Corona Virus as Teacher

By Bratton Shaaley

It has been six long months since Covid 19 arrived and began to shut the country down, bringing the mighty to their knees and the world’s economic and social life to a halt. With some states opening prematurely, we are experiencing a second wave. The earth is reporting increases in the virus. It appears that we are losing our struggle to resist the virus and our lack of a cure or protocol to spread it. The casual joys of summer relaxed strict protocols and, if screws began spiking, spreading fear and trebling throughout the country.

“Is the human condition, the earth is flourishing. Wild animals are re-inhabiting towns and cities that have emptied. When Italy closed white boards roamed through vacated towns. Birders are reporting more varieties of birds, more robust bird calls. Are these animal emissaries of hope, a counter sign of the befouling of the human takeover of Mother Earth? We have been living in a frantic chronic, a tyranny of time and accomplishment. But now a more propitious, opportune time is upon us, kairos time, an historical moment ripe for critical action. “The time has come: the reign of God is at hand” (Mark 1:15). Kairos often comes as a surprise, but we can grow in the knowledge of ourselves if we have eyes to see and ears to hear. If we allow the ex-treme of this pandemic to awaken us, our pain on which we have been dangerously treading will be the face of so much suffering and death, restore our lost connection to each other and to the earth. And where might we start? Our Minds

Gandhi is famous for saying “good travels at a snail’s pace.” The better, wiser, and more loving we become, the slower and wiser we become, the more measured our movements. Covid 19 has forced this upon us, a more uncertain pace, less commuting to a faraway workplace, fewer hours at the office, more time in and around home. Most of us could live a much less frantic freelance to-dusk schedule, be-holden to more quiet mindful movements, void of the customary noise and speed. This new, vibrant sense of awareness sheds light on our conditioned habits, making room for new life-giving habits. Mindful quiet is the indispensable environment for self-revelation. Are we conditioned to listening to the dominant political voices around us insisting the corona virus is the enemy and that we must wage a successful war to defeat this deadly foe? How much of our thought process is lived in fear of “the deadly other” out there? Daily reports of the growing virus leave us no choice but to engage fully in the battle. Anxiety seeps into our inner world when we observe these covid times leveling the daily routines around us. Conversely, can we see the pain and anguish of this virus, not as a terrible punishment, but as a remarkable, yet anguished opportunity to see ourselves as we really are?

The corona virus was spread throughout the entire planet by hundreds of thousands of airplanes in three months, so conditi-oned were we humans to race across the globe chasing more power, more money, more happiness. Likewise, we immerse ourselves in more action, noise, movement, work, work, work, every empty space in life to be filled, always gazing at a screen, always “doing” something. The pandemic Our slower, limited movements in this pan-demnatic can open a more contemplative do-monstrates that often great minds and achievements are put aside. Covid 19 wage Us Racism is Deadly

The lynchpin of a successful campaign to flatten the Corona virus curve is social distancing. Like other virus protocols and methods to slow this spiking disease, are often the privilege of the white economi-cally comfortable class of Americans. Black and brown people and the poor are limited to finding work in essential but low paying jobs in food services, transportation, and construction where they are more likely to be infected by the virus. These economically and racially op-

ly trapped in urban poverty.

Is the fact that Covid 19 is twice as deadly for African Americans and 80 times for Whites, just one more injustice that enrages them at a system where whites are always superior? Black Catholic radio host Glo-ria Purvis challenges our faith to the core; “Racism makes a liar of God. It states not everyone is made, some black are there. What a horrible lie from the pit of hell.”

It is not surprising that in the first months of the African American protests, Black people took to the streets immediately fol-lowed by public torture and murder of George Floyd.

Safety from the virus was instantly eclipsed by the “white power structure: “Stop killing Black people.” Early in the Los Angeles protest, an African Ameri-can woman held a banner reading: “White people, how do you want me to die? In prison? Covid 19? Mur-dered in the streets?” She wonders if it is any surprise that “No jus-tice, No peace” is the move-ment’s rallying cry?

Black writer, Frank Wilerson, comments in his book Afropossessionism that “Black people are integral to human society but also excluded from it. The ex-perience of slavery across all of history is the slave is exploited and robbed of his/her personhood. But the black person is always a slave and a perpetual corpse buried beneath the world. Blackness is always synonymous with slavery.”

The American society’s pre-existing condition is the pandemic of white racial oppression of people of col-our. Covid 19’s propensity to kill Black people burns a searing wound of conscious, non-negotiable demand: this social death, this perpetual “slavery” of Black people, must end as of George Floyd’s murder.

Covid Virus and Climate Change

The pandemic has infected into 230 countries is threatening the life and well-being of billions of humans. But the threat, relatively speaking, is short. Wildfires, hurricanes, droughts, and floods caused by the loss of stewardship will be with us for centuries more and the extinction of every life form on earth.

How does the corona virus speak to the crisis of climate change? Is the virus humanity’s way of telling us all of us, especially the comfortable, enough to live? Is this nature’s way of saying “No” to the road our extractive, high tech, modern life has taken?

Nature is feeding back her conclusion on our frenzied materialism, our industri-al economy, and the fossil fuels to run it. She is saying an adamant, unforgiving “NO” to all pre-covid norms of economic growth. To a simpler, slower way of being human. She says: “Adapt to the present more stripped-down style of life or perish.”

Arvold Looking Horse, Chief of the Lakota tribe warned us at the 2017 St. Francis
Irony and Perspective in Corona Times

by Suzanne Belote Shanley

As I walk to St. Francis House, I turn to the garden, just as the sun rises above the lush rows of broccoli, kale, lettuce, and all things green. The sun sheds her shining golden light over the Keeping clusters of green, stretching in anticipation of the day.

The dense grape vines beside me need careful eye to discern clusters of light green baby grapes, nudging their tiny, nearly invisible heads from behind the leaves where they nuzzle. Priscilla seen my next task, in a constant state of distraction, I suppress the urge to hold the grapes in my own hands. Internally I tell myself: “Go ahead Suzanne. Just kiss the grapes. Just kiss them.”

At 7:30 am, I enter the chapel for Morning Prayer, sensing the perfection of God. Be my boulder, Jesus. Yellow and orange wildflowers, lending balance, insight, as they move through the quotidian at Agape with tender concern.

Yet, there are days when I feel like Dorothy Day as she records in her diary, The Duty of Delight, that I too am suffering form “nerves and fatigue” moving from task to community task, like “an empty cistern.” Reversal, upheaval creep in once again. I am reminded of the corona in my life, the crown of light hovering above everything and anything here. The whiteness of cauliflower, the garlic cloves, basil, this sacred Nipmuc land.

During the pandemic, we learned of the cancer death of David Tall Pine White, the keeper of the Nipmuc language, with whom we dedicated a Weeping Blue Atlas Cedar tree, (cedar considered sacred by Indigenous people) at Agape four years ago, to honor the Nipmuc tribe, indigenous to this region. I gather in tree energy, a steadfastness that encompasses poetry, cosmic blessings, Tall Pine’s gesture of love and healing. Ilia Delio, the eco-feminist Franciscan sister and theologian recently suffered a concussion during these corona days. In the concussive aftermath, she drew a correlation between her crown of pain and the cosmic crown, “The Cosmic Christ is the Christ of the corona, the cosmic crown of thorns, the perspective of the sublime.” This “concern consciousness” as Delio defines it, means learning new ways of “minding the mind” as the Buddha realized. I am daily made aware of the work of healing, acquiring “cosmic consciousness” or, in Delio’s words, “healing the traumatized corona.”

What is Required of Us?

Something is required beyond the daily fits and starts of my linear thinking. Messianic by the dance of death, I missed the appearance of the Comet Neowise in our night sky weeks ago, which will not occur again for 100 years. I missed if I am at root in the planet’s technological cloud and less in the “Cloud of Unknowing,” as I struggle with the twin realities of needing to function and trying to come to grips with the violence that suffocates the planet.

At Agape, we ironically find comfort in the ordinary, such as our harvesting with two newly arrived interns who minister to us, healers with halos, Ohioans with a mission. Chloe and Ellen come as messengers, lending balance, insight, as they move through the quotidians at Agape with tender concern.

Beauty as Sanctuary

Earlier, I sat with my coffee at the Brigidi House kitchen window, staring at the morning, a large white forming a ring around and seeming to mire the small boulders etched in gray and white.

View of Brigidi House Rock Garden

In Mary Oliver fashion, I say to myself: “Thank you, Creator who placed them there, maybe even offer tobacco or incense to them.”

Can we imagine a ring of saints, the ring of the Cross?”

I encounter the red radiance of the day’s harvest of tomatoes in a woven basket, the thankful song of the Cross. I am reminded of the reds colored” circles sometimes from “blue in-side to red outside...caused by thin clouds, mist or dust.” I am a reminder of the reds and blues in the perennial rock garden, cosmic connections, dust, ashes, death. corona.

All this beauty, right at my doorstep.

I think of my sister-in-law, Tricia, dying of lung cancer during “the corona” as our granddaughter, Olivia refers to the plague. I wonder how Tricia experienced her last moments. How will I experience mine? Will there be a streaming of Divine Energy, indiscriminate, spectacular, inaccessible to us living on a material plane?

I long to remain in a consciousness of love for my home, this planet, the bitters travesty of its possible demise. Oh earth, how small and fragile you are. Who will protect you?

Jeremiah, called for Divine Reiteration and judgment on those responsible for killing and death. Are we too being punished for our actions? Are we neglecting, our blindness? Do we reap what we sow? God speaks through “cosmic consciousness” as Delio defines it, meaning learning new ways of “minding the mind” as the Buddha realized. I am daily made aware of the work of healing, acquiring “cosmic consciousness” or, in Delio’s words, “healing the traumatized corona.”

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Are You Willing to Become an Anti-Racist?

by Edgar Hayes

We Demand Change Now

In this interview with Brayton Shanley, Julie Bradley shares her unique experience as a bi-racial daughter of a white mother and a black father. She is one of her four siblings in various housing developments and projects in the Boston area. Julie and her family have been a part of the Agape Community for forty years.

Julie, can you share a bit about your background?

I was born to a white mother and a black father so my growing up years were quite complicated in the sense of trying to find a way to fit in. We were raised in a predominantly black neighborhood so having a white mother in a black neighbor was challenging for me. I have often thought that being mixed race was not seen so often or not the norm. But as I got older, I realized that being mixed race was quite prevalent. In my younger years I wanted to identify with both races, half white half black. But as I got older, I realized that having these races with experience, I decided I needed to fit into one, and that was black. My world was raising me I was black. It was time to deal with that.

What was your first experience of racism?

It was when I was in 3rd or 4th grade when my mom, for a bunch of these experiences with race, I decided I needed to fit into one, and that was black. My world was raising me I was black. It was time to deal with that.

The scene would play out over and over like a broken record. In the minds of the observers, I was the menacing antagonist, the savage rapist, the brute, the thug, the thief, the drug dealer, the vile not-human, and I would be upon me grey them with unreasoned and precise inci-

DO THEY KNOW ME?

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COVID-19, Environmental Racism, and the Legacy of Dr. James Cone

by Jim Robinson

Throughout the spring and summer of 2020, the effects of systemic racism and the death-dealing impact of COVID-19 have occupied the center of our collective consciousness. After the brutal and callous murder of George Floyd by Minneapolis police on May 25, 2020, masked protesters have come out of lockdown to fill city streets, chanting “Black Lives Matter!” in the face of white supremacy. As we awaken to the fact that the pandemic and systemic racism are intertwined realities, we are also to the fact that they are inextricable from our ecological crisis.

On April 5, 2020, Congressman Al- exandra Ocasio-Cortez made a post on social media that linked the disproportionate increase in COVID-19 deaths among black and brown communities to environmental racism. The term “environmental racism” was coined by Dr. Benjamin Chavis in the early 1980’s in order to illuminate the disproportionate presence of environmental pollutants and toxic waste facilities in communities of color, and the marginalization of people of color as voices of authority in the environmental movement. In her post, Ocasio-Cortez identifies environmental racism, as well as the related practice of redlining and housing discrimination through the practice of redlining, as “underlying health conditions,” which leave black and brown people more vulnerable to COVID-19.

With this in mind, Ocasio-Cortez asserts that “COVID relief should be drafted with a lens of reparations.”

Over the summer, the Center for Disease Control (CDC) released age-adjusted mortality data as of October 2, 2020. Black Americans face a COVID-19 hospitalization rate that is 5 times higher than it is for white Americans. The CDC has identified a number of root causes of this hospitalization rate, including “institutional racism in the form of racial housing segregation.” Through the influence of the racist practice of housing segregation, people of color disproportionately live in densely populated contexts in which they are exposed to a wide array of environmental hazards. This exposure is linked to the development of the very underlying medical conditions which put people at an increased risk for a severe and potentially fatal response to COVID-19. These are the fruits of environmental racism.

As we navigate the interweaving impacts of COVID-19, systemic racism, and environmental degradation, we can find wisdom in the work of Dr. James Cone, and particularly his essay “Whose Earth Is It Anyway?” It is important to note that Cone does not critique an “anthropocentric” worldview or ethical framework in this essay. Such critiques, which dominate environmental discourse, operate on the assumption that the ecological crisis is caused by the overexploitation of the natural world, including the vast array of beings with whom the human species shares this planet. This logic must be subverted.

Cone opens his essay with the assertion that “the logic that led to slavery and segregation in the Americas, colonization and Apartheid in Africa, and the rule of white supremacy throughout the world is the same one that leads to the exploitation of animals and the ravaging of nature.” In this respect, if we are interested in resisting and transforming either racism or environmental degradation, we must attend to the shared logic that underlies both of these intertwining evils. Cone identifies this as a “mechanistic and instrumental logic that defines everything and everybody in terms of their contribution to the development and defense of white world supremacy.” This logic attempts to deny the inherent value of black and brown bodies, by reducing them to instruments in the service of the system of white supremacy. This logic similarly impacts the “more-than-human world” (to use a phrase coined by David Abram, which uniquely evokes the abundance, diversity, and wonder of the natural world, including the vast array of beings with whom the human species shares this planet). This logic must be subverted.

In order to display how we might weave together our commitments to environmental flourishing and racial justice, Cone points to the work and witness of a number of women of color. He highlights womanist theologians, namely Delores Williams, Emilie Townes, and Karen Baker-Fletcher, who have confronted resistance to racism with ecological abuse in their scholarship. He also highlights the embodied efforts of black churchwomen in Warren County, North Carolina, who lay down on a road to block trucks loaded with PCB-contaminated soil from dumping that soil in a landfill in their community. Cone notes that in the span of two weeks in 1982, hundreds of protesters were arrested, and that this incident has inspired the environmental justice movement.

In “Whose Earth Is It Anyway?” Cone calls his readers to recognize that ecoicide and systemic racism are entangled atrocities. He calls us to convert away from the instrumental and mechanistic logic which has led to the desecration of black and brown bodies and more-than-human beings, and to resist and transform the death-dealing system of white supremacy from which the Eco crisis is inextricable. May Cone guide us as we read the signs of this present moment.

INTERVIEW

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Then he went to the site where Rashard Brook was killed and met Almeda’s sister. So, to me it was all about issues about violence and more about “We’re here because we want answers and we want to see results.”

So, does it, it really come down to how you, how they, how you manage the racist practices you use and your attitude toward the oppressor? Are you taking nonviolent approaches as well, joining movements fighting poverty, I have supported nonviolent organizations financially. There is a large group of inter-faith religions and I have joined some of them.

The recent Black Lives Matter marches have been essentially peaceful, with some burning of police cars and looting, but a very small minority were involved. What are the value of these protests for you? Yes, the protesters are making strides in their nonviolent approach. And, there are so many of them in the streets… how can their voices not be heard? And there is so much diversity and so much potential positive change in this racial diversity. It was exciting seeing women, mothers risk their lives to take a stand. It inspired me to imagine what I am ready to do.

What do you think about reparations for black people? I think that reparations are in order after many years of economic and physical devaluation of the black family. Once we can be economically sound, we can move forward because as long as we are struggling economically it is going to be very tough. Economics is huge with all of us and we all want what we see dangled out there. It’s about basic justice. So why do my people loot? Why should people feel so impoverished that they have to loot? One thing we know from the Equal Justice Initiative (9/14/17) from a fact sheet on is that racial disparity in youth incarceration has increased since 2001 as Black youth are four times as likely as whites to be incarcerated.

Are you hopeful Julie? Yes, I am. There are many more people caring about the injustice of racism. There is power in these numbers. The more people that are involved the more effective and sooner the change will happen.
Harmony with the Cycles of Nature

by Merwyn DeMello

My wife, Kirstin and I, returned to the US in March, after a six-year span of service with Mennonite Central Commit-tee in Afghanistan and Bangladesh. We then embarked upon a pilgrimage, seekers of intentional community in which to live and love with over the next years.

Agape Community was the first stop on this journey, one that is traveled in tumultuous times, when the air and the mind are dominated and suffocated by the Covid-19 virus, and when misguided po-litical leadership drives a wedge of divi-siveness. Agape became our oasis allow-ing for healing and nourishment of body, soul, and spirit.

On the eve of the decisive 6-3 vote to to participate in the Black Lives Mat-ter movement. If Maines can ban racist mascots in all its public schools. If Maine, once a colony of Massachusetts, we all must work toward establishing a new relationship of respect and understanding with Indigenous people in Massachusetts. We all must work toward establishing a new relationship of respect and understanding with Indigenous people in Massachusetts. We all must work toward establishing a new relationship of respect and understanding with Indigenous people in Massachusetts.
AGAPE'S MISSION COUNCIL CHANGES: TRANSITIONS

Farewell to Skip Schiel and El Maclellan RSCJ

Agape’s Mission Council is one of the oldest and most dynamic communities in the United States. This special community meets which since the 1990’s at least four times a year to plan Francis House. We are sad to see the retirement and departure of Mission Council members, some of whom have been companions and mentors for over thirty years. The best way to honor them is in their own words, as they describe their years at Agape. We celebrated El’s 90th birthday and Skip’s 80th with deep gratitude for their many years of life and work, and many of them spent with Agape. It is important to note that Skip brought the community to the Quabbin Reservoir watershed, recommending Hardwick and the area as the site for the still unified community. 33 years later, we are flourishing in the Hardwick woods. Thank you, Skip and El.

El: I was first introduced to Agape as a chaplain at Boston College. As a religious sister, I saw my mission calling, the love of community expressed tangibly at Agape. I have travelled to Agape for Mission Council Meetings for over 30 years, and I am especially inspired by Agape’s commitment to the environment. With their garden, solar heated greywater composting toilet, Agape practices what I preach.

Skip: I met Bratyon and Suzanne in 1980 at Friends Meeting in Cambridge as they brought a group of young black children to the “silent” meeting. Many years later, I befriended one of those children as he navigated his way through the television channels of Maximum Security at Walpole prison.

Agape has blessed me with hands-on Benedictions when I embark on yet another journey of photographic discovery, mostly through yearly trips to Guatemala. I love the members of Mission Council as brothers and sisters, as well as the Heritage, my place of refuge.

Welcome to Jeannelle Wheeler, new member, Agape Mission Council. Jeannelle Wheeler is the daughter of Teresa Wheeler, one of the original and founding members of our Mission Council. We call Jeannelle an “in-ster” Agape member as she has been a part of Agape since before her birth, and now, after achieving her PhD in a discipline, she is part of the tradition of the daughter of Teresa Wheeler.

We are blessed to welcome her gifts of music, writing, wisdom and an abiding devotion to nonviolence, as she joins her Mom on Agape’s Mission Council.

Intrepid: Our Call

by Sr. Rita Raboin SND

In July, I was blessed with a seven-day retreat at Agape. I am a Sister of Notre Dame de Namur, having served 36 years in Northern Brazil with a return to the United States two years ago.

I chose to stay in Agape’s small hermitage on a hill about 400 feet from the community building. The Hermitage is rustic, with a two-burner camping stove and two battery charged lanterns, a comfortable chair and bed and eight windows, framing the strong trees surrounding this small but inviting space. The woods were all embracing, and I loved it.

Across the street, the ground floor, firmly rooted on rocks on the wooden floor is a small, cast iron stove. What called my attention to the stove after a short time was one word, engraved on its side: Intrepid, the call of our foundress, Saint Julie Billiart. Saint Julie said that we must be intrepid women in living out obedience, in the middle of “Good Trouble” that John Lewis recommended.

I was called to reflect on Act and Truth as we are called to respond with continuing commitment to the environment. With their garden, solar heated greywater composting toilet, Agape practices what I preach.

We are called to continue, even with setbacks, if we want to save the soul of this country, while struggling for jobs, housing, racial equality, gender issues, voter rights, nonviolence against militarism. We cannot accomplish any of these things alone. I project myself more as a social activist than a contemplative retreatant in a hermitage. Then again, I think at times that trouble is not too much of a distance between the two. It is difficult to leave the world of pain out there. Agape members take the gospel seriously and manage to share the treasure of its call and integrated contemplation and action in your book, Loving Life on the Margins.

My time in the Hermitage was fertile ground to reflect on John Lewis’ message to redeem the best of what this country can offer to the most forgotten of its population. Through my retreat at Agape, I am strengthened in the certainty that collectivity and intrepidness are indispensable on this journey together.

Sr. Rita has been a friend for over 30 years and represents the bond that we at Agape have shared for over 30 years: a joint history with women religious. Thank you, Sr. Rita, for your years as a missionary sister, serving the poor in Brazil.

400 Years after 1620: Prayers for Seven Generations

by Peter Blood

In this 400th anniversary of the beginning of European settlement in the Northeastern U.S., two interfaith associations in Western Massachusetts are taking this opportunity to reflect and act towards justice for our Native sisters and brothers in our region. This concern was brought to us by Sr. Clare, co-founder of the New England Peace Pagoda and the following statement:

2020 is the 400th anniversary of the Plymouth Landing by the Pilgrims. For Native Peoples, this marks a time signals a catastrophe which took her to Brazil.

Peace cranes on hermitage window.

D Roberts Kirk

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The racial tension and unrest in Minneapol- is not more riots and protests, but the deep 
understanding of Buddha, and his teaching on “right 
action,” reinvent yourselves.

It is a time such as this when spiritual leaders 
are not more riots and protests, but the deep 
spiritual work of transforming human hearts 
that are lost and confused. Be mindful of the intercon- nectedness of all people with creation.

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that are lost and confused. Be mindful of the intercon- nectedness of all people with creation.
IN MEMORIAM

Patricia Shanley, Brayton’s sister, died on April 22, 2020 of cancer. Since the inception of Agape in 1982, Trish was a generous supporter of the community and a friend to many Agape folks. A stalwart advocate for Christian Nonviolence and the social justice values of Agape and the reform movement within the Catholic Church, Call to Action, she was also active in the cause to abolish the Death Penalty. She joined with Agape in the successful five-year campaign to help Billy Neal Moore gain commutation from Georgia’s Death Row in 1990, as well being a regular participant in the Little Compton, RI peace vigil. A loyal and loving sister, faithful friend and family member, Trish will be deeply missed. Rest in Peace, Trish.

Katie Flaherty: Katie was an avid supporter of her brother, Tony Flaherty, the former Marine, whose energy and tireless devotion to peace, thrust him into the role, of which they were both members. VFP members were not allowed to march in the official parade because of their commitment to nonviolence. Katie last visited Agape when we planted a tree at Agape in Tony’s honor and in honor of VFP after his death several years ago. Katie and Tony are guiding us still in our march for peace and nonviolence.

Janet Petrella: The mother of Mission Council member, Teresa Wheeler, and grandmother of new Mission Council member, Jeanelle Wheeler, Jane was the Petrella matriarch who paved the way for the Christ-centered commitment to neighborhood restoration in Worcester, initiating solar energy projects and countless other devotions to the cause of peace. Jane graced Agape with a visit shortly before her death, and her radiant face shone in all of its usual splendor.

July Agape Workday crew, Julie Bradley fourth from left with her family.

NEWS NOTES

SATURDAY OCT. 3, 2020

Brayton Shanley, center, with his children, Tom, Julia and Brayton Jr., at the 1990 St. Patrick's Day March in Providence, RI, with American flags. Brayton was an avid supporter of the community, a guerrilla gardener and a forceful advocate for Christian Nonviolence.

Agape legacy book tour in March, with Pax Christi National and Johnny Zokovitch, director, fourth from left.

Volunteer Barry Winkelman, Brayton’s childhood friend, gathers firewood.

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NEWS NOTE

Julie Bradley, part of the Agape family for forty years, has assumed the role of office manager at Agape, complete with guiding our office into the cloud, and assuming many of the myriad other functions of the pulse of the Agape community, communicating with our beloved community. Betsy Azarowski faithfully served as office manager for two years and laid a foundation for Julie and this transition.

Calendar

AGAPE’S ANNUAL FRANCIS DAY PENDING:

OCTOBER 3, 2020

Due to Covid, what would have been Agape’s 31st consecutive year of Francis Days is on hold as an in-person gathering, pending a decision to hold a virtual event. Please consult the website, facebook or call Agape for updates. 413-967-9369

VIRTUAL PRESENTATIONS ON AGAPE’S NEW BOOK:

LOVING LIFE ON THE MARGINS: THE STORY OF THE AGAPE COMMUNITY

SPECIAL NOTICE: Contact Agape for a virtual presentation on Agape memoir of 40 years, Loving Life on the Margins: The Story of the Agape Community by Brayton Shanley and Suzanne Belote Shanley. The book can be discussed thematically with chapters related to 40 years of nonviolent practice through sustainability, contemplation, action, gardening and witness against systemic violence and racism. Several book chapters focus on how Agape has dealt with issues of race and our community efforts to address anti-racist movements. A chapter on Dzhokhar Tursnavaev, called “Julie and Dzhokhar” offers an in-depth view of the recent sentencing reversal. “Loving Life on the Margins” may be ordered on line through the publisher at the Agape website, or through Agape 2062 Greenwich Rd. Ware, MA 01082 by sending a check for $28 which includes postage.