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SAN DIEGO CATHOLIC WORKER



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It's a miracle: Hospitality House gets a name

After a lot of thinking, and some discussion, we have decided to name our House of Hospitality at 2428 L Street, Casa Milagro, literally translated as Miracle House.

Casa Milagro is aptly named. It's a miracle that it came into being at all; were it not for a confluence of a number of factors involving generous funding and availability, it might never have been.

Some might say it's a miracle that it has lasted this long; our road has been somewhat rocky at times, but we are now beginning our third year. And we are awaiting another miracle—for a stable community to be established at the house soon.

But, most apt of all: As we continue to grow, there will be no shortage of miracles performed there—from sheltering the homeless, to feeding the hungry, mending broken lives, and providing opportunities for many to express the love and compassion of Jesus and to have his and their aspirations for peace and justice realized in our topsy-turvy world.

In the Old Testament, God created the world by naming it, and he sometimes commissioned people by calling their names. We pray that by naming our house it will fulfil its mission for many years to come.

The name Casa Milagro may not be all that unique. A quick Google search reveals there is a Casa Milagro in Richardson, Texas (that's a restaurant). There are three in New Mexico: an historic home in Carlsbad; a transitional home for women over 35 with chronic mental illness in Albuquerque; and a 12-member therapeutic home for artists in Santa Fe. And there's another in Honduras that provides shelter for six or eight "at-risk" girls. We are not alone.

Sometime in the not-too-distant future we will have a christening ceremony, to which everybody will be invited. In the meantime, please feel perfectly free to come and visit us. We might even find something for you to do. You can find us on the Web at: catholicworkersd.org.



Once Jesus became "respectable," the church began to support capital punishment.

Executions not compatible with teaching of Christ or justifiable in modern society

By Denys Horgan
Editor, San Diego Catholic Worker

One morning, just a couple of weeks ago, a lot of people throughout the civilized world, woke up to the horrifying news that the state of Georgia had killed Troy Davis by lethal injection after the U.S. Supreme Court had denied a stay of execution the night before.

Davis was a black man who had been convicted of killing a white policeman 22 years previously. The Pope, former president Jimmy Carter, Archbishop Desmond Tutu and the ex-director of the FBI, William Sessions, had publicly called for a stay of execution, based partly on the fact that there was no physical evidence that Davis was present when the policeman was shot and that several witnesses had recanted evidence they had given at his trial.

What did not get nearly as much national or international media attention was that the previous day, a white supremacist, Lawrence Brewer, was executed in Texas for dragging a young black man behind his truck to his death.

People might be tempted to make comparisons between the two cases: Which was worse, the dragging of the black youth to his death or the shooting of the policeman? And who gets more sympathy, the black man convicted of killing the policeman in the course of a crime or the white supremacist who

killed the youth for sport?

It's probably true to say that some of the people who would countenance the execution of, say, Brewer, would not support the execution of Davis, and vice versa.

But the real truth is that neither of the executions, from a Christian point of view is defensible. Weighing the possible guilt or innocence of one against the other, or the gravity of the crime committed, distracts from the true Christian position: In today's world executions are never permissible.

It wasn't always that way. For centuries Christian churches not only permitted capital punishment, but enforced it in unimaginably cruel ways. In the days of the Papal States, which came to an end in 1929, criminals were put to death, and it was not until 40 years later, in 1969, that the Vatican City finally removed the death penalty from its charter. Theologians as great as St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas justified capital punishment on the grounds that God had entrusted civil authority with power over life and death and that it was the only practicable defense against violence.

However, it is impossible to get around Jesus' example of forgiving his executioners, his ruling to forgive without end, and the absolute non-violent essence of his message: "You have heard that it was said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' But I tell you, do not resist an evil person. If someone strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also" (Matt. 5:38).

In fidelity to Jesus, the early Christians refused to take human life under any circumstances, a stance from which they did not waver until the church was given public recognition by the Emperor Constantine in 313. From then on, the church had to "behave itself."

But times have changed. Now that the church has lost its secular power, we can see Jesus more clearly and, with a greater respect for all life, we can find ways to punish criminals without killing them. We can even restore their human dignity and reform them.

The death penalty has become unnecessary and pointless. Numerous studies have shown that it does not deter murder and society can be protected by imprisonment. Recourse to the death penalty is necessary only "in very rare, if not practically non-existent" circumstances. In practise, never.

Consequently, although the church might not have renounced capital punishment in principal, it has certainly done so in practice. Capital punishment is not necessary and therefore not permissible. The state no longer has the right to put people to death.

San Diego Catholic Worker

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From the Collected Writings of Dorothy Day

We discover Jesus every time we break bread with the poor



The following thoughts are excerpts from the diaries of Dorothy Day (1878-1980).

Sunday July 17, 1938

Our greatest need is mutual charity, love, and loyalty to each other. It is the only way to solve problems, get cooperation, and have peace. To see the good in our neighbor, and develop it. To forgive and not to judge. Never to speak ill of one another. Not to be upset at others doing so, but change the conversation or walk away.

Peter [Maurin's] example at the farm should be felt this summer. He walks to Mass daily, communicates ... So many hours of manual labor and time for reading and discussion. He is mending the roads, making flowerbeds, and the whole lower farm is improved.

My problem is not to become upset at people's discontent and criticism but to keep myself peaceful, kind, and patient. My great fault when one person is criticizing another to me is to point out their faults and that only makes things worse.

September 19, 1938

As I came down the street a well dressed priest drove by in a big car. Then I passed another—also well dressed, comfortable. Then still another out in front of a most luxurious mansion, the parish house, playing with a dog on a leash. All of them well fed, well housed, comfortable, caring for the safe people like themselves. And where are the priests for the poor, the down and out, the sick in city hospitals, in jails? It is the little of God's children who do not get cared for. God help them and God help the priest who is caught in the bourgeois system and cannot get out.

Feb. 27, 1939

They are having a mission at Transfiguration Church on Mott St. It began last night, a Jesuit, Fr. McGrath conducting it. He is very good, preaching in popular fashion yet dealing with profound ideas. Last night, the desire we all have for life, knowledge and love. Tonight, mortal sin.

The men from the Bowery were there, ragged, dirty, jobless, most of them. Longshore workers, teamsters, gandy dancers, sand hogs, restaurant workers, men who had led hard and dangerous lives. There were Irish, Italian, mostly, but other nationalities too. Poles, Croatians, Hungarians. There were young and old, men and women, single and married.

Tonight and last night I sat next to some of the Bowery men, living on relief in lodging houses or sleeping in doorways. They were as poor, as destitute, as "down and out" as man can get. And yet how close they are to our Lord!

"He was a man so much like other men that it took the kiss of a Judas to single him out," [François] Mauriac wrote.

He was like that man in the pew beside me. He was as like him as his brother. He was his brother. And I felt Christ in that man beside me and loved him.

Every morning I break my fast with the men in the breadline. Some of them speak to me. Many of them do not. But they know me and I know them. And there is a sense of comradeship there. We know each other in the breaking of bread.

These diary entries come from The Duty of Delight: The Diaries of Dorothy Day, edited by Robert Ellsberg (Marquette University Press). The selections were made by Robert Ellsberg.

Selected correspondence sent

Did Dorothy keep the letters written to her?

ALL THE WAY TO HEAVEN

The Selected Letters of Dorothy Day

Edited by Robert Ellsberg

Marquette University Press, 2011.

Review by Bill Pease

"According to her wishes, these materials were sealed for twenty-five years after her death in 1980." That prefatory note in *All the Way to Heaven* is a reminder to us, her younger contemporaries, who find it hard to believe that Dorothy Day has been gone this long. "These materials" include not only her correspondence but also her diaries for which Robert Ellsberg undertook the even bigger task of editing and publishing in 2008 as *The Duty of Delight*. (Reviewed in SDCW, spring-summer 2008).

The correspondence collected here comprises only letters sent by Dorothy. It is quite remarkable, first, that so many were saved and then that the Catholic Worker archives at Marquette University were able to gather them in. One wonders: What about letters received by her? Did she save these? Considering her many moves and the Spartan surroundings in which she lived, perhaps she was unable to keep the bulky files this would have required.

Love letters with marriage negotiations

Most unexpected among the letters and their rounding out of her life story are those saved by her one-time partner, Forster Batterham, from both their shared youth and later in life long after they separated. These bear testimony to their love and to the sacrifice her conversion entailed. Soon after she entered the Church she continued to plead that they get married, for the sake of which she would reduce her expressed piety to a required minimum of weekly attendance and raising their daughter as a Catholic. But Forster, whose explanation we never hear, must have been equally determined not to sign on to the institution of marriage nor any other institution if he could help it.

When Dorothy Day became a Catholic after such a rocky youth as lover, left-wing enthusiast and free-lance reporter, her friends could well have predicted that this odd religiosity would pass by in a year or two. All the more exceptional then is the constancy of her life and her mission in her remaining half-century. After the initial entry into the Church the launch pad of her story was the meeting with Peter Maurin. Because of his limited writings and presence in the Catholic Worker community it is easy to minimize his role, but she repeatedly makes clear that he defined the specialized rendering of Catholic tradition that is the basis of the Catholic Worker and which she relentlessly carried forward.

Some stayed while others left

She had some co-workers who stood with her over the years—and many others who dropped away. Most prominent perhaps was Ammon Hennacy, whose interest was initially amorous, and discouraged in that, did for a time enter the Church and thereafter went his own individualistic way. One volatile figure was Jack English. In 1951 Dorothy had referred me to Jack when I was thinking—briefly—of going to live with the group on Chrystie Street. Jack fell into alcoholism and even after spending eight years with the Trappists slipped into it again. Dorothy never flagged in her sympathy for and encouragement of Jack, who eventually returned to the Trappists toward the end of his life. There were other big disappointments. After many alcoholic and otherwise troubled priests came to the Catholic Worker, she envisioned a retreat center for them and took steps toward the necessary property and permissions, but when the priest she counted on as director thereof had a stroke she had to give up this plan.

It is well to be made aware in the diaries and the letters that Dorothy Day, a self-described Christian anarchist, cannot be lodged into our usual political categories. Liberals may take note of several quotations from *All the Way to Heaven*: "Am trying to persuade Allen [Tate, a monarchist] to write for the paper ... being a writer he would be able to make his position more understood, the king as symbol ... it would not be half so against anarchism as is democracy" [By "democracy" did she mean our complex system of electoral representation?] (p. 231). Then there was this: "I am no feminist. I believe men have the vision and women must follow it. Without Peter, I would never have done a thing" (p. 352). Yet reading these quotations we might ask ourselves, who of us would want to be held to remarks made in what was counted as a transitory letter? And it is an occasion for that famous dictum of Ralph Waldo Emerson: A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

As to the Second Vatican Council, so important to reform-minded Catholics, Dorothy's concern, expressed here

at least, was drawn off to issues of war and peace, and she joined others in a trip to Rome to press for that concern. In the end the Council reiterated, in *Gaudium et Spes*, the theory of just war. However, it did condemn total war and the arms race. Most importantly for the Catholic Worker it affirmed the right of conscientious objection.

On the other hand, political and economic conservatives will be put off by her close association with Saul Alinsky, Cesar Chavez, et al. She had some difficulty giving up her early sympathies for Mao Tse-tung (expressed in a talk I heard her give in 1951) and for Fidel Castro as social revolutionaries despite their eventual hardening into dictatorship.

In the 1960s a mutual acquaintance, a member of the "secular institute" of Charles de Foucauld, told us that Dorothy was seriously considering entry into the group. (My wife and I were briefly members of a related "lay fraternity.") Dorothy's interest was borne out in several of her letters. A senior member of the institute was disinclined somehow to her membership and she turned first to the group's less formal lay fraternity and then merely continued as an admirer of the very private devotional commitment in the world represented by de Foucauld and his followers. Her letters give surprisingly less attention to her actual enrollment as a Benedictine oblate (St. Procopius Abbey), something which shows up neither in her published diary nor in William Miller's extensive biography.

Controversial retreat master

An important influence for Dorothy Day but a somewhat opaque one was Father John Hugo. She had encountered him early as a renowned retreat master. He was to act as her spiritual advisor the rest of her life. Perhaps because he was her usual confessor she does not speak of his teaching at length. His retreats were controversial, even among the Workers, and were banned by church authorities for a while. His tone was apparently highly rigorous, denigrating natural virtue in favor of the supernatural. But if so, Dorothy's own attitude of empathy and forbearance does not reflect that.

Nothing so well demonstrates Dorothy Day's connection with the rough and tumble of ordinary life as her relationship with her daughter, Tamar. During Tamar's childhood they kept more closely together than readers of the paper might have realized. At adolescence Tamar did not attend a typical high school but rather a boarding school of domestic arts and agriculture, in accord with Dorothy's preference—and she seems to have pursued her very private life well fitted to that role. Tensions first rose when 16-year old Tamar fell in love with the older David Hennessy. At Dorothy's insistence the wedding was delayed for two years. Dissonance see-sawed with harmony as the years went by. Dorothy affectionately devoted herself to the grandchildren, of which there were eventually nine. David's efforts to make a living failed and his physical and mental health declined to the point of hospitalization. Not long after the birth of their last child, the couple parted for good and lived separately into old age. These intimate strains and the fact that all her offspring distanced themselves from the church over time occasioned deep sorrow for their dedicated "Granny."

No leadership from hierarchy

As Dorothy Day's cause toward eventual canonization stands before clerical reviewers in years to come they will do well to ponder something she wrote in 1968 to Gordon Zahn (p. 351): "As a convert I never expected much from the bishops. In all history popes and bishops and father abbots seem to have been blind and power-loving and greedy. I never expected leadership from them. It is the saints that keep appearing all through history that keep things going. What I do expect is the bread of life and down through history there is that continuity. Living where we do there is no intellectual acceptance of the Church, only blind faith. I mean among the poor."

Bill Pease is a retired librarian from San Diego State University. For this review he acknowledges the advice of Patrick Jordan, managing editor of Commonweal, a friend of Dorothy Day and her neighbor on Staten Island.

What I learned from the nuns

It influenced it greatly. I was taught by the nuns in my school that we will be judged by how we treat the least among us, that you cannot get into heaven without a permission slip from the poor.

—Documentary film-maker **Michael Moore**, when asked how his Catholic upbringing influenced his world view, *LA Times*, Sept. 25.



Clothing the downtown homeless

Every two weeks, San Diego Catholic Worker Sharon Everett collects a few friends and they distribute clothes to as many as 100 homeless women and men on the streets of San Diego. The clothes are donated by Catholic Worker supporters, some of whom organize clothes drives in their schools, places of work or parishes. Women's, children's and especially men's clothes are needed. The clothes are sorted by volunteers at the Catholic Worker House of Hospitality, Casa Milagro, on L Street, and distributed on the third Saturday of the Month at the Neil Goode Center on 17th Street and on the first Friday of the month at the Lutheran Church on 3rd St. To volunteer to help with the sorting or the distribution, please call Sharon at (619) 284-2308. Pictured left are Greg Wasson and Jeanie O'Dwyer and below, Sharon and Margie.



Little boys eventually discover there are only so many toys they can have at the same time

By Brian McCarthy

Brian is a dedicated helper with the Catholic Worker lunch in Pacific Beach every Friday.

My wife Donna and I were excited to welcome old friends Zoe and Chuck and their two small children. It had been a few years and we had catching up to do.

Once seated in our front room, the youngsters discovered a corner filled with toys that we stack in anticipation of a grandson's visit. With high delight they plunged into that corner.

The younger of the two, Zeke, tried every toy available, at least once. He seemed to be overwhelmed by the number of the playthings, and found it hard to settle on one. Enid was the more reserved. She quietly devoted herself, one toy at a time, to inventing little games with each. While the adults chatted, the children busily spread the many toys throughout the front room floor.

After a time, Zeke said, "I want that one." He indicated a smaller toy dump truck. It was the one Enid was pushing. Initially, his parents pretended to ignore the boy.

But there was no ignoring Zeke. His protests grew louder, seeing that his desires were not being fulfilled. Zeke's Dad finally gave Zeke his attention.

Chuck used his best psychology. He suggested that Zeke could have the smaller truck ... if. The "if" would require that Zeke relinquish his position on the large fire truck on which he sat, in exchange for the toy Enid was playing with. Fair trade.

The fairness of this suggestion, however, was lost on Zeke. The child protested again, volume up. Fragile windows in our 100-year-old house shook when the boy shouted. "No, no, no...I want that one. It's mine." When Daddy Chuck, speaking in his best controlled manner, again tried

the exchange proposition, it was met with childlike rage. In the face of the stalemate, Zeke amped his protestations. He was really screaming now, eyes bulging, veins too, flushed face.

In the end, Chuck caved, probably because he did not want to bother his hosts. He convinced Enid that she should give her toy to Zeke.

This mollified Zeke.

For a short time. It wasn't long before he lusted after the toy that Enid had been given in replacement of the one she relinquished to Zeke. Hollering to beat the band, "I want that one."

With precedent set, Chuck gave that toy too, to Zeke. Enid took yet another toy in replacement. The process was repeated several times.

Zeke became overloaded with toys. He clutched them to his belly and chest. A mound of them gathered at his feet. He had about as many toys as he could manage.

In fact, he had so many toys that he could **not** manage. Had he desired to play with just one or two at the same time, he'd have to put aside all the others that he now possessed. It was such that, loaded down with toys, he could not even push the fire truck on which he sat.

So, Zeke, stopped making a fuss. His hold on the toys was firm, locked. But there was a look on his face that spoke, if not sadness, then perhaps satiety. Without words, he looked to his parents. He seemed to ask, "Now what?"

And in the quiet that descended on the room, his sister Enid played contentedly with a toy emergency vehicle.

When it was time for goodbyes, Zeke stepped out the front door, lingering on all the toys that he was leaving behind. He appeared to be baffled by the encounter with the toys. One wonders if this experience will be remembered by him.

Detail from Friz Eichenberg's "The Peaceable Kingdom" (1950).



Day by Day

A selection of thoughts that readers bring to the attention of the editor from time to time. To submit a thought of your own, please e-mail denyshorgan@att.net

When Peace Gets a Chance

I respect the students' skepticism, while asking them to consider that if violence were truly effective, we would have had peace eons ago. And to remember that in the past quarter-century at least seven brutal regimes—in the Philippines, Chile, Poland, Yugoslavia, Georgia, Egypt and Tunisia—were overthrown by people who relied on weapons of the spirit more than on weapons of steel. To varying degrees, their strategies of nonviolence worked. During the same years, American presidents and Congresses ordered up violent force in Libya, Grenada, Panama, Haiti, Somalia, Sudan, Yemen, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Iraq. For what? Mounds of corpses, profits to weapons companies, career boosts for generals, high rates of suicide among veterans and soldiers, and an economy laid waste by spending on wars that can't be won, afforded or explained.

—Colman McCarthy, *The Nation*, Aug. 30.

Another way to fight terror?

Millions of Christians reject the lies of war. They know that war and preparing for war do not make us safer or sow the seeds of peace. It can't end terrorism because it is terrorism. War certainly, hasn't helped our economy or the environment or our health. As the world is learning, there are many creative nonviolent ways to solve international conflict.

—John Dear S.J., commenting on the presence of ROTC at Loyola University, America, Sept. 13.

Love instead of force

So if you wanted to be a disciple of Jesus, you have to begin to be ready to give up any idea of domination over another.

We must do that individually. In our relationships there has to be total mutuality if we're going to be friends. In a marriage relationship, there has to be mutuality, not one dominating another.

That's very hard to do, but Jesus says that's what we have to do if we're going to be his disciples: give up this sense of power. We have to do that individually, but don't you think it would be important also for us as a community, as a nation, not to think that we dominate the world, that we have the largest army and spend the most on military equipment, forces and training than any other country in the world. Why?

Disciples of Jesus don't need weapons. They don't drive for power. It's a hard lesson, but Jesus says the other way to do it is through love.

That's the first thing He tells us, "If you want to be My disciple, you must be one who is willing to be powerless," like Jesus who said, "I, when I am lifted up," and He meant on the cross, totally powerless, "I will draw all people to Myself."

He never coerces. He never uses force or power. He draws by what Pope John Paul used to call the fascinating power of love. That's all.

That's hard, but that's part of being a disciple of Jesus.

—Bishop Thomas Gumbleton, Sept. 8.

Who's got the problem?

The poor are not our problem:

we are theirs.

—Gustavo Gutierrez, liberation theologian.

Saint Martha

Model of Hospitality and Faithful Disciple

By Fr. Gil Gentile S.J.

Fr. Gil is Spiritual Director of the San Diego Catholic Worker

July 29th is the feast of St. Martha. Martha is the sister of Mary and Lazarus of Bethany who were close friends of Jesus. According to the Ordo, the official liturgical calendar of the Church, Martha is a “model of hospitality and a faithful disciple.” The Church has declared her the patron of housewives—and I think we need to say househusbands—and of waiters and waitresses. This is all because Martha showed Jesus hospitality by serving him at table.

Surely Martha’s service, generosity and discipleship are also models for the Catholic Worker whose Houses of Hospitality most often define the movement’s existence.

There is a maxim from the rule of St. Benedict the founder of western monasticism, “*Hospes venit, Christus venit*.” The Latin words mean, “(When a) guest comes, Christ comes.” In the case of Martha this was blessedly, literally true. She extended the hospitality of her home to her friend and Lord, Jesus who is indeed the Christ. For Martha, the meaning of the saying is clear. For the rest of us, the words of St. Benedict carry the additional meaning that hospitality is of God and the challenge to welcome guests as we would welcome Jesus into our homes and into our hearts.

Martha’s hospitality is clearly spoken of in the New Testament. In the 12th chapter of St. John, just days before Jesus is arrested, it says: “Jesus came to Bethany where Lazarus was, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. They gave a dinner for him there, and Martha served. Lazarus reclined at table with him.” The account goes on to tell how Mary takes perfumed oil made from nard and anoints

Jesus’ feet and dries them with her hair. That’s a whole lot of hospitality—being with friends, being served and being anointed!

As I read this account again, I couldn’t help but wonder what Martha served for lunch. We can only guess. However, as every good cook will tell you, the most important ingredient in a dish is ... love. And I have no doubt that Martha prepared the home and the food and served Jesus with great love.

The first reading for the feast of St. Martha is from St. John’s love letter to the early church, better known as the First Letter of St. John. “Beloved, let us love one another because love is of God; everyone who loves is begotten by God and knows God. ... God is love and those who remain in love remain in God and God in them.” What fitting words to describe the ways in which Martha, Mary and Lazarus received Jesus—“God’s only-begotten Son whom he sent into the world so that we might have life through him”—into their home and into their lives.

In addition to the 12th chapter of John, Martha appears in two other events in the New Testament. In Luke 10:38, we hear that Martha welcomed Jesus to her village (Bethany) and was “burdened with much serving” while her sister Mary sat at Jesus’ feet listening to him. Martha complains to Jesus and says to him like a petulant child, “Lord, tell her to help me.” Jesus gently rebukes her with the familiar words, “Martha, Martha you are anxious and worried about many things. There is need of only one thing.” Jesus doesn’t say what that “one thing” is but it’s

quite evident that “it” is love.

The third time that Martha appears in scripture is at the death of her brother Lazarus. This is a powerful story about friendship, about love, about the tragedy of death, about disappointment and expectations not met and ultimately about hope fulfilled. In this story, we hear a grieving Martha gently rebuking Jesus, “Lord, if you had been here my brother would not have died.” Jesus’ response is loving, kind and patient, “Your brother will rise.” And then Jesus invites her to believe in the Resurrection and the Life that actually stands, flesh and blood, right in front of her. He challenges her to believe that love is stronger than death. She accepts the challenge and makes one of the most profound professions of faith in the Bible, “Yes, Lord. I have come to believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, the one who is coming into the world.” Martha goes from anger and grief and resentment to acceptance, peace, and faith and finally to joy when her brother Lazarus is raised from the dead by her friend Jesus.

Martha finally understands what that “one thing” is that we all need and that it is simply and yet profoundly, love—God’s love for us in Jesus, our love for God, the love of our family and friends, the love for justice and peace, the love of country, and the love that we live out through all the ways in which we serve our Church and our world. Catholic Workers have been known, thanks be to God, as a group of committed Christians who truly create hospitality in the communities where they reside. It almost goes without saying that Dorothy Day, our patroness and

all-around holy woman, is a shining example of a person who, with all her being, understood hospitality, service and faithful discipleship as all good Catholic Workers and all good Christians must certainly do. And it is our hope that our local Catholic Worker community, *Casa Milagro*, will be as well a shining example to all of our brothers and sisters in San Diego, California.

One of the reasons that I and no doubt many others have an affinity for Martha is that she along with many of the well-known characters of scripture such as Peter and Thomas show a human frailty with which we can so easily identify. They are all people whom Jesus “rebukes” and who later come to understand what Jesus’ mission is and who he is, and they become “models of faithful discipleship.” Looking to these saints gives us a sense of comfort and reassurance that we who are also “re-bukeable”—that is sinners—share in Jesus’ Resurrection and Life. No doubt about it!

Despite our brokenness and petulance and selfishness and fearfulness and ... on and on, we know by faith that if we live in love we will die and rise to new life with Jesus and Lazarus and Martha and Mary and Peter and Thomas and the whole Communion of Saints. As St. John says, “If we remain in love we remain in God and God remains in us.” That’s awfully good news.

As we honor St. Martha of Bethany let us ask that God’s Holy Spirit will make all of us Catholic Workers into models of hospitality, service and faithfulness. And may we also be models of God’s great love—that one not-so-secret ingredient.



Woodcuts on Page One and Page Four by Ade Bethune.

Lectures not to be missed

The following lectures will be presented at the University of San Diego, sponsored by its Center for Catholic Thought and Culture and the School of Peace Studies.

Fr. John O’Brien, a USD visiting fellow and a Spiritan priest who lives with Hindu outcasts in Pakistan, will speak on “**Christian-Muslim Dialogue from Below: Spiritan Perspectives from Pakistan**,” at 5:30 p.m., in the Manchester Auditorium, Oct. 20. Lecture is free, but RSVP by email to cctc@sandiego.edu or by phone (619) 260-7936 is required. He will speak on “**Solidarity and the Option for the Poor**,” at 12:05 p.m., in Salomon Lecture Hall, Oct. 10. **Qamar ul-Huda**, from the Washington-based U.S. Institute of Peace will speak on “**Crescent and Dove: Civil Unrest and Nonviolence in the Middle East Uprisings**,” at 12:05 in Salomon Lecture Hall, Oct. 3

Peter Phan, Georgetown University, will speak on “**Catholicism Through the Ages: Plurality and Diversity in a Living Tradition**,” at 12:05 p.m., in the Hahn Center, Forum B, Oct. 13.

“**Gerardi**,” a documentary that recounts the story of Bishop Juan Gerardi who was murdered in 1998 after spearheading the report on Guatemala’s Peace Commission, will be shown at 7 p.m., in the Peace and Justice Theatre, Oct. 19.

A panel discussion, lead by **Ginger Jacobs** of the Immigration Justice Project, on **the effects of violence in Mexico on migration and immigration policy**, will be held at 6 p.m., in the Joan B. Kroc Theatre, Nov. 8.

Luiz Carlos Susin, a professor of systematic theology in Porto Alegre, Brazil, will speak on “**The Story and Future of Liberation Theology**,” at 12:05 p.m., in the Hahn Center, Forum B, Dec. 7.

All lectures are free and open to the public.

Catholic Worker Meetings

For the foreseeable future, the San Diego Catholic Worker will continue to meet on the second Monday of each month for its regular community meetings. We will begin our meetings at 6 p.m. in the House of Hospitality, Casa Milagro, 2428 L Street, and celebrate a Eucharist with Fr. Gil afterwards at approximately 7:30 p.m. Everybody is invited to this Mass. The next meetings will be held Oct. 10, November 14 and December 12. For up-to-date information about Catholic Worker activities in San Diego, please look at our Website: www.catholicworkersd.org.

Mission Statement

The San Diego Catholic Worker is committed to the following actions that imitate Christ: a call to service, a belief in the human dignity of all, and an interrelationship with a compassionate God and one another.

As Catholic Workers, we struggle to carry out our double mandate: to minister to the needs of society’s forgotten people, and to challenge and offer alternatives to the attitudes, institutions and structures that create and perpetuate suffering and violence.

Following Christ’s example, we also believe it is our duty to spread the word of our work and provide others with the opportunity to serve.

The San Diego Catholic Worker will achieve its goals by the grace of God and by working together to bring about a world of peace and justice as envisioned by our founders, Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin.

The San Diego Catholic Worker Newspaper is published three or four times a year and distributed free of charge to anybody who requests it

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The San Diego Catholic Worker welcomes everybody and provides services to all, regardless of race, color, creed, religion, ethnicity, national origin, age, handicap, gender, or sexual orientation.

San Diego Catholic Worker

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Please note new Web Site: www.catholicworkersd.org

"War Never Again!"