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 condemnining nonviolence. In the Sixties and Seventies, they were based in Latin America where they worked with labor unions, health 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 the Presidents of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation.

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

ROBERT ELLSBERG: Many critics of liberation theology tend to associate violence 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 have to 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 apologist 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 guerrillas because they saw no other way. Nobody wanted to go 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 pace, the pace of seeing...

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) what 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 street.

Six of us from the Catholic Worker acted on August 25th to try to close the doors of RRI. Once inside, we stood in front of the 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) what 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.

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A Conspiracy of Love

(Continued from page 1)

armed by the knowledge that we as workers can go to prison, we have learned that support is possible through acts of trespass. We will continue in Christ, being sent to prison, while the military remain, endorsed and protected by government property and conspiracy by the military. The government’s armed by the...
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 the kind of intellectual and practive collaboration between the poor and the church that has taken place here over the last sixteen years or so. The kind of work that I think is called for, the kind of work that has been begun, is to speak up for the poor, for those who are struggling, for those who are homeless.

For most New York City peace and justice groups, these words have meant opposition to the Vietnam War; this opposition has often been expressed in multiple oppression which are fostered by the United States in many parts of the world, including Latin America and South Africa. In these places, injustice and oppression are stark, raw, relentlessly visible and violent. There, too, the struggle has been to live and speak ourselves. Aware and concerned people in this country have lent support, to demonstrate and to 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 sometimes after years of arduous work by the oppressed to bring their cause to the fore. Then, sudden attention and action and coverage of the story. 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 sometimes taking part in the political process. Eds. note)

Over the past couple of years, home­less, who take upon themselves from advocates discussing the tragedy of homelessness and coordinating their efforts. 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 helps bring, 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 unlighty, sometimes drunk or copping drugs, wrapped in ennuim of spirit, content to crush aluminum can into those wonderlands of environmental technology - redemption machines - that spit out nickel after nickel, for each can disposed.

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, bread break and extend it to them? They are not to be found.

This past Holy Thursday night, again the homeless, as last year, helped to con­clude our 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 unks, too small to be a "people's movement," too harsh in the climactic 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 visible in the context of the struggle for permanent solutions, too un­known to entice interest.

Yes, the streets rumble and crack un­der the weight of the irony, under the lec­tures, the teaching, the pictures in the papers, the heated discussion of 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 solidaritv. The appeal of the "other," the distant neighbor, the struggling peasant is not lost. They are empowering themselves in a way which helps bring, 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 unlighty, sometimes drunk or copping drugs, wrapped in ennuim of spirit, content to crush aluminum can into those wonderlands of environmental technology - redemption machines - that spit out nickel after nickel, for each can disposed.

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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 had this. The workers indeed had the dignity, for they had strength and they had this.

Now, each new contract is a defeat live with carpenters and fishermen, not for the home­less. The witness rose up, perhaps motley and raw, evolving and growing, groping and struggling in too unks, too small to be a "people's movement," too harsh in the climactic 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 visible in the context of the struggle for permanent solutions, too un­known to entice interest.

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(Continued from page 1)

that you have to identify with those who suffer. But then some of these theolo­
gians 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 Church.

I think this is where the work of the nonviolent movement in Latin America begins... in the work of education, in the way we understand the means of the Gospel, the means that correspond with the message of Jesus. Here, as in any other context, the poor who have taught the theologians. In reading the Bible they have encountered a new strength; in the story of Israel's liberation, they have learned that the poor understood their own story. But they have also recognized themselves as in the Suffering Servant. Whether it is with those who suffer, or those who oppress.

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

JEAN GOSS-MAYRS: It all begins with the principle of absolute respect for hu­
mankind. The injustice of social struc­
tures 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 injustices by refusing to accept 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 injusti­
tice, 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 dramatically. 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 organ­
ized Servicio Pastoral, whose direc­
tor, 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. Now there was a very moving campaign which called at­
tention 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 had to make a decision. Do you think that you have to identify with those who suffer, or those who oppress. RE: In Latin America you helped organ­
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HGM: 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 see Fr. Jose Blanco, the priest who celebrated Mass there, to offer her condolences. She asked that the school children were lined up to give her a warm welcome. Corazon attended some of these, and so did Ninoy Aquino'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; only a more powerful weapon is needed. We have to make a decision. Do you think there is really a nonviolent alternative to overcome this dictatorship?" "Well," we all said, "it is sad that people are forced to think that way. In the end you can always put it aside. It is your decision. But for this you will need some preparation."

So a few months later they invited us back, and we offered a series of training courses which covered not just the means of nonviolence, but also this vision of the value of the human being and Jesus' love for all people. They asked us to give a word to give expression to nonvio­
lence according to their understand­
ing, in their own language. Tagalog: ALAYDALANG—offer dignity. Hildegard Mayr and Jean Goss came to a commitment to nonviolence from vastly differing backgrounds. Hilde­
gard's father, Kaspar Mayr, worked for the International Fellowship of Recon­
ciliation (IFOR) in London and Germany before becoming its representative in Austria. Much of his work between the First and Second World Wars was con­
cerned with German-Polish reconcilia­
tion. When IFOR funds ran out, he or­
ganized "Christians in the World," a Christian nonviolent group which published its own magazine using the same name. In 1942, when Hitler visited Austria, school children were lined up to give him a warm welcome. After the Second World War, she obtained a doctorate in litera­
ture, and, in 1963, became affiliated with IFOR. At the height of the Cold War, those who began efforts at East-West and Chris­
tian-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 experi­
cenced a revulsion against hatred and killing.

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

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Messenger

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Mennonites had an impact on the situation. Initially, not all the bishops were committed; it was a minority. But I think they saw how the people had the courage to defend their ideals even with the help of the Church. And so they said, "We must support the people by assuming this difficult responsibility. It was then that the Church said, "We must support the people by 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 government. I think without this support it would have been very difficult to mount a successful campaign for the democratic leadership.

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 half people singing the "Father, it was really impressive—just not 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 a conviction that God will deliver us from evil if we believe in Him and if we are willing to give our selves 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 action. A new campaign was started on for seven years and during that time it was a turning point. 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. When someone you do weep, you must also you also know that if we don't have people who are willing to give their lives, no renewal can come. And Ninoy's gift of his life sprang the strength of a popular movement of resistance.

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

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 radicalism is that not that they are too radical, but not radical enough.

External radicalism is not radical enough because it is not radical.

Inner radicalism—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.

Transforming Society

To be detached from visible success makes a life of action possible.

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.

To be the pure mean.

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 Emil 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 order.

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

Appealing Appeal

What impresses us most in the Bolchevism 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.

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 mankind.

Transforming Society

As during the Middle Ages Christians must again transform themselves.

But the strength and greatness of this transformation must spring from elsewhere.

Great social undertakings must not be the monopoly of Fascists and Bolshevists.

Believing before Seeing

Resurrection will come but after all the days.

Asking for miracles on such occasions is to reverse the order of things.

One cannot see before believing but one believes 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 social field without 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), includ ing both zip codes. Because of the nature of our computerized label system, we cannot deliver your previous address without all of this information, and we will continue sending the publication to that 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.

September, 1986

The Catholic Worker

Page Five

Bilke Corbin
John Hamilton

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), was more than six years ago. He was a disheveled, thin, elderly man with a fur coat, wearing rubber boots. He was sitting on the steps of Nativity Church, apparently for frostbite. Mr. Hampton, as I soon found 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. There walked Mr. Hampton. His "resurrection," as it were, told me much about the ravages and potency of alcoholism as it were taking over our neighborhood and also about the indefatigability of this one particular man.

My Chosen Christ

I suppose that first meeting endeared me to Mr. Hampton. I guess that each of us here at the Worker have people to whom we owe some sort of blind confidence, as I did then. Regularly, I would answer our door to find him standing there, a greeting of "Hey Slim!" growing more and more familiar as 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 never knew him as John, he was always Mr. Hampton), a hot, humid July morning that 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 who saw him was faced with a decision to do so. His 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 teach 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, John, 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 mean? A burial of a poor man. What does dignity in death mean? The casket, a paper box adorned with flowers, the body of a person that had graced us, an old crucifix. We arrived at the cemetery late, which meant a search for the grave-diggers. 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 continued 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 the transcendent in all its forms.

- 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 in the lobby just inside the door, the friendly Helen Shrock, that's where you find lines. Together, they were the unofficial doorkeeper, talking to all the people who came by. Everyone who lived at Maryhouse and beyond knew her name, 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 favor was to sit with you on the bench in front of the 2nd Ave. Dell, where she would sit with a carton of milk and a sandwich. She was 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 Worker at the time. But she was a great neighbor. For anyone asking, like the lawyer in the Scriptures, just who my neighbor was, like the right of way 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 never stopped being the things that were of faithfulness and humility, and that these gifts were always present, but not always apparent. Margaret's gifts were always present, but not always apparent.

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 friends like Mary Booth was probably the first person to greet you. There, on the front stoop or in the lobby just inside the door, the friendly Helen Shrock, that's where you find lines. Together, they were the unofficial doorkeeper, talking to all the people who came by. Everybody who lived at Maryhouse and beyond knew her name, 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 favor was to sit with you on the bench in front of the 2nd Ave. Dell, where she would sit with a carton of milk and a sandwich. She was just as many friends at that site as well.

A Good Neighbor

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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 the big town and not owning a gun or at least a watchdog. But we have tried to put our trust in God by living according to our conscience, so that we can feel safe rather than putting our security in other things. After a robbery and a fire and knowing that a band of heavily armed thugs that run the towns and the mountains in our area, I started wondering about God.

During that 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 agricultural workers 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 Devil's 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 nearby park, severely mutilated from torture. I was amazed at Ana's courage knowing that we might be getting a death threat. I did not ask what she had been through.

We called Ana's mother when we were on our way to lunch, Ana and Manuel (not their real names) took us to the Devil's 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 nearby park, severely mutilated from torture. I was amazed at Ana's courage knowing that we might be getting a death threat. I did not ask what she had been through.

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In the Shadow

We had an easy time in Bellaire since it was a Hispanic city. But, in our recent visit, to a strange man in a strange city like Houston, I was amazed at Ana's courage knowing that we might be getting a death threat. I did not ask what she had been through.

We usually don't think of Bellaire as a place where 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 a trauma of having several family members "disappear." Yet God seems to be giving her 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 he and his other members were forced to leave their house asking for aspirin. He had been shot in the stomach by the army in a confrontation minutes before. He was able to walk. Arturo was afraid to help that night, 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, knew how to keep 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, knew how to keep it.

Crumbled-up pieces of paper are the most valued thing at Casa Juan Diego, and we go to any length we need to get 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 neglected piece of our refugee work, but one of the most important.

Last night, Luisa, a pregnant woman from the village of Tafí, arrived. She said she had an uncle in Houston. That's all, no address or phone. Nothing. But there was a person who knew the uncle, and we located him in 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. We 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.

A Home for Alfredo

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for this initiative is apt to pass, or, if it did, how widely the health officials would be required to carry out its conditions. But, says the author, "the health authorities" in this case are "in effect, the Mass media." Technology does not merely aid human activity, it reshapes and gives it new shapes and forms. The consideration of technology is 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 about the technology because the very language we use has lost its vitality. The category "value," for example, "is essentially an element that cuts off whole fields of meaning and leaves them characterless. Where previously we might have talked about what was good, worthy, or virtuous, we are now reduced to speculation about values.

Sources of His Thought

The Whale and the Reactor is not a detective story for 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 policies, 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. It is written in a lighter style than Ellul's work and its many examples and anecdotes are quite easy to follow. The Whale and the Reactor may be read for the same reasons. It is clear and compelling, and it introduces the reader to ideas about how technology directs and shapes our lives.