PLUMB LINE
Elizabethtown College Alumni Peace Fellowship Newsletter
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Violence in *American Sniper* and *Selma*

Dr. Michael McKeever

This issue's feature article was written by Dr. Michael McKeever, professor of New Testament and chair of Biblical and Theological Studies at Judson University in Elgin, Illinois. Additionally, Dr. McKeever serves as director of Reel Conversations: The Judson University Film Series. Recently ordained in the Church of the Brethren, Dr. McKeever and his family were drawn to the denomination's Anabaptist heritage and long-time commitment to the ways of peace and nonviolence.

American Sniper and *Selma* were two of the most highly acclaimed and ardently discussed films of 2014. Both films attempt to depict heroism and bravery confronting evil in violent contexts. Yet the role that violence plays in these films is radically different and is worthy of consideration in regard to their respective moral frameworks, depictions of the enemy, and aftermath.

Moral Frameworks

American Sniper does not significantly delve into Chris Kyle's own formative thinking. If Kyle's faith was a significant component of his service, it is not explored deeply in the film. The film's principal lens for understanding Kyle's moral outlook is a dinner table discourse by Kyle's father. "Now some people prefer to believe that evil doesn't exist in the world … those are the sheep. And then you got predators who use violence to prey on the weak. They're the wolves. And then there are those who have been blessed with the gift of aggression, and the overpowering need to protect the flock. These men are the rare breed that live to confront the wolf. They are the sheepdog."

Eastwood's film portrays Kyle as that "rare breed" who defends his country and protects his fellow soldiers. As Kyle describes it, the rules of engagement at the outset of the Iraq war provided little ethical framework. "If you see anyone from about sixteen to sixty-five and they're male, shoot 'em. Kill every male you see. That wasn't the official language, but that was the idea." Neither the film nor his memoir explores further personal developments in this regard.

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About this issue

One day after Christmas - 26 December 2014 - the *New York Times* featured a story, beginning on page 1, about the writing spawned by the Iraq and Afghanistan wars. Novels, short stories, memoirs, some by men, some by women, this work is raw and unflinching, eloquent, dark, powerful. All of it at close range, tactile, hands-on.

The *Plumb Line* staff has asked four Alumni Peace Fellowship members to review four of these works. ***The Forever War,*** *by Dexter Filkins*, reviewed by Editor Joel Kline, '71, combines a reporter's legwork "with a novelistic understanding of the human sorrow and unbearableness of war." (NYT) Professor of Religious Studies, Emeritus, Gene Clemens has reviewed *Brian Caster's memoir* ***The Long Walk***, an account of postwar efforts to cope with a traumatic brain injury suffered from exposure to countless bomb blasts. *Kayla Williams' memoir* ***Plenty of Time When We Get Home: Love and Recovery in the Aftermath of War***, reviewed by Mary K. Bucher, '62, is a woman's story of empowerment and self-discovery. And *Plumb Line* former editor Jean Roland Moyer, '53, introduces a book of 28 poems by *Frances Richey,* mother of a soldier deployed to Iraq. ***The Warrior: A Mother's Story of a Son at War*** poses questions which are our own.

In featuring these four reviews, *Plumb Line* chooses to lay open the suffering of war, where we see it for what it is. Knowing that without gestation of darkness, nothing comes to birth, we seek to bring darkness into the light of truth.

- Nancy Neiman-Hoffman '55
Editorial Staff

reviewed by
Joel Kline '71

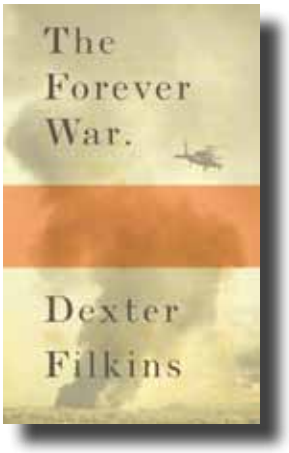
BOOK REVIEW

The Forever War *by Dexter Filkins*

Filkins' book does not glorify the violence of war, nor does it gloss over that violence. Instead, it offers a remarkably honest portrayal of the war's impact upon both soldiers and civilians, upon Americans who would eventually leave the war-torn lands and Iraqis and Afghanis who would remain to cope with the aftermath of war's fear and destruction. This candid portrayal is offered through the lens of one who cares deeply about the land and the people of Afghanistan and Iraq. A former *New York Times* reporter, Filkins spent many years in the two countries, observing of Afghanistan, "In my many trips [there], I grew to adore the place, for its beauty and its perversions, for the generosity of its people in the face of the madness. The brutality one could witness in the course of a working day was often astonishing, the casualness of it more so; and the way the brutality had seeped into every corner of human life was a thing to behold. And yet somewhere, deep down, a place in the heart stayed tender" (p. 23). Of Iraq Filkins writes, "As much as I hated arriving, I hated leaving more. After so long I'd become part of the place, part of the despair, part of the death and the bad food and the heat and the sandy-colored brown of it. I felt I understood its complications and its paradoxes and even its humor, felt a jealous brotherhood with everyone who was trying to keep it from sinking even deeper" (p. 147).

Filkins' account is frequently disturbing, yet occasionally uplifting. In the midst of war's complexities and madness and despair, we nevertheless periodically glimpse places in the heart that do indeed remain tender. While providing vignettes of persons deeply scarred by the seemingly "forever war," Filkins portrays honest reflection and intense yearning. An American solider who confesses, "It's a little sobering. When you're training for this, you joke about it, you can't wait for the real thing. Then when you see it, when you see the real thing, you never want to see it again" (Captain Saul Aguilar, p. 93). In an early chapter describing Iraq as a "land of sorrow and hope," Filkins tells the heartbreaking story of Yacob Yusef, whose brother vanished during the days of Saddam Hussein. Several weeks later Yacob received a call from a government official urging him to come and get the body of his executed brother, but not before being required to pay for the bullets used in the execution. Writes Filkins, "Iraq was filled with people like Yacob Yusef. They weren't survivors as much as they were leftovers. The ruined byproducts of terrible times" (p. 72). Yet after the fall of Hussein, civil war exploded and heartbreak only multiplied as "Iraq became a theater of revenge, each murder inspiring another and then another" (p. 77). Sadly, American leadership seldom grasped the complexities of the situation, with Filkins observing of the challenging interactions between the Americans and Iraqis, "The Iraqis lied to the Americans, no question. But the worst lies were the ones Americans told themselves, They believed them because it was convenient—and because not to believe them was too horrifying to think about" (p. 130).

Filkins' writings serve as a powerful reminder of the hard work of peacemaking, work that seems almost ludicrous in the face of the immensities of human cruelty in the midst of seemingly forever war, yet work desperately needed if our world is to endure. Filkins' voice is a courageous one, reminding readers of the human costs of war and inviting us to engage realities we would rather not encounter.



reviewed by
Gene Clemens

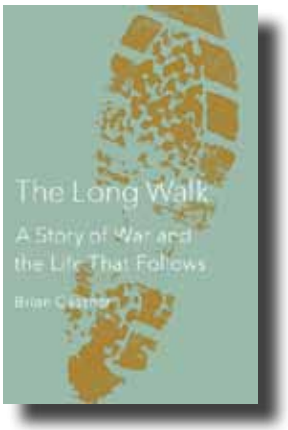
BOOK REVIEW

The Long Walk: A Story of War and the Life That Follows

by Brian Castner

With deftness and empathy Castner articulates the psychological damage produced by persistent exposure to violence. To this condition he gives the name, "The Crazy." Emotionally raw in word and deed, language and description, the book removes the patriotic façade to war, revealing the ghastly invisible costs in dehumanization.

A graduate of Marquette University with an electrical engineering degree, the author served three tours of duty in the Middle East, two of them in Iraq. Rising to the rank of Captain, Castner served as the head of an Explosive Ordinance Disposal unit. The principal responsibility was to defuse and destroy the insurgency's bombs, by remote control, if possible, and by "The Long Walk," when necessary. Heavily suited, the technician walks the path of ultimate terror, possible death, to disarm the device by hand. Improvised Explosive Devices (IEDs) were prolific and ubiquitous, requiring up to six defusings per day.



The narration is surrealistically blurred, a mélange of scenes, sensations and sentiments, an interspersion of experience and memory. Mingling a compelling love of life with the conditioning required by war, the result is a psychological horror show. A country in chaos is reflected in the mirror of one soul. A series of prime metaphors knits together the pathology: The Box, Soft Sand, The Rifle, Foot in the Box. "The Crazy" is the product of the Box of militarization in collision with the best in us all.

One reviewer makes reference to Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, likening the import of the two books. The dedication of the earlier work could well be Castner's: "It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the war." Between the Great War and Iraq lies Vietnam. Have we learned nothing? That military occupation of another country cannot generate democracy and that the cruelty inflicted upon both sides outweighs the good of our intentions? The first is a perversion of patriotism, the second, an abandonment of our humanity. The Nazis burned All Quiet; we must not ignore the lesson of Iraq.

Did the makers of the Iraq War have these costs in consideration, when they spoke so glibly of "flowers and welcome embraces"? Brian serves as a surrogate for all who suffered. If we cannot identify with the Brians of The Long Walk, have we not lost the capacity to feel? Only now by taking a walk with the author can the reader comprehend the horror we inflicted upon so many. The book allows us to regain the moral sensitivity we lost in the explosive might of war. Understanding is better served by empathy than by judgment.

May you read it yourself on the way to our nation's salvation.

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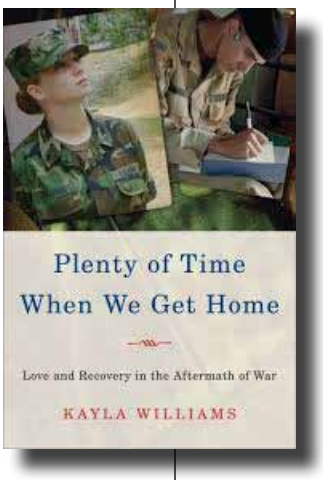
reviewed by
Mary K. Bucher '62

BOOK REVIEW

Plenty of Time When We Get Home:
Love and Recovery in the Aftermath of War *by Kayla Williams*

Are you or have you been a female member of the military? Is full-time caregiving a life journey for you? Have you had a dream for your future only to lose it when "life comes at you fast" in the form of an unexpected tragedy? Well, all this, and more, is true for Kayla Williams, the author of *Plenty of Time When We Get Home: Love and Recovery in the Aftermath of War*.



Female Iraqi war combat vet? Check. She fell in love with a fellow soldier who then sustained a TBI (traumatic brain injury) and, upon his return to the States, exhibited all the nightmarish symptoms of PTSD. Bewildered but determined caregiver? Check. Kayla tells her story not only of the horrors of being in combat, but also the mind-blowing challenges of a female member of the male-dominated military. Then to top off what she had experienced in Iraq, Kayla suffered the shame, struggles, overwhelming barriers and deficits in aftermath of service upon returning to the States. In addition, her efforts to help Brian, the man she loved, were constantly thwarted by inept, insensitive, and woefully unprepared bureaucrats in the system that was designed to aid just such vets!

Kayla, SPC, a linguist in Arabic, and Brian, an Army Sergeant, met on a mountainside in Iraq in 2003. They were immediately attracted and hoped to continue a relationship after service. One whose dreams were shattered in a battlefield injury? Check. Brian came home to a hospital and Kayla sought him out, not knowing about his injuries. From their reconnection on, we see the ups and downs, crisis upon crisis, and emotional roller coaster of two people trying to build a life after war but getting little help from the society for whom they had served or from the government and military organization that should have been their support system.

Though some readers may be turned off by the language initially, they will find that the soul, the strengths, and the commitment of this remarkable young woman shine through again and again. We want to see this couple overcome and find happiness. Kayla loves Brian, she desires a life with him, they both want a family together, and to get there they must walk "through the valley of the shadow of death."

By sheer willpower and refusal to give up, Brian and Kayla find ways not only to begin to recover individually but also, as a team, to seek solutions to the problems veterans confront at home. Their goal? It is that others will find help for recovery, a home with support systems, and hope for a better future.

In the words of Leonard Cohen's poem entitled "Anthem":

Ring the bells that still can ring.
Forget your perfect offering.
There is a crack in everything.
That's how the light gets in.

2015 Peace Fellow Residency

The Elizabethtown College Alumni Peace Fellowship is pleased to announce that Dr. Celia Cook-Huffman is the 2015 Peace Fellow. Dr. Cook-Huffman, W. Clay and Kathryn H. Burkholder Professor of Conflict Resolution at Juniata College, will speak about issues of identity and conflict, gender and conflict, as well as about her recent travel to Rwanda exploring post conflict peace building efforts. She will be on campus giving her first lecture at 7:30 pm on the 3rd of November as well as a second lecture, Wednesday at 11:00 am on November 4th. These lectures are free and open to the public.

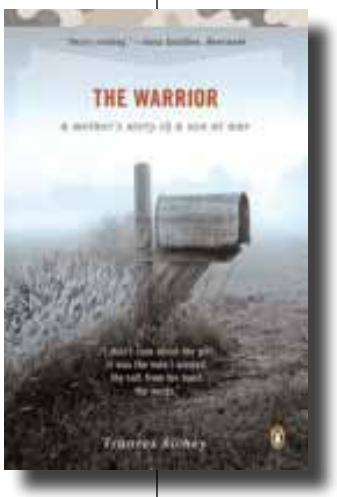
reviewed by
Jean Roland Moyer '54

BOOK REVIEW

The Warrior (A Mother's Story of a Son at War) *by Frances Richey*

The Warrior (A Mother's Story of a Son at War) is a book of twenty-eight poems, the intense and personal journey of Frances Richey, whose beloved only son, Ben, a West Point graduate and a Green Beret, has left for the first of his two deployments to Iraq. At the heart of the verses is a mother's love for her son, even though she is personally opposed to the war and struggles to understand his choice to be a soldier. The poems were composed as a way of bridging the distance between herself and Ben, and to witness to the agony of waiting and trying to understand the danger and mystery of her son's new life as a warrior.

The reviews on the back cover sing with praise. Victoria Redel writes: "From Richey's first poem in *The Warrior* we are on a mother's tour of duty—hovering, protecting, weeping, and trying to make sense of war and her son's enlistment as a soldier. These poems are made with the ferocity and delicacy of mother love. They shine and cry out." Other reviewers comment: "Robust and tenderhearted . . . *The Warrior's* genius is the marriage of an astute intellect and simple beauty . . . Lyrical, moving, full of insight and devoid of easy answers."



And there are no easy answers to the questions Richey poses with such passion throughout the book. In the first poem, "The Aztec Empire," she hears an unfamiliar voice in her head: "Listen, dearie, there is no world without war." "Does this mean there can only be a world if there is killing?" she ponders.

As she tells of the blood sacrifices of the Aztecs, she describes an Eagle Warrior drinking the sacrificial blood and makes this poignant observation, connecting both the Aztec and her son:

> Before he was a warrior, he was a boy;
> before he drank blood, he drank milk.

The second poem, "The Barn Swallows," describes her questions at Ben's graduation day from West Point. As Frances watched each new lieutenant shake the hand of the Secretary of Defense, she wondered:

> What had drawn them to this moment,
> the red sash and the saber?
> What had drawn my son to this life?
> Where had it come from,
> his certainty of purpose?

"One Week Before Deployment" tells of the packing, the planning, the inventory of items to be taken to Iraq, interspersed with the mother's agonized thoughts: These don't belong to me . . . I have no place here. This is not my life.. . He can't bear my worry. Like the rucksack he carries on his back, it seems to suck the life out of him.

The author has received many messages from people whose lives have been blessed by her book. She and her son have been drawn closer together as the poetry helped him understand the agony his mother was experiencing. Any person who has a loved one in a place of danger can identify with Richey's fierce love expressed in "Letters 2," a poem chosen by Nicholas
Kristof for publication in his op-ed column, "The Poets of War" in the *New York Times*:

> Last Mother's Day, when
> he was incommunicado,
> nothing came.
> Three days later, a message
> in my box; a package,
> the mail room closed.
> I went out into the lobby,
> banged my fist against
> the desk. When they
> gave it to me, I clutched it
> to my chest, sobbing
> like an animal.
> I spoke to no one,
> did not apologize.
> I didn't care about the gift.
> It was the note I wanted,
> the salt from his hand,
> the words.

The Warrior is a book to be read for the beauty and intensity of the words, for the questions it raises about the whys and ways of war, and to experience one woman's pain, pride, and powerful love for her warrior son. Stephen J. Dubner notes that Fran Richey has "written some of the most powerful stories I've ever encountered. It is obvious that her life was changed by living these poems; yours may well be changed by reading them."

VIOLENCE *continued from p. 1*

Martin Luther King's moral framework is better understood, having been written about by King and his biographers at different points in his life. The Sermon on the Mount's assertion that suffering wrong is ultimately more powerful than violence was a central influence on King, both directly and indirectly through Tolstoy's influence on Gandhi.

Yet King did not initially determine to confront evil as a doctrinaire pacifist. He wrote about how he shared the moral struggles that Christian non-pacifists confront. However, he emerged from the struggle as a committed pacifist and this informed his later thinking about war. As King states in Testament of Hope, "I'm committed to nonviolence absolutely. I'm just not going to kill anybody, whether it's in Vietnam or here….I plan to stand by nonviolence because I have found it to be a philosophy of life that regulates not only my dealings in the struggle for racial justice but also my dealings with people, with my own self."

In *Selma* we witness that King's developing understanding of nonviolence as a "courageous confrontation of evil by the power of love" is not rigidly deployed but evolving. When the second march advanced across the Edmund Pettus bridge toward state troopers, King pauses for prayer and discerns the wisdom of a retreat to the churches. As theologian Stanley Hauerwas has stated, nonviolent action requires "prophetic insight into timing and symbolism" to be successful.

Contrary to homespun homilies such as Kyle's father that some people are sheep who "will prefer to believe that evil doesn't exist in the world," and despite theological critiques such as that of Reinhold Niebuhr that pacifists must abandon attempts to achieve justice, King was successful in bringing nonviolent action to confront evil and injustice. King recorded the progression of his developing ethic in "Pilgrimage to Nonviolence." "Living through the actual experience of the protest, nonviolence became more than a method to which I gave intellectual assent; it became a commitment to a way of life. Many issues I had not cleared up intellectually concerning nonviolence were now solved in the sphere of practical action."

Depictions of "The Enemy"

American Sniper presents Kyle's story and the American mission in a manner that avoids self-criticism, yet the enemy is depicted as categorically evil and typically nameless. The only exception is a typecast villain, Mustafa, an Olympic sharpshooter who always dresses in black and who never utters a word. In this sense Eastwood's film and Kyle's memoir are more closely aligned. "Savage, despicable evil. That's what we were fighting in Iraq. . . . I only wish I had killed more." *American Sniper* does not present Iraqis as complex human beings or include a glimpse of their experience of the war. Empathy is reserved for Kyle, his fellow soldiers, and the suffering they endured.

Selma does not pull any punches when depicting the evil of white racists either. King is literally sucker-punched by a white man when arriving at his Selma hotel. Ample attention is given to Alabama state troopers and horseback riders brutally attacking the unarmed and peaceful marchers on "Bloody Sunday."

Yet the film is not uneven in its portrayal of race. King is not depicted beyond human flaw, many whites are shown joining the marchers in response to brutality, and James Reeb, a white Unitarian minister, is murdered because of his solidarity with blacks. Though the portrayal of President Johnson as both manipulator and ally is the most complex and debated feature of the film, he ultimately provides federal protection for the marchers and has introduced the Voting Rights Act by the final march.

As King notes in his last speech from the Montgomery Capitol steps, the enemy targeted by nonviolent resistance was not white people but the forces of evil and injustice that also victimize the oppressor. Indeed, love of enemy is a hallmark of nonviolent resistance. It not only refuses violence but also refuses to hate one's enemy-neighbor. Nonviolent resistance is meant to bring about an end to hate as well as the reconciliation and redemption of those who have been the oppressor.

Aftermath

Trauma can be characterized as any experience that makes a person feel his or her life or the life of a loved one is in serious danger. This theme is partially explored in both films through the family difficulties and strained relationships that develop in the wake of battle. However, post-traumatic stress is not discussed in Kyle's memoir. In the film he is depicted as receiving a measure of treatment but largely overcoming through his own resiliency and mentorship of wounded veterans. Nevertheless, in the end, it wasn't "savage" Iraqis that killed Chris Kyle but a fellow veteran suffering PTSD who shot him at a Texas gun range. In the film the aftermath of violent conflict is implied but quickly redirected to a montage of Kyle's real-life funeral.

Though the struggle for civil rights would ultimately take the life of Martin Luther King, *Selma* is not the story of a

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ECAPF Profiles

Linda Barnes '67

Highlights of my Elizabethtown College years included our homecoming play "Joan of Lorraine" where Joan says: "We all give our lives for what we believe. Some believe in little or nothing, but they give their lives for that little or nothing." My aim to act for peace in the world began very early, with service projects through my church youth group. After college, teaching in an inner city elementary school was another attempt to help. Traveling in Europe, I participated in an international American Friends Service Committee project. Later, I taught in a two-room school in rural VT.

My Christian faith is the foundation of my strength and my capacity to love. While ordination had not been open to me in the church of my childhood, at age 36 I entered Andover Newton Theological School and became an ordained United Church of Christ pastor. My emphasis is nurturing inner freedom and peace as well as faithful actions. I became a trained spiritual director through Mercy Center, Madison, CT.

My pastoral work included congregations in Silver Spring, Md., Greenfield Mass., Franklin and Colchester, CT. On August 1, 2015 I will be retiring, exactly 9 years after arriving here at the Colchester Federated Church, and exactly 30 years since beginning my first pastoral position. In retirement I hope to continue some pastoral activity, spiritual direction work, and see family. My daughter Medora is a tenured sociology professor at John Carroll University. My daughter Julia is an artist and Adelphi University professor.

As for my dog in the photo: Having a dog is important to me. I'm generally a happier person when I'm with my dog. He keeps me active walking in the woods, and connected to nature's energy in a fuller way.

Kathryn Anderson Kuo '04

It took me a while to appreciate Elizabethtown. While there, I had my ups and downs: loyal friends, fantastic professors — but loneliness and disappointments, too. In the intervening years, however, I've become more and more grateful for the ways I was known, loved, and transformed there. My religious studies and art professors, the Office of Religious Life, and my peers introduced me to thought-provoking ideas and challenged me to be true to my faith and its implications for my life.

After graduation, I spent a year volunteering with migrant workers and immigrants. After studying pastoral ministry at Boston College, I worked in social justice education and disaster relief at Catholic Charities in Houma, Louisiana, followed by a year as a community organizer in Manhattan before moving to campus ministry at Fordham University. I believe that the most important peacemaking work I am doing is the art of building relationships. Whether by getting much-needed disaster supplies to an isolated Native American community in Louisiana, making friends with migrant workers from Guatemala, or mentoring students, I believe that the relationships that I have built by being genuine, honest, and compassionate are cultivating shalom in our world. What's wonderful is that anyone, no matter how small or unimportant, has the ability to build peace in this way. I have Etown to thank for that perspective.

At my ten year reunion, I finally made it to a meeting of the alumni peace fellowship, and I was encouraged by others who are committed explicitly and centrally to peacebuilding. As I walked across campus, reflecting on what I had heard, I felt completely, totally myself. I felt so at home.

ECAPF Profiles *continued*

Andrew Wagner '71

The years I attended Elizabethtown College (1967 - 1971) the Vietnam War was at its zenith. Along with stories from the war, the conflict between anti-war protestors and the Establishment was evident nightly on TV news broadcasts.

Raised in a family where uncritical trust of authority was expected, I lent my vocal support to the Establishment. To demonstrate my support, after graduation I joined the Marine Corps. After Officer Candidate School I was commissioned and spent the next three years on active duty. I had no "aha" moment during those three years. But slowly, over the next 20-25 years I began to take the advice Thomas Jefferson had given his nephew, "Question Everything."

I thought we as a country had learned our lesson from the Vietnam War. Fifty thousand plus killed, thousands more wounded and mentally scarred, the country polarized. (Not to mention the dead and wounded Vietnamese and their way of life.) It took years but the country healed and some of us did learn a lesson. I now ask: why did Vietnam occur? What caused 9/11? Why did we invade Afghanistan and Iraq? Why is there now serious talk about American involvement in Syria and Ukraine? Where does it end?

Prior to the American Revolution, there was a religious movement called the "Great Awakening," fueled mainly by itinerant preacher George Whitefield. Many historians believe this was one of the catalysts that let to the Revolution because it helped people to realize their rights come from God, not the Crown. John Adams in 1813 wrote, "The Revolution was affected before the war commenced. The Revolution was in the hearts and minds of the people, a change in their religious sentiment of their duties and obligations."

For peace to occur we need another Great Awakening to bring the population to its senses, to demand a return home of all US military forces, and an end to American hegemony.

VIOLENCE *continued from p. 6*

lone hero. At the film's end King addresses thousands from the steps of the State Capitol and speaks of their assured victory as the fates of him and other marchers are displayed on the screen. Some were also killed, some achieved the dream of voting, and others became well known leaders. As King relates in his memoir, Stride toward Freedom, this was not just his story but also the "chronicle of 50,000 Negroes who took to heart the principles of nonviolence, who learned to fight for their rights with the weapon of love, and who, in the process, acquired a new estimate of their own human worth."

New Chairperson Chosen

The Governing Board of the Elizabethtown College Alumni Peace Fellowship is pleased to announce that Charles Wilson, '69, has been chosen to serve as the board's chairperson. Following is Charlie's response to his selection, in which he speaks eloquently of his connections with Elizabethtown College and his commitment to peacemaking and social justice:

"Thank you for the honor of nomination to chair Elizabethtown College Alumni Peace Fellowship. The Peace Fellowship is an important connection for me to Elizabethtown College.

My days at E-town began in 1967. I arrived with a Conscientious Objector status but was not a member of the Church of the Brethren. Quickly I leaned to appreciate the tradition of peace which guided the church and the college. The late '60s were a time of great conflict and we organized groups such as Project Viet Nam and Thrust to give a voice to students and others who opposed the war in Southeast Asia. The support of many in the administration and on the faculty at the college was important for us. After graduation I taught school in inner-city Baltimore and tried to use lessons in peacemaking and social justice that Elizabethtown College had given me.

About five years ago I became aware of the ECAPF. I became a member of the Residency Committee. For the last three years I have served on the Governing Board. Building on the work of the group's founders, ECAPF has an important role in the E-town family. It connects alumni of all ages and beliefs as it witnesses on campus and in the community to promote peace and social justice. With past accomplishments and with the assistance of our new five-year plan we will be able to expand membership and to become a stronger beacon of peace in a world that needs more gentle light."