

BAY AREA WOMEN IN BLACK

We gather today as Jewish feminists and our allies to protest the inhumane violence that endangers and degrades the lives of the peoples of the Middle East.

We gather to renew our commitment to actively oppose our government's strong support of policies which have maintained Israel's occupation of Palestinian lands.

We gather to challenge the on-going carnage being inflicted by the U.S. military upon the Iraqi people.

We gather to examine the fears that may drive us to separate from, blame, and dehumanize one another.

We gather to protest the use of all forms of violence: terrorism, collective punishment, militarism, suicide bombings, targeted assassinations, and coerced movement of populations--to resolve conflicts between nations and peoples.

We gather to reject the cyclical cries of aggression and retaliation: justice will never be achieved through seeking vengeance.

We gather to challenge all forms of racism, including anti-Arab and anti-Muslim racism and anti-Semitism.

We gather to take courage from peace activists in Gaza, the West Bank, Israel, Iraq and Lebanon who are devoted to justice, people who are building alliances of trust and equality with each other.

We gather to move away from the fear and frustration that keep us from remembering that each individual action informs a larger collective one, which has the force to bring about necessary change.

We gather to embrace our common humanity, feel our deep connections with one another and build bridges of mutual respect, creating pathways to peace.

During this frightening time in the Mideast, it is crucial for us first to gather together, to draw strength and sustenance from one another---then to act.

Bay Area Women in Black asks each of you to find-- just beyond your comfort zone--one act that will honor the dead, the wounded and the vulnerable in Gaza, Lebanon and Israel.

One conversation you didn't think you could risk. One letter you didn't think you had time to write. One meeting with people who hold a different view. One resounding No when you would have reminded silent. One act. Each day.

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For Women In Black Worldwide

When a waning moon
hovers on the tender blue horizon
a large fragile blossom
while all the birch branches
are white
etched in ice
and a falcon rests
in deer antler branches
watching the fields for mice
The loveliness of the morning
enters us like a canoe
into river's deep teal water
I remember
No war rages here
We could not see this
if so
love Chrystos

www.bayareawomeninblack.org

