When we reached the tarmac, we poured was a very early morning and still dark.

The army shovel we used to dig with had stickers on it that said "Resurrection cross." Someone said it was a "Resurrection cross." By MEG BRODHEAD

We Shall Not Be Moved Robert Hodgell

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Homelessness

Racial Segregation Renewed

By CARL SICILIANO

During the past five years, my work has been finding, sheltering, and hoe trying to be a decent neighbor to homeless people. While doing this, I have come to know better how disproportionately large numbers of black people are in the homeless population. At St. Benedict's Catholic Worker house in a black ghetto in Washington, D.C., as one might expect, everyone was black except those of us who came there to work. Now, I live and work at St. Joseph House in the Lower East Side of Manhattan. While we do not tally the hundreds of people who come to our door every day for food, clothing, or use our bathroom, I can say that the overwhelming majority of these homeless people are black as well. In New York City during the past twenty years, black people have come from being a small part of the homeless population to comprising 75% of that population. This is vastly disproportionate to the number of blacks in the United States, and is even disproportionate to the number of blacks living below the poverty line. Through reflection on this experience and study, I have come to perceive that homelessness is a form of segregation, not enforced by legislation, but enacted by a complex mixture of economic, sociological upheavals, with racism thrown in as a constant leaven in this ordeal.

A number of factors have occurred during the past seventy-five years that led up to the present situation. To start with, from 1940 to 1910 the South had an enormous migration of black people from the rural South to urban industrial cities of the North and Midwest. During that time, 6.5 million blacks came North. That is an even greater number than the number of Italians or Irish or Jews, or Polish people who came to the United States during the course of their great migrations. The North was perceived as being less prejudiced than the South, and jobs were perceived to be plentiful. Also, the wages were much higher in the North.

While some blacks were able to prosper when they came North, many were ultimately unable to, unfortunately, after World War II through the late sixties, our society was undergoing a transformation from an industrial base, which offered vast job opportunities for unskilled people, to a service base, requiring more education and trained skills. Michael Harrington wrote in his book, The New American Poverty, that, "The huge migration from the rural south... was much too great for a society that was switching from smokestacks to services, from high wages to low, and, eventually, to chronic high rates of unemployment that penalized the young, the less-educated and the latest arrivals. That is, it penalized blacks most of all."

Another and important factor is the multitude of blacks came North to find themselves still segregated. Until the fruits of the civil rights movement began to be seen, most blacks had no other living opportunities than inner-city ghettos. In fact, by 1970, Chicago had become the most residentially segregated city in the United States.

Another Migration

Until the mid-1960s, however, the living conditions in the ghettos were, in certain ways, vastly better than they later became. For, while segregation was total as far as race was concerned, in major metropolitan areas such as New York and Chicago, it was economically integrated. While inner-city, black ghettos have always been characterized by great poverty, working and middle-class blacks often lived there, having nowhere else to go. That was ambiguously beneficial to the ghetto communities, enabling them to be places of economic, intellectual and cultural diversity. These diversities were greatly altered in the late 1960s and through the 1970s. The black community experienced yet another great migration, this time of working and middle-class blacks who left the inner-city ghettos for the suburbs, as civil rights protections came to be.

The exodus from the ghettos was vast; it seemed that anyone who could leave did leave. During the 1970s, the South Bronx lost 37% of its population, Over the same time period, 100,000 blacks left Chicago for its suburbs. And 224,000 blacks left Washington, D.C. for its suburbs. One hundred and twenty-four thousand left Atlanta to do the same.

By and large, those who remained in the inner cities were utterly destitute. The once vibrant communities became deserted. Inner-city ghettos were abandoned building and empty lots. With nothing to balance the culture of poverty, jobs were not available but drugs were; crime rampant.

For the most part, it was the black, two-parent families who left the ghettos, and the black families who remained. While black two-parent families have slowly been catching up with the rest of America, the average black family enjoys only 78% of the income of the average white family.

We gave these actions, this action, a name. We chose Transfiguration Plowshares because of the powerful message of the Transfiguration, celebrated on August 6. We said in our statement: "The... (Continued on page 5)

(Continued on page 6)

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(Continued on page 6)
By JANE SAMMON

I am sure that it's his high school picture, the one of Dwan Wallace which appeared in one of the major dailies a few weeks back. A nice-looking, young man, this fellow. That he went to a Catholic school did not surprise me. He has the look of impeccable grooming often emphasized to students by nun, brother, or priest: Afro-style hair picked neatly into place; the giveaway of Catholic school fashion for the shirt, jacket, and tie. He's smiling in the photograph, not showing his teeth, the smile you can never make up once you do. Then the photographer reminds you it's going to be in the yearbook or in your parent's living room, so give it all you've got.

Dwan? Oh, yes, some of the faculty who are still at the high school remember Dwan. They can confirm the open, friendly countenance of his picture. A nice kid; always smiling, they say. Affable, well-liked, an above-average student. As a matter of fact, he was on that board that is the teenagers' first crack at local politics, the Student Council. This, indeed, was a promising young man.

This August, 1987, eleven years after his student council days, the promising young man walked into the Pentagon and pumped, said police, a bullet. He intended to get into an area near the "war room," pulling out a small calibre gun. But a security guard "did his job," and killed him with a bullet. He died later at a local hospital—severe internal bleeding, the cause of death. He was 29.

To the Pentagon, came another kind of traffic. The young man tried to enter. It was in the work. It's in these conversations with people that relationships are formed and I begin to know the people I see everyday. The possibility for relationship exists; I can choose to be busy instead. I remember it was Jesus Who said, Mary had chosen the better part. It was Mary who sat and listened.

One evening, while I was emptying wastebaskets, it came to Blanche's room to say hello. There was a Bible open to the Psalms on the table and Blanche and I talked about our favorite ones, which I then read aloud. It was so good to forget the wastebaskets for twenty minutes and to share the Psalms with her. Since then, I've gone back to Blanche's room to read.

This summer, the work and some of the business has been alleviated by visitors who have stayed with us. Linds, a university student, has been a wonderful help and a delight. We've had visitors from Canada, West Germany, and Delaware.

"We must love the poor in order that the poor may love us the better because we gave them," I like this quote from St. Vincent de Paul because it reminds me that the work here is not do-gooder work but necessary work. It helps me to remember on busy days that the poor are not indebted to me. They deserve to have what I have. What little I can do is owed to them.

Being on the house has been a learning experience for me. I've learned about my strengths and my limitations. I've learned that we are all people striving to live, and that we learn from each other.

By JANE SAMMON

A Promising Young Man

Another Picture

To the Pentagon, came another kind of photo. The young man who was a prestigious newspaper, and who jumps into a car, camera in tow, whenever the action is hot. The picture was inserted in the newspaper near that of a former high school student, if of a room in the Pentagon. In it, a number of people are visible: in front of glass doors; behind glass doors; some carrying valises clasped tightly to their sides. Some are in civilian clothes—shirts and ties, like the student in the other photo. Two other men are in the foreground of the one picture, standing against opposite walls, like soldiers at attention, facing each other. They wear uniforms from which leave dangle and guns hang on sturdy belts. It is clear what they do at the Pentagon— their "job description." It is clear that, like so many of the so-called "red Americans," they do security work. But the others in the picture? What do they do at the Pentagon? What are the valises? What is the "war room'? The caption under the picture states that it is The Pentagon, Corrigan, Friday, December 25, where the young man tried to enter. It seems to assume all readers would comprehend the machinations of these places.

The father of Dwan Wallace says Dwan always wanted to be a marine; his mother says their son may have had some illusion of grandeur, that he thought he was a general. The reference to mental illness is elaborated upon in an interview with them. He had, it seems, fallen apart not long after high school. Recently he told his parents he was going to Pittsburgh to try to find some work. It's true, an assault charge had been brought against him some time ago down in Louisiana, but they never knew him to own a gun. You can get sentimentality about a high school picture, but this one haunts you. He seems a decent enough kid.

On the day before the observance of the forty-second anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima, gunfire exploded within the Pentagan, within earshot of the Secretaries of State and Defense. But let it be known that there was no disruption of work. There was a momentary 'gee whiz,' but no disruption of our activities," assured an official spokesman.

A friend of ours, who works in a mental hospital down South, uttered his amazement over the kind of things that brought some people there, like inability to make car payments. The many broken minds coming through the doors of our houses of hospitality are often heard to chatter on frightfully about the FBI, CIA, KGB, nuclear annihilation, universal destruction.

There was little attention paid to the Pentagon tragedy this last August. In fact, many do not consider it a tragedy, since no lives of any of its employees were lost. There were no pictures written in the journals of note about a young man who went into a different kind of madhouse on a fated August day. They say he may have suffered an illusion of grandeur. He was not alone.

The Body of Christ is made up of many members, joined together, and formed and informed, by Christ Jesus our Head. The more who make, and faithfully keep, their holy commitments, the more the Lord of Christ becomes evident. We are His beloved ones, and the more we are formed by Him, the more we will be sensitive to the isolation and neglect we see in our midst.

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The Historical Reality: From Colonized to Colonizer

By CIARON O'REILLY

It was the fourth of July, and by the dawn's early light, the national stars, bright stars and the Maryland National Guard were departing for Nicaragua. It was a festive day, and as the troops moved away, they were accompanied by a constant band and a marching bagpipe. The C-130 troop carrier stopped its departure momentarily while a military police helicopter was summoned to escort the ministerial vehicle sitting on the runway and linked arms. A sergeant emerged from the helicopter and ordered the troops to move towards the airport, fifteen miles outside of Baltimore.

As America was awaking to celebrate its independence, there were many others who were either visiting the embassy in San Salvador, or who were participating in protests at home. The embassy was different from the one in New York City, but it was still a symbol of U.S. power and influence.

The scene of the Crime

Honduras is the second poorest country in Latin America, after Haiti. In 1981, the U.S. military had a vision for Honduras. Honduras as a counter-insurgency fortress and a life support system for the carpetbagger business. The Maryland National Guard leaves on this day as many other State National Guards, who have left before them, to plan a destructive and militaristic strategy across the Central America to the mind of the American public.

The day opens at Offutt Air Force Base in Nebraska, where some Guatemalan refugees have died in accidents, bar fights and drug-related incidents in Honduras over the past six years.

Air Force Sergeant Turns C.O.

Saying, "I've reached my limit. I feel like I'm betraying my own people," Mexican American Francis Cobos became the first member of the United States armed forces to object publicly to duty in Central America. Cobos, a 27-year-old cryptologic-linguist stationed at Offutt Air Force Base, said he had been reassigned to clerical duties at Offutt, pending the outcome of his application for conscientious objector status. "I am not a conscientious objector. I am against all violence. I have no value or no. Sometimes we'd pick up phone conversations which consisted of nothing more than family gossip, " said Cobos, a devout Catholic, talking at a meeting at St. John's Cathedral in Omaha.

While stationed in Nebraska, Mr. Cobos met refugees at local churches who claimed their land, their homes and their land, I was ravaging of myself. "I've reached my limit, I feel like I'm betraying my own people," he said.

Letters of support can be sent to: Daniel Cobos, 3535 Air Force Drive, Omaha, NE 68131. Also letters to Mr. Cobos' command may be addressed to: Lt. Col. Robert Leech, Commanding Officer, Air National Guard, Offutt Air Force Base, Omaha, NE 68131.

The bodycount of the empire is a daily phenomenon. It is the resultant starvation and infant mortality rate of corporations, the theft from the people, the torture and murder by U.S. backed dictatorships silencing their people, or the death toll exacted by the proxy Contras carrying out U.S. foreign policy. Honduras is not another Viet Nam. It is just like Vietnam! A response from those who had gathered to protest, that just like Vietnam, the empire conjures on empire concealing their domination and destruction.

The police, in their throwaway efficiency, brandish a yellow band around our friends that reads "KEEP CLEAR: CRIME SCENE." Some are asked why this should not be run around the entire city, or extended inclusive Honduras and Central America.

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A Quiet Walk During Time of War

By BRO. EDGAR RIVERA, S.J.

Another sleepy morning emerges in Managua. A friend and I try to convince a core of picketers to let us bring a copy of the Nuevo Diaario, the pro-government newspaper, into the embassy's gate. We are arrested blocking the entrance to the embassy. Life is making progress, fifteen miles outside of Baltimore.

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Liberals and Liberators

By Peter Maurin

I

They say that I am a radical. If I am a radical then I am not a liberal. The future will be different if we make the present different. But to make the present different one must give up old tricks and start new tricks. But to give up old tricks and start to play new tricks one must return to history. Liberals are so liberal about everything that they refuse to be fanatical about anything. And not being able to be fanatical about anything, liberals will be conservatives. They can only be liberals. Liberals refuse to be religious, philosophical or economic fanatics and consent to be the worst kind of fanatics, liberal fanatics.

If I am a radical, then I am not a conservative. Conservatives try to believe that things are good enough to be left alone. But things are not good enough to be left alone. Conservatives try to believe that the world is getting better every day in every way. But the world is not getting better every day in every way.

The world is getting worse every day in every way and the world is getting worse every day in every way because the world is upside down. And conservatives do not know how to take the upside down and to put it right side up. When conservatives and radicals will come to an understanding they will take the upside down and they will put it right side up.

II

A few years ago, I asked a college professor to give me the formulation of those universal concepts embodied in the universal message of universities that will enable the common man to create a universal economy. And I was told by the college professor: "That is not my subject." Colleges and universities give to the students plenty of facts but very little understanding. They turn out specialists knowing a lot about one thing and more about less and less.

But mastering subjects has never enabled anyone to master situations.

III

Modern colleges give you a bit of this, a bit of that, a bit of something else and a degree. The act of giving a degree is called a Commencement. And after the Commencement the student commences to look for a job.

Those of us who came of age in the 1960s and afterwards should pay attention to his analysis. So far, so good, as a badly needed dose of self-criticism. At the same time, it is a petulant book, sometimes to the point of meanness, with major blind spots. Oddly enough, for instance, as a lover of Socrates, he makes little mention of "justice" and displays little "moderation.

In his marked distaste for the '60s, he gives no credence to the students who reacted to the injustice and violence of the war in Vietnam. He does not seem to consider seriously the possibility that their desire for justice was good, and, if it sometimes led to intolerance and self-indulgence, it could be they came from the seeds of justice falling on stony ground.

Nor does he see any nuances within "the movement" he despises. Dorothy Day, for example, was not inspired by Rousseau or Heidegger or Nietzsche, and she also once said that the '60s were not a golden age because they were too filled with anger and confusion. Similarly, he does not mention any authors associated with that period who might not fit his mold, writers such as Jim Hightower.

He is a political philosopher, steeped in the classics of Greek and modern thought, whose book opens with the remark, "There is one thing a professor can be absolutely certain of: almost every student entering the university believes, or says he believes, that truth is relative." He then goes on to make a scathing attack on North American universities which do little or nothing to confront that sense of relativity. In the current state of the liberal arts (and he puts the ferment of the 1960s in the watershed), the only virtue fostered is openness and, as someone else has said, if a bottle is open at both ends, it is all falls out. Philosophy is nothing if there is no wisdom to love; the humanities are nothing if they cannot recognize human thinking. According to Allan Bloom, higher education has fallen away from its highest purpose. Students are not taught how to think (not that they're not smart in the ways of business and computers): how to read for content, how to draw conclusions and judgments, how to distinguish excellence and nobility, how even to read for content, how to make distinctions and judgments, how to draw conclusions, how to read for content, how to make distinctions and judgments, how to draw conclusions. The failure, in his view, has undermined the foundations of this country which he claims was the highest attempt at a society founded on reason. All we have gotten from "progressive education" has been the emancipation of the lower passions, the trivial pursuit of conformity, a retreat from the responsibility for democracy. In short, he lets us in on the secret that the emperor believes, or says he believes, that truth is relative.

Douglas in The Neoviolent Cross or Michael Harrington in The Other America (and surely not the latter's more recent book, The Next Left, Henry Holt & Co., 1986). Allan Bloom's annoyance with the path taken by his beloved institutions, the Yankee university, seems to limit his range of vision.

Of the wider society, he quite ignores questions such as the uniqueness of modern technology and the modern state - the dark side of the experiment initiated by the original thirteen colonies. These strange gaps hit me as I read his propositions while I was at a clinic in a large city hospital. Poor people, not from the stock of the founding fathers, waited patiently, hour after hour, just to see a doctor, while a TV with the Iran-Contra hearings dominated the crowded waiting room, only with the sound too low to make out what was said. It crossed my mind that this room speaks as eloquently of what this country is about as does the displaced Yalie or Cornell or the University of Chicago. Then I came across a telling statement, near the end of his book: "The critic who stands with his people is a critic. He is not fit his mold, writers such as Jim Hightower.

Babylon

Not Just a Crab

All this could sound like the grumblings of an old curmudgeon on a bad day. What are we going to do about the other generation?" is hardly a new theme. Allan Bloom, however, is not simply another displaced crab. From his book on from having heard him lecture, I have no doubt that he is an excellent teacher who knows what he speaks when it comes to the groves of academe. For one point, he traces the shifts in the deepest philosophical currents that have contributed to the rise and fall of Temple. I was, nevetest, caught in a poster I've seen, "When all else fails, lower your standards and push a crusade of activist actions that once seemed to spell out educational reform. He shows us how the liberal rhetoric of "the self," "creativity," "culture," "values" etc. can quickly become only dust and ashes in reality.

At the same time, I was reminded of Michael Walzer's Interpretation and Social Criticism. (At $12.50 for 94 pages, and as a preamble to a more substantial work, the price is a bit steep, but he is worth reading.) In this book's two sides is a variety of controversies about how a person should do moral philosophy and social criticism. He starts from the assumption that thought should not take place in abstraction from reality, but rather, "Moral philosophy is here understood as a reflection upon the familiar, a reinvention of our own hopes." In a second article, he urges the critic to maintain a loving distance from what he interprets, not as a neutral observer or as someone who has to change what he interprets. "If he is someone who loathes his fellow citizens. Contrary to many accounts that do not rely so much on common sense, Michael Walzer concludes, "Social criticism is less the practical offspring of scientific knowl edadge than the educated cousin of the common complaint. We become critics naturally, as it were, by elaborating on existing morality and telling stories about our society, though never entirely different from, our own."

The biggest single problem is how to gain the proper critical perspective in order to point to real and present injustices. The answer, for him, lies more in being outside the centers of power than from a sense of total alienation. He quotes the Talmudic saying, "Love work, do not dominate over others and never seek the intimacy of public officials and cites the standards for analysis set by Mohandas Gandhi in India and George Orwell in England.

The final chapter is a beautiful piece on the prophet Amos as a social critic both of the prophet's time and our own. His conclusion is whether Biblical prophecy to God's Chosen People can be easily paralleled among the nations, especially white, English-speaking, American culture. All the same, Michael Walzer's portrait of the critic who stands with his people is a timely consideration, and gives a way to gauge various interpretations, including The Closing of the American Mind.

I am not in a position from somewhere, and Allan Bloom teaches us that good inspiration is hard to find. Unique by this is just how rarely social criticism is an expression of deep involvement with ordinary men and women. For all his well-sounded, angry indictment of our schools and the cultural establishment, he seems far removed from people outside them, those who want to lead good, decent lives, and seems not distant enough from the institutions and structures that have shaped a society beyond, and fact, on the pursuit of happiness through technologi-
...and an idiom intelligible to normal human beings. 

He also calls attention to the role of language in expressing and shaping one's identity. "Whatever we are, we are that language can communicate, in words or in silence the discourse from which it flows..." (Barry Cooper in Books in Canada)

The book has six chapters, all having appeared before in some form, and all reworked for this collection that holds together as a whole remarkably well. Although he writes in a public way, this does not mean that he is always "easy" or "light" reading. His style demands close attention, so that one has to ponder almost every sentence before it yields its meaning. This makes it a challenging book, but one which is well worth the effort.

The book's themes are repeatedly echoed throughout the pages. The language we use shapes our understanding of the world and ourselves. By exploring Simone Weil's definition of faith as "the experience that the intelligency is enlightened by love," thus, one knows about the good by loving it. In our technological society, there is no objectivity to the good; instead, we "create" our own goods (or, as we now say, "values").

The assumptions of modern technology, according to them, are not just unchallenged, but are a figment of the imagination, a form of pretense. They argue that modern accounts of knowledge and technology are speech acts, that brute force or unarticulated presence cannot hold meaning in the political arena. Only language can communicate, in words or in silence, the discourse from which it flows..." (Barry Cooper in Books in Canada)

By ART LAFFIN

Citing him with coordinating demonstrations in his courtroom and defying his orders not to speak about the moral and political justification of their actions, Boertje and Lin Romano - two of the six actions but almost all types of civil disobedience, that brute force or unarticulated presence cannot hold meaning in the political arena. Only language can communicate, in words or in silence, the discourse from which it flows..." (Barry Cooper in Books in Canada)

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Homelessness & Segregation

Continued from page 7

family, the presence of female-headed families has, adjusted for inflation, steadily dropped. As families, many middle-class structures broke down for black, inner-city people, many who suffered from mental illness ended up being institutionalized, then re-integrated back into society. But often the drugs and programs were inadequate to meet the needs of those who were there, and so many cracks to fall through in social systems, many ended up on the streets. Blacks, being a large proportion of the institutionalized, and often being destitute, having less resources to fall back on, again were added to the ranks of the homeless.

The final devastation to affect dozens of inner-city, black ghettos has been gentrification. The past half-century has seen holes and abandoned buildings renovated to become fashionably residential. Downtown development is ongoing, as building and auto rents, and enjoy the "benefits" of the greatest of New York's Lower East Side and a city built upon the islands of a lagoon, in the words of the Latin author, Caesar. The "King of barshards" next to the sea and half on land and spread like the Cyclades over the surface of the waters? Yet a new name came upon reminders of daily life at St. Joseph House.

In Remembrance of Things Past, Proust wrote of the rooming in Venice for the first time, opening the window shutters and seeing ablaze in the sunlight the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. (Photo: Donatelli.)

Golden Angel on the Campanile of San Marco. From my hotel window I heard waves breaking against the canal embankment and church bells summoning the faithful to Mass. In the distance, I saw the dome, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute.

Secure from invasion by land or sea, Venice was not immune to the ravages of the plague. The best known plague church in Venice is that of Santa Maria della Salute. In 1630, when a terrible plague struck the city, the Senate authorized the building of a church. One million wooden piles were driven into the mud to create a solid foundation at the designated site by the entrance to the Grand Canal. The architect, Baldassare Longhena, kept in mind the purpose and significance of the church as a devotional offering. "The mystery of the depiction of the Virgin," he wrote, "made me think, with that little talent which God has given me, of building it in a circular form, that is to say in the shape of a crown to be dedicated to the Virgin.

As Hugh Honour writes in The Companion Guide to Venice, the architect was recalling the invocation to the Queen of Heaven in the Venetian litany recited in times of plague, and also the reference to the Virgin in Rev 12:1, the woman upon the moon, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

Inside the church the symbolism is maintained by an inscription in the center of the pavement, San Giorgio Maggiore (with the origin, theex salutation and health) referring to the origin of Venice under the Virgin's protection—one of the advocacies of the patron saint of the city, Hugh Honour points out, being that the Virgin had led the people of the mainland to safely (that is to say) the lagoon as Attia's armies, in the fifth century, swept down the Italian peninsula.

At the high altar, my thoughts turned to St. Joseph House. In the center of the altar is a statue of the Virgin and Child, with Venice written on the right. The Virgin wouldn't be offered so that people could live off their own work. Landlords would charge equitable rent. Abandoned inner-city buildings would be developed for the poor; black people, the neighborhood instead of the right.

In fact, we are far from such a society. We have a society that has built itself on the exploitation of those on the bottom. For black people, this has meant a partial solution; yet there are extreme long waiting lists for most units. People have to wait for months, even years in some cities, until an apartment becomes available for them.

To give some examples of the effects of gentrification, suppose that you are working in the emergency shelter in South Norwalk, Connecticut, during 1964 and 1965, gentrification began there. There was a black housing project. There was then in a tiny pocket of poor and working-class people surrounded by a sea of affluence. This community was not (translate as this, for the most part, black people) had been able to live for generations in the area. "These people," as the poor of the Bowery come in mercy taking place at the Catholic Worker, "will present themselves. A just wage in return for their own work."

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For further information, please contact: Thomas Greeno, 80 Spruce Avenue, Box 799, South Norwalk, CT 06898, or School of Living, 605 W. 119th Street, New York, NY 10026. For information on the event at the School of Living, call 212-775-9617.


A Baton Wielding Angel

By BILL DEAN

St. Joseph House and Venice. What could be more different than a house of hospitality, on New York's Lower East Side and a city built upon the islands of a lagoon, in the words of the Latin author, Caesar? The "King of barshards" next to the sea and half on land and spread like the Cyclades over the surface of the waters? Yet a new name came upon reminders of daily life at St. Joseph House.

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"Human-Scale Solutions to the Global Crisis" is the theme of an international conference sponsored by the School of Living, San Francisco, and the School for Global Citizenship, New York.


Thinking Globally, Acting Locally

World was founded by John Papworth, author and co-founder of the Koinonia Foundation, a think-tank for politics and economic problems. It has derived inspiration from figures such as E.F. Schumacher, Vinoba Bhave, Thomas Merton, and Arne Naess.

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**MIDNIGHT RUN**

By JOSEPH H. GILMORE

(The Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore is minister of South Presbyterian Church in Dobbs Ferry, New York. With the help of other area churches, several cars are sent into New York City once or twice a week to deliver food, clothing and other needed items to the homeless sleeping outside. They work through the night to try to get to just some of the groups of people they have to come to know over the past several years. On the streets and elsewhere their effort has come to be known as the “Midnight Run.” Eds. note.)

I speak from the shadows of America … from the mean streets of a great city abandoned late at night to the rich at play and to the homeless poor who walk and walk and walk until it is safe as it is likely to get to lie down, wrapped in the news of the day against the cold of the night.

In the dark harbor, a station (of liberty, some say) holds an unlit lamp up to the night. An inadvertent symbol, I think. There is not much light here. Not tonight. Not for the weary, homeless poor who walk and walk and walk.

(They have fixed the lady and the lamp. They do not seem to notice the broken promise.)

I speak from the shadows and from the end of my wits.

It is midnight. On Fifth Avenue at 55th Street.

(I remember these lines by poet Wendell Berry.)

To be sane in a mad time
Is bad for the brain, worse for the heart. The world is a holy vision, had we clarity to see it — a clarity that we depend on us to make.)

It is midnight. At the corner of Fifth Avenue and 55th Street.

On the east side of the street, Trump Tower, all gold and lighted, defies the darkness for as far as it rises — making it hard to see the stars.

Tiffany’s and Steuben Glass are opulent neighbors on the next two northern corners. A year ago, in a window display at Tiffany’s designed by a miniature of extravagant ability, you could have seen a $75,000 gold and diamond necklace making its way between a homeless woman sitting in a box, wrapped in rags, her bags beside her, one shoe off — and a Bowery bum type, with a tiny bottle of Cutty Sark — yes, you could read the exquisite tiny label — in his dirty hand.

Rita Corbin

But it’s midnight … and on the west corner of 55th and Fifth in the shadows, six homeless people have dragged cardboard, and cardboard boxes, into the doorways of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Rene, Mark, Annie, Rick and two people I do not know are asleep. The cardboard between them and the stone provides whatever warmth they’re going to have. The stone is forever. I call softly to them by name asking if they need anything — a sandwich, some soup or coffee, a blanket, clothing. They all want food — Mark needs shoes, Rene a shirt, Annie and Rick, socks. I sit and drink coffee with them. People loud and laughing pass, look up, shake their heads in disgust and! talk by.

A guard with a heart that breaks before it turns to stone, has let John in. John, an old man, lets in the others. The woman has no socks or shoes. Her ulcerated feet with suppurating lesions are drawn up in the fetal position she learned in the womb — her first and best home. She has no blanket. She is being protected by the others. I cannot wake her, but the others assure me that she is all right — and they ask for the things that she needs.

As I kneeled trying not to spill soup, a distinguished, middle-aged man walks as though we are invisible.

“Perhaps we are,” I think.

(More lines from Berry come:)

So, friends every day do something that won’t compute. Love the world. Work for nothing. Take all that you have and be poor. Love someone who doesn’t deserve it.)

2:00 a.m. The Morgan Library, Madison Avenue at 36th Street. Behind an iron fence, a hot-air grate. Rusty is fast asleep and hard to rouse.

“I’m sorry,” he says — “I need everything. Everything you gave me last week was stolen.”

In a thousand years, you would not have seen him there, tucked into the shadows of America.

But earlier in the winter the Museum Board learned that the homeless sometimes slept on their discharged hot air. So they wrapped the grate in barbed wire.

Hear this, you who trample upon the needy, and bring the poor of the land to an end —

Surely I will never forget any of your deeds.

4:00 a.m.

Grand Central Station.

Dante. The inferno.


Phyllis, Abigail, Taffy, George, Peter.

And I am confused. Where is the preferential option for the poor manifest? Whoever said that there is no evangelism without solidarity was right.

Well said. So what?

4:30 a.m.

St. Patrick’s Cathedral

Lighted at the top. Shadows at the bottom.

Five people sleeping here tonight. In two doorways, they sleep beneath doors chained —

Chained — Chained shut.

They sleep with their backs toward the street, their faces toward our doorways.

They sleep with their backs toward the street, their faces toward our sanctuaries — six inches from warmth and safety.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.

Esurientes implevit at bonus dismisit inanes.

Which, being translated out of the shadows, means:

My soul doth magnify the Lord

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour:

God hath filled the poor with good things,

and the rich God hath sent empty away.

(At least … at least … Grand Central tried.)

5:00 a.m.

St. Thomas Episcopal, Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street.

Last stop. A circle closed.

Six people on cardboard in boxes. Living in the shadows in shade.

Inside, in the pews, in the Book of Common Prayer, Page 826, this prayer:

Almighty and most merciful God, we remember before You all poor and neglected persons, whom it would be easy for us to forget:

the homeless and the destitute.

Dawn.

The homeless move out of the shadows into the daytime forced to march to nowhere.

I have spoken from my wits end, from the mean streets of the other America.

Do not be fooled. My city is not different from yours.

My friend in the streets is right: they should have kept the promise … then fixed the Lady in the Harbor.

The prophets were right. How it goes with the least of us is the mark of our faithfulness and obedience.

To be sane in a mad time is bad for the brain, worse for the heart.

under the check-writing table.

From the street, not knowing, you would never see them. They are experts at living in the shadows.
Cubans Await Release

By FR. ROY BOURGEOIS, M.M.

I'm serving a nine-month sentence at the Federal Detention Center in Oakdale, Louisiana for protesting the training of Contras at the U.S. Army proving grounds. Oakdale is called an "alien detention center," but actually it's a high security prison with a double, twelve-foot-high, razor-wire fence that is patrolled by guards with shotguns. There are 1,000 Cubans and sixty U.S. inmates. The Cubans were among the 125,000 Cuban refugees that came to the U.S. in 1980 aboard the "Mariel Fre­dom Flotilla." They were imprisoned for committing crimes after their arrival.

Every inmate has his own unique story to tell, his struggle to share. However, the Cubans have something in common. They have all completed their sentences, yet remain in prison. Because they are "undocumented aliens" and cannot return to Cuba, the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) has decided to detain them indefinitely.

Most of the Cubans at Oakdale had sentences ranging from six months to two years, but have been imprisoned for four years or more. Some, like Francisco, have never bought the policy to protest. Francisco is sixty-nine years old. He took a taxicab and couldn't pay the $7 fare. He was arrested at the police station, where he spent fifteen days. When his name appeared in the computer as one of the Cuban refugees arriving in 1980, he was sent to the maximum security Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Georgia, where he spent two years. Three months ago Francisco was transferred to Oakdale, and, like all the Cubans here, he has no idea when he will be released.

LETTER FROM WEST GERMANY

(Ulf Panzer is a criminal court judge in West Germany. On January 12, 1987 he joined nineteen other judges in West Ger­many in nonviolently blocking the entrance to the U.S. air base in Mutlangen, where Pershing II nuclear missiles are stored. For more information, see CW March-April, 1987. Eds. note.)

Dear Tim,

By now we have received so-called "Summary Punishments" - it is like a ticket for speeding or what have you. We do not know if that is correct or if we are being moved somewhere peace to the public discussion of our blockade still is in full swing. Nobody talks about the danger we do live in, nobody talks about the missiles, the reason why we blocked the Mutlangen military base, but all the missiles, the reason why we blocked the base in Mutlangen, but all the missiles, the reason why we blocked the base in Mutlangen. What was it that I heard in our action. What was it that I heard in our action. What was it that I heard in our action. The military is obviously concerned.

Despite the prospects of a fourth trial, Greg Lin and co-defendants remain firm in their resolve to speak the truth of their disarmament action - of the moral and legal imperatives to beat the arms race - to time and to war and to uphold the sacredness of all life.

(Gilman Kerley also asked the court that, in the next trial, the defendants be barred from representing themselves and that this be done by lawyers. The judge granted this motion. Why in the government so relentlessly in prosecuting Lin and Greg? Attorney Lazerwitz, before the third trial stated: "We just can't go home. There's a larger interest out there. What if they do this under the guise of civil disobedience and get away with it? It would give the anarchist movement a political base."

Epiphany Plowsares

WRITINGS OF FR. JOHN J. HUGO

Various writings of Fr. John J. Hugo, the retreat master and spiritual director who had such a profound influence on Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement, are now available. They include Your Ways Are Not My Ways, which is the text of the conferences from "The Famous Retreat," a history of the retreat, and several homilies and other works. For a complete list and prices, write to Encounter with Silence, P.O. Box 4146, Pittsburgh, PA 15202.

Pax Christi NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

"We may no longer be able to give moral rectitude to the principle of deterrence." Thus did Archbishop Raymond Burke, the new open and active Pax Christi National Assembly, held July 31-August 1 at Loyola University, Chicago.

The audience of 1300 persons responded to Husthausen's address on the theme of "Towards the Celebration of Pax Christi: Society: Prophecy and Reconciliation," with three ovations. Over 750 persons, from forty-one states and forty-five foreign countries, participated in the six seminars and a variety of workshops offered by the Assembly in the days following.

The Archbishop reminded his hearers of the great steps forward made by the U.S. Bishops in the Peace Pastoral, "The Challenge of the Twenty-first Century," the Open Letter of conscience, and the prophetic, Pax Christi National Assembly, held July 31-August 1 at Loyola University, Chicago.

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