



Is Peace Possible?

A Worship Service by the REV. JEFF BRIERE

Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga

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Good morning and welcome to the Unitarian Universalist Church of Chattanooga. My name is Jeff Briere and I am the minister of this church. Before we begin, I must say something about coffee. Specifically, spilled coffee. More specifically, coffee spilled on the carpet in this sanctuary.

A couple weeks ago, someone brought coffee into the sanctuary in one of the new spill-proof mugs we provide for that purpose, which was fine. But he or she didn't use a lid, thereby defeating the purpose of the mug. And of course, the mug was knocked over. And no one did anything about it until after the service, which gave the coffee stain a long time to set.

You may know Uncle Paul, he of the sunny disposition and smiling face. Uncle Paul is the building deity of this church. We don't exactly worship him, but you know how deities are. They must be placated, so we pray to him a lot. Well, the spilled coffee put a dark cloud over Uncle Paul's head, but he didn't let it ruin his day. He came to me and tried to ruin my day, but I didn't let him do that. I promised I would speak with you about it. So here I am. And I am not out to ruin your day.

Uncle Paul is about ready to forbid coffee in the sanctuary. I don't know how he would enforce that, and I don't want to find out. I can't prohibit the faithful from drinking their sacramental wine.

So here's the deal. Drink your coffee. But put a lid on it.

Nuff sed. Let's begin with Hymn 100, "Peace Like a River."

HYMN 100, Peace Like a River

I've got peace like a river
I've got peace like a river
I've got peace like a river in my soul

I've got joy like a fountain
I've got joy like a fountain
I've got joy like a fountain in my soul

I've got love like an ocean
I've got love like an ocean
I've got love like an ocean in my soul

I've got pain like an arrow
I've got pain like an arrow
I've got pain like an arrow in my soul

I've got tears like the raindrops
I've got tears like the raindrops
I've got tears like the raindrops in my soul

I've got strength like a mountain
I've got strength like a mountain
I've got strength like a mountain in my soul.

GREETINGS

BONNY. Thanks so much for joining us in worship today. We hope you find the service rewarding and that you leave here inspired and uplifted. And thank you so much for helping to create a reverent atmosphere during *Connections*.

If you have a particular **joy or sorrow** or something you'd like added to the prayer of the people, please clearly write it on an index card and drop it in the basket back there. You may sign it or not, as you wish.

Shortly after the service ends today, we will have our **Annual Easter Egg Hunt**. I encourage all the children and their parents to join in the fun. I believe it will happen right out here around the playground. And maybe a little bit beyond.

Also after the service, at about 2 pm, **the Art of Living** will offer a free mind and meditation seminar to introduce the class they will offer later in May. During the 90-minute session this afternoon, breathing techniques, relaxation issues and other ideas to focus your energies on living will be presented.

We are grateful that Kate Briere provided **the peace plant** that graces our altar this morning. Thank you.

A complete listing of announcements is included with the bulletin. The best way to find out what's happening around here is to sign up for a weekly e-mail. To do that, please see Chris in the office.

The children have been ringing Charlotte's Bells in rehearsal for several weeks now. Led by maestro Kay McCurdy, they are pleased to present an Easter anthem taken from our hymnal and arranged by Kate Briere. This is "Alleluia! Sang Stars."

PRELUDE: *Alleluia! Sang Stars*

LIGHTING THE CHALICE

Mary Hunter, would you light our chalice, please? The words to accompany the lighting of our chalice come from Alan Paton. Your words are in italics.

O Lord, open my eyes that I may see the needs of others;
open my ears that I may hear their cries;
open my heart so that they are not without succor.

*Let me not be afraid to defend the weak
because of the anger of the strong,
nor afraid to defend the poor
because of the anger of the rich.*

Show me where
love and hope and faith are needed,
and use me to bring them to those places.

*And so open my eyes and my ears
that I may this coming day
be able to do some work of peace
for the people.*

STORY: Sun and Rain

It was pouring down rain when Jake awoke on Monday morning. He dragged himself out of bed and pulled back the curtain of his window to look out at the street. "I hate rainy days!" Jake moaned.

When Jake went to the breakfast table, his dad knew that he was unhappy. "What's wrong, Jake? Get up on the wrong side of the bed this morning?" his dad teased.

"It's raining! That's what's wrong," Jake snarled.

"I'll get all wet going to school. We won't be able to go outside at recess. And our baseball game this afternoon will be cancelled." Jake played with his breakfast because he was too unhappy to eat.

When the school bus came, Jake ran through the rain and caught it. But he did not like it. He was unhappy all day long. And everyone around him knew it.

That same morning, three doors down from Jake, Riley awoke to hear the rain pounding on her roof, too. "Yipee! A rainy day. I love rainy days!" Riley exclaimed. Riley hopped out of bed and ran to the window to look outside. She watched the big raindrops splashing on the street. "I can wear my rain slicker and boots, and I can splash puddles on the way to school!" Riley cheered. "If it is still raining

when I get home this afternoon, I can curl up in my window seat and read a book while I listen to the rain."

At the breakfast table, Riley was jubilant. "My, someone is happy today," Riley's mother said. "You must have had very pleasant dreams."

"It's raining! That's why I'm happy," Riley smiled. "I love rainy days."

Riley couldn't wait to put on her rain slicker and boots. All the way to school, she splashed rain puddles in the streets, and that afternoon, on the way home from school, she splashed them again. After getting an after-school snack, she ran up to her room and curled up on her window seat with a storybook and blanket and listened to the big raindrops go pitter-patter on the windowpane.

So what about you? Do you like rainy days? Do you hate rainy days?

This really isn't a story about rainy days and sunny days. Do you know what this story is really about?

It's about finding something worthwhile in every day, in every situation. You're always gonna have things that you don't particularly like. That's part of life. Your reaction is more important. If you remain positive about the day or whatever, you'll be a lot happier and everyone around you will also be happier.

Thanks for listening to my story about the sun and the rain. You can go to your classes now.

CHILDREN'S RECESSINAL

We hold you in our love

as you go, as you go
May your heart
be at peace as you go.

To nurture the spark
of your precious life
We hold you in our love
as you go.

OFFERTORY: Imagine

I must tell you that last week, your generosity in sharing the plate made the Northside Neighborhood House very happy. We sent them a check for \$242 and some change. Way to go and thanks so much.

You've probably heard of U.S. Grant. He was a Union general in the Civil War and later the 18th President of the United States. Do you know what US stands for?

In February 1862 the Confederate commander of Fort Donelson, Tennessee, sent a message to Grant suggesting an armistice. Grant replied, "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted." This message became famous and won Grant the nickname of "Unconditional Surrender Grant." US Grant. I'm kidding. His name was Ulysses Simpson.

Grant had major successes in 1862 with his capture of Fort Donelson and at the battle of Shiloh, where he averted a disaster for the Union, turning likely defeat into a narrow victory. Nonetheless, his heavy drinking caused President Lincoln's advisers to advocate for the general's dismissal. Lincoln had more than his share of incompetent general officers and said, "I can't spare this man; he fights."

The complaints continued, but so did Grant's successes. Lincoln exclaimed one day, "If I only knew what brand of whiskey he drinks, I would send a barrel to the other generals!"

When Grant lay dying, he was attended by a minister who sprinkled water over Grant while he was unconscious and then announced to the press that Grant had converted and accepted baptism. A little while later, the physician in attendance temporarily revived Grant. When the minister was informed of this rally, he cried, "It's Providence. It's Providence."

"No," said the doctor. "It was the brandy."

We'll collect the morning offering now for the support and ministry of this church. And whether you are moved by Providence or brandy, please be generous when the plate comes your way. If you have a pledge payment, please mark it as such. As always, the Wood-Wilhoit Memorial Food Bank is happy to accept your donations of non-perishable food and household items for the Community Kitchen. The collection basket for that is by the front door. If you wish to light a personal candle of joy or sorrow, you may step up here and Mary Hunter will assist you.



Eternal Spirit of life and love, we are profoundly thankful for the blessings we experience today. Would that we recognize our blessings every day and remember to be thankful for them.

Christina—and Jesse—please lead us in our Hymn of Thanksgiving.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING

Oh, we give thanks, for this precious day,
For all gathered here, and those far away,
For this time we share, with love and care,
Oh, we give thanks, for this precious day.

ORISON

Dona Nobis Pacem. Give Us Peace. Dona Nobis Pacem.

At this time of renewal and resurrection, I offer this Easter meditation as a reflection on the human condition.

MINISTER. The day before Jesus was to come again, he wept.

He looked into the hearts
of the two billion professing Christians
saddened so few really knew him
or practiced what he preached.

He remembered with horror
Constantine using his cross as a weapon of war,
Crusaders slaying Muslims in his name,
And fundamentalists using the Bible to foment fear.

He felt embarrassed
as he surveyed the vaults of wealth at the Vatican
and the assets of the religious orders.

He flushed with rage
when he learned of priests giving children sacramental wine
then sexually abusing them.

Jesus was tempted. Tempted to give up.

But then, as he looked around,
he saw the Buddha.

The Buddha smiled his little half-smile
and spoke encouragingly to Jesus

BUDDHA. Look again.

Jesus looked again and saw the living saints,

known,
yet to be known
and never to be known
working for the good of humanity.

His heart warmed to see
the many small acts of kindness,
performed daily,
with no expectation of reward.

Jesus was moved by
Christians trying to get along with Muslims and Jews
and Buddhists, Hindus and Taoists
seeking ways to learn
and to know each other better.

Then Jesus smiled, and said to the Buddha,
“Maybe I’ll wait a little longer before I go back.”

BUDDHA. It will give them a little more time to get it right.

MINISTER. Thou, which are everywhere,
Many are your names.
May we always feel your presence,
May your wisdom guide us,
In our deeds as well as in our dreams.
May we have what sustains our body and soul;
Lead us first to forgive the mistakes of others
Even as we hope our own mistakes will soon be forgiven.
May we resist the temptation of the quick and easy,
And be delivered from that which demeans and destroys life.
May we live purposefully and joyfully
in every moment, in every encounter,
now, and in the time to come.

During this time of silence let us hold close to our hearts those who

strive everyday to make the world a better place, but let us never forget those who suffer the fallout of war.

Dona Nobis Pacem. Give Us Peace. Dona Nobis Pacem.

RESPONSE

When our heart is in a holy place
When our heart is in a holy place
We are blessed with love and amazing grace
When our heart is in a holy place

HERE

Here may no one be altogether a stranger,
no honesty of thought ignored,
no depth of feeling dismissed,
no life belittled, and no life shut out.

Here may clarity of mind and heart
be humbly treasured,
brought to bear toward word and person.

Here may fellowship be treasured most of all
and paths to sustain and renew it
be sought and found.

Here may growth of spirit be our purpose;
such understanding as shall lead us
to make the world a better place.

SERMON: Is Peace Possible?

The genesis for this service came about because of a song that Kate chose for the choir to sing. The last words in the song are “I am peace.” And so I determined to preach about peace.

Peace, the most innocuous and non-controversial topic imaginable. What could I say about peace? Yay! Peace! Everyone wants it and now we can have coffee!

I had always thought peace was unattainable because war would always be part of the human condition. I thought peace was not possible. But then, in the mail came a magazine and now, I think maybe peace *is* possible, although my sunny cynicism tells me I won't be alive to see it.

Without reservation, I recommend this magazine to you. This is The Sun. You will love it, trust me. Real stories from real people, no ads and every issue loosely tied into a theme. There are several issues in the magazine rack by the front door. In this issue is an interview with Paul Chappell and I will use parts of that interview this morning.

Instead of hearing the words of Jeff Briere, a minister with eight years experience in the military and no experience in peace making, you will hear the words of Paul Chappell, a real live peacemaker.

Paul Chappell was born in 1980, the son of a Korean mother and a half-white, half African American father. Though Chappell had seen how his father was troubled by his war experiences, he chose to pursue a military career himself, graduating from West Point in 2002 and serving in Iraq as an army captain in 2006 and 2007. But even as he signed up for his second tour of duty, Chappell began to doubt that war was ever going to bring peace in the Middle East, or anywhere else.

A year later, while still an active-duty officer, he published his first book, *Will War Ever End? A Soldier's Vision of Peace for the 21st Century*. He went on to write *The End of War: How Waging Peace Can Save Humanity, Our Planet, and Our Future*.

Chappell now works at the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation and travels the country talking about the necessity of ending war and

“waging peace.” He has a website and is involved with the American Unity Project, which features a free online series of documentaries about waging peace. He also trains peace activists—a pursuit he believes should be undertaken with at least as much forethought and strategy as training soldiers for war.

If you want to know more, check the insert in your bulletin.

And now, I will let Paul Chappell speak.

PAUL. I am 31 years old and I have been obsessed with the problem of war for most of my life. Growing up, I was taught that you must wage war to end war. Comic books, action movies, video games, politicians—all said that if you wanted to make the world safe, you needed to use violence to defeat the bad guys. War was presented to me as the price you had to pay for peace, and I thought that peace was a goal worth fighting for.

I think a lot of people join the military believing they’re going to make the world safer. In the abstract, the idea makes sense, because if you had a murderer in your home, of course you’d want an armed police officer there to protect you. But war is a completely different matter. It creates massive casualties—mostly civilian. It wasn’t until I got to West Point that I learned war is not the best way to make the world safe.

West Point teaches that war is so dangerous, it should be used only as a last resort. I learned that the United States needs to rely more on diplomacy; that politicians don’t understand war and are too quick to use it as a means of conflict resolution. West Point also teaches that if you want to understand war, you have to understand its limitations and unpredictability. World War I and World War II both started out as limited conflicts and grew into global blood baths. War is like a natural disaster. You can’t control it.

Propaganda has made the word war synonymous with security, but

in fact peace is synonymous with security. In the 21st century, war actually makes us less secure. The United States spends more on war than the rest of the world combined; we have the most powerful military in human history—and we’re some of the most terrified people on the planet. War has not made us more secure.

The problem is how much wars cost. Consider what President Eisenhower said about all the other things we could invest in—schools, hospitals, highways, houses, food—and you realize that the civilian population is hurt by war.

It’s not just the ones who go into battle who are harmed. We’re all hurt by mounting national debt and lack of funding for social programs and infrastructure, while most of the people who benefit from military buildups are already rich. You and I are not getting rich from war.

I wonder if any war is “just,” according to the principles laid out by Augustine and Thomas Aquinas. I never believed that the war in Iraq was just. It violated international law, the United Nations Charter, and the Nuremberg Principles. It also violated the US Constitution. I did see the war in Afghanistan as a necessary evil—at least, initially. As I studied Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr., however, I learned that waging peace is similar to preventive medicine: a more effective healing method than the drastic step of war.

Imagine if America’s reputation around the world were strictly for providing humanitarian aid and disaster relief; if, whenever there was a disaster, the Americans came, helped, and left. Like the Red Cross. Then, if terrorists attacked us, world opinion would be on our side. We wouldn’t have to defend ourselves against terrorists; the rest of the world would do it for us.

Many of us believe the myth that human beings are naturally violent, and war is inevitable. But look at who benefits from that myth. If human beings are naturally violent, politicians can’t be held

responsible for making war; they're just trying to protect us from the violent people all over the planet. Weapons makers can't be held responsible; they're just trying to help us defend ourselves.

But human beings aren't naturally violent. We're told that human nature is the reason for war, but the way I see it, military history shows how nonviolent we are. If you want to know whether our instincts are geared more toward love or toward hatred, you just have to look at war propaganda. In every culture the warmongers tell us that we have to protect our families, our freedom, and our way of life from evil people in some foreign land who want to take all of that away. War propaganda manipulates our most powerful instincts: love of family, love of freedom, and the desire to help others—even our enemies.

War propaganda never portrays the soldiers on the other side as human. It hides the fact that we're killing other human beings. We're killing monsters; we're killing cockroaches; we're killing "Gooks, Japs, Krauts, and Reds." If we were naturally violent, our leaders would just say, "I'm going to give you a chance to kill people. And we'll pay you for it!"

I've never seen a military-recruiting commercial that even mentions killing people. They say, "Join the army and go to college," "Serve your country," "Be all that you can be." Join the Navy and "accelerate your life," or join the Air Force and "aim high." You never see a commercial that says, "Join the Army and kill people."

But I think we are learning not to be fooled by propaganda. For five hundred years, Europe was the bloodiest place on earth. Europeans waged so much war among themselves, they made warfare into a science. But now look at Europe. Can you even imagine the Germans fighting the British, or the British fighting the Italians? If the leader of Germany said, "We have to attack France," Germans would say, "Wait a minute. We've heard this before."

To wage peace, we have to challenge the myths that support the institution of war. It can be done. Look at slavery. It was a global institution that had been around since the beginning of recorded history. It's in the Bible. Every country had some form of it. It built the economies of most of them.

What made people believe it was possible to abolish slavery? Did all the slave owners look in the mirror and suddenly realize they were bad people? No, slavery was rationalized through a myth that said it was in the nature of some races to be slaves. Today if I said, "A cat's happy being a cat, a dog's happy being a dog, and a slave is happy being a slave," you'd think I was crazy, but that's what people used to believe. Then, during the eighteenth century, people started to realize it wasn't a part of human nature to be a slave.

There have been grassroots campaigns to end slavery, to end apartheid, to secure the rights of women and workers, to save the whales, to save the planet, but there has never been a grassroots campaign to go to war against people in a foreign land. War always comes from the top down. The people are typically reluctant to go to war, and the government has to use propaganda or force to get them to go.

MINISTER. Paul asked to take a break for a moment, so we will ask the choir to fill this time for us. The choir has been working very hard over the past several weeks preparing the most challenging piece they've ever sung. It's called "Credo," and I want you to listen to some of the words before they sing it.

Who am I
to dare to dream
that I may be the one
to change the world,
who will make a difference
who will reach beyond the stars?

No matter what path I choose
I am willing to be used
to teach the world
to laugh and love and sing

I am the voice of the future
I am a gift to the world
I am love
I am hope
I am a servant
I am peace

Once again, Paul Chappell.

PAUL. The first step to end war is to challenge the underlying myths that perpetuate war. War comes from the human mind, from how people think. The people who wage war have convinced themselves of its necessity. They've decided that war is their best option, but if you give them a more appealing one, they'll switch.

If you want to protest war, find a way to channel your anger away from bitterness and into constructive action. Most peace activists are middle class citizens who aren't living under the yoke of oppression. We should be able to control our anger.

Look at Gandhi: He lived under British oppression. He was attacked on numerous occasions, received death threats, and spent about seven years in jail. Yet he didn't burn the British flag. He considered himself a British citizen and said that what he was doing was for the well-being of Great Britain as well as the Indian people.

Look at Martin Luther King Jr: He lived under segregation. Someone bombed his house. He was arrested multiple times and received daily death threats. But he wasn't bitter. Can you imagine Martin Luther King Jr. burning the American flag? If these leaders could go through all they went through and not become bitter, then I think war

protesters can muster up a little more fortitude and resilience.

I am tempted to feel angry on behalf of the millions of people around the world who have been killed in war. Angry about the villages that have been napalmed, the jungles defoliated, the cities incinerated, the innocents massacred.

I am outraged by these things, and outrage is different from anger. What do Buddha, Jesus, Sun Tzu, Seneca, Gandhi, Martin Luther King Jr., Albert Schweitzer, martial arts philosophy, and West Point have in common? They all taught me that anger is dangerous.

Outrage is my conscience saying, This is wrong! When outrage is not supported by a foundation of patience and empathy for all sides, it quickly descends into yelling, resentment, and a shutting down of reason, which doesn't effectively advance the cause of peace. We can spark people's outrage without inciting their anger. So, yes, let's all be outraged by these things, but let's channel our outrage into productive action.

The way you get rid of anger is through understanding. As Gene Knudsen Hoffman, founder of Compassionate Listening, said, "An enemy is someone whose story you haven't heard." The reason I'm not angry at those who want to go to war is because I've lived my whole life around them and don't see them as bad people. They are not the enemy. The enemy is ignorance, greed, and hatred, which seem to have taken these people hostage.

I am often asked to design a peace initiative for the United States. Long-lasting social change has to come from changing the way people think. So I would challenge the myths that support war, and I'd explain that the economy is unstable because of war; the jobless rate is so high because of war; there's no money for cities or states or education because of war. In other words, I would make the costs of war immediate and apparent to citizens, while showing that war doesn't make us safe. Because when people believe that war protects their freedom, families, and way of life, they are willing to pay any price.

The training I give peace activists is about remaining calm. And the key to remaining calm is to have empathy for your opponent. The more I empathize with you, the harder it is for me to get angry at you. If you get angry at me, I don't respond in kind, because I see how you are suffering. It takes years of practice—and getting tired of being angry—to master it, but it's such an important skill to have. Without empathy it's easy to become bitter and cynical.

It's easy to empathize with our friends, but the real test is to empathize with those we feel deserve our compassion the least. It's easy to empathize with the oppressed. It's hard to empathize with oppressors. Of course, it will be life experiences that turn them around—not a conversation. But a conversation can plant the seed. The right conversation creates tension in a person's mind, which can initiate change. Don't discount one-on-one efforts.

Peace activists need training in how to be persuasive and in understanding other people's worldviews, because if you attack someone's worldview, they are likely to react as if you are attacking them physically. It's part of who they are.

When Martin Luther King Jr. challenged segregation, he was challenging everything that white Southerners believed: that black people were inferior; that racial harmony was impossible; that segregation was the only way the races could live peaceably together.

So King took an innovative approach: he tied his ideas to his opponents' existing world view by likening black Americans' fight for civil rights to the Hebrews' struggle for freedom from oppression in Egypt. This made the challenge to segregation less threatening. King also reminded Americans what the Declaration of Independence says: that "all men are created equal."

We need to learn to tie a new idea to a familiar one so that it becomes less threatening. For example, in the healthcare debate some people on the left said, "We should be more like Canada." But most Americans don't know much about Canada. Maybe they don't want to be like Canada. So when I talk to conservatives about healthcare, I talk to them about Jesus and the Good Samaritan. The Good Samaritan helped the stranger; he paid for his medical bills.

When I'm talking about ending war, I quote Eisenhower or MacArthur, or I reference what I learned at West Point, because those are people and institutions that conservatives respect. For them to call me "crazy" would be like saying that Eisenhower and West Point are crazy. By quoting someone they trust, I'm also trying to circumvent their fear.

Anyone who thinks ending war is naive hasn't put enough thought into it. What's naive is to think that wars can continue and humanity will survive. It's naive to think the planet is a limitless resource. It's naive to think that we can create ever more powerful means of killing each other and not destroy the planet.

Still, on some days, it seems we are firmly in the grasp of the military-industrial complex. And I recall the civil-rights movement. At that time the people who maintained segregation controlled the government, the news media, the universities, the military, and most of the money. What did the activists have? The truth.

We now acknowledge that African Americans are not inferior to whites; that racial harmony is possible; that it's unnatural to keep

black and white people separate. It was the same with the women's suffrage movement: Women were denied the right to vote because they were thought to be intellectually inferior to men. And men controlled the government, the media, the military, and most of the money. But truth was on the side of the women's movement.

How will we stop war and make peace? We have the truth.

Please join me now in singing Hymn 163, "For the Earth, Forever Turning."

HYMN 163, For the Earth, Forever Turning

For the earth, forever turning;
For the skies, for all the seas;
For our lives, for all we cherish,
Sing we our joyful song of peace.

For the mountains, hills, and pastures;
In their silent majesty;
For the stars, for all the heavens,
Sing we our joyful song of peace.

For the sun, for rain and thunder,
For the seasons' harmony;
For our lives, for all creation,
Sing we our joyful praise to Thee.

For the world we raise our voices,
For the home that gives us birth;
In our joy, we sing, returning,
Home to our blue-green hills of earth.

Mary Hunter would you please extinguish our chalice? Please read with me.

EXTINGUISHING THE CHALICE

We extinguish this flame,
but not the light of its truth,
the warmth of this community,
nor the fire of our commitment.
These we carry in our hearts
and share with all the world.

BENEDICTION

For a benediction, I offer you these words of Thich Nhat Hanh.

As we are together, praying for peace,
let us be truly with each other.

Let us pay attention to our breathing.

Let us be relaxed in our bodies and our minds.
Let us be at peace with our bodies and our minds.

Let us return to ourselves and become wholly ourselves.
Let us maintain a half-smile on our faces.

Let us be aware of the source of being
common to us and to all living things.

Evoking the presence of the Great Compassion,
let us fill our hearts with our own compassion—
towards ourselves and towards all living beings.

Let us pray that all living beings realize
that they are all brothers and sisters,
all nourished from the same source of life.

Let us pray that we ourselves
cease to be the cause of suffering to each other.

Let us live in a way which will not deprive other beings
of air, water, food, shelter, or the chance to live.

With humility, with awareness of the existence of life,
and of the sufferings that are going on around us,
let us pray for the establishment of peace
in our hearts and on earth.

POSTLUDE: Go Your Way in Peace

Before you leave, you might take a moment and look at some of these
images. These are peace posters created in 1940 by youngsters
around the country. Parents, please rejoin your children in their
classrooms and let's enjoy a time of fellowship with the best
fair-trade coffee in southeastern Tennessee.