

SIMPLICITY

Live Simply So That Others May Simply Live

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The Only Solution is Love

by Steve Baggarly

For years a quote hung on the office wall at the Catholic Worker house: "There is an old story. We are each of us told in its tale. A child went to the rabbi. The child asked why God started with just Adam and just Eve. The child asked why God had not made everyone at once. The rabbi answered that God had made only Adam and only Eve so that no one of us could ever turn to another person and say, 'Your father is not my father, your mother is not my mother, and we are neither brother nor sister.' So this can never be said. By any of us, to any of us."

So when Stan Biel decided that, for the sake of community, he would continue living at the hospitality house even after his social security payments began, we went along with it because, after all, Stan was family. When he died at the house at the end of June, he had lived with us longer than anyone else in our 27-year history. Not one to visit a doctor, in 2009 he had been working at a convenience store and driving cab when a friend told him that he looked terrible. He then realized he felt terrible and went to the Emergency Room. Two months later he came out of the hospital with a cancer diagnosis, no job, no money, and no place to live. Over the ensuing years he endured countless chemotherapy treatments until they stopped working.



Brian Kavanagh

For seven years Stan was both the funniest and the most ornery person at the house. He was literally a house fixture, both on the front porch, as well as in the corner of the couch in the living room, which was his dominion, and where he spent more and more time the worse he felt in his last months. For many people dropping off donations or coming to the back door for sandwiches, Stan was the face of the community.

He loved cars and loved to drive, and whenever we were out of town, and for an entire eight-month stretch that I was incarcerated, he drove the van to the soup line. This was an article of faith for him—to do whatever he could to keep the soup line going—to make sure that people who lived outside with only the street, and maybe some bushes, and who were rained on, snowed on, and baked by the sun, had a decent meal to eat first thing in the morning brought by people who thought about them. This was ingrained in him early in life when he'd go out with his dad to bring food, magazines, and beer

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NEWSLETTER OF THE NORFOLK CATHOLIC WORKER

Love (continued from page 1) to World War II veterans who lived in the woods not far from his western Pennsylvania home.

When friends gave him a car, he put it at the disposal of the communal work. When the community van was in the shop—which was a lot—his car would be loaded up for the soupline. He would drive other guests at the house or from the soupline to doctor appointments, to the grocery store, to the Immigration office, Social Services or Social Security. He also collected specific things for specific people on the soupline; going through clothing donations, asking friends to collect backpacks, or buying a pair of steel toed boots for someone who just landed a construction job. He would raid his own room for clothes and a ball cap when someone came home from the soupline to shower and needed a change of clean clothes.

He was also a political junkie, and would goad me by loudly taking positions contrary to our politics. He showed up to an anti-consumerism “Buy Nothing Day” protest we had in front of the local mall one Black Friday with a tray filled with cups of Starbucks coffee he had just bought to tempt the caffeine addicts among us. He went to a political discussion group and told people he was from the Catholic Worker and then extolled the virtues of nuclear power. He chided Kim and I for being the “Catholic Worker elite” in a movement that espouses egalitarianism. It took me a while to appreciate his frontal assaults on my ego and pride.

Stan grew up poor and had to begin working at 13. His parents died not long after, and he was living on his own and raising his little brother. So it is no wonder that he took under his wing a number of the young people who passed through the Catholic Worker community, sharing interests and activities with them. He was a good friend to our son Martin. Osvaldo, a Mexican teenager who was released to us from juvenile detention and stayed for two years before moving back to New York City, broke down and cried when I told him Stan had died. He asked that we put a single red rose on Stan’s coffin for him.

Stan is not our only long time friend to die recently. This year has been a year of leave takings like never before. It began when Chuck collapsed at the hospitality house. Chuck was fiercely independent and lived on the streets of Norfolk for over thirty years. For years he took on making coffee in the social hall of Sacred Heart Catholic Church while we prepared for the morning soupline in the kitchen. For an hour, people who live outside near the church drift in to use the bathroom, have a cup of coffee, talk with friends, or sit in a comfortable chair and maybe nod off for a bit. One morning in early January, Chuck came in and was barely shuffling as he sat down, unable to make the coffee. As usual he didn’t want to go to the hospital but he agreed to come back to the Catholic Worker house to rest for a while. Not long after arriving he fell and couldn’t get up. He finally agreed that we call the paramedics. He died thirty days later.

Valencia also died in February. She lived with us twice; coming originally after she had had a lung removed and was living in her car. She was just finishing up a college degree and had received an internship in juvenile justice that she was excited about when her heart gave out. She had helped raise a couple of her grandchildren and wanted to help young people who were in trouble.

In May, Alvan died in his sleep. He lived with us several years before moving into senior housing five years ago. He was born with one leg shorter than the other and thus a pronounced limp. In and out of prison as a young man, he ended up on the street, at the Rescue Mission, with diabetes, and on dialysis for almost 15 years. And in July, Horace, soon after leaving the soupline one morning, passed out on the street. A quiet, friendly, man who kept to himself, he lived on the street for decades and used our address for important mail. So it was that the police let us know that he was in serious condition at the hospital, and we were fortunate to track down a brother of his in North Carolina who made it to visit Horace just before he died.

Each of these friends had either lived with us or frequented the soupline over the years. And they gave us a taste of what the boy in the story learned from the rabbi. Whenever we’ve opened the doors of the Hospitality House to new people, we’ve risked widening our family. Every morning on the soupline the reality is that those who come through the line to share a meal are, if we believe the Scriptures, *literally* our brothers and sisters, our grandparents, our mothers, our fathers, our aunts and uncles and cousins, our own children.

This is why we still visit Conchita and Don who lived with us fifteen years ago and now live in supported housing, and John, who moved out last year but has no one to help him keep his senior apartment neat and clean. This is the reality of our relationship with Maggy and Valeska from Peru who lived with us these past four years and who just moved to Los Angeles to seek more medical help, and with Jean Rene who lived here for five and will move back to Haiti this month. It is why Kim has been working with Mothers Out Front to call for action to stop global warming, why we’ve joined Black Lives

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The End of War: A Soldier Who Wants Peace

by Paul K. Chappell

Paul K. Chapell graduated from West Point in 2002. He then spent seven years in the army, including a year in Iraq, leaving active duty with the rank of captain. He grew up in a military family and suffered trauma as a child from parental violence and from racism because of his African American/white and Asian background. The following is an excerpt from his book "The End of War: How Waging Peace can Save Humanity, our Planet and our Future," written while he was still in the army. Paul is now the Peace Leadership Director for the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation in Santa Barbara, California, and he will be speaking in the Hampton Roads area September 30th to October 3rd (see box on back page).

I am a soldier who wants peace. At first glance this might seem like a contradiction, but this book will explain war and peace in a new way to show why I am not alone.

My father served in the the Korean and Vietnam wars, sergeant major, the highest how war had traumatized him. I consequences of war that take away from the battlefield. at an early age I began thinking it has to end.

But why would someone army? People join the military soldiers, one reason was that I more peaceful world—and in violence is necessary to stop books as a child, Superman, protected humanity and saved In action movies, the hero killed kissed the girl, and peace was

In our society we are war, and when people believe are more willing to fight. When and Nazi Germany threatened Americans more willingly Vietnam War, when many were fighting, it was more difficult to recruit people into the military. When American politicians, in response to the attacks on September 11, 2001, talked about the need to fight terrorism, make the world safer, and spread freedom and democracy around the globe through military force, more volunteers joined the military.

When people believe they are fighting for a good cause and to make the world safer, military recruitment increases. The majority of soldiers, both before and after experiencing war, want peace. General McArthur said, "The soldier, above all other people prays for peace, for he must suffer and bear the deepest wounds and scars of war."

Yet, although most soldiers want peace, peace is the objective, not the means of arriving at the objective. As a soldier, what caused me to see peace not only as the objective but also the means of arriving at that objective? It took many years of personal struggle before I understood the nature of war and peace with greater clarity; it took a lot to convince me that waging peace is practical and effective; and it took a long time before I even understood what waging peace truly means.

When peaceful struggle, rather than war, is suggested as a better way of resolving conflict, this view is often considered naïve because the peace movement has not effectively challenged war's most persuasive claim: the notion that war can protect us from those who wish us harm. War is widely accepted as necessary because it is still perceived as the most reliable way of providing security. Unless waging

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Fritz Eichenberg

army for thirty years, fought in and retired as a command enlisted rank. As a child I saw witnessed the hidden place behind closed doors, far Affected by his violent behavior, about the problem of war and why

who wants war to end join the for many reasons. Like many wanted to help create a safer and our society we are taught that violence. When I read comic Spider-Man, and Batman the world by beating up villains. the bad guy, saved the world. won.

taught that we need war to end war serves the goal of peace they America was attacked by Japan the world during World War II, served in the military. During the soldiers were not sure why they

Dan Berrigan, R.I.P.

Jesuit Fr. Daniel Berrigan died in April at 94. Member of the Catonsville Nine and the Plowshares Eight, poet, teacher, hospice worker, and loving spirit, Dan inspired countless people to do justice and to resist war with nonviolent civil disobedience.

The Trouble with Our State

The trouble with our state
was not civil disobedience,
which in any case, was hesitant and rare.

Civil disobedience was rare as kidney stones—
no, rarer; it was disappearing
like immigrants' disease.

You've heard of a war on cancer?
There is no war like the plague of media
There is no war like routine
There is no war like 3 square meals
There is no war like a prevailing wind

it blows softly, whispers
DON'T ROCK THE BOAT!
The sails obey, the ship of state rolls on.

The trouble with our state
—we learned it only afterward
when the dead resembled the living
who resembled the dead
and civil virtue shone like paint on tin
and tin citizens and tin soldiers
marched to the common whip

—our trouble
the trouble with our state
with our state of soul
our state of siege—
was
civil
obedience.

*From his statement before the court after
hammering and pouring blood on nuclear weapons
components in the first Plowshares action:*

The only message I have to the world is: We
are not allowed to kill innocent people. We are not
allowed to be complicit in murder. We are not

allowed to be silent while preparations for mass
murder proceed in our name, with our money,
secretly... It's terrible for me to live in a time where I
have nothing to say to human beings except, "Stop
killing." There are other beautiful things that I would
love to be saying to people. There are other projects I
could be very helpful at. And I can't do them. I
cannot. Because everything is endangered.
Everything is up for grabs. Ours is a kind of primitive
situation, even though we would call ourselves
sophisticated. Our plight is very primitive from a
Christian point of view. We are back where we
started. Thou shalt not kill; we are not allowed to kill.
Everything today comes down to that— everything.

And the Risen Bread

Some stood up once
and sat down.
Some walked a mile
and walked away.

Some stood up twice
then sat down.
I've had it, they said.

Some walked two miles
then walked away.
It's too much, they cried.

Some stood and stood and stood.
They were taken for fools,
They were taken for being taken in.

Some walked and walked and walked.
They walked the earth,
They walked the waters,
They walked the air.

Why do you stand? They were asked, and
Why do you walk?

Because of the children, they said, and
Because of the heart, and
Because of the bread.

Because
The cause

Is the heart's beat
And the children born
And the risen bread. **

Deliver Us From Fear

by Dorothy Day (from *The Catholic Worker*, January, 1967)

It is not just Vietnam, it is South Africa, it is Nigeria, the Congo, Indonesia, all of Latin America. It is not just the pictures of all the women and children who have been burnt alive in Vietnam, or the men who have been tortured, and died. It is not just the headless victims of the war in Colombia. It is not just the words of Cardinal Spellman and Archbishop Hannan. It is the fact that whether we like it or not, we are Americans. It is indeed our country, right or wrong, as the Cardinal said in another context. We are warm and fed and secure (aside from occasional muggings and murders amongst us). We are the nation the most powerful, the most armed, and we are supplying arms and money to the rest of the world where we are not fighting ourselves. We are eating while there is famine in the world.

Scripture tells us that the picture of judgment presented to us by Jesus is of Dives sitting and feasting with his friends while Lazarus sat hungry at the gate, the dogs, the scavengers of the East, licking his wounds. We are Dives. Woe to the rich. *We* are the rich. The works of mercy are the opposite of the works of war—feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless, nursing the sick, and visiting the prisoner. But we are destroying

crops, setting fire to entire villages and to the people in them. We are not performing the works of mercy but the works of war. We cannot repeat this enough.

When the apostles wanted to call down fire from heaven on the inhospitable Samaritans, the “enemies” of the Jews, Jesus said to them, “You know not of what Spirit you are.” When Peter told our Lord not to accept the way of the Cross and His own death, He said, “Get behind me, Satan. For you are not on the side of God but of men.” But He also said, “Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church.” Peter denied Jesus three times at that time in history, but after the death on the cross, and the Resurrection and the Descent of the Holy Spirit, Peter faced up to Church and State alike and said, “We must obey God rather than men.” Deliver us, O Lord, from the fear of our enemies, which makes cowards of us all...

Maybe they are terrified, these princes of the church, as we are often terrified at the sight of violence, which is present every now and then in our houses of hospitality, and which is always a threat in the streets of the slums. I have often



Alice Hendrickson

thought it is a brave thing to do, these Christmas visits of Cardinal Spellman to the American troops all over the world, Europe, Korea, Vietnam. But oh, God, what are all these Americans, so-called Christians doing all over the world so far from our own shores?

But what words are those he spoke—going against even the Pope—calling for victory, total victory? Words are as strong and powerful as bombs, as napalm. How much the government counts on those words, pays for those words to exalt our own way of life, to build up fear of the enemy. Deliver us, Lord, from the fear of the enemy. That is one of the lines in the psalms, and we are not asking God to deliver us from enemies but from the *fear* of them. Love casts out fear, but we have to get over the fear in order to get close enough to love them.

There is plenty to do, for each one of us, working on our own hearts, changing our own attitudes, in our own neighborhoods. If the just man falls seven times daily, we each one of us fall more

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Love (continued from page 2) Matter protests, why we've joined people at Norfolk's Confederate monument calling for it to be taken out of the city center, why we publicly opposed a Confederate flag parade, why we attended the Gay Pride Festival and vigils in defense of the humanity of immigrants, why we vigil monthly to stop US wars around the globe and to close Guantanamo prison, why I await trial in New York for helping shut down the main gate to Hancock Air Field where the Air Force maintains Predator drones, and it's why we garden.

Because the people on the soup line, at the house, and in our neighborhood, really are our family. Ornery people are our family. Messy people are our family. People who talk to themselves are our family. Prisoners are our family. Violent people are our family. People from other countries and of other religions, people of every color, race, occupation, and sexual orientation, are our family. Every targeted Islamic fighter as well as every Muslim man, woman, and child bystander executed by drones, conventional air strikes, cruise missiles, or special operations forces in Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria, Pakistan, Yemen, Libya, and Somalia, are all our family.

It's why when we buried both Stan and Alvan within a month of each other nearly side by side at the same Newport News cemetery we read from the epilogue of Dorothy Day's autobiography: "But the final word is love. At times it can be a harsh and dreadful thing, and our very faith in love has been tried through fire.

We cannot love God unless we love each other, and to love we must know each other. We know Him in the breaking of the bread, and we are not alone anymore. Heaven is a banquet and life is a banquet, too, even with a crust, where there is companionship.

We have all known the long loneliness and we have learned that the only solution is love and that love comes with community." **

End of War (continued from page 3) peace is framed not just as a moral choice but as the best means of providing security for the United States and the world, the advocates of peace will remain marginalized and largely ignored. As long as people believe war is necessary to make their families safe they will continue to accept it as a necessary evil.

But should we believe the claims that war is necessary and even unpreventable? General Omar Bradley, one of the last five-star generals, said, "It is easy for us who are living to honor the sacrifices of those who are dead. For it helps us to assuage the guilt we should feel in their presence. Wars can be prevented just as surely as they are provoked, and therefore we who fail to prevent them share in guilt for the dead."

How can wars be prevented? This book will journey into the heart of this question—and it will not stop there. The following chapters will unearth the causes of war and explore whether there are ways other than violence to resolve these causes. We will also explore if and how waging peace can save us from our most dangerous problems. What I learned at West Point and in the army about waging peace might surprise you, but my journey to understand peace did not begin there... **

Fear (continued from page 5) than that in thought, word, and deed. Prayer and fasting, taking up our own cross daily and following Him, doing penance, these are the hard words of the Gospel.

As to the Church, where else shall we go, except to the Bride of Christ, one flesh with Christ? Though she is a harlot at times, she is our Mother. We should read the book of Hosea, which is a picture of God's steadfast love not only for the Jews, His chosen people, but for His Church, of which we are every one of us members or potential members. Since there is not time with God, we are all one, all one body, Chinese, Russians, Vietnamese, and He has commanded us to love one another.

"A new commandment I give, that you love others as I have loved you," not to the defending of your life, but to the laying down of your life.

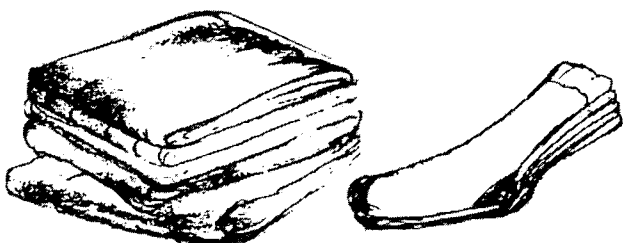
A hard saying.

"Love is indeed a harsh and dreadful thing" to ask of us, of each one of us, but it is the only answer. **

Clothed (continued from page 7)

The need for clothing is ongoing, and donations of men's shirts, socks, and underwear would be greatly appreciated. **

Bridget can be reached at auntiebre@verizon.net.



I Was Naked and You Clothed Me

by Bridget Browne

Bridget Browne retired to Hampton Roads after many years in the New York public school system as a school psychologist in the Bronx. She volunteers on our soupline everyday, visits friends she's made there when they end up in the hospital, and has aided some in their search for housing. In the middle of the winter she ensures that no one leaves breakfast under-clothed. She helps to supply the soupline with food and to deliver Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets to hungry families. She is an Irish immigrant who, as she scrubs the pots and pans during cleanup each morning, commandeers any young person or whoever is from another country to help her at the sinks and forges relationships over soapsuds and sanitizer.

Over the years while living in New York I volunteered with Covenant House, an organization that addresses the needs of young runaway and throwaway kids. My experience there helped me to realize the importance of putting my faith into action, acknowledging my blessings, and giving back.

When I moved to Virginia Beach in 2006 I gave myself a year off! A friend suggested that when I was ready to volunteer I should consider the Catholic Worker. I was familiar with Dorothy Day and her passion for social justice and the poor. For nine years now I have volunteered three mornings a week on the Catholic Worker soupline helping to feed and clothe our homeless guests.

Dorothy Day always referred to the people she served as "guests," and stressed the importance of "being present" to each and every person she encountered. It has been my privilege to get to know many of the guests on the soupline, and to even witness the progression of some to "having a place of their own." Many of course, through no fault of their own, continue to struggle with mental illness, addictions, and other disabilities that impede their ability to negotiate life as we know it.

For years now I have brought clothing to the soupline every day. As I saw our guests arriving with clothes that were tattered and torn, with socks that were particularly soiled and discoloured, I began to pack my car with men's pants, shorts, shirts, shoes, underwear, socks, and washcloths. The distribution of clothes from my open trunk has been dubbed "Bridget's Boutique" by the recipients.

My family provided many of the items to begin with, and through word of mouth donations of clothing increased measurably. I also discovered the Salvation Army thrift store, and it is to this day my main source of supply. Every Wednesday all clothing is 50% off. I still, however, continue to receive donations of money, etc. My sister works with a young woman from Iran who frequently gives her cash to send to me to help buy the clothes I need.

I have learned over the years the importance to our guests of "looking good" "even if I don't have nothing." Providing a nice clean shirt and pants goes a long way towards improving their self-esteem and self-respect. The greatest demand is for socks and underwear, particularly boxers. Our guests take great delight in having me demonstrate that the boxers will indeed fit when I put them across my waist and model them. This has become a source of glee to one and all of our guests!

I frequently encounter people who have good clothing but don't have the money to wash them, and so will give them a new set of clothing and take theirs home with me to wash. They are delighted when they receive their clothes back fresh and clean.

Pope Francis, when he visited New York City last year, offered his thoughts on how to look at homeless people; "to really see marginalized people and to recognize their human dignity." He spoke of how the homeless can be taken for granted "in our eyes and in our hearts."

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