



Dovetail

Providing resources to Iowa's peace and justice community from a faith perspective

Volume XXXI, No. 2 June, 2008

Naked and Following the Naked Savior *nudum Christum nudus sequi.*



When Sue Wears Red -- Langston Hughes

**When Susanna Jones wears red
Her face is like an ancient cameo
Turned brown by the ages.**

**Come with a blast of trumpets,
Jesus!**

**When Susanna Jones wears red
A queen from some time-dead Egyptian night
Walks once again.**

Blow trumpets, Jesus!

**And the beauty of Susanna Jones in red
Burns in my heart a love-fire sharp like pain**

**Sweet silver! trumpets,
Jesus**

The early thirteenth century saw the rise of a new economic era in the city republics of upper Italy. New forms of trade developed in the flourishing towns, the upper classes imported and consumed luxury articles from the East as modernization and the technologies of the skilled trades created new industries. People who once worked the land were uprooted—wage-dependent workers, women and men, roamed the streets. The new era no longer based on the exchange of natural goods but on the traffic of money. Profiteering, speculation, and market swings determined the economic destiny of even the newly poor.

Giovannio Bernardone (St. Francis) and his merry men amputated every superfluous item from life, every precaution for life, and every protection that an institution like the church could provide. It was a refusal to be recognized as a regular order, of legal privilege associated with status and a refusal of priestly ordination. Poverty in the institutional sense means to be excluded from privilege. Homeless, this nonsedentary life in cities corresponded to the life of the broader masses that had been torn out of the land and driven into the cities.

Nearly a hundred years after Francis's death, Pope John XXII declared as heretical the thesis advocated by the poverty movements that Christ and the Apostles had neither private nor common possessions. Many who followed Francis were persecuted by the Inquisition and publicly burned at the stake. Francis did not preach to all beautifully chirping birds but, according to Umberto Eco, told the vultures and other birds of prey in the cemeteries the things the rich city councilors did not want to hear. Authorities and gentry were subject to his radical critique. He embraced and kissed lepers not only in the sense of humble charity but because he wanted to liberate them from exclusion, from being told that they did not belong.

The anarchy of love restores order; it ridicules social division built up on the basis of possession. It knows no limits. Mockery is one of its tools. Breaking conventionality is a sign of affection for all. Nothing was to stand as a buffer between Francis and the naked Christ: no solid house, no money, no legal security, no power, and no protection. Possessions, privileges, and power, all basic institutions of common life, are ever abolished in an attempt to come naked before God, without covering and defenses in the vulnerability that every love creates. Love, every love, renders one naked. --Dorthee Soelle
The Silent Cry

Get Red...Get Naked!

An old villager later recalled: 'We didn't protect the Jews because we were moral or heroic people. We helped them because it was the human thing to do ..'

Le Chambon-Sur-Lignon by Margie Burns

"People who agonize don't act, people who act don't agonize.

Le Chambon-Sur-Lignon was both very special and very ordinary. Their serenity, reflected in their posture toward each other, toward you and toward the world." -- Filmmaker and Holocaust survivor Pierre Sauvage

During the Holocaust in France, in a tiny mountain Huguenot village 350 miles from Paris called Le Chambon-sur-lignon, 5,000 Jews, mostly children, found shelter with 5,000 Christians, almost the entire population of the village.

Defying the French government which was collaborating with the Nazis, the villagers of Le Chambon hid Jews in their homes for years. They provided the refugees with forged identification, provided education for the children, ration cards, and sent them to safety in Switzerland.

The Chambonnaise were descendants of the Huguenots, the first Protestants in Catholic France. Having endured persecution in France they were able to understand the plight of the Jews.

Under the leadership of a young French pastor, Andre Trocme, the people of Le Chambon felt it their duty to help people in need, never considering their actions heroic or dangerous.

Born in 1901, Trocme came from a long line of German Huguenots. As a teenager in World War I he had been profoundly influenced by a German soldier who was a conscientious objector.

Andre Trocme and his assistant pastor Eduard Theis were pacifists. In 1938 they founded Ecole Noubelle Cevenole, an international pacifist school that educated Jewish children. Attendance grew from 18 in 1938 to 350 in 1944.

Trocme and Edouard Theis inspired the non-violent rescue activity in Le Chambon between 1940 and 1944, enlisting the involvement of 13 Protestant ministers.

Residents of the town were unaware of the rescue efforts of their neighbors. They neither talked about it during the war, nor after, when the refugees had already left. No records were kept.

By the middle of the Occupation, there were seven houses in Le Chambon, financed by Quakers, Catholic clergy, the Red Cross and Sweden, for children whose parents had been deported. The Vichy police frequently searched houses and farms in the village.

The head of one of these schools was Daniel Trocme, Andre's, cousin, head of one of France's finest elementary schools, House of Rockes, who had a heart condition which made it difficult for him to do strenuous work.

When the Nazis discovered the school, they arrested Daniel, and questioned him all the way to the prison camp, Maidanek in Eastern Poland, where he was gassed and incinerated, in 1944.

The village was known to the Germans as "that nest of Jews in Protestant country," where no villager denounced a refugee or a person concealing refugees. When a national leader of the Reformed church asked Trocme to stop aiding Jews, because it would damage French Protestantism, he refused.

As Jews in Paris were deported in 1942, he delivered this sermon, "The Christian Church should drop to its knees and beg pardon of God for its cowardice." While the Vichy government allowed 75,000 Jews to go to their deaths and made informing on Jews patriotic, the French police cooperated with the Nazis.

The abandonment of the Jews prompted Elie Wiesel to write "What hurts the victim is not the cruelty of the oppressor, but the silence of the bystander. Villagers in Chambon, armed with their beliefs, in view of storm troopers, saved the lives of 5,000 refugees."

In Le Chambon women played a key role in the rescue. They were faced with the decision to whether or not take a stranger into their



homes whose presence could imperil the lives of their families. The women of Le Chambon were the backbone of much of what occurred there.

Pastor Trocme always responded to calls for help to hide Jews, even if it jeopardized his life, his wife or children, because Huguenots believe in the dignity of all humans, without using their influence to convert Jewish refugees.

Once Chambon became "a city of refuge," they felt compelled to diminish suffering and put into action the principles in which they believed, that faith without works is dead. No violence, not even the violence needed to defeat Hitler, was permissible to them as Christian pacifists.

Trocme told a Vichy official who had threatened him about the sheltering of the Jews: "We do not know what a Jew is," he told him, "we only know men."

Andre Trocme was eventually arrested, and released, without having been persuaded to sign a commitment to follow government orders regarding Jews. Many Jews resided in relative calm until the end of the war, with the aid of local residents.

While Andre was in hiding his wife, Magda, continued taking trips with Jews to neutral Switzerland. Many involved in the rescue efforts received a medal from Yad Vashem that contains a Talmudic saying, "Whoever saves a single life is as one who saved an entire world."

"The responsibility of Christians" they said, in Church after an armistice with Nazi Germany was signed, "is to resist violence through the weapons of the spirit."

A child survivor of the Holocaust, Emmy Award-winning documentary filmmaker Pierre Sauvage was born in Le Chambon, in 1944, when much of his family was being murdered in Nazi death camps. It wasn't until the age of 18 that he learned that he and his family were Jewish and survivors of the Holocaust.

"The Holocaust occurred in Christian Europe aided by the apathy of Christians and a tradition of anti-Semitism infesting the soul of Christianity," he said.

In an interview with Bill Moyers, about his documentary Sauvage said: "Stories like Le Chambon, of rescuers, are a banister kids can hold onto, while looking at evil in this world. If we don't feel deeply that we are capable of good, we will be reluctant to face the extent we are capable of evil."

Life is messy and fabulous... gorgeous and staggering ... and no one gets out of it alive.

(Kris Carr, Crazy Sexy Cancer)

Love in practice is a hard and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams. *(Fyodor Dostoevsky, The*

Brothers Karamazov)

Early in *The Brothers Karamazov*, a wealthy woman asks Staretz Zosima how she can really know that God exists. The Staretz tells her that no explanation or argument can achieve this, only the practice of "active love." He assures her that really there is no other way to know God in reality rather than God as an idea. The woman confesses that sometimes she dreams about a life of loving service to others — she thinks perhaps she will become a Sister of Mercy, live in holy poverty and serve the poor in the humblest way. It seems to her such a wonderful thought. It makes tears come to her eyes. But then it crosses her mind how ungrateful some of the people she is serving are likely to be. They will probably complain that the soup she is serving isn't hot enough or that the bread isn't fresh enough or the bed is too hard and the covers too thin. She confesses to Staretz Zosima that she couldn't bear such ingratitude — and so her dreams about serving others vanish, and once again she finds herself wondering if there really is a God. To this the Staretz responds with the words, **"Love in practice is a hard and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams."** (Jim Forest)



This story concerns a monastery that had fallen upon hard times... Once a great order, as a result of waves of anti-monastic persecution in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the rise of secularism in the nineteenth, all its branch houses were lost and it had become decimated to the extent that there were only five monks left in the decaying mother house: the abbot and four others, all over seventy in age. Clearly it was a dying order.

In the deep woods surrounding the monastery there was a little hut that a rabbi from a nearby town occasionally used for a hermitage. Through their many years of prayer and contemplation the old monks had become a bit psychic, so they could always sense when the rabbi was in his hermitage. "The rabbi is in the woods, the rabbi is in the woods again" they would whisper to each other. As he agonized over the imminent death of his order, it occurred to the abbot at one such time to visit the hermitage and ask the rabbi if by some possible chance he could offer any advice that might save the monastery.

The rabbi welcomed the abbot at his hut. But when the abbot explained the purpose of his visit, the rabbi could only commiserate with him. "I know how it is," he exclaimed. "The spirit has gone out of the people. It is the same in my town. Almost no one comes to the synagogue anymore." So the old abbot and the old rabbi wept together. Then they read parts of the Torah and quietly spoke of deep things. The time came when the abbot had to leave. They embraced each other. "It has been a wonderful thing that we should meet after all these years," the abbot said, "but I have still failed in my purpose for coming here. Is there nothing you can tell me, no piece of advice you can give me that would help me save my dying order?"

"No, I am sorry," the rabbi responded. "I have no advice to give. The only thing I can tell you is that the Messiah is one of you."

When the abbot returned to the monastery his fellow monks gathered around him to ask, "Well what did the rabbi say?" "He couldn't help," the abbot answered. "We just wept and read the Torah together. The only thing he did say, just as I was leaving --it was something cryptic-- was that the Messiah is one of us. I don't know what he meant."

In the days and weeks and months that followed, the old monks pondered this and wondered whether there was any possible significance to the rabbi's words. The Messiah is one of us? Could he possibly have meant one of us monks here at the monastery? If that's the case, which one? Do you suppose he meant the abbot? Yes, if he meant anyone, he probably meant Father Abbot. He has been our leader for more than a generation. On the other hand, he might have meant Brother Thomas. Certainly Brother Thomas is a holy man. Everyone knows that Thomas is a man of light. Certainly he could not have meant Brother Elred! Elred gets crotchety at times. But come to think of it, even though he is a thorn in people's sides, when you look

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

back on it, Elred is virtually always right. Often very right. Maybe the rabbi did mean Brother Elred. But surely not Brother Phillip. Phillip is so passive, a real nobody. But then, almost mysteriously, he has a gift for somehow always being there when you need him. He just magically appears by your side. Maybe Phillip is the Messiah. Of course the rabbi didn't mean me. He couldn't possibly have meant me. I'm just an ordinary person. Yet supposing he did? Suppose I am the Messiah? O God, not me. I couldn't be that much for You, could I?

As they contemplated in this manner, the old monks began to treat each other with extraordinary respect on the off chance that one among them might be the Messiah. And on the off off chance that each monk himself might be the Messiah, they began to treat themselves with extraordinary respect.

Because the forest in which it was situated was beautiful, it so happened that people still occasionally came to visit the monastery to picnic on its tiny lawn, to wander along some of its paths, even now and then to go into the dilapidated chapel to meditate. As they did so, without even being conscious of it, they sensed the aura of extraordinary respect that now began to surround the five old monks and seemed to radiate out from them and permeate the atmosphere of the place. There was something strangely attractive, even compelling, about it. Hardly knowing why, they began to come back to the monastery more frequently to picnic, to play, to pray. They began to bring their friends to show them this special place. And their friends brought their friends. Then it happened that some of the younger men who came to visit the monastery started to talk more and more with the old monks. After a while one asked if he could join them. Then another. And another. So within a few years the monastery had once again become a thriving order and, thanks to the rabbi's gift, a vibrant center of light and spirituality in the realm.

www.IowaPeaceNetwork.org

Check out the new and improved website!

- **Read the dovetail in color**
- **Peace Resource Center Items**
- **News page (politics-election & other)**
- **STRATCOM**
- **Environment**
- **CO and Counter Recruitment**
- **Extensive Non-violent Philosophy Resources**
- **Fun Videos and Movies (Monty Python to Dumpster Diving)**



Banner displayed during Lent of 2008 at the vigil by the Cathedral in Des Moines, IA.

When the Nazis rolled into Austria, Franz Jägerstätter began to voice his opposition to the regime. He reported for military training in 1941 but was able to return after his village petitioned for his release because of his value back home. He had apparently come to new awareness during the training stint. Upon returning he declared that he would not resume military service because Germany was fighting "an unjust war."

He refused to contribute to collections taken up by the Nazis for social causes and he refused to accept normal government allotments for farmers, though his family verged on poverty. Despite his own predicament during that period, he had a reputation for delivering food to needy families.

While (his wife) Franziska tried to change Franz's mind at the start, the letters they exchanged while he was in prison indicate that she came to an understanding of his conviction and supported the action he was taking.

Referring to the stream of arguments he had heard aimed at changing his mind, he wrote, "For instance, one is simply fighting for the German state, inasmuch as Christ commanded that one must obey the secular rulers ... This last part is admittedly true, but I do not believe that Christ ever said that one must obey such rulers when they command something that is actually wicked."

In that same letter he asks, "Can there be any talk of defense of the Fatherland when one invades countries that owe one nothing and robs and murders there? What more can we Catholic Austrians lose if we fight no further for the German state? ... That we Catholics must make ourselves tools of the worst and most dangerous anti-Christian power that has ever existed is something I cannot and never will believe."

We now have an extensive website with all sorts of information on all sorts of topics. We ask that you visit and read. Our goal is to have hard-to-find information available in one spot. www.IowaPeaceNetwork.org

I am out the door to Washington D.C. to attend a trial. Detainees at the U.S. Military Prison in Guantánamo will finally get their day in court on May 27 – Superior Court, in Washington DC. That is when 35 Americans from cities and towns across the country will go on trial for a protest at the U.S. Supreme Court on January 11, 2008. They face charges of either "unlawful free speech" or "causing a harangue" or both. In a new twist on traditional protest, the 35 activists will enter their names as those of actual Guantánamo inmates. On January 11th, they were arrested without their own identification and were taken into custody under the name of a Guantánamo prisoner. This act symbolically grants the Guantánamo prisoners their day in court—which the Pentagon has denied them for years. Representing themselves, the defendants plan on justifying their acts as upholding U.S. law and international human rights and will call witnesses to document the abuses at Guantánamo. We are committed to relationship building through bars, and across oceans, and in spite of torture and government policy that disregards law—with those held without charge and with those holding them—kin is kin, we must claim our own. Following is my favorite Cow-girl poet, Elizabeth Ebert *Crazy Quilt*, who paints as good a picture as any of that which pervades—Violence, Betrayal, Vengeance, Re-mem-bering, Forgiveness and Resurrection. Pray for our brothers at Guantánamo who are jailed without charges—many sold to our government for a \$5000.00 bounty—many children and old men. They are Family...

—Renee Espeland, IPN Coordinator

She never did quite understand
—Just how she chanced to meet
The darkly handsome stranger
—Who swept her off her feet.

He'd come from somewhere farther west
—Said he had a ranch out there.
She never asked about his past.
—Somehow she didn't care.

She ignored the warnings of her friends
—And before the week was through,
She rode away, the brand-new bride
—Of a man she scarcely knew.

She only took one thing with her
—But that one thing meant a lot.
'Twas a fragile china tea set
—With a painted Chinese pot.

He sneered when she unwrapped it
—And he scorned the tea she made,
And his dark and surly silence
—Made her suddenly afraid.

He'd ride off almost every night
—And as her tears would start
She'd warm her hands upon the pot,
—But nothing warmed her heart.

She was glad about the baby,
—Thought perhaps that he might change,
That they'd become a family,
—Make friends there on the range.

But it didn't make the difference
—That she hoped that it might do,
He only grew more secretive
—And the child was sullen too.

He'd leave the ranch to run itself
—And ride off down the trail,
He always wore his pistols,
—and she knew he'd been in jail.

She'd be left alone with just the boy
—Sometimes for days on end.

She hardly ever saw a soul.
—She never had a friend.

And if she dared to question him
—He'd answer angrily.

And once when he had found her
—seeking solace from her tea,

He grabbed the fragile china cup
—And smashed it on the floor,
Then he slapped her and he cursed her
—And he strode out through the door.

As she picked the shattered fragments up
—Her face tear-stained and pale,
She heard the hooves go galloping
—Back down that hell-bent trail.

They brought him home across his horse
—One day a dawn's first light,
Some men she did not recognize,
—They said there'd been a fight.

She asked of them no questions,
—She did not want to know.
She closed the collar 'round his throat
—So the rope-burns wouldn't show.

She dug a grave and buried him
—Back on a little mound.
Wrote his name upon a headboard
—And built a fence around.

For family ties are family ties
—And each must claim his own.
She only wished to shield their son
—For the boy was almost grown.

But he had not died quite soon enough
—for his son had learned his ways.
And he too rode the midnight trails
—And squandered all his days.

They found him with some stolen steers,
—He was guilty they could see.
So with vigilante justice
—They hanged him from a tree.

She came and cut the body down
—And placed it in the plot,
In her mind there was no question
—If there was guilt or not.

She did not make excuses,
—did not condone the sin.
But family ties are family ties,
—And you bury your own kin.

She could not bear to face the dawn.
—She hated sunset more.
She brooded through the daytimes
—And at night she walked the floor.

She railed at God. She bowed in prayer.
—She struggled with her doubt.
Then, one day, she squared her shoulders
—And brought the tea set out.

She washed the thin, translucent cups
—And the painted Chinese pot,
And brewed herself a cup of tea,
—All clear and steaming hot.

She tallied up her losses,
—Neither mother now, nor wife.
Then she pulled the ranch together
—And she built herself a life

And she became a legend
—In the country 'round about.
Her door was always open
—And the welcome mat was out.

She'd stir the fire and brew the tea,
—All clear and steaming hot,
And fill the dainty little cups
—From the painted Chinese pot.

And no one ever laughed or scoffed,
—And no one called her strange.
But those grizzled old cowpunchers,
—The bronc busters off the range,
And the bankers and the buyers
—Of those days that used to be
Would recall with awe the lady
—Who invited them to tea.

This story is a bouquet of three stories about questions retold by Doug Lipman

What is the Problem?

A downcast hasid came to his rebbe. "Rebbe, I am in serious financial trouble."

"So, what is the problem?"

"Rebbe, I lost my job. I lost every job I ever had."

"And why do you keep losing them?"

"Well, whatever job I take, it seems my heart is not really in it."

The rebbe looked hard at his disciple. "You are an outstanding student of the Torah. You work well with people. Why don't you become a rabbi?"

The hasid grimaced. "Rebbe, I have yearned to be a rabbi. But rabbis interpret the Law for people. Their judgments might affect the destiny of a person's soul. I can't be a rabbi. I'm afraid I might make a mistake!"

The rebbe met the hasid's eyes. "So? Who *should* become a rabbi? Someone who is *not* afraid of making a mistake?"

How Do We Know?

Some students of the Baal Shem Tov came to him one day with a question. "Every year we travel here to learn from you. Nothing could make us stop doing that. But we have learned of a man in our own town who claims to be a *tzaddik*, a righteous one. If he is genuine, we would love to profit from his wisdom. But how will we know if he is a fake?"

The Baal Shem Tov looked at his earnest hasidim. "You must test him by asking him a question." He paused. "You have had difficulty with stray thoughts during prayer?"

"Yes!" The hasidim answered eagerly. "We try to think only of our holy intentions as we pray, but other thoughts come into our minds. We have tried many methods not to be troubled by them."

"Good," said the Baal Shem Tov. "Ask him *the* way to stop such thoughts from entering your minds." The Baal Shem Tov smiled. "If he has an answer, he is a fake."

Who Has the Answer?

Some Hasidim of the Maggid of Mezheritz came to him. "Rebbe, we are puzzled. It says in the Talmud that we must thank God as much for the bad days, as for the good. How can that be? What would our gratitude mean, if we gave it equally for the good and the bad?"

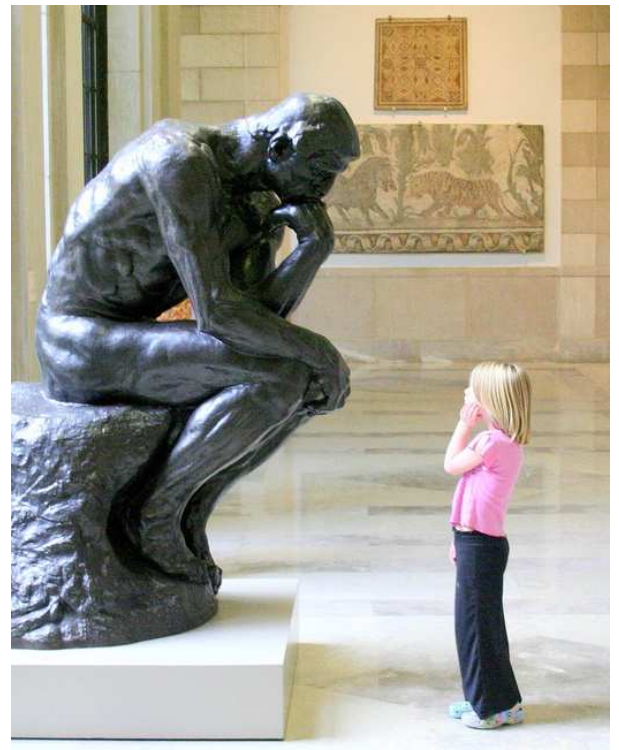
The Maggid replied, "Go to Anapol. Reb Zusya will have an answer for you."

The Hasidim undertook the journey. Arriving in Anapol, they inquired for Reb Zusya. At last, they came to the poorest street of the city. There, crowded between two small houses, they found a tiny shack, sagging with age.

When they entered, they saw Reb Zusya sitting at a bare table, reading a volume by the light of the only small window. "Welcome, strangers!" he said. "Please pardon me for not getting up; I have hurt my leg. Would you like food? I have some bread. And there is water!"

"No. We have come only to ask you a question. The Maggid of Mezheritz told us you might help us understand: Why do our sages tell us to thank God as much for the bad days as for the good?"

Reb Zusya laughed. "Me? I have no idea why the Maggid sent you to me." He shook his head in puzzlement. "You see, I have never had a bad day. Every day God has given to me has been filled with miracles."



Participatory democracy: This concept originates with the People of the Six Nations, better known as the Iroquois Confederacy. It was their model of governance, already in use for 600 years, which provided much of the foundation for the representative democracy created by the founders of this country. Unfortunately, representative democracy is designed specifically to limit the direct participation of the people. As a result we are in our current state, where our representatives in government have aligned themselves, and pledged their allegiance to, a class whose interests differ greatly from those of the people. While our form of democracy is often touted as the “greatest system on earth” it is clear that large portions of society are excluded from participating in this system and prevented from sharing the benefits enjoyed by a select few. We call this exclusionary democracy. This is the type of democracy exercised in this country and it is this kind of democracy that we export to the rest of the world. In fact, besides exporting this exclusionary democracy, our government and corporate media actively attack any expression or appearance of participatory democracy, which serves as a clear indication of the genuine threat it poses to those in power.

On April 21-22, the leaders of Mexico, the United States and Canada met for the 4th Leader’s Summit of the North American Security and Prosperity Partnership (SPP). The SPP is the model being pushed by those who feel threatened by even the limited aspects of representative democracy. The SPP is an executive-level agreement between the 3 countries of North America and it is not subject to Congressional or Parliamentary oversight in any of the countries.

The Security and Prosperity Partnership is a perfect example of the concept of the unitary executive advanced over the past 7 years. The SPP was created in 2005 when the 3 leaders shook on it. This handshake committed the governments of each country to implement a series of agreements that facilitate corporate access to our communities and increase corporate influence on government policies, while limiting the ability of communities to act in their own best interest. This corporate-dominated process is the epitome of attempts to silence the voice of the people.

Input to the SPP is limited only to government bureaucrats and corporate “advisors.” That should be of great concern to the people of all three countries. The SPP is an extension of the failed North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Part of its goal is to eliminate “non-tariff barriers” to trade, that NAFTA left in place. These include product safety regulations and food standards, minimum wage and worker safety laws, environmental protections and other laws and regulations that are designed to protect our communities and to keep in check the voracious appetite for power and profit of corporations. In addition the SPP would place even more public services in the hands of for-profit private entities.

A model of the SPP: New Orleans.

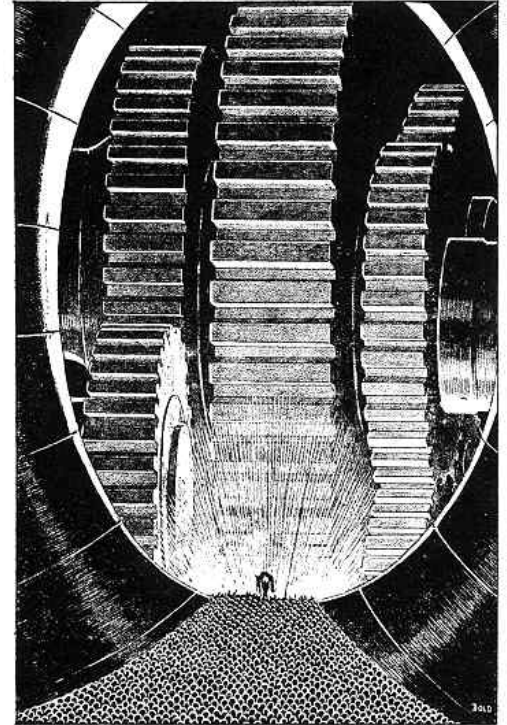
As you know, New Orleans was devastated by hurricane Katrina in 2005. Three years later it has barely recovered. Many residents have not returned and availability of public services has not reached pre-Katrina levels. After Katrina the U.S. government moved to privatize relief and recovery efforts, placing corporate interests in profit above the needs of the residents of New Orleans.

Not only were private firms like Blackwater, Bechtel and Halliburton (do these names sound familiar?) contracted to handle relief efforts, but laws were changed -- or ignored -- such as prevailing wage and minimum wage laws, allowing them to gain even greater profit. Federal procurement laws, designed to support local small and mid-sized businesses were flouted. Many local businesses went under because they were locked out of the recovery. Not only did this shovel more profit to large corporations, but it also forced more residents out of New Orleans because they could not survive economically. The privatized recovery model has facilitated a substantial transfer of wealth and the removal of significant portions of the city’s African-American and poor populations. Efforts are now focused on making New Orleans “business friendly” and building the infrastructure for tourism and development, rather than on meeting the needs of residents and the displaced.

One aspect of free trade agreements that is always present is displacement. In Mexico under NAFTA, more than 3 million farmers have been forced off their lands. Many of these farmers went searching for work in the maquilas, the assembly factories that make up a significant portion of the Mexican economy. Under NAFTA Mexico was supposed to see a boom in production, leading to the creation of many new jobs. That never really happened. Some jobs were created as CEOs in the U.S. closed domestic factories and moved south to take advantage of Mexico’s lower wages and lax regulations.

But they didn’t stick around for long. Even lower wages could be found elsewhere in Central America or in Asia, and factories in Mexico soon closed, leading to another wave of displacement. This led to the massive increase in migration north, where workers seek employment in order to support their families back home. Last year, Mexicans working in the U.S. sent \$24 billion dollars in remittances back home. This amount makes remittances second only to oil in importance to the Mexican economy. That workers have been put in this position by a free trade agreement should make one wonder, **just who does benefit from these agreements?** A look at CEO salaries should help answer that question. According to United for a Fair Economy, (http://www.faireconomy.org/issues/ceo_pay) CEOs in 2006 averaged \$10.8 million dollars in compensation. That works out to \$5400.00 per hour. Another way of looking at it is that CEO compensation was 364 times higher than that of the average worker. Still another way: **the CEO earns in one day, what the average worker earns in a year.**

Excerpted from *Campaign for Labor Rights 4-2008* Jon Hunt www.clrlabor.org



Sacrificing to “The Machine” in John W. Campbell’s story of a computer-reliant alien race.

Pastors for Peace:
The US/Cuba Friendship Caravan Campaign

With each Friendship caravan, with each successive effort to challenge the US economic blockade of Cuba, the US government has been compelled to back down, to relent, to soften its enforcement of the blockade. Active nonviolence and educational speaking engagements have been a winning strategy.

Join in Fellowship and Discussion
Saturday, June 21st. (call 515-255-7114 or 515-664-1326 for time)
West Des Moines United Methodist
8th and Grand Ave, Des Moines

Return Service Requested

Iowa Peace Network
4211 Grand Ave.
Des Moines, IA 50312

Non-Profit Org.
US Postage PAID
Des Moines, IA
Permit No. 1415

Pastors for Peace:
The US/Cuba Friendship Caravan Campaign

The US embargo of Cuba causes shortages of food, medicine and other important supplies for eleven million people. The embargo is an immoral policy that uses hunger and disease as political weapons.

IFCO/Pastors for Peace works with the Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Center in Havana, the Cuban Council of Churches and a distribution committee with representatives from ten different Cuban denominations to deliver US-Cuba Friendship shipments. These humanitarian aid shipments mitigate the impact of the embargo and mobilize thousands of US citizens in favor of an alternative. We call for an end to the embargo and normalization of relations between our two countries.

With each Friendship caravan, with each successive effort to challenge the US economic blockade of Cuba, the US government has been compelled to back down, to relent, to soften its enforcement of the blockade. Active nonviolence and educational speaking engagements have been a winning strategy.

Join in Fellowship and Discussion
Saturday, June 21st. (call 515-255-7114 or 515-664-1326 for time)
West Des Moines United Methodist
8th and Grand Ave, Des Moines