



Not So Far Afield

A NEWSLETTER OF THE MARYKNOLL AFFILIATES

January/February 2017

Volume 26 Number 1

DAVID VS. GOLIATH: COMPETING AT STANDING ROCK

Katy and Kyle Chandler-Isacksen

The Chandler-Isacksens run the Be the Change Project in Reno, Nevada. They live in voluntary poverty, grow lots of food, serve in their community, are war-tax resisters, and attempt to live their lives in alignment with their values. They attend the Reno Friends Meeting and have frequent contact with the Reno Affiliates. (See two previous articles in the NSFA: July/Aug 2015, p. 5, and Sept/Oct 2014, p. 6.)

We reached the Dakota Access Pipe Line construction site at about noon on September 27th. This was an hour after prayers and reminders from native leaders at the frontline camp and after driving 30 dusty miles over empty North Dakota back roads. The front line camp is just a mile up from the large Oceti Sakowin camp, home to a couple thousand people while we were there. “We have many warriors with us today who will protect the elders, the women, the children. Remember, this is a nonviolent action.”

100 packed vehicles made it to the action that day: overflowing pickup trucks with masked youth from the Red Warrior camp (those willing to get arrested and in it for the long-haul) sitting alongside gray-haired elders holding signs that say “Protect the Water,” horse trailers with horses, license plates from across the country, our family in a rental car getting dustier by the mile.

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Photos courtesy of Kyle chandler-isacksen.



At 8:30am, three men with a loudspeaker called from the back of a little black pickup: “We gather in 30 minutes. We’re going out to stop their work on the pipeline. Remember why you are here. Protect the water. Ready your camp. Water is sacred. Remember why you came.” We stop our packing and listen. The truck continues past the Oglala area, the Seneca,

the Hunkpapa, scores of other tribe’s camps. Past teepees strong in the plains wind, past flapping blue tarps and flattened tents. The nearly 300 flags on twenty-foot poles along the long camp entrance ramp flap proudly behind the truck and its call to action. We get the kids, some snacks, and water, and drive over to the ramp. Cars are ready to roll out. People looking for rides hop into pickup beds. We’re sent off with raised fists from those we pass and calls of “Mni Wiconi”—water is life.

First stop is the front line camp—a dozen tents and supplies on each side of the main road that runs north-south between Bismarck and Cannonball, the small town on the north edge of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe’s reservation. We’re just a mile from the main camp, about 40 miles south of Bismarck. This camp is literally blocking the progress of the Dakota Access Pipe Line. The Missouri River is visible to the east, maybe half a mile away.

We park along the road, not knowing what we’ll be doing but so glad to be here. We’ve spent the last four days trying to help the effort in any way we can—

splitting fire wood for the cooking and water-heating fires, preparing meals at the food tents, serving food, and doing dishes, lots and lots of dishes. Doing chores, we meet people and to get a better understanding of the flow of the camp. Folks are from California,

Tennessee, Maryland, and just down the road from Fargo. Retirees from Pennsylvania, a young actress from LA, a New York mother with her two kids, an atheist from Texas. “Why are you here?” I ask. The answers vary, but all felt pulled to be at Standing Rock. There is a palpable sense of history in the making. The Standing Rock protest is at the *Continued on page 4.*

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN’

Change is good news, and possibly bad news. We rejoice with the native peoples who are standing up to protect the water. We are inspired by a Guatemalan Affiliate who received national recognition for her work for human rights. We are excited by Pope Francis’s recent message on nonviolence. But we are also concerned to see a backlash against reforms and programs that some may feel have threatened them and their needs. We regret the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II and fear the current threats against refugees and immigrants. We agonize about the escalating conflicts that we seem to have no control over.

But Affiliates are all about change, crossing borders, showing love! In 2017 may you continue to join in *community* and *visualize* together the change that is needed for us and for the world. Tell us about your *vision* and *action* at NSFA@MaryknollAffiliates.org.

2017 AFFILIATES APPEAL LETTER:

There are many ways to serve.

If your copy of the appeal letter has disappeared, it is available on the website:

www.maryknollaffiliates.org/news/recent-postings/item/1561-appeal-letter-november-2016.html

Not So Far Afield is a bimonthly publication of the Maryknoll Affiliates. The name is a play on the title of the original Maryknoll Magazine: *The Field Afar*.

Maryknoll Affiliates are a faith-filled people responding in community to God’s call to participate in Jesus’ mission. We express the Maryknoll Spirit in the context of Chapters which gather for prayer, reflection, and action. We challenge one another to go beyond borders, locally and globally, to walk with the poor and excluded, and to strive for peace and justice for all of God’s creation. We recognize that the Spirit who guides us on our journey moves without boundaries and that God’s unconditional love is present in all cultures and peoples.

Affiliates share in the mission and family spirit of Maryknoll Sisters, Fathers and Brothers, and Lay Missioners living lives of service around the world. If you would like further information or an opportunity to attend a local chapter meeting in your area, please contact the Executive Coordinator of the Maryknoll Affiliates at P.O. Box 311, Maryknoll, NY 10545-0311 or e-mail him at rshort@maryknollaffiliates.org.




MAC 2017 UPDATE

MAC 2017: The international Maryknoll Affiliate Conference to be held from November 9-12, 2017, at a retreat center outside Guatemala City

Registration. Forms for registration and many more conference details will be available soon. The Conference Committee—members of the Guatemala Chapter—are putting the final touches on their conference website and expect to have it up and running by the third week in January. Watch your Monday Morning Website Update emails for an announcement of its opening date.

Conference Fee and Travel Grants. To encourage representation from as many as possible of the over 50 Affiliate Chapters worldwide, the Maryknoll Affiliate Board is again offering Conference Fee and Travel Grants for MAC 2017. Because funds are limited, applicants should first explore and consider all possible funding sources. For example, their chapters might help with either funds or frequent flyer miles. In 2014, over 15 attendees benefited from grant assistance; we hope that as many or more will be assisted through the 2017 program.

The application form will soon be available for download from the Maryknoll Affiliates website, and a link will appear in the Monday Morning email. Applications are due by April 1, 2017. Email your completed form to Bob Short, at rshort@maryknollaffiliates.org 

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Editorial Board: Kris Neufeld Penny Robinson
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We welcome submission of articles by Maryknoll Affiliates and Maryknoll Missioners, as well as suggestions for articles. All submissions are subject to editing. We publish articles as appropriate in conjunction with issue themes.

Articles in *Not So Far Afield* do not represent the opinion of any of the Maryknoll entities.

Please send any letters to the editor, articles, photos or inquiries to the address below. You may also contact us if you no longer wish to receive Affiliate mailings, prefer to receive them by e-mail or read them on the web, or if you have changed your address.

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AFFILIATE RETREAT AT WATCH HILL

Bob Short – Executive Coordinator

The Greater Boston Affiliate Chapter held their annual retreat in mid-November at the Maryknoll Sisters' retreat/vacation house in Watch Hill, RI. The retreat followed the 2016 election by only a few days, and the 14 Affiliate participants from five New England states arrived feeling rattled, despondent and holding emotions not felt in a long time. Thankfully, retreats, if they are good, have a way of opening our minds and souls to deeper, more hope-filled realities. This retreat surely did that. What's more, the physical setting, with expansive views of the Atlantic Ocean accessible from many vantage points within the spacious house; and, outside, a leaf covered pathway that led one to that ocean shore in just minutes, politely colluded to usher in a sense of, "It'll all be ok."

Some retreat attendees:**L to R, Top row:****Mark Morrison,****Bob Short,****Joan Crowley****Row 2: Ann Braudis, MM (presenter),****Mary Ford (MEF),****Jane Dubois,****Kathy Morrison****Row 3: Myra Green****Front row: Bill Wheeler,****Bill Murphy,****James Comes,****Monique Cerundolo**

The theme of the retreat, "*The Wine Never Runs Out*," might initially strike one as a gratuitous marketing tool to get people to sign up, or a pseudo-therapeutic session to ease election woes. Our wonderful retreat presenter, Ann Braudis, MM, spoke of this theme as drawing on the Biblical promise of the fullness of life and the symbolism of nuptial radiance. The subtheme was "*Evolutionary Spirituality*," inspired by Mother Mary Joseph. This main focus throughout the weekend was greatly facilitated by the depth of Ann's understanding of this area, as well as by the way she invited all of us to share our own lived wisdom. Evolutionary spirituality, flowing from integral philosophy and enriching all faith systems, recognizes that in evolution there are profound spiritual teachings.

It occurred to me that lately many of the books I've read, conferences I've attended, and conversations I've had make reference to evolutionary spirituality, to new cosmology, transformative/quantum consciousness, and people such as Chardin, Berry, Tucker, and

Delio, and their buddies. It appears that we are approaching (already in) a new historical moment. Maryknollers have often been at the forefront in naming the systemic obstacles to human flourishing, such as precipitous ecological degradation or political and economic structures that put wealth and power in the hands of the few. But, in listening to Ann and each other as the retreat progressed, it struck me that, even if only a small percentage right now, humans are moving to a place where we are looking at *our very perception of the nature of reality*. There is an emergent paradigm (cosmology), one that looks at our understanding of the origins of the universe and our place as humans within it. This will be a critical factor that in time (perhaps decades) moves all of us to a deeper realization that we are in relationship to all, connected by One Loving Presence.

Heavy stuff... and not easy to accept by those more comfortable with a mechanistic, Newtonian universe. Yet, at least some among us already have an intuitive sense that this is on target. A few lines from John O'Donohue's "For the Interim Time" often comes to mind in this regard:

*Do not allow confusion to squander
This call which is loosening
Your roots in false ground,
That you might come free
From all you have outgrown.*

The Wine Never Runs Out. A smile comes over me when my thoughts return to our time together at Watch Hill. While each of us is at a different place in our life journey, many in the Chapter have been coming together for over 20 years. There is a sense of camaraderie, of being at home with each other. We have been washed in the Maryknoll charism and, unlike so much that is happening in our world today, this makes sense to us. And so, greatly helped by Ann's presence and by the calming sounds of the nearby ocean, a good deal of hope was restored. Apprehension of what will follow in the next four years with the new administration did not go away, but we now knew that we belong to an unfolding story greater than ourselves. We are grounded in a bigger vision.

**Affiliate Book Group – New Session**

The last day to sign up is January 7. See <http://maryknollaffiliates.org/news/recent-postings/item/1563-book-club-session-2-sign-up-sheet.html>

David vs. Goliath – Continued from page 1.

intersection of human rights and environmental justice. Of “Keep It in the Ground” on Native Land. Of economic inequity and structural oppression. This is the Great Turning in action, led by youth, by women, by native peoples who have survived genocide.

At the front line camp, we run into David Solnit, the art organizer for 350.org whom we met in Reno for an action against fracking several months back. He’s hastily screwing his trademark beautifully made signs onto wooden poles to hand out to the crowd. I lend a hand, and it feels great to see a familiar face. Katy, meanwhile, has run into another friend. A young man who’s been at Standing Rock for a couple months and who was arrested some weeks prior after chaining himself to a bulldozer. He is wearing a bandana to hide his face and is facing felony charges (reckless endangerment) for that action. Katy asks if he’s nervous about the possibility of five years in prison. He is, but he’s hoping for the best and committed to this work.

We listen to two speakers who remind us that this is a nonviolent action, that we’ll be heading to a work site. That we’re among warriors whose job is to protect the elders, women, and children among us (It’s not mentioned, but there are many female warriors). Prayers are said in a native language, small prayer flags flutter on the fence behind us. We head out again, this time towards the work site.

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We feel like guests here, welcome guests, but guests all the same. It is a learning experience for me—a white middle class man used to organizing, to be in the minority; to be quiet, to follow, to listen. It’s not my land or even directly my water, but I can help and I can bring back the courage, wisdom, and hope from Standing Rock to my home in Reno. Natives are keeping the fires, overseeing the cooking, directing the donations, leading the actions. And not just at this camp but also across the river at the Sacred Stone Spirit Camp. All this work is concentrated in the heart of the camp where big wall tents and well-anchored pop-ups constitute a warren of food, water, wood, and tools. This is where announcements are made, people speak, the drums beat and dances occur. Prayers are said in native tongues throughout each

day and until midnight every night. Donations come here, where we unloaded our 16’ box truck of winter clothes, tents, sleeping bags, a solar power station, a giant Vietnam-era wall tent, and a thousand pounds of potatoes and onions donated by folks in Reno and the surrounding areas.

Our trip out here was organized fast. We had been following Standing Rock for weeks, and one day Katy came up to me in the garden and said she felt called to be there. In Quaker parlance, she was experiencing a powerful leading. How could we help? I asked. Within the week we had met with local natives (several of whom had already been there and back) to answer that question, organized a rally downtown in solidarity with Standing Rock and to “Fill the Truck” (Gloria Steinem even stopped by to give her support), had T-shirts made, and raised \$3,800 to fund the trip. Our family was joined by two others, one a Paiute, to make a small caravan for the 20-hour trip.

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We’re about 40 cars back in the convoy, crisscrossing back roads through farm and grass land, catching glimpses of the pipeline cut over the gentle hills, every so often passing the turquoise pipes themselves, laid out, unconnected, on the earth. A yellow helicopter has been following us, buzzing back and forth low over our convoy, since we left camp. A single engine plane is circling higher up.

We reach the site and find the workers gone. The helicopters (and informers, many say) have alerted them well before our arrival. The pipes are connected here and are being set into the ground to go under the road. There is a large mound of earth to one side of the “black snake”. We park on the shoulder as more cars pull forward. People stream out and converge next to the pipeline. Signs come out, people climb the mound and start hurling clods of earth onto the pipeline itself. There is anger, joy, and anticipation. The little black truck pulls up, and the organizers start to speak again. “We have stopped their work again. [cheers] Every day we stop them it costs them \$500,000. We’ve protected the water. Mni Wiconi! [more cheers]”

An announcement is made, “Our scouts tells us that a paddy wagon is on the way. The police are coming. Do we want to stay or leave?” The crowd answers with raised fists and a resounding “Stay!” “Warriors protect the elders, warriors to the front, women and children in the middle. This is a peaceful protest.” We can see



flashing police lights in the distance. The crowd, at least 400 of us, surges forward towards the coming police. We march a couple hundred yards down the road. “Warriors to the front” Maybe a dozen horses and riders are out, riding to the front. The police—or is it the military?—arrive in force. They come with two armored vehicles, one with an open turret with a man perched behind a shield, holding an automatic weapon. They fan out along the road, about 50 in body armor and riot gear, armed with shotguns and rifles. It’s a scary sight, and we hang back with our kids. “We are unarmed. The police are not our enemy. We are protecting their water and their grandchildren’s



water, too.” The horsemen ride down the road asking all of us to clear the way—the police want the road cleared. As if maintaining that bit of law and order in the middle of some North Dakota cornfields with not a house or other person in sight justifies this obscene show of force. These natives on horseback are powerful to see. The spirit of the Plains Indian is alive and riding among us. The police stand shoulder-to-shoulder, grim behind their masks. We see our masked friend again, and he is elated. He tells us this is the best-organized and highest turnout they’ve had for an action to date.

Up front, the police and the lead organizers are talking. Chants go up every so often, flags and signs are waving, and then a line forms, and the protectors start shaking the police officers’ hands; one after another, forming a continuous line of handshaking, eye contact humanizing and deescalating the moment. The tension ebbs. Eventually, “We’ve won today! Let’s go to the next site.” Whoops and hollers as we disperse and head to our cars. Ours happens to be behind the police line and behind the armored vehicles. We walk there and see for the first time just how many police there are: twenty or so cars – Bismarck police, state police, county sheriff, the paddy wagon driven by two National Guard troops in their fatigues. It dawns on me just how expensive this action was for law enforcement and how much money it’s costing the government, our government, to protect the pipeline and I smile.

The convoy rolls away with the police standing aside. The helicopter still swoops, the plane still circles. We peel off from the convoy to head back to Reno. It’s 2:00pm and we’re moved to tears by our day.

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On our ride home, we try to follow the goings-on at Standing Rock, but news coverage of the blockade is scant. We learn through social media that there was another action the day after we left, with an equal show of force by the police; several arrests were made. In one video, a policeman is loading his shotgun just yards from the protectors. I see fear moving through the crowd, and their hands go up. “We’re unarmed,” they repeat again and again. My eyes well with

tears again, so heartened am I by the courage of these water protectors.

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UPDATE

December 4: Federal officials have denied the final permits required for the Dakota Access Pipeline project in North Dakota. The Army Corps of Engineers announced it would instead conduct an environmental impact review of the 1,170-mile pipeline project and determine if there are other ways to route it to avoid a crossing on the Missouri River.

Kyle Chandler-Isachsen reported on Dec. 22:

I have heard from folks who’ve been there recently that pipeline drilling continues and the water protectors will be there as long as they need to be. This is far from over.

My hope is to return in February or a bit later in the spring. Two of our friends from Reno were arrested a couple months back at a peaceful protest and now face trumped up felony charges, trials on Feb 27th. One, a senior citizen and a veteran of Vietnam (he was wearing his hat that day), was taken down and manhandled by three police officers after doing nothing but standing in a line. They were both strip-searched and kept overnight in jail. The legal team got them out.



CLAUDIA SAMAYOA SPEAKS

Translated and condensed from *No Tan Lejos del Horizonte* Special Edition, November 2016 (www.maryknollaffiliates.org/news/downloads/no-tan-lejos-del-horizonte/88-no-tan-lejos-del-horizonte22x-especial-nov-2016-claudia/file.html)

On November 3, 2016, Claudia Samayoa, a Maryknoll Affiliate of the Guatemala Chapter, received the Myrna Mack Chang Order from Human Rights Ombudsman Jorge De León Duque on November 3, 2016. He established the Order in 2014 to honor Myrna Mack Chang, a Guatemalan anthropologist murdered by Guatemalan military forces for her investigative work and commitment to the population displaced by the Internal Armed Conflict in Guatemala.

Recognizing Claudia as an activist who raises her voice to defend the human rights of Guatemalans, Duque praised Claudia's concern for her fellow man and her placing her academic training at the service of the cause of human rights. He said, "Today is an auspicious day to deliver this recognition because attacks on human rights defenders have increased. And today there is also an inappropriate use of criminal law to imprison defenders. Being a human rights advocate is a high-risk job."



Human rights have always been part of my being. I had a problem with the dogma that only Christians are saved; If God created us all equal in dignity, we should all be recognized as equal and respected. I did not accept the terrible reality in which I grew up: the exile of my parents' friends, the murder of doctors known to my father, images of massacres collected in Amnesty International magazines and surreptitiously shared with my father by the priest of Chimaltenango.

Before adulthood, I was already looking for how to help. I worked with children orphaned in war, and I knew of the mission of what we now call human rights defenders, then referred to as guerrillas. How many of them were killed?

My first passion was education, to form women with their own criteria and with autonomous thinking capacity. Women who did not embrace dogmas (right or left), but could observe reality, analyze it, and discover it within. Women who knew human rights not as a set of norms to be memorized but as axioms of life: a moral paradigm of performance that perfectly describes the mandate of God to "love your neighbor as yourself." On that road I met Myrna Mack Chang and her brave daughter. There I met other women who today are the present and the future of Guatemala, of whom I am very proud.

These women made me see that I could not stay in Human Rights education, that I had to contribute more. And the call to go out into the world arose; in 1995 my human rights work began, and I had the privilege of being part of the process of building peace and initiatives for change. Also, I began to observe how the same injustice that moved me at age 13 was still there: racism, sexism, homophobia, egocentrism, the model of extraction and plundering. For years I used my skills to investigate, develop initiatives, lobby for changes at the service of Guatemala. With my colleagues, we fought for transparent processes for decision-making by magistrates, formed the National Reparation Program, and the story continues.

But along the way, I bet on women and men, communities and groups that, like me, believe in the possibility of change, cannot remain silent before the injustices, and have a deep need to support change for themselves, their neighbors, and even people they do not know. For the last 16 years, I have dedicated my time, my intelligence, my creativity, my passion, and my love to looking for ways that these human rights people and communities can do what they do. I am convinced that without them, neither Guatemala nor the world has a future. Without people who make their efforts to protect girls who are raped and mistreated; without organizations that defend women against gender-based violence; without defense of the right to sexual diversity; without the promotion of secular and humanistic education; without defenders of a free and public health system; without the defense of prompt, complete, and independent justice; without the defense of the rights of people detained and tortured arbitrarily; without the defense of a healthy environment, we do not have a future.

Continued on page 7.

Claudia Samayoa Speaks – Continued from page 6.

That is why I have given my life and health to the defense of defenders of human rights and to making their causes and their excellent work visible. I have faced the powers that do not want to change, not with aggression but with respect. I have invited the public to change politicians, businessmen, and civil servants in a thousand ways. I have mourned the death of defenders who paid with their lives for their desire for change; comforted families suffering the pain of death, exile, or prison. I have used all my indignation to stop patterns of violence. I have not been alone in these years of service; I have the unconditional support of my family who have shared and lost me for the common good. Related minds helped create an organization for advocates throughout the region. It is the effort of all who have been part of the team, those now present, those who have left, and even those who have wanted to do harm.



But we do what the state allows to advance human rights. And after visiting many parts of the world, I have to admit that without a Human Rights Ombudsman, a Human Rights Section in the Prosecutor’s Office, and other committed ministers, we could not achieve the coordination needed to stop this violence against the people who defend human rights.

That is why I am deeply grateful for this award: it is the recognition of hundreds of people who work for human rights, inspired by the vision that we share with Jorge and with Myrna Mack, for whom the prize is named. Announcing the award makes hundreds of people aware that the work of protecting human rights defenders is very necessary; the work needs to be recognized so that it can continue to protect others. The prize and the recognition of those here today, and of the hundreds of people from all over the world who in social networks have expressed their support, strengthen me and my team to continue looking for ways to serve the cause of human rights defenders. Thanks to you and your team for this and for the joint work we do.



NONVIOLENCE 2017

Nonviolence is the theme of Pope Francis’s Peace Message.

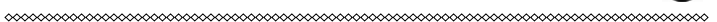


Pope Francis recognized the 50th annual World Peace Day, January 1, by sending us the first Catholic document on nonviolence, entitled: ***Nonviolence: a Style of Politics for Peace.***

Francis’s concise and readable seven-page message has sections on:

- **A broken world:** Violence is not the cure for our broken world.
- **More powerful than violence:** Nonviolence is sometimes taken to mean surrender, lack of involvement and passivity, but this is not the case.
- **The domestic roots of a politics of nonviolence:** ...it is fundamental that nonviolence be practised before all else within families.
- **My invitation:** Peacebuilding through active nonviolence is the natural and necessary complement to the Church’s continuing efforts to limit the use of force...

Find Pope Francis’s nonviolence document at <http://w2.vatican.va/content/vatican/it.html> or with additional resources at <http://www.usccb.org/issues-and-action/human-life-and-dignity/war-and-peace/world-day-of-peace.cfm> .



TIME TO THINK ABOUT PEACE

As a powerful way to start the new year, consider taking Pax Christi’s vow of nonviolence, available at: <https://paxchristiusa.org/resources/vow-of-nonviolence/>



DAYS OF INFAMY: 75TH ANNIVERSARY

More than 120,000 people of Japanese descent were infamously rounded up and sent to Internment Centers in various western states, by Executive Order from the President, February 19, 1942, 75 years ago.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor, Seattle’s Japanese community found a staunch supporter in Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy. In a pastoral letter read in every church in the diocese on December 14, 1941, the bishop called for a whole-hearted support of the war effort—and of people of Japanese descent: “Our Catholic heritage especially inculcates upon us in these momentous hours that we embrace our fellow American citizens of Japanese extraction in a special bond of charity.” (See www.stjames-cathedral.org/history/holythings/18maryknoll.aspx)

Fr. Tom Marti, MM, during a 2016 Christmas Party Mass at the Maryknoll House in Seattle, told of the work that Maryknoll had done in Seattle with Japanese immigrants. Beginning in the 1920s, because of their experience in Japan, Maryknoll was invited to minister to a parish in Seattle that included many Japanese immigrants. During World War II, most of people of that parish, even US citizens, were ordered into Internment camps in Idaho. Fr. Leopold Tibesar, MM, their parish priest, chose to go with them to the Minidoka internment camp. After the war, Maryknoll continued at the parish until it was closed in 1953.



Photo by Dorothea Lange, NARA

Japanese citizens were forcibly taken to detention camps in 1942.

Marie Wren related that one woman and her family had no place to live when they were released from internment, but the Maryknoll priest allowed them to stay in the rectory. Upon her death many years later, it was learned that she had bequeathed her house to Maryknoll. The woman had said, “Maryknoll gave me a home when I needed one, so now I will give them my house.”

In the Los Angeles area, Maryknollers also ministered to a Japanese parish before the war. Similarly, when the Japanese parishioners were ordered into internment, a Maryknoll priest and Sisters went to be with them. (<http://angelusnews.com/articles/return-to-manzanar-mass-and-memories>)

In 1988, Congress attempted to apologize for the interment by awarding each surviving internee \$20,000, and some recipients made special donations to Maryknoll at this time.

Fr. Marti, along with the Archdiocese of Seattle Missions Office and Pax Christi, is planning a commemoration on the 75th anniversary of the Internment, Feb 19, 2017.

This year let us update the words of Bishop Shaughnessy: “Our Catholic heritage especially inculcates upon us in these momentous hours that we embrace our fellow American citizens *and residents of various faith and cultural traditions* in a special bond of charity.”



LEARNING ABOUT IMMIGRATION AND REFUGEES

Marie Wren, of The San Francisco/North Bay Chapter, shared that in past years their chapter has organized presentations at the parish where they meet. These included a three-part series on Catholic social teaching, and a “Meet Maryknoll” evening. Other parishes in the diocese and schools and colleges were invited.

For 2017, the chapter members are educating themselves regarding immigration and refugees, and they are planning an evening presentation on these topics with the hope that the parish may sponsor a refugee family.



Marie Wren discusses immigration with Manny Hotchkiss, our newest Maryknoll Affiliate Board member.

TABLE TALK

Kris Neufeld – NSFA Staff Editor

One of my favorite books is *Kitchen Table Wisdom*, by Rachel Naomi Remen, a medical doctor who, as she puts it, listens to people's stories. She writes, "Everybody is a story. When I was a child, people sat around kitchen tables and told their stories. We don't do that so much anymore. Sitting around the table telling stories is not just a way of passing time. It is the way the wisdom gets passed along. The stuff that helps us to live a life worth remembering... Real stories take time. We stopped telling stories when we started to lose that sort of time, pausing time, reflecting time, wondering time."



I am now in a new life phase. In the last three years, I have moved that many times, including a frustrating eight months in a furnished house which was intended to be a 2-3-month stop between selling my house and moving back to Minnesota. I sat on furniture and slept in a bed that weren't mine, surrounded by cardboard boxes that contained the familiar things of my past life. What had been intended as a short-term fix turned into an isolating, frustrating year.

Now I live in what will likely be my last home—a small rental cottage in a senior community in Rochester, NY. It is a city where I know a few people and where I hope to be able to pay the rent if I happen to live as long as my ancestors. However, it is an additional two hours away from old friends in the New Jersey Affiliate Chapter, whom I have tried to see once a year for the last 15 years, and six to seven hours away from happenings at Maryknoll.

So, in many ways it feels like my "telling-stories-time" is on the back burner, but not because I don't have the "pausing time, the reflecting time, the wondering time" of which Remen writes. The task now is to seek like-

minded people who are willing to sit around kitchen tables to tell me their stories and to listen to mine.

It is difficult, as one grows older, to make new relationships, and yet it is necessary, given the steady loss and erosion of long-time friends whose stories I knew so well and whose lives had intersected with mine for so many years.

These are some of my musings when I read in NSFA that Affiliates have been discussing a book they have read in common. I must confess this doesn't hold much appeal for me. A *virtual community*, however, could be another matter—a sharing with others of my clumsy attempts to integrate into a new space and a new and confusing city, and of my attempts to be of service to others in a new way. I might like to tell them about my four Syrian women refugees who speak only enough English to respond to "What is your name?" (How I hope, someday, to listen to **their** stories!) And I'd like to hear others' stories about how they continue to find ways to feel, and be, relevant—not just as a person but particularly as an older Affiliate.



VIRTUAL COINCIDENCE!

The Maryknoll Affiliate Board has been investigating and has approved having virtual chapters. Some Affiliates, like Kris Neufeld, above, have moved away from their original chapter and have not found a similar community in their new homes. Other folks, strong Maryknoll and social justice supporters, may not have a chapter in their geographic area. Virtual chapters could help unite them to each other and to other Affiliate Chapters.

Since the first virtual chapter attempts will be considered pilot projects, there is still a great deal of flexibility. Contact Bob Short at rshort@maryknollaffiliates if you have ideas, want to be involved, or to get more information.



**SEATTLE CHAPTER:
WORKING TOGETHER**

Connections. The Seattle Chapter makes a point of maintaining contacts with missionaries in the field and contributing to mission efforts. Ralph Maughan (Western Region Co-coordinator) will be connecting with Br. Tim Raible, MM, and Br. John Beeching, MM, in Bangkok, Thailand, in early 2017. For many years, Br. Tim was assigned to mission promotion from the Seattle Maryknoll House, where the Seattle Chapter meets.



Returned Lay Missioners (l to r) Joe Hastings and Roger and Kitty Schiltz at the Seattle Maryknoll Christmas Party



Photos courtesy of Mary Ryan-Hotchikiss.

In Seattle, Fr. Tom Marti, MM, and Anna Clarke Johnson, Team Leader for the Western Region, Maryknoll US Mission Education

Support. The Seattle Chapter has also contributed financially to both missionaries' efforts and helped with hurricane recovery efforts in Haiti through contributions to Renate Schneider's non-profit (www.haitianconnection.org/). Under discussion are future donations to Fr. Bob McCahill, MM, to Sr. Julia Shideler, MM, one of the youngest Maryknoll sisters (Sr. Julia, who grew up in Washington, teaches high school in East Timor, where she has been for many years; her parents have attended Seattle Affiliate Chapter meetings.), and to Affiliates Kitty Madden in Nicaragua, and Pat and Mary Denevan in Oaxaca, Mexico.

Community. For fun, the Seattle Affiliates helped decorate the Seattle Maryknoll House in preparation for the Maryknoll Christmas party. Returned Maryknoll Lay Missioners Joe Hastings and Roger and Kitty Schiltz also attended the Christmas Party (photo). The Schiltzes have been Seattle Affiliates before and after being Lay Missioners. Several members of the Seattle Chapter plan to attend the 2017 MAC in Guatemala, connecting with our world community of Affiliates.



CONNECTING IN CLAREMONT

On their way to visit family, Affiliate Board Chair David Schaffner and his wife, NSFA co-editor Paula, enjoyed a newsy lunch with California Regional Coordinators Hugh and Jean Minton and other Los Angeles Chapter Affiliates. Kathee Bautista is working on a human trafficking project, and Richard Perez talked of his long-time ties to Maryknoll.

The Sierra Club has revived its midwinter, midnight walk among the homeless of Skid Row, and many LA Chapter members plan to join them. As a new member of the Los Angeles Chapter, Jean Minton had written about the walk in the March/April 2013 NSFA article, "LA – Sierra Club Skid Row Walk." (<http://maryknollaffiliates.org/news/downloads/not-so-far-afield/21-not-so-far-afield-2013-03-04/file.html>, p. 5)

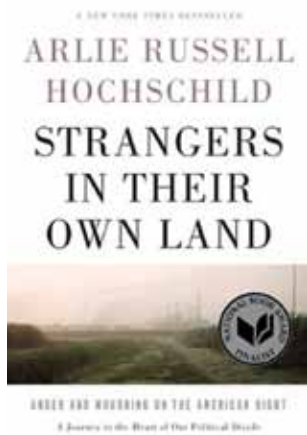


Enjoying sunshine, good food, and companionship are attendees, l to r: Kathee Bautista, Paula Schaffner, Jean and Hugh Minton, David Schaffner, and Richard Perez.

LIVING IN BUBBLES

Kitty Schiltz –
Seattle Chapter

A review of Strangers in Their Own Land: Anger and Mourning on the American Right, by Arlie Russell Hochschild, The New Press, New York, 2016.



**MARYKNOLL
MISSION
INSTITUTE**

The Mission Institute will offer a dozen programs during 2017, beginning with the following:

- May 7-12 (Sun – Fri) Michael Morwood, MA
Whatever Happened to Jesus?
- May 14-19 (Sun – Fri) Barbara Fiand, SNDdeN, PhD
Come, Drink Deep of Living Waters
- May 21-26 (Sun – Fri) Edwina Gateley, MA
Mystics, Rebels, Prophets and You!
- June 4-9 (Sun – Tue) Janet K. Ruffing, RSM, PhD
Nature and Poetry as Openings to the Mystical
- June 11-16 (Sun – Fri) Gail Worcelo, CP, MA
Momentum of Grace: The Deepening of Being in a World of Becoming
- June 18-23 (Sun – Fri) Elias Omondi Opongo, SJ, PhD
Structures of Sin and Personal Conversion Towards Social Transformation

The complete 2017 schedule is available at <https://maryknollsisters.org/maryknoll-mission-institute-2/>

You may register online, or to obtain application forms—

Write: Maryknoll Mission Institute
Maryknoll Sisters
P.O. Box 311
Maryknoll, NY 10545-0311

Telephone: 914-941-0783 @ 5671, or
E-mail: missinst@mksisters.org

For the last five years, Arlie Russel Hochschild, a sociology professor from Berkeley, listened to, observed, and became friends with the people in the Louisiana bayou—Tea Party country. Her sociological study provides insight into the almost inevitable election of Trump. In her words, the political climate was “like a pile of dry kindling waiting for a spark to ignite it.” Hochschild’s stories flesh out her exhaustive study of the Louisiana bayou people who live in a very petrochemically polluted, poverty-riddled area.

We may feel really good living in our little isolated bubble. But there are many bubbles, large and small. How big is our family? We feel good when we are within our bubble, but Professor Hochschild’s study asks us to go outside our comfort bubble and be with others.

Strangers in Our Own Land speaks to a missionary’s approach when entering another culture. Quoting Max Warren, of The Church of Ireland Missionary Society, “Our first task in approaching another culture, another religion, is to take off our shoes, for the place we are approaching is holy. Else we may find ourselves treading on other peoples dreams. More serious still, we may forget that God was here before our arrival.”



25 Years Ago...

Fr. Russ Feldmeier, MM, is on the Maryknoll Fathers and Brothers’ General Council and represents the Society on the Affiliate Board. He reminisced that in 1992, as the Affiliates were forming, he was named to the Affiliate Board, even before there was an Affiliate on the Board! After many years on mission in Korea, he has returned for visits. In 2015, Fr. Russ was able to be present at the Covenant signing of the Korean Affiliate Chapter.

Were you associated with the Maryknoll Affiliates 25 years ago? We’d like to share your reminiscences during our year of celebration!



NSFA readers would like to hear about your chapter. Please share your plans and actions at NSFA@MaryknollAffiliates.org.

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Find out on page 3 where the wine never runs out!

