

CATHOLIC WORKER

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PROP Seeks Change in NYC

By BERNARD CONNAUGHTON

A couple of summers ago just before a meeting of the Police Reform Organizing Project (PROP) in Lower Manhattan, a teen-aged boy, an intern at the organization, arrived late to the meeting with this account: he was running to the subway and was stopped by the police who asked him why he was running and he said because it was raining. The police pushed him around, cuffed him and brought him to the precinct, kept him there a while, gave him a summons for disorderly conduct and released him. He arrived at the meeting shaken and told his story. The young man was black.

Heartbreaking as this story is, young black men being stopped by the New York Police Department is nothing new. In 2010 alone, well over 600,000 people were stopped, 87% of whom were people of color. Nearly nine out of ten of those stopped had been completely innocent. In the Bronx where I teach, one of my students told me he was stopped three times one day while driving with his small son. The issue became a major factor in the 2013 mayoral campaign and election of Bill DiBlasio who denounced the policies of former Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly and Mayor Michael Bloomberg. "Stop Stop and Frisk!" became a rallying cry.

The Police Reform Organizing Project was one of several grassroots community groups that formed to organize in response to the harsh policing tactics of the New York Police Department. In 2011 PROP initiated a petition campaign and has collected thousands of signatures calling for change from residents in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and The Bronx. Many who have signed the petition calling for reform have shared their own stories of interactions with the police. In The Bronx, the mother of a thirteen year-old boy told me her son had been arrested and brought to the precinct for sneaking on a school bus after school. A teacher from the Bronx reported that police were harassing students getting off school buses and actually arresting parents who stood by waiting for their children.

Last summer a group of PROP interns issued a report after spending several weeks observing and recording proceedings in the New York Criminal Court system. Those not familiar with criminal court in New York City might be surprised by this report which details the disproportionate number of defendants who are people of color. For example, on June 25, 2014, of the thirty-four cases seen in Manhattan Criminal Court Arraignment Part, thirty-three—or 97%—were cases involving people of color. Common charges included driving without a license, marijuana possession, aggressive begging, theft of services (legalese for jumping a turnstyle to enter the subway) and unlicensed general vending. On July 14, of the twenty-one cases seen in Manhattan Summons Part (defendants appear before the court because they have received a summons or a ticket) all of the defendants, 100%, were people of color. Common charges included: open alcohol container, public urination, failure to display a taxi or limousine license and loud exhaust.

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Robert Hodgell

On Holy Perseverance

By JIM FOREST

Though Dorothy Day and Thomas Merton never actually met, they exchanged many letters. The topics included peacemaking, observations about social change, problems in the Catholic Church, obedience and disobedience, the Cold War, community life, marriage, their hopes and frustrations, their current reading, the meaning of love, and more.

The oldest surviving letter in their exchange, dated December 26, 1956, is from Dorothy to Merton. He had written that he had offered Christmas Mass for her and the Catholic Worker. Dorothy wanted him to know that this "made me very happy indeed."

She goes on to say, "We have had a very beautiful Christmas here, and quite a sober and serious one too. There have been occasions in the past when the entire kitchen force got drunk, which made life complicated, but you must have been holding them up this year, and please continue to do so."

The next surviving letter is also from Dorothy. Dated the 4th of June 1959, it's a reply to a letter from Merton. In it she recalls

with gratitude the copies of *The Seven Storey Mountain* Merton had sent to her way back in 1948. She went on to ask Merton's prayers for a member of the Catholic Worker staff who was about to be sentenced for harboring a military deserter at the Catholic Worker and then-aiding in the young man's escape. "We have done this before," Dorothy explained, "giving [deserters] the time to make up their own minds; one returned to the army and the other took his sentence." She mentioned to Merton another member of staff who she worried might be arrested for having torn up his draft registration card. In her letter Dorothy didn't offer a word of explanation or justification for such actions. Clearly, in Merton's case, she felt explanations weren't needed. In the same letter Dorothy thanked Merton for gifts he had sent to the Catholic Worker.

When I became part of the Catholic Worker staff in 1961 after being discharged from the military as a conscientious objector, gift boxes

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US Extends War In Afghanistan

By KATHY KELLY

News agencies reported in November that President Obama signed an order, kept secret until now, to authorize continuation of the Afghan war for at least another year. The order authorizes US airstrikes "to support Afghan military operations in the country" and US ground troops to continue normal operations, which is to say, to "occasionally accompany Afghan troops" on operations against the Taliban.

The administration, in its leak to the *New York Times*, affirmed that there had been "heated debate" between Pentagon advisers and others in Obama's cabinet chiefly concerned not to lose soldiers in combat. Oil strategy isn't mentioned as having been debated and neither is further encirclement of China, but the most notable absence in the reporting was any mention of cabinet members' concern for Afghan civilians affected by air strikes and ground troop operations, in a country already afflicted by nightmares of poverty and social breakdown.

Here are just three events, excerpted from an August 2014 Amnesty International report, which President Obama and his advisors should have considered (and allowed into a public debate) before once more expanding the US combat role in Afghanistan.

First, in September 2012, a group of women from an impoverished village in mountainous Laghman province was collecting firewood when a US plane dropped at least two bombs on them, killing seven and injuring seven others, four of them seriously. One villager, Mullah Bashir, told Amnesty, "...I started searching for my daughter. Finally I found her. Her face was covered with blood and her body was shattered."

Second, a US Special Operations Forces unit was responsible for extrajudicial killing, torture and enforced disappearances during the period of December 2012 to February 2013. Included among those tortured was fifty-one year-old Qandi Agha, "a petty employee of the Ministry of Culture," who described in detail the various torture techniques he suffered. He was told that he would be tortured using "fourteen different types of torture." These included beatings with cables, electric shock, prolonged, painful stress positions, repeated head-first dunking in a barrel of water, and burial in a hole full of cold water for entire nights. He said that both US Special Forces and Afghans participated in the torture and often smoked hashish while doing so.

Thirdly, on March 26, 2013 the village of Sajawand was attacked by joint Afghan-ISAF (International Special Assistance Forces) soldiers. Between twenty to thirty people were killed including children. After the attack, a cousin of one of the villagers visited the scene and stated, "The first thing I saw as I entered the compound was a little child maybe three years-old whose chest was torn apart; you could see inside her body. The house was turned into a pile of mud and poles and there was nothing left. When we were taking out the bodies we didn't see any Taliban among the dead, and we didn't know why they were hit or killed."

New York Times coverage of the leaked debate mentions Obama's promise, made earlier in 2014 and now broken, to withdraw

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

DOROTHY DAY, PETER MAURIN, FOUNDERS

(1897-1980)

(1877-1949)

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ST. JOSEPH HOUSE

By ARNOLD SPARR

A day or two toward the end of my five week stint at St. Joseph House I turned to Niki as we were doing clean up following the evening meal and asked, "Who could have guessed ten years ago that you and I would be here, now, in this kitchen washing pots and pans at the Catholic Worker?" Before Niki could respond, I answered my own question, quoting the Portuguese proverb, "God writes straight with crooked lines."

First, let me tell you how I got here. Ten years ago Niki and I were both teaching history at St. Francis College in Brooklyn, she as an adjunct professor and I as the department chair. Actually, the Worker had been an important part of my life long before then and would continue long after, at least for one day a week, when I regularly volunteered to help out on the soup line. Then, this past October, after I had learned that the house might be short-handed during Bud's rehab following knee replacement surgery, I called Carmen and offered my services for the duration. I had always thought of giving it a try, and now in semi-retirement, it seemed the time was right. As it turned out, Bud was back on his feet in no time, but by that point they were stuck with me, so I vacated Bud's room after one week and took up quarters at Maryhouse, enjoying their kind hospitality while continuing to fill in at St. Joe's in whatever way I could.

Now about those crooked lines. As a longtime volunteer at St. Joseph's I thought I knew the house and its operations fairly well. Needless to say, I had a lot to learn. One early lesson came with my first real-time encounter with

that elusive concept called Christian anarchism—the stated organizing principle that defines the Worker community. As I quickly learned, newcomers to the house are not always assigned jobs; rather they are more or less expected to discover them. This advice came from Heidi when, early in my experience here, she told me how she managed to fit in when she first came to the house. Her answer: "Hang around all day long, keep your eyes open, watch for needs, plunge in." It did not take long for me to recognize my calling—at the sink, whereupon Eugene henceforth recognized me as the resident "professor of dishwashing," an honor I was proud to share with John and Greg who regularly work the sink most weekday mornings.

As expected, I did other things as well. But my time here gave me opportunity to ponder the continuity of purpose and mission so important to the Worker's history, which I now had been given the chance to briefly share. At the same time, I noticed signs of change as well, and although these forces seem to be coming more from without than within, they nevertheless pose some challenges for the future.

Others have previously commented upon the centrality of food to the Catholic Worker enterprise, but during my time here it was something I experienced firsthand. Food seems to be the glue that holds the community together. Food, in its preparation, cooking, and serving governs the routines and rhythms of the day; it mediates the relationship that Workers forge among each other and with others in the house, and it facilitates Worker relationships with the men and women whom they serve each day.

Soup preparation usually begins between eight and ten o'clock the night before: the chopping of carrots, potatoes, onions; the soaking of beans. Following Heidi's advice, I did a lot of this. Personally, I enjoyed it best when Carmen helped out with the chopping. He always did the onions—usually exiled by Niki to the farthest reaches of the dining room. And besides, Carmen never seems to get enough of Elvis' music. It made the time pass more quickly and enjoyably.

Early in the morning, the cooks arrive, some from within the house, others like Michael Greenberg and Brian Hynes from outside. The stove is lit under the fifty-gallon pot, greens and seasonings are added, along with whatever interesting leftovers might be dug out of our overloaded refrigerator. All the while, the soup is stirred by an oar-like metal spoon, with the shortest among us gaining leverage by standing upon one of the many plastic milk crates stored in the backyard.

Volunteers begin arriving around 9:30 am, and are always much appreciated by whoever has the house for that morning. One never knows for sure who or how many are going to show up. But they almost always do: the everyday regulars like Christine and Adam, and John and Greg, the once or twice a week men and women too numerous to name, and the visiting students and student groups that may volunteer for only a single day. Our annual Thanksgiving brunch, for example, saw the welcome arrival of nearly the entire LaGuardia Community College girls basketball team, ably organized by Joe Hamilton who always assists at the house that day. Several house residents also contribute during the regular line each day.

The morning person also determines the music for the day. It has always interested me to see what they come up with. Music is important to the line. It creates an ambience, sets a mood, and often serves to smooth the loud chatter coming from the tables. Jim seems to prefer CDs of jazz and blues tunes. Erica, who seems to have missed that part of the Worker creed that eschews technology, normally finds something to stream from her iPhone. I was less successful, usually fighting a losing battle trying to coax a clear signal out of our cast-off radio.

After a brief group prayer—sometimes accompanied by an introduction of new volunteers—the guests pour in, the majority of them regulars, some with companions, others alone. They come from who knows where: shelters, temporary housing, the streets and the parks. Some are ravenously hungry, others are here only to escape the winter cold. Soup, bread and coffee. No questions asked. Only the usual requests: "Stow your backpacks and shopping carts out of the way. We know its cold out there, but other folks are waiting to be served. Please return your cups and bowls to the sink."

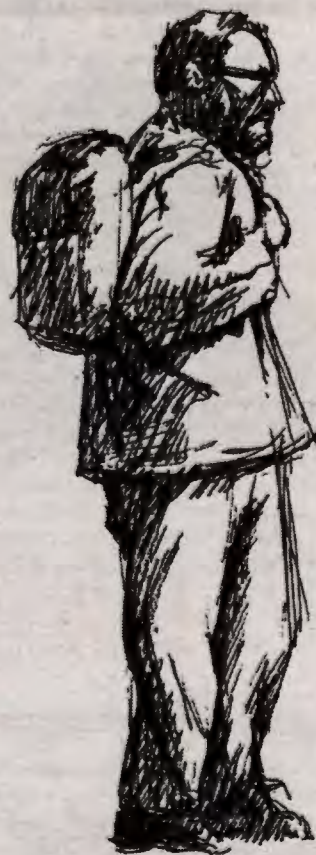
Food and meal preparation may define the Worker, but of course, so does the felt

presence of Dorothy Day and, to a lesser extent, Peter Maurin. It was a presence that I encountered every day, from Dorothy's simple portrait on the wall, to how her life and ideas entered easily into our conversations as we discussed the events then current around us—the continuing wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the injustice of income inequality in this country, the nonviolent protests following the Michael Brown and Eric Garner decisions and more. Nearly all these conversations returned us to the well-established tenets of our founders: personalism and individual responsibility toward those in need, and a gospel-based orientation toward social justice, nonviolence and pacifism.

My weeks at the two houses also helped me gain a fuller understanding of the centrality of the liturgy in the day-to-day routine of the Worker. Dorothy, as we know, attended daily Mass at nearby Nativity church. But from my reading of Dorothy's life, her participation appears to have been a personal affair. The twice-weekly liturgies shared by the houses seem to function as something more. To be sure, they are times for personal prayer and reflection, but I also have seen them as important occasions for group recommitment and renewal. The physical coming together of the volunteers and friends of both houses, the prayers and petitions that inevitably touch on the shared missions of each (prayers for the sick, for prisoners, for peace), and the exchanges of peace following the Lord's prayer—some of which, with all the body-crunching hugs, can exceed ten minutes or more—all serve to remind us that this is a collective journey we have set out upon. We are not alone in this endeavor. I found that evening Vespers at Maryhouse with Jane, Carla, Martha, Evelyn and others performed the same function for me.

As to the external forces that threaten the New York Worker, one need only look upon the changing neighborhood about us. Gentrification has consumed most of the East Village and most of East First Street. The soup line now assembles in front of a hair salon. Further west, a luxury apartment building is planned for the corner of First Street and Second Avenue. Walk east down the block and you will find already well-established cafes, trendy restaurants and small art galleries.

Can the two houses survive in the midst of affluence? Whom would we serve? It is part of a long running conversation I have had with various volunteers in recent years, but mostly with Roger, the institutional memory of the Worker. Roger has seen it all. He tells me that since its beginnings in 1933 the Worker has relocated five different times—six, if you count both Chrystie Street locations. He reminds me that the Worker has relocated each time somewhere on the Lower East Side. So for what it is worth, I believe neither house is likely to move elsewhere any time soon. Perhaps it is the soup, the clothing, the companionship and the respect, but those in need have not gone away. They still seem to find their way to the door.



Tony Gawron

Dear Readers,

A front page article in our December issue, "Ferguson, Anytown USA," has elicited a fair amount of comment. We hope to share some of these views in a future issue. Blessed New Year.

—The Editors

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 Maryhouse—55 East Third St., (212) 777-9617. Maryhouse is located between First and Second Avenues (2nd Ave. stop on the F train). Feel welcome to call and confirm the schedule.

Jan. 23.....Scott Langley: A Photographer's Witness.

Jan. 30.....A Remembrance of Gandhi.

Feb. 6.....Robert Gangi: On Police Reform.

Feb. 13.....Update from Witness Against Torture Fast for Justice 2015.

Feb. 20.....Malcolm X: The film by Spike Lee.

Feb. 27.....Catholicism: Fr. Robert Barron's Film.

MEETINGS BEGIN AT 8:00 PM



O ALL YE WORKS
OF THE LORD
BLESS YE THE LORD

Ade Bethune

BOOK REVIEWS

WAGING PEACE: Global Adventures of a Lifelong Activist, by David Hartsough with Joyce Hollyday. PM Press, Oakland, CA, 2014. Reviewed by Patrick Jordan.

If Ammon Hennacy were around to update his posthumously published 1970 *The One-Man Revolution in America*, he would likely add a chapter on David Hartsough (b. 1941). For nearly sixty years, this Quaker-inspired activist has resisted war, racism, and injustice at home and literally around the world. Hennacy's book was a veritable *Profiles in Courage* for America's unsung peacemakers and radicals. In *Waging Peace*, David Hartsough brings that tradition up-to-date by forty years, every year of which includes his actions of protest and courage.

This autobiographical record begins with David's Ohio roots. His mother was a first-grade teacher and an activist, his father was a congregational minister. At age seven, young Hartsough faced down a group of town bullies who had bloodied him. Later, he sought out—and became friends with—their *jefe*.

From there the story moves quickly to Pennsylvania, where the teenage David organizes his first peace protest (at a Nike missile site); then to Virginia, where the angered patron of a segregated lunch counter David and others were attempting to integrate threatens his life; and then on to the White House, Berlin, Red Square, and even the Holy Land, all places where he demonstrates nonviolently for reconciliation. The book concludes half a century later, with his arrest outside a US drone base.

classes at Communist East Berlin's Humboldt University; and summer forays for students he organized to Eastern Bloc countries and the Soviet Union in 1961 and 62. There, David was nearly arrested in Red Square and threatened with twenty years in prison for demonstrating against nuclear testing. Back in the US, he was arrested outside the White House during a similar demonstration. In one instance, he was released from jail in the nick of time to accept his college diploma. Then came alternative service as a conscientious objector, a master's degree in international studies at Columbia, five rewarding but hectic years in Washington, DC, with Quaker lobbying groups, and marriage and a family.

Here is where the story gets particularly interesting and challenging for someone like me, close to David's age and with a similar family constellation. For during David's time at Pendle Hill, he and Jan decided to continue following a path of protest and simple living that would allow them to take risks in the service of peace and to resist paying the federal taxes that go for military expenditures (over fifty percent of the annual discretionary budget). A simple lifestyle, often shared with other like-minded families in community, allowed the Hartsoughs to live below a taxable income for many years. When they did exceed that minimum, they made it difficult for the IRS to extract its blood money. The IRS threatened to confiscate their home, but eventually settled for garnishing a savings account. For over forty years, the Hartsoughs have been able to resist paying war taxes outright; during the same period they have welcomed countless guests, all the while remaining exemplars of sane and caring resistance.

Ammon Hennacy would be particularly impressed with the long, consistent list of David Hartsough's protests, fasts and jailings. They include organizing several peace flotillas to block free passage of munitions ships during the Vietnam War; helping form the Abalone Alliance (1977-84) to impede completion of the Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant; protests and arrests at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory (1981-83). These were followed by years of actions against US counterinsurgency policies in Central America, based on David's own fact-finding trips to the region. He personally accompanied threatened villagers in Chiapas, Mexico, as well as Guatemala, Nicaragua, and El Salvador. In 1987, he and others pledged to disrupt weapons shipments to Central America from the Concord Naval Weapons Station in California.

In one of those protests, his good friend Brian Willson was run down and nearly killed by a munitions train. The callousness of the event, and David's assistance to Willson, then and for many years after the train had severed Willson's legs, make for heart-pounding reading. "The war came home in a powerful

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AMERICAN GANDHI: A.J. Muste and the History of Radicalism in the Twentieth Century by Leilah Danielson. University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, PA, 2014. Reviewed by Tom Cornell.

This scholarly and critical biography of Abraham Johannes Muste (1885-1967), the foremost pacifist of his time, is a most valuable contribution. Macmillan published Nat Hentoff's *Peace Agitator*, a warm memoir of Muste in 1962. Temple published Jo Ann Robinson's *Abraham Went Out: A Biography of A.J. Muste*, in 1981. Leilah Danielson's is the most thoroughly researched and offers deeper analysis of A.J.'s contribution to the building of movements in defense of labor, civil liberties, civil rights, war resistance and peace. A.J. was at the center of it all.

A.J. was born of a working class family in The Netherlands in 1885. In 1891 the family joined other Dutch, mostly working-class immigrants in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where they replicated the community they had left as best they could, with the Dutch Reformed church at its center. A pious lad, A.J. was destined for the ministry. He was also fun-loving and popular, athletic, captain of his basketball team as well as class valedictorian at Hope College, near Holland, Michigan. From there A.J. went to New Brunswick Theological Seminary in New Jersey. The New York metropolitan area gave him access to the larger world outside the Dutch ethnic community. He was able to take courses at Columbia University, New York University and Union Theological Seminary where he encountered the Social Gospel and contemporary biblical study.

Ordained for the Reformed Church of America in 1909, A.J. was appointed pastor of the prestigious Fort Washington Collegiate Church. He then married his fiancée, Anna Huizinga, also of the Grand Rapids Dutch immigrant community, but of an educated and clerical family. A.J. went on to earn a degree in theology at Union Theological Seminary, where he began to question his strict Calvinism. In 1914, he left the Reformed Church, resigned his post at Washington Heights and was accepted into the Congregationalist clergy to take a pastorate at Central Congregational Church in Newton, Mass., where the Calvinist tradition was interpreted more liberally. He resigned that post when he could not in conscience endorse his congregants' enthusiasm for US participation in World War I.

In much reduced financial circumstances, A.J. accepted an offer from the Providence Friends meeting in Rhode Island to act as their part-time pastor in exchange for the use of a house and basic expenses. In 1919, when 32,000 workers walked off their jobs at the textile plants in Lawrence, Mass., A.J. took part in a clergy support group so effectively that he was soon called upon to direct strategy and

to act as the strikers' chief negotiator. Those responsibilities proved so heavy that A.J. had to leave his post at the Quaker Meeting. He then devoted himself to the cause of labor and the radical socialist movement until the eve of World War II. It is a dizzying account. A.J. attempted to build bridges between all sectors of the Old Left while maintaining a revolutionary edge.

A.J. Muste saw labor as the base not for reform but for radical restructuring of the social and political systems. That put him at odds with the American Federation of Labor (AFL) and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) leaderships. Nevertheless, his many years teaching at and directing the Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, NY as well as his personal involvement in some of the most significant labor battles and his personal qualities (he never held a grudge) earned him the respect and trust even of opponents.

Like Dorothy Day, A.J. sensed that the fall of the tsar in Russia in 1917 had set in motion a wave of revolutionary fervor that would at last sweep away the old order throughout the developed world. (As Dorothy Day put it, "This has been no brief period of revolution. Unlike 1776, 1848, 1864, we are now in a world revolution which began in 1917, has continued, and is continuing"—*The Long Loneliness*.) Vladimir Lenin had said that the wind always blows from the left. Not in more than a generation's time, not in Russia, not in China and certainly not in the US! Labor did not achieve revolution, but labor was an integral part of social advances in the US since the Great Depression. Labor's weakening has been contemporaneous with their roll-back.

Like Peter Maurin, A.J. rejected the Enlightenment faith in progress through technology and secularization. For a time, 1933-36, A.J. abandoned the church for radical Marxism-Leninism. He organized and led a Trotskyist political party, the American Workers Party. But Leninist authoritarianism was never a neat fit. Leon Trotsky had said of A.J. that he was the last hope for a Bolshevik revolution in the US, if only his terrible past did not catch up with him, his terrible past being his life in the church. And that is just what happened.

A.J. and Anna had never had a real vacation. Friends gathered enough money for them to go to Europe in 1936. The Mustes stayed with Leon Trotsky and his wife at their home in Norway for a week. A.J. found Trotsky warm and congenial. There is no record of what they talked about, but with Nazi-fascism in ascendance there must have been talk of the gathering war clouds. On their way home, A.J. and Anna visited Paris. A.J. entered the Church of Saint Sulpice a tourist and left a Christian revert. Trotsky's dread had come to pass. In that Renaissance church, A.J. heard the voice of God within himself telling him, "This is where you belong."

His Christian pacifism restored, A.J. remained active in the labor and radical movement. He was appointed labor secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR) and took a pastorate at the Presbyterian Labor Temple on 14th Street and Second Avenue, in Lower Manhattan. He was soon executive secretary of FOR, to guide it through World War II. Danielson's critique of A.J.'s pacifism at that time is inadequate. A.J. understood the vital importance of keeping nonviolence alive even as an ember under the ashes of that war. To term his, "if I can't love Hitler I can't love at all" as "notorious" is to miss the deepest point.

As war approached, A.J. made what he came to regard as a mistake. He cooperated with the Selective Service System in the establishment of Civilian Public Service camps (CPS) for conscientious objectors. In view of the harsh, even murderous treatment COs endured during World War I, it seemed like a good idea. CPS would give COs an option

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I bear
wounds,
not weapons.

—Robert Hugh Benson

Dom Paschal Baumstein, OSB

I got to know David (a fitting name for one taking on Goliaths), his wife Jan, and their two small children in 1970 at Pendle Hill, the Quaker Study Center outside Philadelphia. He had just completed an arduous, five-year stint as a national organizer for the Friends Committee on National Legislation. Little did I know, until reading *Waging Peace*, that in that capacity he had organized many of the huge antiwar demonstrations Catholic Workers and others had taken part in during the 1960s; or that before that, his father had worked with Martin Luther King Jr.; that Bayard Rustin had encouraged David to enroll at Howard University in Washington, DC, and that in 1960, with fellow student Stokely Carmichael, he had led protests for integration in Virginia; or that as part of a 1962 Quaker delegation, he had met with President John F. Kennedy to call for a national policy of "waging peace": the inspiration for this book's title.

David first came to the attention of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI at age fifteen. In fact, *Waging Peace* reads like a chronology lifted from his FBI file—a lifetime of protests, arrests, and agency misperceptions concerning David's actions and motivations. It's not hard to see why. There are his Quaker summer work camp in Cuba (1959), only months after Castro overthrew the US-backed dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista; David's experience in Communist Yugoslavia the following summer (he would return again in 1997, attempting to reconcile warring Serbs and Kosovars); his junior year in Germany (1961), auditing



Meg Crocker-Birmingham

On Holy Perseverance

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were not rare. The contents varied—sometimes cast-off clothing monks had worn before taking vows, often his most recent book, and also monk-made cheese and even a fruitcake flavored with Kentucky bourbon.

It's remarkable that, in his overfull life, Merton occasionally found the time to fill a box to be sent off to the Catholic Worker. He felt a deep sense of connection with what the Catholic Worker was doing—hospitality, the newspaper, protest.

His gifts communicated to all of us a deep sense of his solidarity. This sense of connection with houses of hospitality went back to Merton's days volunteering at Friendship House in Harlem, founded by a friend of Dorothy's, Catherine de Hueck Doherty, or "the Baroness" as she was often called due to her family's aristocratic Russian roots. Few choices Merton ever made were so difficult as deciding between a Catholic Worker-like vocation at Friendship House and becoming a monk at the Abbey of Gethsemani.

"CW stands for so much that has always been meaningful to me: I associate it with similar trends of thought, like that of the English Dominicans and Eric Gill, who also were very important to me. And [Jacques] Maritain.... [The] Catholic Worker is part of my life, Dorothy. I am sure the world is full of people who would say the same.... If there were no Catholic Worker and such forms of witness, I would never have joined the Catholic Church." (TM to DD, December 29, 1965)

In the first surviving letter from Merton to Dorothy, dated July 9, 1959, he starts out by letting her know that another gift box is on its way—some "sweet-smelling" toothpaste. He then goes on to tell her that he is "deeply touched" by her witness for peace, which had several times resulted in her arrest and imprisonment. He continues: "You are right going along the lines of *satyagraha* [Gandhi's term for nonviolent action]. I see no other way, though of course the angles of the problem are not all clear. I am certainly with you in taking some kind of stand and acting accordingly. Nowadays it is no longer a question of who is right but who is at least not criminal, if any of us can say that anymore."

In the same letter Merton confided to Dorothy his attraction to a vocation of greater solitude and deeper poverty. Deep questions about where, as a monk, he ought to be was not a topic that Merton touched on with many of his correspondents. It's clear that he saw in Dorothy someone capable of helping him discern God's will.

During their twelve years of correspondence, one of the recurring themes was perseverance. "My constant prayer," Dorothy confided to Merton just before Christmas in 1959, "is for final perseverance—to go on as I am trusting always the Lord Himself will take me by the hair of the head like Habakkuk and set me where he wants me."

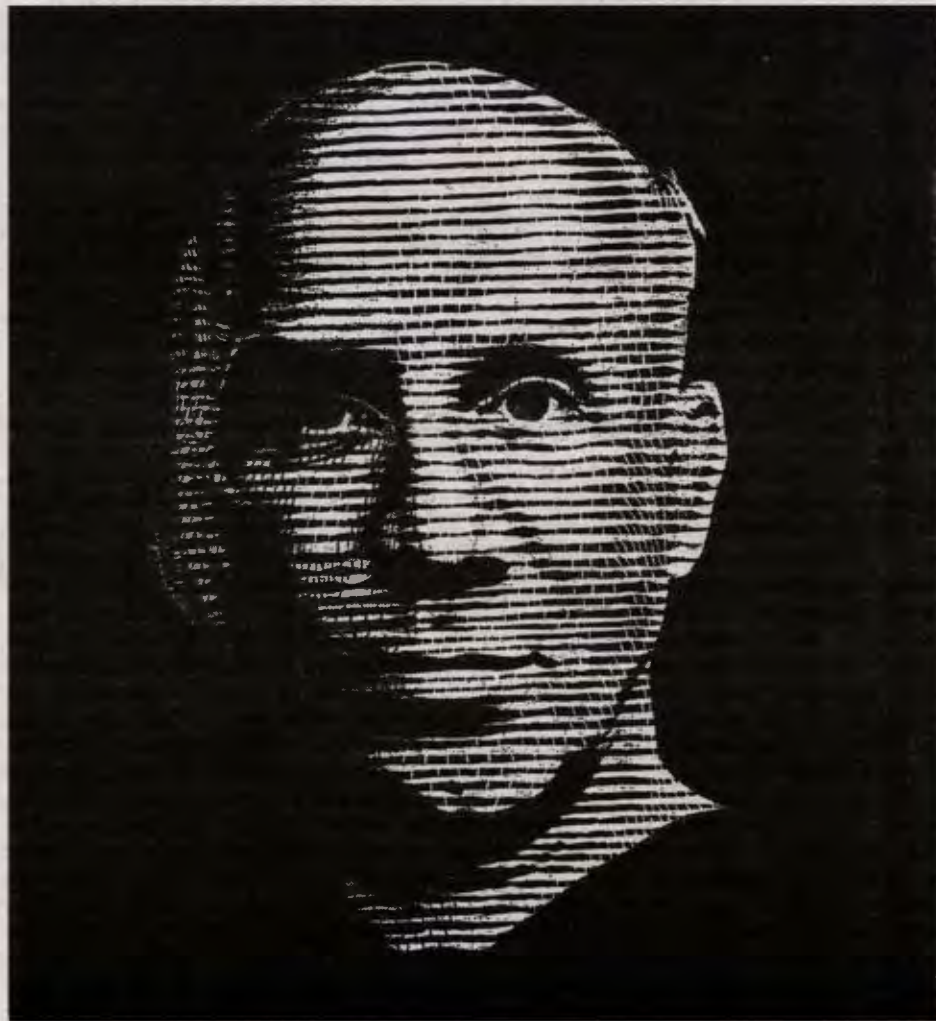
In one letter to Merton, Dorothy speaks in detail about the bitterness animating some of the criticisms directed at her by co-workers. She senses the motivation of some of those who come to help at the Catholic Worker is less love than a "spirit of rebellion." (DD to TM, October 10, 1960) Many who knew her and were aware of the emotional and physical strains of Catholic Worker life were astonished that Dorothy persevered from the founding of the Catholic Worker in 1933 until her death in 1980—forty-seven years as part of a community of hospitality.

In his response, Merton noted that "more and more one sees that [perseverance] is the great thing," but he also points out that perseverance is much more than "hanging on to some course which we have set our minds to, and refusing to let go." It can sometimes mean "not hanging on but letting go. That of course is terrible. But as you say so rightly, it is a question of [God] hanging on to us, by the hair of the head, that is from on top and beyond, where we cannot see or reach."

This was a matter of acute importance to Merton personally, a monk who repeatedly was attracted to greener monastic pastures. Dorothy was all for Merton staying put. In a later letter, Dorothy remarks, "I have a few friends who are always worrying about your leaving the monastery but from the letters of yours that I read I am sure you will hold fast. I myself pray for final perseverance most fervently having seen one holy old priest suddenly elope with a parishioner. I feel that anything can happen to anybody at anytime." (DD to TM, March 17, 1963)

In one letter Merton reflects on the levels of poverty that he sees the Catholic Worker responding to. "O Dorothy," he writes, "I think of you, and the beat people, the ones with nothing, and the poor in virtue, the very poor, the ones no one can respect. I am not worthy to say I love all of you. Intercede for me, a stuffed shirt in a place of stuffed shirts...." (TM to DD, February 4, 1960)

Merton goes further with this topic in his next letter to Dorothy. "I was in Louisville at the Little Sisters of the Poor yesterday, and realized that it is in these beautiful, beat, wrecked, almost helpless old people that Christ lives and works most. And in the hurt people who are bitter and say they have lost their faith. We (society at large) have lost our sense of values and our vision. We despise everything



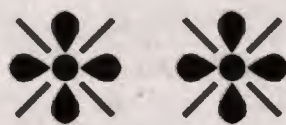
Kerry Dugan

that Christ loves, everything marked by His compassion. We love fatness, health, bursting smiles, the radiance of satisfied bodies all properly fed and rested and sated and washed and perfumed and sexually relieved. Everything else is a scandal and a horror to us." (TM to DD, August 17, 1960)

The fact that they both were writers may have been what drew Merton to confess to Dorothy his skepticism about the value of his own writing. "There has been some good and much bad." He fears that his books too easily "become part of a general system of delusion," a system that ultimately feels it is practically a religious duty to have and, if necessary, to use nuclear weapons. In the sentences that follow, Merton says that he finds himself "more and more drifting toward the derided and probably quite absurdist and defeatist position of a sort of Christian anarchist. This of course would be foolish, if I followed it to the end... But perhaps the most foolish would be to renounce all consideration of any alternative to the status quo, the giant machine." (TM to DD, July 23, 1961)

This letter is, so far as I am aware, one of

THOMAS



1915-

only two places in his vast body of writings where Merton refers to anarchism. (For Dorothy, anarchist meant someone like herself whose obedience was not to rulers but to Christ.) The other place is in an essay on the Desert Fathers, the fourth-century ascetics who created the monastic option, living quietly in places that people generally avoided. Here Merton sees the Desert Fathers as being "in a certain sense 'anarchists'.... They were men who did not believe in letting themselves be passively guided and ruled by a decadent state, and who believed that there was a way of getting along without slavish dependence on accepted, conventional values." (Introduction to *The Wisdom of the Desert*).

grim topic—Christians crediting God with willing a storm of killing. Dorothy consoled Merton with the reminder that Dame Julian of Norwich, the medieval mystic, had written that "the worst has already happened and been repaired. Nothing worse can ever befall us." (DD to TM, August 15, 1961)

In the spring of 1962, Merton received an order from his Abbot General in Rome, Dom Gabriel Sortais, not to publish any more writings on war and peace. As a consequence, a book Merton had just finished writing, *Peace in the Post-Christian Era*, was published more than four decades after it was written. Merton found the gagging order not only outrageous but at odds with the prophetic dimension of the monastic vocation.

Merton obeyed but in fact wasn't quite silenced. He continued to write for *The Catholic Worker* but under such transparent pseudonyms as Benedict Monk. He remained a member of the advisory board of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, often giving its staff extremely helpful guidance. His abbot, Dom James Fox, decided that what the Abbot General had banned was publication of mass market editions of Merton's peace writings.

With his abbot's collaboration, Merton was able to bring out several mimeographed editions of *Peace in the Post-Christian Era* and another called *Cold War Letters* plus a succession of essays. Via the staff of the Catholic Peace Fellowship plus a number of other friends, these were widely distributed, including to bishops and theologians taking part in the Second Vatican Council.

For both Dorothy and Merton, the refusal to hate anyone was basic Christianity. It's not surprising to find one of Merton's finest meditations on enmity in one of his longer letters to Dorothy. Here is an extract:

"Persons are not known by intellect alone, not by principles alone, but only by love. It is when we love the other, the enemy, that we obtain from God the key to an understanding of who he is and who we are. It is only this realization that can open to us the real nature of our duty, and of right action. To shut out the person and to refuse to consider him as a person, as another self, we resort to the 'impersonal law' and to abstract 'nature.' That is to say we block off the reality of the other, we cut the intercommunication of our nature and his nature, and we consider only our own nature with its rights, its claims, its demands. And we justify the evil we do to our brother because he is no longer a brother, he is merely an adversary, an accused. To restore communication, to see our oneness of nature with him, and to respect his personal rights and his integrity, his worthiness of love, we have to see ourselves as similarly accused along with him... and needing, with him, the ineffable gift of grace and mercy to be saved. Then, instead of pushing him down, trying to climb out by using his head as a stepping-stone for ourselves, we help ourselves to rise by helping him to rise. For when we extend our hand to the enemy who is sinking in the abyss, God reaches out to both of us, for it is He first of all who extends our hand to the enemy. It is He who 'saves himself' in the enemy, who makes use of us to recover the lost groat which is His image in our enemy." (TM to DD, December 20, 1961)

Here one sees in high relief what was at the root of Christian life for both Dorothy and Merton and that shaped their friendship. We know God and we know each other only by love. Without love, we become inhabitants of hell long before we die. With love, we already have a foretaste of heaven. ✦

MERTON

-1968

The Shelter Ethic

By THOMAS MERTON

[Excerpted from *CW* November, 1961—Eds. Note]

What precisely is the question? A great deal of discussion was aroused in October by an article of an associate editor of *America*, Fr. L. C. McHugh, S.J. Rather, to speak more accurately, a great deal of discussion was raised by the confusing and one-sided presentation of that article in the national press. The article itself is perfectly reasonable, and it contains nothing with which a professor of ethics would disagree. It states clearly that the natural law guarantees everyone a right to defend his life and the safety of his dependents, and that he may even defend his life with violence, risking the death of the unjust aggressor, if violence is clearly the last available recourse. It also makes quite clear that the violence may only be used at the actual moment of assault, and when the assault has been initiated with evident intent to kill. Lethal violence may never be used merely to forestall the possibility of assault. Finally, the violence must be limited to what is strictly necessary, and if possible the death of the unjust aggressor must be avoided.

These are purely and simply the principles laid down by Catholic moral philosophy, and it might be pertinent to observe, at this point, that they are definitely applicable in the case of what our missile people now refer to as "first strike" in nuclear war: by such principles as these, one wonders how the idea of a surprise attack on an enemy who is only feared as a potential aggressor could be accepted and blessed by any Christian moralist. Quite apart from the frightful injustice of the death and maiming of millions of innocent people, the mere fact of a surprise "first strike" on an all-out destructive scale, when no aggression has been initiated by the enemy, is clearly unjust and utterly unacceptable to a Christian moralist.

Most of the reports in the national press evidently failed to draw any attention to the most important paragraph in Father McHugh's article. I quote: "To say that one has a right to employ violence in defense of life is not to say that one has the duty to do so. Indeed, in the Christian view, there is a great merit in turning the other cheek and bearing evils patiently out of the love of God." Fr. McHugh hastens to add that this is "heroism" and a "dedication to a full Christian ethic that is far above what God requires under pain of eternal loss." He then points out that an "unattached individual" may well resign his place in the shelter in favor of someone else. This is excellent.

I have no intention whatever of criticizing Father McHugh, and I have absolutely no complaint about his principles. My intention is to speak about the whole situation that makes such discussion inevitable, and which dictated certain assumptions which to my mind completely falsify the Christian moral perspective in this problem. What is disturbing today is the widespread and unreserved acceptance of these assumptions.

What are they? First of all that a shallow backyard shelter itself makes any sense. That one can surely save his life by taking refuge in

one. That it is really worth the trouble having such a shelter, and that it is even so important to get into it that one can go to the lengths of killing another person in order to keep him out. This whole mentality is deeply disturbing. A fallout shelter might be of some value in Colombia or Peru—or perhaps in Australia. In the event of an all-out atomic attack on the US such a shelter recommends itself only to someone who wants to die in a small hole.

Secondly, a passive and uncritical acceptance of all the ambiguous political thought which is leading us step by step toward nuclear war. It implies a stoical resignation to the idea of such a war, and the conviction that nuclear war makes sense: that it may become "necessary" and even "Christian." Please do not misunderstand me: I am not trying to pin these opinions on the author of the article. I am just saying they are in the air that everybody breathes. They are disseminated like spiritual fallout by the irresponsible and immoral sensationalism of the mass-media.

Finally, in the moral thinking of many Catholics, there is a tacit assumption that the fulfillment of the minimal obligation and nothing more, is normal for a Christian! That anything beyond the very minimal becomes "heroic" and "cannot be demanded" of anyone. Perhaps we forget there are situations in which even the minimum demanded of a Christian can be heroic. It is certainly true that one might be obliged to leave the supposed safety of a shelter at the risk of one's life in order to minister to the grave spiritual needs of the neighbor we so readily consider as a possible target for our rifle!

It seems to me that at this time, above all, instead of wasting our time in problematical ways of saving our own skin, we ought to be seeking with all our strength to act as better Christians, as men of peace, dedicated wholeheartedly to the law of love which is the law of Christ.

This grave problem has to be seen in the light of very extraordinary circumstances. We are in the midst of what is perhaps the most crucial moral and spiritual crisis the human race has ever faced during its history. We are all deeply involved in this crisis, and consequently the way each individual faces the crisis has a definite bearing on the survival of the whole race. This does not mean that the way in which each individual protects his own rights is not a matter of great importance. Therefore, while each individual certainly retains the right to defend his life and protect his family, we run the risk of creating a very dangerous mentality and opening the way to moral chaos if we give the impression that from here on out it is just every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

This is not only fundamentally unchristian, but it is immoral on the purely natural level and is finally disastrous even to the political interests of our children.

Fallout does not dispense me from the basic obligation to love my neighbor as myself and even in a case where it might be obligatory to restrain him from violence by force, I am only allowed to use this force with love for truth, for justice, and for my neighbor. I can never cease to value him or his life, and I should be willing to learn to accept injustice and violence, even death, for the sake of love and truth. To regard this as mere sentimentality is to confess that one is blind to the real sense of Christian ethics.

Certainly a man owes protection to his family and dependents. No one questions that. Let it be quite clear that even nonviolent resistance not only recognizes but empha-

sizes this fundamental duty. There is no such thing as legitimate nonviolent passivity in this case. It is not ethically permissible for a man to stand by and let his helpless dependents be killed or overrun. Nonviolent resistance is active and positive. It takes very definite steps to protect rights, but these steps are nonviolent in the sense that self sacrifice for the sake of truth and rights takes precedence over everything else, and especially over the use of physical force against the aggressor. The nonviolent resister has the duty to lay down his life if necessary to protect the rights of his family. He is also ready to lay down his life in defense of the truth. The emphasis is on the readiness to sacrifice one's own life, not on the promptitude with which one will kill another to save himself.

I admit that the practical question of how to resist nonviolently in the case we are discussing (the fallout shelter) presents very serious difficulties. Such a case would require mastery of the supremely difficult and heroic technique of nonviolent resistance. In practice, where nonviolent resistance is impossible, then force may and should be used, rather than passive acquiescence. I must emphasize this point very strongly, because it is generally unknown or misunderstood. Merely pas-

The Wild Places

By THOMAS MERTON

[Excerpted from *CW* June, 1968—Eds. Note]

Man is a creature of ambiguity. His salvation and his sanity depend on his ability to harmonize the deep conflicts in his thought, his emotions, his personal mythology. Honesty and authenticity do not depend on complete freedom from contradictions—such freedom is impossible—but on recognizing our self-contradictions and not masking them with bad faith. The conflicts in individuals are not entirely of their own making. On the contrary, many of them are imposed, ready made, by an ambivalent culture. This poses a very special problem, because he who accepts the ambiguities of his culture without protest and without criticism is rewarded with a sense of security and moral justification. A certain kind of unanimity satisfies our emotions, and easily substitutes for truth. We are content to think like the others, and in order to protect our common psychic security, we readily become blind to the contradictions—or even the lies—that we have all decided to accept as "plain truth."

One of the more familiar ambiguities in the American mind operates in our frontier mythology, which has grown in power in proportion as we have ceased to be a frontier or even a rural people. The pioneer, the frontier culture hero, is a product of the wilderness. But at the same time he is a destroyer of the wilderness. His success as pioneer depends on his ability to fight the wilderness and win. Victory consists in reducing the wilderness to something else, a farm, a village, a road, a canal, a railway, a mine, a factory, a city—and finally an urban nation. A recent study of *Wilderness and the American Mind* by Roderick Nash (Yale University Press) is an important addition to an already significant body of literature about this subject. It traces the evolution of the wilderness idea from the first Puritan settlers via Thoreau and Muir to the modern ecologists and preservationists—and to their opponents in big business and politics.

Much of the stupendous ecological damage that has been done in the last fifty years is completely irreversible. Industry and the military, especially in America, are firmly set on policies which make further damage inevitable. There are plenty of people who are aware of the need for "something to be done," but just consider the enormous struggle that has to be waged, for instance in eastern Kentucky, to keep mining interests from

sive acquiescence in evil is in no sense to be dignified by the name of nonviolence. It is a travesty of Christian meekness. It is purely and simply the sin of cowardice. Those who imagine that this kind of apathy is nonviolent resistance are doing a great disservice to the cause of truth and confusing heroism with degenerate and apathetic passivity. Hence even the proponent of nonviolence will allow that in practice a man might use force to protect the life and safety of his family in a fallout shelter, assuming that he was not able to solve the problem in a legitimately nonviolent manner.

Let us for the love of heaven wake up to the fact that our own minds are just as filled with dangerous power today as the nuclear bombs themselves. And let us be very careful how we unleash the pent-up forces in the minds of others. The hour is extremely grave. The guarded statements of moral theologians are a small matter compared to the constant deluge of irresponsible opinions, criminal half-truths and murderous images disseminated by the mass media. The struggle for survival, freedom and truth is going to be won or lost in our thoughts, in our spirit. It is because the minds of men have become what they have become that the world is poised on the brink of total disaster.



June Hildebrand

completing the ruin of an area that is already a ghastly monument to callous human greed. Everyone will agree that "deforestation is bad" and when flash floods pull down the side of a mountain and drown a dozen wretched little towns in mud, everyone will agree that it's too bad the strip-miners peeled off the tops of the mountains with bulldozers. But when a choice has to be made, it is almost invariably made in the way that is good for a quick return on somebody's investment—and a permanent disaster for everybody else.

Aldo Leopold, a follower of John Muir and one of the great preservationists, understood that the erosion of American land was only part of a more drastic erosion of American freedom—of which it was a symptom. If "freedom" means purely and simply an uncontrolled power to make money in every possible way, regardless of consequences, then freedom becomes synonymous with ruthless, mindless and absolute exploitation. Such freedom is in fact nothing but the arbitrary tyranny of a wasteful and destructive process, glorified with big words that have lost their meaning. Aldo Leopold saw the connection, and expressed it in the quiet language of ecology.

"Is it not a bit beside the point to be so solicitous about preserving American institutions without giving so much as a thought to preserving the environment which produced them and which may now be one of the effective means of keeping them alive?"

Aldo Leopold brought into clear focus one of the most important moral discoveries of our time. This can be called the ecological conscience. The ecological conscience is centered in an awareness of man's true place as a dependent member of the biotic community. Man must become fully aware of his dependence on a balance which he is not only free to destroy but which he has already begun to destroy. He must recognize his obligations toward the other members of that vital community. And incidentally, since he tends to destroy nature in his frantic efforts to exterminate other members of his own species, it would not hurt if he had a little more respect for human life too. The respect for life, the affirmation of all life, is basic to the ecological conscience. In the words of Albert Schweitzer: "A man is ethical only when life as such is sacred to him, that of plants and animals as well as that of his fellow man."

From The Book of Notes

By RIC RHETOR

Thank goodness the month of February is the shortest month. Like other northern states, New York suffers the dark days of winter quite early, not to mention that daylight savings time doesn't begin until the second Sunday in March. Optimistically, however, we remind ourselves that after the winter solstice, it's actually "all downhill." Despite the continuing bleakness of winter, each day is a little bit longer, indiscernible at first, but then as if by magic, eventually displaying its longed-for brightness. Until then, the usually big and busy city seems lonely and bereft, with fewer now moving along its windswept streets, as those who can seek shelter from the rudeness of these waning days of wintertime. If there's anything good to say about February this year, Lent begins in that cold and weary month, and it could be a fine accompaniment for "a dark night of the soul" probing.

Some might wonder if this writer is depressed, what with that Debbie Downer-esque opening (Debbie is a character on Saturday Night Live noted for her way of deflating the atmosphere at a party to the great irritation of everyone else). There is much to be grateful for, to keep marching for, to not give up hope for, so we certainly don't want to convey a spirit of despondency. Over the last several months, people have stood in solidarity with Eric Garner, Michael Brown, Akai Gurley and others, regrettably too numerous to name. And then there's the annual Witness Against Torture fast held down in Washington, DC, to protest the prison at Guantánamo Bay, now in its disgraceful thirteenth year (we say disgraceful, since so many men still there were cleared for release years ago).

Erica and Martha have to go to court for their civil disobedience protesting drones in Syracuse. Meanwhile, we had a short visit with Kathy Kelly, who starts a three month prison sentence in the latter part of January. She was charged with criminal trespass at Missouri's Whiteman Air Force base, for wanting to break bread with the commander in charge of this center of weaponized drones. We understand that a prosecuting attorney stated that: "Ms. Kelly needs to be rehabilitated." And we say to this fellow, "good luck with that!" We remind Kathy that Dorothy Day was very uncomfortable with CW houses that try to change people who come in need, in a clinical or punitive way. Seriously, would that we could be like Kathy, and that she could rehab some of those authorities who seem to have skewed ideas of right and wrong. Carry it on, Ms. Kelly! We send you off with all our love.

Free Leonard Now!

Leonard Peltier is a citizen of the Anishinabe and Dakota/Lakota Nations who has been unjustly imprisoned for almost 40 years by the US government. Amnesty International considers Peltier a "political prisoner" who should be "immediately and unconditionally released." To many Indigenous Peoples, Leonard Peltier is a symbol of the abuse and repression they have endured for a very long time.

Some of the many who have publicly supported the effort to secure the freedom of Peltier are the following: The late Mother Teresa, Sister Helen Prejean, the European Parliament, former US Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell and the late Nelson Mandela.

For more information there is the DVD, *Incident at Oglala*, by Robert Redford. Other resources are available from the International Leonard Peltier Defense Committee, 1035 Primera Boulevard Suite 160, Lake Mary Florida 32746. There is also the web site: www.leonardpeltier.info. There is also available Leonard Peltier's book entitled, *Prison Writings: My Life is a Sun Dance*.

—Compiled by Bill Griffin

And speaking about those who've seen the inside of jails and prisons, Carmen was able to drive Liz McAllister and Dan Berrigan up to Syracuse toward the last days of December. Dan was especially overjoyed to be there for brother Jerry's 95th birthday. Once there, Jerry and Carol's children, Carla, Philip and Maria pleaded with Dan to stay through the Christmas and New Year holidays and to let them take up the care that his nurses at Murray Weigel, up in the Bronx, do so well. It also helps that Maria is a fine caretaker for Jerry, and we wish all the Berrigans a season of health and happiness.

Bill G., Terry and Jane got over to Brooklyn for a birthday bash in honor of former CW editor, Pat Jordan. Also present—George Horton and Carolyn Zablotny, longtime allies of the Catholic Worker. Carolyn came to New York in the 1960s, eventually working up at Emmaus House in East Harlem with the late Father David Kirk. For his part, George has been working with the archdiocese and is actively involved in the promotion of Dorothy Day's canonization. Meanwhile Geoff Gneuchs was at Carolyn and George's home, painting a portrait of Carolyn's 104 year-old mother Eleanor! Geoff told us that she was indeed a lively and comely subject, and George and Carolyn are grateful for the portrait, still a work in progress.

Meanwhile back at our houses, life continues: meals get cooked and served and other household duties are carried out as we open our doors to those in need. And it was truly a delight to see so many of the people we daily serve at our annual Christmas party. This year was a spectacular and crowded affair, with the addition of the reading of *A Child's Christmas in Wales* by Dylan Thomas. So many joined in this communal event—a great reception, thanks in part to Matt D.'s parents, Al and Joanne, with Rebecca, Dee, Songül, Carla, and others helping with food prep and door duties; Joanne, Robert, Bill G. and Bill O., getting the auditorium ready, and many others besides, who might wonder why they didn't get a mention. Please forgive our lapses, but we are grateful to all, nonetheless.

The little ones, including Grace and Catherine, and those no longer so little, ran round the room and stage after the exquisitely sung carols, some ancient and rarely heard, and sung by many of the parents of the same kids. Great to see Siobhan up on stage, mother of Shiori and Bronwyn, as well as Grace and Catherine's mom, Raissa, and, of course, Joanne and Amanda. Esther had been in a performance of the Nutcracker, over at the Third Street Music School earlier in the week, as one of the girls at the party scene. We forgot to mention that her fifteen year-old brother, Jonah, was a reader in the *A Child's Christmas in Wales* portion of the evening and a singer, too!

So much talent in our younger CWers! Between guitar playing Tobias, ballet dancing Lina, and step dancing Freida, the Culture in Peter Maurin's "Cult, Culture and Cultivation" was truly in evidence at that party. And we don't want to forget that the dads of all these children were in the audience, singing along (or were they?) Some of the more modern Christmas tunes were sung as parodies, on labor conditions, just wages, et al. Did I hear the warblings of Matt D., dad of Tobias and Lina, Pat O'Neil, Shiori and Bronwyn's pop, Michael F, Jonah and Esther's pa, and Pat Langhenry, Grace and Catherine's dad or was that the fevered imaginings of a girl gone wild?

Such festivities recall that phrase attributed to Dostoevsky that Dorothy loved so much: "The world will be saved by beauty." Thanks to a generous gift from a relative, Alba, Cathy and Jane went to Manhattan's own Symphony Space (the same venue where Jonah played the Pirate King in the Pirates of Penzance) up on 95th and Broadway, for An Irish Christ-

mas: a Musical Solstice Celebration. Mick Moloney, its musical director, is professor of Music and Irish Studies at close-by New York University. Terry, who plays the concertina regularly with Irish musicians, speaks highly of Mick Moloney's role in the music scene and his Irish celebration included the wondrous voice of a delightful singer of 1920s and 1930s jazz and some Yiddish vaudeville music. And then there was a wonderful explanation of the ways Irish and Carribeans of African descent were often joined together for music and dance, complete that night with the traditional broomstick ceremony combined with a round of step dancing. I could go on and on about what Jane, Alba and Cathy said about that evening, which also included a Philippine music artist and cultural activist who specializes in the sung oral tradition. Mick Maloney spoke at this event of the parallels between the Philippines and Ireland—both colonized peoples whose cultures were undermined by the nations which conquered them. And both nominally Catholic countries whose faiths were grafted on to their indigenous practices. Now that's what I call an Irish Christmas!



Ade Bethune

Speaking of the Caribbean, we can only imagine what Dorothy would think about all the possible changes in the relationship between Cuba and the United States. Of course she could not have predicted what would ensue over the many years since she traveled there in 1962, or how vehement certain voices would remain in opposition to detente with the Castro government. When Cuba's revolutionary violence was addressed, Dorothy reminded her readers that Fidel Castro did not learn about Gospel nonviolence in his Jesuit education any more than many Catholic prep school students in other parts of the world did at that time. And yet we can imagine how thrilled she'd be to know that Jesuit Pope Francis played a prominent role in initiating dialogue between the US and Cuba.

During the initial days of the responses to the Ferguson and Staten Island grand jury decisions about the killings of Michael Brown and Eric Garner, David Hartsough and Reverend Osagyefo Sekou met at Maryhouse for a dialogue on nonviolence in the context of those tragedies. Patrick Jordan knows David from their days at Pendle Hill, the Quaker Study center outside of Philadelphia; for his part, Reverend Sekou is with the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the First Baptist Church in Jamaica Plains, Boston. Nathan Schneider, a supporter of Ferguson's youth activists, a writer and prominent voice of the Occupy movement, was the moderator of their discussion. Reverend Sekou spoke admirably of the courage and conviction of the majority of people he met in Ferguson, and how elements in the media sought to portray the young activists as violent and undisciplined, in short, to encourage an aesthetic of the "hoodlum." As for David Hartsough, his lineage as a nonviolent activist elder, is quite impressive, his peace work has taken him from the tender age of fifteen until the present, onto the landscapes of his US home and those of other nations too. He comes from a peace tradition with a long pedigree (see Pat Jordan's review of David's new book on page 3).

Visitors have come in abundance, especially toward the end of December. Brenna Moore,

husband John Seitz and children stopped by during our Sunday brunch at Maryhouse, laden with gifts and good cheer. Brenna and John, who told us of Catholic labor historian Jim Fisher, who's been living out in California, but who taught at Fordham. Oh, we forgot to say that Brenna and John both teach in the theology Department of Fordham. A big surprise came in the form of our old friend and Tabor House alumnus Scott Wright, along with his wife, Jean Stoken and their daughter, fifteen year-old Maura. We all got a chance to catch up on mutual friends, as Scott had just come back in November from the 25th anniversary observance of the Jesuit martyrs of El Salvador killed along with their housekeeper and her daughter. And then later on that same Sunday, Sam Turner and Liisa Kaasinen both Catholic Worker grads as well as husband and wife, had a good visit with Joanne. The CW is a wonderful place to form friendships, many of which last a lifetime. The next day a welcome and unexpected very short visit from another Brenna, who along with her husband Eric got stranded at the airport for one night before flying out the following day to Italy. They are from Hope House CW in Iowa. Carla waited for them to arrive, and Eric reminded Carla that they had met some years previously out in Iowa.

By the way, we say goodbye to Carla as she takes the train back out to Iowa to see family and friends. May the time fly by until your return, Carla. We miss you already!

When we heard that two officers, Rafael Ramos and Wenjian Liu were killed by a very deranged man, we were stunned and saddened. The poignancy of this tragedy happening in a season associated with joy and peace was difficult to bear. And the recriminations on the part of certain police officials laid at the feet of our mayor inflamed an already tense situation. That people should paint all police officers with the same brush, to call for their death, is pure and simple violence even if only verbal; but to try and deflect attention from serious systemic problems with policing in parts of our city is a lack of good faith that denies the reality.

During these cold, unyielding days and troubled times, we remember what Dorothy wrote in her On Pilgrimage column of February, 1971: "January and February are those months when winter seems interminable and vitality is low. In the face of world events, in the face of the mystery of suffering, of evil in the world, it is a good time to read the *Book of Job*, and then to go on reading the *Psalms*, looking for comfort—that is, strength to endure.... And just as there was that interpolation in *Job*—that triumphant cry—I know that my Redeemer liveth, so we too can know that help will come, that even from evil, God can bring great good, that indeed the good will triumph."

Keep On Writing

Here are the prison addresses of the Transform Now Plowshares activists who carried out civil disobedience in 2012 at the Y-12 National Security Complex in Oak Ridge, Tenn. The three activists cut through fences, splashed blood on nuclear weapon material and sprayed it with peace slogans. Their goal was to call the public's attention to the US government's ongoing plan to "modernize" its nuclear arsenal:

Megan Rice, #88101-020
Brooklyn MDC
PO Box 329002
Brooklyn, NY 11232
Release Date: 11/14/2015

Gregory Boertje-Obed, #08052-016
Leavenworth USP
PO Box 1000
Leavenworth, KS 66048
Release Date: 09/20/2017

Michael Walli, #92108-020
McKean FCI
PO Box 8000
Bradford, PA 16701
Release Date: 10/29/2017

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way that day," David recounts. "What our government had long been willing to do to poor people and people of color in other parts of the world, it was also willing to do to peaceful protesters in the United States who tried to impede the war effort." Here, as elsewhere, David reflects on the necessary courage of those who would wage peace. The Concord protest lasted 875 days. David was arrested repeatedly, but, he writes, "an amazing, inspiring community grew up around the Concord tracks," one that included ex-CIA agents, many war veterans, and even his own aged and infirm parents.

David later traveled to the Philippines, the Soviet Union, Iran and the former Yugoslavia, and served as executive director of the activist group, Peaceworkers. In 2001, he co-founded the Nonviolent Peaceforce with Mel Duncan. Its aim is to send teams of nonviolent "soldiers" into war-threatened areas to short-circuit violence and offer peaceful models of resolution. David's arrest in Kosovo in 1997, under orders from Serbian leader Slobodan Milosevic, is another heart-palpitating episode in this inspiring chronicle. For David, nonviolent protest for change is never on the cheap. The Nonviolent Peaceforce has now fielded support groups in over forty countries, and has received growing recognition and support from the UN and the European Union.

In his final chapters and appendices, David provides further stories of successful nonviolent campaigns and offers resources for those wishing to challenge the status quo. He finds hope in living near his own grandchildren; contact with them, he writes, "renews our commitment to helping build a world in which all children can look forward to a future of peace and justice."

If anything might have further enriched this book, it would have been to include more about the author's own inner geography: the effect of the storms he experienced on his inner thought and person. Further, the macro geopolitical landscape alluded to here relies almost entirely on a "Democracy Now" point of view. For many readers that will be a high compliment, even an endorsement; for others, it will seem an unnecessary but limiting liability. For those who don't know David Hartsough in person and have not experienced his hearty, self-deprecating laughter, his purity of spirit, and his hospitality, that might diminish this exemplary autobiography. That would be a loss for our times, so in need of exemplars and "one-man revolutionaries."

Waging Peace is a book that challenges, inspires, and offers hope: all gifts that will endure and even transcend the heroic witness of its remarkable author. ✦



We Shall Not Be Moved

Robert Hodgell



Many Children Dwell in My Father's House

Irving Amen

PROP Seeks Change in NYC

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The arrest and prosecution of people for such low level offenses is driven by the "broken windows" theory of policing which claims that more serious crimes are prevented by focusing on minor visible signs of social disorder. Even though studies have shown that physical and social disorder are poor predictors of crime rates, "broken windows" policing is still utilized in New York City. The death of Eric Garner for selling loose cigarettes in Staten Island last summer was almost certainly a result of "broken windows" policing.

Underlying harsh policing tactics is a quota system which rewards officers for issuing summonses and making arrests, while punishing officers for failing to meet a quota. Known as "productivity goals" by the Police Department, this quota system has led to an unfair targeting of poor people, people of color, and homeless individuals. One disturbing example is a neighborhood comparison of the numbers of summonses issued for riding a bike on the sidewalk. Between 2009 and 2011 the yearly average of summonses for Park Slope and Red Hook, Brooklyn—relatively affluent neighborhoods—was eight per year. In Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn—a relatively poor neighborhood—the average number of summons issued was 2000 per year.

At a recent PROP petition drive in the Union Square subway station, following the grand jury decision not to indict the police officer who held Eric Garner in the chokehold that led to his death, I approached two young men and asked them if they wanted to give their signatures.

"I wouldn't sign that petition," one of them said. "What good would that do? I probably wouldn't get a job if I signed it." I heard anger and hurt in their voices, and I read despair in their eyes. There was nothing to say. All the signatures I collected seemed pointless in light of the reality of these young men in the subway.

I think of Dorothy Day. In one of her diary entries, reflecting on a disturbing photo of starving babies in the Congo, she wrote: "The only consolation is that God will wipe away all tears from their eyes. But woe to us who caused those tears. We white ones...." ✦

US Extends War In Afghanistan

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troops. The article doesn't make any other mention of US public opposition to a continuation of the war.

Attempts to remake Afghanistan by military force have resulted in ever more widespread warlordism, and desperate poverty, and bereavement for hundreds of thousands whose loved ones are among the tens of thousands of casualties. Area hospitals report seeing fewer IED injuries and many more bullet wounds from pitched battles between rival armed militias whose allegiances, Taliban, government, or other, are hard to determine. With 40% of US weapon supplies to Afghan security forces now unaccounted for, many of the weapons employed on all sides may have been supplied by the US.

Meanwhile the implications for US democracy aren't reassuring. Was this decision really made weeks ago but only announced now that congressional elections are safely over? Was a Friday night cabinet leak, buried between official administration announcements on immigration and Iran sanctions, really the president's solution to the unpopularity of a decision affecting the lives of so many? With concern for the wishes of US citizens given so little weight, it is doubtful that much thought was given to the terrible costs of these military interventions for ordinary people trying to live, raise families and survive in Afghanistan.

But for those whose "heated debates" focus solely on what is best for US national interests, here are a few suggestions: The US should end its current provocative drive toward military alliances and encirclement of Russia and China with missiles. It should accept pluralism of economic and political power in the contemporary world. Present US policies are provoking a return to Cold War with Russia and possibly beginning one with China. This is a lose/lose proposition for all countries involved.

By a resetting of policy focused on cooperation with Russia, China and other influential countries within the framework of the United Nations, the United States could foster international mediation. The US should offer generous medical and economic aid and technical expertise wherever it may be helpful in other countries and thus build a reservoir of international goodwill and positive influence. That's something that nobody would have to keep secret. ✦

BOOK REVIEW

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other than prison and meaningful work in the public interest. Dorothy Day also bought into the system. (See Gordon Zahn's *Another Side of the War: The Camp Simon Story*, Univ. of Mass. Press, 1979. That camp was sponsored by the Catholic Worker.) Sponsoring churches or religious bodies were financially responsible for the camps' maintenance, the CW for Camp Simon. There were more than a couple of rubs: the men often found their work meaningless; the camps were so removed from population centers that they were hidden out of sight and bore no witness; work would not be remunerated, and worse than that, their churches and families were required to supply food and basic necessities. Yet worse, the church-appointed camp directors were obliged to act as enforcers for the federal government and report violations of discipline, including men who walked off in protest against the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Catholic Worker and FOR had already withdrawn from the program.

AJ's former students led the Flint strike against General Motors in 1937 with its sit-in and lie-in tactics. The civil rights movement borrowed the sit-in tactic after World War II. As FOR executive secretary, A.J. oversaw the foundation of the Congress of Racial Equality and the American Committee on Africa by FOR staff members James Lawson and George Houser. The first Freedom Ride to challenge racial segregation in interstate travel, called the Journey of Reconciliation, took place under A.J.'s watch in 1947. In 1957, activists gathered around A.J. in the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA) against Nuclear Weapons, pioneering nonviolent direct action in civil disobedience to obstruct preparation for nuclear war. CNVA projects included: sending a small sailing vessel into the nuclear bomb testing sites in the South Pacific; peace walks, the longest from San Francisco to Moscow; blocking entrance to military bases; entering them to distribute peace literature; and Polaris Action in New London, Conn., where activists boarded the USS George Washington submarine upon launch, the first to be fitted with sixteen nuclear missiles, scrambling up celebratory bunting. CNVA did not survive A.J.'s death, but folded into the War Resisters League.

When the young Martin Luther King, Jr. found himself in the leadership of the Montgomery, Alabama bus boycott in December 1955, he called upon A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and principal leader of the Black community at that time, and A.J. Muste for help. Mr. Randolph and A.J. agreed that Bayard Rustin was the one to send. Dr. King acknowledged that A.J. Muste's influence was the principle factor in keeping his movement nonviolent.

A.J. was the only person who could unite secular liberals and radicals, religious pacifists, Communists, Trotskyists, students and academics into the Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam. Representatives of all these groups met in Cleveland, in September 1966, to hammer out the bases of our coalition. In the spring of 1967 massive numbers took to the streets of Washington, DC, New York City, San Francisco and dozens of other cities throughout the country. We did not end the war, but it later became known that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had pressed President Johnson for nuclear escalation, to bomb North Vietnam back to the Stone Age. Johnson was convinced that public protest would escalate out of control and threaten the very fabric of government if he took that route. Demonstrations grew even larger after A.J.'s death.

A.J. was old and tired at age eighty-two. He determined that his travelling days were over. But he made an exception. A.J. visited Vietnam to meet with Pham Van Dong and Ho Chi Minh, returned home, had a meeting at his studio apartment to report, and a few days later died of an aneurysm of the brain. It is impossible to overestimate the impact of this man's life and work, this funny looking, beloved old Dutchman in a crumpled suit. Thank you, Leilah Danielson, for telling his story so thoroughly and so well. ✦

JONATHAN SCHELL 1943-2014

By BILL GRIFFIN

Taped to the office door at Maryhouse there is a faded photocopy of a picture of Dorothy Day from 1955, marching with other women. Her picket sign reads, "We Express Shame on the Tenth Anniversary of Hiroshima."

Her composed and hopeful expression comes to mind while trying to write this appreciation of the writer and peace activist, Jonathan Schell. He, too, wrote in a spirit of hope that one day the US government would begin the world's nuclear disarmament on its own.

His journalistic analysis of our gargantuan military industrial complex began nearly fifty years ago at the *New Yorker* magazine in a series of probing articles on Vietnam. His 1967 article, "The Village of Ben Suc" and the 1968 article, "Quang Ngai and Quang Tin" stand out for their low-key but devastating descriptions of the suffering of the Vietnamese in that war and its brutalizing effects on US military personnel. He wrote with deep equal-opportunity compassion for all.

His articles soon became longer insightful essays such as, "The Time of Illusion" (1975). There he excavated the abstract and inhuman Cold War theories which created the context and excuses for catastrophes such as the Vietnam War. Henry Kissinger, president Nixon's National Security Advisor, was a prominent exponent of waging "limited wars" even if no concrete goal could ever be achieved. Such wars needed to be waged around the world in order to preserve the theoretical abstraction of "US credibility" in its global competition with the Soviet Union. This requirement, according to Kissinger, was the only way to keep the world order stable and "to face up to the risks of Armageddon" posed by nuclear weapons which must never be used except as a threat.

Schell focussed more and more sharply on the grotesque distortions which nuclear weapons imposed like a straitjacket on the minds of US leaders. He exposed the fallacies of the so-called strategy of deterrence. This was the theory that the possession of thousands of immensely destructive nuclear weapons by the world's major powers could ever create a "balance of terror" based solely on the fear of retaliation. For decades during the cold war deterrence was official US government policy with the title, Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD).

Schell's 1982 book, *The Fate of the Earth*, described the "global nuclear winter" which would engulf the whole planet as a consequence of any sort of nuclear exchange which would send millions of tons of dust into our atmosphere. In addition, there would be an "electromagnetic pulse" which would destroy most electronic devices, knocking out all communications. Schell backed up these scenarios with incontrovertible scientific facts.

In 1982 the Nuclear Freeze Movement of that era brought together over one million people from around the world to march in New York City to the headquarters of the United Nations. They nonviolently protested against the US government's deployment of Pershing nuclear missiles in, then, West Germany. Public awareness of the threat of nuclear war had been strengthened by the publicity surrounding the civil disobedience at nuclear facilities carried out by the Plowshares Movement on a number of occasions. At that time President Reagan and US

military leaders were widely perceived to be contemplating a nuclear first strike against the Soviet Union. This was some of the social background and political climate when Schell published his book, *The Abolition*, in 1984. There he proposed a realistic plan for world nuclear disarmament.

Since that time we have seen tremendous geopolitical transformations which have eclipsed, but not done away with, the nuclear sword of Damocles which hangs by a thread over our world. One has been the disappearance of the Soviet Union and the end of the Cold War through, among other efforts, the Russian people's heroic, but unfinished, reform of their system of government. Even more seismic geopolitical event were the catastrophic attacks on US civilians on September 11, 2001. Those attacks unleashed the US government's so-called "global war on terror" and precipitated our ongoing wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the longest wars in US history. Many see the US government's over-reaction as a disguised attempt to unilaterally dominate the entire world militarily.

In his book, *The Unconquerable World: Power, Nonviolence and the Will of the People* (2003), Schell provides a compelling counter-narrative to the US global war on terror. He does so through a wide-ranging historical study of successful past and contemporary struggles for human rights. As he writes, "In these pages I have sought to trace, alongside the awful history of modern violence, a less-noticed, parallel history of nonviolent power. The chronicle has been a hopeful one of violence disrupted or in retreat—of great-power war immobilized by nuclear stalemate, of brutal empires defeated by local people fighting for self-determination, of revolutions succeeding without violence...." The source of this energy is unique. Schell puts it this way: "Whether one calls this power cooperative power or something else, it has, with the steady widening and deepening of the democratic spirit, over and over bent great powers to its will. Its point of origin is the heart and mind of each ordinary person."

Schell's last publication, *The Seventh Decade: The New Shape of Nuclear Danger* (2007), is also a very important one. It provides a nearly up-to-date summary of the very tense controversies and confrontations surrounding nuclear technology and weapons which face Iran, Pakistan, Israel, North Korea and the US in our current period. He begins with a recapitulation of the history of our nuclear age, starting with the first use of nuclear weapons in 1945, with the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by the US which killed an estimated 318,000 civilians. It is this cataclysmic event which, he rightly contends, continues to haunt our modern world and which continues to drive the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

This book is, in spite of everything a hopeful one. Schell believes that one day US leaders, pressured by their own and the world's peoples, will take the first steps toward unilateral disarmament. One thread that runs throughout his analysis and that supports his optimism is the remarkable number of prominent US government former officials who once advocated for the necessity of nuclear weapon stockpiles, but who, over the years, have radically changed their minds and publically reversed their positions. I want to conclude by citing just three examples. McGeorge Bundy, President Kennedy's

National Security Advisor, became an outspoken critic of the use of nuclear weapons in a 1969 essay in *Foreign Affairs*, entitled "Capping the Volcano." He wrote: "In the real world of real political leaders...to bring even one hydrogen bomb on one city of one's own country would be recognized in advance as a catastrophic blunder; ten bombs on ten cities would be a disaster beyond history; and a hundred bombs on a hundred cities are unthinkable."

Paul Nitze, a veteran cold warrior, known as a "hawk's hawk" and formerly President Reagan's chief advisor on nuclear arms control, published an op-ed article in the *New York Times* in 1999, entitled "A Threat Mostly to Ourselves." There he states: "The fact is, I see no compelling reason why we should not unilaterally get rid of our nuclear weapons. To maintain them is costly and adds nothing to our security."

In 2008 former Secretaries of State, George Schulz and Henry Kissinger, along with William Perry, former Secretary of Defense, and Senator Sam Nunn wrote the following op-ed in the *Wall Street Journal*, under the title, "Toward a Nuclear-Free World:" "Progress must be facilitated by a clear statement of our ultimate goal. Indeed, that is the only way to build the kind of international trust and broad cooperation that will be required to effectively address today's threats. Without the vision of moving toward zero, we will not find the essential cooperation required to stop our downward spiral."

Jonathan Schell's legacy of thoughtful and challenging writings contains a wealth of ideas and fresh perceptions with which to keep building the movement to abolish nuclear weapons. The intellectual knowledge to build a nuclear device will always remain with us but massive stockpiles of nuclear bombs need not.

Schell's arguments and insights are still absolutely necessary today. The US government has recently announced that it is preparing to spend 355 billion dollars over the next ten years "modernizing" its nuclear arsenal. The editors of *America* (Nov. 24, 2014) clearly echo the voice of Jonathan Schell by asserting that "nuclear disarmament remains as imperative an ambition today as when activists, horrified by the specter of global nuclear war, first proposed it. This enormous commitment of US resources to retrofitting and refining US weapons of mass destruction is a moral and geopolitical step backward."

An Opportunity To Rejoice

By ERICA BROCK

The country continues to face ever-widening economic disparity, race discrimination, the militarization of police and the dark reality of the CIA torture papers regarding the prison at Guantánamo Bay. We must also continue to petition our government for the redress of grievances for the illegal drone war it has been using to perpetually terrorize people, especially in Afghanistan. The Upstate Coalition to Ground the Drones and End the Wars has been petitioning the state on behalf of the people and children of Afghanistan since 2009. Many people have participated in direct actions and vigils at Hancock Field Air National Guard Base near Syracuse, New York. Most recently a long-time activist and Catholic Worker from the Amistad CW House in New Haven, Conn. was sentenced by the DeWitt Town Court.

Mark Colville crossed the blue line at Hancock in December 2013 with two Yale Divinity students to deliver a people's order of protection to the base commander. The base commander, Col. Evans, refused to receive the order of protection and Mark was arrested. He went to trial in September 2014 and was found guilty of five charges: obstruction of government administration, two disorderly conduct charges, violating an order of protection, and trespassing. He appeared on December 3, 2014 in front of Judge Jokl for sentencing and was unexpectedly given a fine of \$1,000 instead of the over two years of jail time that was expected based on the charges and the court's recent behavior towards protesters including sentencing Mary Anne Grady to a year and Jack Gilroy to two months in prison.



Rita Corbin

In an email Mark addressed his surprise at Judge Jokl's sentence. "We all were proceeding with the well-founded belief that I was facing a long jail sentence. The judge himself had made it clear before trial that he would sentence me to the maximum, which, based on the fact that I was eventually convicted on five separate charges, could have resulted in over two years in prison. Recently our friend Mary Anne Grady, a grandmother of three, was sentenced to a year for just one of the charges on which I'd also been convicted, and the court's pattern of behavior has turned progressively harsh and intimidating in recent months. That was why we were so joyously befuddled when Judge Jokl handed down a sentence which included neither jail time nor supervised probation. I was given a one-year conditional discharge (the condition being that I mustn't be arrested again in New York during that time), a \$1000 fine, \$255 in court costs and a requirement to submit a DNA sample to the local authorities with an additional cost of \$50."

Mark Colville reminded the court that he was carrying a message from his friend Raz Mohammad to the judge. He ended his sentencing statement by saying, "And I think it's fitting to let the last words spoken here tonight be those of Raz Mohammad, who sent me this message this afternoon on behalf of his sister, widowed after a drone attack killed her young husband. His words are addressed to you: 'My sister says that for the sake of her seven year-old son, she doesn't want to bear any grudges or take revenge against the US/NATO forces for the drone attack that killed his father. But she asks that the US/NATO forces end their drone attacks in Afghanistan, and that they give an open accounting of deaths caused by drone attacks in this country.'"

Colville ended his email, "The most important thing to be taken from this experience is the understanding that the drone attacks continue. Children and families in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Yemen, Somalia and other nations continue to live with the perpetual trauma of weaponized and surveillance drones hovering over their communities and striking without warning, killing innocents at an alarming rate. We have much work still to do, and the risks we are willing to take for peace must constantly be contextualized by a deepening awareness of the sufferings of our sisters and brothers living and dying on the other end of these homicidal weapons. My family and I will use this unexpected outcome as an opportunity to rejoice, cultivate hope, and reenergize ourselves for the Works of Mercy, Justice and Peace."



Rita Corbin

"Nuclear deterrence and the threat of mutually assured destruction cannot be the basis for an ethics of fraternity and peaceful coexistence among peoples and states. The youth of today and tomorrow deserve far more.... Peace must be built on justice, socio-economic development, freedom, respect for fundamental human rights, the participation of all in public affairs, and the building of trust between peoples.... I am convinced that the desire for peace and fraternity planted deep in the human heart will bear fruit in concrete ways to ensure that nuclear weapons are banned once and for all."

—From Pope Francis' statement sent to the Vienna Conference on the Humanitarian Impact of Nuclear Weapons December 8, 2014.