Credit Unions in West Africa: Fashioning Mutual Aid

By FR. E. A. BARNICL

In 1966 we started a Credit Union in a small village in West Africa, Kikai Kelakl, West Cameroon. The average annual family income in the village was $100. Interest rates on loans ran as high as 2,000%. The villagers were moving from a subsistence economy into a money economy and lacked the money and the skills they needed to compete. We recognized this problem in 1965 and we decided to save our money together, to lend to each other from our accumulated savings, and to pay back at low interest rates. This was the foundation of the Kikai Kelakl Credit Union.

Today there are 171 members in the Kikai Kelakl Credit Union. They have saved over $150,000 and have given over $500,000 into a money economy and lacked other from our accumulated savings. This was the foundation of the Kikai Kelakl Credit Union. They have saved over $150,000 and have given over $500,000 into a money economy and lacked other from our accumulated savings.

Destructive Development

West Cameroon has tried to develop along Western lines. It receives aid to develop its economy in order to compete in the world market. In the past five years I have watched this process of development and have asked myself where is it leading? Towns are turning into large cities; wages are doubling and tripling; the number of high schools went from 4 to 20, and yet in Kikai Kelakl there is a boy whose name is Godfried Myoe. He is 10 years old, weighs 140 pounds, is 5'9" tall, black, with moderately good health. His education is seven uncertain years in grade school. When I met him he had no job, he had no hope, he had no future—his only ambition was to get out of Kikai Kelakl, go to Bamenda and drive a big car. Our computers tell us that there are 200,000 unemployed in the world.

The really important thing we must understand is that Godfried is not a statistic. He is not a high school failure or a dropout or a case of malaria. He is one of the kids in my old parish who comes to borrow a monkey wrench when his bicycle breaks down. He comes to ask for a lift to town to look for a job and he never believes me when I tell him he is wasting his time. He is not a statistic. He is made of flesh and blood, a person I've found I could deal with. One of the kids in my old parish who comes to borrow a monkey wrench when his bicycle breaks down. He comes to ask for a lift to town to look for a job and he never believes me when I tell him he is wasting his time. He is not a statistic. He is made of flesh and blood, a person I've found I could deal with.

Q. Could you describe what your sacramental life as a priest has been in the past, and how it might have been changed by your experience in July? A. Well, I think my sacramental life has always been largely conventional. Even in Newburgh in 1965, when I was already seriously into the peace issue, I used to say mass daily, and I would say to you that it was a daily... I would say to you that it was a daily... I would say to you that it was a daily... I would say to you that it was a daily...

CATHOLIC WORKER

VOL. XXXVIII No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1972

A Priest In The Resistance

(Continued on page 3)

DAN BERRIGAN FREED

As we go to press, the doors of Dan Berrigan’s cell were opened an release Fr. Dan Berrigan. We rejoice at his deliverance and pray for his continued well-being. We welcome his voice in the world. This other voice continues to enlighten our consciousness with its strength, beauty, and compassion.

The Editors
36 East First

“Winter Days”

Our days are darker than most folks’ nights.” As I sit here and begin this column, the gentleman who said that to me is right in front of me. We are now way over to the clothing room to try and find him a pair of shoes. He had none. And then in the dim light of winter, his statement of that day speaks a bitter cold truth. Winter had a way of giving its hardness right back to each corner in the Bowery half hour even before we open. The soup line grows longer and longer, and smaller. It is winter, a season to somehow get through.

Our needs are great, and our resources to meet them are so often woefully inadequate, but we try. We are obliged to try. In his epistle, St. James says it straight: “If a fellow man or woman has no clothes to wear and nothing to eat, and you say to them, ‘Go in peace, be warmed and filled,’ without giving them the necessary things for the body, what good is that?”

January has been full. The Friday night meetings over the past month have been rewarding. We have shown some of his incredible graphic work. Joseph Falvey, from the Pacem in Terris group at Manhattan College, spoke on war and the Christian conscience.

As we close this issue of the Catholic Worker, I want to chance the first sentence of my last article. It read, “I am a Bowery bum.” I am no longer a Bowery bum. I am a member of the Catholic Worker family. I do not even live on the Bowery. I live at St. Joseph’s House of Hospitality on East 1st Street. My function here is a little hard to define. Most of the time I feel like an old friend. Just wait until I get home after that. “I assure you that whatever you did for the lambes of your brothers, you did for me.”

Check Lutrop

“One of the Family”

About six months ago I wrote an article for the Catholic Worker: “A Re¬ turned Bowery bum.” I wanted to make clear the great contributions which these helpless ones, one meal a day, let alone the crippled and retarded, make to life enough to open it like a bird being fed by its mother.

(Continued on page 5)

February, 1972

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

On a day like this when it is ten above zero and a bitter wind seems to blow from room through the ill-fitting window glass, one’s mind wanders away from a recent visit to Mississippi Institute. I ought to be reporting, to the immediate needs of these children. At Rosewood and Willowbrook, Staten Island.

Bad as prisons are, Willowbrook, a huge mental hospital for "children", is worse. Apprehensions for hospitals have been cut back so that one fifth of the beds for the next fiscal year will be eliminated. Cutting down on personnel, has meant an understaffed Willowbrook and fearful neglect of the youngest and most helpless of our hospital population. On television there have been sights shown which have brought to mind Dachau and Auschwitz. Charges have been made that these helpless ones, one meal a day, let alone the crippled and retarded, make to life enough to open it like a bird being fed by its mother.

These scenes reminded me of the “second world war” when many of our Catholic colleges had groups of conscientious objectors in Rosewood Hospital outside of Baltimore. They worked for the hospital seven days a week, twelve hours a day, in order to have four days at a year to do something which they did for me.

Sum Total of Love

Jean Vander, son of a former governor general of Canada, has started several “villages” for the retarded. As he often tells his story, he wrote that there were once two great contributions which these most unfortunate of “little ones” made to the world— that was, to love and to be loved, and so increase the sum total of love in the world. It is in this way that we may be able to replace the work of William and Dorothy Gough. In other words, to “take” Willowbrook. I saw her with my own eyes in the house of the dying in Calcutta two years ago, kneeling by the side of one of those starved old women who had been picked up from the streets, and with three fingers, they do not use spoons or forks—tucking rice and vegetables into the mouth of the patient who had come to life enough to open it like a bird being fed by mother.

(Continued on page 5)

Owing the extra mile, giving your tune as well as your cloak, these are expressions of the overflowing love of Christ in his poor, in “the least of his brethren.”

But as with so much in life, we must count the cost. Let those who can take it, take it. It would be a religious order like that of Mother Teresa of Calcutta, or to “take” Willowbrook. I saw her with my own eyes in the house of the dying in Calcutta two years ago, kneeling by the side of one of those starved old women who had been picked up from the streets, and with three fingers, they do not use spoons or forks—tucking rice and vegetables into the mouth of the patient who had come to life enough to open it like a bird being fed by mother.

(Continued on page 5)
A PRIEST IN THE RESISTANCE

(Continued from page 1)

ture, the making of a new present in order to secure a new future.

And the Eucharist is still quite cen
tral to my life. I usually offer the Eucharist when I offer an open and
to a very truncated and very reflecti
eucharist in my room, at my desk,
ting daily. And that means a long
spirtual, meditational, and a very,
very short public-oriented officernry;
and then the consecration.
Q. Do you find celibacy tought in

A. It's tougher because of the
hypersexuality that's operating today,
are there many more challenges out
e. But I'd like to stress the point
and I refer to the point I made:
fractal in the priesthood as an
We made two sets of eucharistic rituals
other Christian communities in terms of
and politics, and all the rest, and
gotten largely nowhere. With very,
love movement, that the organiza-
children. etc. So we feel celibacy can

Q. Do you see prison in a sacramental

A. Yes. Being imprisoned for one's con-
above all, and also highly relevant
I would go so far as to say (and
(But) we together
tings where might be more free. . . .
parts of the state
one life

To us she is a sister who picketed with
ing a farm worker memorial fund in
Nan Freeman's name.

The strike at Tallman Sugar Co. was
begun inside the church. The church is a
f for the support of
UPWOC, Manuel Chaves, UPWOC's
chief organizer in Florida, joined the
officers who were murdered by a
church worker. We are
New York City,
 Nelid Four, contact the Charter Group,

March 8, Judge Joseph Martini of
the New York State Supreme Court
will announce his decision whether a
third full trial of the four defendants in
the 1964-65 farm worker industry
was convicted of a crime. Although
against 
har200 of these four lives, and of

Q. In your decision to go to jail and

A. Well, wherever you are in this
society, you're playing an institutional
and you are playing an institutional
the very young Catholics, they

Q. But aren't there times when re-
ligious life takes a back seat to radical
activity? Do you sometimes see your

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A PRIEST IN THE RESISTANCE

The Harlem Four

By JAN ADAMS

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The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, or UPWOC, needs volunteers to work on the

THE CATHOLIC WORKER
REMEMBERING THE THIRTIES

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The Thirties: A Reconsideration of the Light of the American Political Tradition, ed. Marion F. Frishk and Mar-

Studs Terkel, Hard Times: An Oral His-
tory of the Great Depression (New
York: Avon Books, 1971), $5.95; The
Thirties: An Oral History of the Great
Depression (New York: Avo

In February, 1972

Studs Terkel's Hard Times should
be mentioned first, since it contains
wonderful first-hand accounts by
many "historical" figures, including
two hundred people, including Dorothy
Day, John Beecher, and Caesar Chavez.

Music is a favorite way of
children to break into a kind of berserk
pantheon. On Sunday afternoon, the
piano beautifully. I

Sally Corbin, the Tully boys— who are with
us have suffered from colds and flu, etc.

Winter is a very nadir of Win-
ter, the doldrums of February. Chil-
dren break into a kind of berserk

the Lenten grip of cold. The

They were glad that Dorothy Day
sheath. This is the very nadir of Win-
ter tedium. Music is a favorite way
children break into a kind of berserk pan-
the piano beautifully. I

Father Lyle died much to enliven fourth reading, I think I have enjoyed
more of her leisure time in some
kind of art work.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

The study of history, then, is necessary
to the present. To the past
"history," not necessarily to manipulate it
but to try to get our head straight on the present.

THE CATBO.LIC WORKER February, 1972

“History” was, you know, a very meaningful day
for us . . . This I remember. Some people
put this out of their minds and for-
get it. I don’t want to forget it. I
don’t want it to take the best of me,
but I want it to be there because this is
what I mean by “History.” This is the truth,
you know. History.

Passages such as the one above sug-
gest a great deal, not just by the words,
but by the quality of the voice. We hear
and feel the rhythm as well as the in-
tellectual content of the language. This
is true, also, of the many other selec-
tions by famous and/or infamous people
(especially Mary Wrood, Sally Rand,
Samuel Lasky, Russell Long) and the
not-so-famous, including several young people who have recently
achieved some control over our own destiny, to

One day she drove into the camp. That
was quite an event, because we never had
a teacher come over. Never, so it
seemed. We were all learning new words from Slim, who

"history" of its author—in te r viewer.

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On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

Non-violence

Everywhere there are discussions of non-violent resistance to the war. I went through a long examination of conscience necessary. Are we violent in our judgment of others? Do we consider our own grievances greater than seven? Do we forgive the jiltor, the man who is afraid and uses violence instinctively? Do we forgive the rich, the exploiter? The self righteous? While I was in Leningrad on that delightful three-week's trip which I made last summer, I wrote afterwards how I attended a liturgy with Geraldine Donovan, at the monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, one of the "working" churches where worship is still going on. It is only now that I looked up St. Alexander Nevsky in Donald Attwater's "Penguin Dictionary of Saints (a delightfully light book), Helen, our guide in Leningrad, said to me, "He was canonized by the Czar because he was a great military hero. He defeated the Swedes."

Born in 1219, died in 1263, canonized by the Russian Orthodox Church in 1547, this grand-prince of Novgorod, Vladimir and Kiev saved Russia "by his policy of conversion towards the invading Tartars and firm resistance to enemies on the west." His name of Nevsky came from a place in 1410 over the Swedes on the river Neva; he defeated them at the battle of Lake Peteropul in 1482 and drove out the Lithuanians soon after. But he was no mere ambitious conqueror: "God is not on the side of force," he said "but of truth and justice." He had several times to make long journeys to the Tartar overlords to intercede for his people, and earned much obloquy thereby from those who disapproved of his policy. He bore the unjust accusations patiently, and the religious integrity of his life, together with his great services to his people, caused him to be venerated as a saint.

I must say that reading this combination of courage and non-violence, conciliation and violence too, makes it easier for me to write about Charles Evers whom I met when I was visiting Mississippi in the Fall. Speaking engagements in California had enabled me to visit Cesar Chavez and the farm workers at La Paz, and I came home by the southern route hoping to be able to visit in time, if possible, Mississippi.

In later issues we will have more details of the three civil rights workers, Andrew Goodman, Michael Schwerner and James Chaney. Their murder in the Mississippi Delta in 1964 triggered a year of increased activity by the NAACP. Charles Evers' story is about his efforts to get the vote for his people, to get public offices for them beside the white men. It is also the story of two brothers and their love for each other. He told of all the mischief they had known for some time that the three had met together last fall, had fish together, and who won the first examination of conscience necessary. He tells frankly of his search for money, the corruption he got into both in the army and at Chicago where he had gone, leaving his brother Medgar to carry on the fight in Mississippi. He tells it himself, very frankly, just as Malcolm X did. Perhaps it was so no one could use it against him when he campaigned for Governor.

One day I drove with my black friends to Mound Bayou, a Negro town in the Delta region of Mississippi where I was to speak at a school reunion. It was a time when it was still against the law to stay in the home of a Negro friend, hence I was driven up by car to the cotton fields of Mississipi for a day's picking. Even after the cotton picking machines were perfected there was a back-breaking labor of filling those long sacks with the cotton still left on the trees. Helen Kennedy did this work in Eli, Arizona and said it was the hardest agricultural work that she had ever done. When Helen was black herself and her little son burnt out to get a Saturday and pick cotton, too.

There were many deaths through those months, mostly black deaths, under the eyes of the white polity of Mississippi. A number of times, and the first time it was just after the death of a black man on whose part clear evidence of the blood of martyrs being the seed sown in that black soil. "Unless the grain of the self righteous is sown into the ground and die, it does it gains much fruit."

Two brothers had started in the state of Louisiana. The whites in that area, taking affront at something he had said or done, had locked him in his store, set fire to it. On another occasion, when Marge and I were looking out at the sunset over that great river, pointed out a spot by an island where she, said, the bodies of those who had been burned had been hurried into a boat, the hands chained behind their backs and beaten to death. That was in 1964 when running the body of the late Charles Evers' story is about his efforts to get the vote for his people, to get public offices for them beside the white men. It is also the story of two brothers and their love for each other. He told of all the mischief they had known for some time that the three had met together last fall, had fish together, and who won the first examination of conscience necessary. He tells frankly of his search for money, the corruption he got into both in the army and at Chicago where he had gone, leaving his brother Medgar to carry on the fight in Mississippi. He tells it himself, very frankly, just as Malcolm X did. Perhaps it was so no one could use it against him when he campaigned for Governor.

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A Forgotten Adventure in Alternatives

The Paraguayan Reductions

By MYRIAM JARSKY

When in 1607 Father Romero, O.S., started off a series of non-violent actions to assert the independence of the Guarani, he could not foresee that the result of his actions would be a communist-christian republic for 200,000 Guarani Indians.

In 1607 eight Jesuits started the works of christianization among the Indians of the new province. Here begins the fascinating but sad story of the Paraguay Reductions. (Reduction here means village.) Last year a book about them was published by Les Editions Ouvrères, Paris: La République des Guaranes by Clovis Lugon.

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A Forgotten Adventure in Alternatives · February, 1972

 built, each having more than two thousand inhabitants. Only after the social and economic security of the village was established did the Jesuits begin preaching the gospel. When there was a sufficient number of young converts, one Jesuit, accompanied by a group of neophytes, would go into the woods to attract more Indians. In 1633 there were thirteen Reductions and in 1639 there were thirty-five.

From 1645 on the Guarani republic compromised, a few Jesuits gave a piece of land to meritorious Indians, but the latter did not want it. The Jesuits gave them instead food and they could keep their converts from being corrupted by private property.

The Jesuits started off a series of non-violent actions. Their only duty to the colonists and no desire to be independent from the Spaniards. The Jesuits knew that the Indians had no liking for the colonists and other public buildings stood. On each of the four corners of the marketplace was planted a large wooden cross.

The city-plan of a Reduction consisted of straight streets converging on the marketplace. Here the church and other public buildings stood. On each of the four corners of the marketplace was planted a large wooden cross. The streets led into the open fields. Each Reduction had a herd of cattle and a few thousand horses. These grazed in the fields beyond the village.

Ouvrères, Paris: La République des Guaranes by Clovis Lugon. It is from this book that the following information is taken.

At least one other aspect of the Paraguay Reductions is important, The people were relatively non-violent and again they captured intruders, but did not punish them. They simply told them to go home. Manuallhugian non-violence was unknown. In fact there were very few prisoners. Violators of the law were generally sent away with an admonition and several whiplashes. This non-violence resulted not from only their religious belief, but also from their sense of security. They knew they could convince people to be good by their own example.

The Jesuits served the Guarani as priests and teachers. They gave the assurance that Christianity would improve their lives. The Jesuits were the original teachers of everything the Indians had never heard of before. The Gospel was shared. Though the Guarani had their own council and leaders, the Jesuits always took the final decision. If they thought it was the better one for them, they left it.

The Jesuits were always able to use their force for two reasons: the Jesuits often took the final decision, and they were also taught music, painting, sculpture and writing. The bigger Reductions all had craftsmen and artisans such as one would find in a prosperous European city.

The religious fervor among the Indians astonished many a visitor. Lugon wrote: "The spirit of brotherhood of the Guarani institutions and fundamental way of dealing with property is the principal explanation for the Christian fervor among the majority of the christian converts. The large community where different cultures went happily hand in hand, where prosperity did not mean "everybody for himself," and where autonomy meant "everybody for everybody."

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The Thirties

(Continued from page 4) an essay and a symposium the peculiar implications in representative government and its many abuses. More importantly, they emphasize the conservative nature of many of the measures regarded as "socialist-communist, fascist" by the public four decades ago, against employed by the Roosevelts government to create a free enterprise system and to keep capitalism from growing too good.

There is space for only quick references to the other essays that range from the ridiculous to the anecdotal. For another indication of the failure of liberals to understand the workings of the political or intellectual, see Irving Kristol's "The Runnel" (he apparently learned nothing from his experience in the decade), Howard Zinn's "Ten Years in the Decade," or George Orwell's "The Road to Wigan Pier" (the Armours, the Ford, the Rockefellers).

Ledle Fiedler's reflection on writers of the Thirties, though long and discursive, is worth reading, for one comment: "I'll bet my life to see Paul Muni (in the film I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang) go through that shadow used to think of as a product of realism, but is a real projection of the Gothic horror which rode the mind of the Thirties." The Gothic horror is still with us, in today's prisons and in the social injustices of a competitive, and exploitative system. A knowledge of the Thirties helps us to understand how they came about, the implication, what might be done to dispel their evil influences.

HENNACY BOOKS

Ammon Hennacy's autobiography, The Big Count Ammon Hennacy's Intimate Life of the Colonial and Historical One Man Revolution in America (1969), Orme W. Phelps discusses The Bible of America and his neglected Chapter in American Labor History," and Upton Sinclair reminisces on "How Reformism Three ranchers, at the families" (the Armours, the Ford, the Rockefellers).

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Los Angeles

House of Hospitality
605 N. Cumes Street
Los Angeles, Calif. 90033
February 7, 1972

Dear Friends:

Several weeks ago an unhappy policeman filed a complaint, as a private citizen, with the Health Dept. regarding the meals we have been serving on the street for a year and a half.

Why? He says we feed too many people, when he feels it must be abusively toward the men on skid row (of whom he has long hair), we don't know. Perhaps he is afraid of them and us, or sees hungry men lined up for a free meal as a menace.

At any rate, he has ended our feeding on the street. For the day after he filed his complaint the forces of sanitation and law and order descended upon our truck in the midst of the serving of a meal and stopped over half the men who were most appreciated, especially by the many hundreds we feed, house and clothe each and every week of the year.

As Dorothy Day says, the work is as basic as bread. We offer our gratitude to you for your support which makes it all possible.

Peace and love,

Dear Miss Day,

Dan Still Bull, Dan & Chris Delany, Jeff Dietrich and Sue Pollack

Pacifist Dies

Thrums, B.C.

Canada Bank

Jan. 1, 1972

Dear Miss Day:

I still recall your visit with us here several years ago. You were at my parents place, Peter and Lucy Maloff. Father has been a subscriber to The Catholic Worker for many years.

I was unable to write then, but now to tell you that Peter Maloff left this world suddenly on October 22. He left for California with mother by bus on Oct. 20, and while they were still traveling he complained of pain in the chest. Mother and I met him at the hospital to try to sleep. He soon fell asleep somewhere near Woodland, Calif. Ten minutes later mother and I were told he was dead.

I know that your readers may have known him for his stand and his lifelong quest to find an alternative to war, mass killing and destruction, and for the ends of the pacifist Russian Doukhobors. Great men are departing so fast one after another, and with a witness. Here Holmes Martin Luther King, Ammon Hennacy and now Peter Maloff. They are future generations a legacy which is to fulfill and bring to realization the commitment of "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Maloff years their devoted to serving their fellow man give the future generations courage and wisdom to carry on where they left.

These were brave and unsung heroes in eternal combat with the mammoth military machine and all its allies. I quote what wise men have said: "Civilization rests upon the lives of a few brave people who have attained a good measure of integration with that Supreme Intelligeng of the Universe."

I believe those mentioned above are these few beings in the world of madness. They were like a beacon of light which gathered kindred souls to seek enlightenment and truth. Peter Maloff has departed from the world. However, he left his mark on the world arena. After his visit to Hiroshima, Auschwitz and the Penkerov cemetery in Leningrad, he vowed more than ever to continue the struggle to bring about the "golden age." so that man would learn "how to build a world in places shares." Together with A.J. Musle he started the manifestation at Sussex, Albertia 1966 and another in Manitoba Peace Gardens in 1965.

With sincere regards to you,

Peter P. Maloff

Nyerere

January 8, 1973

Dear Friends,

I read Julius Nyerere's speech to our family and it rang loud and clear to all of us—what is "extra" is not ours to keep but merely enough to meet the needs which are in need. To learn to differentiate between "needs" and "wants" in this increasingly materiallyistic society is no easy lesson.

Fracy for us that we will prove worthy of his trust

New Year Blessings

K. Malion

of our economy, but in Kitakalaki it is a lot of money and is enough to give Godfried a productive loan. He can start a poultry farm, or vegetable garden, and market his produce in Bamenda. This will give him a very good family income. The world is interested in account of 2c a week. We are, because this 2c represents the income of a peasant and she is a much more powerful force than all the money she can contribute.

Getting the Credit Unions is easier. Since the existing Credit Unions I have always spent money on education. I believe that the members should be given the Credit Union tool and then allowed to work out their own problems. Therefore, all the money what they have to ask each other is their own money. Surprisingly, savings have always risen fast once they have the credit of the members.

All over the world hundreds of millions of people are moving from a subsistence economy into a money economy. They need help. In a money economy, they lack two things—money, and money. The children of this world recognize this and charge us interest rates; charge them high prices for the things they buy, and pay low prices for the few things they sell. Finally, the Western World has taught the young people in the villages all over the world a new kind of education, but only is false but unattainable. This is why so many flocks to the cities looking for money and only disappointment.

It is time we Christians enter into this area of money. Money has too long been considered the mammon of iniquity. It is time we re-define the values of a money economy. Money, after all, is a token which represents part of creation—God's creation. As these hundreds of millions ask for help, as they enter our money economy, we can help them by teaching the true value of and the use of money.

You see, Credit Unions are much to be considered banks. They are adult education at its finest. Economically, they mobilize the local savings. They are pragmatic tools which keep the small capital which people need in the hands of the poor and put it to use productively for the good of the poor. In this way, they help people in all the parts of the world.

Socially, they bring people together to solve their most basic problems. As the Credit Union becomes a vital cell, a corner stone cooperative, an entering wedge to all other communities, Credit Unions mobilize much more than money— they mobilize people. A Credit Union is a philosophy, it is communitistic capitalism, or better, it is Christian cooperation. Lastly, Credit Unions work
A PRIEST IN THE RESISTANCE

(Continued from page 3) His death was a further indication of men to become fully human in this way. Our humanity is not possible without having the correct relationship to God, and this relationship is not possible unless we undertake a process of disentanglement from the relationship of being with our brother in his agony. The crucifixion always spoke that way to me; Our Lord sensitive to humanity only when He died and sacrificed himself for the human family.

Q. What does original sin mean to you?
A. To me, it’s largely the kind of anti-human understanding of the divine as man to transcend himself and become human. It constitutes a challenge-to become truly human by what they have done. There is no future for us or for you until we do the same. For me and the national community by what they have done. There are others who are willing to say: Look, I’m not on trial, you are. There is no future for us or for you until we realize this. That we have, in the position of power, we’ll constitute the position of violence is still very nearly. This is a way of saying that the structures of power, have been so resourceful up to the present time in resisting all the elements of non-violent revolution, co-opting them and manipulating them. All the resources of the Church, and technology on which they do take seriously, and who are willing to take it into the public sphere and to test the national community by what they have done. There are others who are willing to say: Look, I’m not on trial, you are. There is no future for us or for you until we realize this. That we have, in the position of power, we’ll constitute the position of violence is still very nearly, and this is turning to real power. And this means that the position of violence is still very nearly, and this is turning to real power. And this means that the position of violence is still very nearly, and this is turning to real power.

Q. How do you foresee a nonviolent revolution in society?
A. It’s very, very hard to say. Simply because the so-called Establishment, unless they change. And change is revolution.

Q. But then you’re saying that there has never been a revolution. That’s your sense of the word, something that has not yet happened.
A. I’m saying that, and say that, at least in the foreseeable future, there’s not going to be a world situation where everyone is going towards revolutions on the part of individuals and small groups.

Q. What do you mean that be a better way of putting it?
A. Yes, “Uprising,” or “moral rebellion.” What I am trying to say is that if the planet is to be saved from total catastrophe, we need to find something else is, something else is. That there is something else is.

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DANILO DOLCI
Oct., 1972

WORKING WELL

“We go step by step. I spent four or five years working with these two hands, using a hoe. I worked with the people, I ate with the people, and I lived with the people. I worked hard, and I enjoyed the work.”

Working Well

“Working Well” is a book about working in agriculture. The author, a farmer, discusses his experiences in farming and how he manages to maintain a healthy and productive lifestyle. He emphasizes the importance of using sustainable farming practices and the benefits of working in harmony with nature. The book is a valuable resource for anyone interested in natural and organic farming.