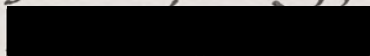


*As a democracy we are  
assigned by our Consti-  
tution to allow all views  
to be aired and considered.  
It is essential as a balance  
so that one view does not  
prevail by default.*

*I thank you for  
honoring the democratic  
way.*

*yours Truly,*



001397 FEB 20 91 *Mill Valley, CA.*



AND  
STILL I  
SOW  
MY  
LITTLE  
SEEDS  
OF  
PEACE

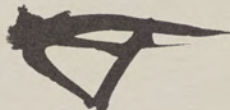
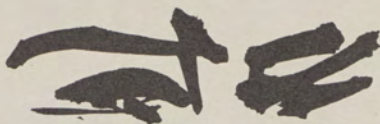


The hills and rivers of the lowland country you have made your  
battle-ground.

How do you suppose the people who live there will procure  
water & food?

Do not let me hear you talk about logical policies for war,  
For a single leader's reputation is made out of ten thousand  
corpses.

-A protest in the 6th year of Ch'ien Fu, A.D.879



Oh. The tide of war  
that washes young people  
to strange places!  
Oh. The tide of war  
that leaves corpses  
on the sand!  
What can we do for  
this country feverish  
with hate?  
What can we offer -  
our futile blood  
and poems for peace.  
-DONGOC

FRUIT OF WAR

-Huy Can

Give me the pellet-bomb "fruit,"  
A militia woman says softly.  
Why is it you seem beautiful as a sparrow,  
Yet kill people so terribly!

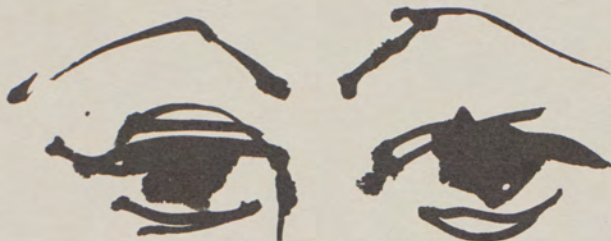
Her eyebrows wrinkly, frowning,  
It's like this, isn't it:  
You are really ghouls,  
Savoring the fine taste of death!

You've become so refined-  
Guava bombs, then pineapple bombs.  
Death: it's a profitable business.  
It, too, needs a beautiful facade.

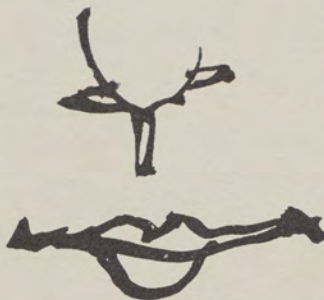
Life fills with  
sufferings.  
We lack  
salt and rice  
but not sons.  
Bombs  
wipe out our  
villages.  
yet we sing  
the song  
of  
quiet courage.  
THANH  
HAI







### MOTHER'S DUTIES



In our land, mothers' duties are difficult:  
There are countries where mothers teach children to love  
flowers.

In ours, mothers must teach children how to avoid bombs. There  
are countries where mothers teach children to know musical  
notes and bird songs.

Here, mothers must teach children to distinguish the roar of the  
B-52 and the F-105.

O Virgin Mother, who holds your child? Do you know that for  
months in my country mothers sleep far away from their  
children?

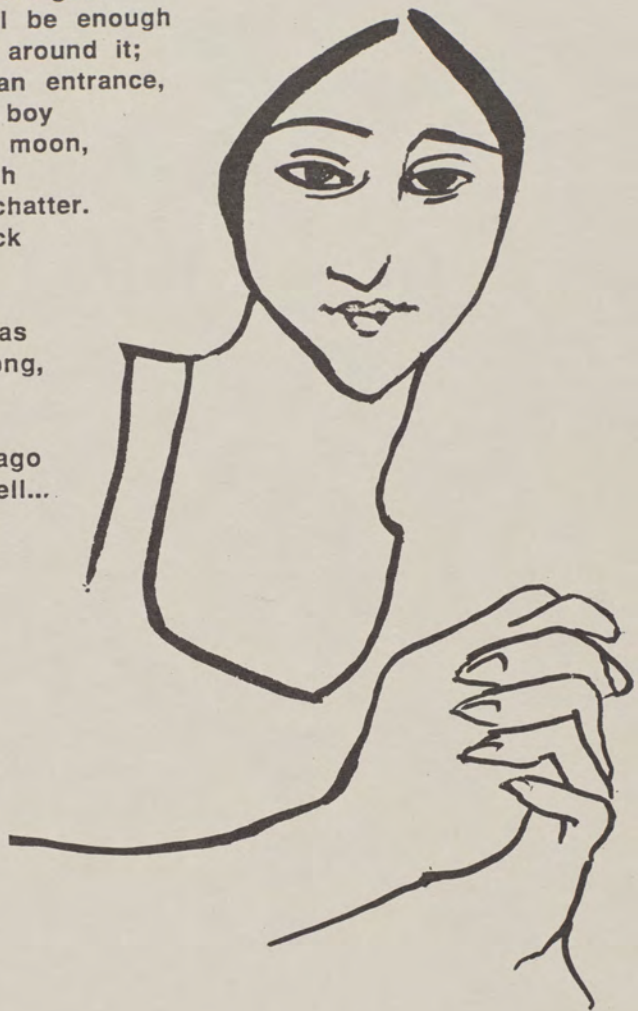
There were times when mothers needed to teach children only to  
be strong.

But when that's not enough, mothers must teach children to  
become heroes.

-Hung Dung , age 15

All we want is to hold hands  
and be friends.  
-RACHEL age 5 1/2

...I would like now to say some simple things,  
simple as a field of rice  
or sweet potatoes,  
or a silent early morning.  
Please let me breathe again the air of peace.  
Let children frolic in the sun  
with kites over bamboo bridges.  
Just a narrow little space will be enough  
Four rows of bamboo trees around it;  
and leave a little space for an entrance,  
A place for a girl and boy  
to tell the story of the moon,  
For old women with  
babies to gather and chatter.  
Please give me back  
these things  
I've mentioned-  
A story as simple as  
a bird's unbroken song,  
as a mother,  
as a baby,  
as the life of long ago  
the poets used to tell...  
-Hoang Minh Nhan



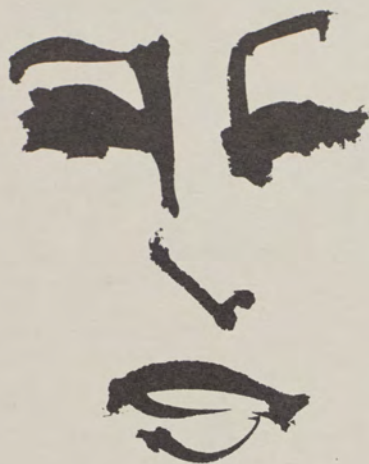
so many  
paths  
that  
wind and  
wind,  
when just  
the  
art of  
being  
kind is  
all this  
sad world  
needs.

ELLA WHEELER  
WILCOX



You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandparents, so that they will respect the land. And teach your children that whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons & daughters of the earth. This we know, the earth does not belong to humans; humans belong to the earth.

adapted from a talk given by Chief Seattle



~~THE~~ EARTH IS OUR MOTHER.  
WE MUST TAKE CARE OF HER.  
~~THE~~ EARTH IS OUR MOTHER.  
WE MUST TAKE CARE OF HER.  
UNITE THE PEOPLE; BE AS ONE.  
UNITE THE PEOPLE; BE AS ONE.  
ITS SACRED GROUND  
WE WALK ALONG WITH EVERY  
STEP WE TAKE.

- NATIVE AMERICAN CHANT

These are the things that we remember of America...

her face is the rugged face of the people;  
her moods the surge and source of her people;  
her heart the tranquil beauty of her people;  
her wealth the heritage of her people;  
**AND WE ARE THAT PEOPLE!**

-Thomas Wolfe

Mother, our eyes shine  
beneath our tears  
our voices clear  
behind our fears.  
We the people are the  
sturdy dedicated  
kinds of sanity; we  
renew our commitment  
to justice for all.  
We the people promise  
one another to work  
for peace, to speak  
for peace, to march  
for peace, each way  
for peace, sisters,  
brothers, fathers,  
mothers, each day  
for peace.

"WITH OUR VOICES WE  
WILL HEAL OUR HOMES;  
WITH OUR VOICES WE  
SHALL RECLAIM OUR  
NATION."

-CHERY MARIE WADE



LIVE TOGETHER  
AS BROTHERS & SISTERS  
OR DIE  
TOGETHER AS FOOLS

-Martin Luther King

The woman warrior  
within me emerges  
and she knows  
what to do.

-CHRIS COBAUGH



What I hear is WAR IS HELL, BUT.....  
HOW ABOUT WAR IS HELL, THEREFORE.....

From the devastated dreams of today we sing these songs:  
Though our leaders have abandoned us we will never give up.  
Though the media distorts or ignores us we will never give up.  
Though weariness overcomes our hopes we will never give up.  
With loving care we undo tangles of misunderstandings  
Rebinding the human knot of love  
for in every heart there is the root of kindness.  
Tomorrow our earth will blossom with more smiles,  
For tomorrow we are determined to live in peace.



The  
thunder  
of  
fearless  
voices  
is the  
only  
thing  
louder  
than  
the  
drums  
of  
war.

SOURCE  
UNKNOWN

November 1st, 1990,  
I held my five hour old granddaughter  
and felt the innocence and trust  
of this new spirit on earth.  
I felt deep and everlasting devotion.  
I felt deep and intense responsibility of  
how what I do  
affects the world  
that will be here for her.  
I have three other grandchildren  
and have come to understand what my work is  
as a grandmother,  
as the spirit that came before  
and prepares the way for the future  
as it was prepared for me.  
I know if it doesn't stop  
it will only get worse  
for all living things.  
I know that I cannot stop  
until this madness stops.  
I am a warrior too  
defending my grandchildren's future.



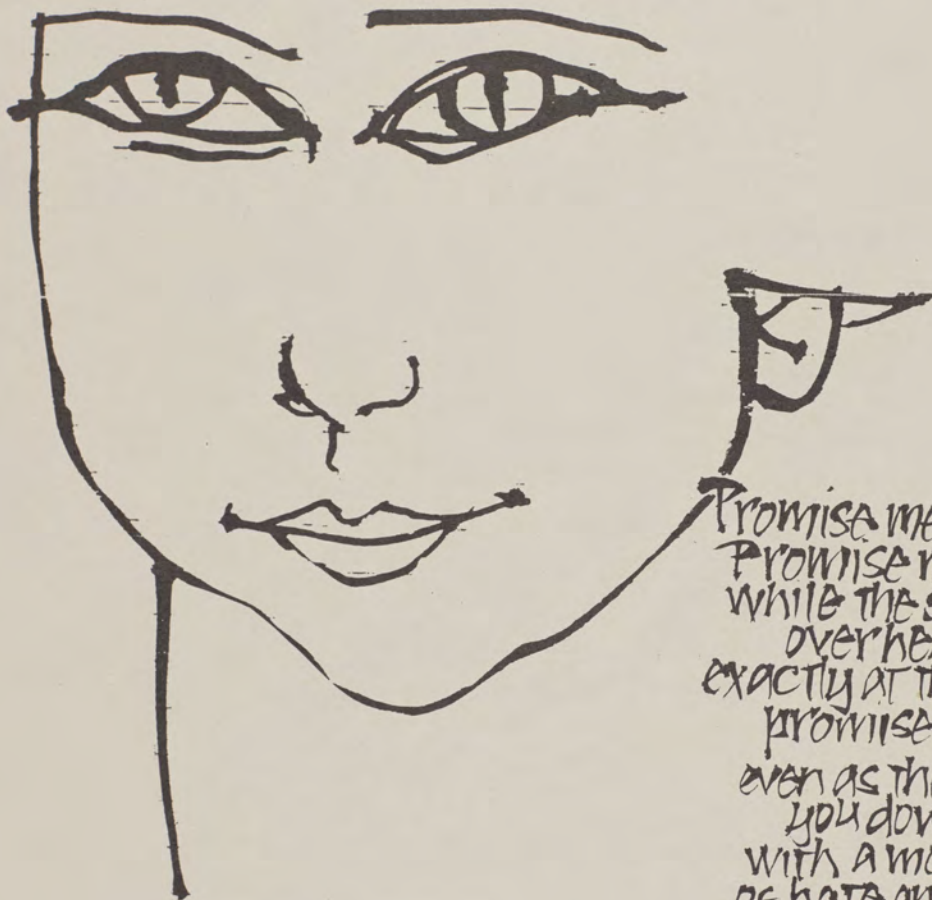
#### INVITATIONS

We will invite the youth who bear on their bodies  
and in their minds and hearts the sounds of war.  
The brothers and sisters from the Chinese border  
to the Gulf of Thailand. We will invite our friends  
from the West, those whose fathers went  
and never returned, those whom the war  
has taken their loved ones. We will invite our friends  
from north and south Korea from east and west Germany,  
and the poor miserable ones from Santo Domingo.  
We will invite the survivors from behind the mushroom  
columns of smoke of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.  
We will invite the demonstrators against the war  
And the mothers from five continents,  
our own mothers in traditional dress and long hair  
will welcome those suffering people from all over.  
We will say new words  
Our hearts filled with human love  
And a new language  
For those who were the enemy.

-Hai Ha



It was the middle of the night when the walls fell in  
and when they found her little tapestry,  
with flowers and the word Peace, by her side.  
Where?, you want to know. How old was she?  
Why was she busy with her needle and thread in the middle of the night?  
I say, she could be anywhere on earth. I say she could be any age,  
this casualty, this unsung number on a page,  
this heroine who's only medal is her faith,  
this woman who is one of growing millions,  
ringing the Earth with their tapestry hoops for Peace,  
like Madam DuFarge, recording crimes against humanity  
until.....



What tragic unsung epics of courage  
lie silent in the world's history.

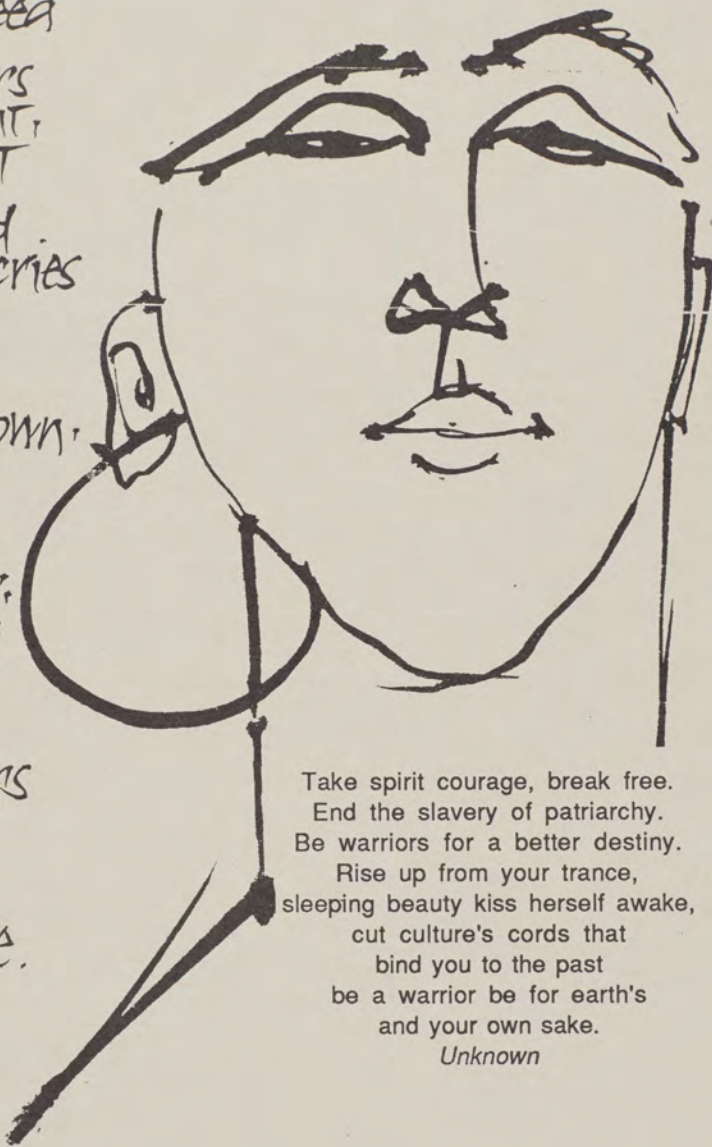
Yang Ping

Promise me this day:  
Promise me now  
while the sun is  
overhead  
exactly at the zenith,  
promise me  
even as they strike  
you down  
with a mountain  
of hate and violence  
REMEMBER  
People are not our  
enemy.

. THICH NHAT HANH

And here it comes and on it goes up into the vast universe those phallises shoving into the sky, blowing holes into the earth, molesting the source of life the food of life the joy of life eating up even the seed potatoes that always fed the folks who worked and danced and loved and died secure in the spirits of their grandchildren, now murdered or maimed in the quick blast of one of their bullets, rockets, missiles, like obscene sperm wriggling to an egg uniting with not its birth but its death.

Even as the bombs of greed  
on my TV sprinkle  
bright lights like stars  
on a clean winter night,  
bombs falling as silent  
as spring-rain,  
Even as from around  
the Earth I hear the cries  
of mothers  
who see no future,  
Even as the eyes of  
children in my quiet town,  
eyes that smiled just  
yesterday  
now wide with fear  
that bombs are near,  
Even as friends phone  
weeping  
and the arrival  
of a hummingbird  
fills my eyes with tears  
I pull myself  
each dawn  
to sow  
my little seeds of peace.



Take spirit courage, break free.  
End the slavery of patriarchy.  
Be warriors for a better destiny.  
Rise up from your trance,  
sleeping beauty kiss herself awake,  
cut culture's cords that  
bind you to the past  
be a warrior be for earth's  
and your own sake.

Unknown



with patience  
skill and will  
and clean  
of rancor,  
we plow  
the fields  
of tomorrow  
for in the  
hearts  
of all people  
there is  
the root  
of kindness  
and a  
vision  
of PEACE

*and still I sow my little seeds of peace*

(c) '91 Renee Locks  
Atelier Renee

Mill Valley, CA 94941  
11-800

Printed by W.I.G.T.

Mill Valley, CA.

on recycled paper

A chain of iron is easier to break  
than a chain of flowers  
- ELIJAH LEVI

Peace  
on  
Earth

MILL VALLEY, CA. 94941



NORTH BAY, CA 949



C-SPAN

400 N Capitol St NW

Washington.D C 20001