



Site of the 1949 Aaronsburg Story, N East Street, Aaronsburg, PA.

Courtesy of the Yoders

Through the Cold Shadows of Prejudice

by Maryann Riehl Yoder

The Aaronsburg Story:
What is it and why does it matter?
The story of one person's search for answers.

Introduction

The booklet you're holding is an essay that was completed for a writing assignment during the 2014 Spring Semester at The Pennsylvania State University (PSU) in State College, Pennsylvania. I was what PSU called a non-traditional adult learner. Starting in the fall of 2010 through the spring of 2014, I found myself in a room full of people who were not quite young enough to be my grandchildren but about a decade younger than my children. I felt as if I'd entered a foreign land. I was in my fifties, I had not been in a classroom since I graduated from the eighth grade in 1968, and I was legally blind. Additionally, my genes had not programmed my brain with computer skills, I didn't have a smartphone attached to either ear, and my thumbs were too fat to text.

One of the many interesting assignments was this essay. It is an I-Search Paper: "A person conducts a search to find out something he needs to know for his own life and writes the story of his adventure" (Macrorie n.p.). We were to "scratch an itch" about something we'd always wanted to know, pose a question, then write about how and where we found answers. I'm not a history buff but I was fascinated by how the village of Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania originated and the legacy of religious and racial tolerance left by its founder, Aaron Levy.

When I became involved with the Penns Valley Area Historical Museum, I learned it was originally founded in part to commemorate and celebrate the Aaronsburg Story but the only thing I could find that explained what Aaronsburg's story actually was, was Arthur Lewis' 200+-page book. I wanted something shorter and I wanted to know why it mattered. This is the story of what I found and why I think the story still matters.

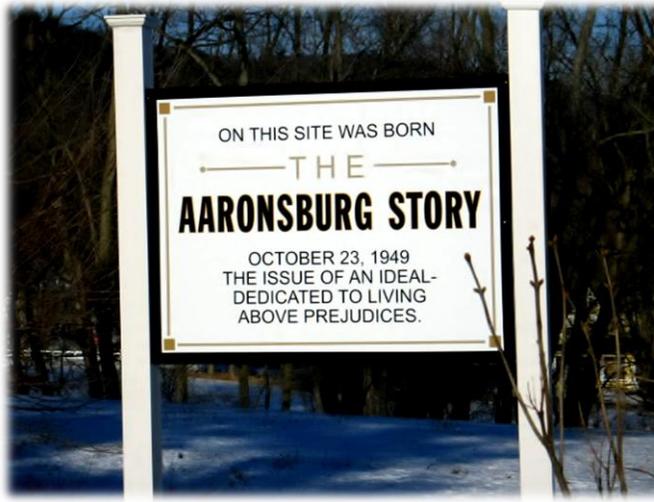
I grew up within a religious framework; for nearly twenty years I was involved in religious leadership in the Anabaptist tradition. I knew what the Bible said about turning the other cheek but I wanted to know whether there was another reason for living without prejudice, other than the obvious one: if we don't find a way to get along, we're all going to end up dead. The people you will meet in this story are real and are convinced that prejudice—an Us-versus-Them mentality—is detrimental to society regardless of whether or not one is religious.

See whether you agree.

Thank you,
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Reference:

Macrorie, Ken. *The I-Search Paper: Revised Edition of Searching Writing*. Boynton/Cook Publishers: Portsmouth, NH. 1988. Print.



“Disrespect and intolerance
lead to disaster

Real danger—
man’s perversity,
suspicions, and
intolerance”

—Dr. Ralph Bunche, United Nations

Until 2004, Aaronsburg, Pennsylvania, was a quaint village my husband, Sam, and I drove through every now ‘n’ then. That year we bought an old house in the center of the village and started making the pieces fly. We had big plans; the house would contain our living quarters and a rug gallery for my home-based business. (I’d been a fiber artist for most of my adult life and was then designing and creating hand-braided rugs.) By December 2006, we had the house renovated and at the insistence of a neighbor, agreed to include it in a historic house tour although we didn’t know we’d bought a *historic* house, we thought we’d bought an *old* house. If the native chestnut floors and nine-foot ceilings hadn’t made the perfect setting for hand-braided rugs, we would not have bought either an old or historic house. We only agreed to be in the historic house tour because we figured it would double as the grand opening for the rug gallery.

As we settled into the house, however, and as the rug clients admired and appreciated its unique characteristics, I felt the stirrings of interest. Wouldn’t it be great if the walls of this house could talk? What human drama had they witnessed during their two hundred years of existence? That interest deepened when I heard

that Aaron Levy, Aaronsburg’s founder, had hoped it would one day become the state capitol. Someone else said, “Well, that makes a nice story but there’s no proof that Levy ever intended that at all.” Ah, controversy, now my curiosity was definitely aroused.

Three all-too-brief years later my world fell apart. Arthritis invaded my hands. A slimy pit of self-pity opened at my feet. I was already losing my sense of sight so how was it fair that I was now losing my sense of touch too? Would I be forced to give up my perfect job? What was I gonna do with myself? I had no driver’s license, no high school education, no college degree. Advice hurled at me from all sides. All of it slid off. Then one day the most insane suggestion came along. But it was not hurled. It was offered. It stuck. Because of my legally blind status, the Bureau of Blindness and Visual Services (BBVS) was offering what they called career retraining; I could get a college education and perhaps become a word artist instead of a fiber artist.

My sister once told me, “You’re too practical for your own good.” The thought of attempting to get a college degree at my age and in my circumstances kicked that practicality into high gear. The idea was ludicrous. How

would I get to and from campus? And even if I got there, how would I navigate in a mass of college students who had their heads buried in technology? (The white walking cane works best when people look where they're going.) And besides, my formal education ended after the eighth grade in 1968 so how was I going to keep up with university students who were younger than my children?

Sam said, "I think you should go for it. We'll come up with a way to get you there."

My daughter said, "Mom, I know it sounds crazy but I think you can make it work."

My best friend said, "Well, yes, it does sound insane, and I think you'll find there are gaps in your knowledge that won't be covered in any classes, but I have no doubt that you'll figure out a way to do it. You're certainly intelligent enough. What have you got to lose by trying it?"

The BBVS counselor said, "Your age is not an issue, in fact, I think it'll be an advantage because you'll think smarter. But why don't we talk to a Penn State admissions counselor first?"

But wait, this isn't about why I went to college for the first time at age fifty-six.

For the spring semester of my sophomore year, I transferred to Penn State's World Campus (online courses) because I was using too much energy getting to and from classes, there wasn't enough left for studying. The BBVS would only cover tuition for eight semesters so I registered for five courses each semester. That particular semester one of those five courses was English 202A: Writing in the Humanities. The extremely long and specifically detailed syllabus informed me that I would be required to do a semester-long ethnographic research project that included twelve hours of field work with an ethnic group of my choosing which would culminate in a ten-to-twelve-page paper wherein I had not only compiled and summarized my research results but written

them in a narrative form complete with dialogue and direct quotes from a few key individuals of that ethnic group. I freaked out. I had no idea what an ethnic group was nor did I know how I was going to interact with said group once a week for twelve weeks even after I'd identified such a group. But I am nothing if not determined so I finally submitted a proposal, my chosen ethnic group was seven historic home owners in Aaronsburg, all located within walking distance of my house. Professor Diana Gruendler graciously approved.

Somewhere along the way, Professor Gruendler must have talked to Dr. Elizabeth Jenkins, Penn State's internship supervisor because when the time came to consider an internship, Dr. Jenkins proposed that I do twelve credits in one place, and suggested that place be the Rudy-Corman Building Historical Museum in Aaronsburg. Although I still didn't like history, I thought about the fun I'd had interviewing the various historic home owners, hearing the stories of their houses and the people who had lived in those houses, and then writing those stories. I also remembered the dormant interest in Aaronsburg's history. I decided to accept Dr. Jenkins advice and offered the Museum's board of directors a proposal. They accepted. That's when I first learned about the Aaronsburg Story.

On one of my walks around the village in the years since 2004, I had noticed the words "site of the Aaronsburg Story" on a dilapidated sign nearly overgrown with weeds along one of the side streets. I jumped to the conclusion that because it was neglected, it was no longer important or relevant. In preparation for the internship, however, I did some internet research and learned that I had jumped to the wrong conclusion. The Museum had been founded to "commemorate and celebrate" the Aaronsburg Story but further searching yielded no explanation as to whether it was anything more specific than the general history of the

village and the surrounding Haines Township. That was one of the first questions I asked of Harry, the Museum's internship supervisor, when I met him on the day appointed for my orientation.

"So, are you saying there was an actual event called the Aaronsburg Story?"

"Yeah, it was back in 1948 or '49. We have some pictures here, and clothes and newspaper articles. It was a really big deal, thousands of people showed up. I think even the governor and other bigwigs came."

"But what was it exactly?"

"Well, I think the official word was *pageant*, like an outdoor play."

"You mean it was held outdoors? Where? In a field?" I asked.

"Yeah, beside the Salem Lutheran Church is an open field that the Museum owns now, but the church owned it then and that's where it was."

I remembered the dilapidated sign.

"Yeah, we ordered a new sign but it hasn't been installed yet," Harry responded when I tactlessly mentioned it.



A few weeks later, I saw the new sign, "On this site was born the Aaronsburg Story: The Issue of an Ideal—Dedicated to Living above Prejudices." By that time, I had read Harry's copy of *The Aaronsburg Story*.

I learned that in the spring of 1949, Arthur H. Lewis, a press representative for the governor of Pennsylvania, took the scenic route across the state along Rt. 45 on his way from Jim

Thorpe to Pittsburgh. Because he was always on the lookout for a story, he stopped when he saw a sign with the words "AARONSBURG, NAMED FOR AARON LEVY. FOUNDED 1786" and struck up a conversation with a local man who happily informed him that Aaronsburg was "founded by a Jew, but we like it" (Lewis 15). That information was followed by all sorts of other interesting and intriguing details. Lewis decided to stay in State College overnight.

That evening he chatted with a few people at the Nittany Lion Inn and the next morning did some quick research in the Penn State Library. Lewis became intrigued enough to drive back to Aaronsburg where he was introduced to a local minister, the Reverend James Shannon. Shannon was then "riding circuit" for five congregations, one of which was Salem Lutheran Church whose land and building had been gifted to Aaronsburg by its founder, Aaron Levy.

Shannon answered as many of Lewis' questions about Levy and his contributions to the area as he could and further explained that not only had Levy donated land and money to build a church but he had gone out of his way to give Salem Lutheran a custom-made, four-piece, pewter communion set—something that would have been fundamentally different from Levy's own faith and beliefs.



Shannon emphasized that for a Jew to give a communion set to a Christian congregation indicated that Levy "apparently had no racial, political, or religious prejudices" (Lewis 40).

Shannon did not know whether there had been a special celebration when the gift was given but thought it was more than likely.

Standing beside Shannon and the Salem Lutheran Church that day, Lewis said he imagined an event that would celebrate Levy's "heritage of respect" (Lewis 29) and promote that same understanding and tolerance across a religiously and racially divided nation. He later became the catalyst of an outdoor event that drew thousands of people to a natural amphitheater on the northeastern edge of Aarons-burg held on October 23, 1949. Newspapers, from the Centre Daily Times to the New York Times, publicized the event and "Aaronsburg had its day in the sun" (Lewis 85).

That explains the birth of the Aaronsburg Story, but does not answer the question of why it matters to anyone except a few history buffs. Was that the end of the dreams of both Aaron Levy and Arthur Lewis? Or did they both leave a heritage of respect, tolerance, and equality that can be lived by each subsequent generation? Lewis apparently cared enough about religious and racial prejudice to build on Levy's heritage, organize an event celebrating it, and write a book about it but his book is a journalist's descriptive account rather than a prescriptive or persuasive argument. And what, if anything, happened to Levy's heritage since 1949?

In conversation with others involved in the Museum I gradually gained additional tidbits. In 1967, one local person cared enough about Aaronsburg's history and the 1949 event to initiate what is now the Penns Valley Area Historical Museum Association. Ralph Beahm collected things from attics and old out-buildings because he felt it was important to preserve an "old way of life" (Beahm 1980). Partially because of his influence, the Aaronsburg Civic Club bought the Evangelical United Brethren Church building on Plum Street and many in the community got involved in setting up a library-museum in the former meetinghouse.

In 2004, having outgrown the basement of the building, the Association bought what is now known as the Rudy-Corman Building, renovated the house, a barn, and a carriage house. But my questions remain, why should anyone who isn't interested in history even bother to stop at the Museum and see its exhibits? And if, as the mission statement claims, the place celebrates and commemorates the Aaronsburg Story, why does it seem as if the story died?



When this I-Search assignment came along, I decided to act on Levy's heritage too.

The first time I heard the word *prejudice*, I needed to consult a dictionary. I grew up in a closed subculture known as the Old Order Amish in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In my early twenties, as an act of rebellion against the gender role cast by my strict traditional father, I left his home and his tradition. In an effort to find a guy worthy of my newly reinvented Self, I joined a Mennonite volunteer service unit in Birmingham, Alabama. It was there I first interacted with African Americans. During a conversation with a young man one day, he asked if the Amish and Mennonites were prejudiced. I hesitated, then, not wanting to expose my ignorance, replied, "I don't actually know but I don't think so."

It took decades of life to learn that I didn't need to know how to define or articulate

prejudice to *be* prejudiced, all it takes is to view myself as superior to others, and to judge them before getting to know them. (Speaking of feeling superior, perhaps that is what is causing me to mentally change the word *above* in the phrase “living above prejudice” to *beyond*. To me, living above prejudices implies that those who do are superior to those who don’t, which is a form of prejudice, isn’t it?) But back to the search, I decided to interview people whom I perceived as living beyond prejudice and a few friends who are involved in social service types of professions to ask if they thought Levy’s heritage still mattered. I started with Mark, my driver.

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Mark, a retired elementary school teacher who patiently and faithfully drove the twenty-five miles to and from the University Park campus, happily agreed to answer as many of my questions as he could. I knew that he and his now-deceased wife had adopted two racially mixed children, raising them with their three biological children. When I explained that I was looking for examples of people who lived beyond prejudice and asked if he could articulate why religious or racial tolerance mattered to him, he said, “Of course, I can. It’s simple really, my wife and I both felt it was important to act out our beliefs, and for some reason, I always felt a special something for African Americans. And, we both liked children.”

“So you adopted one after your other three were born?”

“Yes, our oldest was ten or eleven and the youngest five or six. The first child we adopted was eighteen months old when we got him. And actually, adopting the second child just sort of happened. We couldn’t say no. We agreed to take him a year later before he was even born.”

“But wasn’t it expensive, how could you afford to do it?”

Chuckling wryly, Mark said, “Well, I’m embarrassed to say it but we *couldn’t* afford it.

On a teacher’s salary, we could barely afford the children we already had, but we did it anyway. And seriously, it wasn’t as expensive in the 1970s as it is now. Although I will admit, I did spend a lot of time trying to decide which bills got paid which month,” he added soberly.

When I asked about the response of friends and family members, he was quick to respond with, “I don’t think our fathers would have accepted the boys.”

“So are you saying both your father and father-in-law had died before that? What about your mothers?”

“Well, my mother accepted them in her own fashion,” he replied. He explained that the first time he and his family went to visit his mother after the first child came to live with them, his oldest daughter carried him into the house like a real-life doll, plopped him on her grandmother’s lap and announced, “There, isn’t he just the cutest thing you ever saw?”

“I can’t help but think that that action had something to do with my mother’s keeping her mouth shut about things she didn’t like,” he added.

Mark also said he and his wife were, and he still is, committed to a faith community and believes that such communities ought to be showing everyone else what it means to live beyond prejudice. “But sadly,” he concluded, “that just doesn’t seem to happen.”

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My next two interviewees are religious leaders, specifically those of the Anabaptist persuasion because I am familiar with their pacifist theology of practicing non-violence, restorative justice, and building community. I thought that if they didn’t live beyond prejudice then no one would.

First, I met with Marv, the pastor of University Mennonite Church on Norma Street in State College. Marv is a Canadian citizen, his first experience with prejudice was in conjunction with Canada’s largest minority group—First Nation people—who were, during

his childhood, stereotyped and referred to as “Injuns, or more frequently, drunk Injuns.”

“They were the farm hands and usually looked down on by the prosperous farmers who hired them,” he said, and then added, “The farmers grumbled that the Injuns only wanted to work long enough to go back on welfare, but they never considered that they could have paid them more so they wouldn’t have needed welfare in the first place.”

“So you weren’t taught how to live without prejudice?”

“No, I wasn’t, it took me a long time to realize how deep it went and how subtle it was,” Marv said. “Here’s a case in point, I was a pitcher for a baseball team when I was a teenager. I tanned easily and because I often went without a shirt or a hat, I got really dark. At one of my games, my mother was sitting beside a friend who made an off-hand remark about Injuns being really good at pitching without realizing that I was on the mound at the time. My mother was so deeply offended that she completely missed the compliment. It took her weeks to get over it.”

When I asked whether he thought there were any prejudices in the faith community he now pastors, he responded ruefully, “As much as I’d like to say no, I know there are.”

“Can you give me any examples?”

“Well, yeah, one is academic. Because there are so many people from the academic community in this congregation, I sometimes think they are prejudiced against those who don’t have as many letters after their names. It seems to me that the uneducated voices are not heard or listened to or valued in the same way educated voices are,” he explained.

Marv identified other prejudices too, those who grew up in the Anabaptist tradition versus those who did not, and in this particular congregation, he senses prejudice toward those who are more conservative and traditional in their theology and practice. He explained that

while this congregation welcomes female leadership and non-traditional sexual orientations, it is part of a larger body of congregations including some with more traditional beliefs who are not as inclusive.

“Many people in this congregation are not exactly free of prejudice toward their more conservative sister congregations,” Marv said, and then went on. “While I think it’s safe to say there is very little racial prejudice in this particular congregation, that can’t be said about prejudice in other areas.”

Then, candidly, he added, “I will admit, though, that I sometimes find my hand dropping to my wallet when I see a young African American male coming toward me on the street. I guess that means I still struggle with racial prejudice myself.”

An interview with Richard, a leader of several Anabaptist congregations, is next.

To start things off, Richard gave me this pithy statement, “People don’t see things as they are; they see things as **they** are.” When I laughed and asked for an explanation he said he believes that every person’s view is colored by their own experiences, background, and personalities and they often forget that everyone else’s experiences, background, and personalities are different.

“Are you saying that you think our human nature causes us to be self-absorbed to the extent that we assume we know others because of what we think and feel, but the only person we can ever truly know is ourselves?”

“Yeah, I am, and many of us are not even very good at that,” he added quietly.

Richard agrees with Marv in thinking that prejudice does indeed exist, even in Anabaptist faith communities. He concluded by saying that one of the outcomes of prejudice in the congregations he oversees is that they are losing so many valuable gifts and talents because those gifts and talents are found in people who are viewed as inferior. With a distinct tone of sadness coloring his voice, he

said, “Consequently, those gifts and talents are being overlooked and wasted.”

Ok, so if prejudice exists among people who promote community, what hope is there for anyone else? Or, what if I’m not religious? In thinking about prejudice and its resulting violence apart from religion, I waded into the haze of memory to the first time I heard a non-Anabaptist argue against violence. It happened on the Penn State University Park campus. When I first registered for courses, I searched diligently for any once-a-week evening classes because that meant Sam, a self-employed carpenter, could drive me to campus and work on small odd jobs during those hours. Accordingly then, in my second semester, I found myself in a classroom with a Dr. John Hanold as the registered instructor and approximately twenty teenagers. It was Philosophy 001. I didn’t care what it was. It was held from 6 PM to 9 PM and that was all that mattered.

At the beginning of the first class period, Dr. Hanold informed us that we were not in a classroom where we would be expected to memorize and regurgitate information because this was *not* a baby course. It was an adult course; he would treat us as such. We would be expected to use our “gray matter” to wrestle with such questions as: Why is there a universe? What is truth? Are we really free? We would also be expected to state opinions, argue a point, and defend it against any and all refutation. He concluded those introductory remarks with, “If any of you do not feel prepared for that, you can leave the room right now and drop the course.” I don’t remember whether anyone left, but I stayed. I felt as if I’d come home.

During one of the class discussions, a classmate attempted to argue that violence is the only way to defend oneself or one’s family. Dr. Hanold countered with what he called the “cycle of retribution”—you hit me so I can hit

you—and said that because violent actions stem from uncontrolled emotional instincts, they are unreasonable and cowardly. To the challenge of, “Well, yeah, but what if someone’s holding a gun at your kid? Are you saying you wouldn’t get violent then?” Dr. Hanold stayed firm and essentially ‘performed’ his refutation.

He had been standing but then propped himself on the edge of a table behind him, lowered his voice and said, “That is a tough call, isn’t it? And because I’ve not been in that type of situation yet, I can’t be sure exactly what I’d do or say.”

Then, as if rising to the challenge, he pushed himself off the table and in a louder tone, continued, “But I am sure of one thing, I would make a serious attempt at using words to diffuse the situation and if that didn’t work, then I’d physically place my body in front of the gun if I could. And well, then, someone just might end up dead.”

He concluded by saying that violence was *destructive*, so why not aim for *constructive* actions instead? It was far more mature to develop the self-control to stop one’s own emotional outbursts and the courage to come up with a non-defensive method of diffusing violence when someone else initiated it. I don’t recall that anyone ever argued for any kind of violence after that. At least not in that classroom during that semester.

In a different classroom, another professor also promotes living outside the cycle of retribution. Linda, a professor at the racially diverse Harrisburg Area Community College, teaches reading at the developmental level. Her students are primarily students for whom English is not their first language, along with the occasional mentally challenged adult. Linda explained that for many of her students, her classroom is one of the few places they’re respected as individuals or treated as if their

opinion really matters. Her primary goal is to promote equality so she attempts to relate to them as equals, focusing on instilling a sense of community within that particular group of people for that particular period of time.

“Everyone’s opinion is valued. Yes, I’m the instructor and they are the students, but when it comes to stating opinions, everyone is on the same level. Depending on the mix of students in the room, equality and community can be very difficult. Mostly, I need to work very hard at it and be very strict about basic respect issues.” She paused and thought for a moment then continued.

“See, one of the biggest problems is that my students often schlep suitcases full of emotional issues with them. In some classes, many of them are so overwhelmingly prejudiced against whatever system has abused or oppressed them that they can’t think, they can only feel.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, ok, here’s an example. I choose the assigned readings deliberately and carefully knowing that they might evoke emotion. I do it because I think it’s important to assign books they can relate to, but sometimes, certain students can’t get past the emotion. They can’t differentiate between what’s happening to the characters in the story and themselves.”

When I still looked puzzled, she went on, “I had one student last semester come and tell me that she couldn’t finish a particular book I’d assigned. She was in tears so I quietly asked her whether she had anyone in her life she could talk to because it was important if she wanted to complete the course. As it turned out, she discovered that her rabbi’s wife had read the very same book and was able to get her past the worst feelings.” (The book was *The Color of Water* by James McBride.)

“That must have been rewarding for you,” I said.

“Yeah, most definitely,” Linda said with a smile. “In fact, I saw her a few weeks after the

semester ended and she told me she was glad I’d made them read that book. She said she still didn’t like it but understood that it had been good for her to read it. This semester, though, I have another student with the same problem and I don’t think he’s gonna make it. He’s carrying so much anger around with him. He is so very angry. So angry.”

Linda went on to explain that most of her students are “pushed through high school just to get them outta there.” Others have already been in the “juvi-system.” Plus, the majority of them come from the economically challenged public school system.

“See, the thing is, because the city of Harrisburg is the state capitol and public buildings are not required to pay property taxes, the public school system is not only funded by low-income families but is basically cheated out of tax money because of all those government-owned buildings,” she said, then added, “That is downright unfair. It is deliberate inequality in action. That sort of thing makes me wanna get violent sometimes too!”

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While I could interview more people, I am satisfied that I found sufficient evidence to conclusively state—the Aaronsburg Story matters because injustice, inequality, and prejudices still exist. It matters because each subsequent generation is responsible to carry on the heritage of respect left by both Aaron Levy and Arthur Lewis. Using Dr. Hanold’s terminology, acting on their heritage and breaking out of the cycle of retribution means I will make a conscious choice to control my emotions and develop alternative responses rather than staying locked in its vicious cycle. Because I view myself as a courageous, reasonable person, I am choosing to cultivate the awareness that some of my actions may raise defensiveness in another person. I am also choosing to acknowledge that the “road of intolerance leads to disaster,” (Lewis 81) and I am choosing to believe that one of the few

paths to peaceful coexistence is to learn to understand the other person.

Lewis suggests that the “average American community . . . has suppressed tensions that can be released and resolved by the device of having people talk to one another frankly in a face-to-face relationship” (Lewis 227). While I acknowledge the value of frank conversation and the formation of relationships, I think something important is overlooked—attitude. As the authors of *Inviting Transformation* suggest, the first requirement of transformation is an attitude of “openness to and appreciation of diverse perspectives” (Foss 14). The way I see it, if I am not willing to “try on another person’s perspective to experience and discover how it makes sense in that person” (Foss 13), then I am already prejudiced.

Additionally, it’s my experience that “change is the result of inner motivation and readiness to change” (Foss 14), not the outcome of inspirational words or the

acquisition of knowledge. In any given circumstance, I will not be ready to change until I have experienced enough pain at my current circumstance as illustrated when my career as a fiber artist ended.

After wallowing in filth, feeling sorry for myself until I’d disgusted even me, I washed myself off and decided I couldn’t carry that pain around for the rest of my life. It was only then that I became alive enough to realize that other people still mattered. An action that, in turn, set me on the path toward healing which is, of course, the most effective way to decrease pain.

Yes, I am only one person but even I can form a relationship with the elderly neighbors down the street without judging them. Even I can choose *not* to lash out in anger when I am hurt. Even I can choose to walk through the cold shadows of prejudice toward the warmth and light beyond.



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