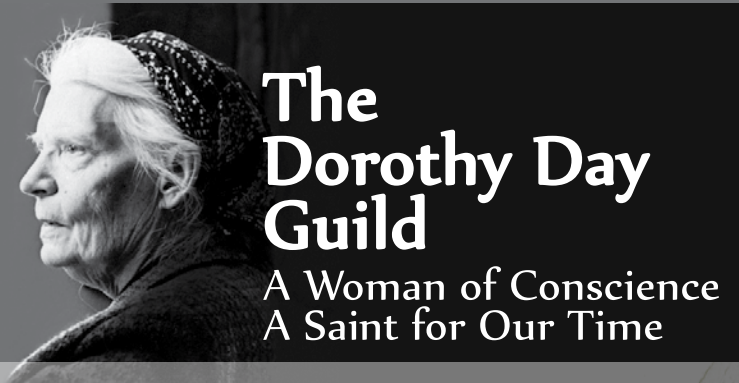


IN OUR TIME

Newsletter of the Dorothy Day Guild
Volume 4, Double Issue
Summer 2019



The Dorothy Day Guild

A Woman of Conscience
A Saint for Our Time

Dear Friends,

Greetings from the Guild! Summer is beginning to blanket us: we want to roll up in its greenery, look out feeling rested, and take fresh stock of where we are. Happily, we can report making not only steady but also significant progress in readying Dorothy Day's case for the Congregation for the Causes of Saints in Rome (see "Dispatches!" on p. 8).

Too, it remains a joy to learn of the growing number of people moved by how Dorothy's vocation as a writer and a radical found their place within a larger vocation of following Christ. Christ who is justice, as Stanley Hauerwas reminds us so powerfully (see "Good Talk" on p. 2).

This issue of *In Our Time* explores justice, the first in a series on the so-called "cardinal" or "hinge" virtues (alongside prudence, fortitude, and temperance). Their "heroic" practice, coupled with the "theological" virtues of faith, hope, and charity (the focus of earlier issues), constitutes one of the requisite proofs of holiness.

Pope Francis compares justice to a robe, an inner garment that must always be worn, covering and enveloping us — influencing not only concrete decisions but also intentions and purposes. As a "hinge" virtue, justice serves as a pivot, a point of support and junction. Without it, Francis tells us, all social life is jammed, like a door that can no longer open, obstructing our vision, making it hard to see.

Christian justice begins with seeing. But we need to learn how, Stanley explains. We need to practice seeing in light of the kingdom of God, in light of those who suffer, in light of the image of God not only in friends but in enemies. Jim Forest reflects on all he's learned from Dorothy Day on justice (see p. 11), and Angie O'Gorman recounts in "Breaking Bread" (p. 16) how her hard gaze at an image of Christ standing in a breadline unalterably changed her life.

That's the risk of "really seeing": inevitably, it takes us into the injustice and suffering of the world. It leads us to act. It led Dorothy Day to found the Catholic Worker, dedicated to making the Word incarnate through the doing of works of justice and mercy (see "The Just Man Justices" on p. 7).

The saints guide us; Dorothy Day guides us. How we need their example of faithfulness to the dictates of conscience! (See "Sainthood Matters" on p. 6). Dorothy Day held fast to her vision that we are all connected, all members one of the other. She recognized — and in turn helps us to see — that our sole task as Christians, as believers in the cross and resurrection of Jesus, is to build the kingdom of God and seek His justice.

Together with you, we continue to pray that Dorothy's saintliness will be recognized. Due to your vitally needed, critically important support (**please do see p. 19 to join the Guild or to renew your membership**), the cause moves forward. We send our deep thanks (which truly you always have) and wishes for a blessed summer (complete with a reading list on p. 18). Peace!

A WAY HAS TO BE FOUND TO ENABLE EVERYONE TO BENEFIT FROM THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH — AND NOT SIMPLY TO CLOSE THE GAP BETWEEN THE AFFLUENT AND THOSE WHO MUST BE SATISFIED WITH THE CRUMBS FALLING FROM THE TABLE — BUT ABOVE ALL TO SATISFY THE DEMANDS OF JUSTICE, FAIRNESS, AND RESPECT FOR EVERY HUMAN BEING.

POPE FRANCIS

**The "Ichthus" image ("the sign of the fish") was used by the early Christians as an easily recognizable symbol for Jesus. Dorothy Day's saintliness, we pray, will become increasingly recognizable—easy for all to see.*

IF YOUR BROTHER SINS, REBUKE HIM;
AND IF HE REPENTS, FORGIVE HIM.
AND IF HE WRONGS YOU SEVEN TIMES
IN ONE DAY AND RETURNS TO YOU
SEVEN TIMES SAYING "I AM SORRY,"
YOU SHOULD FORGIVE HIM.

LUKE 17:3-4

LET JUSTICE ROLL DOWN LIKE WATER
AND RIGHTEOUSNESS LIKE AN
EVER-FLOWING STREAM.

AMOS 5:24

GOOD TALK

with Stanley Hauerwas

(We are deeply honored to be able to share this “good talk” with Stanley Hauerwas. One of America’s best known and most highly regarded living theologians, Stanley is Gilbert T. Rowe Professor Emeritus of Divinity and Law at Duke University. He has written many notable works, including *Resident Aliens*, *A Community of Character*, *Living Gently in a Violent World*, *The Work of Theology*, *Hannah’s Child: A Theological Memoir*, and most recently, *The Character of Virtue: Letters to a Godson*.)

Stanley, to start, you are the recipient of many prestigious awards. But we have a new one for you. Of all the wonderful people we have asked to interview, you win the award for the quickest response: about one second, maybe? Which makes me wonder if you knew Dorothy Day personally.

No, no, I did not know her personally. I knew her primarily through Roman

Catholics at Notre Dame who had known her and, of course, by reading her books.

You still get that award. And our thanks for talking with us about the Christian understanding and practice of justice. You tell your young godchild that he may well think of justice as being a

“heavy” virtue. Most of us feel its heaviness too — carrying in our mind’s eye the popular image of “Lady Justice” — struggling to hold and balance those large scales. But you say the Christian image of justice is radically different, and that Jesus is its face.

Right. I think the cross is God’s



Annual Way of the Cross, Hartford Catholic Worker

justice, which means that justice and mercy cannot be separated. So often in the social orders in which we live, that separation has occurred in a way that justice becomes a form of vengeance, but that is not a way that gives you any hope for the future. So I think justice is the way Christians name our being in the world in a manner that hopefully provides an alternative to the world's justice: I mean a people capable of forgiveness.

I love the notion of Jesus as merciful, but Jesus could be fierce too. Dorothy could also, “afflict the comfortable while comforting the afflicted.”

Yes, that's a famous phrase. I think the assumption that people who are committed to non-violence are “soft” is defied by Dorothy Day. Dorothy was tough. She understood that toughness and gentleness are not incompatible. I think you find that same kind of combination in someone like Dan Berrigan. If you were around Dan Berrigan, he was tough. And he knew, as someone committed to peace, he owed his opponents truth, and that the truth can be quite tough. So Dorothy Day and Dan Berrigan were formidable people who would not let half-truths remain half-truths. They forced you to be truthful.

Dorothy stated in the very first issue of the paper, and often restated, that the central vision of the Catholic Worker was “to build a new heaven and a new earth wherein justice dwelleth.” But is that really a vision for *all* Christians?

I should hope so! I think that Dorothy Day was, at her heart, convinced that Jesus had in fact inaugurated a new heaven and a new earth. She therefore could proceed assuming that the



JULIA LONNEMAN

victory had been won. We just had to learn to live it out. And learning to live it out is a slow, hard process, calling into question so many of our assumed truths. And she thought that feeding the poor was a good start. (And I think that's certainly true.) Still, for Dorothy, the kingdom is not an ideal — it is a reality! The kingdom is people who have been transformed by God's love.

Our task, Dorothy liked to say, was to sow, that another generation might reap the harvest. But we're so desirous, I think, of wanting to see tangible results for ourselves, to measure our impact.

Most of what we're about in terms of being a people who manifests God's kingdom is what we're about — and it's not measurable! So the very idea that you know what you've done if you've gotten one more person involved here, or something like that... One more person isn't measurable — they're a person. So the very idea that results are going to be open to quantification is a deep confusion about what we're “about” when we say kingdom.

We know that Dorothy, of

course, saw the Sermon on the Mount as an eminently practical guide for how Christians are to live. You, in turn, have argued that the basis for the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount is not what *works*, but rather, who God *is*.

That's right. The Sermon is the very revelation of the God we find in Christ. The Sermon has to be read Christologically. And the Beatitudes have to be read Christologically because we only know what they mean by following Jesus. Jesus's life is the embodiment of what it means to forgive enemies, for example.

“Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for justice” seems to suggest that the desiring of justice is as basic to Jesus' followers as the need for physical nourishment. Dorothy demonstrated her hunger for justice in part by her willingness to suffer for it, to be jailed for it. Do you think the willingness to take on suffering for justice's sake is fundamental to living a Christian life?

That's not a very popular position to take today, but I think it's one that's



BRIAN KAVANAGH

(Good Talk, cont'd on p. 4)

(Good Talk, cont'd from p. 3)

true. What it means to be a people ready to suffer rather than to hurt is a profound Christological truth. And it's one that's very hard to convey.

What Christianity does — and Dorothy Day, I think, did this very well — is to create a people who do not find they must pass their suffering on to others — hurting others — as a way of relieving their own suffering. And therefore they are able to take in suffering rather than to act in a way that passes the suffering on. And that's a very difficult position.

Dorothy forged — for so many American Catholics — the bond between justice and peace. You have famously said that to kill in the name of justice means such a justice cannot be the justice of God.

That's true! All I have to say about it really!

Foundational for Dorothy was participation in a worshipping community, particularly in the sharing of Eucharist. You've written evocatively that "saints cannot exist without a community, as they require, like all of us, nurturance by a people who, while often unfaithful, preserve the habits necessary to learn the story of God."

A saint cannot know they're a saint until God tells them who they are. The same is true of a martyr. A martyr cannot know they are a martyr until God declares that they are. The very recognition of sainthood requires a people able to name a saint as a saint. That's a very frightening process. When they first got up the committee to start try-



ing to work toward her canonization, your organization knows well how Dorothy had said, "they're not going to get rid me of that easily!"

It's not easy to be a Dorothy Day. It wasn't easy to be a Peter Maurin. They understood that, and they weren't in any way regretful about the lives they've lived.

Back to the virtuous "habit" of justice. Virtues are often understood as being the balance point between vices. What do you consider the vices — the excesses — that flank justice?

I understand that that is a very ancient way of thinking. Aristotle said that virtues are the dispositions between two extremes. But I think while certainly a contrary vice will

often illuminate a virtue, the idea that a virtue is always some middle between two extremes, between two vices, doesn't work, given the complexity of how virtues work. One of the ways to think about the alternative temptation to vice toward justice would be to think about envy.

Envy?

Envy! Oftentimes, people are unjust because they are envious of those who are just. And that is an unappealing position to be in.

The practice of key virtues, like justice, is deemed by the Catholic Church as essential to the "proof of sanctity," and thus required for a candidate's canonization. Why, in the end, do you think saints matter?

Because they help the community understand who we are. Unless we are able to produce a Dorothy Day, we're not the church of Jesus Christ. So the saints matter. They help us know how we have to be people capable of acknowledging that there are saints

— and that we're not. And that helps us go on in a way that otherwise would be impossible.



"Justice is a way of seeing. To see justly entails a willingness to submit to the training necessary to see the world as it is....The necessary training is learning to see the world redeemed by the cross and resurrection of Jesus. Jesus is God's justice. The Church must be that justice for the world, for how else can we know that our lives are constituted by habits of injustice?" — Stanley Hauerwas



VOX POP

Prayer — in its original form a petition — is nothing other than the voicing of hope. “The people” continue to sign the petition (available on back cover of this newsletter or at www.dorothydayguild.org), asking that Dorothy Day be named a saint — and to hope they will be heard.

I am delighted that Dorothy Day's canonization is moving forward.

Suzanne Wallin, S.C., Bronx, NY

I want to support the cause for canonization of our saint Dorothy. I am disabled and homeless.... Be sure that I pray for this cause!

**Cynthia Leon Hardt,
Westminster, CO**

I believe the legacy Dorothy Day has left us is extraordinary. Please make her sainthood official.

**Barbara Higgins, O.S.B.,
Duluth, MN**

We need more saints like Dorothy Day for her witness to justice and devotion to the poor.

Richard Slizeski, Rego Park, NY

I met her twice in the mid-seventies. She was very interested in the plight of incarcerated women on Riker's Island.

Eileen Hogan, Bronx, NY

DISPATCHES!

With 105 diligent, volunteer transcribers working for nine months, we have completed transcribing 85% of Dorothy Day's 6,800 page diary. We owe them immense thanks! Over the summer, the remaining pages will be completed, and Ignatian Volunteer Dr. Joseph Sclafani and his “finishing team” will review each transcription before packing them up for the Congregation for the Causes of Saints at the Holy See. The Congregation places a high premium on reading every word of the diaries of a candidate for sainthood, as these volumes reveal the inner thoughts of the Servant of God.

Beginning on Labor Day, we will begin transcribing select letters of Dorothy Day. **If you are interested in being a transcriber for this project, please email Jeff Korgen**, coordinator of the Inquiry into the Life and Virtues of Dorothy Day (jkorgen@korgen.associates). Transcribers will be asked to summarize each letter in one sentence and to work with a partial, pre-existing transcript to fully transcribe the letters included in *All the Way to Heaven: The Selected Letters of Dorothy Day*, edited by Robert Ellsberg. While the Congregation for the Causes of Saints requires that all pages of diaries be submitted, they require only the most pertinent letters for a candidate as prolific a writer as Dorothy Day.

Eyewitness testimonies go into their final stages over the next year. In all, about 35 people who knew Dorothy Day well will have given testimony over the past four years. In addition, about twenty expert witnesses who did not know Dorothy personally but know her reputation for holiness and virtue will offer testimony. The names of all of these witnesses are kept confidential to ensure full candor.



Did you know that Dorothy Day was a Benedictine Oblate? In the 1950's, Dorothy made a formal promise to live out the Benedictine Rule as a layperson with a formal relationship with St. Procopius Abbey in Lisle, Illinois, which she chose because of its commitment to dialogue with the Orthodox Church. Many Benedictine Oblates are serving as diary transcribers.



This year's Loaves and Fishes campaign and related fundraising activities were wonderfully successful. Encouraged by the Archdiocese of New York to raise \$70,000, with your generous help, we raised \$75,829.46. Timothy Cardinal Dolan more than matched these funds with a \$100,000 contribution. Our expenses keep increasing as we get closer to the finish line of the Inquiry into Dorothy's life. This coming year we are again charged to raise \$70,000. We can't thank you enough for your continued support. Every contribution matters — regardless of how big...or how small!

SAINTLY MATTERS

Historically, many saints have suffered from a kind of sanitization that has rendered them revered but often irrelevant. (Perhaps this is the real genesis of Dorothy's now infamous quip about not wanting to be called one). Part of her spiritual genius lies in her appreciation of their great diversity and humanity. And part of her sanctity lies in her responsiveness to their prophetic task: to help people to see themselves, the world, and God in a new way. For Dorothy Day, the saints were all too relevant. She looked to them to guide her conscience.



Joan of Arc, model of conscience

The rich Catholic tradition on conscience balances on a profound tension. Under no circumstances, the Church teaches, should one violate one's conscience; even an erring conscience is a binding one, Aquinas tells us. But this dictate is based on the firm confidence that a rightly formed conscience will conform to Church teaching. But what happens if that "voice of God within" cries out for a new understanding?

When the Catholic Worker started in May, 1933, in the heart of the Depression, Dorothy couldn't have known that her nascent pacifism would later threaten its existence. The pages of the paper trace her evolution. In the 4th issue, the Communist party was accused of encouraging labor violence; in October, 1933, the CW sent a "representative of Catholic pacifism" to a Communist-led Congress against War, "to protest not only against imperialist war but against class war as well."

In April, 1934, the first explicit reference to the just war theory was made, questioning its applicability to modern warfare, in an article by a German Dominican, pacifist Father Francis Stratmann. (Long ascribed to by Catholic and Christian churches, just war theory holds that war is morally justifiable if it observes certain criteria). Later that October, an article titled, "The Mystical Body of Christ," unsigned but clearly bearing Dorothy's distinctive stamp, begins with a quote from St. Clement of Rome. "Why do the members of Christ tear one another, why do we rise up against our own body in such madness; have we forgotten that we are all members of one another?" She goes on to describe war as an illness that weakens the whole body.

When the Spanish Civil War broke out in June, 1936, it forced wide open the question of war and pacifism. Pacifism in the face of class war raised no serious objection among Catholic Worker volunteers, subscribers, or the Church or society at large. But pacifism — whether in light of the virulent attacks on religion or the palpable threat of Fascism — scandalized the faithful of right and left alike.

In a September 1938 editorial, Dorothy Day wrote, "It is inconceivably hard to write as we do... 'we are opposed to the use of force as a means of settling personal, national, or international disputes.' ... As long as men trust to the use of the force, only a superior, more savage and brutal force will overcome the enemy.... We are afraid of the word love, and yet love is stronger than death,

At Root...

Dorothy Day always gratefully acknowledged that the Scriptures revived her (reading the Psalms, in particular, over her morning coffee); the saints and their example fortified her; and Catholic social teaching grounded her. Below is a just smattering of sources and reasons why:

Love and truth will meet; justice and peace will kiss.

Psalm 85: 11

The Lord is just and loves just deeds; the upright will see his face.

Psalm 11: 7

He has told you, O man, what is good; and what does God require of you but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?

Micah 6: 8

Be doers of the word. And not hearers only, deceiving yourselves.

James 1: 22

Paint the house of your soul with modesty and lowliness and make it splendid with the light of justice.

St. John Chrysostom

No one heals himself by wounding another.

St. Ambrose

Christian joy is a gift of God flowing from a good conscience.

St. Philip Neri

Remember that the Christian life is one of action; not of speech and daydreams. Let there be few words and many deeds, and let them be done well.

St. Vincent Pallotti

The social message of the Gospel must not be considered a theory, but above all else a basis and a motivation for action.

St. John Paul II

(Saintly Matters, cont'd on p. 15)

the Just Man Justices...

In one of Stanley Hauerwas's favorite poems, "As Kingfishers Catch Fire," the Jesuit poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, reminds us that Christ is justice:

I say more: the just man justices;
Keeps grace: that keeps all his goings graces;
Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is --
Christ. For Christ plays in ten thousand places,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
To the Father through the features of men's faces.

From her earliest days as a journalist, Dorothy Day strove to give a human face to suffering and injustice. Never were they abstractions: rather, they were the features of the faces of the poor with whom she lived. Her documentary-style portraits enabled her readers to participate in the experience of others so often removed by divisions of class and race. Below are excerpts from *House of Hospitality*, her first book describing life at the Catholic Worker.

Office hours around here are from eight in the morning until twelve at night. Many visitors come in and always one of us has to be on hand.... Little by little we are getting helpers to address our growing mailing list and help us with the truly formidable number of evictions we are asked to handle, not to speak of cooking and cleaning.

Early this morning Dorothy, Tina and I went over to Mrs. N.'s to see about her moving. The marshal was due to come at ten and put her on the street and she didn't want her belongings exposed to the neighborhood. The Unemployed Councils (Communist) are interested in making demonstrations which are a very good thing too, in that they call the attention of the public to the plight of the poor, but most of the time those who are the cause of the demonstrations are much embarrassed. We were afraid they were going to be on hand this morning as they usually show up by the time the furniture gets put on the street, so we wanted to get there early.

With the assistance of two stalwart young fellow workers we got the moving under way. The janitor of the house where Mrs. N. had been living recommended a house down the street where the landlord didn't mind taking Home Relief vouchers.

(Dorothy Day excerpts, cont'd on p. 8)

The hardest thing to move was a giant rubber plant which reached all the way to the ceiling.

Mrs. N. makes her living by collecting rags and old iron from dump heaps and garbage cans and selling them. She used to be a janitress herself and had a comfortable little apartment in return for taking care of two houses down the street. But she lost her job and now she is sixty-two and there is not much chance of getting anything else. She is all alone save for a huge cat called Rags who is so old he is toothless. When she opened to our knock he was lying on one of the pantry shelves looking on indifferently at all the moving that was going on around him.

For her meals and his, Mrs. N. collects scraps from the First Avenue market, picking up stale vegetables and scraps of meat and fish heads. She does not like to ply her trade of picking rags out of ash cans during the day, so she sets out at night, continuing her work often until early in the morning. Just the night before, the janitress said, she had brought in an iron bed and spring at twelve o'clock, making several trips with them. She had had no bed before, sleeping on a pile of rags in the corner.

Her possessions consisted only of trunks and a couple of large baskets of her belongings, a table and chairs, a kitchen range and some kerosene lamps.

She cooked of course, over a wood fire, even in the

hottest weather. She had not been able to afford either gas or electricity.

"But then most of the people around here never use gas or electricity," the janitress said. "I always burn wood myself. I get wood from the Edison people down by the river. They are always giving away free wood. They are awful good."

One afternoon last month we went up to the Municipal Lodging House of the City of New York and looked at the largest bedroom in the world there. The seventeen hundred beds, the eight rows stretching way out to the very end of a pier, two-tiered beds at that, were a grim sight, the collectivization of misery.



ADE BETHUNE



RITA CORBIN

testimony to the length of time this need has existed for the mass care of the impoverished.

One day last summer, I saw a man sitting down by one of the piers, all alone. He sat on a log, and before him was a wooden box on which he had spread out on a paper his meagre supper. He sat there and ate with some pretense of human dignity, and it was one of the saddest sights I have ever seen. . . .

If the largest bedroom in the world was a sad sight the women's dormitory was even sadder. At one end of it there were beds with little cribs by the side of them for women with babies. But women know that if they are forced to accept the hospitality of the city, their older children will be taken from them and only infants left to them, so not many of them go there. Our escort told us of a family which had come in the night before. The family was evicted, and the mother was so sick she had to be carted off to the hospital, and the man, the old grandmother and the three children had to go to the city for relief. The older children were taken to the Children's Aid and the baby left with the grandmother. And what must have been the thoughts of



to recover. There are others who will always be victims of shattered nerves, and incapable of holding down any job. Many of them try to help us and participate in the work around the house. Whatever co-operation they give is voluntary. I love to think of that story of Dostoevsky, "The Honest Thief," which exemplifies true Christ-like charity. One knows that that is a true story and that incidents like that happen often among the poor.

the mother lying in the hospital, wondering where her mother, her children and her husband were spending the night? What but thoughts of hatred and despair that such cruelty and inhumanity can exist today.

The Salvation Army Home of Rivington Street is a four-story building with a dormitory on each floor. There one must pay twenty-five cents a night for a bed, and God help you if you have five cents less than the required amount. Many of the old women who stay there are able to get a day's work now and then which pays for their room, but they never have enough to pay a week's room rent all at once. There is also an Episcopalian place, St. Barnabas' House, which accommodates about fifty women. And now, of course, there is our House of Hospitality. Ours, of course, is like a large family and when the women come to us they come for an indefinite stay. Some of them have been with us for the past four years. We have no rules, any more than the average family has, and we ask no questions. Many of the women have come to us so exhausted by poverty and insecurity that it has taken them months

Margaret, our Lithuanian friend who comes down from the House of Hospitality to help us every day, is full of stories.

About how she found ten dollars:

"I had been walking about the city for three days," she said, "and not eating very much, so I was hungry. I don't think I'd had anything to eat the day before at all because I was trying to save my last ten cents for carfare.

I'd been staying at a rooming house on 57th Street, and then she

sold out and I had to go because I was behind in my rent anyway. I went to my cousin's, but her husband doesn't like me, so it was hard to stay there. There was no extra bed, so I slept on my coat in the hallway. I had to get out of the house before he got up, so I didn't get any meals there. So I was hungry.

"I walked around and walked around and, finally, I went into the Paulist Church. I said a prayer there to the Little Flower—I sat there for a while—

"Yes, I've had lots of jobs, I can't remember how many. I wish I had a job again."

and then I went out again. Right next door there is a restaurant, I used to go in there when I had a job. So I had a sandwich and a cup of coffee and I said to Jim at the cash register when I went out: 'That's my last dime.' And then I went out and I walked and walked. And suddenly, right up against a building I saw a folded up bill. I didn't know whether it was a dollar bill or not, I got so weak and faint. I was hot and sick from seeing it. I picked it up, but I was scared to pick it up for fear some one would see me and take it from me. I was so scared I shook. I picked it up and held it in my hand tight and walked away fast. I didn't dare to look at it. I walked from 59th Street all the way down to Tenth, but I didn't wait that long to look and see what it was. I opened it and there was two five dollar bills, not just one. I was scared. Nothing like that ever happened to me before. I was afraid it was counterfeit and I would get arrested and they wouldn't believe me that I found it. Well, anyway, I met a

girl friend of mine and she was hungry too—staying at the Rivington Street place for a quarter a night—

so we went and ate finally. And I had enough to pay for room rent again for a few weeks.

"Nothing like that ever happened to me before. I mean like finding money. But other things happened.

"I was thirteen when I started to work. I didn't want to go to school anyway, and my father and brothers were working in the mines and they thought I might as well be working too.

"My father and mother were
(Dorothy Day excerpts, cont'd on p. 10)

Lithuanians and were living down below Wilkes Barre in a little mining town.

"I was born in a company shack, and the shacks were awful. There were so many of them and they were just made of boards, and to keep warm you had to line them with newspapers.

"Well, I went to work in a silk mill when I was thirteen, and pretty soon after a few months or so, I got sick and had to go to the hospital. I was in the hospital two months. And then I did housework for a doctor's wife and then for another family.

"I didn't go home after that. I worked in another silk mill for a few years, and I held lots of other jobs. I even worked in a saloon in Scranton. That was when I was seventeen.

"Then I came up to New York and worked over in Williamsburg in a factory where they made casings for sausages. We had to wear rubber boots up to our knees and big rubber aprons and tie our heads up, but the smell

got into our skins. I had to take a bath every night, and then it didn't help.

"I worked there until my hands swelled up till they were like hams, from keeping them in the water with the chemicals all the time. I had to quit and wait until my hands got better and lay off work for a while.

"So then I worked in another silk mill over in Astoria. I had four looms and I got to work at a quarter of seven and laid off at five-thirty at night. I was very fast and I earned a lot of money.

"You couldn't sit down on the job. You had to go walking around and around and around. If you stopped the threads would break and that slowed you up. Some of the girls were slow and could only handle one loom, and that meant they didn't earn much money. Some tended more looms than I did.

"The pay kept going down and down and finally they laid us all off and started making plush. The factory is closed down now.

"Then I worked for a drug supply

house and for the Beechnut Gum people and for the Royal Gelatine people. Making boxes. That was hard work too.

"And, oh, yes, I was a chambermaid and a waitress. Two of the places I worked in—a Greek place and a Polish place—they never threw anything out. They put back what was left over on the plates into the stew. I never could eat nothing.

"I was thin, but not as thin as I was when I worked in the silk mill. I looked then as if I was falling apart.

"And I worked too in a tobacco plant up in Connecticut. Hanging up tobacco on poles to dry. There were lots of children working in that place, seven, eight and nine years old. They came to work with their mothers and helped around the place, carrying baskets and running errands and helping around.

"Yes, I've had lots of jobs, I can't remember how many.

"I wish I had a job again." ■



Homeless shelter, New York City, circa 1933





A Catholic Radical

Dorothy's mature adult Roman Catholic spirituality was shaped in important ways by the convictions and commitments of her early years as a leftist radical. She paved the way for modern Catholicism's understanding of such tactics of nonviolent resistance and direct action as the strike, the picket, the boycott, as well as creative models of civil disobedience, some that led her to jail.

Workers were always close to Dorothy's heart; they helped bring her into the poor, immigrant Church. From its earliest days, the Catholic Worker movement championed workers' rights as central to the fight for social justice – bolstered by Pope Leo XIII's groundbreaking encyclical on the conditions of labor, "Rerum Novarum," in which he upheld the dignity of the worker and decried the rampant abuses of industrial capitalism.

Still, many feared Dorothy may have gone too far when in 1949 she supported the strike by 240 Catholic gravediggers at Calvary, the largest Catholic cemetery in New York City. Backing the men with money, supplies, legal aid and moral and editorial support, Dorothy also joined the picket line in front of Cardinal Spellman's residence behind St. Patrick's Cathedral – undoubtedly the first picket line of lay Catholics in front of any U.S. bishop's office.

Since the workers belonged to the CIO, the Cardinal believed the strike was Communist-inspired. The men had been working six-day, 48-hour weeks for \$59.40 a week and now wanted the same weekly pay for a five-day, 40-hour week. Dorothy later recalled the shamefaced look of the seminarians who were hauled in to break the strike, several weeks into it, with nearly 1,200 coffins unburied.

Dorothy wrote the Cardinal, pleading unsuccessfully that he sit down with the men and listen to their concerns, arguing that the strike was about the workers' "dignity as men, their dignity as workers, and the right to have a union of their own." She endorsed a wage high enough to help the gravediggers raise their families and meet "high prices and exorbitant rents."

Eventually, the workers were compelled to join the generally less militant American Federation of Labor union. The six-day, 48-hour week was maintained, but wages were increased by 8%, more than 5% over the original, pre-strike offer.

In this and other encounters, Dorothy reported that the cardinal was always personally gracious and pleasant – and, as one Catholic Worker said, would even buy the paper when he saw it for sale. And thanks to Dorothy (and, of course, to that other great American apostle of non-violence, Martin Luther King), many Roman Catholics now know the power and, in essence, the religious use of tactics of nonviolent resistance and direct action in opposing injustice.


On Earth ...As it is in Heaven

In the heart of the Depression in New York City, the *Catholic Worker* was born with the publication of the newspaper on May 1, 1933. The Hoovervilles in Central Park, sheltering the unemployed, formed a poignant backdrop to the paper's stated vision: *to build a new heaven and a new earth wherein justice dwelleth*.

Almost immediately, Day and other writers of the paper began to take in the homeless and hungry, determined to practice what they preached. They linked charity, most notably the practice of the works of mercy, with working for social change. The forging of that vital connection is what distinguished the movement then and marks it now.

The paper chronicles their efforts, rooted in the Scriptures, the saints, and the prophets, to put their faith into action. It serves as a veritable library on the great social justice issues of our time, ranging in the early days from eviction of the jobless, worker strikes and pickets, support for unions, lynching of blacks in the South, child labor, the deplorable conditions for women working in factories to racism, anti-Semitism, conscription and war.



“Do Something!” Dorothy pleaded in the very first paper. It remains the plea today. 



What I Learned About Justice From Dorothy Day

by Jim Forest

*(This article originally appeared in the July/August 1995 Issue of **Salt of the Earth** magazine and is re-printed here with the kind permission of **U.S. Catholic**. Jim began his long association with Dorothy Day in 1961 when he became managing editor of the paper. [Decades earlier on May Day, 1933, his father was one of the many Communists thronging Union Square to be leafleted with that paper's inaugural issue.] He is a prolific author, including works on Day and Thomas Merton, and serves as the international secretary of the Orthodox Peace Fellowship.)*

First of all, Dorothy Day taught me that justice begins on our knees. I have never known anyone, not even in monasteries, who was more of a praying person than Dorothy Day. When I think of her, I think of her first of all on her knees praying before the Blessed Sacrament. I think of those long lists of names she kept of people, living and dead, to pray for. I think of her at Mass, I think of her praying the rosary, I think of her going off for Confession each Saturday evening.

If you find the life of Dorothy Day inspiring, if you want to understand what gave her direction and courage and strength to persevere, her deep attentiveness to others, consider her spiritual and sacramental life.

"We feed the hungry, yes," she said. "We try to shelter the homeless and give them clothes, but there is strong faith at work; we pray. If an outsider who comes to visit us doesn't pay attention to our prayings and what that means, then he'll miss the whole point."

Second, Dorothy Day taught me that

justice is not just a project for the government, do-good agencies, or radical movements designing a new social order in which all the world's problems will be solved. It's for you and me, here and now, right where we are.

Jesus did not say "Blessed are you who give contributions to charity" or "Blessed are you who are planning a just society." He said, "Welcome into the Kingdom prepared for you since the foundation of the world, for I was hungry and you fed me."

At the heart of what Dorothy did were the works of mercy. For her, these were not simply obligations the Lord imposed on his followers. As she said on one occasion to Robert Coles, "We are here to celebrate him through these works of mercy."

Third: The most radical thing we can do is to try to find the face of Christ in others, and not only those we find it easy to be with but those who make us nervous, frighten us, alarm us, or even terrify us. "Those who cannot see the face of Christ in the poor," Dorothy used to say, "are atheists indeed."

Dorothy was an orthodox Catholic. This means she believed that Christ has left himself with us both in the Eucharist and in those in need. "What you did to the least person, you did to me."

Her searching of faces for Christ's presence extended to those who were her "enemies." They were, she always



Dorothy Day, morning Mass and prayers, New York City, 1973

BOB FITCH

tried to remember, victims of the very structures they were in charge of.

She sometimes recalled the advice she had been given by a fellow prisoner named Mary Ann, a prostitute, when she was in jail in Chicago in the early 1920s: "You must hold up your head high and give them no clue that you're afraid of them or ready to beg them for anything, any favors whatsoever. But you must see them for what they are—never forget that they're in jail too."

Fourth, I learned that beauty is not just for the affluent. Tom Cornell tells the story of a donor coming into the Catholic Worker and giving Dorothy a diamond ring. Dorothy thanked her for it and put it in her pocket. Later a rather demented lady came in, one of the more irritating regulars at the house. Dorothy took the diamond ring out of her pocket and gave it to the woman.

Someone on the staff said to Dorothy, "Wouldn't it have been better if we took the ring to the diamond exchange, sold it, and paid that woman's rent for a year?"

(What I Learned About Justice, cont'd on p. 14)

Dorothy replied that the woman had her dignity and could do what she liked with the ring. She could sell it for rent money or take a trip to the Bahamas. Or she could enjoy wearing a diamond ring on her hand like the woman who gave it away. "Do you suppose," Dorothy asked, "that God created diamonds only for the rich?"

Fifth, Dorothy taught me that meekness does not mean being weak-kneed. There is a place for outrage as well as a place for very plain speech in religious life.

She once told someone who was counseling her to speak in a more polite, temperate way, "I hold more temper in one minute than you will hold in your entire life."

Or her lightning-like comment, "Our problems stem from our acceptance of this filthy, rotten system."

Sixth, I learned from Dorothy to take the "little way." The phrase was one Dorothy borrowed from Saint Therese of Lisieux, the Little Flower. Change starts not in the future but in the present, not in Washington or on Wall Street but where I stand.

Change begins not in the isolated dramatic gesture or the petition signed but in the ordinary actions of life, how I live minute to minute, what I do with my life, what I notice, what I respond to, the care and attention with which I listen, the way in which I respond.

As Dorothy once put it: "Paperwork, cleaning the house, dealing with the innumerable visitors who come all through the day, answering the phone, keeping patience and acting intelligently, which is to find some meaning in all that happens—these things, too, are the works of peace, and often seem like a very little way."

Or again: "What I want to bring out is

how a pebble cast into a pond causes ripples that spread in all directions. Each one of our thoughts, words, and deeds is like that."

What she tried to practice was "Christ's technique," as she put it, which was not to seek out meetings with emperors and important officials but with "obscure people, a few fishermen and farm people, a few ailing and hard-pressed men and women."

Seventh, Dorothy taught me to love



the church and at the same time to speak out honestly about its faults. She used to say that the net Saint Peter lowered when Christ made him a fisher of men caught "quite a few blowfish and not a few sharks."

Dorothy said many times that "the church is the cross on which Christ is crucified," quoting from Romano Guardini. When she saw the church taking the side of the rich and powerful, forgetting the weak, or saw bishops living in luxury while the poor are thrown the crumbs of "charity," she said she knew that Christ was being insulted and once again being sent to his death.

"The church doesn't only belong to the officials and bureaucrats," she said. "It belongs to all people, and especially

its most humble men and women and children."

At the same time I learned from her not to focus on the human failings so obvious in every church, but rather to pay attention to what the church sets its sights on. We're not here to pass judgment on our fellow believers, whatever their role in the church, but to live the gospel as wholeheartedly as we can and make the best use we can of the sacraments and every other resource the church offers to us.

"I didn't become a Catholic in order to purify the church," Dorothy told Coles. "I knew someone, years ago, who kept telling me that if [the Catholic Workers] could purify the church, then she would convert. I thought she was teasing me when she first said that, but after a while I realized she meant what she kept saying.

"Finally, I told her I wasn't trying to reform the church or take sides on all the issues the church was involved in; I was trying to be a loyal servant of the church Jesus had founded. She thought I was being facetious. She reminded me that I had been critical of capitalism and America, so why not Catholicism and Rome?

"My answer was that I had no reason to criticize Catholicism as a religion or Rome as the place where the Vatican is located.... As for Catholics all over the world, including members of the church, they are no better than lots of their worst critics, and maybe some of us Catholics are worse than our worst critics."

Last but not least: I learned from Dorothy Day that I am here to follow Christ. Not the pope. Not the ecumenical patriarch. Not the president of the United States. Not even

*(What I Learned About Justice,
cont'd on p. 15)*

(Saintly Matters, cont'd from p. 6)

stronger than hatred. If we do not emphasize the law of love we betray our trust, our vocation.”

That vocation faced its severest test with the dawn of World War II. And who would ever have blamed Dorothy had she quietly suspended the demands of her conscience, had she allowed this one exemption? Not her Church; not many of her co-workers, some of them the best, the brightest, the most dedicated; not even Peter Maurin, her mentor and co-founder. Still, in what can arguably be deemed one of the boldest, most courageous statements made in the history of American Catholicism — one whose echo over time continues both to be heard and to grow louder — *We Shall Remain Pacifist* ran banner-like, gracing in big black letters the front page of the August 1940 paper.

Dorothy’s holding onto her vision of solidarity and compassion — so eloquently expressed for her in the Catholic doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ — did not end the Worker. But the circulation of the paper dropped from 150,000 to 50,000, and the number of houses of hospitality fell from 30 to 10.

Perhaps she derived strength from the likes of the celebrated English saints, St. Thomas More and St. Thomas Becket, each of whom famously insisted on the primacy of their consciences. We do know she had a special fondness for St. Joan of Arc, the peasant, unschooled girl from France. On the surface, Joan, the soldier saint, would seem an unlikely model for Dorothy the pacifist. But Joan refused to deny the role, as hard as it was to conceive, in the liberation of her country that her “voices” asked her to play. When asked once why she had a little statue of an armor-clad Joan on her



desk, Dorothy simply responded, “for her fidelity to conscience.”

“When I die,” Dorothy said, “I hope people will say that I tried to be mindful of what Jesus told us, his wonderful stories, and I tried my best to live up to his example.” That she did so in

what became history’s bloodiest century, arousing our more sleepy consciences — urging us, like the saints before her, to see ourselves, the world, and God in a new way — makes her indeed a saint for our time. — C.Z.




Le Dorothy, recently opened Paris café named in honor of Dorothy Day, promotes community and dialogue on today’s conscience-provoking issues

(What I Learned About Justice, cont'd from p. 14)

Dorothy Day or any other saint.

Christ has told us plainly about the Last Judgment, and it has nothing to do with belonging to the right church or being theologically correct. All the church can do is try to get us on the right track and keep us there. We will be judged not on membership cards but according to our readiness to let the mercy of God pass through us to others. “Love is the measure,” Dorothy

said again and again, quoting Saint John of the Cross.

Hers was a day-to-day way of the cross, and just as truly the way of the open door. “It is the living from day to day,” she said, “taking no thought for the morrow, seeing Christ in all who come to us, and trying literally to follow the gospel that resulted in this work.” 



by Angie O’Gorman

*(We so appreciate having Angie O’Gorman to reminisce and reflect on the impact of Dorothy Day on her life. Angie lived and worked for ten years at Holy Family Catholic Worker House in Kansas City, Missouri. She has an extensive background in immigration law and done human rights work in Honduras, Guatemala, the West Bank, and the United States. Currently, Angie works as a freelance writer and lives in St. Louis. Her essays and articles have appeared in **America** magazine, **Commonweal**, and the **National Catholic Reporter**.)*

In 1973, Dorothy, Eileen Egan and I ended up on the same farm worker picket line in Fresno, California. After Eileen commented that I’d moved from New York City to Kansas City with National War Tax Resistance, Dorothy responded, “Is there still a (Catholic Worker) house there?” “No,” I said, innocent of her intentions. “Well, start one,” she said, as if to do so was the most obvious thing in the world, though it had never occurred to me. How does one say “no” in the face of such surety?

After much fund raising, including the sale of military stock by one of our supporters, Holy Family Catholic Worker House in Kansas City, Missouri, opened in 1974. It was the only place like it. Kansas City is midway between New York and California. During our early years, when Dorothy still traveled by bus or car, our location allowed her to visit when she was on her way to join United Farm Worker picket



Iconic image of arrest with farm workers, 1973

lines in California, or to accept an award, or to raise funds. She’d usually arrive after several other mid-trip connections and from wherever she’d spent the night before.

I’d first met Dorothy at St. Joseph’s House in New York City in 1968, motivated by seeing Fritz Eichenberg’s woodcut, *Christ of the Breadlines*, at a religious house in Pennsylvania. “Seeing” is not quite the right word. I experienced it, stared at it, was stunned by it. Never had I experienced such a representation of the presence of God among us. After learning more about the Worker and Eichenberg, I managed to steel away to New York to explore what this Catholic Worker movement was all about.

For someone raised suburban, middle-class Catholic in the ‘50s there was an unfortunate cleavage between life and faith, whether at home, in school, or church. It is no secret that the Catholic catechism of the time did not analyze injustice. Sin was personal, not social. Faith was preparation for the afterlife and so one did not steal, lie, cheat, kill, or eat meat on Fridays, in order to *earn* a place in heaven. For everything else, those in power knew best and those who suffered had the afterlife to look forward to. Through some gift of grace, I sensed this cleavage but had no idea what to do about it.

Dorothy and the Catholic Worker united both worlds for me, made them seamless, put flesh and physical location to the beatitudes, brought questions of poverty, war, peace, and racism to consciousness, gave context to violence and nonviolence, and modeled voluntary poverty.

The faith I was taught manifested itself in charity. The faith I found at the Catholic Worker manifested itself in justice, and in charity when appropriate. Somehow, Dorothy herself was able to talk both languages at once. She lived at their intersection, to use a popular word these days. And through fidelity to her example, the Catholic Worker continues to do the same, house by house, moment by moment.

This is hard work. Observant eyes, prayer, study, reflection and dialogue, forgiveness, action, over and over again. Somewhere I read, “She differed from most of us in that she anguished over the individuals suffering around her, whereas most others would not be able to connect at that level for a lifetime.” Still, our attempts to connect — no matter how many false starts — our commitment to connect, and our desire to connect bring us untold riches. What we are forced to grapple with — realities beyond the range of our experience; powerlessness; the choice between hope and despair; between belief and non-belief — these are at the heart of the Christian journey.

From a distance, Dorothy’s inner map seemed almost flawless;

but close-up, day to day, her spiritual and psychological struggles — which she saw as a necessary part of her faithfulness to God — were immense.

This is well reflected in *The Duty of Delight*, Dorothy's published diaries. There we see decisions made from impossible choices, times of lostness, but always elements of her lived faith drawing her toward the next insight, or stage, or choice, the grace unseen, often unfelt. Dorothy was quite hard on herself, unrelenting in her longing to be worthy of a demanding God, even as her time commitments were also unrelenting. Thank God for her journaling, the safest place to write through the pain.

I've wondered what her spirituality might be today as both spirituality and theology explore the compassion of God more than Divine judgement. What might that have eased for her? Perhaps the continual headaches for one.

By the time Holy Family House opened, traveling had become a strain for Dorothy. So too was the effort of going from stranger to stranger, as she told me one night before speaking with a small gathering. Of course, one would never have known that from all her public appearances. There she was the image and presence of her beloved Personalism.

And Dorothy was a woman of great patience — until on occasion it wore out. On one visit to Kansas City, our refrigerator was stolen. In response, she suggested we offer appliances to our guests as they were leaving. I on the other hand was seething. Then it was her turn to soothe when a journalist who knew nothing of labor history came to interview her for a local newspaper. (She could put you in your place.)

Dorothy shared personally with an ease that surprised me. Together in the house one day after everyone else had left, she shared memories of Forster Batterham, the father of her only child, Tamar. One in particular stays with me after all these years. Speaking of his most recent illness, she told me Forster's wife¹ had recently contacted her and asked if she might come to help care for him. She did, and it was a rich experience for her.

Mid-morning one weekday, she asked if it was possi-

ble to go to Mass. It was late for the 10:00 Eucharist at a near-by church but worth a try. We arrived half-way through Communion. "Can you ask the priest to give me Communion?" Dorothy leaned over and whispered as the service was ending. I walked into the sanctuary only to be met by a priestly rant about people coming late to church and wanting special attention. I can't recall if I told him who this woman wanting special attention was, but he did come to the pew and give her Communion, for which she was so clearly grateful.

What seems to have affected Dorothy most about Holy Family House was a black man entering the bathroom as she was leaving. "I never thought I'd see the day when Blacks and Whites would share a bathroom in Missouri," she said. The expression on her face was as if she'd had a flashback of all the struggles for racial justice this moment had required.

Later I lost track of the Worker but found myself wondering from time to time what Dorothy might think about this or that. Liberation theology had emerged, the fruit of Gustavo Gutierrez's own biblical analysis of poverty. His thought undergirds so many later theologies and social movements and built, whether knowingly or not, on Dorothy's insights about the place of faith and accompaniment in human struggle. Both saw presence with the poor as the beginning of liberation; the presence of listening, experiencing, observing, accompanying. This process nourishes liberation, helps everyone involved move forward. We know this

now. To be with the poor where they are, to experience life from their standpoint so as to better honor their viewpoint, to listen to them interpret and apply Scripture in their lives, is to be Christian; from Dorothy's mouth to Gutierrez's ears!

Some emerging issues may have bewildered Dorothy — new understandings of sexuality and religion's loss of ground to spirituality among them. Still the breadth of her insights and practice set the foundation for many spiritual and social-justice movements to come.

She did indeed unite worlds, perhaps more so than anyone in our lifetime. She was a woman in whom orthodoxy met paradox, the sacred met the profane, and love defused hate. Her struggles with self, God, Church, and world, though personal, are exemplary for all of us. Only now do I understand that to know her was to experience the Mystical Body. ▀



fragment, "Christ of the Breadlines" by Fritz Eichenberg

1 I'm confused now as to whether Forster and this woman were actually married or living together. I believe Dorothy did use the word "wife" because it surprised me knowing that Forest did not believe in marriage.

SUMMER READING!

Books by Dorothy Day or about saints and their making might not be everyone's idea of what to bring to the beach. But seeing that you already read this newsletter, it might be yours!

Dorothy authored eight books in addition to maintaining an extensive personal correspondence, penning journals and diaries, and writing several hundred articles. In addition to her own writings, there is an ever-growing number of studies of her life and the Catholic Worker movement.

Listed below are her books (for a more extensive bibliography, please visit the Guild's website). And just a few contemporary works on holiness. Would that the summer lasted forever!

By Dorothy Day _____

The Long Loneliness, Day's classic religious autobiography, first published in 1952, and in print ever since. Available in Spanish: **La Larga Soledad: Autobiografía**.

From Union Square to Rome, Day's first account of her conversion, published in 1939, and reissued by Orbis Books. Available in Spanish: **Mi Conversión: De Union Square a Roma**. Madrid: Ediciones Rialp.

The Eleventh Virgin, long out-of-print semi-autobiographical novel, reprinted by Cottager Press in 2011.

On Pilgrimage: The Sixties, some of Dorothy's columns during this historic decade, published by Curtis Books in 1972.

Therese: A Life of Therese of Lisieux, a biography of one of Day's favorite saints that illuminates the implications of her own social activism, published by Fides Publishers of Notre Dame in 1960.

Loaves and Fishes, Day's own history of the Catholic Worker movement, published by Harper & Row in 1963 and reissued by Orbis Books in 1997. Available in Spanish: **Panes y Peces**. Madrid: Editorial Sal Terrae.

Peter Maurin: An Apostle to the World, a biography of the co-founder of the Catholic Worker, based on an unfinished manuscript by Dorothy, edited and fleshed-out by scholar Francis J. Sicius, and published by Orbis Books in 2004.

House of Hospitality, reflections written on the fly over five hectic years on the beginnings of the Catholic Worker movement, 75th anniversary edition published by Our Sunday Visitor in 2015.

About Saints _____

A Brief History of the Saints, an exploration both of the role of the saints and the way sainthood has been conceived and promoted by Lawrence S. Cunningham, published by Blackwell Publishing in 2005.

The Meaning of Saints, engaging analysis connecting the challenge of heroic sanctity with story and spirituality by Lawrence S. Cunningham, published by Harper & Row in 1980.

A Living Gospel: Reading God's Story in Holy Lives, a look at the message of the saints found not only in their writings but in the "text" they wrote with their lives, the newest offering by Robert Ellsberg, published by Orbis Books in 2019.

All Saints, hailed as a "richly imagined collection of mediating figures in a spiritual communion of many faiths," written by Robert Ellsberg and published by Crossroad Publishing Company in 1997.

Hidden Holiness, a broad exploration of holiness relating it to "ordinary" life, by Michael Plekon and published by the University of Notre Dame Press in 2009.

Making Saints, a modern classic on sainthood in the Catholic Church and the process of canonization over the centuries, by Kenneth L. Woodward and published by Simon and Schuster in 1990.



Dorothy, Staten Island, 1978

WANT TO HELP ?

JOIN

The DOROTHY DAY GUILD

The Dorothy Day Guild is the official body charged with forwarding her cause. In turn, the steady growth of Guild membership points to the vitality of grassroots support essential to canonization.

Members make an annual offering of dues (amounts noted on membership form below) and receive hard copies of the quarterly newsletter, *In Our Time*. **If you're not yet a member, please, won't you consider joining?** And if you are, please do help spread the word and invite your family members, colleagues, and friends, in the pew and out!

RENEW

YOUR GUILD MEMBERSHIP

Memberships are for one-year, subject to renewal. But admittedly, with our modest staff, we're not able to keep track of technically "lapsed" memberships. Nor are we particularly interested in doing so, being much more "spirit of the law" than "letter of the law" types.

So we're trusting to your help – and know that we can count on you! **Would you kindly look into when you last paid your dues and, if it's time, renew your membership?** Thank you so much. Even more importantly, thank you for all your faithful support – past, present, and future!

MEA CULPA!...

In our last issue (Winter 2019), on p. 3, the following credit was omitted for the photograph, "The Sky Hook": Photograph by Thomas Merton used with permission of the Merton Legacy Trust and the Thomas Merton Center at Bellarmine University. On p. 5, last name of artist (and Guild Advisory Committee member) was misspelled, corrected here: Geoffrey Gneuchs.



In Our Time

Editor, Carolyn Zablotny
Copy Editor, Tom Cornell
Graphic Designer, Rose Tannenbaum, Berkshire TypeGraphic, Great Barrington, MA
Lettering, Linda Henry Orell
Photographs, Courtesy of Stanford University/Bob Fitch Archive; the Department of Special Collections and University Archives, Marquette University Archives

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DOROTHY DAY GUILD MEMBERSHIP FORM

Just clip out and mail to the Guild address above. You may also submit online at www.dorothydayguild.org.

☐ I would like to become a new member

☐ I would like to renew my membership

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PETITION

Ask that Dorothy Day be named a Saint

The life of Dorothy Day (1887-1980) embodies the powerful message of Pope Francis's first encyclical, *Lumen Fidei* – "the light of faith is concretely placed at the service of justice...and peace."

We believe she is a saint for our time.

Please sign this petition to advance her cause not because she needs it, but because we today need her witness and model of holiness.

Mail to:

The Dorothy Day Guild, 1011 First Avenue, Room 787, New York, NY 10022.

Petitions also available online: www.dorothydayguild.org. Thank you!

Name _____

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Comments (optional):

WE FEEL SO POWERLESS. WE DO SO LITTLE,
GIVING OUT SOUP. BUT AT LEAST WE ARE
FACING PROBLEMS DAILY. HUNGER,
HOMELESSNESS, GREED, LONELINESS.
GREATEST CONCERN OF THE BIBLE IS
INJUSTICE, BLOODSHED.
SO WE SHARE WHAT WE HAVE,
WE WORK FOR PEACE.

DOROTHY DAY

