



THE

SOWER

True justice is the harvest reaped by peacemakers

from seeds sown in the spirit of peace. James, 3:18

Strangers and Guests Catholic Worker Farm, Maloy, Iowa

Number 10, Summer 2012

Dear Friends,

When he wrote for our spring issue, during a spring thunderstorm, Brian noted the flax and peas were planted by St. Joseph's feast, March 19th. On a sultry summer Sunday afternoon, July 1st the flax is ready to be pulled, and the peas are "burning up" having provided plenty of green crunchy spring and early summer meals. They will soon be goat food.

Warmth returned early this year encouraging early blooms on many fruit trees, and early weeds too! Before March ended Brian was off to Birmingham Alabama for a retreat on the teachings of Gandhi. Late winter I began weekly trips to Lamoni to prepare with a community (Graceland University Oratorio) chorus learning to sing Faure's lovely "Requiem"

In April twins were born to our goat Rosita, both male. The mild spring weather was easy on them and the 15 baby chicks we raised. We started with them in the garage, with a heat lamp, till they were old enough to move to the chicken shed. Onions, potatoes, cauliflower and cabbage were planted out, while I tended other tender plants indoors. Some perennials were pruned or moved around to suit this year's garden plan.



Flax harvested and bundled



As the Country Life Center at Henry Wallace's birthplace near Orient, Iowa reopened for the season, I traveled up with a load of rugs and other woven stuff for their shop, and met Carmen Zeitler for lunch at the Country Life Center's Gathering Barn. They serve meals a couple days a week as well as hosting parties, meeting and bus tour groups. The farm grows a wide variety of produce for their kitchen, for Farmer's Markets and C.S.A. customers.

Late April Brian was off to Madison, Wisconsin, for some visiting and May Day started walking with other folks, toward Chicago. Veronica arrived back from Costa Rica in mid-May, and Brian came home long enough to work on the garden as we planted corn and beans in the warmer soil. He headed back to Chicago for the events around the NATO summit as we filled up our garden

space with the warm weather lovers: tomatoes peppers and squash, cucumbers, basil, sweet potatoes and okra.

The last weekend of May we had some visitors from Kansas City; Betsy Thompson, whom Brian met during the weekend of protest there in April, and her housemate Lizzy. We had a lively weekend, sharing stories from our history and their interesting journeys, and working in the garden. Saturday, to double the fun, Richard Flammer and his wife Araceli, from Chiapas, Mexico, came for lunch, making for more intriguing connections

THE SOWER

Dear Friends, continued from page 1

and a bilingual meal. On the Sabbath we took time for relaxing, visiting the Benedictine sisters at Clyde and the local wildlife area, cooking and eating. They had a chance to unwind from the city life and enjoy the green of Maloy. With the long weekend, they were able to get some work done here Monday too, before heading back down to KC.

In June we were busy weeding and mulching in the garden as well as “the usual” which includes Tuesday Bible study. Regular Tim Maxa had a student intern with him a few weeks, and Priscilla Eppinger shared some of her summer break before taking off to bicycle in Poland. I worked on some new weaving projects of napkins and towels, and worked to keep challenging my young guitar students. Veronica went off for about a week of birding; down to Marshall, Missouri with folks she worked with last summer at the Missouri River Bird Observatory, and doing some bird census work in Iowa. On June 3rd Brian and I headed East and attended a celebration marking Father Ed Dunn’s 40th anniversary of ordination to the priesthood. We enjoyed reminiscing about our days in Davenport, and a great liturgy and meal outdoors in the church grounds at St. Mary’s in Oxford, Iowa.



While still enjoying the early produce, peas, asparagus, rhubarb, tatsoi and strawberries we started gearing up for our annual solstice party. I don’t quite know how to integrate in a short article the daily round of chores, the outdoor experience I cherish, living in this tiny town: sunset, moonrise, birdsong in the morning. As they grow, we hear some tentative crows from little roosters and the coyotes’ howl at night. It is a challenge to try and mix that flavor with the events that make these months different from other years.

Betsy

Summer, 2012- No. 10



Some of Brian’s relatives visiting Maloy

+++++

P.S. from Brian

The vagaries of the weather have corresponded pretty well with my activist’s schedule and I have been home on the farm for most of the crucial times of planting and birthing. I was also able, as Betsy mentions, to spend some time on the road and in the Voices for Creative Nonviolence offices in Chicago.

I was able to take part in about half the mileage of VCNV’s walk from Madison, Wisconsin, to Chicago and NATO’s gangland summit in May, “At a Global Crossroads.” In Madison it was a pleasure to catch up with my brother Bart, who lives there with his wife Jen and sons CJ and Damon, all active in the Wisconsin Uprising.

Our 18th Summer Solstice gathering in Maloy brought friends here from far and near, including my brother Brad from Green Bay, Wisconsin, and brother Brett from Los Angeles and about a dozen of their descendants and significant others. Car loads came from the Des Moines CW house, from across the Missouri border and more friends rode in on bicycles from the town of Lamoni, 30 miles away. Our yard and pasture filled with tents and our road with license plates from California to Massachusetts! Again the music was astonishing.

It has been good to have Veronica home from Costa Rica. In the next weeks we expect visits from a couple of Catholic Worker friends and fellow travelers who might discern a “call” to join our common life here.

In political cases, as Alice learned down the rabbit-hole, the verdict precedes the evidence and all signs are that my trial on September 10 for resisting the murderous drones will lead to six months in prison for me.

We continue to be grateful for relatives and friends who sustain us with love, concern, prayers, cash, visits, gifts in kind and shared labor, confounding my little fears, uncertainties and lack of faith. A federally mandated sabbatical may be just what I need! Love to all....

RESISTING DRONES IN MISSOURI

“Let Justice Flow Like a River...”

By Brian Terrell

The United States District Courthouse in Jefferson City, Missouri, is a modern and graceful structure sitting on a bluff over the Missouri River. Less than one year old, it is a virtual temple in white marble, granite and glass, its



clean lines all the more immaculate in contrast to its nearest neighbor, the crumbling 19th century hulk of the derelict and empty Missouri State Penitentiary, now a tourist attraction and occasional movie set. Set into the floor of the courthouse rotunda, executed in marble and bronze, is the image of the Great Seal of the United States, the eagle with arrows in one talon and olive leaves in the other, circled by a quote from the Bible, from the prophet Amos, “Let Justice Flow Like A River.”

Even the wide Missouri’s current gets a bit sluggish in the summer months and justice was flowing just as slowly through the high ceilinged halls of the courthouse on June 6, the day appointed for me, Mark Kenney and Ron Faust to answer to the charge that we “did enter a military installation for a purpose prohibited by law.” Aside from our arraignment there was little else going on in the building that day and but for our small party of de-

fendants, attorneys and friends, the big new courthouse was almost as quiet and deserted as the abandoned old prison across the street.

Mark, Ron and I had been summonsed here by the powers after having been apprehended on April 15 at Whiteman Air Force Base. Our action was part of the “Trifecta Resista” nonviolence training and direct actions at three locations around the Kansas City area. Besides protesting at Whiteman, from which killer drones engage in combat in Afghanistan by remote control, our contingent of activists from around the Midwest acted at Kansas City’s new nuclear weapons plant and at the military pris-



on at Fort Leavenworth where suspected WikiLeaks whistleblower Pfc. Bradley Manning had been held for trial.

At the Whiteman base, Ron, Mark and I attempted, on behalf of a larger group of protestors, to deliver an “indictment” to Brigadier General Scott A. Vander Hamm, the base’s commander. Our indictment charged the chain of command, from President Obama to General Vander Hamm to the drone crews at Whiteman “with the following crimes; extrajudicial killings, violation of due process, wars of aggression, violation of national sovereignty, and the killing of innocent civilians.” It noted the fact that “extrajudicial targeted killings by the use of unmanned air-

Will justice flow like a river here, or be held festering as in a stagnant pool? For all its majestic and stately architecture, is this the temple of justice, of law and reason, that it purports to be, or is it instead the proverbial “whited sepulcher,” beautiful on the outside but on the inside putrid, rotten and full of corruption? Does this court have a place in a peaceful and just future or is this shiny new building, like the condemned prison across the street, already a relic of a barbaric and wholly regrettable past? The world waits to know.



craft drones by the United States of America are intentional, premeditated and deliberate use of lethal force in violation of US and international human rights law” and demanded that these crimes immediately cease.

Our polite request to the base sentries for directions to headquarters to deliver the indictment was denied and our way blocked by military police who handcuffed us and took us away. Our thirty or so companions, clearly exercising the constitutionally-protected right to peaceably assemble for the redress of grievances, were chased off the property by about fifty Air Force personnel in full riot gear who performed a carefully if grotesquely choreographed drill routine, complete with goosesteps and synchronized grunts and beating of clubs on shields. Reminiscent of a Monte Python sketch or of the “Springtime for Hitler” dance number in the Mel Brooks’ musical “The Producers,” this performance (since seen by thousands on a YouTube video taken that day) reveals a government literally scared silly by its own citizens.

In court, Mark pled guilty to the charge. Before accepting this plea from a defendant representing himself, Judge Matt J. Whitworth patiently questioned Mark to be sure that he knew what rights he was waiving by pleading guilty. Did Mark know, the judge asked, that if he pled “not guilty,” he would have the right to a full trial, to present evidence, to call or subpoena witnesses on his behalf, and to cross-examine any witness that the government might bring in to testify against him? Mark was told of his right to be represented in these proceedings by an attorney

and that the court would appoint one if he could not afford one.

Mark replied that he was aware of all this, but he told Judge Whitworth that these rights simply do not exist anymore. The Obama administration had not only claimed for itself the prerogative to arrest and indefinitely imprison any suspected “terrorist” without trial, but also to target noncitizens and citizens alike and to order their executions by missile bearing drones anywhere in the world, with no more “due process” than the president’s determination. Mark asked to be sentenced immediately.

Judge Whitworth agreed and asked the probation office to prepare a presentence report, listing Mark’s previous “crimes,” his employment, education, family and other factors which might inform a sentence. A few hours later we were back in court, where the Assistant US Attorney, citing Mark’s dozen or so previous arrests for protests, asked the judge to keep him in prison for four months, allowing that he might be spared the maximum six month sentence in consideration for his guilty plea, saving the trouble of a trial. Mark for his part said that as a disciple of Jesus he had no other choice but to act as he had done. Citing difficulties his family will face in his absence, Mark asked only for a few weeks’ time before surrendering himself to prison.

Judge Whitworth sentenced Mark to four months in prison, a sentence to begin in about six weeks. The judge proclaimed his commitment to the security of the base and also cited the valuable warplanes and other weapons the

THE SOWER

Air Force keeps at Whiteman that need protection. As judges are prone to do, Judge Whitworth indulged in a bit of spiritual direction as well, assuring Mark that “the good Lord would rather have you protest off the base and stay out of trouble. When you trespass, you are only hurting yourself.”

I do not presume to know what, if any, spiritual tradition Judge Whitworth follows, but he should be informed before he offers such counsel that Mark’s good Lord bids him not to stay on the sidelines avoiding inconvenience and suffering for himself. The Lord Mark serves calls him to solidarity with those who suffer, even to the point of taking up his own cross. The God whose words are cast in bronze on the floor of the courthouse rotunda regards the weapons amassed at Whiteman Air Force Base not as resources to be protected by riot police or defended by putting the likes of Mark behind walls, but as swords waiting to be beaten into plowshares by the hands of faithful women and men.

Ron and I pled not guilty and were given a trial date of September 10. This will be my third trial for resisting drone warfare, once in Nevada at Creech Air Force Base and once in New York, at Hancock Field Air National Guard Base near Syracuse. After more than three decades as a peace and human rights activist, these two trials out of many have evoked the most dramatic, intense and unpredictable trials and I expect no different in Jefferson City.

The other “drone trials” I participated in in Nevada and New York were prosecuted by local assistant district attorneys, who have “no dog in this race,” as they say, arguing before state courts where judges can too easily claim to be neutral arbiters of the facts. In this case, we are in US District Court and the prosecution will be handled by a young captain in the Air Force Judge Advocate General Corps, acting as a Special Assistant United States Attorney. “Going federal” raises the stakes: witness Mark’s four months compared with my one night of “time served” in Las Vegas and my ten days in a New York jail this past winter. Federal prosecutors also have more case law at

Summer, 2012- No. 10

their disposal empowering them to limit testimony, to exclude the domestic and international laws that make drone warfare a criminal, legally preventable act. They have more power to shut us up. Still, I appreciate the clarity that speaking in US District Court will bring this fall, addressing the Air Force and the US Empire more directly than at my previous trials.

Ron will be represented by Ruth O’Neill, attorney and Catholic Worker from Columbia, MO, and I will represent myself with assistance from Kansas City, KS, attorney, Henry Stoeve, both experienced resistance lawyers

(Henry is awaiting trial himself for his part in the nuke weapons segment of the “Trifecta Resista” – a trial at which he will be represented by Ruth!) and both good friends. We are lining up expert witnesses and collecting evidence for our coming trial. My best hopes for the courtroom are that we can keep from being distracted by the minutiae of a falsely alleged “trespass” and keep focused on the infinitely more serious crimes committed by our drones in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Yemen and other places known and unknown.

Please join us this fall in Jefferson City. Stay in touch as details develop. Will justice flow like a

river in the US District Courthouse there, or will the judge and prosecutor hold it festering as in a stagnant pool? For all its majestic and stately architecture, is this the temple of justice, of law and reason, that it purports to be, or is it instead the proverbial “whited sepulcher,” beautiful on the outside but on the inside putrid, rotten and full of corruption? Does this court have a place in a peaceful and just future or is this shiny new building, like the condemned prison across the street, already a relic of a barbaric and wholly regrettable past? The world waits to know. We also plan for a return to the “scene of the crime,” Whiteman Air Force Base, to protest the ongoing crimes of the drones flown from there. We invite you to join us in resistance and perhaps to lay the foundations of your own federal case in Jefferson City!

Photos by Marc Saviano



"Birding" in Costa Rica

"acres and acres of tall, giant trees that house a diversity of plants, vines, insects, mammals, reptiles, birds and other life"

By Veronica Mecko

From mid January through April I worked as a research assistant on a project in Costa Rica, Central America studying hummingbirds as pollinators.

The research was the last field season for the doctoral project of Maria Maglianesi. My coworker, Agustin, had worked on the project during the previous field season and was very good at working with the hummingbirds and taught me how to band them. Several other volunteers helped for one or more of the research trips.

My coworkers and everyone else I met in Costa Rica called hummingbirds *colibri*. There are more than 50 species of hummingbirds found in Costa Rica. We studied 21 of these species during the research project and we made videos of more than 35 different flowering plant species that hummingbirds visit to drink the nectar and possibly pollinate the plant at the same time.



The field work for the project was done at three sites at different elevations: 2,000 meters (2000M); 1,070 meters (1070M) and about 30 meters at La Selva Biological Station (La Selva). The two higher elevation sites were remote sites in Braulio Carrillo National Park and we had to hike to these sites to get to the research station. We made three trips to each of the sites and each trip was nine days.

Each research trip we spent four days banding hummingbirds and four days taking videos of flowers that the hummingbirds might visit. On average we caught about 10 hummingbirds each day we opened the mist nets (not



counting those that escaped) but several days we banded more than 20 hummingbirds. After taking a hummingbird out of the net we would take pollen samples from its bill, the top of its head and its throat. Then we took other measurements and photos, offered the hummingbird sugar nectar and released the bird.

On days we took videos, we set up cameras at plants that had open flowers and recorded for two hours at each flower to film which hummingbirds visited the flowers. Many times as I was setting up a camera a hummingbird would come to the flowers that I was filming. Two of the species that would visit a flower even if it knew you were nearby were the Purple-throated mountain gem and the Green-fronted lancebill. We made five to ten videos of different flowering plants of each species so we had to find lots of flowers! Even on days that we banded in the morning, in the afternoon we would be searching for flowers that were blooming or new species of flowers that hadn't been flowering on previous trips.

After setting up the cameras we would sometimes have time to



THE SOWER



do some bird watching. The first two trips to 2000M we were lucky to have Roberto, a young Costa Rican who worked as a bird guide and who could identify many bird species by sight and song. With Roberto's help we could identify the call of a silvery-fronted tapaculo, a secretive ground dwelling species. One evening when it was cloudy and very dark, Roberto heard a pair of bare-shanked owls calling back and forth as they slowly made their way past the cabin. Other birds we saw often were black guan, collared redstart and the sooty-capped bush tanagers that traveled in groups through the trees.

The middle elevation site 1070M had the most beautiful mountain streams and rivers. It took me more than five hours to hike to the cabin at 1070M, crossing a wide river using a basket bridge and two other good sized streams before finally arriving to the research station. A mountain stream ran close to the station and its gurgles could be

Summer, 2012- No. 10

heard throughout the day or night, except when it was raining. If I sat on a rock at the stream I would always see several hummingbirds coming to perch over the stream or zooming over it. One day I observed three male green hermits chasing each other back and forth over the stream and through the trees.

Also very memorable for me were the acres and acres of tall, giant trees that housed a diversity of plants, vines, insects, mammals, reptiles, birds and other life within their numerous, long and extended branches. One species of bromeliad grew more than a meter wide and tall and these plants grew high up in the trees, sometimes three or four forming a circle around the tree trunk. I saw hummingbirds visit the flowers of these plants growing high in the trees. All three of the research sites had the giant trees, but at La Selva there were concrete trails through the forest and I was able to rent a bike and ride the different trails to the banding site, to search for flowers or just to ride through the trees. The Three Rivers Trail ran for more than 5,000 meters and for most of it you walked or rode through immense trees. On more than one occasion I saw a howler monkey very high up in a tree carrying a young one.

Did I mention that there was lots of mud? Or about the giant lightning bugs that flashed luminescent orange as well as green? Or that we had two to three days off between research trips and my good friends Rafa and Flor and Dona Lilliam provided me with a home and great food during my days off?

Hope you have enjoyed this brief account, excerpted from my blog at <http://vmmbirding.blogspot.com/>.

Photos, clockwise from far left- female (l) and male (r) Green-crowned Brilliant hummingbirds; ice cream with volunteer Braulio (center) and his family with Agustin, left and me, right; orchids at 2000M site; female Purple-throated Mountain Gem hummingbirds



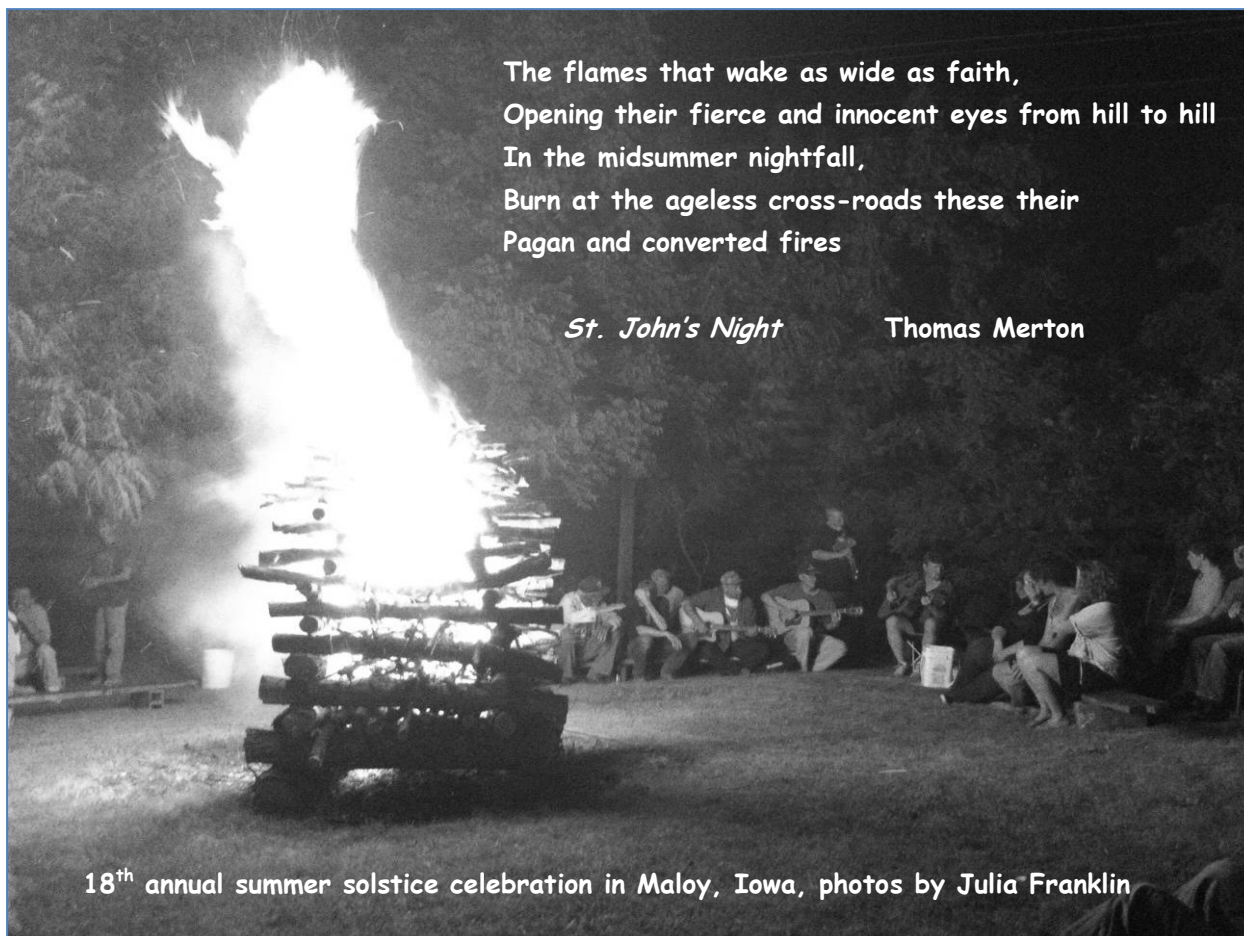
Chuck Trapkus

**Support Mark Kenney
In prison (see pg 4) 'til
mid- November**

Mark Kenney #14018-047
FPC DULUTH
FEDERAL PRISON CAMP
P.O. BOX 1000
DULUTH, MN 55814

*Letters and financial support
can also be sent to Mark's wife
at:*

Marie Kenney
12605 Oak Plaza, #108
Omaha, NE 68144



The flames that wake as wide as faith,
Opening their fierce and innocent eyes from hill to hill
In the midsummer nightfall,
Burn at the ageless cross-roads these their
Pagan and converted fires

St. John's Night

Thomas Merton

18th annual summer solstice celebration in Maloy, Iowa, photos by Julia Franklin

THE SOWER

Strangers and Guests

Catholic Worker Farm

108 Hillcrest Drive

Maloy, Iowa 50836

641-785-2321, Brian's cell: 773-853-1886

Brian Terrell, <brian@vcnv.org>

Betsy Keenan, <keenanweaving@yahoo.com>



Praised be you, my Lord, through Brother Fire, through whom you light the night,
and he is beautiful and playful and robust and strong.

Francis of Assisi