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Sr. Meinrad Cralthead

## UFW Extends Boycott

By BILL GRIFFIN

On March 5th, Mack Lyons, director of UFW field organizing in Florida, spoke in NYC on the new boycott called for by Cesar Chavez against the products of the Sunmaid Raisin Corporation and the Diamond-Sunsweet Corporation. These corporations, two of California's largest, have joined with the Teamsters Union and other growers, such as Gallo Brothers, in lobbying to block funds for the National Labor Relations Board.

As of now, no more elections are being held. While the State of California was still funding the elections, 324 elections were decided. Of this number, the United Farm Workers won 205. Clearly, the workers were speaking out democratically in favor of the United Farm Workers Union. While refunding of the elections is discussed at length in the California State Capitol, the vested interests of those growers and corporations long opposed to the UFW have time and opportunity to pressure people who work in the fields and who support the UFW. Workers are being harassed, intimidated, fired.

The growers and the teamsters declare that the NLRB election rules must be revised. The means they are using for this objective, possibly good in itself, are coercive and violent. With their power in the California Congress, they have stopped the elections altogether. And this betrays other intentions—the intention to stop the United Farm Workers Union, cost what it may.

In response to these tactics, which have halted the NLRB elections, and which carry the subtle and not so subtle threats of violence, the United Farm Workers have extended their boycott to all Sunmaid and Sunsweet products, which include raisins, walnuts, prunes and prune juice. The Farmworkers are appealing again to our moral sense and to our weight as consumers.

Again, volunteers to help the Farmworkers organize their new boycott are needed too. For more information about this and new developments, please contact the UFW at 331 W. 84th St., New York, N.Y. 10024, or UFW, P.O. Box 62, Keene, CA 93531.

## Archbishop Roberts:

# His Life for Peace

By RICHARD J. CARBRAY

A three-credit interdisciplinary course offered by several Seattle-area colleges, entitled Dissent and Affirmation, uses a quote from Henri de Lubac, S.J. as part of the course description: "Whenever we say no we imply that on a deeper level there is a yes which provokes and originates it. Rebellion always implies an acquiescence which is deeper and more free." For me this quote often recalls to mind the life and times of Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., whose refusal to ratify automatically the conventional wisdom, the safe answers of his own or of other times, in turn reflected an affirmation in his own life which was deeper and more free.

### Speaking for Peace

Now that Archbishop Roberts has left us (he died Feb. 28, 1976) it might prove useful to examine some of the causes to which this truly remarkable man gave leadership. First of all, let us examine his never-ceasing advocacy of peace and sanity among the nations. Whether he was encouraging and working closely with the PAX group in England, or writing well-reasoned interventions at Vatican II, he was very much engaged in this vital matter. Using the specific case of Austrian martyr Franz Jagerstatter (executed by the Nazis Aug. 9, 1943) in his written intervention, which he was unable to deliver in St. Peter's, to illustrate the task before the Council, Roberts admonished: "What we must do here is to give clear testimony that the Church affirms the right of the individual conscience to refuse unjust military service and assure those of the Faithful, who bear such witness, that they will always have her fullest support. Once this has been done, martyrs like Jagerstatter will never again have to feel they take their stand alone. I plead with the Fathers to consider this man and his sacrifice in a spirit of gratitude. May his example insure our deliberations. This does not mean that we should limit our thoughts to this one war or to one nation's part in that war. Perhaps the major scandal of Christianity for too many centuries now has been precisely that almost every national hierarchy in almost every war has allowed itself to become the moral arm of its own government, even in war later recognized as palpably unjust. Let us break with this tragic past by making a clear and unambiguous affirmation of the right and the obligation of each Christian to obey the voice of his [or her] informed conscience before and during a time of war."

Now, in rereading some of the documents brought home from the Council, I came across an intervention by Douglas Steere, a Quaker observer at Vatican II and a great friend of Roberts. They were working closely together on the peace issue. Commenting on Chapter V of Schema XIII, *De Bello Vitando* (On the Avoidance of War) Steere wrote: "These sections dealing with war and peace have much in them to be commended. The billions of inarticulate men and women, who live forever under the shadow of annihilation or of an involuntary sentence to progressive deterioration and death (Hiroshima-style) in the event of a total nuclear war, have a right to look to the Roman Catholic Church,

with its half a billion members and its commitment to the love of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, for a prophetic word for our time that would articulate this longing for peace and would depict modern total war for the crime that it is. The details of the elimination of such war are a political problem, but the nature of its present threat is a moral and spiritual problem which no great Christian body dare evade."

### Working for Peace

How different things might have been, had both Roberts and Steere, in a formal way, standing at microphones in St. Peter's (and not across the street at the Communications Center) been heard on *De Bello Vitando* and, more importantly, if the collective wisdom of the Council had given a solid endorsement to their views. Could the Vietnam War, for instance, so cruelly escalating that year of 1965, have gone on unexamined or been explained away with pious platitudes, if the Council Fathers, particularly many of the 240 American bishops, had chosen to be Christian shepherds first and various degrees of cold warriors second? For Douglas Steere was right, of course, in stating what separated brethren had a right to expect from us—and this was what Roberts was indefatigably trying to propose.

With regards to Vietnam, Archbishop Roberts, accompanied by a South American prelate, a Swedish journalist, Gunnell Vallquist, and myself, journeyed to Florence during a Council recess to see the quondam Mayor of Florence and a man of peace, Giorgio LaPira, who had just returned from Hanoi and a visit with Ho Chi Minh. (Ms. Vallquist had written an excellent biography of LaPira.) Following our conversations with LaPira and upon our return to Rome we received a phone call from LaPira, asking us to arrange a very private meeting in Rome involving Roberts, himself, and several American and Canadian bishops that he might share with them some Vietnamese views on ending the war, views that some of them might in turn share privately with appropriate members of government in Washington, D.C. and Ottawa after the Council ended some weeks hence. It was so arranged, in fact there were two such meetings in Rome, a few weeks apart, both of which Roberts attended.

LaPira, of course, made no public reference to these meetings, but he did give to the press his assessment of the situation in Vietnam and the highlights of his conversations with Ho Chi Minh. For this he was labelled in some American newspapers a "boy scout," a "rank amateur," and a "meddler" for his honorable efforts to halt the carnage in Southeast Asia.

Looking now, after many years, at the signatures of the Council Fathers who supported our petition that the war-peace debate be continued and that Roberts be allowed to speak (only four days were given over to this vital issue, contrasted with the sometimes weeks spent on ecclesiastical "housekeeping") I am pleased to note some American names—Ritter, Mussio, Shannon, Taylor, and Schlotterback, and from other countries men like Heenan, Rugambwa,

(Continued on page 8)



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DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher

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442

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## On Simple Prayer

By DOROTHY DAY

(This article is taken from Dorothy's introduction to the Templegate edition of **THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD**, by Brother Lawrence of the Resurrection, Templegate Publishers, Springfield, Ill., 1974. The book is edited and translated by Donald Attwater: 127 pages, \$5.95—Eds. note.)

This book, made up of a few conversations, a few letters, has come down to us through the centuries, and is too little known. It is a classic, and carries a message, points a way. It tells of a spirituality which is within the reach of all. Most men and women have to work for a living. A philosopher once said "Do what you are doing"—that is, pay attention to what you are doing. Brother Lawrence obviously had no books in his kitchen, to study ways of finding God. He had to find his way, obviously by prayer.

But how to pray? St. Teresa of Avila wrote many books on prayer, St. John of the Cross too, and books have been written about their books, further expounding the meaning of prayer. St. Paul told us all to search the scriptures and to pray without ceasing. Both commands must have presented difficulties to Brother Lawrence, who spent his life in a kitchen or in the market place finding the bread and wine, meat and vegetables for a community. Certainly there was little time for the delightful occupation of reading about prayer.

I am sure the disciples of Jesus did little reading, fishermen as they were, many of them. They asked him, "How shall we pray?" He gave them the Lord's prayer. He, God-man that he was, told them no other prayer...

Entire books have been written about the Lord's Prayer but there is no mention of books in Brother Lawrence's reported conversations and letters. His serenity, his simplicity is that of the Prayer. He, God-man that he was, told you shall receive. Seek and you shall find." Jesus taught us what to ask for and, as Pascal commented, "You would not seek Him, if you had not already found Him."

### Faith and the Senses

Brother Lawrence's times were no different from ours. St. Teresa of Avila, who lived in the time of the Inquisition, wrote, "All times are dangerous times." Just as St. Paul called upon us to be other Christs, Lawrence was another Christ, who lived in the presence of the Father at all times.

He grew up like other children and young men, and went through a conversion of heart at the age of sixteen. He had one of those striking experiences that I think we all have, whether we live in the country or in the city. "One

winter day he noticed a tree stripped of its leaves and reflected that before long leaves would appear anew, then flowers and then the fruit, and that this consideration gave him so striking an idea of the Providence and might of God that it had never since been effaced from his soul; ... and kindled in him so great a love for God that he was not able to say if it had at all increased during the forty-odd years which had since passed."

We have to leap into faith through the senses—from the natural to the supernatural—and I was drawn to the Church in my youth because it appealed to the senses. The music speaking to the ear, the incense to the sense of smell, the appeal of color to the eye, stained glass, ikons and statues, the bread and wine to the taste, the touch of rich vestments and altar linens, the touch of holy water, oils, the sign of the cross, the beating of the breast.

When my own mother was dying, she asked me quietly and soberly, "What about a future life?" I could only point to the flowers which surrounded her. It was in the fall and there were giant chrysanthemums filling the tables in her room. It was like a promise from God, and God keeps his promises. I pointed to the trees outside, stripped of their leaves, looking dead to the eye from that distance, but there had recently been a blaze of glory in the color of the maples. Another sign of a promise. Later she said, "I can only pray the Our Father and the Creed. Is that enough?" And when I thought of the books which would fill libraries which had been written on every phrase contained in the Our Father, it comforted my heart to know that she was practicing the presence of God this way.

**The Practice of the Presence of God** consists of conversations, letters, and maxims on how we should live, with the idea of cultivating this sense of the presence of God in the soul, and indeed in the world about us.

The very word "sense" might seem to throw us off, because the whole book has to do with the spiritual life of man, not his sense life, and so can be brushed aside as non-sense. But we all have a desire for the True, the Good and the Beautiful which is God. And we look around us today in a time of war and fear, of stockpiling for war, of greed, dishonesty, and ambition, and long for peace in our time, for that peace which passeth understanding, which we see only glimpses of, through a glass darkly.

(I cannot write and express myself without using the words and phrases of St. Paul, of scripture. We are told to

(Continued on page 4)

## St. Joseph House

By SUSAN WEIMER

While working on the soup-line the other day, I was struck by a feeling of great warmth and familiarity. This was not a "soup-line," but a congregation of friends gathered together. One fellow greeted me and simply asked if I remembered finding him a jacket last year. I said no, I did not remember. He took great pains to describe the incident—described the jacket, and mentioned how thankful he was that I had found it for him, even though the jacket did not fit. Again, he impressed me with his simple sincerity. He was keeping alive, in friendly personal talk, an image for him of hope. This otherwise minor incident comes to mind sharply today, this first day of Lent. It serves to remind me, in this liturgical season, of the image of hope toward which we are walking: The Day of Resurrection.

### Mardi Gras

The moody dismalness of deep-winter seems to be thawing on First Street. Hope and its companion, joy, are creeping in. I think it surprises us. (Why is it we are often defensive to joy around here?) Pierre Teilhard de Chardin said "Joy is the infallible sign of the presence of God." An interesting phenomenon of joy occurs at St. Joseph House when "old" Catholic Workers make return visits. Joe Goodding and Tony Konechnik recently spent time with us, visiting and helping out. Their healthy faces and lively humor refreshed the house. Jonas, in particular, was glad to see Tony. These two became good friends last year during Jonas' hospitalization. Jonas celebrated his 79th birthday last week by leaving the hospital again, and again, Tony was on hand to accompany him home. Speaking of birthdays, Terry Rogers, Ida, and Walter also celebrated their births during the past month. However, it was on Shrove Tuesday that we really went all-out in a mood of festivity. Since the day is the last day of Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday) frivolity, we celebrated by decorating the first floor in a panoply of color. Walter, Scott, Smitty, Petey (Sr. Paulette Peterson) and others took the first floor on an adventure in interior decorating. We looped crepe paper streamers across the room and tacked them into the ceiling. Attractive bouquets of balloons and confetti streamers were arranged and tacked at various strategic places around the room. For the first time since Christmas, the Halloween decor of the room receded into the background. Some generous soul had donated four cartons of gum drops to the house. Bowls of these goodies kept reappearing all day. The place was a dentist's dream and a psychiatrist's nightmare. Frank said the room reminded him of one of our neighborhood social clubs. Actually, all it lacked was Guy Lombardo and we could have celebrated New Year's. As a matter of fact, Esther and Sam thought a dance would be a marvelous idea.

### The Joy of Belief

My list of festive occasions and welcome visitors would be incomplete without mentioning Frank Sheed. Mr. Sheed, a long-time friend of the CW, led a Friday Night Meeting entitled "Is There a Future for the Catholic Past?" He epitomized Peter Maurin's favorite phrase "clarification of thought" as he weighed and sorted out those elements of Catholicity which are essential to belief. In hearing Mr. Sheed speak, one cannot help but be impressed by the great joy with which he expresses his faith and love. Such men move mountains of lazy believers to examine their own depth of credo. Rarely has anyone captivated an audience so with crackling wit, and an authority that is as scholarly as it is personal.

### Hardships of City Life

All these joyous occasions contrasted to the atmosphere of previous weeks. The flu hit New York hard this year, our household included. Frank Donovan

and Anne Marie were the first to suffer through the onslaught of fever, lung congestion, aches and fatigue. Brian Terrell, Jim Lynch and Walter Kerell followed and were laid up quite a while. Soon Dan Mauk was down with it too. All patients seem to have recuperated from their ailments, since they are all tearing around, working like crazy again.

A case of the flu is welcome nowhere, but for many people in our neighborhood, other complications meant real hardship, suffering and endurance. Many of the old apartment buildings in our area frequently have boiler breakdowns, which result in no heat and no hot water, sometimes for weeks on end.

There seems to be quite a preponderance of such buildings, many of them city owned. The length of time involved remedying the situation is deplorable, and speaks of great lack of concern on the landlord's part.

### Fidelity in Work

**On the Road with Ellsberg and Sammon** may be the title of Robert Ellsberg's and Jane Sammon's book (s) when they return from their separate travels. Jane is presently visiting her family in Ohio, and Robert is still trucking toward home on the West Coast. We miss them both greatly. As much as we miss them, I'm filled by the great sense of fidelity with which others work. This I realize through personal experience: we are all loved, depended on and needed here, yet, thank God, things will carry on without us. We greatly anticipate the return of Jane, Robert, and other travelers and pray for their safety, refreshment and refurbishment in mind, body and soul. Work still continues with gusto, however. Tom, who works enduringly on the paper, often gets up to put the soup water on for Ed Forand, Anne Marie or Terry in the morning. Gary Leib lends a very able hand at night, swabbing the decks. And, recently, John Carter provided valuable assistance helping me clean and set up the clothing room, and packing up extra clothes for Catholic Relief Services.

### Act in Hope Persevere in Joy

What better way to sprout our spring spirits than to indulge in a little pure, idiotic hilarity. Walter, Lee and I tip our hats and take a bow on this account. While working this afternoon, we baited each other's imaginations with tempting morsels of silly fantasy and cooked up a pre-supper (or pre-Mass—whichever comes first) skit, in which the whole house would be occupied and hopefully amused. It was dubbed the "Houseketeer Roll Call" (sounds oddly similar to something Jane Sammon and others have produced before) and starred each one of our luminous stars. All this was a carry over from pre-Mardi Gras planning. Walter and I again had been sticking tacks in each other's brains the day before Mardi Gras. In addition to the first floor decorations, we envisioned a water balloon party in which everyone would water the person of his/her own liking (or disliking). These merry, impractical and catastrophic plans are often formulated, and we certainly are delighted that they seldom come to pass. Yet, a family without humor soon withers and perishes. What would we do without Esther's booming laugh, Ed Brown's stories, Jeanette's pithy quips, Wong's bright greetings? If we cannot relax and laugh occasionally, we may as well pack it all in. And, although it may seem contrary, what better season in which to express our joy at the Good News. Perhaps an element of penitence includes the openness to say how much we love a moment in our lives. Although we may be racked with countless, untold problems, something may strike us to the heart as beautiful, good and joyful. Yet, because of our prideful attachment to those matters which hurt us, and

(Continued on page 7)



## Irish Co-operatives

(The following article is excerpted from the newsletter of the Irish Civil Development Association, Ltd., 4925 Ardennes, Montreal Nord, P. Q., Canada. Sean Loughlin, of Belfast, who spent several weeks at the N.Y. Catholic Worker, is now working with the ICDA in Montreal. He sent us this description of their work:

"Its purpose is to promote the Irish co-operative movement, one of the few possibilities of nonviolent action. It is nonsectarian and nonpolitical, in the sense of not being connected with any party or group. The chief aim of the ICDA is to provide information about community projects in Ireland, and to encourage active participation in community projects." Eds. note.)

The three pedlars of influence and power in western society are mainly government, business and labor. Casualties of barter are individuals and communities. Ireland is no exception.

The beginning of community action was not a direct response to our country's failure to solve glaring social inequities. Rather, it was a localized and subjective dawning of an awareness that if people did not help themselves no one else would. Glencolumbkille started with a modest parish council in the 50s; Whiterock Industrial Enterprises with a tenants association in 1965; Toome Fisheries, when fishermen banded together to protect their traditional but disputed fishing rights on Lough Neagh in 1958; Coalisland Construction and Cran-nock Furniture to mitigate the effects of socially irresponsible business decisions.

The ripples at the community level probably started as isolated phenomena and certainly the paths pursued have been as diverse as the communities themselves.

### Limits to Action

If there is a common discernible pattern, it is this: the various associations were involved in one way or another with trying to solve immediately pressing social problems. Eventually all came to see that there was a ruthless limit to their actions—money and the lack thereof.

Requests to government departments to aid in essential needs like adequate housing wind up in the byzantine corridors of bureaucracy. And eventually, if and when help materializes, original needs are compounded by further deterioration. Local initiative is therefore severely circumscribed.

### Economic Control

The compulsion of circumstance pushed associations to a conclusion. Improvement could only be achieved if communities had control of the means of improvement. The need for some measure of economic control of their own destinies stared them in the face. Since the social consequences of not having wealth was the cause of their coming together in the first place they found themselves on the twin horns of a dilemma. In the spiral of deprivation there is little room to maneuver.

Campaign-hardened workers braced themselves to attempt the nearly impossible. Fr. McDyer moved mountains, and

the then-president, de Valera, to have a government owned hand-weaving factory put into his district; in Belfast they bought a little field; and the Lough Neagh fishermen took their stand in a spectacular court action.

Since economic development was to be the community's tool to better its own life, it was seen to be desirable that the local economy should be operated in favor of community interests. The profits of a business should be returned to the community and be employed for the community. The only way this could be effectively done would be by a community operated economy.



The structural form of the co-operative was the embodiment of this aspiration. (To paraphrase Lincoln, the co-operative structure is of the people and run by the people for the people.) Different community associations arrived at the co-operative format by circuitous routes—an outcome that was scarcely foreseen when people first banded tentatively together to improve their lot.

In nearly all of the situations known to us there was a considerable time lapse between the initial banding of people and the arrival of the first co-operative in a district. The Parish Council of Glencolumbkille rolled up its sleeves to work around 1958—the first co-operative started in 1962. Ballymurphy Tenants Association was formed in 1965—the first co-operative started in 1970. The Lough Neagh Fishermen's Association was founded in 1958—their co-operative started in 1971.

The northern part of the country seems to have been the spawning ground of community initiatives. Maybe they are less taken up by policies of distraction than elsewhere.

However, there is evidence that throughout the country communities are beginning to look to themselves to work on their problems. Even at this very early stage the community co-operative is offering a healthy alternative to the centralizing complex of Brussels, London and Dublin.

The highest form of art is loving other human beings.

Vincent Van Gogh

## A Worker's Fast

By GEORGE BINIEK

After two and a half years of working for reconciliation in Northern Ireland, I went down to Dublin to say goodbye to my friend Justin Morahan, before returning to the U.S. Justin is the founder of the Irish pacifist news-sheet *For Love, For Peace, For Justice*, (LPJ), and an active campaigner for nonviolent action and human rights. I spent the day looking for him without success; then I met a mutual friend who told me Justin was in Mountjoy Jail as the result of a sit-in the day before. My friend and I immediately went to Mountjoy, where we

### Strike for Work

Tony spent the next two years trying to convince the Docks Board to review his case. Last November, after everything else had failed, he began a hunger strike and picket outside the offices of the Port and Docks Board. He asked his fellow workers not to join him, because he felt it was unfair for a single man to ask married men to come out on strike in support of him.

On the twelfth day of his hunger strike and picket, Tony met and talked with Justin Morahan, who decided to take up Tony's case. Justin quickly gathered a small group of supporters who exhausted virtually all the "official" channels in an attempt to obtain a just settlement for Mr. Donaldson. The group mounted pickets, contacted newspapers, approached political and religious leaders, and arranged meetings with the Port and Docks Board. Everyone was uninterested in the case of Tony Donaldson.

The situation became more urgent. Mr. Donaldson collapsed while picketing in front of the Docks Board offices, and was taken to Mater Hospital. His supporters felt that something had to be done. Five of them (Sylvia Carey, Anne McKay, Justin Morahan, Simon O'Donoghue, Billy O'Shea) entered the Ballast Office of the Port and Docks Board by the front door, and occupied an unused office, on the afternoon of November 28, 1975. They explained to the staff that no damage would be caused and no attempt would be made to disrupt normal office work. After sitting in at the office for five hours they were arrested and taken to Pearse St. Garda (Police) Station. Simon and Anne were released on bail that evening, Billy and Sylvia the next morning. Justin refused bail because he felt that it was not freely available to everyone. He was sent to Mountjoy Jail on remand until the trial.

The outcome of Tony Donaldson's struggle has some happy notes and some sad ones. Early in December Tony received word, while still on his hunger strike in Mater Hospital, that he would be re-employed with the Port and Docks Board on January 5, at his former wage rate, and with compensation for the time he was unemployed. Unfortunately, the five who sat in at the Docks Board didn't fare so well. In their trial on the 16th of December, two of the three charges against each were dropped. (Each was charged with conduct likely to lead to a breach of the peace.) Simon and Anne pled guilty; Justin, Billy, and Sylvia refused to plead. The judge asked them to give him an assurance they would never sit-in again. Simon and Anne agreed and were fined ten pounds apiece. Justin, Billy, and Sylvia refused to give him this assurance, and were each sentenced to six months in prison. Sylvia and Billy are out on bail appealing this decision. Justin is serving his six months sentence in Mountjoy Jail.

### Need for Work

There are several lessons we can learn from Tony Donaldson's struggle. His case demonstrates graphically how non-violence is used successfully to obtain justice. Tony tried all the channels open to him to have his grievance heard—discussions with the Docks Board, political representatives, the labor commissioner. None of these was satisfactory. It was only when Tony went on a hunger and thirst strike and five people nonviolently sat-in at the offices of the Docks Board that the Docks Board finally reopened Tony's case. His story is also a clear illustration of the importance and value of work in today's society. Here is a man who was offered money in return for not working. His response was to refuse it; not because he didn't want the money, but because he preferred to work. Tony Donaldson put his life on the line because he needed to work. He needed work to sustain him, not only economically, but as a human being.

Is not this the fast that I choose: to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the thongs of the yoke, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke? Is it not to share your bread with the hungry, and bring the homeless poor into your house; when you see the naked to cover him ... If you take away from the midst of you the yoke, the pointing of the finger ... if you pour yourself out for the hungry and satisfy the desire of the afflicted, then shall your light rise in the darkness and your gloom be as the noonday. And the Lord will guide you continually, and satisfy your desire with good things ... and you shall be like a watered garden, like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

Isaiah, 58



# + + + LETTERS + + +

## Guatemala

Guatemala Committee  
710 East 6th Street  
New York, N.Y. 10009

Dear Friends,

The latest statistics from the Guatemalan earthquake are extremely grim: 20,000 or more people are dead, and more than 40,000 are injured. The total population of Guatemala was only 5½ million. That's a very high ratio of casualties.

Father Bill Woods, a Maryknoll priest, has been living and working in Guatemala for some 20 years. His involvement has always been with the campesinos (peasant farmers), most of whom are native Indians. These people have been the hardest hit by the earthquake.

For years, Bill Woods has been involved on a land reform project, which he began, called "Proyecto Ixcán." The purpose of the project is to obtain land for landless campesinos, and to help them to build homes and farms on the land. Entire villages have sprung up in the Ixcán Jungle.

Right now, everything in Guatemala is a shambles. Entire villages have been destroyed. Although the Ixcán Project was not badly affected, most of the Project's people come from the devastated mountain areas, and are totally involved in helping their friends and families. In one day after the earthquake, they donated thousands of pounds of corn—their own sustenance, and the only thing they have to give.

Bill called us from Guatemala via

Houston, Texas, his home town. We asked how we could help. We asked if we should go down to help rebuild. His answer was, "no... there are too many mouths and not enough food. The Indians have to rebuild their homes and they need money to do it. If you can, send money. Then they can get the materials to rebuild, not to mention food."

Therefore we are asking for your support.

Make checks or money orders payable to: Proyecto Ixcán-Maryknoll Frs.

Bill Woods and the project will give the money directly to the people who need it most.

Send donations to: GUATEMALA COMMITTEE, c/o Gilbert Ortiz, 710 East 6th St., New York, N.Y. 10009.

Please include name and address. You will receive a list of the people that the money is given to and the village from which they come.

Sincerely,  
Gil Ortiz  
for Bill Woods and Proyecto Ixcán

## Tax Case

2733 8½ Ave.  
Rock Island, Ill. 61201

Dear Dorothy,

Here is the latest information on my trial (Nov. 20) and my sentencing (Dec. 15).

The charge was two counts of filing false information (i.e. W-4E withholding form). The trial lasted only one day with Judge Morgan, in effect, denying me a trial by jury. The judge, in his

instructions to the jury, told them that the only fact they had to decide was whether I had signed the W-4E, something I had already admitted. All personal motivation and beliefs, questions of international law, and constitutional issues were considered irrelevant.

At the sentencing Judge Morgan surprised everyone by reading a prepared speech which was very complimentary, and stated that he wasn't even going to fine me because I freely gave of my time and money to help those less fortunate than myself. He gave me 3 years probation on each count to be served concurrently.

We have decided to appeal the decision, not because the sentence was unacceptable, but because of the issues we feel can still be raised. One remote possibility is that the appellate court would overturn the decision. More likely, they could rule a mistrial, and we would start over again. The government might then drop the charges or they could try me again. This time my personal convictions would be considered relevant and testimony to support my contentions on international and constitutional law would have to be allowed. Both my lawyer and I were forbidden to mention these during the trial.

The points we feel can be raised by the appeal and/or another trial are:

Signing a W-4E form represents making a legal judgment as to tax liability. People should not be made criminals for making a legal judgment.

International law, i.e. U.N. Charter, S.E.A.T.O., Geneva, Nuremburg, is binding on U.S. citizens via article six of the U.S. constitution.

The right to practice religious conviction includes tax refusal.

My lawyer has been very generous with his time and is charging me much less than he is entitled to. Still the expenses come to slightly over \$3000 for the trial and appeal. If any groups can help a little with the expenses it would be greatly appreciated.

We expect Appellate Court decision by June.

Love to all!  
Chuck Quilty



## Prisoner Writes

532 Natoma St.  
San Francisco, Calif., 94103

Dear Friends,

I am 21 years old and a native of Puerto Rico, though raised mainly in the Puerto Rican community in New York. Two years ago I made what I now realize was the biggest mistake in my life—by enlisting in the Army. I have been AWOL for about half of the time since then and am now in confinement at Ford Ord, California, awaiting court-martial. Fortunately, I have an experienced civilian counselor so I think my legal situation is about as good as possible under the circumstances.

Right now I'm stuck here for at least the next few months and I am also out of touch with my pre-Army and pre-AWOL friends. I am isolated in an ex-

tremely unsupportive environment. I would sure enjoy getting a little mail!

Since mail sent directly to me at Fort Ord is subject to military inspection and general tampering, I am using the address of my civilian counselor who is able to get mail to me promptly and intact, even if I am transferred.

Your Brother,  
Roberto Marcos

## Boston

Haley House  
Rosie's Place  
23 Dartmouth St.  
Boston, Mass. 02116

Dear Friends,

A major change will happen this month at the house. Rosie's, the "women's place" which has been offering food and clothing in a caring atmosphere for a year and a half, and overnight shelter for seven months, is moving to 23 Dartmouth Street. Ken and Dick, the backbone of Haley House, will still inhabit the top floor; but the rest of the upstairs building will no longer be staff quarters.

The men's operation will maintain its present 7 a.m. to 12 noon schedule with a hopefully expanded breakfast. Rosie's evening hours are from 5 to 9 p.m.; then the overnight guests and staff will retire upstairs to the living room and dormitory space. A breakfast will be served in the third floor kitchen for the women. We are presently putting our hands together painting, paneling, rearranging and otherwise improving the existing facilities.

Our needs, besides money, include food and clothing, bedding, towels and silverware. We would also enjoy a visit with anyone interested in becoming more directly involved in the work of the house.

Hiding among the scraping, painting, sawing and building crews working on the house, is a "plexiglass addict" who is opening walls to make unbreakable windows. To take full advantage of this newly discovered sunlight we could use some household plants...

Thank you for your support,  
Your friends at Haley House  
and Rosie's Place

## Davenport

806 W. 5th St.  
Davenport, Iowa 52802

Dear Dorothy,

It seems like years since our visit to New York. So much is going on here. Our second house, Peter Maurin House, is coming along well. The house was in terrible disrepair, when we bought it in June, and the building inspector gave us a list of repairs a mile long. Our guests are doing most of the repairs and that is certainly exciting. The summer volunteers are all gone, and we are again understaffed. Bob Chaps, who is living with us, is working full time as a janitor at the diocesan headquarters and his salary helps us meet rising costs. A young woman from Stratford, Conn. has joined our community and has all the energy that new folks bring with them.

Our garden was a glorious success, and we officially closed it today for the winter. I hate to see winter come, knowing it means cold feet and frost-bite and sickness for the men who come each day. We're already fighting a flu epidemic here at the house. We've had several distinguished visitors lately. Dom Helder Camara spent a day with us and celebrated Sunday Mass here in our dining room. His fine example and gentle spirit are so strengthening. Philip Berrigan also visited us for several days. He spoke on the nuclear arms race to about 300 people here at our Neighborhood Center.

Well, it's getting to be time to serve dinner so I must go. All here at Davenport wish you a happy birthday.

In peace,  
Margaret Quigley

## On Simple Prayer

(Continued from page 2)

"Search the scripture" to find comfort and guidance. St. Therese of Lisieux who reminds me of Brother Lawrence in her practice of the "little way," said once that she could read fifty chapters of Isaiah and get nothing out of them and then suddenly the fifty-first flooded her soul with light. Which makes me think of the subconscious mind working away, and leaping on what it needs for sustenance, comfort, or understanding.)

When St. Paul says to pray always, to pray without ceasing, he is also talking about practicing the presence of God.

### Return to Simplicity

A few years ago an old woman died in our midst, here at our House of Hospitality in New York. She was surrounded by many men and women she had known a long time; she had the best of care. We had a nurse living with us who could meet any emergency. But Catherine, the last few weeks of her life, often clutched at my hand as I passed her, and would plead with me, "There is a God, tell me there is a God! Tell me!"

I could only say, "Yes, Catherine, there is a God. He is our Father and He loves us, you and me." When you say these things it is an act of faith. You feel your helplessness so you pray harder. You seem to know nothing, you can only hold her hand and make your affirmation. So much of our prayer is made up of these affirmations. "I praise Thee, O God, I bless Thee. What have I on earth but Thee and what do I desire in heaven besides Thee? I am saying this for Catherine, instead of Catherine, because she is in 'the valley of the shadow.'"

But did I comfort her? A few days later a young girl said to me, "The word Father means nothing to me. It brings me no comfort. I had a drunken father who abused my mother and beat his children." We can do nothing by our words. So we are driven to prayer by our helplessness. God takes over...

Living today in a time of war, crying out Peace, Peace when there is no Peace, fearing age and death, pain and darkness, destitution and loneliness, people

need to get back to the simplicity of Brother Lawrence...

Brother Lawrence did not have the tumultuous life of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross (who lived in the century before him, in danger of the Inquisition, the latter imprisoned and beaten by his fellow monks, factions growing up in the church around them). Perhaps it was because he did not write, was not published. Yet, writes Attwater, "He was known and venerated by the whole of Paris. And not only by the crowd of nameless and poor Christians who, in all ages and places, have had such a genius for detecting sanctity, but also by the learned, the distinguished, and the noble, both clerical and lay."

### Our Real Desire

We need this book today when we are overwhelmed by the vastness of today's problems. We need to return to the simplicity of a Brother Lawrence, whose "little way" makes our burdens light and rejoices the heart.

These days I can never look up at the sky and see the moon without thinking with wonder and awe that men have walked there. To conceive of such a thing—to desire such an adventure, to be capable of overcoming all fear, all doubt, to have faith in man's ability to solve problems, and seek out the way to go about this great exploration—what dedication of mind and will! "What is man that thou are mindful of him? Thou hast made him little less than the angels." It keeps coming into my mind—how much man would be capable of if his soul were strong in the love of God, if he wanted God as much as he wanted to penetrate the power and glory of God's creation.

To know Him, to love Him and to serve Him—a personal God, who took on human flesh and became man and suffered and died for us. To find the way, not to the moon but to God—this is man's real desire, because of his need for love, and God is love.

Brother Lawrence, who worked the last 30 years of his life in the kitchen of a Carmelite monastery and died at the age of 80 found Him in "The Practice of the Presence of God."



# + + + LETTERS + + +

## In Memoriam

Worcester, Massachusetts  
February 16, 1976

Dear Dorothy, Anne Marie, and Friends,

A good and faithful friend of the Catholic Worker movement in Worcester died on St. Valentine's day, and it seemed appropriate to remember her with a brief note to the newspaper she read, admired, and circulated locally for many years. Virginia George, at 60, was still a tireless and selfless worker in the cause of peace and justice. Her constant prayer was "that the spirit of the Catholic Worker would spread over all the world and that love and peace would reign in the hearts of people everywhere." How her Worcester friends will miss her constant challenge, addressed to all of us, to work harder for peace, to resist war tax, to support the UFW.

In a unique way, Virginia was an inspiration to young college people at Holy Cross, Assumption, and Worcester State—several of whom first heard of the *Worker* through her; from the beginning she was a loyal supporter of the Mustard Seed, the local Catholic Worker community. After working night duty at Worcester State Hospital, she often attended early morning Mass at one of the colleges and passed out the latest *Worker*. Her "homilies" at the Floating Parish, or at Father Frank Scol-

len's Masses at Plumley Village, consisted of gentle, loving, but firm calls to action on behalf of those in need. It was she, as an active member of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and the New England Catholic Peace Fellowship, who gathered eight

working people. But her own struggle seemed merely to encourage her in the struggle for other people.

Every life is a mystery, finally, and I cannot pretend to do justice to Virginia's unique gifts as a human being. One can only be grateful for her and

this city was to count her as one of its citizens and how fortunate her friends were to have shared a small part of her truly good and humane life.

Sincerely,  
Michael True

## Summer Camp

Vinoba Farm  
Weare, N. H. 03281

Dear friends,

This summer Vinoba Farm will be host to a 10-day camp whose purpose is to give people an experience of simple, rural, community life and to explore the teachings of the Community of the Ark together. We thought you would like to know about it.

Mornings will be devoted to manual labor of various sorts. Everyone will help with the daily work of meals, preparation and clean-up. Afternoons will be for lectures and discussion on the various aspects of the Ark's teaching: inner life, nonviolence, manual labor, the feast, love and marriage; and for meditation and exercise. In the evening we will sing and dance.

The camp will be from June 28 to July 7 and cost will be \$30.00. If you would like to attend, write us for registration forms and directions.

Lowell Rheinheimer



Rita Corbin

of us together last October to go down to Phil Berrigan's trial in East Hartford, after the arrests at the Pratt-Whitney aircraft factory.

Virginia's life was not easy; she knew at first hand the hard labor of

celebrate her memory in some appropriate manner. Through her personalism, her love, her genuine and deep religious dedication to peace and justice she embodied the spirit of the Catholic Worker in a special way. How fortunate

## Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Softly the pussy willow at the foot of our winter-scraggly lawn murmurs "spring, spring, spring." Terri and I, out for a walk one fine afternoon, stopped to admire the tree-kitten softness, dreaming of spring. Then March, newly arrived and leonine, roared in with sleet, snow, freezing rain, and a fanfare of thunder. Winds tossed waves over the Hudson River over the toxic fish. Dafodils, yearning for resurrection and sun, pulled back under their bulbous earthly cover. Only the wild chives, inured to winter and storm, continued to spread bright green streamers in honor of the coming Feast of St. Patrick. Then in the lull, cardinals, song sparrows, and goldfinches begin a tentative rehearsal for the great dawn chorus of April and May.

Triumphant over the Lenten chill, a chickadee's sweet spring song sounds, singing—it seemed to me—EASTER, EASTER, EASTER.

### Early Planting

There are other anticipatory signs of spring among us. The seeds, which Bob Tavani ordered some time ago, have arrived, and planting plans are being discussed by Bob and those interested in the farming operation. Some of our best farmers—Andy, Tony, Charlie, and Bob English are no longer with us, but Terri, Louise, Sheila, Lorraine, Steve, Bob, Jack and Suzy, Jack Lynch and, from time to time, others will carry on. When the work really gets under way the hardest and steadiest worker I suspect, will prove to be George Collins. Right now, we are very fortunate in having Cliff back with us. Cliff comes and goes, but whenever he is here, he does more than his share. He is devoting his time now to putting into operation again the greenhouse which Andy constructed in the old swimming pool. Farmer John is, of course, making his plans, and is chief agricultural consultant for all the young farmers. Meanwhile Lorraine is persuading various persons to go with her to the vineyard to work on pruning,

etc., so that this year's harvest may be even better than last year's.

Our four goats are also planning to welcome spring by giving birth to kids. Then there will be caving, and who knows?—perhaps Sheila's recorder as substitute for the pipes of Pan.

### A Hard Winter

If there is deep longing for spring among us, it is in part the result of a most difficult winter. January was frigid, which caused everyone to congregate in the one centrally-heated house. We were more over-extended, more crowded than we have ever been during the winter period. Most of the responsible young people who keep things going here, were away community hopping, visiting families, etc. To make matters worse, we had a kind of invasion of unruly, disruptive persons who seemed to fill the place and set the tone with total disregard of the Catholic Worker ideals and program. There were also some serious mental cases, and no one with the therapeutic know-how to help them. Our large livingroom and diningroom were often so crowded and noisy that I felt nervous and uneasy about trying to cross them. As a result of the prevailing chaos and confusion, some incidents occurred for which the local police had to be called. Although some of us continued to meet for vespers in the chapel and to meditate and pray during the day, we were perhaps too depressed (*Mea Culpa*) to make full use of the weapons of the spirit.

In February, some of our young workers returned. Finally after six weeks' absence Stanley Vishnewski came back, though threatening to leave again at any moment. Then Dorothy Day came to spend a few weeks with us. We always say, "Things are always better when Dorothy is here." Out of her spiritual wisdom and insight, Dorothy took measures which have made our daily living much better.

### A Call to Be Small

Nevertheless our basic problems still remain. This riverview property—with its almost unparalleled view of the beautiful Hudson River and the mountains beyond, its woodland so attractive to every variety of hermit, its three large buildings, including a romantic crumbling old mansion with a watch tower—is too great a temptation to too

many people, often for reasons that have little to do with the Catholic Worker program. For an unstructured group, as we are, it becomes next to impossible to keep within limits, to maintain balance and manageability. During our almost twelve years' tenure here, we have accomplished much that is good. In part because we are (though I don't think we should try to be so) a microcosm of the world, we have become with each succeeding year more extended, more confused, further removed from our original purpose and program. We need to turn to Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful* and relearn the lessons he teaches there. In view of our many problems here, it seems to most of us that the only solution is to sell this place and decentralize.

So once again the farm has been listed for sale. This time Dorothy Day has asked Peggy Scherer to handle the details of selling and relocating. So far the place has been listed with a New York City realtor and a local realtor. This is an expensive property which may take some time to sell. When we relocate, we hope to procure two, perhaps three, smaller properties, more modest, more suited to our decentralized goals.

Some of us should like to be nearer New York City, and to have ready access to a bus line so that we should not be as dependent on cars as here. If any readers have any helpful suggestions about our selling or relocating, they should phone or write Peggy Scherer at the Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, New York 12583. Meanwhile all prayers will be appreciated.

### May Our Hearts Be Renewed

February also brought us some welcome visitors who did much to lift our spirits. Andy, Dedie, Brendan, and David drove up from Kentucky. Tony came for a few days. Then Joe Goodding and Dan Marshall arrived. Most recently Ronald MacDowell from Madonna House visited. Ronald is the farmer at Combermere but a most contemplative farmer. He brought me three books which I hope to hear during Lent. Written by Madonna House writers, these books are: *The Face of God* by Archbishop Joseph M. Raya; *Touching God and Footprints of God*, both by Francis Martin.

With such a large population, routine work has not been easy. Marcel, who shows movies every week, tries hard to

keep up with our deteriorating plumbing. Farmer John looks after the pump, reservoir, chickens, and helps just about everywhere. Joan, Alan, Ginny, Red, Jack and Susie do most of the cooking. Jack and Susie and Joan have made some wonderful dishes from the soy beans which were raised here last summer. Their "soysage" is really better than hamburger.

Catherine Ryan, the elderly crippled lady who had lived with us for several years, died this winter. She took a heavy cold, developed pneumonia, and had to be taken to the hospital where she died a few days later. For some time, Joan Welsh, with the help of Kathleen, had given her most devoted care. Although she was senile and thought she was still living at the Salvation Army, I think Catherine enjoyed her life among us. Now she is at peace with God.

Winter brings much sickness, but Kathleen Rumpf has had more than her share. She is now in the hospital, where we hope she will recover and be able to return home. Kathleen is not only one of our best workers but also a most lovable person who has done much to spread good cheer among us. Her loyal friends, Joe Geraci and Jeffrey Rudick, have taken wonderful care of her during her sickness. Men are certainly quite as good nurses as women.

Tonight we celebrate the birthday of Kachina McMurray. She is one of Dorothy Day's great-grandchildren, and today she is three years old. The other children, Tanya, KayKay, and Karen will enjoy the festivities too, though I am sure that Tanya will wish that Melanie and Joshua were here. Melanie left us in December, and Mary Jo and Joshua left with Andy and Dedie. We miss them.

We move through March, through Lent, toward Easter. Now may our hearts, renewed by His Good Friday, rise from their tomb of sin to join with all those singing birds Our Lord so loves in that great Easter antiphon: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

All things are possible to those who believe, less difficult to those who hope, still less difficult to those who love, and easiest of all to those who persevere in all three virtues.

Brother Lawrence  
of the Resurrection

It is so hard to be simple. Worldly people talk of the "simple people" as they do of the "humble people," with the same indulgent smile. They should speak of them as of kings.

Georges Bernanos  
from *DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST*



# Book Reviews: The Intimate Community

**A SOCIOMETRIC RESPONSE TO PROBLEMS OF HUMAN DISTORTION, AND SOLITUDE IN INTIMATE COMMUNITY LIVING.** A report on the 1975 Intimate Community Workshop. Written by Clare Danielsson and the Workshop staff. Available from Clare Danielsson, 259 Wolcott Ave., Beacon, N.Y. 12508. 63 pp. \$2.50. Reviewed by Peggy Scherer.

This booklet is a collection of essays and reports on the Intimate Community Workshop held during July of 1975 at the Marist Hall in Cold Spring, N.Y. The 1975 program was the fourth year of "exploration of the growth of personhood in a heterogeneous community." Part of the inspiration for these workshops comes from the Catholic Worker—Clare lived at the Tivoli farm from 1969 until 1973. They have also been inspired by the traditional family-care system for retarded and emotionally disturbed people in Geel, Belgium. This system, with some changes, has been going on for the last 800 years in Geel.

A Sociometric Response offers some thought-provoking ideas, as well as some practical suggestions, to all of us. The topics discussed include "Problems of Human Distortion," "Experiencing Children Within Community," "Preparation for Solitude," and "Nonviolence in the Christian Tradition." The content has value for those living in communities, and for those not in communities: for all of us have to deal with brokenness, loneliness, and violence, and learn ways to heal and be healed, to be alone without being crippled by loneliness, to be nonviolent. The workshops serve

a purpose beyond providing a growth and learning experience just for the participants. This booklet was compiled to share with a large group what was learned during the session.

"We use the word 'intimate' to mean essential, the relationships necessary to sustain the life of the member." We all need support, "community," in our lives, to help us with the constant struggles each of us has in integrating our various experiences. The brokenness that abounds in people is due, for many, to a lack of those relationships with others that are necessary to sustain our lives. Home is seen as a unit of vital importance: "By the kind of home men and women choose to live in, a new meaning and social significance can be found. A change in the microcosm of the family will effect a change in the political and



social structure, by creating a daily life-style that values people, rather than a life-style dependent on the production of goods."

How can we set up homes and communities to better help us provide for our needs, for the needs of the children, the family members with special problems? That involves choices: we need to help individuals become aware of how their choices affect both their lives and the lives of others. A tool used in the Intimate Community Workshops is sociometry. Sociometry is the measurement of companionship within a group, how a group fits together. It includes both objective and perceptual information. "... The sociometric approach places major emphasis on the individual. Since individuals are different and have different social abilities and social needs, the community is organized as much as possible 'from each according to their ability, to each according to their need.' In this way each person is in a network of relationships that reflect his or her greatest range of choices of roles and companionship; therefore there is then the greatest advantageous situation for both personal growth and communal survival." By the use of sociometric methods, community members become more consciously aware of their own and others' relationships, or lack of them, and having that recognition can better work towards correcting their problems. Personal examples of sociometric methods used in the workshop demonstrate its helpfulness.

The Intimate Community Workshops

will continue to be held. They are an ongoing experiment in learning more about how we can develop our homes to be more supportive environments.

(The Intimate Community Workshop will be held again this summer from July 30-Aug. 14. There is room for 40 people. Another workshop, Leadership Training, will be held from Aug. 14-21, and is limited to 16 participants. For details contact Clare Danielsson, 259 Wolcott Ave., Beacon, NY 12508. Eds. note.)

**SIX LETTERS: BORIS PASTERNAK/THOMAS MERTON.** Foreword by Naomi Burton Stone, Introduction by Lydia Pasternak Slater. The King Library Press, University of Kentucky, Lexington, 1973. iii - 28, no price listed. Reviewed by Richard Weber.

(for Alban Thomas Herberger)

A friend of mine, having recently seen the film version of Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago*, asked me to do some research for him in the area of Merton's relationship to Pasternak. I immediately recalled Merton's essay, in his book *Disputed Questions*, on "The Pasternak Affair." In the same volume Merton published the last letter he received from Pasternak: "Postscript to 'The Pasternak Affair'." As it turns out, this was the last of three letters sent to Merton by Pasternak.

Subsequent research yielded some very interesting material. Merton wrote an essay called "Letters to Georgian Friends," based on a book by the same title. The book is a collection of Pasternak's letters to Georgian friends between the years 1931 - 1959. Merton's

## Notes and Commentary

### FACES CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

On May 5, 1976, Gary Tyler, a 17-year old black student, faces execution in Angola, Louisiana. He has been convicted of first degree murder in the shooting of a white student from Detreshan High School, a site of much racial tension.

The shooting occurred while white parents and students hurled rocks and bottles at a bus full of black students. Gary Tyler was found guilty by an all white jury after only three hours of deliberation, despite the testimony of the driver of the bus on which Gary was a passenger, and the testimony of two fellow passengers that Gary did not shoot the student.

Members of the Continental Walk in the Louisiana area are organizing to try and halt this execution. For more details on the case and ways in which you can join in the protest, please write Jack Peebles, 1006 Baronne Bldg., 365 Baronne St., New Orleans, La. 70113.

### SPANISH C.O.'s JAILED

In the July-Aug. and September, 1975 issues of the CW, we printed stories of the nonviolent resistance movement in Spain, especially the work of Fr. Luis Xirinachs. A major part of the Spanish resistance movement is the struggle for the recognition of conscientious objection. On February 7, 1976, five men who declared themselves conscientious objectors were arrested. A fellow worker was also arrested. The six are being held in a prison in Barcelona with 140 other political prisoners. Fr. Xirinachs keeps daily vigil outside the prison for the release of all political prisoners.

On Christmas Eve, the five c.o.'s, Vicente Amurgo Galan, Ovidio Bustillo Garcia, Guillermo Louis Cereceda, Jesus Viras I Cirera, and Jose Diez Falxat, issued the statement that led to their arrest. It reads in part:

"We are some men of military age who, since August, have been working in the quarter of Can Serra de l'Hospital, one of those which lacks the most needed services. We are putting into practice this idea, which a number of

persons and institutions have demanded: that a civil service be created, which may be done in place of military service.

"During these months, in spite of all the work and enthusiasm we have put in, difficulties have impeded effective work. Within these limitations, our tangible contributions to the barrio have been: 20 days of childcare in the neighborhood with the assistance of more than 100 children; the arrangement of quarters for aged people and its supervision over 4 months; collaboration with the adult school, giving instruction in literacy and craftsmanship; organizing the library; the creation of a kindergarten with the assistance of 25 children, and the establishment of community places at the service of the neighborhood.

"Last May we asked the government, through the national commission 'Justicia y Paz,' and together with 1200 other young people, that it give us the opportunity to organize this civil service for a 2-year period. The government has sat upon our request.

"But, facing the obligation imposed upon us that we join the military, we are unable to hope that the government will act to declare a war we want to fight: that is, a war against illiteracy, against the homelessness and lack of care for the aged. We have been called to serve the fatherland and have responded in our manner.

"We wish to tell you that, unless we are imprisoned, we shall continue working in this barrio for two years, carrying forward our service and accepting government inspection. We are conscious that, by so doing, we disobey the current established laws, and we do not shrink from the possibility that from now on will be imminent—that we will be imprisoned. We hope that our testimony will serve to advance legislation toward recognition of conscientious objection.

"We trust that our action will awaken and enliven many to defend the right of conscientious objection. We trust above all that it may strengthen those who,

finding themselves alone and discouraged, might suffer the consequences of not being able to be faithful to their consciences. . . ."

The Spanish Nonviolent Support Committee, 5021 Guadalupe Trail NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107, has more information on the struggle in Spain.

Anne Fraser

### DEBATE NUCLEAR POLICY

At the request of Lee Griffith and other members of Jonah House in Baltimore, we invite our readers to join in a letter-writing campaign. The purpose of this campaign is to ask Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld to publicly initiate a national debate on nuclear armaments and policy.

On January 16, 1976, a delegation of peacemakers representing nonviolent communities all over the country went to the Pentagon to attempt to see Mr. Rumsfeld and request the beginning of a national debate. Access to the building was denied and thirteen from the group were arrested for sitting in on the steps.

Excerpts from the Jonah House statement explain some of the thinking on the issue: "We are concerned that this administration, in which Mr. Rumsfeld plays a significant role, is showing an unprecedented willingness to use nuclear weapons and is preparing us for their use. . . . The very possession of these weapons is immoral and insane, doubly so because the monetary investment in them represents a theft from the poor and all who desire a decent and humane life. . . . Our request is not to discuss these points with Mr. Rumsfeld in the privacy of his office. Our request is that he discuss them publicly—on the campuses, in the churches, in public halls; that he debate them with political scientists, with moral theologians, with women and men of peace; that the public be allowed to see our country's policy in the clear light of day."

All who agree with this request for a national debate are asked to make their feelings known by joining Jonah House

in a telegram/letter-writing campaign to Mr. Rumsfeld. Please send letters or telegrams to: Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, the Pentagon, Alexandria, Virginia 22314. If you need more information, please write to Joan Cavanaugh, 1933 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21217. It would also be helpful if you could drop a card to the address above and let them know when you have written to Mr. Rumsfeld.

Daniel Mauk

### NEW ENGLAND CPF

The sixth annual New England Catholic Peace Fellowship Conference will be held on Saturday, April 24 at Boston College. Key speakers will be Anthony Mullaney, O.S.B. and Richard McSorley, S.J. There will be workshops on "non-violent lifestyle" and "building a peaceful world." For more information contact: Kathy Knight, 177 Cypress St., Newton, Mass. 02159.

### CATHOLIC WORKER ARCHIVES

Marquette University invites people who have Catholic Worker materials to deposit them in the Marquette archives. We would like to have letters, reports, copies of minutes, publications, manuscripts and historical records. If you have letters or documents with which you do not wish to part copies can be sent to Marquette.

Dorothy Day has deposited her papers and those of the Catholic Worker in the Marquette University Archives. The collection brings together basic papers of hospitality houses, shelters, kitchens, farms and, most of all, of the people who have been influenced by the Catholic Worker philosophy of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day.

For further information please write to Paul Gratke, Archivist, Marquette University, Milwaukee, WI 53233.



# Book Reviews: Merton and Pasternak

essay, dated January, 1968, is in the *Collected Essays*, Volume 4, p.p. 387-396 of the Gethsemani Collection, and to my knowledge, still unpublished. It was while looking for further material that I discovered the volume here under review. This beautiful book, to a large extent unknown, is a collection of the three letters by Merton to Pasternak, and the three letters from Pasternak to Merton in reply. The book also contains a foreword by Naomi Burton Stone and an introduction by Lydia Pasternak Slater, the late Nobel Prize winner's sister, currently living in London. Included in the Introduction itself are excerpts from two more letters, indirect messages to Merton from Pasternak written in German, and sent to K. and H. Wolff. The relevant passages of these letters are reproduced here in English, and they prove to be interesting in their style and, even more, in their content.

The study and analysis of another man's correspondence is a delicate task. Consequently, I think it is important to

approach these letters with a question. This may help to put them in a larger context, which is where I feel they belong. The question might be as follows: What was it in Pasternak that attracted so much of Merton's interest and attention? It was, after all, Merton who initiated the correspondence. To answer this question adequately would undoubtedly require a doctoral dissertation, and indeed some budding "Merton Scholar" might someday find himself doing just this, but for the present, it must suffice to posit a few considerations. First of all, Pasternak was a poet. This resulted in an approach to life that

of the things that comes clear at least in some of these letters is a triumphant and almost scandalous happiness ... (Collected Essays, Vol. 4 p. 388.)

In his first letter, Merton admits his admiration for Pasternak, writing that "we are both poets—you a great one and I a very minor one." (p. 3.) Both men had published autobiographies. Both men were later to refute them—Merton calling his *Seven Storey Mountain* "a youthful book, too simple, in many ways, too crude." (*Motive*, Oct. 1967, p. 32-33.) Pasternak advises Merton in his first letter: "It afflicts me only to learn the attention you have paid to *Safe Conduct*

paternalistically, advises Pasternak to oppose any attempt to have *Dr. Zhivago* made into a movie, saying: "the movies here are quite bad, and I have always firmly resisted any attempts to use one of my books in a film." (p. 16.)

Pasternak's letters (far from the eclectic feast found in Merton's) are short, cryptic, and to the point. Written in English in a somewhat archaic and unidiomatic vocabulary, "... Pasternak's letters to Thomas Merton, notably his last one, are tragic documents, witnesses—if more witnesses indeed were required—of his struggle against the utter impossibility of resuming the creative work for which he so desperately longed. Written in extreme haste and under enormous pressure, they were meant for Thomas Merton, and for him alone ..." ix, (c).

Pasternak was moved and impressed by Merton's writing, saying that: "It also (like my writings to you) seems to me wonderfully filled with kindred thoughts as having been written half by myself." (p. 7.) Pasternak was particularly grateful for Merton's prayers and good will. He wrote to Merton for the last time on February 7, 1960. In this letter he said in part: "... I shall rise, you will see it, I finally will snatch myself and suddenly deserve and recover again your wonderful confidence and condescension. Don't write me, don't abash me with your boundless bounty. The next turn to renew the correspondence will be mine." (p. 21-22.) On Monday, May 30, 1960, the famous and controversial Pasternak's life of seventy years came to a peaceful end in the dacha, at the writer's colony which he had made famous—Peredelkino, twenty miles outside Moscow.

The profound significance and importance of these letters can not be found outside the larger context of Pasternak's influence on Merton. A close scrutiny of Merton's subsequent writing reveals to what an extent the whole "Pasternak Affair" was cathartic to Merton's mind and spirit. Certain proof of this effect is to be found in Merton's anguished concern for the welfare of the modern person's spiritual and temporal salvation, witnessed to by all his writings in his last years.

We must serve God in a holy freedom, going about our business carefully, but without distress or anxiety, recalling the mind to God quietly and calmly whenever we find it wandering.

Brother Lawrence  
of the Resurrection

## Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at Maryhouse, 55 East 3rd St., between First and Second Avenues. Tea is served after the meeting. Everyone is welcome.

March 26—Carmen Mathews: Easter Readings.

April 2—Clare Danielsson: The Healing Family.

April 9—Barbara Wall: Woman: Freedom for Creativity.

April 16—Good Friday: No meeting.

April 23—Fr. Thomas Berry: Confucian Spirituality.

April 30—Robert Coles: Children of the Poor.

May 7—Panel: Dorothy Day, Fr. Lyle Young, Dr. Basil Yanovsky, Marguerite Harris, Alexander Obolensky, Eileen Egan: Remembering Helene Iswolsky and the Third Hour Movement.

May 14—To be announced.

May 21—Bob Gilliam: The Influence of the Distributist Economics on the Philosophy of Peter Maurin.

May 28—Fr. Daniel Berrigan: Non-violence in Ireland, Greece and Tanzania.

## A POEM WRITTEN FROM THE SURFACE OF MY MIND

the sun was shining and the snow swirling.  
from a bed reserved for an unknown priest  
I watched dark clouds cross the sky.  
I lay resting. I lay musing.

the snow fell again while the sun blinked  
from behind shifting clouds.  
across my bed lay sunlight.

Anais Nin said she wrote a whole book  
about snow and about 4 women.  
could I do the same? I wonder.

this bldg. once a hotel looks South  
and across a space of lawn  
stands a mansion which has known  
better days than now  
HOSPITALITY was a different thing  
then  
than now.

a barge slid swiftly South pushed by a tug.  
everyday ships go North then South.  
a flat tar-papered roof needs mending.

I saw 2 geese fly North  
and a single gull fly overhead.

the snow and sun  
affectionately caress the earth  
not sure how much to give.

the wind rose to shake the limbs  
of an evergreen tree and the sun  
gave a second glance.

## VOICES VOICES murmuring VOICES

the sun flashes a brilliant smile  
dividing dark clouds and the river  
shimmers in sunlight  
sparkles  
as though midnight stars  
had dropped to the water's surface.

the seasons mingle into each other  
and touch our hearts in different ways:  
shall we plant or dance? when?  
the fence is broken  
the goats will kid  
pipes leak  
and people weep  
from dry eyes  
that can only see inward.

PAT RUSK  
CW FARM  
3/5/76

was in Pasternak's case apolitical, and to a great extent anti-establishment. Pasternak's poetry and writing are a concrete witness that life is larger than a political system and thus cannot be programmed to any materialistic end. It is this spiritual and contemplative dimension of Pasternak's work that is of greatest fascination to Merton, far more so than his literary achievement. Merton was able to identify with Pasternak's view of the person's search for freedom and identity apart from "the system."

Merton was able to sympathize with Pasternak on the question of censorship. In his essay, "Letters to Georgian Friends," Merton writes: "Perhaps no one can fully appreciate these letters who has not lived under some kind of censorship. Those who have some taste of life under absolute authority can perhaps understand the conflict and its resolution. They can be aware of what Pasternak suffered but above all of the fact that he could also be happy. For one

and my previous poetry and prose. It does not merit your interest ..." (p. 7.) And in his second letter to Merton: "I take the opportunity to repeat to you, that except for 'Dr. Zh' which you should read, all the rest of my verse and writings are devoid of any sense and importance." (p. 8.)

Merton's letters are by far the most detailed and loquacious. He writes on and on about the state of modern literature in the West, about spirituality and art, about his own books which he has sent to Pasternak—his prose poem *Prometheus*, his autobiographical *Sign of Jonas*, and some poems. In one letter, he tells Pasternak that he is now learning Russian, and asks him to "help me get a few good simple books in Russian on which to practice—some good easy prose, and some poems." (p. 19.) In one letter Merton goes into great detail about a dream he had, and then gives Pasternak an interpretation of the dream. In another letter, Merton, rather strongly and

## St. Joseph House

(Continued from page 2)

which we think, in our own folly that we alone can and must solve, we do not take moments to delight in love, as do the lilies of the field. "Repent and believe the Good News of Jesus Christ," said Fr. Paret of Nativity Church, as he smeared ashes on our foreheads Ash Wednesday morning. Repent and be joyous. Act in hope. Cast off the garments of despair and let the Creator's light shine through you to others. It is one way in which the Cross reaches out. For, persevering joy is not the opposite of penitent sorrow, but its complement. In penitence we turn to Jesus, the Saver, and entrust our cares and sins to Him. This is, indeed, a cause for rejoicing for everyone, in heaven and on earth. Coventry Patmore delightfully expresses this notion in lines from *The Rod, the Root and the Flower*:

If we credit certain hints contained in the lives of the saints, love raises the Spirit above the sphere of reverence and worship into one of laughter and dalliance: a sphere in which the soul says: 'Shall I, a gnat which dances in Thy ray, dare to be reverent?'

## Maryhouse

By KATHLEEN CLARKSON

Maryhouse is still being renovated. While Harold plasters and paints, Sister Annie arms unsuspecting volunteers with butter knives to attack the years of wax build-up. Lee minds the soup. After Sister Annie seasoned the soup with a package of bloody-mary mix (a gift to the Worker from an unknown benefactor) and Mary concocted "figs forever" (a bean soup with chunks of pineapple and apple, a few figs and cloves), the "man about the house" has assumed responsibility for the soup. We have discovered each of the 30-odd people at Maryhouse has her or his own special talents and gifts—not all of them culinary, however. Sister Alberta can be found painting the shelves in the library, Walter stripping the cabinets in the chapel, and Sister Charity out begging goodies for all of us.

In the evening after Vespers, there is usually a gathering in the dining or community room. One night, Ray, Annie, and Laurie provided music, with Lee and Barbara dancing, and Kathy and John cooking treats. Another night, Sister Teresa came complete with a slide show. Some evenings though are a bit quieter, and we have a chance to discuss and to listen to readings selected by members of the House.

As our community continues to grow numerically, we feel we are drawing more closely together in the spirit of hospitality and service. We are thankful for the many blessings enjoyed by all who either pass through or remain at Maryhouse.



# Archbishop Roberts: Life for Peace

(Continued from page 1)

Beck, Butler, Cowderoy, Maximos, D'Souza, Baudoux, Haddad, Hakim, and Edelby. Actually there were two petitions asking for the same thing—Archbishop Hurley of Durban, South Africa didn't entirely approve of the wording on the petition I had put together, so I asked him to compose his own, which he did, and which read: "We, the undersigned, support the petition of His Grace, Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, to be allowed to speak in the discussion on Chapter V of Part II of the Schema on *The Presence of the Church in the World of Today*. The two petitions got 83 signatures, 13 more than was required by council procedures to give the floor to an intervenor. Roberts still was not heard, nor was he heard in St. Peter's during all the four years of the Council. He was heard in the city at large, however.

Again to explore what might have been, one wonders what might have happened, if these 83 signers, in a concerted action, and with Roberts to guide them through the maze of arguments and counter-arguments, and joined by such stalwarts then in Rome as Robert Mac-Afee Brown, Douglas Steere, Joe Sittler, Dorothy Day, John Heidbrink, Jim Douglass, Eileen Egan, Gordon Zahn, Gunnell Vallquist and others, had been able to rally support after Pope Paul's return from the U.N. Oct. 5, first from the American bishops and then from the plenary Council, to give substance to Pope Paul's heartening U.N. words (No More War—War Never Again) and to have added "including the one presently raging in Vietnam." What a different country we could have had the past 11 years, what a different country Vietnam could have been and could be today, what a different church. It is too painful to contemplate, as against the reality. But I do think we have every right to speculate in this way, a right and a duty.

At this point I would like to salute two Canadians, Flahiff of Winnipeg and Leger of Montreal, an Englishman, the then Abbot Butler of Downside, and two Maltese Frs. Tonna and Ghigo, for the support, both actual and moral support, they gave to many of us in our day-to-day efforts at the Council, as we tried to effect changes in that part of Schema XIII, *De Bello Vitando*.

## On Nuclear Lunacy

Looking at the situation at present, if churches, synagogues, mosques—now today—were to demand a world conference on disarmament, would they not be more credible to believer and non-believer alike on other matters, as some of these religious bodies pursue other priorities, now asking for federal funds for education, now arguing vigorously for the rights of the unborn (a legitimate area, granted, for concern and argument but what about the rights of the born, people like Jagerstatter), now stressing their abhorrence of pornography, now hurling their bitterest anathemas at Socialism or Communism?

As we slide, ever so inexorably, down that slippery slope of nuclear lunacy, of ever more sophisticated weaponry, I think Roberts would approve of almost any steps, ordinary or extraordinary and immediate, to stop this mindless waste of our planet's human and natural resources. Time is not on our side.

Parenthetically, in 1959 when Roberts heard there was to be an ecumenical council, he proposed to an interdenominational group in the U.S. that a petition be sent to Pope John to ask for a

## Love for Enemies

Rabbi Mikhail gave this command to his sons: "Pray for your enemies that all may be well with them. And should you think this is not serving God, rest assured that more than all prayers, this is, indeed, the service of God."

Yehiel Mikhail of Zlotchov  
Tales of the Hasidim

"pre-conciliar, extra-conciliar commission, composed of experts in theology, science, medicine, economics, and law, representing all religions, which, insulated from nationalistic and economic influences, would consider the anguishing problems of peace and thermonuclear warfare." Once more he was well ahead of his time.

## Freedom to Think

In another area where Roberts was assailed for his views, in the matter of



Daniel Mauk

contraception, he had this to say in his written intervention: "Have not all our separated brethren the duty to ask, and we to answer, the same question as might be put by the non-Christian about natural law; and also the further question as to exactly how we establish that this prohibition is Christ's very own? Our Catholic people frequently describe their dilemma as having to choose between their religion and their family life. They, too, have a right to ask questions, and we bishops have the duty to answer. The tradition in which nearly all of us have been brought up, makes it very difficult for us to give answers individually or even collectively, as here in this Council. Our present schema reflects a new approach, but only an approach. A few bishops had already anticipated this approach by encouraging the fullest, freest, most open debate on this question. Let the Council give it to the whole Church. Let it give to married people, to priests, to doctors, as well as to all the separated brethren and to the non-Christians of the whole world, a charter of freedom—of inquiry truly free, truly open, truly sincere—an inquiry truly befitting a kingdom, not of fear, but of love."

Again in the realm of lost opportunities, if Roberts' eminently reasonable suggestion had been heeded that 4th Session of Vatican II, would we not have avoided some of the needless acrimony, the casuistry of the years following 1965, even if the suggested debate on contraception had proven at times angry and divisive? The walls of St. Peter's were and are reasonably sturdy. Many of the Council Fathers were too old to do physical harm to each other. And besides, I recall that Peter and Paul had a disagreement or two, that

Jerome and Augustine were less than civil to each other on occasion, Bellarmine and Galileo, and on and on. An *ecclesia semper reformanda* is not accomplished in silence, in secret, in avoidance of controversy, not if it's really serious about that on-going reform.

George Armstrong, writing in the *Guardian* of Oct 12, 1965, quoted Roberts as saying that most of the faults of the Roman Catholic Church were due to the faithful having been persuaded not to think. However true this once was, the "pray and pay" approach to religion and to an unchallenged authority is changing and increasing numbers of decent, honest, intelligent people are thinking, and their thinking often parallels Roberts' in several important matters.

## Remembrances

Archbishop Roberts touched the lives of many people, both in the U.S. and elsewhere. His correspondence was enormous (and his hand-writing resembled the Rosetta Stone's hieroglyphics—God help the Jesuit archivists). To mention a few Americans who knew him well I think of his friends George and Donna Lawler, with whom he visited and whose children he baptized. I think of Fr. Jim Harney of the Milwaukee 14 saying to me (he was in a Wisconsin prison at the time): "Tell your friend, Archbishop Roberts, I'm here because I took him seriously." I think of John Noonan, whom Roberts visited in Berkeley, and whose writings on contraception reflected some of Roberts' views. I think of Sister Margaret Burke, former President of Barat College, where Roberts spent many a happy day. I think of Gonzaga University, Spokane, where Roberts taught French several years after leaving Bombay and where, of course, he made many friends.

I think of the Spring of 1969 and of two men, very different, yet very much the same in their kindliness and their wisdom—88-year-old Archbishop Howard and 75-year-old Archbishop Roberts having an animated conversation over lunch in Portland, when Roberts was en route to Palo Alto to lecture at Stanford. Roberts subsequently spoke at several Masses in parishes in two Oregon cities, unlike his reception, or lack of same, in the dioceses of L. A. and Seattle.

In other venues, I remember an evening in London in the summer of 1973, at the home of Kathleen Rowland, during which Roberts was asked if he had any advice for young Jesuit scholastics in the U.S. and Canada. He prefaced an otherwise serious reply by saying with a chuckle: "Yes, tell them to be very kind to very old men like me." On that same evening he recalled some of his 64 years as a Jesuit and all this was recorded for posterity on a cassette (Jesuit archivists please note).

As for the Carbrays, before ever we met Archbishop Roberts (in the Spring of 1964) I said to Mary that after he would have arrived in our home, and based on what I knew about him, our lives would never be quite the same—and they weren't. To review some important dates for us, Zahn in '61 et seq., Roberts in '64 et seq., Dorothy Day in '65 et seq., and the Berrigans in '66 et seq., have, along with their friends who have become our friends, influenced our thinking, our values, our priorities—sometimes in similar ways, sometimes in different ways. We still have much to learn, but we are so very grateful to all of them, and in a special way, to Thomas d'Esterre Roberts, for he has gone to his place, as he would say.

Roberts was a perfect house guest. His needs were minimal, his presence easy and relaxing, his conversation superb. This bicentennial year I am reminded that he used to say: "You know, Dick, given your American hamburgers and milk shakes, I can almost forgive you your revolution." Now surveying the Wallace, Reagan scene I would be tempted to reply to him, "What revolution?"

What a felicitous thing it was that George Lawler urged Peter Hebblethwaite, S.J., to bring out that issue of *The Month* in March of '73 as a festschrift for Archbishop Roberts. In many ways and by many people Roberts was told, while still very much alive, how he was valued around the world.

On the French Huguenot side of Roberts' family the motto was "Patria cara, libertas carior." When Roberts was named a bishop in 1937 he took as his episcopal motto "Libertas carior." It figures.

Finally, Mary and I would like to share with the *Worker's* readers our last letter from this good man (written Dec. 31, 1975):

My dear Dick and Mary,

I have reached the stage where my age & co. prevent writing to 5 continents, & I talk to the Lord who is ever accessible to all our needs.

Bear that in mind if this should be the last you hear from me!

Ever affectionately,

+ T. D. Roberts

(age 82½ + few days)

(In 1964, Archbishop T. D. Roberts came to the Catholic Worker Farm at Tivoli to talk at the first of a series of summer peace conferences which came to be known as the PAX Tivoli Conferences. A sponsor of the parent organization, English PAX, he served as sponsor of American PAX, which in fact owed its existence largely to his urging. In his memorable talk, "Christian Conscience and War Today," he pointed out that in two world wars, . . . "practically all the bishops of the world underwrote the policies of their governments in war." He stated that the support of national policies, particularly war policies, by national hierarchies was a veritable fact of history. During his stay at Tivoli, the Archbishop blessed every part of the new Catholic Worker center, including the pump and troublesome water supply. His love for boats and ships was expressed in his desire to see every craft that passed by on the Hudson River. A person was posted to alert the Archbishop when a craft was sighted.

Archbishop Roberts was plucked from a poor parish in Liverpool, England to serve as Archbishop of Bombay where he distinguished himself in tackling social problems and in Indianizing the diocesan structures. At a time when the Indian people were organizing themselves for freedom, he entered into correspondence with Gandhi. In 1945, in the belief that ecclesiastical independence should come even before political freedom, he left Bombay for six months, during which time he requested the Holy Father to appoint an Indian to the See in his place. Shortly after his return to Bombay, he consecrated the Rev. Valerian Gracias, an Indian, as an auxiliary bishop, and a few weeks later left the diocese on an oil tanker.

Archbishop Roberts never received another active See but was listed as Archbishop of an extinct See, that of Sygdea in the Crimea. Making his home at the rectory of the famous Farm Street Church in central London, he was free to give his energies to peace, to spiritual retreats, to exploring the implications of freedom of conscience and to helping those persecuted or imprisoned for conscience sake. He became a trustee of Amnesty International and worked with Sean McBride for the freeing of prisoners of conscience in many countries. He also championed full rights for women in civil and ecclesiastical life. On his eightieth birthday, a special issue of *THE MONTH*, the London magazine published under Jesuit sponsorship, was devoted to Archbishop Roberts. Articles by over a dozen authors, including Gordon Zahn and Bishop Christopher Butler, OSB, highlighted aspects of Roberts' contribution to clarification of the message of Jesus. Eds. note.)