

YOU ARE
CHANGING
THE WORLD

Whether You Like it or Not

David LaMotte



chalice
PRESS

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Introduction

As a songwriter, musician, poet, author, and awake human being, David LaMotte knows something you know too. That's why this book's title drew you in to take a second look.

In its first edition, that central insight drew in thousands of readers like you: teachers, activists, parents, preachers, and concerned global citizens.

I know, because it drew me in too!

Now, in this revised and updated edition, a new wave of readers can process together this book's core assumption: the world is a hot mess and needs changing, lots of changing, starting right now.

You and I and everyone we know—both those we love easily and those we struggle to love—are involved in that change. But here's the problem: some of the change we are making is for the better and some is for the worse.

I wake up each morning knowing that I score points for both sides. I might score three points for the well-being of our neighbors, our fellow creatures, and our planet; and then, knowingly or unknowingly, I score two points against the values I believe in. When I let this reality sink in, I feel motivated to improve the ratio, day by day, year by year, decade by decade. If enough of us do the same, we can see some of the needed change occur.

In a world that needs change, David wisely says, "our most dangerous threat is apathy."

But again, simply because you have picked up this book, I can be pretty sure that you're not an apathetic person. You have moved beyond apathy to caring. In fact, because you care, and because your caring influences your actions, you are already an aspiring activist... maybe even a seasoned one.

So what do you need now?

That's what this book offers.

First, a growing activist like you needs understanding... understanding of what activism is, understanding of the differences between anger and hate, or hope and optimism, or fixing the world and changing it, or the Hero Narrative and the Movement Narrative. You need understanding about how movements grow and change happens in a complicated world.

Second, a growing activist like you needs encouragement, encouragement to keep going when progress seems slow or nonexistent, encouragement to keep learning, encouragement to take care of yourself as you care for others, encouragement to work in solidarity and community with others.

Third, you need stories, concrete stories of real people who have helped catalyze needed change against seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Those stories—some of them of people you already know, like Rosa Parks, Nelson Mandela, and John Lewis, and some of them of people you'll learn about here for the first time—will help you face your obstacles differently.

Fourth, you need concrete steps... simple, practical guidance. You need guidance about starting small, about acknowledging your own limitations and imperfections, and about avoiding predictable dangers and dead ends.

Fifth, as a growing activist, you need balance, because often we make one mistake and then react against it by making an opposite mistake. Seasoned, balanced wisdom can help you avoid both the dangers on one side and the opposite dangers on the other.

Sixth and finally, you need focus. You can't do everything. So you'll need to discern, "What is mine to do?" That clarity of focus will free you to celebrate the good work others are doing in their own areas of focus as you pursue what is yours to do.

Understanding, encouragement, stories, steps, balance, and focus: these are six of the great treasures you will find in this book.

I know, because I found them here myself.

I've read this book twice now, and here's what I can tell you: it's the kind of book that you'll want to keep and reread because it rings so true and touches you so deeply.

This hot-mess world needs changing, and there are beautiful, unique contributions that only you can make. Your life will be so much more full and meaningful for making them, and this book can be your guide and companion.

—Brian McLaren

Preface (2022)

I began writing an earlier edition of this book in 2009, and worked on it fairly steadily for the next five years while living in Australia, India, and the United States. It was originally published in 2014. It is reasonable to ask why Chalice Press and I have decided to make the investment to update, expand, and re-publish it, eight years after the original printing.

In the years since that first printing, the world has groaned and shifted under the weight of history and current events, and I have watched and participated as the ideas with which I wrestle here played out in front of me. Some of them have continued to grow and shift. Experience and conversation with friends and mentors have continued to add nuance. I have seen the work of activism done very well—and very poorly.

In addition to movements for positive change, we have seen the strengthening and mainstreaming of movements for White supremacy, marching through Charlottesville with their infamous tiki torches and polo shirts, and successfully working to elect politicians with open ties to their movements. In the first edition of this book, I largely focused on movements for positive change. In this one, I have added a chapter on toxic movements and ‘astroturf,’ the practice of manufacturing fake grass roots movements to influence political decisions or public opinion.

Since its original publication, the book that has become this one was used as a textbook for college classes at universities across the United States and Australia and has been read by many thousands of people. I have received many letters and emails over those years, including some quite recently, that convince me that the ideas shared here are still relevant and needed in the public discourse. I am thrilled that the folks at Chalice agree and that this conversation may broaden with the publication of this new edition.

This new iteration also gives more attention to personal sustainability, with more focus on discerning what is *not* ours to do than the original. Burnout seems to be on the rise among teachers, preachers, and activists, and it is an essential conversation to have.

My friend, Ron Davis, is a builder. He tells me what any contractor or carpenter will tell you: lumber is not what it used to be. Not only are two-by-fours not actually two-by-fours anymore (the standard for many years has been 3 ½ by 1 ½”, and now they are getting thinner than that), the wood itself is also not as strong.

There are a few reasons for this. One is that modern forestry prioritizes trees that grow faster, rather than stronger, so they can get the lumber to market more quickly. According to Ron, a standard yellow pine used to grow for twelve to fifteen years before being harvested. Now it’s about seven.

These days, tree farms also plant trees in straight rows, so they are easier to harvest, but there may be a downside to planting them that way. The wind can sail down those aisles between the trees, and the trees don’t have to bend and sway nearly as much as they did in old growth forests. Resistance to that wind is part of what makes trees stronger, just as repeatedly picking up a heavy weight develops human muscles. As Lee Reich writes in *Fine Gardening* magazine, “Movement of the trunk helps strengthen it by thickening it and giving it taper from bottom to top. Trunk movement also stimulates root growth.”

The same could be said of the ideas in this book. The first time I wrote this book, it took me about five years. Then I published it. After I had been in intimate relationship with these words and the ideas they represent for five years, they were finally fixed and static; and my relationship with those words, or at least that phase of it, was abruptly over. Meanwhile, a few thousand other people began to have their own relationships to the book and make their own connections, sometimes resonating and sometimes pushing back. I wasn’t there. The dialog happened with the book itself. Now I have the opportunity to rejoin the conversation.

In the intervening years, a few things have happened, as you have probably noticed. Parts of the Obama and Biden presidencies, and the entirety of the Trump years fall within that time. George Floyd’s

murder and the ongoing racial reckoning it precipitated, the Black Lives Matter movement, a global pandemic, the Me Too movement, the Poor People's Campaign, the Women's March, wars, shootings, and terrorism, the gutting of Roe v. Wade, and a great deal of grassroots activism, working for both noble and troubling ends. All of those events have had a bearing on this book. These world events are wind, continuing to challenge, shape and strengthen these ideas and narratives.

I hope the lessons that my life has taught me intersect meaningfully with the lessons that your life has taught you. Different lives teach different lessons, and I treasure the exchange.

I. THE LANGUAGE OF CHANGE

1

Changing My World

Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?

—Mary Oliver

I knew I was a real “road dog” not when I first woke up in a hotel and didn’t know in which town I was, but when I woke up, didn’t know, wasn’t concerned about it, and simply went ahead with my shower.

I have spent more than three decades on the road as a touring musician and songwriter, performing in all fifty of the states in the U.S. and on five of the seven continents. Not knowing where I was had stopped surprising me; I knew it would come to me later.

Mornings have never been my specialty. Or rather, I prefer for them to come at the end of my day after a long night of music. Sunrises are a lovely transition to going to bed. The experience of growing comfortable with not knowing where I was when I awoke, though, spoke more to the amount of time I was spending on the road than it did to my usual morning brain fog.

I wasn’t in a hotel when I woke up on the morning of January 9, 2001. I was staying with my longtime friend Ann and her family. Though I did feel a bit disoriented, I knew these things: 1) I was in my friend’s guest room in Leander, Texas, just north of Austin, well into a concert tour that was taking me across the South and over into New Mexico; 2) It was late morning, and the sun was cutting in through the blinds; and 3) I didn’t feel very good.

I had gone to dinner the night before with my friend Kristin, and by the time I woke up, Ann and her daughter Ellen, then a senior in high school, had left for work and school. I wrote in my journal a bit, took a shower, threw some clothes on, and got out my laptop to do a bit of bookkeeping. In those days, people still bought lots of CDs at concerts, so the morning after a concert usually involved some bookkeeping. One not-so-glamorous side of being a professional independent musician is that in the eyes of the IRS, I run a small business, with all of the attendant number crunching. It's not very rock star, but it's a necessary part of the work that I treasure so deeply, so I don't mind the routine.

This particular day, however, was not to be routine.

As I got down to work plugging sales numbers into a spreadsheet, something strange began to happen. When I looked at the computer, I realized I was having a hard time seeing what was on the screen. It was as though I had been staring at a light bulb and had a ghost image obscuring a spot near the middle of my vision. Looking at an individual cell in the spreadsheet seemed too difficult.

From where I had been sitting on the couch, there was a bright window behind the computer screen, making it hard to see. I thought that might be the problem, so I moved; but I still couldn't see the screen very well. I was also beginning to feel nauseous, and I started to wonder if I might have picked up a bug. I felt worse with each passing minute, so I gave up on the computer work.

Thinking it might calm my body and brain a bit, I ran a bath, but that only made me feel more nauseated. And then things got even stranger. My arms began to go numb. It was as though they were asleep, but without the tingling of reawakening. I could use them, clumsily, but I couldn't feel much of anything. That lasted about twenty minutes, then gradually subsided. I started to get nervous. The flu had never done *that* to me before.

Ann was at work, and I didn't have her number there, so I called Kristin to ask for it. I told her what was going on, and she gave me the number. Because I was feeling disoriented, I wanted to make sure that I had written the number down right. I read it back to her, but I read it out wrong, and she corrected me.

I tried again. To this day, I still believe I had written the digits down correctly; but somehow when I went to read them back to her, I was saying them incorrectly. It was as though I couldn't remember what the individual numbers were called. The numbers' names were jumbled. Kristin got scared, and so did I. She called Ann, and Ann called me.

While Ann was racing home from the city, my arms went numb again. As before, it lasted about twenty minutes. Before Ann got home, her daughter Ellen arrived home from high school. Ellen, who is now a physician, told me later that I was trying to talk to her but making no sense—I pointed to a chair and said 'wedding.'

Ann is a strong woman, doing her part to uphold the proud lineage of butt-kicking Texas matriarchs from whom she is descended. She's a good person to have around in a crisis. We had become friends through the Kerrville Folk Festival, a magical mecca for songwriters and acoustic music enthusiasts that runs for eighteen days each year on a big, dusty ranch in the gentle Hill Country west of San Antonio. We had camped there together each year for over a decade and kept in touch through the rest of the year. Over time, she had become like a sister to me, and as her two daughters grew up, they had become good friends as well. I had the honor of officiating at Ellen's wedding a few years ago.

On the day in question, though, I wondered if these relationships and every other personal connection in my life might be rushing to a close. Ann got me in the car and blazed down the highway, talking on the phone with the emergency room at the nearest hospital.

On the way there, I tried to figure out what was happening to me. I was gradually losing my ability to use language, I was throwing up, and my arms kept going numb. Stroke? Brain tumor? Aneurysm? Multiple Sclerosis? I couldn't come up with any hypothesis that wasn't catastrophic, and things were rapidly getting worse.

When I asked Ann to tell me her name, she got really scared. I had been trying to think of it and couldn't, which was ridiculous. She was not just a casual friend. I didn't want to scare her, but it was both frustrating and terrifying that I couldn't get to it, so I asked her, and I managed to make the question understood.

She said, "David, it's Ann. I'm your good friend, and I'm taking you to the hospital."

I already understood everything but her name, though; and at that point, I realized that I wasn't having too much trouble thinking, *per se*, it was just that the labels were all mixed up. I knew where I was and who I was with, but words weren't working for me. It wasn't as though I were drunk or losing consciousness; the primary neurological symptom was simply that I was losing access to language. I would later learn that this is called *aphasia*.

It seemed unlikely to me that this accelerating dysfunction was going to slow down or reverse. Therefore, it was likely that this was effectively the end of my life as I had known it. I might be accelerating toward a vegetative state of losing mental capacity and use of my limbs, or I might simply be dying, but in that moment, it seemed impossible that things would ever return to what I had known as normal.

Ann squealed into the driveway of the emergency room, where we were met by a bearded nurse with a wheelchair who immediately started asking me questions as he moved me bodily into the chair.

I could still speak, though incoherently, but I couldn't answer, "What's seven plus three?" or tell him where my parents live.

Meanwhile, Ann was talking a blue Texan streak, laying down the law with the nurse, insisting that drugs were not a part of this, and that they shouldn't waste time eliminating that possibility.

The next few hours were hazy for me. I was quite dehydrated, and they put two bags of saline solution in my arm. They performed CAT scans, blood work, and a spinal tap, checking for each of the possible conditions I had thought of and a couple more that would be equally dire. Gradually, I lost the ability to speak altogether; stopped throwing up, and lost consciousness.

After a few hours, I woke up again, and while I was still disoriented and having language issues, things seemed to be less severe. As it turned out, the shape of this day was not a simple slope into complete dysfunction but a bell curve, and the symptoms I had experienced gradually subsided over the next few hours.

Aside from a sore back and headache from the spinal tap, I was mostly fine by the next morning. The doctor said that what I had experienced was a "complex migraine." Migraines, I learned, are not necessarily headaches at all. Headaches are just a common symptom. A migraine

is a neurological condition which, according to the doctor who treated me that day, arises from spasms in the brain's blood vessels which prevent blood from getting to some parts of the brain. Other doctors argue that it is more of an electrical storm. A complex migraine, my doctor explained, is a migraine that results in neurological dysfunction.

What happened to me that day was certainly among the more dramatic events of my life. It was terrifying and bizarre, and then it was over. The next day I drove out of town in Dan the Tan Van, my beloved Chevy Astro, heading for New Mexico, where I had another couple of concerts booked.

One of the things I love about life on the road is the balance between that intensely interactive, vulnerable time with people at concerts and the complete solitude of driving for hours the next day. These days, driving that much raises important questions of one's carbon footprint; but if it weren't for that, I would drive long distances for the sheer joy of it. Sometimes I long for the bygone tradition of Sunday afternoon family drives, hitting the road purely for the intrinsic value of the trip. As an introvert in an extroverted line of work, I need that road time to process, muse, and ponder so that I'm ready to be fully present with the people I encounter in the next town and so that I can try to figure out what the day's conversations and experiences meant for me, my art, and my spirit.

Driving down the long, straight highways of West Texas and New Mexico after that terrifying day in Austin, I had time to consider what



Dan the Tan Van, my road companion in those days

had happened and its significance. I spent nearly two weeks musing about my medical misadventure before I wrote about it (I was a “proto-blogger,” beginning to write periodic Notes from the Road on my Web site—ironically, about three weeks before a man named John Barger coined the word *weblog* in December 1997).

The migraine experience had changed me in several ways. First, I had spent a few hours thinking that my life was coming to a close, and I’d had time to consider what that meant to me. What struck me as I reflected on that experience was that, though I was certainly scared, I felt no sense of injustice, even in the dramatic moments when I thought I might be dying; I wasn’t disappointed with the life I had lived up until then. While I wasn’t eager to die at the age of thirty-two, I couldn’t complain that I hadn’t had a rich ride. I was basically content. Even now, more than twenty years later, that’s a good thing for me to remember. I celebrate the intervening years as “bonus time.” It’s

as if I got an extra life in a video game, except it’s a real life.

The two things that had been taken from me that day were my *hands* and my *words*.

The second and more unusual insight that grew out of that day’s experience was much deeper for me. When I was gradually losing control and contact, I had a perception of my mind receding from me. It was such a vivid image that

it almost appeared to be happening in physical space. As I was losing consciousness in the hospital, there was something that seemed to be moving away from me in the darkness, like a ball of flickering blue light, which I understood to be my own intellect—my capacity for thought and reason.

What is interesting about that is that *my* perspective was not from within that mind looking back; my *mind* was moving away from *me*. What was left was not logic and thought but existence. It was my deepest identity. My best interpretation is that this was my spirit, the deepest place that defines me. And for the first time in my life, I could almost tangibly perceive that as separate and distinct from my thinking mind. There was and is a deep comfort for me in having that almost visceral experience of my own spiritual identity—not what I think, but who I am when words, logic, and calculation have been stripped away.

The third observation, though, is the one that brings me to write this book. I couldn't help but notice that the two things that had been taken from me that day were my *hands* and my *words*.

At the time, I was celebrating my first decade of making a living by playing guitar and singing self-penned songs. It was powerful for me to consider that on that day, it was these two things in particular that I had lost: my ability to hold a guitar and feel the tips of my fingers pressing into steel strings and my capacity to choose and use words, whether for their meaning or their musicality. The extremely personal tools of my art and my trade had been taken away.

And then they were returned.

The question may as well have been written in neon in the sky: "What will you do with these hands and these words?" Or, as the poet Mary Oliver famously wrote, "Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?" I had been wrestling with that question in a more general and ambiguous sense for many years, but now it was suddenly brought into searing clarity, forcing me to interrogate my own days and the motivations that drove how I filled them. It was another gift to me, if a painful one; and I continue to receive it and feel its sting.

I suspect that very few of us find that our beliefs and our actions match up neatly. I certainly had seen a gulf between the two in my own life, and this experience forced me to face it head on. In the years since that misadventure in Texas, I've reoriented my life somewhat, wrestling with my own sense of call and exploring where my own joy and gifts can be useful in the world.

For a decade—my entire adult life at that point—I had been traveling around singing hopeful songs about better ways to live our lives, be present, and love each other—and I think that matters. Music can open our hearts in ways that words by themselves seldom can. But I wanted to explore more direct forms of change.

Gradually, I became more active in seeking out ways to have a more tangible positive impact on the world around me, and one small step led to others. In 2004, my wife, Deanna, and I co-founded a non-profit that supports school and library projects in Guatemala. In 2008, I suspended my music career and moved to Australia to

pursue a master's degree in International Studies, Peace, and Conflict Resolution as a Rotary World Peace Fellow. The following year, I spent three months in rural southern India, working with a Gandhian sustainable development organization. In 2011, I began a six-year stint on the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)'s Nobel Peace Prize Nominating Committee. I worked with the North Carolina Council of Churches as their program associate for peace. In recent years, I have been doing a lot more speaking and writing in an effort to encourage people to address the problems they see rather than just complain about them. More recently, I've gone to jail a couple of times for nonviolent civil disobedience, protesting misguided policies that are hurting people in the state where I live, North Carolina. In the midst of all this, I've engaged in many smaller and less dramatic efforts, as most of us do.

My medical mishap, though terrifying, was a gift to me. It made me seriously evaluate my life. A sudden, striking awareness of the finitude of one's life naturally leads to questions about how one should spend it. And of course, the question of what one *should* do leads directly to the question of what one *can* do.

Like most people, I suspect, I open the paper or click through the news online with a sense of malaise that sometimes borders on despair. The problems we face—as individuals, as families, as communities, as nations, and as a planet—are significant, large, and insidious. It is sometimes hard to imagine how *anyone* can have much of an impact, much less how *I* can.

Beyond this sense of overwhelming paralysis, even if we can imagine engaging, questions remain regarding how and where to begin. Where should I start? What's most important? In a world full of need, what, specifically, should *I* do? We will wrestle with those questions and others in the following pages, but I don't pretend that they are easy questions to answer.

I do believe, however, that you can have a significant impact. Not the general "you," but the specific one. That's not a starry-eyed, hopeful-but-naive statement; it is a conclusion I have been led to through years of wrestling with the questions that inspired this book. I know it to be true for many reasons, some of which are laid out in the chapters

that follow. Our cultural assumptions about our individual roles in steering large-scale change, how change comes about, and who causes that change are often misguided. I want to spend some time turning these assumptions over and holding them up to the light to see whether they are true or not—and, with that knowledge, how they should influence our daily choices.

Though this book endeavors to be an honest, reality-based look at how things change and what we can hope to accomplish, it is also unapologetically hopeful. Part of my goal is to suggest that those two characteristics, being honest and hopeful, are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

Historian Howard Zinn argues in the first chapter of his *People's History of the United States* that objectivism should not be a goal for historians. All historians necessarily bring their own “selection, simplification, [and] emphasis” to their subject matter, he suggests. He goes on to suggest that the most honest approach to presenting history is to clearly state one’s own biases and goals. Starting from the same set of facts, each of us naturally tends to see different pieces as important and emphasize those.

Our most dangerous threat, in the end, is apathy.

With that in mind, I will explicitly name my own agenda: I want my son and the rest of his generation to grow up in a world that is growing and healing rather than one that is tearing itself apart socially, politically, and physically.

In order to accomplish that, I need to convince you to lend your energy to creating that world. The best way I know to do that is to write this book. In it, I hope to 1) challenge some wrongheaded ideas about how change happens, 2) convince you of your own capacity to have an impact, and 3) offer some questions to help you discern your own callings—how and where you can offer your gifts and energy to a movement of people trying to shift things in healthier and more sustainable directions.

I am not, however, trying to win you over to my causes or positions. This book doesn’t seek to recruit you to any causes but your own

(assuming those causes are generally intended to make the world around you a better place), though I do unabashedly hope to recruit you to those. I don't know what you are passionate about, but I believe that if more of us actually take action on the issues that concern us, we will all be better off. Our most dangerous threat, in the end, is apathy.

Thoughts on *You Are Changing the World* *Whether You Like It Or Not*

“I’ve read this book twice now, and here’s what I can tell you: it’s the kind of book that you’ll want to keep and reread because it rings so true and touches you so deeply.”

— Brian McLaren, author of *Faith After Doubt*

David LaMotte’s book, *You Are Changing The World*, is beautifully and sincerely written from the perspective of an artist in the movement for love and justice. LaMotte captures the rhythm and artistry that exist in efforts to change the world for the better.

— Bishop William J. Barber, II, President, Repairers of the Breach, Co-chair, Poor People’s Campaign: A National Call for Moral Revival

The need for the wisdom, courage, and solid advice that I find in this book was the very reason I founded the Center over 35 years ago. David LaMotte is a very good partner in this important work, both for our world and for the human soul.

— Richard Rohr, *Center for Action and Contemplation*

“This book serves as an antidote to the hopelessness so many of us feel about our world today. LaMotte demonstrates that hope is not naive optimism, but a determination to help build a better world. Through his many examples of communities of ordinary people who are demonstrating that disparate people with differing opinions can live in harmony, LaMotte encourages us to find our own way out of cynicism and despair.”

— Kathleen Norris, author of *Embracing a Life of Meaning*

David brings his gifts of experience as an artist, songwriter, all around creative and experienced activist into a work that is much more than a manual for world-changers. This book is pure gift. A pure gift of [en]couragement. It infuses you with the courage to first be that new world we are laboring to manifest.

— Anthony Smith, co-founder, Transform Network

David LaMotte is a gifted storyteller. Through stories of his own lived experience in spaces across the world, he reminds us to keep re-imagining the ways that we as faith leaders, activists, organizers, artists and other change agents do the work to which we are called. I look forward to using this book in my own work for equity and justice.

— Tami Forte Logan, founding director of *Faith 4 Justice Asheville*

As one of my closest friends, David LaMotte has helped me with a thousand things. But in this book, he can help all of us rethink our misconceptions about how change happens, and the role each of us can play in it. Miracles happen, but they may not be spectacular or attention-grabbing. Instead, the work of contributing to the common good while avoiding both burnout and egocentrism moves bit by bit, with you and me woven into a tapestry of actions, thoughts, words, ideas, prayers and stories. You are already changing the world by your very presence - this book will help you gain more clarity about how to do it better, and love yourself - and life - more.

— Gareth Higgins, author of *How Not to Be Afraid*

You Are Changing the World is an unselfish offering of wisdom, personal transparency, and deep thoughtfulness. As I move through the ebbs and flows of changing the world with what is mine to do, I'll keep this book close by.

— Yara T. Allen, Director of Theomusicology and Cultural Arts, Repairers of the Breach

In this era of climate chaos, white supremacist violence, global pandemics, hyper-polarized political discourse, and threatened nuclear annihilation, there is a pervasive sense of powerlessness. In this book, David LaMotte provides us inspiring examples of the possible and the practical to reconnect us with our human family, this fragile earth, and a hope-centered way of life. A nonviolent practitioner of “Good Trouble,” LaMotte shows that we have all the tools we need to create Beloved Community in our time.

— Ethan Vesely-Flad, Director of National Organizing, Fellowship of Reconciliation

David LaMotte has created a powerful antidote to the helplessness we often feel in a world that is overwhelming in both its pain and its beauty. With seriously good cheer, he helps us think about how to engage this world with courage, grace, and hope, in the ways that are distinctly ours to do. I am especially grateful for his stories and his wisdom that remind us that as we do this, we are not alone.

— Jan Richardson, author of *The Cure for Sorrow*