



Norman's Whereabouts

by Norman Searah

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Sometime ago sometime before Thanksgiving Ed Bloomer, Fran Fuller, Dagmar Hoxsie of Yankton, SD Catholic Worker and me, Norman, went to a rally and protest. We went to the school of the Americas; it was my first trip there like so many others. Fran did all the driving and Dagmar was a good navigator. It was good until we had an accident with a truck in Atlanta, GA. No one was hurt but the car. But the car got to the protest, back to Des Moines and back home to Yankton, SD. I learned a lot from this trip. I discovered that Fort Benning has been a military town since the Civil War. During the two World Wars, Korean and Vietnam wars it was famous for its training U.S. Military Infantry. When we got there, there were only about a thousand people but close to the end of the protest there were around twenty-two thousand.

The gates were just a few hundred yards behind the stage, there were many singers, speakers and rappers. They spoke not only English but other languages and they weren't just white but all colors. If Martin Luther King, Jr. were alive

he would be happy and thankful. There were a lot of tables full of information, buttons, clothes and other stuff on one side of the road. I bought two DVD's, a CD and some buttons. I got a lot of information to bring back. I got around good; I brought my friend, my cane, with me. I got to spend some time with Steve and Lana Jacobs from the Columbia, MO, Catholic Worker, Elton and a few folks from the Open Door Community. They fed a lot of people because they were in a good spot; down the road from them was the Christian Center for servicemen.

A few miles from where we stayed on Saturday night we went to Mass. The biggest one I have ever attended. There were a lot of people; most of them were college students. On Sunday I got a chance to march in the largest funeral procession of my life. I got to see people with canes and wheelchairs. Now this might not mean much to you but to me it meant a lot. These people are also my brothers and sisters.

We should start to talk peace to one another, not resort to weapons. We must break the chains that oppress us, we must work for peace. A long time ago I went to Halem, Iowa, where a farmer was about to lose his farm. He treated me to a gift no one ever had before. He and his daughter took me

for a ride, as we got near their farm he told me about his neighbors, not only their names, but everyone in the family, the living and the dead, and how they were all doing. They truly knew their neighbors. If you ask someone today about their neighbors, they don't know them or even what they look like and I ask why? I do. We should talk to our neighbors. That is what I am going to do, I am going to New York for a couple weeks so some of the Catholic Workers there can go to Washington, D.C., and not have to close their house. It is close to my home and I made a promise to someone. I hate it when Catholic Workers are low on staff. Ever since I found out how the government is treating foreign prisoners, I figured I could do some work at another house that is trying to get Guantánamo shut down.

But for now I'm telling others about diabetes and planning to go to Omaha to speak out about the horrors of the Nuclear Bomb, by attending the rally, letting people know we spend more money on killing than we do on healing a person.

I wish you and your family, and neighbors a Merry Christmas and may your New Year be a peaceful one.

