

RECLAIMING THE LAND

During these drought stricken days, we are particularly mindful of the interdependence and fragile nature of all creation. The earth, given to us to hold in care for future generations, is the source of our very life and spirit. Creatures of the same molecules as mother earth, we are at one with all of her offspring, all of creation.

Into this delicate environment come weapons of indiscriminate mass destruction, placed here by a small cadre of white North Americans purportedly to secure our well being. In reality, these weapons not only threaten all life and creation as we know it, but they are a cancer in the very earth of which we are part.

With the August 6 and August 9 bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, a terrible evil was rooted in our world. The fallout has taken root in our individual and societal hearts. We grow accustomed to the ugly fruits of the nuclear arms race lurking beneath earth's ground and water.

To what can we liken acceptance or complicity with this systemic preparation for nuclear holocaust? It is as though we have climbed aboard a train bound for Auschwitz. We pay for first class tickets. As we travel in comfort toward mass extermination, the poor, their hunger and suffering exacerbated by the weapons buildup, travel wretchedly to the same destiny.

If we do not change our direction, we're likely to end up where we're headed.

We come here today to signal our intent to change direction. Air Force alarms that signal our trespass actually signal our outcry and that of mother earth and her offspring. We come here today to reclaim this land for ourselves, the beasts of the land upon which we depend, and our progeny. We recognize the thousands of people who have risked much these last years to decry the evil in our midst. For our part we stand in solidarity with them, willing to risk ourselves in greater or lesser ways, as another ripple in the wave of resistance growing in the United States and elsewhere. We join in their hope filled resistance, realizing that if we don't resist we are complicit. We interpose our bodies, if just for a moment, between these weapons and their intended victims.

Part of our hope rests in anticipation that our action will encourage others to share in our spirit of resistance and enter these missile silos. Yet, ultimately, Dorothy Day's words help us interpret the effectiveness of our action:

"What we do is so little we may seem to be constantly failing. But unless the seed fall into the earth and die, there is no harvest. And why must we see results? Our work is to sow. Another generation will be reaping the harvest."

