

# THE Round Table

Winter  
1987

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

## PATIENTLY PREPARING THE VICTORY



VOICES FROM NICARAGUA

# WHY THIS ISSUE?



As Christians we are people of the Incarnation. We believe that each person, each culture, every moment, every way of life is an expression of God, precious and infinite. It is a moment of grace each time we truly meet another. That has been the experience of thousands of North Americans in Nicaragua. Information about Nicaragua fills our papers, our air waves, our mail. Most of the news is frightening — mines exploding and limbs lost, U.S. troops on the Nicaraguan border, illegal arms shipments and drug traffic, and elaborate U.S. invasion plans. It is very rare, however, that even in the alternative press, Nicaraguans are given space to speak for themselves. That is what we try to achieve in this issue of the RT.

The voices about Nicaragua that pervade our lives form a frightening caricature of a people and a place I came to love deeply. The voices of Nicaraguans when they speak for themselves are something much calmer, infinitely more gentle — very often humble, direct, warm, open, humorous, alive. Such voices heal so many of the wounds we tend to carry as U.S. citizens — busyness, urgency, guilt, materialism. So we offer some voices from Nicaragua, a selection a bit arbitrary, determined in good part by what is available from a country where pencil and paper, much less newsprint and printer's ink, are precious imported commodities.

One cannot, of course, consider life in Nicaragua today without talking about "the revolution," the ongoing struggle of the people of Nicaragua to take control of their society and determine how they shall live together. Tomas Borge is a controversial leader of that process. In a few pages here he presents the goals of the revolution in terms rarely heard in this country, which help us to see why this revolution has captured the heart and imagination of so many Nicaraguans.

In the U.S. one rarely hears about the revolution without hearing about religion. The role of the Catholic Church in the revolution has been very controversial within Nicaragua as well. The selection from The Gospel In Solentiname permits us to visit the base community movement at its very heart — reflecting on scripture, applying it to the daily lives of its members with the terrible concreteness that a campesino is capable of. For many their Christian faith and their commitment to the Sandinista revolution are deeply linked. This dialogue on the Magnificat helps us experience that link. We also explore daily life in Nicaragua through poetry, parable, and first person accounts.

The facts of U.S. aggression in Nicaragua are very hard to hear. But Nicaragua also bears for us a message of great hope. Many Nicaraguans have learned that though the cost is high, they are not powerless and their lives are not meaningless. The victory is worth the cost. Over and over I have heard them encourage us to have the same faith and pay the cost of liberation. They beckon us to create a society whose priority is its most humble members, and to discover the fullness of life it yields.



Cover drawing by  
LARRY NOLTE for  
The Round Table

Virginia Druhe

## *the St. Louis Catholic Worker Community*

*Cass House*  
1849 Cass Ave.  
St. Louis, MO 63106  
621-3085

*Karen House*  
1840 Hogan  
St. Louis, MO 63106  
621-4052

*Ella Dixon House*  
1540 N. 17th St.  
St. Louis, MO 63106  
231-2039

# THE MAGNIFICAT IN SOLENTINAME

by Ernesto Cardenal

*From The Gospel In Solentiname, vol. 1. Ernesto Cardenal. Orbis Books, Maryknoll, N.Y., 1976.*

(Luke 1:46-66)

We came to the Song of Mary, the Magnificat, traditionally known by that name because it is the first word in Latin. It is said that this passage of the Gospel terrified the Russian Czars, and Maurras was very right in talking about the "revolutionary germ" of the Magnificat.

The pregnant Mary had gone to visit her cousin Elizabeth, who also was pregnant. Elizabeth congratulated her because she would be the mother of the Messiah, and Mary broke out singing that song. It is a song to the poor. The people of Nicaragua have been very fond of reciting it. It is the favorite prayer of the poor, and superstitious campesinos often carry it as an amulet. In the time of old Somoza when the campesinos were required always to carry with them proof they had voted for him, the people jokingly called that document the Magnificat.

Now young ESPERANZA read this poem, and the women began to comment on it.

My soul praises the Lord,  
my heart rejoices in God my Savior,  
because he has noticed his slave.

"She praises God because the Messiah is going to be born, and that's a great event for the people."

"She calls God 'Savior' because she knows that the Son that he has given her is going to bring liberation."

"She's full of joy. Us women must also be that way, because in our community the Messiah is born too, the liberator."

"She recognizes liberation... We gave to do the same thing. Liberation is from sin, that is, from selfishness, from injustice, from misery, from ignorance — from everything that's oppressive. That liberation is in our wombs too, it seems to me ..."

The last speaker was ANDREA, a young married woman, and now OSCAR, her young husband, breaks in "God is selfish because he wants us to be his slaves. He wants our submission. Just him. I don't see why Mary has to call herself a slave. We should be free! Why just him? That's selfishness."

ALEJANDRO, who is a bachelor: "We have to be slaves of God, not of men."

Another young man: "God is love. To be a slave of love is to be free because God doesn't make slaves. He's the only thing we should be slaves of, love. And then we don't make slaves of others."

ALEJANDRO'S MOTHER says: "To be a slave of God is to serve others. That slavery is liberation."

I said that it's true that this selfish God Oscar spoke about does exist. And it's a God invented by people. People have often invented a god in their own image

*Ernesto Cardenal is Minister of Culture in Nicaragua and a Catholic priest. The Gospel In Solentiname, in four volumes, records discussions of the Gospels in a small peasant community that Cardenal founded in the 1960's.*

and likeness—not the true God, but idols, and those religions are alienating, an opium of the people. But the God of the Bible does not teach religion, but rather he urges Moses to take Israel out of Egypt, where the Jews were working as slaves. He led them from colonialism to liberty. And later God ordered that among those people no one could hold another as a slave, because they had been freed by him and they belonged only to him, which means they were free.

And TERESITA, William's wife: "We have to keep in mind that at the time when Mary said she was a slave, slavery existed. It exists today too, but with a different name. Now the slaves are the proletariat or the *campesinos*. When she called herself a slave, Mary brought herself closer to the oppressed, I think. Today she could have called herself a proletarian or a *campesina* of Solentiname."

And WILLIAM: "But she says she's a slave of the Lord (who is the Liberator, who is the one who brought freedom from the Egyptian slavery). It's as if she said she was a slave of the liberation. Or as if she said that she was a proletarian or a revolutionary *campesina*."

Another of the girls: "She says she's poor, and she says that God took into account the 'poverty of his slave,' that is, that God chose her because she was poor. He didn't choose a queen or a lady of high society but a woman from the people. Yes, because God has preferred us poor people. Those are the 'great things' that God has done, as Mary says."

And from now on all generations  
will call me happy  
for Mighty God has done  
great things for me.  
His name is holy,  
and his love reaches his faithful ones  
from generation to generation.

One of the ladies: "She says that people will call her happy.... She feels happy because she is the mother of Jesus the Liberator, and because she also is a liberator like her son, because she understood her son and did not oppose his mission. She didn't oppose him, unlike other mothers of young people who are messiahs, liberators of their communities. That was her great merit, I say."

And another: "She says that God is holy, and that means 'just.' The just person who doesn't offend anybody, the one who doesn't commit any injustices. God is

like this and we should be like him."

I said that was a perfect biblical definition of the holiness of God. And then I asked what a holy society would be.

"The one we are seeking," LAUREANO answered at once. He is a young man who talks of the Revolution or revolutionaries almost every time he comments on the Bible. After a brief pause he added: "The one that revolutionaries want to build, all the revolutionaries of the world."

He has shown the strength of his arm;  
he conquers those with proud hearts.



Old TOMAS, who can't read but who always talks with great wisdom: "They are the rich, because they think they are above us and they look down on us. Since they have the money.... And a poor person comes to their house and they won't even turn around to look at him. They don't have anything more than we do, except money. Only money and pride, that's all they have that we don't."

ANGEL says: "I don't believe that's true. There are humble rich people and there are proud poor people. If we weren't proud we wouldn't be divided, and us poor are divided."

LAUREANO: "We're divided because the rich divide us. Or because a poor person often wants to be like a rich one. He yearns to be rich, and then he's an exploiter in his heart, that is, the poor person has the mentality of the exploiter."

OLIVIA: "That's why Mary talks about people with proud hearts. It's not a matter of having money or not, but of having the mentality of the exploiter or not."

I said that nevertheless it cannot be denied that in general the rich person is a proud man, not the poor one.



Mary Mallino

And TOMAS said: "Yes, because the poor person doesn't have anything. What has he got to be proud of? That's why I said that the rich are proud, because they have the money. But that's the only thing they have we don't have, money and the pride that goes with having money."

He pulls down the mighty from their thrones and raises up the humble.  
He fills the hungry with good things and he leaves the rich with nothing.

One said: "The mighty is the same as the rich. The mighty are rich and the rich

are mighty."

And another: "The same as proud, because the mighty and the rich are proud."

TERESITA: "Mary says that God raised up the humble. That's what he did to Mary."

And MARIITA: "And what he did to Jesus who was poor and to Mary, and to all the others who followed Jesus, who were poor."

I asked what they thought Herod would have said if he had known that a woman of the people had sung that God had pulled down the mighty and raised up the humble, filled the hungry with good things and left the rich with nothing.

NATALIA laughed and said: "He'd say she was crazy."

ROSITA: "That she was a communist."

LAUREANO: "The point isn't that they would just say the Virgin was a communist. She was a communist."

"And what would they say in Nicaragua if they heard what we're saying in Solentiname?"

Several voices: "That we're communists."

Someone asked: "That part about filling the hungry with good things?"

A young man answered: "The hungry are going to eat."

And another: "The Revolution."

LAUREANO: "That is the Revolution. The rich person or the mighty is brought down and the poor person, the one who was down, is raised up."

Still another: "If God is against the mighty, then he had to be on the side of the poor."

ANDREA, Oscar's wife, asked: "That promise that the poor would have those good things, was it for then, for Mary's time, or would it happen in our time? I ask because I don't know."

One of the young people answered: "She spoke for the future, it seems to me, because we are just barely beginning to see the liberation she announces."

He helps the nation of Israel his  
servant,  
in remembrance of his love;  
as he had promised to our fathers,  
to Abraham, and to his descendants  
forever.

ALEJANDRO: "That nation of Israel that she speaks about is the new people that Jesus formed, and we are this people."

WILLIAM: "It's the people who will be liberated, like before the other people

were liberated from the dictatorship of Egypt, where they were treated like shit, changed into cheap hand labor. But the people can't be liberated by others. They must liberate themselves. God can show the way to the Promised Land, but the people themselves must begin the journey."

OSCAR asked: "Can you take riches from the rich by force? Christ didn't force the rich young man. He said to him: 'If you

wish...'"

I thought for a while before answering. I said hesitantly: "You might let him go to another country..."

WILLIAM: "But not let him take his wealth with him."

FELIPE: "Yes, let him take it."

The last remark was from MARIITA: "Mary sang here about equality. A society with no social classes. Everyone alike." +



## WHEN WE RETURN

When we return to our ancient land  
that we never knew  
and we talk of all those things  
that never happened

We will walk holding children by the hand  
who have never existed

We'll listen to their voices and live  
that life that we spoke of so often  
and have never lived.

by Daisy Zamora



# THE GOALS OF THE REVOLUTION

by Tomas Borge

First part of a speech given by Commandante Tomas Borge at the Latin American Pastoral Seminar of the Protestant Churches on the 5th of March, 1981, at the Polytechnic University in Managua, Nicaragua.

I am to speak of the revolution. What is the fundamental objective of the revolution? It is to achieve, as Rev. Ruiz said, the liberation of humanity, and to achieve the liberation of humanity does not only signify establishing social justice, it does not only mean putting an end to ignorance. We cannot limit ourselves to building roads. Some day we are going to make come true the old dream of building homes for all the people, some day and perhaps very soon, we will put an end to unemployment, but this is only one aspect of the liberation of humanity.

In the words we have just heard we find the key to the liberation of the person; until we put an end to selfishness we have not yet achieved the liberation of humanity, and until we have achieved the liberation of humanity we have not fulfilled our revolutionary dreams. We will have reached the fundamental when the person lives for others, when the person does not live for oneself, but is able to open the doors of one's heart and give it for others. On that day we will have made the revolution.

We have made an important step, we defeated the Herods — as was said here — the Caligulas; we unseated that anachronistic system, an unjust aberration, and we are trying to create a new society, a society whose essence in effect is faith in the future and in love. That is the society that we propose to create, and when we say that its essence would be love, we mean generosity, the capacity to give one's self, and the liquidation of all selfishness. That is why our struggle

today is in the same terms as the struggle against the Somocism of the past. It is the same struggle against selfishness. And if yesterday Somoza was defeated, tomorrow, some day, we will overthrow egoism.

We have tried to educate our members in this spirit, in the spirit of daily example. Every Sandinista ought to be an example. We have thought of our organization as a vanguard, the best sons and daughters of the country in front of the people, but not on top of the people.

They are to be mixed in with the people, integrated with the people, but at the head of the people in their capacity to give of themselves, in their spirit of sacrifice, in their self-denial, in their revolutionary modesty, in their simplicity and their ability to die if necessary for this people and their revolution.

You have sometimes said that our revolution is the restoration of the person to their humanity. We have been dehumanized, have been converted into an instrument of consumption, have been the object of propaganda, of powerful interests, enemies of humanity.

The revolution is precisely a response to the alienation that has objectified the person, but at the same time the revolution produces its contrary: it produces the counterrevolution. There has never occurred in the history of humanity a revolution where at the same time a counterrevolution did not arise, and no sector of society is outside of this law of history. So there is revolution and counterrevolution in society, and in the different segments of society. +

*Tomas Borge is the only survivor of the founding members of the F.S.L.N. and is a member of its National Directorate. He served nine years in Somoza's jails and is now Nicaragua's Minister of the Interior.*

# LIFE WITH THE CONTRA

"I live in Nueva Guinea with my father. I came to the municipality of Jicaro to visit my mother. I went to San Albin, four km. outside of Jicaro ten days before I was to go back home. The contra came and kidnapped me from my mother's house. The Nicaraguan army realized we had been kidnapped so they set up an ambush here on the highway and it resulted in eight people being able to escape. But I wasn't able to escape. The contra took me into Honduras. It was the seventh of September when they took me out of my house. There were thirty contra. Not very many. But further on there were another fifty waiting for us. There were about eighty all together the next day.

"When we got to Rosario another two of the kidnapped managed to escape. Then there were only me and three others. We didn't manage to escape. We had twelve



*Mario Antonio Orozco, a Nicaraguan peasant, was twenty-three years old at the time of this interview, March 1985. The interview was conducted and translated by Virginia Druhe.*

days of training in Honduras, at the base called Las Vegas. It took us five days to get there walking slowly all day, carrying packs and munitions and everything. And going carefully so we wouldn't be detected.

"They said that since the army was taking 25% of the men from here into military service, they were going to take 25% too. That's why they had kidnapped us. But the young men didn't go willingly. A lot of them deserted. And those of them that didn't weren't able to. And there are some that they deceive with politics. They told me they were going to win in three months, so we shouldn't worry. It would be

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I was afraid. It made  
it much harder for me that  
eleven escaped before me.

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a very easy war. But I began to think, that's a lie. They weren't going to convince me with their thinking. After that, I wanted to come back to Nicaragua.

"When I was at the base I said to myself, 'When we get into Nicaragua I'm going to look for a way to desert.' But that night another man escaped who had been kidnapped here so it was a lot more difficult for me. They were watching me very closely. I was afraid. It made a lot harder for me that eleven escaped before me.

"At the training camp we had a class in disassembly of various weapons -- the

by Mario Antonio Orozco



Lavrans

M-16, the AK-47, the FAL, the M-14; and classes in mining roads, how to mount an operation against the army, how to set up an ambush, how to plant a mine so the vehicle would be destroyed and the people killed, and how to infiltrate towns. Let's say, for example, I was still in the contra. They would put me in civilian clothes and send me into a town where I wasn't known with a pound of C-4, an explosive. They taught how to place the fuse and plant the bomb, say, inside a vehicle and light a slow fuse without being noticed and then be outside the town before the explosion. They said that was how they were going to beat the Sandinistas — by mining roads and infiltrating towns. That's how they were going to win.

"When we got to the base the instructors asked us a question that was well calculated. None dared to answer it. They got us all together and they said to

us: 'Were any of you brought here by force? If any of you were brought here by force we'll send you back to your homes.' But everyone knows that the contra go to people's homes and take them against their will. If you don't go with them they give you a blow with the rifle and if you don't walk fast enough they take their bayonet and slit your throat. They don't shoot people if they're near a town so they won't be detected. I've seen what they do here in Nicaragua, because I was with them.

"So when this guy asked us if we were there against our will, no one would say yes, because we thought rather than being sent to go home they would be sent to be killed. When he asked that it made me happy at first, but later I thought it was a bit of crude politics. Because if I said I didn't want to be there, they'd just say, "This one is an infiltrator" and get rid of me. So because of fear and the terror they put in us, everyone said they came voluntarily.

"There were about ninety of us being trained, all kidnapped from Nicaragua. The army of the contra has been formed almost entirely by kidnapped people. But there are people that are weak and are convinced by their arguments. They couldn't convince me, or some others. They say they're going to win in five months, so someone kidnapped from here is going to say, 'If I go and they do win, I'm lost. Better I'm here. Maybe they won't kill me in these few months.' They say things like that to raise people's morale, but it is a lie. Some stay for fear of being killed. It takes a lot to desert, a whole lot. And there are a lot that have died trying.

"It seemed to me that some of the instructors were Honduran, others were Nicaraguan, undoubtedly from Somoza's old Guard. They told us they they had started the war and fought a lot and now they stayed at the base teaching.

"There were perhaps 2500 troops at the base. For the 14th of September there were about 4000. They had come in from the mountains. There were some special troops there that seemed to me to be foreigners. They had special uniforms and equipment. They were in charge of mining roads, too.

"I saw two North Americans. They arrived in a helicopter. I think it was a U.S. helicopter, too, because the contra are poor people. If they didn't have help, there wouldn't be a war; the contra would have been eliminated by now. Since they have so much aid in equipment and money they keep coming and forcing people to join them. They say that all their equipment comes from the U.S.

"When I was with them they were suffering. They didn't show it in front of the kidnapped, but they told them there was a possibility that the government would take away their aid. I noticed they were beginning to use cheaper back packs — blue ones that were from Honduras. And they weren't getting jungle boots anymore that are North American. They said that if Reagan won the election they would live, because he would keep helping them. But if Reagan lost, there was the possibility that everything would be finished. I heard them talking about those plans. But when the elections took place I was back here in Nicaragua. I guess they did receive a lot of new equipment because we have recovered very new things lately. He must have continued the aid — in money and boots and everything.

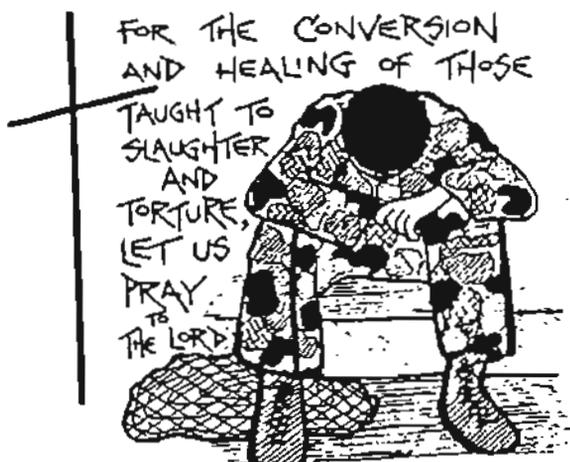
"I think this way: when the Sandinistas were guerrillas under Somoza, there was

fighting on all sides and the campesinos were never killed by the Sandinistas. I still remember being in the house with all the other kids when there was fighting going on between the villages, but there was no fear because the Sandinistas moved very delicately and never compromised the houses. The fear was of the Guardia. They knew the Guardia would kill people if they were seen in their houses. Much less did the Sandinistas take people to fight with them by force. What happened was a man would realize that Sandinistas were in the area and he'd say to his wife: 'Stay here. If I die, I die. I'm following to see if I can find them.' And they would treat him like a brother. It was beautiful. Now men and women and everyone have to live in town for safety, fleeing from the contra.

"I'm in the military now, and if the contra find my mother in her house in the country they'll kill her, just because I'm in the military here. They'll take her and it's not her fault.

"Here's how the contra treat people. If they see a girl they think is pretty, they just say, 'Take her.' And they take women by force, that's how they are. They're terrorists, rapists. They make a woman leave her parents and her family and go away with them to suffer among people she doesn't know. She can cry and say no, but if they want her they can just take her away and the whole family is just left crying. They kidnapped a cousin of mine that way. She has never come back.

"I was thirty-eight days with them inside Nicaragua. We were on a mission to bring ammunition to the interior front in Jinotega to commit sabotage — ambushing, burning and destroying. For example there was a tractor that costs dollars, so they go and burn it if they know where it is. Then they go back into the mountains. Then they go out on an ambush. These people were going to be there for seven months.



That was the order they had from the commanders in Honduras. 'Don't any of you come back here for seven months. You have to fight the piriquaco [rabid dogs]. Die first, but don't come back here.' So our job was to provide ammunition to those people. There were 300 of us and we carried 1400 rounds. It was a very heavy load. It almost killed us carrying so much. We couldn't walk fast. It was the rainy season and walked at night. We were tired and unhappy. When we got there we lift them 1000 rounds for each of them. They were near La Rica in Jinotega, in a hacienda. We were each carrying two pairs of boots in our packs. The compas [Nicaraguan army] attacked us at Cerro Blanco and sixteen contra were killed. There the compas recovered some of the boots and packs we had brought. There was another battle but only two contra were killed. So we turned over what we had brought and headed back to Honduras. That was when I deserted. I always kept the plan to desert and I did when we got here, near Honduras again -- on a night without moonlight. We made little tents from ponchos and two of us slept in one tent. So at eleven at night I took two grenades because I could see the guard. If he sees someone he calls out and I have to answer the right thing so he knows its one of us. If he saw me, he could take me to the commander. The guy sleeping with me was sleeping on my gun, so rather than wake him I just took the grenades. 'When the guard calls me, I'm not going to answer,' I decided. 'I'm going to throw a grenade and kill him.' I knew then they'd think I was the enemy and start shooting, but I was going to run. But he never did see me. I left very quietly and he never heard me. I turned in the two grenades here in Jicaró. From here they sent me to Quilali for investigation and then I came back here.

"They asked me if I wanted to become part of the defense and I said I was sick and needed a rest. They agreed. So for two months I stayed in a house here and got medical treatment. Then I came here and joined the militia. I had decided when I deserted that if I didn't arm myself the contra were going to pick me up and then I wouldn't be going with them, they would cut my head off. We are only defending so we can remain a free country, out of love of our country. That's why I deserted. I had seen what the contra are. People here have seen. They helped the Sandinistas overthrow Somoza. Since the people are in agreement with the Frente, the contra are not going to win without an invasion. We are realizing that they are hoping for a direct invasion. The contra have the idea, I think, that if they're not able to win, there will be a direct invasion, or a land attack by them and air support above. A scandalous attack. It would be a massacre of our people. Not for the military -- if we die, we die for our country. But it is a massacre that children and the old should die. In an invasion it's the people that suffer. That's why we've done everything to find peace.

"I escaped the 23rd of October of 1984. I was kidnapped the 7th of September of 1984."



On a wall in Managua:  
Yankee remember Vietnam



Managua is a city, or better, a town or lots of towns  
scattered like our memories  
it has fallen two and almost three times, as we all know  
two earthquakes destroyed its walls  
tore down its history and all of us here lost  
points of reference and hands  
to anchor our memories.

In place of the alcoves that guarded one from the sun and  
from chaperones was the open sky.

In place of the stairs of the fruit vendor  
there is clean earth and from time to time  
the shadows of a chile bush, old and heavy.  
The billboards and rocking chairs were lost  
that each night colored the streets  
and even the porch of your own house exists only in your own eyes  
or some wrinkled photograph  
that someone ran to save from those who bulldoze the ruins  
and from extermination!

Two earthquakes robbed several generations  
of sidewalks to stroll their memories on  
bell towers to number the hours  
and stones that reassured one of the past  
just as they fixed a complicated building to the roots of the earth  
just as they anchor the person to their history  
of porches and windows full of flowers  
of green bricks or red and edges of ceilings  
just as they fixed the sounds of the night  
and the familiar drip of water in the sink  
in a precise and particular darkness.  
Here everything was dust and a mountain of ashes  
that filled the air.

Twice we were made of dust  
covering even the least detail of our hands  
even our wounds wounded  
and we prefer to hide our misery in our empty pockets  
and laugh as if it were nothing.

Two times we ate dust  
and with our naked bodies learned to protect our memories  
even if only with our eyelashes  
even if only held tight in our fists with our souls  
clenching history in our teeth  
we keep on living  
and singing!

Once again the breezes came and once again we began to resurrect ourselves  
and once again there was sky and birds carrying twigs  
once again we put up walls  
with the effort of thousands of workers  
with the strength of war and warriors.

And then the war came  
or better said the war continued that had always been there all the time  
alive in the hearts and among the flowers of the people  
mute in their bruised hands  
the war was finally taken up to save us  
the free and freeing war of the people  
came like the rains that end summer  
like songs after silence, laughter after cries, food  
and once again the walls fell

## WITH OUR

by Rosa



# BLOOD IN COMBAT FORMATION

o Murillo



*Rosario Murillo is president of the Association of Sandinista Cultural Workers, a prize-winning poet, and wife of Pres. Daniel Ortega.*

heroes and barricades arose  
and we piled brick on brick  
to make a place for hope.

And we won the war and we sketched the war  
and joyful poems broke free, no longer suffocated  
then we tasted victory, crying like children at the breast  
born at last among leaves and dusk  
shining between color and heat  
a rainbow at last in our memories.

We went on having windows again and sunny porches  
and we opened the doors to the patio and filled drawers with spearmint  
and turned on the electricity and found water in the taps.  
We joined our dreams with these beginnings  
it was like having a house for the first time and trying on a name and a new dress  
and to go back to calling you by your name and recognizing your form at a distance  
and every night knocking at the same door  
and finding the sheets and love and silence  
counting birds and stars  
laughing in bed.

And now war returns  
they announce war to us  
they threaten us with war  
and these logs that we've been collecting  
and these ashes that with the force of heat and lost sleep  
we have once more lit against the wind  
this bonfire that warms our hands  
this laughter that lit the streets  
will once again be stored up behind the door  
where now we start to keep our backpacks ready.  
Now that they announce the war  
we will go back, despite the sun and nostalgia,  
to burying our memories in order to save them.

Here in Managua there are parks and new streets  
the birds continue weaving their nests  
the ants hurry from anthill to tree  
from tree to the end of the earth  
in the ruins crosses have flowered.  
There are new children with wider smiles  
and trees with hands like a child  
and miracles.

There is all of this in Managua now  
while we wait

and once again put up trenches  
ready to wrap our dreams in banners  
and clean our memories with our rifles.

It is possible that they will once more pull down the walls  
that the smell of dust will fill our eyes  
it is possible that once more we will invent bomb shelters for our laughter  
and bombs to blow up our cries  
and barricades to store up the sorrow of all the dead together.  
It is possible they will start the world on fire!

Nonetheless, in Managua  
where three times we have seen death  
sitting on the street corners  
where innumerable times we have overcome death  
we patiently  
prepare victory  
with our blood in combat formation. +



# THE POET IN SOCIETY

by Giaconda Belli

We artists must become conscious of the fact that our work, although created individually, comes out of a social practice. In this sense, at least in my opinion, the most important thing is being able to assume and to sustain a social practice that's truly — objectively — satisfying. A concrete activity which, through its own dynamic, will lead to our personal transformation. In today's Nicaragua, this immerses us in the tasks of a people who are struggling to eradicate the past and build the future.

And it's not only up to us to decide what our contribution to society should be. It depends on the needs of the process. It's a difficult decision because sometimes one thinks one could be writing good and useful things, developing one's work, which also has its social function. But, in my particular case, I've decided to devote myself to my work — at least for a time. I believe that this will help me transform myself as a human being, and at the same time, when it becomes possible, will allow me to create an art with more integrity.

Oh, I don't mean that I won't write a poem if I feel the need. But I believe that my role in the revolution, at least at this point in time, is to do my work as well as I can. And that's what I plan on giving my energies to, for now.

This choice probably has a lot to do with my personal history. I came to political militancy and to poetry at more or less the same time in my life. But the former was always more important to me than the latter. I clearly remember a poem by Francisco de Asis Fernandez, a poem he wrote in the seventies, in which he said "we won't bring the dictatorship and injustice down by poems alone." I always believed that intellectual work was important, but that what really counted was concrete action, concrete and practi-

cal personal commitment. And I still believe that. Because we're still at war. But I repeat: I'm just speaking out of my personal experience. Because I am sure there are other *compañeros* who will decide to dedicate themselves to their writing and, through that, give a great deal to the revolution as well. One is as



legitimate as the other. It depends on the individual.

I've had a very fortunate life. And I think my greatest fortune lies in having been able to be a part of the Sandinista National Liberation Front since 1970. If that hadn't happened I really can't imagine what my life would have become. I was born into a well-to-do family in Nicaraguan "high society." And that gave me a great many privileges. But there came a time when I began feeling an intense contradiction between the life I was leading and what I saw going on around me.

*Giaconda Belli is one of Nicaragua's leading poets and feminists. Edited from Risking A Somersault In The Air. Margaret Randall and Solidarity Press. San Francisco, 1984.*



I noticed these contradictions first of all because my Christian upbringing made such great injustice intolerable to me, and secondly because my family members were traditional Conservatives and anti-Somoza. And I grew up in an atmosphere of opposition to the regime. But I could never see a way out. I didn't know what I might do. All I knew was that I couldn't go on living the kind of life I was living.

In 1969, I was lucky enough to meet a group of *compañeros* who began explaining a few things to me. They began raising my consciousness little by little, and introducing me to few simple tasks I might do. And then I made contact with Camilo Ortega in 1970 and began collaborating with the FSLN. I was more frightened than anything else, to tell the truth! But what happened? That whole process of discovering a meaning to my life, meeting a different kind of person, also motivated my beginning to write. So the two came hand in hand, you might say. And I began to write. I wrote out of all the euphoria I felt at being alive, at being a woman, a mother — it was deeply erotic poetry, in the broadest sense of that term. Not only in the sexual sense to which it's often limited. I was singing out of my pleasure at being alive, of feeling glad to be a woman and living in a time when things were happening which promised such important changes.

I also was rebelling against the hypocrisy of society. Because at first I spoke very innocently of the things I was feeling, I saw nothing wrong with talking about my body or about such beautiful and daily things as making love. Men had been writing about those things for centuries. But it became scandalous that a well-bred girl from the Asunción — as Beltrán would say — would use words like belly, breast, and so on. Or say she wanted to run naked

through the hills...that a woman would dare speak in that way of her body, of her sensuality. When I began to feel the effects of the scandal and heard the commentaries being made, I realized I had encroached upon one of society's "sacred areas," where it was "immoral" to speak of physical love. But poverty, prostitution, and crime were not immoral. Those who were so scandalized by what I was writing felt quite at home with all that.

I intuitively understood that what I was doing was rebelling. Coronel Urtecho once said that the woman who reveals herself rebels. And I kept it up, although it cost me the disapproval of many...even people close to me, in my own family. I had to put up with a sort of myth which was created about me, as if I were the only woman in the world who felt those things that all normal, healthy women feel.

A lot of people tell me how brave I am to write these things. That always seems strange to me because they are things that practically everyone has the "courage" to feel. And to do. Besides, love is a very beautiful thing. And the human being is not simply a spirit, but expresses his or her love through the body. So what has to do with the body should not produce that kind of shame. That's simply primitive hypocrisy, the product of a hypocritical and deformed society.

Of course, that experience also helped me realize that rebellion was on the way. And that the revolution was primary...So I threw myself wholeheartedly into political commitment, and I was lucky to be able to work with comrades who taught me so many things, who helped me grow. It was a difficult process for me, in many ways, because I had to break with a whole way of life, with a whole series of values which had been inculcated in me. I'm still breaking with them. But it was through

that whole process of pain and joy that I found the way to my integral development as a human being, as a social being who can only change herself insofar as she actively participates in changing society.

There was a period when, because of the particular kind of work I was involved in, the FSLN advised me to be careful not to "burn" myself. I had to make sure I didn't publish anything that might reveal my true political feelings. After the 1972 earthquake, Somoza's security police got wise to me and I began to be followed. At that time I was working as a messenger between Rene Nunez and Eduardo Contreras. The people where I worked at that time told me that the head of Somoza's security force had told them to fire me because I belonged to the FSLN. I didn't let on there was anything wrong, and I remember that my poetry was useful cover with them, because that was how I justified my hanging around with a few "strange" people, as they called them.

The day after they gave me that little message from Samuel Genie, I noticed that there was a jeep always following me. It really scared me when I realized that. I had already separated from my husband, and I was living alone with my two daughters. I managed to contact the *Compañeros*, and they instructed me to "cool off," as we said in those days. I was afraid, until I realized that was exactly what they were trying to do to me — make me afraid, intimidate me so I'd break down and quit. After that, what I felt was mostly a tremendous rage and hatred for them. And breaking down was the last thing I would have done, especially as it was just about that time that I received a letter telling me I'd been accepted as a militant in the Front. That was a great stimulus for me.

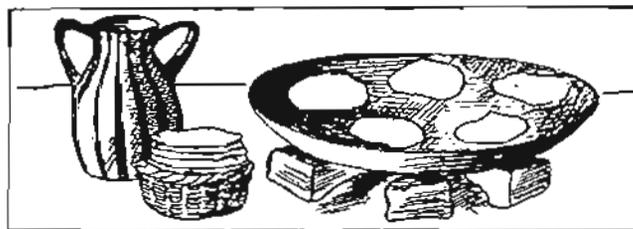
But of course the fact that I was being followed meant I was already "burnt." I lay low, and they stopped following me after a few months. When I "thawed out" I went back to work at various tasks, one of

them being one of the support teams created for the December 27th, 1974 action. Before that action the comrades told me to leave the country, because they were expecting repression against everyone who was involved. So I left for two months, but then came back for another year — until my immediate superior was taken prisoner, and again I was ordered out of the country.

I wrote *Linea de fuego* [a political book that won the Casa de las Americas poetry prize] during the first four months of my exile in Mexico. I was ordered to leave the country as a preventive measure, but I had the hope of being able to return. But later my name was mentioned publicly, I was condemned in absentia by a court-martial, and logically it wasn't just me who had been burned, but a large part of the work of the FSLN outside the country was exposing what was happening in Nicaragua. So everything I'd been accumulating throughout those years, my deepest feelings, the pain of the repression we had suffered, exile, the separation from my children — all this came out in my poetry, poured out in that book which I finished — along with a few other poems — in 1977.

When I received the Casa de las Americas prize I understood that I was learning how to communicate things, to sensitize people about what we Nicaraguans were going through. So I understood that being a poet could also be a weapon in the struggle, and that it was my responsibility to attain a level of quality which would allow me to motivate people, get my message across. I was also happy because that book is a mixture of love and revolution, and I saw that it was possible to write love poems which were also revolutionary, which could integrate personal and collective experiences.

At first I had a problems with the so-called political poems. They always came out of my own individual experiences,



and I considered that to be a limitation. But when one lives collective experiences as an individual — although the form appears to be personal, or one speaks in the first person — the truth is that one expresses feelings or ideas which have the force of many experiences both from collective practice and struggle. And that's what gives them a political value.

When I returned to Nicaragua after the overthrow of Somoza — you can imagine how marvelous, how fantastic it was to see the reality one had dreamed of for so long... After several months I began to write again. There was a process of poetic maturation; more craft, more rigor. It reflects a whole process of internal confrontation with dream becoming reality, but which I think still needs building, polishing.

And it's also a process of internal revolution, which becomes more intense during peacetime — even during this relative peace — because it's a search for the revolution on other levels, deeper levels. The revolution from the inside out, the search for one's authentic

identity, for new human relations which are difficult because one knows that it's necessary to destroy much of the past, but we don't really know what we're going to replace it with. I'm talking about the more intimate level; the traditional man-woman relationships, for example.

That whole process can really hurt. Because sometimes I think it's easier to face an enemy army in combat than to confront the inheritance of concepts and prejudices we carry inside ourselves and to transform it. It's tremendously difficult for all of us. It produces enormous contradictions, and we don't have any models at hand because it's something new that has to be created. So those are the thunderclaps, the thunder; those blows from our own inexperience. But then there's always the rainbow, the hope, the collective transformation that's taking place and that we are part of. The beautiful experiences, the volcanic energy of this people, which gives us new lessons every day. This people, of whom we are a part. ✦



## FROM OUR MAILBAG

Dec. 6, 1986

Dear Friends,

I want to personally express my gratitude for your last issue of The Round Table, which was sent to me by a friend who recently moved to St. Louis. Mary Ann's reflection on the internal conflict which many, many Catholic Worker houses are now facing — including my own NYCW — was both healthful and helpful. Although the reasons for disagreements may be different, the need to clarify positions in the

lights of tradition and the living community are essential. The real problem for some however is that since so much of the Worker is based on trust, often the structures for settling disputes are thought of as an infringement against what some consider "personalism." Meetings are abhorred, yet necessary. As we continue our discernment here, know of my own prayers for your community and for the vision of hope to which you all aspire.

In peace,  
Robert Peters  
St. Joseph House

# FROM LITTLE HOUSE

by Virginia Druhe



I moved into the Little House in mid-September and since then have been regularly surprised by aspects of living here that Mary Ann has never told us about. She was willing to be preempted in this space and I'm glad for the chance to fill in some important unknown facts about life at the Little House. For instance:

The full moon rises through our kitchen window and sets through my bedroom window.

From the back porch there is a dramatic view of the downtown skyline, particularly recommended when sunset fills all the windows with orange light.

We had hundreds of pink roses in bloom in the side garden well into November.

Because of the cats for the first time in twelve years I am living in a house with no roaches and no mice!

Since our heat is a combination of forced air, wood and gas space heaters, this is the warmest house I've lived in for ten years (except Nicaragua, of course).

Our two back porches connect with two others so that we can easily visit with our neighbors Pat, Mark, Myrrah and Ellen, and often do.

This brings us to news of people at the Little House. B.J., whom many of you know, and who went through all the years of living in a half-rehabbed house in order to create this place, moved into her own house the first week of December. She had long hoped to go out on her own and found a good opportunity nearby. Ginger (the dog) and Hermoine (the cat) went with her, leaving Fleetwood (the dog) and Morris

(the cat) behind. The animals and ourselves are still adjusting to the unaccustomed stillness that has settled over the house. B.J. has a wonderful sense of humor and also served as my culture guide in previously unexplored domains. She introduced me to Beverly Hills Cop, Breakin', Out of Africa, and, I have to admit, the pleasures of home movies on a VCR.

Now it is Elijah who struggles alone on weekends to keep Mary Ann and me up to date with crazy Al Yankovich and Z.Z. — what is it?? Z.Z. Tops? I'm still learning. Elijah has all the energy of any high school senior. He jumps to answer the phone and door, which never ceases to amaze and gratify Mary Ann and myself. He will graduate in June from DuBourg and plans to paint his room black or blue and install stereo speakers in the ceiling.

In preparation for such a day Mary Ann and I have invited another KWMU fan to move in with us. Stanley Hackett, who has lived and worked at Cass House for many years, will continue his work there, but will live here. Stanley will be our culture guide to the teacher's union, the Episcopal Church, and opera. Wagner meets Z.Z.!?

Things Mary Ann has not told you about herself: that she can communicate with computers; is cheerful in the morning, but not intrusive; willingly cleans sewers and builds fires, but won't in five years get around to putting a hook on her closet door or investigating why a light stopped working; laughs a lot and doesn't think either of us will save the world. All told it makes for a great place to live. ★

*Virginia Druhe, Karen House member, is slowly adjusting to life back in the U.S.A. She says returning to the Catholic Worker makes that adjustment easier.*

# FROM KAREN HOUSE

by Jim Plato



Sometimes you just don't know about people. Or maybe more appropriately stated, sometimes you just don't anticipate the goodness and magnanimity of others. Being here at Karen House, or at any Catholic Worker for that matter, certainly offers one many opportunities to see more clearly the gifts of others. This is especially true during the season of Advent when we are called to focus on the gift of the Christ child as experienced amidst our everyday routines.

As we carry on the daily work of the house we are often pleasantly surprised by people who drop in to say hello, offer a few words of encouragement, or leave a gift. One such incident occurred just yesterday. Angie and I were sitting in the office talking when the door bell rang. It was a middle-aged man who had a donation of clothes to drop off. Knowing very little about Karen House or the Catholic Worker in general, he began asking particulars about the house and Worker philosophy. At the end of the conversation he pulled out his wallet and left a sizeable cash donation. This all was very spontaneous on his part. After he left Angie and I were literally flabbergasted and overjoyed at his magnanimity and trust in us. Sometimes you just don't know about people.

Another regular supporter, whose real name is Schroeder, but who prefers the title "Redneck," showed up the other day with several cases of green beans. I came to find out that he and his wife have been distributing literally tens of thousands of these items to families and shelters both in Missouri and Illinois over the past dozen years. It's a full time task. Thank God for such "ordinary" people.

The Christ child came to us in circumstances that were certainly unexpected and

even unwanted by a people anticipating the "Anointed One" to come on their terms. This central message of Advent came home to me in a very powerful way only a few weeks ago.

I was sitting quietly reading the morning newspaper in the office when suddenly I heard two guests arguing at the end of the hall. I arrived just as the argument ended and one of the women walked away. I was left standing there with Betty. I knew that several of our guests had been having problems with her and I was ready to lay into her about her rudeness and lack of tact in dealing with others. For the next few minutes I informed her in a rather loud, angry voice what I thought she needed to do with herself. She simply sat and repeatedly asked me to leave her alone. She needed space at that moment — a fact which I conveniently ignored. As I finished my tirade I stalked out of the room greatly agitated, yet confident that she had finally found out all she needed to know to straighten out her life.

That afternoon, as I was fixing windows, still upset over the emotional exchange with Betty, I noticed her coming out of the house. She walked over toward me and asked forgiveness for the trouble she thought she had caused. This gesture of friendship caught me completely off guard, as she was one in whom I had not expected or even wanted to see Christ. My anger and defensiveness melted away and I found myself thanking God for Betty and her willingness to be vulnerable. It touched those same gifts in me and initiated the Advent season with great meaning. Sometimes you just don't know about people.

Around the house itself the holiday season brought on travel plans for some of

*Jim Plato joined the Karen House community this last summer. His commitment, experience, and musical talents cause one to wonder how we managed without him before.*

us. I was gone for two weeks visiting family and friends in Florida. Pat left New Year's Eve with a friend to cross-country ski in the Rockies for a week. Teka has returned to her usual self after a three-week bout with the flu. Her smile and kindness are much in evidence again, and appreciated. Harriette has returned to us safely after an extended trip visiting her family.

Ellen and Myrrah went to Dayton to spend some time with her folks. This last Thanksgiving took on added significance for them as the final adoption proceedings occurred and Ellen and Myrrah have now legally adopted one another. The event was celebrated with a special mass of thanksgiving.

Angie and Lee baked up a storm preparing for Christmas. Lee made cookies into

every imaginable shape, color and size. At the last count she had baked upward of 100 dozen! Angie's homemade bread has gotten several of us to seriously consider a bread and water fast during Lent.

1987 has brought on new challenges for all in the community. The winter has seen the homecoming of both Virginia Druhe and Mary Dutcher from Nicaragua. The sharing of their experiences there has been painful yet enriching for us all. Again this reminds us of the message of the Incarnation — that the poor hold a central place in God's revelation as seen in the Christ child.

Many thanks to all who have supported us over the past year. In many ways it is your generosity which helps to give concrete meaning and value to the reality of the Incarnation in our lives here. +

## FROM CASS HOUSE

by Emmett McAuliffe



"Pee-Wee's Playhouse" is a situation comedy for children revolving around a set of animated household items, puppet characters and the playhouse's owner. The theme song aptly introduces the household by describing what each subject can be found doing at any particular time. Mr. Kite is flying, the picture phone is ringing, the bully-kid is sparring with his fists, the genie is waiting to grant your wish, the arm chair named "Chairy" is hoping someone will sit down on it, the popsicles are skating on the ice cube tray in the freezer, the window is opening to form a smile, and the King of Cartoons, projector in hand, is waiting for you to admit his royal presence so that he can perform his sole duty: to flip the switch and announce "Let the cartoon begin!" The playhouse is a magical place where everyone can be their essential selves.

Now the cynic would object that the playhouse is an irrelevancy because it bears no mark of "the real world." Surely

in the real world Mr. Kite's strang breaks, the picture phone gets disconnected, the arm chair gets repossessed, and Pee-Wee should grow up, get some clothes that fit him and get a job.

The same suggestion is also make about Cass House: that it is an unreal world that bears no relationship to economic, political or social realities. The staff, of course, are dreamers, misfits, not tough enough to make it out in the everyday working world. The volunteers are too pious, merely appeasing their troubled bourgeois Catholic consciences. The guests are layabouts, con artists, lacking the guts to improve their lot. The whole institution is a gross national product nonentity, an economic minus discouraging people from becoming self-sufficient. As I end my two-and-a-half year tenure in the community I can announce that such criticisms are at best irrelevant and usually untrue. Cass House, upon closer analysis, bears more marks of reality than do most

*Emmett McAuliffe has left Cass House to serve as a Public Defender in the city. Cass House will not be the same without him. We wish him the best.*

of St. Louis' leading institutions.

Cass House is a place where people can be who they are. As I write, the house around me is animated, much like Pee-Wee's, with people doing what they do best. There are the storytellers, the complainers, the cleaners, the first to answer the door, the mailman waiters, the microwave gourmets, the toy carriers, the card players, the nine to five workers, and the coffee drinkers. The Cass House theme song would probably go something like "John is joking/Audrey is smoking/Carol is filling out a form/Tommy's making breakfast/the school kids are restless/and Stanley's cursing up a storm..." It is precisely because there is no economic relationship between the various characters and no boss to be obsequious to or pressure of quotas to be met that Cass House people can really be honest about who they are.

This honesty engendered at Cass House produces dividends. A men's-side guest recently asked me pointedly whether we would be putting families out at the end of their thirty day stay even though the weather was cold. I saw this as a challenge to our house policy and reacted with some frustration at my inability to do anything about this aspect of shelter life, especially as it carried an implicit

criticism of my position as staff member. My mealy-mouthed offer did not satisfy him and he rejoined "But how would you like it if you and your family had a warm place to stay for thirty days and then the next day you were out in the cold with no place to go?"

I prepared to launch into an angry tirade about the responsibilities of stewardship, the absurdity of keeping someone on who had already had the shelter's benefits when there were people on the waiting list who had not, and the arrogance of one who would presume their own family's well-being over that of another's. I caught myself just in time as I realized the question had changed. "Well, I wouldn't like it" I answered sheepishly. "I'm glad you said that" the man responded.

This is what it feels like to lose what you have. I thank God for the opportunity of having lived at Cass House and of learning to recline in the arms of this and other truths of God. As we go around demanding that people with long-held possessing interests roll over for the sake of justice — in South Africa, in Israel, in Northern Ireland, in Ladue — may we never forget what it honestly feels like to lose what you're used to. ✚

## SINCERITY

A man in the street told  
of the pains in his heart.  
The man was drunk.  
I wasn't.

He told us that he suffered  
from the betrayal of love  
The man was in love.  
I wasn't.

The man was drunk  
and told of his agony.  
The drunk was sincere.  
I wasn't.

by Fr. Gaspar Garcia Laviana



# Round Table Talk

by Mary Dutcher

I spent the last three years in Nicaragua, documenting atrocities committed in the Contra war. While I and other members of Witness for Peace interacted with victims or victimized families, I came across some profoundly helpful spiritual insights. Because we live in an age when news of atrocities is almost daily fare for our consciousness, I thought it helpful to articulate some of the spiritual truths I observed.

Probably the single most important: it is better to face suffering than to try to ignore, deny or avoid it. What we for our part experienced and remember from our interactions with the victims was not despair, revulsion or horror, but rather a love and a shared humanity that caused us to affirm the goodness in each other and the world. Because of this reality, I came to be grateful for the opportunity to meet the victims face to face. But it gave me concern for people who read or hear about atrocities without the opportunity of knowing the people personally.

I remember the despair I felt hearing about the slaughter of hundreds of Salvadoran peasants trying to cross a river into Honduras a couple of years before I went to Nicaragua, thinking how awful it was going to be to live the rest of my life periodically hearing news of such horrors and feeling powerless to do anything about it. I imagine that many people feel this way when they hear or read accounts of atrocities.

Applying the principal truth I learned in Nicaragua, it seems that praying is the best way to directly face and deal with atrocities we read or hear about. If we directly confront and bring to God in prayer the confusion and pain we feel when we hear about atrocities, strength and an abundance of sustenance are given. I find meditating on Christ's suffering and crucifixion especially helpful in this situation.

Where is God in all this? There again,

the figure of Christ crucified has assumed new meaning for me. I associate it now with Elie Wiesel's account of a teenage boy hung in a concentration camp before the assembled prisoners as punishment for other prisoners having escaped. The boy weighed little — not enough to die immediately — and so hung there writhing some time before he died. "Where is God?" we ask. God is in that young boy as he writhes in agony. Or, as Etty Hillesum, another concentration camp victim, wrote in her journal An Interrupted Life, "God is not accountable to us for the senseless harm we cause one another. We are accountable to God."

Given this truth, what God asks, I believe, is that we not be indifferent. We may feel powerless, angry or given to despair as we hear of rape, torture, persecution and violence. In prayer, we can face this reaction and give ourselves to God, who will lead us, as always, to deeper and richer life. The power of the Cross is that suffering willingly borne for love leads to greater life; and this includes the mental and emotional suffering we experience as we open ourselves in compassion to our suffering brother and sisters.

As for the victims:

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God...In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died. And their departure was accounted to be their hurt and their journeying away from us to be their ruin; but they are in peace.

For even if in the sight of people they be punished, their hope is full of immortality...And in the time of their visitation they shall shine forth, and as sparks among stubble they shall run to and fro. They shall judge nations, and have dominion over peoples.

(Wisdom 3:1-8)



*Mary Dutcher is returning to the Catholic Worker after three years in Nicaragua. She is working with Quest for Peace to raise \$100 million in clothing, school supplies, medical aid and money for Nicaragua to match the \$100 million in aid that Congress approved for the Contras. If you can help, contact her at Karen House.*

# YOU CAN WITNESS IN NICARAGUA

## SHORT TERM (2-WEEK) DELEGATIONS

The Short Term Delegations are composed of concerned people like you who want to:

- gain an understanding of the critical issues surrounding U.S. policy toward Nicaragua.
- witness the effects of U.S. policy on the lives of the people.
- share with the Nicaraguans in their daily lives, including the dangers they face from U.S.-directed war.

**Requirements.** You should be comfortable with a faith-based approach in group life and be willing to experience the uncertainties of travel in areas of conflict and adjust to difficult living conditions. You should be willing to commit yourself to the nonviolent approach and political independence of Witness for Peace while participating in the delegation.

**Cost.** \$900-\$1,000, depending on domestic air fare. Many delegates finance their trip through donations from friends and churches. We do our very best to keep the cost as low as possible.

## LONG TERM (8 MONTH) TEAM

Participants serve a term of eight months or more which includes:

- setting up the schedule and hosting the two-week delegations.
- documenting the effects of U.S. policy in Nicaragua.
- sharing with the Nicaraguan people in their worship, work, and community life.



**WRITE TO:**  
**Delegations Office**  
**Witness for Peace**  
**1414 Woodland Drive**  
**Durham, NC 27701**

## New Liturgy Schedule

Tuesdays at 9:00 p.m. at Karen House  
Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m. at Cass House  
Fridays at 5:00 p.m. at Little House

**Please Join Us!**

Thank You For Your  
Christmas Kindnesses!

The Round Table is the quarterly journal of Catholic Worker life and thought in St. Louis. Although subscriptions are free, donations are gladly accepted to help us continue in this work. Please write to The Round Table, 1840 Hogan, St. Louis, MO, 63106.



# THE ROUND TABLE

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