Dear Congress, Please…

O Congress, what are you doing?
I can say their names out loud,
each one a sharp edge in my mouth,
each one chiming against my teeth.
I can write their names down the sidewalk,
around the corner, around another corner,
until they form a bracelet of loss around my block.
I can sew their names, Congress, into the inside
of my jacket, carry their photos, their faces,
in all my pockets, but none of that
will bring them back and none of that
will keep it from happening again. It will
not scrape the glass and the blood and
the sorrow and the terror and the grief
(I’ll say it again, Congress, for you)
the sorrow and the terror and the grief
from the insides of our dance clubs,
which is now to say from inside our very selves.
How many times must a heart be wrenched,
must a heart suffer grief, must a heart be stopped
before you act? O Congress, O you
who represent us, what are you going to do?
These are your people. These were your people.
We, the people, are your people, queer, straight,
trans, Latin, loving, loved, we’re human beings, Congress.
Are you going to stare out the window and stay silent?
I can send you my letters and write my poems.
I can vote my conscience, I can hold the candles,
not scrape the glass and the blood and
the sorrow and the terror and the grief
(I’ll say it again, Congress, for you)
the sorrow and the terror and the grief
from the insides of our dance clubs,
which is now to say from inside our very selves.
How many times must a heart be wrenched,
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who represent us, what are you going to do?
These are your people. These were your people.
We, the people, are your people, queer, straight,
trans, Latin, loving, loved, we’re human beings, Congress.
Are you going to stare out the window and stay silent?
I can send you my letters and write my poems.
I can vote my conscience, I can hold the candles,
but none of that’s enough. What are you, O Congress,
doing to save us before the next mass shooting,
before the 50 dead in this one are outdone by
the 100 dead in the next? Unstop your voices. Say their names
out loud, all of you. Then say them again and again.
Carry their photos in your pockets. Say their names again.
They are your mantra in the action, Congress,
that you must take now.

— Gillian Wegener
Immediate past Poet Laureate of Modesto, California

Editor’s note: Please cut this out and sent to your Congress person!

Homeless: Are We Listening?

By ERIC CAINE, The Valley Citizen

The June 1 meeting of the Stanislaus County’s “Focus on Prevention” homeless project featured a reality check from Modesto Police Chief Galen Carroll. Let’s hope people were listening.

Chief Carroll admitted that the current policy of busting and rousting homeless people doesn’t work. “It’s like squeezing a water balloon,” he said. He said that the majority of homeless people are not anti-social. He also said that most homeless people aren’t criminals and that most crimes by the homeless are, “quality of life crimes,” like trespassing, camping in public places, and creating public disturbances.

Arresting homeless people for such crimes often results in, “putting someone into the system who shouldn’t be there,” said Chief Carroll. He could easily have added that many “anti-social” homeless people are mentally ill, and time in jail does nothing to address their root problems.

Carroll then spoke movingly of his brother, saying they went separate ways after a close childhood. He said that when his brother experienced homelessness after drug use, “I spent a great deal of money trying to help him out.”

Carroll went on to say that, “There’s a lot that families do, but sometimes we get to a point that we need others as well. It’s very easy to say that they burned out their families so now we don’t care about them, but I tell our officers to treat homeless people like family.”

Carroll added that his brother is now back in prison, and his message could not have been clearer. As someone almost uniquely qualified to help a close family member, Chief Carroll’s candid story illustrates a fact more and more of us have begun to accept: We don’t really know how to treat addiction and we need both better understanding of the problem and plenty of help from others before we can begin to help people addicted to drugs.

We also need better understanding of people experiencing homelessness. If, as Chief Carroll says, our current policies of arresting and rousting homeless people don’t work, why do we keep repeating them? The obvious answer is that our police officers respond to citizen complaints and to the commands of our elected officials. It follows that complaining citizens and elected officials need to think harder about real solutions to the problems posed by people with nowhere to go.

Most of all, homeless people need permanent shelter. That’s why the “Housing First” movement has met with growing approval around the nation. Moving homeless people out of parks and off the streets simply puts them in a different public place, often at the expense of business and residential locations.

Last Wednesday’s “Focus on Prevention” meeting opened with a reminder that one definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting a different result. That’s what we’ve been doing with the problems of drug addiction and homelessness in general. Maybe it’s time to start listening to experts like Modesto Police Chief Galen Carroll. At least then we wouldn’t continue repeating the same senseless behavior.

Visit The Valley Citizen at http://thevalleycitizen.com/
TIME SENSITIVE: Summer Delegation with Alliance for Global Justice; Nicaragua: August 5-14

Is the US Still Interfering in Nicaragua’s Democracy?

Nicaragua will elect a president and national assembly in November 2016. In past elections, the US has intervened massively through the National Endowment for Democracy and USAID to prevent a Sandinista victory. AFGJ/Nicaragua Network takes delegations several months in advance of Election Day to investigate and expose US intervention in Nicaragua’s democratic elections.

Join AFGJ National Co-Coordinator Chuck Kaufman, who has almost three decades of solidarity experience with Nicaragua. We will also meet with popular movements and government representatives to learn why Nicaraguans are not among the flood of refugees trying to enter the US. We’ll learn why Nicaragua is still the “threat of a good example” that Oxfam called it in the 1980s. Price $1,050. Applications due by July 5th.

Price includes: hotels (double occupancy) food, in-country travel, translation, and program. It does not include international airfare. Email Delegations@AFGJ.org for applications or further information.

Visit http://afgj.org/nicaragua-delegation-2016

“Disarm Now: We Stand with Nuclear Survivors for Global Justice.” A commemoration of the U.S. atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki

On Tuesday, August 9, 2016 at 8 AM there will be a major rally and march at Livermore Lab. We will gather at the corner of Vasco & Patterson Pass Roads in Livermore. Carpools are encouraged, and there will be plenty of free parking. Call us at (925) 443-7148.

The theme for this year’s commemoration of the U.S. atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan is “Disarm Now: We Stand with Nuclear Survivors for Global Justice.”

We invite you to come and hear a very special keynote speaker, Tony deBrum, former Foreign Minister of the Marshall Islands. As a nine-year-old child living on Likiep Atoll in the Marshall Islands at the time of the 1954 Castle Bravo H-bomb test on Bikini Atoll, deBrum recalls: “It was in the morning and my grandfather and I were out fishing... Everything turned red: sky, the ocean, the fish, my grandfather’s net. People in Rongelap claim they saw the sun rising from the West.”

Today, deBrum represents the Marshall Islands as special envoy in global climate change talks, including in Paris, and in its courageous “#Nuclear Zero” lawsuits against the world’s nine nuclear-armed countries for their failure to disarm as required by the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty and customary international law.

Other distinguished speakers are being scheduled, including a Hibakusha (Japanese atomic bomb survivor). Wonderful musicians and drummers will be there, and friends from No Nukes Action will lead us in a traditional Japanese Bon dance at the Lab’s West Gate.

Livermore Lab is one of two facilities that have designed plutonium shots at its National Ignition Facility. Weapons scientists at Livermore are developing a new Long-Range Stand Off warhead for a new cruise missile to launch a radar-evading, sneak nuclear attack. By definition, this is a potential first-use warhead. Livermore Lab has also initiated other proliferation-provocative programs, including by conducting plutonium shots at its National Ignition Facility.

Support Tri-Valley CAREs; www.trivalleycares.org

Join the Modesto Peace/Life Center’s Annual Hiroshima Remembrance and Potluck at Legion Park, Modesto on Saturday, August 6th at 6:00 PM.

Bring food, drinks to share as we converse and rededicate ourselves to reversing the efforts to rebuild and proliferate nuclear weapons.

Bring your own table service.

The evening will conclude with a candlelight vigil on the banks of the Tuolumne River.

Summer Film Nights at the Peace/Life Center

By JOE HOMER

July Film Night

Wednesday, July 20, 2016: This Changes Everything. Directed by Avi Lewis and written by Naomi Klein. A documentary counterpart to the highly-popular critical account of human participation in global climate change. More at http://thischangeseverything.org/

August Film Night

Wednesday, August 17, 2016: Flow: For Love of Water. Directed by award-winning Irene Salina. A documentary about water ownership, the deepening water crisis and the impacts that local and global water issues will have in the 21st Century. More at http://www.flowthefilm.com/

All films show at 6:30 p.m. at the Center, 720 13th St., Modesto. Discussion after. All welcome!
Remembering Myrtle Osner, friend of peace

By DAN ONORATO

In the marrow of her bones a peacemaker and a generous, selfless activist with a kind, welcoming smile. Myrtle Osner worked tirelessly to improve our community and safeguard our environment. For many years Myrtle was a vibrant and vital presence at the Modesto Peace/Life Center. On June 23 family and friends filled the College Avenue Congregational Church to celebrate her life and express their gratitude and appreciation for an extraordinary person.

“Myrtle kept the Center on its toes,” says Board member Shelly Scribner. “If something needed to be done, she let us know or she did it herself. And she did what most people don’t even realize needs to be done for the Center to function.” All the nitty gritty like making copies of donation checks and then writing and sending out Thank You’s for donations; getting the mail and making sure it got dealt with; having labels made for mailing Connections, and organizing the monthly volunteers who helped prepare the mailing (when we used to mail out copies); cleaning the Center for our annual meeting, and so on. “She was a workhorse,” says Board member Jim Costello, “attending to the often unnoticed but important details that keep an organization running smoothly. “She was my mentor at the Center,” Shelly says with affection. “She always wanted things to be perfect, so I learned well under her patient, careful guidance.” When Myrtle could no longer continue as Office Manager, Shelly took over and the transition was seamless.

Jim knew Myrtle best in her capacity as an editor for the Center’s peace and justice newspaper, Stanislaus Connections. “For many years the paper’s working committee met twice a month in Myrtle’s living room planning and editing the forthcoming edition,” Jim explains. “We engaged in lively discussions about what articles and topics to cover, and Myrtle, intelligent and eagle-eyed, often noticed and attended to those small but important editorial details that helped make our paper better. As we all did, Myrtle had strong opinions about issues but she was always willing to consider other points of view and compromise, if necessary — an important quality in our sometimes fractious group. And, of course, she always had something for us to snack on, cookies or juice, or a slice of her famous fruit pie.”

Jim also notes that as Myrtle’s health declined, he took over her duties as Calendar Editor. “I found out how much work goes into its preparation. It can be an onerous task, but Myrtle handled it with ease and aplomb.”

In all she did for the Center, it was always with ease and aplomb. She gave freely of her energy and was always eager to help. Myrtle was a doer. She saw what needed to be done, and she did it or got others to help get it done. A generous “yes” was part of her DNA. And with that “yes” went a perennial smile. Myrtle didn’t see the world through rose-colored glasses; she focused on solutions, the steps it might take to meet a need. She knew that for democracy to work, people needed to be informed, so she worked for years participating in and leading the local League of Women Voters. She knew that young women needed mentors so they too would develop self-confidence and become leaders, so she became a Girl Scout leader who guided hundreds of girls and young women on various projects and camping trips. She trusted that once they’d experience the beauty and wonders of Nature, they’d become its stewards in their own lives. She and Henry knew that the Gospel’s call is not merely a vertical relationship between God and an individual, but an embrace outward toward the widow, the orphan, and the less fortunate, and sometimes called for speaking truth to power with courageous witness, so they helped start the College Avenue Congregational United Church of Christ that over the years has become a beacon of peace, social justice, equality, and inclusiveness in our community. She loved music and singing, so for decades she sang in the church choir. A firm believer in equality for all, Myrtle was the first woman to be elected Moderator of the congregation. And she knew that peace and environmental sanity don’t come through merely wishing or praying, so she spent many years active in the Center’s work to promote peace, justice, and a sustainable environment, and became one of the first to convert her front lawn into a hummingbird-friendly habitat of colorful drought-resistant native plants.

Myrtle lived the optimism of the Chinese adage that “a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step,” and she practiced the wisdom of thinking globally and acting locally. Indira Clark remembers Myrtle involved in local transportation issues like bike lanes and public busing as well as recycling. Along with many others Myrtle helped set the groundwork for Modesto becoming the first U.S. city with curbside recycling. Besides Myrtle’s decades of work hosting and often moderating candidate and issues forums with the League of Women Voters and being a leader in the Girl Scouts, Indira recalls Myrtle’s writing in The Women’s Compendium in the 1980’s. The local periodical published for several years by Virginia Burch was a lively forum for subjects of interest to women. “I found that Myrtle and I,” Indira writes, “shared an interest in women’s history and social change. Many lively conversations followed over the years.” When The Women’s Compendium had concluded its run, the Peace/Life Center started Stanislaus Connections, and Myrtle joined its editorial board. Besides appreciating even further Myrtle’s wide variety of interests and concerns, Indira came to admire her editing skills, a “skill Myrtle’s daughter Julie realized her mother had passed on to all four of her children when they jointly wrote her obituary.” Next to Jim Costello, Myrtle was the longest serving member of the newspaper’s editorial committee.

Myrtle’s dedication and example affected many people, but perhaps her greatest legacy is her children. All have found purpose in pursuing paths of service to their community. “Until last year,” Jennifer Osner told me on the phone, “I’d been involved in 12-step programs but never in a social change issue.” But when a friend told her a business man wanted to start a gun shop in her town of Daly City, and advertised that he could alter rifles into assault guns, she and others decided to act. “Worried friends warned me it could be dangerous. He could retaliate. But we gathered hundreds of signatures opposing the shop, turned them into the mayor, and then spoke to the city council. “The first social thing I got involved in and we won!” The excitement in her voice was palpable. Then it quivered, “My brothers and sister said Mom would be proud of me!”

Jennifer recalls how her Mom and Dad gave of themselves as parents and showed their children how to appreciate nature. They also went against the majority in their church when they supported their minister, Jack Takayanagi, after he spoke out publicly against the Vietnam War. Though Jennifer thought “he was the coolest minister we ever had,” many didn’t, and the church soon changed ministers. Jennifer also fondly recalls the Center’s 45th anniversary celebration last November whose highlight was honoring the elders. “That was really special for us. Mom understood that she was being honored, and at least for a while she remembered the night and all her friends.”

John Osner writes that when Jim Wallis [now editor of Sojourner’s magazine] came to the first Peace Camp 34 years ago and inspired him to go to Nicaragua with Witness for Peace, he realized this could only have happened because he had deep beliefs inspired by his parents’ commitment to peace. But John adds that by her example his mother showed him that working for peace and justice wasn’t just about working on political issues of the day, but also about caring for the people around you. John teaches dyslexic children in Redwood City.

John underscores the love of nature he and his siblings all learned from their mother. “My mother had a very real sense of wonder about the natural world throughout her life. I remember with joy times spent with my mom identifying wildflowers and birds on our childhood backpacking trips, when we went to Peace Camp together, and on short trips with her in her later years. I will always be a composter and recycler and will keep teaching my students about the...”

continued page 4
Harmony

By JENIFER WEST

I have recently had the luxury of being at home during the day, taking over ‘The Gardener’s role – who’s now ‘The Tree Guy’. The soil we started with this spring was pretty spent, but beginning to recover. The Tree Guy made the effort of putting last fall’s leaves into the raised beds, which started it back in the right direction. My focus since has been on continuing to build it up, while growing a summer garden.

It comes down to this: To garden successfully over the long haul, one must work in harmony with nature. Feed the soil, and it will feed you.

The first lesson: Stuff that grows out of the ground should be put back into it. Every leaf that has fallen or was snipped off goes either right onto the ground under the plant where it grew, or into the compost bucket. Nothing, except weeds with seeds or diseased plants, goes to waste. Mulch (leaves and other trimmings, shredded junk mail, coffee grounds & filters, and whatever else can be found around the house and yard) should be layered onto the soil. It holds moisture, protects plants from extreme temperatures, and builds up the soil. For the first time this year, we’ve had virtually no problem with blossom end rot – one of the causes of which is fluctuations in soil moisture.

Another thing I’ve learned is that it’s much easier to keep the soil happy if there is ‘livestock’ involved. There are a few small, relatively easy-to-keep animals that will allow a tremendous advantage, without requiring a ton of care (or space).

Chickens, being omnivores, can help clean up leftovers in danger of going bad, at the same time providing excellent fertilizer for the garden. They do need daily attention. Their food and water should be checked, and they will appreciate some scratch, greens, or whatever else you have on hand. To keep the neighbors happy, clean up after them frequently – chicken manure smells, and attracts flies. The droppings should be scooped up every few days, and are excellent for compost – great nutrients, and they’ll really start it ‘cooking’. A bucket or two of spent shavings every week makes great mulch!

If you do keep chickens, mealworms are a great idea. Chickens absolutely love them, and they’re very easy to raise – I do it in a small, 3-drawer plastic bin in a spare bedroom. They’re pretty clean, they don’t fly, there’s very little smell, and they can’t climb out. They can be purchased at any pet store, sometimes at the feed store, or online (www.rainbow-mealworms.com), and are sold in the larva stage.

Have your bin(s) ready before they arrive. They need a large container, without too narrow a mouth, to enable them to climb in and out of the bin. They eat just about anything! It’s a great idea to fill it with the moist substrate (for example, shredded cardboard, pine needles, etc.) from the chicken coop. I fill my bin with wheat bran, oatmeal, and sprouted wheat, all of which I can purchase at most pet stores. I have also used shredded newspaper, which is inexpensive and easy to come by. I keep the bin covered, except to allow the mealworms to breathe. The bin is kept in a dark, dry location. To be sure they are eating, you must check the food source available to them. If they eat the chicken food, you can also add natural cat food to the bin. If you do keep chickens, mealworms are a great idea.

Another important thing I’ve learned is that nature is patient. As long as you work in harmony with it, it will almost always yield its abundance.

Myrtle Osner

...from page 3

importance of taking care of the natural world because my mom always believed that every individual’s contribution made a difference.”

Daughter Julie Saugstad feels “really lucky to have a mom who became my friend during adulthood.” She and her mom had a lot in common. Myrtle recruited Julie to join the League of Women Voters, and like her mother, Julie served as president and forum moderator. And Julie worked for the Girl Scouts for 34 years. She just retired. Like her mom, she enjoyed teaching girls how to work together, but her favorite role, she writes, “was teaching adults how to lead their girls, especially how to take the girls camping using the Leave No Trace ethic. Mom was way ahead of her time in following the Trace ethic. Mom was way ahead of her time in following the

As they lift their head from their task, they smile, fulfilling their purpose, content, happy.

Note: If friends desire, memorial donations in Myrtle’s honor may be made to The Modesto Peace/Life Center, P.O. Box 134, Modesto CA 95353; College Avenue Congregational Church-UCC, 1341 College Ave., Modesto CA 95350-5098; or a charity of your choice.
‘Exonerated’ Hits Home for Modestans

By HILLARI DESCHANE, The Gallo Center for the Arts

On July 8 and 9, 2016 Sankofa Theatre Company with the Gallo Center Repertory Company will present the award-winning The Exonerated in the Gallo Center’s Foster Family Theater. The docudrama tells the story of six wrongfully convicted survivors of death row in the exonerees’ own words. The Gallo Center production supplements the evening with a post-show discussion with Reverend Earl Smith, former chaplain at San Quentin State Prison, co-founder of Project IMPACT and author of ‘Death Row Chaplain.’

Playwrights Jessica Blank and Erik Jensen spent the summer of 2000 traveling the country, interviewing exonerees and adapting their stories for the stage. For Modestans, though, the topic of wrongful conviction is much more current—and personal.

For in 2013, in a decision decried by the Stanislaus County District Attorney’s office, a judge overturned the conviction of George Souliotes. Souliotes, convicted in 2000 for a triple arson murder in Modesto in 1997, was serving three life sentences without the possibility of parole. Though Souliotes had continued to proclaim his innocence, it took The Northern California Innocence Project [NCIP] over ten years to convince an appeals court that Souliotes’ conviction was based on faulty fire science and ineffective counsel.

On June 6 of this year, Kerry Max Cook, whose ordeal in a Texas prison is told with harrowing simplicity, saw his conviction overturned due to false testimony of a witness. Cook has a second hearing scheduled for June 27 to ask the court to make a finding of factual innocence.

And on November 8th Californians will likely be faced with two competing death penalty initiatives on their ballots—the ‘Justice That Works Act of 2016’ act to overturn the ultimate judicial penalty, and the ‘Death Penalty Reform and Savings Act of 2016’ that would speed up its enactment.

Nationwide, The Innocence Project cites studies estimating between 2.0% and 5% of all prisoners in the U.S. are innocent, or more than 20,000 persons based on numbers from a 2013 Bureau of Justice Statistics report. For California, with a prison population of approximately 135,000 in 2013, that means nearly 3000 wrongly convicted prisoners.

But how did they get there? ‘In The Exonerated an exhausted, emotionally overwrought Gary is asked to give a ‘vision statement’ of how he imagined he could have killed his parents. He is subsequently convicted based on his ‘confession.’ David, young, unsophisticated, confesses because he fears he’ll be beaten to death if he doesn’t tell police what they want to hear. African Americans Delbert and Robert are misidentified by witnesses amid the uproar following rape-murders of white women. Sunny’s trial is shaped by confessions, faulty forensics or reliance upon ‘junk science,’ official misconduct, and ineffective representation by defense attorneys.”

According to the NCIP, in California over two hundred wrongful convictions have been vacated since 1989. They estimate the cost to the taxpayer at nearly $130 million. That figure does not, and cannot, speak of the cost—emotional, physical, as well as financial—to individuals and families damaged by wrongful conviction, or outright destroyed by execution.

And there is another cost that is frequently overlooked in the emotionally fraught space between justice for the wrongfully convicted, and justice for crime victims. When the wrong person is convicted, the actual perpetrator remains free to commit addition crimes. In 2014 a Northwestern School of Law review of DNA exonerations in New York found that in many cases the actual perpetrators of the crimes went on to commit additional serious crimes such as murder and rape, leading to the conclusion that the public was manifestly less safe because of wrongful convictions.

‘They started making me think I had a blackout and actually done it. I said, look, if I killed my parents I want to know about it.’
Gary, The Exonerated


The Exonerated. Play by Jessica Blank and Erik Jensen. At the Gallo Center for the Arts, Friday and Saturday July 8 and 9, 2016, 8:00pm. Tickets available at the box office, or online at http://tickets.galloarts.org/

For further information:
The Northern California Innocence Project and George Souliotes: http://law.scu.edu/northern-california-innocence-project/george-souliotes-freed

Reverend Earl Smith, former chaplain at San Quentin State Prison
Daniel Berrigan, A Leader Of Peaceful Opposition To Vietnam War, Inspired A Generation Of Activists

By BETTY MEDSGER

Daniel Berrigan was many things — Jesuit priest, poet, teacher, fine cook, good listener, radical thinker, antiwar activist, pacifist. And, for his opposition to the Vietnam War, he was considered an enemy of both state and church.

Of everything he wrote, including more than 40 books, these words stand out as the most memorable and most emblematic of his life: “Our apologies, good friends, for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children, the angering of the orderlies in the front of the charnel house. We could not, so help us God, do otherwise. … How many must die before our voices are heard, how many must be tortured, dislocated, starved, maddened … When, at what point, will you say no to this war?”

That is what Berrigan said in May 1968 as he and his brother, the late Philip Berrigan, and seven other activists, most of them nuns and priests, burned draft files they had just removed from the draft board in Catonsville, Maryland, and waited for police to arrive to arrest them. These words appear in Berrigan’s most famous writing, The Trial of the Catonsville Nine, a play based on the transcript of the trial. It has been staged throughout the world.

When Berrigan’s sister-in-law, Elizabeth McAllister, read those words at his funeral mass today, the more than 1,000 people in attendance at St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church in New York City responded with a thunderous and sustained standing ovation. They had come from near and far to say farewell. For many of them, these words he spoke at Catonsville had moved them into civil disobedience and resistance many years ago.

By the time Berrigan went to Catonsville, he had become the most visible embodiment of something that had not been seen before: Catholic priests who publicly opposed a war in which the United States was engaged. In response to his calls for an end to the war, top church officials sent him away from the U.S., and a top government official lied about him in congressional testimony that was designed to paint him as a bomber and kidnapper. Ultimately these extraordinary efforts, by church and state, failed to silence Berrigan. After exile abroad and imprisonment at home, he remained a strong voice against war and other violence, official and unofficial, until his death last week at age 94.

The actions that publicly defined Berrigan — non-violent resistance to the Vietnam War and to the use of nuclear weapons — were born in the aftermath of the Second Vatican Council, the historic international gathering of bishops convened in 1962 by Pope John XXIII, who was very similar to Pope Francis. The council’s actions, which included a strong condemnation of anti-Semitism, were considered radical in the post-World War II Catholic Church. One of the council’s reforms urged Catholics to work for peace, including with people outside the church. The church hierarchy in America refused to accept that mandate at first. Berrigan, however, was eager to work for peace.

With his brother Philip and others, Daniel Berrigan helped establish the Catholic peace movement, a very large and amorphous group located primarily throughout the Northeast and northern Midwest. Officials in both the church and the government saw the movement as dangerous.

Francis Cardinal Spellman — the archbishop of New York, the most powerful Catholic official in the United States, and the most visible symbol of the U.S. Catholic Church’s strong official support for the Vietnam War — staunchly opposed the peace movement, especially the participation of Catholics in it. In the earliest days of American involvement in Vietnam, in fact, Spellman was one of the leading voices outside government who urged the U.S. to go to war there.

Deeply angered by Berrigan’s public calls for peace, Spellman in 1965 ordered Berrigan’s Jesuit superiors to exile him to Latin America and ordered him to stop engaging in peace work. The Jesuits did so and kept the priest’s whereabouts a secret. When Berrigan was permitted to return to the U.S. several months later, he and his supporters defiantly marched for peace in New York City, stopping to pray in front of churches and synagogues, including St. Patrick’s Cathedral, where Cardinal Spellman presided.

In 1970, Spellman’s friend and ally inside the government in matters of protest and war, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, took the extraordinary step of publicly and falsely accusing Daniel and Philip Berrigan of conspiring to blow up tunnels under federal buildings in Washington, D.C., and to kidnap President Nixon’s national security adviser, Henry Kissinger. Hoover did this despite knowing that FBI investigators and Department of Justice officials had officially concluded there was no such conspiracy. But to save Hoover’s reputation after his public comments, Justice officials convinced a grand jury to bring charges against Philip Berrigan and others; Daniel Berrigan was named an unindicted co-conspirator. The 1972 trial ended in a hung jury.

For a while, Hoover succeeded in recasting the public image of the Berrigans and the Catholic peace movement into a group of violent extremists. The effort helped Hoover get the extra $14.5 million he wanted from Congress that year to hire a thousand new agents he said were needed because of the crisis created by these activists. But that effort backfired. Within the bureau, these new agents were known as “the Hoover 1,000” because they resisted spying on political dissidents and asked to be assigned instead to organized crime and other criminal cases — areas of investigation in which, strangely, Hoover had little interest.

It was the writings of Daniel Berrigan that inspired William Davidson, a physics professor at Haverford College, to think of breaking into an FBI office in 1971 to search for evidence of whether Hoover’s FBI was suppressing dissent. That break-in, conducted at great risk by Davidson and seven other people who called themselves the Citizens Commission to Investigate the FBI, led to the historic revelations of Hoover’s widespread suppression of dissent. Years later, Davidson said, “I don’t think I would have even considered such steps had it not been for Dan Berrigan.” Those steps ultimately led, in 1975, to the first congressional investigations of all intelligence agencies and to the establishment of the first permanent congressional oversight of such agencies.

Berrigan was both fierce and gentle. I saw those qualities the first time I met him — for an interview for the Washington Post while he was living in the underground. By that time, early August 1970, he had been moving from place to place for four months, sheltered in friends’ homes in both rural and urban areas. The day before the interview I drove from Washington to New York and waited at a friend’s house on Staten Island for a promised call from an unidentified person. It came the following afternoon. I was told to take a ferry to Manhattan. As I got off the ferry, I was met by someone I didn’t know and driven by him to an address in Manhattan I didn’t know. He drove in circuitous ways so I would not know where I was. That was unnecessary, for I was completely unfamiliar with Manhattan then.

The interview, in an apartment, went well. Berrigan explained why he had chosen to escape to the underground. He was determined, like his brother Philip and others in the Catonsville Nine, to refuse, as long as he could, the punishment of the war makers. In doing so, he also hoped to draw more attention to the tragic mistake of continuing the war. At one point as we talked, shots rang out in the street outside the apartment building. He smiled. I did not. Two weeks later he was arrested at the home of his friend William Stringfellow on Block Island. One of the iconic photographs of Daniel Berrigan is of him handcuffed but smiling brightly as the two agents are looking grim.

Berrigan’s opposition to all violence, no matter the source, was evident in a letter he wrote to the Weather Underground in 1970, after three members of the group were killed when a bomb exploded in a house where some of them were living in Greenwich Village. He wrote the letter while living in the underground. The letter demonstrates his consistent condemnation of violence by both the government and the peace movement. Like Davidson, he was deeply concerned about the fact that a fragment of the antiwar movement, out of deep despair that the war had continued for years, was engaging in violence. The letter began, “Dear Brothers and Sisters”: continued page 7
Daniel Berrigan, priest, poet, prophet, we thank you

One of the leading American voices for nonviolence and against the Vietnam War, nuclear arms, and all war, called a moral giant and the conscience of the American peace movement, Jesuit priest Dan Berrigan died in early May, a few days before his 95th birthday. At the invite of the Peace/Life Center, he came twice to Modesto, in 1975 and again in the mid 1980s. Many of us had heard him talk at Modesto Junior College to packed audiences. Some of us had the good fortune to share a picnic with him at Kewin/Beardbrook Park in Modesto and then in Yosemite National Park. He left an indelible imprint. So Connections decided to highlight some of his words and how we and others remember him.

— The Editors

In the 1980’s, our Stanislaus County Interfaith Committee on Latin America led the local effort to stop U.S. support of oppressive governments in Central America. I had been to Nicaragua in 1982 so I paid close attention to the conflict there. Dan Berrigan wrote a public letter to his friend, fellow Jesuit priest and poet, Ernesto Cardenal, who sided with the Sandinistas and justified their resort to armed rebellion as the lesser of two evils. Berrigan wrote: “I think how fatally easy it is, in a world demented and enchanted with the myth of short cuts and definitive solutions, when non-violence appears increasingly naïve, old hat, freakish—how easy it is to cross over, to seize the gun.”

Till illness limited him, he continued to speak and act against war and the increasing militarism of our society. In his “Hymn for Resisters,” his reflections on nuclear armaments in light of Psalm 90, he wrote: “What is positively forbidden is that we take to ourselves a spurious sense of power, a demented idolatry, and bring the creation down in wreckage. Or threaten to do so . . . Through our machinations, on sea and land and air, the planet has become volcanic with terror, breathing ruin, ready to erupt. The lava has already flowed, time and again. The path of fire stretches from Hiroshima to Iraq, from Fat boy to depleted Uranium, from a city in ruins to an entire country humanly and ecologically devastated.”

Thank you, Dan, for your unwavering example. We may not live with your degree of courage and faithfulness, but your steadfast vision and compassionate witness are a legacy and a standard against which we judge ourselves. They will not let us rest.

— Dan Onorato

Hearing Dan’s 1973 Mother’s Day homily at St. Mary’s in Stockton was a highlight for me. That’s where those golden words were spoken which I quote each year: “May all pancakes rise and all tyrants fall.”

— Indira Clark

Indira Clark and Sandy Sample remember Dan’s message to us at Yosemite: “To sustain your work, build community.” Sandy adds: “Out of that comment grew a monthly gathering in homes where food was shared, songs were sung, and children were welcomed into the Peace Center community. It gradually became known as Song Circle, and continued for many years until it no longer had guitar players to keep its singers on pitch.”


I grew up in a household where Daniel Berrigan and Dorothy Day and Phil Berrigan and the late, great Dave Dellinger were admired as models to live up to. In the summer of 1995, I had no idea the entire peace movement was descending on D.C. to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But I went and I remember seeing all of these people I’d been told about during my childhood, the real heroes of our society. One day, Dan Berrigan came. He was nearby outside the Pentagon, just standing like anyone else. It would be like seeing LeBron James for some kids today.; “Oh, my god! This is Father Daniel Berrigan!”

I went up and introduced myself to him. We were standing around, and Liz McAlister, Dan’s sister-in-law, realized I was a little bit awestruck. “Hey, kid, would you mind escorting Father Berrigan to go and use the bathroom?” So I walked into the Pentagon with Father Daniel Berrigan, who had served time in federal prison for burning the draft files they had used to send so many people to the war in Vietnam. And when we walked in, as uniformed members of the military were walking out, they greeted Dan as though he was like a cousin they see from time to time at family reunions, because he had spent so much time protesting there. In the bathroom Dan says to me, “You know, in the 1940s, when Roosevelt authorized the building of this place, there was talk of it being converted to a hospital when the war was over.” And then he pauses, “And, you know, in a way, they kept their word. It’s the largest insane asylum in the world.”

I don’t think we were shocked by the death of Dan. I mean, he was almost 95 years old. He was in very frail physical condition. But I tell you one thing he did. He thought we were all going to be shocked by it, and he thought it was time for us to come together, and he thought it was a good time for us to reflect on his life and his work.

— Dan Onorato

How shall we speak … to the people? We must never refuse, in spite of their refusal of us, to call them our brothers. I must say to you as simply as I know how: if the people are not the main issue, there is no main issue and you and I are fooling ourselves. … No principle is worth the sacrificing of a single human being. That’s a very hard statement. At various stages of the movement some have acted as if almost the opposite were true, as people got purer and purer. … … When madness is the acceptable public state of mind, we’re all in danger … for madness is an infection in the air. And I submit that we all breathe the infection and that the movement has at times been sickened by it too. … In or out of the military, in or out of the movement, it seems to me that we had best call things by their name, and the name of this thing, it seems to me, is the death game, no matter where it appears. And as for myself, I would as soon be under the heel of former masters as under the heel of new ones. … … I feel at your side across the miles, and I hope that sometime in this mad world … it will be possible for us to … find that our hopes and our sweat, and the hopes and sweat and death and tears and blood of our brothers and sisters throughout the world, have brought to birth that for which we began. Shalom to you.

Asked in 2008 to reflect on his lifetime of lectures on peace, hundreds of poems for peace, and a long rap sheet of arrests for participating in peace protests, Berrigan assessed its meaning with these words: “The good is to be done because it is good, not because it goes somewhere. I believe if it is done in that spirit it will go somewhere, but I don’t know where. … I have never been seriously interested in the outcome. I was interested in trying to do it humbly and carefully and nonviolently and let it go.”

The Jesuits have come a long way since the days when they obeyed Cardinal Spellman’s order for Berrigan to be exiled to Latin America. Jesuit priests presided at his funeral mass today and spoke repeatedly of justice and peace, and of what they had learned from him. One of his close friends, Father Steve Kelly, who is based in California, gave the homily. The audience laughed and applauded when Kelly evoked Hoover’s ghost. After welcoming friends and family to the service, Kelly also welcomed the FBI agents who had been “assigned here today to validate that it is Daniel Berrigan’s funeral mass … so they can complete and perhaps close their files.”

Betty Medsger is the author of “The Burglary: The Discovery of J. Edgar Hoover’s Secret FBI.”

Reprinted with permission from The Intercept: https://theintercept.com/2016/05/06/daniel-berrigan-a-leader-of-peaceful-opposition-to-vietnam-war-inspired-a-generation-of-activists/
**My Poem**

I am what Trump calls a delinquent  
I am my Grandfather’s sayings  
I am the different dyes in my hair  
I am the lost dreams of my people  

I am the Vicente Fernández films  
I am the tortillas and beans that never fail to be present at our table  
I am the rosary read out loud  
I am as free as a fish  

I am the farmworkers sweat  
I am my people’s faith  
I am when you are leaving we have already come back  
I am think with your mind first  

I am the North’s false promises  
I am the discrimination of dark colors  
I am the unjust cases in court  
I am the work in distress  

I am the unique traditions  
I am to always to my best in school  
I am head up high because I owe nothing  
I am independent woman  

I am trust God and everything will be alright  
I am denied rights  
I am the future with no racism  
I am the pain of my mother as I leave the door  

I am the long nights of homework  
I am a revolutionary that is against anything that harms  
I am the generation that everyone empowers  
I am the early mornings of my father  

I am an organizer of leaders  
I am the youth that will revolutionize everything  
I am the harsh but gentle upbringing of my family  
I am what begins after the pain  

— Estela Arreola
An Open Letter to my Facebook Feed

Postmark: November 13, 2015
Post- Paris Attacks
Subject: Empathy

Your empathy is an overlay of a French flag.
Your empathy is a status update with a hashtag.
Your empathy is a prayer for all the victims
So long as they’re not from Beirut or Baghdad.
Your empathy is the fine print on those holiday coupons that reads: exclusions apply.
Your empathy is turning a blind eye to look toward the sky
Your empathy is a cry to the divine Middle Eastern guy
Who we seem to forget was born in refuge.

Your empathy is always in hindsight.
Your empathy is with the Jews who ran
But not with the Syrians who are running.
Your empathy worships the man who bled
But denies the men who are bleeding.

Your empathy is the tidy stitching of a scar
Your empathy is a child’s narrative that says exactly who the bad guys are
But your empathy never questions how the bad guys got there.
Your empathy reeks of despair
But with ease we spray Febreze in the air over the despair we don’t approve of.
Your empathy whispers cut them and they’ll bleed oil.
Your empathy speaks of turmoil
But only when the stories right,
But only when the color’s white
Red. And blue.
So tell me.
Who does your empathy belong to?

Cross*

My old man’s an Arab old man
And my old mother’s Hispanic-ish.
If ever I curse my Arab old man,
I did so with a single wish.

I’d wish to spill that hummus-scented blood
Out from my very veins.
Growing up post-911
I inherited that shame.

If ever I curse my “Hispanic” old mom
I’d ask why can’t you make rice?
I could taste a white-washed heritage
In food that was mildly spiced.

When my old man files forms,
He writes hometown: Chekka.
For my mom, it’s just Covina.
I wonder how to file my forms,
Being neither Arab nor Latina.

*Inspired by Langston Hughes’ “Cross”

Holy Land

I’ve never been
on soil worth fighting over
in toil I’m dying over
so loyal I’m lying over.

I’ve never been
on dirt I’d call sacred land
so bare that I’m naked and
taking back my taken sand.

I’ve never been
scared of bombs falling from the sky
despaired by ruined ruins and I—
have never been prepared to die

I’ve never seen my holy land
because it isn’t mine.

We Are the Students

We are the students and we think that it’s cruel
That we go into debt just by going to school
Paying thousands of dollars, but wait there’s a twist—
It’s all for job security that doesn’t exist?
So roll your eyes and call us “rude”
But this is indented servitude.
We’re broke if we do and we’re broke if we don’t.
Only suckers pay and only slackers won’t.
That’s what they say, anyway tuition goes up next fall.
So is it really a wonder we’re all hooked on Adderall?
There’s that and cheap booze so let’s all raise a glass
A toast to the vanishing middle class!
Hey you’re an Art major? Great! Me too!
I’ll meet you working at Starbucks when this year is through.
I’ll add the sugar, you add the cream
Because this is the new American dream.
But I’ll let you in on a secret, art isn’t dead.
Haven’t you noticed, we’re dead instead.

See I went to Davis the other day,
Now my eyes still burn from pepper spray.
And if I learned a thing from UCSB
It’s that I’ve got to go on a mass shooting spree—
Just to get my opinions aired on prime time TV.
So call us delinquents and we’ll call you crooks.
When you charge us a few hundred bucks for a few shitty books
You ruined our economy. Left us with your mess.
So instead of charging us more, try taking less.
Instead of belittling us, try to invest.
We are the future so give us your best.
Invest in the doctors, the play writes, the poets—
The next great leaders and thinkers who don’t even know it.
Because we are the students and though it sounds strange
We won’t wait ’til we’re homeless to start begging for change.
Green Tips for a Green Planet

Green travel tip: Protect the Stanislaus National Forest while “giving back to the world we travel”

By TINA ARNOPOLE DRISKILL with JAN BYRNES, vice president, Grand Circle Foundation

Your beliefs become your thoughts, Your thoughts become your words, Your words become your actions, Your actions become your habits, Your habits become your values, Your values become your destiny. ~ Mahatma Gandhi

More and more travelers are choosing to travel with an ecologically centered, culturally diverse and people friendly company.

Harriet and Alan Lewis, founders of the non-profit Grand Circle Foundation and the Lewis Family Foundation, believe strong leadership leads to stronger communities worldwide. Under the umbrella of that belief they have pioneered ecologically friendly people to people travel for more than 36 years, mentored leaders worldwide, and partnered with the company’s Grand Circle and Overseas Adventure travelers to share more than $164 million with more than 600 sites in 38 countries. Their efforts have been focused on their company infrastructure, as well.

The non-profit foundation has sponsored and/or maintained schools and pre-schools, senior programs, UNICEF Global Heritage sites, a peace foundation, food projects, the Conservation Media Group, health facilities, orphanages, cultural co-ops, indigenous arts industries and other diverse family, cultural, educational, and environmental projects worldwide.

The Lewis’ plan is to have the company headquarters, renovation of many, many toilets.

As these projects are completed, they are encouraging the implementation of renewable energy in schools and villages. All new construction and renovation projects will include solar energy. In 2015 the company even provided solar street lights for a village in Laos.

On a more local scale the company’s Pinnacle Leadership Center, located in Kensington, NH, a place where nonprofits come together for meetings and leadership development training, is eliminating the use of all plastic water bottles by providing well water and fill stations at various locations on the property. https://pinnacleltl.com/

The Lewis family, which has been involved in issues of conservation, sustainability, and preservation for more than 40 years, recently funded the Lewis Family Conservation Foundation, with a mission to “Help save the earth we share.” At this time the conservation foundation is partnering with strong leaders to help reduce carbon emissions, protect forests and farmland, and reduce ocean pollution. Work in our nearby Stanislaus National Forest is one of the foundation’s more recent conservation/preservation projects.

“Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed its the only thing that ever has.” ~ Margaret Mead

ACTION: To learn more about Grand Circle Foundation’s global and national programs and how you can become an ambassador for world peace, justice and a sustainable environment while enjoying the best of what Mother Earth has to offer go to www.grand-circlefoundation.org

“I have the audacity to believe that peoples everywhere can have three meals a day for their bodies, education and culture for their minds, and dignity, equality, and freedom for their spirits.” ~ Martin Luther King Jr.

Daniel Berrigan remembered

condition. But this man was just a moral giant and the closest thing we have in our society to a prophet.

One last memory, Dan Berrigan loved ice cream. His fridge was always stocked with it. He loved ice cream so much that it caught the attention of Ben & Jerry’s, the Vermont ice cream company that contributes to a lot of progressive causes. Dan Berrigan and Black Panther Bobby Seale and Michelle Shocked and Pete Seeger and Spike Lee all appeared in a Ben & Jerry’s ad. Dan’s holding up his mocha chocolate fudge as though it’s sort of like a Eucharist, you know, the communion at church.

Ben & Jerry’s gave Dan a lifetime supply of ice cream, so any event the Catholic Worker had that Dan was involved with, Dan would make sure a massive crate of Ben & Jerry’s was delivered. If he walked into an ice cream shop somewhere and they had Ben & Jerry’s, he would tell them that he was Dan Berrigan and he had a right to as much ice cream as he wanted. I think that right was transferrable also to his family members. One day Frida Berrigan, Dan’s niece, and I went into a Ben & Jerry’s shop. Frida looked at the poster of Dan up on the wall, “That’s my uncle, and I want my free ice cream.” “Really, you’re Dan Berrigan’s niece?” they asked in transferred awe. “Yes,” she said with a glowing smile. They didn’t hesitate, “What do you want?”

You know, sometimes when we look at the clips of Dan Berrigan, an incredible giant of our time, who, along with fellow Jesuit Pope Francis, is the most famous Jesuit in modern history, and certainly the Jesuit who has had the most impact around the world in terms of confronting war and the Church’s complicity in making war, you don’t realize that Dan Berrigan was an hilarious person. He was warm. He was funny. And he loved to gather among friends and have a little whiskey, and occasionally he would smoke a cigarette out the window. And his home was just lined with posters and art from all of the people whom Dan had walked the Earth alongside in his struggles. I’ll never forget the feeling that people who had the honor of being around Dan would get just hearing his infectious laugh. Both he and Phil were capable of laughing to the point of tears. And to see these guys, who were such militant confronters of the U.S. empire, also enjoying just living and being with the people around them is really what I’ll never forget.

Oh, by the way, Ben & Jerry’s even had a flavor named after him, Raspberrigan!
Can we listen to our opponents?

“Their partiality for their own standpoint came in the way of their giving due weight to the arguments of their opponents.” ~ Gandhi, Ashram Observances, p. 100

Can we be nonviolent without listening to our opponents? We should try to hear their side. Such an attitude is our duty, and in nonviolence, we should strive to have a healthy detachment from our own standpoint, especially when it is in conflict with that of others. The more we listen to our opponents, with sincerity, leaving aside aggressive and judgmental motives, the more we pave the way for them to be able to hear us without feeling defensive. Gandhi would even say that it is in listening to our opponents that we can claim victory, because it is a victory over ourselves.

From the Daily Metta

Why should they ask me to put on a uniform and go 10,000 miles from home and drop bombs and bullets on Brown people in Vietnam while so-called Negro people in Louisville are treated like dogs and denied simple human rights? No I’m not going 10,000 miles from home to help murder and burn another poor nation simply to continue the domination of white slave masters of the darker people the world over. This is the day when such evils must come to an end. I have been warned that to take such a stand would cost me millions of dollars. But I have said it once and I will say it again. The real enemy of my people is here. I will not disgrace my religion, my people or myself by becoming a tool to enslave those who are fighting for their own justice, freedom and equality…. If I thought the war was going to bring freedom and equality to 22 million of my people they wouldn’t have to draft me, I’d join tomorrow. I have nothing to lose by standing up for my beliefs. So I’ll go to jail, so what? We’ve been in jail for 400 years.”

“I strongly object to the fact that so many newspapers have given the American public and the world the impression that I have only two alternatives in taking this stand: either I go to jail or go to the Army. There is another alternative and that alternative is justice. If justice prevails, if my Constitutional rights are upheld, I will be forced to go neither to the Army nor jail. In the end I am confident that justice will come my way for the truth must eventually prevail.”

— Muhammad Ali

http://fusion.net/story/309979/muhammad-ali-dead-quotes/

The wisdom of Daniel Berrigan

“The only message I have to the world is: We are not allowed to kill innocent people. We are not allowed to be complicit in murder. We are not allowed to be silent while preparations for mass murder proceed in our name, with our money, secretly...It’s terrible for me to live in a time where I have nothing to say to human beings except, “Stop killing.” There are other beautiful things that I would love to be saying to people. There are other projects I could be very helpful at. And I can’t do them. I cannot. Because everything is endangered. Everything is up for grabs. Ours is a kind of primitive situation, even though we would call ourselves sophisticated. Our plight is very primitive from a Christian point of view. We are back where we started. Thou shalt not kill; we are not allowed to kill. Everything today comes down to that — everything.”

“We never succeeded. And we never gave up. That is the best that can be said for us. We must be content if it is to be our obituary.”

“Some people today argue that equanimity achieved through inner spiritual work is a necessary condition for sustaining one’s ethical and political commitments. But to the prophets of the Bible, this would have been an absolutely foreign language and a foreign view of the human. The notion that one has to achieve peace of mind before stretching out one’s hand to one’s neighbor is a distortion of our human experience, and ultimately a dodge of our responsibility. Life is a roller coaster, and one had better buckle one’s belt and take the trip. This focus on equanimity is actually a narrow-minded, selfish approach to reality dressed up within the language of spirituality. I know that the prophetic vision is not popular today in some spiritual circles. But our task is not to be popular or to be seen as having an impact, but to speak the deepest truths that we know. We need to live our lives in accord with the deepest truths we know, even if doing so does not produce immediate results in the world.”
SUNDAYS
Modesto Vineyard Christian Fellowship, 10:00 am at the MODSPOT, 1220 J St. Call or text 209-232-1932, email modesteovinccf@gmail.com; All Welcome.
Weekly insight meditation and dharma talk, 9:00 am-10:15 am, 2127 Kieran Ave., Modesto. We strive to create a safe, non-judgmental space. More information: email stancountymbh@gmail.com or call Brian, 209-596-7762.
Walk With Me, a women’s primary infertility support group and Bible study. 6:00 pm to 7:30 pm the first and third Mondays of each month (September only meeting 9/15/14 due to Labor Day). Big Valley Grace Community Church. Interested? Email WalkWithMeGroup@gmail.com or call 209.577.1604.
Silver & Gold Support Group 50+ years of age. Ongoing support group for mental health and wellness to meet the needs of the mature Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender (LGBT) community. Every Monday 3:00 - 4:00 pm, Community Hope-Recovery, 305 Downey Ave. Modesto. Info: Monica O, Tiamonc64@gmail.com or Susan J, Susanthebopet@gmail.com

THURSDAYS
LGBTQA Collaborative Meetings 4th Thursdays. Lunch meeting: Peer Recovery Art Center, 1222 J St, Modesto, Noon to 1:30 pm. Dinner meetings (alternating locations): Location A: Josie’s Place - 1208 9th St, Modesto... Location B: Community - Hope - Recovery Center , 303 Downey Ave, Modesto. 5:30 pm to 7 pm. Dinner served. July 28 (A); Aug. 25, 2016 (B); Sept. 22 (A) Oct. 27 (B) Nov. 17 (A); Dec. (B). Dedicated to promoting well-being in the LGBTQA community. John Aguirre, jjpmodesto@gmail.com, 559-280-3864
GreenTeam educational meetings the 3rd Thursday of each month from 10 to 11 am, Kirk Lindsey Center, 1020 10th St. Plaza, Suite 102, Modesto, www.StanislausGreenTeam.com
Third Thursday Art Walk, Downtown Modesto, downtown art galleries open – take a walk and check out the local art scene. 5-9 pm every third Thursday of the month. Info: 579-9913, http://www.modestoartwalk.com
A Buddhist Approach to Recovery from Addiction. Jami Lynn Community Rm., 500 N. 9th St., Modesto. Thursdays 6:30-8 pm. FREE (donations accepted). Info: email RefugeRecoveryModesto@gmail.com
Latino Community Roundtable (LCR) meets on the second Thursday of each month at Noon at the Red Event Center, 921 8th St., Modesto. Info: call Maggie Mejia, (209) 303-2664, http://lcsrstan.org

FRIDAYS
Funstrummer Ukulele Band Every Friday, from 9:15 am until noon, Church of the Brethren, 2301 Woodland Ave., Modesto. Info: 505-3216; www.Funstrummers.com
Latino Emergency Council (LEC) 3rd Fridays, 8:15 am, El Concilio, 1314 H St. Modesto. Info: Dale Butler, 522-8537.
Village Dancers: Dances from Balkans, Europe, USA and more. Fridays, Carnegie Arts Center, 250 N. Broadway, Turlock. 7:30-9:30 pm, $5 (students free). Info: call Judy, 209-480-0387.
Mujeres Latinas last Friday, lunch meetings, Info: Cristina Villeges, 549-1831.
Hispanic Leadership Council, 1st & 3rd Fridays at 7:00 am, El Concilio, 1314 H St. Other meetings at Terrace Cafe, Double Tree Hotel. Info: Yamilet Valladolid, 523-2860.

SATURDAY
Citizens’ Climate Lobby, Modesto Chapter, meets every first Saturday, 10:30 a.m., 937 Oxford Way, Modesto. Questions: Call Kathy, 523-5907.
So Easy ~ So Good: Vegetarian/Vegan/Wannabe Potluck, guest speakers, field trips, activist activities, movie nights, etc. Third Saturday of every month. Info: Kathy Haynes (209) 250-9961 or email kathhaynesSIEG@gmail.com
SERRY: Saturdays, 10 - Noon and after church Sundays or by appointment. Call Mary, 522-6497 or 523-5178. Gifts from developing countries. Church of the Brethren, 2301 Woodland, Rm. #4, Modesto.

DEADLINE to submit articles to CONNECTIONS: Tenth of each month. Submit peace, justice, environmental event notices to Jim Costello, jcostello@igc.org Free Calendar listings subject to space and editing. For up to date information, visit www.stanislausconnections.org/calendar.htm