

The Only Answer

By DOROTHY DAY

(Reprinted excerpt from *The Catholic Worker*, April, 1948.)

Whenever I groan within myself and think how hard it is to keep writing about love in these times of tension and strife which may, at any moment, become for us all a time of terror, I think to myself: What else is the world interested in? What else do we all want, each one of us, except to love and be loved, in our families, in our work, in all our relationships? God is Love. Love casts out fear. Even the most ardent revolutionist, seeking to change the world, to overturn the tables of the money changers, is trying to make a world where it is easier for people to love, to stand in that relationship to each other. We want, with all our hearts, to love, to be loved. And not just in the family, but to look upon all as our mothers, sisters, brothers, children. It is when we love the most intensely and most humanly that we can recognize how tepid is our love for others. The keenness and intensity of love brings with it suffering, of course, but joy too because it is a foretaste of heaven. I often think in relation to my love for little Becky, Susie, and now Eric: "That is the way I must love every child and want to serve, cherish, and protect them..."

When you love people, you see all the

good in them, all the Christ in them. God sees Christ, His Son, in us and loves us. And so we should see Christ in others, and nothing else, and love them. There can never be enough of it. There can never be enough thinking about it. St. John of the Cross said that where there was no love, put love and you would draw love out. The principle certainly works. I've seen my friend Sister Peter Claver, with that warm friendliness of hers which is partly natural, but which is intensified and made enduring by grace, come into a place which is cold with tension and conflict, and warm the house with her love.

And this is not easy. Everyone will try to kill that love in you, even your nearest and dearest; at least, they will try to prune it. "Don't you know this, that and the other thing about this person? He or she did this. If you don't want to hear it, you must hear it. It is for your good to hear it. It is my duty to tell you, and it is your duty to take recognition of it. You must stop loving, modify your loving, show your disapproval. You cannot possibly love - if you pretend you do, you are a hypocrite and the truth is not in you. You are contributing to the delinquency of that person by your sentimental blind-

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The Goss-Mayrs

Messengers of Nonviolence

By ROBERT ELLSBERG

For over thirty years Jean and Hildegard Goss-Mayr have traveled the troubled parts of the globe, spreading the message of Christian nonviolence, and leaving in their wake a trail of resistance and hope.

As observers at Vatican II they were largely responsible for the inclusion of passages in *Gaudium et Spes* recognizing the rights of conscientious objectors and commending nonviolence. In the Sixties and Seventies, they were based in Latin America where they worked with labor unions, base communities, and pastoral agents on promoting nonviolent action for the vindication of justice and human rights. In 1974, they helped organize a continental network of non-violent groups, "Servicio Paz y Justicia."

In the last ten years, they have carried their work to Southern Africa, Lebanon, Israel, Eastern Europe, and most recently to the Philippines. Currently they serve as Vice Presidents of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation.

This interview took place last April in Boston, where the Goss-Mayrs were leading a retreat.

ROBERT ELLSBERG: Many critics of liberation theology tend to associate it with violence. What has the relation been

between your work, especially in Latin America, and liberation theology?

HILDEGARD GOSS-MAYR: We lived in Latin America when liberation theology was first evolving, and I believe that on several points it has an essential message. One is that you have to bring together your faith and the situation in which you live. You have to know your situation - know it well - and then you must ask yourself how the word of God, how the Bible, helps you to find an answer in this situation. So the old dilemma of the separation between faith and life is overcome. It is a matter of reincarnating Christian faith and love in the historical situation of a continent. From this perspective, it became very clear that the Church had to stand on the side of the poor.

But as for the question of violence, we have known many people who went into the *guerrilla* because they saw no other way. Nobody had taught them another way. And we have to be very honest and say that this reflects a failing in Catholic theology, because we have not properly taught the radical message of nonviolence. As for liberation theology... it made the very important step of seeing

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A Conspiracy of Love

By TIM LAMBERT

It is just a short walk from the street to the Riverside Research Institute (RRI). Once inside the old McGraw-Hill building on West 42nd Street in midtown Manhattan, one continues through the art deco lobby, not turning to take the elevators to the left or right, but rather heading straight to a double set of locked glass doors at the end of the hall. RRI is a Pentagon-funded research facility which works on the star wars weapons and other weapons meant to help fight (or prevent, we are told) a nuclear war. It is just one more tenant in this office building, though, an accepted companion to insurance companies, filmmakers, couriers, and others.

But in that short walk, one necessarily crosses a great distance. Just outside, on the streets, are homeless men and women coming from the Port Authority bus terminal next door, where they have been routed by police. Homeless mothers and their children pass, on their way from the Holland Hotel across the street, to which the city ships homeless families. Other poor and homeless people are also seen, on the move.

Six of us from the Catholic Worker acted on August 25th to try to close the divide that separates these two worlds. Under the neat lettering above the glass doors of RRI we attached our own sign, with words taken from the Second Vatican Council: "The arms race is an utterly treacherous trap for humanity, one which injures the poor to an intolerable degree." (*Gaudium et Spes*, #81) In front of the planters to either side we propped placards. One enumerated the works of war: "Destroy crops and land. Seize food

supplies. Destroy homes. Scatter families. Contaminate water. Imprison dissenters. Inflict wounds, burns. Kill the living." The other side listed the works of mercy: "Feed the hungry. Clothe the naked. Give drink to the thirsty. Visit the imprisoned. Care for the sick. Bury the dead." Between the two we placed a smaller sign which asked: "Which work shall we choose?"

Then, seated up against the doors, non-violently blocking the entrance of incoming workers, we said morning prayer, sang, and read aloud voices which spoke to us of peace: Pope John XXIII, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Isaiah, Jesus and Paul, Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, Pope John Paul II.

Still, so many voices were missing. They were the voices of the poor, who continue to be absent from such actions, but in whose name we try, awkwardly, to speak. We come because we hear that voice of the poor calling us, both into their lives, and to speak, saying what is already so plain: that things are narrowing to this choice - either the weapons or the poor. The universe cannot allow us to choose both. In our mad rush for security, the weapons are now being taken up, offering violence, eliminating trust, eclipsing love. The poor continue to grow in numbers, and are left behind, forgotten. No money, trust, or love remains for them now, as we are surrounded by so many weapons.

To contradict, to stand against, to choose instead the poor becomes a costly operation. It is a choice to live without weapons, allowing ourselves to be dis-

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A Conspiracy of Love

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armed by the poor, as they reveal to us again our humanity, so distorted now by the prevailing economics of violence. Outside of this surrender to the poor, our protest against the weapons has trouble taking root, simply because, without a choice for the poor, little will have changed, and the weapons will continue to be all too necessary.

All of this is at issue at Riverside Research, particularly for us. If we go there without the poor, we also go without any good news to deliver, and without good news, both the listener and the messenger are in for difficult times. The news is there, though, and waiting for messengers. It is news of the reign of God close at hand, seen, heard and touched in the broken, humbled and wounded bodies on the street, which cry out to us of a new order, an order of love and trust and abandonment of self, into this body of Christ made visible before us.

While praying morning office, with our backs to the front doors of RRI, we remembered especially Larry Morlan, Ken Rippetoe, Darla Bradley, John Volpe, and Jean Gump, who had all just been sentenced to eight years in prison, with the exception of John who received seven years, plus five years probation and restitution. Darla, John and Larry are Catholic Workers from Davenport, Iowa, and Ken is from the Rock Island, Illinois CW. They were found guilty of destruction of government property and conspiracy by a jury in Kansas City, Missouri following their Silo Plowshare action last Good Friday. At 6:30 in the morning they entered two Minuteman II missile sites in Holden, Missouri and there hammered the concrete silo covers and the tracks they slide off on, poured their own blood in the pattern of a cross and displayed signs, and spray-painted messages. They then sat in prayer until the police were on the scene.

During their trial, John Volpe stated, "We entered a conspiracy of love and hope. We chose Good Friday to act because the Crucifixion is a symbol of sacrificial love overcoming fear and death."

So much, indeed, is to be overcome, as we see all these good people, co-workers in Christ, being sent to prison, while the terrible war crimes being conspired by the engines of science, industry and the military remain, endorsed and protected by these very same courts.

On September 22nd, Deane, Robert, Carl, Roger O'Neil, Felton Davis and I will also appear to answer to our charge of trespass. We will likely wait through

several hours of subway turnstile jumpers and other petty "offenders" before our case is called, which will either be dismissed, be given a small fine (which most of us would refuse to pay), or a few days in jail. In New York City, the wheels of justice are so large and ponderous that civil disobedients can mostly be ignored, which, in the strange logic of it all, helps maintain the calm and good "order" of our present disorder.

The frightful choices between death and life move closer as the days go by; both the ranks of the poor and the shelves of weapons bulge heavy with new entries. The contradictions of it all pound the conscience. With this passage of time, more short walks may be required of us, to share with others our struggle to recover the meaning of work, particularly the redemptive work of God made known through the poor, and



Susan MacMurdy

through their calling of us into their company, so that, together, we can conspire a bit more love and a bit more hope.

* * *

Every Friday morning we continue to go to the Riverside Research Institute to pray and then distribute leaflets to incoming workers. We invite others to join us at 330 West 42nd Street beginning at 8 a.m., and continuing for about an hour. Our civilly disobedient witness there on August 25th was done in conjunction with a "Year of Resistance," organized to encourage different groups or individuals to come to RRI to engage in nonviolent actions for peace. It began on August 6th, the anniversary of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, and will continue for twelve months. The Kairos Community, 225 Lafayette, Suite 207, New York, NY 10012, (212) 226-4151 can be contacted for more information.

As we go to press, our friends from the Silo Plowshares are about to turn themselves in to federal prison. A support group has been established to help continue education in their behalf, and to cover expenses, especially to provide for family visits. The support group can be contacted c/o Dottie Moss, 5219 Lydia Street, Kansas City, MO 64110, (816) 361-3318.

MARYHOUSE

By EILEEN LAWTER

Shortly before I left Boston for New York some four months ago, I had a dream. In it, I was with Catholic Worker friends from both cities. We piled into cars and went to a gathering somewhere. Once there, we each had to "do something," and when it came my turn, I juggled. Folks told me that I was very good at it. I try to remember that now whenever I feel as though I'm dropping a ball. I took the dream as a positive sign.

Having been in and around the Worker for the last three or four years, I've come to see life here as juggling. The balls are many and colorful. There's social justice, which includes the hospitality we do as well as our ongoing witness at Riverside Research Institute, and a number of demonstrations for human rights. There's also our community and prayer life, and, for myself, artwork. The juggling is a daily reality; any one day can include a variety of things to keep in motion.

Daily Chores

Saturday mornings are a great example. There is breakfast to make and serve for the house and women from outside, tending to folk's needs for showers, clothing, etc., and getting ready for lunch, which happens as soon as cleaning up from breakfast is over. Somewhere in the midst of this we may get deliveries of several kinds. Our ever important supply of laundry and dish soap and toilet paper is one, and often friends and neighbors come with donations of clothing or food. Fr. Paul and group come from New Jersey, often bringing bread and pastries, as well as other goodies for which we are very grateful. Once, upon being asked where several travelworn pastries had come from, I spun a tale of the New Jersey Bakery Riots, imagining warring union factions pelting one another with croissants, coffee rings and bagels, crying "Let them eat cake!"

It's so hard to believe that summer is winding down. We've had our first cool days (I've worn socks twice already), and I've even seen a tree changing color. Really! We have had many of what I call "cake occasions." There have been birthdays galore — for Blanche, Annie, Jeanette and Kassie, Jennie, Frank and Deane (Deane was treated to a grand celebration at Peter Maurin Farm), Geoff, Paul, Pauline, Jane, Robert and George. I'm happy to say we've quite the band of bakers here. Janet, Arturo, Paul, Margaret and I all get our hands in, so no one gets "baked out."

One of the best of these occasions was the recent visit by Martha Miller and Robbie Gamble, our beloved alumni. Now living in Toronto, they were married at the beginning of August. Peggy, Pam Q. and I got to make the trip up, and had a great time being hosted by the Angelus Toronto CW house. After traveling several weeks, Martha and Robbie made their way to New York where we celebrated with Mass, a community-prepared feast, and a CW community reading of *Our Town*, spearheaded by St. Joseph House's Bill Antalics, starring (much to their surprise) Martha and Robbie. We had a ball with all of it, including the decorations of balloons and pencils left over from the wedding, thanks to Robbie's dad Walter.

The summer has brought the usual get-away weekends or weeks by various members of our family: Kassie and Deane for a weekend, Janet for two weeks, Pauline to Atlantic City, Arturo to the farm to help out, Paul on retreat, and, perhaps quite notably, Tim for a thirty-day retreat! We've welcomed back Frs. Bill and Martin, who were away for a bit — Martin for vacation and to recover from a torn tendon. We've also welcomed back Meg Hyre, returning from Eng-

land, and Fr. Dennis Leder, who is back for this month after a year in Central America. It always feels good to have people come home.

We've had visits and new members to our house as well. Passing through with a helping hand was Bernie from the Des Moines CW, Sr. Joan — a peach of a Sister of St. Mary of Namur, Rejean and Lucy from Montreal, who were a wonderful help and a bright presence. From Germany were Roelie and Wolfgang, visiting Paul, and returning to Germany after several months with us was Britta Lundloff.

We had one other foreign visitor who comes to my mind, a young Swiss student named Josef who was with us for two weeks. Joan Hyme is visiting and has decided to stay on! She is an artist and has come here from upstate New York. Also joining our household is Chris Marckx from Seattle. Chris had visited twice before and everyone who'd met him was thrilled to hear that he decided to come. Welcome!

Sharron Clemons, who has been at Maryhouse for nearly three years just moved to the Bronx, where she plans to find a teaching job in the Fall. Good luck and God bless you Sharron!

There have been various summer doings, including movie going, a reading of *Night of the Iguana*, the odd cookout or two, a great trip up the Hudson by boat, but my favorite was our trip to Central Park for a picnic and performance of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Our dear friends Fred and Mimi inspired the adventure and provided us with a feast of a picnic. About two dozen of us braved the threat of rain and very much enjoyed the play, which included four interpreters for the deaf. Shakespeare, having been a man of his times, was not above writing some chauvanistic dialogue. It was fun to hear the modern audience hiss at a few sexist lines. Fortunately it was a comedy, so the mood was jovial. To make this a complete NY experience, we all waited a good long while for our subway home. When a train finally did come, it crawled to a stop, paused a moment, then took off without opening the doors, leaving most of the people inside who were waiting to get off looking puzzled or upset. One lady just smiled and waved goodbye to us. Paul's friend Roelie (mind you — on her first visit to the U.S.) laughed in stunned disbelief and said, "This is just like a Woody Allen movie." Sometimes I agree.

Responsibility and Community

One of the attractions of the NYC Worker for me, besides simply my love of the people here, has been the style of personal responsibility which lends itself in practice to allowing for a great independence for us workers, while still bringing us together into a community. We pay a price for it though. There is no community without communication and clarity of purpose. Towards that end, and because the need for better communication has shown itself, we are in the process of a series of house meetings (oh — a terrifying word "meeting"!). Maryhouse, St. Joseph House and the farm met at the beginning of September and we look forward to a day of recollection, and more clarities of mind and hearts to come.

Someone put up a passage — now very yellowed — from Hebrews 3 on a wall at St. Joseph House that has been going through my heart and mind these past days. "Every day, as long as this 'today' lasts, keep encouraging one another so that none of you is hardened by the lure of sin, because we shall remain co-heirs with Christ only if we keep a grasp on our first confidence right to the end." We ask all of you for your encouragement and prayers. You all have ours as well.

Come, Listen, and Receive Bread Broken on City Streets

By ANNIE Q.

"If you want peace, work for justice." The quote from Pope Paul VI is an apt slogan for various issues, found now on buttons and full color posters. But the words have a somber and disconcerting ring when laid bare on city streets.

For most New York City peace and justice groups, these words have meant opposition to nuclear armaments and to multiple oppressions which are fostered by the United States in many parts of the world, notably in Latin America and South Africa. In these places, injustice and oppression are stark, raw, relentlessly visible and violent. There, too, the struggle has risen up from the oppressed themselves. Aware and concerned people in this country have lent support, to demonstrate and be vocal on behalf of the oppressed and the issue of justice.

The place of entry to these struggles for most in the U.S. is sometime after years of arduous work by the oppressed to bring their cause to the fore. Then, sudden attention and press coverage. But, of course, this does not tell the whole story. Participation can also be determined by certain issues becoming politically in vogue. Then there are rallies, demonstrations here, and some even taking part in civil disobedience.

Our Own Poor

Outside the meeting places which host peace and justice programs in this city, our own poor are found, sleeping on concrete, and rifling through garbage bins. In one instance, outside the walls in which Christians encircled themselves with words of solidarity with the poor, a body was happened upon by a homeless sister: frozen, pneumonia-wracked, covered in yellow plastic with stenciled police precinct numbers, removed in the dark before the gathering ended and the participants made their way from those confines back through the cleared city streets.

These are images that flash so starkly, so contradictorily, so ironically. Rhetoric, learning, training and enthusiasm for justice circling around the body-strewn streets of this city. They are images which speak uncomfortably and loudly of some terrible skewing of the issues, and of human life.

Outside of St. Patrick's Cathedral last Good Friday, hundreds of music enthusiasts, along with a rock band, sang the "Hands Across America" song for the homeless. Simultaneously, homeless from New York City and a few non-homeless supporters were in the final days of a forty-day, twenty-four-hour-a-day witness. Together we kept Lenten vigil by day, and by night slept in front of three churches in the city, appealing for our needs, asking Christians to reflect and recommit themselves to do justice and lift oppression for the poor of this city. We too happened to be at St. Patrick's on Good Friday. But we were missed by the television crews that day, having previously been swept off the sidewalk in front of the Cathedral by the police, to the opposite side of the street, to be out of the way.

Outside Marble Collegiate Church, another one of the Lenten Witness sites, the homeless gathered for several weeks, battered by wind and cold but buckled by a fierce commitment to justice, just yards away from the entrance to New York Seminary. Not a single faculty member, to our knowledge, stopped to speak with us. No doubt liberation theology and the poor are discussed, advocated and written about there. But the non-academic reality of the New York City homeless groping about their own liberation outside these doors, did not provoke much interest.

Yes, the streets rumble and crack un-

clude their Lenten Witness by gathering in the Easter doorway of St. Patrick's Cathedral where we had slept for many of the nights of Lent. Bread gathered from trash cans was broken and shared.

The witness rose up, perhaps motley and raw, evolving and growing, groping and struggling in too unslick a way, too small to be a "people's movement," too harsh in the climatic elements to be feasible to join for most, too touchy politically, in terms of the Church, to be comfortable, too centered on daily survival of the poor to be viable in the context of the struggle for permanent solutions, too unknown to entice interest.



Robert Hodgell

der the weight of the irony, under the lectures, the teaching, the pictures in the papers of advocates discussing the tragedy of homelessness and congratulating their volunteers. But they are nowhere to be found or heard from as the homeless sow bitter seeds of liberation, often fought against and resisted by churches and advocates. Not resisted by evil design, but rather by a design that turns from solidarity.

The appeal of "the other," the distant neighbor, the struggling peasant is not lost. They are empowering themselves in a way which begs support, wielding harsh realities with the Word of God. And we, on the New York City streets? Well, we weary the Church and its charity, as we do government bureaucracy, by being hungry and cold every day, and growing in numbers and need. We weary them with our other images: sometimes unsightly, sometimes drunk or copping drugs, wrapped in ennui of spirit, content to crush aluminum can after aluminum can into those wonders of environmental technology — redemption machines — that spit out nickel after nickel, for each can deposited.

Soup kitchens are filled with the rich handing bread to the poor. When is it broken? Where are they when it is broken? Where are the hands of the rich when the poor, the homeless, break bread and extend it to them?

They are not to be found.

This past Holy Thursday night, again the homeless, as last year, helped to con-

alone, not including mailings to churches.

Yet what is consistently clear is that, with a very few exceptions, those who speak and teach on liberation theology and urban ministries in this area do not choose to be present; the advocates for the homeless do not choose to be present; the religious groups advocating or working with homeless do not choose to be present; the churches of New York City do not choose to be present and the peace groups, asserting "there is no peace without justice," who pour out to be present on behalf of the oppressed in other countries, do not choose to be present here.

There is no peace without justice.

Bread Broken

To join the struggle as it smolders in the hearts and minds of the homeless you must — at least for a bit — leave the "networking, conferencing and convening" of the religious organizers, and the "research, litigation and advocacy" of the professional organizers; the "screening and shipping" that churches make use of to process the homeless who bed down at night on cots in their basements, and yes, even the bread and soup kitchens extended in record numbers, computerized and reported for annual accounting and FEMA funding. You will have to come, poor and unknowing, devoid of agendas, expertise, clinical references, and, God knows, devoid of those stereotypes and fears which still cling so close to the surface. You will have to come and listen and receive somewhat stale, broken bread. No apologies or romanticism. You will have to sit with that bread a long time.

The wait for bread and justice (the active struggling wait, not idle loitering) is a long wait for the poor. But the non-poor have an even longer wait in store for them, holding that bread... and listening.

(Annie Q. is a homeless woman in New York City. For information about current organizing by the homeless here, including plans for the observance of this upcoming Lent, contact Tim Lambert, Catholic Worker, 36 East 1st Street, New York, NY 10003. Eds. Note.)

The Dignity of Labor

By GUY WALSER

When Labor Day was established by an act of Congress, it was decreed that this day should be set aside to "contemplate the dignity of labor." Ever since that date the working man and woman have rejoiced that their collective strength induced the government to give them this. The workers indeed had the dignity, for they had strength and they looked with unblinking eyes across the bargaining table; they were the equals of any person.

Now, each new contract is a defeat with concessions, give-backs, and two-tier wage scales. We watch our jobs going to other States and to other countries, and we live in fear and resentment. We feel the mocking laughter of those who nod their heads in solemn approval. Where is the dignity of our labor now?

A God Who Labors

Our dignity comes from God, Who labored Himself and thereby gives His dignity to our labor. God is the architect Who drew up the blueprints of the universe, He is the manager Who spoke the word to create everything that exists; but He is more than that, for He labored with His own hands. "He formed man of dust from the ground;" "He planted a garden in Eden." (Genesis 2:7 & 8) "When I look at the heavens, the work of Thy fingers," (Psalm 8:3) "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth and on the seventh day He rested and was refreshed." (Exodus 31:17) Our God is not a philosophical concept; He is a person Who la-

bors with His hands. So, because He was weary, He rested and was refreshed, thus He ordained the Sabbath rest for all who labor: the manager, the laborer, the scholar, the housewife, all are equal in the sight of God. These passages of Scripture can be comprehended as primitive, anthropomorphic concepts handed down from oral tradition. Or they can be acknowledged as revealing the true nature of God Himself, foreshadowing the day when God became human and chose to live with carpenters and fishermen, not princes and rulers of this world.

When God came to dwell among us in Jesus Christ, He came to share our sorrows and our joys, our labor and the fruit of labor, in bread and wine and clothes and tables made of wood. He was raised in the home of workers and He Himself became a carpenter, Who earned His living off the sweat of His face. Thereby all human labor became united with the eternal work of God; and when He washed His disciples feet, the lowliest task was given dignity, that all should respect the simplest service, the dirtiest job.

Where is the dignity of labor now? It lies in God the Creator Who labored in creation, it lies in Jesus of Nazareth the carpenter, it lies in the Holy Spirit, Who lives in each Christian, Who is a co-worker with God in the ongoing work of feeding, clothing and redeeming the world.

(Guy Walser is an Episcopal priest who works at a General Motors plant on the assembly line. Eds. note)

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In keeping with Peter Maurin's recognition of the need for ongoing clarification of thought, we invite you to join us for our weekly Friday night meetings. The meetings are held at either Maryhouse — 55 East Third St., (212) 777-9617, or St. Joseph House — 36 East First St., (212) 254-1640. As much as we can see ahead, those we will hold at First St. will be marked with an asterisk (*). Both houses are between First and Second Avenues (2nd Ave. stop on the F train).

October 3 — Ron Musto: Franciscan Poverty & Conscientious Objection to Violence — Then and Now.*

October 10 — Michael Harrington: Prospects for the Democratic Left.

October 17 — Sr. Anne Montgomery R.S.I.J.: Swords into Plowshares.

October 24 — Arturo Rodriguez: The UFW Wrath of Grapes Boycott, a film and talk.*

October 31 — Tom Sullivan: Peter Maurin, Catholic Worker Founder.

MEETINGS BEGIN AT 7:30 P.M.

Goss-Mayrs: Messengers of Nonviolence

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that you have to identify with those who suffer. But then some of these theologians stopped there. In the question of means they remained with the old Just War theology, which is still, we must say, alive and well in the West.

I think this is where the work of the nonviolent movement in Latin America begins.... It says we should... try to find the means of the Gospel, the means that correspond with the message of Jesus. Here, as in so many ways, it has been the poor who have taught the theologians. In reading the Bible they have encountered a new strength; in the story of Israel's liberation from slavery they have discovered their own story. But they have also recognized themselves as in the Suffering Servant, Who has to liberate not only those who suffer, but also those who oppress.

RE: How does the Gospel suggest means for dealing with unjust social structures?

JEAN GOSS-MAYR: It all begins with the principle of absolute respect for human beings. The injustice of social structures is based on a fundamental lack of respect for the human person. The people, in their struggle for liberation, must begin to reverse the structure of injustice by uprooting it from their own hearts. We like to think that all the good is on our side, all the bad on the other. But it is not like that in reality. There is evil present in those who perform injustice, and also in those who submit to it. But from the moment that our primary concern becomes the human person, even the one who does evil, then our methods will change radically. No longer will I wish to attack another man's body, but rather his heart and his conscience. For everyone has a heart and a conscience.

RE: In Latin America you helped organize Servicio Justicia y Paz, whose director, Adolfo Perez Esquivel, went on to win the Nobel Prize. Could you describe some of the work of this movement?

HGM: It varies from country to country. In Brazil, for instance, Servicio has been involved in the struggle for human rights, labor unions, and justice for the landless. In the Northeast there was a very moving campaign which called attention to the sufferings of the people after four years of severe drought. The campaign combined action on both a spiritual and practical level, seeking to link together the need for conversion as well as political commitment. The people felt that the rest of the country wasn't really sympathizing with their experience. So one year, during Advent, they carried a cross from the Northeast to Sao Paulo. All along the way they gave witness to the situation in their drought-stricken region and to the co-responsibility of the rest of the country. They were saying, "Nobody in Brazil has to starve if we chase three devils from our hearts: money, lying and fear." Money — because those who have more want to keep it for themselves; lying, because the press says these people in the Northeast are subversives and robbers, and so forth. We must see the truth that they are citizens and they have the right to work and food for their children. Then there is fear: the rich are afraid that the poor might take what they have. If they could see the poor as sisters and brothers and not as robbers and subversives, we could all share.

So they carried this cross all over Brazil, and in the end they set it up in front of the Cathedral in Sao Paulo, the biggest city in Brazil. They didn't just say, give us some money, but they called for jobs. "It is not alms that we want; it is the right of a people to work, the right to

participate in the running of society."

JGM: Dictatorship is possible under only one condition: that we submit to it. This is true, whether it be in the East or in the West. We allow ourselves to be purchased for power, for privileges, for money. If this corruption starts at the top it descends rapidly to the bottom. This is why, from the very beginning, it is important to struggle against this corruption right among the people, to speak the truth, to denounce injustice, to refuse to participate in the corruption of the regime.

We can see in the Philippines an extraordinary example of how the corruption went from the top to the bottom, and how, finally, when the people discovered this, they refused to participate in the corruption any longer. They would say to their comrades, "If you play along with this, if you accept payment for your vote, then you are part of the corruption. You have to learn how to say no, even if it costs you." It was really a conversion that was necessary inside the people. Not to lie, not to steal, and not to kill. Very simple. And yet, when it comes, it is a source of terrific strength in the people. It allows them to fight to the death. It brings a spirit of joy because people feel that real life is springing up. They accept their suffering with more joy than the money that the corrupt government would have given them. And they feel themselves becoming fully human.

When we met Cory Aquino for the first time a few years ago, she said, "I'm not going into politics, I'm not made for that. I'm not going to lead a campaign. But if I were to campaign, I'd campaign against the corruption, because I feel this is really the slavery of our people." She understood that this is the source of radical transformation of people and of structures.

RE: Could you describe your work in the Philippines?

HGM: Well, we didn't do that much. We were invited to the Philippines in 1984, a few months after the assassination of Ninoy Aquino. Everybody felt that the polarization was growing tremendously and there was real fear that the country was moving toward an all-out civil war. And so a few religious communities who knew us invited us to come and see if maybe a nonviolent struggle was possible in this situation. So we went in February 1984, just to learn, to listen, to see what the people expected, and what they were already doing.

We met with members of the political opposition, representatives from the labor unions, and various sectors of the Church, and they invited us to give a series of lectures. Cory Aquino attended some of these, and so did Ninoy's younger brother. On the last day, he said to us, "The arms traders have approached us and they say that with demonstrations alone we will never overcome this regime; they say we need stronger weapons. We have to make a decision. Do you think there is really a nonviolent alternative to overcome this dictatorship?" "Well," we said, "at least it can be tried. If it doesn't work, you can always put it aside. It is your decision. But for this you will need some kind of preparation."

So a few months later they invited us back, and we offered a series of training courses which covered not just the methods of nonviolence, but also this vision of the value of the human being and Jesus' message of the liberating power of truth and love. We had seminars for opposition politicians, labor union leaders, religious, and representatives of the base communities. There was even a seminar for bishops. And, at the end of these courses, in July 1984, a movement was formed. It

was called AKKAPKA, which stands for nonviolent action. In the following year, AKKAPKA organized forty seminars. Everyone who had participated in a seminar was committed to help organize another one. In this way, working night and day, they had organized seminars in thirty provinces by the time the election process began.

Now, in preparing for the elections, they had three priorities: First, that the elections should be clean. And so NAM-FREL was set up to monitor the elections, and about 500,000 volunteers were prepared to resist nonviolently against any acts of electoral fraud. AKKAPKA had to train these people. Secondly, they developed scenarios for possible outcomes of the elections and strategies for ongoing nonviolent struggle. Nobody knew what would happen; perhaps Marcos would simply proclaim victory and

arrest all the opposition. So they wanted to be prepared. And all this time they distributed texts from Martin Luther King, Jr. and Gandhi that would help the people to learn more about nonviolence.

The third thing that they did was to have prayer tents, tent cities, they called them, where people would fast and pray. Every morning there would be training in nonviolence, and at noon there would be a Eucharist, speaking the truth in a very prophetic way about what was happening, inviting the people to pray for those committed, but also for those still in the army — praying also that Marcos would have the courage to resign.

RE: It seems that religious faith was a decisive factor in the ability to mount this kind of resistance.

HGM: The atmosphere of coordinated nonviolent action reflected a deep spirituality. The people believed that there is a strength of truth, which is the strength of God, and their prayer and their com-

(Continued on page 5)



Robert McGovern

In the Manner of Christ

By EILEEN EGAN

Following the assassination of Benigno Aquino in 1983, Corazon Aquino went to the home of the Little Sisters of Jesus in Manila to ask Fr. Jose Blanco, the priest who celebrated Mass there, to offer Masses for her husband. She asked that in his homilies he stress the nonviolent response to corruption and oppression that her husband would have wanted. One of the Little Sisters, a European, suggested that Hildegard and Jean Goss-Mayr be invited to the Philippines to share their twenty-five years experience in promoting Christian nonviolence.

One year later, when the Philippine chapter of the Fellowship of Reconciliation was formed, Hildegard and Jean were able to write:

The nonviolence movement in the Philippines came to life in 1984. This young movement has performed courageous and admirable work in the midst of great social misery, exploitation and harsh repression, as well as increasing armed combat throughout the country. Within one year, they organized forty seminars on active nonviolence and formed more than sixty base communities that try to live the radical love of the Gospel and are struggling courageously for justice with this force. They also coined a word to give expression to nonviolence according to their understanding, in their own language, Tagalog: ALAYDALANG — offer dignity.

Hildegard Mayr and Jean Goss came to a commitment to nonviolence from

vastly differing backgrounds. Hildegard's father, Kaspar Mayr, worked for the International Fellowship of Reconciliation (IFOR) in London and Germany before becoming its representative in Austria. Much of his work between the First and Second World Wars was concerned with German-Polish reconciliation. When IFOR funds ran out, he organized "Christians in the World," a Christian pacifist group which published its own magazine using the same name.

In 1942, when Hitler visited Austria, school children were lined up to give the Nazi salute. Hildegard, twelve years of age at the time, would not raise her hand in the salute. After the Second World War, she obtained a doctorate in literature, and, in 1953, became affiliated with IFOR. At the height of the Cold War, she began efforts at East-West and Christian-Marxist dialogue.

Jean Goss was conscripted into the French army during the Second World War. As a prisoner of war in Germany, he faced an emptiness in himself, and experienced a revulsion against hatred and killing.

He went to sleep with such thoughts and woke up with a realization that he must put all hatred out of his life and love all people as children of the one Father. After the war, he searched for ways to express a vocation of peace. He attended meetings of small groups of European Catholic pacifists inspired by Kaspar Mayr, and there met Hildegard. They were married in 1958. They became

(Continued on page 5)

Messengers

(Continued from page 4)

mitment had an impact on the situation. Initially, not all the bishops were committed; it was a minority. But I think when they saw how the people had the courage to defend their ideals even with the gift of their lives, and when they saw Cory, who was this very authentic person, who didn't want power, but who responded to the demand of the people by assuming this very difficult responsibility, it was then that the Church said, we must support her, because she is really living out the faith. And so, finally, the bishops' conference as a whole came out with their document calling for resistance against the fraudulent elections. I think without this support it would have been very difficult to mount a successful campaign against the dictatorship.

So the suffering of the people, as well as their conviction that truth and justice are a strength, had brought the people together. And Cory was the pole around which this strength organized itself. So, in the end, when you had a million and a half people singing the Our Father, it was really impressive — not just because their songs are so beautiful, but because of their conviction that it was God Who would deliver them from evil. You saw that, for them, the Our Father was not something empty. It was the faith that God will deliver us from evil if we believe in Him and if we are willing to give ourselves for a just cause.

RE: The death of Ninoy Aquino seems to have been a turning point for the resistance. Why was that event so critical?

HGM: I think that from this one man's death the people learned a lesson in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Ninoy was in prison for seven years and during that time he underwent a conversion. After two years in exile in the United States he decided to return to help the people in their struggle for democracy. He knew that the death sentence against him had not been rescinded; he knew fully well what might happen. So I think his death was really like in the early Church, the gift of the just person who gives his life for the people. And it was understood by the early Church that we should not weep for

such martyrs, but rejoice that someone is going right to the end, because this sacrifice will be the seed of resurrection. Of course you do weep, you must, but you also know that if we don't have people who are willing to give their lives, no new renewal can come. And so from Ninoy's gift of his life sprang the strength of a popular movement of resistance.

RE: How did you come to this vision yourselves?

JGM: I had to work since I was eleven years old, and I discovered that the only way to defend yourself as a worker is to join a union. In Europe, the labor unions are one of the first schools of nonviolence, where you learn to struggle against injustice and exploitation without arms. You don't enter into a union with a machine gun. You try to obtain your rights through human means, through negotiation and dialogue.

But when I was twenty-five, the Second World War began. I listened to the mass media; they said Hitler was the devil — if we killed Hitler then everything would be OK. So I joined the French army to kill Hitler. And I killed day and night for many weeks — but I never killed Hitler. I killed so well that I received medals. I was a war hero, but within myself I became more and more destroyed because I saw that I was killing peasants and workers, sons of families like my own, the people whom I had wanted to defend.

And it was in this desperate situation that one night I received everything. I discovered what it is to be human, what is true and just, the love of Christ. And everything began with this, because for me Christ is the really nonviolent one. There is only one who is really nonviolent, and that is God. And to try to be nonviolent is to try to be like God: To love to the point of giving your life for the one who does evil, attacking his conscience but not his body; to open the conscience of the other with the strength of justice and love.

When I returned to France I tried to find someone who believed the same things, but everyone told me I was a heretic. It was then that I met Henri Roser of the French Fellowship of Reconciliation. He said, "Don't listen to what the others say, you are right." He didn't have to tell me what I already knew.

RE: What about you, Hildegard? You grew up on the other side, so to speak.

HGM: Yes, when I was born in 1930, Hitler was already growing in Germany, and when he moved into Austria in 1938, my father was arrested because of his work with the FOR. We lived through a great deal of violence, the bombing and the experience of war. When it was all over I felt that I could not go on living in a world where "man is a wolf to man." There were many young people in the same situation; many of them committed suicide at the time because they had no faith in life. We had seen so much destruction and we did not believe we could live in such a world.

I think it was at this time, when I was 19 or 20, that I said, "Well, if I continue to live, I must give my life to the work of trying to diminish just a little the violence that exists in the world." It was then that I rediscovered the Gospel and found the strength to continue. I decided to give my life to this witness. So Jean and I arrived at this place from different directions. We met in 1953, and we began to organize Catholics in Europe who wanted to build a more nonviolent world.

He comforts us in all our afflictions and thus enables us to comfort those who are in trouble, with the same consolation we have received from Him. As we have shared much in the suffering of Christ, so through Christ, do we share abundantly in His consolation.

— 2 Corinthians 1:4-5

Going to the Roots

To Transform Society

BY JACQUES MARITAIN

(Selected and translated by Peter Maurin. Edited reprint from *The Catholic Worker*, January, 1935. Eds. note.)

Going to the Roots

In trying to bring the spirit of the Gospel, and the spirit of integral humanism into the cultural and temporal order, people fail to realize the absolute necessity of going to the roots.

The Two Orders

It is not a question



Rita Corbin

of changing the system; it is a question of changing the person who makes up the system.

It is not the temporal that creates the spiritual, it is the spiritual that creates the temporal environment.

True Radicalism

There is no social revolution without a spiritual revolution. The trouble with radicals is not that they are too radical, but not radical enough. External radicalism is not radical enough because it is external. Inner radicalism — is true radicalism.

No Complete Failure

This radical change will not be a perfect change. While it will not be a perfect change, it will be a change in the right direction. While it may fail it will not be a complete failure, for it will be a precedent for future generations.

Betraying Christianity

To be detached from visible success makes a life of action a crucified life. But to be engaged in Christian reconstruction and not to do it in a Christian manner would misrepresent it for the sake of making it prevail. To misrepresent it would be the most treacherous way to betray Christianity.

Pure Means

People trying to bring about A Christian reconstruction of the social order must be made aware of the great temptation to use unchristian means. Social revolutions cease to be revolutions when they cease to use pure means. As Emile Zola says: "The pure means are the strongest means." Rigorous Discipline Russian Bolsheviks saw it clearly. They made of their Party

a kind of brotherhood imposing on their members a rigorous discipline.

They tried in this way to renew the basis of the moral life of the people.

Appealing Appeal

What impresses us most in the Russian Revolution is not the appeal to pride and violence.

It is the appeal to poverty and suffering willingly accepted for the sake of an ideal.

Christian Heroism

But the greatest heroism is the heroism of love. The heroism of the Cross must be expressed in the social field beside the heroism of Bolshevism and Fascism.

But Christian heroism must remain Christian heroism even when expressed in the social field.

From the Heart of God

Christian heroism must be exercised not only in private life but also in social life.

Christian heroism comes from the heart of a God made human, scorned by humans, crucified by humans.

Transforming Society

As during the Middle Ages Christians must again transform society.

But the strength and greatness of this transformation must spring from elsewhere. Great social undertakings must not be the monopoly of Fascists and Bolsheviks.

Believing before Seeing

Resurrection will come but after three days. Asking for miracles on such occasions is to reverse the order of things.

One cannot see before believing but one must believe before one can see.

Christian Transformation

Will a Christian transformation of the social order come to realization in this century?

A Christian transformation cannot come about in the same way that other transformations come about.

A Christian transformation will be the product of Christian heroism.

MOVING?

When notifying us of changes of address, it is important that readers send us both their old and new addresses (please print legibly!), including both zip codes. Because of the nature of our computerized label system, we cannot delete your previous address without all of this information, and we will continue sending the paper to the old address, as well as the new, at great expense. Thus it is imperative that you include your old address with zip code for us to make any change.

Of Christ

(Continued from page 4)

the parents of twins, Myiam and Etienne.

The Goss-Mayrs work as a team, but, on occasion, each one carries out a special project. Early in 1985, Jean helped initiate an ongoing fast of repentance among young people in France. They wanted to expose the scandal of the arms race and its consequences. Hildegard went to Nicaragua to take part in the founding of SERPAJ-Nicaragua and to engage in dialogue with peace groups in Guatemala and El Salvador. Following that, she led an ecumenical seminar, with Richard Deats, at Maryknoll, New York, for eighty Third World workers and missionaries. On August 17, 1986, Hildegard and Jean were awarded the Pope Paul VI "Teacher of Peace" award by Pax Christi at its National Assembly at Emmanuel College, Boston.

Justice and liberation from oppression achieved "in the manner of Christ," as Cardinal Jaime Sin of Manila put it, have constituted the life work of this Catholic couple. Year-in and year-out, Hildegard and Jean sowed seeds of peace in a world bristling with armaments, vengefulness and hatreds. Their quiet, patient work was hardly known to many. The Philippine drama showed how the seeds of peace they helped to sow can bear fruit. There is a mighty lesson here for the Church — and for the world.

JOHN HAMPTON

By ROBERT PETERS

Teach me to live according to Your truth, for You are my God, Who saves me. I always trust in You.

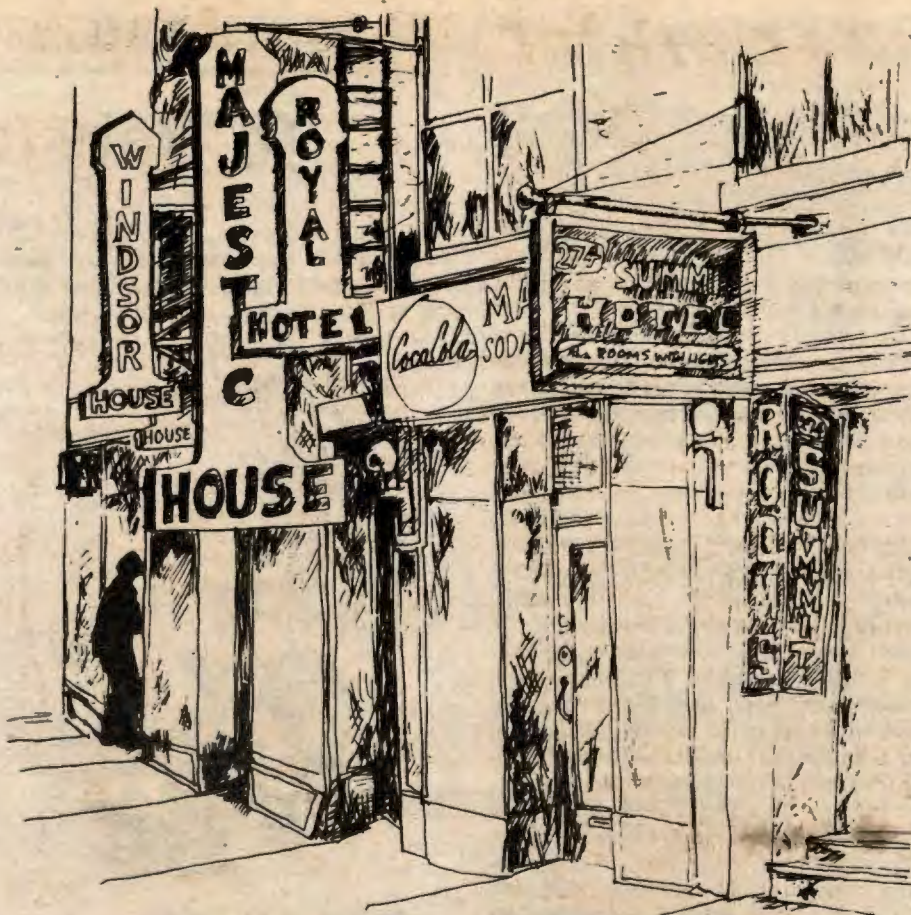
— Psalm 25

My first encounter with Mr. Hampton (I never knew him as John, he was always Mr. Hampton, or, on less auspicious occasions, simply "Hampton") came one blizzardily, cold, January day when I first arrived at St. Joseph House. Upon entering our kitchen I witnessed a team of paramedics frantically attending to this tall, elderly, black man who was laid out on one of our benches, preparing to take him to the hospital, apparently for frostbite. Mr. Hampton, as I soon was to find out, had been drinking heavily, had been unable to shelter his body from the cold, and had, literally, frozen stiff as a board. The astonishing thing about this situation occurred the following day, as I answered a knock at our front door, and in walked Mr. Hampton! His "resurrection," as it were, told me much about the ravages and potency of alcoholism, especially as it was made incarnate in our own neighborhood — and also about the indefeatability of this one particular man.

My Chosen Christ

I suppose that first meeting endeared me to Mr. Hampton in some way. I guess that each of us here at the Worker have people to whom we owe some sort of blind concern and extra love. Regularly, I would answer our door to find him standing there, a greeting of "Hey Slim" growled with a deep, deep voice and a sense of urgency. And even if I were at the end of my rope from a frantic day of non-stop activity, I would somehow pause at the sight of him. For many, I suppose, Mr. Hampton filled quite well the caricature of "Bowery bum" (I disdain the phrase) — a life of panhandling between drinks, a dirty, smelly eyesore, a social problem. For others he represented the failure of our "just society" to answer the needs of the chronic alcoholic, to provide a place, to find a solution. For me, Mr. Hampton was a person, a mystery, and simply — yet not so simply — another Christ, in fact, my chosen Christ. Was it the fact of his old age, his rapidly greying hair and worn dark skin, conveying a life of loneliness and pain, which moved me? I don't know, but, whatever it was, I was able, almost all of the time, to take that "one step more" which faith calls us to, whenever I encountered Mr. Hampton. To be honest, this usually meant a trip downstairs to look for a hat or a piece of rag (to clean windshields) when the last thing I wanted to do was to go look for clothing. But Mr. Hampton also made it possible for me to sit down next to him on the steps of Nativity Church, where he usually slept, and to talk and relate in a very special, very blessed way. Our topics were usually how he was feeling, if he was hungry, or perhaps just some of his life experience which he wanted to pass on to me. Each and every encounter left me both sad and yet filled with hope.

However, I must also ask what it was which stopped or held me back from going "two steps more" to alleviate in a much more personal and concrete way the pain and suffering of Mr. Hampton. The mystery of my own failure to love fully (what if he were my own father — wouldn't I have done much, much more?), to risk and to embrace the hurt and alienation of each child of God, of



Rita Corbin

Mr. Hampton, makes me hope even more that his death, for me, and for all of us, was not without real meaning. Why did I never take Mr. Hampton in to live in our house? Yet it seems that each and every person on our soup line and at our door needs a fullness of compassion, concern and material assistance — and I'm just able to cope with a fraction of the demands, which are not demands but occasions on my own part to love, to be broken open into being more Christ-like. Yes, we fail, fail miserably — and still must love again and again, continuing to reach out and touch and move beyond our weaknesses and failures, putting more and more faith and trust in God as we do so.

The Burial

It was a hot, humid July morning that an undertaker, Jane, and I put Mr. Hampton to rest. He died while in a coma, sustained from being hit by a car, probably panhandling his next bottle of alcohol. Alcoholism, life and death, and our call to love — what does any of this change? A burial of a poor man. What does dignity in death mean? The casket, a particle board box upon which the funeral director had graciously nailed an old crucifix. We arrived at the cemetery late, which meant a search for the gravediggers. Mr. Hampton's body was lifted and carried by two poles, and put into his deep and narrow grave. A few simple prayers uttered, a song sung, the smell of fresh cut grass and the Manhattan skyline were the finishing touches to his virtually forgotten life. Name: Hampton, John, Date of Birth: Unknown, Next of Kin: Unknown, Date and Place of Death: July 18, 1986 — Bellevue Hospital, NYC.

A day or two later as I was walking towards Maryhouse, I had to look twice, as another person was now sleeping on the steps of the church. I didn't stop to chat, but simply began to pray: What does all this mean? What does all this change? And as I continue to journey, I hope a lot has and will continue to change as we all respond to the love of God shown to us in each other.

The soul is sustained by the regard for that which transcends all immediate purposes. The sense of the transcendent is the heart of culture, the very essence of humanity. A civilization that is devoted exclusively to the utilitarian is at bottom not different from barbarism. The world is sustained by unworldliness.

— Abraham Heschel

MARGARET BOOTH

By LINDA BUNCE
and MARY MULDOON

If you crossed the threshold of Maryhouse anytime during the late '70s, Margaret Booth was probably the first person to greet you. There, on the front stoop or on the landing just inside the doors, with her friend Helen Shreck, that's where you'd find her. Together they were the unofficial doorkeepers, talking to all the people who came by.

"Hullo, kid!" with a friendly squint, and an inquiry into your plans for the day was the usual greeting. Anybody who felt lonely could go find Margaret and be assured of some company and a pleasant, if rambling, story. Her second favorite place seemed to be the bench in front of the 2nd Ave. Deli, where she would sit with a carton of milk and a snack, and she had just as many friends at that site as well.

A Good Neighbor

Margaret should have gotten some sort of good neighbor award, except that sort of thing wasn't done in the "circles" of the Lower East Side. But she was a great neighbor. For anyone asking, like the lawyer in the Scriptures, just who my neighbor is in this city of highrise dwellers, you'd learn from Margaret that the answer is still the same — you are to be neighbor to anybody and everybody who comes your way. Her steady good temper left most of us in the dust. Above all, it now seems that Margaret's gifts were faithfulness and humility, and that these gifts were always present, but not always obvious to the Busy and Important. Her death brings to mind a great wonder about all the disguised treasures in this world.

She seemed to thrive at Maryhouse, so it was a sad day when we found out that Margaret needed more care than we could give her. She fought against diabetes in a silent way, by never complaining and pretending that she was much better than she really felt. She loved Maryhouse. It was home, and the thought of leaving home devastated her. Eventually, though, she had to go on insulin injections, and then her condition complicated an infected foot so badly that a partial amputation was necessary. At that point, we had to admit our amateur nursing skills couldn't be enough. As Dorothy Day would often quote, "Love in action is a harsh and dreadful thing...", and it was harsh and dreadful for all of us when Margaret left.

She moved to a nursing home up in the Bronx. It was quite a trip for people from Maryhouse to make, (involving a long train ride to the end of the subway line and a death-defying run across eight lanes of highway), but several folks kept up the visits over the years. It was always worth the hours it took to get there, because Margaret would be full of new stories and much gratitude and a collection of dainties to take back to "the girls" at home. She missed Maryhouse, but had lots of new neighbors and wanted us all to meet and get to know each other.

This past year, her condition got worse, with cataracts, some falls getting out of her wheel-chair, and eventually cirrhosis of the liver. At the end, she was pretty bad off, but her courage prevailed in that painful death also.

Rest in peace, Margaret. May we learn from you to be half the good neighbor you were to so many. And lucky St. Peter to have your company now.

The Answer

(Continued from page 1)

ness. It is such people as you who add to the sum total of confusion and wickedness and soft appeasement and compromise and the policy of expediency in this world. You are to blame for communism, for industrial capitalism and, finally, for hell on earth!"

The antagonism often rises to a crescendo of vituperation, an intensification of opposition on all sides. You are quite borne down by it. And the only Christian answer is *love*, to the very end, to the laying down of your life.

To see only the good, the Christ in others! Perhaps if we thought of how Karl Marx was called "Papa Marx" by all the children on the street, if we knew and remembered how he told fairy stories to his children, how he suffered hunger and poverty and pain, how he sat by the body of his dead child and had no money for coffin or funeral, perhaps such thoughts as these would make us love him and his followers. *Dear God, for the memory of that dead child, or that faithful wife, grant his stormy spirit "a place of refreshment, light, and peace."*

And then there was Lenin. He hungered and thirsted and, at times, he had no fixed income. Mme. Krupskaya, his widow, said that he loved to go into the peace of the pine woods and hunt mushrooms like old Mrs. Dew down at Easton did, and we with her one October. He lived one time in the slums of Paris and ate horsemeat. He started schools for the poor and workers. "He went about doing good." Is this blasphemy? How many people are dying and going to God their Father and saying sadly, "We have not so much as heard that there is a Holy Spirit." And how will they hear if none preaches to them? And what kind of shepherds have many of them had? Ezekiel said in his day, "Woe to the shepherds that feed themselves and not their sheep!"

And if there have been preachers, has there been love? If people will not listen, one can still love, one can still find Christ in them to love, and love is stronger than death. *Dear God, may Lenin too find a place of refreshment, light and peace. Or don't we believe in retroactive prayers? There is no time with God.*

It is always a terrible thing to come
(Continued on page 7)

In the Shadow of Death—Learning Faith

By AARON FIELD

Ever since we moved here to rural Honduras, four years ago, people have told us we are crazy for living so far away from town and not owning a gun or at least a watchdog. But we have tried to put our trust in God, praying that He would keep us safe rather than putting our security in other things. After a robbery and a fire and knowing that a band of heavily-armed thief/assassins are roaming the mountains in our area, I started wondering about God.

During this period of heavy questioning, we took a trip to El Salvador, where I was able to put my fears in perspective. We arrived on a Sunday, the day before we were to begin working for a week with a Baptist church that is involved with agriculture and health work throughout the country. After settling in, we were invited to spend the afternoon with a young couple from the church. On our way to lunch, Ana and Manuel (not their real names) took us to the Devils Door, an impressive rock formation in a park overlooking San Salvador. Ana told us how, up until recently, that place was used regularly by the death squads for the dumping of tortured bodies. She went on to say that one night the military surrounded their neighborhood and took 65 young people, including 2 of her younger brothers, ages 15 and 18. A week later, all 65 turned up at Devil's Door and a nearby park, severely mutilated from torture. I was amazed at Ana's courage to not let this stop her from teaching skills to poor, displaced women, something considered by the Salvadoran military as subversive activity.

That same week, I accompanied the husband and parents of 25-year old Mag-

dalena, who was abducted by the dreaded Treasury Police because of her work with displaced farmers seeking to return to their land in conflictive areas. As they went from lawyers' offices to human rights offices seeking her release, they knew she was being tortured in an attempt to get information from her to implicate herself and others. Again the question of God's protection came up for me during our conversations with several of the sisters and brothers at the church. "How can you believe that God has really conquered the power of sin and death when you constantly witness the disappearance, torture and murder of those who work to help the widows, orphans, displaced and other oppressed people? And, seeing this, where do you find the courage to actively take stands against injustice, knowing that you, too, could very well be martyred? How can you possibly have hope here and now?"

Maria, one of the women we talked with, said that it's hard to keep believing in God under these circumstances. She told us how a close friend, who had always been spiritually strong, confessed serious doubts about God's existence after suffering the repeated trauma of having several family members "disappear." Yet God seems to be giving Christians in El Salvador the strength to speak the truth, and work to defend the victims of oppression.

While in the countryside visiting an agricultural cooperative, I talked with Arturo, a middle-aged campesino. One night, a wounded guerilla came to his house asking for aspirin. He had been shot in the stomach by the army in a confrontation minutes before and was barely able to walk. Arturo was afraid to help

the guerilla, knowing that if the military found out, they would kill him and his family for being collaborators. He said at that moment he thought of the story of



Mary Mullins

the Good Samaritan, and knew that, as a Christian, he must not be overcome by fear but love his neighbor in faith. Even though it was a full moon night, he decided to carry the man over his shoulder through town and into the mountains where he would be safe. There's a good chance that he had seen fellow Christians killed for doing similar things. And yet he was more concerned about obeying God than he was about his own security.

The church people I talked with agreed

that we must resist evil rather than ignore it if we're to maintain our own humanity. If we ignore the poor, the landless, the displaced and the disappeared, worrying only about our security, we give in to the spirit of fear. Fear dehumanizes us. On the other hand, perfect love casts out all fear. It seems that God gives us a mysterious strength to love others when we depend upon Him.

Carmen, a Honduran friend, told me that, when she was in Guatemala, a friend of hers, Dora, asked her to accompany her at the funeral of Dora's two sons who had been murdered by the death squads. Since the boys had been considered subversives, the people attending the funeral had to go secretly. At the funeral, Carmen was overcome with fear and grief and was sobbing uncontrollably. To her amazement, Dora began to console her, telling her not to despair. "How do you think Dora had hope enough to share it with you?" I asked. "It's incredible, a real paradox," Carmen said. People like Dora hope in God because He's all they have. Often times, everything else has been lost to the war—their home, land, health care possibilities, jobs, even their loved ones. Maybe such people know God in a big way because they need Him in a big way. Unlike the wealthy, people like Dora do not enjoy the security of knowing there is always food in the refrigerator, or the security and prestige of a good job, or adequate health care. I believe these are the poor Jesus talks about when He says: "Blessed are you who are poor, for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are you who hunger now, for you will be satisfied. Blessed are you who weep now, for you will laugh. Blessed are you when men hate you, when they exclude you and insult you and reject your name as evil because of the Son of Man. Rejoice in that day and leap for joy, because great is your reward in heaven. For that is how their fathers treated the prophets." (Lk.6)

I still struggle with the question of God's protection. How can we believe that God cares for us when we see that He does not keep thieves from robbing us, enemies from harassing us, and even death squads from torturing and murdering us? The Psalmist says that "even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for You are with me..." Maybe this is all the assurance we need. Emmanuel, God is with us. This is hard to understand intellectually. God's presence with us is a gift that passes all understanding. It seems that we are able to receive this gift only when we are completely poor, in a position of absolute need. In moments when we recognize our need, God comes to us and consoles us. The beauty of this consolation is that, when we receive it, we are then strengthened to give comfort to others.

At times, I don't know if I want to be poor. It's easier to believe in a God I tailor to make me feel secure, a God that keeps me from being vulnerable to evil forces. Pray with me for faith, that, in spite of what so often appears to be true, Christ has overcome the power of sin and death.

(Aaron Field works in an agricultural development project in Honduras. Eds. Note.)

The Answer

(Continued from page 6)

back to Mott Street. To come back in a driving rain to men crouched on the stairs, huddled in doorways, without overcoats because they sold them, perhaps the week before when it was warm, to satisfy hunger or thirst, who knows. Those without love would say, "It serves them right, drinking up their clothes."

God help us if we got just what we deserved!

A Very Valuable Piece of Paper

By MARK ZWICK

(Casa Juan Diego is a Catholic Worker house in Houston, Texas which offers hospitality for refugees and their families from Central America and Mexico. The following is reprinted from their bilingual newspaper, the Houston Catholic Worker, P.O. Box 70113, Houston, TX 77270. Eds. note.)

Alfredo is seventeen. He possesses nothing except the clothes on his back. A very shy lad from El Salvador, he has no



Rita Corbin

one in the United States except a distant cousin in South Carolina. Fortunately, the cousin has the address of someone who lives in Bellaire [near Houston] and, after a series of long distance calls, the correct address is pieced together.

Now Alfredo possesses something—something very precious—a piece of crumpled-up paper with someone's name and address and apartment number on it, but a very valuable piece of paper, so valuable that we insist that he make copies of it in case it is lost. Alfredo, who was poor, now is rich—he has friends.

Crumpled-up pieces of paper are the most valued thing at Casa Juan Diego, and we go to any lengths to pursue the information on them as it usually means that "the stranger in a foreign land" will

have a home besides Casa Juan Diego.

The greatest joy here remains the same after six years: assisting refugees in finding family or friends and succeeding.

This has occurred hundreds of times. It is the least heralded piece of our refugee work, but one of the most important.

Last night, Luisa, a pregnant woman from El Salvador, arrived. She said she had an uncle in Houston. That's all, no address or phone. Nothing. But there was a relative of her uncle in Costa Rica, Vera Cruz, Mexico, who could be reached if you call a teacher she knew who knew someone who worked at a store who knew a neighbor of the relative who could visit her and try to find one of the old letters the uncle had written to a certain person and whose return address might be on one of the old envelopes.

You wouldn't believe the process that evening. We were like Houston Rocket fans cheering like mad every step of the way, at each minor success in making contact.

A Home for Alfredo

We usually don't think of Bellaire as a Hispanic city. But, in our recent visit, to find the friend of Alfredo, we found no one who spoke English.

We had an easy time in Bellaire since it was evening and many people were standing around. We didn't have to find the apartment number, sometimes a feat in itself, since the people there knew about Alfredo's friend, and, interestingly, knew about Casa Juan Diego also.

"Yes, Arturo lives here," they said, "but he's at church, he is evangelico," as if to say that's where the good men are tonight. They accepted Alfredo. We shook hands. As I left, they expressed much gratitude for Casa Juan Diego.

Although we made several contacts in Mexico for Luisa, the address of her un-

cle wasn't discovered.

The following morning, we took Luisa to Casa de Amigos because she had been beaten up in Kingsville by some law enforcement agents and was worried about losing her baby. Casa de Amigos works with our clinic around serious medical problems (thanks to Dave Buck, clinic coordinator).

After she called to say that she was finished, I drove by to pick her up, but when I arrived—I was late in arriving—she was not there. The person who went with her to be treated at Casa de Amigos said that she left with some strange man in a car.

I was upset for obvious reasons. She wasn't there as she said she would be, and, secondly, we know what happens to young women who are forced into cars of strange men in a strange city like Houston.

I returned both saddened and angry—knowing that we might be getting a desperate call sometime during the day, and praying that nothing would happen.

Something did happen!

At about 5 p.m., a small pickup drove up, and in it was Luisa, smiling away, waving her arms, and bouncing up and down. The person driving the pickup was not a man, but a woman. It was her aunt. How in God's name did she find her aunt among 2,000,000 people?

Miracles happen to those who believe in them at Casa Juan Diego.

Recently a young man, Abel, came up with a piece of paper—all that it had on it was "Main Street, Houston." To find a relative on Main Street without a number is a tall order, but nothing is impossible for those who believe.

The following Sunday we took a group to the Spanish Mass at St. Anne's, a real cultural experience.

There Abel found his sister. It pays to go to Mass.



BOOK REVIEWS



THE MADONNA OF 115TH STREET: FAITH AND COMMUNITY IN ITALIAN HARLEM, 1880-1950. By Robert Anthony Orsi. Yale University Press, 1986, 287 pp., \$29.95. Reviewed by Geoffrey Gneuchs.

Two years before the Statue of Liberty was erected, the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on 115th Street was completed in 1884 and, with its completion, commenced the "official" history of the devotion to the Madonna del Carmine in the United States. But, in fact, with the great influx of immigrants from southern Italy beginning in the early 1880's and continuing for the next several decades, the devotion had its origins here with those first immigrants from the town of Polla, in the province of Salerno, who, upon arrival in New York, formed a mutual aid society named after the Madonna. Such societies for the immigrant offered a connection with their past and support in the uncertainty and strangeness of their present.

The annual festa takes place on July 16, but for several days beforehand there is a novena, concluding with a procession through the streets of East Harlem. At midnight on July 16, a solemn Mass is celebrated in the church. Many of the gestures, rituals, and meals throughout the duration of the festa reflect the experiences and heritage of the Italians from the poor towns and villages of southern Italy. One disturbing custom, which was stopped in the 1920's by the clergy, was for the members of the family to drag one of the women down the aisle of the church to the statue of the Madonna. This study shows how deeply ingrained are certain human peculiarities which color our religious understanding. It also points up the fact that too often we focus on bizarre manifestations without ever trying to appreciate the long and arduous life experience of people who are not willing or able to forgo their past for the sake of a neatly ordered, and regulated religious life.

Recalled to Communal Values

For these Italian Americans were born into centuries of oppression and colonization in the *mezzogiorno*, the southern end of the Italian peninsula. For the most part, the festa was the creation of the people, not the clergy. They looked to the Madonna as head of the *domus* of their community in East Harlem. They identified with her and the suffering Christ as real persons very intimately involved in their day to day lives. "On the day of the celebration," Mr. Orsi writes, "the people were recalled to the communal values by the culturally established resonances in their consciousness and memories between their mothers' houses and the house of their *mama celeste* ... the festa was the annual occasion for returning to their old villages ... They were able to take their children into this world." For these immigrants it was crucial, morally, to recall their connectedness with the sacred, which was for them very, and terribly, human.

The book describes a kind of family, neighborhood, and community which today is sorely lacking. For sure, the idea of *domus* was not exclusive to the Italian immigrants (nor I would say to immigrants *per se*). Nevertheless, the conditions and opportunities today for such an integrated life are rare. This book gives a rather thorough picture of the particular way in which these immigrants, these Catholics, these Italian peasants lived out their social and religious values.

Mr. Orsi devotes many pages to the

role of the woman in the life of Italian Harlem. Like the Madonna, the woman had a central position in that community; publicly the man might have presented himself as the power, but, in fact, quietly and privately it was the mother in the *domus* who gave order and stability to the life of the family. *Rispetto* was to be shown to all people, and especially to the woman, to the mother of the family. *Rispetto* was the Italian sense of the holy.



Joan Hymn

Today, East Harlem is no longer Italian. New immigrants have come. But the festa is still held, and many Italian families return. The festa is especially significant now for the many Haitians who have immigrated to New York. For sure, someday their story of faith and community will be told. And for those Italians who do remember and are able to return, the festa is a moment to recall who they were and who they might be.

THE WHALE AND THE REACTOR: A SEARCH FOR LIMITS IN AN AGE OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY. By Langdon Winner. University of Chicago Press, 1986. \$17.50. Reviewed by David Hawkin.

Written with passion and ironic wit, this book makes truly absorbing reading. Langdon Winner seeks to examine the wider issues of what technology is and how it expresses what we are. Much of what is written about technology fails to do this. In fact, says Winner, we are guilty of "technological somnambulism" — we "willingly sleepwalk through the process of reconstituting the conditions of human existence." Most of the book is well reasoned and cogent, but its high point comes in a personal memoir in which he recounts how he felt when he returned to his home town. There he found the Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant in its final stages of completion, and, beyond it on the horizon, a whale in the sea. This juxtaposition of the whale and the reactor was a poignant symbol for Winner of the mistaken direction that technology is taking us. "To put the matter bluntly, in that place, on that beach, against those rocks, mountains, sands and seas, the power plant of Diablo Canyon is simply a hideous mistake." And so, we are to conclude, is society's preoccupation with gigantism and war, and its failure to recognize appropriate natural and cultural boundaries.

Reshaping Human Activity

Langdon Winner's basic argument is that technology is not "neutral," but provides a structure for human activity. Technology does not merely aid human activity, it reshapes it and gives it new meaning. Hence, choices about the direction of technology are choices about what we are to become. But the agenda is

often hidden or obfuscated by those who speak about "values" or "risk." To put it simply, we have ceased to be able to think meaningfully about technology because the very language we use has lost its vitality. The category "values," for example, "acts like a lawn mower that cuts flat whole fields of meaning and leaves them characterless. Where previously we might have talked about what was good, worthy, virtuous, or desirable, we are now reduced to speculation about values."

Sources of His Thought

The Whale and the Reactor is not a deeply original book. Those who have read Peter Berger, George Grant and Jacques Ellul will find, for example, the argument that technology embodies "forms of life," and that artifacts have politics, has a familiar ring to it, even if the terminology is different. The chapter on computers does not improve at all on George Grant's philosophical article which argues that computers do impose a certain way of looking at the world, and that more computers will not give us more freedom — in fact, quite the opposite (Grant's article is found in A. Rotstein, [ed.] *Beyond Industrial Growth*). Nor does Mr. Winner's attack on the use of the language of "values" go beyond George Grant's (found in *Technology and Empire*).

Langdon Winner's previous book, *Autonomous Technology*, did not say anything that went much beyond Jacques Ellul's *Technological Society*, and yet I found it a rewarding book to read. It was written in a lighter style than Ellul's work and its many examples and analogies made it clear and enjoyable. The Whale and the Reactor may be read for the same reasons. It is clear and compelling, and an extremely useful introduction to ideas about how technology directs and shapes our lives.

News, Notes and Needs

PROPOSITION 64

In "Homosexuality: Searching for Understanding" (CW, Oct.-Nov. 1985), Peggy Scherer wrote: "Rational fears about the disease [A.I.D.S.] and reasonable precautions against it, based on medical research, are one thing. Proposals literally to quarantine gay men because they 'might' have or carry the disease is another. It could be easy to dismiss such proposals, to think they could never be carried out. Such thoughts must be tempered by the memory of what should be unthinkable crimes, such as the massive internment of Japanese people during WWII." Concerns about the very possibility have proved to be not at all unfounded. Just recently (this issue does not seem to have excited the media around here), we have learned about a specific proposal in California — Proposition 64.

Almost 700,000 signatures have been collected by the Lyndon LaRouche group — more than twice the number required — to ensure that it be on the ballot on November 4. Proposition 64, in rather deliberately unclear language and based on highly suspect medical premises, indeed seeks to quarantine all A.I.D.S. patients and even those who show a positive test result for HTLV-III antibodies. The bill would require medical personnel to report the names of those so infected and people suspected of being carriers. It also lays down a series of exclusions from schools, jobs and travel for such people. Under California law, should the referendum be approved, it would automatically become state law.

As we go to press, it is unclear whether

this initiative is apt to pass, or, if it did, how widely the health officials would be required to carry out its conditions. But neither of these questions is the underlying problem. In the words of Archbishop Roger Mahoney of Los Angeles, "What is more contagious than A.I.D.S. is the bigotry and misinformation that surround it." Proposition 64 is a symptom of the poisons of fear and hatred, the evil temptation to quick control and power, the search for scapegoats.

It is seldom that we respond, in this paper, to pieces of proposed legislation; nevertheless, we do fervently hope that the people of California will turn down this particular one, and that the voices of good sense will prevail.

WE NEED BLANKETS

As the weather gets colder, we are again going to try to distribute blankets and hot food directly to people living on the streets. If you live in the New York metropolitan area and can donate blankets (or even help to collect some for us) we could put them to good use this winter. They can be left at Maryhouse, 55 East Third Street. Thank you.

BOYCOTT MORTON SALT

Unknown to most of us, Morton Thio-kol, the largest salt producer in the world, is also one of the top 50 companies involved in the production of nuclear weapons. It makes rocket motors and solid fuel for the Midgetman, Minuteman, MX, Poseidon, and Trident nuclear missiles. It is also a prime contractor for anti-satellite weapons, Star Wars and the military space shuttle. Almost half of

Morton's \$1.8 billion revenue in 1985 came from the Pentagon.

We urge our readers not to buy Morton (or Acme, A&P, Grand Union, IGA, Red N White, and Stop 'N Shop brands, which are all made by Morton) products, and to let the company know of your reasons for participating in the boycott: call Morton Customer Service (1-800-828-6702 or 312-807-2000), and write Morton Chairman Charles Locke, 110 N. Wacker, Chicago, IL 60606. For more information on the boycott, write Nuclear Free America, 325 East 25th St., Baltimore, MD 21218.

BOYCOTT GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric's media image suggests lightbulbs, refrigerators and other appliances to make life more pleasant. It says it is the company that "brings good things to life." In reality, GE is the country's third largest producer of primary nuclear warfare systems. In this, its main work, the company is only following a policy clearly articulated in 1944 by its president then, Charles Wilson: "The revulsion against war not too long hence will be an almost insuperable obstacle for us to overcome. For that reason, I am convinced that we must begin now to set the machinery in motion for a permanent war economy."

Once more, we ask our readers to support a boycott of all GE products — to become part of the "insuperable obstacle." The current attempt is being sponsored by INFAC, a national grassroots organization, dedicated to stop life-threatening abuses by transnational corporations. Having won the Nestle boycott, INFAC is focusing on GE as a prime example of the nuclear weapons industry.

For further information, please contact INFAC, 186 Lincoln St., Rm. 203, Boston, MA 02111.