

Martin Bucksbaum Distinguished Lecture  
Bill Moyers & Martin Marty  
Drake University  
November 12, 2001

**President David Maxwell:**

Good evening and welcome. It's my pleasure to welcome you to Drake University in this very special occasion. We're delighted that you've joined us, and we're confident that a provocative and enlightening evening awaits you. Thank you very much for being here. I'd like to begin with some important acknowledgements, and first, I'd like to introduce the Bucksbaum Lectureship committee members who are here this evening. And they include Jim Autry, who will be out on the stage in a few minutes; Melma Bucksbaum, who will join me on the stage in a few minutes; David Hurd, Mike Marty, and the Chair of the Committee, Neil Hamilton, and I'd like to thank them for their wonderful work in making this evening happen.

I'd also like to thank the fifteen or twenty other people who have played a huge part in the planning of the events associated with this lecture, especially since we moved it to the Knapp Center. And their assistance, particularly that of the Dean of Cowles Library, Rod Henshaw and his special assistant, Susan Breakenridge, has been indispensable. We thank them both for making this happen.

This is the seventh lecture in the Martin Bucksbaum distinguished lecture series. The lectureship was inaugurated in March of 1997 by Tom Friedman, the foreign affairs columnist with the *New York Times*. Since then, the lecturers have been Ben Bradley,

former executive editor of the *Washington Post*; David McCullough, biographer of Harry Truman and John Adams, a long, long-time host of the American Experience series; historian, Doris Kerns Goodwin has written works on the Roosevelt and Kennedy families and a biography of Linden Johnson; Marian Wright Edelman, founder and president of the Children's Defense Fund; Senator Paul Simon, and most recently, Dr. Martin Marty and Archbishop Weakland. These presentations were a powerful way in which to honor the vision and the memory of Martin Bucksbaum, one of Iowa's most successful business leaders. Mr. Bucksbaum was chair and president of General Growth Corporation and a staunch friend of Drake University where he freely offered and generously offered his counsel, his encouragement, and his affection for more than 15 years as a member of Drake's Board. In the inaugural lecture, Tom Friedman described Mr. Bucksbaum, who was, by the way, the uncle of Mr. Friedman's wife, Anne, as a quintessential Iowan who, with this lectureship, has left his mark on a quintessential Iowa institution. His greatest pleasure, Mr. Friedman said, was in helping young people get a job, get a promotion, and get their first break in the world. He was a self-made man who derived great pleasure from mentoring others. He represented, Tom Friedman said, all the basic bedrock values of life, family, hard work, and philanthropy, and we are very grateful to him and to Melva for the substantial endowment that has made possible this lecture series and the associated events which we have been and will continue to be treated.

The next one I'm happy to tell you will be on Wednesday, April 10 with Ken Burns, and you'll hear more about that in coming months. Following tonight's lecture and

conversation, our lecturers will respond to questions from the audience. At about 9:30, there will be a reception here on the main floor behind the stage, and at that reception, Mr. Moyers and Dr. Marty, will sign books that you were able to purchase from the university's store if you'd like to or that you've brought with you. And there'll also be autographed posters for the lecture available at that time with the proceeds from that sale going to the Drake Alumni Scholarship Fund. And now it is my great honor to introduce Mrs. Melva Bucksbaum. Melva and Martin contributed greatly to the progress of Drake University over the years, and we're deeply indebted to them for their gift that has made possible this extraordinary series. Melva....

Melva Bucksbaum:

Wow, isn't this something. I can't get over the crowd here tonight. Thank you. It is a particular pleasure for me to be back in Des Moines and to visit with friends who have been an important part of my life and to be here at Drake University this evening for the lecture. I especially want to thank Mike Marty, who without him this lecture series really wouldn't have taken on the tone that it has. And for several years he's worked very hard to establish the programming for the Martin Bucksbaum Distinguished Lecture Series in guiding it to exactly what I finally had hoped that it would be: an important adjunct to the intellectual life and discourse at Drake University; plus making available to the student body and the Des Moines community challenging ideas and an opportunity to visit with individuals of high achievements, and sometimes even both. And I know that Neil Hamilton, who has taken charge of the committee now, will do an equally wonderful job in leading the lecture series along. And I'm so especially grateful to all of you who have

helped it to achieve its goal and your immense response to the lecture series supported by your record-breaking attendance here tonight.

As you know, this evening's lecture topic has been changed to the aftermath of September 11, an event which has had a great impact on my life. Living in Tribeca, a few short blocks north of what was the World Trade Center, my husband and I witnessed the entire tragic event that day. Though bodily unscathed, these are memories that will always remain with us, and at this most troubled time when all of us seek the closeness of friends and family, it is especially meaningful for me to be here in the city that I love, with friends that I love, and I welcome all of you here tonight, and I'm glad to see you. Thank you.

**President David Maxwell:**

Thank you, Melva. It's now my pleasure to introduce our moderator for the evening, James Autry. A former Meredith Corporation executive, Jim has an active consulting practice and is a poet and author of seven books, and as many of you know, he has been very active in many civic and charitable organizations and is a founding board member of People for the American Way. It's my pleasure and honor to introduce to you tonight Jim Autry.

**Jim Autry:**

Boy, what a turnout. You know, when I do a poetry reading, I never get this. Thank you all for coming. When Martin Marty and Bill Moyers and I first began discussing tonight's

program, we decided to explore the confluence of religion and politics, a subject that has engaged the three of us for quite some years. Then on September the 11<sup>th</sup>, the world was stunned by what can only be called one of the most violent, imaginable examples of the confluence of politics and religion. I need not tell you that virtually everything has changed since, and that includes this program. We will indeed discuss the original theme and we'll include discussion of that, but a very, in a very expanded way and in a much different context.

But, uh, first a few remarks about my colleagues here on stage. If someone were to ask me to name two people who do not need an introduction or a moderator, Martin Marty and Bill Moyers would be my choices. I can't think of anyone in less need of an introduction and, most assuredly, in less need of a moderator. So, you may wonder, what am I doing here? Well, I'm wondering the same thing. But with all the posters and newspaper ads for this event, I convinced myself that I should show up, get things started, and get out of the way.

We are in for a treat tonight. I know. I speak from 18 years of experience. Back in the 80s, a group of acquaintances began gathering every Columbus Day for a weekend of fellowship, conversation, fun spiritual exploration. Over the years, these acquaintances have become close and intimate friends. In fact I refer to that weekend as my "high holy holidays." I don't mean to make this sound heavy; because the weekend also includes long walks in the luxurious Vermont woods, great food, some jokes, and even some gospel singing. In other words, we are serious about being together and about the things

we discuss; but we don't take ourselves all so seriously. I count myself blessed indeed to be part of the group and doubly blessed that I have been the beneficiary of the knowledge and wisdom of the two men with whom I share this stage tonight and triply blessed to call them both friend. Of course, like many of you, I have admired both of them for years based on their accomplishments and their contributions to our society; and let me add this note for you, unlike so many people in the public eye, both Bill and Marty are who they seem to be. They're the same on-camera or off, on-stage or off; what you see is what you get, and what you hear is what you can believe.

I'm not going to go into lengthy introductions because they truly don't need it, but let me remind you of a few things worth mentioning. Martin Marty began his career as a Lutheran pastor and still considers that he really hasn't come very far from those roots. Though he is undeniably one of the most distinguished, as well as one of the most widely-known religious scholars in the world. He taught for 35 years at the University of Chicago, where at his retirement, there was established the Martin Marty Center to promote public religion endeavors. As a personal side, I've always admired Marty's dedication to his teaching no matter where he was, what his schedule, where he had to be, he would always arrange to be back at the university in time for his classes. He just wouldn't miss one. Marty's the author of over 50 books, and holds 67 honorary degrees. That was about as of hour ago. I mean there may be more by now. Regarding his prolific output as an author, his friend Bill Moyers likes to tell the story of trying to reach Marty on the phone one day only to be told by his secretary, "I'm sorry, Dr. Marty is busy writing a book right now. Would you care to hold?" Bill also claims to have read

everything Marty has written, and not only to have read it, but have read it in original Lutheran. Probably the thing that has projected Dr. Marty so dramatically into the public consciousness recently, is his work on fundamentalism. He was director of the Fundamentalism Project of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Public Religion Project at the University of Chicago. As you might imagine, he recently has spoken and been interviewed countless times regarding fundamentalism. We'll be hearing from him on that subject tonight. Bill Moyers has not been far from the public eye since his days in the LBJ Whitehouse. I think no one would disagree that today Bill is the most admired and trusted broadcast journalist in America and perhaps in the world. His work on PBS has set a standard that is not matched anywhere and is not likely to be. More's the pity. He is also an author; some of his books have been companions to his highly regarded series on PBS.

After September the 11th, PBS asked Bill to host a series of conversations. I hope many of you saw them. They were simply electrifying. They presented thoughtful and insightful and intelligent commentary that was nowhere else to be found during the media hysteria that followed the tragedy in New York. We're very, very fortunate that we scheduled Bill for this lecture a long time ago. Because since September the 11th, Bill much to his own surprise, I suspect, has become intensely in demand and has emerged as our clearest and wisest voice, saying things we need to hear about our country and ourselves in the aftermath of the terrorist attack. We'll be hearing some of that commentary tonight. Here's our plan for the evening. First, Bill Moyers will speak, then Dr. Marty. Then the three of us have decided to forego a conversation among ourselves

as originally planned, and at that point, we're going to open the floor immediately to questions from you. A word about that. We would appreciate your holding your questions to about 30 seconds, and certainly no longer than a minute. We'd like to let as many people ask questions and be part of this conversation as possible. And I'll remind you of that again later. Thank you very much for coming. Let's get started. Bill...

**Bill Moyers:**

Thank you for that introduction, Jim. It isn't true that I don't need it, and I'll tell you why. A few years ago, I was doing a series at CBS with my friend and colleague the late Charles Karault, while also serving as the senior news analyst on CBS. And in August when our series was over, I took the plane to go down to east Texas to see my parents. I took the cab from CBS on West 57<sup>th</sup> Street out to LaGuardia, I put my bag in the trunk of the cab, it had the CBS logo on it, the famous black and blue eye that everyone is familiar with, but it didn't have my name on it; got to the airport the porter took the bag out of the cab, looked at it, looked up at me, looked back at it, looked at me and said, "Are you in a soap opera?" Well, I started to say the CBS evening news with Dan Rather, but I didn't think Dan would appreciate it. I went on and said if it- checked in and was reading the *New York Times*, waiting for the plane to board, and a woman came up to me and said, "Oh, I know you. Who are you?" Took the plane to Shreveport, Louisiana, which is the nearest airport to my hometown in East Texas, was waiting for that same bag, this these- this is a true story. Another lady came up to me, she says, "Oh, oh, oh," she says. "Oh my, oh," she says. "I just love your work, Mr. Karault, but you look different in person

than you look on television.” I said, “Yes ma’am on television, I’m fatter and balder.” And she said, “That’s all right, I love you both ways.” Moral: So much for notoriety. Thank you for this opportunity, Melva. Thanks to Mike Marty for your patience in getting me here. Thank you Rod and Susan Breakenridge for the arrangements. Thank you for coming, Mrs. Vilsak, Lieutenant Governor Peterson, Sally, and thanks to all of you for coming.

This isn’t the speech I started working on several months ago. I’m not the same man who was working on it, and you’re not the same audience that would have listened to it. We’ve all been affected by what happened on the 11<sup>th</sup> of September. As my friend, Thomas Hern, the president of Lake Forest University, said to me recently, “If you look at the clock and the calendar, it seems as if our lives unfold hour by hour, day by day; but our passage is marked by events-events of celebration and crisis. We share those in common,” he said. “They create the memories which make of us a people and a nation.”

Pearl Harbor was that event for my parent’s generation. It changed their world and it changed them. They never forgot where they were on the 7<sup>th</sup> of December 1941. For my generation, it was the assassinations of Kennedy and King, the bombing of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, the dogs and the fire hose in Alabama, and the Cuban missile crisis. We were never the same again. For this generation, that moment will be September 11, 2001, which Jim said rightly, was the worst act of terrorism in our nation’s history. It has changed the country; it has changed us. That is what terrorists intend.

Terrorists don't want to own our land, our wealth, our monuments, our buildings, our fields, our streams. They're not after tangible territory. They want to possess us—to get inside our heads, our physique. Sure, they intend to annihilate the targets they strike, but their real aim is to deprive the survivors, you and me, of peace of mind, of trust, of faith, and to prevent us from ever believing again in a world of hope, justice, and love or working for it. This is their real target—to turn each and every imagination into a private Afghanistan where they can rule by terror and fear. And once they possess us, it's hard to exorcise them.

This summer, our daughter and son-in-law adopted a baby boy. On September 11, our son-in-law passed through the shadow of the World Trade Center to his office up the block. He got there in time to see the fire and smoke erupt. He saw the falling bodies. He saw people jumping to their deaths. His building was evacuated and for awful long moments he couldn't reach his wife, our daughter, to say he was okay. She was in agony until she finally heard from him. It took our son-in-law several days to get his feet again. Now, our daughter tells us in a matter-of-fact voice how she often lies awake at night wondering when it could happen again. Going to the computer at three in the morning, her baby asleep in the next room, to check out with apprehension what she can about bioterrorism, germ warfare, anthrax. Terrorists can do that. Beyond the carnage of the sneak attack they create another kind of havoc by invading and despoiling a new mother's deepest space, holding her imagination hostage to the most dreadful possibilities. None of us is spared.

The building where my wife and I produce our television programs is in midtown Manhattan just a mile from ground zero, not far from where I suspect Melva lives. It was evacuated immediately after the disaster, although the two of us remained with other colleagues to keep the station on the air. It was evacuated a day later because of a bomb scare at the Empire State Building nearby, which was also evacuated the day after the plane crashed in Queens. We had just ended a live broadcast for PBS when security officers swept through the building and ordered everyone out of it. As we were making our way down the stairs, I took Judith's arm and was suddenly struck by the thought, "Is this the last time I'll touch her. Could our marriage of almost fifty years end here on this dim and bare staircase?" I ejected the thought forcibly from my mind like a bouncer removing a rude intruder. I shook it off by sheer force of will. But in the wee hours of the moment, it crept back—terrifying images, unwelcome thoughts—the legacy of terrorists. I wish I could find the wisdom in all this, but wisdom, as you know, is a very elusive thing. We often have the experience, but not always the wisdom. Wisdom comes slowly, if at all, painfully and only after deep reflection. I haven't been ready for reflection. I avoid it to stay busy, on the go, on the run, perhaps on the run from the need to cope with the fact that just a few subway stops south of where I got off at Penn Station, thousands of people died in a matter of moments. One moment they're pulling off their coat, shaking aspartame into their coffee, adjusting the picture of a child or a lover on a frame on their desk, booting up their computer, and the next minute it's all over for them. I've been collecting obituaries of the victims. Practically every day the *New York Times* runs compelling little profiles of the dead and missing. And I've been keeping them, not

out of some macabre desire to stare at death; but to see if I might recognize a face, a name, some old acquaintance, a former colleague, even a stranger I might occasionally have seen on the subway. That was my original purpose; but as the file has grown, I realized what an amazing montage it is of life, an unforgettable portrait of the America those terrorists tried to destroy. I study each little story for its contribution to the mosaic of my country—its particular revelation about democracy, the people with whom I share this incredible experience.

Luis Bautista was one. It was his birthday, and he had the day off from the Windows on the World, the restaurant high atop the World Trade Center; but back home in Peru, his family depended on Luis for the money he'd been sending them ever since he arrived in New York two years ago speaking only Spanish. And there was the tuition he would soon be paying at John Jake College of Criminal Justice where he was going to study, so on the 11th of September Luis Bautista was putting in overtime. He was 24.

William Steckman was 56. For 35 of those years, he tended NBC's transmitter atop One World Trade Center working the night shift, because it let him spend time during the day with his five children and be home to fix things up around the house. His shift ended at 6 a.m. every day, but this morning, his boss called and asked him to stay on to help him install some new equipment, and William Steckman said, "Sure."

Elizabeth Holmes lived in Harlem with her son and jogged every morning in Central Park where I often go walking, and I've been wondering if Elizabeth Holmes and I may have

crossed paths some morning. I figured we were kindred souls. She too was a Baptist and sang in the choir at the Canaan Baptist Church. She was expecting a ring from her fiancée at Christmas.

Linda Luzzicone and Ralph Gerhardt were planning their wedding too. They had both sets of parents come to New York in August to meet for the first time and talk about the arrangements. They had discovered each other in nearby cubicles on the 104th floor of One World Trade Center, they fell in love, and that's where they were when the terrorists struck.

Mon Jahn-bul-lie came here from Albania. Because his name was hard to pronounce, his friends called him by the Cajun name "Jambalay", and he grew to like it. He lived with his three sons in the Bronx and was supposed to have retired when he turned 65 last year; but he was so attached to the building, and he so enjoyed the company of the other janitors that he often showed up an hour before work just to shoot the bull. That's where he was when the terrorists struck.

Fred Scheffold liked his job too. Chief of the Twelfth Battalion of Firemen, he loved going up in those fires, and he loved his men. But he never told his daughter about the bad stuff and all the fires he had fought over all those years. He just didn't want to worry them. This morning, his shift had just ended, and he was starting home when the alarm rang. He jumped into the truck with the others, and at One World Trade Center, he

pushed through the crowds to the staircase heading for the top. The last time anybody saw him alive he was heading for the top. He was heading for the top.

Now you understand why I couldn't do the speech on politics, religion, and the press. I can't get these people out of my mind. A preconceived, meticulously planned, and methodically executed by people of such deep conviction that they were willing to give their lives as instruments of their success, something most of us would be reluctant to do—to give their lives as instruments of their success. The lesson authority that Osama bin Laden has said they were a group of vanguard Muslims, the forefront of Islam he called them. You don't have to believe that terrorism is a true reflection of Islam, and I don't, to take him at his word. We know religion produces fanatics who hijack God for their own pathological and political reasons, and I'm hoping Marty sheds some light on that a little later.

Fifty years ago when I was in college, I remember being deeply moved by a book by the social philosopher Eric Hoffer called the *True Believer*. "The true believer," he said, "is someone with an inner sense of worthlessness, confusion, or rage who seeks refuge and validating rebirth, a conversion, if you will, within a charismatic movement."

What produces a terrorist, the experts tell us, is their need to subordinate their own confused personality to the charisma of a bin Laden. He is himself, as I know you have read, the son of a wealthy, Saudi Arabian tycoon, a trust fund, maybe, if you will, somehow became a zealous defender of the radical wing of the faith. When the Russians

invaded Afghanistan, they were seen by these Muslims as Westerners, as we are, whose presence on Muslim soil was a heresy in corruption of Islam. Thousands of young Muslim men flocked to bin Laden's banner, and we gave them weapons and called them "freedom fighters." Then during the Gulf War when his own government of Saudi Arabia allowed American troops to be stationed on Saudi soil near the holy shrines of Mecca and Medina, bin Laden formed his Al-Qaeda movement and declared war on the United States. He told a colleague of mine, the journalist Robert Fisk this, "We believe that God used our holy war in Afghanistan to destroy the Russian army and the Soviet Union, and now we ask God to use us one more time to do the same to America to make America a shadow of itself."

Like it or not, bin Laden is saying what others in the Islamic world are thinking, and someone at Drake asked me today "What do you think, what among the things we might do in the aftermath of this crisis?" and my response, among others, was to say, "Help us understand why they think like they do." To them he's become the new Saladdin, the Muslim hero who led the Islamic resistance to the Christian crusaders a thousand years ago. And he's appealed to the religious imagination of many young Muslim men who feel estranged and disaffected, either by poverty or political impotence, and are determined to put the world right as they see the right. They despise our support of Israel. They despise emancipated women. They despise our scientific inquiry, and they despise our refusal to put the sword of the state in the hands of the clergy. In one form or another, they are the people who threw acid in the faces of unveiled women in Kabul and Karachi; who maimed Salmon Rushdie's translators and who machine-gunned tourists in

Luxour, Egypt. The journalist, Christopher Hitchens calls them “fascists with an Islamic face,” but instead of marching for Hitler as the fascists did in the ‘30s, they march for God. And what they seek is the bleak and sterile theocracy of the Taliban. Even if we kill bin Laden, and he seems to me the kind who will kill until he himself is killed, we can expect others to rise in his place. No less committed, no less impassioned, no less ruthless. One-fifth of the world is Muslim. One billion people. Even if only 10 percent of them buy into the extremists’ view that America is the great Satan, the supply of potential bin Ladens is plentiful.

So President Bush is right when he says this is likely to be a long and protractive war. The distractions between foreign and domestic will be blurred, and the most important and decisive roles are likely to be played by institutions. Democracies don’t normally see as associated with war—police and intelligence. But in the long run, it will be the Muslims themselves who will be our most effective ally. Only they can separate the faithful who pray to a god of love from the fanatics who pray to a god of hate.

Our own Mohammad Ali, bless him, said it the other day. Mohammed Ali said, “I’m a Muslim, I’m an American. If the culprits are Muslims, they’ve twisted the teachings of Islam. God,” he said, “is not behind assassins.” He’s right about that. Surely no one with a deep spiritual life would commit such monstrous crimes, and Marty, I’m expecting you to tell us how they do it. By while we’re on the subject, we have some work to do ourselves. We have to stand up against our own American Taliban, against people like Jerry Farwell and Pat Robertson who tried to tell us that the terrorism on September 11

had God's blessing. That God was giving America what we deserved for tolerating people Farwell and Robertson don't like. Many of them people like you. How repugnant can you be? Not just their opinions. They're entitled to their repugnant opinions. But repugnant human beings spreading the virus of holy hate while keeping to their plush studios and their stately pulpits to isolate themselves from the consequences of their malevolence. Let God do their dirty work while they rake in the takings of bigotry and bile. To Pat Robertson and Jerry Farwell, we have to say what Mohammed Ali said to Osama bin Laden, "God is not behind assassins." How is it anyway that faith, the sustenance of the soul becomes a toxic chemical compound that can turn plowshares into swords? Marty will answer that question too. (Laughter)

Perhaps you read the news accounts of the hand written document found in one of the terrorists' suitcases, left behind when it did not make it onto his flight. It's the most fascinating flux to come out of this incredible cascade of information that has washed over us in the last six weeks. It's a cross between a chilling spiritual exhortation and an operational mission checklist, the kind of checklist Jim used to have when you were a pilot in Europe. Written in Arabic, the first four pages recites some basic Islamic history about fighting the infidels. It holds out the promise of eternal life. Quote "Keep a very open mind," it says to the suicide bombers, "keep a very open heart of what you're about to face. You will be entering paradise." And then it gives some very practical advice for those suicide bombers as they actually board the plane. Quote "Make sure you're clean. Your clothes are clean, including your shoes." What struck me most about the document was this prayer, this exhortation. Let me read it to you. This was found in a document

that belonged to Mohammed Atta who, apparently, was the lead hijacker. “Oh God, open all doors to me. Oh God who answers prayers and answers those who ask you, I’m asking you for your help. I’m asking you for forgiveness. I’m asking you to lighten my way. I’m asking you to lift the burden. Oh God, you who open all doors, please open all doors for me. Open all venues for me. Open all avenues for me. God, I trust in you. God, I lay myself in your hands, God.” And then it ends. “There is no God, but God. We’re of God and to God we return.” That’s how a suicide bomber prays. But here’s what struck me. That’s how I pray. I’ve prayed that prayer time and time again. Almost the same words, certainly the same supplication, over and over again. How is it that the God of comfort, peace, and hope to whom all of us pray becomes to some the God of cruelty, vengeance, and death? Certainly religion has a healing side. We know that, we solute that, we’ve all been a beneficiary of that. Religion has a healing side. But religion also, and this is the truth that we’ve been reminded of on the opposite side, religion also has a killing side. And we’re loathed to address that.

I’ve wrestled with this as a southerner and I’m sure Jim Autry from Mississippi has too. I’m haunted by the vile and intimidation and terror, the night riding, cross burning, and mob assaults, perpetrated by Klansmen who claim to be deeply religious Christians dedicated to the preservation of the Anglo Saxon white race. Not only did they rage in God’s name against blacks, but against Catholics, Jews, foreigners, and all other kinds of “sinners.”

I gave the commencement at my alma mater, the University of Texas last year. During a lunch with some student leaders, they couldn't believe it when I told them that the very year I graduated, the headlines in the paper were a spokesman for the Ku Klux Klan saying "The KKK," this is a direct quote. "The KKK is the only white Christian protestant organization that is 100 percent American in America today." And another said, "We're going to stay white. We're going to keep the niggers black and we're going to do it with the help of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." They had hijacked Jesus.

Even people of moderation have no trouble at all speaking of our God in exclusivist terms as if God only deals with us. In an interview I did with her on PBS, the religious scholar, Elaine Pagels, who's a friend of ours, said, "There's practically no religion I know of that sees people in a way that affirms other people's choices." Let me repeat that. "There's practically no religion I know of that sees other people in a way that affirms other people's choices." We see this time and time again.

Remember the recent controversy in South Carolina over whether Ten Commandments should be posted in the public schools? When someone said, "What about Buddhist and Muslims?" One public official shouted, "Screw the Buddhists, kill the Muslims." Some months ago, as you know, Marty, a Muslim community in Chicago wanted to buy a church building and move to suburb west of the city, but the mostly white and Christian community resisted. Islam was denounced as a false religion, and the Muslims told to go back to their own countries. Last year, when for the first time at the House of Representatives in Washington, a Hindu gave the invocation one powerful conservative

organization denounced it as a move toward ethical chaos. What's the House of Representatives been for 200 years without a Hindu prayer?

Some of you know that I come out of that big tent of tradition called Baptists. At last count, there were more than two-dozen varieties of us in America. Bill Clinton is a Baptist, so is Pat Robertson. Jesse Jackson is a Baptist, so is Jesse Helms. Al Gore is a Baptist, so is Trent Lott. Newt Gingrich is a Baptist and Richard Gephardt. No wonder Baptists have been compared to jalapeno peppers. One or two of them make for a tasty dish. But a bunch of them together brings tears to your eyes.

Twenty years ago, I covered the first convention of the moral majority held in Dallas, Texas. With a major presidential candidate sitting on the dais, and remember, the most important thing a president does is to let people do things in his name because he can't do everything. So to whom he gives his proxy is very important in the symbolism and mythology of American political life. With a major presidential candidate sitting on our dais, our cameras captured the president of the southern Baptist convention as he declared that God does not hear the prayers of a Jew. Since then, his crowd has taken control of the Southern Baptist Convention, the country's largest protestant denomination and turned their pews into precincts of right-wing politics. Recently published a prayer guide calling on Christians to pray for the 900 million Hindus who are lost in the hopeless darkness of Hinduism who worship gods, which are not God. Now it's natural and okay for others to come to their truth. But when a Hindu engineer asked me if another southern Baptist speaks for all southern Baptists, I told him southern Baptists don't even speak for all

southern Baptists. We Baptists differ profoundly in how we read the Bible; how we read history, and surprise, surprise, how we read election results. And because we differ profoundly in this, we put our faith in democracy to keep us from each other's throats.

My father was a Baptist deacon who thought for himself. He was certain Cain and Abel were the first Baptists since they had introduced fratricide into the Bible. But think about it, the first murder arose out of a religious act. Adam and Eve have two sons. The first parents to discover what it means to raise Cain. Both brothers are rivals for God's favor, and so both bring God an offering. Cain is a farmer and he offers the first fruits of the soil. Abel is a Shepard and offers the first lamb from the flock. Two generous gifts, but in the story, God plays favorites with his faith-based charity. You got that, I didn't intend it. God chooses Abel's offering over Cain's and the elevation of the younger leads to the humiliation of the elder. Cain is so jealous, that he strikes out at his brother and he kills him. Once this pattern is established, it's played out in the story of Isaac and Ishmael, Jacob and Easel, Joseph and his brothers, and down through the centuries and generation after generation of conflict between Muslims and Jews, Jews and Christians, and Muslims and Hindus until the red thread of religiously-spilled blood runs like a fault line through the story of faith and the history of our race.

James Wiggins reminds us that virtually every armed conflict occurring on the planet today is explicitly driven by religious motives or by memory traces of persisting religious conflict. So Sunni Muslims in Afghanistan fight a civil war with Shiite Muslims. In Algeria the defenders of orthodoxy cut professors throats for teaching male and female students in the same classroom. In Israel, Muslims suicide bombers kill busloads of Jews

and the fanatical Jewish doctor with a machine gun mows down praying Muslims in a mosque. The young orthodox Jew who assassinated Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin looks into the camera and declares “Everything I did I did for the glory of God.” Timothy McVeigh blows up the Oklahoma City Federal Building, and killing 168 people partly to seek revenge for the death of David Koresh and his cult. Groups calling themselves the Christian Patriot League, collect arsenals. And at a political convention, and so-called Christian booths in the exhibit hall, I could buy an apron with two pockets. One for the Bible and one for a gun. Last week an organization called the army of God sent Fed Ex packages containing a powdery substance and threatening letters to women’s health clinics and pro-choice groups. The Army of God.

Driving in my car on Saturday afternoon in New Jersey, I had the radio on and there was a Protestant choir boldly singing “Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war with the cross of Jesus going on before. Christ the royal master leads against the foe. Forward into battle, see his banners go.” I’ve heard that hymn all my life, but this time it made my flesh crawl; and I could hear whispering in my ear that old Quaker William Penn saying “To be furious in religion is to be furiously irreligious.”

So Martin, how do we change our metaphors? How do we change our metaphors? How do we release God from the captivity of our language, our tribe, and our country? The next time you hear a public official end a speech, God bless America, ask him or her, “Whose America? Whose God?” I wish I knew, but in the meantime, I do believe the answer to bad theology is good democracy. And that’s the other reason I changed our

subject tonight from politics and pre- and religion and the press to politics, religion, and democracy. We are at one of those defining moments in the life of a nation.

Ten years ago the playwright Tony Kushner wrote, "There are moments in history when the fabric of everyday life unravels, and there is this unstable dynamism that allows for incredible social change in short periods of time. People in the world are living in can be utterly transformed either for the good or the bad." I know we're at that moment. We've reached it. We're right there where the choices we make are going to determine the world that Henry and Thomas and Nancy and Jassie, my four grandchildren, live in long after I have left this veil. Just as we have been visited with a deep and dark tragedy, we're also presented with an extraordinary opportunity to define in deep and enduring ways our faith in democracy. And then to live that faith personally, practically, politically every day as if everything depended on it because everything does depend on it. In defending democracy we must not become the mirror image of those who seek to destroy it. And in waging a strange, difficult, and complex struggle, we must not forget what kind of country we want to be. No one, no one must be permitted to hijack democracy in the name of fighting terrorism.

Some hopeful things are happening and I'm going to rush through them because I want get Marty's answers to my questions. Americans have pulled together in a way over the last few weeks that I haven't seen them since World War II. Those planes, all of us have been singed, touched by those fires that burned at the Pentagon and the World Trade Center. Those planes the terrorists turned into suicide bombers cut through a complete

cross-section of America, stock brokers and dishwashers, bankers and secretaries, lawyers and janitors, Hollywood producers and new immigrants, republicans, democrats, liberals, libertarians, and conservatives. They cut huge holes in hearts and homes across the region. One community near where I live in New Jersey, lost twenty-three residents; a single church near our home lost eleven members of its congregation; eighty nations are represented among the dead; I mean this catastrophe has reminded us of a basic truth at the heart of democracy no matter our wealth or status, we're all equal before the law in the voting booth and when death reigns down from the sky.

We've also been reminded that despite years of scandals and political corruption, despite the stream of stories of personal greed and Washington fixers and lobbyist scamming the treasury, despite the retreat from the public sphere and celebration of private privilege, despite crumbs for the poor and feasts for the rich, the great majority of Americans have not given up on the notion of "We the People." Look at who our new heroes are—public servants. I watched the president's speech last week and was moved as he singled out for praise, police and firefighters, teachers, postal employees, and healthcare workers. Not the people we're accustomed to celebrating in prime-time television.

I was struck the other day by something that one of the postal workers in Washington said as he waited in line to pick up his supply of Cipro from the government. This was after postal workers had been shown such indifference in the first few days of the anthrax scare. People who worked in the House and the Senate were rightly rushed into emergency testing centers. Got their noses swabbed for evidence of anthrax spores and

had their offices sealed and cleaned; meanwhile, no one thought to do anything about the postal workers at the central processing facility in Brentwood. Capital Hill police dogs were tested for anthrax exposure before postal workers. But this man wasn't bitter or hiding in his bed. "All I want to do," he said, "is get back to my job." His job, sorting and delivering many of the billions of pieces of mail that move through the system every day, is another one of those mundane, blue-collar tasks we took for granted before September the 11th. Who among us hasn't made jokes about postal workers, who nonetheless toiled under tremendous stress even during normal times, let alone now. But he bore no one any ill will; he just wanted to be able to do his job to the best of his ability the same way the firefighters and the police who rushed into the burning towers did theirs. And the way the teachers who walked the kids to safety after the explosions did theirs. They have caught our imaginations, not only for the deeds they did, but because we know them. We know so many people like them. People you and I took for granted. For once our TV screens have been filled with the modest declarations of average Americans coming to each other's aid. I feel optimistic. But I said to a friend of mine on Wall Street, "How do you feel about the market?" And he said, "Well, I'm optimistic." And I said, "Then why do you look so worried?" And he said, "Because I'm not sure my optimism is justified." Well, I'm not sure my optimism is justified either because there are some other encouraging- discouraging signs.

While in New York, we are still attending memorial services for the victims, while the president rightly calls for prayers and piety and patriotism, many in Washington have turned to their old ways. The dust still hung over the debris of the World Trade Center

and the Pentagon when the biggest and richest energy companies tried to sneak themselves huge new subsidies by attaching them to a defense bill. A defense bill! Even as our men and women were digging the debris out of the Pentagon. What a slander against our soldiers and sailors and airmen and marines to use an emergency like this to pile billions of dollars of welfare on those big and rich corporations. Unfortunately, this is the game the predators are playing; they're counting on your patriotism to distract you from their plunder. While you're standing at attention with your hand over your heart pledging allegiance to the flag, they're picking your pocket. How do they propose to fight the long, costly war against terrorism? Why, restore the three-martini lunch. That'll strike fear in the heart of Osama bin Laden. You think I'm kidding, but there are members of congress tonight who believe you ought to sacrifice in this time of crisis by paying for those long and liquid lunches lobbyists have with their clients. And cut capital gains for the rich, naturally. That's America's patriotic duty too and while we're at it, don't forget to eliminate the corporate alternative minimum tax, that's the minimum tax enacted 15 years ago to prevent corporations from taking so many tax loopholes that they don't pay their fair share of taxes. But what did the House of Representatives do last week? It didn't just repeal the minimum tax. It gave those corporations a refund for all the minimum tax they have ever been assessed. You sound incredulous, but that's exactly what the House of Representatives did.

I could go on and on, but you know as well as I that the first principal of any bail-out should be extending unemployment insurance to more workers, raising the average benefit level, extending the weeks of eligibility so workers have time to find a job. We should also add help paying for health care insurance so their families don't lose

coverage if they had it. And that Medicaid can cover them if they don't. That \$25 billion that the House of Representatives wanted to give to the biggest and richest corporations by repealing the alternative minimum tax would more than pay for expanding employment benefits from 26 to 39 weeks and needed health insurance company as well. But unemployed workers don't make campaign contributions.

There was a study last week showing that just 16 companies would receive \$7 billion in immediate alternative minimum tax debates if the economic stimulus bill passed through the House becomes law. Those miss in return for a \$7 billion tax abate. That's a pretty good return on your investment. Congress may want to listen to everyone's cries in the wake of September 11, but they can't hear you over the noise of money talking. The lieutenant governor showed me this morning the front page of *The Des Moines Register* with the question with that haunting picture of the elderly man in the wheelchair in a nursing home with the question, "Where's the money going to come from?" Who, how are we going to pay the people who are supposed to help the walking wounded among us? That's going to be a huge question we face politically for whom, who will be the winners and who will be the losers.

If I sound a little bitter about this, I am. The president rightly appeals every day for sacrifice; but to these mercenaries, sacrifice is for suckers. How would this crowd assure that we achieve what they ask for? I heard a conservative the other day calling for churchillian courage on the floor of the house. Well, how would he assure that future generations look back and say this was their finest hour? That's easy, give coal

producers freedom to pollute, and shovel those generous tax breaks to the giant energy companies, and while the red white and blue wave at half mass over the land of the free and the home of the brave, why give the president the power to discard democratic debate and the rule of law concerning trade agreements and set up secret tribunals to run Russia out of the local communities trying to protect their environment and their health. It's happening as we meet. It's happening right now, so I'm bitter, yes, and sad because our business and political class owes this country better than that. They're the winners. And if we're ever going to put patriotism over profiteering, this is the moment. To hide now behind the flag while ripping off a country in crisis, fatally separates them from the common course of this nation.

I know, I know we're not supposed to be critical during this time. This is an emergency. But what if this emergency lasts a decade? What happens to democracy? Democracy wasn't cancelled on the 11<sup>th</sup> of September. But it won't survive if citizens turn into lemmings. Yes, the president is our commander in chief and in hunting down and bringing to justice the terrorists who tried to destroy us, we are all the president's men. But citizens are no one's minions. In the name of terrorism, if any government tries to hand the keys over of the U.S. Treasury over to a handful of the powerful and rich, it's your and my patriotic duty to join the loyal opposition. Even in war, politics is about who gets what and who doesn't. And if the mercenaries in Washington try to exploit America's good faith in this crisis, to get what they could not otherwise, the disloyalty will not be in our descent, but in our subservients. The greatest sedition would be our silence. Yes, there's a war going on against terrorists around the globe, but just as

certainly, there's a fight going on here at home to decide the kind of country Henry, Thomas, Nancy, and Jassie are going to live in after we've won that war, as we will. Remember the questions the Irishman asked, "Is this a private fight or can anyone get in it?" My counsel to students I met with today and to each of you and to myself is get in this fight. It's our country, our environment, our economy, and our future. And if we don't fight for it, who is?

I began this talk with the names of a few of the people who died in the attacks. Bautista, Steckman, Holmes, Luzzicone, Jahn-bul-lie, Sheffield. I did so because I don't ever want to forget the humanity behind the horror. I never want to forget the e-mail sent by a doomed employee in the World Trade Center just before his life ended. Quote "Thank you for being such a great friend." I don't ever want to forget the man and woman holding hands as they leapt together to their deaths; of those firemen who just kept going on. I never want to forget that the very worst of which human beings are capable can bring out the very best. When I was a graduate student in Scotland, Judith and I often spent weekends looking at old churches. And one weekend, we came upon the ruins of an old Scottish church on which the plaque was still legible. It said "In the year 1653, when all things in the kingdom were either demolished or profaned, this church was built by Sir Richard Shirley, who singular praise it was to do the best of things in the worst of times." That's our challenge. You're a great audience and now Marty has the answers.

**Martin Marty:**

Dear friends and Bill Moyers. When there are joint sessions of congress, the next day you often read reports on whether so and so was applauding at such points. And I think Jim and I have a little problem here because you don't know how often to applaud. So if I didn't applaud enough times, just think I applauded at the end of every sentence and none of the ends of any of the questions. I agree very much with what those main points were; and then along the way, my assignment being to respond to him and move out to audience questioning thereby. It got rather difficult because he asked, obviously, some unanswerable questions. My assignment and description in this Bucksbaum lecture and in the earlier one was as theologian, among other things. I had a colleague James Gustafson who was once on a television program and the banner in front of his name was James Gustafson, Theologian. And the host said to him, "So you're a theologian. Say something theological."

Bill talked about they want to get inside our heads and I'm going to begin my remarks and then respond to his questions, I hope quite briefly, with reference to inside our heads. What I would call a "soulscape?" Bill and many others who report very well on the events and the externals and these persons that are so important for us to remember. I'm going to talk about inside our heads, American Soul. Exactly fifty years ago, the nation's then top theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr, at the beginning of the Cold War, defined America this way, "It is a gadget-filled paradise suspended in a hell of international insecurity." In one sentence, September 11 was the cutting of that suspension cord. No longer are we suspended in a hell of international insecurity, we are the focus of it and the other nations

now know it. We still have our gadgets, but they look different, as Mr. Moyers so well described to us. What does it mean no longer to be suspended but to be dropped there? It means, rather simply, that we've joined the human race. We've moved from illusions of security to the reality of insecurity, which will never leave us. It dare not be the only thing in our life. The only kind of thoughts we have I hope we will still make music and dance, print newspapers, make love, have children, eat well, have friends; but we'll never do it again without that sense of the groundwork of the earth has shifted under us somehow. I say we've joined the human race.

The vast majority of people throughout history have been slaves or serfs or peasants or peons or indentured workers, unprotected. There are plenty of them in our own society and we didn't pay enough attention to. People without medical insurance; people who when they are unemployed have nothing to fall back upon; people in inner cities who can't walk down blocks because it's an insecure situation. The Middle Ages, the good old days to some people, the Black Death brought about insecurity, constant wars. You live down the hill from your futile lord who has that castle on the top, and he can burn your crops and send you into futile battles and rape your bride on bridal night, as was the custom, pretty insecure. You might live on the slopes of a volcano or on a glacial ridge or a fault where an earthquake can follow. Many of those are metaphors for what we are in now, and I think that the attention of that is very obvious in that whenever you watch on television the most powerful people in our nation, the heads of networks, the heads of government, the heads of the military, the heads of anything, they wear the masks of insecurity even when they try to give us security. Jose Ortega y Gasset describes the inner

life, my assignment tonight in these words, “Real history, real history is not made so much by war, by terrible cataclysm, or by ingenious invention. Real history is made when the sensitive crown of the human heart inclines ever so slightly as from optimism to pessimism, or from despair to hope, or from heroism to utility, or from war to peace. I love that phrase; it’s kind of a biblical psalmic thing, the singular and the plural. The sensitive crown of the human heart tilts its horizon. And our tilt from security to insecurity is as I say obvious. Now it seems silly to say that real history isn’t made by great wars. Obviously, we measure our history books by them.

Terrible cataclysms, if you’ve been through a flood or an earthquake or a famine or a depression, you know the deep marks. And we historians like to account for them. Ingenious invention, the weaponry, the Web, the convenient devices, all these are gadgets are very important in history, but we will be measured in the years ahead. And I think Mr. Moyers made that very clear, by the ways in which we will respond with the inclination of the human heart. Will it be antidemocratic? Will it be the forms of religion, which imprison and more decisively kill?

I spent a good deal of the time since September 11 on the road because I didn’t know September 11 was going to occur. My travel agent said “You have 22 airline flights between now and Thanksgiving.” And I spent much of that time on campuses, Drake today. I’ve been at Harvard and Princeton, and I’ve been Saint Norberts and California Lutheran and Emmet Emery and places like that all over the country and I try to learn what’s on students’ minds. Some of you here tonight I’ve been with in class today aren’t

real disclosive. It's hard to talk about, and I don't want you only to talk about it. I want you to get A in your courses too. I don't want you to have to be alone in the dorm at night thinking through the kinds of things that Bill Moyers described tonight as potential terrors to us so that you can't enjoy other parts of life. But I know that the move of the heart from the illusion of security to the reality of insecurity will hit you often enough at three in the morning or when you are alone. Or when you do what Moyers called "reflecting" that'll all be there. And what do we do about it along the way?

Ortega who had said the other thing also said the natural human condition is danger. Indeed he said rarely does creativity come with security; thus, the decline of the great aristocracies. They were secure and they go to seed very fast. That's when the challenge comes. The best is to be brought forward. Bill Moyers's challenge came very clearly tonight: that, no matter what else happens, we recommit ourselves to listening to each other, to hearing the inconvenient voices, to be patriots. But that doesn't mean exclusivists. To talk, if we wish, about what God is doing in the world, but not only doing among us or as if all that we do will be good.

I've not only spent time on campuses, I've spent time, as Bill Moyers suggested, responding to people who knew that from 1987 to 1995, I spent, well, six years in all, helping produce five large volumes, 220 scholars, 23 religions, studying the extremisms, the hard lines, and in most cases we called them what they were: fundamentalism. But whenever I get a call from someone in the press whether I would talk about that I'll always say, "Well, I'll talk if you'll tell me something. How are you covering the soul of

America these days? How are you covering that inner life that Moyers pointed to? How are you covering the inclination of the American heart? Where are you looking?" I had one nice surprise that people in my business, and no doubt some people here tonight, would be pleased to know that many of them say, "For the first time in 50 years we're quoting local sermons." And I think Moyers said enough about New York to give you a little clue why. They're the front lines. Fifty years ago the *New York Times* stopped covering sermons because they were all by white men with three names, Harry Emerson Fausdick and Norman Vincent Peal and John Southerland Barnell and so on. And they were good people and eloquent people and important people, but they had gotten somewhat removed from up close. And the ones they're quoting now in the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Atlanta Constitution*, *The Fort Worth Telegram*, *USA Today* are the people many of whom I met in Bill's town three Mondays ago who are on the scene (or their counterparts) who are dealing with the three o'clock in the morning people or the people who want to be cynical or want to give up or just insecure or in depression. I spent a morning with 140 New York ministers and they each just tell their story. They didn't need an outside theologian to help them, they just need to talk. One of them buried a father, but since father hadn't been found, the family still insisted on a full eucharistic liturgy and an empty coffin. Later that week, father's jaw was found, DNA helped them know, the family insisted they wanted a replica of that, but now this is father. Well he wasn't quite so sure how do all that theologically, but he surely wasn't going to set out to correct. He's on the scene. He's reporting. He's up close. Naturally some of the early questions were of the kind that Bill Moyers suggested tonight, but he moved on from them rather quickly. These are the questions no one can answer.

Why is it happening and so on? There Billy Graham did everyone a service in the nation a favor when he was asked, "Where's God in this and why is God letting this happen?" He said, "I've thought a lot about it and I don't know." Well, preachers of the gospel are supposed to tell the truth, and he told the truth. And if somebody knows it's not the truth, we are in a world in which there are mysteries beyond us. It doesn't mean we have no light, but it does mean that we can be thrown by circumstances. Ortega says, "We're in storms and don't trust anybody who's never been in a shipwreck." These pastors have an authenticity because they're shipwrecked. The other thing they do is they watch for the common rituals of life. It was important to have the Yankee Stadium event. It was important to have the Washington National Cathedral event, but we notice other things. The evening after Harriet, Marty, and I sitting on our porch, having supper a wonderful mid-September evening, and across the street we see little candles like a procession. It was the Wise family and the Canahan family, our Zion Temple and Saint Patrick's Church with their children teaching them a little ritual to be mindful of Bridgeview, which is where that mosque was and some people had beat up on the mosque. And the next day the Rabbi Anskoki said to the mosque, "If they come for you again, I have 300 people ready to join hands and circle your mosque and they're going to have to break through you to get at it." Those are the little ways in which that inclining human heart that's the way we can best read it. What are people doing in back and front yard? What are they doing up and down the street? What are they doing at graveside and so on and along the way? And we probably will come closer to the answers that where God is in all this when we watch people moved by this, doing so. There's a passage in First

Corinthians in which Paul says if you're mourning you should live as if you're not mourning, and if you're rejoicing as if you're not rejoicing. In other words, you do all these things they don't, pull all that you're about.

Jeremiah 29, my favorite these days. Children of Israel wanting to go back and build a temple, get out of exile, get out of insecurity to the security of Zion, and the prophet speaking for God says, "Seek the welfare of the city to which I have sent you, for in its welfare you will find your welfare. Build houses and live in them. Plant trees and enjoy their fruit. Give your children in marriage and enjoy the grandchildren." God says, I've turned to you to give you a future and a hope. But it didn't mean just sitting there. They had to do their things.

I think the thing that I hear Moyers asking most about is why do people do the bad things in the name of religion and the thing wasn't a question but the response is that we ourselves can come back with a new affirmation of democracy, which can be defined in so many kinds of ways. On the first one, I don't know how well these screens show, but I think there was a friendly wink or a smile when he said I would answer these questions. But I think we can throw a light on it. First of all, and Ann Pagels is right, there is no religion that doesn't have an underside, a dark side. And that's because the faiths deal with the whole of life. They deal with us in our depths and in our heights and in the projection of these in the great stories of the faith, there are terrifying things along with the beauty. I reviewed the Koran a few years ago for an executive magazine, not long after the Iranian revolution. And as more and more people were dealing with, well

actually it was '30- '73 and '74 at the oil crisis, and we're dealing with the people in a new part of the world we don't know anything about them and they have this holy book. They said would I review it? Well, pretend it's a new book. I said I haven't read it since college. I'm not an expert. We don't want an expert. We don't want someone who knows every word of the Koran. We want you to treat it as if you're a businessperson making sense of it. As I read it I had to say it reminded me a lot of Roka's first ellogy. Beauty is but the beginning of terror, every angel is terrifying. They're not the cute little cherubs that you saw eight years ago when Hallmark and the supermarkets were into angels. Every angel is terrifying because beauty and terror that close to each other and so are the two sides of religion. That underside is suppressed by the vision of beauty. If you had just the books of Joshua and Judges, you would think that the faith of Israel was out to commit genocide. And then you read the second Isaiah, and you see the visions of peace, shalom, and reconciliation that finally win out and move people and have most Muslims in the world. But you aren't going to find the place in which religions don't have this other side. Now Miss Mary McCarthy once said, "Religion makes good people good and bad people bad." And there is a certain sense in which you can justify whatever you're doing in the name of God. We call it fanaticism. Mr. Dooley, the creation of the *Chicago Journalist*, one time defined the fanatic, "The fanatic," he says, "is someone who knows he's doing exactly what the Lord would do if the Lord were also in possession of the facts." I don't think that fight religions simply with religion, the worst thing would happen is if we'd lump 1.3 billion Muslims together and say 1.8 or 2 billion Christians and then we're going to have the holy war between the two sides. But there are dimensions of religion that can be used to fight off that other side, that darker side.

And we see it in the lives of the saints and heroines and heroes of all the traditions along the way. We've taken the measure of the cramping boundaries of existence and know its limits, know the darkness of their hearts and the shipwreck they've experienced. And then they see the candles in the backyard and the people ready to link their arms to protect people of a faith they don't understand and probably wouldn't like up close. Would let the beauty shine out over the terror along the way. I think that's the way we'll make our way through the years ahead. We hope we have those years.

Since you've heard so much history tonight, he whispered to me, you can tell he's a Baptist. He was going to talk twenty minutes. And I enjoyed every minute of it. I feel guilty and Lutherans are not supposed to feel guilty. But I've one Lutheran line: Luther said, "If they told me the world would end tomorrow I would still plant my apple tree today." I think that if anybody says because there's a new threat over us and we're going to have to be newly secure, newly busy with all this, that it doesn't pay to do anything. Yes, it pays. It pays to fight the political battles as here described tonight. It pays to extend to others the goods of democracy. At one point, as I was listening to Bill, I thought, well, the easy solution is one that the University of Chicago alum in New York, of course New York, once said, "Well, Mr. Marty, you've described all these hard-line sides of religion. I have a simple solution. Just get rid of religion." Well, it isn't going to go away. There is more of it around than ever, and there are more intense kinds of it around than ever, and they're not going to go away in the new millennium. They're here. Our part of the world is catching on to some of that intensity elsewhere. In part because we learned a lesson in the last century that non-religion doesn't get away from it either.

It's called fascism and Nazism and Maoism and Stalinism and rivers of blood and oceans of ink and miles from here to the sun and back of barbed wire around gulags. We're anti-God but couldn't suppress religion on the day the curtains fall, the walls break down, they're all there in force, again, capable of being benign or malign.

I'm most impressed at the people of our century, Bast, who we most remember and might make our models for the time ahead as Bill Moyers is asking us for models. Our old people are very, very deeply rooted in a tradition. If you make your little list, Dorothy Day, Martin Luther King, John the 23<sup>rd</sup>, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Desmond Tutu, Mother Teresa, Gandhi, you make your list, every one of them is deeply rooted, usually in a religious tradition, deeply. I once saw a picture taken after Gandhi's death of a loincloth, a pair of glasses, a bowl and a holy book. It didn't have to say Gandhi underneath. You knew. And Gandhi borrowed the Jesus that Martin Luther King cherished, and Martin Luther King, the Baptist, cherished the Satcha Graha that he didn't see enough of in the Christian tradition. They went deeper into their own where they found the depths where you could be generous toward other humans. Insecurity breeds insecurity and that's when you strike out against others. But if you go into the depths, it's my hunch; we'll make our best use of the time ahead on those terms. Abraham Lincoln used to talk about the dark side and the other side and he said, "We had hoped that we would listen to quote "the better angels of our nature." Our nature, the nature of the peoples around the world, some who would like to be our enemies, some making up their minds whether to be friends or not. Fellow citizens when abdagate the rights of democracy at a time like this, let us be touched by the better angels of our nature. Thank you.

Jim Autry:

And now it's my turn to speak and I'll say, "Amen." In fact it's your turn to speak and I need some guidance from President Maxwell about our timing. We've been here a long time. We're willing to stay and take questions and continue as long the people are.

What's your pleasure, sir? About twenty minutes. I ask those of you who want to ask a question or make a comment to come to the microphones. There's one right here on the first floor and then one right up in the center there on the track. Line up if you will.

Please keep your questions and comments short. Thirty seconds preferred, no more than a minute. And the floor is open. And the floor remains open. Yes, sir.

Q. Has Islam ever advanced and grown peacefully without the sword?

A. Yes

Are these on? Can you hear me?

A. Yes. Yes,

A. The earliest moves were by the sword, which is what Christians did in their fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth century too. I helped celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the conversion of the North, which occurred when Olaf, Saint Olaf, found the king who had killed his father, king. Stepped on his throat, put a poison snake down it, the man wouldn't die so they poured hot oil down, he died. Olaf took his sword to the other tribe and said, "You will now be baptized or killed." That's called the conversion of the North. And that's how people used to do things. And Islam does some of that now. But if you studied the whole history of Islam, there were some period in the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth century when it was a great symbolizing force. It was the center of medicine. It was the center of law.

It was the center of mathematics. We get a lot of mathematics from it. If you studied Spain, up til 1492, you'll see a great deal of it. Catholic theology, grounded in equines gets Aristotle from the Muslims. Which is kind of an interesting intercultural kind of thing. So, I think we have to say yes, it has, and today it's going a great deal by conversion. There are many conversions going on around the world. So the answer is yes. But we have to be very careful about it's reliance of these fanatic groups on the sword. They're not even interested in expanding. They're interested in killing you. They're not interested in converting you. And I think that's the big difference, Al.

The reason Marty was invited to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the coming of Christianity of Norway, is that he'd been there in the beginning.

I was sort of a benign holy war going on.

Anyone else? Yes. Yes.

I have a question for Mr. Bill Moyers.

We're, excuse me, we're alternating. This was the last time and one up there this time.

Q. What's the history of al-Quida and bin Laden? And it seems the root cause is when we armed the bin Ladens to drive off the Russians from Afghanistan. Now, does it mean that our country is ignoring the lessons of history by arming now the Northern Alliance? What's the guarantee that the Northern Alliance in the years to come, or the generations to come, would get back to us again like it happened before?

A. That is certainly been the recycling dilemma of American foreign policy over the last 50 years, because when we were so deeply engaged in fighting the communists in Latin America, as different presidents define that, or in Europe, we embraced many unsavory people who came home to haunt us, and yes, we seem constantly be making the expedient and pragmatic “alliance” that produces an unintended consequence downstream. No one can make any claim that the Northern Alliance has any virtue except that it’s not the Taliban. But they were warlords, they were vicious by fighting among themselves before the Taliban got there and there’s no reason to think that it won’t happen again. My assumption is that the President, who has some very good and wise men and women around him, my assumption is that the president considers this – he’ll take care of that problem later or I’ll pass it on to George the Third. I don’t know.

Q. Thank you, thank you all for coming, but my question is directed to Mr. Moyers. You stated, I believe, democracy must not be sacrificed in the fight against terrorism; and that sounds great. But to me, democracy is a means and not an end. Liberty and freedom are the goals. Democracy could easily become the tyranny of the majority; the winners over the minority, the losers. Your subsequent comments seem to show that your only complaint is that you’re not happy with some of the winners. Wouldn’t we be better off with a return to the founding fathers’ vision of a constitutional republic with a government with severely limited powers, not pitting groups against each other, all equal under the law?

A. Well, that very good question has several layers. First of all, I agree with you that democracy is the means and not the end. But the means are very important because the wrong means can produce ends that you would find unacceptable whether it affects freedom or security. Means are what democracy is about. How do we keep our freedom, by balancing your passions against mine and making compromises? Democracy is about compromise. Religion doesn't make compromise. The means of democracy involve compromise, so your definition of freedom might be slightly different from mine because we compromise on that. And that's what democracy is all about. It is the checks and balances that is at the heart of the Madisonian notion of our government. And I respect that. I don't know what a constitutional republic would look like, frankly. I don't see one operating around the world. I have no experience that would enable me to see in my mind what it is you are describing with those words. I just know we need to keep the checks and the balances in our society so that, you know, so that the majority of voters are never able to confiscate the property of those in the minority, but the minority of rich and privilege are not able to explore their right and privilege at the expense of the majority. It's that balance, and I wish we had two clearly defined political parties today, because the main value of a political party is to investigate the other party, to keep it honest. No party, democratic or republican, can enjoy monopoly power without being corrupted. I was part of a democratic party that helped control of congress too long. Got corrupted. The republican party and the democratic parties should be holding each other accountable. Right now, both parties are largely the servants of the donor class. They pay off their cash contributors. That's the way the systems work. We need to balance that with the power of people. So I am for this delicate, constantly readjusting balance in this

society that includes all of us, each of whom has a different idea of God, a different idea of freedom, a different idea of the nations. So it's that balance the means that I think of the exultation of our political system.

Q. Yes sir, thank you. First, just a slight little teeny-weeny joke, but have you have been called the m & m twins? The m & m twins, yes, sir. What I would like to first say is thank you for the kind of consciousness-raising opportunity that you provide to us. We are very much fed by the media in terms of what selectively given to us and a lot of things you did say, I was not aware of. I am Muslim. I'm a Muslim minister. I'm a female. I'm a black person. And just those descriptions obviously defy some of the misperceptions and the myths about what Islam represents and stands for. What I'd like to ask you is that in view of the things you've said today, and since there are some profound goodnesses about all faiths and about America, about the roots of America, the constitution, the larger intentions that were spiritual, but they had to do with the human spirit and a reality that people wanted to see into the year 2001 and beyond. What I'd like to ask you both of you to speak to since there are great, beautiful, powerful truths that we all deal with when we leave here, in spite of the heaviness on us and there's the realities of what does happen on Capital Hill that we don't know about and that we're not asked about until it's in place, what assignment would you give us all with the multiplicity of what we represent, what assignment would you give us as to what we could do beyond the philosophies and the great truths and ideas? Give us an assignment as to what we can actually do right where we live at our address.

A. You're the educator, Marty, why don't you start with the assignment?

A. Well, if I'm an educator, the first thing I would do is say educate, but I don't mean by that just get more facts. Get to know people who are of the stripe or other faith. Look them in the eye, learn from them. That would one kind of thing right off. Start where you are. I think if you are in a religious community, if you are a believer, if you're a Christian, or whatever, you go deep in it and resolve while going deep in it that you're going to break the old rule that doing so makes you exclusive. Like a friend says, like a football huddle, he compares a lot of churches to a football huddle. He says it's like you know a very important conversation is going on and all you ever see is behinds. You gotta break out of the huddle. I think if everyone takes on a one or two or three fresh a voluntary associations, that's the soul of American life, that's the real pulse of it. If you just closed everything that's going on tonight while we're sitting here in Des Moines, going on because religious organizations are fighting addictions, setting up homeless shelters, or whatever, we may not do it very well, but something that is going on we're going to need a lot of real commitment to that. There's been a charities reigned recently. Where they need our time, our hours, I think those are the kinds of place where I'd start and I don't think we should do it grimly. I really do believe that there's an element in the faiths, certainly Christianity and I see Jews dance, there's a celebrity of character to it and again if we let these forces beat us down into mass depression, criticism, despair, than they've won again, so celebrate.

It's easy to give advice, but first make a political commitment, by that, by politics, I don't mean partisanship, necessarily, although I think both parties need you. By political

commitment, I mean commit to something that you can help, to a movement you can help change. The environmental movement needs you today more than ever, I looked at that story on the front page of *The Register* this morning and wondered, “Well the presence called for volunteers and they can all go to Wash- New York and dig out the debris, but maybe volunteers ought to go to that nursing home where that haunting picture of that man in that wheelchair.” I mean that’s just a small act of kindness and I don’t know where it leads but you know there’s a small act of kindness. Read a different book, read Karen Armstrong’s book, *A History of God*, or no that’s Jack Miles’s book, *History of God*, Karen Armstrong’s book, *The War of God About Fundamentalism*. Read Jurgenmyer’s new book, which you can get on amazon.com. *Terror in the mind of God*, in other words, make a political commitment to get involved in something that’s nearby, not grand, or magical, or mysterious, just something that needs you, needs your hands and your feet and your voice. Feed the mind. And then I think there is a psychological shift that needs to take place in all of us. And for me, I didn’t read this, I’ll do it now, it’s very brief. I know a man who worked many years with the holocaust survivors. And here’s what he said, about survi- and we are all survivors. That “life is a continuing series of terrorism, whether it’s an accident on the highway or a cancer cell that suddenly goes wild or the unexpected death of a spouse or an illness that strikes a friend or an airplane that goes down for which terrorists have no responsibility, old age.” Life is a continuing series of terrorist acts and we’re all in this auditorium tonight survivors. Here’s what my friend said after working with holocaust survivors. The question is what to do with the very fact of survival over time? “Survivors will be able to answer that question not by a statement of the past, but by what they do with the future. Because they

have faced death, many will have learned what is most important—life itself, love, family, community. The simple things we have all taken for granted will bear witness to that reality. The survivors, you and I, the survivors will not be defined by the lives they have led until now, but by the lives that they will lead from now on. For the experience of near death to have ultimate meaning, it must take shape in how one rebuilds from the ashes such for the individual so too for the nation.” For me that means taking on the small things that make me different in the aftermath of September 11 from what I was doing before then. And they’re all around me with my wife, with my grandchildren, with the church down the street, with the homeless shelter four blocks from where I live, with the nursing home. I mean I don’t need a president to tell me what to do, you don’t need me to tell you what to do, we know. It’s just we never seem able to sift out what we will do this day until something like that hits us out of the blue and suddenly we realize we are survivors. Why did it take this to make me think what I need to do? That’s my answer to your question.

**Jim Autry:**

I apologize up here. I’m going to renege on my promise that you have the last question. We’re really are out of time. I apologize, I’m very sorry. I wish we could stay all evening and keep this going, but that was also a wonderful note to close on. I have two announcements. The first is that Iowa Public Television will broadcast highlights of this evening’s program tomorrow night at 9 p.m. And that program will be repeated on Friday night at 9 p.m. only on Iowa Public Television. So watch it. Now, there is, I think you know, a reception and book signing immediately following this. I ask that if you are

going to go to that, you come down and go to my right and your left through the curtain where that gentleman just went. We thank you very much for coming. We thank you for your kind attention. And join me in applauding these gentlemen.