

INTERNATIONAL ADVOCATE FOR PEACE AWARD CEREMONY ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

*Abigail E. Disney**

In a few weeks, we will all be gathering around our mothers to celebrate one of the most shamelessly trumped-up, commercialized and corny—and I might add, one of my very favorite—holidays on the American calendar: Mother’s Day. I do not want to sound cynical; it is truly a wonderful thing for us to stop and honor those women in our lives who have shaped us, for better or for worse. And who does not love a little tribute made out of glitter and doilies and Elmer’s glue?

Nevertheless, being the shameless party pooper that I am, I think it is important for us to spend a little time remembering the lost origins of Mother’s Day. In fact, very few people know where this holiday came from, and that is a terrible shame, because its origins are very much about peace. That that aspect of it has been lost is very much to all of our detriment.

In 1870, Julia Ward Howe was a prominent American woman, already well known for her work as an abolitionist, and more than anything for her lyrics to the rousing Civil War anthem we all learned in grade school—“The Battle Hymn of the Republic.” But by the end of the war, like many of the feminists who had thrown all their moral weight and activist energy behind the cause of ending slavery, Howe found herself more horrified by the absolute carnage of the war rather than thrilled by the victory it had brought about—even if the cause was something in which she never wavered. The Franco-Prussian war was looming and for the supposedly civilized world to be descending back into brutality a mere

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five years after the end of America's horrid experience was too much for her to sit quietly by and tolerate.

It is important to remember that not only had there not been a war fought this broadly across American soil since the revolution, and not only had this been a war fought brother-on-brother, but this was a war fought with singular brutality. More technological advancements had been made between the Civil War and the Mexican-American war that had preceded it than between any two wars before. The generals determining strategy on both sides had simply not adjusted their tactics or their expectations to accommodate the implications of all this putative advancement.

New rifle bores had improved accuracy and radically increased firing ranges, making the bayonet nearly obsolete. Gun powder had been improved to inhibit backfires, jams and overheating. Minie balls had been perfected, making guns yet more accurate, and allowing a single soldier to get off not one, but three or four shots while his opponents tried to make it across no man's land to engage in hand-to-hand combat—the way it had been done for centuries. And a man named Henry Schrapnel had figured out that if you added “sub-projectiles”—a fancy word for sharp, torn strips of sheet metal—to your cannon fodder, the result would be carnage on an unimaginable scale.

Those minie balls were a particularly horrid invention. They were round, and had a way of bouncing off bones in the body like pinballs in a machine. The result of Schrapnel and Minie's inventions (because yes, there was also an inventor named “Minie”) was a level of bloodshed neither army had the capacity to deal with. After all, the art of healing—there were no antibiotics and anesthetics were scarce and crude—had not kept pace with the art of killing. The majority of men who died in the Civil War died slowly and atrociously of wounds that would have been easily treated in any 20th century war. Many men died merely of hypothermia after having been abandoned on no man's land by officers too overwhelmed by their losses to tend to all of the wounded.

Women who were volunteering as nurses at field hospitals, many of them the very feminists who had set aside their activism for women's rights and welcomed this war to end slavery, were all too aware of these ghastly conditions. And no amount of enthusiasm for their extremely worthy cause could mitigate the outright trauma they felt at witnessing the consequences of modern industrial ingenuity applied with such enthusiasm to the cause of systematically killing and maiming one's fellow man. The conclusion Julia

Ward Howe arrived at was pretty basic: that mankind had arrived at a point of no return. His adeptness at invention had far outpaced and outmatched his moral imagination. And when I think about it, I find it amazing that a society could so readily honor a man like Schrapnel by making him an eponym; a man who sat at a drafting table dreaming of metal shards tearing at light speed through other men's flesh.

Julia Ward Howe emerged from the Civil War determined that the course of history had for too long been diminished by the absence of women's voices. She was thoroughly convinced that should women—in particular mothers—bring their voices in full measure to address the world's problems that the conflicts of the modern age would be solvable by other agencies, and war would be a thing of the past. She believed that a mother's sensibility might just be the counterweight which had been lacking up till that point and she dedicated the rest of her life to fighting for peace. This confidence in a mother's moral imagination is certainly an idea that was very much of its time and place, but it was more than sentimental Victorian claptrap that drove her analysis of the problem. I want to say, by the way, that by using the words mother and woman interchangeably, I do not mean to denigrate the many, many wonderful women I have known who by choice or by circumstance never had children. I am sure that if had Howe lived in different times she would have thought of this too.

In 1870, Howe wrote an extraordinary poem and issued a call for an international Mother's Day for Peace. I am particularly moved by the incredible first paragraph of her proclamation:

We will not have questions answered by irrelevant agencies,
Our husbands will not come to us, reeking with carnage,
For caresses and applause.
Our sons shall not be taken from us to unlearn
All that we have been able to teach them of charity, mercy and
patience.
We, the women of one country,
Will be too tender of those of another country
To allow our sons to be trained to injure theirs.

As a mother I cannot overstate the effect these lines have on me. I have spent years trying to teach my sons about charity and mercy and patience and more often than not I am forced to do so utterly against everything they see in politics, in popular culture, in school, in the public discourse and even in the religious sphere. This may have been written by a woman at the end of her rope in

1870, but it may as well have been anyone we all know, watching an advertisement for a video game like “Call of Duty: Black Ops” and wondering where our sons are headed, or more importantly, why they are headed there.

Julia Ward Howe tried to establish this holiday for years and finally gave up. After her, a succession of women fought for the idea, but somewhere along the way the idea of peace and the political nature of the day slipped away.

Things did not come together for four decades. The YMCA (not the YWCA, mind you) declared their support for the holiday in the early 1900s. In 1912, an article in the *Florists' Review* picked up on the idea, baldly stating that, “this was a holiday that could be exploited.” You just cannot make this stuff up.

In 1914 Woodrow Wilson signed the holiday into law. And lest you feel tempted to give Woodrow Wilson credit for insight, do not forget that this proclamation was signed at the height of the battle over women’s suffrage, when Wilson was still looking the other way as women activists were being jailed and beaten for their insistence on their right to vote. Howe’s stated intention for this day was to enhance women’s political currency and create a credible space for their discourse—specifically about militarism and peace—but as it was finally enacted, it did the opposite.

After all, once the idea of the holiday as an opportunity for public political discourse had drained away, it was reduced to a quiet, personal, patronizing pat on the head, a gardenia corsage and dinner at Applebee’s with the grandkids, a day on which half of florists and jewelers’ revenues can be relied upon to buoy their businesses. Just Google “revenues” and “Mother’s Day” and you will find all kinds of lovely stories like, “Mother’s Day trumps Black Friday for digital picture frames,” and “Mum’s the word. . . for increasing revenues in May!”

The iron wall that divided the personal from the political, the social system that relegated women to the domestic sphere and ascribed negligible value to the responsibilities of that sphere was reinforced, not broken down by the holiday. To this day it trades in sentimentality and nostalgia for all that we imagine has been and probably never was, rather than in idealism and hope and action on behalf of what might be made to happen in the future. As the women of the second wave of feminism reminded us in the 1970s, the personal is political, but let us never forget that the political is also very, very personal.

The commercialization and demeaning of the holiday was so egregious that in 1923 Anna Jarvis, the woman whose activism had finally resulted in the acceptance of Mother's Day and who, ironically, never married or had children of her own, sued to have the holiday stopped because she believed that its exploitation by the floral and greeting card industries had completely hijacked its spirit. She said she wished she had never fought for it. She spent her every last dime fighting to end it and died a lonely pauper, her grave, in one last blast of irony, bought and paid for by none other than *Florists' Review*.

Sigh. So now you know why my kids call me "Debbie Downer." I can suck the fun out of any holiday. Do not even start with me about the Easter bunny!

The invisibility of this story is what amazes me year in and year out. Mother's Day, a holiday none of us dare forget, and let me say to my son in the audience that he dare not forget it indeed, has a history so steeped in controversy and politics without our knowing it is a sad and telling truth, because it is one of many important lessons that have been left to languish between the brighter lines of what we are taught in history class. For every cherry tree George Washington cut down, there are at least fifty unknown environmentalists who would have begged him not to do it. And for every mother accepting a white carnation in the quiet of her living room, there are fifty ferocious women you have never heard of, demanding that we find a better way to tackle political problems than war.

Did you know that Florence Nightingale opposed the creation of the International Red Cross on the grounds that if we cared for the wounded in war we would only make it easier and less painful for the powers to conduct wars longer and more often? Did you know that Helen Keller spent much of the end of her public life as a peace activist? And a ferocious one at that. Listen to this from a speech at Carnegie Hall in 1916:

Congress is not preparing to defend the people of the United States. It is planning to protect the capital of American speculators and investors. . . . Incidentally this preparation will benefit the manufacturers of munitions and war machines. . . . Strike against war, for without you no battles can be fought! Strike against manufacturing shrapnel and gas bombs and all other tools of murder! Strike against preparedness that means death and misery to millions of human beings! Be not dumb, obedient slaves in an army of destruction! Be heroes in an army of construction!

And yet we remember Keller, along with Nightingale and Howe as cardboard cut-outs: benign, harmless cartoon characters that challenge nothing and make no one uncomfortable. All of them were dismissed as kooks once they picked up this line of reasoning and were forced out to pasture—silenced just as their social voices were blossoming into full character.

Let us remember what Howe and Jarvis were suggesting. They posited an international Mother's Day for Peace because they felt down to their deepest souls that a woman brings a commitment to peace with her when she talks about politics that is visceral and uncompromising and that functions on a moral wavelength that is nearly impossible to counter. Why? Because there is hardly a culture or society on the earth that does not assign to its women a particular set of duties. Because in nearly every place you can name they have the babies and educate them. They feed, clothe, house and care for not only those babies but for the elderly and disabled. They care for the sick and dress the dead for burial. The vast majority of the duties they are assigned are considered menial and thankless, but these duties are in equal measure necessary and essential. They are what existentially bind us as human across race, class, geography and even time.

It is about at this point that I suspect you will start murmuring names like Thatcher and Bhutto and Ghandi (Indira, not Mohandas)—even, for that matter, Samantha Power and Hillary Rodham Clinton—and there is no question that we can all name women from both the public and private spheres that have not hesitated to use violence to further their aims both worthy and unworthy. Get between me and a chocolate brownie and I can show you how violent a woman can be. And even when women have not been leaders in wartime, they have always served an important function on what we think of as the “sidelines,” offering both carrots and sticks to soldiers in the form of admiration for heroes and contempt for cowards upon their return.

But shouldn't the fact that we can all name the same handful of women leaders at least give us pause—there has, after all, never been a human activity whose roles have been more clearly and consistently defined by gender than war. Even the Fortune 500 offers more statistical variation on stereotypical sex roles than wartime through the ages.

Are women less aggressive than men? Statistically the answer is undeniably yes. But the bigger question might be why. Is there something in the estrogen, something about the second X chromo-

some, something about the uterus that links us cosmically to peace, love and understanding? It is hard not to smirk at the suggestion and yet, given the historical propensities of women, it is hard to argue that there is no relationship at all.

But cannot it also be true that the social roles that flow from biology are what link us to life, and it is that special relationship to life that links us to peace? And if that is the case, there is a corollary—that perhaps it is the social roles that separate men from life, and get between them and the importance of peace. I spend a lot of time reading about war and aggression, about the inexplicable cruelty of which men and women are both capable in such times, and not only do I not recognize myself in those people, but I do not see any of the men I know there either. Fewer than three percent of signatories to all peace agreements in the last ten years have been women, but for that matter how many of those signatories are at all like the men in this room tonight?

It occurs to me that as we have defined it so far, masculinity feels as much like an ill-fitting outfit to the millions of men who are not capable of the spectacular aggression we read about in the news, as a fluffy pink taffeta dress would feel on me. Masculinity as currently on display in popular culture and political life is a grotesque and restrictive way of understanding the project of making a life with meaning as a man, and yet we hardly ever analyze this definition as the construct that it is. And men are harder on each other about toeing the line than they have ever been on us about being women. So maybe the problem is not men but masculinity and a slim swath of humanity that tends to use the idea of masculinity as a means of social control, a bludgeon, that preserves a status quo that serves not very many people, but those it serves—with abundance. And perhaps the answer is not women per se, but an elevation of that about women that links them to peace, a bringing back into the light all that they do, a genuine, not patronizing and dismissive honoring of all that serves to connect them to a deep vein of humanity that courses through us all.

If biology has given me any insight that inclines me toward peace, it is the insight a woman has at the moment she is about to give birth: seeing with absolute unvarnished realism the idea that we cannot live without each other. That in that moment, were I not surrounded by a circle of supportive and loving arms, were I not willing to relax into those arms and let them bear me up in my weakest, most vulnerable moment, I would not be able to survive, much less succeed at the best thing I have ever done, which is bring

a child into the world. That insight, rather than a moment of weakness, is a gift of enormous significance. It taught me about interdependence and made me better prepared and more likely to welcome the reality of my own limitations.

So many of us look at a map and see the lines that separate one country from another as fact, not the fiction that they are. Have you ever noticed that the darkest lines, like the line for the equator, the lines of borders between nations, are the lines that exist only in imagination? What if we choose to see those lines as visible stitches instead, the lines that connect rather than divide, the lines that show we are one fabric drawn together, not a collection of separate pieces, falling apart. And any woman who sews can tell you that a seam where two pieces are brought together can be made, with enough care and attention, the strongest part of the cloth. Women, having been left out of the economic and political systems of reward that reinforce the idea of our global separateness, having been left so often to those chores that feel insignificant, but make us universal humans, not just citizens of states, are therefore more likely to look at an “other” and see herself, and if there is any kind of voice for which we have a crying political need it is the voice that understands the interdependent nature of life.

If we are to challenge the idea of war as a way of making meaning, we must start with the persistent aesthetics of violence, a trend that has been with us since the first books and stories were written, and has built to an apotheosis in the mass culture we are surrounded by today, a culture that privileges force over merit, that belittles the peaceful as weak and ridiculous, and that, with astonishing regularity, posits violence as the only effective means for problem solving. America has exported many things both good and bad, but more than anything, we have exported mythology. No country other than ours has created more media—or media as effective at promoting the aesthetics of violence than ours—and this is our most pernicious legacy.

Further, we will have to challenge the idea that aggression is natural, and that if it is natural, it simply cannot be stopped. In spite of all the literature about, all the films about, all the political and religious and psychological babble about how natural and evolutionary and biologically inevitable it is for men to occasionally freak out and want to kill each other, we never take the question any further than step one. Aggression might or might not be natural, but many things are natural that we do not see as inevitable. It is natural to go to the bathroom wherever you happen to be stand-

ing, but you do not. It is natural to eat only candy for breakfast, to take the money that the last people left on the table for the waiter, to let the old lady cross the street without our help, to let the garbage pile up, and the babies cry, but we do not.

No behavior is inevitable no matter how natural or even understandable it may be. What changes a social arrangement into a civilization is precisely this—the collective agreement to restrain those aspects of our natural selves when they threaten the general good and well-being of our fellow humans. Without this collective agreement, no social arrangement can sustain itself without devolving into anarchy.

And more than opposing what is destructive, civilizations demand that we aspire to what is good, to more than just an accommodation of the other, but the active pursuit of his well-being. In fact never, at any time in history, have so many people set aside the business of acquiring a living for themselves in order to actively seek a way to help others, some of them quite far away and foreign. As Paul Hawken points out in his wonderful book, *Blessed Unrest*, we are at a moment of great social flux, a moment that has yet to acquire a name, but that is nevertheless different, and better than any moment before it. If the industrial revolution could not be named until it was nearly over, what will we call this moment at which an outpouring of goodwill and genuine philanthropy has dwarfed that of every other age in human history?

Aggression might or might not be natural, but how natural to anyone is killing? Very few species of animals kill their own. Even the most ferocious bear will fight but not kill a rival. The chimpanzee is our closest relative in nature, and his occasional inclination to resort to mass killing has been cited as proof that killing is natural to mankind. But this behavior is at most rare in chimps, and makes the chimp a singular and notable exception among animals. In fact the chimp has a cousin called the bonobo to which we are just as closely related. Do you know how the bonobo resolves conflict? Sex. Whenever there is a problem over food or territory, the bonobo simply has sex. Do not panic, I am not suggesting this is a better way of going about your business, but that we need not look to a chimp to excuse our worst behavior. Even the most docile and well trained chimp never learns to stop picking his nose, does not wash his hands before he eats, and certainly neither masters the human art of compassion, or comes to grips with the idea of his own mortality. Are we sure that a chimp's aggression is proof of darker urges we absolutely cannot learn to manage?

Killing is less of a tolerable activity among humans than our media would lead you to believe. If you read the extraordinary book *On Killing*, by the former Army Ranger and West Point psychology professor Dave Grossman, you will find that this is something the military has already known for some time. This book is required reading for Marine Corps officers. It shows that as many as 80–85 percent of both American and Japanese soldiers in the Second World War were deliberately firing over the heads of their enemies, or simply not using their weapons at all—even when they risked court martial and humiliation, even in a war that felt justified and righteous, even when their own lives were at risk. In the early 1960s the problem was so marked that the American Psychological Association was brought in to figure out how to overcome the fact that in spite of everything, most (not all, but most) men still have a hard time conquering their natural resistance to killing one another. So maybe killing is neither inevitable nor natural, but it is peace that we prefer, peace that is our natural state, peace that is normal.

Perhaps it is not so much that war is natural to men and unnatural to women. Perhaps the real truth is that it is unnatural to both of us and therefore neither inevitable nor understandable as a means of resolving social problems. Maybe peace is the rule rather than the exception.

It is appropriate to start with the Civil War because that war, along with the American Revolution and the Second World War are invariably invoked when we talk about war's questionable merits as a means of social good and to show that war is necessary when tyrants dominate. Despots will be despots after all. But throughout the history of warfare, the conflicts that are justified with this kind of moral clarity are rather unusual, especially once history has lifted the fog of war to reveal the truth of its origins with greater clarity. More often, war is, as Carl von Clausewitz called it, "politics by other means." More quietly and far more often, it is economics by other means.

It is also important to start with the Civil War, as distant as it may feel from us, because it marks the beginning of the very historical process that makes an intervention in Libya look like the only humane choice from a long list of untenable choices. It was in the Civil War that two of America's greatest qualities came together, with disastrous effect: one, our extraordinary and endless inventiveness, and the other our extraordinary and endless ingenuity for monetizing inventions.

The most devastating and longest-surviving legacy of the Civil War barely saw combat during that conflict. Richard Gatling invented the machine gun ever so slightly too late for it to be used against the confederacy, but it sparked a flurry of improvements and knock-offs that were brought to bear with hideous consequences by European colonial powers across Asia and Africa as well as by the U.S. against the indigenous people of the American west. Gatling's invention was devilishly simple. All he did was figure out how to harvest the energy wasted when gunpowder explodes in a rifle's barrel and apply it to a mechanism that places a new bullet into the chamber in the blink of an eye. This mechanism for rapid-fire technology is still used in the AK-47 today. And the AK, as well as its knock-offs, clones and derivatives, accounts for about eighteen percent of the small arms in circulation around the world today.

It is important to note that until his dying day, Gatling never stopped insisting that he had invented the rapid-fire mechanism, not in spite, but because of his love for his fellow man. He argued that once leaders could see just how brutally wars could be conducted in the modern age, they would have no choice but to find other means to resolve their disputes. Within his own lifetime, his technology was being used to mow down thousands of poorly armed indigenous people in defense of their home countries. But Gatling never gave up on this line of argument. He died an extremely wealthy man. And if his story teaches anything, it is that weapons beget nothing but more weapons, and that if you want to stop the violence, the last thing you do is go invent a better way to kill people. There is no weapon to end all weapons, just as there is no war to end all wars.

Despots will be despots, it is true, and from Muhammar Qaddafi to Adolf Hitler and Jefferson Davis; from King George to Charles Taylor, they all deserve all that we can throw at them. But when Saddam Hussein and his accomplices were meant to suffer "shock and awe" from our bombardment of Baghdad in 2003, it was the civilian population that huddled praying in basements, who considered themselves lucky to live long enough to begin to feel themselves starve, and who did not in any way think of themselves as merely "collateral" to the main conflict.

For all of our talk about the menace of weapons of mass destruction, it has been the profusion of small weapons that have flowed from Gatling's invention that have done most of the killing since those early days. Roughly 300,000 men, women and children

are killed every year by small arms alone, and that does not account for the capacity of these weapons to coerce, bully and force any number of other crimes and violations from theft to rape to ethnic cleansing.

What if despots were not so well and so easily armed? There are 875 million small arms in circulation around the world today with about 8 million new weapons coming on line every year. Compare that with the 1.5 million small arms used by all parties during the entirety of the First World War. There are enough bullets produced annually to shoot everyone on earth twice. Arms may or may not trigger conflicts, but a fistfight is surely something else when a gun makes an appearance. A riot is a skirmish when everyone is packing. And a struggle between towns for a well or a field or access to a road can quickly become a civil war when an AK-47 only costs \$25.

These weapons have an active life span of about 40 years, more than the half-life of the cesium that we are so worried about leaking out of the Fukushima nuclear plant. They constitute a growing mountain of destructive power that no government or international entity has figured out how to manage or regulate. More than sixty-five percent of the small arms around the world are in the hands of non-state actors. The U.S. alone exported more than half of the \$1.5 billion total that the G8 put out into the world. And while the U.S. sells its new weapons to legitimate armies, those legitimate armies sell their outmoded weapons straight into a burgeoning black market that has raged out of control since the end of the cold war. Some AK-47's used today in Africa are on their fifth or sixth or seventh conflict. Since the AK is light and easy to fire, and has only eight moving parts that are as easy to replace as Lego pieces, they are the weapons of choice for armies that prefer child soldiers.

The historical process that began in the Civil War when the American spirit of inventiveness came together with the American hunger for profit has led inexorably to this day. The culmination of this process was famously labeled "the military-industrial complex" by Eisenhower, but it was in his earlier "Cross of Iron" speech that he best described our conundrum:

Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its

children. The cost of one modern heavy bomber is this: a modern brick school in more than 30 cities. . . . This, I repeat, is the best way of life to be found on the road the world has been taking. This is not a way of life at all, in any true sense. Under the cloud of threatening war, it is humanity hanging from a cross of iron.

Leave it to a general to sum it up better than any peace activist ever could. Some of the most articulate voices against that normalized perversity we call war are those that have experienced it themselves.

The question becomes: where do we go from here? Awash in weapons, standing at the ready for the slightest provocation, a little in love with war, a little lost about how to talk about any of the alternatives, and utterly convinced that war is as hard wired into us as any reflex to kick when that spot on our knee is hit with a doctor's hammer—how do we break out of the spiral we seem to be in?

The truth is, I do not know. But I do know what I learned from my friend Leymah Gbowee and the women of Liberia: that peace is not a moment and it is not a state of being. It is not some far distant impossibility never to be achieved. Peace is a process. Peace is a verb. Peace is to be worked toward. Peace is not a treaty signing or a handshake between two men. Peace is history with a small "h". It is built by us day to day in the way we treat each other, in how we raise our children, in whom we choose to support with our decisions about consumption, in whom we choose to humor by not changing the channel or leaving the theater when they appear.

I do not know how to address the enormity of what drives the world to war again and again, but that is not my job. My job is to take on what I can, what is on my own front doorstep as an American voter, citizen and taxpayer. I will do what I can to address my country's part in the construction of a mythology of violence, and the export for profit of that mythology to a world hungry for our media. I will do what I can to build a constituency for peace here in the U.S. in the knowledge that when my country moves, the world moves with us. I will do what I can to push back on the romance of the weapon, and to challenge the implacable gun politics that have brought our country to this point of insanity. And I will try to raise children who will in turn push this boulder forward an inch or two in their own lives and in whatever way they can.

When I feel overwhelmed by the enormity of the challenges, I think of Susan B. Anthony. She was not that great of a speaker, or beautiful. She was not the most brilliant woman who ever lived, or the most gifted writer. But she set herself a high bar. She spent a lifetime working toward the proposition that a woman had a right to an equal say in her political destiny. She died long before her vision was ever realized. Would that everyone were willing to spend their lifetime fighting for something they know they will not live long enough to see. If we set our sights on something that can be accomplished in our own lifetimes, we have set our sights too low.

This country needs a vocal and vigorous constituency for peace. Building it will involve unpacking and challenging all the ways in which we have participated in the glamorization of violence in all its forms. It will involve the proposition of an alternative image of heroism and a new sense of the meaning of honor. It will require an all-out assault of the straightjacket we call masculinity. It will require enough courage and imagination and faith to know that we will probably not live to see much tangible change. But let us at least hand the world over to the children we love in better shape than we got it.