

EARTH COMMUNITY, I LOVE YOU!

— Bill's — Peace
Workbook



Logo of the United Nations
International Year of Peace

The logic of my life
clearly invites me
to dedicate this book
to the love of my life,

MARY LEE,

canoe mate,
helpmate,
roommate,
playmate,
soul mate
and
ultimate -

and to our three offspring,

CALVIN,
LEE
and
GRACE,

each of whom
has been for us
"a gift quite beyond rhyming",

all of whom
have been for us
clear evidence
of the Holy Spirit
at work in our lives,

each of whom
has shared deeply
in the co-creation
of "My Book" -

and to countless others
who must remain nameless
for practical reasons,
although I count on them
to recognize themselves
included, of course,
in my final dedication

to all my
Earth commUNity friends,
near and far,
who have helped
to make these pages
what they are
and to shape the spirit
and to supply the zeal
supporting my hopes
for peace.

Preambles! ?! ?! ?

* / * / * / * / * / * / * / * / * / * / * / * /

A NOTE ON DAYS, YEARS, TIMING AND
TIMELESSNESS

I have chosen Tuesday, September 16, 1986, as my publication date to coincide with the International Day of Peace in this 1986 United Nations International Year of Peace. I do so in the spirit of point 33 in the Guidelines of the IYP Program:

"Peace, a fundamental component of human existence, provides a rich and important stimulus for creative thought and interpretation. The expression of a concept or feeling, whether through music, dance, literature, drama or graphic art, can be of unusual and lasting impact. The International Year of Peace will be an occasion for focusing artistic efforts on this important human concern. The sharing of works of art devoted to peace can contribute to better understanding among various cultures."

- - -

The IYP logo on the covers is used on a non-commercial basis, as authorized in the Guidelines, for promoting the objectives of the Year, including building peace for the future.

For me, the logo suggests the timelessness of the task of human hands working together to support the release of the dove of peace.

- - -

PROLOGUE

They say procrastination is the thief of time and nothing is as powerful as an idea whose time has come.

As early as my courting days in Ogunquit (O, gun, quit!), Maine, during the summer of 1955, this dreamer and idealist - recently separated from the United States Army - thought he had a book to write. Then its title was One Soldier's Sojourn. Later it became One Peacemaker's Pilgrimage. Now, over 30 years later, at age 58, with retirement from my late-blooming letter carrier career approaching with the speed of Express Mail, with reminders of my own mortality peering back at me with increasing regularity from the morning's obituaries, in this United Nations International Year of Peace, I feel at home with

EARTH COMMUNITY, I LOVE YOU!
Bill's Peace Workbook.

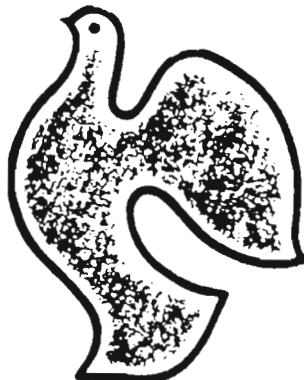
With a fleeting glimpse of the figure whose hand I hope I have just removed from my personal nuclear watch pocket disappearing down the alley behind me, and with no reaper clearly coming into my bifocaled vision ahead of me, I begin as if the time of my idea has come.

We are all peacemakers and we are all warriors.

I believe our future as "Earth commUNity" depends upon which role we choose to nurture and which to relinquish.

I believe the realities of our
nuclear powered yet powerless,
computer simplified and complicated,
electronically enhanced and entranced,
painfully overpopulated and underfed,
space age world
call us all urgently to become
less willing and less wasteful warriors
and more effective and more empathetic peacemakers.

These twin tasks require important choices and hard work. I shall be using this book as my own "Peace Workbook" after its publication. I hope some of you will do the same. I hope some of us will become more powerful and persevering in our peacemaking and less destructive and devious in our warmaking through reflecting on these insights from and into this one soldier's sojourn and one peacemaker's pilgrimage.



THE PLAN OF THE WORKBOOK

This workbook is designed to help each reader process her or his own peacemaking and warmaking realities and visions by reflecting on and responding to fifty-two glimpses into my own pilgrimage/sojourn so far. A weekly reading and response provides a year of meditative, personal peace movement. These fifty-two pieces of peace are separated into four seasons of peace: Hope, Zeal, Peace and Spirit. You may find meaning or value in equating these four divisions with the seasons of our Earth's solar orbit and in using the equinoxes and solstices as transition points. A daily reading and response provides a more concentrated opportunity for peace empowerment. Or, reading and responding to all fifty-two pieces in one sitting may be just the prescription needed to help launch you out of your own sovereign state of peace procrastination, hesitation and/or gestation or to affirm and support you in your present manifestation of peacemaking.

Each page reveals some dimension or facet of my personal peace process. The reverse side of each page is for your personal use. At first I had thought simply to invite your response in words or other creative symbol to my words. Some of you may wish to use it that way. But a friend suggested that others may wish to use these blank sides more independently or originally. I have hinted at some of the possibilities on the multiple-choice list on the following "inner cover" which is designed to help you change this book from "Bill's" to "ours". However you do it, I invite your use in such a manner as to create - for yourself and/or others - a new chart or compass for further exploration and discovery on the seas and shores of peace and war and across the frontiers and horizons of war and peace.

Early in my perception of myself as peacemaker, I had cards printed with these words:

"Peace is Possible. Peace is Positive. Peace is Personal.
Am I trying to gain peace by proxy,
thinking someone else can do my part?
GOD HAS AN ANSWER FOR ME."

My two-edged hope for this workbook
is that it will work
to help each of us do our special part
and accept our special answer
from the God whom some would call Goddess
and some would call by no name at all,
even as we learn
to accept, affirm
and work with
other peacemakers
with different priorities
and/or different perspectives.



EARTH COMMUNITY, UNITY, I LOVE YOU!

----- Peace
Workbook

and/or:

- () Diary
- () Journal
- () Planner
- () Scrapbook
- () Sketchbook
- () Letter File,
1st Drafts
- () All of the
above
- () -----



Logo of the United Nations
International Year of Peace



From Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, 5th Edition, 1946
(a high school graduation gift from my parents):

1. Desire with expectation of obtaining what is desired, or belief that it is obtainable.
2. Trust; reliance.
3. Ground or source of happy expectation; hence, good promise; as, a land of hope.

From Familiar Quotations, John Bartlett, 1946 Edition
(a gift from the Berkeley Kiwanis Club)

"Fear cannot be without hope
nor hope without fear."

Benedict (Baruch) Spinoza
Ethics, Part III
Definition XIII, Explanation

Do I have a song to sing?
Do I have a voice?
Do I have a word to wing?
Do I have a choice?

Yes, I have my song to sing.
Yes, I have my voice.
Yes, I have my word to wing
and my word - my word - is choice.

Do you each have a song to sing?
Do you each have a voice?
Do you each have a word to wing?
Do you each have a choice?

Yes, you each have your song to sing.
Yes, you each have your voice.
Yes, you each have your word to wing
and your word - your word - is your choice.

Do we all have our songs to sing?
Do we all have our voices?
Do we all have our words to wing?
Do we all have our choices?

Yes, we all have our songs to sing.
Yes, we all have our voices.
Yes, we all have our words to wing
and when we wing them,
the whole earth rejoices!
Yes, when we wing them,
the whole earth rejoices!

(2)
1 min 10 sec
(1)

Scratch around for hope.
It's there to be found -
in the starry roof of night,
in the fertile floor of ground.

Scratch around for hope.
It may be nearer than you think -
a phone call to, or from, a friend,
a drink from the kitchen sink.

Scratch around for hope.
It's mind boggling, I know,
but even when you're blue,
someone's hope
may lie in you!

IX

We are not
 accidents of birth
but rather more like
 spring blossoms
to silence promptly appearing
 the stormy war
 of winter
and if this
 is too much to believe
let us at least
 embrace this season of hope
 hug this sign of life
 kiss this one
 fragrant
 fragile
 flag of future
 as a friend
 found again

1+

Every birth is a gift
quite beyond reason -
like finding,
after winter,
a wholly different season -
like finding,
every morning,
a wholly new day -
like finding,
after a storm,
love still knows a way.

Every birthday's a gift
quite beyond believing -
like thinking you're giving
and finding you're receiving -
like thinking something's finished
and finding it's just begun -
like thinking one plus one equals two
then discovering yet another one.

Every person's a gift
quite beyond rhyming -
a past, present and future -
a unique creation
of talent and timing -
a special song to sing
to free for its flight -
a special candle to offer
its own special light.

Every poem's a piece
of a person, revealed -
a thin slice of a soul
still mostly concealed -
a hint of a hug,
a barely blown kiss,
a hope for a hit,
a fear of a miss.

So I'll end this poem
where it might have begun -
Happy Birthday to all,
go with God and...

p.s. - have fun!

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Being

born again

is no

BIG THING

it happens

every spring

and every time

I spring
out of bed

and I'm
not dead

and every time

my feet
fumble
for the floor
and there's
still more

and every time

we fight
then kiss
and make up

and every time
I go to sleep
half hoping to die
then find myself
quite happy
to wake up

being

born again

isn't

now and then

it's

here and now

or never.

(+)

55 and counting

counting down
... to death,
yet...

counting up
the microcreations
formed
with every breath.

55 and counting

counting on and on,
counting on friend
and on so-called foe
to re-enact the wisdom
we all, intuitively,
seek...and know:

that hugging human wholeness
is the only way to grow,
the evolutionary
revolutionary
ever-solutionary
healing way to flow;

that embracing cosmic connection
is the revealing way to show
that allness counts for something
more than sum of parts,
that planetary pulse resounds
with more than sum of hearts.

55 and counting

counting down
to launch -
sometimes into outer space,
sometimes inner space,

sometimes hurtling heavenward,
sometimes sliding down the ways,
with majesty and grace,

and always, finally,
finding
some promised/unpromised
resting place

where counting counts
for nothing...
...yet

and now,
for my next number.

(12x)

Bright blue above.

Blessedly burdened branches
abundant with blossom and bud
blown about in the brisk breeze.

Birth, again.

Unbelievably believable -
God's love.



(7)

Wind and water
wear away.
Sun baked,
day by day,
the rock,
un.....moved,
un.....moving,
c h a n g e s.

Moon
 sliver,
 spooning
 pale
 promise
of fullness,
 in time,
you are no
 lunatic
fringe.
 You
are the
growing
edge of
 light,
faithful,
somewhere,
 always,
through
the dark
 of every
 night.

there
is a
glorious golden tree
still so alive for me
these many years
since first I glimpsed
its shimmering,
glittering glory
that I know
it will glow
and grow
ever so
long after all
the leaves fall
long after all
the
trees
fall
long
after
all

sitting
on the north pole
at the Berkeley Marina
gulls flapping, gliding by
touching down on water, breakwater
silently, mewingly

power boats
beating sailboats
out onto the bay

I find myself musing
about break of day

dawn does not only
"come up like thunder"

but sometimes
glides gull-like
above the hills of home

like a pastel promise
of yet another chance
to dance

to the music
of that long
song

begun so many
moons ago

when the prime dawn
thundered

GO!

Fourteen years ago
yesterday
JFK
died.

I know
because my fourteen year old daughter
came home from school
and asked if I knew
what happened fourteen years ago
and I knew.

And tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day.

But here tonight -

soft sunset
over quiet bay,
red-orange to silent gray,
gulls winging, standing,
dead gull in the gutter
by the road,
full moon behind,
fuzzily framed
in welcomed rain ring,
distant light
on sail-furled boat
slowly approaching,
muted tide
splashing
on waiting
wet rocks,
providing natural note
of accompaniment
to breakwater's electronic bell,
bridge lights, wharf lights,
warning lights,
city lights across the bay -

here today, tonight, right now,
not tomorrow,

I must say, Thank you!

Thank you, Who-What-Where-When-How of it all,
for the now of it all.

Life now. Vision now. Hearing now.
For allowing now to be.
For allowing me to see
this present present,
this gratis gift,
this miracle moment,
and the next, and the next, and...

A Rainy Sunday in February,
The Circle of Concern

The wind blows.

The rain comes and goes.

The people, the good people, pass,
powered by global gas.

The people, the good people, silently stand,
powered by love of land
and sea and sky
and a vision
that all may live,
not die.

And hope

is a gliding gull in a clearing sky,
a smile, a wave, a toot of a horn
from a passerby,
an umbrella, tattered and torn,
a gift to keep a bare head dry.

And peace,

peace is our global umbrella
from the reign of weapons and war.

And we the people

we the peoples

are the instruments
of war nevermore
of peace evermore.

And the sun bursts through
brightening and warming
wet,
growing hopes.



Webster's:

Ardor in the pursuit of anything;
ardent and active interest;
enthusiasm;
fervor.

The Holy Bible (Revised Standard Version):

"Never flag in zeal..."

Paul's Letter to the Romans 12:11

(This letter carrier embraced the 12th chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans as his favorite many years ago, with misgivings about the "wrath of God" part. Years later I was fascinated to find myself flagging - in the sense of "conveying, as a message, by means of flag signals" - with unflagging zeal in the cause of peace. Lest this sound too much like the self-defeating patriotism of the past with focus on founding fathers and fatherland, let me remind you that our growing awareness of Mother Earth as the mother of us all has led to someone coining the word "matriotism" as a more sane focus of salvation for the future of our planet and all her passengers.)

THE FLAG (Written by my grandfather, H.T. Trampleasure,
in Oakland, California, around 1920, and found
among family papers years after I had become
my own kind of flag waver.)

I dreamed as I lay in a wakeful mood, of a wondrous emblem
Floating out to the farthest reach of a waiting world;
An emblem of red, and white, and blue,
With myriad stars all sprinkled through.

Then, as I looked with wond'ring eyes,
It seemed I saw from out the red,
The streams of blood from our soldier dead;
Heroes of wars to come, and gone,
Who fight for the love of good and right
With massed phalanx;
And care not for the ancient foe, the foe of peace, and love,
and home,
Who down the ages seeks to quench that spark of liberty in man
Which makes him seem almost divine.

And, mingling with the red, there spread in scintillations
through the white
More heroes: They in countless mass passed ever on.
Then as I looked more closely, saw many were young maidens
Who sent their loves away and sacrificed their hearts' desire.
And some were older; wives of men, who sent them forth
with shining eyes,
And brave, glad words, though hearts should break to see them go;
And held their babes for one last kiss,
Babes of their kindred souls,
Still others came and others went, a countless stream,
Many from homes of wealth and hearts content,
From beauty's shrine, where tender natures made them shrink
from pain and wounds.
And others too from lesser wealth went gladly forth
To fields of carnage; fainting, yet brave to help
their stalwart men.

But many stayed and worked, and suffered too,
Who mingled with the stripes beside the red.

And all were clothed in robes of spotless white,
And on their brows, written in priceless gems
Were words like these, Love, Honor, Truth.

Yet far above 'mid a field of blue were other stars:
Stars of all magnitudes, states of another day,
When hate shall cease and love shall reign supreme.
And all along the staff from earth to heaven,
Was writ: "Liberty to All Mankind."
Then at its apex, bathed in refulgent glory,
Far o'er the eagle soaring,
Floated The Dove of Peace.

* * * * *
* * * * * There's a flag that flies above us.
* * * * * It's the symbol of our land.
* * * * * And for that flag that flies above us,
* * * * * we'll proudly take our stand.
* * * * *
We took our stand in '76
and again in the Civil War.
We've taken our stand many other times
and we'll take it forevermore.

There is yet another flag, I'd say,
of our good old U.S. of A.
And its neither red, nor white, nor blue.
I'd color it more me-and-you-and-you,
every shade of human hue.

And I'd sprinkle this rebellious rainbow
of you-and-you-and-me
across this living land of ours -
yes, "from sea to shining sea" -

with fireworks of freedom
bursting forth from every eye
to light the dark above us
like a meteor-filled sky

and to light the land beneath us -
common ground for you-and-you-and-me -
with its rolling, rippling ribbons
of gold and green and brown
blowing in the winds of space
as our Earth goes 'round and 'round.

So let's catch this breathing image,
a flag of lives and land,
and see in that very moment -
as if touched by God's own hand -
what a common flag, quite glorious,
bedecks this spaceship/life boat Earth
as we salute a destiny victorious
for each and every birth.

black and white
white and black

not dominoes nor dice
nor star filled sky
are you and I

not coal nor snow
nor star filled sky
are you and I

not skunk nor zebra
nor star filled sky
are you and I

not funeral nor wedding
nor star filled sky
are you and I

not words of a poem upon a page
nor star filled sky
are you and I

but beings,
 human beings
being seldom
 either black or white
but shades of gray
 shades of gray and blue
 and of the red they shed
 shades of red, white and blue
shades of every rainbow hue
and brothers/sisters
 under the skin
and sisters/brothers
 under God/*Goddess*
and brothers/sisters
 under the burden
 of growing

 knowing
 we are sowing

and as we sow
 so shall we reap
 and weep
 or leap for joy
under star filled sky
you and I

Bill T.
(in the '60s)



There's a flag that calls us onward
to the day when peace shall rule
when all folks live as neighbors
and no warriors play the fool

It's a flag that speaks for one world
one small ball we all call home
with room for all to put down roots
and room for all to roam

It speaks of swords to ploughshares
and spears to pruning hooks
and calls us to keep the promise
of that ancient book of books

And for that flag that calls us onward
beyond nation, race and clan
to the "federation of the world,
the parliament of ^{women} man"

For that flag that calls us onward
to the time when all wars cease
I now pledge my mighty ounces
to help bring in the day of peace

BUY AND FLY
THE UN FLAG

Fly it as a prayer for peace,
speed the day when all wars cease.

Fly it as a vote for Earth,
be a midwife for global government's birth.

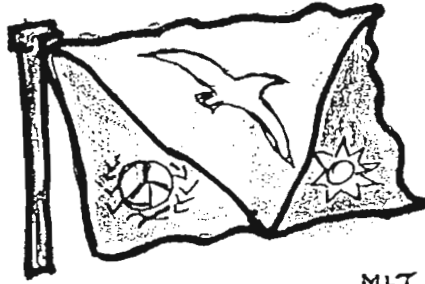
Fly it as an earthly embrace,
give a healing hug to the whole human race.

Fly it as a flicker of light,
let your hope shine in our nuclear night.

my
window on the world
views U.N. blue and white
stretching
to the edge of Earth
a powerful, promising sight

a blooming, potted geranium
at rest on my window sill
reminds me
that the plant of peace
needs much nurturing
still

an open window
beckons me
to breathe deep
in our growing world
filling my lungs and soul
with hope
as the flag of peace
is unfurled



MLT

A new flag
- a flag of the future -
is singing in the breeze,
dancing in the sunlight,
helping hearts and minds find ease.

It speaks something of a father,
and something of a son;
of generations somewhat bridged,
of tasks as yet undone.

It speaks something of a husband,
and something of a wife;
of nurturing and caring,
of rebirth and second life.

Its yellow edge illumines
a non-nuclear, disarmed world;
with global commUNITY's olive branches
gradually unfurled.

Its green edge speaks of growing,
'round a centered, solar soul
which calls us from parochial cares
toward a universal goal.

Its bold, sky-blue window,
with gliding gull in sight,
sings a song of spirit, holy;
and of persons -
persons freed for flight.

Flight forward, into future,
powered from above,
and grounded
in that growing edge,
the two-way gift of love.

30 min
w/o
ecity

✓

12

You have got to use your eyes
and you've got to take your time
or you'll miss the flag that's flying
and the gift that's yours and mine.

So sit down upon a hill,
cup your hand above your eyes,
search out to the horizon,
you'll find love that never dies.

Should you not perceive it there,
turn your gaze much closer home,
where butterflies are flitting
and dandelions roam.

For neither space nor time
can hide the gift we share
when searching eyes - wide open! -
whisper grateful, hopeful prayer.

There's something about a line of clothes no dryer can replace,
the smile of a rainbow wash across God's white/blue face.

No. 24



No. 24 ~~24~~
green/blue/white
sight/white

The horizon
is a flag unfurled,
a quiet call,
a challenge hurled

ever present
never ending, ever bending
a banner beckoning

beckoning beyond the now and here
beckoning beyond the edge of sphere
beckoning beyond the edgy fear
of future

ever changing

a brilliant banner bathed in blood
washed with rainbow rays in flood

a pale pennant gripped in gray
a dripped in drabness, sadness day

a breath of blue into breadth of birth
with white-winged cloud children unearthed

a black blanket, Pleiades perforated
a boiling pitch pot laced with lightning

an ever darkening, ever brightening
ever promising, ever frightening

flag unfurled
quiet call,
challenge hurled
the horizon is

peace
is all of
a piece

the water table
within reach of well

the renewing rain
on Earth's fair fell

the raging surf
on rocky shore

the dewdrop dance
on forest floor

peace
is all of
a piece

My friend, Ben,
way back then -
way back when ?

Back when you were being drafted, Bill,
when those vital signs seemed so shrill:
TO BE KILLED? TO KILL? OR NOT TO KILL ?

My friend, Ben,
way back then,
defined peace in three -

inner peace,
the Kingdom of God on Earth,
and the governed community.

Inner peace:

an achievable goal
a serenity of soul

a tranquility of conscience and mind
which each of us may seek and find

an individual and personal matter
a proper relationship

with The One who chose to scatter
the stars and the seeds and all signs of hope
to help us as we grow and grope.

The Kingdom of God on Earth:

an ultimate goal

attainable in terms of eternity
all creatures living in harmony

a world governed by understanding and love
all conflict gone as on the wings of a dove

a constant source of guidance and direction
in our eternal search for unreachable perfection.

And finally peace
as governed community:

public order and security
commanded by the laws
of a sovereign entity.

From earliest tribes
to modern nation states

this meaning of peace
most nearly equates

with peace
as the opposite of war

and from earliest tribes
to modern nation states

this meaning of peace persists
through torturous turns and twists

till now with weapons
before which all hellish horrors pale

we find our times calling forth
governed community
on the global scale.

My friend, Ben,
way back then,
defined peace in three -

inner peace,
the Kingdom of God on Earth,
and the governed community.

Button, button,
who'll push the button?

Would you...
could you...
...push the button?

Would some brother?
Could some sister?

Should it be a Ms or Mr.?

Would your daddy?
Could your mommy?

Would your son?
Could your daughter?

Which ones of us
really oughta...
...blow the whole world to hell
leaving a radiated remnant to tell
the dread news,
the "GOD IS REALLY, FINALLY DEAD"
news?

Wait a minute,
here's a correction,
it's not a button,
it's a key.
Well, to me,
a nuclear trigger
by any other name
would still stink.

Button, button,
who'll push the button?

Key, key,
who'll turn the key?
Key-rist!

Oh, God.
No, God.
Not me.
Please, God,
not me.

we are
divinely human

we are not
humanly divine

a fundamental distinction
important to define

perhaps the secret
lies in sequence
in the order of events

for no human being
pushed the button
triggering
multiplicities
of magnificence

no
something/someone
very other
something/someone
quite apart

awoke
one void filled morning
to say
"Today, I start"

so let's embrace
our shared humanity

and worship
the divine

remembering
the starting/stopping button

is neither yours
nor mine

They are our butchers - yours and mine -
flying our blunt instruments
at such a height
that meat prices, morality and manners
are out of sight

and friend and foe alike below
become so much meat on the hoof
to receive, purposely or accidentally,
the fatal blow

while our high courts
seek the lowest common denominator
for decision

and our high standard of living
embraces
our low standard of morality
in the hot glare of TV lights and
in the cold darkness of freezers
vomiting hoarded hunks of animal flesh

They are our butchers - yours and mine -

and our brothers, fathers, sons,
friends and neighbors

and friend and foe alike below,
they are our brothers/sisters too

How long, O brother butchers?
How long, O brothers/sisters butchered?
How long will the blood flow,
and flow,
and flow?

The chains of violence
are heavy and strong.
They've held us hostage
much too long.

The threads of peace
are fragile and thin,
yet the fabric they form
holds love's child within.

How do we break the chains of violence?
How do we weave the threads of peace?
How do we make these days and moments count
toward the time when all wars cease?

We break the chains by choosing
to disarm our warrior within.
We weave the fabric by refusing
to call anyone our enemy,
but rather all our next of kin.

We make new beginnings by beginning,
beginning again to believe,
beginning again to perceive:
that killing counts for nothing
no matter what the cause,
that loving really does fulfill
all prophecies, all laws.

Please, hear my words, my kinfolk;
feel the kiss of my lips on your ear.
When we dare to touch heart-to-heart,
we're released from our prison of fear.

Released to be peacemakers.
Released to make war no more.
Released to feed the hungry.
Released to comfort and heal.
Released to walk arm in arm
on a heavenly Earth
quite real.

"stuckies" at Stuckey's

(some disarmingly alarming/alarmingly disarming reflections
while racing for disarmament)

We are all "stuckies"

stuck with each other (and ourselves)
till the BOMBS unglue us all
or some known/unknown balms renew us all

We are all peace (-makers)

making babies
making out (barely, dimly)
making merry

making mistakes
making masterpieces
of "me", "me", "me"

making up
for prior errors
making haste
from buried terrors

making small contributions
trying to avert large retributions

making mountains
out of molehills

making fears
into soul-kills
making love

We are all lovers

learning to love
learning to live
learning to die

learning slowly
that love is the

and the why
be-cause

so,
with or without pause,

let's
live
learn
love

and follow
the why-way

the you-and-I
live and die
earth and sky way

Sometimes
I'm some kind of A-bomb,
an angry,
critical mass,
waiting to be triggered,
to explode
and make like an ass.

Sometimes
I'm some kind of H-bomb,
hurting
and hungry for love,
yet often deterring
the touch of it
on earth
or from heaven above.

Sometimes
I'm some kind of peacemaker,
a gentle source of light,
a kind of quiet candle
in our unclear
nuclear night.

Mostly
I'm some kind of paradox,
wholly human, and half-baked,
I confess;
at least a little
like some of you
is my semidisarmed
guess.

I own
a little piece
of peace
all wrapped
in flesh and blood

which
often
almost
feels about
to blossom out
quite like
a bursting bud

to add
its fragrant
rainbow self
to God's
eternal spring

where birds
and bees
and you's
and me's
all find
our songs
to sing

for night
does pass
and winter
ends
and wars -
wars,
some day,
shall cease

a faithful fact
I learned,
my friends,
from
my little piece
of peace

Jose Luis @ stradagroup .com

"The source of all peace is me!"
may seem an absurdity.
But mull it over
a moment or two.
If not me,
then who?

"The source of all peace is you!"
may seem an incredible view.
But mull it over
a moment or three.
If not you,
then me?

"The source of all peace is us!"
may put an end to this fuss.
For mull it over
a moment or four.
If we're not making peace,
aren't we making war?

so you're out to save the world,
are you?

well, I'm going to circulate a petition
to bar you
from doing any such-a-thing

because it seems to me
that world-savers and their followers
tend to lose sight of their goal
and exact
- in lives and resources wasted -
a horrible toll

I'd feel better if you started out
by trying to give the world away
- not to save it! -
at least the little chunk
that's yours today

and remember

the world you save
may be your own
and eternity gets long
in a free-fire zone



Dear Postal-Poet-Peace Person,

Why don't you do like Joan said
and sit right down
and write yourself
a letter -

to help get yourself off the hook

that THE BOOK

is your whole life quest
instead of just one item
on your life's
multiple choice, pass-or-pass test?

Sure, you may want to write it.

You may actually write it, too!

But your life doesn't depend on it,
and with it or without it,

our Earth commUNity,
somehow or other,
will muddle through.

Nor is it a substitute
for the life you've already written
or the reasons you've already rhymed
or the seasons you've already timed

from day one to this one
upon which you are sittin'.

Hey, just plain Bill,

even as an ordinary guy
you've already helped Mary Lee
add Calvin, Lee and Grace stars
to humanity's symphonic sky.

Hey, ox Willie,

that descriptive word
is not all there is to you.
Even when your own Dad used it,
he didn't mean to block your view

of your self-worth.

Hey, William the Conqueror,

when you go back to those roots,
William really means "resolute defender",
which doesn't require the accompaniment
of cadenced, marching boots.

Hey, sweet William,

maybe you are just that,
roots and flower.
Maybe therein lies the ground
of your personal peace power.

Hey, you mixed bag of fertilizing friends,
all of whom are really quite supportive,

this poem's focus
appears not to be
abortive,

but rather a way of rebirthing

the energy that comes when we can see
the magnificence of the whole forest
as well as the beauty
of every individual tree.

Om/shalom/hallelujah,

Bill

Bill/Willie/William

Earth commUNity, I love you

Earth commUNity, I love you -
love you enough
to do my bit
to see that you stay alive

love you enough
(to do my bit)
to see that your people survive

love you enough
(to do my bit)
to see all creation survive
and flourish
and grow vigorously
and grow luxuriantly

not like cancer
cancer is a false answer
to our real question -

will we choose
life or death?

will we choose
blood voyaging through veins,
lungs blessed with breath?
or
battlefield blood spilled endlessly in vain,
lungs laboring in chemically/biologically/explosively
induced pain?

will we continue to choose
to feed and nurture nuclear nightmare?
forgetting and neglecting
the promise of the United Nations?

will we continue to choose
to miss the miraculous meaning
of 1945 -

the nuclear
nightmare option
is the way to die

the United Nations
Earth commUNity option
is the way to stay alive

Bill, George, George W.

and, Mr. Presidents (Ronnie, Jimmy, Gerry, Dick,
Lyndon, Jack, Ike, Harry, -
yes, Franklin, even you,
leaning on your stick),

I am angry with you,
Mr. Presidents -

you have all held the power
and been blessed with the view
from above
and you have turned your back

on love

you have been gutless wonders
you have turkeyed and chickened out

on leading us out
of obsolete

self-defeat
self-destruct
games
thinly disguised
in various names -

patriotism,
national sovereignty,
anti-fascism,
anti-communism,
self-defense,
deterrence -
anti-terrorism
endless variations
all spelling

nonsense

is your head really
that dense?
is your macho drive
to climax
really so intense

that your nurturing nature,
your woman within,
(not to mention the women
and children without)

must be continually raped
and battered
and confined
in the chains
of your personal
self-hatred
and of your self-inflicted
pains?

No, no, no, Mr. Presidents,
say it's not so!

Your time is short
before we shout - OUT!
go! go! you must go!

you must go!

and leave room,
neither oval-shaped
nor pentagonal-shaped,

but heartshaped

leave room
for we the people

leave room
for we the peoples

leave room
for we the persons
who make up each pair
of lovers and healers
and peacemakers
to finally have our day

I give it to you straight,
Mr. President,

I give it to you gay,

we the lover/healer
peacemaker persons
of this planet
are claiming our day

before your curtain
of nuclear night

darkens our lovely
small corner
of cosmic delight -

won't you join us, Mr. President?
won't you abdicate
and doff your false crown?

won't you step up in class
by stepping down

to join us in our dance
of loving and healing?

to join us in our song of peace?
thus revealing

what feels deeply true to me
in spite of my angry reaction -

you and I are quite alike
when we truly open
to divinely human interaction.

Earth commUNity, I love you -

love you enough to do my bit to see that you stay alive,
love you enough to do my bit to see that your people survive,
love you enough to do my bit to see all creation survive,
and flourish
and grow vigorously
and grow luxuriantly.

(Peace - 20 min)

(39c)

4 1/2



Webster's:

1. The breath of life; life, or the life principle, conceived as a kind of vapor animating the body, or, in man, mediating between body and soul.
2. The life principle viewed as the "breath" or gift of deity; hence, the agent of vital and conscious functions in man; the soul.
4. One manifestation of the divine nature; the Holy Spirit.
10. Intent; real meaning; - opposed to letter; also, characteristic quality; as, the spirit of an enterprise.

Familiar Quotations:

"O, human love! thou spirit given,
On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!"

Edgar Allan Poe
Tamerlane, Stanza 15

there is mystery in life
and the myth trees that we grow
can only go so far
to set our dark aglow

but the candle born in me
and the candle born in you
may be just the touches needed
to torch some pilgrim's view
go and glow, touch and torch

there is mystery in life
and our time from birth to death
is a vulnerable variable - hanging -
on each and every breath

but the stillborn child's silence
and the centenarian's last gasp
are both righteous, beautiful truths
Love ~~God~~ alone can fully grasp
go and glow, touch and torch

there is mystery in life
tears of joy join sorrow's tears
and our faith is sorely tested
by our pains, our doubts, our fears

but nothing - nothing -
now or later
nothing - nothing -
great or small
can separate us eternally
from ~~God's~~ Love's Love
surrounding all
go and glow, touch and torch

No 41
Candle
burns
down.

everything;
everywhere;
always

me

me

unspirited
something
somewhere
sometime"

and so

IME...

(once upon a time...)

when there was no thing,
which was something like everything;
and there was no where,
which was something like everywhere;
and there was no time,
which was something like always

the nothing
that was nowhere
never

turned to

the everything
that was everywhere
always

and said
and heard

"let's you and me
create - no! -
let's you and me
co-create

an enspirited
something
somewhere
sometime"

and so

ONCE UPON A TIME...

before the beginning
began
was the beginner

and the beginner was word
and the beginner was world
and the word was love
and the world was womb

and the word was heard
within the womb
and around the womb

and the labor of love began
and the beginner begat
fields and fathoms
fruit and flesh

and the begat grew
and the wind blew
and the wind washed the world
and the flesh was made fresh

and the word was heard
within the tomb
and around the tomb

and the tomb
was doomed

before the beginner
begins
is the beginning

In the beginning was God/Goddess alone.
After eons, Goddess/God said, "This is a drag."
After more eons, God/Goddess said,
"I need to create, to relate, to communicate.
I'll make an other than me, a something or other
other than Goddess/God. I'll take the most infinitesimal speck
of my infinitude and make it matter and place it in the
briefest blink of my eternity - and watch!"

And then God/Goddess said, "Wow! Now I've done it!"

And Goddess/God watched and waited and related and communicated.
And more eons later, God/Goddess said,
"This is good, but this is getting out of hand."

And a person said, "Use me, all of me."

And Goddess/God said, "Wow! Now you've done it!"

And the person died.
And God/Goddess cried.

And time and tide
wait for no person
nor for Goddess/God.

And there have been and are
tides in the affairs of people
and of God/Goddess
which, taken at the flood,
have led on and do lead on

to the "Wow! Now!" experience
of creation/elation/relation/
communication.

In the beginning
was Goddess/God alone
and it was a drag
until God/Goddess said,
"I need"
and a person said,
"Use me".

THE CREATOR GOD/GODDESS
created me...

...and you
...and them, too

with a touch
of response
ability

for sharing
in Her/His caring,
continuing
co-creation

herein lies the seed of
my/your/their/our
salvation

I believe he
was a man

50 sec ✓

20

my first
unchristian Christmas
seemed somewhat
the same

perhaps
love is love
no matter
what its name

and needing being needed
and needing to need, too
are felt
quite universally

God's whole
human/earthkind
through

and the gift
is in the giving
and the giver
is the gift

and an infant's cry
aborning
gives a universal lift

wherever we stand
all sides
of any rift



No # 50



✓
(51)
30 sec

Come, Holy Spirit, come
lift us with wings of love
that we may know that life is good
right now as our song wings above

Come, Holy Spirit, come
lift us with wings of light
that we may know that life is good
though day may seem like night

Come, Holy Spirit, come
lift us with wings of hope
that we may know that life is good
though often we groan and grope

Come, Holy Spirit, come
lift us with wings of joy
that we may know that life is good
though oft when we'd build
we destroy

Come, Holy Spirit, come
lift us with wings of peace
that we may know that life is good
though war may seem never to cease

Come, Holy Spirit, come
lift us with wings of love
that we may know that life is good
right now as our song wings above

(Spirit - 13 min)

PEACE BEYOND THESE PAGES

Dear Reader, Warrior and Peacemaker,

Early in our marriage, Mary Lee and I began to send annual Christmas letters, first mimeographed, later photocopied. In time they evolved simply into annual letters near the year's end, perhaps connected with Thanksgiving, U.N. Day, the Winter Solstice or New Year's. A few poems in these pages were written for those annual touches (see "Notes"). This letter carrier's parting words to those of you who have worked your way to this closing page are written in the spirit of that tradition.

We know that the rhymes and reasons and times and seasons of peace reach far beyond the words on these pages, beyond the covers of this book, beyond the convolutions of our brains, beyond the shapes of our dreams and schemes, beyond the bondage of our fears, beyond the roofs over our heads, beyond the borders of our home lands, and even beyond the growing edges of our grasp of the heights and depths and breadth of our cosmos.

Reaching out for and with peace beyond the pages of a book is an exercise in personal disarming, becoming vulnerable to other people with all the risks, rewards, satisfactions and frustrations that accompany openness, listening, acceptance, affirmation and sharing. Working in groups with other peace persons is a challenging way to practice personal disarmament and to speed the day of general, total, global disarmament. I shall be examining my own retreat from group peace involvement as I spend time working with this workbook as reader, not author.

Several annotated listings of peace and world order groups exist. Local libraries may carry them. Searching the white or yellow pages of your local telephone directory may prove rewarding. The East Bay United Nations Association Information Center (which Mary Lee currently directs) at 1550 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, Ca. 94709, 415-849-1752, has reference copies of two such lists and other information of interest to peace persons reaching out to the world. My life has been greatly influenced by the peace witness and outreach of the people called Quakers, especially through the American Friends Service Committee at 2160 Lake Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94121, 415-752-7766.

I hope each of you has found something in these pages to add to your personal peace portfolio. We closed our January '79 annual letter with these words from Joan Baez's autobiography, Daybreak:

"You, dear reader - you are amazing grace. You are a precious jewel. Only you and I can help the sun rise each coming morning. If we don't, it may drench itself out in sorrow. You - special, miraculous, unrepeatable, fragile, fearful, tender, lost, sparkling ruby emerald jewel, rainbow splendor person. It's up to you. Would it embarrass you very much if I were to tell you...that I love you?"

As we go our separate/together ways, I pray that we all go with God/Goddess.

Love, *Bill*

P.S.

Have fun!

NOTES ON POEMS:

HOPE - A Beginning Ending Place

(1) For Laura Rosenblum with appreciation and admiration and for my friends in her "Sing Your Heart Open!" class, 5/20-6/17, 1985, Epworth United Methodist Church, with thanks for their songs and voices.

(4) Annual letter, December 1981.

(5) Early 1978.

(6) The title poem of a poetry performance Sunday, March 25, 1984, Epworth United Methodist Church, in celebration of my "unbirthday" 55½, with "Flute Relief" by friend Marvin Sanders.

(7) April 3, 1964, eating my lunch, sitting under a magnificent flowering fruit tree in the parking strip on one of my early days as a letter carrier. I had moved from deep despair after leaving my third and final "bout" with school teaching to simple gratitude and joy at being alive and working. This poem released the expression of the following feelings which I had not been able to put into words previously -

Bottomless-Pitch black-Pitched into blackest bottomlessness-
Hurled into hell-Direction down-Destination dust.

(8) Weekend of 8/11-8/12, 1973, Lake Tenaya, Yosemite.

(9) Early morning, bicycling up Allston Way to Post Office.

(10) A ginkgo tree on U.C., Berkeley, Campus, first viewed thus as an undergrad, 1946-50. Revisited many times alone and with family to try to recapture its November magic.

(11) The Berkeley Marina has a circular bench with short poles marking the points of the compass near the yacht harbor entrance.

(12) November 23, 1977, Berkeley Marina.

(13) The Circle of Concern is a long continuing vigil seeking the University of California's withdrawal from managing this nation's two nuclear weapons labs at Livermore and Los Alamos.

ZEAL - A Keeping On, Keeping On Pace

(14) An amazing experience of affirmation to find this poem written by my grandfather, whom I had never met.

(15) 1941, my first published poem, Garfield Jr. High Gleaner, written shortly before Pearl Harbor and very much connected with daily flag raisings in the courtyard.

(16) Impressions through the windows of a Greyhound bus after my 1976 cross-country 5th annual "World Community Flag Lowering".

(17) From the '60s when the Downs Epworth Fellowship Groups of two Methodist Churches (one black, one white) were meeting together for dialogue and worship and to live out those times.

(18) The quotation is adapted from Alfred, Lord Tennyson's Locksley Hall.

(21) Our original family peace flag was given to me in the form of a gift certificate for a custom made flag from Paramount Flag by my son Lee. After a garage fire partially destroyed that much used flag, my wife Mary Lee surprised me with a replacement copy of the flag for my birthday.

(22) Written while sitting on the "Big C" on the hills above Berkeley, looking out to the town below and trying to see the UN flag flying on our house.