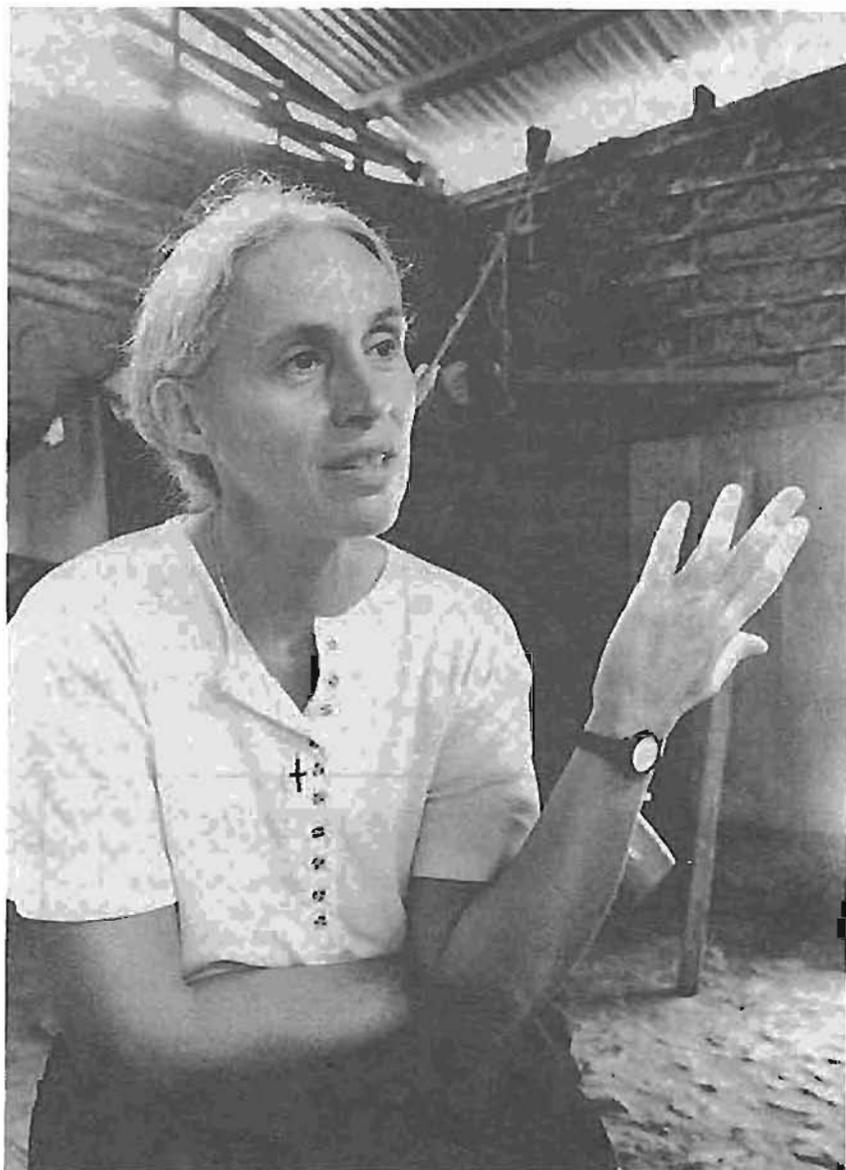


THE Round Table

Winter
1994

"...a path from where we are to where we should be." -- Peter Maurin

Making final vows means to me that my decision to follow the Gospel is entire and irrevocable. I am choosing to share fully in the life of this community in all its richness, with all its great gifts and with all its human frailties. I take on the responsibility of working out my destiny with you. I will remain celibate, not so much



because that is my own charism, but because it is a necessary condition of life in this community. I will try to live poorly, precariously, placing the kingdom always first, cherishing and using of the earth's goods only what I need to sustain life simply. I will place first in my life the call to love God and to love and serve all my sisters and brothers, especially the poor and the needy. I trust that the gracious God who nourishes and sustains me in this moment will continue to touch my life, in the easy times and the hard, with grace and tenderness and mercy.

—This was Ann Manganaro's response at the liturgy of her final vows on December 28, 1976 when asked by the President of the Loretto Community, "What does final vows mean to you?"

WHY THIS ISSUE?

Although it's over six months after Ann Mangano's death, I still find it hard to believe that she is gone from us. Maybe it's because I've grown use to her long absences from St. Louis while working in El Salvador. Maybe it's because of her picture on our refrigerator or a note she wrote that I glued in the back of my Bible. Maybe it's because she is still regularly remembered in conversation, "Ann said this...." "Ann did that...." Maybe it's because I can remember her love. I think there is something eternal in the love Ann had for us. We're going to remember Ann in this issue of the Round Table. We've asked three people for offerings of a bit larger scale: John Kavanaugh, S.J., one of Ann's closest friends, is allowing us to publish the homily he gave at Ann's funeral Mass. Mev Puleo, a friend of the Catholic Worker and photojournalist, interviewed Ann at length in January '93 in El Salvador. Besides allowing us to reprint this article, Mev is allowing us to use many of the photographs she took of Ann during this trip. Ellen Rehg, a dear friend of Ann's and fellow Karen House community member, offers a reflection about Ann's friendship because "it is mostly as a friend that we remember and love her." Following this, we asked a number of people — community members from the Sisters of Loreto and Karen House, fellow doctors, dear friends, co-workers with the Jesuit Refugee Services, and a young teenager whom Ann knew and loved — to write a brief impression, experience or incident that revealed a facet of who Ann was for them. Our "From Latin America" section touches on Ann's life in El Salvador because we're reprinting parts of reports published there in the wake of her death. In the centerfold, several of Ann's poems are printed with the help of Gen Cassani's artistic arrangement. In her From the Little House column, Mary Ann McGivern poignantly writes of Ann's life and death in the continuum of the life and death of many who have passed through the Worker. In her From Karen House article, Virginia Druhe reminds us of the joys of summer that percolated throughout the house. In addition, she touches on the Karen House finances and also announces her leaving the community because her work and time are taking her elsewhere. Luckily, she'll still be living near and volunteering at the house. We could spend a whole issue acknowledging and thanking Virginia for her life and work at Karen House. Her intellect, kindness, courage, and love have been shared with so many.... We thank you, Virginia, and our great consolation is that you're still so close and involved in our lives. And in the Round Table Talk, Jim McCracken, a kind and gifted volunteer who spent the summer working at Karen House, offers us a reflection on being steadfast in love in the face of the drug war which surrounds us.

Ann's love was grounded in her deep faith in the truth of Jesus Christ. And this love and commitment led her to do hard things, even to the point of leaving family and friends to serve the poor in another country. I have often been struck by Ann's courage. Stories of this abound; one small example: Ann was on retreat in the U.S. the day the Jesuits and the two women were murdered in San Salvador. Within a few days of this incident, she was heading back, despite the palpable tension that was present at that time. She knew where she had to be.

The Easter Vigil Mass has many meaningful symbols and beautiful expressions. One of my favorite moments occurs when the paschal candle is carried into a darkened church. At the appropriate time, the light from that candle is passed on to surrounding candles. Slowly, one by one, the light spreads until the whole church becomes glowing with the light from that first light. If you're lucky enough to see this happening from a distance, early on you'll notice that occasionally when the flames are spread, one candle will shoot off from the ring and head over to a darkened section of the church to start spreading the fire there. Ann was that shoot for us. She not only brought that light to classrooms, shelters, living rooms, emergency rooms and clinics, but her flame lit darkened corners within each person who was graced to know her. This coming Easter, let's remember Ann and be thankful for the light she passed on to us, a light that will never go out. +

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The Round Table
by Mev Puleo

- Bill Miller

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HOMILY AT THE FUNERAL MASS OF ANN MANGANARO

by John Kavanaugh, S.J.

By all accounts, Ann's death is a great loss to the earth.
a woman of uncommon grace
of high gifts in intelligence and heart
a woman of the Beatitudes
no stranger to peace-making or justice
no stranger to gentleness and purity of heart
a woman who knew mourning, both in the citadel of
her interior life and the arena of the world

Even though she thought herself so ordinary, by all
accounts, her passing is a terrible loss to us all.

Especially to the Manganaro family

her mother, Mildred, even with her splendid faith
her sisters, who so faithfully tended to her: nurse,
artist and silversmith, businesswoman, mother-
to-be, twin and teacher
her brothers, who gently carried her down the stairs
to the garden to be with us all at the mass on
Pentecost sunday
her dear friends who came from Salvador, Africa,
Denver, New York and California to see her
and to keep her vigil and to hold her hand
her Loretto community
her Catholic Worker brothers and sisters
the medical community, the Jesuit Refugee Services,
and surely, the people of Salvador, especially
Guarjila

A profound loss to us all.



Rita Corbin

John Kavanaugh, S.J., was one of Ann's dearest friends. Their friendship was marked by mutual inspiration and love.

It is hard to understand this wound of life, this injury to love. Just as it is difficult to understand the death of every mother's child, too early, too late, too often, too mourned, too unmourned

You wonder:

What is the meaning of a person's life?

What is the upshot of all our joys, all our sufferings? It was a question that struck me so deeply when Ann was taking care of the burial of a little preemie baby named "Tamika." She was born sick and shrivelled and as tiny as your hand.

Ann held and soothed her for weeks, fed her and caressed her, and felt triumph at Tamika's first and only smile.

It seemed to me it was all so hopeless and bleak that Tamika died without very much of a life at all, and I asked Ann, "What on earth did Tamika ever have?"

Ann said: "Well she had the power to call out love from me."

Love was what it was all about for Ann.

When Bill Miller and Ellen Rehg visited her right before their wedding, we mused about Ann giving the homily. Ann said it would be short and simple: "Love One Another."

When my old friend, Professor Levi, Jewish, but non-religious, came to know Ann, he wrote to me in Africa: "After meeting Ann I realize that there is a different kind of love than I have previously encountered."

Love was often on her lips, in her poetry and the letters she wrote, in her physicians hands.

...how to love better
...how to love appropriately
...how to love more truly
...how to love more faithfully

All the wounds of life, ever her own pains, for her, could be healed, if they could call out love.

I wonder if this is what she meant when she told Cathy Arata that she felt peace shortly before she died:

"I finally understand the wounds."
"Your wounds?" Cathy asked.
"No."
"The wounds of El Salvador?"
"No," Ann said.
"The wounds of us all. Everyone's wounds."

I also wonder if this is why her favorite feast day in the Church calendar was "The Exaltation of the Cross."

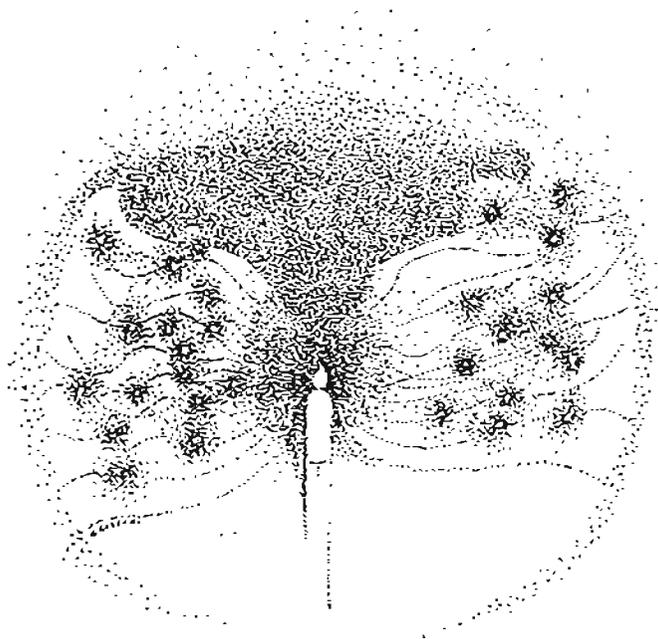
And I wonder if this is why, when at her last communion service, two days before she died, she chose for the reading: "Take up your cross daily and follow me. For you who cling to your life will lose it. You who give your life will find it." (She had thought it was the Gospel passage read at her final vows, which actually called us to Love our God with our whole heart, soul and mind. But it really was the Gospel for her life and death. wholeheartedly given to God and us.)

And so, what would Ann then say to us who grieve about this wide wound of death, over this great wound of space that separates us now from Ann and all those who have passed into the other world?

I think it would be the words of a poem she wrote over ten years ago. Its final lines are these:

"And all the space between us
Is filled and flowing with Love,
And the wider the space, by God's bounty,
The larger the grace thereof."

Let us, with Ann, in sadness and joy, celebrate her own Triumph of the Cross.



“SOMEHOW -- GOD IS BEING BORN IN US”

by Mev Puleo

An interview with Ann Manganaro, medical doctor and Sister of Loretto working with Jesuit Refugee Service in Guarjila, El Salvador, by Mev Puleo.

I first met Ann Manganaro in the early 1980s when she was living and working at Karen Catholic Worker House in St. Louis, a community shelter for homeless women and children. At the time, she was also the attending physician at the Emergency Room of Cardinal Glennon Children's Hospital. Before becoming a pediatrician, Ann taught for years in alternative schools throughout St. Louis. I was a student volunteer at the Cass Catholic Worker House through a program of St. Louis University Campus Ministry, and I also frequented Tuesday night Mass at Karen House.

This January, after several failed attempts to visit friends in El Salvador, I finally travelled to El Salvador to attend a board meeting of CRISPAZ, Christians for Peace in El Salvador. Before the meeting, I spent three days with Ann in the village of Guarjila where she has lived and worked for five years. I arrived by bus in the town of Dulce Nombre de Maria, where Ann, forty-six years old, was leading a course for health promoters. Her large, hand-drawn posters of kidneys, livers, reproductive systems and childbirth decorated the walls. I arrived for the end of the course, where Ann led the young women and men in the song, "Mujer Salvadorena," praising the courage and strength of Salvadoran women.

It is all too poignant that I now must add that I remember when Ann had to delay her first trip to El Salvador in order to receive surgery and chemotherapy

for breast cancer. The tragic update is that now, six years later and exactly three months after our visit in El Salvador, the cancer suddenly appeared in her organs and bones. Just as Ann was winding down her work in El Salvador to take a sabbatical before travelling to a country more in need of her skills, perhaps Mozambique or Guatemala, she now faces a far more challenging journey.

I pray that her story inspires others to walk in her footsteps and share their skills and their presence with those most in need. It is not enough to admire someone who lives such an inspiring life. We must follow, giving birth to God, even amidst God's seeming absence.

Ann, you were immersed in work with the poor in St. Louis, both through the shelter and your hospital work. What brought you to El Salvador?

For a long time I had wanted to work in a Third World country. That's why I switched from education to health care. This desire was in my mind throughout my medical studies.

I chose Central America and El Salvador specifically because it is a place where United States foreign policy has done so much damage to people's lives. My presence here is a way to put one small countervailing force against the real evil and damage that has occurred as a result of U.S. foreign policy. Our active policy throughout Latin America is to support any government that ensures there won't be left wing governments in power. Concretely, what that meant in El Salvador was that the U.S. supported a very oligarchic government and a cruelly repressive military that caused the deaths of

Mev Puleo is a photo-journalist and an old-time friend of the Catholic Worker. We hear she had the ear of the Pope at World Youth Day.

thousands of civilians even before the war began, and thousands more during the 12 year civil war.

What has it been like to work in a zone controlled by the FMLN guerrillas, who opposed the Salvadoran government in the civil war?

I'm not a huge supporter of the FMLN, but I have great admiration and sympathy for some of their political and military leaders I've come to know in the past years since this is a FMLN zone. I've also found the people in this zone support them. Personally, I didn't come to El Salvador to work with FMLN, but with the people. I came through the Jesuit Refugee Service to work with returned refugees, the civilian population. I've certainly come to know the FMLN because this used to be a combat zone.

It has been interesting to see how the FMLN's vision has developed since the changes in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. The FMLN leaders came to realize that the traditional vision of a socialist country coming about through violent revolution was impossible in El Salvador. Their vision is much more realistic today, but they still believe in land redistribution, changing laws and policies to guarantee the rights of the poor more, hoping to guarantee human rights in a way that's never been recognized in this country since the time of the Spanish. Their vision is much more nationalist and pragmatic than a typical communist vision. They want to change grinding levels of injustice and poverty and equalize the distribution of wealth; they don't want to set up a communist government in the traditional sense.

Is there a story that illustrates what is most difficult about working here?

One night in 1988, I'd only been here a couple of months, there was a beautiful sunset and stars in the sky, and I was walking home after dinner to where I live alone. Well, no more had I gotten in and settled down for the evening when this combat broke out all around me.

On one side of the house I could hear an exchange of fire between the army which was coming down the road and the FMLN up in the hills above them. I immediately sat on the floor and waited for it to pass.

I could hear the combat go from one side of the house to the other; I could hear the soldiers shouting in the street. When it got farther away to the other end of the community, I opened the door to see what was going on. I heard these fighter planes that were circling over

the community and started dropping these huge flares called "Bengal lights" that were eerily beautiful but horrifying orange lights floating down in parachutes to illuminate their targets. Then they started strafing with tracer bullets, which you see as little red lights crossing the sky. The door of my house turns to the hills, like most houses here, because people consider the road dangerous, that's where the military passes. As I was watching this eerie, terrible light show, this little "compa" (FMLN fighter), only 13 or 14 years old, came up to me carrying his gun at his side



Mer Paleo

and said, "Anna!" in his soft little voice. He asked for water and I gave him a drink. I was trying to be kind to him, but the whole time I was thinking, if the soldiers come back and I have a FMLN soldier at my door, even a little kid, I'm in trouble. He stood with me and then he went off. I felt both a huge surge of relief but also sad for him.

There was no one hurt who was brought to me in this particular battle, but it was horrible to be in the middle of a battle.

I think of what happened during the Gulf War where thousands of people experienced this. One little incident in one little country that nobody knows about. Five people dead, 16 wounded, 4 of the dead children, 12 of the wounded children. No big deal, right? Unless it's huge numbers or people in the United States itself, those numbers are just trivial. No one cares.

One of the things that happens during the war is that you don't have time to really absorb an incident like that, there's just another emergency afterwards. The next day, a little boy and his grandfather were walking along a river and hit a mine and were wounded. There is tragedy after tragedy you have to respond to. The village massacre was certainly the worst I saw, but not the only one. When you hear helicopters, you just gear yourself up to deal with the next thing.

When I made a retreat recently, I realized I had four years of tragedies suppressed inside of me. All of these memories started surfacing, one after another. This must happen to everyone in the war. You gear yourself up to just moving on. It's no wonder people suffer from post-traumatic stress. You store up a lot of experiences that you don't adequately mourn or grieve or even feel!

How do you think living in a war zone for four or five years affects you?

One of the things that worries me, not only in this war situation, but a doctor friend of mine who works with AIDS patients in the U.S. or people who work with the homeless -- there's a tendency to lose your human vulnerability and responsiveness for those tragedies and become, not just hardened as in bitter or cynical, but aloof, or your compassion becoming an automatic response where you can be kind, but you are on automatic pilot, not from the heart, because if you let all that tragedy touch you, you might just fall apart. I've felt this way from time to time.

The other thing that happens is situations where I would automatically in the past have felt kindness or a capacity to respond, instead I would feel resentful of the intrusion in my life, and it was hard to find the resources from within with which to respond.

That's the challenge when we try to deal with human suffering. My hope is to somehow cast my lot with the poor long-term throughout my life, and if you cast your lot with the poor, that means exposing yourself and opening your heart to a lot of tragedy, a lot of human suffering, a lot of painful experiences that most people shield themselves from. How do you do that long-term? How do you keep your heart vulnerable and genuinely responsive and not just going through the motions?

What in your life has brought you to the decision to cast your lot with the poor?

From childhood, my parents were great lovers of Francis of Assisi, so that whole image of someone who lived poorly and tried to live according to the Gospel is an image I grew up with as an ideal person.

As a young adult entering the Sisters of Loretto at 18 years of age, I spent a lot of genuine effort to read and take seriously the Gospel. What has sustained me over the long haul, from all the theology I studied in college as a young sister, was really Scripture study. I

really learned to turn to the Scriptures as a source of life.

When I was in my twenties, I began to feel quite skeptical about the Church and about religious life -- it was really a crisis of faith. I stopped praying and going to Mass regularly. But later I realized, I wanted to live authentically this vocation I chose as a teen. I was 24 years old and I remember thinking, almost instinctually, of turning to Scripture to see if the Gospel still made sense. I remember sitting under a tree in Forest Park in St. Louis and reading the Gospel of Matthew, coming to the Sermon on the Mount and thinking, "Yes, this is what I want to do with my life! This is real. This is true for me. I think this will always be true for me."

What message in Scripture most stood out?

It's something about love God with your whole heart and love your neighbor as yourself, you have to lose your life in order to save it -- it's not just in any one phrase. It's not just the words of Jesus, but the example of Jesus showing that this is where the Gospel really gets lived. More than the Sermon on the Mount, it's the Last Judgment, that what finally counts when you get down to it, the test of faithfulness to Jesus is if you've fed the hungry, and given drink to the thirsty, and visited prisoners and been with the homeless.

I think from when I was very young I've had my heart set on fire to try to make that real in my life somehow. In a very naive way when I was in my early twenties.

Another strong influence on me was the summer I spent at the Catholic Worker in New York when I was 22 years old. It was just a summer, but the whole experience of learning how the Catholic Worker came to embody faithfulness to the Gospel through both works of justice and works of mercy, living directly with the poor, but always seeking a just society. That particular slant of the Gospel was a real source of revelation that has since been a strong source of nurturance for me.

How has your faith been changed or been challenged since you've been here?

Being in El Salvador has been a real test of my faith. What nurtures me here is the courage and tenacity of the Salvadoran people I've come to know, and their faith, which is sometimes very naive faith, but all the same very real in their lives.

Being here has sometimes been hard on my faith; sometimes I say, "Where is God in all of this? Are you really here?" Sometimes I get up in the morning and say, "Are you really still here with us? God-with-us. Emmanuel, are you really? Is your spirit really alive and working in the world?" Does the spirit of Jesus only live and work through the lives of those who are the followers of Jesus, and is that what's wrong, that so few people really have found ways to take that seriously and embody it?

In the middle of a war, there are many times when you feel God is more absent than present. And yet, there are always moments of grace and revelation when you see people's incredible kindness, generosity and love shining through, not necessarily believing people, but you see human spirits rising to an incredible level of goodness.

But you also see the stress and the loss and the waste and the pain and the death and the unfulfilled lives, and the tortured, tormented lives, families separated. I think it's a real challenge to my faith, has been and still is. This is why I need a sabbatical, to say, "Where have you been in all of this, God? And what does it mean for what I am supposed to do with the rest of my life?"

What stories explain what makes your work worthwhile or what gives you hope?

Part of it is the whole range of things I do -- training health promoters, for example. My reward is not only seeing their enthusiasm and joy of learning and seeing them concretely use their skills, but also witnessing how they develop as leaders in their communities. Especially these young women in my village, I see them grow and take responsibility, once shy people learning to speak at a meeting or even teach new health promoters.

Take Rosali. She has a real vocation to health care. She's only 22, yet she's been working in health for 5-6 years. She's an incredibly eager learner and takes every opportunity, dental training, a midwife course, asking questions at every chance. She has very limited formal education, only to fourth grade. Salvadoran fourth grade, but she really synthesizes everything she learns and can even make accurate diagnoses.

Once there was a very wounded man brought to us straight from the battlefield during the war. The promoters were trying to get me the things I needed, but he lost a lot of blood, and we lost him. The promoters knew him, his name was David, and he was conscious just up until the moment he died, saying, "I'm dying! I'm dying!" I was so busy trying to do things to save him, he died in the middle of all the flurry. Rosali said later, "I have to learn more so that I can do something more to help." She took his death personally. Not that it was just sad, but that it was her responsibility and desire to respond. People here are fatalistic about death generally.

I imagine it must be strange for Salvadorans to see a woman doctor. What have you learned about the roles of men and women here in El Salvador?

The thing that has hit me here in El Salvador is the difference between the value of the male and the value of the female before birth. If you ask them, women want boys more than they want girls. Marlene, one of our health promoters, is very modern and progressive by Salvadoran standards, and I asked her, "What do you

want, a boy or a girl?" She immediately answered, "A boy." I said, "Why?" And she thought about it for a while, and said, "Because women suffer so much." I thought this was telling! And she's had an easier life than most women in El Salvador.

It's the custom here that when a boy is born the midwife is paid more than when a girl is born. The going rate is 30 colones for a boy and 20-25 colones for a girl birth. This is the common practice. They have a rigid diet for women after they have given birth, dry food like dry cheese, toasted tortillas, practically dry beans, and hot drinks like coffee. But, if a boy is born, in addition to all those foods, they can have chicken and chicken soup. In fact, the custom is to give the woman chicken soup just after delivering a boy like she's done something marvelous by delivering a boy.

Then you notice that very early from the time girls are tiny, 3 or 4 months, their private parts have to be covered from the very beginning with little underwear or diapers. And they call the genital area of a little girl "chupa," which means dirty. If by chance you see a little girl run out of the house naked, people call out, "How dirty! How ugly!" Whereas little boys' genitals are considered just darling and adorable and women even kiss their little boy's penis and call it "la palomita," the little dove. Up until boys are 4 or 5 years old, it's perfectly acceptable for the boys to run around completely naked or even with just a little shirt but no underpants. In a boy, that's cute and darling. In a girl, it's dirty and ugly.

Also, boys from when they are very little are allowed to go out and explore around the community. Girls are kept in the house, close to the mother, and start doing chores with the mother when they are very young. When they are only 4 or 5 years old they are doing little chores around the house, and at 7 or 8 years old they are making tortillas, carrying heavy jugs of water and firewood, and doing the laundry.

Having worked among the poor and homeless in St. Louis, what differences do you see in the work in the U.S. and in El Salvador?

Ironically, because of where I've landed in El Salvador, I work with people whose consciousness was raised 15 years ago in the campesino unions and the base christian communities. There's a whole process that's going on with poor people that's different than in the U.S. I don't know if this is true all over El Salvador, but I experience more dignity, more sense of self, of joy in life, determination, more sense of possibility and hopefulness here, even during the war, that I did not experience in the United States. I think that's more of a sense of community and more possibility of organizing and seeing it bear fruit.

In the U.S., my experience of poverty was one of disintegration and isolation of individual people and families. I'm sure there are places in the U.S. where you could have another experience of poverty, but at the Catholic Worker you met people whose lives were disintegrated and they were chronically depressed or in despair. There is a lot more despair in the U.S. than here. Even in the hardest times people here have a sense of hope and a belief that they have a role to make things happen.

Do you think it is harder to work for social change in the U.S.?

Yes. And it makes me think there is something too passive about the way the Catholic Worker accepts people how they are, over and over again, without really trying to make an intervention that will challenge people and call people to go forward. I think the Worker has done this through individual relationships. But, if I return to the U.S., I'd have to be somewhere where I wasn't just responding to emergencies and crises; I would want some sense that what I was doing had a real impact on other people and their future, the "training for transformation" idea. Here we call it "capacitacion."

There is also something to be said for direct service. People here tend to put down "assistentialism," but there is something to be said for it when you see this person walking who would have lost their leg, and this baby that would have died without an operation. So, I warn myself not to get into the perspective that the only important work is community organizing. People's lives can be totally transformed by medical aid. This is something about being a physician, you get to see concrete improvements. That's why I like the emergency room; you really can help people in the moment, give stitches, medicine, etc. I'd be hard put to choose, but prefer to do both direct service and training others for social change.

What, ultimately, is the effect that your work has had on your faith?

It was hard for me during my residency to see babies who were born prematurely, who lived 8 months or 18 months and never left the hospital. Such a tragic kind of death makes you ask, "What kind of life was that?" Or horrible cases of child abuse and children who are murdered. But, maybe it's just the volume of deaths here, or seeing all of these young people going off to fight the war and being killed, or seeing the destruction of families and relationships divided and destroyed. This has really been hard on my faith.

It's not just seeing it happen here concretely, but knowing it is happening all over the world. So, here in El Salvador, it's one little massacre in the next village, yet I know it's thousands and hundreds of thousands of

people all over the world! Where is all of that malice coming from?

The other thing is dealing with the soldiers, seeing the malice in some of them. When the Atlacatl battalion came through you saw these men so brutalized, so cruel, so hateful in their way of talking, their way of being, their way of just looking at one, and I ask, "How did that much malice get into the world? And what are we called to do about it? Where is the grace of God working in all of this? Are we few measly little people who are trying to live according to the Gospel, or put our faith

into practice or do God's will, or whatever you want to call it, are we making any difference? Is there going to be liberation?"

That's another thing, looking at the whole geopolitical situation in the last 20 years, I guess you can take hope from the fall of the Eastern block, but here in this stark situation, I felt my faith worn a little bit thin.

And yet, it does drive me back to pray every day, and I do try to make my heart open to God's presence wherever it is here and attend to people as if



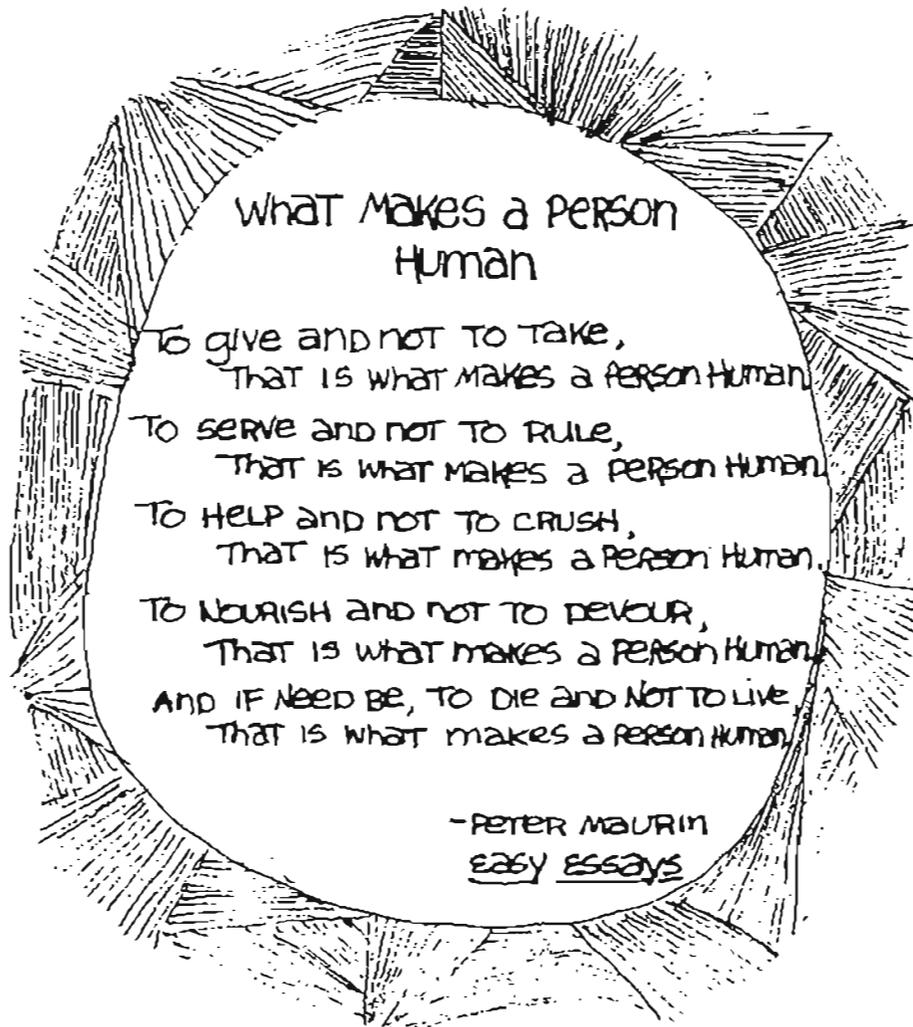
Merv Paleo

God is present even when I feel the absence of God.

I don't know how to say it, but maybe it is true that the most real way God is present in the world is through human beings mediating to other human beings the grace of God or the life of God. So, maybe the only way that God is going to be present is if I keep acting, and all of the rest of us keep acting, as if...It's like, we have to enflesh God, just as Jesus, who, according to traditional Christian theology, is the most perfect embodiment and literal enfleshment of God's life and presence in the world. It's that whole thing about completing what is lacking in the sufferings of Christ. Somehow each of us has to help God take flesh in the world right now, here in the 20th century.

So, even in my bleakest moments I've tried to cling to that sense that maybe the only way I know God is trusting that if I keep trying to give my life for others, that somehow God is being born in that. And sometimes it is only in retrospect, when you've gone through a really hard time, but you see the fruit that has continued to be born in your life and in other people's lives that makes you say, "YES, God's grace was working here even when I didn't feel it in the moment." +

For more information contact: Jesuit Refugee Service, CRISPAZ (Christians for Peace in El Salvador)



IN REMEMBRANCE OF ANN

by Ellen Rehg

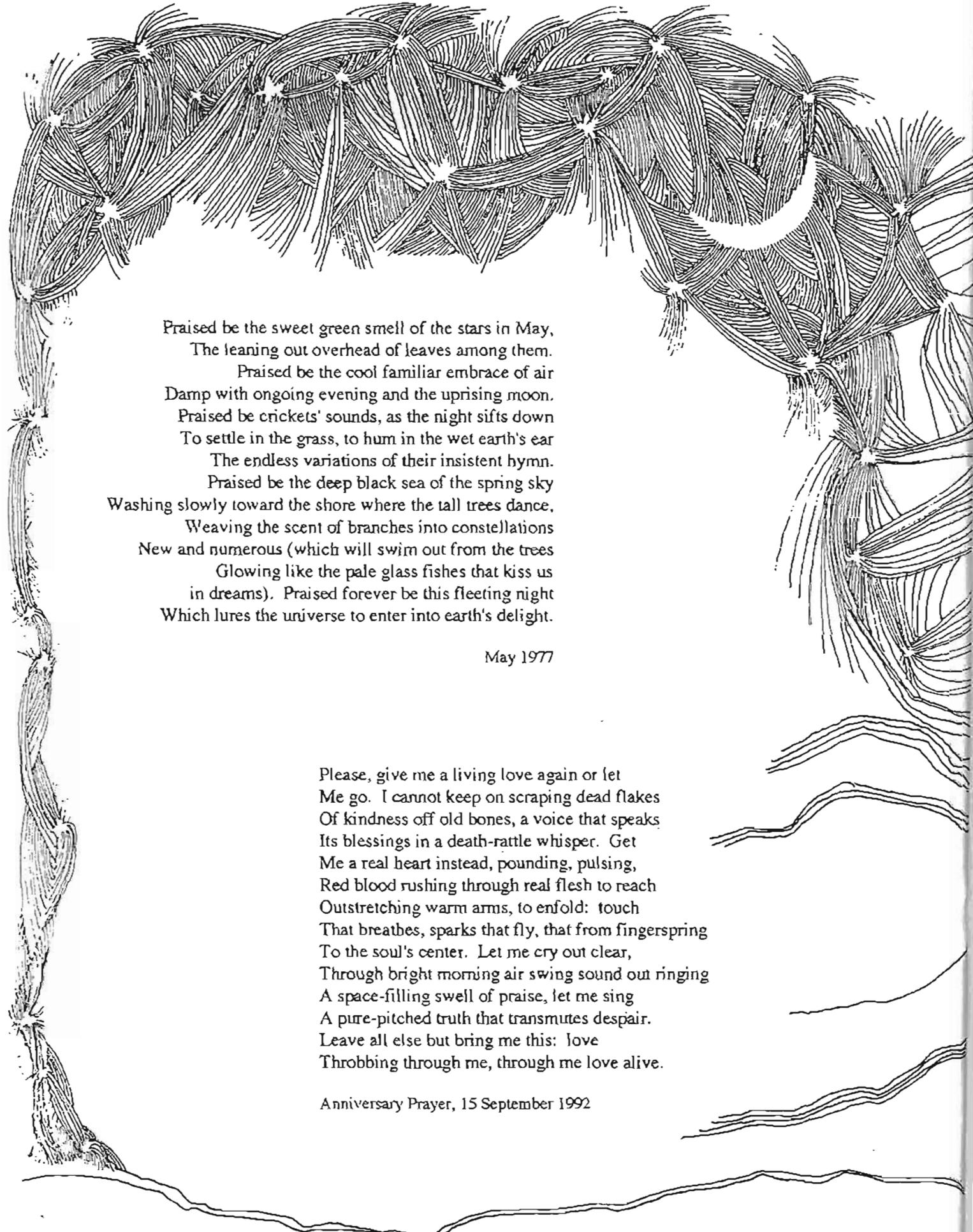
*If I could have my way I would be
your teacher, mother, sister, lover; your healer,
your helper; friend in need, friend indeed...*

These are the opening lines to a poem Ann wrote entitled "To whom I love, any, all". Ann was a committed physician and religious woman, a bright and generous community member and a courageous follower of Christ. But I believe that it is mostly as a friend that we remember and love her. Ann's life cut through many paths: her childhood as the 2nd oldest (by about a minute) in a family of 11; her political activism as a Sister of Loretto; teacher and co-founder of a community school, co-founder and community member of Karen House; and finally, physician in the rural clinic of Guarjila in El Salvador. Along the way, in each segment of the journey, Ann formed deep and lasting friendships with a wide variety of people.

Some of us met each other for the first time during the last two months of Ann's life as we gathered around her. Others of us who have known each other for years felt drawn closer together as we vigiled with our dying friend. It was Ann's final gift to us all - to be woven into a "tapestry of love", as Martha Crowley put it at Ann's wake. This small community of friends and family gave us all a taste of the reign of God. To someone who did not know Ann, she probably wouldn't have seemed to be the kind of person who could evoke so much devotion. She was quiet and introverted - not the type one would notice in a crowd. She claimed that as a child she was very shy, the "recessive" twin to her more outgoing sister, Mary. By the time I met Ann at the Catholic Worker when she was 36, this childhood shy-

ness had evolved into a quiet reserve. She must have, before I met her, struggled somewhat with accepting this part of her personality. She told me once that she drew comfort from the fact that Dorothy Day had had a similar kind of reserve, which made her have to work to extend herself to people at times. By the time I knew Ann, this quietness in her had become a source of strength. It formed a well of peace at the core of her personality. She felt free to be herself, consequently she felt free to open herself to others. This was one of the invaluable lessons Ann taught me, the importance of self-acceptance. I believe Ann was able to accept herself so well because of her practice of gratitude. To reject oneself is to reject a gift from God. But Ann's greatest gift, for which she labored intensively, was the love she gave to almost anyone who crossed her path. Yet this love was not dramatic or overwhelming. It was the simple working out of the "little way" of St. Therese of Lisieux. St. Therese's insight was that love in the "little" things is much more difficult and, like Ann, much quieter, than the grand gestures of love which sometimes stir our imaginations and garner more attention. Ann was one of the few people I know who most closely exemplified loving in the little way. Consequently, when I remember Ann, I remember first the small things. I think of her warm and loving smile, her little pats of affection and gentle embraces. I think of her loud and hearty laughter at people's jokes, her appreciation of intelligent wit. I think of the small gestures that started our friendship - how she pushed the crossword puzzle she was doing over towards me and asked me if I'd "help" her with it. Like her mother, she was a whiz at crossword puzzles and of course needed no help. At first I mostly sat and watched

Ellen Rehg, a dear friend of Ann's, regularly gave Ann backrubs when they lived together at Karen House.



Praised be the sweet green smell of the stars in May,
The leaning out overhead of leaves among them.
Praised be the cool familiar embrace of air
Damp with ongoing evening and the uprising moon.
Praised be crickets' sounds, as the night sifts down
To settle in the grass, to hum in the wet earth's ear
The endless variations of their insistent hymn.
Praised be the deep black sea of the spring sky
Washing slowly toward the shore where the tall trees dance,
Weaving the scent of branches into constellations
New and numerous (which will swim out from the trees
Glowing like the pale glass fishes that kiss us
in dreams). Praised forever be this fleeting night
Which lures the universe to enter into earth's delight.

May 1977

Please, give me a living love again or let
Me go. I cannot keep on scraping dead flakes
Of kindness off old bones, a voice that speaks
Its blessings in a death-rattle whisper. Get
Me a real heart instead, pounding, pulsing,
Red blood rushing through real flesh to reach
Outstretching warm arms, to enfold: touch
That breathes, sparks that fly, that from fingerspring
To the soul's center. Let me cry out clear,
Through bright morning air swing sound out ringing
A space-filling swell of praise, let me sing
A pure-pitched truth that transmutes despair.
Leave all else but bring me this: love
Throbbing through me, through me love alive.

Anniversary Prayer, 15 September 1992



My days now are filled with the sound of fire:
The whisper of cooking fires waking the dawn;
The cracking and rasping of fields set ablaze,
Whipped by the wind as it twists the last bare
Scrap of grass to ashes to be blown
Down from the hills; the drone as the planes rise,
Prelude to the dark fire flung from the sky:
The earth-quaking, soul-shaking death
Hurled down around me while I walk
Or work or wait in the vigil with friends, seeking how
Best to share their terror of the wrath,
So hideously aloof, diving to stalk
Their children's lives; the fire of battle far
Too near, the horrid rain of shells, the reign
Of hatred searing out the very heart of those
I love.

I will not submit to such fire.
I will find how life may flame forth within
The smoky din of war. I will seek to raise
A song of praise that stuns to silence all
The strife and strident fire sound. I will spend
My life, soul, self to break the hold
Of hell here. I will set my hands to heal
The scorched earth; the burned and broken I will tend
Till this land shall learn some new true fire to build.

January, 1990



Mev Puleo

her as she quickly filled in every clue, but I gradually began to learn how to do them. I always contended that, as a pre-Vatican II trained nun she had an advantage in knowing all the Latin terms, and as a physician she had an advantage in knowing all the medical terms, and her years of reading the classics gave her an edge when it came to all those literary clues. No fair! Ann's love was very tangible - she devoted time and effort to loving. She would think objectively and hard about what you needed and then give it to you. If you needed comfort, Ann would comfort you. If you needed to be challenged, Ann would challenge you. Even if you just needed some sewing done, Ann would either sew it for you or teach you how to sew! One Christmas Eve, as midnight approached, I sat in the community room cursing with frustration over a present I had foolishly attempted to sew for someone. Ann walked into the room, took the item from me, ripped out what I had done, and gracefully redid the entire thing in a half an hour. Once I naively said to her, "Well, I think that this is wrong, but I can't impose my values on someone else." She replied something like, "You can if you are right and the other person is wrong." The ensuing discussion over whether there is

an objective truth ended my life as a relativist. It is often easier to comfort someone or be kind to them than it is to challenge them when you think they are wrong. Yet not to do so can be both a lack of love and a disregard for the truth, neither of which Ann had. More than once Ann entered the fray of strained relationships to call each person to the best in themselves. She did this in such a caring way, with such wisdom and consideration, that her words were always welcome. You never forgot the counsel she gave you, and it almost always hit home. Ann was a very good teacher, mother, sister and lover to us all. For this we are very grateful: for her life, her love, her witness to the truth. Once after her first bout with cancer, Ann told me that she had really had to struggle with her own mortality. "When I die, after a few years, no one except my mother and maybe a couple of other people will even remember me or think of me," she had told me. I wish I had told her then what I am about to say now: No Ann, your many friends will never forget you. With your love you have made us a part of a seamless tapestry which will forever keep us wrapped in the warmth of your friendship. ✦

REFLECTIONS ON ANN

The following people were asked to write their most significant thoughts and memories of Ann.

—Mark Scheu

I learned of the gravity of Ann's illness shortly after she returned from El Salvador. She had been a beacon of love and wisdom in the community when I had first joined the Catholic Worker some ten years ago. Even though she had been abroad for the last five years, her guiding presence was still very much felt.

As the weeks passed and Ann struggled with the recurring cancer, the name of Mahatma Gandhi kept surfacing in my mind. I made no connection for several days, for as much as I admired Ann I had never thought of her in quite those terms. Then one day, without warning or conscious effort, the connection suddenly crystallized in my mind. I recalled that Mahatma meant "great soul." In a world haunted by shadows and desperate for light, the rare brilliance of God's pure love was unmistakably incarnate in Ann's magnificent soul. That is what Ann had been and always will be to me: a Mahatma or "great soul" in an impoverished world.

TODAY
THERE IS NEITHER
THE GLORIFYING OF GOD
NOR PEACE
ON EARTH



AS LONG AS A HUNGER
IS NOT YET STILLED
AND AS LONG AS WE HAVE
NOT UPROOTED
VIOLENCE
FROM OUR CIVILIZATION
CHRIST IS NOT
YET BORN
GANDHI

—Sarah Leggett

My most vivid memories of Ann come from our days of medical training. Ann was one year ahead of me at SLU and then at Cardinal Glennon Children's Hospital.

Ann was an exacting physician. She was exceptionally competent, infinitely conscientious and always and everywhere kind and concerned about her patients. She was a demanding advocate for the welfare of children.

We were each required to run a clinic during our three years at Cardinal Glennon Children's Hospital. Invariably Ann's clinic was filled with the most difficult children; children with multiple handicaps, children with severe chronic illnesses, children with horrific social situations. In other words, children who required a far larger commitment of care and concern than a brief five minute visit.

Above all else Ann was a healer. She was not just a composite of clinical skills and acumen, but a whole person who met her patients as whole people and loved them and cared for them with the fullest part of her compassion and integrity. Physicians of Ann's caliber and commitment are not to be replaced.

—Nina White

Ann was a very special friend to me. She was so thoughtful, sharing, and caring. Love described her. She came into my life when I was just a newborn baby, and remained in my life until her death. Even though she's gone the memories of her will last forever. The last time Ann and I were together was June of 91. I was nine years old at the time, and she came to get me from my

grandmother's house. First we hugged, kissed, and talked. Then we left my grandmother's house and went to Nana (Mrs. Manganaro) house. We went to dinner at Red Lobster. Nana treated; Ann had a seafood salad and Nana and I had a dinner special which consisted of linguini noodles, broccoli, shrimp and cheese mixed together, and a bowl of shrimp scampi. After dinner we went back to Nana's house and stayed for awhile. Afterwards we went over to Ann's sister Theresa's house. There we talked, went to the park; and, ate pretzels and drank juice. Our day was about to come to an end. She took me back to my grandmother's house. We said good-bye. That was the last time I saw Ann until three days before her death.

—Teka Childress

One of my first memories of Ann mirrors my last memory of her. I had just learned of the death of a close friend. I was 20 and was feeling shocked and lost. I went to Karen House seeking solace and found it with Ann. I'll never forget her sitting with me quietly, patting my hand. That was the beginning of our friendship. Her strong and usually quiet presence was to remain with me for the next fifteen years.

But for those who did not know Ann, to describe her as quiet might be misleading. The quiet manner was not the result of timidity or complacency, but rather rested on a bedrock of faith and strongly held convictions which she was not afraid to express. Ann could encourage, challenge, and comfort. Sometimes all at the same time. She brought more than her share of discernment, wisdom and compassion to most situations; whether advising a friend, or helping us find our way at a community meeting. She personally convinced me I could live without my own car and taught me to do 'Experiments With Truth' when I looked for a way to move on my desire to live more simply. Ann was not perfect, she was just really good and she inspired me to love more and at the same time helped me forgive myself for not being all I wanted to be. These are my memories of living with Ann.

When she moved to El Salvador, after fighting her first experience of cancer, she stretched herself even more, facing the war there and all the anguish it entailed.

While Ann usually maintained a calm in the midst of difficulty (a grace for which she was grateful), things were not always easy for her. But she had read the Gospels and knew she wanted to live them. She told a story of how one night at Karen House she had to clean up behind a guest who had gotten sick. At the time she had felt full of love. Years later, she came home exhausted and encountered the same situation. This time

there were no warm feelings. She learned though, that it was the act of love that mattered. Ann had a wealth of sayings she used to come up with and one of her favorites was: "Nothing to it, but to do it."

Well, Ann, I don't know if there's nothing to it, but you did it. Thanks you so very much.



—Christine Reesor and Peter O'Driscoll

At about 5:30 a.m., Ann Manganaro could usually count on hearing some insistent voice at her door to initiate the new day. Rather than knocking, an older man or young nursing mother, or whoever it might have been that day would simply call "Hermana Ana... Hermana Ana..." until Ann would get out of bed and struggle into a sweatshirt in order to hear what the problem was. Once up, she would question the patient or family member as to the nature of the problem, then decide whether she would go immediately, or whether it could wait a few minutes so she could start her day with prayer time and a hot cup of coffee. No one was more thorough or attentive, more invested with the patient in the search for relief or healing. On several occasions when her patients died, Ann would weep bitterly and chide herself for not having done more, even though invariably those deaths were caused by battlefield traumas, or terminal diseases, or advanced cases of infant malnutrition that no doctor in the best of health-care facilities would have been able to prevent. Let it be clear that Ann gave herself entirely to the people she served, to the poor with whom she was so passionately determined to cast her lot. She loved freely and infectiously, and was repaid with a level of devotion and respect from those around her that moved

and sustained her throughout the harsh brutality and isolation that the war brought on. It would be so easy to remember her as some saintly figure who attained levels of holiness rarely experienced on earth, perhaps even as someone graced to serve with a goodness that seemed effortless. But we lose the essence of Ann when we put her on a pedestal beyond mortal reach. What was truly extraordinary about Ann was her commitment and loving care even when it was hard – amidst all the contradictions of a fratricidal war, amidst the self-doubt of a conscientious doctor wondering what more she should have done, or at 5:30 a.m. when a nervous first-time father; or, an anxious mother with a pain in her side would come to Ann's door instead of going to the clinic...

—Mark Neilsen

At a community Mass in our living room one Sunday years ago I must have met Ann Manganaro, though I don't remember the exact moment. But I remember being attracted to her love of singing and conversation, her bright warmth. The fact that she was a Sister of Loretto, the order which had taught me in grade school, helped me to like Ann at once. When Judy and I got married a few years later, we asked Ann to do one of the Mass readings, in part to be a representative of the faithful women of the Church. Good choice. After that, I knew of Ann more than really knew her: her decision to enter medical school, to live at Karen House, to work first at Cardinal Glennon Hospital, then in El Salvador, to practice medicine with the poor. One of the things I admired most about her was her simplicity, simplicity not so much of manner and dress, but of action: she taught, lived with, cared for the poor, simply and decisively, out of love for God. In many ways, I am as close to Ann today as I have been over the past several years, for her life of grace and generosity and faith continues to challenge and encourage me.

—Dorothy Armbruster

It was more than twenty years ago, outside the main gate to the Federal Prison in Springfield, Missouri, that I met Ann Manganaro.

Next we met on the streets of St. Louis. This pacifist/activist and I (along with my three youngest children) were leaf-letting in opposition to the B-1 Bomber on a corner where people were headed for a game at Busch Stadium. There was a photo of this in the St. Louis Review, and I secured extra copies to put into Nan's, Amy's and Terry's "Baby Books." It's appropri-

ate that this pictorial reminder of Ann shows her with children. They were so much a part of her life . . . as a teacher and as a doctor. Here in St. Louis and then in El Salvador, to bring healing and hope to their bodies, their minds and their souls.

Soon Ann and I would be together at the meetings of the St. Louis Chapter of Clergy and Laity Concerned. Ann was very dedicated to the various issues we discussed and planned, and at the same time her hands were beautifully crocheting a tablecloth for her sister. It was not "busy work", but a calm, rhythmical motion. I was reminded of Gandhi's admonition that everyone should spend a little time each day in spinning.

Our family has a wonderful place in the country near Hermann, Mo. A beautiful spot that is shared and loved by many who come there for respite and recreation. Ann was there several times for week-long retreats, and on one occasion she left a little basket she had crocheted with binder's twine, a precious symbol of thanks. It is there that I feel closest to her. We never shared this space physically; but, because she so obviously loved it as I do, we have been together in a deeper way. She is one of the wonderful people who have left a little of themselves there in a mystical way.

At the time of the horrendous murder of the Jesuits and their housekeepers, Ann was out there. What terrible news to have to bring to her in that place of such peace. And yet, in retrospect, it was appropriate . . . a place apart, a place that has always given her strength. Then, at the time of Ann's death, the 'country place' was being used by two young families who were very close to Ann. Maybe their being there was a way for Ann to say farewell to that very special place.

About ten years ago we built a pousinia, a little house of prayer, in memory of my parents. It has now become a sort of shrine. In it is a print of fresco-like portrait of Dorothy Day (given to us by some folks of Karen House), and a print of a beautiful symbolic painting of Cesar Chavez . . . and now there is a tender photograph of Ann with a Salvadoran child. Placed beneath it is Ann's crocheted basket.

If you're there sometime, remember her gentle smile . . .



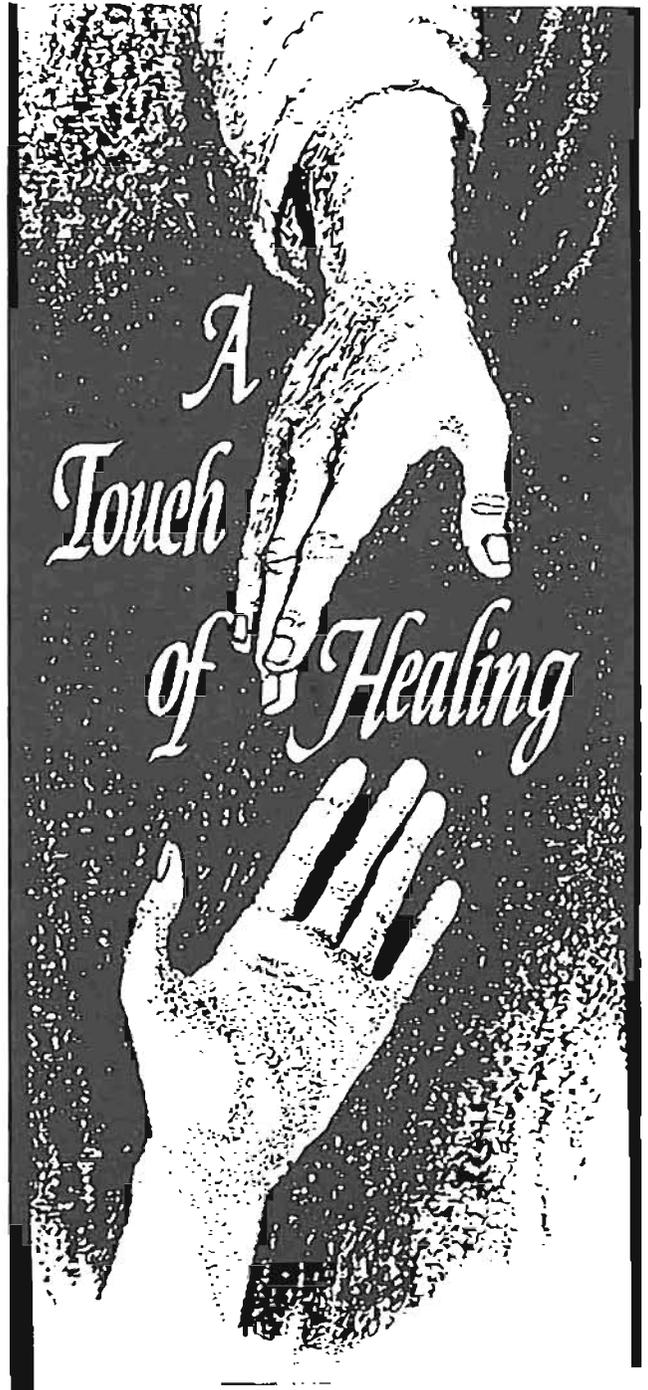
--Kathleen DeSutter Jordan

Often when Ann's letters arrived in our mail box from El Salvador, there in her clear, graceful, unique script would be the return address "1840 Hogan." While Ann hailed from a large, vital family, and was a vowed member of a religious order, and though she had good friends and co-workers on far shores and near-at-hand alike, it was the Catholic Worker, and Karen House in particular, that in some essential way was "home" for her.

The Catholic Worker — with its particular emphases on the primacy of prayer, the daily practice of the works of mercy, voluntary poverty, community-building and nonviolence — provided both a tradition and a frame of reference for Ann to live the Gospel-centered life she so deeply desired. The Catholic Worker also helped focus her remarkably numerous and luminous talents, gave direction to her strong, creative hands, and deepened her understanding of her own vocation.

Daily life in a house of hospitality, for example, helped Ann grow out of her natural reticence. Her friend Victoria, a physician from Germany whom Ann had worked with in El Salvador, could hardly believe my description of how very shy and reserved Ann had been when I first met her in high school. Victoria speaks little English, I less Spanish. We were both sitting at the foot of Ann's hospital bed, in mid-May, telling stories. Ann dozed while Martha Crowley translated. I told Victoria how once, many years before, Ann and I had gone for a long walk in the country, but that Ann hadn't said a single word the entire time: "She was as quiet as a mouse!" I told Victoria. Victoria listened attentively to Martha's translation, then turned to me incredulously and said: "What does this mean, that Ann was a little rat?"

On the contrary, Ann was a woman of uncommon grace - a "class act", as a friend commented at her wake. Always so attentive to and appreciative of beauty in all its forms, Ann herself seemed only to grow more beautiful over the years. As with classic Shaker furniture, the external form - simple, well-ordered, exquisitely beautiful and thoroughly functional - was simultaneously a subtle but powerful manifestation of interior conviction. Ann's life and her death, both in small ways and great, clearly reflect her "entire and irrevocable" commitment to live the Gospel. Therefore how can we who mourn her passing not take comfort in the hymn sung so beautifully by the Catholic Worker community at Ann's prayer service: "How Can I Keep From Singing?" For we have known and loved a true Christian. †



FROM KAREN HOUSE



by Virginia Druhe

It is hard to choose what in the life of the house is the most valuable to share with you. There is so much that for us becomes, in Paul Simon's words, "so common it disappears." That very often happens with the lives of our guests. Anita has been quietly studying and keeping the dining room spotless. Goldie comes and goes with her constant smile. Rena and her three priceless daughters finally, after many disappointments, got their own place. Missing guests we have come to know well also becomes so common it disappears.

Problems do the same. We have come to presume drug problems in our guests, rather than not. A gradual change has developed over the last three years. This change reveals itself in the slow, persistent destruction of our neighborhood, and the loss of living wages for our guests with jobs. Problems so common we fail to advert them.

What I do notice continually in these months are the joys of summer. I love heat, which I know is odd, but I love much else that comes with summer. Tim keeps a flower and vegetable garden right outside my windows that blooms in profusion all summer long. Beyond the garden is a large field of chickory with its soft, blue blossom.

Mitch has done a record setting job of keeping the yard at Karen House in shape this year. The many trees, bushes, and flowers that Katrina and Tim have planted over the past years are maturing on their own. The picnic table from the Tuxbury's is holding up well, and, we have a toddler pool that the mothers fill on hot afternoons. From time to time the yard serves as a resting and watering place for the various men from the neighborhood. For all the violence of the city around us, we look out on an oasis.

In summer there is air, sun, water, and green for everyone. Summer also makes it much easier for people to be together. I love to see the people all through our neighborhood sitting on their front stoops visiting. The women and kids at the house often spend the evening on the front steps. When they come in, they have a kind of drifty smile on their faces and breathe more deeply.

That is what summer brings, even for the women who stay with us and our neighbors—light, space, beauty, time, and people to share them with. Palpable grace, immediate consolation. This is no small thing.

I want to take this opportunity to pass on something of a financial summary to you whose labor and gifts sustain us. We do this irregularly in every sense of the word, but it is bookkeeping Catholic Worker style. Supposing a fiscal year that runs July 1 through June 30, here are last year's figures.

Total cash income was \$36,731. Total expenses were \$40,229. That worked because we started the year with a balance of \$12,000, and ended it with a balance of \$8,000. Monthly expenses are about \$3,500, and we try to keep money for two months in reserve.

Expenses fall into these categories: rent and utilities, almost \$13,000; maintenance, \$5,400; household supplies, \$4,600; food, \$6,000; stipends to guests \$4,000; postage, \$520; printing and mailing of *The Round Table*, \$4,000; laundering of kitchen towels and blankets, \$560, maintenance on two cars, \$2,100; two phones, \$740.

We are very aware of the generosity of the many of you who provide these funds. We do our best to use them wisely.

As a final note, I want to let you know that while I continue to work at Karen House, and to be a neighbor and friend, I have left the community in a formal sense. It seemed time to recognize a process that probably began when Pat and Karin moved away four years ago. With Jim and Katrina, and so many others who have been a part of our lives moving on, it finally seems that too much of my life is elsewhere. I cannot put it down at the Worker the way I believe a community requires. Likewise, while I enjoy the time I spend at the Worker, and treasure it, much of my work is centered elsewhere. It is painful to let go of what has been so very good for me, but I have hope that this, too, is an act of truth and faith that God can bless. ✦

Virginia Druhe is pleased to find one can take a bike onto St. Louis's new metro system.

FROM LATIN AMERICA



LETTER TO THE CHURCHES

from El Salvador

Informative Service of the Pastoral Center of the
University of Central America

Early June, 1993

Living Testimony: A love stronger than death. In memory of Ann Manganaro and the North American church women

In June in the chapel of the University of Central America (UCA) we celebrated a Mass for Ann Manganaro, a North American religious who had fallen victim to life-threatening cancer. As always, many people came to say good-bye to her, with songs and tears, with sorrow and above all, with gratitude. All of this was done without routine, with the sincerity of affection. Ann became truly loved for her total dedication as a doctor and for her simplicity in working more than five years with the poorest of our country.

Since January of 1988 Ann worked as a doctor in Guarjila, Chalatenango, in coordination with Jesuit Refugee Services. Her skill in caring for the sick was proverbial, and even more, if possible, her kindness, simplicity and incarnation with the poor. The clinic where she worked impressed one for being well-equipped – relatively – in a place as poor as Guarjila. Her house impressed one for its poverty. A few months before her death, when she was still unaware of the seriousness of her illness, Ann saw that El Salvador was now taking small steps toward normalization. She was thinking of going to another place to help and share her life with the poor. She decided on Mozambique, a place with many refugees and extreme poverty. She made this decision without flurry, with the same naturalness with which she had made the option for the poor – in her case one can speak of an option for the poorest of the poor – and with the peace and joy that is promised in the beatitudes to the clean of heart and the merciful.

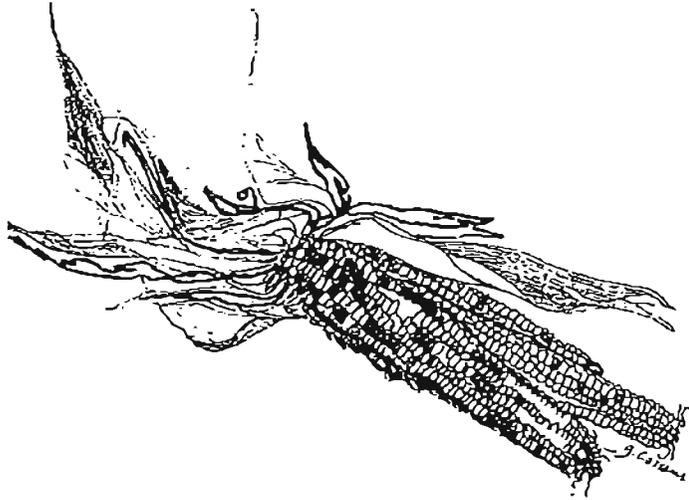
All of this was present in that Eucharist, in the

songs, in the homilies – “first fruit of the new humanity” Father Juan Hernandez Pico called her – in testimonies, in the deepest actions, in the sobs of those who remembered her and in the campesinas, with their babes in their arms, who sat in the front rows. It also helped, as always, to be in the chapel with the photo of Archbishop Romero and with the graves of the martyrs of the UCA. Everything in this chapel speaks of love and commitment to the poor. Here many Masses have been celebrated for martyrs who died violently; and, also for many others who have given their lives for the poor, little by little, until the end, with the same love.

Ann is a very clear example of the latter, and is a symbol of the solidarity; of the people of the churches in the United States with El Salvador, and it is good to remember that.



Mer Puleo



June 16-30, 1993

Thanksgiving Mass for Ann Manganaro in Guarjila

Sister Ann! Present!

That is what a gathering of hundreds of people shouted on Sunday, June 13 in the repopulation of Guarjila, Chalatenango. A few days earlier — as we recounted in the previous issue — Mass had been celebrated in the chapel at the UCA. Now, it was celebrated with the campesinos with whom and for whom she had lived and worked these past years.

Ann had come from the United States in January of 1988, a little after the return of the refugees from Honduras to Chalatenango. At first she worked for a while with the displaced at the refugee camp of Calle Real, but she quickly moved to the north to Chalatenango. From that time on she dedicated herself to caring for the sick of the zone, at the same time giving training to dozens of health promoters in Arcatao, in Ignacio Ellacuria, Las Flores, Los Ranchos and other towns and villages.

With tears, the health promoters told of her long journeys on foot and classes given within earshot of fighting. She stayed during the hardest times of the war to provide care for the people. With difficulty, Reynaldo told how she had healed him. Others remembered her struggles with personnel in the hospital in the city of Chalatenango because of their failure to care for those wounded and needy in the zones where the guerrilla operated. Ofelia told how accessible she was. "We come to her with any kind of health problem. We could consult with her about any kind of problem. That's how Ann was."

"And she didn't behave like a doctor" another

woman insisted. "She was always just like the rest of us. You see how she lived in a stone and mud house just like the rest of us. She lived like the people." A young man named Frank, who had come from St. Louis in the United States, was not surprised by the testimony. He spoke of the days when Ann studied medicine that city, living in a home for the poor and sleeping on a mat on the floor.

Many other people remembered Ann's humility and devotion. "She had great affection for people." "She liked to be with people."

At the offertory they presented ears of corn from the planting Ann had made alongside her small cottage. An early harvest, because she planted after the first rain. She said she wanted to have corn before she left, and she planned to leave in June. That's why she had to plant her corn quickly.

She wanted to go work in Mozambique, in Africa. "In Africa the people live in misery even greater than that in Chalatenango," she said. "There is great need of medical personnel." She had confidence, as always, in the health promoters. She told them they were able to work on their own now. Besides, the clinic was built and well-equipped.

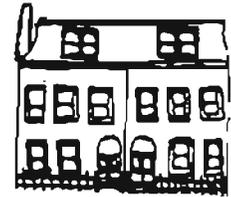
Ann sowed much life in Guarjila and Chalatenango. The 9th of July she would have turned 47 years old. For us, and for those responsible for work with the repopulations, her death has been a harvest that came far too soon. All of us who shared with her are happy to have known her, and give thanks to God for Ann's life.

And in memory of Ann — as is the custom of the poor — the community of Guarjila has decided to rename its clinic: **Hospital Ann Manganaro**



FROM LITTLE HOUSE

by Mary Ann McGivern, S.L.



One Saturday in early September some of the men from St. Norbert's parish gave a picnic at Karen House for all the neighborhood. The food was splendid, and so was the ambiance. Lots of children, lots of old friends, lots of new friends - including a new volunteer who was being broken in by the second floor toilet.

St. Norbert's gave us a picnic last year in honor of our 15th anniversary and promised then to return. So I remembered, in the middle of my bratwurst, that this was our 16th anniversary. And there, in the middle of my bratwurst in the middle of a table conversation in the middle of the backyard, I had little glimpses of our dead. Eleanor, whose brain had been wired by the electric man: three different times she moved out of the house to the bus station, living there for days while we visited and tried to coax her back. Eleanor died at a nursing home, surrounded by us, her family.

Lela died at a nursing home too, after years with us and then at Murphy-Blair Senior Commons. One time, on an admission to the psych ward for depression, the nurse tried to admit Virginia instead of Lela!

I remember that Ellen's daughter Tel committed suicide. Virginia visits Ellen now in a nursing home, and cares for her as she cared for Lela.

Nora died in a fire at a cheap hotel. One child who had stayed with us died later of abuse, and the deaths of at least two others were suspicious. Jackie and Monica both died of cancer, taken into the worker community during their dying. Nina, Monica's daughter, was at Ann's funeral.

Occasions like the picnic, markers in our history, remind me of their lives, and Ann's death lends intensity to the memories. I was at the Loretto Motherhouse last month. Outside the chapel is a book of all the dead, listing by year and month and day our deceased sisters. I looked up June 6 as if seeing Ann's name would help me grasp her death, hoping, I suppose, I wouldn't find it in the book.

Another former guest, Delisha, wrote, "It is with

a heavy heart that I contact you being the close friend of a dear Sister Ann Manganaro who was also a very devout Sister to me of none I ever had of my parents' union.... She gave Monica confidence and me also with her caring attitude." Sandy came by my house with her daughter Kimberly who's twelve now and we told stories and cried.

It's Kimberly who reminds me how much of my memory of Ann is tied to children. Ann did hard work with needy, sick kids because her love for them was concrete delight in rubbing a baby's back and putting him to sleep; listening hard to get the meaning underneath a mumbled lisp; marveling at a little girl's weight gain and that she could count to ten; holding babies and letting them hold her.

Ann and I were allies on a lot of issues and projects over the years, and we lived in community together, although our day-to-day work took us on different paths of social change - and we were always very busy. I took for granted that someday we'd have time to visit and to tell each other stories.



Mary Ann McGivern, SL, has recently returned from a Fellowship of Reconciliation delegation to Panama, concerned with economic conversion in that country.

by Jim McCracken

Members of our community have been talking lately of the despair they feel in working with people who are poor in our inner-city neighborhood. Especially for people who have been around longer, there is a real sense that the despair is caused by the presence of drug abuse in and surrounding our house. The questions that grip every family and community affected by drugs have worked their way into our home. How can we help the person addicted to drugs? How do we confront them about their drug use? How much do we make people take control of their own lives, and yet be there to love and help them when needed? At what point does our help become a source of enabling the person to do drugs?

We all have had enough experience with family, friends and guests who have done drugs to know that these are the questions we need to ask ourselves. The asking hasn't gotten easier with practice though. At times, it seems even harder the more one asks, because then the full scope of the problem becomes more apparent, if not overwhelming. The solutions become even more elusive when a guest slips back into drug abuse time after time. We often require that guests addicted to drugs attend treatment programs in order to stay with us. It is frustrating when a guest is able to stay clean for a short time, only to return to using when she finishes her program, leaves the house, or simply can't resist the allure of a "good" high. It is at this point that it would be easy to blame people because of their choices and walk away from them. It is easy when one is frustrated, to conveniently forget the easy accessibility of drugs, the lure of quick money, and the living conditions which surround the person who uses. This is the trap of self-righteousness which we must avoid. We can demand that the person addicted take responsibility for their actions, and even suffer the consequences of them. What we cannot do, is walk away. It is only when we make contact with others and learn of their situations, that we are truly able to help them. It is not an easy task that is

set before us. That is because we are taking the risk of becoming even more frustrated by putting energy into helping someone only to have that person fail. With this possibility, it is easy to see why so many of us can throw up our hands in despair and state that there is nothing more that we can do. Yet, that is the way of the Catholic Worker. To put ourselves in situations where we can learn about people and be there to help when we can. Then, when we have done that, try to love them and ourselves through it all, even through the failures. While we try to do that, hopefully we can remember Thomas Merton's advice:



"Do not depend on the hope of results. When you are doing the sort of work you have taken on, essentially an apostolic work, you may have to face the fact that your work will be apparently worthless and even achieve no result at all, if not perhaps results opposite to what you expect. As you get used to this idea, you start more and more to concentrate not on the results, but on the value, the rightness, the truth of the work itself. And there too a great deal has to be gone through, as gradually you struggle less and less for an idea and more and more for specific people. The range tends to narrow down, but it gets much more real. In the end, it is the reality of personal relationships that saves everything."

We pray that God will help us in those relationships that will save us all.



The Catholic Worker Community was thankful for the presence of Jim McCracken this past summer. We do hope to see more of him.... That's hard to do when he's in New Jersey.

Dear Friends,

Dorothy day wrote, "Slowly, I began to understand what Peter Maurin wanted: we were to reach the people by practicing the Works of Mercy, which meant feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the prisoner, sheltering the harborless, and so on...It had such appeal that it inspired us to action—action which certainly kept us busy and got us into all kinds of trouble besides."

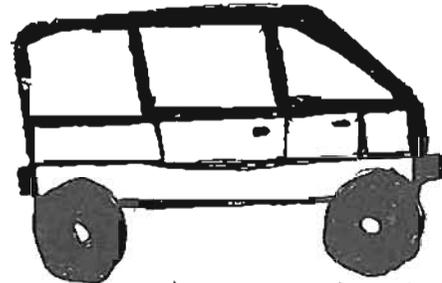
We were inspired to action and have attempted to follow in the tradition of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. We can only continue building this life of faith and hope with your help. Our basic expenses, such as food, utilities, and repairs, has risen to about \$3500 a month.

Please help us in any way you can. We are grateful for your support.

Sincerely,
The St. Louis
Catholic Worker Community

Little House needs a wash machine and clothes dryer. If you should happen to find a pair, please contact Mary Ann McGivern at (314)231-2309.

Karen House needs a community vehicle. If you know of or have an available car or small truck, please contact us.



(community vehicle)

The Round Table is the quarterly journal of Catholic Worker life and thought in St. Louis. Subscriptions are free. Please write to The Round Table, 1840 Hogan, St. Louis, MO. 63106. Donations are gladly accepted to help us continue our work with the poor. People working on this issue include: Joe Angert, Margaret Boyer; Kris Dennis, Beth Druhe, Virginia Druhe, Mitch McGee, Bill Miller, Tom Nelson, Barb Prosser, Ellen Rehg, and Mark Scheu. Letters to the editor are encouraged; we'll print as many as space permits.

The Round Table

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