

LIBRARY
ARCHABBEY
ST. MEINRAD, IN 47577

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. LV, No. 4

June-July, 1987

JUL 14 1987

Subscription:
25¢ Per Year

Price 1¢

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

In Solitary Witness

By DOROTHY DAY

(IN SOLITARY WITNESS. The Life and Death of Franz Jagerstatter, by Gordon Zahn, has just been reissued in a new edition by Templegate Publishers, 302 E. Adams Street, P.O. Box 5152, Springfield, IL 62705. The following is excerpted from a review of the original edition, which appeared in the CW, July-August, 1965. We are glad to be able once again to recommend this book to our readers. Eds. note.)

"There is no hiding the fact that it is much harder to be a Christian today than it was in the first centuries, and there is every reason to predict that it will be even more difficult in the near future. When it becomes the 'sacred duty' of a man to commit sin, the Christian no longer knows how he should live. There remains nothing else for him to do but bear individual witness—alone. And where such witness is, there is the Kingdom of God."

It is these words of Reinhold Schneider which Gordon Zahn uses when he humbly dedicates this book to the memory of Franz Jagerstatter "and to all the others who, like him, stood alone and said 'No'—many of whose stories have been completely lost to history, at least as it is kept and written by men."

The facts of Franz' life are these: He was born May 20, 1907 in St. Radegund, a little village in upper Austria. His daily life was like that of most Austrian peasants. In nineteen-thirty-six he married a girl from a nearby village and she is credited with changing him from "a beloved, lusty youth," "an accomplished and enthusiastic fighter" into a strongly religious man. But his wife, today, denies this and said his religious awakening came about gradually around the time of his marriage. They went to Rome on their honeymoon.

She had met him at a dance at Ach, where she herself had been working as a waitress. Later, in addition to running the family farm, Franz became sexton of the parish church. When Hitler's troops moved into Austria in 1938, Franz Jagerstatter was the only man in the village to vote against the *Anschluss*. Before this, he had served his military training and had not been interested in politics, nor was he involved in any political organization. After Hitler's occupation, he refused to contribute in any way to Hitler's collections or to receive any benefits. It was necessary, he said, to disassociate oneself from the Nazi Folk Community and make no contributions to it. "Anyone who wishes to practice Christian charity in his deeds can manage to provide the poor with something for their sustenance without Winter Relief Collection or the Peoples' Welfare fund." He renounced all claims to the official Family Assistance Program, under which he would have been entitled to cash allotments for his children, and after a disaster to the crops, he refused the emergency cash subsidies offered the farmers by the government. He was alone in this refusal.

The family, Gordon Zahn pointed out, was living at a level described as being near the point of poverty, nevertheless
(Continued on page 5)



Fritz Eichenberg

Standing Up Together

By MATTHEW LEE

And here come summer, and the city creaks on. The Harlem River flows under a chaos of bridges, through canyons of abandonment; new high-rent high-rises are springing up all over town, on the Upper West Side, all the way up to the top of Manhattan, out in Queens. Abandoned tenements are being sold to developers, eager to fix them up quickly and sell them as condominiums to the seemingly endless tides of young professionals flocking to the city for these new business and computer jobs, shuffling papers, shuffling stocks, while unemployed tradesmen wait in line at six in

the morning to try to get a day's work at four dollars an hour, carrying boxes of golf tees and Snoopy wallets to be sold in shopping malls all over the country. Scandals and "disturbances" rock the front pages; infidelity, imperialism, revolution, repression. People of all ages wrap themselves in these scattered newspapers at the end of the day to try to catch some sleep on a park bench.

Then there is the other side. The weather is warmer, trees are in bloom; kids are playing in the streets, opening fire hydrants, lining up by the ice cream
(Continued on page 2)

The Sin of Deterrence

By THOMAS J. GUMBLETON,
Auxiliary Bishop of Detroit

In the document on the Church in the Modern World, the bishops of [the Second Vatican] Council, speaking with the guidance of the Holy Spirit, taught, clearly, a strategy of deterrence is not a "sure and authentic peace." In fact, the Council then went on to say, "The calamities which the human race has made possible, through the arms race... [are] an utterly treacherous trap for humanity... which will eventually spawn all the lethal ruin whose path it is now making ready." Because of that, the Council warns us that it is only by God's mercy that we have been given an interlude to escape from the perils of the arms race, and the strategy of deterrence.

Why is the Vatican Council, in that teaching, so clearly warning us against resting, in a sense, in a strategy of deterrence? There are a number of reasons. One reason, which is most important, shows so clearly the basic moral flaw, or evil, in the strategy of deterrence.

It was brought out, for the bishops who were writing the pastoral letter [in 1983, "The Challenge of Peace"], very clearly, in one of our discussions with some of the military personnel from the Reagan administration. Some had been present in the development of public policy even before the current administration. This was with people like Dr. James Schlesinger, former Secretary of Defense, Admiral Noel Gaylor, a former Commander-in-Chief of all United States forces in the Pacific, General George Segnious, former head of the arms control agency, and Ambassador Gerard Smith, former chief negotiator for the SALT treaty, and ambassador-at-large for the SALT II treaty. We asked these people about the meaning of a strategy of deterrence, what it contained as a strategy, and we tried to sort out whether it meant simply the possession of the weapons, having the weapons and using them as a threat against the other side, or, whether it meant something even more, and, more important from a moral point of view, the intention to use the weapons.

The Intent

When we raised that problem, the answer was immediate, and it was clear, and very direct. Ambassador Gerard Smith put it as plainly as anybody could. He said there is no such thing as a strategy of deterrence without the clear intent to use the weapons.

Now, I ask you, think about what that means, from a moral point of view. When do we sin? When are we caught up in evil, turn ourselves away from God? It is not just when we act in an evil way. No, we all know this, it is part of our moral teaching. We sin when we make the decision to do evil, when we form the intention to do evil—then we are already caught up in sin.

How clear that is when it relates to the strategy of deterrence is brought out in this incident which was described in an article that appeared in America magazine a few years ago, written by Francis X. Winters, a moral theologian from
(Continued on page 4)

Vol. LIV, No. 4

June-July, 1987

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published eight times a year: January-February, March-April, May, June-July, August, September, October-November, December

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

DOROTHY DAY, PETER MAURIN, Founders
(1897-1980) (1877-1949)

Managing Editor: TIM LAMBERT. Editors: FRANK DONOVAN, JANE SAMMON, KATHARINE TEMPLE.

Contributing Editors: BILL ANTALICS, BERNARD CONNAUGHTON, RITA CORBIN, EILEEN EGAN, ARTHUR J. LACEY, MATTHEW LEE, DEANE MOWRER, ROBERT PETERS, PAM QUATSE.

Circulation: DOLORES D'AMORE, HARVEY HEATH, PRESTON LEWIS, JEANNETTE NOEL, MARION SPINELLI, FRELIS TAUPIN, PAUL TROYANO, SUE TROYANO.

Editorial communications, new subscriptions and changes of address:
36 East First Street, New York, N.Y. 10003

Telephone (212) 254-1640

THE CATHOLIC WORKER (ISSN 0008-8463) is published eight times a year: subscription rates: United States, 25¢ yearly, Foreign 30¢ yearly, by The Catholic Worker, 36 East First St., NY, NY 10003. Second class postage paid at NY, NY. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Catholic Worker, 36 East First St., NY, NY 10003.

MARYHOUSE

By MARK DUNN

Sometime in January, I received a phone call from the Catholic Worker. After reading my letters they decided to ask me to come out. "They called my bluff," I thought. I suppose, deep down, I had hoped to have an on-going dialogue with the Catholic Worker which would result in them saying, "Forget it, we don't want you, stay at home and take it easy." I could continue on, guilt-free, thinking I offered to help, but no one wanted my help. They called my bluff though - this changed everything. Well, I had to go. Otherwise I'd be like the guy who told his father he would help him in the vineyards and then didn't. I was caught in a trap I had helped set. The next day, I gave my two-weeks notice at work, called my parents, and bought my one-way ticket to New York City. "What am I getting myself into?" I kept asking myself.

A few weeks later, I arrived in New York. I found my way to Maryhouse. I felt a relief upon finding it. I was greeted at the door by Arturo, "We've been expecting you, let me show you to your room." I have since heard horror stories of people arriving and no one was expecting them. The house was like a maze, with my room at the furthest point. Upon the desk in my room I found a note, "Mark, you are welcome... make yourself at home." It was a long flight, I was tired, if it were to be like home, I'd have to rest. I plopped onto my bed, thinking, "Soon I'll know what I got myself into."

What I had gotten myself into was Maryhouse. Maryhouse is a massive building which basically serves as a home for about thirty women and a few men. I really never bothered to count exactly how many.

Naturally, I wanted to know what to do. But, alas, personalism in action prevented anyone from telling me what to do. I was to do what I wanted. They were going to rely on my being a responsible person. I have always been used to structure - I always more or less knew what was expected of me and by when. And now I was being told, "What do you expect of yourself and by when?" "I expect nothing, thank you," I should have replied, "and I have no deadline."

The general advice was, "follow other people around and see what they do." And, after awhile, I would probably flow into a routine. So, for my first week or so I followed, I did dishes, I tried desperately to get all the names straight, and I decided to do what they do.

One morning, I awoke at 7 AM to see what the morning "On house" person does. I got downstairs and discovered

no one there. There was a mix-up, and the person who was supposed to fix breakfast wasn't around. I had no idea as to what needed to be done, and soon I had a dining area full of people expecting it to be done. Welcome to the Worker! I struggled through, with the aid of whomever was there, until the house person arrived. Is this what my six-months at the Worker is going to be like? One, long, confusing mix-up? It was an awful morning. This was one of those days where I felt certain I wouldn't last a week, I was assured this is not a common occurrence at the Worker and, fortunately, it's not or I wouldn't have made it a week.

What they do is take care of the people here. Take them to the doctors, or the hospital, and take care of their medications. Actually, the best way to put it is to become part of their family.

But it's more than just those who live here. Six days a week (everyday but Monday) we open our doors and say, "Come on in and have breakfast..." And women come in and eat breakfast and lunch with us. They use our showers, get a change of clothes, and maybe some canned food. It's really rather hectic.

It's hectic, but it's the heart of Maryhouse. It's the attempts at feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and giving shelter to the homeless. Maryhouse is not really run like a soup kitchen, it's more like a house in which we invite anyone in to eat with us. If the folks in the house are our family, then the people off the streets are our neighbors. It all sounds so wonderful. A house full of people working towards sainthood. Unfortunately, speaking for myself, it's not always so wonderful. Very quickly I was reminded that I'm very human and with that comes limits. Some of the people who eat with us can be very difficult. What makes it worse is that, often, what makes them difficult are problems beyond themselves. Who knows what has happened to some people to cause them to become who they are. They may be difficult but is it their fault?

Nonetheless, sometimes we have to say "No." Or ask someone to leave. And it's not pleasant. I don't think anyone goes to a Catholic Worker to say "No" to people, but eventually one reaches one's limits.

One of my first nights on the house, a woman who stays in a shelter had gotten the impression she could stay here if she were to lose her bed at the shelter - which she couldn't. A little before 10 PM, she showed up back at Maryhouse wanting to stay. She claimed I said she could, and

(Continued on page 8)

Standing Up Together

(Continued from page 1)

truck which plays its music through the ghettos. People are planting gardens in vacant lots, sifting out the shards of brick and making walkways, sowing corn, tomatoes, onions and carrots in the dark soil that remains. People hanging out now after work on the stoops, mothers with their babies, men still in their dirty work clothes; the unemployed, the scavengers, still scouting around for discarded wood, orange crates, windows. Mothers lean out of tenement windows to call to their children in the street to come in and eat; you can see the smoke of barbecues wafting off of the rooftops; fire engine sirens wail, sensing burning, and, yes, another abandoned building on fire.

So it goes, the good and bad and the ugly. Where are we headed? Has it always been this way? Well, yes and no, everything seems to say, the flowers in bloom, the piles of garbage, the vomit in the gutter. Certainly, it is harder to find a place to live than it has ever been before, when Manhattan was mostly working-class neighborhoods, when you could get

not only for food and medicine, but also for their dignity.

His talk turned philosophical, about dignity, truth, history, spirit - it was hard to skip from one to the other, from anger to spirit - because, if you live in the ghetto, and see kids being made to "spread 'em" against police cars, see families' furniture thrown into the streets, read in the newspaper about the land of opportunity but see only the broken promise all around you, especially for people with darker skin - you can get very judgmental about the rich, and the powers that be. But is it that the people with money are somehow innately meaner of spirit than the poor? No, in a way they are just caught in a trap, they have too much to lose if the system that degrades people here and abroad is changed - they, too, are dehumanized, but less often will they fight against it. If someone doesn't even know that they have been knocked to the ground, how can they begin to stand up?

And the point that we decided on, in this ghetto park, the broken glass of cheap-wine bottles glittering in the streetlight, was: in this life, on this earth, the place you see the truth of human dignity most clearly is when poor people are struggling to stand up, to stand up together and to assert their dignity.

Which led us back to the Bronx and the people beginning to get together there to fix up the abandoned buildings, to make housing for themselves and for other people who need it, to try to educate their kids not to fall into the desolation and despair of drugs, to find the good in life and to fight against that which is oppressing them.

Several months ago, I wrote an article (CW, Jan.-Feb. 1987) about something a group of us here on the Lower East Side were trying to get started - a process and a printing press to spark dialogue, to communicate art, expression and analysis in the City's "shelters for the homeless," in the poorer neighborhoods and their community centers, in the housing projects. To get, to collect and redistribute hope to where it is most needed, to get analysis and new ways of seeing to people for whom such knowledge is not only an interest but a need, to get ideas to where people will use them the way a carpenter uses a hammer to drive home a nail: he needs to join wood together, and the forgotten poor of this city need to stand up. Well (and I guess this is an update), things are coming together; a neighbor, who lives in an abandoned building, has given us the use of his basement, as our headquarters and as home to three in the group who were still in the streets or shelters; we have been lucky enough to get a mimeograph machine and a number of donations from interested readers of *The Catholic Worker*. Things are moving forward. A number of us in the group recently did a poetry reading at Fort Washington, the largest of the city's shelters (one thousand beds in one huge room of an armory - a nightmare, like a prison), but we still are very open to (i.e. need) other people to get involved. We are going to keep doing readings in shelters and community centers, and are trying to get an issue of our "paper" out by mid-June, to be distributed free through community centers, shelters, organizing projects and individuals. We plan to print about two thousand copies, a twenty-two page edition in Spanish and English. We can be reached at Inner City Press, P.O. Box 20577, Loisaida, NY, NY 10009. (Loisaida is the way the mostly Puerto Rican residents of the Lower East Side say the name of their neighborhood, and it is now the name of the post office here - a small victory on the road to standing up).



Pat Collins

a furnished room in an SRO for ten dollars a week, certainly, harder than it was when people could build their own little houses (as some people still do in the vacant lots around here). The United States is a rich country, but the poor, especially in the cities, have been abandoned like their buildings. The poor are in disarray, degraded, set against each other; you see the eyes of many youth fired by crack, cocaine and disillusionment. Dixon, a Latin American man I know, brought this up to me again the other night when he said, "The poverty in the United States is worse than the poverty in South America - because people are not united in it, because there is such a stench of failure, accusation, abandonment and racism in it. It is worse - mentally, spiritually - it is a hundred times worse."

Human Dignity

It is strange to hear this, when most people in the "underdeveloped" and exploited countries do not have electricity, running water, medicine, etc. But, "quality of life," in its real sense, is not made up only of these things, but also of groundedness, a sense of purpose, some kind of unity - dignity, human dignity.

Dixon was talking to me about the Bronx and Nicaragua at the same time. He has been to Nicaragua several times since he has been in the United States (and never before when he lived in Columbia) on construction projects to build day-care centers. He talked about the "glow" he senses in people, in people who had fought for something, who had "stood up," as he said. Who had stood up

Genetic Engineering: Its Ethics and Implications

By MICHAEL W. FOX

According to *Science* magazine (April 10, 1987), "A ruling by the Board of Patent Appeals and Interferences of the United States Patent and Trademark Office (on April 3, 1987) appears to have cleared the way for the patenting of animals with unique man-made characteristics that do not occur in nature Until now, the patents have been granted to plants and microorganisms, but not to higher life forms."

Thus, the flood-gates will be opened to subject animals to genetic alteration, principally via the new biotechnology, commonly termed genetic engineering. The immediate impact will be an increased risk of suffering and related health problems in animals subjected to genetic alteration for purely utilitarian experiments for agricultural, biomedical and other industrial purposes, while the long-term implications are even more widespread.

From an ethical perspective, this objectification of animals reflects a cultural attitude towards other living creatures that is contrary to the concept of the sanctity of being and the recognition of the interconnectedness of all life. (Indeed, the scriptures of all the world's major religions teach respect for all living beings and for the created order.) The patenting of life reflects an exploitative and materialistic attitude toward living beings that denies any recognition of their inherent nature. Since humans are also animals, then, logically, there should be no restraints to prevent the patenting of techniques to alter human beings genetically either. Such an attitude also reflects the ethical blindness of the times, a worldview that is, in part, responsible for the continuing destruction of the environment and the extinction of plant and animal species.

If the patenting of genetically-altered animals is permitted, the wholesale industrialized exploitation of the animal kingdom will be sanctioned and intensified. This will mean an acceleration in our control and transformation of life, of the creative process, and, as many see it, the end of the natural world. The bio-engineer plays God, in "creating" genetically-altered life forms. A society that would accept this, that would regard genetically-altered animals as "new" life forms, assumes dominion over God. The Greeks recognized this as a cardinal sin, which they called *hubris*: arrogance.

Of a Different Order

Proponents of genetic engineering are quick to state that we have been altering animals, through the relatively slow process of selective breeding and cross breeding, for thousands of years. Yet, ethically and scientifically speaking, this is not a valid historical precedent, for reason informs us that genetic engineering is of a whole different order of magnitude. Whatever analogy exists between the two processes is shattered by the fact that, in traditional breeding practices, genes cannot be exchanged between unrelated species, as is the case in so-called transgenic manipulations. Furthermore, genetic change can be wrought very rapidly through genetic engineering, while in selective breeding, this takes much time and many generations of animals. The term domestication means to tame, "to accustom to home life." And, like the term animal husbandry (to husband implies a close empathetic relationship of caring), the domestication of animals, via selective breeding and socialization to human beings in early life, is very different from their wholesale industrial exploitation.

In fact, we should take advantage of the hindsight that the historical evolution of industrial society offers us. Those who have the vision of some future utopia

through genetic engineering — and there are many, considering the fact that this is the most outstanding growth and investment industry of the 1980's — may well be suffering from what theologian Fr. Thomas Berry calls "technological enchantment." As he sees it, rather than "reinventing" ourselves to assume a more planetary role, this enchantment leads us to recreate the world in our own image to serve our own needs, no matter how spurious. And, as history teaches us, the consequences have been highly destructive to ourselves.

In the past three years, the biotechnology industry has flagrantly and repeatedly violated government regulations (which are minimal at best and poorly enforced) controlling the release of genetically-engineered living organisms into the environment. This cavalier attitude is reflected in the remarks made to me by one member of the National Institutes of Health RAC (Recombinant DNA Advisory Committee) stating, "No regulatory guidelines are needed for the biotech industry since, after all, we haven't had any major ecological or public health catastrophe in the last five or ten years."

This same committee endorsed the view that animals have no inherent nature, which is an aspect of their "being-

ness," or, what Aristotle called their *telos*. Instead, they insisted that *telos* means death or extinction. Therefore, since the fate of animals is death or extinction, there is nothing morally wrong with genetic engineering. Thus, they reason from this mechanistic perspective that genetic engineering is not an ethical issue.

While the power of rationalization, rather than reason, can help make one comfortable with unethical activities, the fact remains that, if this attitude is to prevail, then it will surely herald the end of the natural world. The public is confused and propagandized, if not hypnotized, by the *hype* of hi-tech genetic engineering that promises unlimited food for all and freedom from all diseases — and perhaps even immortality.

This kind of *hype* from a life-and-death fearing psyche is to be expected. It promises great revenues for those who would invest in this new industry that exploits public fear by promising miracle solutions to A.I.D.S., cancer, and other diseases; and for a failing, capital-intensive and monopolistic agriculture intoxicated with pesticides and animal drugs.

We should also reflect upon the fact that there is a strong connection between the rise in birth defects and genetic dis-

orders in all industrial societies, and the presence of agrichemicals and industrial pollutants in our air, food and water. Applying genetic engineering to human beings to correct these health problems in the future would be bad, albeit profitable, medicine. The "first" medicine is prevention and we should, therefore, begin to clean up our environment and the food-chain. If medical genetic engineering is accepted as a panacea, we can predict that it will become a flourishing new industry that will be utilized by a sickened populace in order to adapt to an increasingly poisoned and uninhabitable planet. Suffice it to say that the biomedical industry will play on public fear to block all attempts to prohibit the patenting of animals.

The problem remains, however, that, if this newly acquired power over the genes of life is not exercised with the wisdom that comes from humility and compassion for all living beings, and respect for the ecological interdependence within the created order, the costs to all will far outweigh the benefits to the few.

(Michael Fox is Scientific Director for The Humane Society of the United States, 2100 L Street N.W., Washington D.C. 20037. Eds. note.)

Mandatory AIDS Testing Reconsidered

By BILL GRIFFIN

At the present time, among the 35,000 known victims of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (A.I.D.S.) in the United States, there have been over 20,000 deaths. The Center for Disease Control in Atlanta projects that by 1990 there will be over 150,000 persons suffering with this fatal disease, of whom 50,000 will die by the end of that year. In the media, and in public debates there are increasing calls for mandatory blood testing for the Human Immuno-suppressive Virus (H.I.V.) which, in an as yet unknown number of cases, primarily brings on the full-blown form of the disease A.I.D.S.



Ade Bethune

H.I.V. is a primarily blood borne virus which can be present and detectable in a person's blood stream, but can lie dormant for up to fifteen years, according to some researchers. H.I.V. is known to be transmitted by the sharing of needles contaminated with blood, as takes place with intravenous drug users, and through sexual intercourse. In this country, the majority of the cases of A.I.D.S. has occurred with intravenous drug users, homosexual men and hemophiliacs who have been given tainted blood products. The number of heterosexuals, primarily women, with the disease has doubled from two to four percent of all cases within the last several years. Because it is sexually transmitted, proponents of mandatory testing for H.I.V. want it to be done in conjunction with contact tracing: spouses and the sexual partners of those who have tested positive would be located and informed, and presumably, forced to undergo the test themselves.

The intense controversy over broadening the voluntary testing that is being done at this time centers on the profound consequences such a decision will have on our civil liberties. The United States military has already ordered mandatory testing for its two million members. What will happen if all employers require testing for every employee? The ethical implications of mandatory testing need to be soberly examined.

Reasons for Testing

The rationale for compulsory tests lies in the idea that persons who are told that they are carriers of the virus that can possibly lead to A.I.D.S. will refrain from high risk activities that can spread the disease. This, at least, would slow the transmission of the disease. Even if this expectation is fulfilled by only a few who test positive, "this will save hundreds of thousands of lives over the years, for the virus spreads exponentially, and every time we convince one person not to pass it on we save scores of others," writes David Carlin, a columnist for *Commonweal*.

David Carlin goes on to propose that mandatory testing begin with all current and future hospital in-patients and that it be accompanied by "counseling for all those who test positive; by imprisonment for prostitutes who continue to ply their trade after testing positive; by criminal sanctions for sero-positive persons who engage in sexual intercourse without first advising their partners of this condition, and by segregation of prison inmates who test positive." Carlin only reassures us, in an offhand manner, that all this must be done "within a framework of law guaranteeing reasonable confidentiality and protecting carriers of A.I.D.S. from discrimination in housing, employment and so forth." (*Commonweal*, April 24, 1987)

These draconian proposals can be critiqued on three important points. First, what does recent history have to teach us about the public acceptance of this type of indiscriminate mass screening? Secondly, if such mandatory testing is blindly imposed on an ever-widening scale, what will happen to our society's traditional belief in the requirement of informed, voluntary consent as the basis for all medical procedures? Thirdly, how will the confidentiality and privacy of

the individual be protected? Privacy, the right to control access to information concerning our private life and confidentiality, and knowing that information we freely give, will not be revealed without our permission, are the bed-rock on which the doctor-patient relationship is founded. Should medicine be encouraged or even allowed to become an extension of the police function of the state?

Some recent history can shed needed light on what can be expected concretely from a mass, obligatory screening program. And it can illuminate the morality of such a policy. One attempt to implement such a plan occurred in connection with the disease, sickle cell anemia. This hereditary, painful and life-shortening illness, affecting black persons almost exclusively, provoked much legislation when an effective genetic test for its presence was devised. At one point, twenty-nine States had passed mass, genetic-screening laws, most of them compulsory. Many black legislators, at the time, supported these measures with the praiseworthy goal of being able to warn two sickle-cell-trait-carrying persons, who wanted to marry, of the risks their offspring would run.

Unexpectedly, there was a very hostile response to the mandatory testing within the black community. Many were very anxious and did not fully understand the difference between being a carrier of a defective gene and having the disease, because authorities had not made the effort to provide adequate and reassuring explanations. The black community instinctively feared and correctly protested the stigmatization they felt resulted from compulsory screening.

Eventually, more thorough and compassionate education about sickle cell anemia was provided and screening programs were put on a voluntary basis. Medical authorities concluded that, in this way, their goal of protecting the public health was most effectively achieved.

While these recent events do not mirror the A.I.D.S. crisis, they do show us clearly the kinds of political and social questions we face. The stigmatization of and discrimination against a tragically vulnerable minority will be the totalitarian sins our society will be tempted by and which it will have to guard against as

(Continued on page 7)

The Call to Love Yields a Harvest of Resistance

By TIM LAMBERT

On a night flight to Nevada, suddenly the transition is made from New York City's grey rendition of spring to an abundance of air and sky, and, with the morning, sun. Clogged sinuses are drained, and the mind is set to the task of searching through the profound contradictions of this place, and these times. The illegal is legal; the forbidden is promoted. Las Vegas and its surroundings: imbued with prostitution, gambling, and the military, which rehearses The End several times a year, in the deserts outside the city, by test-exploding nuclear weapons.

We had come a long way, most of us, to do a simple thing. We lined either side of the road leading to the nuclear test site, and then began a procession with one group after another falling in, all approaching a white line drawn there on the road.

The sign on an adjoining fence stated we were about to enter U.S. Department of Energy (DOE) property, 1350 square miles of it. The sign itself contradicts. By the Treaty of Ruby Valley (1863, and still in effect), the land belongs to the West Shoshone nation. But, in 1953, the United States government decided this

would be the spot to explode nuclear weapons, and, with imperial boldness, the land was taken. An attempt was made to tidy the arrangement by shifting money in federal bank accounts in 1979 so as to say that the Shoshones were "paid" (according to 1872 prices, at that) for the land. Yet the money, dangling there before them like some apple waiting to be bitten, remains untouched by these native Americans. They stubbornly fail even to recognize the earth as something to be bought and sold. For now, they can only watch, as what had been a homeland, a source of life, and a blessing, is cursed.

Nuclear Tests

At first, nuclear weapons were exploded above ground, even with troops stationed at a distance, to experiment as to their effects on flesh and bone. Participants were assured it was harmless. In 1963, to adhere to the Limited Test Ban treaty, the testing went underground. Now, a hole is dug. The bomb is placed at the bottom; the hole is covered up. The bomb is exploded with various devices to test its effect. But the method is crude, and the upheaval undergone below causes land above to sink into a crater, with one

out of every ten tests breaking the surface, venting radiation. Downwind, cancers run high, as they do for those soldiers who viewed explosions in the Fifties. The curse continues to run its course.

On the way to the white line, two Roman Catholic bishops were found in the lead. One was Thomas Gumbleton from Detroit, who had issued the call to prayer and action this day, along with Pax Christi USA and the Nevada Desert Experience, to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the U.S. bishops pastoral letter on peace, issued May 3, 1983. Charles Buswell from Pueblo, Colorado was another. A third bishop, Maurice Dingman from Des Moines, Iowa had long wanted to participate in such an event, but was prevented from coming by a recent stroke, which left him disabled. At Mass beforehand, a statement by him was read:

In my powerlessness to move, I experience the powerlessness of all who feel unable to act against the spiraling nuclear arms race. So I ask you, in the name of Christ the peacemaker, to carry me across the line with you, in spirit, as a Gospel witness to a fragile and broken world that desperately seeks peace.

The Sin of Nuclear Deterrence

(Continued from page 1)

Georgetown University who also teaches at war colleges in our county. Fr. Winters was writing about the strategy of deterrence and he says:

I ask you to meditate a while on a conversation I had with a retired United States military officer who had once been charged with the responsibility of executing the deterrent threat in the event the Presidential command center were destroyed.

This is the person that had the back-up responsibility to the President. He would have access to the codes, so it would be his responsibility to give the command to fire the weapons in our arsenal.

Chatting over a gracious dinner in his retirement home, the officer discussed his former responsibilities and here are his words: "If the responsibility fell to me, I fully intended to destroy the Soviet Union." A stillness fell over the dinner table . . . and even today, as I write, these words echo resoundingly. They are not abstract nor are they singular. Every officer who assumes a position in the military chain of command must first say these words to himself and undoubtedly to his superiors: "I fully intend to do it."

Allow yourselves to think what that means. The words do sound rather abstract when you simply say, "I fully intended to destroy the Soviet Union." But that means two hundred and forty million people—human persons. Men, women, children, and elderly people, sick people in hospitals. "I fully intended" to explode weapons that would incinerate whole cities, vaporize people, leave a mark on a piece of rubble where a human person had been before, leave tens of thousands or even millions of people suffering from radiation sickness. It is hard to exaggerate the evil contained in that simple statement, "I fully intended to destroy the Soviet Union." "I intended to do it." And every officer who assumes a position in the chair of command must first say those words to himself and undoubtedly to his superiors.

Not long ago, I spoke with a military person who discussed being on alert at one of the missile bases in our country, those minutes when he was sitting before the console receiving instructions on the firing of the missiles in that silo, and pro-

ceeding, step by step, until he got a command that said, "This is only a practice. Stop." It was hard for him to convey the sense of terror and dread that he said he experienced as he was carrying out those steps to fire such a missile. Yet, that is going on all the time in the missile silos all over our country. The military on the nuclear submarines are going through that kind of practice session, without knowing it is a practice, and the personnel on the Strategic Air command planes flying at 36,000 feet twenty-four hours a day. "I fully intend to do it."

For me, it is very difficult to think of something that is more evil. How do you even name such a sin? It almost seems that you have to find different vocabulary, different categories to try to say that this is sin, when we use that word for so many things that are evil, certainly, but just pale in comparison to this evil. Yet there is no such thing as a



Meinrad Craighead

strategy of deterrence without the clear intent to use the weapons.

As I reflect on that, it brings home to me all the more clearly why the Council, speaking under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, said that a situation of deterrence is *not* a sure and authentic peace. Clearly it is not. It is a very sinful kind of situation. For we are caught in horrendous evil.

. . . It is important for each one of us to ask what must be *my* response, in conscience, as I consider what my nation is doing, or what I hope my nation might do. The very grave seriousness of making this kind of decision for ourselves can be brought out, perhaps, by relating to you some words that were spoken to the committee that was writing the pastoral letter [on war and peace] by a Scripture scholar, Fr. William Heidt. He spoke to

us about what God says to us through the Hebrew Scriptures about the peace: the beautiful vision of peace that you find especially in some of the prophets. It was very reassuring to hear, brought together in this presentation, God's promise of peace. But then Fr. Heidt went on to speak to us about war. And he said, what God has told us about war is that war is not so much the cause of horrendous evil, but war is the result of horrendous evil.

I remember, as I heard him speak about this, how strikingly clear it became to me, that he was speaking a profound word of truth. I had always presumed, as I guess all of us would, well, obviously, war is the cause of some of the most horrendous evil that I can imagine, because war means the destruction of land and cities and property and people. But Fr. Heidt said, if you go into the Scriptures, that that is what God is tell-

ing us. He said, if you want a very clear, explicit example, go into the Book of the Prophet Amos. Read the first twenty verses of that book. You will find eight different situations of eight different peoples, who are caught up in sin, caught up in horrendous evil, and every time the result is violence, destruction, death, war.

I ask us to reflect on these words, to consider the possibility that, if we refuse to be turned away from the course that we are presently embarked upon, and, if God's word is true, the result *will* be war. As the bishops of the Vatican Council put it, "The arms race is an utterly treacherous trap," which clearly is spawning, "all of the lethal ruin whose path it is now making ready."

(Excerpts from a talk given at Seton Hall University, April 6, 1987. Eds. note.)

So it was. The procession moved forward to the line, and was concluded, inauspiciously enough, by two Catholic Workers, who knelt in the roadway with a sign bearing words of Dorothy Day, "The only solution is love."

The Nye County Sheriff and his deputies were waiting there with handcuffs and buses to take us to be processed, some sixty miles away, in Beatty. Summonses to appear in court were issued to ninety-eight in all, and then we were released.

The sheriff is contracted by the DOE to keep things clean along the line, but things have been anything but clean of late, with a steady stream of line-crossers, road-sitters, and a few trespassers, who make their way to the area of the next test, and try to camp there to prevent it from going on. Five hundred cases wait to be heard in the small county courthouse that serves the area. Justice of the Peace Bill Sullivan, who is also head of the local volunteer fire department, usually presides. Days before we arrived, things had gotten to such a state that the Nye County District Attorney declared he was no longer going to prosecute simple misdemeanor offenses at the test site, even though the police, by contract, still had to issue summonses. The system was clogged.

Unaccustomed as we are to victories in this sort of thing, there was uncertainty as to what this means, and what to do next. Press on, certainly, and, even as we were packing to leave, things were gearing up for the next Sunday, when 600 more were arrested in a celebration of Mother's Day, with a few thousand others in attendance.

The Possibilities

But a corner had been turned, and there was a sense of wonderment about it all, that something was happening. Right there before us seemed to lie the possibility of closing the test site, of overwhelming the principalities by mass, nonviolent, civil disobedience.

The imagination runs quickly to consider the possibilities: with enough people to be brought continually into the road to block traffic to and from the test site, the testing would actually be slowed. Or, perhaps with the number of arrests continually climbing, public opinion would be further shifted toward a halt in testing, and power brokers in Washington would feel the winds of a political fortune blowing toward a modification of policy.

But, as the stakes get higher, slipperier and slipperier does the slope we tread on become. Even with enormous numbers acting to halt testing, the authorities could construct additional entrances, fences and the like, and, with the help of a hefty number of state and federal police, the effectiveness of the protests actually to disrupt work could be all but eliminated. Or, even after a long and difficult battle to win the Congress over, a single stir in the steamy cauldron of national politics could cause years of work to evaporate overnight.

There is much to be learned from the meager beginnings at the test site. In the late Fifties and early Sixties, A.J. Muste and a handful of others went there on several occasions to protest atmospheric testing. Twenty years later, to celebrate the 800th anniversary of the birth of St. Francis of Assisi, Fr. Louis Vitale, OFM and others from the West Coast Franciscan Community decided to go to the test site to observe Lent through prayer and civil disobedience there. They assumed it would be a singular occurrence.

But then there was a second, and then a third "Lenten Desert Experience" and the Nevada Desert Experience organization was formed to help promote further

(Continued on page 5)

The Call to Love

(Continued from page 4)

activities.

How similar these beginnings are to many others at military outposts and weapons manufacturers around the country. Small groups gather to speak a word of truth and peace, and then try to cling to that word, with the steadfastness of the saints, through the weeks and months of returning. Other factors are numerous, but it may well be that the steadfastness of Fr. Vitale and a few others, acting in a seemingly ineffective and inconsequential way, has now brought forth a generous harvest of resistance and hope.

Although the debate goes on as to what tactics need to be taken up from time to time, we know the power to change hearts, and bring about the necessary conversion is beyond us. Our acts of faith continue to be the means to help disclose this power, a power so much greater than the legion arrayed against us (and all human life, at this point), and, although we can scarcely imagine it, great enough to bring us all from death to life. The words of the pastoral letter on peace are to the point, "We are called to be peacemakers, not by some movement of the moment, but by our Lord Jesus." (Paragraph 333)

Souvenir summonses in hand, and our deed now done, we repaired to the Catholic Worker house in Las Vegas, St. John the Baptist House. It was begun about a year ago after a period of discernment at the Los Angeles Catholic Worker community. Some steps were taken to put into practice the understandings that came. One was to have some members begin new communities. These would be small starts, to help rekindle the vision of Peter Maurin. When Julia Occhiogrosso came to Nevada to participate in activities at the test site, the idea came to being in Las Vegas. Theirs is a one-family house, with a family-sized group under its roof, about half having been welcomed from the streets.

Six mornings a week, coffee is served, about twenty-five gallons worth, to others, and once a week, a sit-down meal is offered at a local Franciscan parish. The message to stop nuclear testing is taken to the Federal Building in Las Vegas every workday, and support and hospitality are offered for some of the activities at the test site. A newsletter has been begun, *Manna in the Wilderness*, available from them at 1309 Gold Avenue, Las Vegas NV 89106.

Opportunities

If we are to be people who are called, in these dangerous times, to more and greater acts of faith at the test site and elsewhere, we must ask the question — where can we go to have our hearts schooled in the love we wish to bear to the world? Where can we go to learn how to break the divide that separates one from another, rich from poor, black from white, Soviet from U.S., test-site-worker from protestor? The answer will not be found in large programs or institutions, but in the small opportunities we are given to love, voluntarily to join our hearts and lives to the sufferings, loneliness, poverty of "the least of these" around us.

Thanks to several priests who have become interested in St. John the Baptist House, Mass is offered there each week. To a world that thrives on bigness and efficiency, and, as our Aims and Means state, in which those who do not "produce," "are abandoned, and left, at best to be 'processed' through institutions," (CW May 1987, p. 2); a beautiful gift is brought to that table. The same gift is also given to the Church, to demonstrate

(Continued on page 7)

In Solitary Witness to the Truth

(Continued from page 1)

he distributed foodstuffs to the poor.

Franz remained openly anti-Nazi and refused to fight in Hitler's war. He was finally called in February, 1943 and was imprisoned first at Linz, then at Berlin. After a military trial, he was beheaded August 9, 1943. He was cremated, his ashes cared for by friends and, after the

ST THOMAS MORE



Ade Bethune

war, buried in the churchyard of St. Radegund, and his name included in the list of those who died in the war.

Confrontation with God

Gordon Zahn makes an interesting comparison between St. Thomas More and his witness and that of the humble peasant, the "great man" and the "little man," and the comparison, he says, may perhaps enhance rather than diminish the significance of the latter's sacrifice. "For the very fact that none would notice or be likely to be affected by what he did serves to reduce the issue to the individual and his conscience in silent and inner confrontation with God. Certainly this is what it meant to Franz Jagerstatter himself. That same confrontation existed for St. Thomas More, but, to the extent to which he knew that others would take account of what he did, he was not alone. As far as the St. Radegund peasant knew, the choice he made would pass unnoticed by the world and would completely fade from human memory with the passing of the handful of people who had known him personally."

How did Franz Jagerstatter get that way? The few simple facts that we know are that his religious awakening came about because of a retreat. He had lived, of course, in the simple religious atmosphere of an Austrian village, where all were Catholic, and close to the church where he was sexton, which meant daily contact with the Holy Eucharist. He was poor, he led a life of hard work. He read Scriptures and the Lives of the Saints (which included St. Thomas More and the Cure of Ars, who was what one would call today a "draft dodger").

There was no chance, at all, of his affecting the policies of the State, or influencing the lives of others as far as he knew. Another little saint of today, who died ten years before Franz was born, was of a bourgeois background but equally little and unimportant, St. Therese of Lisieux, coming from a small town in France, born of a father who was a watchmaker and a mother who was a lacemaker.

No one encouraged Franz in his act of disobedience to the orders of the state. Everyone argued against what he was doing, even the most sympathetic of priests, who could only see his resistance as futile, and even bad for the institution-

alized Church.

But to two priests today, Gordon Zahn writes, must go the credit of keeping Franz's memory alive, The dean of St. Margarethe's Church in Bruhl, Germany, Henrich Kreuzberg, who had been prison chaplain in Berlin, and Fr. Josef Karobath, pastor of the parish church of St. Radegund. And the greatest consolation Franz received, while he awaited his execution in prison, was the news that Fr. Franz Reinisch, a priest of the Pallottine order of Austria, also had been executed for refusal to take the military oath requiring that he swear unconditional obedience to the person of Hitler.

"Even while I was telling of this," Fr. Kreuzberg writes, "his eyes lit up and, after a deep sigh as if a heavy burden had fallen from his soul, he joyously declared, 'But this is what I have always told myself, that I cannot be following a false path. If a priest made such a decision and went to his death, then I may do so too.'"

To me, it is very consoling that Franz Jagerstatter had, in addition to Christ in the bread and wine of the Eucharist, also

knowledge of Christ in one of His priests today who had taken the same stand and so was, in a way, accompanying him those last hard days.

Let us pray that Gordon's book, which contains these writings in its appendix, will reach all the young men who are questioning their stand today in the face of conscription. These essays include "On Irresponsibility," "Is There Anything the Individual Can Still Do?," "Is There Still a God?," "War or Revolution?," "On Dangerous Weapons." And, last but not least, "The Prison Statement."

If the most famous words of little Saint Therese were "I will spend my heaven doing good upon earth," let us hope that these desires also animate Franz Jagerstatter today in this time of our utmost need, utmost danger. Standing before the face of God, as he does, may he intercede for us all, and pray that the hearts of young men will be filled with the courage he showed, and the conviction which enabled him to take his solitary stand, and give his "solitary witness."

By FRANZ JAGERSTATTER

(Franz Jagerstatter wrote the following farewell message to his family shortly before he was beheaded on August 9, 1943. Eds. note.)

All my dear ones, the hour comes ever closer when I will be giving my soul back to God, the Master. I would have liked to say so many things to you in farewell, so that it is hard not to be able to take leave of you any more. I would have liked, too, to spare you the pain and sorrow that you must bear because of me. But you know we must love God even more than family, and we must lose everything dear and worthwhile on earth rather than commit even the slightest offense against God. And if, for your sake, I had not shrunk back from offending God, how can we know what sufferings God might have sent us on my account? It must surely have been hard for our dear Savior to bring such pain upon His dear Mother through His death: what, then, are our sorrows compared with what these two innocent hearts had to suffer — and all on account of us sinners?

And what kind of a leave-taking must it be for those who only halfway believe in an eternal life, and, consequently, no longer have much hope of a reunion? If I did not have faith in God's mercy, that He would forgive me all my sins, I could scarcely have endured life in a lonely prison with such calm. Moreover, though people charge me with a crime and have condemned me to death as a criminal, I take comfort in the knowledge that not everything which this world considers a crime is a crime in the eyes of God. And I have hope that I need not fear the eternal Judge because of this crime.

Still, this sentence of death should serve as a warning. For the Lord God will not deal much differently with us if we think we do not have to obey everything He commands us, through His Church, to believe and to do. Except that the eternal Judge will not only condemn us to mortal death but to everlasting death as well. For this reason, I have nothing pressing upon my heart more urgently than to make the firm decision to keep all the commandments and to avoid every sin. You must love God, your Lord, and your neighbor as yourself. On these two commandments rests the whole law. Keep these and we can look forward to an early reunion in heaven. For this reason, too, we must not think evil of others who act differently than I. It is much better to pray for everyone than to pass judgment upon them, for God desires that all become blessed.

Many actually believe, quite simply, that things have to be the way they are. If this should happen to mean that they are obliged to commit injustice, then they believe that others are responsible. The oath would not be a lie for someone who believes he can go along and is willing to do so. But if I know in advance that I cannot accept and obey everything I would promise under that oath, then I would be guilty of a lie. For this reason, I am convinced that it is still best that I speak the truth, even if it costs me my life. For you will not find it written in any of the commandments of God or of the Church that a man is obliged under pain of sin to take an oath committing him to obey whatever might be commanded of him by his secular ruler. Therefore, you should not be heavy of heart if others see my decision as a sin, as some already have.

In the same way, if someone argues from the standpoint of the family, do not be troubled, for it is not permitted to lie even for the sake of the family. If I had ten children, the greatest demand upon me would still be the one I must make of myself.

Educate the children to be pious Catholics as long as it is possible. (Now, of course, one cannot expect them to understand much.) I can say from my own experience how painful life is when we live like halfway Christians, that is more like vegetating than living.

If a man were to possess all the wisdom of the world and call half the earth his own, he still could not and would not be as happy as one of those men who can still call virtually nothing in this world their own except their Catholic faith. I would not exchange my lonely cell — which is not at all bad [next word illegible] — for the most magnificent royal palace. No matter how great and how beautiful it might be, it will pass away, but God's word remains for all eternity. I can assure you that if you pray a single sincere "Our Father" for our children, you will have given them a greater gift than if you had provided them with the most lavish dowry a landholder ever dreamed of giving his daughter. Many people would laugh at these words, but they are true just the same.

Now, my dear children, when mother reads this letter to you, your father will already be dead. He would have loved to come to you again, but the Heavenly Father willed it otherwise. Be good and obedient children and pray for me so that we may soon be reunited in heaven.

Dear wife, forgive me everything by which I have grieved or offended you. For my part, I have forgiven everything. Ask all those in Radegund whom I have ever injured or offended to forgive me too.

(Taken from *In Solitary Witness, the Life and Death of Franz Jagerstatter*, pp. 100-102. Reprinted by permission of Templegate Publishers.)

LAURA & CAROLYN

By JANET ZAJAC

How do you become attached to someone? How do they start to matter, so that you know in your heart that you are connected — that her well-being is important, that her smile can turn your day around, that her pain hurts you too, that the links that join the human race are consciously between you?

I've been asking myself that question since I heard that Laura and Carolyn died. Though their deaths were months apart, the news of their passings arrived together and they'll always be linked in my memory.

I moved out of Maryhouse in January. I live nearby and stop in often, but I didn't especially notice that I hadn't seen Carolyn or Laura for awhile. They'd each come in periodically for breakfast or for lunch, sometimes take a shower, ask for clothes or groceries, chat with us about the weather, the oatmeal, the soup, sometimes about their families and memories of happier times. Often, days or weeks would go by and we wouldn't see them. Caught up in my new apartment and job, I didn't think much about their recent absence, until Tim told me they were gone.

I realized that I'd never thought a lot about where they were when they weren't at Maryhouse. They seemed able to survive on the street, and didn't ask to live with us, though once in awhile, on a rainy day, Laura would doze off in our library. They seemed happy stopping by now and then, and didn't ask for more.

So, no one at the morgue knew, or could know, I suppose, that Laura was connected to Maryhouse, that her pain was, at least a little, our pain. They didn't realize we'd want to know that our friend was no longer breathing on this earth, that some part of our hearts died with her on the street, overwhelmed by drugs. We didn't know in time to claim and bury the body of our friend, who did matter so very much to us.

Laura had a model's dignity. A tall slim woman, she had a knack for elegant dressing, and an eye for putting together select items from the clothing room in a surprisingly stylish way. She often helped fold copies of the CW newspaper, the first part of our mailing to subscribers. She was composed, graceful, friendly. One day she asked if I knew how she might find a nursing home that an older man who'd befriended her once had been sent to. She wanted to visit him so he'd know he wasn't forgotten.

We talked more after that. One day, she talked about wanting to see her family again. She'd injured her hand and had been told she needed further surgery on it. She was thinking about calling her mother in the South, asking to come home to have the operation. She talked about having "made some mistakes" a long time ago that had led her to New York. She wondered if her family would forgive and accept her now. She'd said that day she couldn't keep going much longer the way she was.

I don't know what Laura's mistakes were or if she ever contacted her family. I know she longed for life and reconciliation. May she rest in peace.

Carolyn

Carolyn's struggle with addictions and illness was more obvious, more long-standing. Because she'd kept going so long against such great odds, I guess I thought she always would. She never seemed to give up, and once, at least, in the two years that I knew her, she came close to being well. After a month's stay in de-tox she began to hope, it seemed, and radiated the calm beauty of a person who believes something wonderful is about to happen. The softness that came over her then was astounding and inspiring. But something drew Carol back to

the corner she knew better, with other friends bound by the bottle and the loyalties to each other that seemed to keep them from getting free.

Carol would always ask if I knew how a young girl she once brought to Maryhouse was doing. She'd met this teenager on the street and took it as her own responsibility to steer her from its dangers. At Carol's request, Sharron Clemons brought this girl, a runaway, to Covenant House, and we never knew what happened to her after that. But Carol continued to ask for her, with a smile, every time she saw me, as if this memory gave purpose to the life she knew had little left to keep it going. She loved her children, her mother who was taking care of them, and me, she said, and told me often. Sometimes she told me when I was putting her out of the house, while she was provoking everyone to take a swing at her and could hardly stand from the ef-



The Prayer

Susan MacMurdy

fects of alcohol. She never seemed to hold those evictions against me and usually returned the next day with a card, an apology and a donation for the clothing room.

I work now with children waiting to be adopted, children whose first families were often lost to them through drugs, poverty, or mental illness. I've seen these children grow in love and hope as new care-givers reach out to them. It's through meeting children's most basic needs, the experts say, that new attachments grow and bonds develop.

Circumstances put us in the place of being the ones who met Carol and Laura's basic needs, at least for awhile. It is, I guess, in the clothing room and over oatmeal that we became attached and connected to each other.

It's not easy to realize that the rest of what they needed was far beyond us, and live on with that sad fact, without them. But it does seem easier now to hope in God's great mercy and promise of heaven, to believe that somehow these lost friends were found by Jesus Who could no longer let them suffer, that they are living with Him, resurrected and restored in spirit, and are still, by some miracle, attached to us and helping steer us home.

JODY

By ARTURO OCAÑO

Silence is often what I hear people asking for — at least one hour of the day and more, if time permits, to gather one's thoughts after a busy day at work or to pray and contemplate the Gospels for awhile. In contrast to this longed for silence, there is a silence I've witnessed in some which seems to cry out for the liberation of the human spirit. This silence can come from a life of hiding behind invisible walls erected one after the other, year after year, built to withstand any attempt to violate the somebody inside.

Coming to Maryhouse from time to time for a change of clothing or a shower to refresh herself, Jody would appear and disappear with little or nothing to say. Seeing her in dirt-shaded clothing with her visible flesh equally shaded, there was no question of her need for a change and a shower. In a meek and downward look, with hesitation and caution, she

many Jody's out in this city surviving somehow. Jody had a strong spirit to live, and so her silence continued, along with her habit of coming in the evening — despite my lack of enthusiasm.

Once there was an older couple who thought that Jody might be their lost daughter. Jody bore a resemblance to a picture they showed us. The hoping mother cried for some time with the thought that this might be her lost daughter. I was convinced that she was until it was realized that Jody had brown eyes and the lost daughter had blue. How I wished that she could have been the mother's lost child because I saw the anguish in the mother's tears and Jody's anguish in her silence. How I had hoped that both would heal each other in their reunion. I pray that if this woman does not find her daughter, that she might embrace another Jody in the world.

After a while, Tim invited Jody to stay with us at Maryhouse. Before or after (I'm not sure which), it became clear that she was caught up in drugs. It really isn't hard for me to understand a solution in drugs, like silence, when the unbearable, even for a moment, seems bearable again. She struggled on with her problem to overcome her slavery to it, knowing that it was denying her own person to herself. Her silence subsided a bit, not so much about who she was, but rather about her needs. She asked about going to drug rehabilitation, and I am sure she had been there more than once in her life. Mary called various places, but there was nothing for her.

Jody would lie on a mattress in the place where she slept with a blanket over her head, like a child withholding something of value for fear that it might be taken away if seen. She did not want to be robbed of her ability to decide what her destiny would be, but it was decided with an infected needle that her life would come to an end soon, for she acquired the A.I.D.S. virus.

Other times, she would sit in the dining room, rolling tobacco when she didn't have real cigarettes, asking passersby if they would buy her a soda or some candy. Every so often, she would say something really kind, like how wonderful a person was, or how she'd like to take somebody out for a treat somewhere. Sweet words she was capable of when she wanted something, but I am sure it was part of her nature to be kind, and something she made every effort to retain in herself.

Jody became more incoherent as her condition worsened during her final stay at St. Vincent's Hospital. The hospital was difficult for Jody and for the staff trying to help her. She was in a semi-coma before she died, and I know she struggled to the end to keep some kind of identity. May God through our Lord Jesus Christ grant her a home in the Kingdom where her deepest desires will be met.

Myrtle Solomon

By DAVID McREYNOLDS

Myrtle Solomon, surely one of the most loved figures in the international pacifist movement, died on April 22 at the age of 65 from cancer. She had, until a matter of weeks before her death, remained active in her post as Treasurer of War Resisters International.

Known for her wit as much as for her very hard work, Myrtle Solomon came into the pacifist movement through the British section, Peace Pledge Union, of which she became General Secretary in 1965. In 1975 she was chosen to head the War Resisters International, the first woman to hold that post which she held until 1985 when she stepped down, but

agreed to continue work as Treasurer.

On one of her very few visits to the United States, she spoke at the UN General Assembly during the Special Session on Disarmament. She had made the cause of conscientious objection her own, lobbying for changes in the laws in various countries, to expand the rights of conscience.

The great and perhaps final joy in her life was the 1986 WRI triennial conference in India, which she attended against doctor's advice, but which brought 300 pacifists from around the world to Vedchhi, a small Gandhian village not far from Bombay.

A Reconsideration

Mandatory AIDS Testing

(Continued from page 3)

the A.I.D.S. situation evolves.

A second critique of the inappropriately wide scale of mandatory testing has to do with the importance of informed, voluntary consent. This is recognized as the moral foundation of every medical procedure and, especially, of every medical experiment. Free and uncoerced consent was established as the basic ethical requirement for any human experimentation by the Nuremberg Code after the heinous experiments of the Nazis came to light. While the blood test for H.I.V. is now accurate and safe, it possesses no therapeutic value, here and now, for the person being tested. It can only provide knowledge that can be useful for protecting others in the future. This distinction between a therapeutic and a non-therapeutic procedure is an important one.

We do have a duty to preserve our being and to cooperate in the building up of the common good; this includes the obligation to promote the state of public health. When there is an effective, therapeutic immunization program for A.I.D.S. it will be the moral responsibility of all those in high risk groups to take part. However, since the blood test has no therapeutic value, at this time, for the individual, it can be considered, I believe, to be on the level of only an experiment to gather data. As such, the Nuremberg Code calls for participants in it to give their informed and voluntary consent.

The issue of free and knowledgeable consent contains a very important value for our humanity. Pharmaceutical companies no longer test their drugs on prisoners in our society because it is fundamentally doubted if a prisoner can really give his or her uncoerced consent. Mandatory testing for H.I.V., imposed in an arbitrary and indiscriminate fashion, would undermine this value and, as a society, we would lose something very crucial according to the Nuremberg Code.

The third and most grave criticism, given the rising levels of public fear and misinformation, that can be raised against scatter gun, compulsory testing is the short shrift given to the protection of the individual's right to privacy and confidentiality. Human beings are persons who often require help with a multitude of private matters that are not meant for public airing. We turn to our friends and to trustworthy professionals when we need to get help. It would be a violation of our rights if social and scientific researchers could intrude into our

private lives without our knowledge or consent.

Advocates of compulsory testing do not want to spell out in specific detail how data from their tests will be handled. Who will have access? What penalties will be imposed for misuse of information from the tests? Our country has a long and sad history of racism, which hasty advocates of widespread mandatory testing want to ignore. What kinds of cruel economic, social, and political discrimination will those who test positive for H.I.V. suffer? We must be chary, *in advance*, of the rights of the large number of those who might abruptly be branded as pariahs by any massive, mandatory blood screening plan.

The institution of any plan of this kind is an unethical course of action. Testing must remain, as it is now, a voluntary option in order to be used effectively by all those who feel they are at risk, and by medical doctors seeking to establish a diagnosis. Any broadening of testing for H.I.V. must be rational and fit into a framework of confidentiality and privacy, strictly protected from abuse. Making testing for H.I.V. part of the tests for obtaining a marriage license, if the concerns I have mentioned are adequately addressed, would be an example of the ethical broadening of testing. This would be the kind of balanced, limited and specifically targeted mandatory testing for H.I.V. that would be beneficial, and help to avoid the tragedy of infants being born with the H.I.V. virus and going on to develop A.I.D.S.

As a society, we must focus our efforts on many fronts. We must emphasize education and inform all as to the very real dangers of intravenous drug abuse and heterosexual and homosexual promiscuity. We have to insist that our government change its priorities. We must curtail our insane military spending and stop the flow of drugs into this country. We must mobilize our material and spiritual resources to find quickly a safe effective cure for A.I.D.S. We must resolve, as a society, to have courage and compassion and to do all in our power to succor its poor victims. The first step is to defend their human rights.

The art of medicine is an endless field. And it is especially hard for the person who fears God, loves truth, and does not wish to make any dubious, unfounded utterance.
—Maimonides

Notes of a Wayfarer

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the eve of the anniversary of the birth of Peter Maurin, Friday night, May eighth, in the dining room of Maryhouse, Sr. Peter Claver spoke to us of her spiritual odyssey, or, as Eileen Egan also titled the talk, "Sixty years of service without a burnout." Certainly, although she is now eighty-seven, there was no hint of burnout in her still vibrant voice and her vivid recall of the Christ-loving years and the Christ-seeking people who shared those years with her.

When I first encountered the name Sr. Peter Claver in the articles and books of Dorothy Day, the name itself — perhaps because I have a streak of romanticism in my nature — seemed to connote something of the mystique of saintly legend. Later, as I became more closely associated with the Catholic Worker, I often heard Dorothy speak of this remarkable

tions and so provide myriads of loaves and fishes and works of mercy, and finally help sustain the whole dynamic program of the Catholic Worker.

Meanwhile, as a member of the Missionary Servants of the Blessed Trinity, Sr. Peter Claver worked in the South where she had been born — among the blacks, the Choctaw Indians, and others of the destitute and abandoned, including prisoners. Since 1980 she — as old as the century — and other Trinitarian nuns have gone into some of the prisons of the Philadelphia area, visiting, teaching, tutoring, counseling. With the help and tutelage of these good nuns, more and more prisoners have joined the ranks of the literate, a good many have earned high school diplomas, and some have achieved college degrees. It is also probable that the Scripture classes and counseling of these nuns have helped prisoners along the path of true conversion and taught them how to bear their own terrible cross. Indeed, Sr. Peter Claver intimated that a few of these life-term prisoners had experienced such a profound spiritual transformation that they had become true mystics, and so had entered into that greater freedom, where no walls, no bars, no guns can restrain the prisoner from the liberating Presence of God and His Love.

A Work of Mercy

Dorothy Day, too, always regarded visiting prisoners and extending to them the works of mercy as important parts of the Catholic Worker apostolate. Sr. Peter Claver read us a letter, which she had received from a life-term prisoner who wrote movingly of the help he had received from the visits and letters of Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy. Those of us who committed civil disobedience with Dorothy, and went to jail with her, will always remember that she regarded such occasions as opportunities to visit and help our fellow prisoners.

At the end of her talk, Sr. Peter Claver spoke — as Dorothy herself had so often done — of the importance of prayer in our lives. She urged us to become truly prayer-centered, and reminded us that not only our own salvation but that of the world depends on prayer. Work and pray. Work is prayer. Prayer is work. So are they intertwined with the Will of God.

Pray for us, Dorothy Day, that we may truly center our lives in prayer, so that our work may be blessed by God, and be filled with His Will. DEO GRATIAS.



Sr. Kay Francis

Trinitarian nun with that respect and affection she reserved for those who have chosen to give their lives in the sacrificial love and service of God's poor. Her name-chose, that of one who dedicated his life to the service and ransom of black slaves and to others equally abandoned and destitute, surely suggests that her own vision and dedication were not just accidentally akin to those of Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin. So it was that I began to think of Sr. Peter Claver as part of that exciting, almost fabulous beginning of the Catholic Worker, which, to some of us who came later, sometimes seemed a kind of Golden Age in which the Grace of God was powerfully operative. There, that historic May Day, Sr. Peter Claver, bannered by her name, seems to me to stand near those prophetic founders — Dorothy and Peter — modestly proffering the famous dollar, that catalytic contribution, which, down through the years, would multiply into myriads of contribu-

The Call

(Continued from page 5)

the Gospel is possible, and not something far off, but very near at hand, in the cup shared, the welcome offered, and in the broken bread. Finally, for the Catholic Worker movement a gift is there. In our attempt to address so many issues, and serve so many needs, the light can grow dim. We, too, can find ourselves lost in bigness and excess, so lacking in the poverty and charity that are at the heart of our calling.

Julia explains that they did not come to Las Vegas to solve any problems (for instance of homelessness, by opening up shelters). They came, rather, simply to bear witness to the Gospel, by gathering, in their small home, a number of people in need, and trying to live together fully the Truth which our God has given us. The wisdom of God can be heard in this, "My grace is enough for you, for in weakness power reaches perfection." (2 Cor 12:9) And, in this wisdom there is solution enough. Enough, in fact, to bring salvation to the world.

Belleville Meeting Prepares for Synod on the Laity

By JOE ZARELLA

It was a diverse group of leaders and representatives of sixty-three national, Roman Catholic organizations and movements that came together at Belleville, IL on March 27-29, 1987 to discuss issues and interests of Catholics in the United States.

The gathering was a consultation in preparation for the October Synod of Bishops which will meet in Rome to study "The Mission and Vocation of the Laity in the World." This convocation was the first of its kind in eight years and, for many of us, our first such venture.

At the consultation, which was held at the Shrine of Our Lady of the Snows, the representatives were divided into twelve groups. My wife Alice and I were not in the same unit so we each had an opportunity to contribute and to assimilate views from different kinds of organizations and movements. These represented an interesting spectrum of U.S. catholic-

ity, from the Catholic Worker to The Wanderer, and many in between.

Dolores Lecky, Executive Director of the Bishops' Committee, gave the opening presentation and stated some objectives that included the hoped-for outcomes: That each participant would feel free to share his/her genuine experience of being a lay person in the Church with the opportunity to inform the perspectives to be brought to the Synod by the U.S. delegates; and that we each feel we had really been a part of the pre-Synodal process.

The consultation went on with each group gradually settling down to its task of identifying "What's it like being a lay person in the Church in the USA and how that connects with the Universal Church."

In evaluating the experience, I must say that it was educational and profitable for Alice and me as it brought us into contact with people, some of whom were acquainted with our positions as Catholic Workers, and others who, for the first time, learned of its existence.

Frank Donovan had sent us a good supply of the newspaper, which we were able to give out, seeing that each participant got more than a single issue. In return, we got materials from other groups that evidenced both the depth and scope of our lay publications and interests.

Bishop Stanley Ott, outgoing chairman of the Bishops' Laity Committee, and one of the four bishop-delegates to Rome, stated to the San Antonio assembly (held prior to the Group Consultation at Belleville) that, since the majority of U.S. lay concerns are not doctrinally-related, the realization of their stated agenda is not contingent upon the synod's outcome. He feels that the value of the consultation process will outlive the Synod itself. Others also feel that the laity's input will be extremely useful for the U.S. Church, and that, while there may not be any drastic changes in our Church as a result of the Synod, a continuing process of consultation will help bring out the best in the Church — lay, religious and clergy alike.

The Shoes Hiding Underneath My Bed

By ROBERT PETERS

Recently I had the pleasure of moving myself and my belongings back into a room on the second floor which I share with my roommate and good friend Carl. I had relocated on a self-imposed internal exile of a few months duration which saw me play "musical beds" as we call it. Beginning in a bed in the dormitory on the fifth floor and passing through the shaky bunk bed on the third floor I was now back "home." As I was cleaning and unpacking and tossing things about, Carl made mention of the number of shoes which I kept pulling out from underneath my bed, and I had to laugh with him that the "large" number did seem, well, quite large. An immediate inventory counted eleven pair of shoes. Carl shrieked, ad libbing the Fathers of the Church — "The shoes under your bed belong to the poor!" and fell back laughing as I pondered aloud whether or not I was indeed the Imelda Marcos of St. Joseph House. Looking askance at the shoes laid out, carried along and accumulated through different lifestyle changes not necessarily concerned with a belief in voluntary poverty, I now had to take serious consideration of the number of shoes I possessed and to embrace Lady Poverty with a renewed hug of detachment and affection.

And so I made the plans to dispose of all but what I truly needed, having Carl, who has only one pair of sandals and/or boots under his mattress at any given time, as my inspiration. But, alas, my shoes, all twenty-two of them, had some special meaning, had some pragmatic purpose and had some type of hold on me. First, there were my blue sneakers, which I wear all the time. Then, there were my work boots (for the soupline) and my "boat shoes" which I wear all the time I don't wear my blue sneakers. Of course there were my basketball sneakers and my tennis sneakers, both of which appeared on my feet at the appropriate season. I also had a pair of black sneakers for dancing, an extra pair of boat shoes (because the first pair was falling apart), an old pair of running shoes, a pair of penny loafers, a pair of plain, black, leather shoes which my father bought for me one Christmas and, finally, a pair of army boots which belonged to Gene, who had been in my bed before me and left them behind, and which were, amazingly, a size 12, the same size which fits me! Yes, I had to confess, I owned eleven pair of shoes and couldn't part with any of them, not one pair. I liked them all and rationalized that I needed them all, and so back under the bed they went, stacked two high and three deep.

The rumors and humors about "my shoes" continued for about a week, even getting mentioned at one of our periodical house meetings, and it made me wonder earnestly about what, on a surface level, seemed to be an injustice (and yet a comical absurdity) and a microcosm for much of the ill-distribution of resources which I know to exist at large. But still it did not move me to action. I readily admitted that somehow "a Catholic Worker shouldn't have eleven pair of shoes," yet my dilemma seemed, at best, symbolic of something greater which I was temporarily blinded to, and, at worst, a vociferously-defended embarrassment. I soon thereafter just forgot about it all.

One of the more requested clothing items which people, coming to us in need, ask for, are shoes. Sadly, we usually do not have any, since they often are given out as fast as they come in. I remember once reading an appeal in an old issue of *The Catholic Worker* where Dorothy made a special request for shoe donations during the Great Depression, for people who were literally going without. Most folks we see today are able to keep

a pair of shoes on their feet, although they are often ill-fitting and uncomfortable, having been shaped by the original owner's feet. Occasionally, a person will arrive barefoot, shoes having been stolen while they were sleeping out of doors or something. One night, I began talking with a man named Derek who comes to us regularly for food. This evening he needed socks because his feet were drenched from the heavy rains. As I gave him the socks



M. Eileen Lawter

I noticed that his shoes had giant holes in the soles and offered to find him a better pair. Not surprisingly, there weren't many shoes in the clothing room, and what was there were too small. Without much hesitation, I headed up to my room, pulled back the bed sheet and, with a sense of bewilderment, gazed upon my sacred eleven and had to decide which would be the evening sacrifice. Realizing Derek would need shoes of some substance, I gave him the army boots (Gene would be pleased), which, to

be honest, I never wore anyhow. They fit Derek (also size 12) fine and that was that. A few days later, another one of the folks from the street came in to use the bathroom. Being now particularly foot conscious, I noticed that Nat's shoes consisted of torn canvas sneakers wrapped in plastic bags and secured with a multitude of rubber bands. I asked him if he would like another pair and he said he would. As usual, the clothing room contained a few mixed pairs (one shoe isn't too functional, where are their mates?) and, once again, I headed for that depository of footwear below my resting place. This time, the decision was a little harder — I loved all these shoes, and I wore them all at some point. Oh the agony! Then I thought, I should give him my best pair, isn't that what faith calls me to do, "freely have you received, freely give?" Filled with spiritual fervor, I grabbed my black leather shoes (which, by the way, once got me into a lot of trouble at an airport security checkpoint when the lead toes set off the metal detector!) and presented them to Nat. He said something about them being too heavy. Back upstairs I ran, this time for a pair of sneakers, but they weren't right. Two more trips around but Nat finally mumbled something about not needing shoes now anyway and departed.

Now, you may justifiably ask, what has any of this have to do with anything? As I've experienced the giving of what I have and who I am with the poor, I've come to realize more and more the extent to which I've been blessed with, or given, or made steward of not only shoes, but also emotions, and health, and faith, and the need to take all of it and joyfully offer it back to God in the context of my life. Dorothy also wrote that "It will be by the Works of Mercy that we shall be judged" and, for most people, that won't mean moving to the Catholic Worker or by becoming the next Mother Teresa. But if we take it seriously, it will mean putting ourselves and our possessions, in some way, at the disposal of those who are in need. Moving from where we are to where we should be will mean a change of life for some, and for others, well, we just might now have only "less than double digits" pairs of shoes under our beds, and pray for the grace and the wisdom to give as freely as we have received.

Epiphany Plowshares Update

For the second time in six weeks, a federal court jury refused to convict the Epiphany Plowshares peace activists, and a second mistrial was declared.

After nearly seven hours of deliberations, the twelve jurors reported that they were hopelessly deadlocked, and could not return a unanimous verdict. Greg Boertje, Lin Romano, Rev. Dexter Lanctot and Rev. Thomas McGann, both priests of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, had been charged with conspiracy, destruction of government property and trespass, punishable by up to 15½ years imprisonment and upwards of \$200,000 in fines, following their entry into the Willow Grove Naval Air Station in Pennsylvania on the feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1987. There they poured blood and hammered upon two helicopters of a type commonly used in U.S. military intervention in the Third World, and a P-3 Orion anti-submarine warfare aircraft. After their arrest, leaflets and banners were left explaining their reasons for acting (see CW, March-April, 1987, p. 4).

Their first appearance in federal court ended in a mistrial on April 7. Judge Raymond J. Broderick had prohibited any expert testimony on military policy and the use of any justification defenses. The jury, which deliberated for two days,

reported that they could not return a verdict.

A second jury was then empanelled to re-try the case. In an attempt to forestall a repetition of the first trial, the judge issued a "gag order," which forbade anyone from mentioning, during the trial, a wide range of topics, including U.S. military and foreign policy, the conduct of the President or other government officials, international law or principles, "the word of God," or "any religious, moral or ethical convictions relating to nuclear weapons, nuclear war, foreign policy, war in general, disarmament and/or fear of a nuclear holocaust."

The defendants were allowed to state that they acted for moral reasons, but were forbidden to state what these were.

Despite these restraints, and the judge's instructions to the jurors to decide simply if the defendants were responsible for the damage done at Willow Grove, they were not able to agree to a verdict. The Epiphany Plowshares became the first Plowshares group to go to court and not be convicted.

Judge Broderick selected July 13th to begin a third trial, although the District Attorney was uncertain whether he would continue the case.

—Tim Lambert

Maryhouse

(Continued from page 2)

I hadn't. I felt so cold saying she couldn't stay. "What you do to the least of my brothers, you do to me," I kept thinking. And I was saying, "Go away, there is no room at the inn." I told myself I'd never say "No" again. But, over time, I just got better at saying "No," or maybe I should say, I accept it now. We only have so many beds, so many people willing and able to work, and, well, we're capable of only so much. After being here awhile I realized we can't feed or house everyone. You do the best you can do and call it a day.

In some ways, that is what my visit to Maryhouse has been. A place to try to help, and also to find I'm capable of so little. To try my best, and to do what I can. It may not be much, but it's the best I can do.

Interspersed with the work and finding one's limits is, thankfully, fun. The big get together of late was the May Day celebration — the Catholic Worker's 54th birthday. The days prior to May Day were spent in preparation — Frank Donovan fixed up the auditorium, moving tables and mail bags, and setting up candles and flowers. Food was prepared and Eileen Lawter made a beautiful cake. The big day went with only one hitch. The priest who was to celebrate the Mass was late, but, fortunately, among the hundred or so people attending the bash were a handful of priests and a replacement was easily found. The Mass was followed by food and even more food, and highlighted by the cake.

Speaking of the cake, our baker and in-house barber, Eileen, is going off to Holland at month's end. Being a fan of food, I'm going to miss Eileen. But Eileen is not the only one leaving us. Mary Sullivan is taking off to the coast of Maine for the summer and then back to school. We will obviously have to change our name to something other than Maryhouse. Arturo Ocaño will also be visiting his family during June. For those of us not taking off, the last days of May will be used to catch a deep breath for what may be a long June. Other notes of interest in the who's where and when; Kassie just returned from her visit home. And Tim Lambert, our managing editor, spent a few days during May in Las Vegas protesting at the nuclear testing site.

The business major in me keeps thinking we could be more efficient, we could put in more beds, etc. . . . And, boy, do I miss the point. So often, people need more than food or clothes — they need something more personal. A home, as compared to a place to sleep. I once saw a shirt that read, "Anyone can be a father, but it takes someone special to be a Dad." We try to be a Dad. Anyone or institution could slap a meal down in front of someone, but it takes a bit more to add a, "Hi, how ya' doing?" Do we succeed? Well, for me, I try. Often I feel like I'd rather slap the meal down, because it's easier that way. It's so easy to forget people need more than food or clothing. And I forget that all too often. I'm going to be forced to use the seventy times seven loophole. I figure all I can do is the best I can do. Which is what I hope I'm doing here at Maryhouse. I'm trying to try.



Boycott Grapes!