We repeat, there is nothing we can do but love, and dear God—please enlarge our hearts to love each other, to love our neighbor, to love our enemy as well as our friend.

DOROTHY'S CENTENARY 1897-1997
Celebrating Dorothy Day and the Centenary of Her Birth

by Michael True

(Ed. Note: Dr. True is recently retired from Assumption College in Worcester, Mass. Michael has long been a nonviolent resister. He has written several books on nonviolence. The following article was rejected by the Hartford Courant because neither Michael nor Dorothy are/were Hartford residents.)

She was born 100 years ago this November 8 in Brooklyn, and died on November 30, 1980, not far from her birthplace. In the intervening years, by her faithfulness to poor and homeless people and to social justice, she left an indelible mark on the history of American Catholicism. Although few people follow her precise example, many judge their success at failure and their capacity for goodness by the standard she set. Recent tributes to her legacy include the feature film, Entertaining Angels: The Dorothy Day Story (1995), and a week-long symposium in October at Marquette University, Milwaukee, where her archives are housed.

The daughter of a journalist, Dorothy Day grew up in Chicago and spent two years on scholarship at the University of Illinois before returning to New York to live and to work among young socialists and artists. Eugene O'Neill was a close friend. At the time of the First World War, she wrote for The Masses, eventually published a novel, The Eleventh Virgin, and spent a brief period as a screen writer in Hollywood. After a difficult love affair and a failed marriage, she lived for several years on Staten Island with Foster Batterham, the father of her only daughter, Tamar.

Through a reading of William James's The Varieties of Religious Experience and friendship with a nun who worked among the down-and-out, Dorothy Day became a Catholic, in a conversion that provoked a separation from her anarchist husband and led to several years of uncertainty about how to live her commitments to nonviolent social change and to her newly adopted religion. That dilemma was resolved when Peter Maurin sought her out, after reading her writings about the poor in Commonweal, with his plan to feed the hungry and to house the homeless, in the manner of the bishops of the Middle Ages.

The Catholic Worker movement that Dorothy Day co-founded with Peter Maurin in 1933 thrives as never before, with over 100 Houses of Hospitality throughout the U.S. and in several foreign countries. Its monthly newspaper, The Catholic Worker---still a penny a copy, as it was during the Depression era---goes out to 100,000 subscribers each month. Similar periodicals are published from other Houses of Hospitality, such as St. Martin de Porres in Hartford and the House of Sts. Francis and Therese in Chicago. As the only one knows how many street people have been fed and have been housed by those who follow Day's example, but the figure you must run into the millions by this time.

Throughout her life, her commitment to social justice brought her into conflict with the Establishment on various occasions. She was first arrested as a young woman while visiting friends associated with the Industrial Workers of the World, the Wobblies, in Chicago, and went to jail during her seventies in California in support of Cesar Chavez, Dolores Huerta, and the United Farm Workers. One of her closest allies was Ammon Hennacy, "the one man revolution," who spent time in Atlanta federal prison as a draft resistor during World War One, and later protested against capital punishment and the manufacture and deployment of nuclear weapons.

Day's example and pithy comments about "the whole rotten system" are often cited by nonviolent activists now serving prison terms for civil disobedience at military installations and arms manufacturers in this nuclear era.

An admirer of saints and mystics from other cultures, Dorothy Day was, nonetheless, American to her toes, and admirer and devoted follower of labor radicals and writers such as Eugene Victor Debs, Emma Goldman, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. In the tradition of Leo Tolstoy and other Christian anarchists, Day never paid income tax or filed income tax forms, since she regarded all governments as instruments of violence. She frequently quoted Randolph Bourne's famous saying that "war is the health of the State."

Among a host of books about Day, her memoir, The Long Loneliness (1952), The Selected Writings of Dorothy Day, ed. Robert Ellsberg (1983), and Robert Coles, Dorothy Day: The Radical Devotion (1983), provide valuable insights into her life and vocation, as---to a lesser degree---does the film, Entertaining Angels.

Dorothy Day wished to be remembered, she once told Robert Coles, as an ardent seeker after God who tried to follow His example, "after a few false starts." To be witness, she added, quoting Cardinal Suhard, "does not consist in engaging in propaganda or even in stirring people up, but in being a living mystery; it means to live in such a way that one's life would not make sense if God did not exist." Because of her inordinate authenticity as friend and benefactor of the poor, Dorothy Day created some discontent with "old" ways of being religious, and inadvertently shamed people into being better human beings than they might have been.
My Recollection of Dorothy Day

by Hazen Ordway
(ed. note: Hazen Ordway spent the last years of his life volunteering at the Catholic Worker houses in Worcester. He died in 1990.)

The night I heard Dorothy speak at Catholic University in Washington D.C. in 1935 was the beginning of what I wanted to do with the rest of my life. Her zeal for social justice was so great, that I decided on the spot to join the Catholic Worker, and started to hitch-hike to New York to join them. Dorothy's words convinced me I had found the life I was looking for. I walked all the way to Baltimore that night not being able to get a ride. I did not care. I had discovered a star and I was following it, like the Magi to Bethlehem. Dorothy was a light to be followed. I'm still following that light, fifty-two years later.

Two years earlier, Peter Maurin was the light, Dorothy discovered, and was following in 1933, starting the paper. From that time on Dorothy's life was totally committed to social justice for the poor, as a Catholic and for peace.

Dorothy knew she was helpless by herself and depended on prayer and God's providence to carry on the work she had embraced.

She went to daily mass when possible, and I believe she prayed continuously.

I believe she was in love with God, being so grateful that she had found God in Catholicism, which she embraced.

One time, I drove her to Boston from New York for a speaking engagement at the Boston Catholic Worker. We picked up a car full of hitch-hikers, while Dorothy was praying the rosary.

There were many alcoholics in the Catholic Worker with whom she was compassionate, non-condemning, and forgiving, but stern and admonishing with patience and long-suffering. Not only with alcoholics, but with the failings of all the people with whom she lived and worked including myself.

One time, on Maryfarm in Easton, Pa. when I had responsibility for the driving of the farm car, I let one of the fellows take the car into town after drinking all evening and he got into an accident. I should not have given him the keys to the car. I was forgiven. What damages it cost Dorothy, I don't remember.

During the early years of the Catholic Worker Dorothy used to smoke. She wanted to give it up, but on her own, she wasn't able to do so. On the advice of a priest, she prayed that she could, and was able to stop after losing the desire to smoke.

Dorothy was the one responsible for the running of the Catholic Worker operation much to her dislike, but always with love, never permitting discrimination against anyone, loving all even with their faults.

Dorothy valued so much what help she received from certain retreats she made with some priests, that she started retreats at the farms in Easton, PA and Newburg, NY for all the workers and their families.

Dorothy believed in the primacy of the spiritual in our lives, but never lost sight of the material necessities we need to live by: food, clothing and shelter. She practiced all the works of mercy, spiritual and physical.

I believe Dorothy was a saint. She practiced all the virtues in heroic proportions.

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St. Martin's Calendar

Tuesday, December 2: Please join us at 7:30 PM as we celebrate Mass. Tea and dessert to follow. Call us at 724-7066 for directions.

Saturday, December 20: Please join Santa Claus and his elves at St. Martin's for our annual Christmas party. Santa needs your help serving drinks and snacks and distributing hats, mittens, socks and underwear to the children of our neighborhood.

St. Martin's Wish List

* your continued prayers
* donations to help with the bills
* new socks for boys and girls
* new underwear for boys and girls
* new, unwrapped toys NO WAR TOYS!!
On Becoming a Catholic Worker

by Christopher Allen-Duong

"Our best and truest memories are invariably suffused with gratitude. I am grateful beyond words for the grace of this woman's life; for her sensible, unflinching rightness of mind, her long and lonely truth, her journey to the heart of things. I think of her as one who simply helped us, in a time of self-inflicted blindness, to see."

Daniel Berrigan

On November 8 Dorothy Day would have been 100 years old. I first heard of Dorothy in 1980 when I was 12. Dorothy was 83 and soon to die. I was in 8th grade and had been given Dorothy's name and told to learn about her life for my catechism class.

At 12 I didn't take religion seriously. I resented going to catechism class and to Mass. I resented much around me at the time. A year prior my family had moved from the city I had grown up in to a quiet and stifling uniform suburb. I was removed from all that was familiar: friends, school, neighborhood. In our new home I was slow to make friends and stood on the edge of the group. The lasting memory of the time is isolation.

Anyway I had this assignment that I didn't want and so I asked my maternal grandmother, Gram, if she would do it for me. My Gram was a saintly woman. She was active in her parish through a group called the Catholic Daughters. She volunteered long hours at area hospitals and led a Girl Scout troop for many years—well into her 60's. My Gram was a gentle and holy woman. She spent the last few years of her life in our home. She lost her leg and eventually her life to cancer. She died in our home when I was a junior in high school. The whole community shared in our loss.

The paper Gram wrote about Dorothy was well researched and 10 pages long. I regret that I never spoke with my Gram about Dorothy. I don't even remember reading the paper and I forgot all about Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker.

During high school I fell away from the Church as my folks became increasingly active in our new parish. I became interested in the work of Amnesty International and Greenpeace. Meanwhile I became increasingly estranged from my family. For a while I lived with my grandfather when Gram moved into my room.

When I went away to college at Holy Cross in Worcester my feelings of isolation greatly increased. I didn't get along with my family and I felt I was very different economically, socially and politically from the other students. I had begun volunteering with Greenpeace and I soon chaired the Amnesty chapter on campus. But for all my yearning for peace I was at war with myself and detest with my family was still several years away. I was becoming increasingly radical in my thoughts about war and poverty. I was also becoming increasingly alone with those thoughts as it became clear that most, virtually all, of my classmates did not agree with me.

During my second year at Holy Cross I learned about Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker for what I believed was the first time. I remember reading Breaking Bread by Mel Piehl. I was supposed to write a paper but I was unable to translate the emotional and spiritual impact that learning about Dorothy had on me into academic or intellectual terms. I was impregnated with the idea of a radical new way of life. I had been made aware of a community of believers that were attempting with their daily lives to practice nonviolence and the Works of Mercy in a personal way. With this germ implanted on my conscience I knew that I had to change and grow. I was unprepared for how difficult it would experience as the ideas in my head and the feelings in my heart would grow and lead to my rebirth.

This rebirth it seemed further distanced me from my family and friends. I had entered college hoping to heal people by becoming a doctor. I was too proud and too blind to see my own wounds and need for healing. After learning about Dorothy I knew in my heart that I would never be a doctor. I lost interest in the mechanics of life as I became more intrigued by the infinite mystery of Life.

After mounting pressure I succumbed to the stress and had a crisis. It was a question of integrity. How could I advocate a radical redistribution of wealth and a nonviolent response to injustice without fundamentally changing my life? The struggle to try and reconcile the competing demands of the Cross and society would not, and cannot, be easily resolved. Jesus said, "No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God" (Lk 9:62). I was still looking back when a counselor at Holy Cross gave me the ultimatum to admit myself to the psychiatric ward of the UMass Medical Center or go home. (The college's actions were in response to recent suicides on campus.)

While at the hospital I had a lot of time on my hands. I prayed and slept. I was horribly embarrassed when friends from Holy Cross came to visit. I was embarrassed by the stigma of being a "mental patient". I remember as a kid we used to put others down by calling them "mental cases". My time in the hospital was my first experience of solidarity with a group of brothers and sisters that have been castigated and marginalised by society. I met a girl in junior high that weighed 50 lbs. because of the anorexia she struggled with. She had died once before and had to be revived. I met several men my age who couldn't get the voices out of their heads and were thus often engrossed in conversations with their voices. On the ward we patients often felt like we were animals at the zoo. The ward doors were locked; somebody would check on us every 15 minutes day and night taking notes on their clipboard; and the staff, though caring,
kept a "professional distance" from us. This time was also my first experience with community. Most of the patients opened up with each other and supported one another. Noticeably excluded from this experience of community were the patients that appeared to be more seriously troubled; the men hearing voices, the dirty and disheveled among us.

I met a woman about my mom's age. She was depressed and had nearly succeeded in killing herself. She had a daughter about my age with whom she had a tumultuous relationship. This woman had tremendous compassion for the men hearing voices. She shared her travails with me and gave me insight as to how my struggle affected my family. This woman also showed me how to love those on the edge of society. She recognised her brokenness and accepted others whose brokenness was more apparent.

When my mother heard that I was in the hospital she told me to pray a novena to St. Therese. She said that my prayers would be answered when I saw a rose. There I was in the hospital in part because of a spiritual struggle and I laughed at my mothers suggestion that I pray. Little did I know that St. Therese of Lisieux and her "little way" had deeply influenced Dorothy Day. My mother said the novena for me.

After I was released from the hospital I saw the woman who taught me much about love only twice more at mandated aftercare group counseling sessions. This woman's name was Rose; she was the answer to my mother's prayers.

When I returned to Holy Cross wearing the stigma of having been a patient on the psych. ward I was on the margin of society. During the following weeks I changed my major to Religious Studies, (my mother asked if I was going to be a priest– I told her, "no, a faith healer") and I wrote to the Catholic Worker in New York and Worcester.

Scott from the Sts. Francis and Therese House called when they received my letter and I had dinner with them that night. Their community was living in a poor part of the city and living with them were gentlemen with mental illnesses. The afflicted, who among us isn't?, were not on the periphery of this "new society within the shell of the old"; rather they were family sitting at the table.

When I first arrived at the Catholic Worker I knew I was becoming part of a community. My experience living and working with homeless people has taught me that though unemployment, addiction, recent imprisonment and mental illness are various causes of homelessness the one thing all homeless people share is that they have no home; that is, they have no family or the family they have is not willing or able to take them in. In a sense my journey to the Catholic Worker brought me perilously close to becoming homeless. I was isolated from those around me and my family relations could not have been strained anymore without breaking.

Dorothy Day ends The Long Loneliness writing "We have all know the long loneliness and we have learned that the only solution is love and that love comes with community." I believe that if it were not for the Catholic Worker my spiritual crisis may have gone unresolved and deepened into a more serious matter forcing me into a life of desolation alienated from the Church, my family and the society at large.

It was also around this time that I first learned about Daniel and Phillip Berrigan. During research on a paper for Daniel I found his phone number, so I called him for an interview. I prefaced one question by asking Daniel, "If you were a contemporary of Jesus...". Before I could continue Daniel interjected that he was a contemporary of Jesus, wasn't I? I realised that I hadn't believed so because I had yet to recognise Jesus in those around me. Daniel helped to cure the blindness which prevented me from seeing through the various veils Jesus wears as we encounter Him during the day. Willing to believe, I was lifted from a place of loneliness to a community where Eucharist is shared every time the door is opened to neighbor, stranger, and enemy alike.

Often when I give a presentation about our work I am asked how I became involved in all of this. I've always demurred, giving a bland answer that I learned about the Worker at Holy Cross. I've never been satisfied with that response because it fails to capture the spiritual life and death and birth struggle I survived. After a long hard labor I left the world I knew and was alone in and found a home in the Catholic Worker.

It was years after I had become a Catholic Worker that my mother gave me the paper my Gram had written. I had forgotten all about it. I periodically read it now and marvel. I once thought I missed a chance at grace by not doing the paper on my own. I now believe that it was grace that my grandmother learned about Dorothy. My Gram and Dorothy were contemporaries; strong women dedicated to the Church and to serving people in need. I imagine Gram was inspired by Dorothy. Remembering my Gram it is obvious to me now that she embodied the "little way". The grace of the event is that I believe in death my Gram led me to Dorothy and the Church they both loved, and a renewed loving relationship with my own family.

On the road to Emmaus the two disciples recognised their companion as Jesus when they broke bread together, until then He was just a stranger. There are no more strangers among us. The broken lives of those around us are the Mystical Body of Christ accompanying us on our journeys. Thank-you Gram and Dorothy for leading me to the table of Broken Bread.
Price of 'Exploitation'

"Look at the price we're paying now for the violence and exploitation of the past," she said. She described the turmoil in Africa, Latin America and Asia as stemming directly from the imperialism of the 19th century.

"I certainly think it's better to be living now than in the last century, when we were profiting from this exploitation," she said. "At least we have a consciousness of the evils now."

Accordingly, she is not upset about ferment throughout the world now—"because of conscience. Thank God we've developed."

Miss Day spoke more than an hour and then for an equal time answered questions ("you wouldn't think works of mercy could be so controversial," said the woman, who has been called an American saint by her admirers and has been harshly criticized by her opponents.) What about the allegation that the Catholic Workers are associated with the New Left or communists? one student asked.

"We are closely associated with them—in the interests of dialogue." Miss Day answered. "They are our brothers. Sometimes it so happens that we are working for the same cause," she said, "and we picket together."

'Hysterical Fear'

"There is an abnormal, hysterical fear of communism in this country," she said. Discussion and education is the only way to enlightenment, she said. "This kind of dialogue has been asked for by the Holy Father."

The "causes" of Catholic Workers come directly from the Gospels. Miss Day said: Feeding the hungry, clothing the poor, serving the community. Accordingly, Miss Day and her associates are very much involved in the War on Poverty.

Miss Day is critical of the fact that the U.S. spends "a scant billion for the War on Poverty and 65 billion for the war in Vietnam."

However, "money from the top down" is not necessarily the answer for combating destitution, Miss Day said. The most effective way is through the spark of personal responsibility—reestablishing man to man contact in a world that's become too "totalitarian".

Signs of Catholicism

Miss Day feels that religious non-violence and service can be a match for any use of force. On a visit to Cuba after the Revolution she found signs of Catholicism present and "I went to Mass every day." "You can't destroy a religion through force," she said.

She also acknowledged that there were a great many benefits from the Revolution. "It has the support of the poor, the Negroes, the workers—in short, the majority . . . It eradicated many inequities of the past."

The church must identify with this same kind of reform, Miss Day said. "Otherwise we will lose the poor—and not save the soul of the rich."
En el umbral de un nuevo milenio vivimos una gran revolución humana. Olas migratorias sin precedente cambiarán nuestras vidas: ya han unido a culturas y razas en una mezcla potencialmente explosiva. California reacciona con leyes brutales, como la Proposición 187, pero la cuestión para los creyentes es cómo entrar en el futuro que Dios polanea para nosotros en estas olas. Hay alguien que nos puede ayudar a entender la perspectiva de Dios.

San Martín nació en 1579 en Lima, Perú. La complejidad que experimentamos ya existía en sus tiempos. Los incas conquistados, los africanos esclavizados, y los españoles conquistadores vivían juntos en la Lima de los siglos XVI y XVII. Martín mismo, hijo de un noble español y una liberta africana, era producto de tal mezcla, y en ella encontró de tal modo a Dios, que puede ser nuestro faro al navegar estas aguas tumultuosas. Un relato sobre Martín cuenta cómo uno de los dominicos de su convento vió una extraña escena: a los pies de Martín había un perro y un gato comiendo tranquilamente del mismo plato. El fraile estaba a punto de llamar a los demás para que lo vieran, cuando por un agujero de la pared apareció un ratoncito. Sin dudarlo, Martín se dirigió a él como si fuera un viejo amigo. "No tengas miedo, pequeño. Si tienes hambre, ven y come con los demás." El ratoncito dudó un poco, pero se acercó. El fraile se quedó mudo. ¡A los pies del mulato Martín, enemigos naturales comían en paz!

Este relato de San Martín trata de una convivencia sin par, que se refiere a los últimos tiempos, como anunciaba Isaías: "El lobo vivirá con el cordero." Pero trata, además, de cómo llegar, cruzando fronteras que creíamos infranqueables. Esto en gran parte, ya se está dando hoy. Nuestro desafío, por tanto, es vivir juntos una vez que hemos cruzado las fronteras. Ningún acto de la razón o de la voluntad nos va a llevar allí. Debemos imaginarnos a nosotros mismos con San Martín, el perro, el gato, y el ratón, criaturas de Dios que habían encontrado un compañerismo impensable. No debemos pensarnos tanto como Bosnios, norteamericanos, africanos o hispanos, sino como criaturas de Dios. En ahí donde está el potencial de una vida nueva de amor en el mundo. Esto debe dar alas a nuestra fe para imaginar un compañerismo nuevo y atrayente que se nos ha escapado desde que el primer ser humano se encontró con otro a quien no entendía. Por eso me gustaría ofrecer este relato para que, entrando en la imaginación de San Martín, podamos hacernos, como él, criaturas de Dios.

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**Martin de Porres: knowing ourselves as creatures of God**

*by Alex García-Rivera*

(Ed. Note: November 3 is St. Martin De Porres Day on the Church calendar.)

As we are about to enter a new millennium, there is a great human revolution. Unprecedented migrations will change all our lives and have already brought cultures and races together into a potentially explosive mix. California is reacting with cruel anti-immigration laws such as Proposition 187. The question for Christian believers is how to enter into the future god is planning for us. There is someone who can help us understand this human revolution from God's perspective.

Saint Martin was born in 1579 in Lima, Peru. The complex reality we now face already existed in his time. The conquered Incas, the enslaved Africans, and the conquering Spaniards all mixed together in the Lima of the 16th and 17th centuries. The son of a Spanish nobleman and African freedwoman, Martin himself was a product of such mixing. In that, he found God in such a way that he can be a light house for us to sail the stormy waters. A story about Martin tells how one of the Dominicans in his convent saw a strange sight. At the feet of Martin were a dog and a cat eating peacefully from the same bowl. The friar was about to call the others in to witness this marvelous sight when a little mouse stuck its head out from a hole in the wall. Without hesitation, Martin addressed it as an old friend. "Don't be afraid, little one. If you are hungry, come and eat with the others." The little mouse hesitated but then got near. The friar was speechless. At the feet of the mulatto Martin, natural enemies eating peacefully!

The "little story" of Saint Martin envisions an unparalleled fellowship that refers to the end times such as Isaiah envisioned them: "The wolf shall live with the lamb." But it is also a story about how to get there, crossing borders once thought uncrossable. To a great extent, this is already being done for us. Our challenge is to learn how to live together after having crossed these borders. No act of reason or of the will is going to get us there. We must imagine ourselves with Martin and the creatures of God who had found an unthinkable fellowship. We must consider ourselves not so as Bosnian, or North American, or African, or Hispanic but as creatures of God. It is there, I believe, that the possibilities for a new and loving world lie. Our creatureliness must give wings to our faith so we can imagine a new and exciting fellowship that has eluded us since the first human met another he or she did not understand. I would like to offer the "little story" of the natural enemies so that we, too, following Martin's imagination, may become like him, creatures of God.

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by Peter Allen
(Ed. Note: The following piece originally appeared in the Catholic Voice, Oakland, Cal. 11/15/82.)

It's difficult to remember the first time Dorothy Day came to visit us. Probably in 1956, when I was six.

We—my grandfather, my parents and my nine brothers and sisters—lived in a sprawling adobe house on the outskirts of Tucson, Ariz.

Dorothy's winter visits, usually a week or 10 days long, occurred every two years in the '50s and early '60s, but eventually tapered off until her last visit in 1973.

My parents met Dorothy in Chicago through a mutual friend, Nina Polcyn.

It was 1949 and my father was the public relations director for the bishop of Chicago. Both my parents were in the process of becoming "re-converted," and Catholicism began to take on a richer and deeper meaning for them.

The meeting with Dorothy left a profound impression on my parents. My mother sensed "an odor of sanctity" around her.

When my brother's asthma forced our move to Tucson in 1950, where my father ran the news bureau at the University of Arizona, my mother began to correspond with Dorothy.

When Dorothy came for her first visit, arriving by Greyhound bus, she had on a simple black dress and heavy black shoes that had apparently been discarded from a convent she had visited.

Her startling white hair was braided and roped around the top of her head.

She fascinated us. She was a fierce woman, but not at all righteous. Awesomely strong and powerful, yet extremely gentle. When we talked, she listened. She was intense and serious, but would laugh with great pleasure whenever she heard one of my grandfather's witticisms. We knew she was a pacifist. But she was by no means passive.

Everyone who remembers her uses the word "saintly" to describe her.

"I never felt overwhelmed by her sanctity," said Tucson artist Frances O'Brien, who has painted a portrait of Dorothy, called like Dorothy's autobiography, "The Long Loneliness."

Dorothy's last visit occurred in 1973, immediately after she was arrested in Fresno during a farmworker strike.

I was living away from home, but I returned just to bask in her presence.

At 76, she was old. She faltered a bit. Her legs looked swollen. But her eyes still burned.

One night, before she retired early, I helped her look for some Russian literature. She wanted to read a little Tolstoy or Dostoevski before sleeping. I found her something by Pushkin or Gogol and she took the book, smiled and held it lovingly to her breast. As she walked—a little haltingly—to her room, I knew I'd never see her alive again.

Although that was the last visit, the most memorable one took place in March of 1965, when my Irish-born grandfather, William Cronin, died.

He was an old political warhorse in New York before he set himself to pasture in Tucson. But the 10 of us never really let him retire.

He had an earthy sense of humor and Dorothy was greatly entertained by him.

Everyone was drawn to his good humor. We'd pick him up at some bus stop downtown and four or five people would be gathered around him, laughing at some joke or political anecdote.

His earthy wit, his loving and gentle sarcasm, became so much a part of our lives that we were deeply afraid when, at age 85, he lay on his deathbed. He joked, trying to make us feel better, but it didn't help. He went into a coma and our worry deepened.
Then Dorothy arrived on one of her pilgrimages. She saw this dying old man and his desperate and fearful grandchildren and she took us aside and spoke to us about death.

You have a right to be sad, she said, for a great soul is leaving us. But we should rejoice also. You see, to us this looks like death, just as it must look like death to the child about to leave his mother's womb. Your grandfather is in a womb and none of us knows what will happen to him. Yes, it is frightening. But think of the joy of birth.

I remember looking up to this woman, watching her kind and concerned face. Her words soothed us.

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**Christmas Gifts**

We have for sale t-shirts and prints of the new portrait of Dorothy Day featured on the cover of this issue of our newsletter. The prints are suitable for framing and cost $5. The t-shirts are white, large and extra large, and cost $15 plus $2 postage. (The shirts cost $9 a piece to make) Proceeds benefit our ministries.

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When a mother, a housewife, asks what she can do, one can only point to the way of St. Therese, that little way, so much misunderstood and so much despised. She did all for the love of God, even to putting up with the irritation in herself caused by the working for peace in her own heart, and willing to love where love was difficult, and so she grew in love, and increased the sum total of love in the world, not to speak of peace.

Dorothy Day, 1968

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The Hartford Catholic Worker is published by the St. Martin de Porres Catholic Worker community. We are a lay community of Catholics living in the north end of Hartford, working and praying for an end to violence and poverty. We are not a non-profit agency. We do not accept government funding. Our ability to house the homeless, feed the hungry, and work with the children depends on contributions from our readers. We are not paid. We can be reached at: 26 Clark St., Hartford, Ct 06120, (860) 724-7066. We are: Alissa Johnson, Brian Kavanagh, Christopher, Jacqueline, Micah, and Ammon Allen-Doucet.
Cops on the Beat

On Thursday, October 23, we were preparing to attend the annual meeting of the Office of Urban Affairs when Chris looked out the living room window and saw a young black man handcuffed and on his stomach with two policemen on top of him. When he went out onto our front porch the police started pulling the man by his neck and shoving him around. Chris asked the police to treat the man like a person and not an animal. The police told Chris to go back inside and they dragged the man around behind the abandoned building next door. Chris followed and then witnessed four police officers on top of the man, who was handcuffed and not resisting. The man was screaming for help as the police began roughing him up. Chris continued to plead with the police to treat the man like a person and not an animal. As a crowd began to gather one officer came up to Chris and demanded to see identification. When Chris responded that he did not have any identification on him and that he did not need any the police arrested him for "interfering with a search warrant". The crowd that had gathered began to ask the officers that remained behind why Chris was arrested. The police responded that they had not yet subdued the suspect. When Jackie and another witness said that the man was already handcuffed and on the ground with four policemen on top of him; the police told everyone to leave the scene or they would be arrested. After being held until 1AM Chris was released and given a court date. On November 6 Chris will plead not guilty and request a trial. We are requesting that our supporters call St. Martin's after November 6 to get the date of Chris' trial so that a vigil can be organised for that day. Please pray for an end to the violence on our streets.