



GRAFFITI WISDOM

Beauty is only a light switch away. Perkins Library, Duke University, Durham NC

Remember, it's not, "How high are you?" It's, "Hi, how are you?"
Rest stop off Route 81, West Virginia

At the feast of ego - everyone leaves hungry. Bentley's House of Coffee and Tea, Tucson AZ

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3 Cheers for THIS Judge!!!

This is a special one well worth reading. It makes you wish we had more Judges like this one!

JUDGE WILLIAM YOUNG, SENTENCES THE SHOE BOMBER

US District Court Judge William Young made the following statement in sentencing "shoe bomber" Richard Reid to prison: It is noteworthy, and deserves to be remembered far longer than he predicts. I commend it to you and to anyone you might wish to forward it to.

January 30, 2003, United States vs. Reid. Judge Young: Mr. Richard C. Reid - hearken now to the sentence the Court imposes upon you.

On counts 1, 5 and 6 the Court sentences you to life in prison in the custody of the United States Attorney General.

On counts 2, 3, 4 and 7, the Court sentences you to 20 years in prison on each count, the sentence on each count to run consecutive with the other. That's 80 years.

On count 8 the Court sentences you to the mandatory 30 years consecutive to the 80 years just imposed.

The Court imposes upon you each of the eight counts a fine of \$250,000 for the aggregate fine of \$2 million.

The Court accepts the government's recommendation with respect to restitution and orders restitution in the amount of \$298.17 to Andre Bousquet and \$5,784 to American Airlines.

The Court imposes upon you the \$800 special assessment.

The Court imposes upon you five years supervised release simply because the law requires it. But the life sentences are real life sentences so I need go no further.

This is the sentence that is provided for by our statutes. It is a fair and just sentence. It is a righteous sentence. Let me explain this to you. We are not afraid of any of your terrorist co-conspirators, Mr. Reid. We are Americans. We have been through the fire before. There is all too much war talk here. And I say that to everyone with the utmost respect. Here in this court, where we deal with individuals as individuals, and care for individuals as individuals, as human beings we reach out for justice, you are not an enemy combatant. You are a terrorist. You are not a soldier in any war. You are a terrorist. To give you that reference, to call you a soldier gives you far too much stature. Whether it is the officers of government who do it or your attorney who does it, or that happens to be your view, you are a terrorist.

And we do not negotiate with terrorists. We do not sign documents with terrorists. We hunt them down one by one and bring them to justice. So war talk is way out of line in this court. You are a big fellow. But you are not that big. You're no warrior. I know warriors. You are a terrorist. A species of criminal guilty of multiple attempted murders.

In a very real sense Trooper Santiago had it right when you first were taken off that plane and into custody and you wondered where the press and where the TV crews were and he said: you're no big deal. You're no big deal.

What your counsel, what your able counsel and what the equally able United States attorneys have grappled with and what I have as honestly as I know how tried to grapple with, is why you did something so horrific. What was it that led you here to this courtroom today? I have listened respectfully to what you have to say. And I ask you to search your heart and ask yourself what sort of unfathomable hate led you to do what you are guilty and admit you are guilty of doing. And I have an answer for you. It may not satisfy you. But as I search this entire record it comes as close to understanding as I know. It seems to me you hate the one thing that is most precious. You hate our freedom. Our individual freedom. Our individual freedom to live as we choose, to come and go as we choose, and to believe or not believe as we individually choose.

Here, in this society, the very winds carry freedom. They carry it everywhere from sea to shining sea. It is

because we prize individual freedom so much that you are here in this beautiful courtroom. So that everyone can see, truly see that justice is administered fairly, individually, and discretely. It is for freedom's sake that your lawyers are striving so vigorously on your behalf and have filed appeals, will go on in their, their representation of you before other judges. We are about it. Because we all know that the way we treat you, Mr. Reid, is the measure of our own liberties. Make no mistake though. It is yet true that we will bear any burden, pay any price, to preserve our freedoms.

Look around this courtroom. Mark it well. The world is not going to long remember what you or I say here. Day after tomorrow it will be forgotten. But this, however, will long endure. Here in this courtroom and courtrooms all across America, the American people will gather to see that justice, individual justice - justice, not war - individual justice is in fact being done. The very President of the United States through his officers will have to come into courtrooms and lay out evidence on which specific matters can be judged, and juries of citizens will gather to sit and judge that evidence democratically, to mold and shape and refine our sense of justice.

See that flag Mr. Reid? That's the flag of the United States of America. That flag will fly there long after this is all forgotten. That flag stands for freedom. You know it always will.

Custody Mr. Officer. Stand him down.

How much of this Judge's comments did you hear on our TV sets? ZERO! Please pass this around.

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[This is from *My Song is of Mercy* by Matthew Kelty, published by Sheed & Ward, an apostolate of the Priests of the Sacred Heart. 7373 South Lovers LN RD, Franklin WI 53132. 1-800-558-0580]

[A Homily of Fr. Matthew Kelty, OCSO, for the 27th Sunday of the Year (A), 1993: (Mk 10:2-16)]

The Dearest Freshness Deep Down Things

I was having a few words of pleasant chat with a monk before dinner when the Angelus rang. "Say the Angelus with me," I said. And he replied, "But I do not know it."

"So what do you do when the bell rings three times a day?"

"I don't do anything."

"Well, say it with me anyway. I'll show you how."

And while doing that, I wondered to myself: do you suppose he knows the Rosary? So when we were done, I asked him. No, he did not know how to say the Rosary. "That's odd."

And he said, "Four years Catholic high school, four years Catholic college, two years novitiate here. Nobody ever mentioned Rosary. You're the first."

With that, another bell rang within me: larger, deeper, more somber. And I knew I was getting older in a way I did not know before. Times have changed. Not that the Rosary is all that much. It is not the Faith, the Gospel, the liturgy, the Rule. Just a pious custom. Something like a fireplace in the living room. Who needs it? Yet who will deny the charm of a hearth and a fire and a quiet evening at home some winter night? Maybe fireplaces, too, have long gone. How would I know?

Times do change. A Princeton-based testing service just reported for the United States Department of Education that 80 million American adults are functionally illiterate. That's about half our grown people. I find it hard to believe.

One million children a year see their parents split up. "Split" being a rather cool term for a tragic event. No wonder Senator Daniel Moynihan calls ours a post-marital society. 4,500 abortions each American day seems even more incredible. And nearly a third of them are teenagers, some 400,000 a year. 60% of teenage mothers are not married. One baby out of four born in the United States is born out of wedlock. And to add a note, some 2 and 1/2 million adolescents will contact a sexually-transmitted disease before the year is out. Times do change.

And they will continue to change. For how long do you think a society of such a kind can last? And how long do you think people will put up with it? Only as long as they want to. But once the appalling amount of suffering comes home to them, once they experience the devastation of a violent society without grace or beauty, they will arise and say, "We can do better than this." And they can. And they will.

The evidence lies in the very nature of things. I do not speak of a spiritual revolution, but a natural one. A human one. There are laws built into human nature, and when those laws are violated, there is hell to pay, here on earth.

Else, how do you suppose a primitive people can arrive at a way of living -- after how many years -- that makes life sufferable? They learned the hard way: that it must be one man with one woman for keeps. Nothing

else works. That children must be reckoned a treasure. Nothing else works. That bothering another's wife is taboo. Nothing else works. And marrying within your kin is taboo. And doing harm to children. And the taboos bore a reprisal for failure to observe them: death. So there was no thieving in a primitive village. And it was share-and-share-alike in all things. And all of this surrounded by contact with the spirits that added another-worldly quality.

It sounds like paradise. It wasn't. The love of God was not there. Nor the love of Christ and one another in Christ. Christianity is the love of Christ and one another in Christ, not a code of ethics, a body of law, a cultural program. Christianity is the fear of hell, the love of heaven, to be one with Christ and His Father in the Spirit. It is human nature graced, for the good life here and the better life to come.

Therefore, have hope. Even in the midst of a disintegrating society. "***There lives the dearest freshness deep down things.***" (Hopkins) Humankind has an amazing capacity for doing better, for beginning again, for renewing and starting over. Given by God. Praise God for it.

And God in Christ blesses and prospers such efforts. His Church promotes, supports, inspires and motivates all such movement. Does now and always has. And will continue to do so.

So mope not. And do not wring your hands that things are not as they once were. For they need not be as they are, either. Meanwhile, have a little mercy with people overwhelmed by a plastic society that has betrayed them. They have been cheated, sold shoddy goods, been had. Let us help them in prayer and sacrifice to begin anew.

[cf <http://www.monks.org/homilies.html> for other homilies + other things from Gethsemani]

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Here's a prayer of his own creation, from an artist friend, Severin Gene Jantzen, in Illinois:

MEDITATION BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

Lift up your eyes and see the Christ, His body bruised and torn -
Lift up your heart and know the Christ Who all the guilt has borne -
Not His own guilt, but the guilt of men, past, present and unborn -
For sins that crucified our Lord, God's one beloved Son;
And may we find true sorrow in the course we've still to run.

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Here's a web link you MUST use: <http://www.ticz.com/homes/users/bob/The-Rope/The-Rope.htm>