

FCC- SEEKING SOLID GROUND

Joan R. Brady – 3/15/17

VOICES

Paul Tillich 1945...

“I have seen much cynicism, particularly among younger people the younger people in Europe before the war. But I know from abundant witnesses that this cynicism vanished when the foundations of the world began to shake at the beginning of the European catastrophe.”

This was the time when troops came home from WW II, the Japanese were freed from the interment camps, people married, the ‘boomers’ began to be born, suburbs were the dream, movies were ‘better than ever’ and McCarthy happened, and ‘are you now are have you ever been’ became the new mantra of expulsion/exposure. Then Korea (1950-1953) ...then civil rights and “We Will Overcome” (1954) became the new cry, as the shadow of Vietnam (1955) continued to grow darker and darker.

Martin Luther King 1965...

“A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death.”

In 1963 President John F. Kennedy was assassinated.... the Johnson years began...the civil rights act (1964) was signed...and flower children found their way to San Francisco and danced in the Haight with the Diggers serving free food and other forms of mental enlightenment/stimulation in Golden Gate Park, all the while offering places for young men trying to escape the draft hide from the escalating Vietnam War, all amid cries of “Hell no I won’t go.” into a building counter-culture intensity, while people marched in protest of all wars...in increasing numbers.

In 1968, first, Martin Luther King was assassinated, then two months later, Robert F. Kennedy was as well...and cocaine began to be the drug of choice for the Haight and the intensity seemed to deflate into the ‘ 1970’s...and Vietnam ended in 1975.... and the flower children vanished into varied worlds...and we all seemed to draw back into ourselves...in a way or another...or so it felt.

Ismael Ruiz-Millan 2012...

“Something that personally impacted my life was that in the two occasions that we went to the desert, the people that guided us said they did not consider themselves religious as Christians. However, one of them said he would not mind dying in the desert or going to jail if he could help an immigrant...one of them said something like this, for me a moral law is greater for me than any human law, for me the preservation of life comes before human law.”

Now, in this new Century, the winds of change blow cold again with renewed energy, and new voices speak of connection/recognition that echo/expand upon what has come before and what is happening. This a new cry that tells us we are all connected in ways that must be honored to sustain/maintain both physical and spiritual life...and in these voices, the sounds of hope begin again...and, again, they echo...this time in a well remembered Woman's voice.... forever spanning time....

Maya Angelou 2005, from her poem, AMAZING PEACE: A CRISTMAS POEM...

We, Angels and Mortal's, Believers and Non-Believers,
Look heavenward and speak the word aloud,
Peace. We look at our world and speak the word aloud.
Peace. We look at each other, then into ourselves
And we say without shyness or apology or hesitation.

Peace, My Brother.

Peace, My Sister.

Peace, My Soul.

Joan R. Brady 3/14/17