

Shalom!

A JOURNAL FOR THE PRACTICE OF RECONCILIATION

Spring 2014 VOL. 34, NO.2

Healing from Trauma

WHILE COMPILING THIS edition of *Shalom!*, I was also completing a freelance writing project for the National Technical Assistance Center on Children's Mental Health at Georgetown University related to "trauma-informed care." For the project, I watched a lot of videos of family members of children who have experienced trauma in one form or another telling their stories. The stories make me sad and angry, when I think of the issues that so many children face, but they also give me hope because of how resilient children often are. Despite having been physically and/or sexually abused, placed in multiple foster homes, neglected, or exposed to domestic or community violence, if children receive treatment that acknowledges the trauma they have experienced, they can survive and thrive.

This writing project comes out of my work for Pennsylvania's Office of Mental Health and Substance Abuse Services, where promoting trauma-informed care for children with mental health problems has been a priority. I've learned a lot about how traumatic experiences affect children, not only at the time of the trauma itself but long-term. Specifically, I've also learned how trauma affects the brain, particularly the brain of the developing child.

Of course, the experience of trauma isn't limited to young children. There is no shortage of situations that cause trauma, defined as "a very difficult or unpleasant experience that causes someone to have mental or emotional problems usually for a long time" (Merriam-Webster online dictionary). We

hear a lot about the Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder that affects many military veterans returning from the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Domestic violence, the loss of a child by suicide or homicide, and even ongoing emotional or spiritual abuse are examples of other traumas that have lasting effects.

The mental health world where I have lived professionally for more than twenty years is learning that when individuals have major depression, severe anxiety or some other mental health diagnosis, one of the most important first questions to ask is whether there has been any trauma. Asking the question has been likened to the "universal precautions" that are common in public health. Knowing the back story to the presenting mental health problem makes it more likely that the treatment the individual receives will be "trauma-informed" and won't add another trauma to what the person has already experienced.

In the church, where we believe that Jesus can bring emotional and spiritual healing, it's also important to be trauma-informed. We know that many people who come through our doors have experienced and/or continue to experience trauma, and we need to be sensitive to their need for love, grace and compassionate and appropriate care. This edition of *Shalom!* includes not only some analysis of the effect of trauma and how healing happens, but also stories of individuals who have experienced great trauma and significant healing.

Harriet S. Bicksler, editor

THIS ISSUE OF SHALOM!

<i>Trauma and Spiritual Growth</i>	2
<i>Healing from Abuse</i>	3
<i>A Long Journey of Healing</i>	4
<i>Strangers No Longer</i>	6
<i>Sustained by God's Comfort</i>	7
MCC	9
<i>Supporting Pastors in the Face of Trauma</i>	
MIDNIGHT MUSINGS	10
<i>Attending to the Pain</i>	
<i>Trauma and the Developing Brain</i>	11
BOOK REVIEW	12
<i>The Glass Castle</i>	

Trauma and Spiritual Growth

By Gwen M. White

IN 2010 I WALKED the streets of Sarajevo observing the bullet holes still visible in many buildings among the stylish boutiques and coffee shops of the downtown area. The buildings seemed to wear the scars that the people of Bosnia-Herzegovina keep hidden away. The city was fighting to come back a decade after the violent hostilities had ended. The city seemed peaceful. I was in Sarajevo to train a group of therapists in self-care practices. These young therapists, now mostly in their thirties, had been teenagers during the Siege. They had memories of neighbors turning against neighbors and family members killed. They remembered fleeing in the night with only the clothing they wore and living in constant fear. So in 2010, they were trying to help their nation

heal from the trauma of war, but were finding that the stories of trauma that they heard from their clients were triggering their own trauma wounds.

I had first visited Sarajevo in 2009 with an MCC study tour and came back to work specifically with therapists who requested help with identifying how their own trauma was impacting their ability to work with the trauma of their clients. They were feeling overwhelmed. I walked among the buildings of their city and began to feel a sort of generalized depression settling on me. This would not be an easy task. I prayed for guidance. It seemed remarkable to me that these valiant therapists were putting themselves in harm's way again by being willing to engage in helping those who could not contain the effects of their trauma. By doing this they put themselves at risk of not being able to contain their own trauma reactions. It came as no surprise to me that these therapists also asked for training in how to use spirituality in their therapy work.

Trauma and spirituality go together. When trauma invades human experience, existential questions come along, too. Part of the challenge of hearing a trauma story is understanding the complex meanings that individuals unconsciously assign to such experiences. As humans we are meaning-makers and when events press in that are out of our control and terrifying, we struggle to explain to ourselves and to others what has happened. To use Heather Gingrich's (2013) apt terminology, the self shatters. How a person restores the shattered self is both a psychological and a spiritual journey.

First, let's get a definition going. I like Jon Allen's concise definition: trauma is the "lasting adverse effects of exposure to potentially traumatic events" (Allen, p. 300). The key here is that trauma sets up an ongoing internal experience that an individual continues to endure. Trauma involves life-threatening external events that have varying impact on individuals. But the essence of trauma is the way it stays inside a person and can cause intrusive memories of the event that repeat,

nightmares, hyperarousal, avoidance, and numbing of emotional responsiveness. Sometimes depression, anxiety and other emotional issues follow.

Second, let's be clear that trauma will not simply go away. A person who has been traumatized can't just get over it, wish it away, or even pray it away. Trauma creates a need in human beings to learn something new, to find a new meaning, to tell a new story about life, their own life in particular. During trauma, people experience their safety being threatened in ways they cannot control. They adapt to survive and can remain caught in a cycle of trying desperately to regain a sense of safety. To heal from this internal cycle of threat, they need to find their way to integrating this terrifying experience(s) into their understanding of themselves and others and how the world works. They have to rework their internal map.

This takes enormous courage and patience and often the help of a professional therapist who has experience in this arduous journey. This article isn't designed to unpack that process, but instead I'd like to briefly highlight the ways that I've witnessed courageous clients who have taken their trauma and learned to grow spiritually as a result of the hard work of integrating it into the meaning they make of the world. They've learned something about suffering and finding hope. They learn to make peace inside when questions about why go unanswered. They learn that God isn't absent even when the world falls apart. And they learn that they aren't defined by the things that happen to them.

Initially, merely speaking about the trauma can be intolerable. At times memories, especially memories of traumatic events occurring in early life, are blocked completely from conscious thought. People have to have time and space to eventually speak what Annie Richards (2006) calls "the unsayable." They need safe spaces created in safe relationships to access these painful memories and bring them into language. They need enough room to name their avoidance and to wonder



Shalom! A Journal for the Practice of Reconciliation is a quarterly publication of the Brethren in Christ Church. Its mission is to educate and stimulate Christ-like responses to the needs of society by providing biblical, theological, sociological, denominational and personal perspectives on a variety of contemporary issues.

EDITOR

Harriet S. Bicksler
127 Holly Dr.
Mechanicsburg, PA 17055
EMAIL: bickhouse@aol.com

DENOMINATIONAL LIAISON

Perry Engle, Upland, CA

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Lois Saylor, Harrisburg, PA
Jonathan Stanton, Lincoln, NE
Dawn Carter, Riverside, CA

Please direct all correspondence, including changes of address, to the editor. A third class nonprofit mailing permit is held by the Brethren in Christ Church, 431 Grantham Rd., Mechanicsburg, PA 17055. Third class postage paid in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. Website: www.bic-church.org/connect/publications/Shalom/default.asp

about their reactions to everyday events that others might sail right by. Then begins the journey to integrate the painful realities they have suffered. The questions about where God was when I was abused, when the fire struck our home, when the drunk driver veered into our lane, when the bombs began to fall have to come forward and be seen. The doubts need to come out of the shadows and into full view in the light. It is grueling. All this must occur for as long as the survivor needs it to go on and the listener/witness must remain present, attentive, curious about the meanings being made, and accurately attuned to the waves of emotion that rise and fall. It is grueling for the listener as well. This is the process of making peace again after trauma.

Slowly, the heart of the trauma becomes more evident -- the meaning that is corroding the soul becomes more clear. These toxic messages that haunt the soul often relate to the individual's view of him/herself. I'm bad,

somehow I'm to blame, I didn't stop it from happening. These assignments of self-blame avoid the deeper questions of why God allowed the suffering and why God tolerates this shattering of the self.

As I've listened to traumatized people, I've come to believe that they don't need me to answer their questions. They need me to give voice to the questions with them. And then to wait with them. In the silence, something happens. I think it's the peace of Christ at work beyond our understanding. They begin to resist the patterns of avoidance that kept them trapped in cycles of self-condemnation, self-destructiveness, and hopeless despair. They begin to hear themselves more deeply and to heal. They take the safety of the listener inside and it seems to sit next to the fear generated by the trauma until they are ready to feel the full force of what they have experienced and then to make new meaning with God.

Healing from Abuse: Impact on Faith Formation

By Alison Lauritsen and Jon Stanton

ROBYN'S FATHER IS an atheist. Robyn and I met in college. We became good friends and both started trying to follow Jesus wholeheartedly. As we read the Bible together and discussed spiritual issues, Robyn's dad's views occasionally came up. He wasn't going to change, making my friend's life much more difficult.

I've discovered there are usually a couple of main reasons why individuals claim to be atheists: they grew up without a spiritual family and didn't see evidence of God, or they grew up around faith communities, but a significant event in their lives prompted them to leave the faith. Robyn's dad had the second experience. He was sexually abused by the priest in his parish while he was serving as an altar boy.

I couldn't comprehend or even truly empathize with that experience. In Robyn's father's view, if God existed, then he should have protected the innocent. If God existed,

bad things wouldn't happen. As a result of his experience, his faith formation came to a standstill.

So why do bad things happen? Bad things happen to good people and to bad people, but we tend to be more enraged when they happen to good people. In our view, they don't deserve to suffer. As I continued to grow in my faith, I've had to answer this question again and again. I began to form a two-part answer:

1. God exists, but people have free will. We see that in Ephesians 2:8-9 and in my personal life verses, Luke 9:23-25. We have been saved by grace, not by works, but we have a choice; we must choose to follow Jesus. Fortunately and unfortunately, we and everyone else around us has free will as well. In our free will, we sin (Rom. 3:23). The consequences of sin hurt people around us and across the world. If God stopped us from sinning, there would be no free will. So some bad things

References

Allen, J.G. (2005). *Coping with trauma: Hope through understanding*. Washington, D.C.: American Psychiatric Publishing, Inc.

Gingrich, H.D. (2013). *Restoring the shattered self: A Christian counselor's guide to complex trauma*. Downers Grove, IL.: IVP Academic.

Rogers, A.G. (2006). *The unsayable: The hidden language of trauma*. New York: Ballantine Books.

Gwen M. White is director of the Doctor of Arts in Marriage and Family Therapy Program at Eastern University, St. David's, Pa. She is a licensed psychologist, founder/director of Circle Counseling, and a teaching pastor at the Circle of Hope Network of Brethren in Christ Churches in Philadelphia.

happen because there is a consequence for every action of free will.

2. We often recognize our need for God when bad things happen. Natural disasters, shootings, and other calamities prompt the nation to "pray." We are immediately reminded that we are not in control. In Scripture, we see God permit Satan's testing of Job's faithfulness. Satan is allowed to control the elements in order to create fire from heaven and a strong wind (Job 1). God allowed Job to be tested. When Job questioned God, we see God answer with another question, "Who are you to question me?" We are human, not God, so we will never fully understand everything (Job 40-41), but disasters promote humility. "Now faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see" (Heb. 11:1).

So what do we do now? Children are being hurt in churches, in homes, and in schools, and these events and how people re-

spond play a role in future faith formation.

We know there are children hurting out there—children experiencing physical, sexual, or emotional abuse or neglect. We know the long-term consequences of that abuse or neglect will shape their adult lives. According to the July 2013 Child Welfare Information Gateway, 676,569 children were victims of child abuse and neglect in 2011. These victims, previous victims, and future victims will have higher rates of depression, anxiety, and long-term physical health problems like sexually-transmitted diseases, cancer, and obesity. As explained in the Zero to Three motion picture *Helping Babies from the Bench*, children who have been exposed to abuse or neglect for long periods of time exhibit less exploratory behavior, do not learn as well, have more fears, and are more likely to have a physical or mental illness as an adult.

Young brains are resilient, and they can heal from maltreatment if it is caught early enough. Children are hurting, but there is hope. They need adults to step up and step in with love. This is an area where the loving presence of the church in a child's life can make a lifetime difference in their views and beliefs about God.

Of course, the best way to keep abuse from impacting faith formation is to prevent it from occurring in the first place. This is far from an easy task. The church can help, or the church can hurt—it's up to us to decide which it will be. The church's potential role in helping extends far beyond just preventing

abuse within the walls of the building itself. While abuse within the church often has devastating effects on a person's faith formation and view of God, abuse in any facet of life is also likely to impact faith formation. Children are very literal and concrete thinkers. How can God be a loving and protecting Father when his or her own father is anything but?

Dove's Nest is an organization that exists to empower and equip faith communities to keep children and youth safe in their homes, churches, and communities. Many in the Brethren in Christ community may not be familiar with this organization, but efforts are underway to change that. Beginning as a grassroots effort among Mennonites, Dove's Nest incorporated as a nonprofit in 2012 and hired a Brethren in Christ member as their first employee. Since then, Dove's Nest has expanded its outreach to other Anabaptist denominations and independent churches.

Dove's Nest trains and resources churches with the information they need to develop child and youth protection policies. Many churches struggle to get the process started. You can find sample policies on The Dove's Nest website, www.DovesNest.net, as well as a checklist churches can follow to guide them through the process. Dove's Nest also offers the Circle of Grace safe environment curriculum. This comprehensive, K–12 curriculum teaches children and youth about boundaries, forming safe and healthy relationships, and what to do if they feel unsafe.

It's a flexible and adaptable program that has one to four lessons each year, which makes it easy for churches to incorporate into their faith formation efforts.

Protection policies and Circle of Grace aren't guarantees that abuse won't occur. However, many offenders are likely to stay away from churches that clearly emphasize protection and empower their children and youth. Likewise, Circle of Grace provides a common language that kids can use to communicate to others if they are experiencing abuse inside or outside of the faith community.

Jesus is very clear in Matthew 18 that children are special in the kingdom of heaven. The church can follow this mission by protecting children from trauma and reaching out to those who have already experienced trauma. Churches should help, not hurt. It starts with protection and prevention and progresses to bringing light in the darkness, hope to the hopeless, peace to the restless, and love for the broken-hearted.

Allison Lauritsen is a dual degree graduate student at the University of Nebraska Omaha and the University of Nebraska Medical Center, studying social work and public health. Her particular areas of interest include child welfare, domestic violence, trafficking, and world hunger. Jon Stanton is Dove's nest program coordinator, a member of the Shalom! editorial committee, and a member of the Carland-Zion Brethren in Christ Church in Elsie, Mi. He and his wife Janet live in Lincoln, Neb.

A Long Journey of Healing

By Rachel Petersen

WHEN I FIRST met with Theresa Baltimore to hear her story, I thought our interview would focus on the loss of her daughter, Dawn, who was tragically murdered in 2001. Or perhaps we would discuss Theresa's experience of nearly losing her grandson, who narrowly escaped being shot during an armed robbery last year, at which time his companion was killed next to him. But when I sat down with Theresa in the church nursery (for want of another private and quiet

space on a busy Wednesday evening at church), she began instead by telling me about her own childhood.

"I could have grown up with all kinds of hatred in my heart," she said. "If it hadn't been for God keeping me on the straight and narrow, I'd be a bitter, hateful person today." As it turns out, Theresa's journey of healing from trauma extends back to her own childhood, when she was subjected to years of brutal physical, verbal, and psychological

abuse while living with her aunt's family in Philadelphia. "My Aunt Sarah abused me for nothing," Theresa recalled. "I wasn't allowed to socialize; I'd either have to stay in my room or sit on the stairs, but if her kids blamed something on me, she'd give me a whoopin.'" Theresa recounted several graphic stories of the abuses she endured. Sometimes, her aunt would take Theresa by the shirt and beat her head against the wall, or push her down the basement stairs. Often, she would

beat her legs and back with an extension cord, leaving scars that last to this day.

The threat of such beatings, or the other myriad forms of humiliation to which her aunt subjected Theresa, caused her to live in a constant state of fear. Theresa's schoolteachers could tell that something was wrong, "but that was before the days of child protection." Theresa smiled as she remembered the kindness of one particular teacher: "Miss Weaver – I'll never forget her. She made me clothes, because Aunt Sarah sent me to school in rags. So Miss Weaver made me some dresses, and she'd bring me food to eat at school. But my Aunt Sarah; she took a razor blade to those dresses and shredded every one of them to pieces." On multiple occasions, Theresa attempted to run away from her aunt's house, only to be returned by the authorities. Eventually, the last time she tried to run away, an investigation was opened, and Theresa's nightly prayers for deliverance were answered: she was sent to live with a foster family in Harrisburg.

Finally free from the abuse and neglect from which she had suffered for six years, Theresa was then subjected to the cruelty of children and even some adults in the foster care system who ridiculed her physical appearance (Theresa had severe eczema), diminishing her already under-developed self esteem even further. Eventually Theresa was able to move in with her devoted older sister, who worked hard to show Theresa the love and care that she had missed out on in her early childhood. "I used to get sick a lot," says Theresa. "My sister would crawl up in bed and hold me. She'd make me chicken noodle soup and orange juice. All the love she thought I didn't get before, she gave to me."

Thanks to her sister's kindness and care, Theresa was able to mature into a relatively healthy adolescent, basking in the stability and love of her new home. But the deep emotional scars of Theresa's childhood traumas never fully healed, and while her sister's efforts and attention went a long way to help restore Theresa's self-image, many of her past experiences came back to haunt her adult life. In addition to finding herself in back-to-back marriages with two abusive men, Theresa began to experience increasing levels of paranoia and anxiety, especially when she attempted to pursue a career in cosmetology.

"Eventually I became a recluse. I couldn't carry on a conversation. When people would come over to visit, I'd retreat into my room... and then I started feeling like I was going crazy." So, Theresa sought professional help. "The psychiatrist told me I wasn't crazy; I had a right to feel certain things. He gave me permission to say no. Freed me from guilt and shame. Slowly, bit by bit, the Lord broke all that mess up, and threw it out." In spite of her gratitude for the tremendous healing she's experienced, Theresa is also quick to acknowledge that her healing is an ongoing journey: "You don't forget. You just try to rise above it, with the help of the Lord. I'm more confident now than I've ever been. I will try to do things, and I will step out. God gives me strength to tread waters I've never tread before."

For years, this was Theresa's testimony. Then, in 2001, Theresa's 32-year-old daughter, Dawn – who had struggled unsuccessfully to free herself from a life of drug addiction and prostitution – was brutally murdered and thrown into the Susquehanna River, where her body was later recovered by police. The day preceding her death, Dawn had called Theresa to inform her she was coming home. But throughout the next twenty-four hours, Theresa was overcome with foreboding, and told several friends and family that she was afraid of answering her door.

As it turned out, Theresa wasn't home when the knock finally came a day later; a seemingly insignificant detail, but one to which Theresa clings as evidence of her Heavenly Father's goodness and mercy. When Theresa eventually arrived home and found her living room full of men in suits, she was informed of the crime that had taken her daughter's life. "I couldn't get past thinking that it wasn't real. I wanted to see her, but the detectives and the coroners said they didn't think that was a good idea. So that left a gaping hole in my heart, because I didn't get to see her." The lack of information left Theresa imagining the worse. "All I knew was that she died from blunt force trauma, and that her body had been put in the Susquehanna River," Theresa recalled. "Not being able to see her; not being able to say goodbye; that was the worst part."

"I could have just shut down, period," said

Theresa. Compounding her pain was the lack of justice brought to bear on the suspected killer. "To this day, no one has been accused of murdering Dawn. They had a suspect that they were ninety-nine percent sure was the one, but he escaped," Theresa explained, "Because he put her in the river, the DNA was washed away." Theresa admitted that she could have developed a terrible hatred for white men at that point. In the days and weeks following her daughter's death, Theresa cried out to God in prayer. "I kept saying to God, 'I didn't get to see her,' and I cried over and over that I hadn't gotten to say goodbye." Then, one night, Theresa received what felt like another gift from her Heavenly Father – she dreamt that she went to a place where she got to see Dawn, who came and sat in her lap, and hugged her. "Just to hold her healed me so much in my heart," she explained. But the hole in Theresa's heart did not go away. Instead, Theresa developed what she described as "a hungry soul," and she eventually came to understand that she was hungering for a church.

Following an audible prompt to walk to the church she could see from her kitchen window, Theresa found herself at Harrisburg Brethren in Christ Church. Though initially unsettled by the fact that it wasn't a "black church," Theresa was pleasantly surprised to find how welcoming and warm the congregation was. Midway through Pastor Woody Dalton's sermon, Theresa remembers praying "You know what, Lord? I think I'm gonna come back." And sure enough, Theresa returned the following week and decided that she had found herself a church home. In addition to feeling fed by the teaching, Theresa quickly found herself in the church's racial reconciliation class. "I took that class three times," Theresa recalled. "When I started it, I said, 'This is going to be a long journey'" – and it was.

In the class, Theresa often found herself explaining to her white classmates that "most people of color have been through something." Now, she said, "I think everybody's been through something – some harder than others. It's all a testing. Some things can change you; make you bitter, or mean... but until your faith has been tried, you don't really know what you believe. You don't really know until the test and the trial comes. That's

when you know.” For Theresa, that time of trial continued long after her daughter’s death. “I was like the walking dead – just going through the motions,” she said. Had it not been for the pastoral staff, Theresa admits, she probably would have closed herself off, which is why she insists that it’s so important for grieving parents to connect with a group that can support them and pray for them, even when they can’t pray for themselves.

“I don’t think we ever fully understand death, or losing our children, or murder. But God’s healing hand – he guides us. Through prayer, he helps us and guides us and heals our heart. It’s not gonna happen overnight. There’s grieving, and it’s different for everybody. But there is hope. Because I’ve found

peace in that valley.”

Today, Theresa said, she experiences ongoing healing through her involvement in the lives of Dawn’s children, Kadiesha and Paris, and the life of Kadisha’s now three-year-old daughter, “little” Dawn. “It gave me so much peace and joy when little Dawn came along, because she resembled her grandmother, who looked like me,” Theresa said with a smile. “I used to say to her, ‘Your grandmom’s not here, but your great-grandmom’s here’... I know God sent me Kadisha, and then little Dawn to help heal my heart and heal my mind.”

“God does some awesome things, but you’ve gotta have a listening ear and a watchful heart. He’s telling us stuff all the time. If you’re not paying attention, you’ll miss it.”

Having experienced God’s provision and touch in so many miraculous ways since her daughter’s death, Theresa said she feels more in awe of God than ever before. “God takes us through different seasons of time, and periods of testing. It can be a season of drought, or whatever, but it’ll pass, and the next season might be even worse.” So, Theresa said, “throughout my days I pray without ceasing, because that’s what the Bible says we should do. There’s always gonna be something, but God carries me through.”

Rachel Petersen is manager of the community living programs at Paxton Ministries in Harrisburg, Pa. and attends the Harrisburg Brethren in Christ Church..

Strangers No Longer

By Lou Astuto

IN THE LATE 1990s, a set of unique circumstances took place at the Harrisburg Brethren in Christ Church. From its birth as a congregation, HBIC maintained a strong commitment to the “peace position” as understood in Anabaptist theology. It would be fair to say that the majority of attendees held this position as integral to the gospel. Pastor Woody Dalton did an excellent job of communicating the biblical, theological and practical aspects of nonviolent conflict resolution.

As an associate pastor at the time, I was emerging from a twenty-five-year self-imposed silence regarding my serving in the army in Vietnam in 1968-1969. Through a series of events and interactions that I can only describe as supernatural, I moved from having little to do with other vets and veteran organizations to becoming very involved with a number of vets and also the Mechanicsburg Vietnam Veteran’s Club. I led trips down to Washington, DC with Vietnam vets and their families to “The Wall” for times of healing and prayer and I spoke at the Moving Vietnam Wall when it came to Harrisburg.

Along with my newly found involvement

came a number of the vets and their families beginning to attend HBIC. Woody and I attended and led Bible studies in various homes where the vets would gather to learn about the love, grace and healing available through Jesus. Many of the men would wear biker attire to church with not only insignias showing what unit they served with but also patches with statements like, “VIETNAM: if you weren’t there, just shut up.”

At that time, we had a balcony in the rear of the church. The vets would take up the last two rows of the church and to ease their anxiety regarding having their backs to the door and the overhang of the balcony, I would stand behind them for the entire service so they could focus on worship and the Word. This kind of accommodation made the vets feel welcomed and cared for in the same way a handicap accessible ramp makes a person in a wheelchair feel welcomed.

Then when one of the vets passed away, many from the church went to his memorial service. Our presence at the service authenticated not only our appreciation for this man but also confirmed his standing as a beloved member of the church and not as a second class citizen. I am also very grateful

for the members of HBIC who went down to visit the Wall along with vets and their families to offer their support. They stood with their newly found brothers and sisters while they observed more than 55,000 names etched into the black granite memorial.

Many of the long-time attendees of the church did alternative service as conscientious objectors. When I first came to the Brethren in Christ Church I learned not only the theological underpinnings of one taking a stand as a CO but also listened to the stories of how courageously many of the COs faced the charge of being cowards because of this deeply-held conviction. One man told me that the father of a friend of his who also happened to be his next door neighbor did not speak to him the whole year his friend was in Vietnam and how painful that was for him. It was always interesting to see the dance that the members of the church who were COs and the newly arrived vets engaged in while learning to understand each other melt away the stereotypes. I am glad to report that many would say they became good friends and brothers.

Today some studies suggest that only one-third of all Vietnam veterans are still living. We are losing twenty-two veterans a day to suicide. With the war in Iraq ended as far as U. S. involvement is concerned and the war in Afghanistan winding down, a whole new opportunity presents itself to the church: to do what the church has always done – help to bind the wounds of those who have suffered. I believe that for our theological position regarding the nonviolent resolution of conflict to bear the mark of authenticity, we must reach out in Jesus' name to those who have suffered most from involvement in armed conflict, whether they are our local law enforcement authorities, combat veterans, or individuals who have lived in war zones during a war and in the immediate aftermath when lives and infrastruc-

ture need attention and repair.

In addition to dying from suicide, many veterans are returning from war zones with traumatic injuries to their brains and limbs due to improvised explosive devices. Many other vets feel the effects of war with injuries that cannot be readily seen but are no less debilitating, such as post-traumatic stress disorder, anxiety and major depression. Still others come back pretty much intact and go on to live productive and fulfilled lives. The truth is, they all deserve our hospitality, a listening ear and the message that was so important for me to hear when I first came to the Brethren in Christ: "God was not indifferent or choosing sides while we were butchering each other." Armed conflict and the ensuing chaos tears at God's heart and he took no delight when your buddy went

down. It breaks God's heart when every Gold Star mother receives word that the child she bore is not coming home or every time a wife or husband or son or daughter see their loved one for the first time with horrific life altering injuries.

We as Brethren in Christ do not need to avoid contact or ministry to those who have served in armed conflict. Extending the hand of friendship and healing only authenticates our commitment to our long-held conviction; in no way does our involvement diminish that commitment. May God help us to do what the church has always done: bring a drink of cold water to those who are so very thirsty and in need of care.

Lou Astuto is a retired Brethren in Christ pastor living in Pinellas Park, Fl.

Sustained by God's Comfort

By Ila Brubaker

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST moments of my life occurred on an autumn day in California when our family doctor called with the following message: "Ila, I have a surprise for you. There's going to be two this time."

I had never wished for twins, but I was so excited that a short time later I actually drove over a flower bed as I backed out of the garage of the parsonage in Chino, California.

Our home was already blessed with two little girls, Jeanie and Joy, and early on a Sunday morning in December, they joined us in welcoming twin boys, Darrel Jay and David Ray. Following their birth, my husband, Merle, returned to church in time to announce the joy of our new arrivals, and also to assume responsibility for the Sunday morning service.

Our church family rejoiced with us, and were so delighted when on the following Sunday, we placed the babies in their cribs, just inside the picture window of the parsonage, which was only a few yards from the church. Everyone, including young children, had a close up view of the latest additions to the pastoral family.

As the babies grew into toddlers, we kept the camera within easy reach to capture spe-

cial moments of their inquisitive explorations.

As our sons grew older, church fellowship and activities, including Bible quiz and drama, were central in their lives, and later led to opportunities in denominational leadership. Following graduation from Messiah College, Darrel sensed a call into Christian ministry. After graduating from seminary, Darrel and his wife, Sheri, moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to begin their first pastorate. During those years, Darrel discovered that a number of young men from the church where he had served as associate pastor while attending seminary had been sexually abused by a counselor who was an active member of the congregation as well as a prominent lay leader in the denomination. Darrel was aware of the risk, but after carefully considering the seriousness of the abuse, he realized that he must share the information with someone in denominational leadership.

Darrel felt called to three things: 1) stop the abuse; 2) get help for the abuser and his victims; and 3) help the denomination learn how to deal with sexual abuse issues.

Darrel asked permission to bring five

young men who were willing to share their stories of abuse at the next executive meeting of church leaders. The request was denied. He was told he could lose his ministry in the denomination if he continued his efforts. The church leaders were unable to receive the information, much less deal with it appropriately.

After waiting for over a year for some kind of positive response, Darrel went into a deep clinical depression. The church leaders he had loved and trusted since childhood, the church where his father had served so faithfully for forty years, the church where his most cherished lifelong friendships had been nurtured, became a source of unspeakable disillusionment and pain.

As parents, we felt Darrel's pain so deeply. I remember him saying, "I know I did the right thing in informing church leaders about the abuse, and I knew it could cost my ministry, but I didn't know it would cost my health." There were no adequate answers to his questions, and our hearts cried out in anguish with him.

For two years Darrel attempted to climb out of the dark tunnel of depression, living with the difficult side effects of medication,

and the stigma that is often placed on those who suffer from depressive illness. Ultimately his feeling of being rejected by the church transferred into his feeling of being rejected by God. On February 25, 1991, as his last ray of hope disappeared, Darrel took his own life while serving as campus pastor at Eastern Mennonite College in Virginia, now Eastern Mennonite University.

Our family does not blame Darrel, for we walked the painful journey with him and we know how sincerely he tried to do what was right. We observed him facing incredible road blocks which seemed impossible to overcome. He had become too ill to think clearly, and the journey had been too long and too devastating to add one more day of pain. Like other organs of the body, the brain can become ill from stress, and Darrel, who was carrying a heavy overload of stress, could no longer function with normal strength and resilience.

As a family we continue to be aware of our deep loss. Darrel was an encourager who listened with his heart. He also possessed a delightful sense of humor, and showered gifts of grace on all of us. Each family gathering, each family picture, is now a poignant reminder that someone very precious is missing from our family circle.

We also grieve the loss of Darrel's ministry to others beyond our family. God had blessed Darrel with unusual gifts for ministry – a combination of understanding love, undaunted courage, and exceptional wisdom. His insights were truly amazing, a gift that comes only from God. When a close friend was receiving treatment at Philhaven Hospital after being raped, Darrel sent her the following note: "Remember sin and victimization do not have the last word ... Our Lord of Life has the last word." Darrel wrote these words of wisdom, even though he himself was hospitalized at Philhaven at the time.

Because of our experience, I now have a greater experience of God's faithfulness. Following Darrel's death, a Scripture verse from Isaiah 53:4 came to me so clearly, "Surely He has borne our grief and carried our sorrows." My grief was overwhelming and I found relief in giving the grief I could not bear to the One who could carry my sorrow. The comforting words from Psalm 62:1, "My soul

finds rest in God alone," also brought peace to our hearts during sleepless nights. Along with the pain of Darrel's illness and death, we also had to deal with the difficult issue of forgiveness. I remember Darrel's reaction regarding one church leader who had been especially hurtful. He told us, "I want to forgive him. Someday we'll be together in heaven."

I dealt with the issue of forgiveness by asking the Lord to help me forgive whatever I needed to forgive, even though I had no assurance that any wrong would ever be admitted. I found peace as I gave my heartaches to the One who is the healer of broken hearts.

My husband, an ordained minister, was also serving as Director of Stewardship for the denomination. He felt an obligation to help the denominational leadership change to appropriate attitudes and policies. He wanted the church to be a safe place for children and young people. Finally he realized he could no longer serve the church with integrity; he needed to resign from his church positions. We began to attend Slate Hill Mennonite Church which was a wonderful place of healing for both of us. In the Mennonite denomination, there were some women and men in leadership who were dealing appropriately with the problem of sexual abuse.

Twelve years after Darrel's death, we received a phone call from one of our denominational leaders, asking if he could meet with us. When he asked if I would forgive him, I answered, "I think I have already forgiven you." Then I told him about a dream I had sometime earlier where he was sitting with our family around our table, and there was love and peace, as he became a welcome part of our family circle.

A few months later, another leader called and asked if he could meet with us. As he sat in our living room, for two and a half hours, with tears he told us he was so sorry he was unable to listen, and asked for forgiveness. He told us God had been working in his life, and he now wished he had handled things differently.

In that same year two current church administrators met with us several times in a desire to bring reconciliation. They also told us of their plan to help every congregation become a safe place. Instead of covering up

the sin of sexual abuse, they were now working with each congregation to develop policies to protect children and youth. All of this made it possible for us to return to our home church in 2004.

Heaven has become more real since Darrel's death. We are convinced that no matter what evil may befall us or those we love, there is nothing that can separate us from God's love" (Romans 8:38-39). These were Darrel's favorite verses, and they continue to provide comfort for our family. As Darrel said, "Our Lord of Life has the last word." And because of the resurrection, we know God also has the last word over sin and death. We have the wonderful hope of being with Darrel again. Until then, God's comfort sustains us.

Ila and Merle Brubaker are retired after many years in pastoral ministry in the Brethren in Christ Church. They now live at Messiah Lifeways and are active members of the Grantham (Pa.) congregation.

Editor's Notes

2014 subscription renewals:

Many of you have responded to the 2014 subscription letter and have renewed your subscription. Thank you for your generosity that makes it possible for us to continue publishing *Shalom!* If you haven't yet responded, please do so as soon as possible. The subscription rate is still \$15 for one year, and we continue to welcome extra gifts. Checks should be payable to the Brethren in Christ Church and sent to the editor (address on page 2).

Proposed remaining topics for 2014:

SUMMER 2014: Let peace begin with me (peacemaking in daily life, witnessing for peace in a violent and militaristic world)

FALL 2014: Immigration revisited (still a hot topic of debate)

Supporting Pastors in the Face of Trauma

By Melanie Hess



WHEN TYPHOON MAIYAN struck the Philippines in November 2013, it not only left a trail of ruined homes, flattened businesses and uprooted trees, it caused emotional trauma for many in the disaster's path. This included pastors and other caregivers who would be called upon to help people in their communities and churches as soon as the wind, rain and storm surges subsided. "I felt so helpless. I didn't know how to protect my family," Pastor Janar Ruiz said. "We all went to the church during the typhoon and we couldn't do anything but cry. I put my children under my shirt next to my skin."

Peacebuilders Community, Inc. (PBCI), a Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) partner, realized that pastors would need assistance as they met with various church leaders in Ormoc City, Leyte Province, the week after the storm. PBCI is a local Philippines organization with ties to the Integrated Mennonite Church of the Philippines and is a ministry of Mennonite Church Canada Witness.

Based on the assessment, PBCI developed a plan to provide 50 pastors with an opportunity to talk about their experiences and to be trained in psychological first aid, disaster risk reduction and peace and reconciliation. MCC supported the assessment and the plan.

From February 4-6, the first group of pastors from the Philippines Council of Evangelical Churches met in Ormoc City for the

first training. Clinical psychologist Bennette Tenecio lead pastors in several rounds of uninterrupted sharing about their feelings during the typhoon and afterward.

Pastor Jonathan Pobadora, who lost his home and whose family is still living in a tent three months after the typhoon, found new meaning in his emotions. "Fear is what allowed us to survive," he said. "We evacuated and stayed away from danger areas. God made us survivors by giving us fear. I am thankful for these emotions."

This psychological first aid training also prepared the participants to walk alongside



Pastor Jesusa Garba and other Filipino pastors take a break from their intense emotional sharing about Typhoon Haiyan to play a group game together. The pastors were attending Peacebuilders Community Trauma Healing and Disaster Risk Reduction training in Ormoc, Leyte Province, to learn how to deal with their own trauma and how to help people who survived the disastrous November storm to heal. Many of these pastors had not interacted before this training sponsored by Peacebuilders Community, Inc., a ministry of Mennonite Church Canada Witness. (MCC Photo/Jeanne Jantzi)

people who are suffering from disaster or tragedy. Tenecio offered specific phrases that can help calm and communicate caring: "Is there anything you want to tell me about what happened?" "How is your family doing?" "Is there anything you need right now?"

The training also helped pastors, who his-

torically have not looked to each other for support, to establish closer personal connections, said Jeanne Jantzi, who attended the training in her role as an MCC area director for Southeast Asia. She and her husband, Dan Jantzi, also an area director, are based in Chiang Mai, Thailand, and are from Lowville, N.Y.

"When there are people who care for us, it lightens the pain," said Pastor Eufemio Surigao.

PBCI facilitator Boyet Ongkiko challenged the pastors to get involved in their village's disaster response work rather than create parallel structures only for church members.

"Holiness does not mean separation from the community," he told them. "If you are too busy in church activities, you don't have time for the community." He encouraged the group of 16 men and four women to be salt and light in their communities by joining other community leaders.

The group also strategized on how to organize for effective disaster responses in ways that involve the church and government agencies.

The group will meet again for a second round of training in peace and reconciliation. When all 50 pastors are trained, each having committed to passing on what they learned to four others, 200 pastors will have been impacted by training.

Melanie Hess is a freelance writer from Lancaster, Pa. Jeanne Jantzi, an MCC area director for Southeast Asia, also contributed to this story.

Attending to the Pain

By Zach Spidel

"IT HURTS SO bad, man. I just wish I could turn off my feelings. I hate feeling this way . . . just so sad, man, I'm really sad." Josh (not his real name) told me this as we sat in the dimly lit living room of his friend's house earlier this week. He was trying to decide whether or not to finish the 40-ounce bottle of beer sitting in front of him. Josh is a recovering heroin addict, released just six weeks ago from jail after he and his girlfriend were picked up for breaking into an abandoned house and committing acts of prostitution there. I've known Josh for two years, and these words brought my heart, aching, into my throat. I knew that they were important and signaled that Josh was at a crucial turning point.

Josh grew up in an abusive home. His father doled out cruel punishments while his mother simply checked out drugs. Josh is usually vague with me when he talks about the abuse in his past. Some mixture of shame and fear keep the details locked up in his memory. It would hurt to share them, and Josh, like so many others in his situation, has spent most of his life running from that hurt.

In the past, when the sadness of what was done to him seemed like it would overwhelm him, he sought to drown the pain in alcohol, or sex, or, for the last five years, heroin. That last form of self-medication left him penniless, homeless, and in a constant panicked search for his next hit. I met him and his girlfriend in the summer of 2012 in the alley behind my house, another spot where he would keep watch as she sold her body to provide for their mutual habit.

When I think of Josh at that time, the word that immediately springs to mind is numb. He lived and honestly looked like a zombie – the living dead. He mumbled most of his words, didn't make eye contact and discussed deeply tragic circumstances in his life with a bland banality that struck me as the most tragic element of his situation. He neither saw nor felt the horrors of his life. He

regarded as normal arrangements and patterns of living that were anything but. In those days, when I would talk to him, I spent a lot of time asking him whether or not he wanted to change. He wasn't sure if he did.

That, thank God, changed slowly over the first year I knew him. Things happened to him so awful they pierced the protective numbing of the heroin. He was also forcibly deprived of the heroin when his girlfriend landed in jail and his only source of money was taken away. He went through withdrawal on my front porch, which is where he was living at the time. At the tail end of the withdrawal, he told me he needed to change. He didn't know if he could, he wasn't sure he wanted to, but he knew that he needed to. He asked me, then, if I really believed all the stuff I had told him about God. I shared, with fresh urgency, the good news of God's kingdom that day. I told him that grace means our future can be determined by God's present power rather than our past failures. I told him that God loved him and wanted to save him. I told him that he would not be able to save himself, but that he would need to make a decision to follow Christ no matter the cost and no matter where he might lead.

Josh had heard it all before, but I think that was the first time he really listened. He's been trying ever since to get free of the heroin. He has landed in jail two more times since then, and he and I both lost contact with his girlfriend. He entered a treatment program at the jail, and after getting out of there six weeks ago threw himself into our church community in a way he never had before. He was quick to say to me and a number of the other leaders, "I love you." He would cry in the services or afterward. He'd ask for hugs. In short, he was no longer numb.

But that's the thing about recovering from trauma and from the dysfunctional coping mechanisms we too often turn to in

the wake of trauma – as we recover, parts of us that were dead, dying, or numb come back to life and those parts of us, as they awaken, feel the pain of our trauma and of the self-inflicted wounds which followed it. That makes sense. It's not only natural, it's good, even if it doesn't feel good. It's good because it's a sign of life.

That's why, earlier this week, my heart leapt into my throat at Josh's words. Josh wanted to run from the pain, to turn it off. He thought finishing that beer and maybe chasing it with something stronger could achieve that purpose. He was feeling again, and thinking about that fact, and trying to decide whether to press ahead, through the pain, to deal with the wounds causing it, or whether to retreat into numbness.

I don't know what Josh will ultimately choose. I'm praying that he'll choose to allow God access to the wounds in his heart. I'm praying that he will find in Christ a gentle healer who does not blanch and retreat at the sight of his wounds, but lovingly embraces him, wounds and all.

I am also praying for myself, having discovered how similar I am to Josh in every respect. I'm praying that I will not run from or numb the pain in my life, but rather pay attention to it, acknowledging that pain is a sign of life and a pointer to those things in my life which need help and healing. I want to attend to the pains in my heart, because I believe it is there in the midst of my wounds that I will meet Christ and find the healing I need.

Zach Spidel is the pastor of The Shepherd's Table, a second site in East Dayton, Oh. of the Fairview Brethren in Christ Church. A 2008 graduate of Messiah College and 2011 graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, he is also the new "Midnight Musings" columnist. Welcome, Zach!

continued from page 12

some other mothering wisdom she and her siblings received and lived by:

“Mom was not one of those fussy mothers who got upset when you came home dirty or played in the mud or fell and cut yourself...Once an old nail ripped my thigh...Carla’s mother thought I should go to the hospital for stitches and a tetanus shot. ‘Nothing but a minor flesh wound,’ Mom declared after studying the deep gash. ‘People these days run to the hospital every time they skin their knees,’ she added. ‘We’re becoming a nation of sissies.’ With that, she sent me back out to play.”

It is good to encourage children not to live in unreasonable fears, or not to worry too much over scrapes and childhood

mishaps. It is good to allow them to play and get dirty. But Rose Mary Walls used pithy folk wisdom to avoid the responsibilities of parenthood. The most damaging scars, however, were not from the fire or the nasty cut by an old nail. The lasting scars are the ones that made Walls turn away from her mother in that chance meeting on the way to a party. Walls is adept at showing the growing hardship on her and her siblings as they grow up and learn how truly irresponsible their parents are and what outcasts they have become in the classrooms of their schools, the neighborhoods in which they must live, and at the places they try to find jobs. Escape becomes the goal.

The Glass Castle can make the reader wish that calling Child Protective Services were retroactive. In contrast, it shows that even the most delinquent parent can also inspire

a child. It reminds us that life is more complicated than a first glance can ever relate. Jeannette Walls and her siblings are a testament that the traumas of dysfunction can be overcome even though scars remain. Walls chooses to write the traumas and reveal the scars with a daring vulnerability. It is a gift readers are compelled to handle with care.

Lois Saylor is completing her service as chair of the Leadership Team for the Brethren in Christ (U.S.) Council for Women in Ministry and Leadership. She and her husband are members of the Harrisburg (Pa.) congregation, where she chairs the church board.

Trauma and the Developing Brain

From Recognizing and Addressing Trauma in Infants, Young Children, and Their Families, Center for Early Childhood Mental Health Consultation at Georgetown University (www.ecmhc.org)

The developing brain

The developing brain begins to form early in the prenatal period. With the basic structures of the brain in place, babies are born ready to learn. The infant's early and ongoing experiences (sensory, motor, emotional, and cognitive) help to build connections in the brain, stimulating the "firing and wiring" of synapses that connect neural circuits. During the first three years of life, there is rapid-fire development of trillions of synapses, however, not all of these synapses are used and some are "pruned" or eliminated. Those connections that are reinforced by experience become "hard wired" and work more efficiently and effectively. A child's early experience, in the context of attuned and responsive caregiving, everyday routines, and age appropriate stimulation, influences which connections are maintained. The brain continues to build connections throughout life, but never as quickly as early childhood.

Overwhelming stress and young children

Early exposure to trauma – extremely fearful events – and high levels of stress affect the developing brain, particularly in those areas involved in emotions and learning. The amygdala and the hippocampus are two brain structures involved in fear and traumatic stress.

The amygdala detects whether a stimulus (person or event) is threatening and the hippocampus, the center of short-term memory, links the fear response to the context in which the threatening stimulus or event occurred. These two brain structures also play an important role in the release of stress hormones such as cortisol and adrenalin influencing the capacity of the prefrontal cortex for regulating thought, emotions, and actions, as well as keeping information readily accessible during active learning.

In response to overwhelming stress in young children:

- The brain drives the "fight or flight response" and release of stress hormones,
- The young child has limited capacity to manage this overwhelming stress and experiences increased arousal – fear and anxiety (physical and emotional sensa-

tions).

- Excessive fear and anxiety and excessive cortisol (stress hormone) can affect the capacity for stress regulation as well as development and higher functions of the brain, and
- Significant early adversity can lead to lifelong problems (physical and mental health).

These quite concerning consequences of overwhelming stress must be considered in a larger developmental context – including aspects of the child and the availability of supportive adults.

Additional Resources on the Impact of Trauma on Brain Development:

Center on the Developing Child, Harvard University, (<http://developingchild.harvard.edu>). Publications include:

- *The Science of Early Childhood Development*
- *Excessive Stress Disrupts the Architecture of the Developing Brain*
- *The Impact of Early Adversity on the Developing Brain*

Address Service Requested

431 Grantham Rd., Mechanicsburg, PA 17055

BOOK REVIEW: The Glass Castle

A Look Inside One Family's Erratic Life

By Lois Saylor

AS AN ADULT living on Park Avenue in New York City, Jeannette Walls is taking a taxi on her way to a party when she looks outside her window and sees her mother. Her mother's hair is "tangled and matted" as Jeannette watches her root "happily through the dumpster." Jeanette, in panic, shame, and a well-known embarrassment, sinks down into her seat and tells the driver to take her back home. In her richly furnished apartment, she berates herself for her reaction and helplessly questions again how she can help her mother. Through a contact, Jeanette sets up a lunch date with her mom. At a Chinese restaurant, Jeannette notes her mom looks a little more presentable, but not entirely. "She'd washed her face, but her neck and temples were still dark with grime." When Jeanette confesses that she had seen her mom on the street and turned away in embarrassment, she asks her mom what she is supposed to tell people about her mother. "Just tell the truth," her mother advises, "that's simple enough."

Jeannette Walls takes her mother's advice and tells the truth about her family in her memoir *The Glass Castle* (Scribner, 2006). It may be the truth, but it is not as simple as her

mother suggests. This is a family with a long and difficult story complicated by neglect, mental health issues, alcoholism, and poverty, yet mixed with talent, intelligence, fun adventure, free spiritedness, hidden wealth, and familial love. The memoir is a rollercoaster ride of dysfunction and trauma interspersed with moments of beauty, tenderness, and wildly daring freedoms.

Walls begins her memoir, her truth, with a traumatic childhood event. Her opening words ushering us into her childhood simply state, "I was on fire." It is her earliest memory and a startling revelation of a parent's neglect and refusal to supervise her children. Walls paints a portrait of her three-year-old self in a tutu-like dress catching on fire at a gas stove while cooking hotdogs. This begins the mixed tale of parental neglect and care, apathy and encouragement, irresponsibility and hard work, dishonest scheming and beautiful dreaming. It is hard to imagine that this episode is not the worst event the young girl will encounter, but the rollercoaster has just rounded the first bend. It will take us through the landscape of her family life as they find and then lose homes, jobs, schools, cars, friends, enemies, money, reputations,

and at times themselves. Yet this is not really a horror story (although most readers will be horrified at many aspects of their lives). Instead it is a thought-provoking and beautifully written account of the author's childhood with three siblings and two dangerously unusual parents.

Rex Walls, the father of this clan, is mechanically talented, possibly brilliant, and gives his children some wonderful moments of insight and dreaming. He teaches them physics and math far above their formal education. He is also erratic in holding jobs, and given to fits of rage and drunkenness. Rose Mary Walls, a reluctant mother of four, believes she is an artist and is usually found painting. When she does pay attention to her children she often spews forth an odd mixture of legitimate folk wisdom sprinkled over a huge serving of rationalization. When three-year-old Jeanette is home from a lengthy stay at the hospital for her burns, she is hungry and starts to cook hot dogs again. Her mother sees her and says, "Good for you. You've got to get right back in the saddle. You can't live in fear of something as basic as fire." In a later chapter Walls writes about

continued on page 11