Do not be afraid. Listen, I bring you news of great joy, a joy to be shared by the whole people.

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN

By STANLEY VISBNEWSKI

Nina puts the play stethoscope over her ears and places the dial on top of my balding head. "No hair," she comments, causing me to breathe a sigh of relief. For a moment I thought she was going to say, "No brains."

But it seems I am not finished with my physical examination—Nina commands me to lie down. She hits my knees with a plastic hammer and then swabbing my wrist with a ball of cotton she injects a monumental hypodermic needle (manufactured, I am sure, for elephants) against my skin, I pretend to go along with the game and give forth with a good old-fashioned cry of pain.

At the time as she is playing doctor she hugs her little arms against her body, her ears and places the dial on top of my face. She tells me, in no uncertain terms, as she hugs her little arms about my balding head, that it will not hurt and that I am not to be a coward.

Nina, who is able to mimic taking physical examinations, giving injections and medications, is seven and a dwarf. She is suffering from a rare disease called

(Continued on page 6)

An Apology

We must apologize and beg indulgence from our readers that this issue arrives so late on the whole, did our last issue. Our addressograph machine, a 1927 model, has served us faithfully for a long time as we can remember, requiring little in the way of maintenance. Each month, this eight-cone machine is required for each issue. But last month just about everything that could go wrong with the machine did, from running out of ink and paper, to the motor motor blowing out. One thing seemed to follow another.

For a few despairing moments there was talk of shutting our own subscription by hand! Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed. Thanks to Brian Terrell, for whom our crises may have occasioned the discovery of a hidden vocation, the machine has been virtually reconstituted. Everyone has set to work on the second floor of St. Joseph's with renewed vigor. But alas, we are far behind.

It is possible that in the shuffle some readers never received their October-November issue at all (an especially important issue, containing our annual Fall Appeal). Please let us know if you were misled and we will gladly send you another copy.

We extend our gratitude to all who make our work and the spreading of our message possible, and wish you the blessings of Christmas.

By EILEEN EGAN

As new regimes are installed in countries around the world, some wedded to Marxist doctrines, some to socialism of a less doctrinaire type, and some to an acceptance of varying degrees of the capitalist ethos, Catholic citizens find a certain security in stating "The church and the faithful can live under many systems."

The key word is "under." People who are followers of Jesus have had to live "under" regimes not of their own choosing from Jesus' time to our own. An assumption that flows from the willingness to adapt to various political systems is that Christians can accept, and accommodate to, a variety of economic systems. This assumption is false because underlying it is the belief that Jesus did not bring to His followers a distinctive way of life separate from the teachings of what we now call economics.

Life of Community

The most visible and immediate impact of the teaching of Jesus on His followers in Jerusalem was on their attitude to property and poverty. They began to share their goods with one another so that their life took on the shape of real community. They proved so poor that they could not share anything because the common responsibility of the community were met by the deacons. To the deacons, seven of whom were commissioned for the work, the donations of the Christian community were entrusted. The deacons then administered the goods in accordance with the needs of the members of the community. The first Christian martyr, Stephen, came from among these seven ministers to the poor.

The community of Solentiname was destroyed by Nicaraguan government forces during the week of Nov. 10. Solentiname was the site of Our Lady of Solentiname, a lay monastery begun by our friend, the priest and poet, Ernesto Cardenal, and was the home of the fishermen, farmers, artists and others who participated with Fr. Cardenal in the dialogue on the Gospels recorded in The Gospel in Solentiname. (Orbis Books). The huts of the poor who inhabit the island were burned, the people forced to flee. The raid was explained as retaliation because some from the island have participated in actions against the repressive regime of Gen. Anastasio Somoza.

Following this, arrest warrants have been issued against a small number. Among those named are Fr. Cardenal, who was elsewhere when the raid occurred; Fr. Fernando Cardenal, his brother; and Fr. Miguel d'Escoto, editor of Maryknoll Magazine here in the U.S., a native Nicaraguan who has spoken out strongly against the Somoza regime. They are charged with six crimes against the State, and will be tried in early December. At least some of the dozen or so named will be tried in absentia. The Somozan regime is trying to lay blame for the undeclared civil war, which began Oct. 13, on these priests and others whose concern is for justice.

The actions which have resulted in criminal charges have been the "crimes" of leading lives motivated by the Gospel: speaking out against the terrorism of the Somoza dictatorship, a family which has ruled Nicaragua for 40 years. The Somocas came to power in 1937 through the force of the National Guard, a military body equipped and trained by the U.S. in the course of our 23 year military-occupation of Nicaragua (1911-1934). Since the Somocas family has been in power, the people—more than 50% of whom live in dire poverty—have endured widespread torture, suppression of civil and religious liberties, concentration camps, and assassinations—sometimes on the scale of entire villages. With the recent token exception of the "suspension" of official martial law (which had been in effect for almost three years), conditions of repression have intensified in recent years. In spite of growing opposition, the U.S. government continues both directly and indirectly to provide Nicaragua with economic and military aid.

Peggy Sehzer

The Gospel is the Crime

PROPERTY and POVERTY

By KATHLEEN KLEIN

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(Continued on page 5)
The answer lies in a return to a society I call a functional society, from a society of go-getters and a radical change. From capitalism to socialism is to talk about the social order. There is no reason for us to have failed to blow the dynamite and not doing that is to make the message dynamic. If the Catholic Church is not today the dominant social force, it is because Catholic scholars have failed to blow the dynamite of the church. Catholic scholars have taken the dynamite of the church, have wrapped it up in nice phraseology, placed it in an hermetic container and set it on the lid. It is about time to blow the lid off the Catholic Church may again become the dominant social force.

AN ACQUISITIVE vs. A FUNCTIONAL SOCIETY

The order of the day is to talk about the social order. Conservatives would like to keep it from changing but they don't know how. Liberals try to patch it and call it a New Deal. Socialists want a change but a gradual change. Communists in Russia do not build Communism they build socialists. Communists want to pass from capitalism to socialism and from socialists to Communists. I want a change, and a radical change. I want a change from an acquiescent society to a functional society, from a society of do-gooders to a society of go-givers.

The answer lies in a return to a society where agriculture is practiced by most of the people. It is in fact impossible for any culture to be both healthy and holy without a proper regard for the soil.

We also had a party here on Halloween, complete with decorations, candy, popcorn, a "spooky" movie, shown with costumes. Soon after Halloween, we had another party just to celebrate being together. Alana was in rare form and deliriously we all played "hot potato." She was so good that we just had to get up and dance. Lena and Margaret were the stars as they did the polka across the auditorium floor. It is good for us to sing together, dance together, laugh together; to learn to love each other in the silly, ordinary things. It's not unusual to find some of the women like Marie, Jean, and Margaret, Mike from Maryhouse, and not doing that is to make the message dynamic.

SELF-ORGANIZATION

People go to Washington, asking the federal government to solve men's economic problems, while the federal government was concerned with its own to solve men's economic problems. Thomas Jefferson says that the better it is, then the best kind of organization is self-organization. When the organizers try to organize the morgueand, then the organizers don't organize themselves. And when the organizers don't organize themselves nobody organizes himself. And when everybody organizes himself nothing is organized.

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create order out of chaos. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to labor uncomplaining to help themselves. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to labor uncomplaining on the depression through expression. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create a new society within the existing one, a society of go-givers, a society of go-givers a society of go-givers, a society of go-givers.

In the whole world, Christ suffers disregarded. Mother House is drawn and quartered from age to age. As we go on earth we are a body with no head. There is no new philosophy, but a very old philosophy; a philosophy so old that it looks like new.
Franz Jagerstatter: A Pilgrimage for Peace

By MICHAEL HARANK

December, 1977

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Page Three

Franz Jagerstatter; A Pilgrimage for Peace

By MICHAEL HARANK

August ninth is generally remembered as the day the U.S. government dropped an atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Nagasaki. This is not an isolated event but one of many tragically sophisticated and most destructive weapons ever developed by the human species. This was the logic of a man named Franz Jagerstatter, a Catholic Austrian peasant, father of three daughters, who stood between my generation and the Nazis. His body was taken from this world on December 16, 1943 by two U.S. soldiers, his hands manacled, who pulled over and a thoughtful man offered me a ride. I declined as I wanted to complete my pilgrimage to Jagerstatter's homeland in the small village of Tarsdorf, used on his final departure from the village in February 1943.

It wasn't too long before I arrived at the village border identified by a sign with St. Radegund printed in black letters. As I continued to walk down the main road I immediately recognized the onion shaped steeple of the church. I turned the corner and the small white church with its brightly flowered ceramic tile roof was beyond. I couldn't help but recall the way I walked the road which Jagerstatter's parents along and towards the sun. I walked slowly along the main road and the winding through the village. A National Hero. Franz Jagerstatter was born in 1928 in the small village of Tarsdorf, Austria. His father, a Sexton of the village church, was a National Hero in the eyes of the villagers. Franz's father, a Roman Catholic layman who faced opposition to his refusal to serve in the army as a Young Activist, was opposed to the Nazis. He was also a man of great courage and moral integrity, even a national hero. However, he could not fully understand his father's opposition to the Nazis. His decision not to serve was inspired, he said, by the example of his brother and the desire to do something good and decent for his country. He was not surprised to bear the opinion of Franz expressed by Gabriele's father. One of the most interesting points is that his son's opinion was revealed was the reaction of the village residents to his act of resistance. In Dr. Zahn's interviews with a substantial number of villagers, they expressed their admiration for Gabriele's father. Apart from the Jagerstatter family, Dr. Zahn discovered that, "the rest of the village saw Jagerstatter's refusal to serve in the army as a thoroughly unpleasant, and ultimately senseless act of religious fanaticism, born of a badly disordered mind."

One bomb, 'the most scien
tific weapon in the history of the human species, killed an estimated 200,000 people and their land. The work of healing the wounds of war, hunger, economic oppression and the madness of the spiral arms race.

A National Hero

On October 10th, a cloudy and overcast morning, I boarded a bus in Salzburg for the hour-long ride to Tarsdorf, where I would spend the day exploring the life and learning about my country's involvement in the destruction of the Vietnamese people and their land.

Gift of Freedom

Sometime during this often strained period of time my thoughts turned to me the story of Franz Jagerstatter's witness against the Nazi regime. I remember his telling me that Franz was encouraged and supported by the comfort of some family members and friends. Franz had done it all alone. After hearing and reading of Jagerstatter's story, I could only draw some person emotionally meaningful parallels. While the consequences for similar acts of resistance and the level of public support were radically different, my brother, like Franz, encountered formidable opposition and misunderstanding from family and friends. Most of the opposition stemmed from a completely double belief in the country's inability to make a grave error. Other arguments were rooted in a paralyzing and crusading form of anti-communism. Both Jagerstatter and my brother were Roman Catholic laymen who faced opposition and indifference from the clergy and from others as well. A young layman, who zealously embraced the just war weapon of the sword and denounced the pacifist weapon of love, revealed in the Sermon on the Mount as "unrealistic." They both experienced the cruel and excruciating possibility of living a life, among the most difficult being separation from their families and close friends. Yet they both maintained with unshakeable faith the belief that every Christian has a duty to use the gift of freedom in a way that contributes to the creation of a more just, peaceful and loving society.

The story of Jagerstatter's heroic witness enabled my brother and me, as two contemporaries of the witness, to build a sense of historical and spiritual community which reached beyond the walls of our own generation and the concrete people through which we most prominent were: St. Maximilian (patron saint of draft resisters), St. Frances (saint of the atomic age), Leo Tolstoy, Mahatma Gandhi, Peter Maurin, Daniel and Phillip Berrigan, Thomas Merton and Franz Jagerstatter. Among the most of these persons and the ideas associated with them has escaped during my twelve years of education, is barely noticeable in place in Catholic schools. Of course, these new and provocative ideas, discovered in the context of the war, have affected my mind like a fire set to a bale of dry hay. However, this experience won't prove the anguish which I feel watching my handcuffed brother and friends. As I walked through the small and learning about my country's involvement in the destruction of the Vietnamese people and their land.

Friends of Franz, I am sure that you have done it all alone. After hearing and reading of Jagerstatter's story, I could only draw some personally meaningful parallels. While the consequences for similar acts of resistance and the level of public support were radically different, my brother, like Franz, encountered formidable opposition and misunderstanding from family and friends. Most of the opposition stemmed from a completely double belief in the country's inability to make a grave error. Other arguments were rooted in a paralyzing and crusading form of anti-communism. Both Jagerstatter and my brother were Roman Catholic laymen who faced opposition and indifference from the clergy and from others as well. A young layman, who zealously embraced the just war weapon of the sword and denounced the pacifist weapon of love, revealed in the Sermon on the Mount as "unrealistic." They both experienced the cruel and excruciating possibility of living a life, among the most difficult being separation from their families and close friends. Yet they both maintained with unshakeable faith the belief that every Christian has a duty to use the gift of freedom in a way that contributes to the creation of a more just, peaceful and loving society.

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By Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

I have a man inside me like the universe
It all seemed like the most natural thing in the world, at the high, dark day of utmost beauty. I was steaming along on my own, a cloudless blue sky, the sea trackless and shimmering; an impressive argument for, so to speak, the providence of God.

Then, while knocking suddenness and no prior consultation, a storm overhead. Well, I reflected, swallowing hard, what, after all, is a storm to me? It merely heightens the joy and variety of the course—like running through a great forest instead of a field of blooming and spinning, sending up clouds of steam. I plan to go, in accordance with the harsh grandeur of the primary weather. Waves that break and form again, momentary cliffs; I leap off one, carried along on the tip of another, the waters in perpetual ecstasy, forming, dissolving, taking shape, breaking up. So caught up in the air, the waters like ecstatic dancers, moment by moment tossing aside, associated with their gases.

Then, like a thunderclap, ahead of me, trouble: A ship wallowing and limping along, half its yards sheared away.

What a sworlful sight, I gazed out on such a day. They have all the earth for their own, what more do they want?

But for all my annoyance, cursed with my great heart, I kept drawing near, alongside of her when her time was up. As if it were as hard work, indeed, keeping that torn-out note in view through so monstrous a vortex.

In regard to them, I know only one law; when things are bad, there's worse to come. As though a ship in distress weren't enough to contend with, there's the sailors. With them, you never know what's going to happen, once folly takes over. I've seen them scuttled a perfectly sound vessel, leap into the void, because the few mutineers save themselves, the size of the deck, which they jump down from. You see them shrieking and yelling on deck, on their knees no less—and you know it; no, often, even then, they've seen them dance around in a frenzy, then break off, break away, leap overboard, sink, then air, sea, never loosening their grip on one another.

Now I was close. They were praying all right. The marathon was on. I pulled nearer.

Kneeling in a circle on a deck, a poor water-soaked bundle in their midst: They were attending to it with the ominous sound of the sailors. With them, you never know what to expect. As though a 3:00 a.m. was addressed to the only Lord. That comes down hard on me, you never know what to expect. The providence of God.

The whale's tale

Held him up there, like a new born babe, eye to eye. What was this? A prophet? When that suspicion dawnd, I almost pulled in my lifesaving equipment and let him go down. Trod water there half believing my eyes look unmelling, unto himself, beyond circumstance.

By no means repenting his situation, he began: "Good day, sir!" Oh he was cool. Here we were only half in this world, a small ship on the back of a large one, both caught in a tidal wave, and he wished me a good day, sir!

"Thank you for your service this day. You have saved me from a watery end. (Which, minus the cliché, was the naked truth.)"

"Blameless as I am, I was tossed overboard by heathen sailors. They know no better, as you are, being worshippers of false gods. (Couldn't resist rolling out his big guns on me, perched a half-inch from the abyss as he was, totally dependent on me for the salvation of his limbs. Improve the word.)"

"You may be sure you have won a great blessing by your saving action, he blasphemed.

You have preserved a servant of the true God, who rewards and punishes according to our service and his good pleasure. Blah blah. A fundamentalist to the end. Drowned he might be, or near it, from his chattering teeth to his blue toe nails. But his tongue? Limber to the end.

Did I call it a conversation? People like him don't hold conversations, they rent auditoriums, even the open sea and its life-saving are not safe from their great lungs. What could I do, but blink in disbelief and take my medicine like the good beast I am?

A pause in his confabulations, while he gathered breath from the winds. I interjected, the first sensible remark of the exchange:

"What would you suggest we do now? The question was not for him at all, it was addressed to the only sensible being in sight—myself.

What was I to do? Land him safe on some convenient shore, a polyp in the water? But we were nowhere near a shore; in the full rage of the sea, God had let go of him, midway, so to speak, between unwelcome sky and bottomless wave. Jonah could paint his prophetic finger where his fancy pleased: north, south, west, go here, run there, it was all equidistant; he was nowhere. We wouldn't make it; or more properly, he wouldn't. Not soaked and frozen in the calm, the word and half gone with hunger as he was.

Now with such serious issues at hand, I didn't, like his preaching, ask him among other deficiencies, redundant, totally composed and untrustworthy. But that doesn't mean, let me add, that I'm theologically hostile. How could I be, plunging as I am in a water world that even a blind shark could see is more laden with design than chance?

Now with such around a long time. We may not have leather-lunged prophets to tell us the cosmic score. Maybe we did. Now I add, do we on occasion, carve them into sections, cast them overhead inOperation Columbus?"
minutes later I was served a delicious meal of soup and bratwurst. He nodded his head and I walked up the road to the Heubauer restaurant, hotel and barn for the cows.

"Would you like to walk over?" he said.

I walked up the path of cobblestones, breathing deep the air, listening to the whispering, stopping, thinking, stop planning, stop thinking. The God who thinks of you has no need of your thought. The God who loves you has no need of your love. The God who upholds the universe has no need of your strength.

Why should he? Are you then to hold him up?

Sleep Jonah, in a motion that is no motion, in a direction that is no direction. The gold and silver child will go to mother about, when to sit, when to eat, when to go forth, what words to speak? Still, then, to give, or not to give, what, how, to the poor, to the sick, to the unhappy. There will be a time perhaps (perhaps!) when these things will be proper, in accord with right reason. But only, when you have been born again; if, indeed, you are to be born, which event is in your power.

Be still, Jonah, sleep at last. (He sleeps at last.) In this world, in the perils, fathomless sea, where salvation is a miracle and death is most likely—sleep.

Let me whisper to you, prophet, maker, doer, voyager, weaver of words, avowed-bowed, defeated, pitiful, moody one. There is one greater than you, and he is silent. There is one who encompasses more than they that encompass you. There is one named Hope, and he casts you over the ocean, and he called him and his servant is—a whale.

Embryo, sleeper, mute, pin prick, bill of birds, snow, light, rain, love, sprinkled, dark, awake and rub your eyes; then perhaps he will summon you.

It is all there through the pathless sea. Another than you plans for you, another than you breathes for you, another than you loves you, another than you sees before and after, yesterday and two thousand years there, ignorant of where you come from, where you might be going, indeed, of who you are.

Who am I, you ask on awakening, as your eyes open, as the light flowers in, as the light flowers more. As over you floats, and then entwine, over shoulders and arms and legs and close about your body the cloak of office, the cloak so ample you must stand upright in it, as you would in a squirrel, and property, and way about to show it to best advantage, and speak sonorously to draw attention to it. Why, this is my cloak. Am I the prophet, man of the truth, man burdened with the world's weight, the world's sin, the world's error. And you will twitch your mantle, impatient for time lost, you will everlasting try to make man, and make a noise in public over more, and breathe deep while the people cry, Jonah, the prophet, the most high is in our midst; hearken to him, repent!

When Paul appealed to the Christians of Corinth for funds for Jerusalem, he asked that the Corinthians give of their abundance; if we want the poor of the Christian world to be saved, the Christian community be met and that an offering be taken up for the next fifteen minutes, families dressed in their best suits and dresses streamed into the church and filled the ancient stained glass windows donated to the church as a memorial to Jagerstatter. One of these windows bears the Latin words, "Mary, Queen of peace, Pray for us, servants of the Church.

After an intensely devotional liturgy, the families gathered outside in the cemetery to pray at the cross. Jagerstatter family gathered at Frans' grave. As I walked over to the grave, Mrs. Jagerstatter, Franz' widow, informed me that she had not occurred to me that I would have the opportunity to meet Mrs. Jagerstatter but I had brought a letter in German to leave at her desk. She explained the reasons for my visit, my admiration for her husband's courage, and the great respect I felt for the witness gave to many Catholic conscious objectors in the United States, where I reached into my shirt pocket and gave Mrs. Jagerstatter the letter. She explained, through a young woman who translated for her, that she didn't have her glasses with her and would have to read the letter at home. She thanked me, adding that she hoped to see me after Mass on the following day.

Morning arrived the next day with the shrill sound of a rooster calling in the valley. The weather was fine, and I was walking through the pathless sea. Another than you plans for you, another than you breathes for you, another than you loves you, another than you sees before and after, yesterday and two thousand years there, ignorant of where you come from, where you might be going, indeed, of who you are.

(Continued from page 3)

Pilgrimage for Peace

The wall of the church, just above the grave, hung a large, woven cross. For anyone who wants to save his life will lose it; but anyone who loses his life for me will save it.

Tired from the walk to the village, I walked up the road to the Hofbauer Gasthaus, an interesting combination of restaurant, hotel and barn for the cows. Just inside the door, I was greeted by the curious younger, blonde Hofbauer. In halting German I tried to explain the reason for my presence, for my stay overnight. He nodded his head and took me into the restaurant. A few minutes later I was served a delicious meal of soup and bratwurst.

After I finished eating, Mr. Hofbauer took my arm and escorted me to my room on the second floor. There, at the top of the stairs, stood a small elderly woman who was introduced to me as Mrs. Jagerstatter, Franz' widow. Apparently, Mr. Hofbauer had gone upstairs and without my knowledge informed her of my presence. She warmed with a gentle handshake.

And you will forget the days and nights you passed in the belly of a whale, the belly of absurdity, in the belly of birth.

You great man! Only remember; once for all, every man, his money in a mortal dilemma out of which you were drawn by no power of your own, by no word of yours, by the unlikely flippant of a sentence to spare you. No archangel. Not Providence. Not a prophet. Not God.

Behold! A wallowing insensitive ugly frog-loud, overemotional paradigm of inscrutable ways. He wakens me in my son, Jonah.

In the back of the church, where the nuns of the Ursulines are seated, stained glass windows donated to the church as a memorial to Jagerstatter. One of these windows bears the Latin words, "Mary, Queen of peace, Pray for us, servant of the Church.

A Mission of Protest and Prophecy

Mrs. Jagerstatter then pointed to a bronze plaque which hung on the church wall located to the left of the crucifix. This plaque, she explained, was donated by an American from Missoula, Montana. The plaque consists of a log in script beginning with the words, "God save us, like Jagerstatter."

He knew in his heart that all men are brothers.

After introducing me to the priest who had said Mass, Mrs. Jagerstatter, her daughters and grandchildren, expressed their gratitude for my visit and we said goodbye to one another. I promised them that as a future teacher I would introduce my students to the story of her husband's story with the hope that it would inspire a generation of students to, for example to live a moral and religious life dedicated to building a more just Christian world of love and nonviolence.

Late in the afternoon, I returned to the village. I had prepared for my departure. A young woman there offered me a ride to the bus station in Tarsdorf, 45 miles away, in her little bus with vegetables. Before I left the village, I walked down the hill to the church and walked the four miles the sun was setting in the sky. As I stood next to Jagerstatter's grave, I looked out the vast and colorless Salzach valley. The setting sun broke through a space in the thick, grey clouds leaving the golden rays of light across the landscape.

Thomas Merton once wrote that "the revolution which the Christian story is that surplus belongs to those who lack necessities." The crucial question, then, becomes: On what basis does one decide what is surplus in one's life and possessions? Is it the basic question of Christian poverty? From the beginning, Christians have been exhorted to honor poverty, to preach poverty, to embrace it in their personal lives. Almost no Christian teaching has been so feared, misunderstood, distorted, or thrust aside as the teaching on poverty. One terrible and tragic flaw is the danger of misunderstanding of poverty with misery: How preach poverty to people living on the streets in New York is in Bogota? Misery, poverty of daily hunger, degradation and shelterlessness has nothing to do with the Gospel. To some Christian, the word "poverty" is the teaching that "poor in spirit" must not be, should not be, given to one's possessions, in which case no limit is put on the possessions one might have. Poverty is a special poverty that may call for a special poverty of the will, a special dedication to himself or herself to a cause and to a world of possibilities. Such a free choice of voluntary poverty is the real poverty to people living on the streets.

Wealth to people living on the streets is not in common with misery, Thomas Merton pointed out that when a European relief agency distributed the first batch of food to the United States, they travelled on a crowded ship with many of the poorest people with in the United States, they travelled on a crowded ship with many of the poorest
The intellect can only reach the obvious by an act of love.

Lama del Vasto
Having a Baby

(Continued from page 8)

PROPERTY and POVERTY

(Continued from page 5)

sbt a group, which future will relieve her of the necessity for learning read­

ing, writing and arithmetic.

Just now I must say she is a lazy little bug, moulting around my nice full breast and not wanting any food. What do you want, little bird? That it should be selfish enough to keep her all the time to herself. But no, you must work for your pro­

veyor already.

She is only four days old but already she has the bad habit of feeling bright and destrous of play at four o’clock in the morning. Pretending that I am a bone and she is a puppy dog, she wor­

ries at me fussily, tossing her head and grunting. Of course, some mothers will tell you this is because she has air on her stomach that I should hold her upright until a loud gutt indicates that she is ready to begin feeding again. But though I hold her up as required, I still think the child’s play instinct is highly developed.

Other times she will pause a long time, her mouth relaxed, then looking at me slyly, trying to tickle me with her tiny paw. This habit of trying to tickle me tends to lose me and with a loud wall of protest grab hold once more to start her. She seems to enjoy herself while little jaw working and the hollow that appears in her baby throat as she

swallows.

Sitting up in bed, I glance alternately at my child and the view outside the window at tug boats and barges and the wide path of the early morning sun on the river below. The sun seems to cheerfully, and there are some men singing on the wharf below. The restless water is calmed by the setting sun and the enchanting sky is a sentimental blue and pink. And gulls wheeling, warm grey and white against the magic of the water and the sky. Sparrows chirp on the window sill, the baby gusters as she gets too big a mouthful, and pauses, then, a moment to look around her with satisfaction. Everyday everybody is satisfied and everybody is happy.

I hate all politics of all kinds, wheth­

er international, municipal or indi­

vidual—I believe that all organiza­

tions are harmful and poisonous—unless their first undertaking is to impress on the persons composing them the truths of freedom and to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteous­

ness.

DONALD ATTAWATER.

We have heard from Mrs. Evelyn Attawater of the death of the past year of her husband, Donald Attawater. We visited him in his home in Penzance, Corn­

wall, on a Wednesday morning sixties. I was able to visit him again a few years later in Storrington, Sus­

sex, for a week. However, he had lost his spirits but had lost his sight almost completely. He was no longer able to read a book or a newspaper. All the world to him until eighteen of age, gave us a great deal of pleasure.

The four-volume BUTLER’S LIVES OF THE SAINTS, on which he col­

lated. With Herbert Thurston, S.J., 008 (Harper Torchbooks, N.Y.)

Jan. 6—Ed Turner: Redlining the Art of Pacifism.


Jan. 20—There is no such thing as the "letter of the law of a priest." After all, to cultivate clever people is merely a way of dining out, and a priest has no right to go out to dinner in a world full of starving people.

George Bernanos

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST

CATHOLIC WORKER CALENDAR—1978

$2.50 each

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PROPERTY and POVERTY

We live in a world where surplus is seen as a virtue. Our economy is no longer measured by the amount of goods and services produced, but by the amount of goods and services consumed. This has led to a culture of excess, where people are encouraged to buy more and more, even if they don’t need it. As a result, we have a lot of wasted resources and a lot of waste. This is a problem that is being addressed by some people, who are trying to reduce their consumption and live more sustainably.

The CATHOLIC WORKER CALENDAR—1978 is a publication that aims to promote this kind of thinking. It is a calendar that includes events that highlight the importance of reducing our material needs and living more simply.

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin’s *foréthought and clarity of thought, the Catholic Worker* is holding Friday Night Meetings every Friday night at 8:00 p.m. at Mary­

house, 33 E. 3rd St., between First and Second Ave. This is a great opportunity to discuss the issues of the day and to engage with other members of the community.

Suggested reading on alternative economies and visions of society:

*SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL* by K. F. Schum­

acher. This book is a call to action for people to live a more simple, sustainable life.

*THE POLITICS OF THE GOSPEL* by John Howard Yoder. This book is a call to engage in social and political action, including voter registration campaigns.

*PROFIT OR PEOPLE?* by James Robert­

son. This book is a call to action for people to be more engaged in the political process and to work for the benefit of all people.

*THE POLITICS OF JESUS* by John Howard Yoder. This book is a call to action for people to be more engaged in the political process and to work for the benefit of all people.

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Having a Baby  A Christmas Story

By DOROTHY DAY

When I was in Mexico many years ago (in 1929), my daughter Tamar was three years old. We were one day visiting Diego Rivera, and the murals were all over Mexico City. He looked at my daughter, saying, “I know this little girl.” My article “Having a Baby” was reprinted all over the Soviet Union, in many languages. You ought to go there and collect royalties. I had written the story for my old friend Mike Corelli.”

She is now the mother of nine, and the grandmother of twelve! She has been spending a winter in Mexico, where she returned to her home in Vermont. (Needless to say, she has three sons that tribe once in a while.) We had a delightful visit!

Dorothy Day

December 1977

On Wednesday I received my white ticket, which entitled me to a baby at Bellevue. So far I had been a red one, which admitted me to the clinic each week for a cursory examination. The nurses seemed very reluctant about giving out the white one. She handed it back to me, saying, “You’ll probably be late. They’re all being late just now. And I gave them their tickets because they are now going to them in the hospital at all times of the night and day, thinking their time is coming. And they are not wrong.”

The clinic doctors acted very disgusted, saying, “What in the world’s the matter with you women? The wards are empty.” And only when they were saying, “Still off this baby of yours, can’t you? The beds are all taken and even the corridors are crowded.”

The girl who sat next to me at the clinic that day was a little girl. “Your article ‘Having a Baby’ was reprinted all over the Soviet Union, in many languages. You ought to go there and collect royalties.” I had written the story for my old friend Mike Corelli.”

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Robert McCormon

YOURS IN PEACE

A selection of prints by
FRITZ EICHENBERG

The Fellowship of Reconciliation has produced a folio of twelve prints by Fritz Eichenberg,who has occasioned much excitement in the art world. The prints he has made for his friends each Christmas for several decades. Some of these survivors of the ‘Old Catholic Worker.” We have purchased a number of these folio of twelve. Write to Fritz Eichenberg for his)

Recently we have gotten to know the Space, a shelter in Brooklyn for battered women and their children. They are a real hot饼—among women who work to hospital and welfare appointments, to help renovate the shelter. They also can use donations of can goods, paint, children’s clothes, toys and games, dishes, furniture. If you can help, give them a call at 439-461.

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of the sea, I felt with satisfaction, "It could be worse," and clucked at sleep again frantically.

For the next hour I received my large-napped nurse came in to see how I was getting along. She was a sociable creature, good-humored when she had a blanket under her arm, but still with a bit of hospital in her eye. She was perpetuating the race. It was comforting to think that while I was sleeping, the other women were working on the fields. Hellish civilization!

I had nothing at home to put the baby in. There was no sudden ecstatic of a bureau drawer. Carol said she would have a clothes basket. But I adore cribs. Too bad I had missed the chance to find one. A long time ago I saw an

"It’s a false alarm," scoffed my cousin, but her knees began to tremble visibly after all, seeing how many times we were wrong.

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