

Plough

STORIES | IDEAS | CULTURE

Q U A R T E R L Y

SPRING 2021

The Violence of Love

Militant Peacemaking Stanley Hauerwas • Beyond Pacifism Eberhard Arnold
Behind Antifa's Black Umbrellas Patrick Tomassi • Poetry in Two Tongues Rhina P. Espallat



Francisco de Zurbarán, *Agnus Dei*, 1635–1640

WE HAVE NEVER PREACHED VIOLENCE,
except the violence of love,
which left Christ nailed to a cross,
the violence that we must each do to ourselves
to overcome our selfishness
and such cruel inequalities among us.

THE VIOLENCE WE PREACH
is not the violence of the sword,
the violence of hatred.
It is the violence of love, of brotherhood,
the violence that wills to beat weapons
into sickles for work.

Oscar Romero, November 27, 1977 ➔

FEATURES

SPRING 2021 • NUMBER 27

ESSAY



With Love We Shall Force Our Brothers

Prophetic Peacemaking with James Baldwin

Anthony M. Barr

The love of the peacemaker, we learn from Baldwin, is a force against injustice.

ESSAY



The Risk of Gentleness

Welcoming the Baby I Did Not Want

Gracy Olmstead

I was shocked to find I was pregnant during a pandemic. Then I learned how subversive hospitality can be.

DECLARATION



Beyond Pacifism

Seven Theses on Christian Nonviolence

Eberhard Arnold

To be a Christian means serving as a soldier. This is no mere metaphor.

DISPATCH



Behind the Black Umbrellas

Debating Violence with Portland's Antifa

Patrick Tomassi

A Portlander talks with the black-clad anarchists and Proud Boys battling in his hometown.

COMIC



Freiheit!

The White Rose Graphic Novel

Andrea Ciponte

In 1943 in Germany, students banded together in friendship and risked their lives to resist Nazism.

PERSONAL HISTORY



Call to Prayer, Call to Bread

What the Five Pillars of Islam Have Taught Me

Rachel Pieh Jones

In Somaliland, I learned to hear the muezzin's call to prayer as a reminder to turn toward God and my neighbors.



INSIGHTS

FROM THE EDITOR

- 13 **Can Violence Be Good?**
Meekness and Its Discontents
Peter Mommsen

READING

- 43 **Militant Peacemaking**
Eberhard Arnold's Vision for the Church
Stanley Hauerwas

READING

- 49 **Did You Kill Anyone?**
Questions They Ask Veterans Coming Home from War
Scott Beauchamp

ESSAY

- 75 **A Life That Answers War**
The Story of Conscientious Objection and the Bruderhof
Scott Button

ESSAY

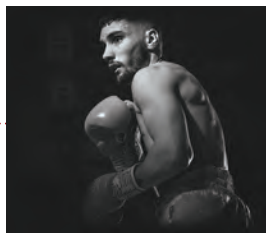
- 91 **The Great Escape**
Rap's Heroic Tales of Breaking Free from the Violence of Poverty
Zito Madu

PERSONAL HISTORY

- 113 **The Minimalist**
A Boxing Story
Springs Toledo

FORERUNNERS

- 120 **Felix Manz**
Susannah Black and Jason Landsel



ARTS & LETTERS

POETRY

- 23 **"March Thaw"**
- 87 **"Candid"**
Catherine Tufariello

EDITORS' PICKS

- 88 **Books We're Reading**

INTERVIEW

- 105 **Poetry You Can Touch**
An Interview with Rhina P. Espaillat
A. M. Juster

POETRY

- 107 **Poems in Two Tongues**
"Mary Magdalen Responds to the Harsh Judge"
"The Widow Offers Herself to Life"
"A Backward Look"
Rhina P. Espaillat

DEPARTMENTS

AROUND THE WORLD

4 Family and Friends

Hospitality in Syria;
Poets in This Issue;
Remembering Lore Weber

LETTERS FROM READERS

7 Forum

Singles in Church;
The Case for Babies;
Good Masculinity

COMMUNITY SNAPSHOT

10 Turning a Corner

Maureen Swinger

WEB EXCLUSIVES



plough.com/web27

ESSAY

Suffering with God

The Prophetic Legacy of
Abraham Joshua Heschel

Susannah Heschel

ESSAY

Is Human Life Always Sacred?

What Peter Singer Got Right
That C. S. Lewis and John Paul II
Got Wrong

Charles E. Moore

PERSONAL HISTORY

Forgiving Judas

A Rwandan Story of Forgiveness

Denise Uwimana


Plough
PLOUGH.COM

EDITOR: Peter Mommsen

SENIOR EDITORS: Maureen Swinger, Sam Hine, Susannah Black

EDITOR-AT-LARGE: Caitrin Keiper

MANAGING EDITOR: Maria Hine

POETRY EDITOR: A. M. Juster

DESIGNERS: Rosalind Stevenson, Miriam Burleson

CREATIVE DIRECTOR: Clare Stober

COPY EDITORS: Wilma Mommsen, Priscilla Jensen

FACT CHECKER: Suzanne Quinta

MARKETING DIRECTOR: Trevor Wiser

INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS: Ian Barth (UK), Kim Comer (German),
Chungyon Won (Korean), Allen Page (French)

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Joy Clarkson, Leah Libresco Sargeant,
Brandon McGinley, Jake Meador

FOUNDING EDITOR: Eberhard Arnold (1883–1935)

Plough Quarterly No. 27: The Violence of Love

Published by Plough Publishing House, ISBN 978-1-63608-034-5

Copyright © 2021 by Plough Publishing House. All rights reserved.

EDITORIAL OFFICE

151 Bowne Drive
Walden, NY 12586
T: 845.572.3455
info@plough.com

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

PO Box 8542
Big Sandy, TX 75755
T: 800.521.8011
subscriptions@plough.com

United Kingdom

Brightling Road
Robertsbridge
TN32 5DR
T: +44(0)1580.883.344

Australia

4188 Gwydir Highway
Elsmore, NSW
2360 Australia
T: +61(0)2.6723.2213

Plough Quarterly (ISSN 2372-2584) is published quarterly by
Plough Publishing House, PO Box 398, Walden, NY 12586.

Individual subscription \$32 / £24 / €28 per year.

Subscribers outside the United Kingdom and European Union pay in US dollars.

Periodicals postage paid at Walden, NY 12586 and at additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to

Plough Quarterly, PO Box 8542, Big Sandy, TX 75755.

Front cover and inside front cover: Francisco de Zurbarán, *Agnus Dei*. Image
public domain. Back cover: Tom Thomson, *Early Spring*, 1917, oil on wood panel.
Image public domain.



ABOUT THE COVER: The front cover art is a detail from an *Agnus Dei* by the Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán (1598-1664), depicting the sacrificial Lamb of God (see John 1:29). The full painting, which shows a merino lamb about one year old, is shown on the inside front cover. Zurbarán painted six versions of this image during his lifetime; this version, widely considered his finest, was made between 1635 and 1640, when he was working in Seville. Oil on canvas, 15" by 24", Prado, Madrid.

FAMILY & FRIENDS

AROUND THE WORLD



Photograph courtesy of the author

Learning Generosity in Syria

Steve Gumaer

Mahmood's family with their newborn daughter, Loreen

I used to believe the fundamental premise of charity and compassion was material, that those who have more wealth than others share with those who lack. That we who are born into affluence, or inside functioning and privileged social structures, with opportunities to prosper, share with those who don't have the same chances. The rich give to the poor; the powerful give to the powerless.

Refugees and displaced people have obliterated this misconception.

In December 2019, I was in Al-Hasakah, in northeastern Syria, while the Turkish Armed Forces and their proxies continued an invasion of Kurdish Syria that had begun on October 9. Kurdish, Arab, and Armenian villages and cities along the border of Turkey were attacked, and people killed. Survivors fled into the desert or drove away in haste while roads were still unobstructed.

From that October until January 2020, my team and hundreds of volunteers

fed and provided for up to 27,000 people per day. The setting for all the aid we did was in primary schools and public buildings that were closed by the local administration to serve as temporary shelters until displacement camps could be established.

I visited one of those schools and went to a classroom where, I heard, a woman had just given birth to a beautiful girl. I was met at the door by a man with a big smile, earthy demeanor, farmer's hands. "I'm Mahmood," he said softly, employing the Middle Eastern gesture

of smiling sincerely while resting his right hand over his heart. He pulled me into the classroom to join his wife and four children, including their newborn daughter, Loreen.

In a big circle on the floor, the family passed around a fragrant curry, rice, chili peppers, and flatbread. The best of every bowl was served onto my plate. Once everyone was served, through giggled whispers to each other, they gestured that I should begin my meal. With pantomime and the occasional translations of a friend, we heard their story as we shared a simple meal.

Mahmood, now grave, looked down at the floor as his kids cleared dishes. "We had just purchased doors and windows to finish our home. It's all gone." He strained to tell me that he and his family had saved for twenty years, building a home, piece by piece, as they could afford to from the meager income they earned as farmers.

Mahmood made space at his table for me, a stranger. He shared his family's food with me, selecting the best parts they had, filling my plate. His welcome—and his family's—was endearing and genuine, like that at so many meals I've shared with people in the Middle East.

I've learned from refugees and displaced people like Mahmood that charity isn't the responsibility or privilege of the wealthy alone, but all people, regardless

of social or financial status, and it isn't practiced among the wealthiest people I know nearly as strikingly as with those I've known who are living in a state of material poverty and insecurity. For twenty-six years, I've been attempting to outdo victims of war with generosity, and so far, I've failed.

Do you want to experience hospitality? Go to any refugee camp or hide site for IDPs (internally displaced persons) in the world and be invited into the shack or tent of a family displaced by war, reduced to a few threadbare clothes, and some simple sentimental possessions like a wedding picture. You enter and a rush of activity ensues: water is boiled to make sweet tea. A meal is prepared. The table is wiped; a pillow is placed at the small of your back as they say, "Recline here. You must be so tired."

Material wealth may make generosity abundantly clear. But wealth is not required for generosity. One may be wealthy and generous but one may also be poor and generous. Wealth is a tool, and may as easily be employed falsely as altruistically.

In order to keep a lifeline of loving support working for families displaced by war, my team at Partners Relief & Development has had to be more creative and tenacious this year than ever before. With the challenges of bank failures, border closures, and all the new complexities created by the pandemic, some

continue to press on with the imperative of loving action.

Those of us who have done this work for many years will tell you this: we learned the most important lessons of our labor from the people we set out to help. No matter the level of sacrifice or generosity, we will never outdo displaced families when it comes to intention, loving community, and sacrifice. We, like them, are learning to love by loving.

Poets in This Issue:



Catherine Tufariello lives in Oklahoma City. She is the author of *Keeping My Name*, which was awarded

the Poets' Prize, and two chapbooks, *Annunciations* and *Free Time*. Her poems have appeared in *Able Muse Review*, *The Dark Horse*, *Literary Matters*, *Poetry*, and elsewhere. Read her poems on pages 23 and 87.



Rhina P. Espailat is a bilingual poet who was born in the Dominican Republic and taught for decades

in New York City public schools. She has won numerous prizes including the T. S. Eliot Prize, the Richard Wilbur Award, and (twice) the Howard Nemerov Sonnet award. Her most recent book is *Brief Accident of Light: Poems of Newburyport*, a collaboration with poet Alfred Nicol, with illustrations by artist Kate Sullivan (Kelsay Books, 2019). Read a selection of her poetry beginning on page 107.

Steve Gumaer and his wife, Oddny, founded Partners Relief & Development in 1994 as an international aid organization that works in war zones. Steve is Partners' president.

FAMILY & FRIENDS

CONTINUED



A Tireless Peacemaker

Lore Weber (1936–2020)

Clemens Weber and
Chris Zimmerman

Lore Weber
on her
eighty-fourth
birthday in
October 2020

“A slight, tender-hearted woman with boundless energy, always ready to help, to make peace, to comfort someone, or to stay up late writing yet another letter . . .” This is the Lore Weber described in an obituary after her death in Germany, in October 2020. She was eighty-four.

During her childhood, in a world awash in swastikas, guns, and fear, Lore developed a keen sense of justice and a deep hunger for peace.

In 1974, with her husband, Gerhard, a Lutheran pastor, she founded the Basisgemeinde, a “base community” modeled after the earliest Christian congregations. Its hallmarks included common housing, worship, work, and property, and a desire to publicly witness to justice and peace. In Gerhard’s words, “To us, giving such a witness meant, first and foremost, trying to actually live out shalom – the peace of God.” Both Gerhard and Lore stayed true to this calling, and to their fellow community members, through thick and thin. (And through years of poverty, marked most visibly by a diet centered around potatoes and whatever else could be grown in the community’s garden.)

In 1990, the Webers founded a branch community in a rundown district of East Berlin. Arson threatened the new beginning (squatters had settled in the building and were not happy to see it being renovated and transformed), as did Gerhard’s untimely death of cancer. Later, rising real estate values – the area became a hipster destination – emerged as the greatest threat to building up. Still, the little household dug in its heels, serving the homeless and the needy who came to their door, and welcoming children into the neighborhood kindergarten the community still runs.

To the end, Lore was tireless in her pursuit of peace and justice, both within her community and on a broader scale: in fighting for tenants’ rights amid a rising tide of gentrification; as a board member of Church and Peace, a European ecumenical network; and more generally as a neighbor, in the biblical sense, to every person whose path crossed her own.

Asked what it means to work for justice and peace, Lore responded, “For years, I asked myself what I had to give or say to people in need – and I knew many! This self-questioning went on and on until, through an alcoholic, I found an answer that allowed me to stop torturing myself. She helped me see that I could simply be there, where such people were and are, and that by virtue of the simple fact that I believed in the unending love of God, I could have an effect on them, even without words.” ➔

Chris Zimmerman is a member of the Bruderhof and teaches at the Mount Academy in Esopus, New York. Clemens Weber, Lore Weber’s son, is a member of the Basisgemeinde and lives in Berlin.

Can Violence Be Good?

Meekness and Its Discontents

PETER MOMMSEN

FROM ALL THE LOSSES of the last year, with its countless ordeals and heartbreaks, let's pick out one that may seem an abstraction. It's the loss of a once-sturdy taboo.

At some point between George Floyd's killing on May 25 and the invasion of the US Capitol on January 6, our culture's consensus against political violence crumbled.

Before 2020, we lived in a society that (except for its left and right fringes) overwhelmingly agreed that using violence for political ends ought to be out of bounds.

Now, we know that many of our fellow citizens are sort-of-OK with violence—at least when it's their own side that is breaking windows and punching police officers.

Like any generalization, this statement needs lots of hedges. Most obviously, the now-broken taboo against political violence was always selectively applied; too often, it was a norm imposed on some but not others, as the history of Jim Crow shows. In addition, it's not obvious why the violence of a riot should be condemned more harshly than other kinds of violence that, though less dramatic, are more deadly. The US prison system, for example, through its willful negligence in providing medical care, takes far more lives each year than any hotheaded protest; so does the abortion industry. And that is to leave to the side for the moment the matter

of foreign wars or of Western complicity in China's concentration camps for Uighurs.

We also don't know if the suspension of the taboo against violence will prove to be

temporary, just one more passing symptom of the feverish months of the pandemic. Perhaps the anti-violence consensus will reemerge once the order of ordinary life is more or less restored.

Perhaps. Yet even when we've made all the necessary hedges, something significant seems to have slipped. The old

taboo was bound up with a bundle of ideals: civility in disagreement, respect for the rule of law, peaceful transfers of power. It found expression in the civic religion of Martin Luther King Day, with its irenic "I Have a Dream" universalism. Its emotional power came from a vague but broadly shared conviction that the arc of the universe really does bend toward justice.

It's hard to see how this old mythology, whose hold had weakened long before 2020, can easily be restored to its former power. This was obvious, for example, during last summer's Black Lives Matter protests. While downtown Minneapolis burned, journalists sympathetic to the protests joined in chorus to repeat Reverend King's line about riots being the "language of the unheard." But many fell strangely silent when it came to King's uncompromising belief in nonviolence (and not unrelatedly,



In medieval bestiaries, the mother pelican is a symbol of self-sacrifice, impaling herself to feed her young. Illustration for *Plough* by Rudolf Koch, 1923.

his Christianity). In fact, *nonviolence* seemed to have become a dirty word among certain progressives; even while quoting King, they clearly yearned for Stokely Carmichael, or maybe Frantz Fanon.

On the right, this kind of doublespeak occasioned much hooting about the “mostly peaceful protesters.” But of course the most spectacular recent act of political violence did not come from the left. 2020 was the year when the Proud Boys and Oath Keepers and their ilk were ramping up for their own “mostly peaceful” protest in Washington, DC.

IS THERE ANY WAY BACK to a broad agreement that violence is wrong? Since this is a Christian magazine, it is only right to begin by taking stock of our own house, asking what guilt we Christians bear in political violence, and what counterprogram Christianity ought to be offering. Answering those questions is obviously beyond the scope of this brief article. But two points seem important to touch on.

The first is the rise of so-called Christian nationalism as a conspicuous player in the political violence of the past months, not least in the attack on the US Capitol. This movement combines exhibitionist public prayer and “Jesus 2020” banners with strong elements of White supremacy and a readiness for lethal violence.

All this, it should go without saying, is not Christian, even if this movement historically has deep roots in White American Christian culture. The disconnect shows up most blatantly when so-called Christian nationalists take the symbol of the cross – the sign of an executed Jew who refused to defend himself – and turn it into a badge for a semiautomatic-toting tribalism. It’s hard to imagine anything more alien to the way of the Jesus of the Gospels.

This brings us to the second point: What might a truly Christian stance look like? One

place to begin is a text so overfamiliar that it can feel irrelevant: the Beatitudes, with their blessings on the peacemakers, the merciful, and the meek.

Among these Beatitudes, meekness is easily the least popular. But perhaps for just that reason, it’s the most necessary today. It’s hardly coincidental that a society in which political violence is increasing is also a society that despises meekness. Ours is a moment proud of its us-versus-them realism; it delights in shaming enemies and relishes the obliterating smackdown. This habit of mind extends across the left–right spectrum to both critical race theorists and integralist theocons. If what matters is the contest for raw power, then coercion is a necessary tool.

As for meekness, this worldview is pretty well its opposite. Yet the Beatitude must apply even in times of conflict, or it doesn’t apply at all. When read in the context of the Sermon on the Mount as a whole, Jesus’ call to meekness isn’t merely about being amiable in private life. He plainly intends us to practice meekness in extreme situations, when doing so seems to violate all norms of justice: When someone hits you, turn your face for a second blow. When forced to go one mile, volunteer for a second. When someone demands your coat, give him your shirt as well. Forgive not just forgivable wrongs, but the wrongs that seem unforgivable.

Such meekness goes beyond self-abnegation. It is generous. (Thomas Aquinas highlighted this by linking the virtue of meekness to the virtue of magnanimity.) Without a willingness to yield to others, it’s impossible to give them the benefit of the doubt, grant them a second chance, show them mercy – in short, to love them as oneself.

You have heard that it was said, “You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.” But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those

who persecute you, so that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for he makes his sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust. (Matt. 5:43-45)

This call to love even one's enemy shows the Christian approach not just to political violence, but to violence in general. If I love my enemy, I cannot harbor rage against him. If I love my enemy, I cannot join a predatory Twitter mob to cancel him (even when I must vocally disagree with him). If I love my enemy, I cannot wish to see him harmed or dead – and I certainly cannot kill him.

WHILE CHRISTIANS over the centuries have always honored nonviolence, they have often interpreted it as a supernatural ideal. The result is that nonviolence is cast as a special calling that depends on others, the non-nonviolent, to do the dirty work: defending the vulnerable, keeping the public peace, and protecting the nonviolent themselves from the bad guys.

If this were so, nonviolence would amount to the worst spiritual selfishness (as Reinhold Niebuhr and others have charged). But that's not how the Sermon on the Mount sees it. Here in Christianity's preeminent teaching, nonviolence is just one prosaic, even obvious, expression of a new way of life. It's a life that is to be wholly reshaped by the unstinting generosity of perfect love: "You, therefore, must be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. 5:48).

If we take Jesus' call to nonviolence at face value, we're left with all kinds of interesting practical questions: What about policing? What about the military? What about participating in government? Some, but by no means all, of these questions are addressed in the pages that

follow. It's not our aim here to propose a neat system of ethical rules about nonviolence – to "set up a new theoretical orthodoxy," as Eberhard Arnold puts it (page 31). Any such attempt would be untrue to the Sermon on the Mount's own generosity. Instead, this issue of *Plough* aims only to explore what a life lived according to love rather than violence might look like.

In 1977, the archbishop of San Salvador, Oscar Romero, was locked in confrontation with El Salvador's oligarchical government after criticizing its bloody repression of popular protests. Romero, in turn, was accused of preaching revolutionary violence. He denied this: "We have never preached violence, except the violence of love, which left Christ nailed to a cross." He returned to this theme in a 1979 address:

The only violence that the gospel admits is violence to oneself. When Christ lets himself be killed, that is violence – letting oneself be killed. Violence to oneself is more effective than violence to others. It is very easy to kill, especially when one has weapons, but how hard it is to let oneself be killed for love of the people!

Romero knew what might well be coming his way. Seven months later, he was shot by a right-wing assassin while saying Mass.

The meekness Romero lived and died for seems nonsensical from a realist point of view. In utilitarian terms, martyrdom will always seem nonsensical. The Beatitudes may promise that the meek will inherit the earth. But human history seems a massive refutation of the idea that the meek will inherit anything at all.

Unless, that is, what the Gospels tell about Easter is true: that a meek victim rose bodily from the dead and now rules as lord of the universe. If that is true, then the answer to violence becomes plain. It begins and ends with the violence of self-sacrificial love. ➤



ANTHONY M. BARR

With Love We Shall Force Our Brothers

Prophetic Peacemaking with James Baldwin

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY, I had two answers to “What do you want to be when you grow up?” A preacher, I said, or a police officer. Sometimes I said I would be both. Both aspirations lasted for perhaps as much as a decade of my life.

Neither occupation runs in my family, nor did I have specific childhood idols to entice me toward such seemingly disparate careers. If I had to guess why they both appealed, it was probably my abiding sense of justice. A pastor might offer insight on managing your temper, but a preacher rails against social sins, and a cop, well, a cop catches bad guys.

Growing up an American Evangelical, from time to time I took those “spiritual gifts” inventory tests, strange mixtures of pop psychology and biblical exegesis inspired by Saint Paul’s letter to the church in Corinth. The results tended to be consistent: they said I have the gift of prophecy. As a kid, I thought prophecy was about predicting the future, or standing against the Antichrist in the End Times.

But the Old Testament prophets didn’t really do a lot of predicting. Instead, they spoke out against social sins, political sins, the sins of empire, the evils of a regime that turns its back on God and exploits and oppresses the poor and marginalized, a state that perpetuates injustice. The more I read the Old Testament, the more my perspective shifted. A prophetic preacher advocates for the innocent with

burning indignation, and a cop, well, a cop catches bad guys.

By my mid-teens, those aspirations had faded. Now I wanted to be a filmmaker; I was in love with the idea of transforming the culture through storytelling that would rival the best of Hollywood’s. Anyway, the whole idea of a career in law enforcement had run up against my own interiority, especially the persistent sense that I could never pursue a career that required me to carry a gun. Sometimes a cop has to kill the bad guy, I reasoned. I knew I could never do it.

Ferguson was the moment when all my tidy narratives about justice unraveled. In 2014, Officer Darren Wilson shot and killed Michael Brown, age eighteen, and then city officials left his body in the street for four hours. Ferguson was the moment when I could not turn from what I had only just begun to understand, that so many cops across this nation look at Black bodies like my own and describe them as demons. I would later read the Justice Department report that painstakingly documented how Ferguson used aggressive policing and civil forfeiture law as an explicit profit-maximizing scheme for the city government. And I would do a deep dive into the history of police brutality and the rise of the carceral state as a new Jim Crow regime. My freshman year of college, I would work with Dr. Anthony Bradley on his book on ending

Alfred Conteh, *Will*, charcoal, acrylic, and atomized bronze dust on paper

Anthony M. Barr, a graduate student at Pepperdine University, has written for the American Conservative and the University Bookman. He is an editor for the Pepperdine School of Public Policy’s “The American Project,” which promotes a communitarian conservatism.

overcriminalization and mass incarceration. But before all that studying, before I had positioned my intuitions within a conceptual framework, it was the lifeless body of Michael Brown, discarded in the middle of a public street, that pierced me.

Peacemaking is intrinsically tied to solidarity with whomever one's regime is presently nailing to a cross.

In the aftermath of Ferguson, my relationship with Evangelicalism unraveled too, and with it any last vestiges of wanting to be a preacher. The discourse surrounding policing in America marked a line in the sand, dividing those who celebrate what they call the vindication of rule of law from those who understand the suffering of my people. Jesus didn't die to protect your house in the suburbs, I argued again and again with White Evangelicals who quoted the Book of Romans to justify state violence. And so I revised my mental categories again: a pastor proclaims "a year of plenty" for God's favorite White middle-class Christians; a prophet is just another "angry black man" and made to feel unwelcome in his hometown; and a cop, well, a cop is someone employed by the state to kill with impunity.

Between the World and Me

In 2015, Ta-Nehisi Coates's book *Between the World and Me* hit my heart with the force of a hurricane. In its pages I found political anger: not the usual faux outrage of performative populism but concentrated rage, undiluted and unapologetic. And here I found a testament to the body as the place where the forces of the world and every aspiration we could ever have

intersect. *Between the World and Me* is written as a letter from a father to his son, a letter about what it means to live in a world where your very body is perceived as a threat, where the physical appearance of your skin, your eyes, your hair invites violence.

Coates's words seared me: "But all our phrasing – race relations, racial chasm, racial justice, racial profiling, white privilege, even white supremacy – serves to obscure that racism is a visceral experience, that it dislodges brains, blocks airways, rips muscle, extracts organs, cracks bones, breaks teeth." Coates charges his son, and all his readers, never to "look away from this."

Coates has no room in his worldview for religion, in particular none for an Old Man in the Sky who is forever assuring a justice that is always deferred. Promised peace in a picturesque afterlife is not much of a balm for those suffering unjust miseries now. Your body is all you have, Coates tells his son, so make sure you guard it well. The follow-up to his debut is a book called *We Were Eight Years in Power*; for Coates, power, especially Black power, is all that separates bodies – his, his son's, mine – from the skull-crushing force of a social world that is hostile to people like us.

Coates is not the first Black person to reject religion and its metaphysics of hope as an inadequate response to White violence. This tradition fueled some of the most important work in civil rights, such as the way that the Black Panthers were able to feed, clothe, and educate their own in self-determining communities.

But Coates is wrong about religion. What he misses is the profound solidarity at the heart of the gospel, the world-altering reality that when we say "body, broken for you," we mean a literal broken body, and that this literal broken body is given for him, and you, and me. Jesus



has placed his body between our bodies and the world. It is the nexus where suffering meets grace, where oppression gives way to radical self-emptying. The table at which he offers us his body is a place of egalitarianism where one's race and social station have no weight or meaning. It is also a place of inescapable solidarity, for it is here that we are united to Christ's cross, here that we are empowered to bear our crosses and so fill up in our own flesh the redemptive suffering of Christ, as Paul writes to the Colossians.

Peace, but Not Quiet

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God."

What does it mean that Christ, the Prince of Peace who "bears the weight of the government on his shoulder," invites us into the work of peacemaking? What does it mean that Christ,

the only-begotten Son of God, connects peacemaking to sharing in sonship?

I believe we cannot fully understand these teachings without understanding that Christ crucified is Christ executed unjustly by an oppressive political regime. When we confess in the creed that he was crucified "under Pontius Pilate," it is important that we say "under" and not "by." It is not simply that Christ is killed by unjust men; he is killed under the sanction of political authority as the direct outcome of an explicitly political process which includes a procedural trial and a judicial sentencing.

This is to say that whatever the work of peacemaking is, it cannot be thought of as simply maintaining the "rule of law" of whatever regime holds political power. The path of peacemaking is altogether different than the one that leads to mere good citizenship or

Alfred Conteh,
*Triple E and His
Daddy*, charcoal,
acrylic,
and atomized
steel dust on
paper



March Thaw

Overhead, skeins of geese *ya-honk* as they pass.
The dwindling snow crust, an eggshell of glass,
Cracks underfoot, hatching tufts of pale grass,

And the air smells of loam and ozone. Sumps brim
And windows creak open; each twig wears a scrim
Of blurred buds, and the weather's new watchword is *Whim*.

Who'd have guessed that all winter, white dreamed of green?
That icicles burned to catch fire? The pristine,
Marmoreal palace of grief, the White Queen,

Starts to shimmer and swim. Once numb with despair,
Her ice statues glisten, with bright, dripping hair
And tears in their eyes. Look, touch the one there,

The cold stone of her hand. Feel it soften. Consent
To let her draw breath. Let perfection relent.
Wind loves the branches, though blemished and bent.

Let the child's tugging kite take flight from the park,
Let seed leaves emerge from the nourishing dark,
Let sap find its way to the tap in the bark.

CATHERINE TUFARIELLO 





J. Kirk Richards, *A Pearl of Great Price*



The Risk of Gentleness

Welcoming the Baby I Did Not Want

GRACY OLMSTEAD

A LIMB SKIMMED THE INSIDE of my belly, the slick slide of it like a marble rolling underneath my skin. A tiny baby boy jostled my insides, engaging in his regular evening ritual of chaotic movement. I sat feeling his unknown shape bump up against my own, considering all this child's unknowns: the thickness of his hair, the hue of his eyes, the shape of his nose. Closer than a brother, yet more mysterious than a stranger.

This is the child I did not expect. He is the child I would have told you, a year ago, I did not want. But his story, like so many, is bound up in the mysterious timeliness of a God who seems to enjoy astonishing us. As I sat – nine months pregnant – during Advent, surrounded by reminders of Jesus' imminent birth, I found myself dwelling often on the sacred surprises we neither expect nor fully deserve. In 2020, like many others, I realized how often love calls us to take frightful, beautiful risks.

Gracy Olmstead is a journalist whose writing has appeared in the American Conservative, the Week, the New York Times, and the Washington Post, among others. Her book Uprooted: Recovering the Legacy of the Places We've Left Behind will be released on March 16, 2021.



J. Kirk Richards, *Mother and Child*, unfinished

IT WAS A SATURDAY MORNING, the week after Easter. I woke up knowing that I was pregnant. The reality of it had settled under my eyelids sometime during the night, and solidified by the time I fully awoke. I knew there was a baby inside me – even though my fertility planning app would have suggested such a thing to be out of the question.

While our toddler girls burst into our room, jumped onto the bed, and tickled their daddy awake, I slipped downstairs. I rummaged around the bathroom cupboard for the pregnancy test that was jammed into a back corner. The result itself was an afterthought: proof to show the rest of the world. I wasn't surprised by its answer. I carried the test up to my husband, showed him the positive sign, and burst into tears.

I was ashamed, as a pro-life Christian, to feel this mixture of fear and stress upon discovering I was pregnant. I believed with all my heart that each life was precious. So many women never get to be mothers. I knew I was

supposed to feel unadulterated joy in this new life. But I was also weary. 2019 was the sort of year that compelled me to beg with God for a respite in 2020 – a break from the emotional, physical, financial, and familial crises that had filled so many of our days. Yet here we were, four months into the year, navigating the unknowns of a worldwide pandemic. My husband was still required to commute to work every day, while I sheltered in place with two busy little girls, trying to meet deadlines and simultaneously keep them happy. We had been losing internet service and running water intermittently for the past several weeks, while my almost-two-year-old had developed a knack for danger and mischief that left me in a state of vigilant panic. There was no room, I felt, for more. No room to hold another life, its combined challenges and joys.

I knew I would choose this baby, say yes to him, despite my fears and exhaustion. There was never any doubt in my mind that this baby was ours, and that he was a gift to us. But I also

EBERHARD ARNOLD



August Macke, *Saint George*, 1912

BEYOND PACIFISM

SEVEN THESES
ON CHRISTIAN
NONVIOLENCE

Can it ever be a Christian's duty to kill?

For Eberhard Arnold, writing in Germany between 1920 and 1935, this question goes to the core of the meaning of Christianity, and of human life.



In the name of Jesus, no one can shed human blood.

In the name of Jesus Christ we can die, but not kill. This is where the gospel leads us. If we really want to follow Christ, we must live as he lived and died.

Speaking to those advocating class war leading to state communism: Again and again in the life of a nation, and in the class struggle for existence, pent-up tensions and conflicts erupt in violent

outbursts. These outbursts reveal exploitation and oppression and the savage instincts of covetous passion. People respond in different ways to this violence: some try to uphold law and order by murderous means, while others feel called to fight for social justice with the oppressed.

As Christians, however, we must look further ahead. Christ witnessed to life, to the unfolding of love, to the unity of all members in one body. He revealed to us the heart of his father, who lets his sun shine on the wicked as well as the good. He commissioned us to serve life and to build it up, not to tear it down or destroy it.

Eberhard Arnold (1883–1935) was the founding editor of Plough and co-founder of the Bruderhof.

Thus we believe in a future of love and constructive fellowship—in the peace of God’s kingdom. And our faith in this kingdom is much more than any wishful longing for the future. Rather, it is a firm belief that God will give us his heart and Spirit now, on this earth. As the hidden, living seed of the future, the church has been entrusted with the Spirit of this coming kingdom. Her present character must therefore show now the same peace and joy and justice that she will embody in the future.

For this reason, we must speak up in protest against every instance of bloodshed and violence, no matter what its origin. Our witness and will for peace, for love at any cost, even our own lives, has never been more necessary. Those who tell us that the questions of nonviolence and conscientious objection are no longer relevant are wrong. Just now, these questions are more relevant than ever. But answering them requires courage and perseverance in love. Jesus knew he would never conquer the spirit of the world with violence, but only by love. This is why he overcame the temptation to seize power over the kingdoms of the earth, and why he speaks of those who are strong in love—the peacemakers—as those who will inherit the land and possess the earth. This attitude was represented and proclaimed strongly by the first Christians, who felt that war and the military profession were irreconcilable with their calling. It is regrettable that serious-minded Christians today do not have the same clear witness.



We acknowledge the existence of evil and sin, but we know it will not triumph. We believe in God and the rebirth of humankind. And our faith is not faith in progress, in the inevitable ascent to greater perfection, but faith in the Spirit of Christ—faith in the rebirth of individuals and in the fellowship of the church. This faith sees war and revolution as necessary judgment on a depraved and degenerate world. Faith expects everything from God, and it does not shy away from the collision of spiritual forces. Rather, it longs for confrontation, because the end must come—and after it, a completely new world.

No one who has heard the clear call of Jesus’ Spirit can resort to violence for protection. Jesus abandoned every privilege and every defense. He took the lowliest path. And that is his challenge to us: to follow him on the same way that he went, never departing from it either to the left or to the right (1 Pet. 2:21–23). Do you really think you can go a different way from Jesus on such decisive points as property and violence and yet claim to be his disciple?



Thus there can be no Christian state.

The sword of the Holy Spirit given to the church is totally different in every respect from the sword of governmental authority. God gave the temporal sword, the sword of his wrath, into the hands of unbelievers. The church must make no use of it. The church must be ruled by the one Spirit of Christ alone. God withdrew his Holy Spirit from the unbelievers because they would not obey him. Instead, he gave them the sword of wrath, that is, temporal government with its military power. But Christ himself is the king of the Spirit, whose servants cannot wield any sword but that of the Spirit.

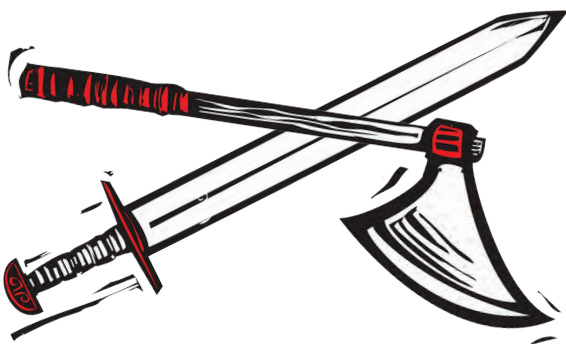
Still, we cannot go to a police officer or a soldier and say, "Lay down your weapons right now, and go the way of love and discipleship of Christ." We have no right to do that. We can do it only when the Spirit speaks a living word to our hearts: "The decisive moment

has come for this man to be told." Then we will speak to him, and at the same moment God will tell him. What we tell him must agree with what God says in his heart at the same time.

In the time of the Reformation in the early sixteenth century, our brothers [the first Anabaptists] protested by the thousands against all bloodshed. This powerful movement of the brothers was decidedly realistic. For they never believed that world peace, a universal springtime, was imminent. On the contrary, they believed that the day of judgment was at hand. They expected that the Peasants' War would be a mighty warning from God to the government.

To be aware that the world will always use the sword is realistic. But that realism must be combined with the certainty that Jesus stands free of all bloodshed; he can never be an executioner. He who is executed on the cross can never execute anyone. He whose body is pierced can never pierce or wreck bodies. He never kills; he himself is killed. He never crucifies; he himself is crucified. The brothers say that Jesus' love is the love of the executed one for his murderers, the one who himself can never be a murderer or executioner.

No government can exist without using force. It is impossible to imagine a state that does not use police or military force. In short, there is no government that does not kill. There is no government that does not compromise with capitalism, mammonism, and injustice.



When Jesus said, "Give to Caesar what is Caesar's," he was talking about money (Luke 20:25). He called money something alien, something he had nothing to do with. Give this alien stuff to the emperor; they belong together, mammon and Caesar. Let the money go where it belongs, but give to God what belongs to God. That is what these words mean. Your soul and your body belong not to Caesar but to God and the church. Let your mammon go to the emperor. Your life belongs to God!

Jesus means us to recognize the state as a proven practical necessity. But there can be no Christian state. Force has to rule where love does not.



Pacifism is a misleading caricature of peacemaking.

Nowhere does Jesus say a single word to support pacifism for the sake of its usefulness or benefits. In Jesus we find the deepest reason for living in total nonviolence, for never injuring or harming our fellow human beings, body or soul. Where does this deep inner direction he gives us come from? It has its roots in the deepest source that we sense in one another: the brother or sister in every human being, something of the inner light of truth, the inner light of God and his Spirit (1 John 2:10).

Much good is being said and done in the cause of peace and for the uniting

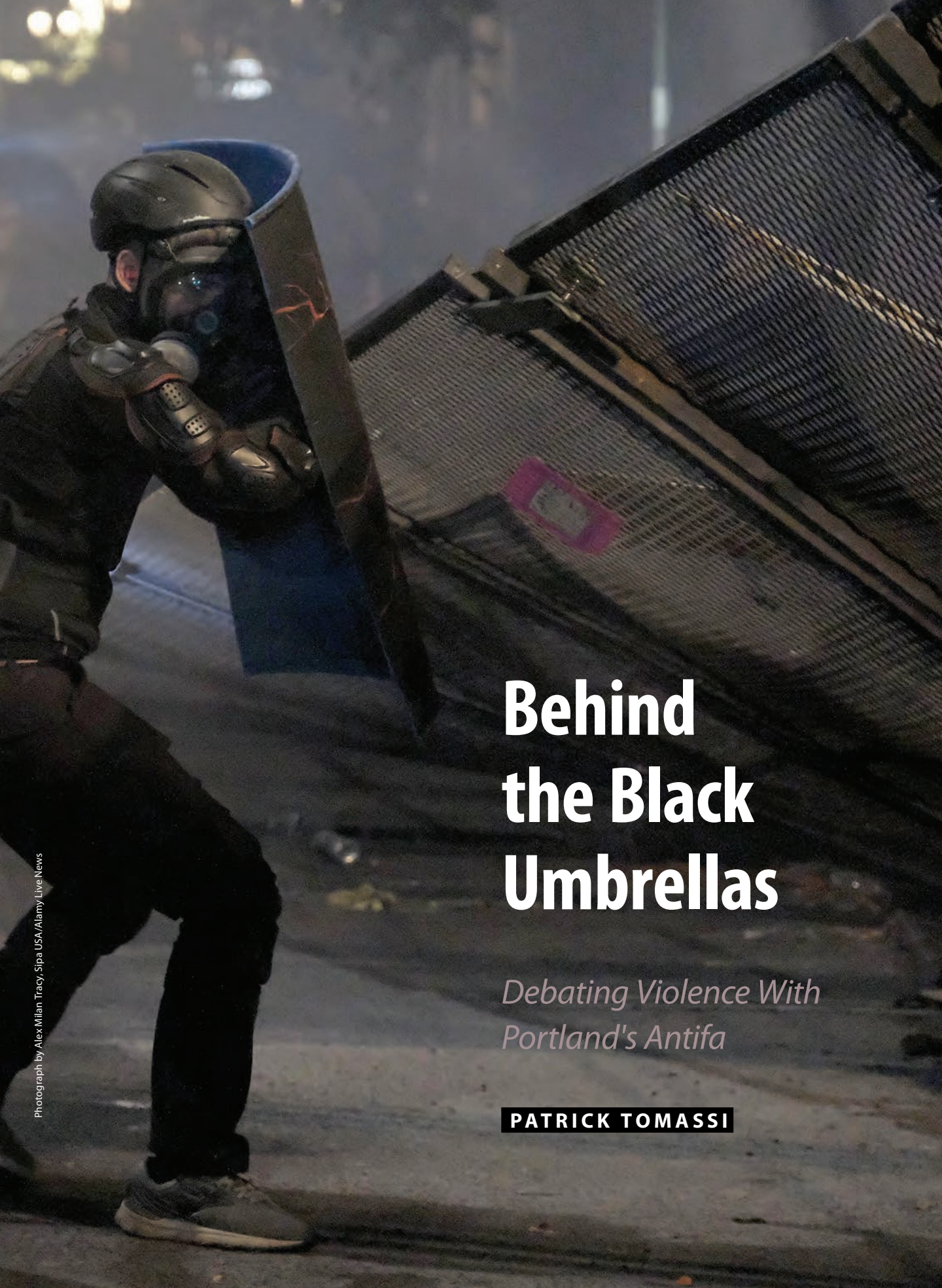
of nations. But I don't think it is enough. If people feel urged to try to prevent or postpone another major European war, we can only rejoice. But what seems

Nowhere does Jesus say a single word to support pacifism for the sake of its usefulness or benefits.

doubtful is whether they will have much success in opposing the war spirit that exists right now:

When over a thousand of our German people have been killed by Hitler – without a trial – isn't that war? When hundreds of thousands of people in concentration camps are robbed of their freedom and stripped of all dignity, isn't that war? When hundreds of thousands are sent to Siberia and freeze to death while felling trees, isn't that war? When in China and Russia millions of people starve to death while in Argentina and other countries millions of tons of wheat are stockpiled, isn't that war? When thousands of women prostitute their bodies and ruin their lives for the sake of money, isn't that war? When millions of babies are murdered by abortion each year, isn't that war? When people are forced to work like slaves because they cannot otherwise feed their children, isn't that war? When the wealthy live in villas surrounded by parks while other families don't even have a single room to themselves, isn't that war? When some people build up enormous





Behind the Black Umbrellas

*Debating Violence With
Portland's Antifa*

PATRICK TOMASSI

“If there’s a Nazi, they should probably be punched.”

Buckets

“WHAT’D YOU SEE?” a man shouted. Around him, a crowd of black-clad activists gathered outside the Multnomah County Democrats building in northeast Portland, Oregon, the Sunday night after the US presidential election in November 2020.

“You didn’t see shit!” the protesters chanted in response. Several people with hammers,

rocks, and cans of spray paint broke windows of the building and tagged it – “Fuck Biden,” “ACAB,” “BLM.” Others opened black umbrellas, shielding the vandals from security cameras and passersby. The chanting continued: “Whose lives matter? Black Lives Matter!” and “All Cops Are Bastards” (to the tune of “nana nana boo boo”). Two men with drums kept rhythm

for the chants. Within minutes, most of the windows were broken and the group was on the move again, back through neighborhood streets towards Laurelhurst Park.

During summer 2020, as my hometown was front and center in the national news, I found that my idea, and other Portlanders’, about exactly what was going on was largely determined by what media we relied on: conservatives and liberals seemed to be living in alternate universes, with the same timelines but different facts. After one more argument about whether downtown Portland was actually “on fire,” I decided to begin attending and reporting on the nightly demonstrations.

When I arrived at Laurelhurst Park earlier that November evening, first-aid volunteer Marie Tyvoll had just finished setting up a medical tent. She introduced me to some other

activists; most saw my press badge and faded into the shadows. None were willing to talk to me. Some said I should leave. After about half an hour, I overheard a man talking about his desire to “punch a Nazi.” The man (“Buckets,” for his plastic drum) wore the full “black bloc,” head-to-toe black including a balaclava, and looked to be in his twenties or thirties. He told me that for him it was pretty simple. “If there’s a Nazi, they should probably be punched.” Who qualified as a Nazi? Not run-of-the-mill Trump supporters. But Proud Boys? Probably. He said that it was “highly likely” that he had been at events where Proud Boys had also been present, but refused to answer when I asked if he had ever punched a Nazi, although he said he had been punched by one.

While Buckets and I were speaking, another activist addressed the crowd. I raised my camera to take a photograph. “Hey, no filming,” yelled a large man in a gas mask. The fact that I was taking stills didn’t count: “No pictures means no pictures. Get the fuck out,” he said, towering over me. I hesitated for a moment. “We’re not gonna ask you again. Get the fuck out.” I walked away; he followed me briefly. The speaker asked the crowd how many were excited about Joe Biden, and was answered with boos. He proposed that they go “have some fun” at Democratic headquarters. Someone in the crowd started a chant: “ADAB – All Democrats Are Bastards!” It was hard to fit to the “nana nana” melody, and didn’t catch on.

When the group began marching through Laurelhurst about 10 p.m., Buckets and another man drummed a rhythm for the chants. As they marched, activists shone flashlights into residents’ windows. Some residents stepped out on their porches. Others peeked out from behind closed blinds. Marchers pulled election

Patrick Tomassi is a teacher and writer in Portland, Oregon, his native city. He helps organize the annual New York Encounter and is a contributing editor at Veritas Journal.



Photograph by John Rudoff/Sipa USA/Alamy Live News

signs from people’s lawns and tossed them into the street. One was for Mingus Mapps, the Black candidate who had unseated City Commissioner Chloe Eudaly earlier that week. Eudaly had been highly supportive of the protests. Mapps had received an endorsement from the Portland Police Union.

The direct action at the Democrats’ building lasted less than ten minutes. The police were nowhere in sight. But as the group began to wind back toward the park, a number of officers arrived on bicycles. They followed for several blocks, then closed in at the middle of an intersection, arresting three men. Activists yelled at the police, asking why the men were being arrested. A moment later a man shouted, “Everyone scatter – let’s go!” “Be water,” said others, and the group dissolved into side streets.

The Fascist Next Door

A quite different “direct action” took place on January 6, 2021, in Washington, DC, when an angry mob of Trump supporters stormed

the US Capitol. Among them were Proud Boys including organizer Joe Biggs; believers in the QAnon conspiracy theory including Jacob Chansley, better known as the QAnon Shaman; and known White nationalists and neo-Nazis including livestreamer Tim Gionet, known as “Baked Alaska.” They roamed the building, trying to find Vice President Pence and the legislators who had moments earlier been attempting to certify the electoral college results; court filings disagree about what they would have done had they found them. Ultimately five people died in the insurrection.

For many Americans, the Capitol insurrection came as a shock. For anti-fascist activists, it was exactly what they had expected. For years they have been saying that far-right violence, including terrorist attacks in which people are killed, is on the rise both in the United States and globally.

The evidence bears this out. In October 2020, months before the Capitol attack, the Department of Homeland Security published

Marie Tyvoll, a first-aid volunteer, confronts Portland police, July 2020.

Previous spread: Protesters take cover during an assault on the Portland federal courthouse, July 2020.



Proud Boys
rally in
Portland,
September
2020

a “Homeland Threat Assessment” investigating terrorist attacks and killings committed by “domestic violent extremists.” The report notes that “2019 was the most lethal year for domestic violent extremism in the United States since the Oklahoma City bombing in 1995.” Among domestic violent extremists, the report notes, White supremacists committed eight of the total sixteen lethal attacks, and were responsible for thirty-nine of the forty-eight resulting deaths. Elsewhere the report predicts that “racially and ethnically motivated violent extremists – specifically white supremacist extremists (WSEs) – will remain the most persistent and lethal threat in the Homeland” in the coming years. (The document also discusses militant anarchists as a potential threat.)

A similar tone is struck in the lengthy “Country Report on Terrorism” published in 2019 by the US State Department. “The threat posed by racially or ethnically motivated terrorism (REMT), particularly white supremacist terrorism, remained a serious challenge for

the global community,” it states. “Continuing a trend that began in 2015, there were numerous deadly REMT attacks around the world in 2019, including in Christchurch, New Zealand; Halle, Germany; and El Paso, Texas.”

According to the nonpartisan Center for Strategic and International Studies, right-wing extremist groups kill vastly more people than do left-wing ones. “Between 1994 and 2020, there were 893 terrorist attacks and plots in the United States. Overall, right-wing terrorists perpetrated the majority – 57 percent – of all attacks and plots during this period, compared to 25 percent committed by left-wing terrorists, 15 percent by religious terrorists, 3 percent by ethnonationalists, and 0.7 percent by terrorists with other motives.” In the United States in the years since 9/11, “right-wing terrorist attacks caused 335 deaths, left-wing attacks caused 22 deaths, and ethnonationalist terrorists caused 5 deaths.”

A real rise in right-wing extremist violence, then, long predates January 6, 2021. And antifa groups have come to see themselves as the ones

willing to stand up and fight Hitler before he comes to power.

Anti-Fascist Origins

Over the summer of 2020, anti-fascist activists in Portland were catapulted into the national spotlight by their participation in racial-justice protests, street fights with far-right groups and law enforcement, and vandalism. In September, President Trump called Portland an “anarchist jurisdiction,” and the Justice Department soon made a similar designation. But Portland has a long history of anarchist and anti-fascist activity.

Oregon’s anti-fascist presence arose as a response to right-wing extremism. Though recently famous for its lefty “Portlandia” reputation, the state has for most of its history been home to significant numbers of far-right and White supremacist groups. In 1859, it became the only state admitted to the union with a Black exclusion law. In 1922, Walter Pierce, a Klansman, was elected governor of the state. The Black exclusion law was overturned in 1926, but was not fully removed from the state constitution until 2002.

In November 1988, skinhead neo-Nazis from a group called East Side White Pride beat Ethiopian student Mulugeta Seraw to death with a baseball bat in front of his apartment in southeast Portland. The incident provoked Mic Crenshaw, co-founder of Anti-Racist Action (ARA), to move from Minneapolis to Portland to found an ARA chapter there. This group gave rise in 2007 to Rose City Antifa, the first group in the United States to adopt the “antifa” moniker, which is common in Europe.

Groups like Rose City Antifa subscribe to a set of views often described as anarcho-communism. They use symbols like the three-arrow Iron Front emblem of the German anti-Nazi Social Democratic Party, and the

red and black flag emblem representing both communism and anarchism. According to Mark Bray of Rutgers University, the roots of contemporary antifa lie in pre- and immediately post-World War II Europe. In his book *Antifa: The Anti-Fascist Handbook*, Bray tells the story of the “43 Group,” a collection of mostly Jewish British veterans who set out to prevent fascists from organizing in England in the years directly following the war. Fascists and nationalists, including former members of the British Union of Fascists, were by this time organizing events under slogans such as “War on the Jews.” Because police would not simply shut down fascist groups’ events, the 43 Group attempted to force them to, using direct-action techniques. “If a single member could get through the cordon of fascist stewards to tip over the speaker’s platform,” Bray writes, “the police had a policy of not allowing the fascists to set it up again. With that in mind, the 43 Group organized units of about a dozen into wedge formations that, at an agreed time, would start far out in the crowd and build up steam so that they ‘could break through many times [their] number of muscular stewards’ and get to the platform.” If this didn’t work, the group would disperse into the crowd to start fistfights, creating a brawl the police would have to shut down. According to Bray, this approach was hugely successful.

Present-day antifa groups see themselves as belonging to the tradition of the 43 Group and other groups that opposed the rise and resurgence of fascism around Europe. They engage in similar tactics, using direct-action techniques, they say, to defend marginalized communities – particularly ethnic and racial minorities, and queer and trans people – from those who would commit violence against them. “Our long-term goal,” one Portland activist told me, “is to make it so that people

Felix Manz

SUSANNAH BLACK

With Artwork by Jason Landsel

ON JANUARY 21, 1525, a group of fifteen or so friends, mostly young men in their early twenties, gathered at the Zurich house of Anna Manz. What they were there to do was not yet technically illegal, but it soon would be. Georg Blaurock went first: he made his confession of faith, and Conrad Grebel baptized him. The others, one by one, made their confessions; Blaurock baptized them. The first church of the Radical Reformation was formed.

Felix Manz, Anna's son in his mid-twenties, was one of their number. Two years later and five hundred yards away from her house, he would die, drowned in the Limmat River by order of the city fathers.

It had started some years before, in 1519, when a new priest was called to the church in Zurich: Ulrich Zwingli, a scholar and powerful preacher whose exegetical sermons to the people of the city were also passionate calls for them to submit their lives to the Word of God. Felix was drawn to Zwingli's project: the reform of the Catholic Church – and a translation of the whole Bible into German. The young man, who had a thorough knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, became Zwingli's disciple, fellow-worker, and friend.

But he found, as the two men's work of translation and exegesis went on, that his convictions and Zwingli's were no longer in harmony. Zwingli's reforms, he was convinced, did not go far enough: the church, as Felix understood it from the Scriptures, could not be an organization linked to any earthly government; still less could it come under the jurisdiction of the city fathers of Zurich. Moreover, Zwingli called for the baptism of infants to continue as it had when the church of Zurich had been

**For the first
Anabaptists in 1525,
nonviolence was what
separated the church
from the world.**

fully following the understanding of Rome. But baptism, Felix was convinced, was a sign of commitment following an adult conversion, a profession of belief, not to be imposed on children who could not yet make such a profession. There was more: Christians, he believed, must not bear the sword nor hold state office; the Christian community must be one in which, at the very least, wealth is shared freely with those in need.

Zwingli continued his controversial preaching. But in 1523, Manz, along with his friend Conrad Grebel, began speaking as well, making their own converts to this more radical way of understanding what Christian commitment meant. Dangerously, several couples with

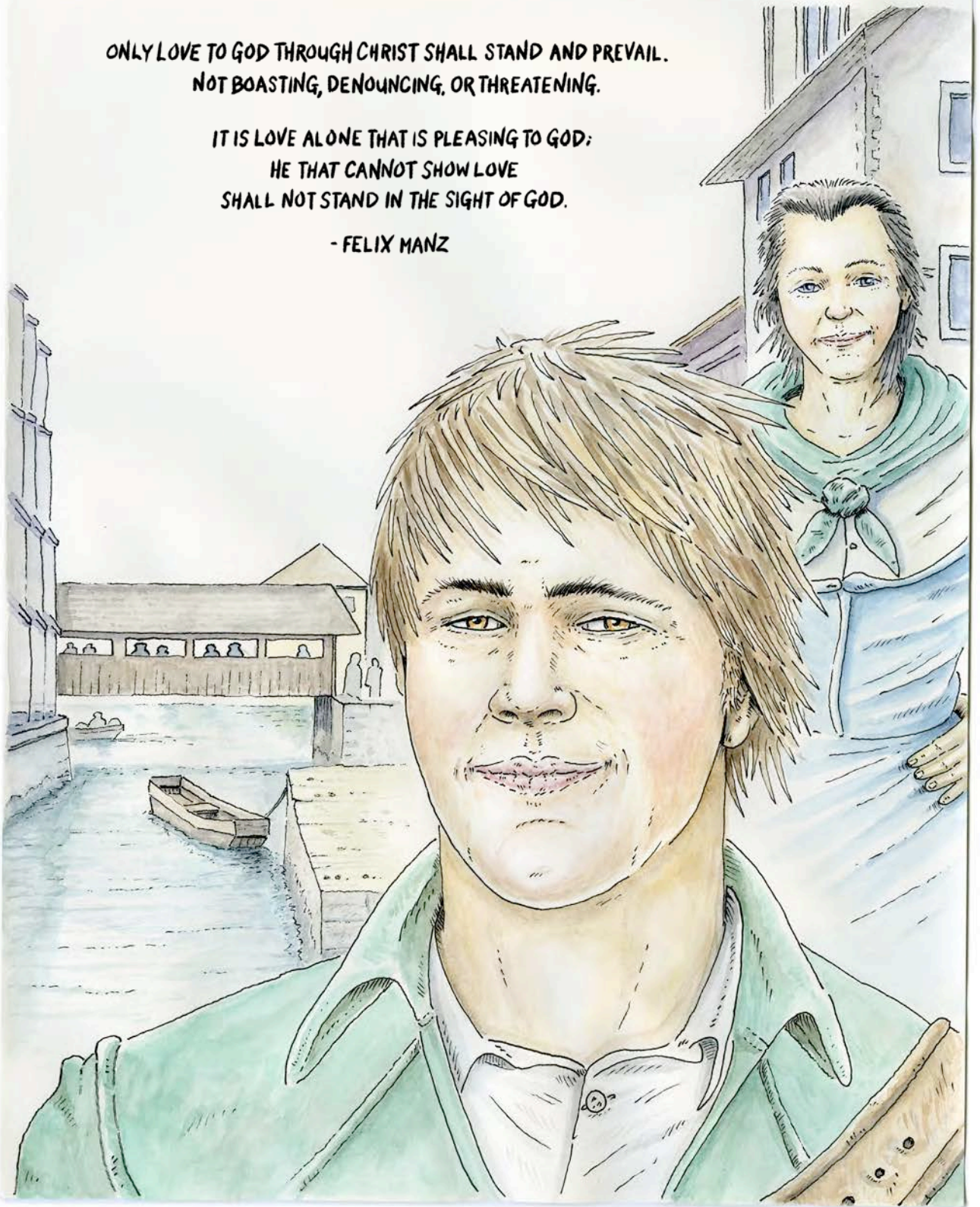
(continued on preceding page)

Susannah Black is an editor of Plough and has written for First Things, Fare Forward, Front Porch Republic, Mere Orthodoxy, and the American Conservative. She lives in New York City. Jason Landsel is the artist for Plough's "Forerunners" series, including the painting opposite.

ONLY LOVE TO GOD THROUGH CHRIST SHALL STAND AND PREVAIL.
NOT BOASTING, DENOUNCING, OR THREATENING.

IT IS LOVE ALONE THAT IS PLEASING TO GOD;
HE THAT CANNOT SHOW LOVE
SHALL NOT STAND IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.

- FELIX MANZ





Tom Thomson, *Early Spring*, 1917, oil on wood panel

Plough Quarterly

BREAKING GROUND FOR A RENEWED WORLD

www.plough.com

Subscriptions US \$32 / £24 / €28
Individual issues US \$10 / £9 / €9

Plough Publishing House
Walden, New York, USA
Robertsbridge, East Sussex, UK
Elsmore, NSW, Australia

ISBN-13: 978-1-63608-034-5

\$10.00 USD



9 781636 080345

5 1 0 0 0 >