

# The Round Table

FALL  
1982

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



**“THE JUST, BECAUSE OF  
THEIR FAITH, SHALL LIVE”**  
—Hab. 2:4



## WHY THIS ISSUE ?

Paul says somewhere that there are three things that last: faith, hope and charity. Desirous of achieving some modicum of immortality for our publication, we are indebted to St. Paul and have decided to dedicate each of our next three issues to one of these topics, hoping thus that there will be at least three issues of The Round Table that last.

We begin, then, with faith and find that Harry Cargas' reflections on the topic serve as a fine introduction:

In a very real way, faith is responsibility. The person who believes is willing to co-shoulder the burden of creation with the loving God who made the Universe. Therefore, the person of faith is very much like a martyr. One way to measure faith is by realizing what I am willing to sacrifice for it. Just how far am I willing to go to witness my faith? How much do I love? What is the depth of the responsibility I acknowledge?

We are called, in the fullness of our humanity, to become co-creators with God. We are directed in the Christian scripture to renew the face of the earth. Modern theology indicates that in order to create the universe, God had to make a kind of infinite sacrifice. Christianity has at its root another outpouring of love, of responsibility for creation, of sacrifice -- the immolation of Jesus on behalf of God's creatures. This act of voluntary death is the paradigm of faith; it is a measure of God's faith in us. Would God throw away one of the Persons of the triune Godhead in a quixotic gesture? There's nobody for God to try to impress, so what would be the point? We cannot imagine a meaningless act by God.

If God's own Son's death is a sign of our Creator's love for us and faith in us, it is clear that we must reciprocate. It is a natural yearning in each of us to explore the mystery of God. The person of no faith, the atheist, acts against her own inner nature. We are each made with a built-in tendency towards God. When we suppress it, we kill something essential in ourselves. And by harming ourselves, we do injury to entire Creation because each of us is an integral part of God's order.

But faith without action is stagnant, even a contradiction. Faith must, by its very nature, be manifest. So faith is inborn and motivating, that which is belief and at the same time gives me the impulse to show it by my acts based on Love, saturated in Hope.

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In this issue, Ellen Rehg shares the reflections of some of the Catholic Workers on their faith, and Jim McGinnis responds to questions about faith and how it is being worked out in Nicaragua. Jean Lind, a hermit, reflects that ultimately it is God's faithfulness that sustains us in our struggles to believe, while Vince O'Flaherty examines various implications of faith (or the lack thereof) on the meaning we attach to our lives. Al Sprehe, like the Sojourners community, identifies the arms race as pre-eminently a matter of faith and invites us to some very specific acts of repentance and belief.

As always, there is news of the houses. Too, there is a photo essay of the Little House, as well as some fine poetry--all calculated to help nourish the faith that is in us.

The Round Table is the quarterly journal of Catholic Worker life and thought in St. Louis. We welcome responses from our readers, especially if they would like to discontinue receiving this publication. The people working on this issue are: Joe Angert, Clare Bussjaeger, Delores Krinski, Virginia Druhe, Zack Davisson, Mary Dutcher, Pete Rick and Dorothy Duke.

# Reflections on Faith by Catholic Workers

by Ellen Rehg

I didn't realize the demands faith would place on me until I began trying to act on it. When the Buddhist-led Peace March, walking from Los Angeles to New York, passed through St. Louis last February, I felt some inner compulsion to join them. Like Peter, James and John, I dropped my nets and followed. As we walked and prayed and vigilled at military installations and "defense" industries, I gradually became overwhelmed by the enormity of the task facing us--to become a peaceful people.

It especially hit home when we vigilled outside Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, where I grew up. The base is where my dad works, where we went swimming and to cheap movies. It's even where my brother got married. As we vigilled there, I saw the base for the first time as an evil that had become so entangled with our everyday lives and innocent pursuits that to separate it would be like trying to remove only the red threads from an entire tapestry.

How could this small group--six Buddhist monks and one nun, walking and chanting with great joy down the highway, wearing bright orange and yellow robes and constantly being mistaken for Hare Krishnas, followed by two rows of some twenty odd Europeans, Japanese and Americans of all ages--how could we possibly even begin to remove all the red threads? I had to keep reminding myself that if Jesus had become discouraged, he would have sent the crowd away hungry.

I think I have received the gift of faith from a handful of laughing, saffron-robed Buddhist monks, who took eight months to walk across this country, who started off when the Freeze campaign was barely off the ground and almost no one in this country had heard of the United Nations Second Special Session on Disarmament. They began in Los Angeles with thirteen peace marchers. We ended in New York on June 12 with one million.

I gained a deeper respect for faith from that experience, and also from coming to

the Catholic Worker community and seeing all over again the enormity of the task we've set about to do. I've garnered, in conversations with folks here, that it almost belies an understanding of faith to attempt to write about it. In some ways, as one person told me, it's like trying to



describe color to a blind person: either you have experienced it or not. In talking to these Catholic Workers, it became apparent that diverse experiences of faith have led us to this common commitment to be with the poor. While an "explanation" of faith may prove elusive, we can enjoy reflecting on the experience together:

"Since I've been at the Worker, my faith has grown enormously and has become more important to me. I think that's because of the poor.

I'm an activist--the institutional church never really mattered that much to me. So it was with some surprise that over the past few years, in the course of it all, I became a believer. The existence of God and of each us as a part of God is much more important to me. . .

The exact phrasing of it isn't important, but there is a qualitative difference in my perspective. I don't know what changed it--it didn't come through prayer. I dimly understand that faith is a gift--maybe God's gift back for taking seriously the call to be poor with other people.

My faith has no rational basis--it really is a gift."

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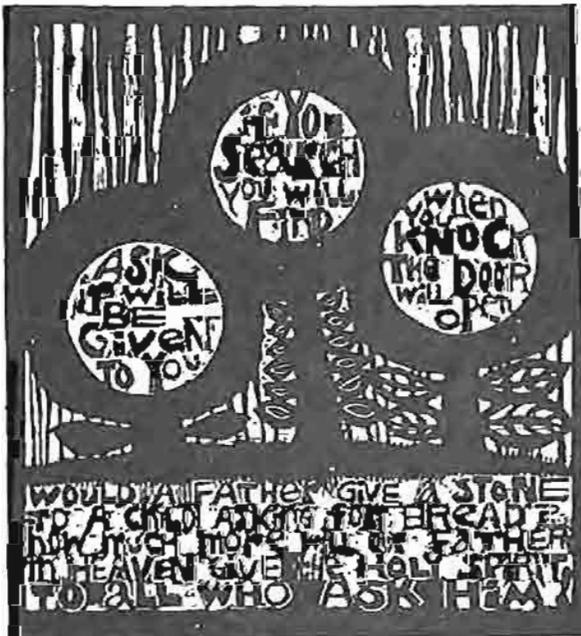
Ellen Rehg, new member of the Karen House community, bakes bread and helps alfalfa to sprout. She looks to a time when she can be a German-French-English-Japanese-Hebrew Greek-speaking potter-flautist-painter. Next semester, perhaps.

"I have more faith than I'm willing to admit because I blush when I talk about it. It makes me uncomfortable because people squirm. I'll do it, but I don't want to talk about it.

Faith got me to the Catholic Worker. . . I believe that God loves the poor and that they will triumph--they will inherit the earth. It doesn't make sense when you look at the world: the poor are disenfranchised. But it's my faith that calls me to live in solidarity with them even though I don't get affirmed in that by the majority of people. Jesus, who was poor--not one of the ruling class--went to his death, was crucified. Poor people in this country and in Central America also go to their deaths, and I think there is something to celebrate in that. It may look like the rich are triumphing when they get their Mercedes Benz granite tombstones, but I can't believe that.

I experience hope more than faith--I think faith is the birth of hope. I'm hopeful for a lot of things--for the work we do with blacks, women and the emotionally disturbed. I'm hopeful that evil is not going to win all the time, that there are going to be many experiences of justice.

In the meantime, we suffer with Christ. Despite the pain, it's a suffering because of love and there's joy in love. I prefer love to hate; I prefer to know the poor and live with the poor without material possessions."



Catholic Worker, The Worker, 1964

Margaret Chisholm

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## Faith is a gift — maybe God's gift back for taking seriously God's call to be poor with other people.

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"Faith has three components: intellectual, emotional and spiritual. It's not possible to believe in God on an intellectual basis alone. On the other hand, if it's only an emotional or spiritual high, it's on a childish level and lacks the aspect of implementation. That comes with a lot of thought. But you have to feel it--it must excite you, stir your emotions to life and bring you to anguish.

Faith doesn't happen overnight. It's a gradual process of attainment. It takes a lifetime to get, and you can lose your faith unless you practice it.

Actually, there are four components--the community component of faith is essential. If one's faith isn't shared, it doesn't exist; it could become misguided or false. If anybody thinks they can travel the journey of faith alone, they have already taken the wrong direction. I think the failure of Christianity in the United States has been in this area because an only private expression of Christianity is essential to capitalism."



"I remember one night when I was 11 or 12, sitting out on the back steps looking at the stars, and experiencing for the first time an intense desire that everyone in the world be happy. I identify that desire as God's desire for us, and I can't believe that there's no fulfillment to that desire. I don't even believe that desire is born in me. I can't explain it except by saying that that's my faith, and it's at the heart of all my desire.

It seems to me that in loving God we take great joy in God's presence in our own lives and in those of others, and in that way it binds us all together.

My faith has grown because of being here. I've seen that love is possible, and I've also experienced, in the face of great needs, how limited my abilities are, myself alone."



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## Faith is a gift and it comes to us from other people.

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"What drew me to the Catholic Worker was the desire to live the gospels more closely, and in that sense it meant living with the poor. 'When I was hungry, you gave me to eat,' etc. is one of the key scripture passages, I think. It is a call to live in response to the needs of our brothers and sisters.

I think that my faith has both grown a lot and been challenged a lot here. Facing the kind of suffering that happens to the folks that come here is a challenge to anyone's faith--to be immersed in a grinding, unrelieved poverty, where people's lives seem to be really degraded. And yet for me the gospel leads me to affirm that the only presence of God in the midst of that suffering is in the love that we can offer to people, and sometimes that bears fruit.

Living here has deepened in me the faith that no act of love is wasted. What seems like an abysmal failure is really a triumph, like the cross. Love triumphs over evil, and suffering is transformed into good. It has to be experienced; there is certainly a lot to think about in your faith, but the heart of faith is will and not intellect--choice and not thought. It may be based on a lot of thinking and reflecting, but once you make the choice you orient your life in a certain way. Faith is saying that God is my first choice and everything else is in line with that.

My faith is more traditional; the traditions of the Church, the dogma, things like incarnation, redemption, theology of the Trinity are very real to me and very much enter into how I synthesize what life means. The sacramental dimensions of faith are important in my life. It's hard for me to imagine sustaining myself without sharing the Eucharist with others and without praying daily.

There are so many forces that militate against our experiencing God, especially in a city where we are so cut off from nature and the seasons. The city appears to say to us that we are in control--it mediates against our realization that the world is not ours. Even if a nuclear holocaust occurred and if this life or this planet were all destroyed and it were revolving around the sun like Mars or Venus, it wouldn't be the ultimate catastrophe. The real disaster is not knowing that we are part of the universe. Who is to say what is meaningful life? It seems kind of presumptuous to me to think that it's all centered here."



Alta Corbin

"Before I had faith, I met a monk at Gethsemane who said to me, 'Faith is a gift and it comes to us from other people.' I thought about that for a long time. I finally realized that faith is the ability to see with the eyes of love, because love can only be seen after you believe that it's there. That is why faith comes to us through other people--finally the life of another becomes a radical enough expression of love that our weak eyes are able to see it. With the monks at Gethsemane, I saw that love was in their lives, that it made a difference to them. I couldn't see it in other people's lives because I was too stupid. They taught me to see love.

Oh, and the other part, then, is that faith reveals God to us, because God is love.

Growing in faith is learning to see the love in every situation--even the most desperate."



# Nicaragua: the People's Faith —

An Interview with

Jim McGinnis

Q. How do you relate your personal faith to your experience in Nicaragua? Perhaps particularly as a North American.

A. One of the things that amazed me was that in spite of four major disasters in the last ten years--the earthquake in '72, the war which devastated the country, then the floods of '82 and now the U.S. economic blockade (that is really squeezing Nicaragua hard) and the invasions from Honduras--in the face of all of that, a whole people was mobilized and determined to determine themselves and to rebuild. I remember one woman, an adult advisor to a Christian youth group, who said, "You know, the floods may have caused tremendous physical destruction, but they gave us another opportunity for tremendous human construction."

A number of Nicaraguans articulated their identification with Jesus picking himself up: that kind of faith that this is the historical struggle, not only for liberation in economic and political/cultural terms, but an identification with the paschal mystery of the death and resurrection of Jesus.

Q. Has your own faith changed from your experience there?

A. I guess I got taken into that experience and expression of Christian faith. I feel intimately a part of it, more intimately than I feel I've been a part of any project I've ever taken on in life other than my family.

I am in a sense riding the crest of their faith, or I've been taken into the undertow of their wave of faith, if that's not mixing metaphors too much. I have a sense of the immensity of the struggle as I come back into the U.S. and see the immensity of the U.S. economic, military and propaganda powers mounted against Nicaragua. As I try to deal with the propaganda power, I realize how small I am in relation to what can be massed against Nicaragua. But it just seems totally right

for me to be knocking on doors and writing my letters and taking on newspapers and bishops and the U.S. Catholic Conference.

It just seems totally right. And it hasn't once really crossed my mind that I'm sort of nuts for having bitten off more than I can chew, because they've bitten off more than they can chew. They know it's a life and death struggle, and I'm part of it with them. So I have to do the same thing. I've been drawn into their faith and hope and love. . .there's a story that really says it:

The first Sunday we were there, we went to a Mass celebrating the third anniversary of the death of two young men. Their mother, Lupita, was having the Mass said in one of the barrios. Her sons had been killed in the last weeks of the struggle against Somoza. They had been killed by the National Guard, as so many thousands of kids were those last months.



Lupita was sitting in the front left of the church and we were sitting in the center right. There were three North Americans in the church: Mary Hartman, (who was a friend of Lupita's and who invited us there), Kathy and I. At the kiss of peace, Lupita walked all the way around the church and singled the three of us out for a big embrace.

The only conceivable way that Somoza could have been maintained in power those last few weeks--and some would say years--but, at least, those last few months, was with U.S. weapons, U.S. support. The only reason Tepita's sons died at the very end was directly related to U.S. policy. My country. And yet she comes over and gives us this embrace.

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Jim McGinnis, widely known for the Peace Institute, the Purple Ribbon Campaign and the Parenting for Peace & Justice national network, spent some weeks with his wife Kathy and son Tommy in Nicaragua this summer. His new book, Solidarity with the People of Nicaragua and Peru, is just off the press from the Peace Institute.

To me it was an invitation. It was an act of forgiveness. It was an act of trust--that her act of love would multiply somehow and bear fruit. It seemed an invitation to us as a people to try to stop now what our government might be trying to do, as well as distinguishing us from the policies of our country. That really touched me. I got drawn into her love, her act of forgiveness toward us. I feel I have to be worthy of that. I must respond to that.

Q. Since your doctorate is in Gandhian ethics, I know your faith has been shaped significantly by Ghandi, and I wonder how that part of you relates to the part of you that was formed and shaped in Nicaragua.



A. I'll just tell it. I never once found myself morally troubled by the steps Nicaragua was taking to defend itself diplomatically, economically and militarily. Tomas Borje, the Minister of the Interior, who is in charge of all armed forces and one of the founders of the Sandinistas, is a commandante. He fought for years in the armed struggle. He went to his window the evening we were meeting with him and pulled back the curtain and said, "I long for the day when I can look out this window and not see a single person in uniform, not see a single weapon in the street. But as long as the forces of imperialism are determined to destroy us, we will do everything necessary to defend ourselves. And if they should launch a nuclear weapon at us, or threaten nuclear weapons, we will resist because we would rather die on our feet than live on our knees." And that made perfect sense to me.

But the other thing that impressed me, that was the flip side of that, was Borje's own story. He was tortured, im-

prisoned for years, and when they finally won the victory in '72, he confronted his torturers. He had them under his power. He told them he forgave them.

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**They've tried to institutionalize forgiveness...A billboard that says,**

**"If your enemy is hungry,  
give...something to eat.**

**Overcome evil with good."**

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The country has abolished the death penalty. They have built a prison system committed to rehabilitating these torturers, from young kids that Somoza trained to brutalize people to older National Guardsmen. The Literacy Program is going to the jails.

They've tried to institutionalize forgiveness. Three places in Managua have a billboard that says, "If your enemy is hungry, give him (sic) something to eat. Overcome the evil with the good." They have institutionalized that principle.

It became clear to me that the reality in Nicaragua--I really believe it's the reality in all of Central America--is one where non-violent resistance, of itself, is not a practical strategy at this point in history. . .because there are no openings for negotiation. The repression, the institutionalized violence, is so deep. The challenge is to make that revolution as non-violent as possible. And that's what I experienced in Nicaragua.

The Sandinistas didn't eliminate the opposition once they won. They committed scarce resources to rehabilitating them. They tried to make the revolution as non-violent as possible. And in that sense I feel morally comfortable with their approach.



Q. What about the church in Nicaragua?

A. I was amazed at the spiritual maturity in the young people who had been through

so much. They saw the work of rebuilding their country as an expression of their faith. They would gather weekly to reflect on the Scriptures and celebrate the Eucharist. I found a very profound sense of the gospel in these young people, in particular.

I found the Archbishop of Managua, on the other hand, a man who seemed to be very threatened by the new understanding of faith and church expression. Some people in the hierarchical church seem very threatened by, I guess, the new role they are being asked to play: not leader, but one who works side by side. They are threatened by a new church, perhaps, that is emerging throughout Latin America that is more in touch with the social project of the society. It is much more communitarian or horizontal in its model than vertical or hierarchical.

Q. How was your own personal faith shaped by your experience in Nicaragua?

A. Public worship has been in some ways difficult because I want to hold up very explicitly the people I was with in Nicaragua. I want to talk about them within the context of the liturgy. But I am fairly low-key and have not done so. . . The reality of the Body of Christ, the oneness of the human community, has taken on a new meaning for me.

Another lesson came from understanding that for the Nicaraguan people, their life has been one more of death than of resurrection. My life has been more of resurrection than death. What happened to my faith was that I got pulled into the realization, at least, of the death moment of the paschal mystery--how many died and how long they suffered and how long the struggle. Now they are tasting the resurrection. I think my faith matured in that sense. As middle class people in the U.S., I don't think we experience the death moment as much as many people do--the poor of this country of the poor of the world.

In Nicaragua many of my days were spent with economically poor people. I

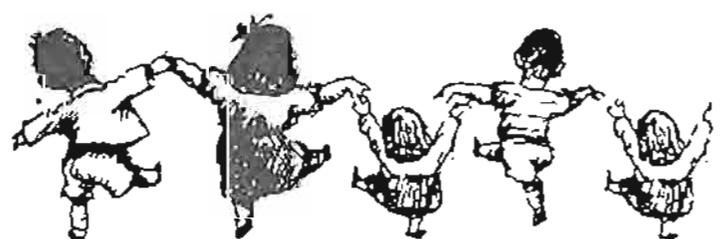
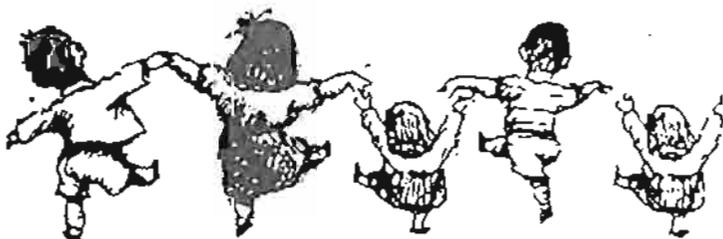
discovered a generosity and a faith and a determination and a degree of intelligence that--to be honest--surprised me, especially the analysis coming from these folks. I encountered poor people in their giftedness. Not that that is a novel experience, but I just don't have the opportunity as much in this country.

Probably more than anything, I learned the depth of Christian hope--no matter what the obstacles, you keep plugging away. No matter how many times you get knocked down, you get back up again. You just keep going. . . And it's not dogged perseverance because there is a joyfulness in the people, too. It is not bitter, not hardened.

Q. When you talk about the spirit of the Nicaraguan people, part of me says, "Holy Spirit." I wonder if that resonates with your experience there.

A. It resonates. Macchupicchu, Peru, is the so called lost city that white man never found and destroyed. It has become for me the symbol of native people's resistance against the original colonization, the conquistadors, who never got to Macchupicchu. It was only rediscovered in this century. I think it was rediscovered only at a time when we could understand what we had done in the genocidal policy of our ancestors. Only at that time was Macchupicchu given back. The uncovering of Macchupicchu was at the same time as the beginning of the new resistance in Latin America against neo-colonialism.

Nicaragua has tremendous problems, but I think it is the most just society in the world today. It offers a unique model of development, not to be copied, but it is committed to unity and reconciliation. I think that project is inspired. I think the Spirit works through communities as well as through individuals. I think the Spirit is working in the world today, and I see Nicaragua as the beginning of the undoing of U.S. domination in Latin America, of the political and economic liberation of Latin America.



## To Miss Faith: When I Have Found Her

T'was once we ran on moistened greens,  
our mornings in the day  
I fashioned you a common girl,  
but suitable for play  
With each friend that we found  
I counted on your tol'rance of my follies  
And now, in softened rain that sifts the  
night, you hold my memories.  
Cold logic's boast, it bristles still,  
to hear it claimed you've gone  
An untrue suitor caught my heart  
and listened to my pleas  
Was the telling untrue, had the living  
been lies, was loving just a fantasy?  
But now like softened rain that sifts the  
night you haunt my memories.  
And so the world just like a voyager,  
does stop and chat a while.  
It waves to me a stranger's hand  
then moves along with ease.  
Its face turned away, its voice now apart,  
so vanishing its smile.  
But still in softened rain that sifts the  
night you come to stay with me.  
Cold logic's boast, how it bothers me  
still to hear it claimed you've gone.  
But still like softened rain that sifts the  
night you stay to live with me.

by John Kavanaugh, S.J.



For the vision still has its time,  
presses on to fulfillment, and will not  
disappoint.  
If it delays, wait for it,  
it will surely come, it will not be late,  
The rash have no integrity;  
but the just, because of their faith,  
shall live.

**Habakkuk 2:3 and 4**



## What is at Stake

What is at stake is Paradise. Nothing  
Less, nothing else. Nothing we  
Can earn or build or buy. Our earth blessed  
In us anew; our God in us dying;  
The outshining outreaching sea-  
Strange mystery of life at last  
Bursting forth in us. What is at stake  
Is Paradise. Enter only through  
The ring of fire. Ascend at all costs.  
Bend your mind, lend your heart to break.  
Open the tombs which bind me, you.  
What is at stake is Paradise. Lost  
No longer: now holy and glorious flesh  
Now apprehended under the skin  
Of such as you, as me. It is so. Go.  
What is at stake is Paradise. Fresh  
Firm whole round healed. Win,  
As I, you have been won. Go and show  
Forth lightning transformations: new  
Heaven and new earth in me, in you.

by Ann Manganaro, S.L.

# God's Faithfulness

by Jean Lind

In a recent talk to the Loretto Community assembled in Kentucky, Lora Anne Quiniones, Executive Director of the Leadership Conference of Women Religious, spoke of fidelity as a "listening toward," as, "essentially, obedience." The concept struck me because it placed the locus of fidelity where my experience has come to place it, in God. The faithful one. The victory of good over evil, the reconciliation of humankind with God, the establishment of the peaceable kingdom-- in a word, salvation--are essentially God's work, not ours.

So, too, is faithfulness. As Psalm 146 says, "It is the Lord who keeps faith forever, who is just to the oppressed, the Lord who gives bread to the hungry, who raises up those who were bowed down." Our part, of course, is that we are called both to experience salvation and to be the instruments bringing salvation to the rest of the world. Both point to the cross. But both hint that energy and encouragement for the task can be expected.

What I imply is that the burden of dynamism to remain faithful to what we are called is with the Lord. We hope to bring a mature, steady effort and even as necessary, to enter into the "harsh and dreadful" aspects of "love in practice"; but fidelity to a call is not primarily fulfilled as mere "dogged perseverance." That would be to lay the major burden-- and I might add, a realistically discouraging burden--on our own efforts and would disregard the Spirit speaking in the events of life, within ourselves and others. "Dogged" perseverance is an appropriate term. It leans away from what is more human. Rather, in prayer, works of mercy, and discernment, we turn and listen to the Spirit who keeps a subtle but discernable spark going to guide and energize.

What, then, when effort and dedication wear thin, the spark seems smothered? Then it is time, more than ever, to listen afresh in patient silence to the deepest desires that ground our being. Only in deep,

patient listening do the energy-draining illusions and false formulations masked as fidelity fall away and reveal, if but darkly and gradually, what we are meant to be about: not bent on success in any form but bent on taking the lowest place, crying out against oppression, accepting redemptive suffering, nourishing our brothers and sisters.

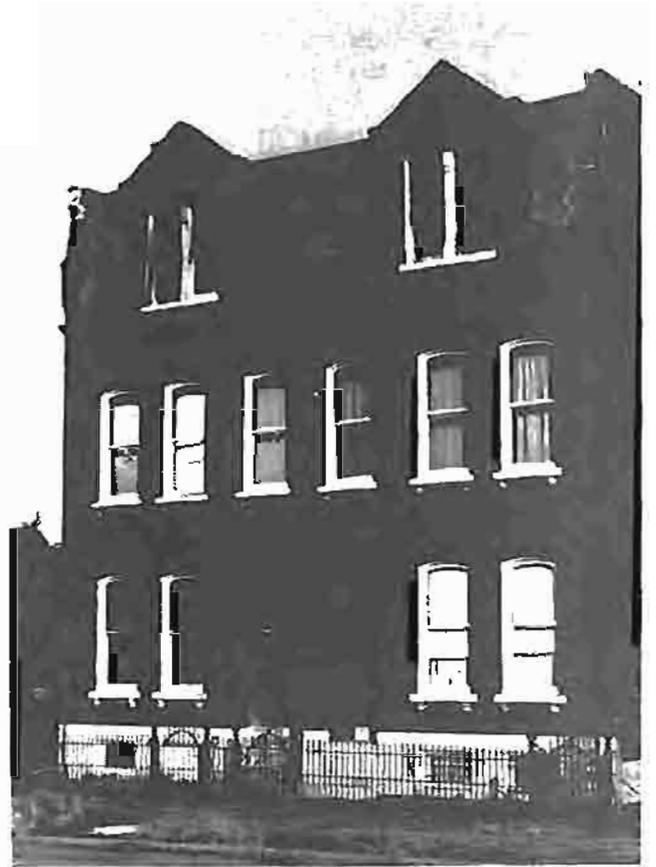
This is a time to bring to the forefront Christ's words of acceptance regardless of our guilt, inadequacy, dullness. We introduce some movement, music, humor, conviviality--whatever lightens the leaden atmosphere and brings us in touch, opens perspective. In the same vein, rest and respite help sustain listening in patience through what may be a longer or shorter period of doubt, anguish, confusion, temptation.

Again, this is awaiting the Lord's timing rather than doggedly hanging-in. Note that, although basically passive, waiting--alert listening, watching in profound quiet and silence--calls for immense effort. It is not for the slack or languid, yet it is a gift the Spirit is eager to give if asked. Enough, to see one through, and perhaps, just enough. In the process, the nature of what one sees as fidelity and what one values may be altered or cleansed. Both the Hebrew and Christian scriptures are replete with upended expectations and newly expanded promises. Can't we then, at times, expect our idols and images to be shattered and our images and values reformulated?

Finally, what is heard or what doors may occur dramatically, gradually, barely at all, but there does come some point of choosing a direction for now or more definitely. To live in faith, to hope, to act constructively are matters of judgment and choice. As Judith Gregory said of Dorothy Day, "she had no reason to be optimistic; she chose to hope." So we, too, choose fidelity: eager listening, hearing in the heart, acting out the dynamism of the Word spoken in us of the God-with-us we are called to be.

Jean Lind has been a Sister of Charity for thirty years and for most of the last five years has lived at Cedars of Peace, a place of quiet and solitude on the property of the Loretto Motherhouse, Nerinx, Kentucky, where she worked part time gardening and groundskeeping. She recently moved to a similar life at her Motherhouse in Leavenworth.

Some  
Little  
House  
Folks



Paul Sutton and the Little House itself comprise the top two photos. In the bottom photo, left to right beginning with Fleetwood (the dog), there are Lynn (B.J.) Steward, Frances Annis, Paul Sutton and Mary Ann McGivern, S.L.

# Some Reflections on Faith

by Vincent O'Flaherty, S.J.

In Christian parlance, to have faith is, most elementally, to live one's life with the conviction that, at the heart of existence, there is a God Who is the origin and the end of all things; it is therefore to live out of the conviction that all creation is made by God for God.

An extremely relevant reflection to make about faith so understood is that, nowadays, a lot of people in the world we live in don't have it. To put it more strongly: They positively do not believe, so they say, in any origin and end of all things; the notion that the world is made by any God and for that God is, they will tell you, absurd.

We shouldn't be too quick to take these peoples' words at their face value. Often, what people who say they are atheists actually mean is that for one reason or another--whether because of a personal tragedy that has befallen them or someone they love, or because of the immense amount of suffering and injustice they see all about them on this earth, or simply because life has gone sour on them--they have banished God from their lives, as they would a friend proven false. They hold God responsible for the tragedy, the suffering and injustice, the bitter taste of life. They are angry and determined to get back at God; and to deny that someone even exists is the definitive put-down. But, despite what they say, such people do not qualify as atheists. They believe that God exists all right. God is, after all, The Enemy.

When others--people who say that they were once believers but now espouse atheism--state that they do not believe in God, they are often simply rejecting one of the various false gods who have masked as the true God throughout history, including Christian history. For even Christians have sometimes been presented by

their teachers with the image of God as, above all, Punisher, a God who gets grim enjoyment out of lying in wait as one poor human being after another wanders off the path of virtue, a God who waits and then strikes down each poor wretch in turn. Then there is the Employer-God who, by putting us on this earth, in effect hires us to do a job, hands us a list of dos-and-don'ts concerning doing the job, and promises rewards and threatens punishments according as we adhere or not to the list; the relationship between this God and this God's work-force is strictly contractual; calls for no intimacy or affection -- who-ever said you had to love the boss! Now people who have had such images of God presented to them and who have rejected such God-images, do not qualify as atheists either. They have simply put down false idols. Tragically, one or another of these false idols may be the only God they have thus far encountered.

To be a dyed-in-the-wool atheist is deliberately and freely to take a particular stance with regard to life. That stance is to refuse to live as a creature dependent for one's existence on, and responsible for the use of that existence to some "origin and end of all things." Peter Gay, a leading contemporary historian of that turning point in modern history known as The Enlightenment, writes, toward the end of his book, The Enlightenment: An Interpretation:

As a historian, I trust I have not acted as a judge; but to the degree that this book can claim to move beyond historical analysis to a philosophical comprehension of the past, it decides between the Christian millenium with its idea of dependence, and the Enlightenment, with its ideal of autonomy, in favor of autonomy.

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Vince O'Flaherty, S.J., lives at Sacred Heart Retreat Center in Sedalia, Colorado, is Director of Tertiarity for the St. Louis Province of the Society of Jesus, and is some Catholic Workers' favorite retreat director.

Whether or not Mr. Gay is an atheist, this is what atheists do. Faced, in the living of their lives, with making a choice between God and dependency and no-God and autonomy, they decide in favor of autonomy.



Of course, they pay a price for their autonomy. Corollaries of their stance are that the universe just somehow happened and that human life is going nowhere (but to death); and this makes the whole business of life finally somewhat futile, a matter of marking the time as nobly or interestingly or pleasantly as possible and achieving a certain immortality by having a building or a grandchild named after one or by leaving behind a book or a symphony one has written or some other footprint on the sands of time. But meanwhile, they'll have you know, they are not about to kow-tow to some "Supreme Being" whom no one has ever even seen.

This stance has been called foolish. "The fool says in his heart, 'There is no God'." the thirteenth psalm begins. And the Catholic Church has consistently taught, quite solemnly in the First Vatican Council, that "God, the origin and end of all things, can be known with certainty by the natural light of human reason from the things that He created."

But many highly intelligent and loftily principled people scoff at the notion that any all-good and all-wise God, such as we find in the Jewish and Christian scriptures, can be inferred from the awful mess we find everywhere we turn on earth. Besides, we human beings have it in us to fly, for our own purposes, in the face of what other people experience to be the most binding evidence. Denial is one of the more powerful survival-mechanisms we have at our disposal, especially when it goes hand-in-hand with the desire to live life on our own terms.

Then there are the people who, to be on the safe side, say, with heads bowed and hands clasped, that they firmly believe that God, "the origin and end of all things" exists and proceed thereupon to lead their lives as if they were in complete control of their corner of the universe, accountable to nobody else for what they do in that corner and determined to defend their corner against all comers at all costs. Their stance may be the most atheistic of all; it is certainly the most cynical. They do not even give God the courtesy of a decent burial. They keep God in their pockets as they would a rabbit's foot to reduce the risk there is in life.

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**Faith...is endemically risky. I stand at the edge of the cliff, look down into the mystery of life, and from out of that bottomless abyss a voice calls to me,**

**"Jump! I'll catch you."**

---

But faith, as it is understood in authentic Christian spirituality, is endemically risky. I stand at the edge of the cliff, look down into the mystery of life, and from out of that bottomless abyss a voice calls to me, "Jump! I'll catch you." Or rather: "Come; if you lose your life for my sake and the sake of the gospel, you will find it."

This, of course, is the voice of Jesus of Nazareth, who has been revealed by God, has revealed himself, and is proclaimed by his Church to be true God, the origin and end -- the Alpha and Omega -- of all things, and God-become-human, human like us in all things except sin, and who, as such, is, in the words of the Second Vatican Council, "the goal of human history, the focal point of the longings of history and of civilization, the center of the human heart, the joy of every heart, and the answer to all its yearnings."

To have living Christian faith is to believe all of this about Jesus Christ and to act out those beliefs in my life. Truly to believe as a Christian

is, therefore, to give over my life into Christ's hands, such that I no longer rely on my own thoughts or ways, but instead entrust myself completely to Christ's thoughts and ways. Further, truly to believe as a Christian is to give my life over entirely, even to death, to Christ's cause, to the advancement of his kingdom, that eternal and universal kingdom, that kingdom of truth and life, of holiness and grace, of justice, love, and peace.

Such faith -- which, to take a metaphor from the language of sacrifice, could qualify as a whole-burnt offering -- is, it goes without saying, not attained to in a day; it is the work of a lifetime. This because, even as we find ourselves drawn to answer "yes" to Jesus as being the origin and end of our own and the whole of creation's existence, there is a "no" to him, to his commandments, to his claim on our lives sounding down deep inside of us, like the closing of a door. There is in each of us, hanging onto our autonomy for dear life, an atheist.

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**Truly to believe as a Christian is to give my life over entirely, even to death...to the advancement of...that Kingdom of truth and life...justice, love, and peace.**

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Or there is at least someone filled with fear and mistrust, clinging to some little wisp of autonomy, afraid that if we let go of it we'll sink into nothingness, and so -- someone lacking faith. Like Peter out there on the water, we must come in touch with our poverty and helplessness,

our inability and refusal, despite ourselves, to let go. If, like Peter, we manage to cry out to Christ from the depths of our poverty, he reaches out to us and enables us to do what we cannot do of ourselves, come to Him. But first we have to touch the depths of our poverty, and that's a long way down; farther than we like to look.

And we must also overcome our scandal at the notion that this origin and end of all things himself submitted to, let himself be buried under absurdity -- the senseless brutality and evil that wrought his suffering and death -- in order to rise leading the universe after him, to new life, our scandal that we must follow him along this route.

And if we do? Jesus has made some extravagant claims and some wonderful promises concerning faith, claims and promises affecting all who manage, or rather, all to whom it is given positively to accept Jesus as the origin and end of our lives. If we have faith as a grain of mustard seed, he has said, we will say to a mountain, "Move," and it will move; nothing will be impossible to us. If we have faith, he has said, whatever we ask in prayer, we will receive. To a sinner he said, "Go; your sins are forgiven; your faith has saved you." That holds for us all. Above all, he loves and responds so wholeheartedly to our faith that he can and does forgive us our sins; that he can and will save us-- from the world, from the harm others can do us, from ourselves--and lead us through the dark valley of the shadow of death into Light and Life.



### From Dorothy:

I see around me sin, suffering and unutterable destitution. There is misery, materialism, degradation, ugliness on every side. All I see some days is sin. The problem is gigantic. Throughout the world there is homelessness, famine, fear, war and the threat of war. We live in a time of gigantic evil. It is hopeless to think of combatting it by any other means than that of sanctity. To think of overcoming such evil by material means, by alleviations, by changes in the social order only--all this is utterly hopeless.

# Arms: A Question of Faith

by Al Sprehe

What I would like to do is primarily to frame the question of armaments as a central question of faith, that is, as a question of the belief that undergirds all of our life. If we view armaments as primarily a matter of faith, then our response to armaments becomes a response in faith. Faith is our primary motivation for living. Both the question and our response become, then, central and not peripheral to our lives.

First, let me name two characteristics of the arms race that we need to bear in mind. The armaments question does not stand alone nor will it be solved in a vacuum, separated from the other global realities with which it is inextricably intertwined, such as economics, corporations, lifestyles and a fundamental option in faith. I point this out because so much talk of disarmament, even from the peace community, thinks that we can solve the armaments question and go on as though nothing else will change. I think that that kind of talk is very deceptive.

Secondly, we must remember that we have not gotten into the arms race easily. Rather, we have paid a tremendous price, materially and spiritually. Nor will we get out of the arms race without paying an equally tremendous price spiritually and materially. Looking at the problem of armaments as a matter of faith brings us face to face with the magnitude of the difficulty. I think Paul's reflections to the Ephesians in Chapter 6 are a good reminder of what we are up against--not human enemies, but "the Sovereignities and the Powers who originate the darkness in this world, the spiritual army of evil in the heavens. That is why you must rely on God's armour, or you will not be able to put up any resistance when the worst happens, or have enough resources to hold your ground." So even as we see the magnitude of the problem and the centrality of the problem in our lives, we have the consolation of our faith, our hope and our love to bring to its solution; and we are not dismayed--at least not in the long run.

What is our fundamental option in faith? For me to look at armaments as primarily a matter of faith is to ask--Wherein do I place my faith? Wherein do I find my security? At the risk of oversimplification, I believe we ultimately decide to trust in God and in lives lived for a global family or we trust in the BOMB. As a society, I believe we have made the decision to trust in the BOMB instead of in God. Now I realize as I say this that each of us might protest and say, "No, I trust in God." That is most probably true as an individual on a personal level. But, on a societal level, that just isn't true.

If, as I suspect, we are desirous of moving our allegiance from the BOMB to God, from armaments to disarmament, we need to do nothing less than to heed the call of Jesus as given in the beginning of Mark's gospel: "Repent and Believe the Good News." I think that we are needing nothing less than the kind of metanoia Jesus speaks about to move from armaments to disarmament. Jesus' call is two-fold: first, to repent--to say no to the BOMB--to be public, visible and clear in our opposition to armaments in every aspect of our lives. To look at our life and our lifestyle and our institutions and see what contributes to the BOMB and say no to it, both verbally but also by changes in our lifestyle and in those institutions.

Second--to believe the Good News. To say yes to life and love, to find new ways of living that do not support the system that the BOMB relies on for its livelihood. To live more simply, to seek greater solidarity and closeness with those most oppressed and victimized by armaments, to develop alternative work situations in which the work meets real human needs and is done cooperatively, according to what one has to offer and according to one's needs, to develop communal models of living that go beyond the nuclear family, to develop subsistence farms and decentralized society--as Peter Maurin has said, "to create a new society within the shell of the old."

Obviously, being people of faith, we want

Al Sprehe, gentle and faithful resister, has been for years the soul of St. Louis Clergy & Laity Concerned (CALC). This article is derived from remarks he delivered to the North American Provincial Council of the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

to repent and believe the Good News. However, lest we be the seed that springs up quickly but withers for lack of roots, let's look at some potential consequences to repenting the arms race.

First. One of the strongest characteristics of the BOMB idol is the sense of powerlessness it engenders within us about the possibility of changing the current state of affairs. The BOMB has all but robbed us of hope that we might live any other way. Many people in the U.S. have lost hope of turning the BOMB around. Yet, have we lost hope because we have tried and failed or because we have been too afraid to try?

Second. Perhaps almost unconsciously we have grown used to the material comforts that the BOMB has brought to this society. Without the BOMB to protect all that we have taken for ourselves in this country, we surely would lose our favored position in terms of our style of living. Would we rather live with dread of the BOMB's total taking of all that we have than lose some of what we have grown accustomed to?

Third. Unless we remain committed to a mutual reduction of weapons and agree only to withdraw our allegiance to the BOMB a little at a time--a position my own faith cannot agree with--we must face the potential consequences of an "enemy's" action against our country. Such a consequence might range from near total annihilation by an "enemy's" nuclear weapons, to possible occupation by an "enemy's" forces, or to the more probable, eventual co-opting of leaders in our own country who would agree to rule for an "enemy" in exchange for a continued position of affluence. While all of these potential consequences are dreadful, it is important to keep in mind that there will be suffering and death regardless of whether we disarm or not. It seems better to trust in God and in lives lived for God's people than to trust in our potential to kill others. "You have learned, love your neighbor and hate your enemy, but I say love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you." (Mt.)

Fourth. If we do not convince our nation to repent and say no to armaments and yes to life, then we must face some



other kinds of consequences. We will become marginal within our own culture. We will be seen as unpatriotic at best and criminally insane at worst. There will be surveillance, arrests, prison sentences and possibly death. "People will seize you and persecute you. They will hand you over to the synagogues and to imprisonment and bring you before governors and kings because of my name." (Luke) All of these will be difficult because of our love for our country.

Ultimately, any of these obstacles to repentance and believing the Good News will only be overcome through prayer and a growing actualization of community. When we pay homage to the BOMB, we pay homage to ourselves--the worst part of ourselves. The BOMB looks very familiar. In fact, we see our image on it--it looks a lot like us in our sinfulness, our laziness, our greed, our selfishness. Only prayer and a growing oneness with others in community help us to believe the Good News of God's love for us enough to say no to our sinfulness--the BOMB within and outside of us--and yes to life.

I imagine that as we change and make more and more our fundamental option in faith toward God and lives lived for a global family, that our own evangelization, worship and faith life may take on some new forms. Weekly holy hours may be spent in front of an armaments contractor or weapons facility. Feast days such as the Slaughter of Innocents on December 28 may have renewed meaning because of the impending slaughter through nuclear weapons. August 6, the feast of the Transfiguration and anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima might help us choose what kind of transfiguration we want to celebrate--one of death or one of life. Jail may well become a new place of retreat. Our precarious position within the culture may make us celebrate the Eucharist as though our very lives depended on it--as they do. We may be seen again as a church of the poor and suffering because we will be poor and suffering but alive with the Spirit of God.

# From Karen House

By Harriette Baggett

Thank God with us for five years of hospitality to God's favorite people and pray that we may continue as long as God wills.

We came to life again the middle of May after a paschal season break that saw the house refurbished, our spirits renewed and the reworking of many of our policies and procedures. We started with a clean slate, in that we had no holdover guests from before the break. So our lives have been touched by many new-to-us Christs in need of food, drink, clothing and shelter. One purpose of our break was for Karen House to function better as a temporary shelter, its original purpose, rather than as a semi-permanent home. Before our break in April we had drifted into that for many of our guests. We seem to be succeeding in our efforts. In the first four months since our reopening, we have received over fifty-five different guests. Sadly, we have had to say "no" to at least three times that number. But by limiting our guests to fifteen women at a time, we have been able to be of more real value in helping our guests get on their own feet than we have in the past. By facing our limitations we have actually been able to be more faithful to our purpose and of greater service to more people than when we took in 25, 40 and even 60 guests, as we have in the past.

So our time of withdrawal can be seen now as time well spent. And the house continues to be cleaner and more attractive than it was before our break--a more pleasant background for all our lives. We workers, the permanent community (the staff, as we do not like to be called) are feeling less frazzled, more whole, and, I am sure, are more grace filled. We are, we trust, clearer channels of God's presence. With the house running smoothly with fifteen women guests, we feel secure now to take in a woman with children. We look forward to filling our big bedroom with little ones any day now. By the time the printer sees this, I'm sure that will have happened.

In spite of much coming and going on the part of the permanent community, the work of hospitality went well through the summer. Many generous volunteers saw us through till school started. Linda and Chuck Chiodini, Nadine Schroeder, Christy Casey, Cathy Hartrich, and Ed Haessig were mainstays. Joe DeImore, Chuck Keene, Mike McIntyre and Karen Tanquist are putting in many hours with us now. Sharon Cummins and Judy Burknen are part of an experiment with the "live-in volunteer" concept. Bill Ramsey is no longer living at Karen House and is not as involved with us as he was.

But, he often comes to cook and for Liturgy. Ellen Rehg is with us now with a view to possibly joining our community. Pete is still working on her Master's in Community Mental Health but has given up her apartment and moved into Karen House. Mary is now Mary Dutcher, the former Mary McClellan, having taken back her birth name. Mary, too, is living again at Karen House. Ann is a resident physician at Cardinal Glennon Hospital. She still lives at Karen House, keeps her finger on the clothing room and comes up with wise solutions to many of our problems. Joe recently had a one-artist showing of 24 of his photographs of our neighborhood and many of our neighbors. Thanks to Clare and many helpers, we had a garden this year, and thanks to Clare and her compost heap we will have one next year too. These are the outstanding changes and highlights of the summer that come to mind. The rest of us are carrying on much as before, but that does not mean that each day is not full of surprises for all of us -- and many of the nights too.



A CRY FOR HELP

As winter approaches we are sending out a cry for help. Don, our only really long-term guest (off and on for most of our five years) has got to have a better place to stay than our back yard. He used to stay in our basement but one episode convinced us that could not go on. I am writing this on the feast of the Triumph of the Cross, so I'll come right out and say Don is more of a trial than a 'guest' in the usual usage. But he is not without his light side. He is perceptive and has a gently sharp sense of humor. But too much alcohol at an early age slowed him down, to put it mildly. There is no shelter, home or cheap hotel in the city or county that will keep him. He soon wears out his welcome at nursing homes and boarding houses. Not even the workhouse or City Jail want him. Maybe several priests could take turns keeping him in their rectories for a few weeks at a time during the cold weather. This is a serious appeal.

Anyone with any ideas, please speak up. Don cannot spend the winter in our back yard. We would be glad for anyone to come meet Don -- he's not as negative in value as I may have indicated, but his plusses are hard to describe.

Harriette Baggett, mother, grandmother, and Catholic Worker, is a pastoral assistant at Visitation-Holy Ghost parish on the near northside.

A

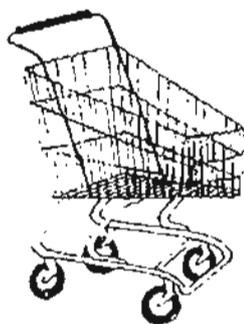
Few

Needs:

coffee,

sugar,

cheese



The Pyramids  
Pencils  
Pasta  
*The Diary of Anne Frank*  
Mona Lisa  
Helium balloons  
Roses  
"I Love Lucy"  
Tree houses  
Candles  
The Louvre  
Peanut butter  
The Times of London  
San Diego Zoo  
Japanese gardens  
Ice skating  
Baby shoes  
Political cartoons  
Bolshoi Ballet  
Stamp collecting  
Alley cats  
Plays of Tennessee Williams  
Patchwork quills  
Dodgeball  
Hopi storytelling  
The Beatles  
The Great Wall of China  
Cheeseburgers  
Penicillin  
First Kiss  
Q-Tips  
Taj Mahal  
Late-night TV  
New Orleans jazz  
Penguins  
Handel's *Messiah*  
Golden Gate Bridge  
Daddy-longleg spiders  
Iron skillets  
Dancing of Martha Graham  
Rocking chairs  
Sistine Chapel  
Bear Hugs  
Homer's *Odyssey*

Singing in the shower  
The Redwoods  
Jitterbug  
Zebras  
Corn-on-the-cob  
*Tom Sawyer*  
Beethoven's Fifth Symphony  
Seagulls  
Acupuncture  
Love letters  
New York Public Library  
Mickey Mouse  
Home remedies  
Zippers  
All-news radio  
Eiffel Tower  
Weekends  
Kites  
Christmas stockings  
*Romeo and Juliet*  
Haiku  
W.C. Fields' films  
Orange juice  
Raking leaves  
Not raking leaves  
*Aesop's Fables*  
Skyscrapers  
Snowballs  
Picasso's *Guernica*  
Chopsticks  
Dictionaries  
Instant photographs  
Cave paintings  
Polio vaccine  
*The Bible*  
Fireworks  
So Lemonade  
Dandelions  
Motown  
Basket weaving  
Sunday comics  
Bagpipes  
The Yellow Pages  
Calligraphy

Daydreams  
Curveballs  
Stradivarius violins  
Fortune cookies  
*The Koran*  
Draw Poker  
Flannel pajamas  
Blimps  
Grand Canyon  
Breast feeding  
The decimal point  
Hot cider  
*The Brothers Karamazov*  
*M.A.S.H.*  
Nextdoor neighbors  
Sound effects  
Backrubs  
Insulin  
Drums  
Skipping rocks  
Museum of Modern Art  
Scratching mosquito bites  
Boomerangs  
Paper clips  
Free parking  
Lightening bugs  
Marbles  
The wheel  
Sunday breakfast  
Hank Williams songs  
Da Vinci's *The Last Supper*  
The Bill of Rights  
Snickerdoodles  
Yard sales  
Frisbees  
Tao Te Ching  
Country roads  
Wind chimes  
Homemade ice cream  
Shakespeare  
Doubledecker buses  
Best friends  
Parsley  
Lists

# Easy come. Easy go.

The greatest treasures of our hearts and minds  
were not created in a day. But they can certainly  
be destroyed in a single afternoon.

Nuclear war is that powerful. And that possible.

Support the Freeze.



**THE**  
Because Nobody Wants A Nuclear War

# From Little House

by Mary Ann McGivern

It seems there is a lot new here this fall -- Virginia and Charlie, who had rehabbed Ella's old apartment and lived there this past year, have bought a house in Olivette and moved there. That apartment is now home to a refugee couple from Eretrea -- Roma and Tecla.

Last Spring, Roma and Medhin, another woman from Eretrea, arrived in St. Louis via Rome. We were happy to have them stay with us for several months until they were able to settle on their own. In mid-September, Roma's husband, Tecla, finally arrived. Paul, E J, Medhin and I all went with Roma to the airport to meet him. He had been en route for 14 hours; his plane was very late; we were all very tired. Nonetheless, the next day they began moving into their place here at the Little House.

Roma and Tecla had been separated for almost a year. Tecla was in jail and Roma was living with her parents and younger brother and sisters. Then Roma was arrested and jailed for about six weeks -- she thinks it was because the brother closest to her is an Eretrean guerilla and the Ethiopians thought she had information about where he was. The soldiers didn't torture or hurt her, but she left the country the day after she was released from jail, confident that Tecla would find her.

To get out of Eretrea, Roma (and Medhin too) had to walk 28 nights through semi-desert, hiding during the day from soldiers on both sides. Roma says when refugees arrive at the villages just across the border of the Sudan, the villagers cry out when they meet them over their starved condition and treat them generously. All Roma carried was some money in her shoes, pictures of her family and a bag of Spices for cooking - which she held on to faithfully for the whole journey.

Roma is 23 and all she can remember is war, not peace. Her family has been dispersed in the war; one sister has just come to Washington, D. C. Her father is in prison and has been for 6 or 7 months. No one has heard from her brother who is in the guerrilla army, and her mother, younger brother and her sisters are at home. Medhin doesn't even know that much of where her family is now and speaks very little of them, or of her life in Eretrea.

Roma and Medhin and Tecla are well educated. They are survivors who've already been through the worst. This makes them different from most people who come to the Catholic Worker -- but no less in need. Their lives bear the mark of the war between Eretrea and Ethiopia.

Ethiopia and Eretrea were separate countries, with different languages, religion and leadership until after World War II. The British then held Eretrea as a Protectorate, but they couldn't agree with the Soviets, the French and the United States as to what to do with it. Finally, in 1952, the United Nations decided that Eretrea was not ready for independence and must federate with Ethiopia. In 1957, Haile Selassie, head of Ethiopia (since well before Mussolini), set aside the Eretrean Constitution and dissolved the Parliament. The first demonstration of Eretrean resistance was 1958. Fighting began in 1961, and Ethiopia annexed Eretrea as the 14th Province in 1962.

The refugees and students from Eretrea and Ethiopia here form a strong community and seem to set aside political differences. They have been a strong emotional support to the newly arrived refugees. Many are members of the African Refugee Committee of Catholic Charities; and Ghirma, the president, talks often about the destitute in refugee camps and our responsibility to them.



The rest of us are doing well. Paul learned to read this summer when he took a Drivers' Ed course. The Loretto Learning Center had taught him phonics and the mechanics of reading, but this summer he was motivated. He tuckpointed our house foundation this summer and earned enough money doing odd jobs to pay his car insurance when he gets his driver's license. This fall he began high school.

My father died on July 8th, suddenly of a heart attack. He'd just been here two weeks before to help us raise money for CALC. His life was a gift I'm grateful for, but we miss him. He was a great admirer of Bob Corley's writing in this journal, so I hope they've met by now.

When we've been there  
ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun  
We've no less days to sing  
God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

**A  
Few  
More  
Needs:**

**Chain Saw,**

**Wheel  
Barrow,**

**Storm  
Doors**



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

# From Cass House

by Kathy Barton



It has been quite a while since you have heard from us and many things have been happening. The most exciting of which is we are getting ready to open the house for hospitality and shelter in October. After Rehabilitating, Re-evaluating, Restoring and Replenishing our energies, we are ready to Reopen. The shut-down has given us time to grow closer in community and define some of our goals. We spent three days at Marianist Apostolic Center, which gave us time to have meetings and enjoy each other.

Of course you can never write what is happening without giving many, many, many thanks to everyone who has played such an important role in the opening of our house. But one special thanks to Bill Hodel. Without his talents, we would not have had many things in order.

Jim and Donna are off starting a new life of their own in Iowa. We wish them many happy years together. Larry Moore, a live-in volunteer, has moved back to his home in Mississippi. We do have some new people to introduce: Willie Robinson, Janet McKennis

and Kathy Barton will all be live-in volunteers. Kathy and Willis have been here quite a while, and Janet will be joining us in October. We feel that these people will play an important role with hospitality.

Our kids are all growing -- Stephanie is walking; Elizabeth is in school, and Jeffery has started nursery school. Audrey is learning to drive -- so, watch out all of you who enter the driveway!

Just a few items we could use if you have spares -- beds, mattresses, plastic glasses, bedspreads, and just about anything that can be passed on to any other needy families.

We would just like to add one last special thanks to all of our supporters. Without your prayers, and help of every kind, we would cease to manage. Come and See Us!!!! Peace and God Bless You.

Kathy Barton is a new worker at Cass House, who met Barb Prosser at a TEC retreat and began volunteering at Cass. One good thing led to another. . .

## "Annual" Appeal

The Fall appeal is an honored Worker tradition, which we now invoke. Is it simple enough to say that we are in a financially precarious position? Or should we be more explicit and mention that there are not funds enough to carry us beyond next month, when the heating bills set in? Either way, we rely on your generosity to sustain us, as it has so faithfully in the past.

## THE ROUND TABLE

ST. LOUIS CATHOLIC WORKER NEWS

CASS CATHOLIC WORKER  
1849 CASS AVE. 63106

KAREN CATHOLIC WORKER  
1840 HOGAN 63106

ELLA DIXON HOUSE  
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