

Dear Friends,

In this batch of *Field Notes*, for your...

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Thank you for teaching peace,

Charles and Cathey Busch

## Quotes

Two Jewish friends talking in the Warsaw ghetto in 1940:

“Heaven is where the most soft-spoken people win all the arguments.”

“But what becomes of the quiet people in hell?”

“There are no quiet people in hell!”

**-from *The Warsaw Anagrams* by Richard Zimler**

Part of nonviolence is to create conflict between the oppressed and oppressor, between the occupier and occupied, between the rich and poor. I don't see it as a method of peaceful coexistence. When your rights have been violated, you create the biggest conflict ever but not using guns.

**-Mubarak Awad, founder of Nonviolence International**

The peace within must become the peace between.

**-Bishop Yvette Flunder, founder City of Refuge**

## Statistic

In 2010, the U.S. led world-wide weapons/arms sales with \$21.3 billion. This amounted to 52.7 percent of the market. Russia was second with \$7.8 billion. Developing nations were the primary focus of foreign arms sales, of which the U.S. gained 48.6 percent of the market.

**-Congressional Research Service (a division of Library of Congress)**

## If Our Hearts Are Right

*“Now I tell you about Awanyu, the plumed Serpent,”* says Ignacio Aguilar, an elder of the San Ildefonso Pueblo in northern New Mexico. It is a Spring evening in 1928, and he is speaking to Edith Warner, a guest in his home.

*He lives many miles away in a deep lake. Sometimes he does not come for many months. We plant corn and wheat, but the ground is hard. They come up and grow a little, but if no rain comes, they die. We have no atole, no bread for winter.*

Adding to the spell of Ignacio’s voice, there is soft light from the fireplace on the walls of the adobe room where he and Edith sit. He speaks as simply, as if telling a story to a child.

*Then we pray and dance---all the men and women and children. We dance all day and all night. And when we dance, if our hearts are right, he comes... he comes in the black clouds.”*

“If our hearts are right...,” these words stayed with Edith Warner. She understood the dances as a way in which the pueblo people brought their lives into harmony with the order and beauty of their desert world. In her journal, Edith wrote:

What we do anywhere matters but especially here. It matters very much. Mesas and mountains, rivers and trees, winds and rains are as sensitive to the actions and thought of humans as we are to their forces. They take into themselves what we give off and give it out again.

## Where David Slew Goliath

In The Valley of Elah is a movie (2007) which looks into the invisible wounds carried by the U.S. troops who fought in the Iraq War, and also by our nation.

The plot is a detective story. Retired Army M.P. Sergeant, Hank Deerfield (played by Tommy Lee Jones) goes to Ft. Rudd, N.M., to find his son Mike who is listed as AWOL only days after returning from combat service in Iraq. The son's charred and dismembered remains are found in the desert and Deerfield, who is up against a military code of protective silence, perseveres to find the killers.

There is little violence shown in the movie. But, says reviewer A.O. Scott, "Underneath its deceptively quiet surface is a raw, angry, earnest attempt to grasp the moral consequences of the war in Iraq, and to stare without blinking into the chasm that divides those who are fighting it from their families, their fellow citizens and one another."

## Nurturing Ourselves

"That which we nurture in ourselves is that which we become," says Dharma teacher Jerry Braza in his latest book *The Seeds of Love* (Tuttle Publishing, 2011).

In the Foreword, Thich Nhat Hanh writes: "Braza offers a translation of various wisdom traditions as insights on how to take care of the gardener—ourselves, and the garden—the soil of our consciousness."

Braza offers this mantra for listening with compassion and without judgment:

- \*I am here for you.
- \*I listen deeply to understand.
- \*I listen to relieve your suffering.
- \*In this moment, you are the most important person in my life.

## What does it matter

“What does it matter what one person does?” Sarah van Geider asked poet W.S. Merwin in an interview in *“Yes!” Magazine*, Fall 2011.

“When I was 18,” Merwin replied, “I refused to obey orders in the Navy. When I got in, having enlisted when I was 17, I was training to be a pilot, and realized that I didn’t believe in organized violence. I just hated the whole idea. I didn’t want to be trained to be a killer.

“I got more and more upset about it and finally refused to obey orders. I asked to be put in the brig. I spent about seven months in the psycho ward. They were trying to scare me.

“My father came; he was a chaplain in the Army. He’d come back---the war was over by then---and he came up to talk to me. We never got along very well. He’d been very severe and difficult as a father. I told him what I’d done and why. He said, ‘If those are your convictions then you must have the courage of your convictions.’ I thought that was pretty good.

“I said, ‘ I don’t think I can end the violence in the world, but somebody has to try. If nobody tries, it’s never going to end.’”

There is a war in the distance  
with the distance growing smaller  
the field glasses lying at hand  
are for keeping it far away

-from Merwin’s “Waves in August”

## A Word that is a River

Every week for 16 years, I (Charles) visited Bill VanRy in his home. He was a physical fitness instructor and exercise was our excuse for getting together. Bill died last year at the age of 98.

What interested him was meaning and mystery—God talk. Although he had only an 8<sup>th</sup> grade education, Bill was a natural philosopher and gifted with words. Ours was a friendship of rich conversation and occasional confidences.

At the end of one visit, in which we had both been vulnerable about the in-and-outs of family life, I said, “Bill, I have the solution. Magnanimity!”

“I like the *sound* of that,” he said. “What does it mean?”

“I’m not sure.”

“Let’s not look it up,” he said. “It’ll come to us.”

Not often, but every once in a while, just as I was leaving, Bill would call out, “Remember. Magnanimity! Magnanimity!”

I recently came across that word in the novel *The Novice* by Thich Nhat Hanh. The main character is Kinh Tam, a Buddhist monk who takes on The Practice of Magnanimity. She defines it as inclusiveness...a loving kindness, especially to those who outrage or injure us...those who, like ourselves, are subject to much ignorance and fear. Kinh Tam also offers this image of magnanimity:

*When you pour salt in the palm of your hand and then put it into a cup of water, the water becomes undrinkable. But if you put the same handful of salt into a flowing river, it affects the river and your ability to drink it not at all.*