

Field Notes9

Fields of Peace * Communities of faith teaching peace and nonviolence

Dear Friends,

This pin, *Honorary Muslim*, is the message I now put on my shirt each morning.

I wear it because years ago a Jewish friend asked me, a Christian, "If you had lived in Germany in the 30's, and they put a yellow star on me, would you have been willing to wear one too?"

I wear it because the Homeland Security Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives recently held its first hearing to investigate Muslim American communities.

I wear it because my friend and neighbor Sener is a Muslim.

I wear it because I am old enough to remember the sound of Senator Joseph McCarthy's voice.

I wear it because a cousin of mine, whose given name is Christian, recently converted to Islam. His name is now Mohammad Christian.

I wear it because each of us is part of an interconnected whole, and to injure another is to injure ourselves.

I wear it because what happened in Germany in the 30's and to Japanese Americans in the 40's can happen again.

I wear it because we can awaken conscience in one another.

Please join me,

Charles Busch

P.S.

For pins, e-mail: cathey.charles.busch@charter.net.

Quotes

--“It is sad not to see any good in goodness,’ writes Gogal. It is at least equally sad not to see any evil in evil.”
-Daniel Berrigan

--“Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter.”
-Desmond Tutu

Poem

Abd El-Hadi Fights a Superpower

by Taha Muhammad Ali

translated by Peter Cole, Yahya Hijazi, Gabriel Levin

In his life
he neither wrote nor read.
In his life he
didn't cut down a single tree,
didn't slit the throat
of a single calf.
In his life he did not speak
of the *New York Times*
behind its back,
didn't raise
his voice to a soul
except in his saying:
“Come in please,
By God, you can't refuse.”

Never the less---
his case is hopeless,
his situation
desperate.
His God-given rights are a grain of salt
tossed into the sea.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury:
about his enemies
My client knows not a thing.
And I can assure you,
were he to encounter
the entire crew
of the aircraft carrier *Enterprise*,
He'd serve them eggs
and labneh
fresh from the bag.

Story

In a Kansas town in the 1920's, a boy named Billy (who would become the poet William Stafford) came home from elementary school one day and told his mother that two black children on the playground had been taunted by others. “And what did you do, Billy?” his mother asked. “I went and stood by them.”

-Adapted from *Early Morning* by Kim Stafford