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 he was running late. 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 Di Blasio 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 seeking 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 turnstile to enter the subway) and unlicensed general vending. On July 14, of the twenty-one cases seen in Manhattan Supreme Court (defendants appear before the court because they have received a summons or a ticket), all 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.

On Holy Perseverance

By JM 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, the hopes and frustrations, their current reading, the meaning of love, and more.

The oldest surviving letter in their exchange, dated December 26, 1936, 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 was 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 were not 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 (continued on page 4)
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 pass 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 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 still on the soup line. Then, this past October, Bud's room after I had learned that the house might be 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 still on the soup line.

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 quickly learned, newcomers to the house are not always assigned jobs; rather they are more or less discovered by a trusty mentor. 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 I discovered in me the resident "professor of dishwashing," an honor I was proud to share.

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 ambiance, sets a mood, and often serves to smooth theloud 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.

Soup preparation usually begins between 4:30 and 5:00. As an assistant cook, I was able to help to some extent, sitting 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? placed in what I believe to be a losing battle trying to coax a clear signal out of our cast-off radio.

Soup preparation usually begins between 4:30 and 5:00. As an assistant cook, I was able to help to some extent, sitting 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? placed in what I believe to be a losing battle trying to coax a clear signal out of our cast-off radio.

Soup preparation usually begins between 4:30 and 5:00. As an assistant cook, I was able to help to some extent, sitting 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? placed in what I believe to be a losing battle trying to coax a clear signal out of our cast-off radio.

Soup preparation usually begins between 4:30 and 5:00. As an assistant cook, I was able to help to some extent, sitting 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? placed in what I believe to be a losing battle trying to coax a clear signal out of our cast-off radio.

Soup preparation usually begins between 4:30 and 5:00. As an assistant cook, I was able to help to some extent, sitting 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? placed in what I believe to be a losing battle trying to coax a clear signal out of our cast-off radio.

Soup preparation usually begins between 4:30 and 5:00. As an assistant cook, I was able to help to some extent, sitting 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? placed in what I believe to be a losing battle trying to coax a clear signal out of our cast-off radio.

Soup preparation usually begins between 4:30 and 5:00. As an assistant cook, I was able to help to some extent, sitting 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? placed in what I believe to be a losing battle trying to coax a clear signal out of our cast-off radio.

Soup preparation usually begins between 4:30 and 5:00. As an assistant cook, I was able to help to some extent, sitting 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.

If Ammon Hennacy were around to update his posthumously published 1970 The One-Man Revolution in America, he might 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 minoritie r radicals and radicals. In Waging Peace, David Hartsough brings that tradition up-to-date by forty years, every act 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 bullied his sister; he fought back—and became friends with—their local. From there the story moves quickly to Pennsylvania, where the anger of aumann fellow students in junior high was to become that of a lifetime of protests, marches, arrests, and agency misperceptions concerning his actions of protest and courage.

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 forty 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 paring down their 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 shadow five nuclear-powered submarines through the Vietnam War; helping form the Abalone Alliance (1977-78) to end 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 counterinsur gency 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 Indonesia and Vietnam. For many years after the turnover of power in Indonesia, 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.

Ordeigned for the Reformation of Church and Society in 1893, A.J. was appointed pastor of the prestigious Fort Washington Collegiate Church. He then married his fiancee, Anna Hulswit, 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 American intervention 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 paid part-time pastor in exchange for the use of a house and basic expenses. In 1919, while 32,000 workers walked off their jobs in 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 possibilities were so tempting that A.J. was forced to leave his post at the Quaker Meeting. He then devoted himself to the cause of labor and the radical social movements that had triumphed in 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. He was at odds with the American Federation of Labor (AFL) and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) alike. He had spent many years teaching at and directing the Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, NY, as well as the Quaker Study Center outside Philadelphia. He was one of the most significant labor leaders 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 revolutions that would last well past the end of World War I. The revolution in Russia came to symbolize a new order around the world. A.J. Muste saw labor as the base not for reform but for radical restructuring of the social and political systems. He was at odds with the American Federation of Labor (AFL) and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) alike. He had spent many years teaching at and directing the Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, NY, as well as the Quaker Study Center outside Philadelphia. He was one of the most significant labor leaders 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 revolutions that would last well past the end of World War I. The revolution in Russia came to symbolize a new order around the world. A.J. Muste saw labor as the base not for reform but for radical restructuring of the social and political systems. He was at odds with the American Federation of Labor (AFL) and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) alike. He had spent many years teaching at and directing the Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, NY, as well as the Quaker Study Center outside Philadelphia. He was one of the most significant labor leaders 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 revolutions that would last well past the end of World War I. The revolution in Russia came to symbolize a new order around the world. A.J. Muste saw labor as the base not for reform but for radical restructuring of the social and political systems. He was at odds with the American Federation of Labor (AFL) and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) alike. He had spent many years teaching at and directing the Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, NY, as well as the Quaker Study Center outside Philadelphia. He was one of the most significant labor leaders 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 revolutions that would last well past the end of World War I. The revolution in Russia came to symbolize a new order around the world. A.J. Muste saw labor as the base not for reform but for radical restructuring of the social and political systems. He was at odds with the American Federation of Labor (AFL) and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) alike. He had spent many years teaching at and directing the Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, NY, as well as the Quaker Study Center outside Philadelphia. He was one of the most significant labor leaders and his personal qualities (he never held a grudge) earned him the respect and trust even of opponents.
On Holy Perseverance

(continued from page 1)

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 collapse with a pariahism. 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 saw the Catholic Worker responding to. "O Dorothy," he writes, "I think of you, and the best 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 placed 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, best, 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 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 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 or regressed, counter-cultural value. (Introduction to The Wisdom of the Desert.)

If Merton sometimes expressed to Dorothy his frustrations about his writing, wondering what good his words did, Dorothy offered deep gratitude for all that he published or privately circulated. In a 1965 letter to Merton, Dorothy wrote: "You will never know the people you have reached, the good you have done. You certainly have used the graces and the talents God has given you." (DD to TM, June 24, 1965)

The danger of nuclear war and the vast destruction of cities and life was a major concern for Merton as it was for Dorothy. Much of his writing on war and peace was published in The Catholic Worker, starting in October 1961 with his essay, "The Root of War is Fear," an expanded version of a speech given to the Catholic Peace Fellowship in a succession of essays. Via the staff of the Catholic Peace Fellowship plus a number of other channels, copies were 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 letters to Dorothy.

Dorothy, anarchist meant someone like herself whose obedience was not to rulers but to Christ. (DD to TM, November 29, 1965)

Persons are not known by intellect alone, not by principles alone, but only by love. It is when we let love, the other, the unloved and outrageous, into our hearts, that we finally understand our own nature and the reality of others in the way of giving up our own grief and mercy to be saved. Nothing worse can ever befall us." (DD to TM, August 15, 1963)

In the spring of 1962, Merton received an order from his Abbot to be silent, while considering Merton's celibate life in general and its potential role in the world, he resigned the Catholic Worker, not to publish any more writings on war and peace. As a consequence, a book, Merton's last published writing, Peace in the Post-Christian Era was published more than four decades after it was written. Merton's decision was not only courageous but also a magnificent act of love, to be read in the light of his life as a whole.

The fact that they both were writers may be what drew Merton to Dorothy. "I am trusting always the Lord Himself will take care of it, that Christ loves, everything marked by His ineffable gift of grace and mercy to be saved. Without love, we become inhabitants of hell long before we die. With love, we already have a foretaste of heaven."
February, 2015

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, SJ. Rather, to speak more accurately, a great deal of discussion was raised by the continuing one-sided presentation of that article in the national press. The article itself is perfectly reasonable, and this is excellent presentation of that article in the national press. From the frightful injustice of the death and forestall the possibility of assault finally, the aggressor, if violence is clearly the last available way, might be pertinent to observe, at this point, the idea of such a war, and the conviction that nuclear war makes any sense. That anything beyond the very minimum becomes “heroic” and “cannot be demanded” of any one. 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 exposed safety of a shelter at the risk of one’s own life and to fight as though one’s life were at stake. It is certainly true that one might be obliged to leave the exposed safety of a shelter at the risk of one’s own life and to fight as though one’s life were at stake. It is certainly true that one might be obliged to leave the exposed safety of a shelter at the risk of one’s own life and to fight as though one’s life were at stake.

Finally, in the moral thinking of many Christians, there is a tendency to confuse the fulfillment of the minimum obligation and nothing more, is normal for a Christian! That anything beyond the very minimum becomes “heroic” and “cannot be demanded” of any one. 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 exposed safety of a shelter at the risk of one’s own life and to fight as though one’s life were at stake. It is certainly true that one might be obliged to leave the exposed safety of a shelter at the risk of one’s own life and to fight as though one’s life were at stake. It is certainly true that one might be obliged to leave the exposed safety of a shelter at the risk of one’s own life and to fight as though one’s life were at stake.

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 views the crisis has a definite bearing on the survival of the whole race. This does not mean that the aggressive attitude, any violence that is directed against the aggressor, 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 the use of nuclear weapons. If we do not first consider the danger which lies in the way that is good for a quick return on somebody’s investment—and a permanent disaster for everybody else.

Ado Leopold, a follower of John Muir and one of the great preservations, understood that the ecological conscience is part of the -ecological conscience. In the process, glorified with big words that have little meaning, it becomes 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 to the sense of American civilization. In the West the frontier culture hero, a product of the wilderness. But at the same time he is a creator of the wilderness. His success as pioneer depends on his ability to thrive and win. Victory consists in reducing the wilderness to something else, a farm, a ranching empire, a mining operation, a highway, a railway, a mine, a factory, a city—and finally an urban nation. A recent study of Western literature by Roderick Nash (Yale University Press) is an important addition to already significant body of literature about this subject. It is possible to read the evolution of the wilderness idea from the first Puritan settlers through 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 pursuing 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 completing the ruin of an area that is already marred by pollution and poisoning. Everyone will agree that “degradation is bad” and when flash floods pull down the side of a mountain and kill little girls in small towns in mid, everyone will agree that it’s bad the strip-miners peeled off the tops of the mountains with bulldozers. But when a choice has to be made between the raise of a red flag in the way that is good for a quick return on somebody’s investment—and a permanent disaster for everybody else.

"It is not a bit the point to be so solicitous about preserving American institu­tions without concern for preserving the environment which produced them and which may now be one of the effective means of keeping them alive?" Aldo Leopold focuses on one of the most important moral discoveries of our time. This can be called the ecological conscience. We are centered in an awareness of man’s true place as a dependent member of the biotic community. The hour is extremely grave. There is a 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."
Thank goodness the month of February is in the future; its northeast quadrant, the United States, New York suffers the dark days of winter quite early, not to mention that daylight savings time changes within the second week of February. Sunday in March. Optimistically, however, we remind ourselves that after the winter solstice, it’s actually “all downhill.” Despite the continued bleakness, there is a little bit longer, indiscernible at first, but then as if by magic, eventually displaying itself for a breath of life. It’s not until then that the usually big and busy city seems lonely and bereft, with fewer now moving along its wintry streets. But you’re not safe from the rudeness of these waning days of wintertime.

And speaking about those who’ve seen the innumerable films of the great Atlantic states, who is that beautiful, fresh-faced young lady who walked right into our lives as Dr. Lizzie McAllister and Don Berrigan up to Syracuse toward the last days of December. In those days we welcomed and it was a great joy to see the brother Jerry’s 95th birthday. Once there, Jerry and Karol’s children, Carla, Philip and Maria pleased with Dan to stay through the round of dinner and Christmas. When we’re well and happy, 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 and their parents, Al and Joanne, with Rebecca, Deanna, and suite. meals get cooked and served and other household duties are carried out as we open our doors to those in need. It was nice to delight to see so many of the people we daily serve at our annual Christmas party. This is the time of year that after Christ’s birth, with the addition of the reading of A Child’s Christmas in Wales by Dylan Thomas. So many joined in this communal event. Great reception, thank you to all who joined us.

The little ones, including Grace and Catherine, were round the room and stage after the exclusively sung carols, some ancient and rarely heard, and sung by many of the parents of our youngest kids. Grace and Catherine enjoyed the stage, mother of Shiloh and Brown, as well as Grace and Catherine’s mom, Raisa, and, of course, the others. Joanna and Michael were in a performance of the Nutcracker, over at the Third Street Music School earlier in the year, as one of 260 kids in the entire scene. We figure 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!

For the second time, the DWV hosted the 2nd Annual Kwanzaa Gathering.

Incident at Ogulia, by Robert Redford. Other resources are available from the International Leonard Peltier Defense Committee, 1385 First 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.

Keep On Writing

Here are the prison addresses of the Transform Now Plowshares activists who were killed in 2012 at the Y-12 National Security Complex in Oak Ridge, Tenn. The three activists cut through fences, sprayed a uranium material with pepper spray, 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 Roe, #88101-020
Brooklyn MDC
PO Box 359002
Brooklyn, NY 11201
Release Date: 11/14/2015

Gregory Boerrie-Obed, #88052-016
Leavenworth USP
PO Box 100
Leavenworth, KS 66048
Release Date: 5/20/2015

Michael Walli, #91208-020
Bowen P/AX
PO Box 8000
Bradford, PA 16701
Release Date: 10/29/2017
**BOOK REVIEW**

(continued from page 3, column 2)

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 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. 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 Hartsgough 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 encourage. Here is the heroic writiness of its remarkable author.

---

**PROP Seeks Change in NYC**

(continued from page 1)

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 summonses 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.

"Wouldn't that sound like a 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 their tears. But woe to us who caused those tears. We white ones...."

---

**US Extends War In Afghanistan**

(continued from page 1)

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 even 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 weapons supplied 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 US'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 "hated 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 plurality 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 media
tion. 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**

(continued from page 2, column 4)

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 with Russia, Charles E. Merrill Books, 1979.) That camp was sponsored by the Catholic Worker.) Sponsoring churches or religious bodies were obliged to act as enforcers for the federal government and report violations of discipline. For the “No Nukes” staff 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, AJ. 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 was organized in 1961.

When the young Mr. King Jr. found himself in the leadership of the Montgomery, Alabama bus boycott in December 1955, he called upon AJ.'s former students to participate. The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and principal leader of the Black community at that time, and AJ. Miste for help. Mr. Randolph and AJ.'s students in New York were the ones to send. Dr. King acknowledged that AJ. Miste's influence was the principle factor in keeping movement nonviolent. AJ. was the only person who could unite secular liberals and radicals, religious pacifists, Communists, Trotskyists, academics, and other groups into the Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam. Representatives of all these groups, with the exception of the President and academics, moved to the Mobilization for the Peace in Vietnam, 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 other cities throughout the country. We did not end the war, but it later became known that the joint Chiefs of Staff—President Johnson for nuclear escalation, to bomb North Vietnam back to the Stone Age. Johnson was convinced that pacifists would isolate out of control and threaten the very fabric of government if he took that route. Demonstrations grew even larger after AJ.'s death. AJ. was dead only 11 months. He determined that his travelling days were over. But he made an exception. AJ. visited Vietnam to meet with President Ho and Ho Chi Minh, returned home, had a meeting at his studio apartment to report, and a few days later died of a brain hemorrhage. It is impossible to overestimate the impact of this man's life and work, this funny looking, balding 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 and 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 any gerodores or to revenge against the drones because the drone attacks could have 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 them, striking without warning, killing innocents at an alarming rate. We have much work still to do, and the risks of drone warfare must be constantly recognized and publicly discussed in a debate that will bear fruit in concrete ways so thatniest weapons are banned once and for all." 