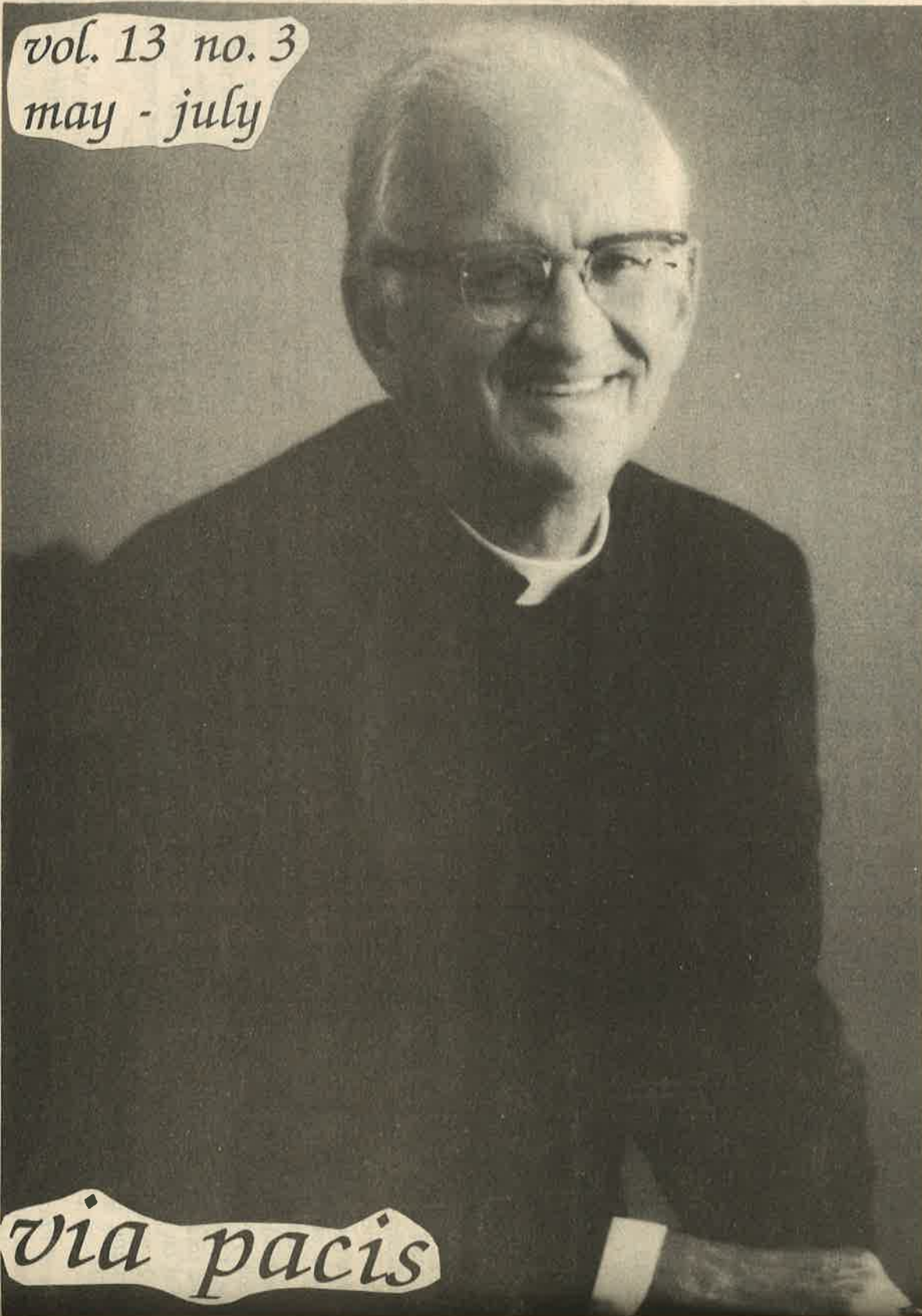


vol. 13 no. 3  
may - july



*via pacis*

PHOTOGRAPHY

www.fox.com

# The Bishop Maurice Dingman

## Home

We are honored that Bishop Dingman has granted us permission to name our newest house of hospitality after him. As well he knows, from a monetary point of view, ours is not the greatest neighborhood to establish a new home in. If it were, we might still have a grocery store or laundromat or restaurant or other such amenities as once lent support to the people living here.

There is an old proverb which says, "If there is an excess of anything, there is a shortage of something." Our neighborhood has an excess of many things. We have an excess of boarded up or burned out shells of formerly beautiful homes. We have an excess of poverty, homelessness, violence and crime. We also have a shortage of things such as money. But above all else it seems that we most often see a shortage of hope. This shortage of hope was pioneered by organizations and people of means who over the past 30 years decided to abandon this neighborhood and relocate to greener pastures.

Old time residents as well as newcomers trying to establish a home here are dismayed as they see homes and businesses abandoned or fall into a state of decay and ultimate demolition. This decline in the quality of the neighborhood is often equated by the people living here with a loss of quality in their own lives and they feel helpless to stop the process.



Our new house, which had been abandoned for years, was literally rescued from the bulldozer when we acquired it. People in the area have watched its gradual restoration toward its past state of beauty and have expressed their gratitude to us for our efforts. For some at least, it seems the house has taken on a symbol of hope, in the sense that if that old shell of a house could again become worthwhile and useful, so too could the lives of people who remain here in the midst of such adverse conditions. There is hope.

Our thoughts rather naturally turned to Bishop Dingman. In his long ministry of advocating justice and peace, he inspired and sustained hope in so many people of all walks of life. Would he allow us to use his name for our newest house? we asked. He said yes.

Thank you, Bishop Dingman. May God bless you and comfort you in your suffering.

The Catholic Worker community

## pilgrimage notes

By Judith Dawes

Dear friends,

I feel like writing some thoughts about the pilgrimage from Logan to Omaha, so out of the top of my head and, I hope, legibly, but probably not grammatically or consequentially ... Was it what God wanted me to do? No fruit by the wayside this time, maybe I shouldn't have talked about that. Well, it was not something I'd choose to do, it did keep nagging at me, I did lose what seemed like a night's sleep over it and I did in spite of all have a sense of peace about it. The intention -- praying for peace, the forthcoming action at S.A.C. Omaha; for rain for this thirsty land. Walking out totally vulnerable, with nothing, must be what Jesus needs to still happen; a strong way of praying, with the feet, with the body, roughing it, a kind of fasting. Not much food comes one's way, except once in a while, I've found. A way of witnessing. The first day nine people stopped to ask if they could give me a lift, the next day five, the last day none. But then I started out just before sunrise, and after mass in Council Bluffs it was city, and no one offers lifts in cities. So in all, fourteen people heard my intention for walking, plus most of the people from whom I asked a cup of water. Numerous people, because it was very hot, around 98 degrees most of the time. Thank God for the shade trees along the way. Shade tree. We never call a tree that in England. I love that, a sort of thank you to it.

Pilgrimages make you very close to the earth, the plants and the living creatures you come across on the way. Horses and dogs seem delighted with this strange apparition. One of those human beings, walking past our field. For me, there was another close encounter with the creatures, which didn't feel that welcome at the time. It was the second night out, I had been unable to find hospitality. I'd walked till I could no longer do so. A young man where I'd stopped, with an open friendly face, could not take on the idea of sheltering this woman and all his outhouses were occupied by his dogs. He was sure an 'old lady' who lived on her own, half a mile up the track at the side of his property, would help.

The track was beautiful, reminding me of walking up to the cottage in the Slad Valley in Lancastershire to an old friend. Eighty years old, Diana would not have blinked an eyelash about taking in a stranger. Maybe this old lady ...

She leaned in a friendly manner over her porch, grey haired but not much older than me. Understandably (?) she was 'leery' about the idea. The guard dog wasn't. He hadn't even barked and was wagging (her) tail.

So here I was in a leafy hollow at the base of three huge trees, the darkness closed in. Sound of heavy nasally breathing. Not human, thank God. A hog? Wild hogs can be fierce. I spoke to it. Assuring it the stick in my hand was only for biting on, but

could it please find its hole and go down it. I moved away, returned, then moved away for good. Now there was a gentle grunting a few feet away from me, never more, it seemed, than a few feet away from me. I talked to it, longing but unable to see it, knowing it must be seeing me. I assured it I was more afraid of it than it could possibly be of me. After half an hour I convinced myself if it had been going to attack, it would have by now, so I laid down to sleep, covering myself with twigs, leaves and earth. The night was warm, even the occasional strong wind was warm but it was long. I did sleep between turnings over and replacing my covering. Jesus did say, go in two's ... Next time, (next time?) it would be with another. Bliss of morning light and the dawn chorus, what luxury, almost worth all the rest of the night's experience.

I started walking to Council Bluff, the road was beautiful but I was achy, hungry and thirsty. I couldn't pray, I wouldn't pray till those needs were satisfied. There'd been a lot of praying all along the way, with the rosary, praising God for her goodness, for the goodness even in the place of S.A.C., for people I know, empathizing with people's wounds, for the wounds of the earth, confessing our sinfulness, the way the land and air and water is being abused, the sinfulness of S.A.C., of nuclear weapons, praying for the people who stand up against it, praying against the dark, spiritual forces of evil infiltrating the things that are tangible.

Continued on p. 7

# Around the House

It's too hot to think, which reminds me that the last time I wrote a house article it was too cold to think. We're running a little late with this issue, needless to say, but so many people have called recently to find out if they got dropped off the mailing list that we thought we'd better get one out ready or not.

We want to thank everyone who has helped out with our save the kids (and parents) project. A lot of people brought in kids' books, crayons, etc. and we especially want to thank Sr. Pat from St. Ambrose School for all the school supplies she brought by at the end of the year and Covenant Presbyterian, which purchased a lot of kids' outdoor play equipment. The West Des Moines YMCA let our kids take swimming lessons there for free in June which they loved, and Zack from the Holy Trinity youth group and Dennis McLaughlin have been spending time with the kids. Dennis has planned a trip for the kids to his family's farm in Cumming and that will be coming up soon too. Before school let out Marilyn Duffy brought two of her sociology classes to spend the afternoon here with the kids and bring supper, and they wound up entertaining most of the neighborhood as well as our kids. The older kids have all been going to Peppermint College in the mornings, a Bible school run by Friendship Baptist Center which is located here in the neighborhood. They all really like that a lot. Peppermint College also has been taking the kids on an outing every week and has had a couple of late afternoon programs which the kids have been going to.



Kay, Barry, Hazen, Renate and Kurt have been spending quite a bit of time at the farm in Cumming. They planted a huge community garden which has been producing greens, lettuce and turnips in outrageous amounts (plenty for us and the food store) and there is a huge crop of potatoes, hot peppers, tomatoes and corn which we will be enjoying soon. At this point it would be very difficult for more people to move out to the farm because the building is in such bad shape so right now the community garden is still the primary focus and no community has formed out there yet. Kay is thinking of purchasing a mobile home so that people from the communities can stay out there if they want to.

In the fall sometime we will be having an open house so everyone can visit the new house and see how great it's looking. The first floor is almost finished except for the plumbing which continues to be a problem since we still don't have any money to get it done. But the walls and floors are all finished, even down to baseboards, trim and doors; the kitchen cabinets are in, the front and back porches are rebuilt except for floors. Upstairs there is plenty of work left taping and finishing sheetrock, hanging doors and trim, and soon of course painting. We've had a lot of help from Hazen Ordway, Barry Molloy, and some new volunteers named Christian and Jackie, and it's exciting to see an end in sight. More help is always welcome, and not to overstate the case but something's got to give if we are going to get the plumbing in so if anyone has any ideas we really need your help.

Last month local organizing began for Housing Now, a national push for affordable housing which is centered around a massive demonstration to be held in Washington DC October 5-7. All of us are working on this campaign, which will be going on locally throughout the summer to educate and build support for the demonstration in October. For more information see the article on the Housing Now campaign, and if anyone is interested in working on special events or on the children's march which will be part of the October demonstration please get in touch with us.



Since our last issue Carol Pilgrim, who volunteered last year as part of Grinnell student group that comes Saturdays, graduated and joined Worker. Carol was involved in divestment campaign at Grinnell and intends to continue organizing work here the house on issues we are involved in well as taking on the day to day work of community. Carol is working on Housing Now campaign and is helping to organize special events here in Des Moines to build interest in the fall demonstration in DC. She has also been taking plenty of shifts, working on the new house and she is living here at Lazarus is a real presence around the house.

Corey Hardin, who also volunteered the Grinnell group last year, moved into the community for the summer. He has decided to take the fall semester off and stay here till school starts up again in January. Corey is working on the Housing Now campaign on special events and is on the steering committee. He also has been working regularly with Jim on the house and here taking the house as we do two overnights weekly at Rufus House.

Kay so far is managing to balance a fourway split identity working here in the community, working two days a week as a potter at Living History farms, keeping her farm in Cumming, and caring for educating her three kids, Kenna, Janna, and Kary. The kids are spending about half their time here and half at the farm. It seems to be a good balance since they like both options. Kay says the daily changes are pretty stressful but it has never shows and the rest of us really appreciate the different perspectives it brings to the work here.



Our most  
Dawson, w  
first couple  
baby boy, J  
her 4 year  
into Corrie  
job again, o  
carrier, ou  
other kids  
the baby  
enjoying g  
shape and  
move in he

Patti has  
summer ar  
priorities a  
last year to  
things and  
from here.

House bu  
community  
spend Aug  
out some  
making her  
Prisoner Av

Work on th  
completion  
left the com  
full time on  
rejoin the  
months. He  
however, th  
to the comm

house is fir  
will be doi  
made any fi

(Wendy) wa  
April so I to  
to visit m  
Baltimore. I  
trip but can  
I guess it  
had such a g  
forgiving me

orman fin  
nd has bee  
ver since. V  
taken on th  
many people  
move someth  
ow we can  
een unabl  
orman's. le  
ay and we c

ve always  
ecause it s  
hings arou  
but there's  
hat it's all  
nd check t  
ill! The c  
lways open

Our most well known volunteer, Carla Dawson, wasn't around too much for the first couple of weeks in June. Carla had a baby boy, Joshua, on June 6. Carla, Julius, her 4 year old son, and Joshua have moved into Corrie House and Carla is back on the job again, carrying with her the baby in his carrier, our newest community kid! The other kids are getting a kick out of having the baby around (even Julius), Carla's enjoying getting back into her normal shape and we're all glad they decided to move in here.



Patti has left the community for the summer and is trying to decide on future priorities and directions. Since her trip last year to India she has been reevaluating things and is trying to figure where to go from here. She is still living at Ligutti House but is not participating in the community otherwise. Patti is planning to spend August visiting friends and checking out some other communities and will be making her decision in September after the Prisoner Awareness Walk.

Work on the new house is finally nearing completion. Jim's original plan when he left the community last September to work full time on new house renovations was to rejoin the community after about six months. He decided a couple of months ago, however, that he did not want to come back to the community after all. So when the house is finished, probably in the fall, he will be doing something else but hasn't made any firm plans yet.

(Wendy) was feeling really burned out in April so I took the kids out to the East Coast to visit my folks and friend Lin in Baltimore. I thought I felt worse during the trip but came back feeling happy to be here so I guess it was a good idea! Luke and Katie had such a good time they're thinking about forgiving me for being a Catholic Worker.

Norman finally bought his pickup truck and has been dodging potential customers ever since. We wonder if he ever would have taken on the project if he had realized how many people there were out there trying to move something! It's been nice for us since now we can accept donations of things we've been unable to pick up in the past, but Norman's leaving for work earlier every day and we can't blame him!

We always put in this house article just because it seems like so many details of things around here are always changing. But there's no way really to get a feel for what it's all about except to come around and check things out -- and we hope you will! The coffee's on any time, and we're always open.

# COMMUNITY CHANGES

By Carol Pilgrim

It seems as though every time I turn around something's changing around the house. Part of this change is in the real, and rather mundane details of life around the house. Meeting times change, new meetings are scheduled, new furniture or appliances are given to us, dishes are lost or broken and then replaced.

A second part of this change is more essential. Every time a guest moves in or out of the house things change. You can feel it when you wake up in the morning -- a lingering sense of who's here and who's gone. Each person who enters our house has something to give and needs something to be given. It's the same with any other house.

Even deeper changes are occurring within the community. Patti's decided to go off schedule and Jim has decided to leave the community; Carla has moved in with her son Julius and her new baby Joshua. In addition, Corey and I have joined the community.

I find myself in an unusual position trying to assess all these changes. On the one hand, there are the "real" changes mentioned above. On the other hand, being new to the community, I'm beginning the endless process of refining my view of what community is. A further complication -- as I feel around me searching for my place in the community I've recently entered, every time I reach out I change what is around me. What the community is and what I think the community is are necessarily intertwined because I'm part of the community.

## norman's whereabouts

Dear Reader,

I am writing my article in the form of a letter because I feel that what I have to say to all of you is personal, and what better way to say things to people than to write a letter.

Years ago when I was living by myself I belonged to a church that used to go on the streets of Worcester, Boston, and other cities to witness to people God's word to the world. While I was part of this church I learned that the Bible is somewhat of a letter written through a lot of people by God or if you will by the Creator. I figured that I would be more personal in writing a letter than an article.

I want you all to know that I finally have a pickup truck. It took me a long time and it seems that a lot of people at times never believed that I would, and at the same time they had me believing that I wasn't going to buy one. But I did.

Let me tell you about the pickup. To begin with, it used to be an Iowa Power truck. It's a '79 Chevy half-ton. I bought it from Mid-States Ford Truck Sales. Before I bought the truck I found out that Mid-States has a good reputation for fairness and honesty. So I bought the truck. There's some rust and dents which I'm hoping to work on soon. The truck runs real good; it's an automatic. I'm hoping to take the truck to Mid-States

With all these changes, and in the midst of all this philosophizing, it's hard, perhaps impossible, to say what community is -- communities change while they stay the same. Right now we're making some changes which will help us work together as a community. At a great sacrifice to our deep patterns we've moved our daily meeting from 8:30 am to 7:30 am so we have more time to work out solutions as a community. We've set aside Saturday as community work day to focus on longterm projects such as the new house (in addition to heavy duty cleaning). We've been working together on the HOUSING NOW campaign. And finally, as a community, we've volunteered at Rufus Jones.

I'm sure I don't feel these changes in the same way as Wendy and Norman who have been in the community for a long time. Although any time someone who has given a great deal to someone or something leaves an absence is created which can be felt by all, the greatest loss is usually felt by only a few. At the same time we all have faith that there will always be new presences in our community and that the community will remain throughout the changes.



and have them work on the truck before I drive it home to Massachusetts when I take a vacation from work and the Catholic Worker. So far I've had one problem which was I went to Bolivar Missouri to take some pictures of Sheryl's mother and father's graves and to put flowers on them. Somehow I heard some rattling noises and thought it was the transmission until I broke down in Trenton Missouri. It was there that I found out that if I had kept driving I would have destroyed the whole left front wheel. What it was, was the left wheel bearing was destroyed and the spindle was damaged -- so damaged that it needed to be replaced with a new one. Boy, was I scared. I did a lot of praying and luckily I took my vacation change. The people treated me real good. I made a couple of trips to the bank to turn some of the coins into bills, while the left wheel was being fixed with new parts.

Before I found someone to fix the truck it seemed like I had to go through a few people who passed me on to the next person. Somewhat what most of our guests go through in order to get the kind of help that they're needing. I've learned quite a bit about trucks and what it's like to break down in a strange town.

I would like to thank all the people who helped by donating money and gave me empty bottles and cans.

Thank you.

# FROM DETERRENCE TO

Bishop Thomas Gumbleton led 150 people to the gates of the Strategic Air Command (SAC) Headquarters in Bellevue, Nebraska Tuesday, May 9th, to protest our nation's nuclear deterrence policy and the mission of SAC. SAC Headquarters in Bellevue, Nebraska is the command center for all our land and air based strategic nuclear weapons systems. Also stationed at SAC is the Joint Strategic Targeting Planning Staff. This targeting staff is responsible for choosing the targets of all U.S. nuclear weapons. Since the late 70's the U.S. has been moving from a policy of deterrence to a policy of fighting and prevailing in a nuclear war. More dangerous than the weapons themselves, the work of the targeting staff represents the faulty thinking behind our nuclear policies. The work of the targeting staff is based on the belief that we could initiate or sustain a protracted nuclear war and win.

After reading a prepared statement, the Bishop and 35 other people crossed the property line, illegally entering the base. They were immediately apprehended and detained by the base security. They were fingerprinted, photographed and given "ban & bar" letters. They face possible criminal indictments and up to six months of imprisonment. Among the repeats were Hazen Ordway and Jim Harrington of the Des Moines Catholic Worker community. Over 12 years of jail time have been served in the last ten years by people for violating their "Ban & Bar" letters from SAC.

This witness at SAC culminated a two day effort in Omaha called "From Deterrence to Love; a Call to Action with Bishop Thomas Gumbleton." The Omaha effort is part of a larger national campaign by Pax Christi U.S.A. The goal of the campaign is to build a consensus within the Catholic community and the wider faith community regarding the immorality of the U.S. nuclear deterrence policy.

Monday night May 8th Bishop Gumbleton gave a talk at Creighton University in Omaha. About 20 people attended the night talk called "From Deterrence to Love." Bishop Gumbleton called on the U.S. Catholic Bishops to discontinue their 'conditional acceptance' of our nation's nuclear deterrence policy. Six years ago the U.S. bishops in their pastoral "The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and our Response" gave a conditional approval of the policy of nuclear deterrence. It was conditional, based on a deterrence that was both balanced and temporary. And it must be a deterrence policy that led to true disarmament. Bishop Gumbleton and Pax Christi believe these conditions are not being met. Today our nuclear deterrence policies are neither balanced nor temporary, nor have they led towards any real disarmament. Bishop Gumbleton described the current arms race as "an utterly treacherous trap that will inevitably bring about the very lethal ruin it is intended to avoid." After the talk nonviolence training was given to those who intended to cross the line the following day.

Tuesday May 9th at 7:30 AM the Omaha Archdiocesan Social Ministry Commission and the RENEW offices hosted a breakfast for Bishop Gumbleton at St. Mary's College in Omaha. Archbishop Daniel Sheehan gave the blessing before the meal. The Archbishop asked God's blessings on Bishop Gumbleton and on "his mission."

One hundred and eighty people attended the breakfast. In his talk Bishop Gumbleton shared his own personal faith journey, the events and moments in his life that led him to be one of the most visible advocates for peace and justice among Catholic bishops in the U.S. A turning point in the Bishop's development took place during the Vietnam War. He was vice chancellor and the youngest priest at the Chancery. The

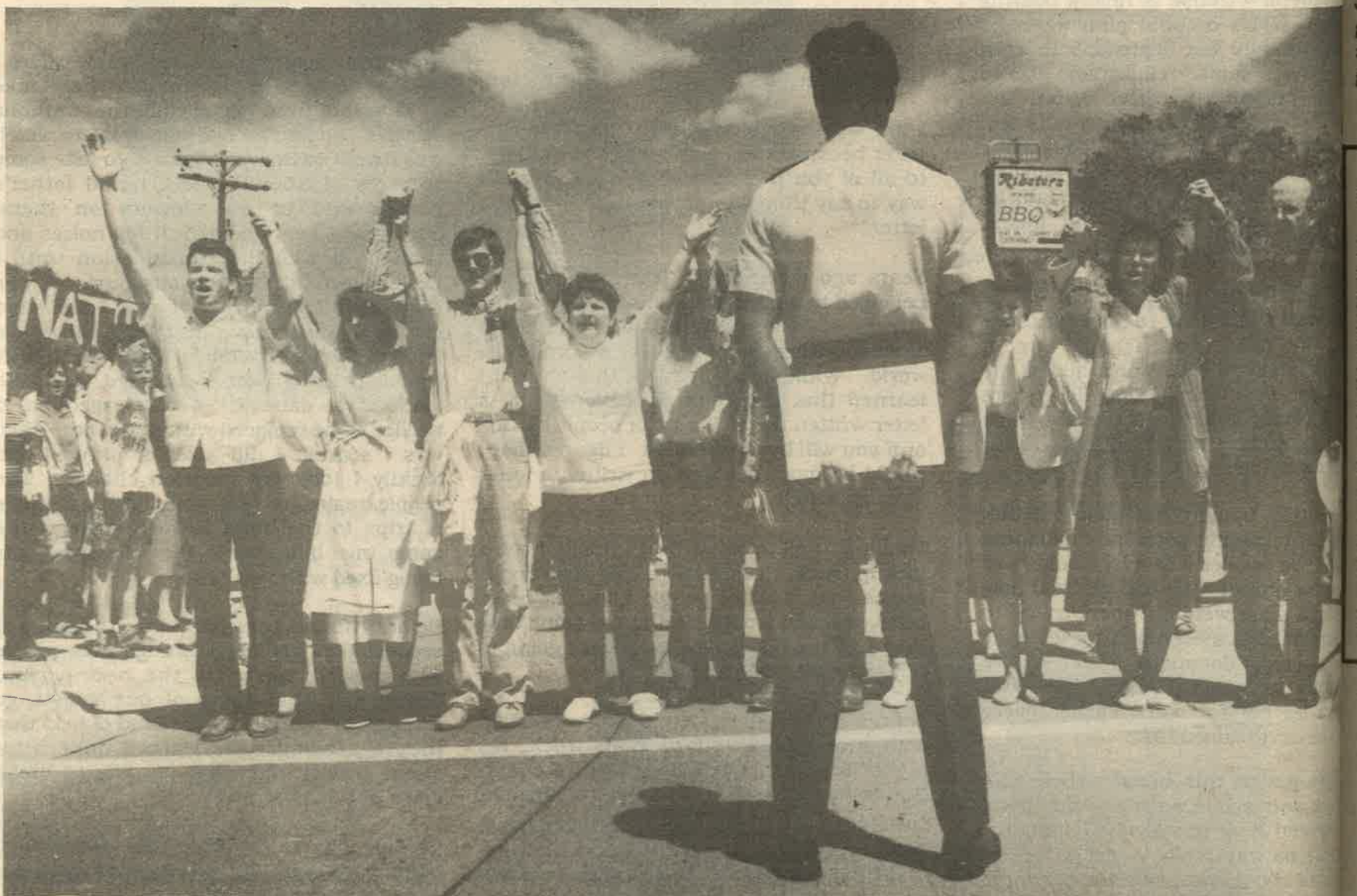
Bishop sent him to counsel two priests who were taking public stands against the war. "We talked. By the time we finished -- he was later -- they had convinced me," Gumbleton said. "This made me look back at what I was taught about war. I began to examine the theology of just war ... I had learned just war theology incorrectly," he said. "Thomas Aquinas said war is sin, violence is evil and the presumption is that you do not go to war unless extremely strict conditions are met. I had the exact opposite understanding of just war theology."

His conversion continued in the early 70s by contact with many young men appealing denial of conscientious objector status for exemption from the draft. In order to support their appeal, the bishop said, he first had to examine the sincerity of their positions. "One of them said, 'Jesus taught us how to die, not how to kill,' the bishop said.

His conversion was furthered by intensive reading of all the works of Thomas Merton and by meeting with Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker movement and Gertrude Zahn, who helped bring the Pax Christi movement to the United States.

The Bishop said he was greatly influenced by the II Vatican Council and the Social Encyclicals. He was reminded of what Pope John XXIII said about war in his encyclical Pacem in Terris, "It is irrational to think war as an apt means to vindicate violated rights."

Bishop Gumbleton concluded by saying, "There is a point where, if we are following Jesus Christ, we have to go even to the point of resistance ... If public policy is my responsibility is to work for change. But what happens if you get to the point where you know it won't change? The arms race goes on, a machine gone mad ... I say No, I must resist."



THE DES MOINES REGISTER

At the pre Bishop Gu he intend day. He s part, bec Dingman hosted th in Glenwo hundred p gathered building 240 of the that retr needed to do so wit Bishops D organize a Bishops. Soon afte debilitating Omaha to Bishop D SAC.

At the ga statement Paul II's c about fac Bishop sa are doing 'yes' to th life, and t After the groups ca Bishop G Each aff personal crossed. A line, inclu

In this art ways the identified witness at me to see at SAC a support fr inroads communit Glenn an Justice Ce good to see and when give thank

## STATEME

I wish I co my nurse glad tha Bishop Gu Faith and years ago back to S that thing

You are g risks. You

I will be prayers, in

May God b

Photos

Many tha help wit

# Line crossing at SAC

By Frank Cordaro

At the press conference after the breakfast Bishop Gumbleton publicly announced that he intended to cross the line at SAC that day. He said he had made this decision, in part, because of retired Bishop Maurice Dingman of Des Moines. Bishop Dingman hosted the first Faith & Resistance retreat in Glenwood IA in February of 1985. Six hundred people attended that retreat. They gathered for prayer and community building in a retreat that concluded with 240 of them crossing the line at SAC. After that retreat, Bishop Dingman knew he needed to cross the line, too. He wanted to do so with a few of his brother bishops. Bishops Dingman and Gumbleton tried to organize a Faith and Resistance Retreat for Bishops. The retreat never took place. Soon after, Bishop Dingman suffered a debilitating stroke. Gumbleton came to Omaha to partially fulfil the hopes that Bishop Dingman had of crossing the line at SAC.



THE DES MOINES REGISTER

At the gate Bishop Gumbleton read the statement. In it, he referred to Pope John Paul II's call for humanity to do a "moral about face" to stop the arms race. The Bishop said, "By crossing the line today we are doing that about face. We are saying 'yes' to the future of our planet, to human life, and to God who promises us peace." After the statement was read, four affinity groups came up to the line, one at a time. Bishop Gumbleton joined the first group. Each affinity group made their own personal statements at the line and then crossed. A total of 36 people crossed the line, including five priests from the area.

In this article I made special note of all the ways the institutional Church let itself be identified with Bishop Gumbleton and the witness at SAC. It was terribly exciting for me to see Bishop Gumbleton cross the line at SAC and to do so with such public support from the official Church. Major inroads were made in the Catholic community of Omaha. The work of Joyce Glenn and the New Covenant Peace and Justice Center had a lot to do with this. It's good to see the Church doing the right thing, and when they do, we should make note and give thanks.

## STATEMENT OF BISHOP DINGMAN

I wish I could be with you in Omaha. I asked my nurses but they won't let me go. I am glad that you are there. I am glad that Bishop Gumbleton is there. I remember the Faith and Resistance Retreat of several years ago. I am glad you continue to come back to SAC to protest and to remind us that things can change.

You are giving your time. You are taking risks. You are giving us hope for the future.

I will be with you in my thoughts, in my prayers, in my suffering.

May God bless your retreat and your action.

Photos by Sunny Sunshine

Many thanks to Dean for all your help with each issue.

## HIROSHIMA DAY COMMEMORATION AT SAC

Hiroshima - Nagasaki commemoration activities will be taking place at the SAC base near Omaha August 6 - 9. For information contact Fr. Frank Cordaro at (712) 644-2535 or call us here at the house.

## STATEMENT

We come here today as people of faith. We believe that the creation of a peaceful world is a task given to all of us, no matter which side of the line we stand on today. We come here today to speak of our concern for our planet and for all human life.

Six years ago this week, with the other Catholic Bishops of this country, I called on the people of our church to reflect on what it means to be a disciple of Jesus "in a nation heavily armed with nuclear weapons, and continually developing new weapons and new strategies for their use." We are here today to respond to this six year old challenge. We are here today to say a clear "NO" to nuclear war -- to any use of nuclear weapons ever.

We are here today to say "NO" to the strategy of deterrence which is a clear intent to use such weapons.

We are here today to say "NO" to the arms race which the strategy of deterrence

compels us to participate in and which is "an utterly treacherous trap that will inevitably bring about the very lethal ruin it is intended to avoid."

We are here at this place which is such a dramatic symbol of all that we most reject. And we pray that all who are here -- on both sides of the line -- will come to recognize the madness of the arms race and heed the words of the head of our church, Pope John Paul II, who pleaded with all the peoples of the Earth to turn from the present course in order to save our planet and save our souls. He cried out at Hiroshima: "The future of our planet threatened as it is with imminent nuclear annihilation depends on one single factor: humanity must do a moral about face."

By crossing the line we are doing that "about face." We are saying "Yes" to the future of our planet; we are saying "Yes" to human life; we are saying "yes" to the God who promises us peace.

# Announcements

## MASS SCHEDULE

Fr. Frank Cordaro will be celebrating mass here at the house on the dates listed below. All are welcome -- please come early and stay late!

August 18

(mass and anniversary --  
13 years of the CW in Des Moines)

Sept. 15

October 27



Cover photo courtesy  
the Catholic Mirror

## PRISONER AWARENESS WALK

From Sept. 6-17 the Prisoner Awareness Walk will be taking place from Fort Madison to Des Moines. On Sept. 17 supporters are invited to join the walk as walkers proceed from Mitchellville to Des Moines. A rally will be held at the State Capitol Sept. 17 around 6 PM. For information contact Rev. Bob Cook at 279-9996.

# out in the garden

By Kay Meyer



Spring is the best season to change into. As the days warm up and little plants start popping out, some people are drawn to the garden. And you'll find them on their knees with black hands, trying to give Spring a little guidance and direction.

Spring might not match Autumn in color, but it makes up for it with mysteries and unexpected surprises. Watching the day to day unfolding of leaves, finding the first violets, and seeing the birds come back, a group at a time, are a few of the "perks" that those of us outside in the garden can experience. And somehow by pushing the dirt around some seeds or shoveling manure, it's easy to get the arrogant idea that gardeners and farmers are somehow a part of the plan, managers, trying to make sure it all comes out all right.

This year our intervening has not only been tolerated, but our efforts have been rewarded with beautiful cool weather and weekly rains. The community farm garden has been yielding some huge early greens, fantastic lettuce, and an overabundant supply of turnips. The gardens we have here in town by the houses are full of tomato

## THANKS

When we come to write the thank yous every time we realize how many friends we have who stop by all the time bringing groceries, house supplies, and food left over from receptions of one sort and another. Those gifts, often from folks whose names we don't even know, really help out a lot and make it possible for us to use all money donations for house and car expenses. Of course we also want to thank those who support us financially, our extended community. It's pretty amazing how small a group of people it is whose regular support keeps the work going here and we thank you all for your continuing love and concern.

## needs

- money
- cleaning supplies of all kinds
- laundry soap
- toilet cleaner
- dish detergent
- pampers
- shampoo
- pads and tampons
- mayonnaise
- meat
- coffee, sugar
- towels and pillows

blossoms, more peas, mint and dill, and there's a beautiful rose that Norman planted that has already blossomed.

Actually, Spring has her own ideas as to the best way to break a winter fast. Walking around the neighborhood, it doesn't take long to find something edible. Gathering nettles, lambsquarter, dandelions and even violet blossoms not only makes a nutritional addition to soups and salads, but it also puts a person closer to the ecological cycle, a part of the food chain that has been enjoyed by humans for thousands of years.

## hospitality

By Wendy Bobbitt

When I got off the bus in New York a couple of months ago this guy came up to the table in the Port Authority where I was drinking a cup of coffee and picked up a piece of a donut someone had left there and walked away eating it. It was a sudden and shocking reminder that I was back in the big city.

In DC when I used to work the soupline you couldn't forget the fact that folks were homeless -- at night when we closed down they had no place to go but the streets and you would see them walking around all night or pass them standing around a firebarrel or in doorways or lying on the wooden tables we served on. There were so many people and most of them I never knew any deeper than that, never knew anything about what their life was. It's good to have images like that in your mind because the ugliness and injustice of how our society is set up is unobscured by the details of relationships -- who you like, how irritating someone might be, all those kinds of things that make you lose sight of abstractions like justice and turn the most insane situation into a weird kind of normality.

I've been doing hospitality now for 10 years and my approach toward folks has changed a lot. When I was first living in a situation like this I was overwhelmed by the pain and misery of people's lives. I was a live-in in a runaway shelter, on duty at night, and I used to spend almost every day by myself sitting in a tree trying to deal with the pain I was feeling all the time thinking about those kids. When I started working on the soupline in DC it was the same thing all over again. One time I was looking out the door of our drop-in center and saw a bunch of young guys robbing an old alcoholic out

An old college professor once asked a class to list the things they couldn't live without. Money, of course, seemed to be at the top of every list, followed by telephones, clothes, cars. These seemed to be essential while the real answers, food, air, water, were left out, discounted or forgotten.

It seems, though, that as it becomes easier and faster to stuff food in our mouths, water in our cups, as we get farther and farther away from an involvement with food, water and air, we are also becoming more alienated from each other. And as air and water become more and more unsafe, our relationships with each other become unsafe with violence, oppression and poverty the number one story on every day news.

This Spring for me has been different. I have really enjoyed the talk over poddings, I have learned from sharing food experiences, and had some great conversations while weeding and hoeing. Such a fine camaraderie can be found amongst those who garden and love food. And the other day when all the dogs came running to the house, with mud stains all over their clothes and faces, I had a great feeling, one of inspiration and hope.

In the street, they had him down on pavement and had stripped him down to underwear looking for his money. That I almost left that place, I just couldn't do it.

Here at the house I don't feel those kind of intense feelings very often and it seems much more like just daily life, getting along with people, helping them out as much as you can. Sometimes it really obscures the fact of their situation and how insane that people have to stay in a homeless shelter. Most of the time I don't think of people here as homeless at all and I don't think they do either. Life goes on and its problems that occupy our minds keep them off the full picture.

Sometimes I really feel bad about the loss of that vulnerability. Once in a while breaks through again and I get really blown away for a while, which shows me how much I protect myself from that pain the most part. But I do think there's something to be said for the "life goes on" approach. In the same way that the folks who come in here -- and the guy in the Port Authority -- are able to keep on going, clown around, help out, hang out, put up with it all, it's the same thing for me. They looked at the gorgon's head all the time they would be paralyzed and so would I.

But what's really good about community is that we are all in different stages of finding that balance that will let us endure, and that balance is different for everyone. I'm really glad there are new people here whose hearts show me how jaded I get at times. I'm really glad there are people like me who have seen people surviving and making it through some terrible times and can't see that suffering into a different perspective. And most of all I'm really glad that we're not doing only hospitality, but that our service is what grounds our work in justice.

pilgr  
Frank talked  
in that aren  
people's in  
prophetic wi  
of dehumani  
the nuclear  
perils of  
infinitesimal  
insanity of s  
I noticed the  
was wet. He  
smelt it. My  
with some l  
almost ruine  
morning as  
lorries runn  
dropped th  
walking only  
totally taken  
walks the ro  
what you d  
escaped into  
someone's b  
out of sigh  
beautiful, so  
gaining foot  
into the sof  
fugitive too.  
Indian who  
been shot at  
dog suddenl  
eyed welcom  
quite a while  
More words  
way. The b  
then security  
worth, to m  
needs of oth  
upside down  
own worth, I  
pilgrimage t  
this is wher  
from whom  
food and sh  
security? If  
be a tur  
understand  
first people  
playing ball  
children wer  
were indiffer  
rudely hone  
from people  
question of  
there." The  
He was moc  
gentle eyes.  
to give me a  
Christian."  
There are no  
said, "What  
"Peace be on  
will rest the  
Much furth  
woman with  
went inside  
walked on  
strength. Th  
avoid them,  
beautiful o  
beautiful ba  
good feelin  
who opene  
heard me sa  
she was un  
trouble arou  
she'd bring  
rink. Yes  
finished the  
and iced wa  
said to wait.  
they were w  
barn beca  
rescued from  
way from  
night attack  
hotel in Mi  
hat, they w  
et me sta  
understood

Frank talked of the arena. So much goes on in that arena, needs to go on. Work for people's individual conversion, caring prophetic witness against the many forms of dehumanisation in our society of which the nuclear issue must be the worst. The perils of my sylvan night dwarfed infinitesimally by the gross magnitude and insanity of situations like S.A.C.

I noticed the sandy grit alongside the road was wet. Had it rained in the night? Then I smelt it. My God, they had just sprayed it with some herbicide. The morning was almost ruined as it had been the previous morning as I watched fascinated as three lorries running along the railway lines dropped their poison into my lungs, walking only a few yards away. Has it been totally taken for granted then, that no one walks the road anymore and you can do what you damn well like? Yesterday I escaped into the Bluffs for an hour, over someone's barbed wire fence, keeping well out of sight of any buildings. It was beautiful, scrambling through the trees, gaining footholds by digging my bare feet into the soft yielding earth. But I felt a fugitive too. I thought of Bill, the Shoshone Indian who told me how his people had been shot at on sight -- target practice. A dog suddenly was there, a friendly, bright eyed welcoming dog, good company for quite a while.

More words of Frank came to mind on the way. The basic needs of food and shelter, then security, then to be loved, to feel one's worth, to move from that to meeting the needs of others. A pilgrimage turns that upside down. I go out to people; I know my own worth, I am loved. Am I secure? On the pilgrimage this is where faith comes in, this is where the challenge is for the one from whom you ask for the basic needs of food and shelter. What and where is their security? If the faith is not there, there will be a turning away and that is understandable. My first night out, the first people I asked were four young men playing ball. I'd felt led to go where the children were playing -- in Loveland. Two were indifferent; one, the spokesman, was rudely honest. "You see, we've had trouble from people stealing." In answer to my question of an outhouse, "That car over there." The windows in it were nonexistent. He was mocking. The last of the four had gentle eyes. It was him who called me back to give me a glass of water. "Oh yes, we're Christian." Had I gone to the wrong place? There are no 'right' or 'wrong' places. Jesus said, "Whatever house you enter into, say 'Peace be on this house,' if it is accepted it will rest there, if not it will return to you." Much further along the road, a young woman with a baby and a child quickly went inside and barred the door.

I walked on, but I'd reached the end of my strength. The next house was rich, I usually avoid them, but there were three barns, old beautiful ones. I had seen so many beautiful barns on the way! There was a good feeling about the youngish woman who opened the door. She heard, really heard me say "Peace be on this house." But she was uneasy, "there's been so much trouble around," and her husband had flu. She'd bring something out for me to eat and drink. Yes, I could sleep in the barn. I finished the peanut butter sandwich, apple and iced water. It was good. The man had said to wait. After quite a bit they came out. They were worried about me sleeping in the barn because a raccoon which they'd rescued from a hawk, used the barn to get away from her recently born young and might attack me. They'd like to take me to a motel in Missouri Valley, would like to do that, they were sorry they didn't feel able to let me stay in their home. I said I understood and it was generous of them. So

# HOUSING NOW

On June 3 Mitch Snyder of the Community for Creative Non-Violence came to Des Moines to give us the following message. (A videotape of his speech can be borrowed from the Des Moines Coalition for the Homeless.)

There are an estimated 3 million homeless people in America. As a nation we have isolated and laughed at these people -- we have cut them off or simply ignored them and their needs. On our streets, under our bridges, or in the abandoned houses, they live, suffer and die in our midst. This most visible manifestation of the affordable housing crisis is a national disgrace. In every community in our nation, urban, suburban, and rural alike, the crisis continues to grow.

The affordable housing crisis extends to those people with low and moderate incomes. These people, consigned to live in dilapidated and overcrowded houses, forced to pay 50, 60 or even 70 per cent of their income in rent, survive only paychecks away from homelessness. A recently released, congressionally funded study predicts that nearly 19 million people will face the prospect of homelessness in the next 15 years.

Housing needs are great and housing assistance scarce. Since the start of Reagan's first term federal support for low

income housing has fallen over 75% -- from \$32 billion to less than \$7.5 billion a year. Legislation such as the McKinney Act aids the needy, but fails to address the root of the problem: a lack of affordable housing. From 1970 to 1985, the number of housing units with a gross rent below \$125 dropped from 15 million to 2 million.

Families wait an average of 24 months for a section 8 certificate.

This is a call to action. Now is the time to put an end to homelessness, fund the creation of affordable housing and restore funds for federal housing programs.

As a compassionate and concerned people we must emphatically give this message to Congress: reverse the housing crisis, end the threat and terrible reality of homelessness through the creation of safe, decent, affordable homes. On October 5th and 6th people from across the nation will come together at our nation's capital to lobby Congress and bring this message to their representatives. Then, on Saturday, October 7th, people will join together in Washington DC to raise one voice, bearing one message -- Housing Now!

If you'd like to come with us to Washington or help out with the campaign, contact Central Iowa Housing Now or give us a call at the house at 243-0765.

in their car we retraced six miles of my walk and had a good chance to share my intention and to pray for the man's healing. As they left he gave me three dollars to buy breakfast next morning and then he thanked me.

Springs and wells, living water, are very special holy places for me on pilgrimage. Towards midday on the first morning, I found a rest place. In the center of it was a pump. I did what I always do, acknowledging God's blessing I drank the water, poured it over my head, my hands and my feet, a holy time and a time of bodily refreshment.

Those three days were a very real experience, getting in touch through action and prayer with the things which most deeply concern me and also the people I know. The actual walking was very enjoyable, at a high in the early morning, petering to the apprehension about shelter or rather the quest for it which I still feel, as evening draws on. I try and so often fail to make the sharing of my intention uppermost.

I no longer carry a feeling of apology for what I'm doing. I empathise with people in the challenging and extraordinary situation I bring to them, which I believe God is in fact bringing to them. If I were not convinced of that, I wouldn't do it. A pilgrim, pilgrims have become the least. What is done to them is done to Jesus. The Kingdom of Heaven has come near them.

I walked over the inadequate provision for walkers or is there any provision for those without transport on the bridge over the Missouri river into Omaha. The sun was still too high overhead to walk the 29 blocks north to St. Anthony's shelter, so I spent most of the afternoon close to the tumbling waters in Central Park.

There were quite a number of people around there who I could have been far more open with than I was. Can you believe that after such an experience?

Kari welcomed me with open arms. As I'd been affirmed and blessed by the radical people of God in Logan Iowa I'd come to those in Omaha Nebraska. That happened last in Nevada; a going out from the body on a peace mission, to return to it again. That feels like authentic Christianity to me.

Love,  
Judith



## WHO WE ARE

The Catholic Worker is a group of individuals living together in community and working together in pursuit of common goals of peace and justice. In our life together we are trying to live out the Biblical mandate to love one another, and so our houses are open to anyone in need, to stay on a temporary or occasionally a longterm basis.

The Catholic Worker is not a tax exempt organization. Members work as unpaid volunteers, receiving only room and board for our work. We neither seek nor accept government or foundation moneys of any kind, choosing to depend on gifts from our extended community who give at a personal sacrifice. In our refusal to conform to organizational structures, we affirm the responsibility of all to assume personal responsibility for those in need and for the problems facing us all in the world. We invite all to join us in whatever way you can.





Meinrad Craighead

Via Pacis  
DMCW -- / Diocese of Des Moines  
Box 4551-- Box 1816  
Des Moines, IA 50306

Address Correction requested

ST ANNE  
BOX 42  
LOGAN, IA 51546

Non-Profit organization  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Permit 22  
Des Moines, Iowa