Fulfilling the Dream

By DESMOND TUTU,
Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, South Africa

(Congression of an address given January 28, 1986 at Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, Maryland, to commemorate the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr.-Eds. note.)

...I don't know whether you recall a film in which Sidney Poitier was an escaped convict, married to a white fellow. You will recall they both fell into a ditch which had slippery sides. The one convict claws his way to the near top, but can't make it, because his mate is still at the bottom, and drags him back to that bottom. If they were to escape at all it would have to be together.

In the end, you and I are manacled together; we are held together by the bond of our common humanity. So that there can never be a sectional freedom. Freedom is indivisible. No one can ever be truly free unless all are free. And Martin Luther King understood this fundamental truth very well, and so he constantly preached brotherhood and sisterhood, that we belong to one community. We are made for that one community. The Bible says we belong in the mantle of life, and we can survive, ultimately, only as we hold on to each other. We can survive only together.

Yes, one of Martin Luther King's great sayings, amongst many, "If we don't live together as brothers, we will perish together as fools." Thank God for Martin: thank God that he was a giant among men and women. Thank God for his vision; thank God for his moral and physical courage. Jesus said, "Greater love than this has no one than to lay down his life for his friends." How else could she have proven his great love for his brothers and sisters, black and white, than by laying down his life for them and so emulating his Lord and Master, and inspiring us to try to live out what is commonly called the Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi:

O Lord, make us instruments of your peace; where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that we will act not in anger, but in love. For it is giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

For when we do this, then there will be the fulfillment of the dream of yet another visionary, St. John the Divine:

After that I saw a huge number, impossible to count, of people from every race, nation, tribe, and language; they were standing in front of the throne and in front of the Lamb, dressed in white robes and holding palms in their hands. They shouted aloud, "Peace, eternal peace, whoever sits on the throne, and to the Lamb! And all the angels, who were standing in a circle around the throne, surrounding the four living creatures and the elders, prostrated themselves before the throne, and touched the ground with their forehead, worshiping God with these words: "Amen. Praise and glory and wisdom, thanksgiving and honor, power and might to our God, for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. 7:9-12)
There was a knock and some sort of commotion at our door. I was on the house, and it was spectacular on Christmas Day. Answering the door, I met two men resembling each other, one young and the other old, father and son, as it turned out. The young man, short and wiry, was sweating, dark-haired, with a big nose and a walrus mustache. I was cold in the night, was loudly explaining something to her in a quivering voice.

"You ain't going in there! This is a place for bums! You think they're going to take care of you? Bums and derelicts come here!"

Putting on my most patient face, I asked if they could explain. While the father stood beside, the son turned to me. "He was in my house acting crazy," he yelled. "I don't want him in my house!"

He then shouted some more at his father. I asked him to stop. Turning back to me, he said, "I know about this place! I live down the block, and I see what you guys do. I believe in God, and there ain't no God here. What do you do? You don't do nothing! You give away bread and butter to the bums. You're all a bunch of hypocrites trying to live for God, and this is your business! You got a beef? Step out of here!"

By EUGENE JIMENEZ

Selecting Presents

About those Christmas presents! A Bob patiently explained to me, the spirit of giving brings its own risks. Many of the Christmas gifts given and received here at the Catholic Worker are culled from donations. Bill, Bob, and Dan, our ad hoc gift committee, looked out for all sorts of things like perfume, combs, hairbrushes, and shirts in good condition. All gifts were anonymous given to members of our much-extended family with the hope that their second-hand origins would be overlooked. One year, a woman of our acquaintance threatened legal action against the C.W. upon receipt of one such gift. Because of ill health, she was not able to make a gift to the poor, so she took up a collection for the C.W., and within a month, she was able to make a gift to the poor, so we gave her a full report in the next issue. A gift was given to a friend of mine, and I visiting Mike and Linda in West Virginia, I gave her a full report in the next issue. A gift was given to a friend of mine, and I visiting Mike and Linda in West Virginia, I gave her a full report in the next issue. A gift was given to a friend of mine, and I visiting Mike and Linda in West Virginia, I gave her a full report in the next issue. A gift was given to a friend of mine, and I visiting Mike and Linda in West Virginia, I gave her a full report in the next issue. A gift was given to a friend of mine, and I visiting Mike and Linda in West Virginia, I gave her a full report in the next issue.
Hopi and Navajo to Lose Sacred Lands

By TIm LAMBERT

In our tradition there is no word for relocation. To move away means to disappear and never be seen again.

-Pauline Whitewings, Big Mountain Hopi

This summer, the federal government plans forcibly to relocate thousands of Native Americas from places the ancestors were the first to settle, and which are inextricably linked to the survival of their culture and religion.

The relocation project is the Navajo-Hopi Joint Use Area (JUA) which the Navajo and Hopi Indians of northern Arizona have shared for hundreds of years, be divided by a barbed-wire fence into two equal parcels. Hopi living on one side, Navajo on the other. Those finding themselves on the wrong side of the fence will have to move. If they refuse, beginning in July 1986, they will be forcibly removed by U.S. marshals and the National Guard.

The Land Settlement Act was passed purportedly to resolve a land dispute. The dispute in question is really between different factions interested in developing Indian lands, and cashing in on the rich stores of oil and minerals to be found in the JUA. Development could proceed more quickly if the title to these lands is "cleared" by partitioning the land, assigning title of one side to the Hopi and title of the other side to the Navajo. This step would pave the way for two oil utility companies to acquire the leases they desire. While this dispute continues with those knowledgeable about the problem and their attorneys, the majority of people from both tribes, living on the land, have no interest in such development and live together peacefully.

The White Man's Burden

The Tribal Chairmen, though, continue to claim they are acting in the name of the majority of the people in placing the issue for a vote. While they claim to be popularly elected representatives, they have never encountered a true majority. Indian elections are typically 10-15%, and reflects a deep cultural abhorrence for voting, which they see as suppressing minority opinions. Ammon Hennacy, the "one person who sided with the led", assigning title of one side to the Hopi and title of the other side to the Navajo. This step would pave the way for two oil utility companies to acquire the leases they desire. While this dispute continues with those knowledgeable about the problem and their attorneys, the majority of people from both tribes, living on the land, have no interest in such development and live together peacefully.

The Tribal Councils were first imposed in 1937, after the Indian Reorganization Act, which the Navajo and the Hopi were forced to accept the white man's "democratically elected representatives", that they might attain "peace." There is no dispute between the tribes, "said Big Mountain Navajo Elder, "we've been caught in the middle between the energy companies and the U.S. government."

Traditional leaders of the Hopi and Navajo continue to state what their people have always wanted it, a "range war" was fabricated against the very people the Tribal Councils were first imposed in 1937, after the Indian Reorganization Act, which the Navajo and the Hopi were forced to accept the white man's "democratically elected representatives", that they might attain "peace." There is no dispute between the tribes, "said Big Mountain Navajo Elder, "we've been caught in the middle between the energy companies and the U.S. government."

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The result is that families are being forcibly removed by U.S. marshals and the National Guard on the matter. His address:

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Abuse of Refugees Uncovered

By ERNEST FRIAR

During an attack on the Salvadoran refugee camp at Colón, Barrios, Honduras, on August 29, 1986 (see C.W. September 1986), ten refugees were taken captive by the Honduran military. Ranging in age from 19 to 57, all ten carried valid refugee ID cards issued by Honduran Immigration and certified by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR). The Honduran Army (and the U.S. Embassy) claimed that those arrested were guerrillas, but, in fact, witnesses testified that, in at least some cases, refugees were tied up and dragged away by panicking soldiers when they tried to prevent the soldiers from beating other refugees. Among those taken was a camp coordinator of education and a Delegate of the Word (a lay Church leader). The ten were marched into town, about two miles from the camp, all tied up, and some had to be carried because he'd been shot in the leg), and were last seen being forced onto a military helicopter. They were held completely incommunicado for weeks, but after some time, the UNHCR was allowed to visit them. The UNHCR Protection Officer who saw them reported that they did not wish to accompany the prisoners should they be sent to a third country, but rather wished to remain in the country.

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SUGGESTED ACTION

There is a growing awareness of the plight of refugees, and several dozen representatives have signed a letter asking the State Department to investigate. Letters to representatives and senators, and to Secretary of State George P. Shultz, may encourage these immigration stances to go forward.

In addition, letters should be addressed to the new president of Honduras, asking him to order an immediate investigation into this serious violation of human rights, and to issue a public report on the matter. His address:

President- Jose Simon Azcona del Hoyo
Casa Presidencial
Tegucigalpa, D.C., Honduras
By GEOFFREY GNEUHS

Catherine de Hueck Doherty, known as The B, was born on March 29, 1903 in Russia. She was the daughter of Theodore Kolychkine, a wealthy businessman, and his second wife, Catherine de Hueck, of French descent. The B's mother asked her to show them the aura of The B. The warm-hearted atmosphere was imbued with a sense of security and obedience. “Brothers and sisters,” she said at one point, “as long as a man is a brother, he has no need for war.” The absence of war had been a “must” to emphasize the breaking of prejudice and separation. It was a cold winter day in 1941 when I walked into the Friendship House library from the streets of Harlem and Flewle said, “There she is, in my favorite volunteer! Catherine, I’d like to meet Audrey Perry.” The Barones, wearing a winter coat, was about to leave. “Daring, I’m so glad to meet you.” She embraced me in a warm bearhug. She was taller than I and the fur tickled my nose. I nodded the urge to sneeze and we sat down on the bench to get acquainted. The substance of the conversation has long been forgotten, but the warmth of that first meeting with The B, as we affectionately called her, has remained with me throughout the years. On one hand, the number of times I had been so lovingly greeted by a white person... Friendship House was imbued with the aura of The B. The warm-hearted atmosphere was like a sublime itch which couldn’t be scratched. One returned again and again, searching for the cure only to be re-infected.

I soon learned that The B was a Class A worker at the latest begging letter. And the miracle always happened. The B lectured around the country and visited the increasing number of Friendship Houses. Each house functioned autonomously and The B did not interfere with its activities, so that we could feel free about our personal responsibility towards the poor, particularly the Negro. She stressed the necessity for our own intellectual and spiritual development. I remember one visit after I had joined the staff. B had sprained her ankle. She sat on the bed at the Hermitage (the one-room flat on 138th St., where she had started F.H.). The murder mystery she was reading was beside her and she smoked a cigarette from a long holder. B spoke to us that evening about our day-to-day dedication to the peace process and obedience. “Brothers and sisters,” she said at one point, “as long as a man is a man and a woman is a woman – there is no such thing as a pathetic friendship.” We were reduced to gales of laughter. She gently chided us (as she often did for our lack of spiritual saying) without any great much in this place.” Her delivery was sometimes hilarious, but the message was important.

B enkindled in us an intense desire to embrace all people as our brothers and sisters and to work for the restoration of all things to Christ. Her attack on social injustice as waged against blacks was unyielding. She practiced desegregation by living in black communities as positive evidence that black and white could live together in harmony at all times. In those days, tourists were encouraged to eat with us (although quite often this meant taking more water to the soup). This was not easy because of the fact that most whites were unused to eating with blacks. Those were the days when white people could not even imagine being a part of this country maintained separate restaurants, rest-rooms and water fountains. Refreshments at meetings and black did not fraternize socially and those times. Visitors were encouraged to stay in their room for days - locked into the kitchen because she “had a loud voice.” Our Father, who knew not even themselves, in any coherent fashion - and saw visions no one could understand. They waited for a day when the unknown thing that was to be made known - but guessed, somehow in their darkness, that on the day of their revelation, they would be living. It was not so much what you knew, as that you kept alive, in so many of our ancestors, the notion of song.

Alice Walker from In Search of Our Mother's Gardens

Pauline Bowman died suddenly at Maryhouse on December 13, 1985, from a heart attack. She was somewhere in her 50s and had lived there for seven or eight years; yet, it is hard to say anyone at the house knew her well. Her story was not easy to know. Pauline spoke in sugestion and metaphor and she did not often answer questions directly. The words, and especially the way she spoke them, hinted at meaning and events (frequently with bursts of anger or cutting humor) without tangible revelation. Her laughter was never without its audible sorrow. She was very troubled and yet managed to keep on, with great courage, sometimes helping all day around Maryhouse or sometimes buying skins of yarn and crocheting them together into brilliantly patterned, unrecognizable articles of clothing. She would stay in her room for days – locked into herself, or she would come downstairs to roll cigarettes from the ever-available Top tobacco. Once she ordered a rolling machine from a mail order catalogue, kept very busy, indeed, rolling cigarettes for the whole dining room. Her Past

She liked to go on trips and came several times to Petaluma (where she seemed to find some peace in holding my baby daughter Callie. It was there, sitting beside me, that I learned what I know, or guess, about her life: that she had three children to raise by herself; that she wanted to work at a menial job, with a two-hour commute each way, while the children had to be left with someone unreliable, and she saw them only to put them to bed. What a desperte situation, of struggling constantly to fill the needs of your children and not even to see them. At some points, the children were taken away. I don’t know how, before she came to Maryhouse, she ended up riding the Staten Island ferry at night, or how long she’d been without any other place to live, or anything else about Pauline’s life. I always got the impression, though, that she was a person of sensitivity, high intelligence and a keen intellect in the world, but she would often speak in a way that hinted that the racism, greed and indifference in that world had, in part, destroyed her. Alice Walker writes of black women whose originality and productivity (continued on page 6)
Come What May, Our God Is Able

(continued from page 1)

In our nation, another unjust evil system, known as colonialism, has existed. Many years ago, in the 1950s, a period they may wield great power, we were울. We were told to accept the reality of evil. Christianity has never admitted the existence of evil, but we have tried to subdue all the powers of evil. In affirming the existence of evil, Christians have placed within the very structure of human society a purpose that our finite minds are incapable of realizing. God has placed within the human race a purpose that our finite minds are incapable of realizing. God has placed within the very structure of human society a purpose that our finite minds are incapable of realizing.

The Wind of Change

An evil system, known as colonialism, swept across Africa and Asia. But then the quiet, invisible law began to operate. When the wind of change began to blow, the powerful colonial empires began to disintegrate. The church and the state, like the two towers of the World Trade Center, were brought down. The outer situation remained the same, but as we look back, we see that the spirit of the age has changed. The outer situation remained the same, but as we look back, we see that the spirit of the age has changed.

We have bowed before the god of science only to find that it has not mitigated. We have worshiped the things as love and friendship that money cannot buy. We have bowed before the god of science only to find that it has not mitigated. We have worshiped the things as love and friendship that money cannot buy.

Our highest hopes are dozing off when the telephone rang. Our highest hopes are dozing off when the telephone rang.

At that moment, I experienced the presence of the Lord, as if I had never before experienced Him. It seemed as though I could hear the assurance of an infinite love saying, "Stand up, be courageous, stand up for truth. God will be at your side forever." Almost at once, my fears began to pass from me. My uncertainty disappeared. I was ready to face anything. The outer situation remained the same, but God had given me inner strength.

Three nights later, our home was bombed. Strangely enough, I accepted the fact that the bombing had taken place in the middle of a marriage, or the way money cannot buy. We have bowed before the god of money only to learn that there are such things as love and friendship that money cannot buy and that, in a world of possible depression, stock market crashes, and bad business investments, money is a rather uncertain deity. These transitory gods are not able to save us or bring happiness to the human heart. Even God is able to save us from the forces of evil. He is able to save us from the forces of evil. He is able to save us from the forces of evil.

But the word of God is alive and active. It cuts more keenly than any two-edged sword, piercing as far as the place where the soul is divided. There is nothing in Creation that is able to comprehend God. Let us notice also that God is able to save us from the forces of evil. He is able to save us from the forces of evil. He is able to save us from the forces of evil.

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Resisting War Taxes: On Telephones

The federal excise tax on telephone service has been associated with war spending through the years. The tax was first imposed by the War Tax Revenue Act of 1914. Repealed in 1916, the tax was then reenacted in 1917. During World War II, long distance calls were taxed 25%, local service 15%.

In 1984, the tax was raised to 10% on all phone service, and then further reduced in 1985 to 3%, with elimination planned for 1989. Before this could happen though, the Vietnam War required that the revenue continue. With military spending continuing at a high level after the Vietnam War, the tax was still retained, and in 1983 raised from 1% to 3%. Currently, the federal government collects nearly two billion dollars a year through the telephone tax.

The tax is itemized on every phone bill (both for local service, and for all long distance companies) so those who have been fortunate to know you, and who have become better persons for it.

Pauline Bowman

(continued from page 4)

Pauline...

spirituality have been stifled on so many fronts, for so many years, who nevertheless refused to bow their heads, women who, in their own large or small ways, brought forth life or died for new life. May God forgive us and welcome Pauline to the garden where her beautiful self can be free.

By CANDY CLARKE

Pauline... One of those who helped me through the sometimes tempestuous years of Catholic Worker resistance... Pauline... probably has more than any of the rest of us, for one day she said to me, simply and eloquently, "I loved her. You know."

Coming Home

As I was preparing to leave Pauline's burial service, Kassie told me about it later that same day. After the brief service at the grave site, she told me: "A Coming Home softly begins just for Pauline, then the words began to ring out across the cemetery for all the others who have died waiting 'for a day when the unknown thing that was in them would be known.' What a gift, so moving, and for someone so deserving. Moving, from those of us who have been fortunate enough to know you, and who have become better persons for it.

St. Joseph House

(continued from page 2)

Ralph, I checked on him from time to time. He stood there at the bottom of the stairs, coffee untrunked, cup balanced on the radiator, smiling, as often as not, at the people who all had some story to tell him. Presently, Ralph mumbled something about dogbites, and how he had been thrown out of his room by the manager. He had broken his leg. Perhaps it was a dogbite. And yes, he had a place to stay. The White House. We discussed his options. Emergency Medical Services? Probably a long wait, and no guarantee of treatment or a ride to a hospital. Instead, he walked a twenty minute walk, or a ten minute bus ride. I offered Ralph moneyst to get there, but no, he said his leg hurt and he needed the time he could get. People passing to and fro. Ralph appeared to be in deep, anxious thought. After a time, I asked him what was really bothering him. More silence. He worked his jaw. Finally, in a clear voice, he said, "...I'm afraid to go to the hospital. The White House..." And, then, thinking of me for the coffee, still unattended, as he did his jaw. Ralph had been thrown out of his son's home, and son came to arrive at our front door. Perhaps Ralph's son was right. There are things which are none of my business.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In keeping with Peter Maurin's recognition of the need for ongoing clarification of thought, we invite you to join us for our weekly Friday night meetings. The meetings are held at either Maryhouse, 55 East Third St., (212) 777-9677, or St. Joseph House, 30 East First St. (212) 254-7550. If you are interested in attending, those of us who have been fortunate enough to know you, and who have become better persons for it.

February 14 - Bill Barrett: Hondurians, the Military & Refugees. A talk with slides.
February 21 - Fr. Robert Hovda: A Common Eucharistic Cup: AIDS
February 28 - Fr. Robert Lauder: Is Woody Allen Camus in Comedy?
March 14 - Flavian Walsh, O.F.M.: Ensenada is on the Move - Then and Now. After the meeting Maryhouse is a part of the Catholic Worker family, a woman named "Sister" Jeanette, who lives in our neighborhood and comes to both the Catholic Worker house of hospitality; a person...
The Hiroshima Maidens by Rodney Barker

January-February, 1986
THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Page Seven

BOOK REVIEWS

Now Available

Books by Father Hugo

Every one in a while, we leave out an important piece of information in one ar-

The Gospel of Peace. By having 1000


This is a delightful book; one of those rare books that one is sure it was worth reading. The story of two young women, survivors of the atomic bomb explosion, is touching and interesting. Both women are intelligent, strong, and have a sense of humor about the situation. The book is well-written and engaging, and will appeal to a wide audience.

Some of the women's stories are described vividly and in detail, while others are more sketchily. However, the overall picture presented is of a group of women who, despite the terrible circumstances they faced, managed to find hope and resilience in the face of adversity.

The book is well-researched and provides valuable insights into the experience of the Hiroshima Maidens. It also highlights the important role that Catholic organizations, such as the Catholic Worker, played in supporting and helping these women.

Overall, this is a moving and inspiring book that will be of interest to anyone interested in the history of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as well as those interested in the story of the Hiroshima Maidens.

Rodney Barker's presentation of the different views regarding the "Hiroshima Aftermath" in The New Yorker, July 1985.)

Twenty-five young women, severely burned and disabled by the atom bomb (the result of thermal burns) were brought to this country to receive rehabilitative plastic surgery. Between May 1955 and November 1956, one hundred and thirty-eight separate operations were performed, including fingers from their claw-like contractions, allowing the first normal use of limbs in a decade. Facial disfigurement, which had stood women down, and social isolation, was also lessened. But, as important as these improvements, the emotional healing, gratifying healing was of the emotional scars of despair and distrust that oc-
curred. The women were American Quakers, chosen because of their "his-
toric abhorrence of war" and their understanding of "the possibilities of compas-
sion."

That is how two of these young women became part of Rodney Barker's family. He tells their story in detail, and something about the lives of the women since their return to Japan. He tells the story of the women's lives in the nation that had inflicted the scourge of their maiming.

Some of the women have known sad-
ness, unfulfilled dreams and hardship in the years since they returned to Japan, but most have lived with "strength and resilience, a sense of integrity and worth" that is a legacy of their year in the United States. Circumstances have led them to different directions, these women who were once joined together in a unique way. They think of themselves, not as Hiroshima Maidens (a name they do not necessarily like), but as members of Sut-
sukat. "Kai" is the Japanese for "associa-
tion" and "Kai" is the Hiroshima explosion for "kaihan." The way they view their lives: like a gathering of flowers that bloom in May, the women's "Kai" are in their respect.

That they bloomed is undeniable. Mi-
chiyo Zomen spoke on her return to Japan:

"Michiyô's voice was nervous and halt-
ing when she started to speak. Then she stopped, and after a painful hesitation, in a

spectacular fashion her left arm suddenly

shut high in the air. 'I hold my arm out to

you,' she said in an entirely different tone.

It means too much to me to be able to do

this. For years my arm was bent tight like

this, I had to fold it. People here in the

west America they gave my arm back to me."

Again she thrust her arm open to the sky.

"What you do not see is the heart of our

You will be sorry

Forgetting Homeless and the Religious

concern that motivated

the homeless, it helps to or-

First Street, Huntington, IN 47944, 1985.

Peacekeeping

Peacekeeping is a new bi-monthly leaflet

of reflections and suggestions in re-

Praise be to God:

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Revolution. She had told them that if they (she) didn’t mend their ways they would end up like her.

During those few years in Harlem, The B was instrumental in helping young black girls get into Catholic schools. She also assisted many in getting into, and being able to complete, college. She would end her lectures on inter racial justice by quoting the last judgment scene of the 25th chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, and then add a line, with her large figure and booming voice, saying, “Lord when did I do these things? [Jesus answered] When I was a Negro and you were a white American Catholic.”

For three years, she would annually present Fordham University with a young black candidate, academically qualified, and gifted as an athlete. Each time he was refused. One enough (and to their chagrin) the Jesuits one time invited The B to speak. At the podium she announced that she would not speak because “you do not want Negro undergraduates.” She met with the Jesuit administration which explained, “We have to move slowly. The time is not yet ripe.” The B retorted, “I have never read anywhere in the Gospel where Christ says to wait twenty years before living the Gospel.” She returned to Harlem exasperated and perspiring.

In the mid-1940’s some of the staff at Friendship House questioned and challenged The B’s vision and authority. It seemed they didn’t want her there. She was devastated and hurt, and even as strong-willed and indomitable as she was, she left and went to the House in Chicago.

In 1943, she married Eddie Doherty, a successful and well-known journalist. The B explained to him that he was joining her commitment to live the Gospel and that she was not going back to living a secure existence, uninvolved with God’s poor. Doherty was still eager; he gave up his career, and, in 1947, they moved to the Ottawa Valley in northern Ontario, Canada, to a small hamlet called Combermere where her cousin had some property. One of her faithful workers from Madonna House you noly come back. She put on her golden slippers, not willing to forgo the opportunity to “dance, and sing, and perspire.” The wake service was of the Melkite rite with solemn and joyful chanting amidst hundreds of candles and incense. At the end, the celebrant placed the book of the Gospels on The B’s mid section. The mourners processed to the alter and then offered a farewell kiss to The B.

The next morning, a still, bitterly cold day, the mourners walked slowly through the snow, down the road to the small parish church of the Canadian Mar thys for the Mass of the Resurrection. The B’s coffin was placed in the middle of the church and was opened for one last viewing. Now clothed in the Franciscan habit, as she was a member of the Third Order, The B was still seen to be wearing her golden slippers, not willing to forgive the opportunity to “dance, and sing, and laugh with the Trinity forever.”

The B was a widow of the Madonna House in the “island chapel,” a log building with polished pine paneling built in the Russian style. She was lying in a white pine coffin made by a member of the community. She was dressed in a tunic-like caftan of strik ing red wool, cloth and a brilliant, multicolored, Ukrainian peasant jacket. On her breast was an icon of the Dormition Mary and on her feet were golden slippers. The B was fond of slippers, but these were special. For these, she had told many, she wanted to be wearing when she died so that she could “dance, and sing, and laugh with the Trinity in eternity forever.” The wake service was of the Melkite rite with solemn and joyful chanting amidst hundreds of candles and incense. At the end, the celebrant placed the book of the Gospels on The B’s mid section. The mourners processed to the alter and then offered a farewell kiss to The B.

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