in peace's name is useless

EPITAPH

Abraham Zwickel Born: July 15, 1903, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Died: Jan. 31, 2000, in Pittsburg
Survivors: His wife of 55 years, Jean Wiley Zwickel of Pittsburg; sons, David Reuben Zwickel of Augusta, Ga., and Daniel Beck Zwickel of Pittsburg; one granddaughter and one great-granddaughter. Services: were conducted. Memorial gifts: Mount Diablo Peace Center, 55 Eckley Lane, Walnut Creek, CA 94596

By Joan Morris
TIMES STAFF WRITER

LEGACY

For more than 80 years, Abe Zwickel lived peacefully in an unpeaceful world.

Abe had absolutely no tolerance for violence, war, hatred, injustice, pollution, waste. Whenever he saw these evils, he felt compelled to do something about them.

Abe walked thousands of miles in protests and demonstrations. He spent time in jail because of his pacifist beliefs. He stood for hours in the blazing sun and the pouring rain in the name of people he never met.

Through the blisters and sunburns, scrapes and bruises, he never once had a moment's regret, says his son, Daniel Zwickel.

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"It may well be the job of soldiers to defend our country's shores, but it is the job of the pacifists to see that those conflicts never occur."

After being jailed for his beliefs, Abe said in interviews, it became easier for him to stand up for causes. He protested the draft and beseeched world leaders to settle differences without war.

LEGACY

He objected to celebrations honoring Columbus, pointing out the explorer's "discovery" of America resulted in the mass destruction and subjugation of American Indians.

He marched 300 miles across Japan with Buddhist monks, protesting the proliferation of nuclear weapons. He stood outside the naval weapons station to protest the war in Central America. He played his peace drum outside San Quentin as officials prepared to execute a prisoner. He called for reasonable people to behave as such and to treat neighbors with compassion and grace.

Michael Kerr, who met Abe and his wife, Jean Zwickel, at a Concord weapons station protest, says he admired Abe's dedication. Abe was well into his 80s when they met, but Abe stood shoulder to shoulder with the youthful protesters.

"We went a number of times at San Quentin," Michael says, "for execution vigils. Sometimes it would be real cold out and rainy. We'd be out there five or six hours and he'd be there the whole time, beating his drum, his whole body shaking, his white hair flowing."

A fateful day

The protests outside the Concord Naval Weapons Station had occurred intermittently since the Vietnam War. Wars in Central America brought renewed protest outside the station, where military weapons were stored for transfer to ships.

In 1987, a group of protesters led by Brian Willson staged one demonstration that included a plan to block a munitions train with their bodies. Something went wrong. The train engineer was told the tracks had been cleared. He pushed the throttle and started across the road. Willson tried to get out of the way. He fell toward the oncoming train and was pulled beneath the iron wheels. One leg was severed by the train, the other was beyond saving and was amputated at a hospital.

Outraged by what they believed was a deliberate act, the protesters began a continual vigil at the station, blocking the tracks, standing in front of trucks, defying commands to disperse. Abe, who had witnessed Willson's near-death, became one of the regulars at the tracks. He was arrested so often that police began referring to him, with some affection, as "Old Abe."

The protest continued for several years, Michael says. Eventually, protesters found other causes and drifted away from the tracks. But Abe kept coming. Six or seven years after everyone left, Abe would still show up and stand in front of the gates. His protest was more symbolic than substantive, but Abe believed, friends say, that nothing peacefully done in the name of peace is wasted energy.

Abe often seemed a lone man, railing against the darkness. But in truth, Abe was never alone. For 55 years, Jean was by his side, marching along with her husband, speaking out for the causes they both believed in.

A journey of love

They had met, as might be expected, at a protest. Abe was living in Baltimore and Jean was living in an interracial, pacifist Christian commune in New York called the Harlem Ashram. Abe

and Jean met as they marched with a small group from New York to Washington, D.C., protesting the Jim Crow laws legitimizing segregation. Love blossomed on their journey.

“We met on the lowest common denominator,” Abe often said. “Our feet. We were walking for peace.”

Friends joked at their wedding that Abe, a Jew, and Jean, a Unitarian, were forming a new religion: Jewnitarianism.

Daniel says Abe and Jean’s marriage went beyond a simple union. Their commitment to each other was enriched by their commitment to their causes.

“Father was the one who always leaped to the front lines,” Daniel says, “while Mother, quietly supportive, provided the necessary reality check and kept the rest of their life running in an orderly fashion.”

It wasn’t easy, juggling civic concerns with job and family. Daniel says some of his earliest childhood memories are of demonstrations. He followed his parents’ footsteps, becoming a vegetarian and a pacifist.

The past year, age seemed to catch up with Abe, who grew increasingly frail and ill. He finally decided it was time for his grand exit. He stopped eating, then stopped drinking. But the spirit that had stood so firm and strong in the face of impossible odds, held him a bit longer.

Abe died at home, with his family close by. He was 96.

Joan Morris writes story obituaries. Call her at 925-977-8479, write her at P.O. Box 8099, Walnut Creek, CA 94596-8099, or e-mail her at jmorris@cctimes.com



Chapter 2: “Pacifist Nation — No Place for Wimps!”

What is Pacifist Nation about?

Pacifist Nation endeavors to explore how we may bridge the gap between what we profess to believe and how we act, by bringing the subject of pacifism into the mainstream of public discourse.

Just what is pacifism?

Superficially, one may define it as the belief in and practice of solving conflict through non-violent means. One may consider oneself a pacifist even though one might participate in

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what one considers a “just war.” We all compromise our beliefs; doing so does not invalidate them. A committed pacifist, however, will refuse any such participation. But under the skin, pacifism informs all that we are, all that we believe, all that we do. It manifests itself such that one cannot just be for peace. One must be for social and economic justice, for all the freedoms we profess to cherish. We must love our children, honor our parents, and respect all living things, including that which is called Gaia, our Mother. We must allow our pacifism to infuse our lives in a way that mirrors and manifests our relationship with the divine.

Pacifism as a prophylactic

The goal of pacifism is the prevention of war. We are not *passivists*, as is the citizen who lets the war machine roll on without a peep. We practice our pacifism in how we act in our everyday lives, much as a Jew, Christian or Moslem practices the paramount values demanded by their faith, such as treating people justly and with dignity and forgiveness, throughout the week and throughout the year.

We get pissed off and are outraged, just like regular people. We just use our vocal chords, pen, ballot, etc., rather than our fists or an Uzi.

There cannot be peace without justice

Pacifists are the front line of our nation’s defense against war. As much as recognizing the root causes of war and doing something about them, injustice must be recognized and dealt with.

Corollary: There cannot be freedom without responsibility

Well, there can be, and, all too frequently, is. Freedom implies choice; responsibility implies choice with full knowledge of the consequences and acceptance of that responsibility. A pacifist is not necessarily a non-violent person, but one who consciously chooses the path of non-violence. How closely one hews to the path is up to that person. With knowledge of fallibility comes humility, compassion for others’ failings, and for their choices as well. One must accept others’ choices, made responsibly. If you read this to mean that a pacifist must be pro-choice, then one may begin to understand that one may be anti-abortion yet pro-choice, and to appreciate my joy at encountering pro-life advocates on a vigil against capital punishment outside the gates of San Quentin on an otherwise somber occasion.

Tolerance can only go so far

Pacifist Nation has zero tolerance for racism, bigotry, sexism or homophobia. Pay close attention to that last one. All too few people do, or else fail to make the connection.

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Pacifism is not for wimps

Gandhi was not a wimp; nor was Jeanette Rankin (look it up!), Martin Luther King, Jr. or César Chávez. You declare yourself and take the heat, be it verbal abuse, Bull Connor's dogs, prison or death. We're lucky here; we just have to face prison, as did I during the Vietnam war, or endure it, as did my father during WW II. Nazi Germany's pacifists weren't so lucky. We must be grateful for our liberty, but constant vigilance is the price. What happened there can happen again. We have our work cut out for us.

Police and those in the military are not our enemies

We must respect their choice and their willingness to put their lives on the line for us. In turn, they must realize that neither are we the enemy. We are simply warriors in a different arena, trying to make their job a bit easier, or eliminate it altogether.

In defense of Defense

One could argue logically that pacifism doesn't necessarily preclude acting in one's defense. It's even less of a slippery slope than justifying a "just war" and don't think I, as a Jew, haven't grappled with that one into the wee hours. A police officer is within the bounds of the law to commit justifiable homicide. Do I advocate abolishing the police?

The answer to that thorny issue is, what might the nature of defense be? Gun-less constabulary have been successful before, and in a society that puts our crime statistics to shame. But that begs the Hard Question, and we pacifists can get nervous and defensive when it comes to the Hard Questions, like: For instance, if we all turned pacifist wouldn't we become defenseless? As if! Actually, that's an easy one and I tire of that old whine. Logically, if we are successful, the threat of war will no longer exist. Look. if my goal is to become independently wealthy, do I quit my day job? Hardly. And do I cease striving because I have to earn a living in the meantime? I am but a thread in the fabric of society. The woof may go on policing and soldiering, but this warp is damn well going to keep on keeping on until violence is no longer an image in the pattern. Ouch. Sometimes my rhetoric pinches. Silimile me.

Bottom line: War is hell

We've heard that before. But we romanticize it anyway.

An enemy soldier is just a statistic unless he is our brother. A bombed building is just a picture on the news unless it's the water purifying plant that keeps our infants from falling prey to a host of diseases, or the apartment building we live in. A dead Serbian soldier was someone's son, father or brother, nephew or uncle; a dead Iraqi infant has a mother weeping over its grave, next to its father's. There but for the grace of God go you or I.

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Think of your child, brother or sister. Some faceless bureaucrat on the other side may refer to him or her as “collateral damage.” We justify such a death at our hands at our own peril.

What nobler calling can there be but to see that such a thing becomes unthinkable by anyone under any circumstances.

I am a pacifist, and proud of it.



*“Mankind must put an end to war
or war will put an end to mankind...”*

—John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Jr.

A Viewer’s Response

My very first thoughtful response to Pacifist Nation came from a fellow I met whilst tracking down Mark Twain’s, “The War Prayer”.

I’ll set this down just as he replied, except to say that I concur, my brother, David Reuben, having survived the conflagration aboard the U.S.S. Forrestal during my generation’s Big One.

And if the opening scene to “Saving Private Ryan” wasn’t harrowing enough for you, go out and rent.... No, buy “Jaws” and check out one of the most powerful, masterfully written, crafted and acted scenes in the history of The Cinema, the one about the U.S.S. Indianapolis (“Eleven hundred and nineteen men went into the water; three hundred and seventeen came out. The sharks took the rest, 30 July, 1945. But we delivered the bomb.” — Howard Sackler, uncredited.) And somewhere on the roads of this land trucks a Mayflower moving van with a rolling memorial to the men who most horribly lost their lives on those days. R.I.P.

E-mail reply:

Dennis Peterson wrote:

- > > When discussing pacifist views it sometimes helps
- > to describe the world in its “as built” state which is
- > to say, the world as it exists with war. Then pay

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> proper notice to the men and women who are the
> cannon fodder of the wise old white male politicians
> who send them into harms way. Soldiers are the first
> victims the failed policy of war and often do heroic
> things for their fellow soldiers. For example, read
> Big Ben Franklin. The men I spoke with while
> writing this wanted no part of a war — but the choice
> was not theirs as it never is. They were for the most
> part just trying to live long enough to get home to
> their families and that sometimes required
> uncommon valor.

'Nuf said.

Well, almost enough.

I'm reminded of a college friend of mine, a conscientious objector who nonetheless allowed himself to be drafted into the Vietnam war. His reasoning was unassailable: were he to take advantage of all that being a middle-class white male makes it a piece of cake to avoid such unpleasantness, one of his black or brown brothers would simply take his place. He felt that that would be blood on his hands.

To my shame, I cannot recall enough of his name to know his fate. I just hope it's not on the Wall

A braver lad than I.



"A Pacifist Nation Rant"

FIRST OF ALL, I DON'T GET IT... are we Americans a bunch of wimps, or what? Where's our faith, the courage of our Christian (or Jewish or [fill in the blank]) convictions? We cower under a canopy of high-tech weaponry as our Top Guns bomb some poor third-world country even further into the stone age and glow with pride as if they [we]'ve just done something patriotic or humanitarian.

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Where does the Golden Rule fit into this picture, or am I just thinking of religion from another planet? Why are we so squeamish about the words “forgiveness” and “compassion”?

If we had any guts, we’d all be pacifists. But we don’t have the stones. We’re too afraid we’ll lose something if we don’t defend it, whatever it is, with fists or bullets or bombs. We lack the integrity to follow our conscience, which tells us that loving is right and killing is wrong, or did I misunderstand Jesus and the Big Ten Cs.?

Hey, Cultists of the Two Sacred Tablets: What part of “Thou shalt not kill” do you not understand?

Just what is our idea of a hero, anyway? Is the BBOP (that’s, Big Boy On Playground) a hero because he can beat the snot out of anybody on the block! Or is the Militiaman with the AK-47 a hero because he’s not too chicken to point it at a (temporarily) live person and hold down the trigger? Is a general a hero because he isn’t too afraid of collateral damage to point a smart bomb at a milk factory, or a water treatment plant?

Hero, shmero, I’ll take Mohandas, Martin or César any day of the week over any one of these creeps. Now they had guts. So did Dorothy Day and Mother Jones, for that matter, as if gender mattered, although a woman head-of-state out to prove that she has a Johnson after all scares me more than the man who just wants you to know the jumbo size of his.

So I’m here to issue America a challenge: I’m from Pacifist Nation and I say, stand up for your conscience! Stand up for love and compassion! Stand up for tolerance and forgiveness! Stand up for truth and consequence.

And be warned: Pacifist Nation is a tough ’hood, no place for wimps. Better not mind a little pain. Some Neanderthal fool will likely bloody your nose on account of being afraid you just may be right. Like he’s got to protect his ignorance as if his manhood depended on it or something. Sheesh. Stop acting like punks and grow up. No guts, no glory. Be a man. Be a woman. **Be a pacifist.**

*Peace out,
Daniel ben Avram*



“Pacifist Nation – No Place for Wimps!”

A Challenge

September 28, 2008,
Mt. Diablo Unitarian Universalist Church
Walnut Creek, California

Processional: “Imagine / Sing To the Heart!”

Dedication: “Song For My Father”

Imagine ... imagine

Imagine in our darkness shines a light with which we see
A hope and promise of a world where we can truly be.

Imagine living in a world where justice will prevail.
And working with compassion in our hearts we cannot fail.

Imagine creating a world where people live as one;
Imagine now, my friends, our transformation’s just begun.

[Sing to the center of the universe.]

Sing it out loud and clear, so that everyone can hear.

[Imagine people feeling that they’re no longer apart.]

Sing to the Heart - Sing to the Heart!

Baruch ata Adonai,
Eloheinu melech ha’olam;

Halo lechol shirayich ani kinor.
Baruch ata Adonai!

*[We praise You, Eternal God,
Sovereign of the universe*

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Behold, I am a violin for all your songs.]

Now sing!
Sing to the center of the universe;
Sing it out loud and clear, so that everyone can hear.
Sing to the Heart - Sing to the Heart!

“Song For My Father”

Today is a day like any other day.
I got up, got dressed, came to church, and here I am with you.
And I’m singing this song because you asked me to.

And this song is a song like any other song.
It starts up, has words and a melody.
And if it speaks to you, then it’s yours for free.

But this church is a church unlike any other one.
It accepts me as I am, and as I wish to be.
And it brings all kinds of good and loving friends to me.

And my father is a father unlike any other one.
I’ve received much of the best of what I am from him.
And it’s my father, Abraham, for whom sing this hymn.

And this day, and this song, and this church are special
Because of him.

Introduction of the Speaker

The guest at our podium this morning is not only a member of our choir and Troubadour of Jazz, he is the composer of the music in today’s service.

Daniel Zwickel McJean ben Avram (son of Jean, son of Abraham) is a life-affirminist rationalist mystic ovo-lacto activist-pacifist eco-feminist Zen-neo-pagan Judeo-Christian secular humanistic unitarian bio-theistic Trinitarian pan-theistic existentialist Universalist trans-gender/generationist Troubadour of Jazz & Bay Area MtDUUC UniUni since 1976 and a birthright Jewnitarian.

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When Daniel first stepped foot in our church, his grandfather's sermon, "Good Men In Hell" was on the literature rack. The Rev. Dr. Frank Scott Corey Wicks was minister of All Souls Unitarian Church in Indianapolis, Indiana. That sermon was being discussed on a blog in Australia in 2006, ninety-two years after publication.

Before Daniel was hired away by other churches, first as Bass Section Leader in the choir of the First Unitarian Church in Kensington, then as Cantor at St. Joseph the Worker Catholic Church in Berkeley (for sixteen years!), along with stints at various Unity and Religious Science churches, he joyfully served our church as a musician and, on occasion, as a composer.

A classical violinist from age nine, his compositional talent was first acknowledged by the San Diego Symphony in a Young Composers competition, with an Honorable Mention in that same year. He began songwriting in college at age sixteen.

His career as a professional singer-guitarist began in San Diego, playing at the Staff NCO Club at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot. As he is alive to tell the tale, he obviously failed to disclose his day job of janitor at Mercy Hospital: which was his alternate service as a conscientious objector.

A San Francisco Bay area resident since 1971, his repertoire of close to a thousand songs spans nearly every genre and ten languages. He has penned well over a thousand compositions, ranging from simple chants and ballads to complex choral and symphonic works. A social/political activist as well as troubadour, he voluntarily designs, hosts and maintains Websites for various peace and justice organizations at "PeaceHost.net", his Web domain.

He speaks to us this morning as a second generation pacifist and conscientious objector.

Please join me in welcoming Daniel Zwickel McJean ben Avram.

Lighting of our Chalice: "As We Gather In This Sacred Place"

As we gather in this sacred place,
Let us remember those who have died
 And will die for our sins in numbers beyond counting.

As we gather in this sacred place,
Let us acknowledge those who yet live,
 To grant us grace in blessings ever mounting.

Let us not forget those whose lives end,
As ours begin in this sacred place. Amen, amen."

A Story for All Ages: "Two Brothers, Aquos & the Water of Life"

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ONCE UPON A TIME there was a village where the people were all family-cousins and aunts and uncles. The leader was the father of them all. Like all families, they played and argued, and generally got along, because they were family.

Now there were two brothers in this family, and they were best friends and loved each other very much. But one day, they got into an argument and began fighting. They were both big and strong, and they could be heard all through the village, and they came to such blows that the earth shook and cracked, and the crack became a rift, and the rift became a chasm, and they fell to the ground, one on each side, and the gap between them became so great that finally they could only shout at each other. And the people all took sides, one on each side of the canyon.

Over the years the village families grew, and spread out, and became many different peoples who looked different, and spoke differently, and believed in different things except for one thing that they all believed, and that was that the people on the other side of the canyon were different from them, and that those people were the enemy. They forgot they were related; they forgot the two brothers, who couldn't even remember what they were fighting about. They just remembered the hate, and the anger.

Many years later, a boy named Inquisitos lived on one side of the canyon. He was a curious lad, always asking questions. When he grew to be a young man, his friends would go off to war against the people on the other side, and some would not come back. He thought this was very sad, and he asked why there was war, but no one could tell him.

One night Inquisitos had a dream, and in that dream he was walking across a meadow and met up with an old man who was the saddest person he could imagine. The old man told him he was looking for his brother. He had not seen his brother for so long that he could barely remember him, only that he was once very angry with him, but now he just missed him very much.

The young man asked him if he wanted company, and the old man said, yes, he would like that very much.

They walked for hours and hours, and came up to the edge of a canyon. And on the other side was another old man who looked just like his companion. Inquisitos stepped back, and watched.

The two old men gazed at each other silently, and the young man could see that they held a great love for each other. They began weeping with joy. They wept and they wept, until the canyon filled with their tears. And when the water came all the way to the top, they both leaped in and swam to each other and embraced.

When Inquisitos woke up he was sure that canyon was real, and vowed to find it. It took years, but one day he came to a place that looked just like the one in his dream. He found a path and went all the way to the bottom, and there was a stream. He tasted the water,

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and it was the most delicious water he had ever tasted. He filled his waterskin and climbed back to the rim of the canyon. He made camp as night fell, and he slept and dreamed again.

This time Inquisitos dreamed he was in a cool stream of water, and he knew that the water sustained him. He understood that the one thing that all people had in common was that they needed water for life.

When he awoke, he took a new name, Aquos — a word for water. He walked until he came to a village, and when he was offered water to drink, he said, no, have some of mine. And the villagers drank, and found it to be cool and sweet.

Aquos told them this was the water of life, and that it belonged to all of them, and they belonged to it. He said all people belonged to each other, and should not fight, but share water with each other as members of one family.

Before Aquos left the village, he filled his waterskin from the village well and when he tasted it, later in the day, it tasted just as cool and sweet as the water from the canyon. He did the same thing in each village he visited, and as more and more people shared his water it began to seem that everywhere the water had become like the water from his dream, cool and pure and sweet. A wonderful thing happened: as they shared his water, the people stopped fighting.

The rest of his life, Aquos went from village to village teaching about the water of life. When he was an old, old man, laying on his cot for his final sleep, his friends asked if there was anything they could bring him. He said, just a sip of water from his waterskin, and, with the water of life on his lips, he passed into death and his spirit passed into the ocean of spirits and of life.

So every once and a while, when you take a drink of water, remember the tears of joy from those brothers who once were fighting, lost in anger and hatred, and who now live in harmony.

And remember, also, those who do not have clear, clean water to drink, like people in Haiti, and in Iraq, and in Africa, and even places right here in this country. And try to think of ways to help others who do not have what we have, that some day they all may drink the cool, sweet water of life.

Meditation: “Within the Center Of Your Heart”

Within the center of your heart, whispering
Sings the voice of God, whispering.

Within the center of your heart, crying low
Speaks the voice of God.

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Hear you now; hear you now.
Listen to the voice.

Reading

According to Arthur M. Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days*,

“John F. Kennedy went to San Francisco in June of 1945 as a special writer for the Hearst press to watch the founding of the United Nations. For a young veteran, with stabbing memories of violence and death, it was in a way a disenchanting experience. But for a student of politics it was an indispensable education.

“ ‘It would be very easy to write a letter to you that was angry,’ he observed afterward to a PT-boat friend who had sought his opinion of the conference... ‘The international relinquishing of sovereignty would have to spring from the people — it would have to be so strong that the elected delegates would be turned out of office if they failed to do it.... We must face the truth that the people have not been horrified by war to a sufficient extent to force them to go to any extent rather than have another war.... War will exist until that distant day when the conscientious objector enjoys the same reputation and prestige that the warrior does today.’ “

Call for the Offering: “Gifts”

Daniel was attending a MDUUC sponsored meditation workshop, led by Alan Hunter. Asked to reflect on the unique gifts we each have to share, during a meditation Daniel wrote this song. You are now invited to generously share your monetary gifts.

What are these gifts, these gifts that we bring,
These gifts that we bring to each other?
What are these gifts that we have to share,
O, my sisters and brothers?

Eyes to see, fingers to feel, strength to change and time to heal.
These are the gifts that we bring to each other,
O, my sisters and brothers.

How can we use these gifts that we bring,
These gifts that we bring to each other?
How can we use all the gifts we've to share,
O, my sisters and brothers?

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See the pain, feel the wound, change our hearts, heal the wound.
Thus may we use all the gifts that we bring,
O, my sisters and brothers.

Then let us share the gifts that we bring,
The gifts that we bring to each other.

Then let us share all the gifts that we bring,
O, my sisters and brothers.

See the joy, feel the touch. change the hate with love's healing touch.
As we share the gifts with each other,
O, my sisters and brothers.

Anthems: “Lágrimas” and “Candle”

From the jungles of Central America to the deserts of the Middle East, Empire marches on.

“Lágrimas brotan de los ojos de Dios ...” “Tears fall from the eyes of God.”
On that fateful night of November 16, 1989 eight new stars appeared in the heavens — tears
from the eyes of God.

[Chorus]:
*Lágrimas brotan de los ojos de Dios
Al suelo del jardín del cielo;
Ya crecen las flores de luz
En el nombre de nuestro Señor Jesús.*

[Tears fall from the eyes of God, onto the soil
of the garden of the heavens.
Now the flowers of light grow in the name of our Lord, Jesus.]

November sixteen, nineteen eighty-nine,
Eight precious children of God
Were visited by death at their government's own hand
Spilling blood where their humble feet had trod.

[Chorus]:

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Blood flowed like fire into the rivers of the night,
Coursing through lands near and far,
Warming the passions of those who seek justice,
Shining with the radiance of a star!

[Chorus]

In the heavens of our dreams God shed a tear
Which blossomed like a flower in the sky;
Seven teardrops more lit the velvet of the night,
Flowers in the fields where they lie.

[Chorus]

Now let us call, “*¡Presente!*”
After each precious name, “*¡Presente!*”

Celina, (“*¡Presente!*”)
Elba Julia, (“*¡Presente!*”)
Ignacio, (“*¡Presente!*”)
Amando, (“*¡Presente!*”)
Joaquín, (“*¡Presente!*”)
Martín, (“*¡Presente!*”)
Segundo, (“*¡Presente!*”)
Juan Ramón, (“*¡Presente!*”)

[Chorus]

“Candle”

I'll not curse the darkness. I will light this candle instead.
Illuminate the way, in O Lord, to Thee I cry.
I survey the starkness where the broken bodies lay and bled,
While armchair patriots cheer and applaud, I ask Thee why?

[CHORUS]

With the fire that this flame kindles
We must strengthen our resolve.
Not by our words, but by our actions,
May our nation, in God's eyes, be absolved.

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I see pain and sorrow, smoke that casts a shroud beneath the sun;
Widows, orphans, plaintive infant cries pierce to the heart.
We must look toward the 'morrow, with one will
begin the work that must be done.
Join our hands and hearts as we arise to make a new start.

[CHORUS]

I can see the dawning of a nation waging peace at length,
When poverty and hunger and war lie deep in the past.
We are the foundation; In forgiveness may we find our strength.
In God's love which doth command our hearts, may our lot be cast!

[CHORUS]

Responsive Reading: Nº 598: “Without Hate” (Buddhist)

May every creature abound in well-being and peace.

May every living being, weak or strong, the long and the small, the short and the medium-sized, the mean and the great,

May every living being, seen or unseen, those dwelling far off, those living near by, those already born, those waiting to be born,

May all attain inward peace.

Let no one deceive another. Let no one despise another in any situation.

Let no one, from antipathy or hatred, wish evil to anyone at all.

Just as a mother, with her own life, protects her only child from hurt, so within yourself foster a limitless concern for every living creature.

Display a heart of boundless love for all the world in all its height and depth and broad extent,

Love unrestrained, without hatred or enmity.

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Then as you stand or walk, sit or lie, until overcome by drowsiness, devote your mind entirely to this: It is known as living the life divine.

Remarks: “The Pragmatic Pacifist”

As an amateur wordsmith, I love the term, “cognitive dissonance”. It is defined in psychology as an uncomfortable feeling or stress caused by holding two contradictory ideas: for instance, the belief that all life is sacred, coupled with the notion that there is an evil “other” that must be destroyed at all costs, even human. One may become so mired in that mind set as to forsake reason and logic for the comfort of a certainty that must be defended at all costs.

Forget the Christian teachings of mercy, compassion and forgiveness — Satan and all who serve him must be defeated.

Last century it was the Communists. The last election, it was the gays. Today, it is the Moslems.

We hate because we fear; we fear because we do not understand.

A dear friend of mine, a fellow songwriter and a devout Catholic composed a Peace Mass of impressive complexity and genuine devotion. That he is a beautiful and loving soul is reflected in his music.

And yet he once spoke to me of the evil of Islam, and the righteousness of our holy war against it, that the cost of a few (few!) innocent lives is worth the price if we are to defeat evil.

I would presume that he is against the murder of fetuses, but I might as well presume that he would be in favor of the execution of a murderer, or a rapist. Sanctity, shmanctity, reverence for life, it would seem, has its limits.

Cognitive dissonance, anyone?

So. How does one balance this popular view of radical Islamic fundamentalism with the story of one radical Islamic fundamentalist by the name of Abdul Ghaffar Khan, known as the “Frontier Gandhi”.

As a Pashtun of northern India, among the most fierce and feared warriors on earth, his credentials were beyond question. Sick to his soul of the blood feuds that were taking the lives of the Pashtun youth, he went to the Qur’an for inspiration, and to the teachings of Gandhi, and then sought to convince a group of young men that the Prophet Mohammed commanded that they behave with mercy and compassion, and foreswear violence.

His efforts would culminate in the establishment, in the 1920s, of the “*Khudai Khidmatgaran*”, or Servants of God — an army of tens of thousands of unarmed Pashtun who limited themselves to passive resistance through civil disobedience. And on April

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23,1930 at the climax of the protests against British sovereignty in northwest India, British troops fired on a crowd of unarmed demonstrators.

Those soldiers of nonviolence, whose children and grandchildren would become the Taliban, fearlessly faced the British soldiers, rending their tunics and baring their chest in defiance and, armed only with *satyagraha*, or the Force of Truth, and clothed only in the righteousness of Islam, a word meaning “seeing peace”, line by line they fell, until two hundred of their members were dead and the British soldiers could no longer stomach the bloodshed, and refused their officers’ order to fire.

The word, pacifism does not derive from the word, passive. Pacifism does not retreat from the world, it actively engages it. Pacifism does not simply reject violence, it embraces justice. Pragmatic pacifism is not an oxymoron, but implies an integrity lacking in those who see the words as either/or. Pacifism does not disrespect those who feel that the only answer to oppression is armed revolution, but wishes them Shalom, which is an ancient Hebrew word meaning ‘harmony’.

Those who fail to see the practicality of pacifism suffer from an acute lack of imagination. War is not the last resort but the abandonment of conviction. The pacifist does not flee from conflict, but seeks to resolve it through nonviolent means. The task of the pacifist is to prevent war from coming about. But when the pacifist fails and, as Forrest Gump would say, shit happens, then the pacifist must make a choice, a hard choice. Pacifists are accused of being cowards, but pacifism, in the face of violence or even death requires a profound courage. Dynasties, and Hitlers, will come and go, but the earth abides. Do we choose to participate in its destruction, or to live in shalom?

Indigenous tradition teaches us to live in harmony with the earth; Jewish tradition teaches us to question, and to live justly; Christianity teaches us forgiveness and compassion; Islam, in its respect for the other Abrahamic traditions, reminds us that we all share a common forefather; Universalism teaches us that salvation is not exclusive, but embraces all of humankind and Americanism, as embodied in the Declaration of Independence tells us that all are created equal and are endowed by their creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty and happiness and does not qualify that by saying just all Americans. For war is always about the killing of civilians and to say that the killing of any civilian is acceptable is to imply a racism that a true American will not countenance.

Traditions and prophets, all that, and who embrace life over death teach us that war is wrong. There are those fatalists who will hew to Ecclesiastes, who insist that there is a time for war, that sometimes you just have to fight. Besides the obvious, demonstrations by the likes of Gandhi and King of the practicality of applied pacifism, I would remind them that pacifism is always, always, whether in time of peace or in time of war, about saving lives and, when the world is so out of control that war happens it is the ultimate defense - the defense against, not just the evil that is done to us, but the evil that we do in the name of righteousness.

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Now, pacifism is not so arrogant as to impose itself upon the will of the people. It is all about how an individual responds to the presence of injustice and the immanence of war. For pacifists do not just, devote their lives to the prevention of war and the establishment of justice then, when they fail, decide, ‘well, that didn’t work after all, so I guess I’ll just abdicate my position, abandon my principles and become one of ‘the few, the proud...’

Pacifists look at the results of every war ever fought and recognize the impracticality of a system that results in death and destruction and take the pragmatic view that what’s even better than winning a war is seeing that it never comes about in the first place.

But that having failed, how does the pragmatic pacifist, as an individual, respond to the menace of a Hitler, the deaths of millions of Jews, the very real threat to liberty?

It then becomes prudent to ask, how can I best serve? What is in most urgent need of defending? Well, 37,000 conscientious objectors, of whom one was my father, answered those very questions to the best of their ability. And what was the practical result of their decisions? Was it a weakening of our defense effort? Was it the downfall of Western civilization as we know it? What did it result in? Best look at its legacy.

From their groundbreaking commitment to prison and mental hospital reform, they became the bricks, their uncommon courage the mortar of the foundation of the peace and justice movement which, to this day, works to liberate people from oppression through peaceful means and to address injustice throughout the world in hopes of preventing war from occurring.

And what could be more practical than that? Would the pragmatists have us abandon the defense of the walls of civilization against fear and bigotry and hatred? Would they erase the bloodlines of those courageous people and remove the pavingstones upon which will walk the likes of Gandhi and King, saying, ‘Folks, we’re sorry, but to save the lives of your foreparents from irrelevancy we used them for the war effort?’

In the struggle for the survival of the species the pacifists are the noble voices of sanity in which echo the lessons of the prophets of peace and the hopes of the founders of our nation. Ignore and dismiss them at your peril.

A Rabbi once asked his students, “How can you can tell when night is done?” In response to their several answers he finally said, “When you can look into the face of another and see the face of your sister and your brother, then you will know that the night is over and that the light has come. And if you cannot, then it will always be night.”

Let us live in the light as we see our brother and sister in the faces of those who are called our enemies, and know war no more.

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Reflection: “Beatitudes / Alleluia”

And, seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain.
And when he was set, his disciples came unto him.
And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,
 For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
 For they shall be called the children of God.

“Alleluia”

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God!

We are called to be servants of God,
Witnesses to God’s kingdom on earth,
Where peace and justice shall reign,
Where no one shall hunger, or thirst, or want.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God,

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God,
Praise God, praise God!

Hymn: “Woyaya” (Sol Amarfio of Osibisa)

We are going, heaven knows where we are going,
We’ll know we’re there.

We will get there, heaven knows how we will get there,
We know we will.

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It will be hard, we know,
And the road will be muddy and rough,

But we'll get there, heaven knows how we will get there,
We know we will

Extinguishing our Chalice

We close with the words of Mahatma Gandhi: "Whatever you do will be insignificant, but it is very important that you do it."

Postlude: "Jean" / "In the Quiet Of the Day" / "It Seems To Me"

In the quiet of the day, the call of our passion we obey;
Look within in contemplation of God's grace.

In the quiet of the day, let the light of compassion lead the way;
Look within in contemplation of God's face

In the quiet of the day.

"It Seems To Me"

It seems to me that you and I could change the world together
We could make it better by being truly who we are.
It seems to me, together, we could learn to love a stranger,
Nullify the danger that confronts us near and far.

It seems to me, if we could see the wounds that must be healed,
We'd move our hearts to yield the compassion that they bear.
It seem to me the earth could be a garden filled with laughter,
To blossom ever after with a beauty all could share.

At night I dream, and in my dream above the hills I'm flying;
Tears of joy I'm crying from the depth of love I feel.
As I descend a hand I lend to one whose fingers fashion
Understanding and compassion, with a touch that surely heals.

Yes, in the end I find, my friend, 'tis you, my sister/brother.
We find in each other strength we need to carry on.
For in your eyes I realize the joy I find in living.
Now, in wonder and thanksgiving I arise to greet the dawn!

Peace and love be with you all;
Grace divine bestow upon you
As you go forth to live and to serve in truth.



Chapter 3:



a Short Story

I am going to tell you a story.

My name is Daniel Zwickel. The Zwickels of Galicia were not the bearers of a name so noble as, say, the Duke of Orange or as elegant as the Spanish Granadas (which means pomegranate.) No, we were the turnip Jews. Family history has it that Zwickel is not our original name and somewhere back before the time of the patriarch, Leybush Zwickel, we had something to do with turnips.

Well, suppose Leybush lived, not in Austrian Galicia, but the Galicia of, say, a Franco-Hungarian empire with France as *le Grande Fromage* of nineteenth-century Europe — might his name not have been Leybush Navet (which is turnip in French)? So, then, Leybush begat Abraham who begat my grandfather, Chayim who called himself Charles. Suppose Charles Navet and his young bride emigrated, not through Ellis Island to America's Brooklyn, but to a thriving, cosmopolitan, tolerant Paris and my father, Abraham, and his brothers and sisters were raised in the cultural Mecca that would have nurtured some of the greatest writers and artists the 20th century would know?

My mother, Jean, received her degree from the Sorbonne at the University of Paris. She and my father could easily have met in a café — he, a dashing young Parisian Jewish intellectual, she,

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bright, vivacious, willful and independent and lovely enough to cause such a dashing young man to think impure thoughts.

But then something went horribly wrong. Not the Huns, but the arrogant French precipitated the “Great War” and it was they who got their arses whupped by the good guys and humiliated at Munich into signing the treaty of that name and so a now impoverished France became the petri dish which would cultivate its own little fascist monster by the name of Jacques leNoire who, lacking the efficiency of the Germans, only succeeded in killing two million Jews before being defeated by the Allies.

Well, that was two million too many for the young Daniel, my father’s son and sole surviving Navet of the holocaust, who, not a pacifist, emigrated to the new Promised Land of Israel, there to mock the shades of his grandfathers and grandmothers by designing ever more elegant and efficient and effective weapons of mass destruction ’til his hands were drenched in the blood of his Semitic cousins, born on the “wrong” side of the progeny of Abraham.

A Wandering Jew among the hills of ancient Judea, a prematurely old Daniel comes upon some alien technology which, he discovers, can transport him back in time. He has become a social historian of sorts and in search of a theoretical solution to the shambled horrors of the mid-twentieth century he has developed the “Nexus Theory” which suggests “nexi”, or points in time which could, if altered, impact dramatically on the course of history. His favorite is Puebla, Mexico, May 5, 1862, site of the famous *Bataille de la République* where cousin Napoleon III nearly got his arse whupped by the Mexicans before establishing the new *Empire de la Mexique* and that, my friends, is where our story is about to begin. But first, please be so kind as to allow me to share with you an entry from his journal, translated from the original Hebrew. It is dated January 8th, 1992 and begins thus:

I am an old man and I can no longer bear the pain. I carry the weight of too much history and too little humanity. Tonight I embark on a journey and leave this final journal entry more as a conceit than as a gesture to any reader as may come upon it-likely it shall cease to exist. I cannot say this for a certainty as I go the road never yet traveled, and so I leave this to a posterity which may or may not disappear in my absence.

*In my mind’s eye I see a triumphant post-WWI France, a united States where now, for all practical purposes, three separate nations exist (four if you include the secessionist Western Territories); a single Spanish Mexico celebrating a fifth of May or cinco de mayo if you prefer, where the forces of Napoleon III under the Brigadier Charles Latrille, *Compte de Lorencez* were defeated hard by the “Cerros de Guadalupe y Loreto”, the twin forts of *el General Ignacio Zaragoza*.*

For I believe the battle at Puebla to be absolutely pivotal. In a nutshell: The French lose. No more Mayan Dynasty, no Northern and Southern Mexico, French and Spanish biting and hissing and scratching like the British and the Irish, vainly attempting to hold together a country occupied by an absentee European landlord. The Confederate States, lacking the support of the French, lose their bid for autonomy, remain with a union of States with Louisiana but a sleepy backwater state rather than the trade nerve center of the

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continent. Perhaps the autonomous Western Territories forget their enmity over time and remain in concord with the Union. Such a mighty nation would easily help to defeat the Prussians.

Mexico would in all probability not be a factor at all, and without Northern Mexico, Louisiana and the Confederacy, Germany would stand not a chance in LeNoire's hell of defeating the French and its allies.

A triumphant France would not suffer the indignity of defeat leading to a massive economical collapse and an inflation where, literally, a wheelbarrow of francs is needed to buy a family's groceries. And a Belgian half-Jewish carpenter son-of-a-whore would not rise as the savior of Royal France to send two million Jews to the ovens. You see, with a German defeat in WWI, a fat and complacent France would never entertain such a monster, and leave not so much as a stain in the path of history.

So tonight I intend to go after that Lieutenant whom I believe inspired the French to victory in 1862. I intend to bring along a few 20th century devices as insurance. I shall not return to Israel for in the absence of a Holocaust the need for a Zionist homeland should be sufficiently lessened as to leave Palestine the sleepy, peaceful land God intended it to be. I shall not miss my job with the Ministry of Defense, designing weapons with which to terrorize the Palestinians; I am sick to death of the blood on my hands. I shall not miss Israel and its fanatics.

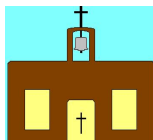
I intend to jump only part way back to the second decade of this century and observe from a cantina somewhere in Baja's La Paz, the Prussian defeat. Then contemplate the Torah with a shot of tequila in one hand and a Havana cigar in the other, in proper communion with the Master of the universe.

For the Germans will know better than to allow a dog like LeNoir to rise to power and goose-step across Europe with two million dead Jews in his wake. They are a people of culture, of industry and efficiency. Certainly they could better rebuild with vigor than the contentious and arrogant French. The Germans are a proud lot and their Jews are a partly a source of that pride.

And those two million of my brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers and aunts and uncles and nieces and nephews and cousins will die natural, peaceful deaths, far from the flames of war.

My chariot awaits. Peace shall be wrought in Puebla.

[Translated from the original Hebrew
by Rabbi Benjamin Lieberman.]



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“Then was then ...”

Once upon a time I stood on the top of the world, or so it seemed to a Hemet High School sophomore who enjoyed spending his summers trekking ten miles to the peak of Southern California’s Mt. San Jacinto (“Mt. San Jac” to the locals.) If I were 21 and so inclined, I could hike an hour or so back and take the tram a 40 degree temperature jump down to Palm Springs and party. In fact, were I so inclined, I might want to get royally plastered just on general principle. I have in my pocket a translation of some Hebrew I got from an old man in La Paz a few years ago and to tell you the truth it scares the hell out of me.

I was an eleven-year-old kid full of frijoles and mischief and got myself purposely lost on a supply trip to La Paz, the capital of *el Territorio de Baja California, Sur*. My brother and I were kind of spoiled, my mother being a school teacher specializing in progressive private schools. So when my folks heard about this new one starting up in Baja, they must have thought it would be cool for my brother, David, and I to be their first guinea pigs, so (suckers!) they wound up financing the first nine months of Shimber Berris’ existence.

If you take the train down the mainland of Mexico to the city of Los Mochis, then by bus to the coast, you will end up in one of the loveliest towns the Mediterranean never had, called Topolobampo, terraced down to a bay I once saw filled with thousands of brilliant blue jellyfish. From there you would take a fishing boat called the Blanco which I would have named “Termites-Swimming- Like-Crazy” which was basically what kept us from sleeping with the fishes. Sixty-five miles of desert scrub in an old Dodge army ambulance took us to the town of San Bartolo, home of an experiment I was too young and stupid to be nervous about. Founder, Dr. David Burden had been a missionary in Africa and had become the town doctor when he and his wife, author Virginia, had this bright idea.

Something immensely disturbing began that summer that supposedly connected with the death of six million Jews, if you believe in time travel.

So this *gringuito* was having too much fun to realize I really was lost, or to even worry about it. The Burdens were getting supplies and I managed to sneak away while they were looking the other direction. It was a typically blazing hot day; a radio somewhere was blaring the jingle, *Tome Pacifico* — *jynada más!* which sounded pretty good even though I didn’t particularly like beer. And the smell of a street vendor’s tamales reminded me that I was sin pesos (broke, loosely translated.) I turned toward the source and I saw this old man sitting at an outdoor café table.

At least he looked old-I mean really old, much older, I think, than he actually was.

He looked like a monk, like the skinny ones who thought that starving themselves made them holy or something. Except he had an unlit cigar he was more chewing on than smoking, the thin, almost meatless hand holding a shot of Tequila curiously steady. I may have had a kid’s boundless energy but he made me bone-weary just looking at him, as if, were he to take just one good siesta, he’d never bother even waking up. He was reaching to pick up the ancient fountain pen next to a

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small leather book that looked like a diary when he noticed me staring. I got a bit nervous, not to say embarrassed, and began to walk on when he reached one of those monk's hands toward me.

"Eh, *¡niño!*" He continued (in Spanish, but a strange kind of Spanish that reminded me vaguely of relatives. Jewish relatives.) "You look thirsty. Hell, you look lost. Let me buy you a Tamarindo and we'll figure out how to get you back to whoever you belong to."

Before I realized I'd decided to take him up on it, in my mind I was already slugging down a cold Squirt (*¡Nunca le deja sed!*)

"What're those you're writing? Some kind of code or something?"

My Spanish was pretty fluent by now but then he surprised me by replying in English. Now he sounded like my Jewish relatives, except more like French than Austrian.

"It's Hebrew. That's what we spoke in Israel."

"Israel. That's where all the Jews went. My father talks about moving there some times. How'd you know I was American?"

"Niño, you may sound Mexican but you don't look it. Do you like to read?"

"Yeah."

"What kinds of books?"

"Oh, science fiction mostly. You know, I used to live in Tarzana. It's named for Edgar Rice Burroughs who wrote all those Tarzan books. He wrote science fiction all the time. Once I even wrote a story about shrinking and discovering that atoms were tiny solar systems and discovering a new planet with its own civilization."

"Aha! A writer, nu? How about time travel. Do you like to read about that?"

Suddenly the smile faded and he appeared about to collapse and he looked so sad I almost cried. I didn't know what to say so I just sat there, sipping my Squirt. He seemed lost, distracted. Then he carefully screwed the cap back on the Waterman he had been using and clipped it in his shirt pocket. Funny, I just thought of that. It was a emerald-green, tortoise-shell Waterman. He went through the old leather notebook, pausing here and there.

"Six million dead," he mumbled.

I distinctly heard him mutter, six million dead and it gave me goosebumps. I'm sure it was just a kid's imagination but those words carried the smell, almost, of a large number of corpses. And I realized I was looking at a dead man in all but fact.

"You know what your name means in Hebrew?" I had told him my name was Daniel. I nodded. "The same as mine. God is your judge. Well, God is mine, too.

"So you like science fiction." He looked purposely through his journal and found the pages he was seeking, separating them from the rest, neatly folding them and handing them to me. "I am through," he said, more to himself than to me. "I am through." He looked up and searched my eyes, then smiled fleetingly. "You know, by all rights those pieces of paper shouldn't exist. Ah well. Have a good life, Daniel. Shalom."

He rose and walked away.

My last impression of him as I heard Mrs. Burden's exclamations upon discovering my whereabouts was of the strangeness of his clothes. I hadn't realized it before but they looked

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somehow peculiar. They looked maybe European but somehow, well, different. And his shoes. I had never seen anything like them.

So here I am on top of the world and I finally know what was on those pages.

My Philosophy class was having a section on comparative religions. A Catholic priest, a Methodist minister and a Buddhist monk had come in and later a Moslem and a Ba'hai would talk to us too but that day it was a rabbi and I couldn't get those pieces of paper out of my mind.

I went up to him after class.

Soon after the dreams began.

When I was very young I used to believe that Hitler was still in power. I knew that I was Jewish, but only half Jewish, and that made a great difference. My folks don't remember but I used to wonder, out loud, maybe, if I was safe because I was only half Jewish, if Hitler would leave me alone. Twenty years after the end of the war, a continent and an ocean away and that bastard still had that power over me.

So the dreams came, and I saw the marching and heard the speeches except Hitler was speaking not in German but in French. And behind the swastika-laden banners not Deutschland Über Alles but La Marseillaise. After several weeks I had one final dream.

I was in a *cantina*, I know, much like I imagined the cantina in San Bartolo to be (I never actually went inside one), with its wind-up Victrola blaring old *rancheros* and Saturday-night *borracheros* singing Canción Mixteca at the top of their lungs.

I was sitting at a table across the room from a fireplace and I saw him enter the room. He didn't notice me; he saw the French soldiers sitting by the fire drinking *cerveza* and probably wishing it were cognac. I called to him.

"Monsieur Navet."

He glanced my way, startled, then started toward the soldiers. He couldn't have heard right.

"Monsieur, venez ici, s'il vous plait."

Now the soldiers even noticed, but as quickly returned to their conversation. The man, however, stopped dead in his tracks.

"Qui est toi?"

"You don't know me yet. Please come over here and join me."

"You speak English. You are American?"

"¿Prefiere español?" (I usually like to switch languages just to be a smart-ass, but I was serious this time.) "My English is a lot better."

By now he was approaching my table. I offered him a chair, called to the *dueño* for another *cerveza*. Sixteen and I'm ordering drinks for a stranger. But this is a dream, remember.

He sat down, but glanced nervously at the French several times a minute.

"Monsieur Navet..."

"How do you know my name?"

"I'll explain. What year is this?"

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“*Alors... 1882 , je crois.*”

“That’s what you think. Please, look at me. Look at me! You need to see my eyes. It may be the only way you’ll believe me. And you must!

“You can’t do what you are about to do.”

“What do you.... How.... *Incroyable!*”

He abruptly rose to his feet and turned toward his original destination.

“1959. We will meet in 1959 in La Paz,” I said hurriedly. “We’ll talk about science fiction and time travel. You write in Hebrew in a leather notebook with a green Waterman fountain pen and you will give me the last seven pages you wrote in your journal before you left 1992...”

The man turned back to me and fell back onto his chair.

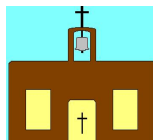
“*Vous savez trop, garçon.* What I do is vital. I must....”

“You must listen to me, dammit! You come from 1992. You think that you can waltz into the past and change history for the better. How many Jews did Hitler... I mean, LeNoire kill? Two million? Ever hear of Hitler? Of course not. You guys were too busy in France to notice the Austrian scum. Believe me, Hitler will do your LeNoire four million better. I’m a Jew! I was born in 1948 but that son-of-a-bitch gave me nightmares six years and six thousand miles away. Six million of my cousins he sent to the ovens! Your tequila and your Havana cigars won’t give you much comfort as you sit in a café in La Paz and think about six million Jews.”

He looks at me hesitantly, glances at the French, start to speak and then falls silent.

“Please, you must believe me. Go. Return to your home.” Curiously, I felt like a father talking to a son. “You can do nothing here.”

All color has drained from his face. He looked several years older, closer to how he looked in 1959. He swirled the remaining liquid around in his glass, set it down, smiled a smile that collapsed in on itself. Then he arose and walked back to the door. His hand hesitated at the door’s handle, he glanced at Maximilian’s men and was gone. I whispered to his shade, “Shalom. *¡Vaya con Diós!*” and fell back into a dreamless sleep.



“... and now is now.”

“*Bonjour, maman,*” I called as I came into the kitchen. I’ve got to practice my French if I’m to accompany her to *L’Université de Guadalajara* this summer. Mexican French isn’t Parisian French but it’s a hell of a lot cheaper. I can still afford to go to San Diego State in the fall and begin

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my studies for a secondary teacher's credential in earnest. Living in Mexico for nine months gave me a good start but just a start.

All of which, of course, is rationalization for a six-week party in Guadalajara before the grind begins. Pretty soon we're chattering away in Frenglish. Only a month to go.

So here I am, sitting in a place called Café de la Paix, scuffing my tennies on the cobblestone patio and looking over the terra cotta roofs at the Sea of Cortez harbor of Topolobampo. Brilliant blue jellyfish swarm the waters of the cove below this Mediterranean-looking, terraced fishing village. And I'm minding my own business, really. Munching some *pain duce* and sipping Mexican chocolate, reading Jules Verne in the original French. It's good practice though I've already read it several times in English.

It was tough talking my mom into letting me travel with some buddies I met in Guadalajara, even if it was to the Copper Canyon. Talk about spectacular! Several Grand Canyons would fit in it with room left over. One of my friends was an adult already, it was a popular tour, completely safe. And besides, I only needed to remind her that she bicycled through Europe in '39, just before LeNoir, may his soul rot in hell, began his march on Germany. This looked to be boring in comparison.

Then, of course, when we got to Los Mochis the train was to be delayed for a couple of days so, hey, there's this great little village just a couple of hours away by bus. My buddies are sleeping off a hangover and I'm reading Verne for breakfast and an odd-looking man is walking over to a table and notices me. He stumbles, catches his balance and stands, staring. I can barely hear his whisper from across the way.

"Who are you?"

The scenery is hard to ignore as the train crawls along the rim of a chasm that truly dwarfs our own puny Canyon. But I can't exorcize him from my mind. His words constantly haunt me, speaking of a universe that never happened, one that almost did. He looked at me as if I knew him, as if I were in fact relentlessly dogging his footsteps. Across the aisle the forest rolls by...

"Hey, I really don't know you. Am I supposed to?"

"Please. I'm sorry, ... I mean...."

He hesitated. I had no idea what to say so for lack a better plan I just waited. He tried again.

"It wasn't supposed to happen." He spoke half to me, half to something over my shoulder. "I got back and it was all wrong. LeNoir won, for godssake." Had I been less bemused and more on my toes I would have remarked, 'Certainly not for God's sake.' Of course he won. Europe's got twenty years of fascist rule to show for it. "But he wasn't supposed to," he continued. "We defeated him."

He wasn't really talking to me, was he? Just sort of bouncing the sounds off of me, maybe to hear them more clearly himself.

At this point my poorer judgment got the better of me.

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“What you mean we, Kimo Sabe. If I remember my history correctly we were too busy fighting off the Confeds to be of much help. Not that we could have done much good anyway. It’s tough to fight the Confeds and France and Japan and South Africa all at the same time. Diamonds buy a hell of a lot of planes and tanks and guns.”

“But I didn’t do anything. I went back, just like you told me to. And it was all different. More than two million Jews were killed.”

“Yeah, six million more, to be approximate.”

This was getting a bit weird. I never told him anything, never even met him before.

Suddenly, it was like a film just lifted from his eyes. He spoke clearly, firmly.

“Daniel, you like science fiction, don’t you.”

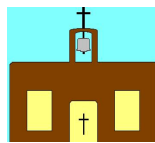
I don’t remember telling him my name but I was already a little confused anyway.

“Yeah.”

“Just give me a moment to compose this. I’m going to tell you a story. You may not remember me but the last time we spoke you said we would meet again, but in 1959....”

We spoke for hours as he wove the most fantastical tale and when it was done he gave me seven pages from his journal, ones he claimed to have given me in a once before that never happened. They’re in Hebrew, all right, but I know what they say.

He had been on his way to La Paz. He started looking for answers in Puebla but it held no clues as to why the universe had changed so he continued on and the most natural land route took him through Topolobampo. As it turned out, that was to be his destination. I asked him if all this traveling around might not keep on changing things. He replied that he felt a stability now that he hadn’t before, that he felt that things would be different before he had known. He had theories but they meant nothing now. He’s no longer a scientist but a pilgrim, a part of the landscape, an insignificant piece of flotsam on the jetstream of time.



“Epilog”

It has been nearly thirty years as I sit here in this café in Topolobampo and I remember wondering what sort of man would emerge from the crucible. Now we know.

For I have been following him and am, in fact, researching a book. It will be called “The Fifth of May” for what he claims to be his birthday; his birthplace, Puebla, the beginning point of his pilgrimage. But it is this place that seems to be a touchstone to him, to which he returns from time to time and where I expect to meet him today, le Cinque de Mai. My book is nearly written, actually, but one question is yet to be answered, which I will ask him this afternoon. It has to do with

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birthplace. Perhaps the two newlyweds' journey leads them to France (Paris?) instead of through Ellis Island. We know that two persons cannot occupy the same physical space (except perhaps in quantum theory). But what about the same time? I mean one person... I mean Damn! Thinking along these (time)lines makes my teeth hurt.

The bare bones of his story are well-documented. He readily answers most question put to him, save about his past, which, of course, no one would believe anyway. But I alone know of the years before his "birth", as he puts it. A man tormented, he wrestled with the demons he created. He would not escape through insanity or suicide. They could not be denied and would not be suppressed. And so they must needs be dealt with. He sought the help of philosophers and theologians and shamans from along the ages and learned of the shadow part of him, that place where darkness dwells and to whence the demons must be consigned, always a part of him.

The despair he visualized as a wall before him that he must walk through. He entered it, merged with its molecules, savored its acrid sweetness, became it yet holding fast to the image of a beyond ...

... and when he emerged into the light he sought, then found that small, still center within himself and made it his home.

Having acquired some small number of possessions over time he now proceeded to divest himself of them all until what remained were the clothes that he wore: a simple tunic with pockets around its hem for a toothbrush, a straight razor for his head and face and whatever small items might temporarily come into his possession; cotton trousers and undergarments, canvas shoes, and bearing this vow: that he would bring no avoidable harm to any person or creature, directly or indirectly; that he would not speak unless spoken to; that he would ask for nothing but accept that which was offered, excluding any form of flesh or eggs or dairy products (he would, however, accept milk that was fresh and from cows milked by hand, and eggs if he felt the creatures were lovingly cared for); and that he would only walk and never allow himself to be driven or carried.

Understand, he had no agenda. He never set out to do anything, just to be, in as harmless a way as possible. He espoused no creed or philosophy, not even his own. But if he did, he would most likely employ the quote ascribed to Hippocrates: "First, do no harm."

Interestingly, it was a child who first spoke to him.

"Hi."

"Hello."

"I'm David. Who are you?"

"I am a wanderer. I have no name."

From the day he set out from Puebla on the fifth of May of 1966 he rarely wanted for food or a place to stay. Otherwise he fasted, slept where he found himself. If he saw anyone who needed a hand he lent it without being asked and then smiled quietly and continued on his way.

From time to time he would speak, for people were curious about who he was, where he had come from and what he had done. Anecdotal stories proliferated and eventually preceded him. And always what he said was simple: "Love yourself and those around you and bring no avoidable harm

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to any living creature. But do not beat yourself if you do not succeed; you will find grace in the effort.” And they called him Wanderer.

He never achieved mass popularity but his friends became legion. From all religions persuasions or lack thereof they followed his philosophy or at least tried and didn't beat themselves when they failed. And they were pacifists and vegetarians for the most part but didn't beat themselves if they weren't. For no one is perfect but does the best one can. And they all learned French and Spanish and English and even Esperanto (or at least tried) since Wanderer was fluent in all four but preferred Esperanto because it was the least nationalistic and only complained (or what for him constituted complaining but was merely remarking) that it was too Western-centric. And they called themselves, Christians and Buddhists and Jews and atheists alike, neo-Universalists with an affinity toward Quakers and Unitarians. And liberation-theology Catholics whom they thought were pretty cool.

Then the first Village appeared.

It was a simple idea, really, but it took a very wealthy developer to pull it off. She met Wanderer and he changed her life, but gradually, in small increments and after a while she realized it wasn't enough. This required radical surgery. So she planned and saved and schemed and then, with the help of some pretty interesting bedfellows, launched it. At first she asked and cajoled but the word got around and in the end she had to turn away a multitude. Everyone wanted to be part of the experiment.

Here's how it works:

What services and facilities and institutions constitute a self-contained community? What then is the smallest population that will support it? Now build it vertically, with as much interior space open to air and direct or indirect sunlight with indoor green and growing things. Surround it with parks and community gardens and orchards and a small poultry and dairy farm (for eggs and milk only) and beehives. It was to be a marvel of renewable energy, recycling and minimal packaging and in general be aggressively green. Built in an unincorporated area it became its own town with school, town hall, courthouse and police force (itself a marvel of compassion, respect, courtesy and discipline). And from the beginning residents were actively recruited and were asked only to follow Wanderer's philosophy as best they could. And to not beat themselves when they failed. And find grace in the effort.

It took many years to come into being but as it grew and others became aware of it slowly became a movement that spread across the continent. Where developers could not be persuaded (and they who could be were rare indeed!) or towns coopted, neighborhoods were re-thought and re-designed or just loose communities formed.

And one institution formed with them: a discreet 'Net called the NeoUniNet with the irreverently, Catholicly acronymed “The NUN” and there is where the final step began.

It doesn't matter in which village it originated, only that it did and once begun the movement was inexorable. It was not an original thought but now the means and facility to achieve it existed. The notion of a peace army was based on the idea the war is fundamentally stupid — and with as its inspiration, the *Khudai Khidmatgar* or Servants of God of Abdul Ghaffar Khan, who defeated the

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vaunted and formidable British Army through nonviolence; Maude Royden's seminal formation, in the 1930s, of a "Peace Army" to act as a human shield between the Japanese and Chinese forces during the war between Japan and China; and the Gandhi-inspired Shanti Sena., formed in 1958 to utilize nonviolent conflict resolution on a grass-roots level and which itself inspired international groups such as the World Peace Brigade, the Cyprus Resettlement Project, Peace Brigades International and the Global Nonviolent Peace Force.

No soldier in her or his right mind wants to go into battle. A person or a group of people talk other people into fighting for land or power or wealth that they really don't need anyway and a lot of people get killed and a lot gets destroyed in the process. And all this is made possible by the fear, ignorance and manipulation of a large number of citizens who should know better than to want to kill or be killed for another's profit or amusement.

So you have this war going on. What would happen if a pacifist army went in as witnesses for peace, placed themselves in the line of fire. They'd get killed, naturally. Same as the poor person who goes charging with rifle and bayonet but with a little different perspective and attitude and conviction.

Every warrior is prepared to die. Every warrior. But what does your death leave behind? A transitory victory, more war, rancor and thirst for vengeance? Every soldier says they're willing to die for their country. What about dying for humanity? Can it be less noble?

So today we have 1,034 neo-Universalist communities in one form or another with a base group of pacifists 23 million-strong throughout the world, all linked by the NUN. Pick a training base, any training base. And train and discipline.

As I write this account, there is a particularly virulent war going on in Eastern Europe. You have heard so much of it that I needn't even name it, except to say that the enmity there goes back two thousand years to the time of Spartacus and the slaves that escaped and to where and of the man of a certain ethnicity who betrayed them. This will be their first trial. Many will certainly die; the idea of fighting hatred with understanding and compassion may not. It may go down in history as the greatest folly of engagement of all time. But then it goes to the heart of how one wishes to be remembered and what one hopes to leave behind. Four thousand and eight hundred pacifist troops hope to live and are terrified of dying but believe that Wanderer is right in more than just principle.

And now, having out-manuevered the bureaucrats they are massed on the Balkan border, poised for action and awaiting the command. And here I sit waiting for Wanderer in this café in this far-away land.

When he sits down at my table I am barely aware of his arrival. He smiles at me.

"*Kiel estas al vi, mia frato* [How are you, my brother]?" he greets me, in Esperanto.

"*Bona, saĝne* [Fine, I guess]." I reply in kind. "*Mi tenigas provantan. Kion pri vi* [I keep trying. How about you]?"

"*Mi estas ĉi tie.* [I'm here]," he says, not just talking geography.

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We chat idly, but mostly just sit and gaze at the harbor. For the first time in years I see a faint echo of that overwhelming sadness I once saw in his eyes that August in 1964 and it is elicited by mention of the Peace Force.

“They’re not your responsibility,” I tell him.

“Daniel, you know better than that,” he smiles.

His refreshments appear almost magically, but I’m used to that. I know that there are several hundred people waiting nearby to talk to him or just to look at him but they do not make their presence felt, and I’m almost used to that too.

“Do you still carry my scribblings with you?”

I pull them from my belt pouch, carefully wrapped in plastic.

“But do you believe it yet?”

I just smile non-committally.

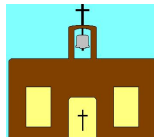
There has been One Question on my mind ever since I met H.W (my own personal nickname, for Hippocratic Wanderer.) Twice he has asked me, once in French (so he says) and once in English, right here in Topolobampo. Then the answer was more or less simple. By now I believe we have both figured out The Answer. But I need to hear it from him.

After a few moments more I sense it is finally time and so I ask the One Question. And he touches my hand ...

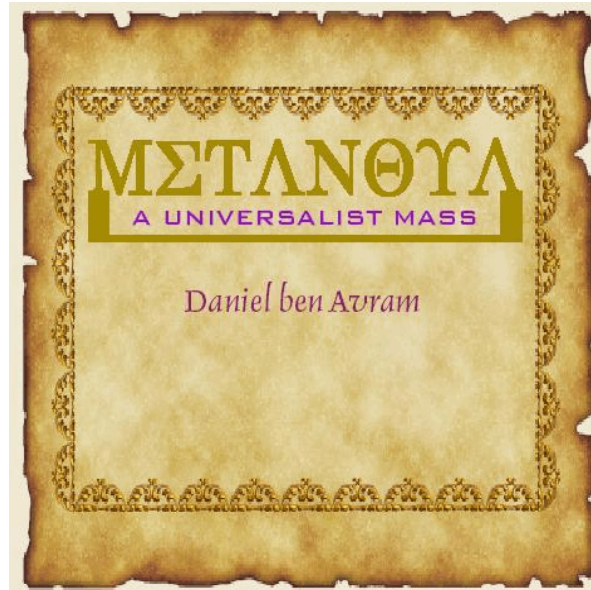
... I touch his hand. I become dizzy as memories flood my mind, his memories and I feel his unsettledness, his life-long questing for meaning, his pilgrimage. How much pain he has felt, while not knowing the source of that pain. I regard this earnest young man before me and my weariness is finally lifted, my fear for those many soldiers of peace relieved (amazing grace!) It is grace I feel in this moment as he asks the question which I now, at last, may answer.

“Wanderer, *mon frere, qui est toi?*”

“*Mon frere,*” I respond, “I am you.”



Chapter 3:



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Namaste – the divine in me greets the divine in you.

MANY YEARS AGO (1986, to be a bit more precise) I presented an experimental two part concert of original music at my church, the Mt. Diablo Unitarian Universalist Church in Walnut Creek, California. Titled, “Why Can’t We All Just Get Along”, the second half consisted of all romantic songs, but with a different orientation. Thinking about how my favorite romantic singer had to sing straight love songs, how frustrated he must have been, I decided to “orient” my songs so that they covered the gamut – gay, lesbian and straight, so that all who came would have something they could relate to and enjoy.

METANOIA – A UNIVERSALIST MASS

I knew I'd succeeded when a lesbian couple came up to me after Sunday service the next day and told me it was one of the most romantic evenings they'd ever had.

The first part of the presentation was the genesis for what you will be listening to today, and almost all of them are on this CD. They addressed concerns of war and peace, suggesting that creating, rather than destroying, would make life infinitely more enjoyable. I'd always felt that war and killing was terminally stupid. Pursuing such displayed a terminal failure of imagination, and that imagining a world beyond war constituted a fine first step.

Then came the day that fundamentally altered the Known Universe. On that day I wrote this:

Bloody, Bloody Tuesday

Dear friends,

Forgive me my modest exposition, but I need you to understand the context in which I wrote this poem.

What really gets my goat, as a pacifist, is that we Americans haven't a clue as to what war really is, what it is like to hold a broken body in your arms that was your child. If we did, if we had even an *inkling* of what war really is, there would have been no Vietnam, no Contras, no Desert Storm, perhaps no Bloody, Bloody Tuesday.

The reason for our cluelessness, the reason we can so blithely launch a thousand points of light at the cradle of civilization, is that we have had one hundred and forty years of innocence. Unless you count the 1968 riots, and, since we are a classless society, we do not formally recognize class warfare, and that *was* a class war.

Don McLean equated the death of Buddy Holly and the deaths of the three civil rights workers, Michael Schwerner, James Chaney, and Andrew Goodman with the death of innocence.

Well, whatever wisps of vestiges of innocence survived the holocaust of the sixties were vaporized today, for good and forever, amen.

Let us pray.

If we continue to condone, even sponsor the killing of innocents, from the jungles of Central America to the desert of the Middle East, can we not expect to reap that which we sow? In the summer of 1964, the deaths of three civil rights workers, Goodman, Chaney and Schwerner prompted Don McLean to mourn in song the loss of our nation's innocence. Today I regard him as a prophet, sadly right, yet once again. As another prophet once sang, "When will we ever learn...?"

METANOIA – A UNIVERSALIST MASS

June 21, 1964, Mississippi – September 11, 2001, New York City

Don McLean, your epic lyric echoes in my brain,
Haunting sadness, your refrain.
 "Drove my Chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry..."
 Goodman, Chaney, Schwerner
 Pictures burn themselves in my mind's eye.
Innocence of youth, begone!
Goodman, Chaney, Schwerner,
Afterimages remain,
Haunting sadness, your refrain.

Don McLean, you sang of loss, I heard you plead to me,
"With your music, voice my plea."
 "Drove my Chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry..."
 Goodman, Chaney, Schwerner
 Names that ring so true in my mind's eye.
Ate we of the fruit, now gone.
Goodman, Chaney, Schwerner,
Painful lessons, never free
With my song I voice your plea.

Don McLean, feel you my anger, rogue state that we are?
Star of hope, to fall so far.
 "Drove my Chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry..."
 Goodman, Chaney, Schwerner,
 Once we felt so safe in our mind's eye.
Ghosts of warriors live on–
Goodman, Chaney, Schwerner
Tried to help us be that star!
Land of hope, to fall so far.

Daniel Zwickel ben Avram
Pittsburg, California
September 11, 2001

METANOIA – A UNIVERSALIST MASS

The prophet, Don McLean suggested that this nation lost its innocence in June of 1964. It is abundantly obvious that the *world* lost its innocence on September 11, 2001.

“**Metanoia – a Universalist Mass**” was born in a free concert I gave in Berkeley the day after the first anniversary of 9-11. Amidst all the rage, I felt compelled to offer some musical balm, to call for compassion, toleration and forgiveness. I titled it, “The Day After – a Time For Healing”. It began with the concert material from 1986 and added much I had written in the intervening years, a good deal of it as cantor at Berkeley, California’s St. Joseph the Worker Catholic Church.

Three years later I met with my producer, Curtis Ohlson, and the project began.

And, fittingly for a union man, on May Day of 2008 it has been completed, at least this phase of it. “Metanoia” is nothing if not an organic organism and will always be a work in progress (see my musings on the Glories of Imperfection at the end of this book.)

I trust you will enjoy “Metanoia – a Universalist Mass”.

From the Greek for ‘change of mind’, Metanoia suggests a radical transformation, a transcendence of paradigms that have justified so much evil in the world. This post-9-11 world is so filled with fear and anger, but we need not fear, nor hate, if we but be informed, mindful and engaged.

Shalom, salaam, blessed be.
–Daniel ben Avram



GATHERING RITE

Prelude: “Onward, Christian Soldiers”

Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Christ the royal master leads against the foe;
Forward into battle; see His banners go!

Onward, Christian solders, marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

METANOIA – A UNIVERSALIST MASS

“Ascension”

Baruch ata Adonai Eloheinu melech ha'olam

Dona nobis pacem.

Asalaamu alaykum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakatuh

[May the peace of Allah descend upon you, and His Mercy and Blessings.

Dona nobis pacem,!

Grant us grace and abundant peace. Amen.

Shalom, salaam, mir, peace.

Introit: “Sing To the Heart”

Imagine ... imagine

Imagine in our darkness shines a light with which we see
A hope and promise of a world where we can truly be.
Imagine living in a world where justice will prevail.
And working with compassion in our hearts we cannot fail.

Imagine creating a world where people live as one;
Imagine now, my friends, our transformation's just begun.
[Sing to the center of the universe.]
Sing it out loud and clear, so that everyone can hear.
[Imagine people feeling that they're no longer apart.]
Sing to the Heart – Sing to the Heart!

*Baruch ata Adonai,
Eloheinu melech ha'olam;
Halo lechol shirayich ani kinor.
Baruch ata Adonai!*

[We praise You, Eternal God,
Sovereign of the universe
Behold, I am a violin for all your songs.]

Now sing!
Sing to the center of the universe;
Sing it out loud and clear, so that everyone can hear.
Sing to the Heart – Sing to the Heart!

METANOIA – A UNIVERSALIST MASS

Dedication: “Song For My Father”

Today is a day like any other day.
I got up, got dressed, came to church, and here I am with you.
And I’m singing a song because you asked me to.

And this song is a song like any other one.
It starts up, has words and a melody.
And if it speaks to you, then it’s yours for free.

But this church is a church unlike any other one.
It accepts me as I am, and as I wish to be.
And it brings all kinds of good and loving friends to me.

And my father is a father unlike any other one.
I’ve received much of the best of what I am from him.
And it’s my father, Abraham, for whom sing this hymn.

And this day, and this song, and this church are special
Because of him.

Meditation: “In the Stillness, Listen”

In the stillness of the morning,
In the shadows of my soul I perceive the Divine.
And so I say, “Namaste, my brothers and sisters.”
Namaste, blessed be. Amen.

Listen. Listen. Listen. Listen.

Listen to your heart’s song. It will help you to face what you fear.
It will show you the way, if your heart you obey,
It will keep your vision clear.

Listen to your heart’s song. It will help you begin to see
That the love in your heart is the strongest part.
It’s the music that sets you free.

METANOIA – A UNIVERSALIST MASS

Listen to your heart's song. It will tell you who you are.
You can reach from the depths of the deepest sea
Outward to the highest star.

Listen to your heart song.
It will help you be kind, it will make you strong.

Listen (listen, listen ...) to your heart's song!

Our invocation comes from Leonard Bernstein: "This will be our response to violence: To make music more intensely, more beautifully, more devotedly than ever before."

Reflection: "Within the Center Of Your Heart"

Within the center of your heart, whispering
Sings the voice of God, whispering.

Within the center of your heart, crying low
Sings the voice of God. Hear you now; hear you now.
Listen to the voice.

PENITENTIAL RITE

Confiteor: "De Profundis"

(De Profundis.)

From the depths I cry to Thee, O Lord.
Grant me strength to live Thy holy word.

I despair that ever shall I see Thy face
In a world of fear that cannot feel Thy grace.

Oft I feel the world turn into ice.
Love is dear. No one will pay the price.

METANOIA – A UNIVERSALIST MASS

I but seek to learn how to forgive,
That I may be free, and in Thy mercy live.

Kyrie: “Eirana”

["Jesus spoke of peace using the Greek word 'Eirana.' He chose this word because it established His peace as inner peace, peace dependent upon God in contrast to peace as the world understands it."]

– Dr. Charles E. Smith, from Make Me an Instrument of Thy Peace]

Lord, you came to live among us, mortal.
In risen form you said to your disciples:
Our father's peace I bring: “*Eirana.*”

Kyrie, O Lord, have mercy (eleison.)

Christ, many times you lived, many times you died:
Gandhi ji, Martin, Oscar, Rachel, Thomas Fox. “*Eirana.*”

Christe, O Christ, have mercy (eleison.)

Lord, you will continue living, and dying until we get it right. “*Eirana.*”

Kyrie, O Lord, have mercy (eleison.)
“Eirana, eirana, eirana.”

The Collect: “As We Gather In This Sacred Place”

As we gather in this sacred place
Let us remember those who have died
And will die for our sins in numbers beyond counting.

As we gather in this sacred place
Let us acknowledge those who yet live
To grant us grace in blessings ever mounting.

Let us not forget those whose lives end, as ours begin
In this sacred place. Amen, amen.

METANOIA – A UNIVERSALIST MASS

LITURGY OF THE WORD

Reading Of the Word: “God Is the Word”

God is the Word and the Word is the seed in the garden;

Plant the seed.

Nurture the seed so that goodness may grow in the garden;

Nurture the seed.

God is the word and the Word is the seed in the garden;

Nurture the seed so that goodness may grow in the garden.

That which is willed, cause not the Word to be stilled,

But nurture the seed in the garden.

God is the Word and the Word is the seed in the garden;

Plant the seed.

Nurture the seed so that goodness may grow in the garden;

Nurture the seed.

A reading according to the Book of Micah.

Reading Of the Word: “Songs Of Micah”

And many nations shall go, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths;

For the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

And he shall judge among many peoples and rebuke strong nations afar off;

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks;
Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God: shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old?

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Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgressions, the fruit of my body for the sins of my soul?

He hath shown thee, O man, what is good;

And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Responsorial Psalm: “23rd Psalm”

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of His righteousness for His name’s sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Sh’ma [Hear], O Israel!

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Amen.

“Alleluia”

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God!
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God!
Praise God, praise God!

A reading from the Holy Gospel according to Matthew. May the Word be in our minds and on our lips and in our hearts.

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Gospel: “Beatitudes”

And, seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain.
And when he was set, his disciples came unto him.
And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
For they shall be called the children of God.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God!
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God!

We are called to be servants of God,
Witnesses to God’s kingdom on earth,
Where peace and justice shall reign,
Where no one shall hunger, or thirst, or want.
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God,
Praise God, praise God!

Homily: “Brian”

[S. Brian Willson is a Vietnam veteran, a former combat security (intelligence) officer who lost both his legs, run over by a weapons train bearing ordinance bound for Central America, while protesting our proxy wars there, outside the Naval Weapons Station, Concord, California, September 1st, 1986.]

So I talk to you of peace, and I want to save the world;
I speak of social justice with my banners all unfurled.
I stand along some picket line, or march with all my friends,
But when asked, “Will I be arrested,?” I reply,
“Well, that depends.”

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Brian, you never meant to be a hero,
Didn't want to be a martyr, did just what you had to do.
Brian, I just had to give a cheer, Oh,
But I wish that I could write a better song to give to you.

I write letters after church, vote resolutions every year,
As I seek to find the answer in a heart still locked in fear.
I take my CD workshop, talk of laws the action bends;
But when I'm asked to lay my body down I say,
"Well, that depends."

[Chorus]

So I seek a path to follow, try to sort out what is true;
And I believe that we all do the very best that we can do.
But, God, grant me enough courage and the strength of all my friends
To resist the urge to say to life and love,
"Well, that depends."

[Chorus]

Brian, you never asked to be a martyr,
Didn't want to be a hero, did just what you had to do.
Brian, I just had to give a cheer, Oh,
But I wish that I could write a better song to give to you.

Bop, ... do wah. That depends.

Brian.

Universalist Creed: "Credo"

I believe in respect for the worth and dignity of the individual, and in the democratic process,
the rule of ethics and the supremacy of conscience as the final arbiter of right and wrong.

CREDO

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I believe in reason and science, by which we know ourselves and the universe; in creativity and imagination, through which we experience the universe; and in the glory of nature, through which the universe reveals itself.

CREDO

I believe in compassion, mercy and forgiveness as the personal expression of mythos and logos; and I reject the paradigm of “us versus them” as the ultimate sin against the interconnectedness of all of life’s creation.”

CREDO

I believe in liberty; in freedom of thought in the pursuit of the knowable, as I accept individual responsibility for what I do, and for what I fail to do.

CREDO

I believe in equity and justice: social, economic and environmental, in the nobility and the indomitability of the human spirit, and in the power of *metanoia* – radical transformation.

CREDO

I believe in the divine within and so I say, “Namaste.”

NAMASTE.

Prayers of the Faithful: “Lagrimas”

*Lágrimas brotan de los ojos de Dios
Al suelo del jardín del cielo;
Ya crecen las flores de luz
En el nombre de nuestro Señor Jesús.*

[Tears fall from the eyes of God, onto the soil of the garden of the heavens. Now the flowers of light grow in the name of our Lord, Jesus.]

November 16 of 1989,
Eight precious children of God

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Were visited by death at their government's hand
Spilling blood where their humble feet had trod.

[Chorus]:

Blood flowed like fire into the rivers of the night,
Coursing through lands near and far,
Warming the passions of those who seek justice,
Shining with the radiance of a star!

[Chorus]

In the heavens of our dreams God shed a tear
Which blossomed like a flower in the sky;
Seven teardrops more lit the velvet of the night,
Flowers in the fields where they lie.

[Chorus]

Now let us call, "¡Presente!"
After each precious name, "¡Presente!"

Celina, ("¡Presente!")	Joaquín, ("¡Presente!")
Elba Julia, ("¡Presente!")	Martín, ("¡Presente!")
Ignacio, ("¡Presente!")	Segundo, ("¡Presente!")
Amando, ("¡Presente!")	Juan Ramón, ("¡Presente!")

[Bells toll eight times]

[Chorus]

"Candle"

I'll not curse the darkness. I will light this candle instead.
Illuminate the way, O Lord, to Thee I cry.

I survey the starkness where the broken bodies lay and bled,
While armchair patriots cheer and applaud, I ask Thee why?

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With the fire that this flame kindles
We must strengthen our resolve.
Not by our words, but by our actions,
May our nation, in God's eyes, be absolved.

I see pain and sorrow, smoke that casts a shroud beneath the sun;
Widows, orphans, plaintive infant cries pierce to the heart.

We must look toward the morrow, with one will begin the work that must be done.
Join our hands and hearts as we arise to make a new start.

[CHORUS]

I can see the dawning of a nation waging peace at length,
When poverty and hunger and war lie deep in the past.

We are the foundation; in forgiveness may we find our strength.
In God's love which doth command our hearts, may our lot be cast.

[CHORUS]

Requiem: "Requiat In Pacem"

Requiat in pacem. May they be remembered,
Not by their deaths, but by their lives.

We promise to remember throughout our daily lives
To make of loss our gain. Rest in peace.
Rest in peace, rest in peace.

Shalom, salaam, *mir*,* Peace. (Peace.)

* Requiat In Pacem was written on the 10th anniversary of the Challenger shuttle disaster. The inclusion of the Russian word for 'peace' was to honor the historic Soviet presence in the international space program.

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Prayer for Healing: “The Time For Healing”

Here is my hand, lend me your own.
Now has come the time for healing.
Here is my heart, lend me your own.
Now has come the time for healing.

I am in pain. Hold me.
Here is my love, had you told me
I'd have tried so much harder, been bolder.

Here is forgiveness; grant me your own.
Now has come the time for healing, healing.

Prayer for the Children: “I Spake”

When I was a man, I spake as a man,
I understood as a man, I thought as a man.
But when I became a little child, I put away mannish things.

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Presentation of the Gifts: “Gifts”

What are these gifts, these gifts that we bring,
These gifts that we bring to each other?
What are these gifts that we have to share,
O, my sisters and brothers?

Eyes to see, fingers to feel,
Strength to change and time to heal.
These are the gifts that we bring to each other,
O, my sisters and brothers.

How can we use these gifts that we bring,
These gifts that we bring to each other?
How can we use all the gifts we've to share,
O, my sisters and brothers?

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See the pain, feel the wound,
Change our hearts, heal the wound.
Thus may we use all the gifts that we bring,
O, my sisters and brothers.

Then let us share the gifts that we bring,
The gifts that we bring to each other.
Then let us share all the gifts that we bring,
O, my sisters and brothers.

See the joy, feel the touch.
Change the hate with love's healing touch.
As we share the gifts with each other,
O, my sisters and brothers.

Eucharistic Prayer: "Eucharist Suite"

In excelsis Deo!

Sing, "Hosanna!" Sing, "Hosanna, *in excelsis Deo!*"

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, God of Power and might,
Heaven and earth are full of Your glory.

Sing, "Hosanna!" Sing, "Hosanna, *in excelsis Deo!*
In excelsis Deo! In excelsis Deo!"

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest!

Sing, "Hosanna!" Sing, "Hosanna, *in excelsis Deo!*"

*Baruch ata Adonai,
Eloheinu melech ha'olam,
Bo rei p'ri hagafen.*

[Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, Sovereign of the Universe, creator of the fruit
of the vine;]

*Baruch ata Adonai,
Eloheinu Melech ha'olam,
Hamotzi lechem min ha'aretz.*

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[Who brings forth bread from the earth;]

*Baruch ata Adonai,
Eloheinu Melech ha'olam,
Asher kidshanu, b'mitzvotav.*

[Who has sanctified us with His commandments.]

When we partake of the Bread of Life and drink of the Spirit,
In your death we find our life, in your strength, our hope,
In your love, our peace.

De profundis [from the depths] we cry, O Lord, to the One who's risen.
Bring us into God's pure light; keep us safe in You
'Til You come again.

Alleluia, alleluia,
Sing the great, 'I am'!
We sing the great, 'I am'!
Let us sing the great, 'Amen!'

COMMUNION RITE

Paternoster: "Our Father"

We come to Thee, O Lord, in despair and in desolation.
Lead us from iniquity.
Help us to flow'r in the radiance of the light of Thy truth,
As flowers in the garden of our faith.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heav'n.

Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
Lead us not into temptation,
But O Lord, in Thy mercifulness, by Thy grace,
From evil deliver us.

(Oh Lord, be merciful. Grant us deliverance.)

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*Te trina Deitas, un aque poscimus.
Sic nos tu visita sicut ti colimus,
Per tuas semitas. Duc nos quo tendimus,
Ad lucem quam in habitas. Amen.*

[We beseech Thee, Godhead, One in Three,
that Thou wilt visit us, as we worship Thee,
lead us through Thy ways, we who wish to reach
the light in which Thou dwellest.]

Meditation: “Ave Maria”

*Ave Maria, gratzia plena, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jésu.*

*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
Nunc, et in hora mortis nostrae.*

Ave Maria, sancta Maria, mater Dei. Amen.

[Hail Mary, full of grace, blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy, Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now,
And at the hour of our death.

Hail Mary, holy Mary, mother of God. Amen.]

Reflection: “In the Quiet Of the Day”

In the quiet of the day, the call of our passion we obey;
Look within in contemplation of God’s grace.

In the quiet of the day, let the light of compassion lead the way;
Look within in contemplation of God’s face

In the quiet of the day.

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CONCLUDING RITE

Closing Anthem: “It Seems To Me”

It seems to me that you and I could change the world together.
We could make it better by being truly who we are.
It seems to me, together, we could learn to love a stranger,
Nullify the danger that confronts us near and far.

It seems to me, if we could see the wounds that must be healed,
We’d move our hearts to yield the compassion that they bear.
It seem to me the earth could be a garden filled with laughter,
To blossom ever after with a beauty all could share.

At night I dream, and in my dream above the hills I’m flying;
Tears of joy I’m crying from the depth of love I feel.
As I descend, a hand I lend to one whose fingers fashion
Understanding and compassion, with a touch that surely heals.

Yes, in the end I find, my friend, ’tis you, my sister/brother.
We find in each other strength we need to carry on.
For in your eyes I realize the joy I find in living.
Now, in wonder and thanksgiving I arise to greet the dawn!

Peace and love be with you all;
Grace divine bestow upon you
As you go forth to live and to serve in truth.

Our benediction was written May 22, 1793 by Ludvig van Beethoven: “*Wohltun wo man kann, Freiheit über alles lieben, Wahrheit nie werleugnen. Selbst sogar am Throne.*”

[Do good, wherever you can, love freedom above all, never renounce truth, not even at the throne.]

Dismissal: “Benediction”

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Go forth now in peace, to love and serve all humanity.
O blessed spirit, divine within thee,

In truth be thou, grace without end.
Salaam, shalom. Namaste. Amen.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God!
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God!

We are called to be servants of God,
Witnesses to God's kingdom on earth,
Where peace and justice shall reign,
Where no one shall hunger, or thirst, or want.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, praise God,
Praise God, praise God!

Postlude: "Hail Mary"

Hail Mary, full of grace art thou,
Among women, blessed, blessed art thou
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
Our Lord and savior, Jesus Christ.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!
Sancta Maria, sancta Maria.

Holy Mary, mother of God,
We beseech you, pray for us sinners now,
And at the hour of our death.
Alleluia, amen.

Ave Maria! Ave Maria!
Sancta Maria, sancta Maria.

Holy Mary, mother of God
Holy queen from heav'n above.

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Grace us with thy saving pow'r.
Heal us with thy saving grace.

Hail the dawn of peace!
Justice, peace for all!
(*Sancta Maria.*)

Ave Maria, sancta Maria.
Hail, Maria, holy Maria,
Blessed mother of God. Amen!

AFTERWORD:

Postscript

I first entered a recording studio in 1965 as a violinist. The next time was in 1976 when I recorded two original ballads. Gawd, was the world ever that young and romantic? Ah, the guilty pleasures of youth.

Perhaps, in a kinder, gentler world, the universe will once more allow us to be, for a few moments, that self-absorbed, without fearing we've abandoned it to the anti-Christ's among us.

Let us Imagine ... and create that world.

A very brief bio:

One Sunday morning in church, in mid-song, the pastor pointed out that I kept missing the same word. At its conclusion I turned to her and said, "My problem, you understand, is that I was reading music before I could read words, and I haven't quite caught up."

A classical violinist from age nine, my compositional talent was first acknowledged by the San Diego Symphony with an Honorable Mention in a contest they sponsored, that same year.

I began songwriting in college in the mid-sixties at age sixteen.

My career as a professional singer-guitarist began in San Diego within an hour of turning twenty-one, playing at the Staff NCO (Non-Commissioned Officers) Club at the MCRD (Marine Corps Recruit Depot.) As I'm alive to tell the tale, I obviously never told them about my day job – performing alternate service as a conscientious objector, doing a janitorial gig at Mercy Hospital.

Now a San Francisco Bay area resident since 1971, my repertoire of close to a thousand songs spans nearly every genre and ten languages. I have penned well over a thousand compositions,

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ranging from simple chants and ballads to complex choral and symphonic works. As a social/political activist as well as a troubadour, I design, host and maintain Websites for various peace and justice organizations at my PeaceHost.net domain.

I continue to write and perform and run sound at both social and political events throughout the greater Bay Area

And on the Glories of Imperfection ...

According to Jewish law, in copying the Torah, if a single mistake is made, the entire scroll must be destroyed.

Good thing I'm not copying the Torah!

On the other hand, in other cultures, to create anything perfect is an affront to the gods, and so they are propitiated with a single, intentional blemish. Well, the gods here must be laughing their arses off!

Of course, the official excuse is that perfection can cost in the tens of thousands of dollars, way beyond my meager means. Therefore, my prime criterium has been, "Can I live with it." Accordingly, I find myself actually becoming fond of the little imperfections, such as the faint rumble, in the "Ave Maria", of the N^o 11 bus rounding the corner of Bayo Vista & Harrison.

Warts and all, I am inordinately proud of what we all have accomplished. The very improvisational nature of jazz guarantees the unexpected. For the minor misstep, we are favored by the occasional brilliance here and there.

In the future there will undoubtedly be finer performances, in studio and in concert. But this recording is and will be my first and undying love.

May it equally bring you joy .. and healing.

Live fearlessly, justly, with compassion and in health.

**Daniel Beck Zwickel McJean ben Avram,
Sacramento Delta Bio-region, California**

P.P.S. You Greek scholars out there either grimaced (academics) or chuckled (academics with a life.) Yes, I took great liberties with my logo. There *is* an E (Epsilon), an A (Alpha, of course), an O (Omicron) and an I, and I obviously care not one iota about that one, either. I just love the look of (respectively) the Sigma (it just looks so, well, *Greek*), the Lambda (of the god that takes away the sin of the world), the Theta and, yes, the Iota.

—Cheers

