

I travel to the other side of the country for spring break  
and find a local face.



*The massive Manhattan peace rally - March 22, 2003*  
words & photo by kathy maehl

# One Candle

by Sky Cosby

I met Rachel Corrie two years and some odd days ago. At that point in time she was merely another frolicking spirit winding her way through the misty, mercurial Evergreen woods. We talked only briefly, but over the course of the past eight hundred days she grew to know a few of my close friends. Today, she has become more than the sum of her parts. Today, she has been martyred. The word martyr means a witness, literally "one who remembers, records, or declares."

A few weeks ago, Rachel bore witness to a horrible atrocity in Gaza and tried with all her might to prevent its happening. This action unfortunately resulted in her demise. However, sometimes one finds in death more power than they possibly could have comprehended or handled while still living. To this end, Rachel casts her final spell upon the entirety of her sphere of influence. She has cursed us with compassion, and by bestowing the ability to care she expands the burden consciousness brings. The need to empathize and sympathize with not only our allies but indeed our very enemies leaves us in a difficult position.

On the night of Monday, March 16, a candlelight vigil was held at Percival Landing with the purpose of honoring the memory of Rachel and gathering in solidarity and peace. I arrived on the scene somewhat dazed from the news I had received only hours earlier. I would estimate there were 500-750 people in attendance. Many held candles, some grasped posters bearing Rachel's face, the word "peacemaker" scrawled beneath her image, as if in defiance of death.

The vigil lasted well past 8 p.m. and I stayed on, determined for some reason to be the last man standing. Once the crowd had dissipated, I noticed welling in my breast the feeling that one man can be just as strong as one thousand. Over the course of the next two hours, I placed my troubled form upon an orange road cone in the center of the intersection and held my candle skyward. Muttering the mantra "this little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine" in every manner I could think of, I began to assess the situation from a slightly more scientific perspective.

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It seems to me that the vast majority of people driving large, loud pick-up trucks did not approve of my political position, not to mention my physical appearance. On the flip side, nearly every person on foot, bicycle or moped smiled, waved or nodded in my general direction. Several cars stopped to question my general motives, offer hot tea, cookies or words of wisdom, support or praise. A delivery driver for Emperor's Palace drove past and let fly his saliva upon my person, several middle fingers were raised, and a few passersby joined me for brief moments in staring up at the stars.

By the time I left the intersection, my own philosophies felt somehow altered. It was as if during those moments in time I was allowed a larger glimpse of the world

and all its worries. I do not pretend to know what course to take, only that violence has always brought along its friends. I do not seek to point fingers, but I hope that this crime serves as a wake-up call to our community so full of talk instead of walk. May your dreams be filled with images you know not how to handle and may your eyes reflect skies not yet red with war.

While listening to George Bush address the nation on Tuesday night I jotted down main points that I saw as lies:

1. The United States did nothing to instigate the attacks of September 11<sup>th</sup>.
2. The United States supports the United Nations (it is my belief that one of the primary goals of this administration is to get the U.S. kicked out of the U.N.)

3. The U.N. hasn't done their job as of late.

4. Every measure has been taken to avoid a military conflict.

If our "leaders" could step back from their capitalist, privileged perches of power and perceive the world with an eye even the slightest bit humane perhaps then we could begin to rein in our unbridled, raging, unholy hormones. In the hopes that something good would come of it, I returned each evening for four nights to alight upon the same road cone in front of Percival Landing. I'm not sure as to what good it did the community at large but I can rest assured with the fact that it gave me time to think and get to know, at least myself, a little better.

"My candle burns at both ends;  
It will not last the night;  
But, ah, my foes, and  
oh, my friends—  
It gives a lovely light."

-- Edna St. Vincent Millay

f Insomnia" by Colleen Frakes

## TALES OF INSOMNIA

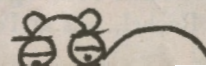
BY C. FRAKES



So I got into this argument with my family over spring break about wether or not Rachel's death was



mur·der  
(mūr'dər)  
v. to kill brutally or inhumanly."



Yeah. I think (death by bulldozer certainly qualifies.  
Dude. Shut up.