

IN OUR TIME

Newsletter of the Dorothy Day Guild
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The Dorothy Day Guild

A Woman of Conscience
A Saint for Our Time

Dear Friends,

Greetings of peace to you from the Guild. And Easter's bold blessing!

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone," the Psalmist assures us. "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land." So we hope – so we pray!

We've devoted this issue of the newsletter to a discussion of prayer, something we find ourselves doing (or are drawn to doing) more of in this ongoing time of pandemic. Dorothy Day always said that we could not really understand her or the Catholic Worker without understanding its place at the heart of the matter.

As a young woman, though, Dorothy's early effort at prayer was awkward and difficult: a self-conscious conversation where she heard herself talking. And doubting. "Whom am I praying to?" "Do I really believe?" It was the birth of her daughter that broke her wide open. Awed by life's mystery and beauty, she knew with her whole being, as she wrote in her autobiography, that only God could contain the flood of her joy. (See "Good Talk," p. 2.)

Her gravestone on Staten Island, near where she made those first stumbling prayers while walking its beaches, bears a similar testament: *Deo Gratias*. Thanks be to God. We gratefully observed this past November the 40th anniversary of her death with the thoughtfully caring insights of David Brooks, Anne Snyder, and Paul Elie, as well as Robert Ellsberg's, and the many of you who joined in a virtual conversation on her legacy. (See "Living Legacy," p. 15.)

That memorable event recalled another: the memorial service at New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral held only months after she died. The pews spilled out and over to accommodate the crowd of people, rich, poor, famous and unknown, moved, even changed, by her life and witness. Some, of course, were remarkable witnesses in their own right, like Eileen Egan. (See "Breaking Bread," p. 16.) But what was most remarkable, miraculous even, was then Cardinal Terence Cooke at the close of the Mass, bowing his head slightly, and saying in a quiet, confiding kind of voice, "It's true that I did not always agree with Dorothy Day. But we might have had a saint in our midst." You could hear the collective intake of breath. The awestruck silence was deafening. For the Cardinal in his humility said what we realized we all knew and felt and had been bursting to say: in Dorothy Day, we have a saint for our time!

And today, like Spring's flowers, we're bursting even more, now that we have practically all the "evidence" gathered for sending to Rome (See "Dispatches," p. 5.) Bursting with gratitude for your continued and vitally needed help. **(Please see "Loaves and Fishes," p. 18, and Membership information, p. 19.)** And finally, bursting with revitalized hope – and new, prayerful confidence – that her sainthood will be recognized.

"CHRISTIAN PRAYER INSTILLS AN INVINCIBLE HOPE IN THE HUMAN HEART... OPEN YOUR HEART, PARDON, GIVE OTHERS THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT, UNDERSTAND, BE CLOSE TO OTHERS, BE COMPASSIONATE, BE TENDER, LIKE JESUS... LOVING THE WORLD IN THIS WAY, LOVING IT WITH TENDERNESS, WE WILL DISCOVER THAT EACH DAY AND EVERYTHING BEARS WITHIN IT A FRAGMENT OF GOD'S MYSTERY."

POPE FRANCIS

*The "Ichthus" image ("the sign of the fish") was used by the early Christians as a symbol for Jesus.

IS ANYONE AMONG YOU SUFFERING?
HE SHOULD PRAY. IS ANYONE IN
GOOD SPIRITS? HE SHOULD SING
PRAISE.

JAMES 5:16

THEY DEVOTED THEMSELVES TO THE
TEACHING OF THE APOSTLES AND TO
THE COMMUNAL LIFE, TO THE BREAKING
OF BREAD AND TO THE PRAYERS...
THEY WOULD SELL THEIR PROPERTY
AND POSSESSIONS AND DIVIDE THEM
AMONG ALL ACCORDING TO EACH ONE'S
NEEDS.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, 2.42, 45

GOOD TALK

with Carol and Philip Zaleski

(What a joy to have not just one but two Zaleskis...doubling our "good talk"! Carol and Philip Zaleski are the co-authors of several widely praised books, including **Prayer: A History** (Houghton Mifflin), **The Book of Heaven** (Oxford) and, most recently, **The Fellowship: The Literary Lives of the Inklings: J.R.R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, Owen Barfield, and Charles Williams** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). Carol has been teaching philosophy of religion, world religions, and Christian thought at Smith College since 1989, where she holds the chair in world religions. She is an editor-at-large and former columnist for **Christian Century** and the author of **Otherworld Journeys** (Oxford) and **The Life of the World to Come** (Oxford). Philip is the author and editor of many books on religion and culture. His essays and reviews have appeared in **The Washington Post**, **The New York Times**, **The Los Angeles Times**, **First Things**, and many other periodicals. He is the founder and editor of the acclaimed **Best Spiritual Writing** series and has taught religion

and literature at Wesleyan University, Tufts University, and Smith College, where he is a research associate in the Department of Religion.)

You note in your book *Prayer: A History* how surprised some visitors to New York City's historic Union Square – the site of so much political turmoil and leftist organizing – are at seeing a statue of Gandhi. Perhaps one day a similar monument



Union Square, New York City, c.1933. Early readers of the **Catholic Worker**

to Dorothy Day, who distributed there the first issues of the **Catholic Worker** newspaper in the midst of the Depression to throngs of jobless and hungry people, will join him! Like Gandhi, Dorothy embraced nonviolent resistance to injustice. Their peaceful protests were rooted in prayer. Can you talk about the role of prayer in listening to that "still, small voice within" that leads to acts of conscience?

Carol: Dorothy Day is an inspiring figure, and we're grateful for the chance to talk about prayer in relation to her life and the cause for her canonization.

The conjunction of Dorothy Day and Mahatma Gandhi is apt, and not only because they both endorsed nonviolent resistance as a tool against injustice. Dorothy believed in the power of prayer, in its ability to open one's ears, as it did for the prophet Elijah, to the "still, small voice within," the



Listening to waves and seagulls on the beach of Staten Island, a young Dorothy Day began to pray

voice of God (1 King 19:12). Gandhi too learned to listen to that quiet voice that comes to us in stillness and solitude; he wrote frequently of the need to dive into “the deepest recesses of the heart,” far from the world’s beguilements, to discover the divine world of truth, peace, and goodness. Only then, as both he and Dorothy Day realized, are we ready to embrace not only acts of conscience, but the acts of faith, hope, and charity that heal the soul and society.

I might add, incidentally, that it was Dorothy Day who first introduced me to Christianity (I came from a nonreligious family). For some reason unknown to me, my high school history teacher suggested I pay a visit to the Catholic

good definition? Is it something we’re all naturally disposed to? In her autobiography, *The Long Loneliness*, Dorothy Day shares her sense that all people have a natural tendency toward God. Do you feel similarly about prayer?

Philip: Defining prayer may seem like an impossible task, given the many and sometimes wildly different forms of prayer that abound around the world. The Oxford English Dictionary defines prayer as “a solemn request to God, a god, or other object of worship.” The solemnity is right on target – how can one not be solemn when petitioning a higher being? – but it all sounds too cut and dried. Far better is the seventeenth century English poet George Herbert’s glorious response, which reads like a song of joy:

*Prayer the church’s banquet, angel’s age,
God’s breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav’n and earth
Engine against th’ Almighty, sinner’s tow’r,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-days world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul’s blood,
The land of spices; something understood.*

That “something understood” is wonderful, isn’t it? The poem is one ecstatic litany of miracles, exotics, mysteries, and longings, and yet at the end it all comes together, like Dame Julian of Norwich’s vision of “all that is made” as a tiny round thing, as easy to grasp as a hazelnut in the palm of one’s hand. And if we never really manage to understand prayer, well, the poet is telling us not to fret, for God, who made us and saved us, surely does understand our prayers, no matter how clumsy our petitions, how weak our thanksgivings.

(Good Talk, cont’d on p. 4)



RITA CORBIN

Worker house on Chrystie Street and bring a report back to our class. I was so struck by what I found there that I started helping out regularly on weekends, dispensing soup and working in the mailroom with “Smokey Joe.” Though I never got to speak to Dorothy Day, I did catch a glimpse of her, and what I saw on Chrystie Street was life-changing.

All the more special we’re talking now! Essentially, how to understand what is meant by prayer – a

I'm wondering more about the impetus to prayer. Is it rapture? An assertion of faith? Dorothy writes movingly in *The Long Loneliness* of the conflict with Forster, the man she deeply loved and lived with on Staten Island, over faith. He was a naturalist and an atheist, who, ironically, she always credited with awakening her sense of God. "If breath is life, then I was beginning to be full of it because of him. I was filling my lungs with it, walking on the beach, resting on the pier beside him while he fished, rowing with him in the calm bay.... I cried out to him, 'How can there be no God, when there are all these beautiful things?'"

Carol: "How can there be no God, when there are all these beautiful things?" This is more than a pious sentiment on Dorothy Day's part; the question she voices lies at the heart of the classic and most convincing rational arguments for the existence of God. Augustine develops the theme in a sermon she may well have encountered in her spiritual reading:

How is God known? From the things which he made. Question the beauty of the earth, question the beauty of the sea, question the beauty of the air's wide expanse, question the beauty of the sky, question the stars' ordered ranks, question the sun lighting up the day by its brilliance, question the moon softening the nighttime darkness by its splendor; question the animals that move in the water, that dwell on the land, that fly in the air, their souls hidden, their bodies in plain sight, visible things ruled by the invisible; question these things and all will respond to you: "Look and see, we are beautiful." Their beauty is their confession. Who made these beautiful things that change, if not immutable Beauty itself? (Sermon 241, 2)

In Dorothy Day's writings and Augustine's invitation, we discern an instinct for God – elicited by sense-experience – in which reason and rapture, prayer and philosophy, meet. That this instinct for God was awakened by Dorothy's love affair with Forster Batterham suggests that he too may have been similarly moved, at least subliminally, despite his atheist convictions. Could it be that this is a universal impulse,



FRITZ EICHENBERG

Natural Happiness, frontispiece to Part Two of The Long Loneliness

Being on one's knees can be acutely embarrassing; one finds oneself a lowly supplicant, a petitioner, a beggar.

natural to the thinking person, unless actively suppressed?

We may all identify with Dorothy's early uneasiness with prayer. "I was surprised that I found myself beginning to pray daily. I could not get down on my knees, but I could pray while I was walking. If I got down on my knees I thought, 'Do I really believe? Whom am I praying to?' A terrible doubt came over me...."

Philip: Learning to pray is hard, the work of a lifetime. There's a lot to overcome, especially pride. Our self-love takes a blow when we fall to our knees, diminishing ourselves in the presence of the Lord. Being on one's knees can be acutely embarrassing; one finds oneself a lowly supplicant, a petitioner, a beggar. There's an unforgettable moment in C. S. Lewis's autobiography *Surprised by Joy* recounting his conversion: "That which I greatly feared had at last come upon me. In the Trinity Term of 1929 I gave in, and admitted that God was God, and knelt and prayed: perhaps, that night, the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England." Shouldn't Lewis have been rejoicing? Shouldn't we somersault for joy when we finally manage to pray? No doubt – but the reality is that breaking

out of the chrysalis and unfolding the wings of prayer is arduous and painful, as is all human birth and rebirth.

Incidentally, this is one reason why the set prayers of the Church – the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and so on – are so valuable. While the purest form of prayer may be an unrehearsed conversation with God, when we are learning to pray our fumbling and even agonizing efforts can be greatly eased by recourse to these traditional prayers which, for centuries or millennia, have offered us unshakeable support and unmitigated grace.

Thinking she wasn't able to conceive a child, Dorothy recalled how, upon the birth of her daughter, Tamar, "No human creature could receive



VOX POP

Prayer – in its original form as a petition – is about the voicing of hope. “The people” continue to sign the petition (available on back cover of this newsletter and at www.dorothydayguild.org), asking that Dorothy Day be named a saint in the firm hope they will be heard. Here is some of what they’re saying:

This extraordinary life is an example to people of all faiths. She needs to be recognized.

Timothy Green, Washington, D.C.

Dorothy Day so inspired me. I cannot stop reading her books!

Donna Zaleski, Strasburg, PA

Dorothy always gave it her all without compromise. A young Marxist found Jesus and followed his peaceful path just as radically, showing us how to love one another.

James and Marilyn McCormick, Traverse City, MI

A model of living out social justice the world continues to need and know.

Nicholas Niccari, New York, NY

Many prayers in thanksgiving for the life of Dorothy Day.

Gloria Bovveca, Houston, TX

God bless you all!

Mike Hogan, CWTrinity House, Manawatu, New Zealand

DISPATCHES!

The Guild continues to be grateful to Cardinal Timothy Dolan for his faithful support of all our work. The final printing and boxing of Dorothy Day’s letters and diaries – running at over 9,000 pages BEFORE transcription – occurred this February, led by Ignatian Volunteer Corp member, Dr. Joe Sclafani, assisted by fellow IVC member, Jodee Fink. Following a new requirement, every word of the diaries will be read by at least one Theological Censor. Cardinal Dolan’s newly appointed Delegate, Fr. Brian Graebe, S.T.D., will be identifying and engaging over twenty-five theologians for this important task. In recent years (remember Mother Teresa’s Cause?) diaries have become more important in the deliberations of the Congregation for the Causes of Saints, hence the new requirement.



We are very grateful for the opportunity to work with Fr. Graebe, the pastor of St. Patrick’s Old Cathedral, though we will miss his predecessor, Fr. Robert Hospodar, who is taking on the position of Judicial Vicar for the Archdiocese of New York. How fortunate to always land in such good hands!



With the transcription, review, and printing of diaries and letters completed, staff and volunteers are turning to the collection and printing of selected writings about Dorothy Day. To say that we all initially felt overwhelmed – when first thinking that all published writings about Dorothy Day had to be included as part of our evidence gathering – would be a dramatic understatement. (We were contemplating having to change the newsletter’s name from *In Our Time* to *In Time Eternal*!). However, the Cause’s Roman Postulator Waldery Hilgeman assured us that in cases involving prolific and well-known persons, exceptions can be made, requiring only that the “best” and “non-repetitive” sources be sent. The Historical Commission, the author of the requisite and now completed biography of Dorothy Day, proceeded in turn to determine the appropriate sources, including all those it used for its research and approximately twenty additional articles and books were selected. And we are happy to be able to report that the newsletter will not require a re-christening.



The COVID-19 pandemic has brought many changes to the Inquiry. Much of the collection of evidence has continued remotely and coordinator Jeff Korgen is admitted into the New York Archdiocesan Catholic Center by arrangement for only three days every two weeks, with occasional weekend shifts available. The goal, however, for completing the collection of evidence remains May 30th of this year, but may spill into the summer. At some point, assuming the safety of flying, Roman Postulator

(Dispatches, cont’d on p. 8)

SAINTLY MATTERS

Peter Maurin, who schooled Dorothy Day in the lives of the saints, reportedly once declared, “I’m not a revolutionist, I’m a traditionalist!” He wanted the Catholic Worker to recover the spiritual practices of the great saints and give them new life. Central was the practice of radical hospitality associated with St. Benedict. The lay movement Peter and Dorothy founded not only revived this ancient monastic practice, but the Catholic Worker’s embrace of personalism, voluntary poverty, and non-violence deepened its discipline.

For at least a century before the fall of Rome in 476 A.D., the Roman world into which Benedict was born in 480 A.D. was marked by terrible social ruptures, full of classes and castes, exacerbated by an immense gap between rich and poor. And the poor were further victimized by floods, draughts, famine, disease, not to mention endemic violence, and were driven to become migrants, refugees, wanderers. Arousing the widespread fear and suspicion of the general population, these veritable nomads were frequently subjected to intrusive surveillance and imprisonment.

Benedict, best known as the father of Western monasticism, strove to create a dramatically different option. In Chapter 53 of his famous Rule for his monks, he writes, “All guests who present themselves are to be welcomed as Christ, who said: ‘I was a stranger and you welcomed me.’”

For Dorothy, hospitality was a welcome, though clearly challenging, safeguard against the too often impersonal nature of social movements and the companion temptation to view the poor in

the abstract which she always disliked. She must have seen something of herself in the young woman who reacted to what she read in the first issues of the *Catholic Worker* newspaper during the heart of the Depression by demanding that its editors start giving hospitality instead of just writing about it. An apartment was rented that very afternoon.

Depression or not, Dorothy and Peter were clear that homeless and desperate people, regardless of the circumstances that had brought them low, were to be welcomed. “It is always a terrible thing to come back to Mott Street,” Dorothy wrote. “To come in a driving rain to men crouched on the stairs, huddled in doorways, without overcoats, because they sold them, perhaps the week before when it was warm, to satisfy hunger or thirst, who knows. Those without love would say, ‘It serves them right, drinking up their clothes.’ God help us if we got just what we deserved.”

Referring to “guests” again in his Rule, Benedict urges the showing of “every kindness.” A social worker once asked Dorothy how long the “down and out” were allowed to stay. She replied, “We let them stay forever. They live with us, they die

(*Saintly Matters*, cont’d on p. 11)

At Root...

Dorothy Day always derived sustenance and strength from the saints. Many, of course, were their insights into prayer. Here is a tiny sampling:

The great method of prayer is to have none. If in going to prayer one can form in oneself a pure capacity for receiving the spirit of God, that will suffice for all methods.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal

Prayer is the raising of the mind to God. We must always remember this. The actual words matter less.

St. John XXIII

For me prayer is a surge of the heart, it is a simple look towards heaven, it is a cry of recognition and of love, embracing both trial and joy.

St. Thérèse of Lisieux

Arm yourself with prayer instead of a sword.

St. Dominic

We must pray without ceasing, in every occurrence and employment of our lives, that prayer which is rather a habit of lifting up the heart to God as in a constant communication with Him.

St. Elizabeth Ann Seton

Prayer is a desire for God, an indescribable devotion, not of human origin, but the gift of God’s grace.

St. John Chrysostom

How often I failed in my duty to God, because I was not leaning on the strong pillar of God.

St. Teresa of Ávila



Benedict giving his Rule

or contain so vast a flood of love and joy as I often felt after the birth of my child. With this came the need to worship, to adore.” Is the need more *ours* than God’s?

Carol: That depends upon how you understand “need.” God, who is omnipotent, omniscient, all loving, and per-



Tree of life

fect in holiness, doesn’t need anything. God has no “passions.” We are the needy ones in this tale. And yet it seems right to say that God desires a great deal, our love above all. We are fashioned in such a way that love inspires us and draws us into the divine love of God. I’m sure that Dorothy felt the presence of

God and His gracious love whenever she looked at Tamar, and that in turn awoke the wish to give thanks, to worship, and to adore the Lord who created this great, this inexpressibly perfect gift that transformed her life.

Can you talk a bit about the differing, perhaps even competing, natures of personal and communal prayer – the relationship of prayer to religion? Reflecting on her conversion to Catholicism,



Communal prayer, Dorothy and Catholic Workers, New York City, 1973



Monastery bells ringing out the holy hours of the day

Dorothy wrote, “I had heard many say that they wanted to worship God in their own way and did not need a Church...nor a body of people with whom to associate themselves. But my very experience as a radical, my whole make-up, led me to want to associate myself with others, with the masses, in loving and praising God.”

Philip: Isn’t it more fun to celebrate with others than to do so all alone? And once one begins to understand God’s love – once the impulse to worship awakens – I think it’s inevitable to want to share it with others. Even the most austere of desert hermits sooner or later comes out of his or her cave to commune with others, to give and receive, to experience the warmth and friendship of human company. If we’re all members of the same mystical body of Christ, how can we not wish to experience this body in its completeness?

You evocatively suggest that in a sense all Christian prayer depends on love, something Dorothy would intuitively grasp, I think. But can you elaborate on this?

(Good Talk, cont'd from p. 7)

Carol: It's very difficult to pray without love. Indifference makes for insipid prayer, while negativity (hatred, anger, resentment) stops prayer in its tracks—unless, of course, you are praying for God to quell your anger, take away your hate, and let your heart rejoice, which already means that love has triumphed.

There are times, nonetheless, when it seems that the wellsprings of love have run dry; but that impression is usually the result of confusing love (principally an act of the will) with rapturous feelings. If our ability to love depended on our fleeting emotional states, we'd be in trouble; fortunately, love can flourish even when our feelings grow dim.

Prayer always fosters love, and I suppose that ultimately this is because prayer always brings us closer to God, who *is* love (1 John 4).

You talk about how Millet's famous painting of the peasant couple stopping in the field at midday to say the Angelus



Jesus with the man born blind

prayer – remembering the central Christian mystery of the Incarnation – suggests a primary function of prayer: the ordering of the day in light of God's purpose and presence. Dorothy was deeply drawn to the liturgical rhythms of prayer, even to the extent of praying the

Divine Hours – regular intervals of prayer, seven times a day – a practice more associated with contemplatives like her friend, Thomas Merton, than with social activists. Yet Merton and Day both felt they could not fully realize their respective vocations without their integrating contemplation and action. Can you speak to this more?

Philip: Both Carol and I are Benedictine oblates; for many years we've loved the Divine Office for its serenity, beauty, and purity of heart. In a way, celebrating the Office with our Benedictine friends was one of the inspirations for *Prayer: A History*, as it taught us the deep cultural power of prayer: how it orders time and space, thought and feeling, work and rest, all the intertwined melodies of daily life. During the Covid-19 pandemic, with its isolation and lockdowns, we found ourselves struggling on a daily basis to keep up our social obligations – caring

(Good Talk, cont'd on p. 9)

(Dispatches, cont'd from p. 5)

Waldery Hilgeman will need to inspect the evidence's final compilation and preparation. Since it is so voluminous, far exceeding the amount for most cases, special provisions for shipping will need to be made.



In order to better inform the Congregation for the Causes of Saints about the legacy of Dorothy Day, the Inquiry undertook a survey of Catholic Worker communities. Three Guild volunteers, Molly Swayze, Nick Farnham, and Bill Woods, teamed up to reach out to the over 100 Catholic Worker communities around the world, gathering information about community size, prayer life, and ministries. About two-thirds responded, providing a tremendous diversity of information about what the movement looks like today. Some communities are large, with a score or more staff. Others are small, sometimes consisting of a married

couple. Many take on ministries that would be familiar to readers: newspapers, houses of hospitality, and farms, while others break new ground: training refugees for local jobs, running a health clinic, or operating a cafe to promote clarification of thought. Together, these communities add up to a movement far larger and more international than what existed during Dorothy Day's lifetime.



In order for us to be able to contact you quickly and economically – with groundbreaking news of the Cause or invitations to special events and Guild happenings – please, if you haven't already done so, **send us your email address.** You're important to us, and we don't want to miss reaching you! Just put "NEWSLETTER" in the subject line and email to: cjzablotny@gmail.com.



for our family, cleaning the house, supporting the causes we hold dear. We found that the greatest help in mustering energy for these struggles came not by taking a break through ordinary distractions like sports or movies, but by turning, on a daily basis, to the Divine Office live-streamed by Pluscarden Abbey (a Benedictine abbey in Scotland that excels in exquisite Gregorian chant). The strain of the daily grind was relieved and elevated through the balm of Benedictine prayer united into a regular, satisfying pattern, as has been followed throughout nearly the entire history of Christianity. No wonder the Benedictine motto is *ora et labora*: pray and work.

Merton drew great inspiration from Dorothy's dedication to prayer, peace and the poor, while she herself wrote after his untimely death, "I must pray to him." The practice of praying to people who are holy and who have entered "eternal life" lies deep within the Catholic tradition. Catholics are encouraged to seek their intercession. Dorothy herself prayed frequently for help from many favorite saints. Yet today, at first glance, intercessory prayer may feel strangely superstitious and confounding, in spite of one's love of, even devotion to, a particular saint.

Carol: I can't imagine why anyone would find praying to a saint superstitious or confounding. It's all part of God's mercy and goodness. A saint, by definition, is someone who is now in heaven, that is, in close union with God. Such



The concept of intercession is well-attested not only in Christianity but in virtually all the world's religions....The saints to whom we pray are as dependent as are we upon God's love.

people are well-placed to intercede with God in response to our prayers. The concept of intercession is well-attested not only in Christianity but in virtually all the world's religions. The details remain fuzzy, as they must until we ourselves join the great cloud of witnesses. It's clear, however, that intercession is a work of love initiated by God, who sustains and governs the process. The human saints to whom we pray are as dependent as are we upon God's love, condescension, and grace.

Of the many forms of prayer, you note that prayers seeking healing are the most common. This raises the question of the efficacy of prayer – implicit in the canonization process of Catholic saints. The final proof of sanctity is a favor or miracle received following prayerful intercession to a candidate – like Dorothy Day – as evidenced by reports of physical healing. Admittedly, it is more than tempting to think that a candidate's own lived life of heroic virtue, so apparent in Dorothy's life, would suffice! Or that there would be ways of recognizing sanctity through less tangible means, such as healings of the spirit. But regardless, there

is a profound connection, resonant over time, between physical healing and prayer, between physical healing and holiness.

Philip: Yes, a prayer for healing – the healing not only of body but of soul – is probably the most common petition made to God. This seems inevitable, for pain is an affliction that damages body and



Prayers answered. Grotto of Our Lady, Lourdes, France

soul, and a prayer for healing is always — in some sense — a plea for escape from pain and a return to health. The reason that it plays such a large part in the process of beatification and canonization is that prayers which remove disease can be studied by qualified experts — that is, physicians — who can assess tangible evidence and conclude that something medically inexplicable has occurred. I think the Church understands that there are many miracles — for example, a life of heroic virtue or the sudden conversion to Christ by an inveterate sinner and skeptic — that have nothing to do with medicine or the body, but often these miracles involve subjective factors that can't be photographed, weighed, or assessed scientifically.

Help us explore more the notion of healing. We tend to think in terms of personal healing. But there is also societal healing. The African American philosopher and ethicist, Cornel West, suggests that prayer ought to be subversive of injustice, that Christians should be less about praying for a blessing and more about praying to be a blessing.

Carol: I understand Professor West's point, but I don't think he means for this to be a zero-sum game. If we pray for a blessing it should follow that we are praying for the power, virtue, wisdom, and means to be a blessing to others. "Prosperity gospel" aside, I don't think many Christians are in danger of praying too much for the blessings that God might bestow upon them. In a normal ordering of life, personal healing is intimately connected to the healing of the family, the local community, society at large, and the world. If there's one thing Covid-19 has taught us it's that no man is an island.

I love the pithy advice you cite from the Benedictine John Chapman: "Pray as you can, not as you can't." It reminds me of how Dorothy counseled people who wanted to undertake great, good works, to simply begin where they were.

Philip: Yes, simply start where you are. Dorothy Day was absolutely right about that. Abbot Chapman's counsel can be found in his wonderful classic, *Spiritual Letters*, an invaluable



If we pray for a blessing it should follow that we are praying for the power, virtue, wisdom, and means to be a blessing to others.

guide to Christian prayer. Many of his correspondents wrote in despair because they felt trapped in a season of spiritual dryness, unable to sense the presence of God. Chapman would urge them to pray in whatever way seemed right, be it an intimate conversation or a rosary recitation or singing a hymn or merely sitting humbly and quietly in the presence (felt or not) of God. He also emphasized that the aridity they felt was not a sign of failure. On the contrary, he wrote that "the essential interior act of religion is the giving ourselves to God, turning to Him and remaining turned, uniting ourselves to His Will.... When this essential act is going on in the point [apex] of the soul, all the rest of the soul can be in a disturbance, unrest, rebellion, misery — it does not matter." What matters is that we give ourselves to God, whether this lands us in a flowering garden or a barren desert. Chapman adds, with remarkable perspicacity, that "anxiety to get and to keep the sense of God's Presence or tranquility of mind is one of the chief causes of desolation." Our incessant striving after God — our clamor for palpable satisfaction — sabo-

tages our efforts and we "run the danger of loving His gifts more than Himself."

We've just finished observing the 40th anniversary of Dorothy Day's death (November 29, 2020). A prayer of thanksgiving graces her tombstone. *Deo Gratias*. "Thanks be to God." We owe you both thanks for your time and thoughtfulness. Is there anything you'd like to add?

Carol and Philip: Just this: Many thanks to you for inviting us to your pages. We enjoyed the interview immensely and appreciate the opportunity to participate, in a very small way, in Dorothy Day's cause for sainthood. *Deo Gratias*, indeed! 🙏

with us and we give them a Christian burial. We pray for them after they are dead. Once they are taken in, they become members of the family. Or rather they were always members of the family. They are our brothers and sisters in Christ.”

For St. Benedict, hospitality became another way of wor-

shipping God. So it remains in Benedictine monasteries and Catholic Worker communities today: a holy response to the Stranger still knocking on all our doors, but perhaps having to pound louder and longer to be heard over the divisive din of our times. **D**

On the Long Road to Canonization

The road is winding, the process complex, the scrutiny demanding. However, major milestones have been achieved in the Cause for Dorothy Day. (See “*Dispatches!*” on p. 5 for more of the many details.)

The next steps to be conducted as part of the much anticipated and soon to begin “Roman” phase of the Inquiry include the writing of a “positio” – a biographical presentation, grounded in the context of history, that reveals both Dorothy Day’s unique holiness and her distinctive gifts to the Church – the precise issues we’ve explored within the limited confines of this newsletter.

It is gratifying (and refreshing!) to note the striking originality of the saints. The famed historian of Catholic culture, Christopher Dawson, writes that “nothing shows the catholicity of the Catholic Church better than the extraordinary range of human character and behavior on which the seal of her approval (canonization) has been placed.” Dorothy will certainly not disappoint in this regard. As the Orthodox theologian Michael Plekon observes, “It is precisely the clash of characteristics, the flash of radicalism and traditional piety, that reveals Day’s singular character. Her complex personality and rich life, focused however on love for God and for neighbor, make her very much a saint for our times.”

In 2002, upon the approval of her candidacy for canonization by the Congregation for the Causes of Saints, Dorothy Day was officially named a “Servant of God.” Following its favorable review of the positio and the Cause, a recommendation would be made to the Pope that, pending a documented miracle linked to her, she would be declared “Blessed.” A second miracle would then open the way for her formal recognition as a saint.

We ask for your prayers! At right is the official prayer for canonization.

PRAYER FOR THE CANONIZATION
of SERVANT OF GOD
DOROTHY DAY
(1897-1980)

God our Father,
Your servant Dorothy Day exemplified
the Catholic faith by her life
of prayer, voluntary poverty, works of mercy, and
witness to the justice and peace
of the Gospel of Jesus.

May her life inspire your people
To turn to Christ as their Savior,
To see His face in the world’s poor, and
To raise their voices for the justice
of God’s kingdom.

I pray that her holiness may be recognized by your
Church and that you grant the following favor
That I humbly ask through her intercession
(here mention your request)
I ask this through Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Favors act as further evidence of a candidate’s worthiness. If in your prayers you feel so blessed, please write the Guild office, attn: George Horton, or email: george.horton@archny.org

The Prophet's Cry

In a diary entry for early March, 1973, Dorothy Day notes that the great rabbi, Abraham Joshua Heschel, had died a few months earlier. “May he rest in peace,” she writes, mentioning that she had just read his essay, “The Pious Man” (likely his 1942 essay, “An Analysis of Piety”). She had long admired his seminal work on the prophets (*The Prophets*, 1962). Though many upon his death were now praising his remarkable consistency – there was little distinction between what he thought, taught and how he lived – she, more than most, could appreciate what that took.

For Heschel, who came from a long line of Hasidic rabbis and lost nearly everyone he knew as a child in the concentration camps and ghettos of his native Poland, it took him to the civil rights movement, beside Martin Luther King. Linked arm to arm, they walked together from Selma to Montgomery. In a letter to King afterwards, Heschel movingly wrote, “Legs are not lips and walking is not kneeling. And yet our legs uttered songs. Even without words our march was worship. I felt my legs were praying.”

To pray, he taught, means to bring back God into history – a desire Dorothy dared to voice in dedicating the Catholic Worker toward building “a new heaven and a new earth, showing the correlation between the material and the spiritual.” The God of the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures, the God of the Catholic convert and the Hasid’s son, the same God, was first and foremost a God of compassion. It was the Biblical prophets who forged for Heschel the connection between compassion and justice, their inviolate

bond animating his life and Day’s.

“What is the essence of being a prophet?” he asked. “A prophet is a person who holds God and men in one thought at one time, at all times. Our tragedy begins with the segregation of God, with the bifurcation of the secular and the sacred.”

He felt keenly that all was holy, mirroring Day’s intense sacramental sense, stressing the fundamental experience of awe, wonder, and what he called “radical amazement” as keys to authentic spirituality and prayer. But inspired by the prophets he emulated and ultimately embodied, he also urged cultivating “a sense of ultimate embarrassment.” In a 1972 interview, Heschel described them as combining “a very deep love, a very powerful dissent, a painful rebuke, with unwavering hope.”

“The prophet,” he wrote, “is a person who suffers the harm done to others....



Habakkuk, delivered by the angelic yank of his hair to minister to Daniel in the lions’ den

Legs are not lips and walking is not kneeling. And yet our legs uttered songs. Even without words our march was worship.

— Abraham Heschel



Bringing back God into history. Heschel, King, and Day: two walking, one sitting, all praying

The prophet’s angry words cry.” And if hard for us on earth to hear, surely their cries must ascend to heaven faster than any other prayer.


Their greatest contribution, Heschel contended, was the discovery of the evil of indifference (an evil cited often by Pope Francis). An evil he argued “more insidious than evil itself... more universal, more contagious,

more dangerous. A silent justification, it makes possible an evil erupting as an expression becoming the rule and being in turn accepted.” Looking back today, half a century later, in the midst of historic inequities ironically unmasked by a pandemic, how prophetic his words!

Perhaps Heschel’s most radical insight was that indifference to evil is an evil most of us condone. We are capable of being both decent and sinister, pious and sinful. Dorothy always knew to look to her own sins first though pious indifference she’d be hard pressed to find among them. For Dorothy, as for Heschel, talking about or to God and remaining silent in the face of the suffering around her would have been blasphemous – suffering stemming from the trinity of social sins, as named by Martin Luther King, of militarism, materialism, and racism.

Whether rooted in obliviousness or despair or just the fear of being overwhelmed, the callousness of indifference,

Heschel believed, was subverted by prayer. Openness to God’s presence led to the moral imperative to act. Not immediately or without resistance, even by the prophets like Habakkuk, who had to be yanked by the hair and pulled all the way by an angel for him to bring food to Daniel starving in the lions’ den. In God’s time.

Heschel captures his own prayerful experience in the first stanza of a poem he penned in Yiddish while still a young man in Europe. “God follows me like a shiver everywhere. The desire in me is for rest; the demand within me is: Rise up, See how prophetic visions lie neglected in the streets!” 

*(Martin Doblmeier and Journey Films, producer of the widely praised documentary on Dorothy Day, **Revolution of the Heart**, has recently completed a new documentary on Abraham Heschel, **Spiritual Audacity**. Available now on DVD, it will be viewed on public television this coming May. For more information, see journeyfilms.com)*

Beating Swords into Plowshares

Once Rabbi Heschel asked his students if gelatin is kosher, sparking a lively discussion. But when he then asked, “Are nuclear weapons kosher?” they were stunned into silence, not knowing what to say.

This past fall marked not only the 40th anniversary of Dorothy Day’s death but also the 40th anniversary of the birth of the Plowshares movement, named for the injunction of the Hebrew prophets to “beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore.” The mission of Plowshares is to break the collective silence surrounding the horror of nuclear weapons, to encourage each of us to take some measure of personal responsibility, whatever the form – recalling Heschel’s own prophetic insight “that in a free society, some are guilty, but all are responsible.”

The movement’s first action on September 9, 1980, saw eight people of religious faiths, primarily Catholics, including the brothers Berrigan, gain entry into the General Electric plant in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania, where they poured blood over the nose cones of two nuclear weapons and used household hammers to dent the metal. Since then, there have been over one hundred similar actions.

Plowshares activists remain at the sites of their acts of civil disobedience to explain their witness, attempting afterward to put nuclear weapons on trial in the courts. Cumulatively, they have spent lifetimes in jail.

From the beginning, prayer has played a crucial part. “We had been at prayer for days,” Dan Berrigan recounted. The same can be said of a recent action taken at the Kings Bay Naval Base in Georgia on the eve of the 50th anniversary (April 4, 2018) of Martin Luther King’s assassination. Even as they trekked through the night on the 16,000 acre base to reach the sites where Trident submarines are stored – capable of transiting up to twenty-four ballistic missiles, each carrying about thirty times the explosive force of the Hiroshima bomb – they prayed the ancient litany to the saints. “St. Michael, pray for us...St. Peter, pray for us...St. Francis, pray for us...”

One day, we know, Dorothy Day will join their saintly ranks. Dorothy was certainly praying that night as well, and not only because her granddaughter, Martha Hennessy, was among the supplicants. Please add your prayers to hers in support of and thanksgiving for Martha and all the other Kings Bay Seven: Mark Colville, Clare Grady, Steve Kelly, Elizabeth McAlister, Patrick O’Neill, and Carmen Trotta.

(Right before we were running off to the printer with this newsletter, a letter from Martha, now serving her ten-month sentence, arrived like a blessing. “My prayer life and Bible study continue to deepen in this setting. A university unto itself!... A woman was freed today, she went with her heavy canvas duffle into the snow, walking alone. She is from West Virginia, and I found myself praying so hard for her as I looked out the window after saying good-bye. The long loneliness!”)

Give Us This Day

“Rabbi, how shall we pray?” “Give us this day our daily bread” is the most basic of all the petitions that Jesus enjoined his disciples to make. Though central to the Christian, the roots of the “Our Father” are in the Jewish scriptures, found in at least several passages.

Early on, while still in her teens, responding to the daily human need for bread was part of Dorothy Day’s vocation. Prayer would come later. In her first job as a reporter for a Socialist newspaper, *The Call*, she covered the harsh conditions of the masses of newly arrived immigrants, many from the shtetls of Eastern Europe, thronging to New York’s Lower East Side. She chose to live there, renting a room from an Orthodox Jewish family in their little tenement apartment, mysteriously drawn by the very poverty *The Call* was protesting.

“We reporters worked from twelve noon until twelve at night, covering meetings and strikes. We walked on picket lines; we investigated starvation and death in the slums. Our function as journalists seemed to be to build up a tremendous indictment against the present system... which would have a cumulative effect of forcing the workers to rise in revolution.”

One reporter who became a lifelong friend (it’s unclear, but perhaps, even lovers; they talked of being “engaged”), was Irwin Granich, born into a poor Lower East Side Romanian Jewish family in 1893. Later he became more widely known as Mike Gold – the name of a Jewish Civil War veteran he admired for having fought “to free the slaves” – adopted before the successful publication of his proletarian novel, *Jews without Money*, in 1930, just a few years before the founding of the Catholic Worker.

Gold was full of stories of tenement life, both comic and tragic. When *The Call* was shut down in 1916 for its opposi-

tion to U.S. entry into what it deemed a capitalist war, he and Dorothy would walk the streets of New York, punctuating the night air with his loud singing of Yiddish folk songs and Hebrew hymns, though the latter held no religious significance.

He never lost his faith in Marxism, writing once that “the

Russian Bolsheviks will leave the world a better place than Jesus... The poor will have bread and peace and culture.” Nor did he ever try to argue Dorothy out of her decision to abandon the revolution and embrace Catholicism and the non-violent cross. Following his death in 1967, Dorothy remembered her last conversation with him in one of her *On Pilgrimage* columns. It was during a visit with her at the Catholic Worker. Mike, just returned from Europe, presented Dorothy with a gift of a painting of St. Anne, the patron saint of grandmothers, all carefully packaged for her, now a grandmother many times over.

“How hard it is to have faith in men when we see their racist attitudes, their fears of each other fed by the daily press. There is a lot of racism around the Catholic Worker, made up as it is of men from the Bowery and skid rows....

Class war and race war go on daily, and we are a school for nonviolence.”

“His eyes alight with faith, Mike said, ‘But it is the poor and the wretched, the insulted and the injured, who bring about the changes in the world...’”

“I could not help but think that just as we cannot love God whom we do not see unless we love our brother whom we do see, it followed that our faith in man (as he could be) should increase our faith in God and his ever-present aid. ‘I can do all things in him who strengthens me.’ ‘And without him, I can do nothing.’”

“And this very small conversation made me pray the more.” ■



Lower East Side women organizing protest over high cost of meat, c. 1902

Living Legacy

ON THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF DOROTHY DAY'S DEATH ON November 29, 1980, over 2,000 people from around the world – from the United States, the United Kingdom, Ireland to France, Pakistan to Korea, Singapore to Haiti – sat around the kitchen table in the long tradition of the Catholic Worker (however virtually), to reflect on her legacy. It was the kind of feast Dorothy Day so loved and invited: of hearts and minds and spirit. And it's always our goal to enlarge the table, making even more room around it. Robert Ellsberg who convened the evening recalled how Dorothy concluded her memoir, *The Long Loneliness*: "We have all known the long loneliness and we have learned that the only solution is love and that love comes with community."



Anne Snyder



Paul Elie

We were especially graced to have as guest panelists the *New York Times* columnist, David Brooks; Anne Snyder, editor-in-chief of *Comment* magazine, and Day scholar and writer, Paul Elie. Colleen Dulle of America Media – whose partnership with the Guild made this gathering possible – guided their flowing conversation with her interview questions, like the passing of so many plates of rich thought.

Below is just a starter from David. **For a complete transcript of the conversation, please contact our office or listen online on our website which has a link to it.** True again to tradition, it has already served as a catalyst for others. Join in!



David Brooks

"I taught a course at Yale which was called "Humility" because I thought it would be funny for a *New York Times* columnist to teach a course on humility. And I taught fourteen books, including St. Augustine's *Confessions*, Plato's *Symposium*, Victor Frankel's *Man's Search for Meaning*, and one of the books was *The Long Loneliness*. I really assigned books that I thought had a shot at changing my students' lives. At the

end of the term I gave an assignment which was... pick one and apply it to a problem in your own life. And nineteen students out of the twenty-four students in the class chose *The Long Loneliness*. They were transfixed by her, and I was wondering why were they transfixed by her – as I had been which is why I had assigned it. First, I think they aligned with the fact that she was something of a hot mess as a young woman. I always say she couldn't just read books, she had to live them out.... So I think they really fell for that. And that she had put herself together through surrender – that was appealing. The second thing was a sense of high calling. Someone who from a very early age had lofty ideals and a spiritual hunger that for a time was not met, but then was met. And I think the students in their idealism really related to that. Then a sense of security which she had achieved, and I think that is something they had not discovered in many of their own lives.

A spiritual security. That faith is never still, but faith can provide a grounding and a foundation.... And then finally a sense, not just of social activism and a life dedicated to the poor but a transcendent frame for that faith. So they found all that within her. And I don't think many came to faith through her, but they found just a magnetic person upon which they could really reflect on their lives. And that would be true for me too."

(For more information about the event and the supporters who generously helped publicize it, please see the Guild's website. (dorothydayguild.org). Also, under "to learn more," you will find relevant books and articles by David, Paul, Robert, and Anne, including her soaringly beautiful essay on Dorothy Day and *The Long Loneliness*.)



with Eileen Egan

(Normally, this column invites contemporary reflections from people whose lives have been impacted by Dorothy Day's. Whether they knew her personally or not, their own stories are different in ways large and small because of her. Eileen Egan (d. 2000) not only knew Dorothy, but travelled thousands of miles with her as a fellow pilgrim on the long, elusive journey to peace. Marking the 40th anniversary of Dorothy's death, it was impossible not to remember Eileen's own passing, twenty years later. Moreover, prompted by the January 2021 historic ratification of the UN Treaty on the Prohibition of Nuclear Weapons, the image of these two friends – devout and determined women who would break bread together – came inexorably to mind. What follows then are strands of insights taken from Eileen's memoirs, some written, others drawn from a filmed interview of Eileen conducted in the 1980s with my sister Mary Beth, and other personal recollections from times shared over long cups of tea. Ed.)

In her soft accent with hints of both her Irish-born parents and her own native Wales, Eileen Egan explained that Dorothy's "pacifism was that of the Cross, the conviction that the acceptance of suffering by the innocent is the true conquest over evil. In this mystery – that innocent suffering is the saving of the world – the Catholic Worker, led by Dorothy Day, took its stand," Eileen said.

For decades, Eileen trekked down to New York's Lower East Side to host the Catholic Worker's Friday night meetings for "the clarification of thought" – a mainstay of the Worker's outreach from its earliest days. Always carefully crafted, Eileen's introductions were as learned as any of the invited speakers' best talks.

My sister and I sat at her kitchen table in an old railroad apartment in Manhattan that she always feared she would lose if rent-control were to

cease and send her packing. Eileen reminisced how as a young woman, a graduate of Hunter College and an aspiring journalist, she had envisioned moving into the New York Catholic Worker, then located near the Bowery. "I went down and asked Dorothy. But she worried that I wouldn't get along with Smokey Joe (one of the many colorful Bowery habitués making the CW his home). So every Friday night I made as much a point of getting along with him (very well, in fact) as of telling her – to make certain she didn't miss it!" She laughed the laugh of friends who know each other well.

In 1943, with war raging in Europe, Eileen joined the fledgling staff of Catholic Relief Services, newly created to help the war's countless victims. If working with war refugees in and from around the world cemented her horror of war, she nonetheless always maintained that she was among those many "whose minds were to be opened to Christian nonviolence by Dorothy Day."

"For the millions of American Catholics who fought in the Second World War, pacifism was seen as a passive stance in the face of evil. Dorothy Day, more than any American Catholic, showed that pacifism is not passivity, but a day-in-day-out struggle against evils by nonviolent means...."

In founding the Catholic Worker, Dorothy and Peter Maurin had vitalized the Church's traditional practice of the "weapons of the spirit" – prayer, fasting, and almsgiving. And in their genius, they extended these to include voluntary poverty (freedom from the acquisitiveness that makes for war) and the daily practice of the works of mercy (freedom to love even the "enemy").

"Dorothy always stressed that we are to love one another, as he had loved us," Eileen explained, pouring a second cup of tea. "And the works of mercy – feeding the hungry,



Dorothy Day with Eileen Egan and striking farm workers, 1973

clothing the naked, giving drink to the thirsty — are direct expressions of that love. Dorothy believed we must perform them every day, in our houses of hospitality, on the breadline....” Eileen was talking quite rapidly now. “And Dorothy believed we can’t suspend the practice of the works of mercy during war!” Her eyes were wide and bright, delighting in the logic of her argument — the moral equivalent of the “checkmate” presented by Dorothy herself. There was simply no way of getting around the Sermon on the Mount.



Eileen was also a close ally of Mother Teresa (both pictured here, circa 1970s) whom she brought to visit Dorothy at the Catholic Worker in New York

For Catholics, Eileen further noted, “War abstention during World War II was countenanced by the U.S. government only for Catholic seminarians and for priests and religious brothers under vows. Civilian alternative service was granted only to members of the “peace-churches” (like the Quakers or the Mennonites) while Catholic war objectors, along with objectors from the other major Christian churches, were often jailed. Dorothy Day and a priest from Catholic University were the lone voices raised on behalf of the rights of the laity. For the Catholics... Dorothy Day helped organize two camps where they could perform civilian service.”

“With hostilities in Vietnam, the 1960s saw a rise in antiwar sentiment,” Eileen remarked. “The Catholic Worker movement supported the many efforts for peace, including The Catholic Peace Fellowship and Pax, the American branch of the English movement founded by Eric Gill and others. It was in the 60s that Dorothy’s international travels for peace began, and I journeyed with her on most of them. In 1963, as a sponsor of Pax, Dorothy agreed to talk at the Spode House Conference in Great Britain on ‘Peace through Reconciliation.’” Dorothy and Eileen met with author and activist Vera Britain, whose *Testament of Youth* captured the sufferings of an entire generation shattered by World War I; and with Muriel Lester, Gandhi’s one-time hostess in London.

“Dorothy would thank God for the most ordinary things. I recall that when we

stopped for fish and chips in London, she thanked God for the delicious meal, commenting enthusiastically on how fresh and hot they were. On a boat ride down the Thames to Greenwich, a chill wind penetrated her light coat. She took *The London Times* and put it inside her coat like a life-jacket. As we sat snugly on the deck, she said, ‘I thank our men on the Bowery for teaching me this. We can all learn from one another.’ It is a joy to travel with a person of grateful mind.”

“When war and peace was to be debated at the final session of the Vatican Council, we decided that the place to be was Rome in the autumn of 1965. We prepared for the session by assembling a special issue of the *Catholic Worker* entitled “The Council and the Bomb.” Dorothy asked me to edit and write the editorial for the issue, which included the most recent formulation of the Vatican Council Fathers on war and peace. Articles and letters urged the bishops of the world to speak out clearly on modern war. With funds from friends of the Catholic Worker and Pax, during the summer of 1965 we were able to airmail the paper to every bishop in the world. It was probably the first time that lay people had gone directly to the teaching church on a world scale.”

“In Rome, Dorothy engaged in a ten-day, water-only fast with women from a dozen nations. The fast began with prayer, the Our Father, the Franciscan peace prayer, and the reciting of the Beatitudes. While Dorothy fasted—agonizing as much from the aroma of morning coffee that she was denying herself as from aching bones — I went from Council Father to Council Father with the *Catholic Worker* and a peace formulation from Pax. When the Fathers of the Council voted on the peace section of *The Church in the Modern World*, condemning indiscriminate warfare, supporting conscientious objection, linking arms expenditures with unmet

needs of the poor, and even pointing to Gospel nonviolence as a possible position for Catholics, we rejoiced....”

(Breaking Bread, cont'd on p. 18)

THE WORKS OF MERCY FEET
THE HUNGRY • CLOTHES THE
NAKED • GIVE DRINK TO THE
THIRSTY • VISIT THE
IMPRISONED • CARE
FOR THE SICK • BURY
THE DEAD.



THE WORKS OF WAR
DESTROY CROPS AND
LAND • SEIZE FOOD SUPPLIES
DESTROY HOMES • SCATTER
FAMILIES • CONTAMINATE
WATER • IMPRISON DISSENTERS
INFLECT WOUNDS • KILL
THE LIVING.

“Whether the witness of prayer and fasting or the mailing of the *Catholic Worker* to the world’s bishops had any effect on the final outcome can never be assessed or known. What is important is that it occurred, and that it took place as a lay action.”

In 1972, Dorothy made her only trip to India, traveling to Delhi at the invitation of the Gandhi Centenary Committee where she was gratified to learn how close the Gandhians felt to the Catholic Worker movement and how they had read the paper for years. “We stood in bright sunlight,” Eileen recalled, “at the Rajghat, the cremation place of Gandhi. We read the Gandhi Talisman, ‘Recall the face of the poorest and most helpless man whom you may have seen and ask yourself, if the step you contemplate is going to be of any use to him. Will he be able to gain anything by it?’”

“Dorothy was, before all and beyond all, a woman of prayer. When we traveled, Dorothy as a morning person, awakened early and would be reading and meditating on the psalms when I made my appearance at a later hour. In spare moments, she would dip into

some “lectio divina” that she habitually carried with her, in addition to the daily missal and the short breviary. She would often discuss the implications of her readings.”

“The Mass was the center of her life, and she received the body and blood of the Lord as a presentment of that banquet to which we are all called. ‘We know Him in the breaking of the bread,’ she said, ‘Heaven is a banquet and life is a banquet, too, even with a crust where there is companionship...’ In her last days, she was grateful that the Eucharist could be reserved in the little chapel in Maryhouse, and that communion could be brought to her when her worn-out heart would no longer carry her down to Mass. She never ceased to reach out in love for the suffering. On the afternoon of November 29, 1980, she talked to me on the telephone of the sufferings of the earthquake victims of southern Italy. She had seen on the television screen how the survivors were trying to keep themselves alive in the snows of the mountainous regions. Her voice became strong with compassion when she asked what was being done for them. When I explained that medicaments, food and

large supplies of blankets were going in by air, she was relieved and said that blankets could be used to make tents.”

“Three hours later, at 5:30 p.m. – as the old liturgical year was dying and the Vigil Mass for the First Sunday of Advent was beginning in the Church of the Nativity around the corner from Maryhouse – Dorothy Day passed quietly out of this life.”

A year before Eileen’s own death in 2000, her pioneering study of Gospel nonviolence reached many hungry readers, the last chapters devoted entirely to Dorothy Day. But she may have inspired more readers with a heralded report in the *New York Times* of her 1992 mugging while on the way to Mass. She was seventy-nine at the time. Though she suffered a broken hip and fractured ribs, she reached out to the homeless man who had assaulted her with forgiveness and concern, later keeping in touch with prison officials and chaplains to insure his proper treatment.

“Blessed are the peacemakers,” Jesus tells us. And it is we who are forever blessed by them – praying to be worthy. ▣

Where no donation is ever too small: Loaves and Fishes Campaign

It’s the one story repeated in all four gospels. The miracle of the loaves and fishes. Jesus gathers five loaves and two fishes from a young boy among the multitudes of people crowding to hear him, and after giving thanks to God, distributes them, miraculously feeding all who are hungry.

The Guild needs to gather “loaves and fishes” – trusting in their multiplication. Loaves and fishes that will ensure the successful completion of the first (“Diocesan”) phase of the Cause for Dorothy Day’s canonization and the start-up of the Cause’s second and final (“Roman”) phase this coming summer.

Launched on December 8, 2020, the feastday of the Immaculate Conception – the day in 1932 when Dorothy Day famously prayed some way would open up for her as a Catholic to use her talents on behalf of the poor – **Loaves and Fishes Campaign 2021 will end on this May 1st** – the 88th anniversary of the founding of the Catholic Worker where she lived out her vocation.

Thank you for considering making a donation. Unlike your annual Guild membership dues, Campaign contributions are tax deductible. (Simply check “additional donation” on the membership form.) And remember: just like those loaves and fishes, no amount is ever too small!



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.

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 generous and faithful support – past, present, and future!



Dear Readers

Please, dear readers, be safe and well!
And please be patient.
Our bulk rate mail delivery is at a new level of "creep" these days.
If *In Our Time* is not "on time," it's coming!



Six feet apart

VIRGINIA MAKSYMOWICZ – FRITZ EICHENBERG

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Name _____

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Thank you!

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Martha Hennessy
Blanche Johnson
Kathleen DeSutter Jordan
David Mueller
Luis Pena
Phillip Runkel
Joseph Sclafani
Most Rev. Dennis Sullivan
Rev. Msgr. Kevin Sullivan
Gabriella Wilke
Louise Zwick

Fr. Brian Graebe, S.T.D.
Cardinal's Delegate

Msgr. Gregory Mustaciolo
Vice-Postulator

George B. Horton
Vice-Postulator

Jeffrey Korgen
Guild Coordinator

Anthony Santella
Web/Social Media Director

Carolyn Zablotny
Writer/Editor, Web/Newsletter

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 _____

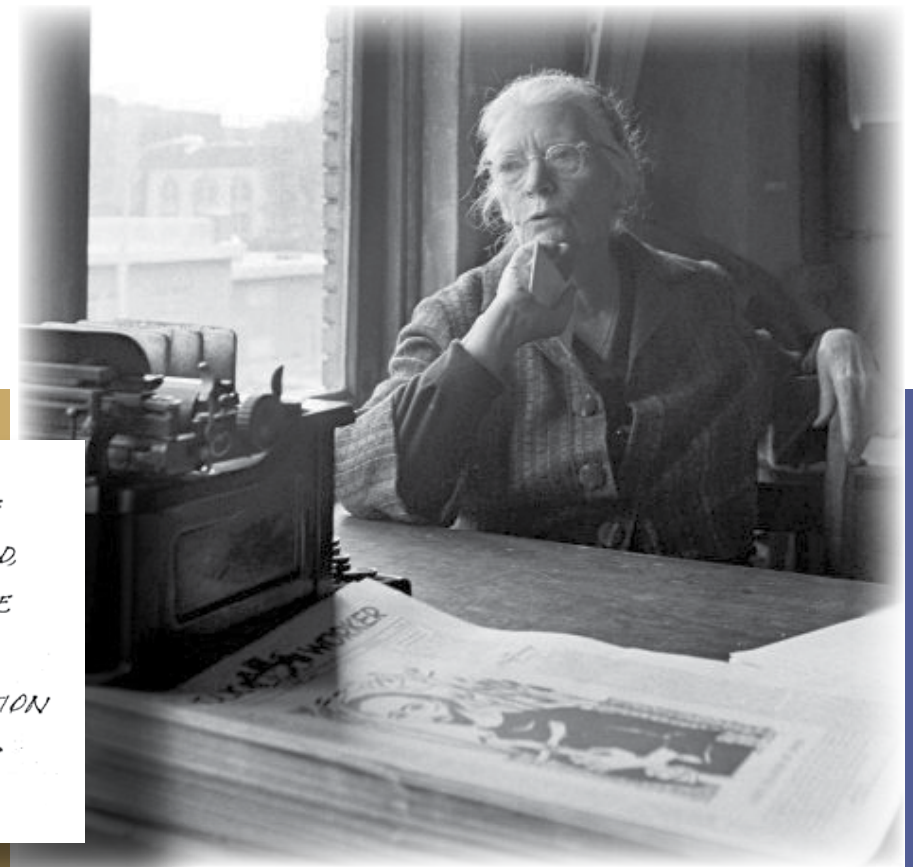
Print above and sign here _____

E-mail _____

Country _____ Street Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Comments (optional):



"WHEN I THINK OF JESUS I THINK OF
SOMEONE WHO WAS CONSTANTLY
PASSIONATE... THE STORIES HE TOLD,
THE MIRACLES HE PERFORMED,
THE SERMONS HE DELIVERED, THE
SUFFERING HE ENDURED, THE
DEATH HE EXPERIENCED.
HIS WHOLE LIFE WAS A PASSION -
THE ENERGY, THE LOVE, THE ATTENTION
HE GAVE TO SO MANY PEOPLE, TO
FRIENDS AND ENEMIES ALIKE."
DOROTHY DAY