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So here we are...again. Shocked. Grieving yet another enormous loss of life. Afraid of the specter of yet another war. And finding it all too easy to jump to conclusions about blame. Does all that sound familiar? All too familiar?

As I write this, I don't know who is responsible for these despicable acts of terrorism. But I tremble when I hear people at every level talking about acts of vengeance, as if The Buddha's ancient and inexhaustible law does not apply to us: "In this world hatred never yet dispelled hatred. Only love dispels hatred." What would happen if we were to find out who is responsible and demand an eye for an eye? How many eyes would vengeance require? What possible reason is there for supposing that the reaction would be any different than it has always been: hatred breeding hatred, and violence breeding violence?

But. What would happen if, instead of exacting our vengeance, we asked ourselves why it is that we are so hated that people are motivated to treat us in this terrible way? What would happen if, instead of trying to change the way other people act, we began to change the way we act, the way we treat other people? What would happen if, instead of asking who is to blame, we asked what we can do to heal the hatred in our enemies' eyes? What would happen if, instead of hating where we find hatred and treating enemies like enemies, we made an honest attempt to love even where we find hatred and treating even enemies like friends?

Could it make a difference? Could we actually begin to sow love instead of hatred and peace instead of violence? Could we actually begin to turn enemies into friends? Could we begin to heal this broken world?

I don't know. Precious few have ever tried it. What I do know is that doing the same thing that we've always done will have the same result it has always had: hatred breeding hatred, violence breeding violence, death and destruction breeding death and destruction. And haven't we had enough of that? Haven't we learned any better?

I don't know. I am so tired. And yet. I dare not stop. The journey toward wholeness goes on.