



# 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 51 Winter-Spring, 2025

## Betsy's Mid-Winter Report

Brian wrote last Fall about finishing things up in the garden. The hardier plants carried on into November; celery, parsley and carrots. There was lettuce that had "volunteered" and a few snow peas from a fall planting. We kept digging carrots, potatoes and also parsnips, with some parsnips left for the spring. We continued garden clean-up as weather allowed, gathering up stakes and cages, dragging spent plants to the goats or some for burning. Brian dug a batch of horseradish roots for grinding. Last chance batches of parsley, basil and some herbs were dried or frozen.

Our final weaving sales event of the year was in Des Moines at the Intentional Eucharistic Community. Their Alternative Gift Market provides a nice gathering for people to raise money for various projects close to their hearts—some local and some international. We were able to spend some time and get up to date with lots of old friends there.

Also in November, Brian traveled to Yankton, South Dakota for the memorial service for our friend Michael



Krampus, the Christmas Goat

Sprong. I took a day trip to Lawrence, Kansas to see Violet Schorsch and her little boys, who were visiting from Chicago. The steady stream of visitors to Maloy we had in Spring and Summer dried up.

Time was rolling around for us to arrange breeding for our goats, to ensure milk for the coming year, and the joy and entertainment of the lively antics of kids in

the spring, so we inquired with the Amish family who has been helping us out. They are part of a group selling goat milk to a cheese business in Wisconsin and keep some male



goats for their dairy herds. Due to some complications we found that the most direct solution would be for us to buy a buck from them and resell him when his work is accomplished. I explained that we didn't have room to keep a buck goat and would need to sell him again promptly, and then we discussed when they would next be hiring someone to

transport goats that they wanted to sell to the Maryville sheep and goat auction, in early February. So, we agreed to send a check, assisted the stinky fellow into the back of the car, and drove off to introduce him to his new mini-herd.

Arriving in Maloy just days before Christmas, Brian decided to call him "Krampus," after the half-goat, half-demon counterpart to St. Nicholas who punishes misbehaving children in central European legend. Krampus has been easier to handle than we expected, and although four full grown goats is a little crowded for our barn, the goats much preferred being all together. The female goats don't share our prejudice about the odor.

But I should tell you about the car. Brian neglected to mention, when writing about the Fall season, that in October we had been given a used car from the White Rose Catholic Worker Farm in northern Missouri. Our little blue Ford had recurring problems with the steering, that many repairs hadn't resolved. The recent gift vehicle had some issues also, mostly with the diagnostic systems, but enough of those are fixed now to make it suitable for our needs. A roomier vehicle, it is big for us, though it was too small for John and Regina's growing family. So, the little blue car is now gone.

Since Krampus arrived, we finished off milking for the season. While we have a few more chores with an extra goat to tend, we have a break from the regular washing of buckets and bottles and figuring out how to use up the milk. We've

had a bit of a rest from both garden and milk related chores. My fingers are glad to be spared the removing of gloves during the coldest weather.



**Cedar tree, cut from a fence line, decorated on Christmas Eve and an Epiphany feast for the goats one week later**

Toward the end of November, Brian and I both got sick with a respiratory bug going around and were coughing and low in energy through Thanksgiving time and the beginning of December. I was finishing up some weaving projects meant to be holiday gifts for a customer and for our kids. This winter has been plenty

cold, but the snow storms have passed us by (so far!), either to the north or the south, to my disap-

pointment. When there are short gray days, I love having a white blanket of snow to brighten the winter landscape.

We perked up in time for Christmas, decorated a little cedar tree and enjoyed a Christmas feast with our friends the Maxas in Lenox. The celebration at the little parish in Mount Ayr (dedicated to St. Joseph) where I play music,

was very simple. I took a bit of time off from weaving and we did a jigsaw puzzle. Later in Christmas week we hosted a party for carol singing and gathered some of our old friends, for sharing food and fellowship in song. From oldest to youngest, we made our own music, and our own fun.

As usual we stretched out our Christmas observance as long as possible. I see it as yet another of God's gifts especially to procrastinators! Now we are looking forward-preparing for the craft retreat, and for Brian's trip to Germany where he will join again with European peacemakers and sample the jail experience in yet another country. I need to turn attention to garden planning and ordering seeds and plants, as soon as this *Sower* is printed and on its way to our friends.

As we look forward to spring and summer we wonder where the energy will come from to continue our Catholic Worker presence here in southwest Iowa. We keep connected through visiting, writing, over the phone and online. A dozen or so folks will take part in the craft retreat, and we also expect visitors from the new Saint Louis Catholic Worker House in March. Brian will be away to Germany, then to New York presenting at a symposium for the Dorothy Day Guild at Manhattan College, and another Holy Week with the Nevada Desert Experience in Nevada in April. I hope visitors will still be coming to sample a simple life of eating what we grow, talking about what is important and sharing skills and stories.

## JOIN THE 'SACRED PEACE WALK' FROM LAS VEGAS TO THE NUCLEAR TEST SITE HOLY WEEK, APRIL 12-18

*Brian will be out of prison in time to join his friends in Nevada and help coordinate this amazing annual event!*

**In this time of fear and uncertainty, of electoral upheaval at home and of devastating wars in the middle east and in eastern Europe bringing the planet to the brink of nuclear destruction, of unaddressed spiraling climate chaos, the Nevada Desert Experience invites you to join us in an event of hope and resistance in the desert.**



Over Holy Week, April 12-18, 2025, as for most of the past 40 years, NDE will host The Sacred Peace Walk, an interfaith journey of approximately 60 miles from Las Vegas to the Nevada National Security Site (NNSS, formerly the Nevada Test Site) through the Mojave in Nevada, on the beautiful traditional lands of the indigenous Western Shoshone and Paiute peoples. Holy Week is late this year and April is a lovely time to hike and camp in the desert! For more information and to register see <http://nevadadesertexperience.org/spw>



## Pope Francis opens 2025 Jubilee year: dreaming of 'new world where peace and justice reign'

*Excerpts from SPES NON CONFUNDIT "Hope does not disappoint" BULL OF INDICTION OF THE ORDINARY JUBILEE OF THE YEAR 2025 by FRANCIS, BISHOP OF ROME*

As the Second Vatican Council observed: "In every age, the Church has the responsibility of reading the signs of the times and interpreting them in the light of the Gospel. In this way, in language adapted to every generation, she can respond to people's persistent questions about the meaning of this present life and of the life to come, and how one is related to the other". We need to recognize the immense goodness present in our world, lest we be tempted to think ourselves overwhelmed by evil and violence. The signs of the times, which include the yearning of human hearts in need of God's saving presence, ought to become signs of hope.

The first sign of hope should be the desire for peace in our world, which once more finds itself immersed in the tragedy of war. Heedless of the horrors of the past, humanity is confronting yet another ordeal, as many peoples are prey to brutality and violence. What does the future hold for those peoples, who have already endured so much? How is it possible that their desperate plea for help is not motivating world leaders to resolve the numerous regional conflicts in view of their possible consequences at the global level? Is it too much to dream that arms can fall silent and cease to rain down destruction and death? May the Jubilee remind us that those who are peacemakers will be called "children of God" (Mt 5:9). The need for peace challenges us all, and demands that concrete steps be taken. May diplomacy be tireless in its commitment to seek, with courage and creativity, every opportunity to undertake negotiations aimed at a lasting peace.

During the Holy Year, we are called to be tangible signs of hope for those of our brothers and sisters who experience hardships of any kind. I think of prisoners who, deprived of their freedom, daily feel the harshness of detention and its restrictions, lack of affection and, in more than a few cases, lack of respect for their persons. I propose that in this Jubilee Year

governments undertake initiatives aimed at restoring hope; forms of amnesty or pardon meant to help individuals regain confidence in themselves and in society; and programs of reintegration in the community, including a concrete commitment to respect for law.

Signs of hope should also be present for migrants who leave their homelands behind in search of a better life for themselves and for their families. Their expectations must not be frustrated by prejudice and rejection. A spirit of welcome, which embraces everyone with respect for his or her dignity, should be accompanied by a sense of responsibility, lest anyone be denied the right to a dignified existence. Exiles, displaced persons and refugees, whom international tensions force to emigrate in order to avoid war, violence and discrimination, ought to be guaranteed security and access to employment and education, the means they need to find their place in a new social context.

I ask with all my heart that hope be granted to the billions of the poor, who often lack the essentials of life. Before the constant tide of new forms of impoverishment, we can easily grow inured and resigned. Yet we must not close our eyes to the dramatic situations that we now encounter all around us, not only in certain parts of the world. Each day we meet people who are poor or impoverished; they may even be our next-door neighbors. Often, they are homeless or lack sufficient food for the day. They suffer from exclusion and indifference on the part of many. It is scandalous that in a world possessed of immense resources, destined largely to producing weapons, the poor continue to be "the majority of the planet's population, billions of people. These days they are mentioned in international political and economic discussions, but one often has the impression that their problems are brought up as an afterthought, a question which gets added almost out of duty or in a tangential way, if not treated merely as collateral damage. Indeed, when all is said and done, they frequently remain at the bottom of the pile". Let us not forget: the poor are almost always the victims, not the ones to blame.



Ade Bethune

## Permanent Dissatisfaction-

### Dorothy Day and Making Sense of Being Catholic in this Jubilee Year

by Brian Terrell

“How could one remain in such a Church?” asked the Italian author and playwright Ignazio Silone, referencing the silence and complicity of the Catholic Church during the Fascist years of his youth. “That evasion, on the part of the shepherds who had always claimed the moral leadership of their flock, was an intolerable scandal.” Silone’s American contemporary and cofounder of the Catholic Worker Dorothy Day often expressed her admiration of and affinity with him, even as she joined the same Church that he rejected. Still, Silone’s question was not lost on Dorothy and in 2025, it should not be lost on us.

How could Dorothy remain in the Catholic Church?

Theologian and “owner of a Catholic Worker farm” Larry Chapp, in an April 5, 2023 commentary in *The National Catholic Register*, “Whither the Catholic Worker” equates Dorothy’s “politics” with that of Joseph Ratzinger, a politics, he says, “that was only possible in the light of a robust faith in Christ.” A faith, Chapp says, “without compartmentalized bifurcation between the ‘institutional hierarchical Church’ and the ‘Church of the people.’” “If you do not understand this point about her Catholic faith,” Chapp asserts (“I will be blunt here,” he says) “and how central the totality of this faith was to the entirety of her vision, then you quite simply have no idea who Dorothy Day was.”

From the beginning, though, a “compartmentalized bifurcation” between the “institutional hierarchical Church” and the “Church of the people” was the indispensable anchor that made it possible for Dorothy to enter the Church to begin with and to remain a faithful Catholic for the rest of her life. “I loved the Church for Christ made visible,” she said, “not for itself, because it was so often a scandal to me.”

In her 1938 memoir *From Union Square to Rome*, Dorothy justified her decision to have her newborn daughter baptized even before her own conversion: “That bitterness felt by so many in the radical labor movement toward what they call ‘organized religion’ was mixed with the knowledge of the divinity of the Catholic Church.” She “could only always console” herself, she wrote, “with

Christ’s words that the greatest enemies would be those of the ‘household.’”

The paradoxical comfort that Dorothy got from Jesus’ warning that our worst enemies are of our own household, often paired with the prophet Isaiah’s “in peace is my bitterness most bitter,” was expressed in her writing through the rest of her life. Sometimes applied to bourgeois Catholics in general, occasionally even to her fellow members of the Catholic Worker movement, but most often to the clergy and hierarchs of the Church. “The scandal of businesslike priests, of collective wealth, the lack of a sense of responsibility for the poor, the worker, the Negro, the Mexican, the Filipino, and even the oppression of these,

and the consenting to the oppression of them by our industrialist-capitalist order – these made me feel often that priests were more like Cain than Abel,” she wrote in 1949. It was these enemies, not the Communists, not the abortion advocates, not even fascists nor the industrialists who profit from war and oppression, that Dorothy prayed most fervently for the grace to forgive. “Of all hostilities,” she

said, “one of the saddest is the war between clergy and laity.”

On at least one occasion, in her January, 1967 column in *The Catholic Worker*, Dorothy specifically named one of these enemies of our household, Francis Cardinal Spellman, archbishop of New York, for his support of the United States’ homicidal war on the people of Vietnam: “I can sit in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament and wrestle for that peace in the bitterness of my soul, a bitterness which many Catholics throughout the world feel, and I can find many things in Scripture to console me, to change my heart from hatred to love of enemy. ‘Our worst enemies are those of our own household,’ Jesus said... As to the Church, where else shall we go, except to the Bride of Christ, one flesh with Christ? Though she is a harlot at times, she is our Mother.”

Kate Hennessy, in her 2017 biography, *Dorothy Day: The World Will Be Saved by Beauty: An Intimate Portrait of My Grandmother* confessed, “I turned away from the Worker, and I turned away from the Church, for without the Catholic Worker, the Catholic Church made no sense

**The choice today is even more clear. We know more now. We can choose to leave the Church as Ignazio Silone did or we can stay with it, permanently dissatisfied, as Romano Guardini and Dorothy Day choose, but to remain in it happy and comfortable, complacent and blind to its many scandals is not a moral choice at all.**

to me.” Reading Dorothy’s accounts in her memoirs and letters of events surrounding her conversion in 1927 up until she met Peter Maurin, with whom she would cofound the Catholic Worker five years later, it appears that without the Catholic Worker, the Catholic Church might have made little sense to Dorothy in the long run, either.

The lives of the saints as they are passed on to us are often marked by a distinct pre-and post- conversion division, from being lost to being found, from despair to joy. Dorothy’s conversion did not follow this pattern. In her 1952 memoir *The Long Loneliness*, Dorothy wrote about her conversion, “I was just as much against capitalism and imperialism as ever, and here I was going over to the opposition, because of course the Church was lined up with property, with the wealthy, with the state, with capitalism, with all the forces of reaction. This I had been taught to think and this I still think to a great extent” and in *From Union Square to Rome*, “I had become convinced that I would become a Catholic, and yet I felt I was betraying the class to which I belonged, the workers, the poor of the world, the class which Christ most loved and spent His life with.”

Dorothy’s conversion brought her little immediate consolation. In *From Union Square to Rome*, she described the day of her conditional baptism in December, 1927: “all the way on the ferry through the foggy bay I felt grimly that I was being too precipitate. I had no sense of peace, no joy, no conviction even that what I was doing was right. It was just something that I had to do, a task to be gotten through. I doubted myself when I allowed myself to think. I hated myself for being weak and vacillating. A most consuming restlessness was upon me so that I walked around and around the deck of the ferry, almost groaning in anguish of spirit.” Today there is a ferry that crosses that bay between Manhattan and Staten Island named for her, the “Dorothy Day,” but at the time she suspected “perhaps the devil was on the boat.”

It is in her letters to Forster, the man she loved and father of her child (collected in *All the Way to Heaven*, 2010) who could not abide her conversion and would not agree to marry her, that the cost that she paid by becoming Catholic can be understood. At times she pleaded with him, giving assurances that if they married “the ceremony

is as simple as that of going before a justice of the peace” and that he only had to agree to allow her to raise their daughter in the Church. “Religion would be intruded on you in no way except to see me go to church once a week, and five times a year on various saints’ days. I would have nothing around the house to jar upon you- no pictures or books.”

“I speak of this misery of leaving one love,” she confided in *The Long Loneliness*, “but there was another love, too, the life that I had led in the radical movement.” Dorothy knew of no Catholics who were involved in the struggle that had consumed her life to that point and she found no community in parochial Catholicism that could draw her. After five years in the Church, she noted, she “still did not know personally one Catholic layman.”

In late 1932, Dorothy was in Washinton, DC to cover a Communist led hunger march of farmers, veterans and unemployed workers for *Commonweal* magazine. “Where was the Catholic leadership in the gathering of the bands of men and women together, for the actual works of mercy that the comrades had always made part of the technique in reaching the workers?” she asked. When the march was over, before returning home to New York, on the feast day of Mary on December 8, Dorothy went to the national shrine of the Immaculate Conception. She knelt there to pray “with tears and with anguish, that some way would open up for me to use what talents I possessed for my fellow workers, for the poor.” When Dorothy arrived home the next day, December 9, Peter Maurin was waiting to meet her at her door. The day after that, on December 10, Dorothy wrote to Forster, “I have really given up hope

now, so I won’t try to persuade you anymore.” Five months later, on May 1, 1933, the first issue of *The Catholic Worker* was distributed to workers at a demonstration in Union Square.

“I found myself, a barren woman, the joyful mother of children,” Dorothy wrote in her postscript to *The Long Loneliness*, even as she admitted that “it is not always easy to be joyful, to keep in mind the duty of delight.” She continued, “The most significant thing about *The Catholic Worker* is poverty, some say. The most significant thing is



Sarah Fuller

community, others say. We are not alone anymore. But the final word is love. At times it has been, in the words of Father Zossima, a harsh and dreadful thing, and our very faith in love has been tried through fire. We cannot love God unless we love each other, and to love we must know each other. We know him in the breaking of bread, and we are not alone any more. Heaven is a banquet and life is a banquet, too, even with a crust, where there is companionship."

Without the sustenance of companionship that the Catholic Worker offered, without that way open for her to use her talents for her fellow workers, for the poor, could the Catholic Church have continued to make sense for Dorothy? We cannot know, but as one Catholic who has been with the Catholic Worker for 50 years, now, I know that without the Catholic Worker, the Church would make no sense to me at all.

"Church is the Cross on which Christ was crucified; one could not separate Christ from his Cross, and one must live in a state of permanent dissatisfaction with the Church." Dorothy rarely cited theologians, taking more inspiration as she did from novelists, poets, saints and mystics, but this often-repeated admonition by Romano Guardini seemed to haunt her. Dorothy's dissatisfaction with the Church is not in contradiction to her equally emphatic devotion to and love for the Church. It is not a denial or even a qualifier, but an intensifier of that love. With Guardini, Dorothy offers dissatisfaction not as an acceptable option for some, but as an imperative. One MUST be dissatisfied with it, or one does not really love the Church at all. As with any other love, filial, romantic or patriotic, love requires honest appraisal of the loved one's faults and sins, otherwise it is not love, but simply an unhealthy attachment disorder.

It was in love that Dorothy could call out and name the "worst enemies" without expelling them from her "household" or leaving it herself.

The choice today is even more clear. We know more now. We can choose to leave the Church as Ignazio Silone did or we can stay with it, permanently dissatisfied, as Romano Guardini and Dorothy Day choose, but to remain in it happy and comfortable, complacent and blind to its many scandals is not a moral choice at all.

In announcing 2025 as a year of Jubilee, Pope Francis said "We must fan the flame of hope that has been given us and help everyone to gain new strength and certainty by looking to the future with an open spirit, a trusting heart and far-sighted vision. The forthcoming Jubilee can contribute greatly to restoring a climate of hope and trust as a prelude to the renewal and rebirth that we so urgently desire..." If this is a reassurance, it is also a challenge to be accepted if the Church is to make any sense in the future.

**"We still hold that nonviolent resistance is the only sane solution, and that 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."**

**Dorothy Day**

## **Brian Sentenced to 15 Days in Prison at Wittlich, Germany beginning on February 26**

I have been informed by the court in Koblenz, Germany, that I have been ordered to present myself to the prison at Wittlich on February 26 to serve a 15-day sentence for a "crime" committed more than 5 years ago in July, 2019.

Along with fellow Catholic Workers Susan Van der Hijden of Amsterdam, Netherlands, and Susan Crane of Redwood City, California, I cut a hole in a fence to gain access to the German military air base at Büchel, where it is an open secret that a US Air Force squadron maintains 20 B61 nuclear bombs in a NATO sharing agreement.

I reported in the Fall, 2019 issue of *The Sower*: "Why do you come here to break our country's laws?" demanded

one soldier who seemed to be in charge of the detail but who might have simply had the best command of the English language. I pointed in the direction of the bunkers. 'My country is breaking your country's laws by keeping nuclear weapons here,' I replied, and told him it is that larger crime that we came to address."



**"NUCLEAR WEAPONS ARE ILLEGAL- Büchel Air Base is a crime scene."**

The world is a far more dangerous place today than it was 5 years ago. It seems fitting for me to begin the season of Lent and the season of Ramadan, 2025, in a German prison.

I will be in Europe for a month, leaving after our craft retreat in Maloy on February 19, conspiring with Dutch and German friends before and after my sentence.

I am grateful for the support of many friends abroad and at home here in Iowa and my colleagues with the Nevada Desert Experience. **Brian**



## IN MEMORIAM

In recent months three great friends in the Catholic Worker movement have died. We are grateful for and continue to be inspired by their memories. Our prayers are with their friends and families and all who mourn.

### Richard Cleaver

April 28, 1952 - Sept 23, 2024

“Richard Cleaver was born in Jackson, Mississippi, to Sara and Charles Cleaver. He grew up primarily in Grinnell, Iowa, then attended Phillips Exeter Academy and Amherst College, ultimately graduating from Grinnell College in 1975, with a BA in classics and music.”

*from The Source, St. Thomas, VI*



**Richard singing at our wedding**

Richard I were contemporaries at the Catholic Worker in New York in the 1970s. My first visit to Iowa was in 1977, when Richard and I took a hitchhiking tour of much of the U.S., including visiting his family in Grinnell and the Catholic Worker House in Davenport, where I later relocated.

When Betsy and I got married in 1982, Richard sang at our wedding and later stood as godfather to our first born, Elijah.

In 1993, Richard was the author of *New Heaven, New Earth- Practical essays on the Catholic Worker Program*, a revision of the CW positions. Richard dedicated this book “For Brian and Gary (Donatelli) the other two choir boys.”

In 1995, Richard published his ground breaking book, *Know my name: a gay liberation theology*.

In 2003, Richard was ordained a priest in the Orthodox Catholic Church of America. Since 2012, Richard lived in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

### Michael Sprong

Feb. 10, 1963 – Oct. 16, 2024

From our friend, Beth Preheim: “My life partner, Michael Sprong passed away on October 16, 2024 in Yankton, South Dakota. He was a man of great courage and compassion with lifelong dedication to alleviating suffering.

“He got his start at the age of 18 at the Des Moines Catholic Worker. Besides being faithful to the Catholic Worker principles of hospitality and the Works of Mercy, he spent decades as an activist and organizer in a long list of campaigns of nonviolent direction action and social change.

“In his 40s and 50s, he focused on hospitality for women and children visiting prisoners.”



**Michael, right, blocking the construction of a hog factory in Maloy, 1995**

12 years ago, I was an inmate at the federal prison camp in Yankton, South Dakota for six months. Michael, Beth and Dagmar ran Emmaus House, a house of hospitality in the town of Yankton for many years to welcome the prisoner's families and friends who came to visit from distant places, my own among these. Over those months I often heard inmates express gratitude and wonder that their partners and children had a safe, loving and free place to stay when visiting- “My wife met your wife at Emmaus House!” was something I heard more than once.

### David Stein

April 7, 1957– January 2, 2025

A New York native, David Stein came to the Midwest in the 1980s and lived at CW houses in Des Moines, Chicago and Rock Island, IL before settling at Chicago's St Francis House where he was a mainstay until his “retirement” in 2021. David was a woodcarver, a poet and, until the scene got too absurd for satire, a most acerbic social critic.

“This concentration of power and wealth (in Chicago) it's... if you go downtown to where all the skyscrapers are, there's just this unbelievable crushing oppression and despair and crassness and greed. If you have any sensitivity, you see that all around you. I hate that. I think I stay in the city because it's my adversary. I get up in the morning and I do battle with it. I feel like if you want to change things—and I do want to change the state of affairs that concentrates all this power and wealth and technology in the cities and transforms them into places of such surpassing ugliness and decadence—if you want to fight that, you go where it is.” David Stein



**David passing on the skill of carving spoons at Maloy's 2010 CW craft retreat**

Richard, Michael, David, présenté!

**Brian**

# THE SOWER

Strangers and Guests

Catholic Worker Farm

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Believing in the works of mercy ,  
as we do, to show our love for  
God and our brother, we would  
undoubtedly always be more in  
sympathy with the great mass of  
the poor, the men in revolt, those  
in jail, the men of color  
throughout the world, than we  
would with imperialists, the  
colonials, the industrial capitalist,  
the monopolists.

DOROTHY DAY

@THEO THE CATHOLIC WORKER



WE ARE NOW  
IN THE AGE OF CHAOS  
IN AN AGE OF CHAOS  
PEOPLE LOOK  
FOR A NEW ORDER  
THE TIME TO CREATE  
ORDER OUT OF CHAOS  
IS NOW.

IF WE MAKE  
THE RIGHT DECISIONS  
THE EFFECT OF THOSE  
DECISIONS WILL BE  
A BETTER ORDER.  
THE NEW ORDER  
BROUGHT ABOUT  
BY RIGHT DECISIONS

WILL BE FUNCTIONAL  
NOT ACQUISITIVE;  
PERSONALIST  
NOT SOCIALIST,  
COMMUNITARIAN  
NOT COLLECTIVIST  
ORGANISMIC,  
NOT MECHANISTIC.

PETER MAURIN