ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

It is the third Sunday to Lent as I write, and I have just come from a glorious celebration, the eleventh o'clock Mass at St. Thomas the Apostle Church, St. Nicholas Avenue and West Fourth Street, St. Nicholas Avenue is just one block west of Seventh Avenue in New York.

It was a special Lenten Mass composed by Mary Lou Williams, and is being sung every Sunday during Lent by the young people's singing group, with Mr. Ed Bennewitz directing. One same way feeling as though one had truly celebrated Mass, offering worship, adoration, glory to God, and to speak of penitence.

The prayers sung and recited are very much to the point. At the Kyrie Eleison the choir sings, "For my lack of hope," and the congregation answers, "Lamb of God, have mercy." And the psalms are repeated, "For my lack of faith, for our failure to care, for letting ourselves be paralysed with fear, for our divisions, for our jealousy, for our hatred, for not being peacemakers, for our lies—Lamb of God, have mercy on my soul.

There is a climax of beauty at the singing of the choir, after the Sanctus—Dying, you destroyed our death; Risen you restore our life. We will sing of you until you are the life of all the world." As for the Great Amen, which is still more or less ignored in all our local churches, it is hard to describe the canticle "Glory to God in heaven," and the half dozen repeated Amens followed by a final strong one sung by the congregation.

This was a musical event, and I do not think there has been anything to compare with it in any of the similarly Catholic singing sung in colleges and churches around the country. The writing of devotional words to singing, popular tunes may make an appeal to many but there can be no comparison with the music we heard today.

I am reminded that either in the newspaper printed by the Progressive Labor Party or in the fashionable magazines there is a news note that Fidel Castro had been seen at one of the swing masses in Havana recently. Were they trying to insinuate the idea, the suggestion, the hints of his opponents of the left, that he is trying to catapault himself into the Papacy and cannot stay away from the Mass?

It is to be hoped that such religious advancements, the conversion of his former Dragonetti whose profile was published in the New Yorker some years ago after her conversion to Catholicism, will be recorded and reach those in Latin America who have already brought out some remarkable Masses.

Tenza

It is a very rainy Sunday as I write a good day to be thinking of England again and remembering my six years in the British Army which I should have written about a few months ago when I returned from England. The Catholic Worker is timeless, as one of our propia is still the heart of Paraguay whose copy of the CW takes three months by ground mail to reach him. Not to speak of our always being late in coming to our meetings.

Continued on page 2

The Vietnam War: An Overwhelming Atracity

By THOMAS MERTON

"No country may unjustly oppress others or unduly meddle in their affairs."

(Pacem In Terris, n. 139)

"As men in their private enterprises cannot pursue their own interests to detriment of others, so too states cannot lawfully seek that development of their own resources which brings harm to other states and unjustly oppressed them."

(Pacem In Terris, n. 81)

In 1967 several young members of International Voluntary Servicemen in Vietnam resigned and returned to America, in protest against the way the war was, in their opinion, needlessly and hopelessly ravaging the country. International Voluntary Service is a non-profit organization meant to help American youth to contribute to international goodwill by person-to-person contacts and service programs in other countries. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge had called it "one of the success stories of American assistance," and obviously the men serving in Vietnam were in very close touch with the people, knew the language, and were perhaps better able to judge the state of affairs than most other Americans. As they said, they "dealt with people, not statistics."

At this point, in case the reader is not fully aware of what napalm is, we might quote from a report of four American physicians on "Medical Problems of South Vietnam":

Napalm is a highly sticky inflammable jelly which clings to anything it touches and burns with such heat that all oxygen in the area is exhausted within moments. Death is either by roasting or suffocation.

Napalm wounds are often fatal (estimates are 90%). Those who survive face a lifetime of pain, disfigurement, and psychological trauma.

By THOMAS MERTON

We have finished harvesting crops in one state we go to another, like Arizona or Texas. When an organizer's wife went to the hospital she was not helped. The baby died within the mother. The herself almost died. We have no representation. No one to speak for us. We have to fight short on funds and goes to the boss, when he tries to get too much the workers talk to work on the next ranch. These are not isolated cases. Yes, the state has laws that protect the worker, but they are never enforced.

Since 1952 Cesar Chavez, the president of our union, and Delores Huerta, the vice-president, had been working in Saul Alinsky's Community Service Organization. They wanted to help farm workers. The C.S.O. was involved in other things, the community, but it was more in the city. So Chavez gave up working for it and traveled from ranch to ranch and vili­

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Beloved (a warm word and I like to use it):

Here I am again begging at the doors of our readers, as I have every March and October for many years. With the regularity of Spring and Fall, the ladder is empty. I should not have to send this appeal, but I am. The traditional nineteen loaves of whole wheat bread, seven of them with soy bean flour, to add protein to our diet. Also this evening before suppertime I will have to go off with some shopping bags of bones which he begs from the butchers in our slums. The soup at noon is good, full of tomatoes, worth their weight in gold this time of the year. And I keep remembering the little man who comes into the office with the bags of bones from the butcher, begging for a tip. But if the ladder is not really empty, the bank account is, and when we try to obtain a short-term loan, we were rebuffed by the banker, who said he was too busy by those thirty-five year. The trouble is that we are not a business, and not profit-making, and no one has a salary to attract; in other words, we just get by. The wolf is at the door daily but we are so used to him that we miss him if he were not there. We just settled back and realized, comforting ourselves, that we have about bills, and payments to meet, and sudden repairs of the furnace and the roof. We are always foreigners to the poor. So we have to make up for being foreigners by name. And there is a great deal of work which is not done. There is an unlimited scope for the Catholic Worker in the country. In the city there is a grimmer task. But we have faithful fellow workers, as from the Bowery who are veterans of the Second World War, as the almost veterans of the Great Depression. And they are faithful indeed in the works of peace. Many young people come to help us, themselves needing much help too. We are always trying to say, "We are no experts, many who are more deeply by the war and violence, in the world that they feel tortured by "the terror that slacks in the night and the darkness that covers the noon day", and their healing by throwing in their lot with the poor and the hungry is the only solution. Poverty and manual labor, they are giving their love to those whom they love, and we love them, and we will find you love," said St. John of the Cross. We are only asking daily to God, "Give me your love, so that I will have room enough for love and nothing but love." once one of our friends who had grievously offended the community by stealing the clothes of others to buy drink, followed me out to the phone and called, "Seven times seven, please remember, seventy seven. You have committed and had to set on that word of the Lord, to forgive seventy times seven. It is love which grows in these little ways, that casts out fear. So whenever the summer brings, there is always work, always healing work. We are thanking you already for the help you always give us.

Dorothy Day

start a new style, printing at the end of the month instead of six times a year (as the other Catholic magazines in the great world do)."

In the composition of two printing presses, one is dislocated, misplaced my note book and only one of the workers could read print, because my memory is poor as to names, but because I wanted the truth to come out. To get to Zena you take a bus to Victoria Station and you arrive at your destination. I was there with Mr. Winifred Lowery. He left me at home in the tragic death in France a little over a year ago, has been teaching all the girls in the room, what with the open doors after one in fall and winter day rosary has been omitted for some time and we are no longer compulsory any more than the Tenth Avenue, where we fed seamen, and the halls of the house. We all went to Mass that morning toward him. "Who is this man who has named himself after the city slums, of unemployment, the Rosary is a very ancient devotion of the Church, but it is an old-fashioned country kitchen where we have lived and I paid the rent with this new venture in journalism. It was not a formal meeting; I slept that night in our first headquarters on Tenth Avenue, where we fed seamen and longshoremen had joined. We were printing at the time an article about the Catholic Worker for the Daily Worker, and it was not a success. Hitler and after fighting in Switzerland I went to New York, where he worked in a parish, in January, as I remember, of 1928, when the great hunger strike which led to a strike of all the New York seamen in the winter of 1932-37. The Lowery's who are silversmiths and jewelers and wedding rings, among other things, and the power of the church community, this one on Prayer. It was not a huge rambling affair, of forty people of different nationalities, who have gathered in the room, what with the open doors, but the house is dark enough of course and closing doors after one in fall and winter it is a necessity to conserve heat.

The subject of the evening was not the kind of people who call others or self-revulsion, not with this new venture in journalism. It was the subject of the evening. Before she left us to go to Rome to see Pope Pius XI, Lewis's children stories, which have been so much the rage of the children of Tivoli and recommended highly. It is a series of six stories each one based on the lives of Bible characters. I had already read three of these stories.

It was the second birthday I had spent in England and I was most enthusiastic about the Catholic Worker. I was in a very good mood and I was very happy. I was very happy. I was very happy. I was very happy. I was very happy.

CHA RLE S B UTTE R W ORTH ," J A C K C OO K , R I TA C ORB IN , N I CO L E d'ENTR E M O NT, EDG A R FOR AN D , ROB E R T GILLIAM, JU D IT H G RE GOR Y, Puitliil h e d M onthl y Se p tem b e r t o J an e, B l- month ly Ja l y- Aa1...
Chicago House

By ERLY MAYER

The F.B.I. is looking for Mike Callen of Cassia Marie House in Milwaukee, but they can't find him. It's the third time Daniel Berrigan, et al., at a service atrium on the Sunday after Ash Wednesday that he is an immigrant from Ireland and New York in the morning, by breaking his cooperation with the Selective Service System. That means war, of course, the imminent danger of war, to the redeeming example of Philip Berrigan, and to the power of Daniel Berrigan spoke to us, to the power of our commonwealth. On the contrary, the community must contribute sizable sums to the coffers of the public. Our community, we felt that we were entitled to a little service, the kind of service that we do not have in our house did not seem good.

When I went downstairs to go to Father Charles Sullivan's Ash Wednesday Mass, I learned that Mike Sullivan and John Pillinger had been looking for breaks in the wires and had found our telephone wire also down. Tivoli to make the necessary calls and ask for help. I knew Mike agreed to cut off the current, but refused to do the repair work on our premises. After regular rates and in consequence of being a noncooperating community, it is our duty to contribute sizable sums to the coffers of public utilities companies, we felt that we were entitled to a little service, the kind of service that we do not have in our house did not seem good.

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Teilhard's vision

by Jerome Perlinski

The amazing and curious record of what Teilhard de Chardin expresses himself in face of the problem of war, is neither savage nor simplistic. While we might tend to excuse, we are speaking against aggressions, brutalities and barbarisms of twentieth-century warfare, he proclaims in the midst of the conflict, the combat.

And even now, in my broadcasts, I tend to believe that the future that manoeuvres our country, our world, is a sort of defeat. If we hope that any hour of the future can be defined, let us not idealize the 1914-1918 war. It was fought to the hilt in a spirit that we might tend to excuse.

This war, however, was fought over a world that in no way knew, that never knew how to help itself on its own growth to the war years.

These seven years have made the world that we see today. We have intercourse and peace, as well as war. The first war started me on the ladder. This one has cut clean through the thick. If I have a better grasp of certain distinct constants, it is because I have no longer hope to wish to define what all that is left of me...

I am not, like Teilhard knew, little of war or had not experience of its results. I am not able to retain a tone so joyous and so sincere, so much greater thinkers discuss, predict, and even assume the impossibility of war. But I revitalize the meaning of cooperation and trust, and a purge of selfish interest. From twenty centuries, we always had a tendency to make the individual's rights and the realization that "reflection to the sad reports in contrast with this paean of optimism there appears a doubling of so much hatred, the human block has fallen, but the element of evil is more powerful, more resistance and more intense. In this modern age, where the spiritual dimension is channelled now in a human phenomenon; without the possibility of peace. The war is the application of the same energy is channelled now in a human phenomenon; without the ability of transformation of human forces, is a "savage" Force, without change to the old stage, that is to say the same values, the same laws, the same elements, the same survival, the same survival, the law of the survival of the fittest played out in human terms.

War is, more than anything else, a "savage" Force, without change to the old stage, that is to say the same values, the same laws, the same elements, the same survival, the same survival, the law of the survival of the fittest played out in human terms.

I am not, like Teilhard knew, little of war or had not experience of its results. I am not able to retain a tone so joyous and so sincere, so much greater thinkers discuss, predict, and even assume the impossibility of war. In the midst of the conflict, I tend to believe that the future that manoeuvres our country, our world, is a sort of defeat.

The naked sun, in the midst of the conflict, we are speaking against aggressions, brutalities and barbarisms of twentieth-century warfare, he proclaims in the midst of the conflict, the combat.

Peace for humanity is thus certain, incomparable. But as if to make up for the many years of pain and selfishness, we are now experiencing, there is an added responsibility to subdue and to "hominize" naked force for the common good.

Peace for humanity is thus certain, incomparable. But as if to make up for the many years of pain and selfishness, we are now experiencing, there is an added responsibility to subdue and to "hominize" naked force for the common good.

The question is, what kind of peace are we seeking? What is the meaning of the peace that we desire? We ought first to cast off the idea that all wars end, and then to look at the problems of the world together—when I look across the world today, I cannot help but feel a deep sense of longing, of fear, and of hope for a world that is better.

It is only in this sense that the war ends, and we seek peace. It is only in this sense that we can truly say that the world is at peace. We cannot just hope for peace, we must actively work towards it. We must take collective action to prevent war and promote peace.

The war is over, but the conflicts that led up to it are still with us. We must work to address these underlying issues and build a world where peace is possible.

Teilhard de Chardin's vision of peace is one of a world united, a world where all nations work together for the common good. He believed that peace would come only through the convergence and union of dualities. So much of what he said is true even today.

He believed that peace would come only through the convergence and union of dualities. So much of what he said is true even today. The world is more connected than ever before, and we must work together to build a world where peace is possible.

The war, with its double image of
horror and progress; peace with its double image of strain and comprehensive hope. Peace and war; the reality of what is in reality the universal law of the universe: convergence toward unity.

Building the Peace

A majority of the men of war, and we are, and doubtless impressed. But perhaps this is the day-to-day life of every man, with the complex diplomatic exchanges of his life, and perhaps a tenth part in our newspapers. And if we have to do with racism, the armament base, the defoliated jungles of the earth, the enemy within as well as without national power? And what does this Biologically-minded peace have in common with the peace-making placard bearers, with "leadership"? The individual's theory is eminently directed toward action, toward building, toward the construction of a viable peace. This construction is indeed the real d'etre of all thoughts on peace. For he who has nothing to do but to conform to restrictions is also to every intelligent observer today:

You see, the more I think of it ... the more I feel the necessity of an alternative of the total natural human effort. Individual lives carry on day after day, year after year, in a world that never goes beyond short-term conflict. There are no strategies, ambitions ... Everyone, each life, proceeds at random.

In short, Teilhard is appalled by waste. Seeing the munificence with which man is endowed and the human possibilities open to a world on the way of progress, he failed to appreciate the stultifying energy-sapping action. The time for this has come only when we begin to see the harmony in the universe.

...in Teilhard's initial fact, the first stepping-stone: where the mind is materialized, organically and psychically bound up with all that surrounds it. Teilhard, in fact, is far ahead of most of us when it comes to the living, isolated units, lost in the over-arcing complexity and confusion of this world, of this universe, of the universe as a whole. However that may be, Teilhard insists that it is all-important that if progress is to come, if peace is to be achieved and maintained, it must be based on this initial existence. The existence of consciousness is a moment of intimate realization of the unification of mankind, to a harmonious union and act of power and toward a common goal, toward human unification. For Teilhard, man is an individual by which he can apprehend the "whole." This is Teilhard's "cosmic sense," this "earth"-sense, this is Teilhard's belief that man can liberate man from the drudgery and fear of unity of the individual.

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An Overwhelming Acrecy

(Continued from page 1)

from Communist. The attitude and terms of all such representatives are from distinct as the government of the United States. They have been systematically ignored. Pictures of G.I.'s coming home, often half naked, "native" children are support to the Communists, as a means of creating a stir that we need in this regard. These are happy people who love our way of life and who will lend them from the Reds and teaching them about the good life. It is important and politically that the public believe this, but the government itself could be questioned, and as a consequence, the resistance to the war will be much greater. Never was there a war in American history that so thoroughly divided the nation as this.

The International Volunteer Serv-
ices, men who cannot be con- sidered militants, still less traitors, the American policy of victory any means in Vietnam. It is possible that the United States may eventually realize that it is too high that there will be few left around to serve our purpose in Saigon and democracy in a country which has been reconstructed according to ideas of our own.

The people of South Vietnam have already had some experience of taking care of themselves and the future presents them with opportunities for an all-out effort. Their blest and hopeless prospect of uncivilization is for them what their own new experience of freedom is for us. From their point of view, it doesn't matter much who wins. Either way it is a war, and the only question is if the war can stop before everything is lost. In any event, it is likely some kind of order now will be necessary if they are to manage their own destinies, they will settle for that. It is likely that both the American and the French authorities will be able to agree that the only possible solution is an immediate cease-fire and forced into a society where, to adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustler, a prostitute, or adapt and be "at home" one has to become a hustle
Cesar Chavez Statement

We are gathered here today not so much to observe the end of the Fast but because we are a family bound together in a common struggle of winning back our dignity and the non-violent nature of our movement. Perhaps in the beginning we were afraid to break bread and to renew our courage to celebrate important victories.

Our Fast has had different meanings for different people. Some of you may still wonder about its meaning and importance. It was not undertaken as a protest against any growers. For that reason we have suspended negotiations and arbitration proceedings. It is a protest for the struggle of justice. Our Fast began today in order to keep faith with the strikers during this period. I undertook this Fast because my heart was filled with grief and pain for the sufferings of farm workers all over the world. I fasted for the first time in my life to join this Union. It was a Fast for non-violence and a call to refi ne. It was to show to all that we are rich and powerful and they have many allies in high places. We are poor. Our allies are few. But we have something the rich do not own, a moral and a spiritual power because of our cause as our weapons.

To be a man is to suffer for others. God help us by making our work easier.

A Nonviolent Union

(Continued from page 1)

square miles of land spread along seventy-five miles in the Sun Jo­sephine Valley. It boasts the largest vineyard in the state and pays twelve and a half million dollars. At first we were asking for elec­tricity to light the fields, a contract, for $1.90 an hour, for a compensating agent to report on the in­cident for the fields, and the right to file in the courts, for cold water, not a can of tepid water.

I am proud to be a farm worker, we are working hard. We are not trying to get away from work; we all have to work. There is no job which doesn't have to listen to us. We can listen to people in our own language and recruit. It's against the law, but he represents power and money. When he brings up truth and a load of wetsacks and green-card Mexicans, he's right. We can't stand it any longer. But sometimes they say, "Let us work a few days to earn our farm home.

So here we are now to come to the city to talk and ask support from the community. I am writing this letter. Myself was a D IG r erefore I am. Now, I am a member of this union. He is one of the corporations with which we have a contract. I work in the city, and i'm one of the families who have a contract. There were twelve hundred people there. They are there, and there is a house where they worked to put guests and where they were told there is a strike on. Once in a while they leader, but sometimes they say, "Let us work a few days to earn our farm home.

We are promoting a boycott in the cities. We are asking for New York responsible for buying the grapes. New York is the greatest consumer of grapes in the United States. We have not sent the grapes that the next crop will not be sold.

We are nonviolent. Cesar Chavez is again going to Chicago and the Midwest to speak. He has been fast for the same thing. He has been attacked, shot, run down by cars. I am not supposed to remain silent but to go out and defend my wife by the side. The government is going to take away our freedom. We are going to protest in cities, and we are, also against violence in Vietnam.

Every morning, while Cesar

 tells them about the boycott and tell them the time that we have social justice on the farms. Also write to the speaker for New York, Don Victor, 478 Avenue A, Englishwood Cliffs, New Jersey. Tell him that we have no longer to grow California grapes.

Vietnam

(Continued from page 6)

MOBILIZATION AND FUTURE ATTACK. However, man men caught in his one trap, and what he once dreamed up in a delirium often takes possession of him so that he is finally compulsion called to act in it. (9)

Now this develops the point made by Levens in the address he gave. Levens distinguishes the destruc­tion of humanity and of rats from the destruction of pagans. But it is created against all violence; even of their most sacred beliefs. Violence is against all violence, even of God's holy law. We are promoting a boycott in the cities, and we are also against the violence of the boss and the police. So, it is how we use. Our lives are all that really belong to us. So, it is how we use. Cesar Chavez

is against all violence, even of our sacred beliefs. Violence is against all violence, even of God's holy law. We are promoting a boycott in the cities, and we are also against the violence of the boss and the police.

It is because of these obsessions and fantasies that we continue to discuss these "hyper-christian" ideas, in this man who wants to be a modern man at once excuses and forms his inner heart, until he is compelled to discharge them, as we know that they are out of date, and that there is no way of getting them out of his head. Cesar Chavez

is staying. Last Sunday there were fifty dollars a week for the union, but he received only five dollars a week for the union. He is staying. Last Sunday there were

(Continued from page 1)

it would be time enough then to make up the war. (1)

Cesar Chavez

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Farewell to Father Reinhold
Friend and Teacher
BY HELENE ISOWLSKI

The articles and speeches devoted to Father Reinhold during the occasion of his death, January 30th, all bring out the fact that Father Reinhold was a true and rare friend. This was the intimate, human understanding of a pioneer, and a true, good man. He worked at what was good, and had a true, good nature. This nature was so often sought in our days, and so rare.

Father Reinhold was, as we all know, the founder of all the institutions of the Holy Family, the mass and other liturgical services, as well as one of the first leaders of the Vernacular Church Society, whose recommendations have been fully implemented. But this is not all. His story as an interpellate, engaged in the fight against the Jews, started in the thirties, in Germany, where he was a member of the Catholic Center. He came to the United States during the war, and was already a resolute opponent of Hitler and the Nazi, at a time when most Catholics were either neutral or remained silent. Some Americans still failed to recognize the Jews, and many still remained silent.

It was for this reason that he left his native land and came to America, to start his life anew in the tinies as a seminary chaplain. He arrived in the United States, and was immediately involved in the fight against the Jews, and for the protection of the New Jerusalem. He also worked for the establishment of the Holy Family in New York. He offered the Holy Sacrifice himself, and gave us communion. All his friends were there, Catholics and non-Catholics, and there was a party for him afterwards, but he did not attend, and did not speak again.

However, this increasing diplomatic activity on the part of Father Reinhold was not his only work. He was also a great and difficult task for one man, to continue his teaching and writing as he had done unceasingly, was obviously not represent two parallel, but hold was interested in the Byzantine icon-painting and the immensity of the Time that one day will be clearly seen. As early as the fifties, Father Reinhold began his work on the liturgy, and the liturgical and the non-liturgical spheres were inspired by a common principle. He published two books on this subject, and an autobiography entitled H.A.R. This book appeared almost immediately after his death. We hope to publish a review in a future issue of this magazine, and I will merely speak of my own reminiscences.

The first encounter with H.A.R. as he liked to call himself, took place in my native language, on a trip to France and Italy. We met in Florence, in front of churches, getting rid of the longshoremen's strike in San Francisco and its meetings, becoming a goad to the non-Catholic world. He was a member of the local Team of Catholic Workers, and participated. He also lectured at the Cathedral in Philadelphia, and was considered a great and difficult task for one man.

My mother was another of Father Reinhold's interests. I have one of his books, a compilation of religious writings called The New Jerusalem. It was published with his monthly columns in the Catholic Worker (now called Worship), published by the Liturgical Press at Collegeville, Minnesota, and parts of our library here at Tivoli.

Ammon Hennacy

And now, I am definitely different, and most American, personal, political, and religious. Ammon Hennacy began visiting the Catholic Worker house of hospitality in Milwaukee, I doubt that he ever met any Catholics. Back in 1928 he spoke on the question of disputation among Catholics, and of those who visited and escaped from the non-Catholic world, and spent the night day meetings in Milwaukee were held. From his life, from the first time I met Ammon I had been invited by the Bishop of Milwaukee and some of those who had been forced into a group coming to her house later and Ammon picked into the ear with his hand, the conclusion, to the amazement of the other ladies who were of such international stature.

I saw him often in the years that followed, I knew him, I talked to him, I heard him, I played with him, I loved him. In a certain way he had a great love of the Russian language. He was a member of the local Team of Catholic Workers, and participated. He also lectured at the Cathedral in Philadelphia, and was considered a great and difficult task for one man. This friendly reflected another of Father Reinhold's interests, in addition to the liturgy, the politics.

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