Edgar Forand, 1917-2008

By GEOFFREY GNEUHS

The following remarks were delivered at Edgar Forand's funeral on December 28, 2008 at The Church of the Nativity, New York City—Eds. Note.

"Think where man's glory begins and ends, and say my glory I had such a friend," so wrote the great Irish poet William Butler Yeats. Ed was a friend, a very dear friend of some thirty-five years. A few years ago, he discussed, very explicitly, with me at my apartment, over some beer, which goes without saying, "I don't want anyone talking about me at my funeral." Peace, Ed, we don't always get what we wish for.

Born near Worcester, Massachusetts he lost his mother as a young boy, his father, a shoe designer, remarried. Ed was always devoted to his new mother, "my good Presbyterian mother," he would say. He was likewise devoted to his sister and brothers.

The family moved frequently. In high school in Syracuse, New York, Ed played basketball and badminton. In 1940, he joined the Marines and was sent to Panama. There he contracted tuberculosis, and spent much of the next several years in and out of institutions for the mentally ill. He took correspondence courses, and spent all his spare time reading books, and especially literature, and especially Dostoevsky, and later Solzhenitsyn. He often quipped that only a Dostoevsky could do justice to the varied life and characters at the Catholic Worker. He worked in business near Philadelphia, and then set off on his spiritual journey—time with the Pittsburgh Oratory, then at Benedict Labre House in Montreal, a stay at the CW States Island farm, and finally, came to St. Joseph House in 1961.

He was an indefatigable worker, managing the house, helping the money, cooking, assisting in the office work, begging for the vegetables, going to the fish market and inviting speakers. He loved to tell the story when he lost his mother as a young boy; his father, a Presbyterian, and later Solzhenitsyn. He often quipped that only a Dostoevsky could do justice to the varied life and characters at the Catholic Worker. He worked in business near Philadelphia, and then set off on his spiritual journey—time with the Pittsburgh Oratory, then at Benedict Labre House in Montreal, a stay at the CW States Island farm, and finally, came to St. Joseph House in 1961.

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The growing season in 2008 was not very favorable. The weather was wet and variable, with occasional periods of heat that did not mesh well with many plants' growth cycles. Our tomatoes did poorly, as did most people's tomatoes in our valley, and our potatoes died. Insect damage to the stems allows mesh well with many plants' growth cycles. Our tomatoes did poorly, as did most people's tomatoes in our valley, and our potatoes died.

BRIDGE BUILDING

Several workers from Maryhause, Marianne Goldscheider, Janis Steiner and I took the Seastreak ferry to Sandy Hook, New Jersey. What an awesome sight it is to pass the Verrazano Bridge and see it from below in all its almost overpowering hugeness. Our group from Maryhause was on its way to visit Fr. Bob Karding who operates Mass regularly at Maryhouse and St. Joe's. Father Bob met us at the ferry terminal and drove us down to his own community in Asbury Park. It is called The Catholic Worker Asbury Park and it is an AIDS service organization.

We had a convivial lunch in The Center's dining room which has a similar atmosphere to Maryhouse, so we all felt at home in so many ways.
A Visit with Iraqis in Syria

By CATHY BREEN

Amman, Jordan September 25, 2008

Dear Friends,

With so many families separated by war, I have been a messenger of sorts. In two days, I will travel by bus to Syria. My list of Iraqi families to visit is growing by the minute, such an honor to be in Jordan is eager to be in touch with their loved ones. In collaboration with Direct Aid Iraq, I have been asked to visit some Iraqis with serious medical problems to see what their needs and wishes are. Fortunately, my visit falls during the three-day celebration of Eid which follows Ramadan. Business as usual shuts down during those days, and it is a time when families gather in Jordan.

I hope to meet as well with a representative from both the UN High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) and the International Organization for Migration (IOM) in Damascus. According to a recent UNHCR report, Syria expects to submit between 2,000,000 and 10,000,000 Iraqi refugees for resettlement to all resettlement countries in 2008. I hope to use the four-hour bus ride to collect my thoughts and questions for the meetings. Know that I take all of you with me and realize how privileged I am to go in your stead.

* * *

October 6, 2008

I wasn't prepared for the extent of impov­erishment I would see in Syria. Arriving by bus just a few hours after a suicide car bomb took the lives of at least seventeen civilians in Damascus, I learned about the family from the taxi driver who took me from the bus stop to the neighborhood where I was to meet my host. Although I understood the Arabic word for "explosion," it was only later that I would get more details.

This visit was somehow different from others I've had before. It was the ir­replaceable help and friendship of an Iraqi man, a refugee himself, who acted not only as my guide and translator, but who allowed me to see through his eyes, the eyes of an Iraqi, I will call this friend Mohammed.

Like countless others, Mohammed lives from hand to mouth, not sure where his next meal will come with rent and food money, not to mention money to renew Syrian visas, or for water, electricity, or camping supplies. There are no credit cards and Internet—the latter his means for contact with family and the outside world. All in all, a cut off from family, more than once Mohammed expressed uneasiness about the "walls having ears." Not that he has anything to hide. On the contrary, Mohammed is one of those rare individuals one chances upon only a few times in a lifetime. A person, I would describe as "without guilt." Apart from loneliness, not being able to work and earn a livelihood is perhaps one of the greatest hardships he faces. The Middle East and Jordan's Foreign Affairs estimates there are 1,200,000 Iraqi refugees in Syria with valid visas. To date, approximately 220,000 Iraqi refugees have been registered by the UNHCR. In addition to numerous visits with Iraqi individuals and families, I was very fortunate to meet with thousands of representatives from the UNHCR, including someone from their resettlement program. The UNHCR is very labor intensive and time consuming for the UNHCR staff. Each case is reviewed and multiple interviews with the family are conducted. Only if the family is selected on the basis of vulnerability, after which resettlement countries will willing to take Iraqis must be found. Whether or not a refugee has family living in one of the resettlement countries enters into the equation only after they have been selected for resettlement. It is from here the Word: "explosion," it was only later that I would get more details.

Still in the back of my mind were the words of the father's work with a USAID /Iraq company in Baghdad. He was told that he would be killed if he didn't cease his work with USAID. One fateful day, as Iraqi soldiers were going to my friend Mohammed, I learned that the family had been asked to report to the USAID Office in Amman. The wife is adamantly opposed, remembering the exorbitant amounts of US funding which could be diverted, there would first be the issue of identifying people in need, and second, the task of finding adequate delivery mechanisms to distribute the money. Both tasks are equally daunting in the face of the staggering number of refugees.

Within the next seven-month period, the UNHCR in Syria hopes to submit 11,000 cases for resettlement to other countries. The goal for Jordan will be 6,000 for the same time frame. As in Jordan, the selection process in Syria is very labor intensive and time consuming for the UNHCR staff. Each case is reviewed and multiple interviews with the family are conducted. Only if the family is selected on the basis of vulnerability, after which resettlement countries willing to take Iraqis must be found. Whether or not a refugee has family living in one of the resettlement countries enters into the equation only after they have been selected for resettlement. It is from here that the family construction, and the latter his means for contact with family and the outside world. All in all, a cut off from family, more than once Mohammed expressed uneasiness about the "walls having ears." Not that he has anything to hide. On the contrary, Mohammed is one of those rare individuals one chances upon only a few times in a lifetime. A person, I would describe as "without guilt." Apart from loneliness, not being able to work and earn a livelihood is perhaps one of the greatest hardships he faces. The Middle East and Jordan's Foreign Affairs estimates there are 1,200,000 Iraqi refugees in Syria with valid visas. To date, approximately 220,000 Iraqi refugees have been registered by the UNHCR. In addition to numerous visits with Iraqi individuals and families, I was very fortunate to meet with thousands of representatives from the UNHCR, including someone from their resettlement program. The UNHCR is very labor intensive and time consuming for the UNHCR staff. Each case is reviewed and multiple interviews with the family are conducted. Only if the family is selected on the basis of vulnerability, after which resettlement countries willing to take Iraqis must be found. Whether or not a refugee has family living in one of the resettlement countries enters into the equation only after they have been selected for resettlement. It is from here that the family would factor in low on the totem pole for resettlement. This is despite the fact that they have family in both the US and Canada desperate to receive them and grant them safe harbor. If you do the math, over two million refugees in Syria's surrounding countries and 17,000 resettlement slots in the upcoming months, it will cause your heart to sink. It is, at best, a dismal forecast.

October 11, 2008

The countries may be different, but the stories are the same. Part of the family lives in Jordan and another part in Syria. Yet, another part is in Australia waiting and long­ing for the family to be reunited with them there. The wife's mother and sister were in Syria for a year, but had to return to Baghdad as their money ran out. I visited this family in Damascus just a year ago.

Since I last saw them, the family of six has moved to an even smaller rented apartment in an even poorer neighborhood of Damascus. One of the images I have of Damascus this time is not the captivating reality of the city, but of trash. Trash in the streets and trash in the halls. It is not the trash we are familiar with in the States, styrofoam containers and beer bottles, but "trash of necessity." If there is such a thing.

The family welcomed me warmly. I had brought a small suitcase from the father's sisters and elderly mother in Amman. The children approached me timidly at first, giving me pictures they had drawn for me. I hope to pass them on to their grandmother here in Amman. The young father of four had sold the only possession of worth the family had to make ends meet—a laptop computer. I remembered seeing it on a table last year.

This year there is no table, and I wonder if they have sold the heater, too. The father says they will have to return to Iraq. The wife is adamantly opposed, remembering how they fled for their lives, spending one week at the Jordanian border on the side of the road with their small children. Hoping against hope to join family in Amman, entry was denied them and they went to Syria.

"I went to the UNHCR to tell them we are out of money and that I was going to go back," the father told me through a transla­tor. Regrettably, he wasn't allowed inside the UNHCR complex to tell them of his situa­tion. He was turned back by the guards at the entrance.

They told me accounts of Iraqis who have recently arrived who are already resettled in other countries. The father showed me a falsified document of a threat letter from Al Qaeda. Someone had given him the letter to use at the UNHCR to bolster their case, but he said he didn't want to use false pretenses and did not use the letter. They have been told by the UNHCR staff that they must wait for a telephone call. There is no signal available for his cell phone inside the apartment, and this makes him anxious if indeed the UNHCR tries to contact them.

As my four-month stay in the Middle East draws to a close, I can't help but wonder what message I could possibly bring back with me to the United States. The grim reality of a global recession is foremost in the news and on everyone's mind. The repercussions of the economic meltdown caused by our credit-banged/consumer-driven culture in the US are already being felt at home and the world over. It is not about blame that I write today. It is about choice. And dreams.
As we enter the celebration, may we better understand the need for human kindness. "The inseparability of Christian hope and nonviolence may, indeed, provide us with a light that has been constricted, mostly, by fear."

Thomas Merton writes of this liberated way of being that as one of that finds his/hers home in the "inconsistent world of mercy." For Thomas Merton, the "world can only be consistent without God." Speaking to the human tendency to project upon the world his/his desire for control, Thomas Merton reminds us that God's "freedom will always threaten it [the world of our projections] with inconsistency, with unexpected gifts." Mercy is one example of an unexpected gift. Thomas Merton, writing of the "tragically serious" fate of North American society, claims we "made up such a world" because we have chosen to give in to, rather than to work through, "laziness, greed, anger and hatred." The flip side of this tendency, also present in society, is the refusal to take anything seriously and is characterized by a facile optimism or saccharine piety. The unexpected gift of mercy is one that may break through the consistent world of causality and our fixations. Daniel Berrigan, friend and contemporary of Thomas Merton, writes, in his Lights On in the Dark, that, "We must break through the net... the stupefying effect of habit, inheritance and routinization, to be given a fresh start, because one has made it for himself."

At the end of "To Each His Darkness," Thomas Merton writes, "I know that one who lived in a way that had material happened, it is worth citing him as fully as possible here." "Law is consistent. Grace is inconsistent." The Cross in a sign of contradiction—destroying the security, order, of the Empire, of the armies, of the blood sacrifice, and of obsession. But the magicians keep turning the Cross to their own purposes. Yes, it is for them too a sign of contradiction: the awful blasphemy of the religious magician who makes the Cross contradict mercy! This of course is the ultimate temptation of Christianity! To say that Christ has locked all doors, has given one answer, has sensitized everything and departed, leaving all life enclosed in the frightful consistency of a system that seeks to make us and to make us forget the freedom of Divine Mercy which alone is truly serious, and worthy of being taken seriously." Though Thomas Merton is now forty years dead, it is my hope to allow to me as he did at this moment. I often think that he is right there with us in my Social Justice classes, allowing each of us to be ourselves, to be within the "mystery and mercy of Christ in our world today."

The Ecological
(continued from page 1)
Movie Review: Grace Is Gone

By Felton Davis

I had high hopes for this movie, that it would bring home to heedless Americans what the war in Iraq is doing to people, and not just be a feel-good Kodak moment about a family who loses their mother. It’s beyond question that a lot of care and emotional work went into this movie, but the end result is that is too sentimental, and it was a project of great potential. If it did not quite fulfill its promise, it’s certainly not for lack of good intentions on the part of the writer and director James Dresnoue.

John Cassavetes’s character, Stanley Phillips, is supposed to be a one-dimensional character of weakness and denial, a competent and conscientious father under ordinary circumstances, but unable to meet a tragic challenge of parenthood: informing the children that their mother has died in Iraq.

In most probing psycho-drama, you never really know what it is that is going to make it real for the audience, that a character has a certain flaw, that the pieces of his personality that don’t fit together, and we expect for a father of two young daugh ters. It’s part of the mystery of cinema that with a momentary expression on a character’s face, or just with the sight of the person in silhouette, at night, standing outside a phone booth, suddenly we know. He’s not telling his family who loses their mother. It’s beyond reason. He’s not telling his family who loses their mother. It’s beyond reason. He’s not telling his family who loses their mother. It’s beyond reason.

Some years ago, when a busload of anti-war protesters were being impounded on a Virginia highway, the bus driver ordered all the passengers to take off their shoes. The passengers complied, but then the driver ordered all the passengers to put one toe back inside the bus. The passengers were perfectly willing to do this, but why? The answer is that they were able to do it only because they were not thinking about it.

The film has indulge in some very typical gaffes toward the other members of that vital community, and since he is able to tend destroy nature in his frantic efforts to exterminate other members of his own species, it would not hurt him if he were to cut down a little more respect for human life, and a little more respect for human life...

The respect for life, the affirmation of all life, is basic to the ecological conscience.

The tragedy which has been revealed in the ecological shambles created by business and war is a tragedy of ambivalence, aggression and fear. One has only to read the pseudo-Christian cliches. Or rather, a tragedy of pseudo-creativity deeply improprietized by the fact that motherhood, bread and the need for domination. This is evident in the drama of the Vietnam war, cloaked as it is in the specious language of freedom and democracy. The psychological root of it is doubtless in the profound dehumanization and alienation of modern Western man, who has gradually come to mistake the artificial value of inert objects and abstractions (goods, money, property) for the power of life itself, and who is willing to place immediate profit above everything else. Money is more important, more alive than life itself, including the life and happiness of his closest and most intimate companions. He can always justify by a legalistic ethic or a consistent formula of some sort, but his formulas themselves betray him and eventually lose even the meaning which has been arbitrarily forced upon them.

Aldo Leopold has defined the ecological conscience. Can such a conscience be formed and become effective in this day? Is it likely to be? The ecological conscience is also essentially a peace-making conscience. A country that is so deeply motivated by war-making does not give much promise of developing a deep sense of ecological conscience today. Is it likely to be? The ecological conscience is also essentially a peace-making conscience.

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From the Book of Notes

By RIC RHEITOR

One has to be a bit cautious when writing a column like this in a newspaper that goes out only once a month. The column is written in a newsy syndrome. But, things happen so quickly that even we go to press more often, we find ourselves somewhat behind. In one of the characteristics of the US, the desire to be on top of things, to be ahead of the game, the idea of getting behind at an early age. And yet, there are many things that remain timeless, like truth, always in season, a column like this in a newspaper that goes out only once a month, anything to be blown to shreds. Nowhere were the photos of decapitated or blood-drenched Iraqi and Afghan children.

We remain hopeful despite all that seems to the contrary. Anna Brown had Arm of the Sea, a wonderful theater troupe, out to St. Peter's College a few weeks back. By using hand and body puppetry, they told the story of a brave, undocumented worker from Mexico, who organizes his fellow farmworkers despite the owner's brutal attempts to thwart his efforts. After the presentation, there was a delicious rice and beans meal prepared by Sister Anne Montgomery at the King/Kairos Justice and Peace House on campus. Later that same day, we went to the college art exhibit, “Speak Truth to Power: Human Rights Defenders Who Are Changing the World.” There, for all viewers to see, were the photos of men and women, living and dead, who spoke out at the cost of their liberty or even their lives.

And, finally, and on a more joyous note, we send our belated congratulations to Billie Bickham and Brendan Walsh, down at Viva House in Baltimore, on Viva House's fortieth anniversary. We were grateful to read of the good outcome after Brendan met a would-be-mugger last summer while out for an early morning jog. We were also delighted to know that our Jesuit friend Fr. George Anderson said his first Mass in their parish, forty years after he had graduated and prayed that their good work continue for forty, fifty or a hundred more years to come.

CPF NEEDS HELP

The Catholic Peace Fellowship (CPF) is also a busy branch of the GI Rights Hotline, a free, confidential hotline providing information regarding military policies, procedures and regulations, including those on conscientious objection. The CPF also publishes The Sign of Peace, a journal exploring issues of war and peace and conscience and Church teaching. It addresses, in CPF's words, "our situation today as followers of Jesus in a country at war. " The CPF's annual conference brings people from all over the country together to share ideas, discuss plans and projects and work on ways to better spread the word about Catholic thought on war and peace issues.

All of this, of course, takes money, and the CPF is committed to being a just employer on top of it all. Please send donations (and other correspondence) to: Catholic Peace Fellowship, P.O. Box 4222, South Bend, IN 46634, (574) 232-2811.
The mind of Daniel Berrigan is a fertile place, as this remarkable, difficult to categorize text makes abundantly clear. On one level, it is a close reading of the two Books of Kings from the Hebrew Bible. Interpersed are citations from modern poets and writers as well as recent statements from Flowshares activists on trial or in prison for acts of civil disobedience against our government's militarized wars. These interludes jolt us into seeing how this Hebrew history, whose final edition scholars date to about 550 BCE, can morally enlighten our dark, post/9/11 world.

The deepest strata of his book are his own poems and what I call diary/meditations. In them, Fr. Berrigan shares the faith and beliefs of a lifetime courageously witnessing nonviolently against war. Consequently, this book is a<formula>form</formula>l teaching tool, an introductory guide to the study of the great prophetic tradition of the Hebrew Bible, and an inspiration to the future peace movement.

The two Books of Kings present a history of political and religious turmoil, a confusion of confederacy, directed by priests and judges, and its decision to be ruled by a monarch. A prodigious number of Israelites was press-ganged into forced labor for the construction of the Temple in Jerusalem on a grand scale. Solomon had inherited a vastly expanded and wealthy Israel from his warrior/king father David, who had conquered many lands. He was under pressure from simple materialist calculations and brought sudden riches to some and poverty and royal slavery to others.

Daniel Berrigan argues convincingly that Solomon's Temple is a political act. He follows Daniel Berrigan's reading, he is also himself, enmeshed in cultural and religious violence. He is not an agnostic away from the Temple but still returns to it. The Baal prophet whom he besets in a context, he then kills.

There is, as well, the faltering development of a countervailing force, a countervailing spirit against the kings, in the rise of the Hebrew prophetic tradition. It is a fundamental discovery of Jewish religious genius. Daniel Berrigan traces its incremental growth in the accounts given of Elijah and of Isaiah, most especially.

Elijah is aware of the enormous amount of scholarship which has been done on these two books. He acknowledges their Deuteronomist authors. His non-academic approach is accessible and inspired by the essential conflict which the Hebrew Bible sets up between God's will and human ambition. He holds that the Bible's focus is on social justice, the care of "widows and orphans" and not only on social stability, as kings and state religions would have it.

The two Books of Kings cover the four-hundred-year period from the end of King David's reign in 971 BCE to the shattering destruction of the Temple and Jerusalem by the Babylonians, and the tragic climax of the Jewish people in 586 BCE. Daniel Berrigan's account of this thicket of history is clear, nimble and inclusive. I would like to precipitate three moments in the arc of his narrative. They illustrate the development of the moral perspective of the Hebrew prophets and the connections Daniel Berrigan wants us to make to our own day.

The first has to do with King Solomon, whose history by itself takes up half of I Kings. It includes the construction of the first Temple in Jerusalem on a grand scale; Solomon's vast army of slave workers; the wealth he acquired by subjugating his many enemies; and the taxation and forced labor of the people. The Temple was Solomon's ultimate delusion. Wealth swept away his understanding of God, and brought sudden riches to some and poverty and royal slavery to others.

A prodigious number of Israelites was press-ganged into forced labor for the construction of the Temple. The number, specifically given, is thirty-thousand men. Scholars generally agree that this was an approvec amount, proportionately, to over ten million people in terms of today's US population.

Daniel Berrigan argues convincingly that Solomon's Temple is a political act. He follows in the footsteps of many other scholars, like Walter Kerrell, Ed Brown, Charlie Killian, Earl Ovitt, Arthur Sullivan, Johnny Carter, Smitty, Sister Jeanette, Eleanor, Lena and many others. He makes them smile, and they him. Nourished by Holy Communion, his communion was with them. He was a man of deep faith. There was a dead, embarrassed silence. Of course, they didn't understand. But it was his faith in Christ that centered Ed's life. His faith made him free. It was a grace-filled freedom that allowed him to live in the confidence—not the presumption—of the friendship of Christ, Our Lord.

Daniel Berrigan explains: "Eccolo! Who planned the sights of the city and God's creation. The city is miraculously saved. The third moment I will highlight comes near the conclusion of the Second Book of Kings. Elijah tells the people on Baal, "you are gods!" We are not gods! God is not like Baal, a fertility god, who required human sacrifice. Elijah cares for widows and who suffer injustice and defends them. But Daniel Berrigan's reading, he is also himself, enmeshed in cultural and religious violence. He makes a connection away from the Temple but still returns to it. The Baal prophet whom he besets in a context, he then kills.

The third moment I will highlight comes near the conclusion of the Second Book of Kings. In the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal, we see a powerful reminiscence of a given culture. Our own? We and our Baals. The culture—invoked, stroked, placated—a delusion of death. As an acceptable social method, invariably cloak... 

For Ed, glory was not in having his name in print or in any demonstration or getting arrested. His glory was Christ, a friendship that he incarnated in his fellowship with people like Walter Kerrell, Ed Brown, Charlie Killian, Earl Ovitt, Arthur Sullivan, Johnny Carter, Smitty, Sister Jeanette, Eleanor, Lena and many others. He made them smile, and they him. Nourished by Holy Communion, his communion was with him. He was a friend. Thomas Aquinas wrote, "There is nothing on this earth to be more prized than true friendship." His friendship extended to many, and always concerned around food and drink, whether hosting at his apartment or being hosted, or going with his Naughtiness friends to dinner in Little Italy.

Of those whom we have loved and lost, Thornton Wilder said that, "what is essential does not die but clarifies. The highest tribute to the dead is not grief but gratitude." Thanks, Ed. "Good night sweet prince—And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."
We enjoy reading our parish bulletins. One time there was an article of Fr. John J. Hugo reprinted, and there are always quotations from spiritual writers and instructors. It is an old familiar topic, this parish bulletin, but there is a new syndicated one in some churches whose teaching I find most objectionable. In the last few issues there are detailed articles on how to make money grow, treating money as though it were something alive, instead of a means of exchange, quite worthless in itself. There are elaborate examples of Mr. C. and a Mr. D. who made gifts to the Church of $2,500 a year for ten years which amounts to $25,000. And yet it costs them only $12,500. What miracle is this? You figured it and I have. You get out of paying federal income taxes on that amount and that is a great saving. The message here is clear: die for Jesus and live from money. The Church is reinvested and all added together, and counting on increasing prosperity and employment for the next ten years, it is all very simple.

I must say that when I think of a dollar, I think of beans for the soup line, or lodging for someone sleeping on the sidewalk, or a growing farming commune, and the increase I love to think of is growth of life in the soul and the soil, and the seed falling into the ground and dying and bringing forth much fruit. You should see the bushel baskets of tomatoes and cucumbers being brought into the House of Hospitality in town, and the shelves of jars filling up in the barn for winter. This is real wealth.

Peter Maurin would give forth right now with an essay on money lending at interest, and the evils of the capitalist, acquiescent society and how it is immoral to use money to make money.

We need to study more how to build up credit unions, producers’ cooperatives, maternity clubs, and other forms of mutual aid, building these new institutions within the shell of the old.

From Cologne where Fritz was born and spent the early years of his life. Cologne is noted for its magnificent cathedral. Surely Fritz knew this well and was no doubt influenced by the wealth of religious art there. One outstanding work is a huge stone statue of St. Christopher; this subject Fritz has illustrated and which has appeared in the CW.

Years later, after Fritz had retired from Pratt Graphics Center, his wife called me and said she wanted to visit. She brought a woodblock with her and asked me if I could make some prints from it. I hand burnished a couple, but the printing really required a press. At the time, I didn’t know what the subject was. Later I saw in the CW; it was St. Joan of Arc. As time goes by, I have made a Fritz more and more. When I see his work in the CW, I feel his presence near.

How did I come to the CW? One day, walking home from Pratt, I looked down at the sidewalk and saw the page of a CW newspaper. It caught my interest because of the amazing art—not photos or computer images. I was so excited, I told an art/book collector friend, Gil Williams, that I’d seen Fritz’s prints in the paper. He suggested I send in some of my art. I replied that I wasn’t Catholic, and he said, “Who is Fritz—your Quaker.” I was always so happy when from time to time, I see my work included in the pages of your paper.

Journey of Hope

December, 2008

Washington, DC

Dear Friends,

It has truly been an inspiring experience of hope and healing to be part of the Montana Journey of Hope. There have been twenty-two years of teaching the power of nonviolent direct action to our Montana family members, death row exonerates, and relatives who have family members on death row. Montana’s people have been inspired and activated to be part of the Montana Abolition Coalition, has been exceptional in every phase of organizing—from providing hospitality and transportation to organizing speaking engagements. Montana is a state of breath-taking beauty. The mountainous terrain is spectacular. Most, but not all, of the people I’ve encountered are against the death penalty. Journey members have traveled hundreds of miles around this beautiful state to do what we can to turn the tide and help Montanans to abolish the death penalty. There are currently two people on death row and so this is just a few votes short of repealing the death penalty.

A moving tree-planting ritual right at the execution site of Larry Krone, Montana’s first executioner, was abashed marked the beginning of this incredible JOURNEY. During the week I’ve been here, numerous other Journey members and I have spoken to youth groups, high school and college students, law students, church groups and other arts groups. I’ve been fortunate to care with a group of Native Americans from the Chippewa tribes, I began my talk with a concern which is detailed articles on how to make money grow, treating money as though it were something alive, instead of a means of exchange, quite worthless in itself. There are elaborate examples of Mr. C. and a Mr. D. who made gifts to the Church of $2,500 a year for ten years which amounts to $25,000. And yet it costs them only $12,500. What miracle is this? You figured it and I have. You get out of paying federal income taxes on that amount and that is a great saving. The message here is clear: die for Jesus and live from money. The Church is reinvested and all added together, and counting on increasing prosperity and employment for the next ten years, it is all very simple.

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FRITZ REMEMBERED

New York, NY

Dear Friends,

Long before I met Fritz Eichenberg here in NYC at the Pratt Graphics Center where I was a student, I knew him through the illustrated pages of his books. I grew up in a small town in northern California; the one library was a special place. There I found and read Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights. The stories and Fritz’s images are forever in my mind.

Pratt Graphics Center, part of Pratt Institute, offered courses in all types of graphic art—etching, engraving, lithography, silkscreen, letterpress and other innovative techniques. Fritz enlisted artist-teachers from all over the world. He organized exhibits, among them, the 1966 Biannual International Miniature Print Exhibition and Printmaking in Modern American Architecture (1979). I had my work in one of these exhibits, which led to Fritz for these opportunities. Fritz also began publication of an important graphic periodical, The Print, which featured articles and art by current and past printmakers. Fritz was outstanding as an artist, teacher, editor and writer. Two things he valued highly were hard work and integrity. These values he imparted to those he Doling went with.

That Fritz was German, I knew, but never thought much about. Coincidentally, we both have very similar heritage. Fritz and I’ve spent two years of my life in Germany. One year was in Berlin where I studied at the Academy of Fine Arts under an exchange fellowship, the DAAD program. The second year was in the Rhineland where I had a job teaching. The city I was in, Ludwigshafen, is not far from Cologne where Fritz was born and spent the early years of his life. Cologne is noted for its magnificent cathedral. Surely Fritz knew this well and was no doubt influenced by the wealth of religious art there. One outstanding work is a huge stone statue of St. Christopher; this subject Fritz has illustrated and which has appeared in the CW.

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JUNE Hildebrand

A Personalist Economics

By DOROTHY DAY

[This is excerpted from the September, 1956 issue of the CW—Eds. Note.]

A Puerto Rican woman, very poor and disheveled, went into a tavern to make a telephone call. She was having difficulty in getting her number, began to make a disturbance. She could not speak English, and when she object ed — to be served, cried, clung to the door and resisted. The bartender called the police, who in turn called the Bellevue ambulance. She was taken by two police. She knocked on the door and no one answered. Trying the door knob she found it open and entered. As the door was opened the door a dreadful smell affronted her. Entering the three little rooms, she found there two little girls, one dying of bed, dead from starvation. They had been dead some days.

The house was one of those rabbit war ena, a huge tenement, filled with little apartments, so crammed, so filled with people with problems, with the desperate struggle to make ends meet, so filled with noise, that the babies had cried, who was there to hear them? Radio and television, the noises of the streets, the noises of other children, all those sounds drowned out the weak cries of those starving children who lay there mute and soundless. They had been dead some days.

We need to study more how to build up credit unions, producers’ cooperatives, maternity clubs, and other forms of mutual aid, building these new institutions within the shell of the old.