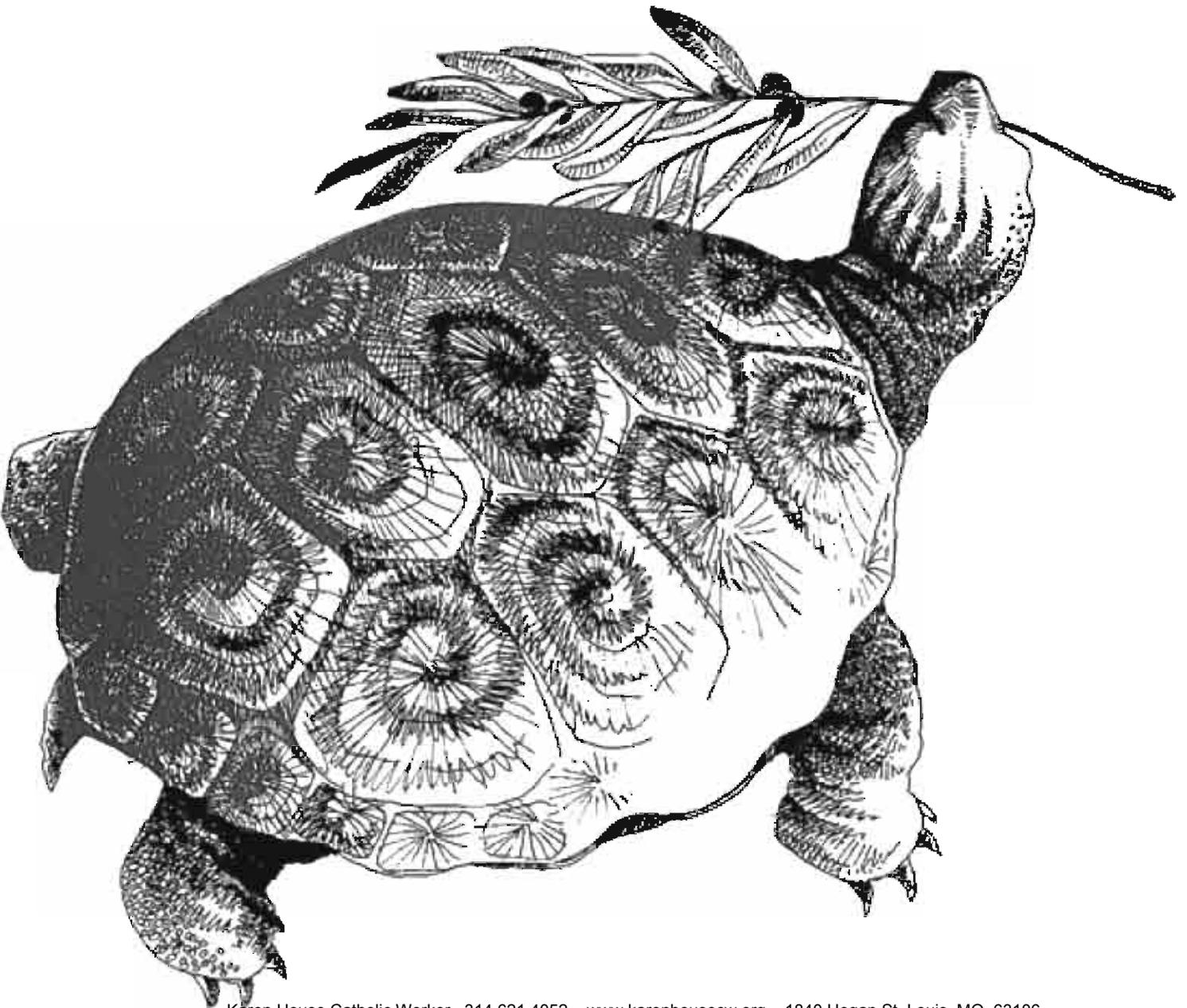


THE Round Table

Summer
1984

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

RADICALISM OVER THE LONG HAUL



WHY THIS ISSUE ?



How does one live the radical life over the long haul? How is it possible to keep our eyes centered on Christ, when so much of our technological, consumer-oriented society tends to divert us? Although we here at the St. Louis Catholic Worker don't pretend to know the answers to such questions, we suspect the answer lies somewhere in the wisdom of our co-founder Dorothy Day's injunction to simply "begin where you are."

When the renowned French philosopher Jacques Maritain visited the New York Catholic Worker in its early years, he found there "a preparation for the future for which we long." The truth is, the preparation for the future that he found was nothing more and nothing less than the attempt to live out the gospel--day by day, month by month, year by year--until a life has suddenly gone by and we find ourselves making love its measure. The future we prepare for is not some objective prize in the sky, miraculously obtained one morning due to the fruits of our labors the day before. At the heart of the Catholic Worker vision is a steadfast rejection of this approach--this tendency to objectivization which is an unfortunate hallmark of technological society. Maritain did not find at the Worker the future that is all too often only grasped at and hooped for. No, he found rather the future that courses through our daily lives--like the blood in our veins--the future that is made up of the whole of who we are today. Dorothy was fond of quoting St. Catherine of Siena in this regard, "All the way to heaven is heaven."

During these difficult and dangerous times, when there is no relief in sight to systematic assaults on the poor at home and abroad, when the arms race is escalating at a fever pitch, when wars and rumors of wars abound, it is oftentimes hard to find

the courage to carry on. Aristotle once defined hope as "a waking dream." What is that but a future prepared for, but a dream lived out today? The key to sustaining a radical life over the long haul seems to lie in the very fabric of our lives--in the challenge to be open to the graces of God on a daily basis. The fifty-one year history of the Catholic Worker reveals that there are at least two things that we can be sure of: God's graces are ever-present in our lives if we but have eyes to see; and nothing lasts over the long haul unless it be a way of life--a lifestyle.

And so, Virginia Druhe and Mike McIntyre examine the Worker tradition and lifestyle, finding that our sustenance comes in the midst of our weakness.

We are especially proud to present as the heart of this issue of The Round Table, two interviews conducted over the last year with long-time activists--people who have, indeed, lived the radical life over the long haul: Florence Jordan of Koinonia Farm and Igal Roodenko of the War Resisters League. These interviews reveal dreams awakened. Mary Dutcher sends from Nicaragua a review of Stanley Vishnewski's recently released history of the early years of the Worker, entitled Wings of the Dawn. We close, as is our custom, with articles from our three houses--the story of our own preparation for the future.

Patrick G. Coy

(Special thanks go to Virginia Druhe for transcribing these interviews and to Larry Nolte for original line drawings for this issue of The Round Table).

The Round Table is the quarterly journal of Catholic Worker life and thought in St. Louis. People working on this issue include: Clare Bussjaeger, Pat Coy, Virginia Druhe, Mike McIntyre, Larry Nolte, Ellen Rehg, and Mark Scheu. Letters to the editors are welcomed.

FLORENCE JORDAN

"THE WITNESS WAS WHAT COUNTED"



Florence Jordan, along with her late husband Clarence Jordan, founded Koinonia Farm in South Georgia in 1942. Koinonia's community model of living interracially and holding steadfastly to the values of collective ownership of goods, pacifism and racial justice brought a violent response from their neighbors. The community has persevered, however, and is still witnessing to those values in 1984.

Pat Coy interviewed Florence for The Round Table at her home at Koinonia Farm in March of 1984.

RT: How long have you lived at Koinonia?

FJ: I've lived at Koinonia since 1942. That's 41 years we've been here.

RT: All of that time has been living in community?

FJ: Well, yes and no. We started out living in community with the Englands. We had only one bank account. We shared that way. But then after the Englands left there was really only us. So it wasn't really community until after the war when some of the young people began to come. They were mainly southerners and they had heard Clarence speak at universities and colleges and such and after serving in the

army they were rather disillusioned and felt some things just had to be relearned. They were particularly strong on racial issues and against war. They knew that Clarence had been talking this for years. So they said, "There's someone that's talked it. Let's go see what's been done."

RT: What did community mean for you in the late forties and early fifties when Koinonia was growing? What was your vision? Your lifestyle?

FJ: Well, none of us knew anything about community or how to live it. In fact, until we corresponded with the Society of Brothers in South America (the Bruderhof, in Paraguay, ed.) we didn't even know that the Hutterians still existed. We knew of them historically, in Middle Europe, back during the Anabaptist period, but we didn't know they were in this country, still existing. We saw a little letter in The Christian Century from Paraguay. And we said, "that sounds like Koinonia." So we had a woman here who taught Spanish write a letter to them and tell them we feel like they're kindred. And lo and behold she got an answer back, in English! Found out they were really part of the Hutterian Church. Eberhard Arnold had started the Society of Brothers back in

For those who wish to learn more about Clarence Jordan and the Koinonia Farm story, may we suggest the following:

Cotton Patch Parables of Liberation, Clarence Jordan and Bill Lane Doulos.

Using the "Cotton Patch" style, Doulos combines his own thoughts with teachings from Jordan's earlier writings and sermons to examine the meaning of

Jesus' parables in light of commitment to God's kingdom today. 160 pp. \$2.95.

Cotton Patch Version of Hebrews and General Epistles, Clarence Jordan.

Like the Cotton Patch versions that follow, this is Jordan's translation of New Testament Scriptures into the vernacular of the American South. 93 pp. \$4.95.

Germany after the First World War. When they were forced out of Germany by Hitler they finally ended up in Paraguay. They were selling wood products to try to support their hospital and mission to the Indians and they would fly into Miami, come by bus up here to Koinonia and make their plans to go and sell their products. We have much more freedom than they do. They're too strict for us! And we've always been a much smaller community. Of course for that reason we're able to do things much freer. The larger you get the more regimented you have to be. We have always been small and besides that we have always believed in individual freedom.

This is, in a sense, paradoxical. If you are a strong enough personality that you are willing to enter into community, its because its what you believe and you don't care what other people say about it. Then you get into community and you immediately have to consider everybody else in the community. And some people just can't make that complete turnaround that community is.

We've always believed in freedom, even in community. We do have a few rules, but no written rules. For one thing, we didn't want to write a lot of rules and regulations and then have to change them. We want to always feel free to follow the leading of the Spirit. If you have a lot of rules and regulations you begin to think that the rule is important. We feel that the leading by the Spirit is important. We have always felt it was an experiment. We never knew exactly where or what we were supposed to do.

When we started, after he had his seminary training, Clarence felt sure he was called to come back to the deep South to work with the poor and the oppressed. But just how we were supposed to do that he wasn't sure. He told me that I'd never be the wife of a pastor at a First Baptist Church someplace if I married him. He told

me what he had in mind and I agreed with it. I knew I would end up probably on a farm in south Georgia without a whole lot of this-worldly goods. We just felt our way along, but all the time this idea of Koinonia--the community of God--was there. We've always had the sharing and the farm has never been in our name.

RT: It seems that in many ways Koinonia was ahead of its time in forming common life where decisions were made by consensus. Can you talk about that?

FJ: We never tried to have anyone in authority over us. We felt that Christ was

If you have a lot of rules you begin to think that the rule is important...

We feel that the leading of the Spirit is important.

our authority and the scripture was our authority and any one of us had to be equal under God. Even though Clarence had to in many ways take the lead, he never tried to. He always tried to sidestep that. And I've always felt that's one reason Koinonia succeeded and has continued after his death. He never was the center of the community.

Many communities have been strong as long as the founder was the center and ran it, but when the founder was taken out of the picture, the community collapsed. It was sort of a tent pole held it up. But Clarence always said Christ is the center of the community. He did what he had to do, but he tried to step back, away from the center so that when he died the center was still there. He kept on going. We had officers, people in charge of

Cotton Patch Version of Luke and Acts.
Clarence Jordan, 159 pp., \$4.95.

Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John.
Clarence Jordan, 128 pp., \$4.95.

Cotton Patch Version of Paul's Epistles.
Clarence Jordan, 158 pp., \$4.95.

(The above are available from Sojourners

Book Service, P.O. Box 29272, Washington,
DC 20017)

The Sermon on the Mount. Clarence Jordan.

The Koinonia Farm Experiment (1948-1971)
Dallas Lee.

(Both available through Koinonia Farm,
Americus, GA).

farming and the various things we did. But while they had authority in that particular area, they were always under the authority of the group.

RT: How would you distill the values the community has held to the strongest over the years?

FJ: I think the first thing is that we feel that God is love and we feel that love is the greatest force. Jesus said, "Love your enemies." So we've always gone for peace. Because you cannot love your enemies and kill them. So love has been the center thing.

Then, we feel that God is no respecter of persons. It doesn't matter what color your skin is or how much education you have or anything else. It's what you are inside that God looks at, and the way you follow God. So God is no respecter of persons.

And then, God expected us to share what we had with those who had less. Those have been the principles that we have had from the beginning and that we have adhered to all along. We have never gone back on those principles. It's behind our buildings, behind our child care center. It's behind everything we do, these principles of love, of sharing and of the dignity of every person.

Of course, for us, that was a kind of a bold, bad step, because as Southerners, in doing this, we were traitors to our race and to our class.

RT: And it was that feeling of other Southerners that you were traitors that brought on the really tremendous amounts of violence that the community went through in the fifties. I mean you had 300 pecan trees chopped down, you had the place bombed and shot at. What was it like living under those conditions in a community?

FJ: It was a strange feeling. You were cer-

tainly under fire and for some people it was very, very hard. It was very stressful. And we really felt that perhaps all of us might have to leave. Our first reaction was "this is our place and nobody's going to take it away from us." And then we said, "Wait a minute. It's never been ours. And maybe this is God's way of moving us out." Well, that was extremely comforting, with shooting and everything going on, if God wanted us out. "Well," we said, "we can't take that either. That's too easy!" And so what we actually did, those of us who were members met together, almost all day, as soon as the children got off to school and the younger ones got into nursery--we got together. We stayed until the school buses ran in the afternoon. Then we stopped. When we put the children to bed at night we got back together, sometimes till 12 or 1 o'clock at night. We talked and we prayed. We said, "We have to know. We have to know whether we are supposed to stay here." You see, our friends were saying, "Leave! Leave! You must leave!" Like the Bruderhof--save the community. We stuck it out and we had no leaning whatsoever to leave. Absolutely none. At that time things were pretty bad. We felt, also, the Scripture "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Maybe someone would have to be killed before the community and people would realize what was going on. We had to face that, that some of us could have been killed. But we said, "Well, we're not the first Christians who would have died for what they believe, and we won't be the last!" Christians say in the beginning, I'm not my own, I've been bought with a price. And if we really believe this, then if we feel we have to stay, we have to stay, whatever the cost. And we decided all right, we're willing. We'll stay. And we sort of passed a point of no return then. We had to stay.

Well, we had already been sending some people away and the strange thing is that

once we reached this decision the fear largely left. People slept through shootings without even hearing it. They weren't sleeping on edge as we had been doing. I've often said I think this is what the Scriptures mean when they say "the peace that passes understanding." There was no reason for us to feel this way, to feel secure in any way, but we did. And no one was hurt. Seriously, that is.

RT: Would it be fair to say that in the process of the week or ten days of discerning this that Koinonia decided that the witness itself here for racial justice and for peace and for community living was just as strong as the preservation of the community?

FJ: Oh, more so. We felt that community was expendable if necessary. The witness was what counted and if the community went out it didn't matter. We were doing what we were supposed to do. We were witnessing to love and to justice.

RT: How long were you and Clarence married?

FJ: Well we married in '36. That's 33 years we were married.

RT: Can you talk a little about being married and living in community? Didn't the struggles of the community take a tremendous toll on your relationship?

FJ: It would have, I guess, except that when we married, as much in love as we thought we were, we agreed that we would not be first with each other, that the Lord had to be first. And whatever happened, that was it. That was the way we tried to live. Clarence did what he felt like he had to do. There were several times when he said maybe I'm not fair to you and the children. Maybe I ought to take some of these positions that are offered to me. You see he could have been a professor or a preacher or a minister or a doctor or a lawyer or a businessman or a politician or a

And I said, "No, if you're doing what you think the Lord wants you to do, we'll get along." And that was always our feeling. I really think maybe he was just asking me. I don't know how deep he felt it or whether he just wanted to see if I was happy. Because we were very, very much in love always. To the very last day.

RT: Many of our readers know that the Catholic Worker often paid a price for its witness against war, segregation, for com-

People slept through shootings without even hearing it.

munity life and hospitality and work on behalf of the poor. Often the price was lack of understanding and trust on the part of the larger institutional church. Can you talk about the relationship of Koinonia to the larger Baptist church here in the South?

FJ: We were put out of the Baptist church because of our racial views. And I think, while it was not said, because of our racist views. The statement that put us out said, "views other than that held by the church."

RT: Here again the community felt that the witness to these values was more important than affiliation to the church?

FJ: Absolutely! Cause we felt the church

guess the last time she came was when she was working on the book by Miller down in Florida. It was the spring after Clarence died. We felt perfectly free with each other and yet we didn't spend a whole lot of time. Clarence often said that if they had a modern saint he thought Dorothy should be canonized.

RT: Dan Berrigan has a book called Ten Commandments for the Long Haul. What would you offer as personal commandments in order to live a Christlike life over the long haul?

FJ: Oh, heavens. I've fallen flat on my face so many times, I don't know. I guess really... I was asked once what my theology was and I guess I only have one thing in my theology and that's love. I feel like that solves a lot of problems and answers a lot of questions. If we're just able to love enough. Sometimes it's not easy. You might have a minimum of love for some people--but I do think you just have to have a lot of love and patience. And that love, of course, takes in the love of God, of Christ, and of your fellow human being. Of course that's the first great commandment. And the second is like unto it, love your neighbor as yourself.



RT: Can you tell us a little bit about the work of Koinonia now?

FJ: From the time we came, we've always wanted to be of service, but as farmers we had very little money. We did have classes, vacation Bible school, the usual thing. But we saw so many needs we couldn't even touch because we simply didn't have the means to do it.

After we had been boycotted out of the farming business we went into the pecan processing business and then we were able to hire some of the poor blacks who needed work. We could pay them good wages. For many it was more than they'd ever gotten with their wife.



So we started Koinonia Partners and asked for money to build these houses. No profit to us. No profit to anyone, really, except the people that work in the building of them. We charge no interest. We charge exactly what the house costs and it belongs to them. They started out less than \$10,000 but now they're over \$20,000. The payments are spread out over twenty years, which means that today there's no payment over \$100 per month. Even the poorest can afford that--for a three and four bedroom house and almost half an acre of land. It's something that a poor person really can't expect to do because they can't do a downpayment. They don't have any credit. The bank won't lend them any money. But we will. We've built over 100 houses and have invested over \$2 million.

We also have a child development center. It's like a Head Start. And a tutorial system for children that are having trouble in school. We have given young people who stopped high school tutoring so they can get their high school diplomas. We have a youth program in the summer.

We have 26 partners--people who are committed to Koinonia and are taking responsibility for it. However, we usually have between fifty and sixty people here because we have volunteers.

We're trying to do work now either with parolees or with the families of prisoners. There's a prison at Jackson, and the Open Door Community in Atlanta, Jubilee Community in Comer, and our community are thinking of locating a house where relatives can come. We feel a house of hospitality for them is very, very necessary because we've found that many of the prisoners don't see their family from the time they go in till they get out, simply because their family can't afford to see them.

And then we're just generally here if people need us. We keep here.

BOOK REVIEW: "WINGS OF THE DAWN"

Wings of the Dawn, Stanley Vishnewski, 232 pp. (The Catholic Worker, 36 East First St., New York, NY 10003, No set price).

by Mary Dutcher

"As the story contained here is priceless, there is no price on this volume," states Peggy Scherer in the preface to Wings of the Dawn, Stanley Vishnewski's account of his life at the New York Catholic Worker from the early days of the movement until the death of Peter Maurin in 1949. The preface also notes that Stanley had hoped to write two more volumes--a continuation of the Worker story and a biography of Dorothy Day--but was prevented by his unexpected death in 1979.

It is sad that we are deprived of further writings from Stanley, because he had a rare and valuable perspective from which to pen history and reflections about the Worker. He writes, "The Catholic Worker was my love. The Catholic Worker was my vocation. The Catholic Worker was my Camelot. Dorothy Day was my lady, and making a pun --I called myself a Knight of Day." Stanley was the first Catholic Worker to arrive after Dorothy's meeting with Peter, so his knowledge of the Worker movement is deep as well as broad.

As much as he loved the Worker--and he was eulogized as "the heart of the Catholic Worker" at the time of his death--Stanley's account is no idealistic paean of unvarnished romanticism. On the contrary, rather like life at the Worker in reality, it possesses a plain-spoken, homespun and often simple tone. The foibles and failures are described with the same clarity as are the dreams and visions. The book is peppered with shots of Stanley's sardonic humor, which the reader can imagine he often used to deflate overinflated people or situations.

The book begins with a description of Stanley's childhood and adolescence and



continues with his discovering and then joining the Worker. His father, a tailor by trade, had wanted Stanley to follow in his footsteps.

As he describes the early years of the Worker, including the various moves to new quarters, the Garden Commune and the Farming Community, the "sister movement" started by Baroness Catherine de Hueck, as well as the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists--Stanley's description of the events throws a refreshingly down-to-earth cast over the history. He talks with candor and frankness about the disagreements and controversy within and without the Worker about The Basic Retreat, which Dorothy fostered and sponsored at the Easton farm. One only wishes Stanley could have written as detailed and thorough a discussion about the controversy and dissension that rose up over the Worker stance of pacifism during World War II.

Near the end of the book, Stanley remarks, "The problems are still the same as they were when I first joined the Movement. It is only the faces that have changed. The unemployed are still with us. The mental cases are still living in our Community. The "Wounded in Spirit" are all around us. I do not know what the future holds, but if the future will be as joyous as the past I will be content."

As apt a description of life at the Worker in 1984 as 1949.

Mary Dutcher, a member of the Karen House Community, has been in Nicaragua with the Witness for Peace since February. She is well and falling in love with Nicaragua. She says she can feel our prayers sustaining her.

Karen House Catholic Worker 314.621.4052 www.karenhousecw.org 1840 Hogan St. Louis, MO 63106

THE WORKER: A TRADITION IN CONTRADICTION

by Michael McIntyre and Virginia Druhe

It would seem that a reflection from within the Catholic Worker movement is an appropriate, even necessary, contribution to a discussion of radicalism over the long haul. Certainly the Worker embodies a history of faithfulness to gospel radicalism that has few counterparts in the North American church. The values of pacifism, personalism, and (voluntary) poverty are named as central to the gospel vision. These values are articulately placed in relationship to the gospel and the traditions of the church. We benefit from this rich articulation, by Dorothy Day, Peter Maurin, Armon Hennacy, and others, both in our daily life and our reflection upon our daily life.

We are sustained by these people's lives as well as their thought, for they shared the very process by which they arrived at their hard-found insights into the living out of gospel poverty and hospitality. Dorothy, in particular, always saw writing as a "giving yourself away", and her columns in the Catholic Worker shared her daily struggles and joys with the world for three decades.

The Worker's action for justice has also been rich and precious. Support of the right to organize, resistance to conventional war and nuclear armament, taking part in the development of nonviolent direct action, the countless lives that have been influenced through contact with the Worker, a clear (if indirect) influence on the recent peace pastoral all contribute to a graced testimony to the upside-down values of the gospel.

But we believe enough articles have been written in praise of the Catholic Worker these last years. We fear too many of us inside the Worker have come to uncritically accept this praise. To appropriate this mythic history is to attempt to cover our failures and sins with the gloss of the Worker's reputation. It is ultimately an attempt to procure salva-

tion by inserting ourselves in the camp of the saints, rather than outside the gates of the holy city--at Golgotha.

If we are honest, we know that such a triumphalistic history is incomplete. From the inside, the Worker is a place where there are more questions than answers, more failures than successes, more weaknesses than strengths. The treasure of the Worker movement is contained in an earthen vessel. It is a mystery within

...broken people
living together
are as likely
to deepen wounds
as to heal
them.

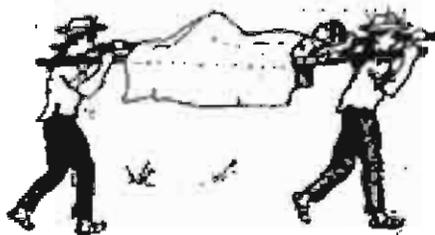
a larger mystery for whose epiphany we truly groan daily.

Even the great minds and hearts and souls of the Worker movement embody deep contradiction. Peter Maurin and Armon Hennacy were so enraptured by personal visions that they were largely unable to meld those visions with the Worker's commitment to communal life. Dorothy held the movement together with a degree of authoritarianism as well as love and vision, and never really moved beyond the sexism and narrow ecclesio-centrism of Thomistic Catholicism. This is not to disparage them, but to use them as examples of the fact that in some curious

Virginia cuts her own hair, is a long time editor of The Round Table, and describes Mike as a pleasure to work with as a co-author. Mike

way the witness of the Worker and all the people in it is linked to profound failings and sinfulness.

That ingrained, structural sin is most visible in the dirt and disorder of the houses and the brokenness of all who live there. The closer we get to a Worker community, the more glaring that sin becomes. We celebrate the values of community in contrast to the egotism of bourgeois society. Can we ignore the daily evidence that broken people living together are as likely to deepen wounds as to heal them? Our communities are rarely accountable to an independent governing board, and we usually have a rather informal bookkeeping system. The sole guarantee of our financial probity is our personal integrity. Dare we claim that that integrity is always irreproachable? How often we mask the truth that we hold power over those who come to us seeking shelter. (Indeed, hospitality is far too



noble a word to describe our work). How likely we are to swing from the extreme of demanding tightly-controlled behavior from our guests "for their own good" (for our convenience?), to the extreme of denying that power's very existence and absolving ourselves of the responsibility to prevent others' self-destruction.

Nor should we find comfort in the anti-nomian heresy, "Let sin abound that grace may more abound." This version of the Catholic Worker is no more "objectively true" than the triumphalistic one. We could possibly make a case that Catholic Workers come off very well in comparison with the general population. But we trust that we need not speak thus among friends, and we dare not speak thus before our Lord.

What then may we say about the "long haul radicalism" of the Worker, other than that we have survived and that the work goes on? Can we truly say why we have survived in all our weakness and sinfulness? Can we truly say that God sustains and forgives us so constantly

out of love for the poor. In our daily life we are forced to acknowledge, if not embrace, our weakness and the scandal of our limits. It seems that it is in the moments of our failure that God finds room to touch us.

Can we truly say what the effect of the Worker has been or predict its long-term meaning? We know that the hungry are fed, the homeless are sheltered, the dead are buried, but while we are confident that the Catholic Worker movement looks toward the reign of God, we cannot postulate a relation of cause and effect, but only one of cross and resurrection.

The cross is not a recipe for resurrection. Suffering is not a tool to make people come around, not a good in itself. But the kind of faithfulness that is willing to accept evident defeat rather than complicity with evil is...aligned with the ultimate triumph of the Lamb. ...The cross of Christ is the model of Christian social efficacy, the power of God for those who believe. Vicit agnus noster, eum sequamur. Our Lamb has conquered, him let us follow.

John Howard Yoder
The Politics of Jesus



Some Advice to Those Who Will Serve Time in Prison

If instead of being hanged by the neck
you're thrown inside
for not giving up hope
in the world, in your country, in people,
if you do ten or fifteen years
apart from the time you have left,
You won't say
 "Better I had swung from the end
 of a rope
 like a flag"--
You'll put your foot down and live.
It might not be a pleasure, exactly
but it's your solemn duty
 to live one more day
 to spite the enemy
Part of you may live alone inside,
 like a stone at the bottom of a well.
But the other part
 must be so caught up
 in the flurry of the world
 that you shiver there inside
 when outside, at 40 days distance, a leaf moves.
To wait for letters inside
or to sing sad songs
or to lie awake all night staring at the ceiling
 is sweet, but dangerous.
Look at your face from day to day,
forget your age,
watch out for lice,
 and for spring nights;
 and always remember
 to eat every piece of bread--
also don't forget to laugh heartily.
And, who knows,
the one you love may no longer love you.
Don't say it's no big thing--
it's like the snapping of a green branch
 to the one inside.
To think of roses and gardens is bad,
to think of seas and mountains is good.
Read and write without stopping to rest,
and I also advise weaving,
 and also making mirrors.
I mean, it's not that you can't pass
 10 or 15 years inside,
 and more even--
 you can,
 as long as the jewel
 in the left side of your chest doesn't lose
 its luster!

--Nazim Hikmet
1949



Robert McGowan

The Business of Living



(reprinted from The Catholic Worker, December 1969).

Sometimes our hearts are heavy with the tragedy of the world, the horrible news from Vietnam, Brazil, Biafra, the Israeli-Arab war. And here it is Advent and Christmastime again, and with it the juxtaposition of joy and sorrow, the blackness of night, brightness of dawn. What saves us from despair is a phrase we read in The Life of Jesus of Daniel-Rops, "getting on with the business of living." What did the women do after the Crucifixion? The men were in the upper room mourning and praying, and the women, by their very nature, "had to go on with the business of living." They prepared the spices, purchased the linen clothes for the burial, kept the Sabbath, and hastened to the tomb on Sunday morning. Their very work gave them insights as to time, and doubtless there was a hint of the peace and joy of the Resurrection to temper their grief.

"The past year has been difficult," one of our friends writes, "particularly in dealing with the problems of relevancy. To many in the peace-resistance movement, feeding and sheltering the poor is looked upon as non-revolutionary and a mere Band-Aid applied to a cancerous world. To many, only when the American giant is confronted at its jugular vein is it worthwhile. So our involvement and work has really been put into question. Perhaps we attempted to justify ourselves too much or spent too much time attempting to answer the question. But it seems clearer (now), and it can never be completely clear: we must continue with our work and look upon it as a practical response to a revolutionary gospel. The fact remains that while we slay the giant, the wounded have to be cared for. Perhaps those who come by can see the necessity of caring for one another and recognizing the importance of community."

Actually, we here at the Catholic Worker did not start these soup lines ourselves. Years ago, John Griffin, one of the men from the Bowery who moved in with us, was giving out clothes, and when they ran out he began sitting the petitioners down to a hot cup of coffee or a bowl of soup--whatever we had. By word of mouth the news spread, and one after another they came, forming lines (during the Depression) which stretched around the block. The loaves and fishes had to be multiplied to take care of it, and everyone contributed food, money, and space.

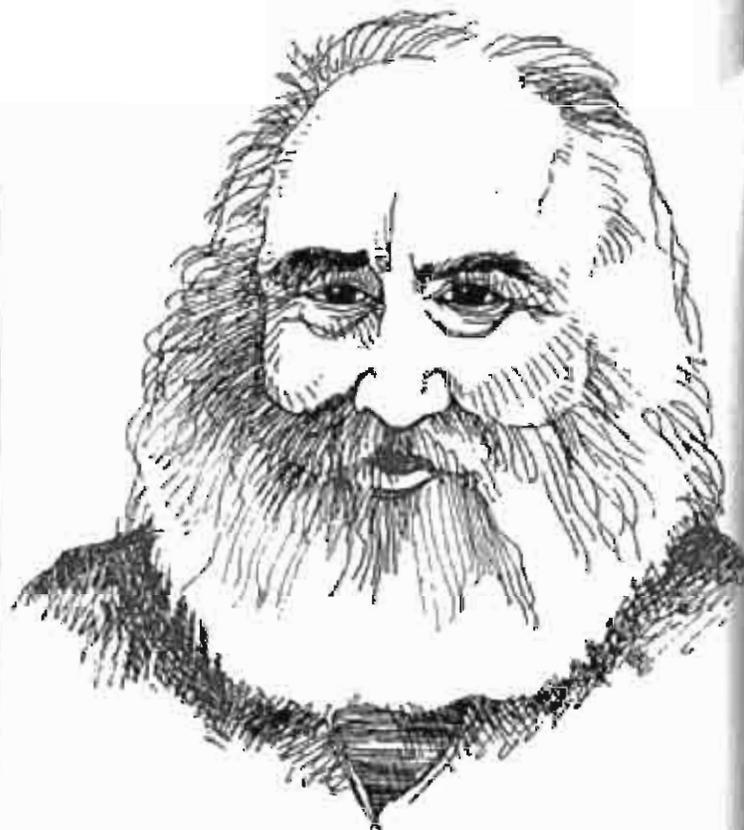
All volunteers who come, priests and lay people, nuns and college students, have worked on that line and felt the satisfaction of manual labor, beginning to do without, themselves, to share with others, and a more intense desire to change the social order that leaves men hungry and homeless. The work is as basic as bread. To sit down several times a day together is community and growth in the knowledge of Christ. "They knew Him in the breaking of bread."

We have said these things many times in the pages of The Catholic Worker, but it is to reassure these dear friends that I write this again. Perhaps it is easier for a woman to understand than a man. Because no matter what catastrophe has occurred or hangs overhead, she has to go on with the business of living. She does the physical things and so keeps a balance. No longer does the man sit as a judge at the gate, as in the Old Testament where the valiant woman is portrayed. Now there is neither bond nor free, Greek nor Hebrew, male nor female--we are a little nearer to the heavenly kingdom when men, as well as women, are feeding the hungry. It is real action as well as symbolic action. It is walking in the steps of Jesus when He fed the multitude on the hills, and when He prepared the fire and the fish on the shore. He told us to do it. He did it himself.

IGAL ROODENKO

"Our lives are full of a constant reaching out"

Igal Roodenko was a conscientious objector during World War II who spent nearly two years in prison for his beliefs. After the war he worked in his own printshop for twenty years, and was on the executive committee of the War Resisters League (WRL) for thirty years. Since selling his printshop twenty-five years ago, he has worked full-time on the WRL staff, with most of his energy going into touring and speaking in colleges and high schools. Pat Coy interviewed Igal for The Round Table at the annual conference of the Consortium on Peace Research, Education and Development in Syracuse, New York in November of 1983.



IR: Back in the thirties, when I was in college, it was pretty easy to be anti-war. But the hard part came when I could no longer deal with abstractions and had to deal with the draft itself. It was 1941. I was just out of college, living in a small town in southern Georgia, no one to talk to. And I had thirty days to decide if I'm a conscientious objector. I had the form, you see. I had registered for the draft before this in Washington. I sat facing that form night after night, and I had a lot of good reasons to be for the war because I'm Jewish, I identified with radicals, I was in all the anti-Hitler demonstrations and boycotts in the thirties at a time when mainline America didn't care. So I had good reasons to be very fervent about an anti-Hitler war, and yet on the other hand there were just too many other things. But mainly an absolute gut feeling, or conscience feeling--call it what you will--which said that whatever else was true, I couldn't point a gun at another human being and kill them. That was fundamental.

And so I applied and was recognized in time as a sincere conscientious objector. I was ordered to do civilian work, which I did for awhile, and then I found that I couldn't do that either, because it was part of a government at war. Recognition of conscience, it became very clear to me, was not respect for individual conscience, it was a convenience for the government. They felt that some people were just so messed up, spiritually or emotionally, that they didn't want them in the army. They were more trouble than they were worth.

This was in '43. I worked out on the land in Maryland and out in Colorado. All my heroes at the time were in jail as draft resisters. People like Dave Dellinger. He's the only one remembered from that time. And so I ended up doing twenty months in prison.

Now what happened in the years since then: I think the first thing I had to live with was to rationalize my not being part of the crusade against Hitler. And since I did not come out of a traditional peace church, or have a religious basis from which I clearly derived my pacifism, I couldn't say, as I think many pacifists tended to say, "Well, I don't pretend to understand the complexity of international politics. All I know is my faith or my God or my church or my Bible tells me not to kill." I really had to sweat it out myself. It was a very difficult thing. But I think it was my struggle with myself, and therefore I came out much more strongly committed. It was a personal evolution, rather than an inherited one.

And then the third thing that happened in the World War II period was that Gandhi emerged as a world figure, and this was the positive thing. And I said, now here is a way to try to apply to our day-to-day lives the nice things we say on Sunday.

And so I think this is what I've been doing ever since. Trying to rationalize non-violence and trying to do away with war and trying Gandhian ways of creating an environment in which it is easier for people to be good. Peter Maurin said that.

RT: And after that you traveled to India in the early fifties. Did you go there to study?

IR: No, there was a world pacifists' conference. So I was there for six weeks in 1950.

You practical people have always said,

"Yes, Lord, just one more war and then we'll be good."

Well, this is it. No more.

The second big thing that happened in prison and during World War II was the bomb fell on Hiroshima, which emphasized, I think, as never before, that we couldn't play around with killing anymore. See, in the past it might have been overriding circumstances. If tribes, whole nations, were wiped out, life went on. There's no question about that. The Hiroshima bomb, in effect, was like a voice from heaven saying, "Come on, you kids, you can't. I've been sending your prophets and saviors, all kinds of civilizations and religions telling you you've got to learn to live with each other, you've got to love each other, and you practical people have always said, 'Yes, Lord, just one more war and then we'll be good.' Well this is it. No more. You can't stall any more. You've got to learn to live with each other."

RT: And in the fifties? Working for the WRL at that time?

IR: No. I was on the executive committee for the War Resisters League. I was working as a printer. And shortly after that I had my own printshop which I kept for about twenty years until the late sixties, and then I sold it so that I could work full-time in the WRL. Mainly doing what I like to do best, and that is to tour and to talk and to confront. Mainly young people. I was on the executive committee for thirty years, from the late forties to the late seventies. And then I decided I'd been on long enough. After being on the executive committee I became vice-chairman for awhile and then national chairman.



RT: You have said that you think America doesn't listen to liberals and radicals very much because we talk an alien language, when in fact we could be speaking a language they already know and understand because it's inherent within the American tradition.

IR: That's right! Many people, for instance, think that anti-establishment organizations began with the civil rights movement in 1960. And I really believe that this commotion, this unrest, started not 25 years ago, but 750 years ago with the Magna Carta when a small group of English earls or barons or whatever they were, in effect, wanted more control over their own lives, instead of being totally subject to the king. And right through the whole Anglo-Saxon experience from Magna Carta on, one group after another demanded more freedom for themselves and got it. There were the early Quakers and Methodists in England that said they were not going to worship God the way the king did, and they were brutalized and fined and jailed and all kinds of things. And they prevailed. And the American revolution itself, in which one of the demands of the revolution was no taxation without representation. We want more control over our own lives. And the women's movement and the anti-slavery movement and the trade union movement, the general suffrage movement. At one point in the early 1820s you had to own property to vote. The feeling being if you're not smart enough to own property you're not smart enough to vote. That was overcome. Right down until a dozen years ago when the eighteen year olds said if we're old enough to go to Vietnam and fight and die and kill we're old enough to vote.

My point is that every single time that another part of the population wanted some greater control over their lives, the establishment said, "You're irresponsible. You're not smart enough." We give lip service to a free society, but first you've got to show that you're responsible! There is also the psychological and pedagogical principle that you don't learn responsibility until you have the freedom to make a mistake. You don't learn responsibility from a book. You break a plate and then you learn to hold plates more carefully.

RT: The Catholic Worker has always embraced the thought that the only revolution that's really going to happen is the one person revolution--the name that Ammon Hennacy gave to it. And it also lies at the root of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day's personalist philosophy, that we need to take personal responsibility for change in the world. What do you see to be the most effective agent for social change in America?



IR: Well, I don't think in those terms, because there is a mechanical quality to that question. What's the best way of doing it? What's the best way of shingling a roof, you know? I think the best way of improving the human condition is for each person to have the courage and the imagination to do what he or she thinks is most natural for him or her to do, so that for some people it might be building a stone wall--but build it well!--or sweep a street, or raise children, or cook good food, or work in a church. Anywhere. Whenever circumstances put you, willingly or unwillingly, that's where you work most positively and most humanly, most imaginatively and so on.

Suppose someone came to Dorothy Day forty years ago and said, "Dorothy, what you are doing with houses of hospitality and so on is just magnificent. You are really relating to the worst garbage of society, people that all the institutions reject, those are the ones you take to your heart, and it's magnificent. But in contrast to what the blacks in South Africa are suffering, the few hundred or the few thousand people that you can touch here is just a drop in the bucket and you really should dedicate yourself to ending apartheid in South Africa." Well, that would have been logical. And if Dorothy were only a person of logic, that's what she would have done and she would have spent forty years picketing the South African embassy or passing petitions and so on, like many others do! But she didn't. She made a subjective decision. She did what was most burning to her. Not by someone else's logic, or even by her own logic. And because it was most burning to her she was able to throw her whole life into it, with the amazing consequences. What I find works best is that you have to be authentic. Your vibes have to ring true. You can't pretend. This is what came through from Dorothy all the time. Sometimes it was harsh. But there is no mistaking it. There is no feeling that she was manipulating or playing games, or talking down to you. That's another magnificent thing about her. She was very sensitive to a lot of the social concerns of our time, but she didn't let anybody off the hook, in terms of everybody has some moral choice to make. Whereas the social workers say, "Oh, you poor dears, you don't have any choice." And I agree with that. Now I know I have ten thousand times as much freedom to choose as some person growing up in a slum, or in South Africa, or some Vietnamese, but I'm not going to say that that person has no choice.

On a very personal and psychological level, you've got to like to do what you're doing for its own sake and not for its consequences, there has to be that in your temperament, in your outlook, your whole way of functioning.

On a more intellectual level is what more traditional religious people define in terms of faith. I get mine, rationally, from insights into history and politics and sociology and biology is particularly important, because we are social creatures.

I can even put that in theological terms and say that divine providence gave us a million years of biological development in which only those who could co-operate survived. And therefore the sense of sisterhood and brotherhood is biologically built into us. We need each other. Not just to do what Jesus told us, or Gandhi told us, or Marx told us, but because we are biologically--or religiously--driven to that.

I start with an essentially biological view of the nature of human beings. That we're social creatures. That beyond a small amount of food and shelter the next thing we need is other human beings to relate to, even to fight with, but they have to be there. And that our lives are full of a constant reaching out to relate to others.



The historical insight is that there are many moments in history when the smartest people don't know what's going to happen. And yet we talk as if we had crystal balls. And when I get depressed one of the first things I say to myself is, "What makes you think you're so smart?" Because there is no combination of brains and computers on earth that knows what all the factors are and can predict what's going to happen next. There wasn't a single mind in the U.S. in 1959 that had any idea what the sixties were going to be like.

Where did the civil rights movement come from? In '59 we were just getting over McCarthyism, we felt beaten, whipped. We thought nothing would ever happen again. We thought we were in 1984 already, we thought Big Brother was watching us, we were being computerized. And obviously the makings of the civil rights movement and the anti-war movement and the women's movement and the gay movement and the hispanics were there--and no one could see them. Now, I'm not saying, hold your breath, tomorrow there's going to be another breakthrough.

And then there's a way of looking at things that's a part of the liberating individualism that America is so great at. It makes us reach for the stars all the time and when we only get to the moon we feel cheated. Against absolute desires, we're failing all the time. Against history, we're making some progress. I think this comes from being a little older. You have the experience of perspective.

RT: You've spent time in prison. At least two years for your C.O. status in World War II. What would you say to people who are contemplating a resistance-based life that would bring them time in prison?

IR: Well, there are a number of subtleties involved. Maybe the most important thing is that your focus has to be not on the prison, but on your life. That is, you're busy doing what is important to you and is so important to you that you're willing to take whatever consequences come. Now the very homey analogy that I give is this: parents know that part of the price they have to pay for the delights of having a baby is to deal with shitty diapers. And it doesn't stop them. They don't focus on the diapers, they take it. The focus is on the kid.

Now the difficulty we have in the movement is that since the ones who go to jails are heroes, when people first get turned on to social commitment they can hardly wait to get there. But you see their focus is on the jail and not on what is really important. And then what happens is they sometimes do get into jail before they have these commitments sorted out and then prison can become very painful. It happened to me. I reached a point where I knew I had to go to jail. I couldn't put up with the C.O. camps. And yet I had to go. I look back and know that I had to achieve

a certain amount of spiritual or emotional or psychological ripeness to take the prison thing in stride. And I know one has to be careful about this, 'cause if you really don't want to go to jail and you're waiting to get ripe seventy years, you can have three Ph.D.'s in getting ripeness and never take the step!

Then what helps, as in so many other things in life, is good friends, community! People you can lean on and who lean on you. To help you see yourself a little more clearly. To do things with others and then the jail experience isn't that painful.

I also found it very useful reading a book by e.e. cummings. He had been in a French prison during the First World War, and he wrote a book called The Enormous Room which is a magnificent book, but I happened to read it just before I went to prison and it was a godsend. One of the lessons there is, anytime you let the prison get under your skin, that's when you become a prisoner. And there's a certain arrogance or elitism there, you see. I wasn't going to let this cockroach of a warden irritate me down to his level. Now in the book, sometimes apparently he did sink, but then he just said, "now how did I let myself slip?" You know, after reading that book I walked into jail and I was about eight feet tall.

The thing inside of prison, again, when I found myself pulling hard time and being depressed and feeling sorry for myself, I found the easiest thing to do is to go out and listen to other prisoners. Prisoners desperately need a shoulder to cry on. And my shoulders are broad. And I'd listen to other guys and say, "Yeah, I have some troubles, but in contrast to these other guys I don't have a trouble in the world." My family was with me, my friends were with me, I was there because of something I believed in.



FROM CASS HOUSE



by Barb Prosser

What incredible expectations I sometimes think people have of the articles that appear in our newsletter, even down to the "what's happening with Cass House lately?" article. I'm sure observations from a guest's point of view, a volunteer's eyes and a community member who's been around since 1979 would all be different. Reflecting on the past few months, I look at the daily routine of our house continuing on the same as it always has. We continue to house as many people as beds are available each week. We continue to operate (or oversee the operation of) soup-line with the assistance of volunteers each evening. We try to maintain the house, and the morale of those within its walls with the support of all. We enjoy each other's company and share our exasperation at weekly "staff meetings" that usually are too business-oriented and always too long. These have been a part of the house since we first opened the doors in 1979. To my eyes, the past few months show little change in the daily routine.

But in a personal sense, a reflection of the past few months seems intensified by my new living arrangement. Having recently moved to live alone in a small apartment in the neighborhood, I am especially aware of mobility and change in the Cass House community over the years and especially the past few months.

Change seems inevitable in such a setting as the Catholic Worker, but the fluid state our community takes on has always had an effect on me. The very nature of our house is one that allows, and invites, people to come into our house and thus our lives--and then leave. Short-term hospitality promises nothing else. Some

come and go with ease, with joy, some with disruption and anger. Some, sadly, come and go almost without notice. We give what we can, clinging sometimes to what we need to keep us going. More often than not, in the midst of our exhaustion, we smile at the gifts and different forms of love and energy we receive from the many that move through our lives.

Transition is not exclusive to our guests, as community members that have put in months and years at the house come and go. All to different places and for different reasons. Dorothy Day often referred to the many Catholic Workers that came and went, pondering the reasons and arriving at the conclusion that "the reasons for leaving are as diverse as the reasons which prompt them to come." Isn't it true? How many have left Catholic Worker houses and Cass House for other places, new careers, different communities, more space or reasons kept in their own hearts. As often as I selfishly wish their time and lives to be used exclusively for Cass House (and there is always a need for more to listen and work), I would like to think that when one leaves our house it is to continue to work in a larger community --the Kingdom of God. Even more importantly, I would like to believe that this special kind of community has already begun among us. I was recently reminded of the struggle Christian communities had in Christ's time. Two important points of Christian communities are willingness to leave a home in order to embrace a larger community, and to look at the context of where we live/work and live the Word of God there, to live simply, to work for justice, and to provide for our sisters and brothers wherever we are.

So with Luanne, Susan, Maureen, Don, Bill, Peggy, Phyllis and the kids, Tim, Mark and all of the many that have moved

Barb Prosser is a member of the Cass House community and now lives in the famous neighborhood apartment that over the years has been home to at least a dozen members of the community or our friends.

on in past years, I know that our Catholic Worker community expands to embrace a larger community--one of the Kingdom of God. How I look forward to watching Sr. Monica as she leaves us to work and share with schoolchildren in Appalachia. I am gladdened that Joy Cunningham's family will be able to share her special presence this summer in Florida. I know Eddie will continue to share his gentle gifts of nursing as he continues to work with a career and schooling outside of the house.

I still struggle with the readjustment of being at Cass House less often and devoting more time to Mary Queen of Mercy Center, a nursing care facility. I must remind myself that I now must continue to live as a Catholic Worker in a larger community including my neighborhood and place of work.

I am less anxious about those at the Cass House that are struggling with the idea of moving on in the next few months, as I know the Catholic Worker movement is not isolated at 1849 Cass Ave.

Likewise, I wait with anticipation for new members to join the community, and remain thankful for those who have been with the house for years, lending consistency to the constant state of change going on around them.

So I rejoice in the many rings of the circle that create the Catholic Worker movement, from one particular house to the larger movement. Even greater than all this, there is the Kingdom of God. How differently we are tested as Christians to support one another in community. Paul reminds me with his letter to the Thessalonians, "Therefore comfort and up-build one another as indeed you are doing." May we never lose sight of the importance of each other and our common vision of the Kingdom of God.

From Karen House

by Mark Scheu

The last several months at Karen House have been very "trying" ones for the community. Three of us, Ellen, Clare and myself, were "tried" on charges of trespassing at General Dynamics' Headquarters last Pentecost Monday. Each of us declined the proffered bait of a suspended sentence if we would plead guilty, as we refused to admit we had been in the wrong. Tried separately, each of us chose to represent her/himself. Each of us argued our cases before a jury, and each was convicted, Ellen was sentenced to two days in jail, while Clare and I were given thirty. We have all served our time and returned to the community affirmed in our resistance to the arms race.

One might see this activity as a mere diversion from our work at Karen House of doing the corporal works of mercy. One might even charge that it is irresponsible and delinquent of duty to absent ourselves from the work of hospitality. I was hoping the prosecutor would raise that issue in his cross-examination. I'm sure that his failure to do so was not due to any astuteness on his part. He asked other



questions which provided us with unexpected opportunities to expound upon our motivations. In all fairness, though, the prosecutor was by no means stupid. He was only disturbingly ignorant of our sincerity and earnestness. I suspect that at the outset of the trials he could only attribute our actions to some unhealthy craving for attention, to short-sighted and misdirected zeal, or to some subversive conspiracy.

I was prepared to tell the court that our resistance to the arms race is but the counterpart to our work with the poor. One could argue that one must not only alleviate the suffering of the homeless, but address directly the cause of their suffering as well. Poverty springs from injustice in our society, and nothing is more representative of our nation's injustice than the militarism and materialism which

Mark Scheu is a member of the Karen House Community. He works at the library of the United Catholic Worker, 314.621.4052 www.karenhousecw.org 11840 Hogan St. St. Louis, MO, 63106 is a fervent jogger, and cuts his own hair.

propels the arms race--and impoverishes millions. The Vatican has stated this unequivocally: "It /the arms race/ is an act of aggression which amounts to a crime, for even when they are not used, by their cost alone, armaments kill the poor by causing them to starve."

For myself the connection has even deeper roots. My desire to perform the corporal works of mercy springs from the Gospel--from our shared Truth. Just as our faith informs us to shelter the homeless, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, it also tells us to resist evil--to refuse to cooperate in killing, to love our enemies, to honor all life. Peter Maurin saw such resistance as performing the spiritual works of mercy: to admonish the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to counsel the doubtful, to comfort the sorrowful. And what a sorry state we are brought to when our nation's defense policies suggest that the only way we can be secure is to threaten to snuff out the lives of millions while starving thousands daily.

We must struggle to apply the Gospel to all spheres of our lives, not only when it is convenient or safe. In this we must emulate Martin Luther King, Jr. He came to a point in his life where he felt compelled

not only to fight against racism and poverty at home, but to resist the violence we were inflicting on the people of Indochina as well. He did so because he realized that justice is indivisible, and he refused to "segregate his moral concerns." And so our struggle on behalf of the poor and the outcast is part and parcel of our struggle against those forces which would inflict the greatest blasphemy of all on God's creation--a nuclear holocaust.

These are struggles to which all Christians are called, each in his or her own way. Each of us at Karen House rejoiced at our return from jail, but we also know that the struggle goes on and we must recommit ourselves to it. And that too is cause for rejoicing, for there is great joy in serving God and witnessing to the Truth. While I was in prison I found myself comforted by the passing of one tune through my mind over and over--"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" from Handel's Messiah. Our lives are but extended opportunities to experiment with that truth, to live out our faith with more authenticity and greater abandon--abandon to the love of God. That is the source of our power, for that is what redeems the world.



Love in dreams is greedy for immediate action, rapidly performed and in the sight of all. Men (sic) will give their lives if only the ordeal does not last long, but is soon over with all looking and applauding as though on the stage. But active love is labor and fortitude, and for some people, too, perhaps a complete science. But I predict that just when you see with horror that in spite of all your efforts you are getting further from your goal instead of nearer to it--at that very moment you will reach and behold clearly the miraculous power of the Lord who has been all the time loving

--Dostoevsky

The God who is with us is the God who forsakes us (Mark 15:34)... God allows himself to be edged out of the world and onto the cross. God is weak and powerless in the world, and that is exactly the way, the only way in which God can be with us and help us... Our religiosity makes us look in our distress to the power of God in the world, using God as a Deus ex machina. The Bible, however, directs us to the powerlessness and suffering of God. Only a suffering God can help.

--Bonhoeffer



From Little House

by Mary Ann McGivern

In the past three years, as I have walked Fleetwood through the alleys and vacant lots every day, I have learned that one tree is different from another, even though I still can't identify most of them. Now, as spring becomes summer, I see that other green and growing things vary, too. Chicory is blooming, blue-violet and daisy-like. The first Queen Anne's lace in the city was out Friday, and today (Tuesday) it is everywhere. On the edge of the Pruitt-Igoe lot is a gorgeous orange trumpet flower on bright green foliage that looks like a wondrous bush (10 feet high) but is really, I think, a vine; its roots look like a sturdy grape vine and it clings to the chainlink fence. I saw the first brown-eyed Susan yesterday, and mulberries are ripe next to the Vaughn senior citizens' home, on Mulianphy and 21st, and in the alley just west of Cass House. There are rabbits everywhere, and they all seem to know Fleetwood's on a leash.

Someone is oiling an enormous amount of dirt in the middle of the Pruitt-Igoe lot and stuck a sign in it that says, "No Trespassing--Property of U.S. Government." The dirt has already killed some sturdy young oaks. And the other day primroses that bloomed this spring and marked overgrown sidewalks were mowed down by these federal dirt-pile builders. B.J. thinks it's a dioxin dump, Virginia says they are building a hill, and Frank Bell suggests it is the landfill for the crosstown highway.

B.J. adopted the Humane Society "dog-of-the-week" for her recently widowed grandfather just before Easter. The dog wasn't housebroken, so B.J. took her back to see if she was sick. No, the vet said, she's been removed from an owner that abused her and was probably nervous; keep her two weeks before you give her to Grandpa. She developed kennel cough, showed herself to be most affectionate, and remained incontinent. B.J. got her clipped and groomed for Grandpa to see and the groomer suggested the dog was pregnant. Sure enough,



Queen Anne's Lace

three pups arrived eleven days later. In the meantime she got feisty--bit Mary Jane Schutzius, Andrea Liebermann, Carlos Torrez, Genevieve Greishauber, Sharon Cummins, Mark Scheu, and others. Well, she really nipped rather than bit, but it was harrowing--and she was just protecting her puppies. She had Fleetwood terrorized. He slunk from the back yard straight upstairs. We couldn't even keep his food and water in the kitchen. She was proving too lively for Grandpa, and Nathan Sprehe came over to meet her and consider adoption. He loved her and they romped in the yard until he turned to run home and she bit him, too. Then B.J. took her and the pups for a routine check and learned she had heartworm. Since she'd had it when we got her, the Humane Society paid for the treatment. If Ginger passes two check-ups, then she gets spayed. Ginger, like all of us, has a lot more troubles than appear on the surface, but she is young, affectionate, little and very cute. Would you like to have her?

My final news is that I'm harvesting lots of bricks and glass from the vacant lot next door, but my roses are blooming, too. Eligha and Charles Otis planted sunflowers Carlos had started and marigolds. And they with Sharon Cummins and B.J. planted tomatoes and peppers. I myself am into green manure, letting deep-rooted weeds cultivate the clay.

An unceasing need this time of year is fans. Non-air-conditioned brick buildings turn into slow-cooking ovens in the St. Louis summer, and fans can make an immense difference. If you have some that you use rarely or not at all, please consider sending them our way.

The Round Table is now sent out to over a thousand households. Not bad, but there must surely be others who ought to be receiving this journal. Do you know any of them? If so, please send their names to Virginia Druhe, c/o Cass House, 1849 Cass, St. Louis, MO 63106.

Community Prayer:

AT CASS HOUSE

*MASS every Wednesday at 7:15 p.m.

AT KAREN HOUSE

*MASS every Tuesday at 9:00 p.m.

Come pray with us.

St. Louis Catholic Worker News

the ROUND TABLE

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