By CAROL WINTLE

Guatemala: A Refugee's Story

Fourteen-year-old Marta Ixcot arrived in the United States in 1984, knowing not a word of English. Now she speaks it perfectly. When Marta was eight years old, difficult and dangerous conditions in her Guatemalan village forced her to leave home and work as a maid and live-in babysitter. Now she is a refugee: her family fled from soldiers who threatened to murder them. "If we stayed in Guatemala - we would have been killed" states Marta. "Many people in my village were murdered."

In Marta's village and throughout Guatemala, nearly everyone is poor: over a third of the people are unemployed. Peasants work for an average of only thirty dollars a month. They live in huts made of straw and mud with no electricity or indoor plumbing. Many villagers don't make enough to feed their families and eight percent of the children die from hunger and lack of medical care. This is what life in Guatemala has been like for hundreds of years.

Most Guatemalans have no schooling and cannot read or write. In Marta's village and many places like it, more than eighty percent of the people are illiterate. Marta's father Felipe, a farm worker, and mother Elena, a weaver, were more fortunate - they attended a few years of school. Felipe and Elena shared their knowledge by teaching others at night how to read and write.

In March, fifteen-year-old Marta and seventeen other refugees formed a group called Desarrollo Para La Comunidad which means The Development of the Community. They brought a young and old together to discuss problems and find solutions. The villagers made tarps and stuck them to the roof of their hut; they wouldn't have to set off the floor, saved a market for the products they grew and made, built benches and small bridges and transformed footpaths into roads that cars and trucks could use. In Guatemala, to form a organization is dangerous. Others had been killed for trying to educate themselves, assert their rights, and help others.

"Many sad and scary things started to happen in our village" explains Marta. "One day soldiers set our home on fire and everything burned. It was awful. We then moved in with my grandmother."

In the village, the group helped other villages. They held meetings in the evenings, taught how to read and write to the children, and helped the villagers to form their own organizations. The next day, a group of soldiers arrived and marched into the village. They kidnapped several men from the community group (most Americans have not listened to them. As evidenced by this beautiful, affecting novel one knows that Dorothy Stroop is one American who has listened to hibakusha, listened with her heart as well as with her mind. Dorothy Stroop recently observed that "... we are all tired of photographs of mutilated, charred and dehumanized creatures lying helplessly on infirmary mata. We cannot imagine, looking at them, that THOSE people are human beings like ourselves." That human kinship for the products they grew and made, built benches and small bridges and transformed footpaths into roads that cars and trucks could use. In Guatemala, to form a organization is dangerous.

In Marta's village and many places like it, over 105,000 Guatemalans have been murdered in the last twenty-two years. Forty thousand more have been kidnapped and never seen again. The Guatemalan army is responsible for these killings, report Amnesty International, a world-renowned human rights organization.

In Marta's village, out of eighteen men who started the Development for the Community group were executed. Marta herself and her mother almost escaped. He left the village and found work wherever he could, communicating secretly to Marta."

Then one night one hundred soldiers surrounded the house where Marta's family lived. She had just helped in the garden. A soldier burst into the hut; pushed, kicked, scratched, hit with their guns and pulled the hair of Marta's aunt. The soldiers picked up the injured woman and tossed her into a car. They drove away and Marta's mother demanded to know where the men were. Marta's terrin (Continued on page 6)
Homily in Gdansk

By POPE JOHN PAUL II

(Solidarity Between People)

(Excerpts from a homily given June 12, 1987, at the shipbuilding center of Gdansk, Poland. Eds. note.)

"To you, eternal Lord, adoration for glory.

When the Eucharistic procession starts on the Feast of Corpus Christi, this old Polish song is heard in the town streets and village roads.

In these days, this wonderful chorus of praise sounds even more powerfully on the whole path of the Eucharistic Congress in Poland. Today it sounds in Gdansk.

What is the nature of Your glory, Christ? Why is it accompanied by the adoration of the church in each generation? Your glory is the fact that You give Yourself... that You give Yourself to us who are unworthy.

That, God, the ineffable and incalculable One Who "dwells in unapproachable light" (1 Tim. 6:16) is, above all, "accessible". Not only can human eyes see You; human hands could touch You - as the unsealed Word, as the Son of Man. But also, man could nail You to the cross, could involve You in the experience of death which is his share and ultimate destiny. That is, Man, when You were willing, as the power of the eternal Spirit, "to humble Yourself, becoming obedient to death" (Phil. 2:8).

And not only this, You, Who "loved Your own life, and yet, for the sake of you at the end" (Jn. 13:1), became for all ages the Eucharist - sacrifice and nourishment - to the church! This is Your glory, Christ, eternal Lord...

...and our glory, God, Whose name is love (1 Jn. 4:8). This is Your glory, our eternal Lord and God.

Once again, I express my joy that, at this stage of the Eucharistic Congress, I can be with you in Gdansk. For in this town and, simultaneously, on the whole Baltic coast and in other workplaces in Poland were undertaken enormous efforts aimed at restoring the full personal and social dimensions of human work.

Perhaps this matter is less understood in present-day society than in a time when borders on consumeristic abuse. But it is understood everywhere that the problem of work is an issue of the basic advances of procreation and liberation of man. For work has exactly this dimension, as indicated in church teaching, starting from the Gospel and the fathers of the church, and, in recent times, from Rerum Novarum to Laborem Exercens.

The Gospel in today's liturgy introduces us, in a way, to the heart of this problem. Here is a landlord who tacitly permits the use of the land owned by others. He was, however, aware, that some of the others remain on the "social field" as enemies, as those who should be fought against as those who were "in union with whom should be conducted a search for agreement or thought of as jointly bearing burdens." Bear one another's burdens.

In every holy Mass, the sacrifice of our redemptive burdens, "the sacrifice of human labor," every human work. Bread is a "synthetic" example of this and wine as well. Everyday human work inscribes itself in the Eucharist; in the sacrament of our redemption as the "great mystery of faith." Every day, in so many places on the earth, God's perspectives are revealed in human labor.

"May this bread become for us the food of adoration... This wine our spiritual drink.

Your adoration and glory, our eternal Lord, for all centuries... Amen.

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All gifts to the Catholic Worker go to a common fund which is used to meet the daily expenses of our work.

All gifts to our work are not tax-deductible. As a community, we have never sought tax-exempt status since we are convinced that justice and the works of mercy should be acts of conscience which come at a personal sacrifice, without governmental approval, regulation or reimbursement. Our limited resources of time and personnel (as well as a violation of our understanding of the meaning of community) to create the organizational structure required, and to maintain the paperwork necessary for obtaining tax-deductible status. Also, since much of what we do might be considered "political," in the sense that we strive to question, challenge and confront our present society and many of its structures and values, some would deem us technically ineligible for tax-deductible, charitable status.

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Page Two

CATHOLIC WORKER

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St. Joseph House

By JOHN CORBETT

The other day I was "working the house." The atmosphere was peaceful. Earlier, a few people had come by for sandwiches, but dinner was to be delayed. I thought it might be nice to say a few decrees of the rosary.

Big Al chimed in, "I'd like to pray it, too, so I called over to him at the sink and asked if he would join me. We both sat down in the backyard, talked, and Al invited me to col·lect ourselves, rosaries in hand. "Excuse me" came the words. Sal was standing at the back door. "Do you want to pray the rosary?"

"Yes, would you like to join us," I replied. Sal sat down while I went to an­swer the front door.

It was Nat, one of the homeless men who comes around regularly. "Hi, Nat. I can have a cup of tea, maybe?"

"Sure Nat, come in. You know where it is. Pour yourself a cup." I didn't know why I'd agreed to have Nat a cup of tea, or why I'd answered him so kindly.

My heart was moved: A homeless man with no possessions, the street for a bed, no family ties, who, as Mother Teresa de­clares "...continuously intercedes for us without knowing it..." wanted to know if he could join in the rosary. I was hon­ored. "Sure Nat, pull up a chair," I said.

Now I know that the rosary is a unify­ing force within the Catholic Church today. It's so simple that the proud will have nothing to do with it, thereby re­jecting God's grace through Mary. Know that the Pope has declared this a Marian year and opened it by praying the rosary in five languages throughout the world. I know about the apparitions of Our Lady at Fatima and other places where she emphasized the rosary and ascapular. I know that Doro­thy Day was very devoted to the rosary. But I must confess, I did have my doubts about what Nat knew.

Anyway, we began again. "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," Sal said, and expounded further, until somehow into the fifth mys­tery, as we were praying..."

"...blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus..." When I no­ticed Nat reaching into his pocket, I sup­posed I should have my own Rosary - meditating. Anyhow, what did he pull out but a book on how to pray the rosary.

It looked battered and old. Who knows how long he had it; and he started read­ing from it when we got to the Hall Holy Mary, and I heard him say: "Hail Holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn thy merciful eyes toward us, and, after this our exile, show us unto the blissed fruit of thy womb, Jesus..."

Now, I said the rosary. Nat, who seems to be troubled with the rosary. Because, as far as I'm concerned, his heart was in the rosary. Earlier, a few people had come by for sandwiches, but now it was quiet. I thought it might be nice to say a few decrees of the rosary. But not only could human eyes see You; human hands could touch You - as the unsealed Word, as the Son of Man. But also, man could nail You to the cross, could involve You in the experience of death which is his share and ultimate destiny.

When the Eucharistic procession starts on the Feast of Corpus Christi, this old Polish song is heard in the town streets and village roads. In these days, this wonderful chorus of praise sounds even more powerfully on the whole path of the Eucharis­tic Congress in Poland. Today it sounds in Gdansk. 

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The Lord's inheritance is, in a general sense, the church in a special sense, Mary; in an individual sense, the Chris­tian. Christ dwelt for nine months in the tabernacle of Mary's womb... until the end of the ages in the tabernacle of the church's faith. He will dwell for ever in the knowledge and love of each faithful soul. - St. Isaac of Stella
Cult, Culture and Cultivation

Development in Rural Honduras and Its Obstacles

By BOB & GRACIE EKBLAD

Upon returning home to Honduras, we always expect a mixture of good and bad news, particularly when we hear about the progress of Tierra Nueva. Has the program fallen apart, our house burned down, or a friend died? This year, we were especially anxious to hear how and under what circumstances we would be turning over the management of the program to the Honduran workers.

We were excited to hear that several groups of workers whom Gracie has been working with have rented low-income homes in nearby villages. Wives of farmers working with Tierra Nueva had requested that they become better educated and trained to become involved in managing their farms. The program has been channeled into our area in the form of incentives given to peasants in exchange for their participation in various farming practices. The local agronomist who managed Minas de Oro's agricultural program had been encouraging us to become involved in our program with a U.S. government-funded program of our own.

With the recent implementation of a U.S. Agency for International Development (AID)-funded and directed development project, the local Honduran workers are being encouraged to take stands on the wider social problems that they face. AID's Project Manejo will cause deeper problems than they are solving. We continue to support the local promoters in their efforts to teach those who have not had the opportunity to learn. We have heard that local AID promoters have been funded by the Honduran government through the Office of Rural Development for AID Honduras here. We hope that these problems can be worked out. It's sad to see U.S. taxpayers' money not only duplicating but working against the private contributions of the churches and individuals that have been contributing to Tierra Nueva.

Please pray with us for a resolution of this conflict.

Catholic Worker Farm
P.O. Box 53
Sheep Ranch, CA 92650

Dear friends,

Many of us have been nourished and cheered by the energy and enthusiasm of Dorothy Day, but not all of us have been able to share in the way of donations except in cases of special need. Survival has been the main concern; realize here that we are still four and a half miles from the nearest electricity, are responsible for our own water, separate waste, make our own compost and land up on the eighty acres. What we have done thus far:

A theoretical outline of the farm has been carried out of an essentially wilderness area. We have built a number of dwellings; sheds, etc., with one dwelling still half-finished, and one in the process of being put up.

The water system looks great. Put into practice, there are many barriers to effective use. When the five specialists were sent out to support the local government agronomists and they could not be counted on to keep them busy. But, by the time they came, many peasant promotors were already ready to make the leap into the social work and conservation practices in the surrounding villages. We attempted to coordinate our efforts with the local government promotors.

What we have done thus far:

The church community has provided hospitality to many people with varied problems, both short term and long term. These included teenagers, battered women and their children, homeless folks, medically and mentally ill persons, children, and many more.

The CWF project has been put in a Land Trust and cannot be sold but only passed on to like-minded groups to do good work.

The church community has provided hospitality to many people with varied problems, both short term and long term. These included teenagers, battered women and their children, homeless folks, medically and mentally ill persons, children, and many more.

- Respite and retreat space have been provided for those who have needed a quiet place to pray or to reorient their lives.
- Many volunteers have come to new levels of understanding.
- Many have been nourished and encouraged.
- Many have been taught to think of issues of justice and peace which concern us.
- Some of us have been consistently active in local community affairs.
- The Fleeting Candle Works candle business is beginning to make a profit, the theft component of the CWF farm vision spilled out by Peter Maurin.
- Our commitment to alternative energy is beginning to be frugal on our part.

The good news we have found upon returning is that the promotors are finally making a dent and in some cases are actually being aggressive in undermining our program with a U.S. government-funded program of their own.

As Elias Sanchez, the director of our support agency ACORD is fond of saying: "It's harder to dig a contoured ditch in a person's mind than in his land." In using incentives to produce measurable effects, rather than working at resolving the underlying social problems, AID's Project Manejo will cause deeper problems than they are solving.

Dear friends,

I got a very interesting letter from a local seed supplier/dealer. In part, it said:

Due to the unprecedented demand for corn, last year's expected carry-over of 1987 crop oats was not enough to cover current Spring Catalog are in the process of being updated. As a result of the short-term inventory of oats, we are being quoted on a day by day basis. There simply is not enough seed to cover current need.

The following is an interesting article in the Grand Rapids Press newspaper on this subject. It said the U.S. Department of Agriculture's limitation on oat planting was being lifted for a year. (The U.S.D.A. sets crop planting limits, and farmers must comply in order to be enrolled in any of the government money benefit programs.) The action was taken to alleviate the short supply of oats. The expected carry-over of 1987 corn oats was projected to be the lowest since the early 1900s.

My question is, why, all of a sudden, is it announced that seed is in short supply? So the seed dealer, the middleman, can make a quick buck. It's sad to see U.S. taxpayers' money not only duplicating but working against the private contributions of the churches and individuals that have been contributing to Tierra Nueva. Please pray with us for a resolution of this conflict.

(Continued on page 8)
search to authenticate details of war-time Hiroshima, long interviews with many historians and survivors trusted by her years of volunteer work with the San Francisco-based Friends of Hibakusha.

The novel opens in the spring of 1945. Chiyo Hara is raising her three children in a poverty-stricken section of the center of the city to create fire lanes in an effort to reduce damage from the saturation bombing, which had been unapologetically spared, but which they anxiously prepared for. Nine thousand middle school children at Hara’s school, one of the first to die; many of them evaporated—not burned, but evaporated—by the heat of the bomb.

Chiyos is able to free herself from the wreckage of her home and begins what becomes a war of walking, in the irradiated city (knowing nothing, of course, about radiation) to search for her son, a journey of horror that is described with dignified restraint, a narrative whose tone is similar to that of hibakusha testimony—what one translator calls an “artistic, almost stoic subversion.”

The assistance she receives, that which she offers to others, bears one of the more prominent and persistent myths: that people died from Hiroshima, abandoning the injured and dying. The large number of “secondary hibakusha” people who entered the city to search for relatives and those who worked on relief efforts are those who followed Chiyos into the smoke like Chiyos Hara are who in a nightmarish world. While searching for Kenichi, who was in a house of both that followed, Chiyos imagines what death must have been like for her disciplined, serious older brother, Kenichi shimmied before her in full force, breaking into a thousand pieces, scattered over the ground. Shreds of scorched uniform and the contents of his lunch box spread out, burned black on an unlighted identification tag glittering, its light piercing her eyelashes, blasting her apart, ending with exhaustion.

Emotionally distraught, her body sickened by the radiation it had absorbed, Chiyos recuperates with her two younger children at her brother’s home, its gardens transformed into a hospital for men and women in a series of both that both medical and care. Eventually recovering the strength to return to the site of what was their home, she builds a small house and support themselves by painting folk dolls for souvenir shops. What begins as a commercial industry becomes a contribution to Hiroshima’s economy, providing work, at fair wages, for hibakusha whose bomb-related injuries had made some type of jobs impossible. (In one powerful scene, Chiyos and her family confront PX officials at an occupation base who stamp the dolls “made by survivors of the atomic bomb”; they resist this false charity and have the integrity to insist that their work sell only on merit.)

As she gains competence in her economic life, Chiyos grapples with the over the official silence regarding her children’s fate (Continued on page 6)

A Peace Pagoda for New York City

By M. EILEEN LAWTER

It is always amazing to me to find moments of peace. Especially on our block downtown, in the City Men’s Shelter here on the Lower East Side, where there is so much despair and current conflicts are not at all.

This same grace is something I experience at every encounter with any of my friends of the Japanese Buddhist order of Nichirei Myohoji. For more than four years I have known Kato-shonin and Clare Carter have been the first to die;- many of them.

A social action in the Unitarian Church in Seattle, Washington. There are hopes for a Pagoda in California, and right now there are plans for one here in New York City.

In February, I paid a visit to the Rev. Kintayasu Ishibashi, of the order’s New York center, who lives on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. Over tea and rice cookies, Ishibashi-shonin showed me plans for a Pagoda on Roosevelt Island. It will face the United Nations, and will act as a sign of the goal of the U.N. as a world peace-keeping organization. It will be a reminder and inspiration to world peace.

The plans were informally presented by the N.Y. Peace Pagoda Committee to the Roosevelt Island Operation Corporation in February, 1985 in New York City. The development proposal will not be formalized until the Master Plan has been completed and approved by R.I.O.C.

The National Peace Pagoda Committee is made up of members of many different faith communities committed to peace. The two heroes of the books are two men presented. Both men saw the situation of the world. Both men saw that the modern world is in danger because of the mandate of modern science to control human and non-human nature. They proposed to the state to place limits on science. Richard Rhodes’ argument is, in effect, a direct challenge to such people, for he is claiming that science is im-


This book has received lavish praise for its immense scope and detailed account of the scientific, political, and social background of the making of the atomic bomb. It is written in well-crafted and often lyrical prose and, despite its great size (886 pages) and occasional arcane descriptions of scientific processes, it makes for compelling reading. Richard Rhodes does not get around to describing the actual making of the bomb until midway through the book, and the first half of the work is taken up with a detailed account of all the significant discoveries in physics leading up to the discovery of nuclear fission. We are also offered biographical sketches of the scientists involved and analysis of the social and political situations in which they lived and worked.

It is at the end of the book that it becomes apparent why Richard Rhodes situates the making of the bomb in this larger context: his intention is to write more than a history of the bomb, he is writing an apologia for science itself. Thus he goes to great lengths to show that the making of the bomb is not the work of one or even a few men, but was the culmination of the work of the scientific community. He presents scientists as moral seekers for truth and the “republic of science” as international in scope and founded on openness. Science should not be blamed for the nuclear dilemma, says Rhodes, for to do so confuses the message with the message. Scientists did not invent nuclear fission, they discovered it. It is, claims Rhodes, the modern nation state which has used science and technology to protect itself and further its ambitions. It is the nation state which perverted science. But and this is the crux of his argument) the total annihilation which the bomb is able to bring has so changed political realities that science must eventually destroy the concept of the nation state, for the only security from the bomb comes through decreasing national sovereignty.

Rather than a guarantor of sovereignty the arms race has proven a reckless ad absurdum of sovereignty. Though they brace themselves, the superpowers confront each other and third parties with a force, totally dependent on their, their continued survival on mutual and resal...
rightly condemned bombing of civilian targets; yet by the end of the war the U.S. was routinely fire-bombing Japanese cities. Oppenheimer, who had long needed such evidence, was&quot; in the making of the bomb, but &quot;he also endorsed the idea (never carried out) of tying to kill him in the names of their leaders, poisoning their food supply with radioactive dust. As War Secretary Henry Stimson pointedly observed, the war created &quot;a brutality which is, in a way, a kind of compassion, because it makes people consider that other people, who have long needed such in the end, act as a counterbalance to his ing on "Star Wars," trying to perfect.sys­

Rhodes' excellent presentation of ·
two.

These are laudable sentiments, but not Rhodes accuses others of confusing the · systems of "defense" which would make it this kind . Some, for example, are work­

of&amp;quot;facts and probabilities it discovers in

Scientists too are brutalized by war, they too have narrow loyalties and over-ween­

enterprise, and scientists are human. What, exactly, Musto means by the Catholic peace tradition remains unclear. On the one hand, it is certain that there is an ancient, central, Catholic tradition which hates war, loves peace, and urges other than violent solutions, a moderate, unambiguously pacifist tradition, a &quot;just reason." At its best, it is, part of this tradi­

Nuclear winter, whatever its level of severity, is one of those probabil­

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This is the first volume of a planned three-volume set on the Catholic peace tradition. Ronald Musto describes it in his Preface as a "living tradition in the Roman Catholic Church from the time of the Gospels to the twen­

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Hiroshima's story. She does not dilute her family. It was too dangerous to live in the bomb's path, so they had to invite the reader to be open to share the pain of Chiyo's daughter, Yoko, whose marriage plans are opposed by her uncle (but not her mother), out of his fear that the genetic permutations caused by radiation will lead to future generations. Through the years one sees Chio Haras, and so her story illuminates many "facts" - never didactically, always personally. We care about her friends the Ikedas, and share their stoical na...
Interview with a Veteran: Things They Don't Tell You

(Continued from page 1)

loads and loads of things to do, and you're supposed to sit there and do your work and you don't need to say nothing. No. It doesn't work like that. It does not work like that.

LAM: Well, what do you do then, what's going on in their minds?

BW: Okay. Two of the people who jumped off the side of the boat were close to me. We used to talk to them all the time. I couldn't tell them, they couldn't deal with it. They couldn't cope with the people taking their frustrations out on us and just literally looking at us as the bad guys. We were a form. And some places that we went to we were not allowed to wear our uniforms because of the pressures. You couldn't step off of that boat in our uniform just because of the fact that they were having protests. There were a lot of angry Athenians over there. Two of the people made the mistake of coming out with their uniforms. They got killed. They were stabbed. Right outside the Air Force Base. It wasn't a pretty sight. I actually saw that.

LAM: How did you feel?

BW: I felt hurt. I first tried to put myself in their shoes (the Greek protesters). Why are they doing this? What could we have done that was so bad for them to take this kind of action against us? Here we are: we wear the uniform. We do what they say because it's a job, we have to. But as far as what the [command] are believing in, their causes, [GIs] have nothing to do with that. Whatever the [command] said to make these [protesters] angry, [GIs] have nothing to do with that. We're just carrying out orders. They pass it down, we follow orders.

They advertise it so sweet. They never really tell you exactly what's going on. You never know where they're going to ship you. You could be sent anywhere for TAD—Temporary Assignment Duty. You cannot control it. If they want to put you in the middle of the Russia, they can put you there. You have no say so. So far as all that traveling goes, oh huh, it's more or less a lie. I mean, you go there, but you won't get off the boat. You might see the island, pass by it, going to Grenada or Lebanon. You know I've been to Bermuda, on my way down to South Africa to fight. But it's nothing to really laugh about.

Ninety days was the longest time I spent on the water without seeing land. That's hard to do. A lot of people more or less could not take it.

We had one suicide within six months because he couldn't take it. They step lets comin' onto the boat. When you're comin' through the I.O. (Indian Ocean) you have to hold on and grin' out. There's no telephone on the boat, so you're more or less alone. Six thousand people on the boat. It's a lot of Hassids. We had a lot of shipmates fighting each other. We had this one who just went totally crazy, got hold of a gun, thought he was Rambam. He was a lot of people talking to the officers. About two officers got killed, got about three enlisted personnel died because of his mistake. Because of his mistake he couldn't take it, he was just down there shooting up anything he saw walking. You could not say. Any promises would lead somebody to do that?

BW: He was an officer. He was in charge of flight ops, he worked up in the flight tower. Happened when they had discovered a Russian submarine under our aircraft carrier. He overheard higher ranking officers talking about playing games with this submarine, since it was Russian. So we had a plane called the AV-8, it flown over down to find out exactly where it's at.

And instead of dropping sonar buoys, they were dropping detonators right next to the submarine. Of course the Russians are going to send out reinforcements. So they sent out planes and more boats, fast frigates and everything. The next thing you know, we're going into emergency alert, going to GQ (General Quarters). That kind of thing scares you. It's not a drill. I felt scared very, very scared. Because usually when you say 'GQ, General Quarters, General Quarters. All men man your battle stations,' they say, "This is only a drill." At first it ain't no thrilled about a drill. The first thing that came to my mind is, "Oh, God. What are they doing?" I really missed up. And everybody knew what was goin' on with that boat. The first thing I said was, I'm's guns and started shooting. One of the officers he did shoot happened to be one of the people he heard talkin' about what they were gonna do. Ready to do. So I guess he took his anger out on him.

LAM: Did you ever see a plane shot down?

BW: Yes, I did. Saw two of them. We shot two planes with our F-14s. I actually saw it too. They flew over the boat. We lost planes off the boat. They sat there and they played air games—dog fights and things. First thing I thought of when I saw the explosions: there were human beings in there. Many. They were people like us. All you see now is metal falling down is they would not get off the boat. They had family. It's not right; it wasn't right. They didn't do nothing. They didn't

by yourself unless you know who's walkin' down there. A lot of people got trapped down there, locked in the space the country, because of the racism. A lot of fights on the top of the boat, people getting thrown off the boat, off the top of the boat. All racist slurs and things like that. And you catch a lot of officers too. They're supposed to be so dignified and upper class and set the example for you. You find a lot of them very racist.

LAM: What finally gave you the determination to get out?

BW: Oh, I wanted to get out when I got in boot camp. Not because of the physical stuff. I'm a good athlete, but even there, you got a sense of the politics that were going on. I mean you hear things. And I'm sure they're doing things even there too, but as far as actually making up my mind to get out, I'd say it happened when I got stationed in Virginia Beach. It wasn't a pretty sight. I was there for about three months when we got our first assignment—Grenada. Now, your first time in combat, you want to see something exciting, with some flowers and some beaches and things. But you're over there, put the Marines there on land and started shootin' up everything we saw, lost some planes, people—like we were in World War III. Right then, I thought, "Wait a minute, this isn't what they told me." You know, I actually went back to the chapel and I thought, wait, what is going on here? Going to General Quarters, we are supposed to be going on shore, drinking some beers, some ladies! He say, "No, we are in General Quarters because we are in a danger zone." I said, "Yes.

On my orders it says, "Go see places." You know, we are going to go here and go there. I'm going to be a Chief! Nothing is guaranteed! They'll put it down in writing; try to take them to court for false advertisement! Nothing is guaranteed. They'll tell you anything you want to hear. Sure, they'll tell you go there, they'll tell you can have this permanent duty station, or you put up one dollar, or put two dollars, and all this and that for school and all this—[then comes] we have to be fighting wars guaranteed!

LAM: Well, we're not at war.

BW: So we think. It's a private war. I can tell you the way I look at it. As far as we know over here, as far as what we see, and the media knows, no, we're not at war. But they're fighting all over there. I've been there, I saw it. There's wars going on that they don't even mention over here. Like when I was going through the Suez Canal, there was [then] fighting in Egypt. We never found out about that until we were going through back, because I trapeze a little bit and I got a couple of letters to find out what, if anything, was going on. They sent me some newspaper clippings, and some everything. [They said] nothing was going on, nothing at all! I said, wait a minute! If this is going on and you all don't know about it, how many other things are going on that we don't know about, and we are not aware that we provoked! It just leaves you feeling a little scared. I've seen a couple of things like that, I say: Wow, I gotta get out of here, have to get out of here. There are so many -- you're going to be fighting wars over here that my people back home don't know nothing about it.

(These portions of the interview are printed by permission of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, which offers a variety of resources to help those facing draft registration or military service. For information, contact COCO, 2298 South Street, Philadelphia, PA 19146, (215) 545-4626. Eds. note.)
Homesteads Completed

By DAVID BESEDA

At a time when more and more sushi bars and luxury condos are squeezing out the poor from the Lower East Side of New York City, there is a significant force that is not going to be celebrating in mid-June. On the sidewalk and in the street in front of 702 Fifth Street, and in the former homes of its residents, homesteaders, priests, sisters and John Cardinal O'Connor offered prayers and blessings of God on the completion of a process that began in 1982 to turn these two formerly-abandoned, city-owned buildings into buildings for families. These, and several other abandoned buildings were acquired by the City of New York, in thousands of abandoned buildings as a result of tax default by their former owners.

Renovation

The bulk of the work to renovate these buildings was done through the sweat and labor of neighborhood homesteaders and volunteers (See CW, August, 1984). These, and several other abandoned buildings, were acquired by the City of New York, in thousands of abandoned buildings as a result of tax default by their former owners.

The homestead work has truly become a community effort and a move- ment of the neighborhood. New York. The City had come to possess order, such as the Missionary Servants for Educational purposes. A group of young people from the Catholic Worker have begun to homestead a building for homeless families.

In the early '80s, buildings in the neighborhood were underlayed with community land trust for abandoned lots and buildings in the neighborhood so that the Catholic Worker, often with the help of neighborhood residents, and kept from the hands of landlords, and high cost of living of developers.

However, the political powers that be in City government are generally opposed to any large-scale development of low-income housing. The Mayor even once said that maybe people who couldn't pay $800 a month for a studio apartment in Manhattan. The City had wanted to give 80% of the aban- doned, city-owned buildings in the Lower East Side to luxury developers, but the Churches, community organizations and housing activists and the local Commu- nity Board have fought these plans and continue to fight to keep a greater portion of the properties for low-income projects.

Abandoned buildings all around the neighborhood have hands of people in need of housing, and their sweat equity gives them the opportunity to se- cure a permanent home. The Churches in the area have raised some of the capital for materials, provided ongoing support and construction expertise. Religious orders, such as the Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity have put in many hours on-site hammering, sawing, painting, etc.

The soliciting of volunteers who spe- cifically want to do this form of hospit- ality. Continued respite and retreat, work, including confirmation classes, which now are coming.

The development of a year's work plan for the farm so that our work, whe- ther it is with guests, candles, farming, etc., is more in keeping with the seasons and the rhythm of the land here.

We deeply appreciate your continued interest, prayers and support. God's bountiful blessings on you and yours this year.

Fondly,
Joan Montesano and the farm folks.

Sheeppranch

(Continued from page 2)

water and power use.

- All in all, it has been a place where people have, for the most part, been lov- ingly cared for. The land itself here, our mother, has healed us and taught us all.

- It is the land itself. The land which is here, and that we have here, and that we have here, and that we have here, and that we have here.

- People have lived through the experience of living these lamps, and to have a trust- ed place to come.

- Then, the match stood in a pad of cotton.

- And it would burst into light. What a gift! And into the heart and mind of a small boy.

- What a thrill! And to be able to do this adult task and to know the trust involved.

- Then, the match stood in a pad of cotton.

A Day Without Violence

We Will Stand Up," a coalition of a hundred pro-life groups, is urging abor- tion clinics to close down during Pope John Paul II's September 10-19 visit to the United States. The ad hoc action was ini- tiated by Juli Looch, founder of Pro- Lifers for Survival, a group which has seen a decrease in the number of people who take drugs to produce abortion are on the rise.

Sheeppranch is an education in itself.

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