



THE SOWER

True justice is the harvest reaped by peacemakers
from seeds sown in the spirit of peace. James, 3:18

Strangers and Guests Catholic Worker Farm, Maloy, Iowa- Number 47, Fall/Winter 2023

HARVEST IN A TIME OF WAR

BETSY'S REPORT FROM THE FARM



The Summer issue of *The Sower*, published in July, described our Solstice party and told of visitors from Kansas City Germany who had just left. Since then, visitors have been sparse and the garden work continuous. We have been milking one doe, Lily, once a day and the triplet kids which were born Monday after the

Solstice party, Daisy, Louise and "brother", were soon going uphill at evening to sleep separate from their mother and coming back down in the morning, after Lily was milked. All day, then, they got to hang out with the big goats, suckle and have the protection and example of mom, grandma and auntie during the day until they were weened in September.

I went to visit in Buffalo near the end of July to see my sister Kathy, son Elijah and old friends who were gathering for a family reunion. With the strange weather early in the growing season many of our warm weather crops were slow in coming, so the tomato harvest didn't get rolling till after I returned from Buffalo. The peach tree that had bloomed and set fruit nicely suddenly wilted and died in mid-season-leaves and fruit, withering altogether-a mystery to me!

Eventually concentrated watering spurred growth of the red noodle beans on the new trellis we constructed when

Teresa arrived with her Kansas City friends. The height of the trellis put most of the beans at eye level making them easy and fun to pick, but some of the lower ones blended with the willow branches incorporated in the frame, escaping harvest till they were bulging with the bean seeds. As we get older, we like these climbing beans more and more! The cabbage and cauliflower enjoyed the cool late spring weather, and produced lavishly.

From August 1-18, Brian was gone to the Netherlands and to Germany for anti-nuclear demonstrations at NATO bases with American and European peace workers.

The okra was late, but eventually we had a bounteous yield there- the long Fall coaxing them on until October, when many plants were 6' all. Surplus was shared, frozen and pickled -one of Brian's favorite outcomes with dehydrating vegetables featured okra-combined with olive oil, cayenne pepper and salt.

We did have cherries, berries and enough pears that Brian got a good amount dried. Summer squash was slow to get going also-then produced heavily for a couple months. With tomatoes, eggs and herbs we had plenty to share. Growing a wide variety of herbs is probably one of my favorite parts of gardening here, and heading out of the kitchen to pick fresh herbs is my favorite part of cooking. We had some successes there. I didn't even imagine that a tarragon plant could get as big as ours was this year-not a tidy shape but wonderful vigor and flavor. The sage clump in our older herb garden was dominated this year by a hearty sage plant.

Last year the goats were eager to slip out the gate and start eating sage, to the point where I thought the plant might



Okra was one crop that did not disappoint in a challenging year

die back over the winter. After I adopted the policy of no tolerance for sage thieves, they changed their tactics and dashed for the flowering plum tree for a snack instead, and the sage has recovered nicely.

One logistical challenge all summer involved

rerouting many of our usual trips as the main route to Maloy from neighboring towns was under reconstruction for months and the alternative routes to get where we needed to go were on gravel roads. All trips to the north and east took extra time.

In September, Brian went across Iowa to the Midwest Catholic Worker gathering at Sugar Creek. Kimberly and Terry, two friends from Kansas City, drove here the day before to see our place in Maloy and stay overnight, then they moved on, taking Brian with them.



Clara and Stephen Rockwood married in Oregon on September 16

The weekend of September 15-17, we flew to Eugene, Oregon, for our daughter Clara's wedding. Colyn, Hilary and Nell Burbank came from Des Moines to Maloy to take care of things here while we were away. We met our son Elijah and my sister Kathy in Eugene and rode out to the "Sky Camp" where Clara and Stephen had gathered up family and friends for the weekend of celebration. Upon return to Iowa, it was time to start preparing the garden for frosts and freezes by harvesting tender things.

In October we remember our move to Maloy in 1986. The little herb garden near the goats' gate is where I planted several of the herbs that I brought along from our Davenport yard: peppermint, lemon balm were the most successful transplants, and the lemon balm persists the to the present-after 37 years. Eventually we moved the peppermint to grow along with the asparagus and chocolate mint took its place. Chives, oregano and thyme are there now also, visible from the kitchen window and a quick trip from the kitchen. They are joined by some more less common plants. The dill has maintained a presence there-reappearing by self-sown seeds, and the lavender scents the path to goats.



Our friend Nell came with her parents Hilary and Colyn Burbank from Des Moines to keep the goats, cats and chickens company while we were at Clara's wedding

In October Brian was headed back to Nevada as part of his work for the Nevada Desert Experience. They had a weekend of events planned in Las Vegas and in the desert, called Justice for Our Desert. On November 4, he joined hundreds in Des Moines, demanding a cease fire in Gaza.

We had several light frosts in warning before a serious freeze ended the season for the majority of the garden. Brian was home in time to help me with selling our woven goods at the Clarinda Craft Carnival. We had a good day-though I find it very tiring it is also a great opportunity to meet hundreds of people who appreciate handmade items and craftsmanship.

The pasture grasses have slowed their growth with the short days, so it was time for this year's little goats to move on. We loaded them into the back of the car and took them for a ride to a livestock auction this week. With the shorter days, the chickens' egg production is down. Winter will overtake us soon-and Advent is just a couple weeks off.

I am making plans for our annual craft retreat here in

January and we expect that our house, so quiet these past months, will be filled with laughter, song and creative energy!

Our gratitude to God and to our friends for helping keep our precarious footing on this little piece of land these past 37 years. We wish all a happy Christmas and peace in the New Year.



Participants in Strangers and Guests Craft Retreat, January 2020

Betsy

Called to be Saints- and Revolutionists

by Brian Terrell

“We are all called to be saints,” Dorothy Day is often quoted as saying, especially these days as the church considers her own canonization, “and we might as well get over our bourgeois fear of the name.” Less often related is that she would also have us get over our narrow churchy notions of what it means to be a saint.

In a 1946 editorial in the *Catholic Worker*, “Called to be Saints,” Day noted that the concept that all people are called to be saints was met with suspicion in Catholic circles. Today some bishops and academics lament that the *Catholic Worker Movement* has departed from the original Catholic vision of its founders, but in this editorial Day showed that there were many such critics from the beginning, and that much of their vitriol in those early days was directed at her. “In fact, so constantly these past 13 years of the paper’s existence,” she wrote, “charges of heresy are bandied back and forth.”

If Catholics largely ignored or condemned the *Catholic Worker*’s call in 1946 for all to be saints, Day rejoiced to find glimmers of hope that the idea was catching on elsewhere. This encouragement did not come from Day’s beloved Pope Pius XII in Rome, from Catholic theologians, or from the social encyclicals she studied, but from three decidedly non-Catholic novelists. “Now we are filled with encouragement these days,” she wrote, “to find that it is not only the *Catholic Worker* lay movement, but writers like Ignazio Silone, Aldous Huxley, and Arthur Koestler who are also crying aloud for a synthesis—the saint-revolutionist who would impel by his example, others to holiness.”

Day continued on to say, “Recognizing the difficulty of the aim, Silone has drawn pictures of touching fellowship with the lowly, the revolutionist living in voluntary poverty, in hunger and cold, in the stable, and depending on ‘personalist action’ to move the world. *Bread and Wine*, *The Seed Beneath the Snow* are filled with this message.”

Silone was a founding member of the Communist Party of Italy and one of its covert leaders during the Fascist regime. Expelled from the party due to his opposition to Joseph Stalin, Silone would later refer to

himself as “a Socialist without a party, a Christian without a church.” Pietro Spina, the protagonist of the two novels that Day so admired, a “revolutionist living in voluntary poverty, in hunger and cold,” was a political exile who returned to Italy disguised as a Catholic priest to organize a revolt against the Fascist state. Pietro Spina’s rejection of the church into which he was baptized and his life outside its rules did not preclude him from being the archetype of the saint Day was convinced we are all called to be.

Another contemporary of Day’s, Arthur Koestler was a Hungarian-born Jew who, like Silone, left the Communist Party disillusioned by Stalinism. The saint-revolutionist that Day likely referenced was Nikolai Salmanovich Rubashov, the central character of Koestler’s 1941 novel *Darkness at Noon*. Rubashov was an old Bolshevik, not a believer, but one whose suffering and

execution in a Soviet prison mirrored the suffering of Christ.

The English philosopher and novelist Aldous Huxley was not a Catholic either but was devoted to Vedantic (Hindu) philosophy, meditation, and vegetarianism. He is best known for his dystopian novel *Brave New World*, whose nonconformist protagonist Bernard Marx seems to be a saint-

revolutionist who inspired Day, even though he took his own life in despair at the end of the novel.

Day found the saint-revolutionist synthesis not only in fictional characters but also in living secular social justice activists. In her 1964 eulogy for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, secretary general of the Communist Party, USA, Day noted that the Ecumenical Council had stressed “this is the age of the laity” and that Gurley Flynn “always did what the laity is nowadays urged to do. She felt a responsibility to do all in her power in defense of the poor, to protect them against injustice and destitution.” In 1971, when Black communist activist Angela Davis was on trial for murder, Day insisted that “since Christ is our brother, Angela Davis is our sister, and we love and esteem her as such.” Day said of Davis, who was later exonerated: “All generations shall call her blessed.”

The Catechism of the Catholic Church teaches:

“The witnesses who have preceded us into the kingdom, especially those whom the church recognizes as saints, share in the living tradition of prayer by the example of their lives, the transmission of their writings, and their prayer today. . . . Their intercession is their most exalted service to God’s plan. We can and should ask them to intercede for us and for the whole world.”

“It is not only the *Catholic Worker* lay movement, but writers like Ignazio Silone, Aldous Huxley, and Arthur Koestler who are also crying aloud for a synthesis—the saint-revolutionist who would impel by his example, others to holiness.”

Dorothy Day

In all of her writing about the many saints she loved, Day never so clearly mirrored the official Catholic language as when she wrote of a saint who was not recognized by the church, a saint who had never been baptized or one who had never accepted Catholic doctrine and discipline. “There is no public figure who has more conformed his life to the life of Jesus Christ than Gandhi,”



Ade Bethune

Day wrote in her column after Gandhi was martyred in 1948. “There is no man who has carried about him more consistently the aura of divinized humanity, who has added his sacrifice to the sacrifice of Christ, whose life has had a more fitting end than that of Gandhi. Truly he is one of those who has added his own sufferings to those of Christ, whose sacrifice and martyrdom will forever be offered to the Eternal Father as compensating for those things lacking in the Passion of Christ. In him we have a new intercessor with Christ; a

modern Francis, a pacifist martyr.”

While her admonition is often interpreted as “all Christians are called to be saints,” Day’s intent was universal. Proclaiming that all are called to be saints, Day was not suggesting that all are called to be good Catholics or good Christians or even to believe in God. The saint-revolutionist synthesis, the personalist action that the world is even more urgently crying aloud for today, and the holiness that its example will impel in others have nothing to do with piety, religious confessions, or the sacraments. Its efficacy will not be measured or even perceived by the Vatican’s Dicastery for the Causes of Saints. As much as Day herself found her home in the church and strength in its sacraments, such considerations are not necessarily relevant to the revolutionary sanctity that Dorothy Day said that each person is called to.

“We are called to be saints, St. Paul said, and Peter Maurin called on us to make that kind of society where it was easier to be saints. Nothing less will work,” Day wrote in a 1958 appeal for funds. “Nothing less is powerful enough to combat war and the all-encroaching state.”

This article appeared originally in the November, 2023, issue of U.S. Catholic magazine, reprinted with permission. U.S. Catholic is published by the Claretian Missionaries. Call 1-800-328-6515 for subscription information.

“THE ONLY SANE SOLUTION...”

Catholic Workers to Protest Nuclear Bomb Production in Kansas City, April 12-15

by Brian Terrell

“We still hold that nonviolent resistance is the only sane solution,” Dorothy Day wrote in 1940, in a time of war much like our own, minus the daily escalating threat of nuclear annihilation that we face today. “We have to continue to make our voice heard until we are finally silenced--and even then, in jail or concentration camp, to express ourselves.” In that spirit, Catholic Workers and other activists in Kansas City will be hosting the annual Spring Midwest Catholic Worker Resistance Retreat there April 12-15.

Each spring for more than 20 years, Catholic Workers and their fellow travelers have left their homes, houses of hospitality and farms to lend support for a local campaign of resistance somewhere in the Midwest.

The Kansas City National Security Campus, (KCNSC) “creating technology roadmaps to ensure we’re at the forefront of national security innovation,” along with the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, the Los Alamos National Laboratory, The Nevada National Security Site, the Pantex Plant, the Sandia National Laboratories and the Y-12 National Security Complex, is a facility of the US Department of Energy’s National Nuclear Security Administration (NNSA). With some 7,000 employees, the Kansas City “campus” produces more than 80% of the U.S. nuclear weapons’ non-nuclear components.

In January, 2022, officials at the Kansas City National Security Campus announced the completion of the B61-12 Life Extension Program’s First Production Unit (FPU): “It is with great pride and excitement that we see the B61-12 achieve FPU,” said Eric Wollerman, President of Honeywell Federal Manufacturing & Technologies which manages and operates the campus.

The new B61-12 bombs are on their way to replace the old B61 freefall gravity bombs at bases in five NATO countries in a “nuclear sharing” arrangement. These new more flexible bombs with adjustable tail assemblies that allow them to be guided and a built-in option to dial up to 50 kilotons (three times the destructive power of the Hiroshima bomb) or down to less than one kiloton, are the nuclear weapons closest to the borders of Russia. If or when the order is given, they will be “delivered” to their targets by their host countries’ air forces.

New technologies like the B61-12 have inspired optimism in U.S. war planners that a nuclear war, once started, can be controlled and brought to decisive victory. Talk that was unthinkable 20 years ago, that “using nuclear weapons could create conditions for decisive results and the restoration of strategic stability,” in the words of a June, 2019, report by the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, “and create conditions that affect how commanders will prevail in conflict” has become commonplace. On October 12, 2023, the Congressional Commission on the Strategic Posture of the United States published its report on the dangers posed by China and Russia, suggesting that “the United States and its Allies and partners must be ready to deter and defeat both adversaries simultaneously.”

Responding to “the demands of a rapidly evolving security environment,” on October 27 the Department of Defense announced that “the United States will pursue a modern variant of the B61 nuclear gravity bomb, designated the B61-13” to be developed and produced by the NNSA. With a larger payload than the B61-12, the B61-13 “would be deliverable by modern aircraft, strengthening deterrence of adversaries and assurance of allies and partners by providing the President with additional options against certain harder and large-area military tar-gets,” according to the DOD.

The doctrine of “mutually assured destruction,” that a nuclear war could have no winners and would annihilate the combatant parties and leave much of the planet life-less, was never a good plan for lasting peace. The existential fear that griped the planet in the cold war years, “not a way of life at all, in any true sense,” President Eisenhower said in 1953, but “humanity hanging from a cross of iron,” didn’t prevent endless conflicts and wars of proxy, but somehow, by sheer luck some say, a final nuclear weapons exchange had not happened in those years.

In the 1990s, there was some real progress toward dis-armament and even now, the nations of the world are uniting in support of a total prohibition of nuclear weapons. Over the past three administrations, however, the United States has led the other nuclear powers in a new arms race. For elected officials and policy makers, talk of arms reduction has been replaced by “stockpile steward-ship,” ensuring the nuclear threat for future generations. While quality of life declines globally and the world faces imminent climate collapse, the U.S.

Department of Energy commits trillions of dollars for “life extension” of the B61-12 and other weapons systems.

Hi-tech solutions pursued at places like the security campus in Kansas City inspire “great pride and excitement” in the hearts of corporate executives, but they do not make us any wiser nor the weapons any less destructive. In August, United Nations Secretary-General António Guterres warned “This year, we face an alarming rise in global mistrust and division. At a time in which nearly 13,000 nuclear weapons are stockpiled around the world — and countries are working to improve their accuracy, reach and destructive power — this is a recipe for annihilation.”

“Since war preparation brought war,” suggested Peter Maurin, co-founder of the Catholic Worker with Dorothy Day, “why not quit preparing for war?”

This will be the second such retreat and action by Catholic Workers at the Kansas City National Security Campus. The first one in 2011 drew some 150 participants and culminated in fifty-three arrests on May 2 for blocking the construction of what was to become the nation’s first nuclear weapons production facility to be built in 33 years. Since then, Catholic Workers have regularly participated in protests and resistance there, as they had at the weapons plant that preceded it, sponsored by PeaceWorks Kansas City.

In August 2023, to commemorate the anniversaries of the destructions of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Jeanette Noel Catholic Worker in Amsterdam convened a peace camp at Volkel, the Dutch air base where a U.S. Air Force squadron maintains B61 bombs ready to be loaded onto Dutch bombers at a moment’s notice. In recent years, Catholic Workers from around Europe and the U.S. have joined protests at Büchel, the German “nuclear sharing” air base, sponsored by the German coalition, “Büchel is Everywhere!” In April, we will meet those bombs at their source.

“**Fill the Jails!**” was Dorothy Day’s urgent advice to Catholic Workers during the war on Vietnam. The earth has not seen such perilous times as the “rapidly evolving security environment” that we are living through today. Details for this spring’s retreat in Kansas City are in process, but what is envisioned is a weekend of education, prayer, reflection, fellowship and training, followed on Monday, April 15, with nonviolent direct action to disrupt the deadly business as usual at the Kansas City National Security Campus. More information to follow.



Dorothy Day, booked at New York’s Women’s House of Detention, after protesting nuclear war preparation, July, 1956.

Photo by Robert Lax.

Peter Maurin, Master Agitator

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

Peter Maurin was Peter to those of us who knew and loved him. No one ever thought of calling him by the formal title of Mr. In fact, once, when a visitor did ask to speak to Mr. Maurin, it took a few seconds for the fact to register. "Oh, you want Peter," we said.

Peter used to relate with glee the time that he was introduced from a platform as Dr. Maurin. He recalled how, when the chairman asked him from which university he had graduated, he had replied: "From Union Square." A smile diffused his wrinkle-lined face as Peter added: "And they never called me Doctor since."

Peter eschewed titles and dignities. He rejoiced in the fact that he was looked upon as an Apostle on The Bum. The one title that he loved was the one that **The Catholic Worker** conferred upon him and that was Master Agitator. His eyes would come alive and his lips would relax in a smile as he would tell awe-struck visitors: "I am an agitator."

Unsatisfied Customers

It was to spread his message of personalism that Peter became a wanderer, an Apostle on The Bum, a Master Agitator, a troubadour of God. He went everywhere, depending in great measure on God's Providence, to spread his message of love. Peter, in his humility, thought that people would discount his shabby, tramp-like appearance and would listen to him. But he failed to realize that the American mentality was more concerned with outward appearances than with

ideas—and so his crumpled clothes (he often slept in them) usually put people off.

There was the priest who wrote in and demanded his money back that he had advanced for Peter's carfare. He wrote indignantly that we had sent a bum to lecture to his group.

Then there was the time when we put Peter on a train to speak at a conference upstate only to get a phone call a few hours later asking where Peter Maurin was. The caller disclosed that she had met the train but that a workingman was the only passenger that had disembarked. "That was Peter," Dorothy said.

Once Peter was able to get past the initial prejudice, then the force of his humility and his message got through. "It gets people," Peter would say—"It makes to think." I had the privilege of being with Peter on many occasions, some formal and some informal, when Peter would be denied the right to speak. But once he started talking, the American sense of fair play having prevailed, he would hold his audience enthralled, to be met at his conclusion with thunderous applause.

Peter was primarily a teacher — he was a man who had seen a vision of a better social order and wished to impart that knowledge to all who would listen. And when people were put off by his appearance or by his strong French accent, he took to writing out his thoughts in phrased meditations and leaving them with people who had said that they were too busy to speak to him. (It was John Day, Dorothy's brother, who first called

Peter's writings "Easy Essays.")

People were also put off by Peter's vision of a new social order.

Those who thought in terms of vast mass movements, state aid, and high powered, richly endowed organizations, quickly dismissed as hopelessly impractical, Peter's message of personal responsibility, of how Christ means for each and every one of us to be our brother's (and sister's) keeper.

"I do not preach a new philosophy," he would say, "but one that is so old that it looks like new." "I am not a denouncer," he once said, "but an announcer."

A Revolutionary Doctrine

What was it that Peter wanted to announce? It was simply the Sermon on The Mount: a doctrine that was so revolutionary that scholars had wrapped it up in nice phraseology and so rendered it harmless. It was time, Peter thought, to take the wraps off that doctrine and make Christianity the revolutionary life force that it is.

What was this revolutionary program that Peter announced, so simple that it was mind-befuddling in its reality? People are hungry and are homeless. Do we sit down, compile statistics and file report after report? The solution is obvious to those who have eyes to see: we feed people who are hungry and we provide shelter for those who are homeless. Therefore, the first plank in Peter's program: House of Hospitality.

A saint once told us that it is impossible to preach to a man on an empty

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This reflection on Peter Maurin, cofounder of the Catholic Worker movement with Dorothy Day, by Stanley Vishnewski, is copied from the May, 1977, issue of *The Catholic Worker* newspaper. Stanley, who died on November 14, 1979, was still in his teens when he was one of the first to join Peter and Dorothy at the start of their venture in 1933. Stanley was a friend and mentor to both Betsy and Brian in their early days with the CW in New York City and the farm at Tivoli.



Painting in the tunnels under Hwy 95, between Peace Camp and the nuclear test site

The weekend of October 6, 7 and 8, Brian joined a small contingent of activists from Nevada, New York, Georgia, California and Iowa gathered in Las Vegas and Nevada's Mojave Desert to celebrate the desert and offer nonviolent resistance to the militarism that threatens it along with the rest of the planet.



Crech Air Force Base, home to US lethal drone program

AGITATOR

(continued from page 6)

stomach. Unfortunately, many preachers took this to mean that it was their own stomach that first had to be filled before they could preach. When another saint told us that the coat that hangs in our closet belongs to the poor, many people went rushing to remove their closets.

How sad it is that so many Christian scholars have lulled the rich into a false sense of security by glossing over the hard words of the Bible — that it is harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven . . .

But once having taken care of the needs of the poor at a personal sacrifice, we come to the second plank of Peter's program: Round Table Discussions. It is in the light of history that we study the problems of today. It is in the light of history that we understand why things are as they are. It is in the light of history that we are able to make a path from things as they are to things as they should be.

The third plank of Peter's program was the most controversial. It was the establishment of Farming Communities: agrarian communities; distributism; co-operatives; village economy — call it what you want: The Green Revolution . . . return to the land. In essence, it means that "there is no unemployment on the land" as long as people are willing to work for themselves and not for a boss.

The Catholic Worker has never considered itself an organization. Rather it is a living growth of people (non-Catholic as well as Catholic) banded together in houses of hospitality, farming communities, and cells throughout the country that keep alive the idea that we are our brother's keeper.

What about the future of the Catholic Worker, people ask? "The Catholic Worker has no organization. It seems to lack structure. How are you going to support yourselves? What is going to happen to the movement when the present leaders are dead?" It is foolish to speculate on the future. The problem is the present—the Now. It is true to say that The Catholic Worker movement, which was founded by Peter Maurin, does not depend on a geographical location (i.e. First Street or the Tivoli Farm or even the paper). The Catholic Worker will be with us as long as there is one person in need and another person who can fulfil that need.



Protests of "Nuclear Sharing" at Bases in The Netherlands and Germany



On August 9, the 78th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki, Brian was among 16 nuclear abolitionists and climate activists who were arrested when they started to dig a tunnel under the fence of Volkel Air Base in the Netherlands. The international group of Dutch, German, Italian and American activists meant to occupy the runway and call to abolish nuclear weapons and CO2 emissions by the armed forces. U.S. nuclear weapons are stockpiled at Volkel as part of NATO's "nuclear sharing" practice that continues in contradiction of the 1970 Nuclear Non-proliferation Treaty.



On August 14, Brian joined 10 activists from Europe and the U.S. who blocked the gate of Büchel air base in Germany that is used for construction work to prepare the base for new nuclear bombs and new F-35 fighter bomber jets. After blocking the road for more than two hours, the 11 were arrested and released after being banned from the vicinity for 24 hours.

The new B61-12 bombs to be based at Volkel and Büchel are being made in Kansas City! **On April 15, we will meet those bombs at their source!** See *"The only Sane Solution,"* page 4

THE SOWER

Strangers and Guests

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"You do not know of what spirit you are," our Lord said when his apostles urged that fire from heaven would come down on the hostile country. Forty thousand bombs were dropped on a city of 45,000. Who made up that city? Men, women and children, the old and the sick and the crippled. The innocent, the noncombatant in other words. A thousand guerilla soldiers were "fried" the World Telegram quoted a soldier, when jellied gasoline was dropped on them, to "mop them up." God have mercy on them all and those who killed them as well as those who died!... Lest these words which I write on my knees be scorned, know they are St. John's words, the apostle of love, who lived to see "charity grow cold" and who never ceased to cry out "my children, love one another." It is the only word for Christmas when love came down to the mire, to teach us that love.

Dorothy Day, Christmas 1950

THE WORKS OF MERCY
FEED THE HUNGRY.
GIVE DRINK TO THE
THIRSTY. CLOTHE
THE NAKED. VISIT
THE SICK. SHELTER
THE HOMELESS. TO
VISIT THE PRISON-
ERS. TO BURY THE
DEAD. PRAY FOR THE
LIVING AND THE DEAD.



THE WORKS OF WAR
DESTROY CROPS AND
LAND - SEIZE FOOD
SUPPLIES - DESTROY
HOMES & VILLAGES.
SCATTER FAMILIES.
CONTAMINATE
WATER - IMPRISON
DISSENTERS - INFLECT
WOUNDS AND BURNS
KILL THE LIVING.

Rita Corbin