

# ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

## Diary Notes:

**Jan. 1**—Isabella Levitan Yanovsky telephoned. Nina Polcyn Moore also called up—we had a good, long talk. Bill Barrett went back to the Franciscans, but he will be here on and off.

**Jan. 4**—Watched I. F. Stone on a television interview—very good—"All the world wants Jefferson's moral strength."

**Jan. 6**—Heard a Boston Symphony Orchestra program on TV. Then listened to Wagner's *Siegfried* on the radio.

**Jan. 10**—Ruth Collins and Kathleen DeSutter Jordan visited, and Tina de Aragon called.

**Jan. 13**—"Solar power is thirty years away—nuclear power is necessary"—so they say! Our new farm is very near the Indian Point nuclear power plant.

**Jan. 14**—A rainy and cold Monday. Salty Wheatena for breakfast! I ate a banana instead.

**Jan. 17**—No snow yet. What a strange winter! I've been too weak and nervous to write in my diary. Dr. Karl Stern used to say he could tell a person's health by their handwriting.

**Jan. 24**—Ruth Collins called. She is sending me down some Dorothy Sayers' mysteries. (I must re-read Dorothy Sayers' introductions to Dante.) Ruth introduced me also to the Boney books, about an aboriginal detective in Australia. She is our real estate advisor, and has worked for many years on providing housing for the poor in Harlem. She loves dancing at Roseland (which the Maritains wanted to visit years ago). She is a fearless woman and a bird watcher. God love her.

**Jan. 25**—Dr. Marion Moses is our speaker at the Friday night meeting tonight. She is soon leaving for California to visit with Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers. She is interested in environmental medicine.

Margaret Quigley Garvey, from the Davenport, Iowa house, stopped in for a visit. She is in the city for a Pax Christi-USA meeting.

**Jan. 26**—Still no winter at all. No snow, ice or sleet.

Saturday's Psalm 104 reminds me of *Joseph and His Brethren* by Thomas Mann, which Peter Maurin gave me to read (someone had given it to him). It also reminds me of the Potok books (*My Name Is Asher Lev*, and others).

I have been happy with Father Frey's little Psalm book, arranged for daily reading, which Stanley gave me (bought at the book store next to the Franciscan church on 31st Street). I remember, when traveling to the West Coast to speak many years ago (the priest who invited me had sent me the train ticket with a Pullman berth), I awoke early in the morning and saw the porter, sitting in a made-up compartment nearby, reading this same little book of Psalms.

C. S. Lewis' *Reflections on the Psalms* is very illuminating. Lewis is my favorite theologian.

Tom Cornell visited this afternoon. He met his wife, Monica, at the Catholic Worker. They have two lovely children.

Tonight there is a "cabaret" party in the house. Father Geoff, O.P. is the master of ceremonies.

**Jan. 27**—Kathy Clarkson has gone for a long retreat in the Southwest.

Eileen Egan called to tell me of the death of Mairead Corrigan's sister, Anne, who had lost her children in Northern Ireland some years ago. Their killing gave rise to the Peace People's Movement.

**Jan. 28**—Dr. Marion Moses called me from the airport, on her way to California. Jean Kennedy, my godchild, visited this afternoon. She brought flowers. I showed her family pictures and we talked about our children and the Sheeds. Mary Lathrop Pope also came by—helped me mend my skirt.

Watched Leonard Bernstein on TV tonight, conducting the orchestra and playing the piano at the same time—it reminded me of Sasha Maruchess, who was a friend of his, and how he had rejoiced the night Leonard Bernstein first conducted the New York Philharmonic when the regular conductor became ill. Whenever I watch an orchestra, I always want to re-read *The First Violin* by Fothergill.

**Jan. 30**—How Green Was My Valley was on TV tonight—a movie about Welsh miners. Eileen Egan is from Wales.

Finished one Dorothy Sayers mystery and started another, *Gaudy Night*. I also have Josephine Tey books—an equally good writer. When I broke my arm at the age of twelve, Aunt Jenny, my mother's sister and my favorite aunt, sent me one Sherlock Holmes book a week, till I read them all.

There are seven women living at St. Joseph House on First Street, and Maryhouse on Third Street is full.

**Jan. 30**—A move to re-instate draft registration of men—and women!

**Feb. 1**—Bitter cold—wind also. The tree across the street was golden yellow in the sun this morning.

Gary Donatelli, Don Whitman and others have been distributing leaflets on Church teachings about disarmament each Sunday morning in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

**Feb. 4**—Early morning visitors—Sis DeAngelis, with Rosemary Haughton, who is from a community in Scotland. She had visited us at Tivoli years ago.

There were excerpts from *La Boheme* this p.m. on radio—my favorite opera in my twenties. Now, I prefer Wagner.

**Feb. 6**—Mass at 7:00 p.m. in the auditorium.—Dr. Marion Moses telephoned.—Later, I watched the Luciano Pavarotti Master Class program from Juilliard School on TV.

**Feb. 9**—Ann Perkins visited, with English shortbread. Delicious!

Listened to Verdi's *Otello* on radio from the Metropolitan Opera House this afternoon.

**Feb. 10**—Sunday Mass at 11:30 a.m. in our auditorium. Later, enjoyed Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman* on the radio.

**Feb. 11**—Monday—bright, sunny, cold. Bill and Louise Callahan sent some wonderful, old photos of Stanley, and

the Easton farm, and the old Mott Street house of hospitality.

Mass at 7:00 p.m.—Father Peter of the Little Brothers of the Gospel. Little Brother Maurice and Little Sister Simone came too. They are an order started by Charles de Foucauld. It was Peter Maurin who first told me of them.

After Mass, watched Leonard Bernstein conduct Brahms's *Symphony No. 1* on TV. To see it on television is better than just hearing it on radio.

**Feb. 13**—Deane Mowrer is going down to Washington, D.C. on March 8th, with a group from both houses, St. Joseph's and Maryhouse, and from Peter Maurin Farm, to vigil for a week at the Pentagon. I envy her her vigor. Here I sit "on the shelf" and recall the Prayer of St. Ephraim the Syrian:

Sorrow on me, beloved! that I unapt and reluctant in my will abide, and behold, winter hath come upon me, and the infinite tempest hath found me naked and spoiled and with no perfecting of good in me. I marvel at myself, O my

beloved, how I daily default and daily do repent; I build up for an hour and an hour overthrows what I have built.

At evening I say, tomorrow I will repent, but when morning comes, joyous I waste the day. Again at evening I say, I shall keep vigil all night and I shall entreat the Lord to have mercy on my sins. But when night is come, I am full of sleep.

Behold, those who received their talent along with me strive by day and night to trade with it, that they may win the word of praise and rule ten cities. But I, in my sloth, hid mine in the earth and my Lord makes haste to come, and behold, my heart trembles and I weep the day of my negligence and know not what excuse to bring. Have mercy upon me, Thou, Who alone art without sin, and save me, Who alone art pitiful and kind.

It would be ungrateful not to find enjoyment in my inactivity, not to "rejoice always," as the Psalmist said. Was it Ruskin who wrote about "the duty of delight?" What a nice phrase!



## LETTERS

STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

Dear Friends,

November 14th was one of the saddest days for all Catholic Worker people. Our good friend Stanley Vishnewski packed his bags suddenly, and hitchhiked his way up to the Lord's house. I always called Stanley the storyteller of the poor, because he told stories to the children and the poor.

Stanley was a good friend to my father and mother (Bill and Dorothy Gauchat). I think that my parents met him while they were running the Catholic Worker Farm in Avon, Ohio. They became very good friends through the years. My father and mother often made special trips to New York to see Dorothy Day and Stanley.

It was the summer of 1963 or '64 when I first met Stanley. I was nine or ten then. He brought my two sisters home from visiting in New York. He stayed and tried to help out around our house for a week or two. Stan entertained us with his wild stories.

I remember one particular evening after we had just finished our supper. Stan asked my two brothers and me if we wanted to hear some stories. Of course we said yes to him. Stanley was staying in our one-room cabin. The cabin was a red brick building and it had a cozy fireplace.

It was still daylight when we went into the cabin. Eric and David (my brothers) built a fire in the fireplace. All of us sat down on a black plastic sofa on the right side of the fireplace. Stanley told us numerous stories for maybe two or three hours.

Some of his make-believe stories were very funny, and others were very scary to listen to. When Stanley told us scary ones, I often looked at the darkness outside and shivered inside, at the thought that maybe the ghosts and goblins were waiting to kidnap me. Ever since then, Stanley has had a very special place in my heart.

About two years ago, Stanley came and stayed with us for a few days. One day, as I was rolling my wheelchair down the hall of Our Lady of the Wayside home for mentally and physically handicapped children, I overheard Stanley telling one of his best stories (Oswald the Hungry Lion) to Christy and Nina.

Christy is my adopted, cerebral palsy sister, and Nina is a nine-year-old dwarf girl. I rolled my chair to watch their faces light up, and heard their squeaking voices giggling at the storyteller of the poor.

Stanley's sudden death has to be a shocking thing for many people that knew him well. But it has to be the most wonderful experience to ever happen to the storyteller of the poor. It is because Stanley did not have to go through much of a period of suffering with his death. Oh Stanley, we will miss you, but we bet that you are very happy in heaven right now ...

Todd Gauchat

### DAY HOUSE

2640 Trumbull  
Detroit, Michigan 48216

Dear People,

The Catholic Worker house in Detroit has been doing well. Hospitality is in full swing, and the soup kitchen serves daily some 150 persons. People here have been great, supportive with time and money and prayers.

We are moving ahead to add on the other side of the Catholic Worker vision, a farm. We have purchased one near Lexington, Michigan, north of Detroit. It is a 99-acre place, with 15 acres of woods, an old farmhouse, a large barn, a chicken coop, and other buildings. We have a group of people committed and ready to begin the venture.

We are hoping to grow food for the hospitality house, the soup kitchen and ourselves. Eventually we hope to offer hospitality, too, possibly to the mentally retarded. We're committed to the organic way, and working toward self-sufficiency in food, energy, etc.

We have high hopes and great dreams, willing minds and bodies. But we are low on funds. It is a humbling experience to beg, but we live and move daily with those whose way of life is to beg. We, too, must learn to tread this course.

The farm costs \$77,000. We have \$30,000 for the downpayment. But we have no money for equipment, seeds, fertilizers, animals, etc. It would be great if the burden of the \$425 monthly mortgage payment could be lifted, so we could spend our time in farming and serving others.

We need your help, great or small. April 1st we are moving to the farm, with great hopes that folks like you around the country will see us through.

Fat Olin

## Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker invites you to join us for our weekly Friday night meetings. They are held at Maryhouse, 55 East 3rd St., between 1st and 2nd Avenues (2nd Ave. stop on the F train). Meetings begin at 8 p.m., and tea is served afterwards. All are welcome.

February 22—Round table discussion: The Return of the Draft.

February 29—Eileen Egan: Mother Teresa of Calcutta's Work and Contribution to Peace.

March 7—Rev. Charles Curran: American Catholic Social Ethics.

March 14—Jack Egan: Joy and Justice in the Puerto Rican Community.

March 21—Helen Caldicott, M.D.: Towards Peace in the Nuclear Age.

March 28—Danilo Dolci: Land Reform and Development in Sicily.

April 4—Good Friday: No Meeting.

April 11—Frederick Franck: Reading his play "EveryOne."

April 18—David McReynolds: The Arms Race and the Naked Emperor.

April 25—Sr. Virgine, O.P.: St. Catherine of Siena.