

Miriam Felicia Lindberg Memorial Foundation
Poetry for Peace Contest 2010
Prize Poems and Notes



www.lindbergpeacefoundation.org

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The Miriam Felicia Lindberg Memorial Foundation
<http://lindbergpeacefoundation.org/>

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Poetry for Peace: Panel of Judges

Mike Scheidemann, D.Litt. (hon.)
Jeffrey M. Green, Ph.D.
Hayim Abramson, Ph.D.

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About the Contest

With its Poetry for Peace contest, the Miriam Felicia Lindberg Memorial Foundation (<http://lindbergpeacefoundation.org/>) encourages and honors new poems that strengthen the call for peace and loving-kindness in our challenging world.

Prof. Gustawa Stendig-Lindberg established the Foundation some 20 years ago, and the contest shortly thereafter, in memory of her daughter Miriam, a young and talented seeker of peace through poetry and art. Prof. Stendig-Lindberg herself – a physician, a scientist, a psychiatrist, and a poet – sought to heal a literally ailing world as well as to locate the clue to peace. The Foundation is now in her honor as well.

About Miriam Felicia Lindberg

Miriam Felicia Lindberg was born in 1957 in Stockholm and buried in Jerusalem in 1975. She was eighteen at the time of her death. She was known for her fight against nuclear weapons, her involvement in youth communities, her rich creative gifts and her intensive work, in spite of her youth, for the cause of Peace in the Middle East and for Israel's right of existence; for a safe, peaceful world for all of humanity. We remember her not only for her creativity and activity, but for her great soul.

She wrote poems, beginning at age 8 in Hebrew. Later ones were in Swedish, English and French. A collection, ***The Song of Miriam***, is obtainable through the **Miriam Felicia Lindberg Memorial Foundation**.

About Prof. Gustawa Stendig-Lindberg

Prof. Gustawa Stendig-Lindberg came miraculously through the worst horrors on earth, those of World War II, and became a pioneer in researching magnesium for biology and medicine, authoring over a hundred scientific publications, delivering many lectures around the world, and gaining high recognition. She was also a psychiatrist and a specialist in rehabilitation of the back.

Writing in Polish, English, Swedish, and Hebrew, Prof. Stendig-Lindberg published hundreds of poems in journals worldwide and in four collections of her own. To read more about Prof Stendig-Lindberg's extraordinary professional life and poetry, please visit: www.profmagnesium.com.

About the Judges

Mike Scheidemann writes: "I have spent many pleasurable years as president of Voices, the Israeli family of poets, and from time to time I've coordinated international peace conferences in Israel."

Jeffrey M. Green has translated significant works of Hebrew literature, including novels by Aharon Appelfeld, to English.

Hayim Abramson is an educator in Jewish subjects and has lived for many years in Israel. He loves to write in English and Spanish.

Hayim Abramson

An appreciation of *The Song of Miriam: Poems and Aphorisms*

Some persons, noble and special, have a *neshamah gedolah*, a great soul. Such a one was Miriam Lindberg of blessed memory. Her poems, in the book *The Song of Miriam: Poems and Aphorisms*, bring her message clear across the distance of time and place from various countries and languages. She serves as an admirable model of a young person outstanding in leadership, scholarship and constructive activities.

In her poems there are themes that ring clear and can influence us, personally, to be better persons and do something towards the ideal of an improved world. I will share with you some of the lines traced so vibrantly and youthfully in Miriam's poetry, aphorisms and drawings.

Above all there is happiness and love towards friends, parents and life. Miriam shows a rare eagerness which is contagious, pushing aside loneliness and wishing well to others.

Miriam lives the present and has goals for the future. In presenting her own image she shows kindness towards herself as a human being just as she is helpful to others. In another parallel dimension, she waits and builds up her young heart toward love... Just as she dreams, she also carries out actions in her day-to-day life.

She calls upon us to be less busy, in order to find time to change and time to pay attention to truly important things. She reminds me of the Little Prince in Saint-Exupéry's classic book, drawing water from the well of friendship so that the very stars join in the fresh beauty of sharing between him and his friend.

Miriam is interested in her surroundings because she is truly alive and is actively moving away from boredom. She knows the power of a smile to light up the world. Furthermore, she has ideals and demonstrates them, such as advocating a world without nuclear proliferation and many other causes, Jewish and universal, in Sweden and elsewhere. Her idealism serves even now as a beacon, shining for us to do something today, perhaps not for the same causes that she sponsored, but certainly today, somewhere.

For example:

*I want to love, give, laugh
and above all be
occupied doing things.*

In this special soul I discern a sense of rhythm and a heart that is giving the right beat to herself and to others. Far from selfishness, she has a vision and a mission. And all this is very pertinent today, as in these lines:

*There is a lot, there
deep within me
A treasure-mine
Of unexplored love"
(or unused energy).*

She reaches out with her words to achieve a lyric mood which is authentic. Her *neshamah* rings pure and is good in a wholesome, positive way. I hear her and feel elevated towards better things. Above all, even from the world of souls she calls us to “Praise life and all its wonder.”

Her happiness is contagious and we are moved to return her joyful smile:

*Live life love life
Love living
simply that*

This very melody echoes again in the poem “You and I”:

*You and I
Sit here
Reflect, look out of the window
Dreams of something
Which is not...*

Then, quite unexpectedly, in the conclusion of the poem she gives us further food for thought:

In a classroom?

To me this outlook communicates the ideal that we ought to struggle to find the positive even when immediate situations are relatively hard to us.

Furthermore, since each one of us is “a small world,” she tells us that we can and should grow in our own way.

All this, still, with a basic satisfaction about ourselves and our surroundings.

In addition, her wise words also reach out and move us in her short aphorisms, bright and to the point:

Live while you are still in life.

We love those most for whom we had to sacrifice most.

To fail, one must exert oneself, that is why so many people never fail.

And the final word:

The important thing is not to increase evil in the world – this is not to ask too much; everyone could do it if only he willed.

In summary, Miriam was a dynamic person, a lovely diamond showing a number of dimensions in its facets. All of them together in her art, music and actions show her as a true poet affirming life. Her message makes a beautiful poem ringing out to us today from the true eternity of a spiritual and better world.

Miriam Felicia Lindberg

Longing

Longing, oh the longing's
Longing
Why come here and yearn
When there is already so much
To be gained
From each passing day
From each experience
Of life around.
And yet I long
For something intangible
Something distant
But not remote.
I long for warmth
Not of an electric charge
Or a scorching
Sun, but a warmth
I know sends its rays to me
To me alone.
Selfish?

Miriam Felicia Lindberg

The Seeker

We all grasp reality differently.
Our mirroring of reality
Is therefore subjectively true.
We live in our own
world and cannot see the
absolutely true reality;
we belie it.

True is only he,
Who ceaselessly creates
Slowly and in toil
With a distant aim in sight;
who seeks the truth.

Hayim Abramson

Miriam

Through the pathways of time and space
Dear Miriam you come to encourage our race.
We do not see you, yet your soul is still alive
And we listen as to where your messages drive...

You wished for warmth of a special kind,
And Heavens kept you in mind.
How much you gained day by day
In your connection to the Divine ray!

Life would sing through and with you
How real you were in human dreams as a Jew.
Like a Bolero dancer beautifully you whirled
As a shining light in and around you swirled.

Oh what a fighter you were, of a rare brand
Running about with youth's entire fiery brand.
And what is existence here but a stop in and out?
And all of your being and smile we can't do without.

Gentle and lovely soul your ways were light
Short in years, but who can evaluate their might?
Surely you are moving about in Paradise quite well
And your joy causes springs of salvation to swell.

From the Judges of the Contest

Mike Scheidemann

The Poetic State of Being

In this grim unforgiving world of ours there always springs to life a rare breed who will remind his fellows that everyone has a right to return to the bliss he knew in childhood. I refer to our poets whatever their medium. They remind us all that we are endowed with a certain poetic state of being. This is characterized by a choiceless consciousness and sensitivity to all around us.

I think all the poems submitted to the Miriam Lindberg Poetry Peace Contest illustrate something of what I am trying to say. The finer poems show a balance between inner peace and an attempt to project this nebulous thing into the world around us. Unless the poems are just platforms for propaganda, peace poems, like political poems, are the hardest things to write. I have been asked write such poems from time to time and I do so reluctantly, with the proviso that I never once mention the tired, old word 'peace'. It struck me on reflection that most of the more sensitive poets in this collection intuitively followed suit. Let us salute them.

We live in multiple cultures of violence but we poets strive to look beyond to a sunlit horizon in order to remind the world that a certain sublime state – quiet and sensitive, receptive and joyous – is every man's heritage. May these poems inspire us.

Jeffrey M. Green

Waking Up Tired Ideas

While it is true that certain notorious fascists praised war, saying that it would cleanse the society of its dregs and leave only heroic patriots, as well as bringing wealth and glory to their nations, sane and humane people are unanimously opposed to bloodshed and violence. This being the case, the problem for the poets was to get beyond saying "Peace is a Good Thing"; or, rather, to say that peace is a good thing in a new and insightful way.

The poems we are printing here, although only a fraction of those submitted to the contest, demonstrate the great variety in poetic style found among the entries and convey many individual visions of peace and the way it might be reached.

Hayim Abramson

An Anthology of Peace

Examining some of the yearnings expressed in this anthology of peace poems, we can pull together some of their themes to give us a feeling of whence they come and whither they hope to go. The images below are but one facet of the burning heart of the many wishing for a better world.

WAR:

We can all agree that in theory sane people hate war and love peace. Yet in practice there is a military establishment everywhere, with concomitant wars. Some glorify destruction, with terrorist leaders chanting the mantra of “peace” when they mean war and mayhem. It is easy to bring up memories leading to new anger and war cycles, whether in such local fights as those of the Philippines and Indonesia or in wider world conflagrations as real as the white European madness of last century in particular.

Bombs can kill any person regardless of the victim’s individual merit. There is an utter futility in the suffering and death on both sides. The flashback memories concerning the dead reverberate in the survivors for generations to come.

RESULTS:

The results of war are manifested in violence all around it, including the home.

We can begin by describing the course of the individual. For example, the Jew who packs his millennial spiritual belongings for the fateful journey, to the receiving platform and then at the death camp.

We can also take the larger view, how thousands died in faraway Vietnam or from terrorism at home; or millions in interminable world wars. They have come and gone, and pictures fully attest to collective madness.

It is clear that millions of innocents were killed by murderers with no pity. The pain remains in and around a thousand places of torture and killings. We can see it in the interminable military cemeteries which dare to display the greenery of hope. Ironically, the funeral processions and ashes after such sudden death are a privilege to have. Many, many did not get a proper burial. It remains for us only to pray for the eventual resurrection of the dead.

In the sequel of wars, the numbness of sleepless cold nights remains. Things just do not move forwards: in a train that stays put by the platform or as painfully as the cry of the last of a bird species diminished to the end.

Hatred is seen as a consuming animal devouring all in its path. Or, as a social or physical wall that cuts off relations between human beings who have the wrong name or live on the wrong side of the tracks. It is a frightening snake wall which is harder than the stone and barbed wire.

DESIRES:

The desires for peace are real, from the very fibers of the heart: “It could have been so good,” let tolerance of diversity in traditions rule, it is time to change for the better and echoes of “give peace a chance.”

Peace is seen as a beautiful night, smooth as clean snow. Sometimes, there is a feeling of denial – to sleep off the nightmare and get away from war – and then the wonder of impotence and questioning “Aren’t we from the same planet?” Words fall short of expressing so much yearning in the many.

At the same time that an overwhelming desire for life surges against an unrelenting enemy, there is for others deep despair of finding the cure for the ills of war. Meanwhile, the trees continue blooming equally on all mankind and the spirit clamors to be free.

HOPE:

Hope has taken many forms as far back as the time of the patriarchs: Groping for a solution, rejecting hatred and having the patience to wait.

Fervent prayers rise that peace will yet come as “a soft melody,” and when “the dove will finally be at ease” as it returns home at last. It is just beyond the dark border, a faint and fragile outline of whitening snow. Individuals will carve the new path, exploring and loving the possibility of living together finally face to face.

Music can elevate the soul to such possibilities for a better world; words of poetry; and religious experiences that transform a person inside –reverberations of the old Black spirituals.

The wish is that all would return to the good path, even to help victims. To be more intuitive and holier in order to share optimism, compassion and love. The path can be travelled in spite of all the difficulties because it is for this we came to this world. Just listen to the soul, follow the lines of life and the Messiah will eventually come as suddenly as he is expected to.

Indeed, peace can be tamed and brought to the surface, even as a beetle who reaches the end of the green stalk must spread its wings.

MEANS:

As for the means to do all this, on the one side there is the feeling that only God can do it and deliver us from the problems. On the other side, there are individuals who can change the situation, especially women teaching the new generations the healing that there is in love.

Yes, we can connect and relate to each other. Let us perform introspection so that we can be free from the iron shackles of intolerance and hatred and be uplifted free in song. We can reconstruct reality by making new images. All this requires humility of self, preparation and prayer. May it be soon in our days.

Winning Poem

W.F. Lantry

Kiste

Towards the sea or mountains, almost blest
we carried everything we could
but did not dare to name
and with our hands, conveyed the mysteries
the stark reflections of a place
we could not comprehend

we thought objects could push us to transcend
our images, an ear of corn
if contemplated well
could be a lamp to guide us on this trace
or just a blossom, held in sight
a moment could reverse

our years of wandering, let us converse
in tongues we know, voices of flame
in darkness understood
as light illuminating what the mind
conceived without the expertise
of interwoven forms

as if the mountain winds or wave dressed storms
surpassed our words, as if the thorn
gave meaning as it fell
along this unmarked path where intertwined
roses and broken canes relight
this road towards the west.

SOME REMARKS FROM THE POET:

A kiste was a small box, a kind of chest, really, which was at the center of the Eleusinian Mysteries. The secret of its contents was so well guarded that even today, no-one knows exactly what was inside.

And so in the poem, we go wandering, searching for a place of peace, bearing the secret with us, but hardly understanding it. We just have the intuition that if only we could fully grasp it, or understand the voices in the darkness, we could find that place of peace, that promised land the unmarked path may lead to, but even our own words, our cherished objects, our interwoven forms, confuse us.

The pentameter, tetrameter, trimeter repeating stanza is my own invention, as is the rhyme scheme.

Runners-Up

Anael Harpaz

A New Path

I open my eyes to a future
Where walls will fall
Where hearts will open to a peaceful co existence
I open my ears to hear the waves of joy
I open my arms to receive the message
My mouth to sing a song of love and peace
I smell the possibility

These young women are creating this energetic foundation
For us all as they bravely fly into the unknown
In order to meet the enemy face to face
Eye to eye
and eventually heart to heart

Here they are given a safe space
and tools of compassion as they share their deepest pain, anger and fear

Some come hard as acorns
Having to protect the inner core
That has been through so much in so few years
Anger and accusations turn into tears
As they discover truths
they would have preferred never to know
Which brings a deep understanding
that we are all suffering
All victims of this ancient feud between the children of Abraham, Sarah and Hagar

Tears fall like rain softening the land
Over which our ancestors have fought
In order to uproot the generational hatred
The seeds that have been buried six feet under
Start to sprout new possibilities
As they face each other
Meet each other eye to eye
As they touch each other
First in anger and fear
Then in consolation which soon turns into hugs of love

/ continued...

They are creating a new path
Opening the doors of their soft inner core
Which is sprouting soft green leaves
as they sing, dance and rejoice
the possibility of a peaceful co existence
Knowing from the deepest place in their beings
that it is possible
for them to become
the strong tree of life
Where all sides can live peacefully
Rooted in the land
Side by side
Face to face
Eye to eye
Heart to heart
You are my hope!

W.F. Lantry

Gacela of the Rockdove

Bound in her cage and carried off by boat,
horseback, or in drawn wagons, she returns
across river or desert to her loft,
and only longs to murmur safe inside

her woven courtyard hung between the trees,
since every expedition tests her thought,
confirms her speed, or torments her belief,
each time from unfamiliar places, she

rises upon release, and orients
herself to unknown signals, then sets out
as if she held a compass, as if words
within her head could guide her, as if stars

were visible by day and led her back
across mountains, through thunderstorms, to this
one place within our garden, where her voice
persuades the traveler he may find home.

Ricky Rapaport-Friesem

Eyes

I fill my eyes
with sparkling blue
of sheltered bays
where sailboats
skim the rippling waves
and tease the ocean winds
to lift them high enough
to soar.

I fill my eyes
with winding streets
where tall oaks
shade the tended lawns
and children ride their
bikes to school
on walks swept clean
and smooth

I fill my eyes
with beaming smiles
gleaned in a crowd
where strangers
turn to look
at me with the
unwary innocence
of Eden.

I fill my eyes
with peace
and shut them tight
But when the searing
sun of home invades
the fragile shelter of my lids
they open to release a flood
of tears.

Johnmichael Simon

The Flame

You are a dream.
Of your people, your forefathers
going back as far as Isaiah, Moses, Abraham,
even further.

You are a spark, escaped from Eden
that has traveled inside the body
and lodged itself where once
a missing piece of rib dwelled.

Once we possessed you, now we dream of you,
millenniums of longing.
When the sun rises and when it sets.
On our doorposts, our arms, between our eyes.
We write about you, tractates, parables, prayers,
compose hymns to you, symphonies of yearning.

We set out towards you over oceans,
crossing the world to a place where borders no longer exist,
where aggression is extinct and children learn about war
in history books, horrified,
promising never again, never again.

And then we wake in the night from this vision,
the wind has risen and from the turrets
voices call, proud and brazen. Yet despite it all,
despite the awful cacophony, the cannons, the blood,
the graves, we refuse to join the orchestra of hate.

You are latent, yet you are strong.
You are a violin playing a poignant melody,
lodged deep inside, somewhere between vertebrae, heart and soul.
You are indestructible.
Generations have waited for you knowing you will come.
To us and to all the world.
We are patient. You will come.
Perhaps even soon.

Our hope, our prayer, our tabernacle.

Valerie Zakovitch

The Days To Come Are Now

We take our seats, my
Husband and I, here, in
Abu Gosh, inside a church
With white plaster walls and
Angels on its ceiling.
It is Shavuot—firstfruits festival, day
Marking the gathering on
That other mountain when, with
Thunder and quaking, the
Law was given: “I am the
Lord your God,” etc.
And now forty-something singers,
Just arrived from Utah, file in
And arrange themselves: Shining faces
With the confident lightness
Of the young or maybe:
Of believers. And then
They begin:
Miserere mei, Deus

Oh Allegri!
I was unprepared for the
Gentle green comfort of your song.
Fourths? Sevenths? All I know
Is suddenly I was
In the Garden—
Leaves, branches, shadow, sunlight—
Stepping through a polyphonic shifting
Of voices, of chords expanding now
Contracted by your slowly spinning
Prism: Colors, sounds,
Silence. Infinite shades of green
Are your secret notes, prodding
Pressing us, this hesitant congregation, up,
Up this, the highest peak in Abu Gosh,
This Sinai.

/ continued...

And afterwards, when we fall
Out the church doors,
Hundreds of drunken, disoriented concertgoers,
Down the road that now winds us
To our cars,
Jerusalem is still there,
And Ramallah, too,
Swords are still swords,
Spears are yet spears,
Only, it seems, have we
been transformed.

Honorable Mentions

Helen Bar-Lev

A Hood to Bed

Wednesday
thundering
into Thursday
lightning
ushering in
a new year
the cold has frozen
my thoughts
and there is sorrow
for the land
for the dead
for all wars
I am numb
a hood to bed
not to hear
gloves not to feel
October soldier
skeleton in
a frozen grave
your children
now older than your
fated age
my fingers are frozen
to this pen
I shall never
sleep again

Tom Berman

Anger Not the Gods

This is a land
of ancient gods

They have not left this landscape
they reside in the anguish of stones
in the gray bark of carob trees
and the dimness of karst caves,
and rubble remains
of forgotten dwellings

They sigh in dry thorn stalks
on summer hillsides,
their breath hovers
in whorls of dust

This is an old, hard land
with a surfeit of memory

It does not take much
to stir passions
or memories
when the wind rustles
leaves in the olive groves

Tread lightly on the land
of ancient gods

Ned Conding

January 2002

Whiten, you moon of pity, senseless wars –
friendliest of spheres that for all those who died
recline your blameless head upon the snow.

Bring back the voice that used to tell us children:
how beautiful the night, how good it is
to love us cuddled in a sleep of snow.

And as you waxed, we saw the whole world leaning
into the sky, and men walking towards
a dawn through what looked like flowers of snow.

Then everything remained just memory,
the fragrant border of a peaceful earth,
a not too far white celebration – snow.

Ruth Fogelman

Not Yet

A light burns above [the fetus'] head and sees from one end of the world to the other... He is also taught all the Torah from beginning to end... As soon as he sees the light [of this world] an angel approaches, slaps him on the mouth and causes him to forget all the Torah completely.
– Babylonian Talmud, Niddah 30b

Not yet, he said,
you can't leave yet –
I've not finished teaching you
mysteries of the universe
or secrets of the seraphs with flaming swords...

Not yet, he said,
you can't leave yet –
I've not finished showing you
every living creature
on earth and in the seas...

Not yet, he said,
you can't leave yet –
there's more you need to see –
jungles, deserts and Arctic snow,
caves with underground streams...

Not yet, he said,
you can't leave yet –
there's more you need to know –
how to fix a world that's torn
and not yet healed..

As waves came and pushed you out
the angel was left
no choice. He slapped your lip.

You – eight days old –
still grasp these secrets
that have not slipped away.

Reuven Goldfarb

Jewish Intuitives

are coming out of their esoteric closets,
removing their shawls and veils,
bestowing kisses and caresses on those whom they bless,
revealing secrets of the past,
providing links to the recesses of history
and a guiding hand to the green and golden future.

Most of all, they are standing with us
in the present, inviting you, with me,
to welcome the one
breathing being, glowing with fresh breath,
dispelling the clouds of gloom and holocaust,
emanating rays of compassion and sparks of love.

Reuven Goldfarb

Sanctify Yourself

Love requires preparation; not always
does it strike like a thunderbolt; not always
does a path open in the wilderness;
nor always is it a snare and a device.

Love requires cleansing, a self-review,
an accounting of the soul. Love opens
gates made rusty through neglect.
Love excavates channels made musty
with stagnant damp, and cracks open
and dissolves calcified blockages.
Love evaporates concealing mist,
revealing fresh growth never discerned before.

But love requires this preparation —
young man, young woman —
and if your limbs are rigid and cold,
your joints stuck and creaky,
your glands unused to secreting
sweat and lubricant, your organs
to pumping warm blood, warm sperm —

you must “sanctify yourself
with what is permitted,”
as the Talmud says, and
as the rabbis say, or ought to,
imagine that an angel is coaxing you.

Pearse Murray

Serpent-Fence

It moves in curves along a line
that may stretch beyond our time.
Its verticality is held together
by sand, cement, water, rebar,
a deep earthen swale, murk and
the violent lovelessness of history.
May its angle of repose reach zero

Tightly it will squeeze, bend-split a sandy city.
This sly slant line can cut the sun
from shedding some light on the shadows
that lurk in our smoothly smug identities.
It soon will approach our dark pain
in its more violent lovelessness.
May its angle of repose reach zero

In conundrums of wall echoes
and constructs of some sky-angry emptiness:
perhaps, perhaps and perhaps
an uneven rough path
that connects reverence for the other,
a welcome with two right hands,
eyes to eyes and shared music stands,
– light on both sides, and then some,
– and all in its open loveliness.
*Repair the world, if with some trouble,
May this fence-wall end in rubble?*

Nancy Rakoczy

Peace

Peace clangs its muffled bell
a surprise to sleeping captives:
the ancient song – found.

Peace clangs once more –
a distant ocean song
wakes the sleeper: arise!

Arise: go tell the voyager
it's safe to wake –
you've reached the
tangled coast at last.

What waits below the surface
can be tamed.
The hidden will be seen.
The dreamt will be spoken.

Twisted straits will uncurl in the rushing tide.
What flows below the earth's crust
will bubble to the air:
received and tasted,
a blessing is freed from pierced rock.

Please support us with a donation

Over the years, the Miriam Felicia Lindberg Memorial Foundation, Israeli *amuta* (non-profit organization) #58-027-312-6, has awarded Poetry for Peace prizes to many gifted poets, internationally as well as locally. Prof. Gustawa Stendig-Lindberg (www.profmagnesium.com) started this foundation in memory of her daughter, Miriam Felicia Lindberg. Today it is also in honor of Prof. Stendig-Lindberg, who passed away in 2008. Blessed are both their memories.

GOAL:

The aim of the Foundation is to publish the writings left by Miriam Felicia Lindberg and to encourage contemporary poetry and peace work. In addition, as of the last 3 years, its renewed goal is to sponsor events for Peace, Arts and Spiritual awakening for the larger community. With your generosity and partnership, we continue to share this hope yearly, to encourage creativity, writing and artistic expression with a special focus on supporting **peace efforts in the Middle East**.

DONATIONS:

Thanks to all who support and encourage the Miriam Felicia Lindberg Memorial Foundation. Each year, we connect more communities, arrange creative venues, and inspire more people to find ways to make our world a more humane and diverse place to live in by means of peaceful solutions.

If you wish to send a donation directly to our bank account, use these details:

Miriam Felicia Lindberg Memorial Foundation
Israeli Amuta #58-027-312-6
Bank Mizrahi Ramat Aviv, Branch 493, Acct # 476531, Tel Aviv
Phone 972/3/7456406

Or contact us for more information:

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“The important thing is not to increase evil in the world”.

Miriam Felicia Lindberg



Miriam Felicia Lindberg

1957-1975



Prof. Gustawa Stendig-Lindberg
1926 - 2008

the song
of MIRIAM



Miriam Lindberg
1957 - 1975

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BOOKS BY Prof. Gustawa Stendig-Lindberg

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