

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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**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 VISHNEWSKI

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 and nurse combined she is looking me over with her huge, open eyes and an impish grin diffusing over her face. She tells me, in no uncertain terms, as she hugs her little arms against her body, 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

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## An Apology

We must apologize and beg indulgence from our readers that this issue arrives so late (as, on the whole, did our last issue). Our addressograph machine, a 1927 model, has served us faithfully for as long as anyone can remember, requiring little in the way of maintenance. Each month, this slight concession to the industrial age, resembling, more than anything, a medieval instrument of torture, has cranked out the 86,000 or so labels 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 aged motor blowing out. One thing seemed to follow another.

For a few despairing moments there was talk of writing out all the subscriptions by hand! Fortunately, cooler minds prevailed. Thanks to Brian Terrell, for whom our crisis 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 missed 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.



Lavrans

## PROPERTY and POVERTY

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 englobing specific teachings on 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 to poverty. They began to share their goods with one another so that their life took on the shape of real community. Those who were so poor that they could not share anything became the common responsibility of the community and their needs 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 clear duty to share one's goods with the needy did not end with the needy of one's immediate neighborhood. As Christian communities formed across the face of the ancient world, something wild and strange occurred: they began sharing with each other and meeting each other's needs across all barriers of tribe and race. In that period, and in many societies to this day, help is given on the basis of kinship, familial or tribal. The extended family system, whereby the needs of the weakest and most helpless members are met through a pooling of resources, has been the social security system of most of the world since the beginning of time. It follows that the extended family, sometimes extending as far as the tribe, does not plan for help to those outside the kinship circle.

Paul, who first brought the message of Jesus to the people of Macedonia, went back to them a third time and pleaded for help for the Christians of Jerusalem who had fallen on evil times. Though poor themselves, the Macedonian Christians insisted on giving even more than Paul had hoped to meet the needs of their faraway brothers and sisters. All barriers of kinship, of tribe, had been transcended by the message of the Un-

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## The Gospel is the Crime

The community of Solentiname was destroyed by Nicaraguan government forces during the week of Nov. 20. 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 Somoza 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 Gospels: speaking out against the terrorism of the Somoza dictatorship, a family which has ruled Nicaragua for 40 years. The Somozas 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 Somoza 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 Scherer

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## EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

### THE DYNAMITE OF THE CHURCH

Writing about the Catholic Church, a radical writer says:

"Rome will have to do more than to play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite inherent in her message."

To blow the dynamite of a message is the only way to make the message dynamic.

If the Catholic Church is not today the dominant social dynamic 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 sat on the lid.

It is about time to blow the lid off so 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 want a change, an immediate change.

Communists in Russia do not build Communism they build socialism.

Communists want to pass from capitalism to socialism and from socialism to Communism.

I want a change, and a radical change.

I want a change from an acquisitive society to a functional society, from a society of go-getters 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 sound and healthy without a proper regard for the soil.

### THEY AND WE

People say:

"They don't do this, they don't do that; they ought to do this, they ought to do that."

Always "They" and never "I."

People should say:

"They are crazy for doing this and not doing that but I don't need to be crazy the way they are crazy."

The Communitarian Revolution is basically a personal revolution.

It starts with I, not with they.

One I plus one I makes two I's and two I's make we.

We is a community, while they is a crowd.

### SELF-ORGANIZATION

People go to Washington, asking the federal government to solve their economic problems, while the federal government was never intended to solve men's economic problems.

Thomas Jefferson says that the less government there is, the better it is.

If the less government there is, the better it is, then the best kind of organization is self-organization.

When the organizers try to organize the unorganized, then the organizers don't organize themselves.

And when the organizers don't organize themselves nobody organizes himself.

And when nobody 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 help the unemployed to help themselves.

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to make an impression on the depression through expression.

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

## MARYHOUSE

By ANNE BUCHER

There's a Christmas tree under the arch in Washington Square, yet to be decorated, but still a reminder of an upcoming event. And as one walks past stores in Greenwich Village, one will see decorated windows and brightly colored wrapping paper for sale. As December approaches, I am struck, as always, with the commercialism of Christmas. Every year the Christmas season seems to be upon us at an earlier date. Yet, these little signs of Christmas fill me with great excitement. Advent, a time of waiting, a time of anticipating the joyous day of Christ's birth, will soon begin. Holidays are always special times; it seems easier to love, "easier to be good."

Our most recent holiday celebration was Thanksgiving. It began Wednesday night when we made twenty pumpkin pies at St. Joseph House. On Thursday, many people joined together to prepare the meals. Both houses were filled with all the wonderful smells of Thanksgiving. Kathy and others prepared a delicious brunch for us at Maryhouse. We had Mass in our chapel in the afternoon; a time to join together in thanking God for all His gifts. We brought out the tablecloths and had dinner by candlelight—just two of the special touches that made us all realize what a special day it was.



Ade Bethune

We also had a party here on Halloween, complete with decorations, candy, popcorn, and a "spooky" movie, shown by our own "gypsy," Meg. Everyone had a good laugh at some of our crazy costumes. Soon after Halloween, we had another party just to celebrate being together. Alana was in rare form and delighted us all by playing the piano. 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 First Street and I sitting in the dining room at night singing and playing the guitar. Tuesday night is movie night at Maryhouse. Meg shows the movie and maybe someone will make popcorn.

### Reduce Us To Love

Prayer life is always important. We have Mass together twice a week, either in the Maryhouse chapel or over at St. Joseph House. Gary, Sharon, Richard and I usually get together an hour before Mass on Monday to plan a little music. At one Mass we sang a beautiful song called "Charity", which is a version of St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians, Chapter 13. The first verse and chorus strike me as especially appropriate: "Although I speak in tongues, of men and of angels, and though I prophesy and understand all, although I have all faith, so mountains may be removed, and though I feed the poor, and give up my

In the whole world, Christ suffers dismemberment. His Mystical Body is drawn and quartered from age to age. As long as we are on earth the love that unites us will bring us suffering by our very contact with one another, because this love is the resetting of a Body of broken bones.

Thomas Merton

life, if I have not charity, if love does not flow from me, I am nothing; Jesus reduce me to love." Recently our two communities have begun to meet each Sunday evening in the Little Brothers' chapel. In learning to pray together we strengthen our commitment to God, to each other, to the people with whom we live. Jesus reduce us to love ...

Brian, from St. Joseph House, recently received the Holy Spirit in the sacrament of Confirmation. Several members of our community were present to celebrate with him. As Brian, with his sponsor, Dan, walked up to be confirmed by Bishop McGuire, I sensed the excitement felt by all of us as Brian's family; as members of one Christian family.

On November 8th we had another special celebration, as it was Dorothy's 80th birthday. Mary cooked a delicious dinner and we had cake and ice cream for dessert. Dorothy received many beautiful flowers and we had a vase of roses in the dining room for a few days. Roses seem to bloom and then die so fast, and I am reminded of how fast the seasons seem to be changing. Wasn't it only yesterday when it was 105 degrees? October was rainy; November has brought the cold. The trees in Washington Square Park have lost almost all their leaves and the barren limbs are reminders of winter. Yet even the cold air hasn't yet prevented the street musicians from gathering on Sunday afternoons in the park.

Every day brings with it joy and sadness; the frustrations of having to turn people away because we have no room—to find oneself acting as the Innkeeper who sent Mary and Joseph away. It always reminds me of the often quoted words from *The Brothers Karamazov*: "Love in action is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams. Love in dreams is greedy for immediate action, rapidly performed and in the sight of all. But active love is labor and fortitude, ..." We seek to help, but we often fail. This is our sadness. In *Thoughts on Solitude*, Merton writes: "This then is our desert: to live facing despair, but not to consent. To trample it down under hope in the Cross. To wage war against despair unceasingly ... That war is our wilderness. If we wage it courageously, we will find Christ at our side ..." This is our joy.

### Joy and Sadness

And people still continue to come and go; bringing their light into our lives, moving on, not the same because of having lived at the Catholic Worker. I think of Sisters Annie and Jacinta, who have left Maryhouse to begin a new house for women in Queens; of Mary McGreen, now in Albany; of Sister Rene in a House of Prayer in Brooklyn; of Bernie and Jay; of Mike. It is always sad to say good-bye. But the joy is that we will always remain together in prayer. Henri Nouwen expresses this relationship between joy and sadness in a very special way:

I've discovered that in every satisfaction, there is an awareness of its limitation.

—In every success, there is the fear of jealousy.

—In every embrace, there is loneliness.

—Behind each smile, there is a tear.

—In each friendship, distance,

—And in all forms of light, there is knowledge of surrounding darkness ...

Joy and sadness are born at the same time ... But this intimate experience, in which every bit of life is touched by a bit of death, can point us beyond the limits of our existence.

It can do so by making us look forward in expectation to the day when our hearts will be filled with perfect joy.

"I tell you most solemnly ... you will be sorrowful, but your sorrow will turn to joy ... You are sad now, but I shall see you again, and your hearts will be full of joy. And that joy no one shall take from you." (John 16:16)

### Now in Print! EASY ESSAYS

by PETER MAURIN

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# 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. One bomb, the most scientifically sophisticated and most destructive weapon ever developed by the human species, killed an estimated 34,000 people.

Two years before the Nagasaki bombing, on August 9, 1943, one of the most primitive weapons developed by the human species was used to take the life of a man named Franz Jagerstatter. A Catholic Austrian peasant, father of three daughters, Franz Jagerstatter was beheaded on that day in Berlin for refusing to serve in the Nazi armed forces. His decision not to serve was inspired and sustained by an extraordinary and abiding faith in God. This faith enabled him, alone among the people of his village, to resist the logical and persuasive political, religious and personal arguments for serving the ignominious ideals of the Third Reich. He was truly one of those rare persons in recent history worthy of the Kierkegaardian title, "knight of faith."

The full life story of this martyr-peacemaker can be found in a book written by the American scholar and peacemaker, Gordon Zahn. The book, *In Solitary Witness, The Life and Death of Franz Jagerstatter* was published in 1968 by Beacon Press but is at present, unfortunately, out of print.

While on a visit to Europe last autumn, I made a personal pilgrimage to the village of St. Radegund, Austria. It was in this farming village, located north of Salzburg, where Franz lived as a tiller of the soil, a devoted husband and father, sexton of the village church, outspoken critic of Nazi ideas and social programs, a man of prayer and friend to the poor. In 1946, his ashes were transported from Brandenburg, Germany to St. Radegund, Austria and ceremoniously buried beside the west wall of the 14th century church he served so faithfully. Before I share the story of my sojourn in St. Radegund, I must briefly relate how Jagerstatter's witness touched my life in a profound and enduring way.

In the Autumn season of 1971, I returned unexpectedly to my family's home in central Arizona. Prior to my return, I lived in eastern Massachusetts where I had just finished high school and was preparing to enter college in the fall. However, my plans were disrupted during the summer when I learned that my oldest brother had decided to oppose the Vietnam war by refusing induction into the armed forces. After some serious thought, I cancelled my plans to attend Holy Cross College and determined to stay in Arizona to be with my brother and ascertain the reasons for his decision.

From September until his imprisonment in December, my brother and I discussed a variety of ideas, personal experiences and religious questions (he had just left the seminary after five years) which had helped him formulate his conscience and led to his decision to resist the draft. During these long and sometimes difficult discussions I learned, for the first time, about ideas such as Christian nonviolence, pacifism, resistance and anarchism. My brother always explored these bold ideas in terms of the lives of certain people throughout history. Among the most prominent were: St. Maximilian (patron saint of draft resisters), St. Francis of Assisi, Henry David Thoreau, Leo Tolstoy, Mahatma Gandhi, Peter Maurin, Daniel and Philip Berrigan, Thomas Merton, and finally Franz Jagerstatter.

Somehow, most of these persons and the ideas associated with them had escaped mention during my twelve years of education, nine of which took place in Catholic schools. Of course, these new and provocative ideas, discovered in the context of my brother's resistance, affected my mind like a fire set to a

bale of dry hay. However, this experience was not without its pain; not physical pain, but the anguish which came from watching my handcuffed brother taken away to a federal prison 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 brother narrated to me the story of Franz Jagerstatter's witness against the Nazi regime. I remember his telling me that while he was encouraged and comforted by the support of some family members and



Irving Amen

friends, Franz had 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 docile 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 other members of the mystical body, who zealously embraced the just war weapon of the sword and dismissed the gospel weapon of love revealed in the Sermon on the Mount as "unrealistic." They both experienced the cruel realities of prison life, among the most difficult being separation from their families and close friends. Yet they both maintained with unshakable 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, where, as Peter Maurin was fond of saying, "it would be easier for people to be good."

The story of Jagerstatter's heroic witness enabled my brother and me, as Catholic conscientious objectors, to feel a sense of historical and spiritual community which reached beyond the boundaries of family, culture and nation. Most importantly, the story served to ease the harsh burden of spiritual isolation which comes from thinking you stand alone and powerless before what St. Paul called the powers and principalities of this world. My special purpose for the journey to St. Radegund was to thank God for the gift of Jagerstatter's life and the special graces which I received from his act of ultimate love. I also wanted to offer a prayer for peace in a world permanently scarred by the wounds of war, hunger, economic oppression and the madness of the spiraling arms race.

## A National Hero

On October 18th, a cloudy and overcast morning, I boarded a bus in Salzburg for the hour-long ride to Tarsdorf, the village neighboring St. Radegund. The young woman seated next to me introduced herself and asked where I was from and where I was going with my bright orange backpack. I told her I was from the United States and on my way to St. Radegund to honor a man named Franz Jagerstatter. To my surprise, she informed me that her father was raised in St. Radegund and knew of Franz while he lived there. Gabriele honored the memory of Franz as a man of great courage and moral integrity, even a national hero. However, she could not fully understand her father's opinion of the martyr. She said he believed that Franz was a good and decent man who was "carried away" by his religious beliefs.

I was not surprised to hear the opinion of Franz expressed by Gabriele's father. One of the most interesting points which Dr. Zahn's social biography revealed was the reaction of the village residents to Jagerstatter's act of resistance. In Dr. Zahn's interviews with a substantial number of villagers, they confirmed the opinion held by 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 tragic and ultimately senseless act of religious fanaticism, born of a sadly disordered mind."

Upon reaching the village of Tarsdorf, I thanked Gabriele for sharing her story with me and said goodbye. I crossed the narrow street and headed west for the seven kilometer walk to St. Radegund. With the pack on my back and my face set toward the sun I walked slowly along the shoulder of the hilly country road. About half way to the village a car pulled over and a thoughtful man offered me a ride. I declined as I wanted to walk the road which Jagerstatter used on his final departure from the village in February 1943.

## Jagerstatter's Grave

It wasn't too long before I arrived at the village border identified by a sign with St. Radegund printed in block 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 cemetery came into full view. Overcome by a feeling of humility, I walked inside the church gate, located Jagerstatter's grave, removed my pack, placed some flowers there and knelt to pray amidst the afternoon silence of the Salzack

(Continued on page 5)

## THOMAS MERTON Letter to a Young Activist

Do not depend on the hope of results. When you are doing the sort of work you have taken on, essentially an apostolic work, you may have to face the fact that your work will be apparently worthless and even achieve no result at all, if not perhaps results opposite to what you expect. As you get used to this idea, you start more and more to concentrate not on the results but on the value, the truth of the work itself. And there, too, a great deal has to be gone through, as gradually you struggle less and less for an idea and more and more for specific people. The range tends to narrow down, but it gets much more real. In the end, it is the reality of personal relationships that saves everything.

You are fed up with words, and I don't blame you. I am nauseated by them sometimes. I am also, to tell the truth, nauseated by ideals and with causes. This sounds like heresy, but I think you will understand what I mean. It is so easy to get engrossed with ideas and slogans and myths that in the end one is left holding the bag, empty, with no trace of meaning left in it. And then the temptation is to yell louder than ever in order to make the meaning be there again by magic. Going through this kind of reaction helps you to guard against this. Your system is complaining of too much verbalizing, and it is right.

... the big results are not in your hands or mine, but they suddenly happen, and we can share in them; but there is no point in building our lives on this personal satisfaction, which may be denied us and which after all is not that important.

The next step in the process is for you to see that your own thinking about what you are doing is crucially important. You are probably striving to build yourself an identity in your work, out of your work and your witness. You are using it, so to speak, to protect yourself against nothingness, annihilation. That is not the right use of your work. All the good that you will do will come not from you but from the fact that you have allowed yourself, in the obedience of faith, to be used by God's love. Think of this more and gradually you will be free from the need to prove yourself, and you can be more open to the power that will work through you without your knowing it.

The great thing after all is to live, not to pour out your life in the service of a myth; and we turn the best things into myths. If you can get free from the domination of causes and just serve Christ's truth, you will be able to do more and will be less crushed by the inevitable disappointments. Because I see nothing whatever in sight but much disappointment, frustration, and confusion...

The real hope, then, is not in something we think we can do, but in God who is making something good out of it in some way we cannot see. If we can do his will, we will be helping in this process. But we will not necessarily know all about it beforehand...

Enough of this... it is at least a gesture... I will keep you in my prayers.

All the best, in Christ,  
TOM

\*Printed with permission of James Forest. This letter will appear in a collection of essays on Merton to be published next spring by Paulist Press.

# The Whale's Tale

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. To begin with, a 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, with shocking 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 mowed field. Blowing and spinning, sending up clouds of steam, I plow along, in wonderment at 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 life, the waters like ecstatic dancers, moment by moment tossing aside, assuming their guises.

Then, like a thunderclap, ahead of me, trouble.

A ship wallowing and limping along, half its yards sheared away.

What a scupperful of fools, I snorted, 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 or in her wake; though it was hard work, indeed, keeping that tortured mote 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 scuttle a perfectly sound ship and leap into the void in sieves one tenth the size of the decks they jump from. They pray to their gods, you see them shivering and yelling on deck, on their knees no less—and you know it; anything can happen. I've seen them dance around in a frenzy, then break off, break away, leap overboard, deck, then air, sea, never loosening their grip on one another.

Now I was closer. 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 devotion that always precedes some horrible move, something religious. Three of them picked him up, unresisting (he was probably religious, too). The others stood there in the fury of wind, the storm coming at them horizontal, demons tossing brimstone in their faces. Arms raised, faces a concentrated horror, they stumbled toward the railing of that foundering scow, imprecating, the unresisting bundle dragged along. A burial at sea, they were burying him alive!

Oh, I know their ilk, they and their gods. Why should they give a sou about one another? Their religion forbids it.

They threw him over, to hell and gone.

And I caught the bundle of misery neatly on a fluke, tossed it forward to a flipper.

Held him up there, like a newborn babe, eye to eye. Who was this cast-away? A prophet?

When that suspicion dawned, I almost pulled in my lifesaving equipment and let him go down. Trod water there only half believing my eyes.

How'd I know who he was? I didn't for certain. But in our line of work, and given our age on earth, the chances were overwhelming. We're always being called on to save their chestnuts. The bestiary of providence—whales, porpoises, ravens, lions, jackasses even. Prophets loud as thunder on the saving word, short as sticks on consequences. No, they rush forward, despite the anger, badmouthing death even. Onward Christian soldiers! That's their disease, it's called glory.

Well, there I was, this morsel of misery on the end of my flipper, blinking back at me like the day of his birth. Storm blowing doomsday, rising and falling in unison, a mad madrigal. A prophet, I knew it. It could only be.

They all look—how to put it?—like the half-drowned cat that just swallowed the half-dead canary. Not exactly living, better off than dead. He sat there hanging on, a steady look, a mouse in a cat's cradle. He knew all along I'd be hanging about, just waiting for the sublime privilege of plucking him from the sea; that salvation look unmelting, unto himself, beyond circumstance.



Robert Hodgell

I saw it in his eyes. When they tossed him into the drenched air like a corpse in its canvas—he didn't care a whit! That's what his look said, louder than words. He didn't care; there might be nothing between him and salty oblivion, or there might be a whale's right arm to pluck him out of the sea.

Why should he care? There was always an option. Savior whale, killer sea, that wasn't all there was. I shouldn't get overbearing. What greater privilege for a mere whale anyway, than to save the Lord's anointed?

Of course, we're supposed to be at their beck, snatching them from ruin. By such a neat arrangement they wipe out at a stroke the heroism, the cool-headedness, the near miraculous benignity of our vocation. And in the process, canonize their own vagaries. Behold, the Lord's handpicked can do no wrong!

This one wasn't exactly jaunty, though. After all, he'd had a shakeup, his future was uncertain. But he was confident! Neck deep in innocence. He hadn't lived long enough to realize what a trip-hammer life is, beating you out of one shape, into another.

His first adventure; he was like an infant tossed between playful adults. Younger than I, by a century or so, no beard, eyes too big to qualify for the world. He looked more like the captain's boy than the captain; all the harder to reason with.

Well, this was the conversation that followed, I swear it.

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 chip on the back of a large one, both caught in a tidal wave, and he wished me a good day, sir!

—I 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 aware, 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 me he would!)

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

—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 tempests are not safe from their great lungs. What could I do, but blink in

into sections, cast them overboard in storms, or crucify them to trees.

Anyway you learn patience. Take life as it comes, step by step. Granted for a moment God signaled to me that morning; follow such and such a ship, they're making gull fodder out of my chosen, and I want it stopped. Granted he set the compass and synchronized the clocks. (Granted on the other hand, he also set the barometer plunging.) I'm willing to waive the argument because the moment is a pressing one; viz, I've got the *Vox Dei* hanging on to me as though I'm the everlasting arms. Now what do I do?

Obviously, he's in no state to make a suggestion worth listening to; and hearken as I may, I hear no divine voice twitching at my ear lobe, telling me the next move.

So what is to be done?

There's not a moment to be lost. He's got a look in his eyes like a poster on

**Sleep Jonah, in  
a motion that is  
no motion, in a  
direction that  
is no direction**

a picket line; WHALE STEAKS FOR JESUS! (Did you know, by the way, we have bigger brains than they do?) I can all but read his next thought; no great feat, he gives it away, sitting there, counting off on his fingers the proofs for the existence of God most apt to win a water-logged pachyderm to the one true way.

I had enough. Pursed my lips a bit, leaning in his direction, as though rendered thoughtful by his wisdom, about to share a confidence out of ear-shot of the almighty.

And took him in like a smelt. Swallowed. He went down easy...

JONAH, ARE YOU DOWN THERE?

He heard me all right. We're among the few mammals who can reverse their voice box. This unique gift of inward rumination is granted for just such occasions, when we've suddenly had to swallow a prophet for his own good.

JONAH—ARE YOU ...?

Oh I knew he was there. You see, we can also reverse our eyesight in order to check on inward operations, so to speak.

Oh, he wasn't fooling me with his silence. I could see him crouching in a corner of my guest suite, in a low mood I judged. I couldn't see his face too well, he being too miffed even to light the candle I had thoughtfully provided on a shelf. (Along, I might add, with basic survival foods, central heating, soft wall to wall membrane; even, if he required sleep, a folded lap rug. These perquisites snatched from a shipwreck some years before, never ingested or eliminated in view of just such a contingency.)

Ingratitude, in face of all this forethought, these Class A accommodations? You get used to it.

JONAH ...!

He's humiliated, he's confused. No wonder he's withdrawn. Imagine, a whale for weathervane, world mother, lifeboat—providence! All his choices are gone. The planet's given him up; he's overboard. No one wants him, no one gives a damn.

I'm in charge. That comes down hard on the prophetic spleen.

No idea where he's going, how he's to get there. No sailors, no compass, no captain, no night, no day. No wonder he's unstrung, sleepless, pacing up and down, up and down my guts. Or tossing himself into a corner in a snit. I'm not his proper environment, he's lost all vim, stopped composing sermons. Even

given up converting me—the last thing to go, their flagrant apostolic fervor. Well.

Sleep then, Jonah!

Sleep my son, my child.

My whole being, my breast, my womb is for you.

Sleep Jonah in the belly of a paradox. Now you need have no purpose, nothing to prove, nowhere to go.

You may, as of now, stop talking, 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. Does the unborn child order its mother about, when to sit, when to eat, when to go forth, what words to speak? Be still, then, and know that I am God.

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 not in your devising either.

Be still, Jonah, sleep at last. (He sleeps at last.) In the belly of your savior, in the perilous, 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, serious-browed one, rambunctious, moody one. There is one greater than you, and he is silent. There is one who encompasses you, and he lets you go. There is one named Hope, and he casts you overboard. There is one named God and his servant is—a whale.

Embryo, sleeper, mote, pin prick, blind eye, pretender, blusterer. Sleep awhile, awaken and rub your eyes; then perhaps he will summon you.

Until then, I bear you 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 tomorrow. While you lie there, ignorant of where you come from, where you might be going, indeed, of who you are.

Who am I, you will ask on awakening, as your eyes open, as the light floods in, as you walk the earth once more. As over you floats, and then entwines, over shoulders and arms and legs and close about your head, the cloak of import, the cloak of office, the cloak

so ample you must stand upright in order to wear it properly, and walk about to show it to best advantage, and speak sonorously to draw attention to its splendor. Why, this is my cloak, I am Jonah 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 world-encompassing man, and make a noise in public once more, and breathe deep while the people cry: Jonah, the prophet of the most high is in our midst; hearken to him, repent!



Robert McGovern

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

You great man! Only remember; once for a space you shuddered on the tip of a mortal dilemma out of which you were drawn by no power of your own, by no word of yours, by the unlikely flipper of a whale.

Sent to save you.

No archangel.

Not Providence.

Not a prophet.

Not God.

Behold! A wallowing insensate ugly fog-hued oversized paradigm of the inscrutable ways.

He wakens

in me

my son, Jonah.

## Property and Poverty

(Continued from page 1)

iversal Brother, Jesus. The sharing of the Eucharist, in which each communicant became one with Jesus, and with every other communicant, was so deep a reality that it was transferred to daily living.

When Paul appealed to the Christians of Corinth for funds for Jerusalem, he asked that the Corinthians give of their abundance so that the want of the Jerusalem community be met and that an equality be established between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots.' He quoted from the Hebrew scriptures to illustrate his point: **He that had much had nothing over; and he that had little had no want.**

This came from Exodus and referred to the manna, the bread from heaven, that the Lord provided to the children of Israel in the desert. In the morning, wafers appeared on the ground, white, like coriander seed, and tasting like flour and honey. The hungry Israelites were ordered to pick up enough of the manna for one day only.

Yet the desert wanderers, when they saw the wondrous wafers, cried to one another, "Manhu?" "What is this?" When they realized how good the miraculous bread was, they did not all obey the command to gather no more than what they needed for one day. But the greedy ones who stocked up for the future (and it is understandable that they did so, being close to famine in the open desert) learned a practical lesson. What they gathered over and above their needs "became full of worms and it putrefied." Only for the Sabbath, when the manna did not appear in the morning (nor the quails for the evening meal) did the food remain sweet and edible for more than one day.

Paul was giving a many-layered lesson to the Corinthians. One aspect linked their giving with the Eucharist, since the manna that came down from heaven, actual, material food, is the foreshadowing, the type, of the spiritual food, the "bread from heaven" which Jesus provided for His followers. In the spiritual bread of the Eucharist Jesus gave Himself, becoming poor that His followers might become rich in the life of the

spirit. Another aspect is a clear lesson on the Christian doctrine of property. What the Corinthians save over and above their needs, while others die from lack of necessities, can become full of worms and putrefaction—at least in the salvation sense. This message is echoed in the letter of James to the Christian community of his time. James warns the rich, and especially those who have defrauded workers of their just wages, "Weep and wail over the miseries that are coming upon you. Your riches have rotted away and your clothes have been eaten by moths."

### Christian Poverty

Thus the irreducible core of the Christian doctrine of property is that one's 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?

This brings us to 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 block to an understanding is the confusion of poverty with misery: How preach poverty to people living on the streets in Calcutta or in hovels in Bogota? The misery of daily hunger, degradation and shelterlessness has nothing to do with the poverty of the Christian. Another block is the teaching that "poor in spirit" means simply not to be attached to one's possessions, in which case no limit is put on the possessions one might amass. Another block to a right understanding of poverty is the possibility of different applications of it to people with different responsibilities to the community. The "poverty of the teacher" is a special poverty that may call for a person, in a vowed or lay capacity, to dedicate him or herself to a cause and depend on the operation of Providence for its survival—as well as personal survival. Such a free choice of voluntary poverty is a direct road to freedom in serving people and serving a cause. The poverty of religious orders is of this kind. But even this poverty has nothing in common with misery. Thomas Merton pointed out that when a European religious order sent its first band of priests to the United States, they travelled on a crowded ship with many of the poorest

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## Pilgrimage for Peace

(Continued from page 3)

valley.

On the wall of the church, just above the grave, hung a large, wooden crucifix, weathered by time and almost entirely engulfed by the verdant ivy that climbs the walls. Red rose bushes stood on each side of the grave, while delicate white edelweiss flowers bloomed on the grass-covered mound of earth. Inscribed on the headstone which rested below the crucifix was the name of Franz Jagerstatter, followed by his birth and death dates and below that a quote from Scripture which, translated, reads, "For anyone who wants to save his life will lose it; but anyone who loses his life for my sake will find 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 face of Mr. Hofbauer. In halting German I tried to explain the reason for my visit and my intention to 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 asked me to come

with him to 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. Evidently, Mr. Hofbauer had gone upstairs and without my knowledge informed her of my presence. She greeted me warmly with a gentle handshake.

It 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 for her, explaining the reasons for my visit, my admiration for her husband's courage, and the moral strength her husband's witness gave to many Catholic conscientious objectors in the United States. Now I reached into my shirt pocket and gave Mrs. Jagerstatter the letter. She explained, through a young woman who translated for me, 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.

### Mass in the Village

Morning arrived the next day with the shrill sound of a rooster calling in the sun. Before long the church bell rang throughout the village, announcing the Eucharistic celebration. In the next fifteen minutes, families dressed in their best suits and dresses streamed into the church and filled the ancient wooden pews. This was the church which Franz once served as the parish sexton. He would have been pleased with the condition of the church and the beautiful white baskets of flowers which stood on each side of the altar.

In the back of the church, where the choir loft is located, are two small 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."

After an intensely devotional liturgy, the families gathered outside in the cemetery to pray at the graves. The Jagerstatter family gathered at Franz's grave. As I walked over to the grave, Mrs. Jagerstatter greeted me and introduced me to her daughters Rosalie and Marie. In his prison letters to his wife, Franz always wrote a message to the children, counseling them to pray regularly and help their mother with the household and farm chores. Now they are mothers themselves with families and farms of their own to care for. Also present were two of Mrs. Jagerstatter's grandchildren whom she introduced with grandmotherly pride. The two little ones, around the age of five or six, extended their little hands to greet me. Mrs. Jagerstatter explained to them that I had come all the way from the United States to visit the grave of their grandfather. With the introductions and greetings finished, the family and I knelt to pray.

### 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 long in-

scription beginning with the words, "Thank God for men 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 always have my students read of her husband's story with the hope that they would be inspired by his example to live a moral and religious life dedicated to building a more just society through the Christian means of love and nonviolence.

Late in the afternoon, I returned to the Gasthaus and prepared for my departure. A young woman there offered me a ride to the bus station in Tarsdorf along with a brown bag of fruit and vegetables. Before I left the village, I walked down the hill to the church and offered a final prayer for peace in the world. As I stood next to Jagerstatter's grave, I looked over the vast and colorful Salzach valley. The setting sun broke through a space in the thick, grey clouds and cast golden rays of light across the landscape.

Thomas Merton once wrote that "the real question raised by the Jagerstatter story is not merely that of the individual Catholic's right to conscientious objection but the question of the Church's own mission of protest and prophecy in the gravest spiritual crisis man has ever known."

# Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The return of the white-throated sparrow is an antiphon of Advent. Titmice, chickadees, nuthatches feed amicably before my window. A blue jay plummets down, shrieking all away, gobbling sunflower seeds—then, as suddenly, springs into flight, rogue and bully, but beautiful as a flying flower. Somewhere near, goldfinches in winter dress twitter sweetly of a Maiden who is matchless. BEHOLD THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD. Tell us, Yeats, what rough beast slouches now toward Bethlehem? What formless multitudes—hungry, oppressed, debased—ravage the technologic dark, seeking the Son of Justice? DROP DOWN DEW, YE HEAVENS FROM ABOVE. LET EARTH BUD FORTH A SAVIOUR.

These late autumnal days, before the advent of winter, are filled with a flurry of preparatory activity. A characteristic sound is that of the saw, both power and manual, as those who live in the old mansion and cabins prepare fuel for wood-burning stoves. Others are busy insulating, putting up storm doors and plastic storm windows.

Another job undertaken by some of the men is that of repairing our long driveway, which is filled with the kind of potholes and gulleys certain to hasten the demise of any automobile. This road has been repaired frequently, but, since we can never afford more permanent repair work, seldom outlasts the first big downpour. This time the earth for repairing was taken from the banks and hill alongside the road. Great cavelike apertures were left in the side of the hill, and the roots of many trees along the bank were left sadly exposed. I remembered the minor landslide from this hill last spring which spread debris across the road, and thought we might well have a worse landslide. Certainly we can expect serious erosion. As for the trees with exposed roots, I hope they will not come down in some winter storm and bring down our power lines, as happened last winter when we were without lights and heat for almost a week. Such repairing, it seems to me, is robbing Peter to pay Paul. Too often the poor, lacking the money to do better, resort to such destructive measures.

## The Sacred Earth

I try to tell myself that if we had had the money to buy a couple of loads of gravel for our road, our trees and hill might not have been treated so rudely. I know, however, there is more than poverty involved. From the beginning, too many Americans have felt that all that matters is the immediate problem and need, that they must forge ahead, cutting, tearing, slashing, without regard to consequence and waste. That sense of the sacredness of the earth and nature, which dominates the whole approach to life of American Indians, has been notably absent from us. We have indeed so wasted and pillaged the resources of this earth, that we can hardly hope to survive much longer as a species unless we make some drastic changes in our approach to earth and nature. Our political and religious leaders, our men and women of enterprise and business must try to build a new economy on sound conservation principles, recycling our multitudinous wastes, finding clean sources of energy in the sun, winds, tides, geothermal, etc., serving the real needs of human beings instead of war and war profiteers. The nuclear doom, the death by pollution, which hang over us like a surreal nightmare vision of the sword of Damocles, can be avoided only if we turn from war and greed and contempt of nature to peace and love and the reverence of God and all God's creatures. St. Francis of Assisi and Teilhard de Chardin, teach us to remember our part in the web of life, our fellowship with all God's creatures, with all Crea-

tion. Pray for us and our dear Earth.

I was glad to learn that Fr. Lyle Young, who stopped by the farm for a brief visit recently, had received a gift to install a solar energy unit in his new conference and retreat center at Parish Acres near Peekskill. One perfect day last June, Fr. Siebenand, a young priest visiting us from Mississippi, drove me and Jerry, a friend from First Street, to visit Fr. Lyle. I loved the secluded, woody, mountainy area, with its old-fashioned house, with fireplaces and chapel, the walk up the hillside to the beautiful outdoor altar, the old stone walls, the pond, the myriad of singing birds, including to my delight, a veery. In the afternoon we had tea on the terrace among the flowers, and listened to Fr. Lyle's easy, witty conversation, which sometimes reminds me of the talk of a cleric in an English novel of a somewhat earlier vintage than our more cynical present. Fr. Lyle is the founder of a halfway house for ex-prisoners, which is located in East Harlem and continuing to do good work. Some of these ex-prisoners come for weekends to Parish Acres. Most of those who come for conferences and retreats are from East Harlem. Fr. Lyle has a small community working with him to make and keep this place self-supporting. Surely God is pleased when such good works prosper.

Here at the farm, we, too, have received some money to spend on environmental improvement. Thanks to the Sisters of Loretto, we have received a small gift to begin the installation of waterless, compost toilets, which not only save water but also produce compost in a safe, usable form. We hope to get this project underway soon.

It is good, too, that Miriam Carroll has returned to us, for she is an ardent friend of the environment and always does what she can to bring more cleanliness, order, and beauty into our house. Most of us, I think, really appreciate Miriam's efforts. Ultimately Dostoyevsky is surely right—"The world will be saved by beauty."

Miriam has also resumed reading to me. At present we are enjoying Simone Petrement's remarkable and somewhat exhaustive biography of that extraordinary and brilliant woman, Simone Weil. Reading good books is a good way to keep off the torpor of winter.

Jack Adam's contribution to our environment is well expressed by his repair work and maintenance about the house. He has also fixed up a little workshop in our basement so that Ralph, who is an excellent carpenter, could repair our many broken chairs. According to all reports, Ralph is doing first class work.

We miss Kathleen and Terri, who left us this fall. Jack and Mal, who have inherited their share of the driving, complain but continue to make essential trips. Kathleen's cousin, Patricia, is here, studying goatology with Billy Baker, and helping Jack and Bob with the tedious job of shopping. Joan holds things together. Alan, Dominic, Don, Billy, Bob Kendrick, Bob Bellows, Roy, Bryan and Joan do most of the cooking.

Alice Lawrence is able to help out in the chapel again. Dorothy Day, however, is still not able to visit us. We celebrated her birthday by participating in a Mass for her intentions, said by Fr. McSherry, and by listening to one of her taped talks later in the day. We miss her very much, and pray she will get her strength back soon.

Our pilgrim-worker friend, Cliff, came by for a few days and helped us out, as always. Anne Marie Stokes came for a weekend, and delighted us with her tales of Brittany from which she had recently returned.

The sun sets early, though sometimes spectacularly, these late autumnal days. Don and Debbie read to the Sela children, who already seem filled with winter restlessness. Paul de Lambert's mural, a large-scale representation of a Catholic Worker Eichenberg print, is surely a

# Our Lady of the Wayside

(Continued from page 1)

Osteogenesis Imperfecta which means that her bones are brittle and easily broken. She has had ample time in the years that she has spent in a wheel chair to observe the method that the doctors and nurses use to take care of the mentally retarded and physically handicapped children who are the guests of Our Lady of The Wayside.

Our Lady of The Wayside in Avon, Ohio is a unique home for 37 children that was founded by Bill and Dorothy Gauchat, long-time veterans of the Catholic Worker Movement, to take care of what society calls handicapped children. These are the battered children, the mongoloids, the hydrocephalics, the spastic children. Dorothy Gauchat has written about the founding of the home in a book called *All God's Children*, with a foreword by Dorothy Day and published by Hawthorn Press. Be sure to ask for a copy at your local bookshop or library or send \$6.95 for a copy to Dorothy Gauchat. Mention the Catholic Worker and Dorothy will send you an autographed copy.

I am writing this article in the little office at the Home, where Grace, the secretary, has placed a typewriter at my disposal. I always feel it a privilege to come and spend a week with the children. One would get the impression that a hospital of this sort would be a joyless, unhappy place. But the children are happy and their faces are transparent with joy. It is the happiness of innocence. There is a real peace and joy and one feels the presence of God. It is evident in the faces of the dedicated staff and volunteers who help staff the place.

Susan comes up to me with a winning smile lighting up her face. "Hi Stanley," she greets me. I feel proud that she has not forgotten me. I remember Susan from a previous visit to the Home some seventeen years ago when she was a baby lying in a crib, and during the years I have had the happiness of seeing her develop into a mature, young girl. Susan has a happy disposition and is always smiling and loves to dance. Susan is suffering from Down's Syndrome. Right now Susan tells me she has moved to The Croft to be with the adult members of the Community.

The Croft is a home that Dorothy Gauchat has founded to take care of the children when they reach adulthood. It is a beautiful home situated on ten acres of farm land. The residents help plant and harvest vegetables for the table and the freezer. Susan tells me, with pride in her voice, that she and Collette bake some 40 loaves of bread a week to sell. It is one of the means by which they hope to become self-supporting.

## Cottage Industry

"We are trying to introduce skills and crafts that will enable the young handicapped adults to become self-supporting. We do not believe in making work for them," Dorothy told me. "We are trying to develop a small home industry which will give them a sense of importance and a chance to earn some money. We know that they will never be able to make their way in the world, but the Croft will be their home for as long as they live."

I visited the Croft, which is a beautiful building with many rooms, and Maureen Koebitz, a young woman who had been with Madonna House, introduced me to the young adults who were gathered around the table painstakingly making place mats and napkins to sell.

"About how many napkins a day do you turn out," I asked Maureen as I

contribution to our dining room environment.

We move toward the longest night of the year, the solstice where winter begins. Capricorn guards the Nativity. To all our readers, friends, benefactors: A happy Advent, and a holy Christmas. GLORIA IN EXCELSUS DEO.

watched Collette bend over a piece of cloth and with a safety pin dislodge a thread. It was a job that unsteady, trembling fingers could do.

Maureen's eyes twinkled as she told me that "we are not out for production, we try to do the best job we can."

Todd Gauchat is the legally adopted son of Bill and Dorothy Gauchat. Todd is 23 years of age and has been confined all his life to a wheel chair. He is a bright studious young man who is studying at Lorain Community College. He has a face that lights up with smiles that come in waves over his face. Todd is able to communicate with people by means of a talking board, which contains all the letters of the alphabet. Todd has ambitions of becoming a writer and two of his stories have already been published by newspapers. It takes Todd hours to laboriously type out a page of copy.

There is hope that Todd will be able to function more normally. Todd has heard of a doctor in Minnesota who has perfected a brain pace-maker, which, if successful, will enable him to gain better control of his speech and the use of his hands. But the implant operation will cost \$28,000. An impossible sum for man, but not for God. Perhaps some of our readers will be inspired to write Todd and enclose a few dollars for his operation.

I asked Eric Gauchat, who is taking over the responsibilities of being an administrator, what the greatest needs for Our Lady of The Wayside are now and what our readers can do to help. Eric told me that the greatest need at the moment is for dedicated volunteers, nurses, nurse's aides, handicraft teachers and people who would be willing to dedicate a year or more of their lives to helping "All God's Children."

"But those who come," Dorothy Gauchat stressed, "must realize that they have to make a serious commitment. They will be dealing with handicapped children and it will be a great responsibility. They will have to work hard. We could not take any volunteers who would not be able to make that dedication."

And may I make the further suggestion that readers who would like to support this good work send a contribution to Our Lady of The Wayside, 38125 Colorado Ave., Avon, Ohio 44011.

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- For completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (section 132.121, Postal Service Manual.) 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in item 1 at the phased postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.

FRANK DONOVAN, Assoc. Ed., Business Manager

The intellect can only reach the obvious by an act of love.

Lanza del Vasto

## Having a Baby

(Continued from page 8)

she grows up, which future will relieve her of the necessity for learning reading, writing and arithmetic.

Her long, upper lip, which resembles that of an Irish policeman, may interfere with her beauty, but with such posy hands as she has already, nothing will interfere with her grace.

Just now I must say she is a lazy little hog, mousing around my nice full breast and too lazy to tug for food. What do you want, little bird? That it should run into your mouth, I suppose. But no, you must work for your provender already.

She is only four days old but already she has the bad habit of feeling bright and desirous of play at four o'clock in the morning. Pretending that I am a bone and she is a puppy dog, she worries at me fussily, tossing her head and grunting. Of course, some mothers will tell you this is because she has air on her stomach and that I should hold her upright until a loud gulp 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, red tongue. Occasionally she pretends to lose me and with a loud wail of protest grabs hold once more to start feeding furiously. It is fun to see her little jaw working and the hollow that appears in her baby throat as she swallows.

Sitting up in bed, I glance alternately at my beautiful flat stomach and out the window at tug boats and barges and the wide path of the early morning sun on the East River. Whistles are blowing cheerily, and there are some men singing on the wharf below. The restless water is colored lavender and gold 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 windowsill, the baby sputters as she gets too big a mouthful, and pauses, then, a moment to look around her with satisfaction. Everybody is complacent, everybody is satisfied and everybody is happy.

I hate all politics of all kinds, whether international, municipal or ecclesiastical... I believe that all organizations for good are useless—even pernicious—unless their first undertaking is to impress on the persons composing them their individual responsibility to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

DONALD ATTWATER.

We have heard from Mrs. Evelyn Attwater of the death during the past year of a dear friend of the Catholic Worker, Donald Attwater. We visited him in his home in Penzance, Cornwall after a PAX meeting in the late sixties. I was able to visit him again a few years later in Storrington, Sussex. On the last visit, he was in good spirits but had lost his sight almost completely. He was no longer able to read. Attwater, who became a Catholic at eighteen years of age, gave us a great deal for which to be thankful. The four-volume BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS, on which he collaborated with the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. is a treasure used all over the world. His writings on the Churches of the Eastern rite, especially the Orthodox Church of Russia, were pioneering efforts. He was a close associate of Eric Gill and wrote a memoir, ERIC GILL, WORKMAN. He edited the works of Berdyaev and Soloviev. His long and fruitful life ended at the age of eighty-four.

EILEEN EGAN.

## PROPERTY and POVERTY

(Continued from page 5)

immigrants. The poverty of the members of the religious congregation was an ordered one. They had brought with them flour and other basic foods and every day they would prepare a sparse but life-sustaining meal. For the immigrants, their enforced poverty was actually disordered misery. All survived the long sea journey, but the priests, even in the new land, continued to hold up their concept of poverty as an ideal, for poverty is having what one needs to live a human life.

If poverty is what one needs to live a truly human life, then the same scale of



life cannot be applied to all. The "poverty of the teacher" (in the sense of the prophet or teacher of the gospel, of course) is not the poverty of the householder. The householder has responsibilities to a family and to the community that cannot morally be thrust on anyone else. In his first letter to Timothy, Paul asserts that "If someone does not take care of his relatives, especially the members of his own family, he has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever."

Poverty, then, in the Christian sense, is having what one needs for a truly human life with the emphasis on simplicity of life so that there will be something left over for those who are in need. Such a broad concept allows for many things—education and some leisure, as well as adequate clothing, food, and shelter—but it also excludes many things that Christians of our day may allow themselves. Let each reader list the ostentatious and costly things that we know in our hearts are surplus to our lives but which we justify as necessities.

That the early Christians made practical application of Christian doctrines of property and poverty became clear at the time of the break-up of the Roman Empire when Christian communities had been implanted over the face of the ancient world. During the upheaval that accompanied the break-up, needy Christians of many racial strains, including Jews, Greeks, and Romans, coming from all social strata, from slaves to members of aristocratic houses, wandered about, driven and persecuted. The infant churches acted as communities of refuge for the stranger at the gates. Our word "parish" comes from "para oikos," meaning "around the house," and refers to the faithful and the strangers who gathered about the house of God. A Bishop of Nyssa in Asia Minor described the dislocation of the times. He was St. Gregory, and he gave a description of the situation that engulfed his society towards the end of the fourth century which applied to many societies after World War II.

"These days," said Gregory, "have brought us naked and homeless in plenty; a host of captives is at everyone's door; strangers and fugitives are not lacking and, on every side, begging and out-stretched hands are there to see. Their home is the open air; their lodgings are the arcades, the streets and deserted corners of the markets; they lurk in holes like owls and birds of the night. Their clothing is tattered rags; their means of living, the feeling of the compassionate."

Gregory told his people the reason for putting their resources at the service of the stranger and for extending hos-

pitality to dispossessed people, who were bound to them by no ties of blood or tribe: "Clasp the afflicted man as if he were gold. Take the sufferer to your arms as if he were your own health. Do not despise men in their abjection; do not think of them as no account. Reflect on what they are, and you will understand their dignity. They have taken upon themselves the very person of the Savior."

The early Christians, then, did not strip themselves of everything, nor merely earn sufficient for their immediate needs. They gathered surplus possessions in order to be able to accept the stranger who appeared at their door and to make it possible to send funds across seas and borders to hungry people they would never see. Their simple springboard of action was that to meet another's need is to meet Christ himself.

There are many in the Christian community who might think that the simple example of St. Paul, taken from the Exodus experience, "He that had much had nothing over; and he that had little had no want," can say little to us today. We live in a world where surplus is seen not as what we set aside for the needy, but as the means of investment which will bring riches through no effort of our own. Yet, the unchanged teaching still comes to the Christian community. In the encyclical letter of 1967, "The Development of Peoples," Pope Paul asserted, "No one is justified in keeping for his exclusive use what he does not need when others lack necessities."

### The Common Good

How can the Christian of today's world of multi-national corporations, of incentives to invest our money so that it will breed through interest while we sleep, resist the accepted economic ethos of our day? After all, in modern life, there is no reason to stop the spiral of our possessions; in fact, there is every reason to help them spiral ever and ever upward, until the possession of riches proclaims their possessor a success. In so far as capitalism is concerned with the increase of wealth, it has at heart an ethical void. The early thinkers of capitalism pointed out that if each served his own best interests in production and money-making, an "invisible hand" would guide the ensemble so that the best interests of all would be served. It was, therefore, not necessary to inject such moral concerns as the "common good" since the "common good" took care of itself. Regrettably, it did not, and greed was unleashed on the world in a way not possible in any earlier period of history. The "visible hand" of government has stepped in, along with labor unions, to heal or prevent the worst effects of the unleashing of greed as a commendable social virtue.

The Christian may seem to be left with the option of accepting a doctrine of property that sets no limits to acquisitiveness or of joining movements to abolish whatever is left of capitalism in favor of new structures. Neither the old system of capitalism, which did not take its start in a church which forbade interest, nor new structures, which propose to correct the evils of the old, have answers that fully satisfy the Christian, who sees an intimate relation between the "new creature" of the gospels and any new system which will meet the human and spiritual needs of any society. Crucial to any movement for change, in which the Christian could be engaged,

is the recognition that there is not only a clear Gospel perspective on property and poverty but a Gospel imperative. This imperative is actuated by how we view our neighbor; if we see a person, whether homeless or diseased, disfigured or humiliated, enemy or friend, near or faraway, as having taken upon him or herself "the very person of the Savior," then we can accept for our own lives the simplicity of Christian poverty and we can make our property available for the works of mercy.

**Suggested reading on alternative economics and visions of society:**

**SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL** by E. F. Schumacher. Economics as if people mattered. (Harper Torchbooks, N.Y.)

**THE POLITICS OF THE GOSPEL** by Jean-Marie Paupert, with foreword by Daniel Berrigan. For an evangelical politics. (Holt, Reinhart & Winston, N.Y.)

**HUMANOMICS** by Eugen Loeb. How we can make the economy serve, not destroy us. (Random House, N.Y.)

**THE POLITICS OF JESUS** by John Howard Yoder. The Cross of Christ is the model for social efficacy. (William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.)

**PROFIT OR PEOPLE?** by James Robertson. The new social role of money. (Calder & Boyars, Ltd., 18 Brewer St., London W.1, England)

**TAKING CHARGE** by the Simple Living Collective of the American Friends Service Committee, San Francisco. How you live can make a difference; practical suggestions for change in our daily lives, our communities and the world. (Bantam Books, N.Y.)

**FACETS OF GANDHIAN THOUGHT** ed. by J. S. Matahur and P. C. Sharma. Ten articles on the relevance of Gandhi to economics and work today. (Navajivan Pub., Ahmedabad, India)

### WRL CALENDAR IS HERE

The 1978 War Resisters League Calendar is now available for \$3.25. This year's calendar, entitled "Nonviolent Struggle Around the World," illustrates, through photographs and articles, the continuing power of nonviolent direct action in struggling with such issues as war, human rights, nuclear power, national liberation, and injustice. The calendar shows how nonviolence has been creatively adapted to struggles in Asia, Africa, South America, Europe and the United States. Order from WRL, 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

By nature I am probably coarse-grained, for I confess that I have always been repelled by the 'lettered 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.

Georges Bernanos

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST

### Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:00 p.m. at Maryhouse, 55 E. 3rd St., between First and Second Avenues. Tea is served after the meeting. All are welcome.

Jan. 6—Ed Turner: Redlining the Big Apple.

Jan. 13—Tom Cornell: Pacifism and Human Rights.

Jan. 20—Lorna Salzman, Friends of the Earth: Nuclear Power—Cancerous Technology.

Jan. 27—Ann Davidson: The Revolutionary Temperament—Violence and Nonviolence.

Feb. 3—David McReynolds, War Resisters League: The Mobilization for Survival.

Feb. 10—To be announced.  
Feb. 17—Homer Jack: UN Special Session on Disarmament—Is There Hope?

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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, whose beautiful murals were all over Mexico City. He looked at my daughter, saying, "I know this little girl. Your article 'Having a Baby' was reprinted all over the Soviet Union, in many languages. You ought to go over there and collect royalties."

I had written the story for my old friend Mike Gold, who was editing the "New Masses" at the time (June 1928). While not yet a Catholic, I was firmly resolved to have my child baptized one.

She is now the mother of nine, and the grandmother of twelve! She has been spending a week with me, and has just returned to her home in Vermont. (Needless to say, she needs to get away from 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 using a red one, which admitted me to the clinic each week for a cursory examination. The nurse in charge seemed very reluctant about giving out the white one. She handed it to me, saying doubtfully, "You'll probably be late. They're all being late just now. And I gave them their tickets and just because they have them they run into the hospital at all times of the night and day, thinking their time is come, and find out they were wrong."

The clinic doctors acted very much disgusted, saying, "What in the world's the matter with you women? The wards are empty." And only a week before they were saying, "Stall 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 late the week before and I was astonished and discouraged to see her still there. She was a pretty, brown-eyed girl with sweet, full lips and a patient expression. She was only about eighteen and it was her first baby. She said "Ma'am," no matter what I said to her. She seemed to have no curiosity and made no attempt to talk to the women about her; just sat there with her hands folded in her lap, patient, waiting. She did not look very large, but she bore herself clumsily, childishly.

There was one Greek who was most debonair. She wore a turban and a huge, pink, pearl necklace and earrings, a bright dress and flesh-colored stockings on still-slim legs. She made no attempt to huddle her coat around her as so many women do. She had to stand while waiting for the doctor, the place was so crowded, and she poised herself easily by

the door, her head held high, her coat flung open, her full figure most graciously exposed. She rather flaunted herself, confident of her attractions. And because she was confident, she was most attractive.

When I got home that afternoon, thinking of her I put on my ivory beads and powdered my nose. I could not walk lightly and freely, but it was easy to strut.

There was another woman who was late, a great, gay, Irish wench who shouted raucously as she left the doctor's office, "The doctor sez they are tired of seeing me around and I don't blame them. I rushed over three times last week, thinking I was taken and I wasn't. They sez, 'The idea of your not knowing the pains when this is your third!' But I'm damned if I come in here again until they cart me in."

So, when I was philosophically preparing myself to hang around a month, waiting for my child to knock on the door, my pains started, twelve hours earlier than scheduled. I was in the bath tub reading a mystery novel by Agatha Christie when I felt the first pain and was thrilled, both by the novel and the pain, and thought stubbornly to myself, "I must finish this book." And I did, before the next one struck fifteen minutes later.

"Carol!" I called. "The child will be born before tomorrow morning. I've had two pains."

"It's a false alarm," scoffed my cousin, but her knees began to tremble visibly because after all, according to all our figuring, I was due the next morning.

"Never mind. I'm going to the hospital to exchange my white ticket for Tamara Teresa"—for so I had euphoniously named her.

So Carol rushed out for a taxicab while I dressed myself haltingly, and a few minutes later we were crossing town in a Yellow, puffing on cigarettes and clutching each other as the taxi driver went over every bump in his anxiety for my welfare.

The driver breathed a sigh of relief as he left us at Bellevue, and so did we. We sat for half an hour or so in the receiving room, my case evidently not demanding immediate attention, and watched with interest the reception of other patients. The doctor, greeting us affably, asked which of us was the maternity case which so complimented me and amused Carol that our giggling tided us over any impatience we felt.

There was a Black woman with a tiny baby, born that morning, brought in on a stretcher. She kept sitting up, her child clutched to her bosom, yelling that she had an earache, and the doctor kept pushing her back. Carol, who suffers from the same complaint, said that she would rather have a baby than an earache, and I agreed with her.

Then there was a genial drunk, assisted in with difficulty by a cab driver and his fare, who kept insisting that he had been kicked by a large white horse. His injuries did not seem to be serious.

My turn came next, and as I was wheeled away in a chair by a pleasant, old orderly with whiskey breath, Carol's attention was attracted and diverted from my ordeal by the reception of a drowned man, or one almost drowned, from whom they were trying to elicit information about his wife, whether he was living with her, their address, religion, occupation, and birthplace—information which the man was totally unable to give.

For the next hour I received all the attention Carol would have desired for me—attentions which I did not at all welcome. The nurse who ministered to me was a large, beautiful creature with marcelled hair and broad hips, which she flaunted about the small room with much grace. She was a flippant creature and talked of Douglas Fairbanks and the film she had seen that afternoon, while she wielded a long razor with abandon.

Abandon. Abandon! What did that remind me of? Oh yes, the suitor who

said I was lacking in abandon because I didn't respond to his advances.

Thinking of moving pictures, why didn't the hospital provide a moving picture for women having babies? And music! Surely things should be made as interesting as possible for women who are perpetuating the race. It was comforting to think of peasant women who take lunch hours to have their children in, and then put the kids under the haystack and go on working in the fields. Hellish civilization!

I had nothing at home to put the baby in, I thought suddenly. Except a bureau drawer. Carol said she would have a clothes basket. But I adore cradles. Too bad I had been unable to find one. A long time ago I saw an



Robert McGovern

adorable one on the east side in an old second-hand shop. They wanted thirty dollars for it and I didn't have the thirty dollars, and besides, how did I know then I was going to have a baby? Still I wanted to buy it. If Sarah Bernhardt could carry a coffin around the country with her there is no reason why I couldn't carry a cradle around with me. It was a bright pink one—not painted pink, because I examined it carefully. Some kind of pink wood.

The pain penetrating my thoughts made me sick to my stomach. Sick at your stomach, or sick to your stomach? I always used to say "sick to your stomach" but William declares it is "sick at your stomach." Both sound very funny to me. But I'd say whatever William wanted me to. What difference did it make? But I have done so many things he wanted me to, I am tired of it. Doing without milk in my coffee, for instance, because he insists that milk spoils the taste of coffee. And using the same kind of tooth paste. Funny thing, being so intimate with a man that you feel you must use the same kind of tooth paste he does. To wake up and see his head on your pillow every morning. An awful thing to get used to anything. I mustn't get used to that baby. I don't see how I can.

Lightning! It shoots through your back, down your stomach, through your legs and out at the end of your toes. Sometimes it takes longer to get out than others. You have to push it out then. I am not afraid of lightning now, but I used to be. I used to get up in bed and pray every time there was a thunder storm. I was afraid to get up, but prayers didn't do any good unless you said them on your knees.

Hours passed. I thought it must be about four o'clock and found that it was two. Every five minutes the pains came, and in between I slept. As each pain began I groaned and cursed, "How long will this one last?" and then when it had swept over with the beautiful rhythm

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

Every now and then my large-hipped nurse came in to see how I was getting along. She was a sociable creature, though not so to me, and brought with her a flip, young doctor and three other nurses to joke and laugh about hospital affairs. They disposed themselves on the other two beds but my nurse sat on the foot of mine, pulling the entire bed askew with her weight. This spoiled my sleeping during the five minute intervals, and, mindful of my grievance against her and the razor, I took advantage of the beginning of the next pain to kick her soundly in the behind. She got up with a jerk and obligingly took a seat on the next bed.

And so the night wore on. When I became bored and impatient with the steady restlessness of those waves of pain, I thought of all the other and more futile kinds of pain I would rather not have. Toothaches, earaches, and broken arms. I had had them all. And this is a much more satisfactory and accomplishing pain, I comforted myself.

And I thought, too, how much had been written about child birth—no novel, it seems, is complete without at least one birth scene. I counted over the ones I had read that winter—Upton Sinclair's in *The Miracle of Love*, Tolstoy's in *Anna Karenina*, Armin's in *The Pastor's Wife*, Galsworthy's in *Beyond*, O'Neill's in *The Last Man*, Bennett's in *The Old Wives' Tale* and so on.

All but one of these descriptions had been written by men, and, with the antagonism natural toward men at such a time, I resented their presumption.

"What do they know about it, the idiots," I thought. And it gave me pleasure to imagine one of them in the throes of childbirth. How they would groan and holler and rebel. And wouldn't they make everybody else miserable around them. And here I was, conducting a neat and tidy job, begun in a most businesslike manner, on the minute. But when would it end?

While I dozed and wondered and struggled, the last scene of my little drama began, much to the relief of the doctors and nurses, who were becoming impatient now that it was almost time for them to go off duty. The smirk of complacency was wiped from me. Where before there had been waves, there were now tidal waves. Earthquake and fire swept my body. My spirit was a battleground on which thousands were butchered in a most horrible manner. Through the rush and roar of the cataclysm which was all about me I heard the murmur of the doctor and the answered murmur of the nurse at my head.

In a white blaze of thankfulness I knew that ether was forthcoming. I breathed deeply for it, mouth open and gasping like that of a baby starving for its mother's breast. Never have I known such frantic imperious desire for anything. And then the mask descended on my face and I gave myself to it, hurling myself into oblivion as quickly as possible. As I fell, fell, fell, very rhythmically, to the accompaniment of tom toms, I heard, faint about the clamor in my ears, a peculiar squawk. I smiled as I floated dreamily and luxuriously on a sea without waves. I had handed in my white ticket and the next thing I would see would be the baby they would give me in exchange. It was the first time I had thought of the child in a long, long time.

II.

Tamara Teresa's nose is twisted slightly to one side. She sleeps with the placidity of a Mona Lisa, so that you cannot see the amazing blue of her eyes which are strangely blank and occasionally, ludicrously crossed. What little hair she has is auburn and her eyebrows are golden. Her complexion is a rich tan. Her ten fingers and toes are of satisfactory length and slenderness and I reflect that she will be a dancer when

(Continued on page 7)

## YOURS IN PEACE

A selection of prints by  
FRITZ EICHENBERG

The Fellowship of Reconciliation has produced a folio of twelve prints by Fritz Eichenberg, selected from among the prints he has made for his friends each Christmas for several decades. Some of these have appeared in "The Catholic Worker." We have purchased a rather large number of these folios. Write to us for copies.

Recently we have gotten to know the staff at the Women's Survival Space, a shelter in Brooklyn for battered women and their children. They have a real need for more volunteers—to work with the women and children in the shelter, to accompany them to hospital and welfare appointments, to help renovate the shelter. They also can use donations of cash goods, paint, children's clothes, toys and games, dishes, and furniture. If you can help, give them a call at 439-4612.