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LAST Guyana Exercise Book

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Ministry of Education
and Social Development

WORDS



GEORGE PRIME MINISTER

Co-operative Republic of Guyana
SOUTH AMERICA

X-1-a-54

Name _____

Class/Form _____

Subject _____

Date _____

Nov 18, 1977 - The Last Day of Peoples
Temple.

TO WHOMEVER FINDS THIS NOTE

Collect all the tapes, all the writings,
all the history. The story of this
movement, this action, must be
examined over and over. It must
be understood in all of its incredible
dimensions. Words fail. We have
pledged our lives to this great cause.
~~_____~~ We are proud to have
something to die for. We do not
fear death. We hope that the
world will someday realize
the ideals of brotherhood, justice and
equality that Jim Jones has lived
and died for. We have all chosen
to die for this cause. We know there
is no way that we can avoid mis-
interpretation. But ~~_____~~ Jim
Jones told this movement was born
too soon. The world was not ready
to let us live.

I am sorry there is no eloquence
as I write these final words.
We are resolved, but grieved that
we cannot make ~~the~~ the truth
of our witness clear. ✶

This is the last day of our lives.
May the world find a way to
a new birth of social justice. Of
there is any way that ~~to~~ our
lives and the life of Jim Jones
can ever help that take place,
we will have not lived in vain.

~~✶~~ Jim Jones did not order
anyone to attack or kill anyone.
It was done by individuals who
had ~~to~~ too much of seeing people
die to destroy this movement, Jim
Jones. ~~Their actions have left us no alternative,~~
Their actions have left us no alternative,
and rather than to this
cause devoted, we have

Chosen to give our lives. We are
proud of that choice.

Please try to understand. Look at all
Look at all in perspective. Look at
Anastasia, see what we have tried to
do - This was a monument to life
to the newness of the human spirit,
broken by Capitalism, by a system
of exploitation & injustice. Look at all
that was built by a beleaguered
people. We did not want that kind of
ending - we wanted to live, to
share, to bring light to a world
that is dying for a little bit of love.
To those left behind of our loved
ones, many of whom will not understand,
who never knew this truth, grate not,
we are grateful for this opportunity to
hear witness - a bitter witness - history
has chosen our destiny in spite of our own
desire to forge our own. We were
at a cross/purpose with history. But
we are calm in this hour of our

collective leave taking. As I
write these words people are silently
awakened, taking a ~~fast~~ quick
portion, inducing sleep, relief.
We are a long-suffering people. ~~It~~
Many of us are weary with a long
search, a long struggle - going back
not only in our lifetimes, but a
long painful heritage.

(Please see the histories of our people
that are in a building called
Kocher Resource Center)

Many of us are now dead. Each
moment, another passes over to
a peace. We are begging only for
some ~~more~~ understanding. It will
take more than small minds
repeating words, to fathom these
events. Something must come of
this. Beyond all the circumstance
surrounding the immediate identity,

Someone can perhaps find the
symbolic, the eternal ~~in~~ in
this movement - the meaning of
a people, a struggle - I wish I
had time to put it all together,
that I had done it. I did not
do it. I failed to write the book.
Someone else, others, will have to
do this. Please study this movement,
from the very origins of Jim Crow
in the rural poverty of Indiana, out
from the heart of ~~the~~ the America
that he later was to stand against
for its betrayal of its ideals.

These are a beautiful people,
a brave people, not afraid.

There is grief as we leave
this world. The sky is gray. People
fill us slowly and take the somewhat
bitter drink. Many more must
drink. Our destiny. It is sad that
we could not let our light shine
in truth, unclouded by the

Elements of accident, circumstances,
miscalculation, error that was
not our intent, beyond our
intent.

I hope that someone writes
the whole story. It is not "news".

It is more we range with
millions of others, we are
submerged in the archetype.

People hugging each other, embracing,
we are hugging - we do not want
to be captured. We want to
be witnesses at once.

We did not want it that way. All
was going well as Ryan completed
first day here. Then a man tried
to attack him, unsuccessfully.
Some at some time, several set
out into jungle wanting to operate
near Ryan, side, and others who
live with them. They did, and
several killed. When we heard
this we had no choice. We
~~were~~ would be taken, we

have to go or one, we want to live
as People Temple, or end it. We
have chosen. It is founded

Hugging & kissing & tears & silence & joy
on a long line

Touches and whispered ~~the~~ words on the
silent line passes. Determination,
purpose. To proud people. Only
last night, their voices raised in
unison, a voice of affirmation
and today, a different sort of
affirmation, a different
dimension of that same
victory of the human
spirit

A King Kitten sits next to me. Watching.
A dog barks. The birds gather on the
telephone wires - let all the story of this
People Temple be told. Let all the books be
opened. This sight... a humble victory
How better fact we did not, could not, that
Jim Jones was crushed by a word that
he didn't make - how great, the
victory.

If nobody understands, it matters not
I am ready to be now. Darkness
~~settles~~ settles over some town
on its last day on earth.