



WINTER  
1983

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



**CRISIS & HOPE**

# WHY THIS ISSUE ?



**THE COVER:** Wei means end or breakdown. Chi means opportunity, new birth, breakthrough. Together, they are the two characters that make up the Chinese word, Crisis, on our cover courtesy of Cathy Hartrich's calligraphy.

We choose to associate Hope with the present state of crisis that the signs of the times portray. (If you recall, the last issue was on Faith, and a discerning individual may correctly predict with ease that the next issue's theme will be Love.)

Mary Luke Tobin, S.L., reminds us that God's presence in human history is a constant source of hope. Our resident Presbyterian, Mike McIntyre, shares a scriptural reflection on the basis of our hope in resistance to the arms race. Bill Miller offers a sensitive reflection about Don, a longtime guest. Virginia Druhe has pulled together a collage of photos, poetry and quotations that comprise the "centerpiece" of the issue. Then, because four of our former quests have died since our last publication, we have included a memorial page. We conclude, as usual, with notes from each of the three houses.

Because we believe the Bishops' Pastoral is one of the greatest signs of Hope addressing the present Crisis, we reprint in full this statement from The Editors of the New York Catholic Worker, whose sentiments we fully share:

## God Will Grant Us the Grace

As the Catholic bishops of the United States prepare their pastoral on war and peace, we look to them to call for an end to all war — to proclaim the immorality of both the use and the possession of all weapons which threaten the lives of God's children. Though we hope and commit ourselves to work and pray that all nations will lay down their arms, we must begin with ourselves, with challenging the nation in which we live. For, as Christians, we know that all morality is unilateral—those engaged in evil may not demand that others cease participation as a condition of their own withdrawal.

We say this with some understanding of the real difficulties involved. Yet we hold to our belief that God will now, as always, grant us the grace to follow His teaching to love. Toward this end, we urge the use of the spiritual weapons—prayer, fasting, and non-cooperation with evil. We see the daily practice of the works of mercy and voluntary poverty as the road to be followed, not the works of war and greed. Recognizing that our first responsibility is to God when laws of the State conflict with morality, we see the refusal to pay taxes for war, to register for conscription, nonviolent boycotts and actions as methods that can be employed.

We call not only on our bishops, but on all Christians, lay and religious, to join as a community in this effort for peace with justice, remembering His words: "Set your mind on God's Kingdom and His justice before everything else and all the rest will come to you as well." Mt. 6:33.

—The Editors



The Round Table is the quarterly journal of Catholic Worker life and thought in St. Louis. We appreciate hearing from our readers, especially those who have an asterisk (\*) by their names who will not be receiving future issues unless we hear from them. Those working on this issue are: Joe Angert, Clare Bussjaeger, Virginia Druhe, Mary Dutcher, Delores Krinski, Ellen Rehg, Pete Rick, Teka Childress and Barb Prosser.

# HOPE: GOD'S REVELATION

by Mary Luke Tobin, S.L.

In his book Opening the Bible, Thomas Merton writes, "Reality is God's epiphany." Epiphany in Christian tradition points to an event of disclosure, of manifestation. The liturgy has always searched for ways of extending the joy of a particular moment of revelation, of holding on to it for as long as possible. The seemingly endless Gregorian Easter alleluia is an example of prolonging the exultation of high moments.

So, too, the Epiphany is not just a day--it is an extended season in the church year. And the manifestation, the disclosure of God's mystery not only to the Jewish people, but also to the Gentiles, repeats itself throughout history.

Furthermore, God's revelation occurs all through life, all through every day's reality for those who believe. Teilhard de Chardin once wrote, "To the one who has eyes to see, nothing in creation is profane."

Nor does God unveil the mystery of grace only to Jews and Christians, but to all people. I have often marvelled at the wisdom of a quotation from the Sufi master, Ibn Arabi, regarding this ongoing "showing" of God. Arabi wrote, in the 12th century, "Each instant is a glorious place of theophany, changing its form from moment to moment. True knowers are those who respond with flexibility to these manifestations--worshipping, through the ever changing forms, the manifesting One."

Where shall one look for this "glorious place of theophany"? If reality is God's epiphany, then we look for its unfolding in the world around us (in creation and in the events of the times), and especially in the neighbor who shares, as we share, the human dignity of God's gracious gift of self-communication.

1. God is revealed in the events of our times. If history is God's manifestation, then we must compare the world Scripture describes with the world we now have, for we will then see the contrast, and

know what God has in store for us if only we will help build that new creation. God's word has spelled out a vision of the kingdom unequalled in literature. "Behold, the dwelling of God is with human persons. God will dwell with them, and they shall be God's people, and God in person will be with them. God will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more;



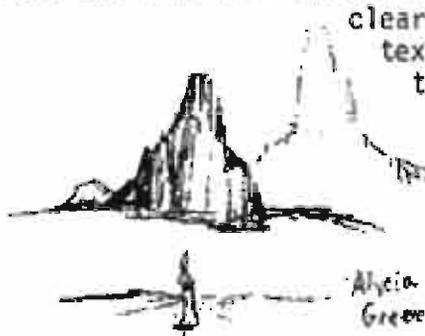
neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away." (Apoc. 21:3, ff.)

The alienation we face today is the result, as we know, of human indifference, lack of human concern, and selfishness. These take the form of racism where the truth of the quality God favors is ignored; war, where the peace the Gospel commands

Mary Luke Tobin, S.L., director of the Thomas Merton Center in Denver, authored the recent book Hope Is an Open Door. One of two American women official observers at the Vatican Council, her Life itself has been a source of inspiration and hope for many women (and men).

is daily shattered; and poverty, where the food, clothing, and shelter provided by nature's superabundance are kept from the needy.

2. God manifests himself/herself in the neighbor. We can "speculate" where God is present, but the only way we know that presence to be is surely where God said God will be. Jesus made it quite



clear, in the Biblical texts, that God is to be found in the lowly. So clear is that unclouded scene at the last day, described in Mathew 25, that there is no academic "out" for us;

no "on the one hand . . . but on the other" to help us find excuses.

The Catholic Worker has always set its priorities both for the needy neighbor and for changing the world to a better one. The "going about doing good" of the Gospel message helps us to cooperate in the building up of the new creation.

Jon Sobrino suggests that there are four ways in which we associate ourselves in the discipleship of Jesus. First, we heed the call to engage in the building of a freer, more human world. Second, we make our actions concrete, not abstract, as Jesus did. "The world expects of Christians that they will confront, not abstractions, but the bloody face of history," said Albert Camus. Third, since new forms of injustice appear in each age, we must address ourselves to those forms characteristic of our times. And fourth, if we are to be followers of Jesus, our efforts will necessarily be conflictual. Evil is forever opposing truth, justice, and love--so we cannot expect to be spared confrontation.

We know that "the fullness of salvation cannot be reduced to what people themselves achieve. The salvation of hu-

## The presence of God...

can be discerned in the least ones, and in the events of the times.

mankind is God, as its wholeness. This implies that experience of God--call it 'mysticism,' without thereby meaning extraordinary things--is the heart of all human salvation--mysticism, however, which goes out to people from and with experience of God in the heart. Thus according to the testimony of a mystic like Eckhart, the model of all mysticism is not Mary, who is preoccupied with mysticism, but Martha, who is urgently concerned for other people. Thus mysticism is in fact the source of the permanent improvement of human life and society, the source of salvation for humankind." (Edward Schillebeeckx, *Jesus and Christ*, p. 122)

I will conclude this brief reflection on the epiphany of God in our lives by quoting Merton once more: "Ideally speaking, if we all lived in altruistic concern and engagement, human history would culminate in an epiphany of God in human persons. Humankind would visibly be 'Christ.'"

Accordingly, then, the presence of God manifested in reality, for those who have eyes to see, can be discerned in the least ones, and in the events of the times. But how can we, who choose to be disciples, respond "with flexibility to the many forms of the manifesting One"?

If we are prompt to see need, quick to hear the cry of the poor, ready always to let go or to hold fast, we are acting with flexibility. If we are alert for the unexpected, open to surprise in events and neighbors, we will be the true "knowers" and indeed doers, whom the Sufi master commends. True disciples are those who see beneath ever changing events, and in lowly and needy neighbors, the manifesting One. ✦



# Vicit Agnus Noster

## Our Lamb Has Conquered

by Mike McIntyre



"Now faith is being sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see." (Hebrews 11:1)

Nine members of Clergy and Laity Concerned have been arrested for acts of divine obedience at the world headquarters of General Dynamics in recent months. Four (including three Catholic Workers) were arrested for blocking entrances on December 28, Feast of the Slaughter of the Innocents. Five more were arrested January 17, in commemoration of Martin Luther King's birthday.

We're at it again, folks, protesting the Trident submarine, flagship of the imperial navy, shatterer of cities, destroyer of worlds, 'sure of what we hope for and certain of what we do not see.' Have not seen. Do not see. Will not see? There have been no resignations, mass or otherwise, at General Dynamics headquarters. The Trident is still the one major weapons system never seriously challenged in Congress, the necessary and sufficient first-strike weapon.

"Let us fix our eyes on Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy set before him endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. Consider him who endured such opposition from sinful men (sic) so that you will not grow weary and lose heart." (Hebrews 12:2-3)

Every Monday, 11:30 - 1:00, in front of General Dynamics, vigiling, leafletting, praying, "Come Pray With Us", "Bread Not Bombs", "Stop Trident".

Every Monday, three-piece suits, spike heels, Clem the guard, Clayton the commercial, smiling dismissals, brusque denials, "Tell it to the Russians", "Get a job", "I hope you are on the front lines".

Before the arrests. After

the arrests. Same players. Same game. Same responses. Same danger. Same futility?

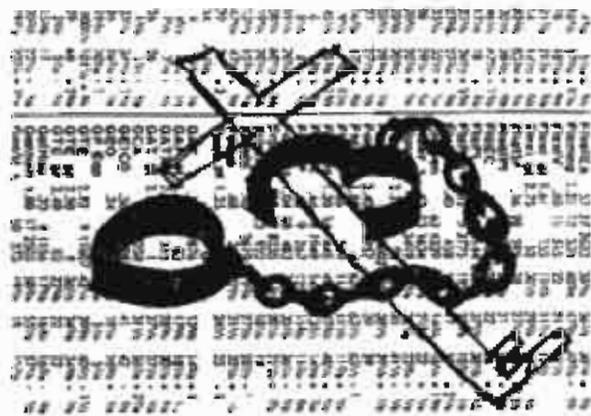
"All these people were still living by faith when they died. They did not receive the things promised; they only saw them and welcomed them from a distance. And they admitted that they were aliens and strangers on earth. People who say such things show that they are looking for a country of their own. If they had been thinking of the country they had left, they would have had opportunity to return. Instead, they were longing for a better country, a heavenly one. Therefore, God is not ashamed to be called their God for s/he has prepared a city for them." (Hebrews 11:13-16)

Wherein do we hope? Our own faithfulness? Our own power? The text and design of our leaflets? The sensitivity and openness of our group process? The heroism of our civil disobedience actions? The constancy of our vigils? The cogency of our arguments?

Why do we do it? Why the same clichés and embarrassed pauses in response to the question, "What did you accomplish?" Why this embarrassed pause as I try to continue past that damning, damnable question? Do we stand judged by it? Or do we, by paying homage to the question, bring ourselves under judgment?

"Brothers and sisters, think of what you were when you were called. Not many of you were wise by human standards; not many

were influential; not many were of noble birth. But God chose the foolish things of the world to shame the wise; God chose the weak things of the world to shame the strong. God chose the lowly things of this world and the despised things—and the things that



are not-to nullify the things that are so that no one may boast." (I Corinthians, 2:26-28)

Why don't we admit it once in a while? We don't hope in the freeze movement, or civil disobedience, or the bishops' pastoral, or the spirit of Dorothy Day, or conversion of the Church, or conversion of the State, or even conversion of ourselves. We hope in one crucified, dead, risen, living, reigning, triumphant Lord.

We probably don't admit it because it's awfully embarrassing. Getting arrested and going to jail is one thing, but preaching the good news is something else again. If Paul, however, could write from prison that he was not ashamed of his chains, it was because he was first not ashamed of the gospel. But maybe we prefer respectful treatment from the media, emotional support from the left-wing Christian sub-culture, pats on the back from the liberal clergy, money from the liberal clergy, at least grudging respect from well-educated white folks like us. If we went on talking about Jesus all the time, people might think we were back-water bible-beating Baptists, or start a rumor that we speak in tongues.

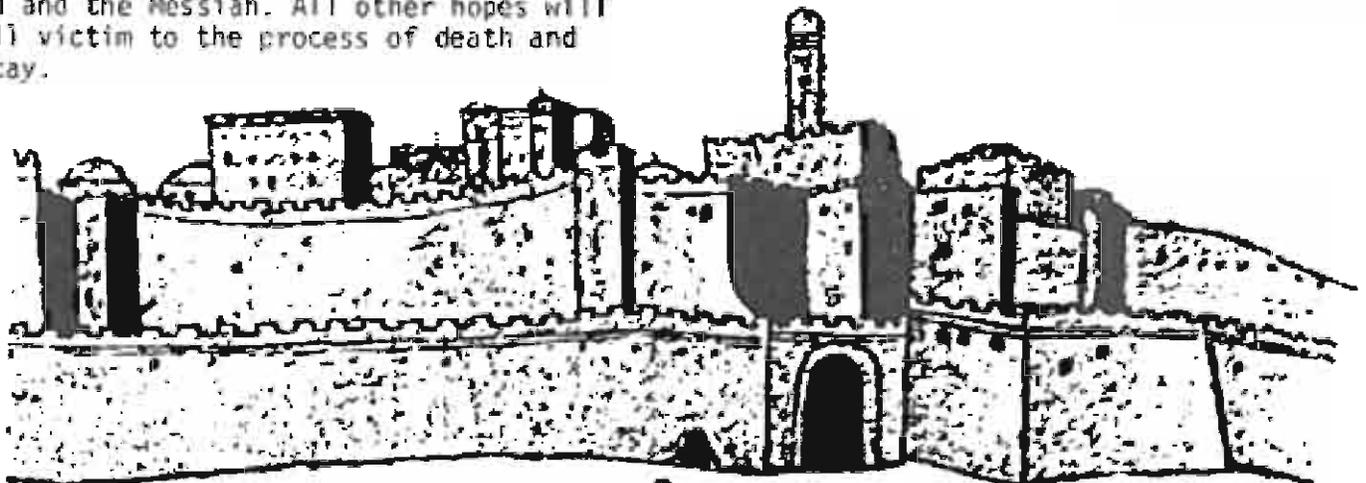
"And if Christ has not been raised your faith is futile; you are still in your sins. Then those also who have fallen asleep in Christ are lost. If only for this life we have hope in Christ, we are to be pitied more than any." (I Corinthians 15:17-19)

The Bible never speaks of hope in the abstract. Hope is not a good feeling; it is not a psychological coping mechanism; it is not a pleasant fantasy; it is not transferable from one object to another. Hope is finally in and only in God and the Messiah. All other hopes will fall victim to the process of death and decay.

There will be no more death or mourning or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.

Fortunately, we do have a hope which is not illusory, even though it is not seen. We hope in the day when "there will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away." (Revelation 21:4) And only because that hope is firmly established do we dare to proclaim that the power of the Trident is not the last word. But because the world's present sufferings cannot even be weighed in the same balance with that glory, we are empowered to enter into them, risk that suffering ourselves, bear witness to God's Kingdom (which means judgment as well as redemption!), pick up the cross (a political act!), and follow Jesus.✝

Mike McIntyre, newest member of Karen Catholic Worker Community, works for Clergy and Laity Concerned and loves books.



# UNWANTED: Dead or Alive

by Bill Miller



One word aptly describes Don: "wanted." This 41-going-on-70-going-on-7 year old man wanted whatever he could get from you. If you had coffee, he wanted some. If you had a cigarette, he wanted it; if you had two, he wanted both. (Actually, he would really appreciate the whole pack.) If you had a car, he wanted a ride. If you had some space, he wanted to stay. If you had some food, he wanted to eat, (peanut butter and cottage cheese excepted). If you had some time, he wanted to occupy it, either by telling you off-color episodes and jokes or by having you fetch for him. Like the endless thrust of a powerful stream, he kept it up--wanting, wanting, wanting. From the morning coffee to the bedtime smoke, this walking wounded called for attention, demanded to be dressed and addressed.

Sadly, obviously, all of Don's wanting made him "unwanted." Donald Cress, Unwanted Dead or Alive, was the message he asked for, the message he received. Many,

many reached out to share, bend, hope. But one by one he did them in. Was there anyone who could meet such an abyss of wounds and needs? Apparently not. Slowly, painfully, each person, each organization, had to set a limit, which, sooner or later, found Don on the outside.

There were clues we found (now and then) that hinted at how this all came about. Epileptic seizure disorder. Fractured skull at an early age. Alcoholic father. Neglectful and needy mother. Started drinking at age 13. In and out and in and out of jail and the workhouse. In and out and in and out of detox and the hospital. And--the coup de grace--after which, we were told, Don was never the same, no longer cared a whit: his brother ran off with his wife.

Still so much untold. The mystery hardly unravelled. We just see consequences: pain, rejection, loneliness, crying out, fear, and gruffness.

Today I saw Don at City Hospital, the Intensive Care Unit. Another seizure, grand mal, as they say. And indeed it was. Hardly awake, deep breathing, as if to grasp for something even in his semi-consciousness. I spoke to him. He knew something way in the air. Who was there? Where am I? Why am I straight-jacketed and shackled? Why is the world going round and round, fading in and out?

I had to summon courage to go, having been apart from Don for almost a year. (I fought back the thought, "What am I getting into?") I was simply another casualty of this casualty--done in. Had to break away in fear of being broken apart, possessed, consumed. The neglect still bothers me; the fear still reminds me. Lord, have mercy.

If only I could articulate my thought to this man in his stupor. Someday, Don, wanting as you do, unwanted as you are, you will find peace, be fulfilled, be at home, though you never had a home. You will discover that you, you, are wanted--and then you will possess all that you want.

Bill Miller is a member of the Catholic Worker Community who lives at the Little House and washes dishes part-time.

# CRISIS



Our hearts battered we grow numb, oblivious of doom.  
The all-too-manifest destiny loves what is lifeless,  
Hates the poor, hurts the earth. Our dream  
Deals death everywhere, across our streets or seas,  
In affluent faces as vacant as the lots they abhor.  
Our markets grow gluttoned with poisonous wares,  
With meaningless works, which, hopelessly patient, we store  
To guard against our time-bombed minds' despair,  
To turn away the vision, subliminally certain  
Of crops and flocks and surely everyone's children  
Who will die and are dying and are dead already, long dead.  
When the planet rises against us where will we hide?  
Long enough we have moved through the dream to know its end:  
We are piling earth upon our burial mound.

by Ann Manganaro, S.L.

# HOPE



Creation groans in travail  
Bringing to birth a newness:  
New Heaven  
New earth.  
While we, too, created  
Groan in self creation--  
children of a Lover,  
of a creator who is  
All-in-all.

The newness brought to earth  
By the sanctifying Free-er,  
the Holy Spirit  
is revealed within us,  
commonly recognized as Hope.

We are hope in our painful waiting endurance.  
We are hope in that we have the Holy Spirit,  
which is to say: God is not just with us,  
but in us:  
We are the body Emmanuel--  
God-with-us to one another.

Hope is our most sinewy prayer  
For it is the language  
Spoken by God-in-us.  
As we of creation struggle,  
yearning of the Holy Spirit  
in human waiting and suffering and working.  
The yearnings that are Hope (our thirst! our hunger!) are  
Resolute,  
Bent on no end short of the Kingdom of God.  
~ Hallowed be thy name: Thy Kingdom come! ~

by **Clare Bussjaeger**

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What is hope? It is the presentiment that imagination is more real and reality less real than it looks. It is a hunch that the overwhelming brutality of facts that oppress and repress is not the last word. It is the suspicion that Reality is more complex than realism wants us to believe; that the frontiers of the possible are not determined by the limits of the actual, and that in a miraculous and unexpected way, life is preparing the creative events which will open the way to freedom and resurrection.

The two, suffering and hope, live from each other. Suffering without hope, produces resentment and despair. Hope without suffering creates illusions, naivete and drunkenness...

We must live by the love of what we will never see. This is the secret discipline. It is a refusal to let the creative act be dissolved away in the immediate sense experience, and a stubborn commitment to the future of our grand children. Such disciplined love is what has given prophets, revolutionaries and saints the courage to die for the future they envisaged. They make their own bodies the seed of their highest hope.

Rubem Alves

---

In hope we were saved.  
But hope is not hope if its object is seen  
how is it possible to hope  
for what one sees?

And hoping for what we cannot see  
means awaiting it with patient endurance.

Rom 8: 24-25



Mary,

As I reread this, I realized that I really don't know what hope is and maybe I never will. At least I'm thinking about it now and I am trying to realize how I can live with hope for myself and others. These two paragraphs are but a meager beginning.

Take care and I hope to see you again soon.

Love,  
Lisa Spatz

It seems to me that faith is what you use when you run out of love, and hope is what you use when you run out of faith.

A Catholic Worker

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Lord I stand before you as a person in need. A person who ails, who hurts, who rejoices in having been made whole, who mourns for the knowledge of mortality. God, someday I do not know why I get up in the morning. Sometime, Lord, I wonder why there is so much pain in the world. I sit in wonder of all the pain I see in this house. I look at the guests, the workers, and see people who struggle. Some struggle for justice, some struggle to find a job, others struggle for their sanity.

Lord, I too struggle; I struggle to follow your call to me amidst all this pain. I hear you say, share their pain, but sometimes the pain is too much for me. I had to get away this morning just to secure my own sanity. I am terrorized by the neighborhood, Lord. I see dogs not trained to care for people, to show love, but to protect, to scare, to bite intruders. I don't blame the people, Lord, yet I fear them. This neighborhood, a result of violence, of hatred between races, of red-lining, of the arms buildup, controls itself by more violence.

Lord, I pray for the strength to survive all this. I pray for the strength to witness to your love in all this.

Mike Gerst, CR

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Lisa,  
I agreed about your paragraphs on hope, but the accompanying letter is perfect. We are using it!

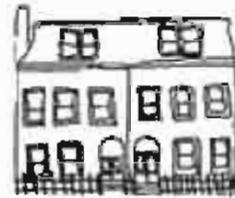
Thank you for your thoughts and your presence with us.

Love,  
Mary Dutcher



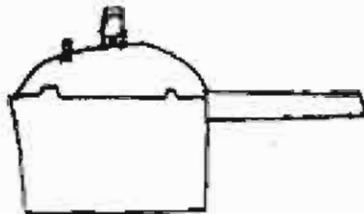
# From Little House

by Mary Ann McGivern, S.L.



It is a Catholic Worker charism to carry boxes. Bread, clothes, toilet paper, canned goods, produce, clothes, laundry soap, bread, shoes, sheets and towels, donuts, motor oil, clothes . . . Before Christmas it was toys and decorations. Let me tell you, we don't make just one trip with these boxes. We unload them from the car or truck they came in and carry them into Cass or Karen or Little where we unpack and sort. Then we pack again and take them to another house where they are unpacked and sorted, only to be packed up again and carried off to some family. You think I'm exaggerating??? Thursday morning before Christmas, admittedly an extraordinary time, when I picked up toys from Cass, Sue, Eddie, Willie, Carol, Barb, and two men I did not know were all busy carrying boxes. The night before, B.J., Paul, Eligha, and I had recruited Tom Miravelli, Judy Berger, and Dean to help move toys from our house back to Karen House (where they were originally delivered) for distribution. Thursday morning between toys and clothes, Sister Sue, Tom Power, Mary Jane, Pam Delores, another guest whose name I never learned, Paul, Eligha, and I must have averaged 25 boxes apiece. On an ordinary day maybe we averaged three boxes apiece among us all!

Bill Miller has moved into the Little House, Sharon Sutton is here temporarily, and Eligha will be here this weekend. Our new pastor, Father Mayer, has livened up the parish and Bill and Frances are both active there. B.J. clips food coupons, answers rebate offers, shops at at least three stores each week, and maintains a large carton of filed boxtops and proofs of purchase. She unwrapped and sorted all the toys before Christmas, too, organizing the distribution in advance.



Our adjacent vacant lot will participate in a Missouri U. agricultural extension urban orchard. We are receiving 13 dwarf fruit trees this spring, together with fertilizer, spray, and pruning directions. We need materials to build a fence around the lot, 40' by 120', an architect, and volunteer builders and planters. Then, in three years, we can carry bushels of fruit from place to place!

Lately I seem to find at least one structural injustice a day, some big and some small, that ought to be challenged. Just now, while I was writing the second paragraph, a phone call came for Rosa from a former employer telling her to come in and pick up her W-2 form. I asked if it could be sent here, trying to save Rosa an evening bus ride, and my caller told me the boss wasn't sending any of them out this year. I said, "isn't that illegal?" and asked the boss's name. The caller hung up on me. I don't know if it's illegal but it does seem unfair. One of the Catholic high schools was unfair too, I thought, in giving the kids January 14th off, but calling it teachers' meeting instead of Martin Luth-

er King's birthday. I wrote the essay that's below as a birthday present to myself, taking time to rage at Laclede Gas. Then I took it to three newspapers to try to get it published. The first just said no, the second wrote a long rejection letter saying Laclede wasn't responsible because it was just letting an insurance company use its letterhead and besides maybe the poor couldn't afford any better insurance, and the third was ready to print it until the editor showed it to the publisher to make a point and the publisher got upset about offending such a fine corporate citizen that was collecting dollars to help pay the poor's heating bills. Then Medlin brought her copy of the sales pitch to me, wanting to know where she should sign it and what it meant.

I'm not often embarrassed, but I was too embarrassed at our money-grubbing culture to try to find the words to explain "rip-off"; so I settled for explaining "junk mail" and she was amazed that she could just throw it away. Finally, in this litany of stumbling blocks to a just society, on the news yesterday I heard Casper Weinberger respond to criticism about the military budget and his own seeming irresponsibility to the political process by noting the senator was from Michigan and they had a lot of military jobs there. The people from Michigan wouldn't be very happy to hear that their senator was putting their jobs at risk. How dare he? How dare Casper Weinberger use the threat of job loss to justify weapons production? Casper Weinberger obviously does dare, and I don't know how to respond.

All these wrongs are minor in comparison with homeless, hungry millions--but I'm helpless to right even these. Carrying boxes is an expression of hope, I suppose, but so is taking time for more careful reflection.

## AN OPEN LETTER

## Dear Laclede Gas,

Yesterday the mail brought me an offer of protection and savings never before possible (italics theirs) from Laclede Gas. An official contract decorated with blue scroll-work proclaimed it was a "Guaranteed Acceptance Form for Protection and Savings." The attached blue and gold plastic card proclaimed itself "MEDICAL EMERGENCY & prescription savings card." My name and a number were embossed in gold on the plastic though adjacent fine print seemed to indicate I needed an additional number to be eligible for prescription savings.

"Prescription savings" hooked me and I read further.

1. Check the plan that's best for your family. (\$60 or \$30) 2. Fill in the data below. 3. SEND NO MONEY. Your modest monthly premium will be automatically added to your gas bill.

What is this "modest monthly premium"? It does not appear on the pretty blue contract form. It's not in the yellow "Laclede\*Gram." There's no mention of an amount in the six pages of copy printed on "Laclede Gas Family Services Inc., a subsidiary of Laclede Gas Company" letterhead.

On page three of the "Certificate of Eligibility" I found a payment chart. A price, finally!--but not a price, because the age group column was blank! Three weeks later, Laclede sent out a correction with the blank column filled in. "We made a mistake," they said. I think a subscription to their offer is a mistake too. Here's the payment chart.

THIS CHART SHOWS HOW MODEST YOUR MONTHLY PAYMENTS ARE FOR \$30 OR \$60 A DAY PROTECTION				
	PLAN A		PLAN B	
	ADULTS COLLECT \$60/Day* \$1800/Mo.		ADULTS COLLECT \$30/Day** \$900/Mo.	
Age Group	YOUR COST	SPOUSE'S COST	YOUR COST	SPOUSE'S COST
20-39	14.28		7.14	
40-49	17.10	SAME	8.55	SAME
50-59	20.40	AS	10.20	AS
60-69	21.60	YOUR	10.80	YOUR
70-79	22.10	COST	11.55	COST
80+	29.25		14.63	
All Children	\$ 9.30		\$ 4.65	
Children and Maternity First Day Coverage	\$15.00		\$ 7.50	

Each of the above plans provides those over the age of 65 with 50% of the daily hospital benefits for the first 60 days of continuous confinement and 100% thereafter.

\*Children to age 19 collect \$26 a day or \$1,080 a month.

\*\*Children to age 19 collect \$18 a day or \$540 a month.

Why would it be a mistake to subscribe to Laclede's plan? It would be a mistake because the average family would lose money rather than gain anything from subscribing. The promises of the mailing are false. The average family of four does not rack up 14 hospital days in the course of ten years, much less the eighty days a parent would have to be hospitalized--that's hospital, not nursing home--for the family to break even. If this average family of four opts for maternity benefits and the \$60 plan, they will pay at least \$5,227.20 over ten years time into the plan and all they will get back is a cash payment per hospital day.

## Shame on you, Laclede Gas

I called a medical worker in financial aids, to get another opinion. She said no private hospital in the area will accept this kind of plan in lieu of insurance coverage and that hospital rooms alone run well over \$100. a day. She said a family'd be much better off putting their premium in the bank instead of giving it to Laclede Gas.

Presumably this cynical money-making venture was sent to everyone who subscribes to Laclede Gas. Shame on Laclede Gas. Shame on Laclede Gas who sends out one mailing asking for dollar bills to aid the poor pay their heating bills and sends a second mailing that lures the poor to add an unspecified amount to that heating bill in pursuit of false promises.

Insurance! Bah! Family Service! Bah! I spit on your fancy paper and I weep for the poor who don't read well, who never learned multiplication, who want the best for their families, and who trust Laclede because it's the gas company and not some fly-by-night sharp shooter.

Shame on you, Laclede Gas. You steal from the poor and then, when they can pay no more, you cancel their insurance, shut off their gas, and freeze them to death.

Mary Ann McGivern, SL, of the Little House, has worked for years on issues of economic conversion and corporate responsibility. She is a free lance writer.



Edna Corbin

# CHARLES



He didn't know the limits we pharisees impose, we teachers, we grown-ups. His was a freedom that demanded love - his right - his birthright. Not just the world's love, or his family's, but God's. He had that all along, but it couldn't get through. Now it has. The world could have told him - in time - in patience, in being stretched by him. But all the world's pride, its rules, our own lack of freedom - freedom to choose to suffer, to love - our violence came crashing down on him. And for one half hour all the suffering love of God was borne by one little boy - a trusting little boy - at Cochran Project. Of such is the reign of God.

## ELEANOR



## KEVIN



## MARGARET



It seems almost a mockery in our issue about Hope to write about four of our dear friends who have died suddenly--two of them violently--since our Fall issue. We remain stunned and mourn with Debra over the loss of two young sons in less than four months time. Baby Kevin, less than a year, died suddenly in his sleep in the Fall. Early in Febuary, his six year old brother, Charles, died after receiving corporal punishment from another relative.

Margaret Duffy, gentle, generous and religious former guest and continued supporter, was missing for some weeks before her body was found in a plastic bag in a vacant lot. She first came to our house over two years ago because of fear of physical violence in her apartment. Margaret was a much loved member of St. Francis Xavier Parish, where many of us attended a special memorial service for her.

But the sense of shock remains. The questions remain. The connection between our government's choice of violence as a policy, (whether in the arms race or capital punishment or in callous disregard of people's needs for food and shelter), and this sudden intrusion of death and violence into our daily lives, seems inescapable.

Eleanor Barki's death, coming as it did at the end of a long life and from natural causes, with Teka and Virginia and Mary present and holding her hand, was a peaceful and natural passing in stark but consoling contrast to the deaths of our other friends.

Our best hope is that Kevin and Charles and Margaret and Eleanor live lives now free of pain or fear and full of love:

May the choirs of angels welcome you, and  
with Lazarus, who once was poor,  
May God grant you everlasting life. --Liturgy for the Dead

# From Karen House

by Pete Rick

At Karen House, among community and guests and neighbors alike, hope is a prominent virtue. Faith and love wax and wane but hope is in abundance. For does not hope exist when things and people and circumstances are not realized? As faith is belief in the unseen God whose voice pierces our hearts, so is hope the desire, the expectancy for fulfillment--an attitude toward miracles when there are no humanly attainable means to end one's pain and suffering.

And so we hope...

We pray for an end to violence to one's self and friends; an ending of the cycle of guilt, anxiety and depression especially among alcohol and drug dependent persons. For healing, for emotional sustenance, and for God's nourishment to be received, we pray remembering Jeanette, Sue, Lynn, Judy, Mary, Linda, Judy, Hazel, abusive spouses, and our many nameless neighbors who hover around fires on vacant lots or on street corners with a pint in their hands, and those of us who unknowingly struggle with these same temptations.

We pray for healing for the guests, past and present, whose lives are afflicted with "nervousness", emotional, and mental illnesses, that their lives may be made whole, free of fear, and infused with

inner peace. We especially pray for Rita, Debby, Barbara, Angeline, Pam, Glenda, Rosemary, Margaret, Lynn, Renee, Sharon, Rudine, Gloria, Steve, Cheryl, Denise, Maggie, and Audrey.

We pray for unity in our community, for the recognition and forgiveness of injuries, large and small, for improved dialogue and understanding, for the wisdom to know the difference between what we can and cannot do, and the

strength and grace to carry out God's work (from mopping floors to comforting the afflicted to resisting the arms race.)

We pray for physical healing for those we know and love whose health is impaired. Foremost in our minds are Eleanor and Don. Others whom we pray for are Delores, Lela, Ida, Mary Jane, Pete, Sharon, and Ann's many patients in the hospital.

We pray for employment for those who are seeking jobs. We especially remember Margie, Sharon, Betty, Lee, Michelle, Ida, Monica, Frances, Fern, Aldine, Laverne, Barbie, Alycia, and the neighborhood youth and adults who were those not chosen even before unemployment reached crisis proportions in our city.

**We are shown greater depths of our being and experience anew a glimmer of God's Kingdom...**

We pray for those who beg for food, clothing, and shelter, especially for those whom we turn away when there is no room in our inn, (which reminds me of the infant who came to us just in time for Christmas. We rejoiced in the delight of his company. Other children who have given us much joy in these times are Phoebe, Virginia, Shirley, Little Gene, and Coco. When we fail to get our four hugs a day from each other, we can usually rely on them to provide--or Alycia or Michelle when they visit.)

The sadness, the pain, the injury to body and spirit are abundant. Yet there is hope. Often we cry out: "My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?" But more often we are shown greater depths of our being and experience anew a glimmer of God's kingdom as we set our hearts on things not of this world. Despair is infrequent, and we are supported, nourished, and humored by the volunteers and others who provide for us daily. There are also Clare's garden plans, Joe's art work, and Delores' baking treats to testify in the concrete that discarded produce, blighted neighborhoods, and littered lots can be a source of life and beauty.



Pete Rick is a member of the Karen Catholic Worker Community. She tries her hand at maintenance chores and studying Spanish, but her heart is in running and giving haircuts.

# From Cass House

by Barb Prosser

Once again I am reminded of how quickly time passes through our hands. A winter passes and I look back. It has indeed been a long good year--filled with many special people and happiness.

The cool weather has kept us and our friends busy winterizing the house. It seems an on-going process, for there are many leaks and holes in an old house such as ours. We are thankful that the winter has been a mild one thus far, as our heating bill is much easier to handle!

Our soupline continues to grow. I must keep from getting discouraged at the harder times and cold weather bringing more children and families through the line. Requests for food boxes are quite frequent and the numbers that wait inline grows weekly. We share what we have been given. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the holiday spirit of giving could remain throughout the year? I fear that the lines that wait outside our door for food will not go down for a long time.

We have received so much from the many fine people that have stayed with us these past few months. We continue to house 50 men, women, and children. Add that to the 20 men, women and children who remain at the house full time. We are quite a houseful! Though my first reaction to so many people are often sighs of exasperation at the noise level, the extra work, the sharing of space and the extra demands more people can make, I must remind myself of the balance of extra smiles, shared laughter and the communal experience of working together. Barb Prosser, a member of the house, is more than Pete but does no main



The Christmas holidays were special for us as a time to prepare and celebrate together. There were many new faces at the house giving food, gifts, or their time. Again, the joy of working with our guests was special as we continued to be one another's family during the holidays.

In the month of January, students from Norbert's College in Wisconsin and College of St. Benedicts from Minnesota spend one to three weeks sharing in the Catholic Worker life. Little do they know that all year long we save up a list of things to accomplish in January -- all in anticipation of their visit.

I am constantly surprised by the numbers of new people who visit or come to help out at the house. Each is a welcome sight. For myself, it is a hopeful sign that perhaps the true spirit of Christ's birth can live in us year-round; that we can continue to share with one another the many gifts we hold.

Continue to keep us in your thoughts and prayers -- as we do all of you. Know that you are always welcome in our house!

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