

Be the change you wish to see. Be peace.

BECAUSE

Because one person can change the world.

What is Truth?

A long time ago a king complained to Nasrudin, "My people do not always tell me the truth. This bothers me."

Nasrudin answered. "It does not matter whether something is absolutely true or not. What matters is that something is true in relation to other things." The king was not pleased. "This is just one of your tricks. A thing is true or it is not true."

The king thought of a plan to make his people tell him the truth. He had a gallows built just inside the city gates. He told the heralds to announce, "If persons want to enter the city, they must first answer a question asked by the Captain of the King's Guards. If the answer is not truth, the person will be hanged."

Nasrudin came forward. "I want to enter the city."
"Why do you come?" asked the Captain.
To be hanged," answered Nasrudin.
"This is not true," said the Captain.
"If I am not telling the truth, you must hang me," explained Nasrudin.
"But, this would make it the truth," said the Captain. "I cannot hang you if you tell the truth."

"You must decide, which truth is the real truth," replied Nasrudin.

—Iranian fable



Believe those who are seeking the truth;
doubt those who find it. ~Andre Gide

**It takes two to speak the truth —
one to speak and another to hear.**

Henry David Thoreau

Justice is truth in action. Disraeli

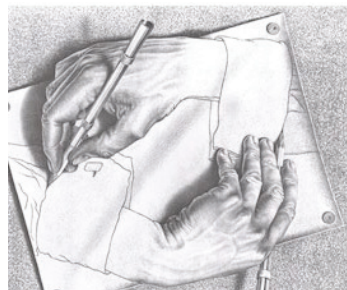
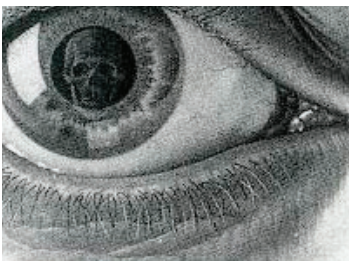
How many legs does a dog have if you
call the tail a leg? Four; calling
a tail a leg doesn't make it a leg.

Abraham Lincoln

*The first casualty when war comes
is truth.* Senator Hiram Johnson, 1917



Is truth in the eye of
the beholder? This
issue of beCAUSE
that you are holding is



about the elusive nature
of truth and our human
struggle with it.

Truth Knocks

There was a young widower who loved his seven-year-old son very much. One day he went away to a distant city on business. While he was gone, a band of bandits came and burned down his whole village. They took away his son, together with the properties looted.

When the young man returned and saw the ruins, he was devastated. Running and screaming, he took the charred corps of a child to be his own son. He lost his reason and began to pull his hair and pound on his chest, crying uncontrollably. After the cremation, he collected the ashes, put them in a beautiful bag and carried it with him all the time, no matter where he went or what he did.

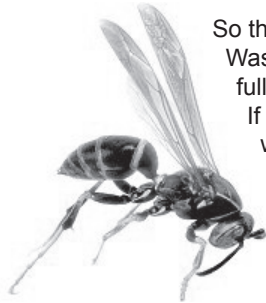
One night when he was crying on the bed holding the bag of ashes, someone knocked on his door rapidly. It was his true son who had escaped from the bandits and found his way home. Barely raising his voice, he asked, "Who's that?" And the child answered, "It's me, papa! Open the door, it's me!"

In his confused and agitated state of mind, the man thought that someone must be playing mischief with him. He shouted for the child to go away, clutching the bag to his chest as tightly as he could and continued to cry. His true son knocked on the door again and again, but the father simply refused to even go out and check. Finally, the child left.

From that time on, father and son never saw each other again.

AESOP: The Wise Wasp Uncovers the Truth

Some bees built their honeycomb high in a tree, But the drones claimed they'd made the comb too,



So they all asked a Wasp who was wonderfully wise
If she'd judge what was false and what true.

That's easy, said Wasp, Each make a new comb
And we'll see if it's equally sweet.

OKAY! said the bees.
OH, NO! said the drones.
The Wasp smiled—for her task was complete.

MORAL: Claims are best tested by deeds.

Tell All the Truth but Tell it Slant

By Emily Dickinson

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant—
Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise

As Lightning to the Children eased
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind—

Peace Round



1. Peace, peace, peace, peace
2. Wars have been and wars must cease
3. We must learn to live together
4. Peace, peace, peace.

"In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth becomes a revolutionary act." *George Orwell*

"The great enemy of the truth is very often not the lie — deliberate, contrived and dishonest — but the myth — persistent, persuasive and unrealistic." *John F. Kennedy*

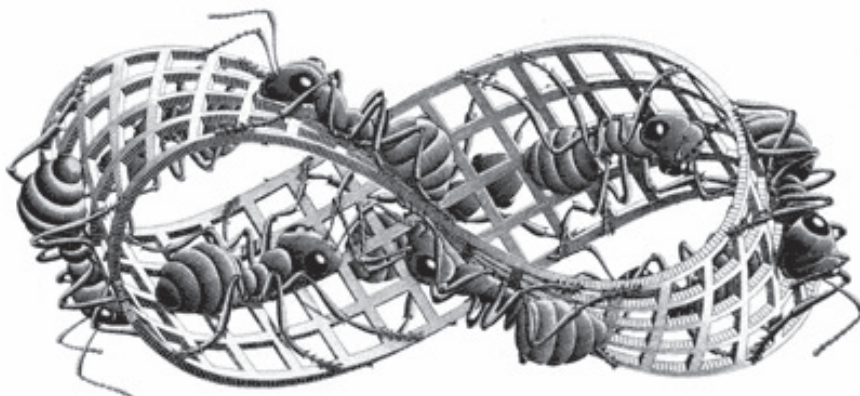
"As long as people believe in absurdities, they will continue to commit atrocities." *Voltaire*

"It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself." *Thomas Jefferson*

"Most truths are so naked that people feel sorry for them and cover them up, at least a little bit." *Edward R. Murrow*

"All truth passes through three stages. First, it is ridiculed. Second, it is violently opposed. Third, it is accepted as being self-evident." *Arthur Schopenhauer*

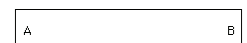
MOEBIUS STRIP: AN IMPOSSIBLE FIGURE



A Moebius strip is a surface that has only one surface, as it is attached to itself and twisted halfway around. Thus all nine red ants in M.C. Escher's woodcut are on the same side.

Make your own

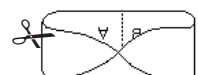
Take a strip of paper



Make a half-twist



Tape the ends together



Cut it in half lengthwise - what happens?

A Brave and Startling Truth

Delivered in honor
of the 50th
anniversary of the
United Nations

by Maya Angelou

We, this people, on a small and lonely planet
Traveling through casual space
Past aloof stars, across the way of indifferent suns
To a destination where all signs tell us
It is possible and imperative that we learn
A brave and startling truth

And when we come to it
To the day of peacemaking
When we release our fingers
From fists of hostility
And allow the pure air to cool our palms

When we come to it
When the curtain falls on the minstrel show of hate
And faces sooted with scorn and scrubbed clean
When battlefields and coliseum
No longer rake our unique and particular sons and daughters
Up with the bruised and bloody grass
To lie in identical plots in foreign soil

When the rapacious storming of the churches
The screaming racket in the temples have ceased
When the pennants are waving gaily
When the banners of the world tremble
Stoutly in the good, clean breeze

When we come to it
When we let the rifles fall from our shoulders
And children dress their dolls in flags of truce
When land mines of death have been removed
And the aged can walk into evenings of peace
When religious ritual is not perfumed
By the incense of burning flesh
And childhood dreams are not kicked awake
By nightmares of abuse

When we come to it
Then we will confess that not the Pyramids
With their stones set in mysterious perfection
Nor the Gardens of Babylon
Hanging as eternal beauty
In our collective memory
Not the Grand Canyon
Kindled into delicious color
By Western sunsets

Nor the Danube, flowing its blue soul into Europe
Not the sacred peak of Mount Fuji
Stretching to the Rising Sun
Neither Father Amazon nor Mother Mississippi who, without favor,
Nurture all creatures in the depths and on the shores
These are not the only wonders of the world

When we come to it
We, this people, on this minuscule and kithless globe
Who reach daily for the bomb, the blade and the dagger
Yet who petition in the dark for tokens of peace
We, this people on this mote of matter
In whose mouths abide cankerous words
Which challenge our very existence
Yet out of those same mouths
Come songs of such exquisite sweetness
That the heart falters in its labor
And the body is quieted into awe

We, this people, on this small and drifting planet
Whose hands can strike with such abandon
That in a twinkling, life is sapped from the living
Yet those same hands can touch with such healing, irresistible tenderness
That the haughty neck is happy to bow
And the proud back is glad to bend
Out of such chaos, of such contradiction
We learn that we are neither devils nor divines

When we come to it
We, this people, on this wayward, floating body
Created on this earth, of this earth
Have the power to fashion for this earth
A climate where every man and every woman
Can live freely without sanctimonious piety
Without crippling fear

When we come to it
We must confess that we are the possible
We are the miraculous, the true wonder of this world
That is when, and only when
We come to it.

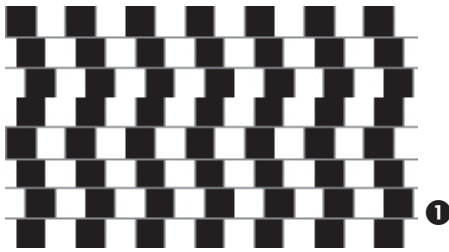
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285 Oblate Dr. San Antonio, TX 78216

Since 1995, the all-volunteer and interfaith peaceCENTER continues to be a significant community catalyst for peace in San Antonio, Texas. Compassion and Justice are our strong guiding lights. Contemplative Practices, Experiential Education, and Nonviolent Actions are our working expressions throughout the community at large. The peaceCENTER is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization

www.sanantoniopace.center

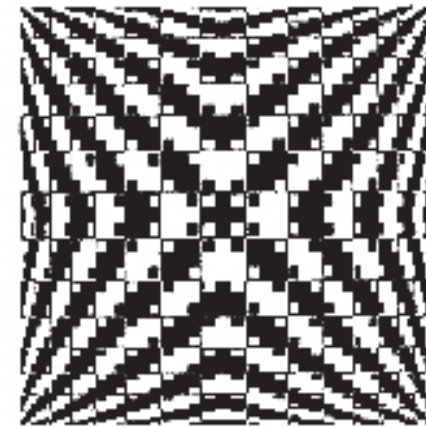
OPTICAL ILLUSIONS



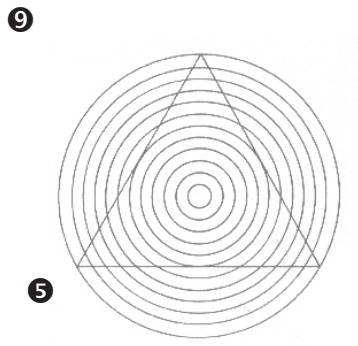
An illusion is a distortion of a sensory perception. Each of the human senses can be deceived by illusions, but visual illusions are the most well known. Different people may experience an illusion differently, or not at all.

Many illusions work because **we see what we expect to see.**

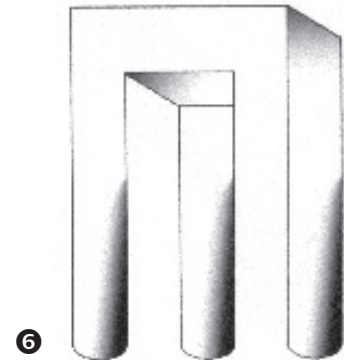
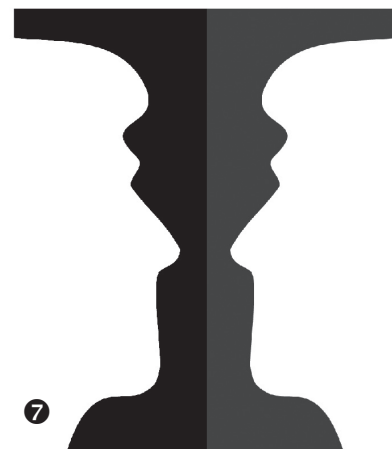
Others work because they are ambiguous: **there are many truths.**



One woman - or two?



1. Are the lines parallel?
2. Do you see a young or an old woman?
3. Do you see a musician or a woman's face?
4. Do you see a face, or a word?
5. Do the triangle side bow in?
6. How many prongs?
7. Faces or a vase?
8. Duck or bunny?
9. Does the image bulge?



SPEAK TRUTH TO POWER