

Tomorrow is Pentecost, a day set aside to commemorate the Holy Spirit and a time when that spirit came down and allowed us to truly understand one another.

I've been reading about the plight of illegal aliens, lately, and the ongoing debate about how to deal with them.

It reminds me that history is written by the winners and, as a result, the past is often conveniently forgotten.

Our family (quite literally) came over on the Mayflower. The native Americans welcomed us, fed us, and kept us alive while teaching us how to survive in a hostile environment. (That's what we celebrate on Thanksgiving...the helpful, friendly hands of those original settlers, the native Americans.)

Eventually, when there were many more of us, we began killing those who had helped us (because we wanted the land that they occupied).

In fact, we began making rules about who "owned" this land.

Now, "we" occupy the land. And because of what we did, to those who helped us, we fear that "others"—the "they" that come into this land "illegally"—will do the same to us as we did to the native Americans.

What we fear are people who might act as we did. We are doing unto others what we once did, not what we would have them do unto us.

When are we going to learn that nothing will ever change unless we try to do things differently. I have to ask myself "Who really won at Gethsemani?" and "What is it that we really have worth losing?"