

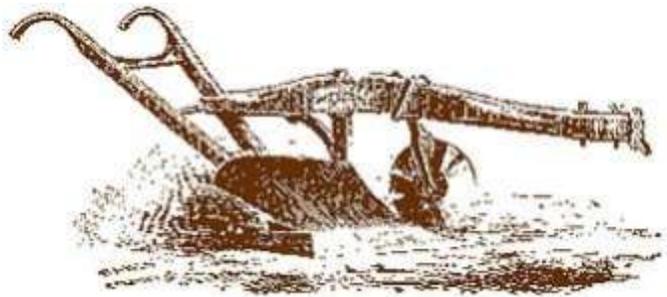


The Bells of Saint Mary

July 2011

With My Hand on the Plow: The Red Shirt Project

It was back in 2001 that I first met Bob Two Bulls. He was newly ordained and an Associate at St. George's in La Canada, and I was on the Bishop's Staff at the Cathedral Center. At that point in my years in the Church, I had a pretty strong reputation in the field of youth ministry, and Bob came to see me about whether I would be interested in starting up a youth trip to the village that his family was from on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. I said yes, and made that first trip with a small group of mostly Filipino kids and my Korean born son Simon, and spent a total of twelve days on the most amazing youth trip I had ever done. In those early days, we were really roughing it. We hauled in water and filled an underground cistern and tried to run water through badly plumbed pipes for showers. It was not what you would call successful...but we had some really good laughs at ourselves. We had no stove in the kitchen, and mostly cooked campfire eggs and spam...I remember lots of spam. Amazingly enough, I still like spam. Go figure.



I was struck by so much on that first trip...things like, although the water in the homes in the village would run from the faucets...it was not drinkable, and the alkaline level was so high that it would kill infants and small children. We bought and hauled a lot of water that first year...and I have never been able to walk though a grocery store since without remembering how important water is. I also

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- ◆ Come and view the fireworks here at St. Mary's, July 4th, at 7:30^{PM}
- Hot Dog, chips and soft drinks provided - bring a side dish to share.

have a huge soft spot in my heart for powdered Gator Ade mix...which I still buy for the trip to this day.

I remember so well how hungry people were...and how wealthy we were in that we could not conceive of a day without three meals. I remember how we gathered for Sunday morning Church services at the park that we were helping to build, work that had been started by the group of adults from St. George's that we were there with. I remember that they, (the adults from St. George's) thought that church was going to begin at 11:00...and I remember that at 11:00 I was still driving up to the village and collecting people in the van and driving them down to the river, where church was going to be. And was still doing that at noon. And then, when so many people were there for church, I drove back up to Christ Church, (where we camped) and took all the food we had and brought it down to the river. Somewhere around 12:45 or so we started church. And I remember how angry the folks from St. George's were...and I remember how happy I was...that everybody would get fed and that everybody who wanted to be there, was there. The folks from St. George's never went with us again...but much to their credit, they have never stopped going to Red Shirt, and have done remarkable things for the people of the village ever since. God bless them for their goodness and love for the people of the Village.

The next summer, I had just returned from a eight week tour across America as the Chaplain for the Hands in Healing Witness against Violence pilgrimage that Bishop Bruno organized, and took two guys from the pilgrimage with me, along with a bigger group and a much more organized journey. Bishop Bruno had introduced the concept of a BHAG...what Harvard Business School had "invented"...a Big Hairy Audacious Goal...but Bishop Bruno's version of it was a Big HOLY Audacious Goal...and that seemed right to Bob and I. We decided to go big from then on. And we have never stopped thinking big.



Sunday Eucharist

8:00 AM and 10:00AM

Church Office Hours

Monday - Thursday 10 AM - 4
PM

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The Red Shirt Project is all about building relationships. It has always been that way and will always be that way. It takes kids from all aspects of life; social, economic, ethnicity, religious, color, creed, persuasion, you name it...and puts them all together in vans and takes them, with lots of adult supervision, on a two and a half day drive across at least six states to the poorest place in America, Walker and Shannon County, South Dakota, and says, "love your neighbor as yourself." We spend ten days on the REZ...and then two and a half days driving back. No video games, no television, no computers...lots of love, lots of learning to talk to one another and lots of work and going to bed tired.

It is also about hard work, worship, cold showers, porta-potties, tent sleeping on the ground, and breathing in the beauty and wonder of God's creation. It is about learning, when you are 15 or 16 or 17 years old that worship of the Creator can be something authentic for you and that moral choices and ethical living is possible when you are young...and can be lessons learned that will last you a lifetime. We are not about changing kids into something, we are about modeling good choices and living truthfully so that we can coach our kids, encourage our kids, to live lives made up of positive choices made because of faith in Jesus and Living the Gospel Message.

Over the years, remarkable people have come into my life, and stayed and become part of my life. Judy Lin first came with us in 2004. My daughter has been coming since 2003. Wilber Hernandez, who most of you have heard me speak of in sermons, since 2005. And then, three years ago, Marno Goetsch. The list goes on and on. Through it all, the constant presence in my life of Bob Two Bulls has been someone who I think God sent to me...and he is my closest friend and adopted brother. His wife Ritchie and my wife Deborah have become closest friends during those years as well. There have been terrible hardships, wonderful accomplishments, joy, grief, and wonders upon wonders. Through it all, I never could have imagined the grace and goodness of God that He would give me all of you as the community that I would call home.

Now, four years after coming to you...(and it really is four years, since when you read this, it will be past my 57th birthday on the 1st of July...which is the day I first stepped into the pulpit here at St. Mary's in 2007) I cannot imagine the Red Shirt



To keep up to date on
church events, please visit
our website
www.wtmaryslompoc.org
often, especially the
calendar page in the menu
on the left margin.

Project without all of you. Your prayers. Your support. Your presence...and now, this year...so many of you going with me. Cat and Margo, Andrew and Ashley, Scott and Sarah, Judy, Marno....this is a remarkable time for us...as we are taking about 20 young people this year...the biggest trip in six years...and it is consistent with our vision, that a Big Holy Audacious Goal, accomplished by young people under the watchful and encouraging eye of clergy and people who believe in the young people and are willing to invest time and money in their right to grow up in the faith and to be the Gospel wherever they go...is one of the best ways to grow the faith, grow the church, and live the Gospel message of hope, love and charity.

The Red Shirt Project is probably the best way to understand how I feel about Jesus and the Church. I really would give away the last nickel I had to someone who needed it...because I know and understand from everything God has taught me on the Red Shirt Project, that there are lots of people in the world who need that nickel more than I do...and the Gospel tells me to let it go. And I just want to say to all of you...that I know that you are giving me the nickel...and I hope you understand how much I love you for it. Because there is a whole group of people in the world who know that St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Lompoc California helps them...and they say prayers for all of you every day...because you give and you understand that the Gospel is what we are all about. And that somehow, even in these difficult times we live in, somehow, that is more than enough.

With my hand on the plow,

Fr. Michael+



Rainbow Cross
at Red Shirt

A Word From the Martha's

Serving the Lord with the Hands of Martha and the Heart of Mary is the primary purpose of the St. Martha's Guild of St. Mary's. If you are familiar with Luke 10:38-42 you are aware that Mary sat at the feet of the Lord while Martha busied herself in the kitchen being the hostess and serving the meal. Martha complained to the Lord that Mary was not helping. The Lord told Martha that Mary was doing the important thing. Those of us who belong to this guild admit that we are all Martha's who strive to have the heart of Mary. Our group is about using our God given gifts of: **Serving, Fellowship and Hospitality.**



Peggy Gould, Alice Drus, and Kathy Gonzales prepare for the 2011 Spring Tea. All photos accompanying this article are by Charlotte Hayes.



Service: If anyone having a funeral at St. Mary's would like a reception following the service, we provide this service without charge as a gift of love.

In groups of 4 we clean the kitchen every month. (Each of us is asked to do this once or twice a year, usually for no more than 3 hours at a time).

Hospitality: We give a Tea every year in the spring. We intentionally invite many of the un-churched in the community as well as our own parish family.

There has been no charge for this event. This year in April we had 130 guests. We have traditionally given a Brunch for the congregation on the St. Mary's Feast Day in August. After a picnic at the park last year, St. Martha's will again host the Brunch this year on Sunday, August 14 after the 10:00 o'clock service in Fitch Hall. We hope you will all attend. On special occasions we may host a reception at other times during the year.

We **Fellowship:** with each other at a brunch twice a year usually in September and January. At these times we have our business meeting and schedule and plan our Tea. Our chaplain, Anita Mc Manigal, usually plans a short program. There is a lot of fellowship working on the tea, receptions and even when we get together to clean the kitchen. These times are very rewarding to all of us.



Our membership is as follows: Gisele Boyd-Snee, Charlotte Compton, Deanna Dagon, Alice Drus, Linda Everly, Bonnie Fairbanks, Molly Gerald, Kathy Gonzales, Peggie Gould, Suzy Griffin, Elizabeth Hatcher, Carlote Hayes, Ruth Hicks, Lou Hodges, Heidi Holdsambeck, Barbara Holt, Jean Horton. Jeanne Kendall, Louise Larson, Jane Longley, Sharon and Cynthia LeRoy, Anita McManigal, Barbara Manchester, Edythe Ortiz, Heather Quinn, Kay Rowland, Joan Semelsberger, Mary Saladino, Carol Shuemaker, Evelyn Willis, Mary Jo Wright, Paula Belnavis, Julie Sherman, and new member Melissa Robohn.

If God has blessed you with the gifts of Serving, Hospitality and Fellowship and you would like to join the "St. Martha Guild" we would love to have you join us. Please contact me at 733-1231, or by e-mail at bobpen2@verizon.net.

Norma Anderson

More about the Red Shirt Project

Dear Friends,

ON the next couple of pages, you will find the very best reason for the Red Shirt Project. Here are some words from a few of our travelers through the years. Their words are a powerful witness to what God is doing in their lives, working through the Red Shirt Project.

Red Shirt Project Web Site: <http://www.redshirtproject.org/>

Testimonials from Past Red Shirt Participants: <http://www.redshirtproject.org/testimony.html>

Aeson J.

At first sight the Red Shirt Village in the Pine Ridge Reservation of South Dakota looked as if it were a desolate, barren land with little if any profound significance to me or my life. That impression, however, would soon be proven wrong. I felt that I would not have any life changing moments, rather simply a new experience in a new place. Soon I realized that I would not witness a new place, I would instead discover a new world, an incredible culture. I met incredible people that brought new perspective to my life. In the days that I toiled in Red Shirt I realized the importance of faith, of hard work. It was in Red Shirt that I first accepted, truly accepted, God, Jesus, the spirit of something so magnificent and magical that it defies explanation.

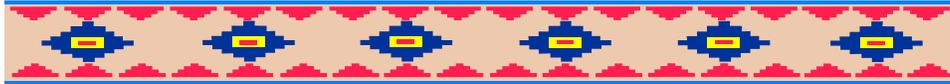
I saw something so American in that village, not what many see as "American" yet something so intricate to our foundation as a country; the idea that even when things are dark there is always light to be found. I found that the Native Americans of the village were so pleased with the little they had, that, in my eyes epitomized that ideal, that belief, that through arduous circumstances, resiliency could be seen.

The ideals of our nation, the principles of our faith, are not only prevalent in the Red Shirt Village, they are an intricate, universal, and rife part of the village. We must remember that faith can be a hero in places where struggle is widespread, and the future seems bleak. I have never seen such a richness of poverty, but I also have never witnessed such a richness of hope. Our nation can never forget



Submitted by Judy Lin

our sorted history, a history that set up the current situation of destitution that is so rampant among the cultures of Native Americans. Through all this however it must be noted that the culture of the Lakota People exemplifies the necessity of us as a nation, as a people, to emancipate our humanity through the tragedy of our history.



Adrian G.

When Michael became the new pastor of **St. Mary's**, I can remember listening to his sermons, many of which included stories about the Natives from the Pine Ridge Reservation. I remember listening to them from a distance, without any real connection that I felt to these people from his stories. When Michael later asked me to come on the Red Shirt trip, I accepted mainly because I felt welcomed by him, and I had seen how excited he got every time he spoke about it.



Submitted by Judy Lin

While on the trip, we worked, and we worked hard. We worked together, ate together, and fellowshiped together. And as the trip went on, I experienced a softening of my own heart. The lives of those people on the reservation were important to me, as if they were my own family. The inner city youth that had come on the trip, who had first appeared a little rough around the edges, became friends of mine. I found that I became more of a role model than I thought I should be, and more of a leader than I had expected to be. Through the whole experience I felt a transformation that I could not have accomplished solely by education or my own willpower. James wrote in his epistle: **“But someone will say, ‘You have faith; I have deeds.’ Show me your faith without deeds, and I will show you my faith by what I do.”**

You see, before I went on this trip I would have told you that I felt compassion for the people in Red Shirt, and that I had every desire to see their needs met and their relationships grow in the Lord. But nothing that I could have said would mean anything in comparison to what happened once I went. On the

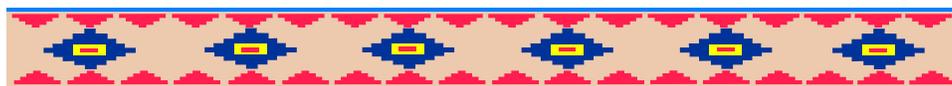
Red Shirt trip, I learned that it isn't enough to wish someone well when they are in need. I learned that passivity and apathy accomplish nothing for those who require our attention. Christians should be dedicated to following Christ, and He calls us into action. He promises that if we surrender to Him, He is faithful and just to not only forgive us, but to transform us. I can honestly say that I have experienced this firsthand during last summer's Red Shirt Project.



Molina Jo S.

The Red Shirt project to me, is not only great for the community but it also works to bridge the gap between our cultures. Over the years, not only have I made new friends, but my family also adopted a member from the group into our own. The projects help to unite the community by working together and welcoming the Holy Spirit into our hearts. Every year, the community looks forward to working with this group and gets involved in the planning of future projects.

Red Shirt Table is located in the poorest county in the nation but is, in my opinion, rich in both culture and heritage. So not only does the group help the community, but the people in the community also share our culture with them.



Christopher J.

Michael first asked me to come to Red Shirt in the summer of 2005. He told me it would be a "life-changing" experience. I was kind of skeptical saying to myself: 'yeah life changing, we'll see about that'. The first year we built a baseball field. The work was excruciating, but fulfilling. I felt as though I was really accomplishing something, and that was important for a kid who felt as though he really hadn't accomplished anything his whole life. But I didn't feel that 'life changing' moment that Michael described. Other people felt it. They stated it openly, and I envied them for their experience but looked down upon myself for my inability to grasp the revelations that they had. The second year we built a half-pipe for the kids who liked to skateboard. Again the work was both spiritually and mentally rewarding. I felt like a better person afterward, well I was a better person after that second year. The third year was kind of chill. We did maintenance work as well as finish the half pipe. After three years I came to better understand my moral obligation to help those who could-

n't help themselves. I had this place called Red Shirt tucked in my heart, a place from which I could draw strength and guidance. The experience had matured me to a spiritual and knowledgeable degree that I was mostly satisfied with. But that life changing moment still escaped me.

Then the fourth year came. Most people only go three years, and when Michael asked me to go for a fourth I was like: "Yeah! Definitely". But this fourth trip I had a mission. I wanted to have that life changing experience that I had heard about on my first trip. I needed that. I needed it because I felt incomplete without it; I felt as though I hadn't experienced what I should've, that I had 'wasted' my free time up there just playing or relaxing. So we set off to do the work the Lord had made (I'm pretty sure that's in a song I heard). It was a good group that year, the best one of the four. But again, after the work was done and I was packing up my tent I still hadn't had that life



Submitted by Judy Lin

changing experience. But then Henry, one of the young kids from the village, walked up to me and started talking. He said he wanted to give me something to show how much he cared about what we had done and he reached in his pocket and gave me his game boy. Now on the surface it doesn't sound like much, a kid gives up a toy so what? But this wasn't any normal kid. This is a kid who broke his ankle and while he was screaming in pain had to find the strength to keep his dad from crying as well. This is a kid who has 3 shirts. Who, like his older brother, has to take his clothes home and wears them almost everyday. This is a kid who sometimes doesn't even get 3 meals a day. And he reached out and gave me one of his most valuable possessions. He doesn't have anything to give away but he gave that to me, to ME. And there it was. That was the moment I was looking for. That was the moment that I could point to for the rest of my life and say it forever changed me. He showed a genuine form of love. He showed me that two total strangers, worlds apart, could love each other like blood relatives. And he showed me that what I had done for him and his village had truly mattered and was truly appreciated. He touched my heart, something few people have ever done, and I felt the most joyous, peaceful, indescribable wonderful feeling of my life. It was at that moment that I committed myself to life of public service. I said to myself: "If I can be as selfless and compassionate as Henry then maybe others can feel what I felt on that day. Maybe If I loved them as Henry loved me the world might be a little better of a place".



Flower Festival 6/25/2011 - Parade Clean-up Team - From left - right 1st row Kira and Andres 2nd row - Nemesio Balcena The Rev. Michael Cunningham, Mike Munson and Howard Gould

More Red Shirt

To catch a glimpse of what it is like to grow up as a young man on a reservation, you might want to read *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian*, by Sherman Alexie. The book is geared to young adults, and is a revealing read about life growing up on a Reservation.

The author, who was born near Spokane, Washington in 1966, is an enrolled member of the Coeur d'Alene Nation, and now lives in Seattle. . *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian*, a semi-autobiographical young adult novel, is his latest commercial success. It has won numerous book awards including the National Book Award in 2007 and the California Young Reader Award in 2010.

His most famous work, *The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven*, he also adapted into the screenplay for *Smoke Signals*, one of my favorite movies which we have seen here at St. Mary's for Movie Night. He is an accomplished writer, poet, filmmaker and sometimes comedian.

Fr. Michael+

July Birthdays		August Birthdays	
Michael Cunningham	7/1	Cory Gusland	8/3
Glen Newcomb	7/2	Karen Unrue	8/4
Deanna Daggon	7/6	Elizabeth Hatcher	8/6
Aaron Huenger	7/6	Sonia Twells	8/7
Gladys Bonnell	7/7	Kathleen Cady	8/10
Kevin Broderick	7/8	Rev. Deborah Dunn	8/10
Claudia (Suzy) Griffin	7/15	Zachary Smith	8/10
Margaret [Margie] Coe	7/17	Scott Larson	8/18
Andres Munson	7/18	Mary Newcomb	8/18
Stephen Bastian	7/19	Michael Adams	8/21
Sophia Prothero	7/24	Mary Sharp	8/21
David Linscott	7/26	Jeff Bastian	8/22
Uini Davis	7/30	Bruce Macomber	8/22
		Carol Gransie	8/23
		Frances Jane Longley	8/24
		Abigail Linn	8/29
		Gisele Boyd-Snee	8/30
		Catherine (Kay) Rowland	8/31
		Kati Smith	8/31

July Work Party

No one likes a messy Church! We need your help at the work party, Saturday, July 9th, at 8:30^{AM}. Lunch will be provided. No matter your abilities, we have jobs you can do to help. Please contact Rick Kendall (733-2995 or rick.kendall@verizon.net)

Financial Statement

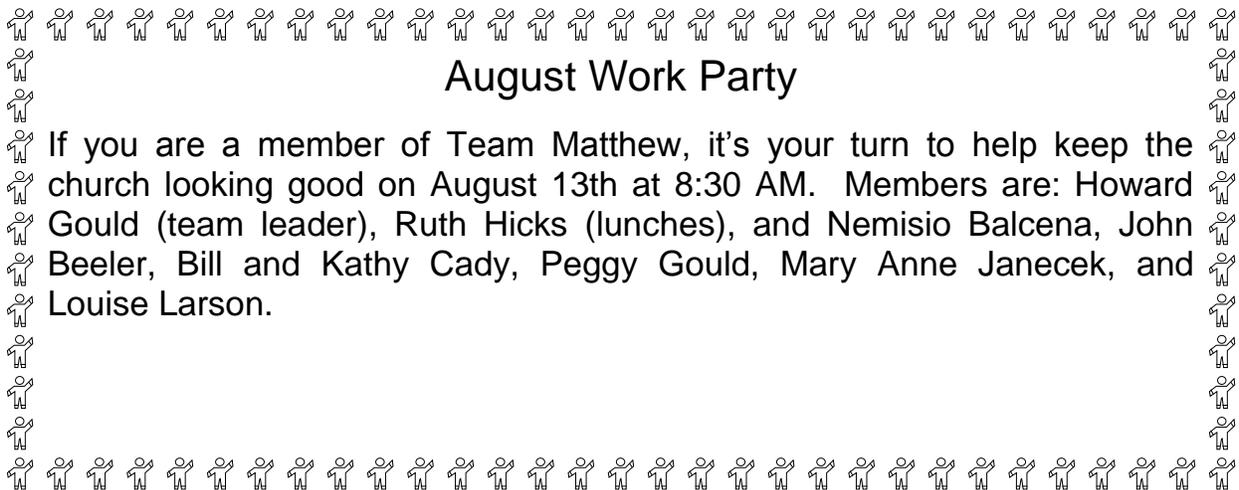
	As of
Undesignated checking & savings	\$76,383
Designated checking *	\$60,251
Parish mortgage	\$349,338

	Actual	Actual	Budget
Income	\$26,456	\$132,287	\$133,526
Expenses	\$24,996	\$132,631	\$131,856
Net income/(loss)	\$1,194	(\$344)	\$1,670

BURN the MORTGAGE fund: \$63,917

Transfer to General Fund in 2010 \$36,000

* BURN the MORTGAGE Designated Acct. \$27,917



August Work Party

If you are a member of Team Matthew, it's your turn to help keep the church looking good on August 13th at 8:30 AM. Members are: Howard Gould (team leader), Ruth Hicks (lunches), and Nemisio Balcena, John Beeler, Bill and Kathy Cady, Peggy Gould, Mary Anne Janecek, and Louise Larson.

Bede the Bat

Hi! It's me, Bede the Bat in the St. Mary's Belfry!

Before I write about some wonderful things that have happened, are happening and will be happening at St. Mary's, I'd like to clear up some confusion about me. In the last issue of *The Bells*, Mr. John Beeler, our Editor and Mentor, explained some things about me and my letters. First of all, I am who I say I am -- Bede. I am a Fruit Bat and a native Californian. I do not speak the King's English or the Queen's English. I speak Batspeak. It is a variation of American English. I do not stand atop the paper, pencil in my mouth and perched on my wings to write my letters. It presents a most undignified picture of me. I have my own computer on which I compose. Mr. Beeler means well, but since we have never met face-to-face, he has only knowledge from books and pictures to guide him. I will give him this: his photograph of the beautiful Monarch Butterfly in the last issue of *The Bells* is spectacular! He is without doubt a truly gifted photographer. Perhaps I will one day allow him to take my picture.



Now, to really interesting things at St. Mary's. The "Dr. Seuss" VBS was inspired. One of my favorite quotes is, "I meant what I said and I said what I meant. An elephant's faithful one hundred per cent!" Trudy is a wizard! She should take a bow! Not everyone can have such great summer church fun, and the children and adults at our church are very fortunate!



Pictures of the Vacation Bible School in this article were taken by Judy Lin.

St. Mary's is a "worker church"! So many things to do and everything takes cooperation and lots of hands on by lots of willing workers. So many things going on. VBS and the Father's Day Pancake Breakfast and Adult Learning Circles and the Peace Village and the Red Shirt Project and the trip to Pine Ridge! It fairly makes my fuzzy head swim!



As for me, I am busy planning my journey to Pine Ridge. I have been invited several times, but never was able to clear my schedule. This summer, I am happy to say that I will be going with Fr. Michael and many friends to help out. I am very excited. First of all, it is a most worthwhile project and I will be able to help others. Second, I will make many new friends and get to visit with people I love. For instance, Deacon (I don't know whether to call her "Deacon" or "Doctor" or what, so I'll just stick with "Judy") Judy will be going again. That's exciting! And friends from St. Thomas and St. Peter's (Mother Deborah and Sarah will be there) and friends from Beaumont and Los Angeles and other places will be going and I can't wait to see them! Third, regardless of the fact that

Bats have wings (and do NOT stand on them to write!), we are not able to fly long distances. Oh, we do fine, but flying to Pine Ridge would take a very long time and the mission trip would be finished before I could get there and I do so want to see more of our beautiful country, so it's going to be wonderful to ride in a van and be able to enjoy the scenery!

If you haven't made your contribution to the Red Shirt Project, please do it NOW! As my friends in Texas used to say, "Time's a wastin'!" Can't wait to get on the road! Maybe I'll write about my adventures next time!

Until then, this is me, Bede the Bat in the St. Mary's Belfry saying, "Something's acting strange with my computer. Time to call the Geek Squad!"



Prayers of the People

We ask that you hold these persons in your Daily Prayers.

Lord, open our hearts to Your perfect will, that we may faithfully intercede on behalf of those we bring to You now in prayer:

Isla Hill, Stan Sheldon, Sheila Holley, Kathryn Gibson, Tom Welch, DeDe Dunn, Shelie Jackson, Baby Avery Jane, Martha Montgomery B.R., and the Contreras Family.

And those serving in the armed forces remembered by our parishioners:

Travis Kendall, Matt Schmieser, Carl Free, Brandon, Robert Smith, Emily Ortiz, Tom Pittenger, Bob Ramos, David Barrett, Rick Tiff, Jason D, Tim C, Ed M, Lance L, Jaime C and Paige Hurlbut.

AMEN.

Please Note:

Prayers of the People will be updated monthly. If you would like to add or continue a name to the POP, please fill out a Pink Prayer Request slip or Pew card, submit via our website www.stmaryslompoc.org, call any of our Prayer Tree members, or email Stephanie Bastian at jeffnsteph95@msn.com. Thank you!

“Whenever two of you on earth agree in prayer, it will be done by

In Our September Issue:

Back to School

To Kill an American

Written by an Australian Dentist

You probably missed this in the rush of news, but there was actually a report that someone in Pakistan had published in a newspaper, an offer of a reward to anyone who killed an American, any American.

So an Australian dentist wrote an editorial the following day to let everyone know what an American is. So they would know when they found one. (Good one, mate!!!!)

'An American is English, or French, or Italian, Irish, German, Spanish, Polish, Russian or Greek. An American may also be Canadian, Mexican, African, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Australian, Iranian, Asian, Arab, Pakistani or Afghan.

An American may also be a Comanche, Cherokee, Osage, Blackfoot, Navaho, Apache, Seminole or one of the many other tribes known as native Americans..

An American is Christian, or he could be Jewish, or Buddhist, or Muslim. In fact, there are more Muslims in America than in Afghanistan . The only difference is that in America they are free to worship as each of them chooses.

An American is also free to believe in no religion.. For that he will answer only to God, not to the government, or to armed thugs claiming to speak for the government and for God.

An American lives in the most prosperous land in the history of the world.

The root of that prosperity can be found in the Declaration of Independence , which recognizes the God given right of each person to the pursuit of happiness.

An American is generous... Americans have helped out just about every other nation in the world in their time of need, never asking a thing in return.

When Afghanistan was over-run by the Soviet army 20 years ago, Americans came with arms and supplies to enable the people to win back their country!

As of the morning of September 11, Americans had given more than any other nation to the poor in Afghanistan.

The national symbol of America, The Statue of Liberty, welcomes your tired and your poor, the wretched refuse of your teeming shores, the homeless, tempest tossed. These in fact are the people who built America

Some of them were working in the Twin Towers the morning of September 11, 2001, earning a better life for their families. It's been told that the World Trade Center victims were from at least 30 different countries, cultures, and first languages, including those that aided and abetted the terrorists.

So you can try to kill an American if you must. Hitler did. So did General Tojo, and Stalin, and Mao Tse-Tung, and other blood-thirsty tyrants in the world. But, in doing so, you would just be killing yourself. Because Americans are not a particular people from a particular place. They are the embodiment of the human spirit of freedom. Everyone who holds to that spirit, everywhere, is an American