

the catholic peace fellowship

BULLETIN

JUNE, 1970

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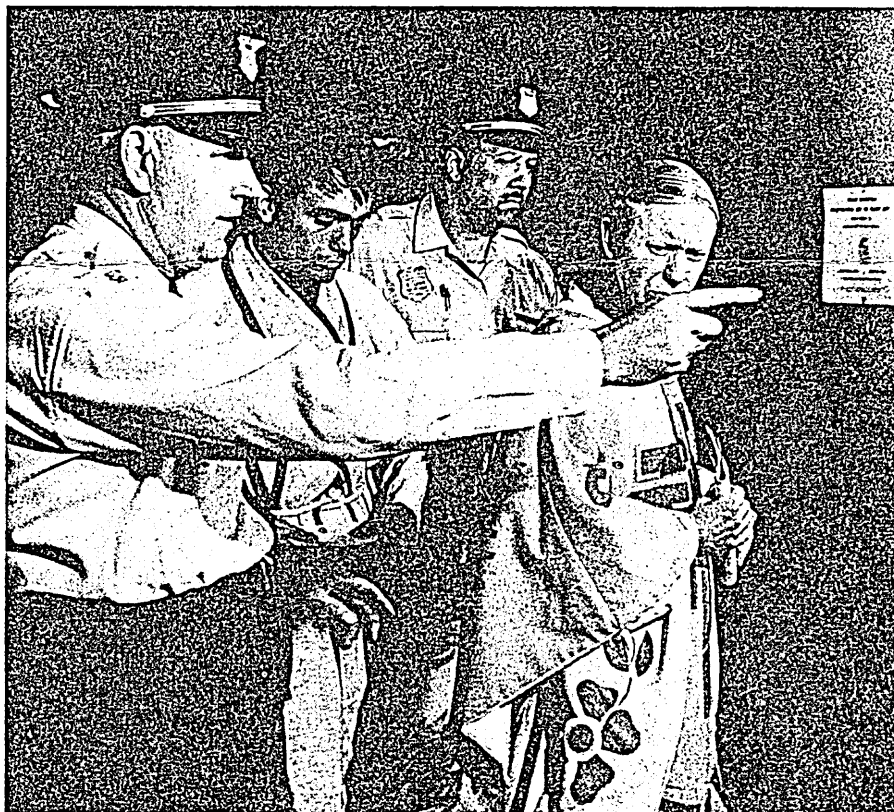


Photo — The Washington Post

If Christ Be Proclaimed

By JOHN GEORGE LYNCH, C.S.P.

At 12:20 p.m., Thursday, August 14, 1969, we arrived at the south parking lot of the Pentagon, alley 12, where we parked our car. I noticed that a policeman was ticketing some of the cars parked there. There were five or six of us in the car. Hank Bury and I took the bag filled with vestments and walked to the course. We placed the bag on a bench near a publicity exhibit on the Pentagon and began looking for the place where we were going to celebrate the liturgy. (Actually, we were within fifty feet of the spot, but we did not know that then.) I should add, too, that I noticed some guards noticing me. I was wearing a Roman collar.

Hank then disappeared, and I began talking with a girl who was in our group. I don't remember now what we were talking about, but I kept eyeing a near-by stage where, I

surmised, the liturgy was to take place. There were some officers there, and soon some of our group arrived in that area. The girl and I had been talking about ten minutes when I turned around to notice a large crowd (over 100) gathered in a large semi-circle in front of the bench where the bag with the vestments lay. At that point, my stomach hit the floor and bounced up again. This was about 12:40 p.m. Soon a gentleman with a portable megaphone tried to clear the crowd with words like these: "Please disperse — the demonstration is not scheduled to begin until one o'clock — that hippie over there is probably one of them — but they are not worthy of all this attention."

It was soon after that that things really began to move. Hank Bury returned together with several people
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The Peaceful Revolution

By ROBERT F. DRINAN, S.J.

A homily delivered at the Mass for Peace, Campus Green, Boston College, October 15, 1969.

Moratorium Day has become the catalyst and the instrument by which the righteous anger of seven million college students has coalesced into a world wide demonstration of indignation.

You have a right and a duty to be angry at the way your church, your elders, and your government have acted with respect to the war we protest today. Let us touch on the mistakes of these three central forces in your life. But more importantly let us review what you must do, both by reason and by faith, to create a world for your children which thirty years from today in the year 2000 will have faced and resolved the agonizing tragedies which press so heavily on our hearts today.

You have a right to be disappointed at the way the Catholic Church has avoided the crucial moral dilemmas involved in modern atomic and guerilla warfare. At Vatican II the late Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis proposed to the Sub-Commission on world peace that the 2200 Council Fathers condemn not merely every use of atomic weapons but also the mere possession of these nuclear weapons. Vatican II did condemn the use of nuclear weapons whether they are used offensively or defensively, but Vatican II did not condemn their possession. Vatican II consequently allowed the continuation of the worldwide co-existence in terror which has characterized your entire lifetime, the 24 years of the atomic age.

Vatican II, furthermore, in its 2500 words on war did not develop any theology of revolution for the present era in which two-thirds of humanity are more and more turning to insurgency and revolution as the only methods by which they can hope to obtain anything approaching a standard of living worthy of a human being.

Vatican II neither rejected nor ratified the traditional theory of a
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IF CHRIST...



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from our group. We learned that the stage area was indeed the place we sought, and we learned, too, that we would be arrested. The crowd had not dispersed; on the contrary, it had grown larger. We discussed whether or not we should begin early, and decided not to.

Father Barry Evans arrived, then, and as we talked there were cameras clicking and microphones humming all about us. I am sure that every word we said is recorded somewhere. Shortly before one, we picked up the bag with the vestments and proceeded to the stage area. An altar was standing against a nearby wall. We deposited our vestments there and began to vest. I knew there were people milling all about us, but I was more or less oblivious to them — I was trying to concentrate on what we were going to do. And I was scared. As we vested, I remember, brilliant photo-flood lights burned in our faces — for the TV or movie films, no doubt. As we moved toward the liturgy area a small table which had been located under the altar was moved in front of us. There was some kind of metal apparatus on it.

In front of the table, Hank began the liturgy with the prayer of Dan Berrigan.

Prayer of Dan Berrigan

We pray the God of peace
and of unity
and of decency for all men,
for the victims
and the executioners,
for those who stand in court as
judged
and as judging,
for those who endure our jails,
and our stockades
and our trenches
and our army depots
and our ships,
hastening on the works of destruction.

Let us pray for all those
who lie under bombs,
and for those who dispatch them,
and for those who make them;
let us pray for the innocent,
for the villagers,
and for the soldiers,
and for those who go to kill
and are killed
without ever knowing the alternatives

that have awakened in us.
Let us pray for those
who are powerful
and for those who are powerless;
let us pray for those
who are hopeless without power,
and those who are without conscience
with power.

Let us pray for all those
who believe in life;
and for all who make
the horrendous act of faith in death.

Let us pray for all those
who cancel out upon their tongues
and within their minds
the word brother
for the duration;
let us pray for all those
who through the war have discovered

for the first time
the word brother.
Let us pray for all who believe
and yet do not hope,
let us pray for all those who hope
and yet do not arm their hope;
and let us pray for ourselves
and for all we love
and for all,
finally,
who await our love.
Amen.

Somewhere in this confusion I can remember speaking with a reporter from WWDC. He was asking whether I thought this would advance the cause for peace. I replied in the affirmative. It was then that I heard a gentleman say, "Are you ready to come along now?" I replied that I was, and I was escorted away. I remember the bright lights blazing all around us as we were led down a nearby stairway to a waiting vehicle. Hank Bury was just ahead of me, and I didn't know what had happened to Barry Evans. In the vehicle two people from our group were awaiting us — both Quakers. We waited about ten minutes, I think, before we moved out. Many people were milling about: tourists entering the pentagon, people from our group, reporters, photographers. We gave our names to a couple of reporters. There was singing and flower-throwing (we had planned to use the flowers in the liturgy as symbols of life), but what impressed me most was the kindness of the WWDC reporter who brought our bag of vestments to us.

We sang most of the way to Alexandria. A small group of boys — blacks — responded with the black power sign, when we gave them the peace sign, and they cried out, "Soul brothers!" Sitting there in liturgical vestments, I heard Paul's words ringing in my ears: "And my being in prison has given most of the brothers more confidence in the Lord..." (Phil. 1:14). These boys, I should add, were about 12-14 years of age.

When we arrived at the post office in Alexandria, we disembarked. Someone pointed to a tall man, elegant in a soft, quiet way. He was our magistrate. He looked like a tall mint julep. We were assembled on the steps of the post office, where we raised our hands in the peace sign and sang, "We shall overcome." This was a high moment: Over thirty of us — peace tested Quaker men and women distinguished by a certain wisdom in their eyes and a certain dignity in their greying hair, young and bouncy girls and guys sparkling with the enthusiasm of untrammelled youth, somber people, ebullient people, three priests, and a child of three.

I was not afraid any more. A bond — a delicate, calm bond — was knitting us together. We were led into the post office and up the stairs to the federal marshal's office. We marched single file, Hank and I leading the way. We were treated courteously by the police, all of whom were black (there were no blacks among us). Once in the cell, I threw my arms around Tom Small, who had first planted the bug in my ear almost two weeks before at the Pax Tivoli Conference. I felt sheepishly proud, and I was happy.

We were singing all this time. It took but a matter of minutes to get

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[redacted] being the most visible at present. CPF sponsors include Daniel Berrigan, Claire Huchet Bishop, Graham Carey, William Clancy, Corita Kent, Dorothy Day, John Deedy, Leslie Dewart, James Douglass, Paul Hanly Furfy, Dom Bede Griffiths, Robert Hovda, Edward Keating, Justus George Lawler, Robert Lax, John L. McKenzie, the late Thomas Merton, Ned O'Gorman, Charles O. Rice, Edward Rice, the late H. A. Reinhold, Peter Riga, Archbishop T. D. Roberts, Karl Stern, and Gordon Zahn. The co-chairmen are Philip Berrigan, Martin Corbin, Tom Cornell, and Jim Forest.

339 Lafayette Street, New York 10012
San Francisco Regional Office:
833 Haight Street
San Francisco Calif. 94117

There were people hugged close around us. There were microphones and cameras. I could almost feel the electricity in the air. For me the experience was one of fear mixed with deep reverence for what we were doing. When Hank finished the opening prayer, a gentlemen stood in front of him to ask whether we knew that this action was illegal. Hank replied that we were praying for peace. The gentleman said that we would be arrested if we did not stop. We did not. During this exchange of words, some of our group had begun singing our first hymn. As a gentleman with a megaphone was urging the crowd to disperse, someone behind me told me to begin the Epistle. This I did, reading from Philippians as we had planned to do. Someone told me to read it louder, but I didn't want to scream louder than the megaphone. I guess I thought that would break the spell of reverence — and I was afraid.

Beth ARNOLD
KEN CURTIN
PAUL FRAZIER
GERRY HOOLAHAN
Please used these NAMES

① change shaded backing to same

LETTERS FROM JAIL

January 15, 1970

Dear Father Lyle:

Once again I find it necessary to turn to you for spiritual help and guidance. My application for c.o. was refused by the Army because it was based on "moral" grounds and because my ideas against killing were fixed before I came into the service. But the Army is wrong.

The Army immediately transferred me to an AIT Infantry Training Company. I refused yesterday to get into the truck to go to training, and they had four or five trainees throw me on. When I got out to where they were training, I refused to train. A lieutenant said, "Good, the Brigade Commander wants to see you," and told me that a captain was coming out just to pick me up.

That was about ten in the morning. I waited until nine that night and nobody showed up. I had a fire going to keep warm. A sergeant approached me from the training grounds and said that I could train or stay out there all night. I told him that I refused to train. He made me put my fire out by carrying mud in my hands to douse it, and then he left.

I had made my statement and was determined to stick to it. I stayed out there for three more hours in freezing temperatures and prayed for the strength to carry me through. My feet were practically frozen and I was shivering all over, but I couldn't give in. Then the sergeant returned and picked me up in a truck. With the help of God I had won.

Then this morning I left formation to notify the proper people that I was not going to training. I was then ordered by my commanding officer to take training. I refused and asked for the right to consult a lawyer, which has been denied me ever since I was first notified of my change of companies on Monday. Once again I couldn't see or call him.

So now I am under arrest for refusing a lawful order. I am on my third day of a hunger strike that I will continue until I am finally allowed proper legal counsel or until I collapse.

My lawyer is aware of most of what has gone on. He is coming down here soon. But once again I am in a company where I know nobody.

The sergeants are trying to scare people out of filing for c.o. by using me, but I will resist illegitimate authority. This letter will probably be opened before you get it because they like going through my mail. But I don't care any more about what they know.

Will write again soon.

Pray, work for Peace.

Kevin O'Connor

4th Platoon Company C2
AIT Bde

Fort McCellan, Ala. 36201

Ed. note: Kevin's letter did not appear to have been opened before we received it. His letters are typical of those we receive from the increasing number of men who come to us already in the Army, men who have come to strong c.o. positions. These men are at far greater disadvantage than their civilian counterparts in that they have less access to counseling, their chaplains are less than supportive to down-right hostile, and army regulations and law are more restrictive than civilian law. As we go to press, no word has been re-

ceived about the courts martial that had been set for March 17; there are indications that it may not take place. There have been hints that if Kevin drops the case for a c.o. discharge, the army will treat him well and assign him to alternate service. On the other hand there are those who feel that the publicity the case has received may augur well for a decision in Kevin's favor.

March, 1970

Dear Tom and Lyle,

A letter from a stranger. Urge to write something other than the "I am fine, how are you" family notes. Thursday we were held for four hours in the "tank" of the courthouse waiting for transportation to the jail. Had an impulse and called Tom Melville to ask if there was any news on their appeal. — there was.

He did not yet know the surrender date. If you know would you drop me a line and tell me?

I feel I should be doing something — darned if I know what.

So few people know who they are or what they are all about — even the Resistance kids barely knowing their names, this haunts me.

Because of my involvement with Resistance here I find myself wondering why Resistance in N.Y. folded. Was it because it was inner directed rather than outer directed? Some resisters here live in a commune but they are dedicated to helping others while awaiting indictment and trial. Each morning two of them are down at the induction center handing a leaflet out, saying "You Don't Gotta" to each draftee stepping off the buses. It lists the alternatives, and they have a "Draft Help" office on the other side of the block with counselors there each morning. This is a work of conscience — their leaflets are rarely refused. At the last sit-in one boy on the bus stopped others from getting off. Another decided to apply for c.o. and joined the picket line. I saw a good many with tears in their eyes as they stepped over us. How can we abandon them? No choice in schools, in life, in death.

Is life in prison really that much different than life in the military? Both are run along the same lines by the same minds, and prisons rarely send them home in an aluminum box.

Has someone told Bob Olmstead at NCR that the Supreme Court turned down the Berrigans' appeal? I suggest that we can begin to pick at the consciences of their "friends" — good Christians all — who pat them on the head and turn away to warm hearths and good food, secure in their virtue. While the real Christians rot in jails. There's work to be done. I don't see the road ahead clearly at all, but that won't keep me from exploring it.

Peace,

Jo

Josephine Maynes

356 401 1801

Los Angeles County Jail

Note that Jim Forest has been transferred. His new address:
Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

the men into one room and the women into another (the small boy stayed with his mother). Hank, Barry, and I de-vested, and we continued the Mass — we had bread and wine with us, as well as bibles and reading matter of all kinds. We began with the text of Saint Paul's letter to the Philippians, written itself from prison. Did that ring home true as I read it! Then Barry read the Gospel. Hank began the homily — a beautiful thing about life as unrequited love. Comments followed — funny, but jotting down my impressions three days later, I couldn't remember any. I do recall that the cells were bathed in reverence. A prayer of the faithful followed, and this went on for a long time. I remember one of the ladies praying for her son who was choosing to be a C.O. I remember praying for the Milwaukee 14. I remember that I wanted to pray for those who had arrested us and for General Carroll, who is a friend of mine.

Then began the Eucharistic prayer, with Hank presiding. A man from the marshall's office came in, though, before the consecration and took the wine away. He placed it on a window sill just beyond the bars. He said we couldn't have wine in our cell. Hank used prayers from several different canons, the force of his own sincerity and conviction ringing through every syllable. He spoke with a deep joy, tinged with melancholy. We joined hands at the Lord's Prayer, and at the kiss of peace everyone embraced everyone else in the cell. Then we shared the bread of life, singing "Sons of God" in gusty ensemble with the women. As I looked through the bars and through an open window beyond, I could see the stained glass windows of a church next door. For me, that church will always stand a silent but powerful witness to where Christ was that day.

We continued singing after the Mass, although some of us broke off to speak with each other. I can recall speaking with two of the older "Quakes," powerful men in their calm ways, explaining to them why I was there. I can remember decorating the cell bars with flowers. And I can remember an open toilet bowl which quickly transfigured any thirst for physical privacy into an open bond of common dependence. Berrigan's "the really free men are in prison" made sense.

Two of us read out what struck us most. Joe read a poem he had written about an angry God — a damned powerful thing; and Michael, a Cuban, read Matthew 6:24-34: "Don't worry about what you are to eat or what you are to wear, is not life a greater gift than all these?" He prefaced his reading by telling us, with the slightest trace of well channeled

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THE LAST OF THE ABSOLUTE MONARCHS



The annual closed meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops began Nov. 13 in Washington D.C. behind doors lined with security guards. It came to an abrupt halt when Rev. Charles Sullivan, 28, of the Society of Priests for a Free Ministry and John R. Swinglish, 25, chairman of the Washington, D.C. Catholic Peace Fellowship entered the meeting in the Presidential Ballroom of the Statler Hilton through an unguarded rear door off a service ramp. Both had a copy of a statement which they requested to present "in the name of Jesus Christ."

Father Sullivan began reading: "You, the Church leaders, are moving in a direction that is completely opposite to the Holy Spirit and the people of God. This direction must change." Amid the disapproving murmurs of the 200 assembled Cardinals and bishops, he continued to read a few more paragraphs before his statement was taken from him. Father Sullivan sat down on the floor immediately to the left of the speaker's platform.

Mr. Swinglish then began reading as a number of bishops approached Father Sullivan: "You are the last of the absolute monarchs as you gather in your palaces." The statement was torn from Swinglish's hands by a Conference official.

Swinglish then stepped forward and addressed the American bishops on the Viet Nam war. "You who claim to be the voice of Jesus Christ today have maintained a seven-year silence on the daily murders of your and my brothers and sisters."

Mr. Swinglish was then asked to leave by Monsignor Hurley, assistant general secretary of the Conference. When he refused and tried to sit down, he was bodily removed by Msgr. Hurley who, Swinglish said, "is a lot bigger than I am."

Father Sullivan remained sitting on the floor of the Conference for over five hours and became the first person ever to observe the secret Conference of the Catholic bishops of the United States. He left the Presidential Ballroom only after the bishops had adjourned for the day.

The following day Father Sullivan published a statement which began, "I have always wondered why there was no creative dissent within the ranks of the American bishops. Yesterday, after sitting in their meeting for five hours, I discovered the answer." He stated that the U.S. bishops are controlled by Cardinals McIntyre, O'Boyle, Krol, and Wright, whom he referred to as the "Big Four."

"Almost the only time you ever heard the other 200 bishops," Father Sullivan continued, "was when they made their reports, or clapping or agreeing with a report, or laughing at one of McIntyre's or O'Boyle's corny comments. Many of the young and unknown bishops are proteges of the top men and are so happy to be there that all they can do is laugh and clap."

The chain of events which led to Father Charles Sullivan's and Mr. John Swinglish's "vist" began earlier in the week when a *Coalition for the People's Agenda* opened up a hospitality suite in the Statler Hilton, where the bishops were meeting. The eleven organizations in the Coalition, including the Center for Christian Renewal and the Catholic Peace Fellowship, presented a People's Agenda, which they asked the bishops to consider. The Agenda had twelve categories which included Racism, Peace, Poverty, Financial Accountability, Birth Control, and Optional Celibacy for Catholic Priests.

On Monday night, November 10, at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception the U.S. bishops were attending a Mass in honor of the military. Billed as a "Peace Mass," it featured military men carrying guns and swords around the Shrine as if it were one of their armories.

Outside, members of the Center for Christian Renewal and the Catholic Peace Fellowship were distributing leaflets and displaying large photographs depicting Viet Nam war atrocities. The leaflets protested "the prelates of the church which claims to have been founded by Jesus Christ walking hand in hand with the 'Masters of War' through the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception." The Christian Peace Message being distributed further protested the contemporary U.S. bishops acting as "the voice of Christ today," yet choosing to "lie low, safely refraining from any strong statement condemning the hate, killing, and total dehumanization of our war-programmed society."

The peace messengers had been displaying the photographs and distributing the leaflets for about a half an hour when they were told by a Shrine usher that he was authorized by the administrator of the Shrine to halt any demonstrating or leafleting on Shrine property. A police officer then read the D.C. Code stating that they were subject to arrest if they did not stop at the usher's request.

"Our argument was that we, as Catholics, have a right to speak out on moral issues on Catholic Church property," stated John Swinglish; "however, at his request, we did cease distributing literature, and we removed the photographs."

Police thought it necessary to get permission from their superiors before allowing Catholics who had stopped leafleting and had no more literature to attend the Mass inside the Shrine.

A short time later four members of the Center for Christian Renewal: Father George Malzone, Administrator of the Center; Mr. James F. Colaianni, Executive Director of the National Liturgical Conference; Miss Diane Lattin, a paralytic in a wheel chair; and Miss Janet Fox, employed by one of the government agencies — were arrested for refusing to leave the sidewalk in front of the Shrine. The four were not distributing leaflets at the time of their arrests, but were told to leave merely because they were in possession of the Christian message which had been distributed.

The shrine usher and police first approached Miss Lattin, the woman in a wheel chair, who was alone, and told her to leave. She told them that she was waiting for her friends. When her friends arrived, they were arrested with her.

Approximately fifteen minutes later, Joseph Coleman and John Swinglish, of the Catholic Peace Fellowship, were arrested while standing in front of the shrine talking to two other members. The Shrine usher and police officer approached them and told them to leave since they were in possession of the peace literature. They refused to leave, stating that they "are Catholics and have a right to be on church property."

The usher stated that he had the right to tell anyone whom he did not want on Shrine property to leave. The officer read the D.C. Code and asked Coleman and Swinglish if they were going to leave. When they refused, they were arrested.

The six were held in jail for seven hours while numerous forms were filled out and mug shots and fingerprints were taken. Bail was set at \$500 each. The charge was unlawful entry. Their trial was set for January 16 in the D.C. Court of General Sessions.

During the following week, the Coalition for The People's Agenda asked the bishops to consider two points: (1) that the charges against the "Shrine Six" be dropped, and (2) that a member of the Coalition be allowed to address the bishops Conference. Father George Malzone noted that the Shrine incident was the 15th arrest of Center members since July 20. "These people were trying in the most polite and restrained manner possible to communicate with their fellow Catholics about one of the most pressing moral issues of the day — peace."

The Catholic Peace Fellowship
3619 12 St., N.E.
Washington, D.C. 20017

IF CHRIST...

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Latin passion in his voice, that he was from Cuba and that his mother was doing hard labor there. The Gospel made sense that day.

The police came to ask for Wayne and Steve, who had deposited their draft cards in Laird's office. They were questioned separately; no one else among us was questioned at all. Finally, the police came to take ten of us to court. The group was cut by ten, but — really — we all went with them, and they were still with us. Maybe an hour later, they came for ten more. It was after five, I think, when they came for the women and the three of us men still there. We took all the vestments, bibles, and magazines with us. Hank was waiting at the door of the post office, and I gave the things to him.

Things moved quickly at the court. After a short briefing by a lawyer, we were led into the courtroom. We were going to waive a jury trial. Larry, who had visited the jail, was our counsel: a young guy (Jewish, I think) who inspires confidence. The judge himself said he was "competent."

The judge, whom I have described above, looked as tired as he doubtless was. There had been thirty-six arrests, and that's a lot of paper work. He asked one of the arresting officers to file the charge. He did so, and I waved "hello" to him silently as he passed me by. All through this thing I wanted to speak more with the arresting officers.

We left the courtroom about 6:30, scheduled to appear again on September 11. It was good to walk in the sunlight again. We re-assembled in Larry's office, not far from the court, where we "debriefed" a bit and bade one another farewell. The text of Saint Paul kept ringing in my ears: "I want you to know, my brothers, that the things that have happened to me have really helped the progress of the Gospel. As a result the whole palace guard and all the others here know that I am in prison because I am a servant of Christ. And my being in prison has given most of the brothers more confidence in the Lord, so that they grow bolder all the time in preaching the message without fear" (Phil. 1:12-14).

[Ed. note: There were two hearings in the case. At the first, no charges were brought, but official contempt and disgust at such an "abuse" of the priesthood were expressed. Charges were brought the second time, and dismissed. Sept. 22, 1969, U.S. Magistrate Stanley King observed in his ruling: "It follows that the regulation insofar as it provides a criminal

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offense for 'unwarranted loitering and assembly' at the Pentagon, is void for obscurity in meaning and overbreadth and may not be enforced. For the reasons stated all defendants are found not guilty and the charges against each are dismissed."]

In the months which have intervened since our action and subsequent hearings, I have tried to reflect somewhat on the implications of all this. Several unexpected letters expressing complete endorsement and support from my Paulist colleagues enter, too, into this brief assessment which I want to share with you.

The main reason I was there, as I have mentioned, is that I was asked to be there. I always receive such an invitation as a call for some deep pondering, and so, in this case, I was forced to face some issues I had dodged for some time: the war, the priesthood, the Paulists, celibacy, and the Church. So I started thinking, praying, and talking. I talked with other Paulists, with the Sisters of Notre Dame at Trinity College here in Washington, with the people at the Catholic Peace Fellowship, and with the Quakers.

I decided, as a result, first that the Quakers' demonstrations for peace were not the frenzied cries of crackpots, but the calm witness of peace-tested, contemplative people. My own inclinations towards the contemplative in a Kempis, Paul, and Isaac Hecker (the Paulist founder) were mirrored and evident in the Quakers I met. I felt I was with them.

I decided, too, that the theology calling for the priest to be above and beyond all disputes was not wholly consistent with a proper doctrine of the ministry. The contemplative monk, I think, has that vocation. But the minister of the Gospel is called to be a part of the Christians in whose midst he ministers. I came to see myself at ease with these restless Christians.

I decided, too, that Isaac Hecker's passion for the issues of the day, together with his abiding search for

the Spirit of Christ in these issues was part of the heritage that was mine. A group of Christians concerned about a burning issue of the day had called, and I had decided to answer "yes."

I decided, too, that celibacy, as a renunciation to a constant readiness to service, was manifest in the Quakers and in the Catholic Worker and Peace Fellowship people. Once again, I could not disassociate myself from these people into whose lives I had been led.

Finally, I decided that the Roman Church could itself stand side by side with the Quakers and the Episcopalians in a manifestation for peace. But the hardest part of this decision took me to the theology of the Eucharist. Was it a betrayal of tradition to celebrate the Eucharist when there was a good chance of arrest? (We did not know for sure that we would be stopped until shortly before the Mass began). I was looking for precedents as I mulled this one over. I thought of the Masses in the concentration camps, the Masses in anticlerical Mexico, the Masses behind the Iron Curtain in repressive days. I thought of the Pope's "No More War" speech to the UN and his repeated appeals for peace — and I thought of Paul's words etched in 1 Corinthians: the Mass as the "proclamation of the death of the Lord until he comes." That's where I was theologically when I stepped up to join with Hank Bury, Barry Evans, and so many others in that celebration.

As a result, I spent some beautiful hours with thirty-five deeply committed people, commemorating the Lord's death in jail. I could have received a sentence of thirty days. Had the law been upheld, I would have been judged an "offender." Have I actually, by following this course of action, "offended"? If so, I can only ask pardon. If I have encouraged, on the other hand, I can only rejoice.

What does it matter, if Christ be proclaimed?

THE PEACEFUL REVOLUTION

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just war. But it is clear that theologians think the just war theory obsolete because no modern war can satisfy the requirement of proportionality — i.e., that the war brings about more good than the harm it produces.

The failure of the Church to speak clearly and courageously on war has been duplicated in the conduct of your elders and your parents. Those who created the world in which you have grown up, having seen Eastern Europe and China fall into the Communist sector, conceived the policy of containment based on massive retaliation. You have a right and a solemn duty to question whether the policy of massive retaliation can be morally justified. My own view is that it was condemned as immoral by the Second Vatican Council.

Your government has likewise participated in the silence of your church and the short-sightedness of your elders. Your government has perpetuated an unjust and a bankrupt draft system, has fostered the illusion that military solutions can resolve social problems, and has tried by every device to conceal from you the fact that America has become a militaristic nation insanely and immorally relying on massive and brutal military strength.

The American government has helped to develop the totally indefensible world situation in which \$150 billion is spent annually on arms and only \$7 billion each year on the development of the more than 100 nations in which two-thirds of humanity live — plagued by malnutrition, disease, and illiteracy.

If you were not angry at such a tragic picture you would be blind or inhuman. Cherish your anger as a direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit who desires to re-create the Church and the world by transforming your anger into love.

How can we channel the anger which brings us here into a burning flame of light and love?

If I may be personal for a moment let me talk about Vietnam. I left South Vietnam 16 weeks ago today after a ten-day visit there as a member of an eight man study team on religious and political freedom. An overwhelming sense came to me in Vietnam that the pattern of devastation in that tragic land cannot be justified as a moral or humane way to contain Communism. Can we continue to allow 200,000 civilians to be killed each year? Can we permit cholera and plague, once tightly controlled, to continue to be nearly epi-

demic? Can we justify a war which has turned almost every fourth person out of a population of 17 million into a refugee?

On my last day in Saigon, a Vietnamese Catholic bishop related to me some of the deeds of Vietcong savagery and suppression in North Vietnam from which he had emigrated. But the Bishop went on to say that the United States could do infinitely more to stop Communism in Southeast Asia by spending the \$30 billion we now spend each year to devastate Vietnam on programs to bring food, medicine, and education to the people of Asia. Who can deny that this bishop is correct?

It is your task to convince the leaders of America of the obvious truth of this bishop's remark. It is the inescapable task of your generation to bring about a fundamental change in America's foreign policy. That change must set aside the possibility of using military means to wage a genocidal war in the name of anti-Communism. America must develop an entirely new policy of giving massive aid of all types to nations whose peoples are struggling to enter the modern world.

This is the only possible way of deterring Communism. And, aside from that objective, it is a duty unmistakably compelled by the Gospel.

May I suggest that you as students and as future intellectuals must prayerfully reflect on the terrifying state of the arms race with a view to developing ways by which somehow reason and faith can be applied to international differences?

I am not urging you, however, to cede your role as activists or militants. I do urge you to be believers in rationality when all reason has failed. I urge you in your anger not to underestimate the innate persuasibility of mankind. I suggest to you that in the ultimate analysis you cast a vote in favor of politics over power; inquiry over involvement, and argument over anger.

We would all agree that the protest of this first moratorium day to the continuation of the way attempted in Vietnam of protecting the underdeveloped nations of the third world from domination by outside Communist forces, whether Russian or Chinese, does little to develop a foreign policy worthy of the most affluent nation in the world. Even if Vietnam were resolved before the two days of moratorium in November, the real underlying problems would remain. If you as students and future intellectuals do not develop some acceptable solutions to these problems America will continue to drift into more wars it cannot win, and more mistakes it can never rectify.

Can rationality and the solutions born of an intense religious faith turn this nation away from its present state in which it spends more

than \$100 billion each year on the military and where peace-time universal conscription is the law for the first time in our history?

I concede that you have many reasons to think that you can no longer rely on the operation of rational political processes to bring about any change in America's foreign policy. You have reason to think that power is needed since politics have failed. Similarly you have reason to believe that force must be used since love has failed.

I can appreciate the crushing sense of voicelessness and powerlessness which American youth experience today. Will the profound anger and rage which come from that feeling of being the victims of the irrationalities of a previous generation culminate in some type of revolution?

Clearly a revolution against a military state is inevitable. The only question is whether that revolution will be peaceful or violent.

That is the question to which your church, your elders, and your government have not given satisfactory answers. I plead with you and I pray with you to work for a peaceful revolution. I urge you to remember the words of President Kennedy that "those who make peaceful revolution impossible make violent revolution inevitable."

Seize this moment of pause, this day of moratorium, to pray as never before. Recognize by intense prayer that Christianity is an utterly incarnational religion and that therefore its mission must permeate all of politics and all of life.

Listen to the words and the profound faith of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: "It is in such moments of unbroken silence that you hear war dying — all hatreds are relinquished and one instant of such calm is enough to change the face of the world."

Pursue the moments and hours of today's moratorium and resolve that things can never be the same. Resolve that you will develop what Vatican II demanded of all of us — an entirely new attitude towards war.

As an earnest of our resolve to make war on war let us pray for the souls of the 24 graduates of Boston College known to have died in the Vietnam war. Let their lives, lost in this awful tragedy, deepen our determination to end this war and to work for a humane and Christian policy which will prevent all further wars.

We cannot conclude more fittingly than to recite the names of our brothers, the sons of Alma Mater, who have given their lives in Vietnam. Our infinite compassion for their wives and their families is joined with the Mass and the prayers we offer here. Let their names quicken our conscience and sharpen our determination to end this war now. Let us read the names and pray for the souls

of these graduates of Boston College who died in Vietnam:

Robert N. Arnone
Joseph T. Campbell
John T. Coll
Louis D. Dobbin
Steven E. Donaldson
James E. Dooley
John F. Fitzgibbons
Robert B. Fitzgerald
Michael B. Counihan
Joseph X. Grant
Frederick E. Harrington
Daniel M. Kellett
Daniel J. Minahan
Thomas R. Morris
William J. Mullaney
Edward J. Murphy
Richard Loughlin O'Leary
Frederick J. Rauscher, Jr.
Robert P. Rumley, Jr.
William D. Shea
Richard J. Sullivan, Jr.
Lucien C. Tessler
Paul J. Sullivan
Michael P. Vaughan



Peacemakers

By JOSEPH R. BLASI

"Men of the Moratorium, I honor and love you, but I shall obey peace rather than you. While I have life and strength, I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of Peace."

After the *Apology* of Socrates.

It was very innocent, very novel. I called station WPGH on Tuesday evening to say that I would be there and I would march, but peace was more than this. I said it was a deep transformation in man, in us. He got upset. He said something about death and University research programs. He said it must end. I agree with him, but there is more....

It has been the stock-in-trade of many civilizations to throw their evil somewhere, far away. It may seem pleasant and relieving to project all that we hate away from ourselves in the tradition of our best medicine men and witch hunters. I believe that an experience like the recent Moratorium can be a narrow experience for us because of this. It is both difficult and decisive for some people to participate in such a movement. For those who do and for those who do not or would not, it is enough. Much is lacking.

Peace is not wholly a matter of movements, marches, buttons, arm-bands, and moratoria; and it does not follow, if one has marched, that one is for peace. Note that the Man did not say, "Blessed are the arm-bands, marches, and beads of the dissenters." He said, "Blessed are the

peacemakers." This is our challenge. This must be integrated with protests over Vietnam.

When we survey the ruin we have made of half the world, we cannot feel peace within, and as we look to the path before us, we are chilled by the thought that there may be no peace ahead. Our extremity necessitates that we be radicals concerning peace, revolutionaries for peace, and dissenters to all that is dark and warring. There is no time to sit back; there is hardly even time to wonder. But especially, this extremity allows no room for feelers, little concessions, and untouchable longings. We cannot settle the strife by making Vietnam the witch, and embarking on a wild hunt. We cannot afford to be so unrealistic and superstitious. Vietnam can end tomorrow, but so long as we tolerate these subtle seeds of war and hate within ourselves, more and more Vietnams will spring up in places that we least expect.

Peace is a mystery. It can be attained only by trying to live it and going through the growing pains to be filled full with it. A deep transformation in man — and more. Confucius once said, "One who really hates inhumanity will practice humanity in such a way that inhumanity will have no chance to get at him." I challenge anyone who would imagine himself sincere about peace to consider this.

We so easily call cops pigs. We so casually accuse the Establishment of being smug. We are so cunning, so cynical, so biting, so right, so wonderful. We will walk miles for an end to the Vietnam war (and rightly so!), carry signs, and listen to speeches; yet how many of us can hold back our personal artillery which we aim at friend and foe alike? When do we declare a cease-fire between ourselves and those we so familiarly judge as worthless? Haven't we accused the Establishment of the very syndrome that finds more secret, more insidious expression in our own equivocal lives? How many booby traps, we might ask ourselves, have we set in our own lives for the "VC" who oppose us? Who will stand up and give these scores with credibility?

"Turn your eyes downward," Dante had Vergil say in his *Purgatorio*; "it will be good for you to tranquilize your way, to see the imprint of your own footsteps." Peace addresses the same words to us now. It asks, "How close will you look at your own footprints? How much are you willing to pay for me? Will you try to be so radical and so revolutionary as to carry this movement to the place of power, the hearts of men?" (It is men, too, who run the Pentagon, the City, the University, the Nation....) Peace challenges us to get at the Establishment within ourselves, our own hate and violence, our own waste

of energy, our own lack of credibility, our own insensitivity and smugness. How many of us are men enough to even desire to desire this?

The time has come for our generation to stop hanging loose and floating along. Living it as it comes does not bring peace. If we refuse to widen our perspective of moratoria to include the Establishment within ourselves, we are hypocrites! It was once said that we are great because we are standing on the shoulders of giants. So too, we may be messed up because we are standing on the shoulders of a generation of hypocrites. Let us not get off theirs to stand on the shoulders of our own hypocrisy and narrowness.

Within our reach we have two things: the inauguration of a new hypocrisy and the rebirth of peace. If we are to be true radicals we shall carry our moratoria to all fronts. We will not hunt witches — to kill them — and find the evil remains. We must resist the Establishment within ourselves and our own groups, which insists it is right and true and set on the straight road. For if we do that we shall make war in the name of peace like the many who have gone before us. Let us remember that a man who believes that he has the Truth and the Beauty and the Light has already lost it. We must not smash, bomb, and burn the "villages" around us, refusing all the while to reform ourselves.

The rebirth of peace can come about only through continual openness and attention to the Invitation of Peace in every situation in our lives: military-industrial, personal, interpersonal, economic, political.... The Invitation is to transform deeply, on every level — to cut ourselves away from what is jaded, cramped, shoddy, stunted, piecemeal, sham, maudlin — phoney — and to give ourselves fully and without reserve to peace, love, hope, honesty, and beauty. It will be hard, and things to which we have become attached will have to be left behind, for the man who gives himself to something bigger than himself is *avant garde*: an explorer, a pioneer. Denial will have to come, as strongly as we demand it on the military-industrial level.

This promise of rebirth weighs heavily upon us; yet it is joyful and full of wonder and life. It should make us uncomfortable as we make the Establishment uncomfortable. It should demand changes, for peace must be to us as a two-edged sword: one to defend and the other to cut out the phoniness and hypocrisy.

I hope we can encourage one another not to hold on tightly to what is unreal, lest what is false in each of us prove to be our own betrayal and undoing; to put it positively, encourage one another to set our own hearts at peace and thus become true peacemakers.

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Pass the Lord and Praise the Ammunition

By LYLE YOUNG

"In the heat of composition I find that I have inadvertently allowed myself to assume the form of a large centipede. I am accordingly dictating the rest to my secretary...."

If I had not put rather a hard curb on my feelings of outrage, these words that C.S. Lewis put into the mouth of His Abysmal Sublimity Undersecretary Screwtape, Secretary to Our Father Below, would be mine as I think of the matter of Catholic chaplains and conscientious objectors in the armed forces.

Quite an amount of our work as counsellors has to do with Catholics and others who from within the forces are applying for discharge on the grounds of conscientious objection. There are, of course, regulations set down to be followed and obeyed in this matter. It is very difficult, however, for these men to get their discharges. Most of those who do (25% were successful last year) have to apply more than once; so you can understand that they need all the help they can possibly get throughout this nerve-racking process, harassed and jeered at as they can be through it all. So some of them come to us, or write. The stories they tell of their experiences as they work at the applications is saddening beyond ordinary man's belief. Saddening to us particularly because of the astounding attitudes of the majority of their army priests, the chaplains. Again and again this is the sort of letter which arrives in our mail:

Yes, I am a Catholic. I went to see a priest recently. When I tried to express what I sincerely felt to be right I was repeatedly and angrily cut short. He wasn't interested in my problem.

My impression is that a Catholic seeking discharge must be able to perform miracles in order to be taken seriously. Yesterday, in my scheduled interview with the Catholic chaplain I pointed out the obvious evidences for pacifism in the New Testament and I was accused of 'private interpretation.' I came out of the interview pondering whether my greater challenge is to prove my conscientious objection or my Roman Catholicism.

I am a conscientious objector, a Catholic, and I will not bear arms. The chaplain believes my case and sincerity is merely personal moral code.

I would like to present evidence to support the fact that my application is in conformity with as well as being a direct result of Catholic teaching. Father... claims that my objection is incompatible with Catholic doctrine.

As a last example I will quote

from a letter forwarded to us (with the writer's permission) from the Catholic Peace Fellowship of Northern California:

The chaplain with whom I counseled as required by AR 636-20, which states that I need a letter from a chaplain attesting to my beliefs and sincerity, has recommended disapproval on the grounds that my beliefs are a 'personal moral code'... the chaplain said he could not recommend approval as a C.O. application because he felt a Catholic could not be a C.O. He made the statement without discussing my beliefs or reading my application.

Because I could not arrange for an interview with any other Catholic Chaplain, I was forced to see this chaplain again. On the second interview he read my application and said that he thought I was a 'sincere and well educated Catholic,' which he put in his letter. He also wrote that my beliefs were a 'personal moral code.' I questioned him as to the difference between a personal moral code and a religious belief, and what distinguishes the two. He admitted that a personal moral code would be based on a religious belief, but since Catholicism does not support conscientious objection such as the so-called Peace Churches, that my claim cannot be a religious belief and therefore it is a 'personal moral code.'

I would like to add that the chaplain with whom I'm having the trouble has never written a letter of approval or recommendation to the best of my knowledge or the Staff Judge Advocate's knowledge. Perhaps my hearing will affect future Catholics who must depend on this chaplain for support.

* * *

I made these quotations so that you can really feel something of the shock and bitterness these young C.O.'s often experience when they must make such futile appeals to a priest in the armed forces. ("Thank you, man of God," one of them said when he was thrust from the chaplain's office.) These are appeals made to priests — to men who, one has the right to expect, would at least know their Church's 20th-century teaching about conscientious objection even if they disagree with it personally. And in some instances the mere sight of a C.O. suffices to revolt the sensibilities of such a priest. Perhaps many, whose job it not so clearly is to have studied them, do not know the relevant sections of the Second Vatican Council's statements to do with peace and conscientious objection. Many

passages could be quoted; I will write down just two of them:

In the depths of his conscience, man detects a law which he does not impose upon himself, but which holds him to obedience. Always summoning him to love good and to avoid evil, the voice of conscience when necessary speaks to his heart: Do this, shun that. For man has in his heart a law written by God; to obey it is the very dignity of man; according to it he will be judged (Rom. 2:15-16) [§ 16].

It seems right that laws make humane provisions for those who for reasons of conscience refuse to bear arms, provided, however, that they agree to serve the human community in some other way [§ 79].

Since this is a changing world, in the religious as well as the political sphere, it would be good for a chaplain to know what the law of his country has said about conscientious objectors. He would know, we hope, how broadly interpreted now is the condition that conscientious objection be based on "religious training and belief." He would know of the famous Supreme Court decision of March 8, 1965, in which it was ruled that a "sincere and meaningful belief which occupies in the life of its possessor a place parallel to that filled by the God of those admittedly qualifying for the exemption comes within the statutory definition... we believe this construction embraces the ever-broadening understanding of the modern religious community."

Members of the CPF are not often asked to do very much (though many do do amazing things for the Fellowship). However, we do ask this of you now. In season and out of season, we ask you to do what others have failed to do: that is, let it be known, get it known, by talking and by the printed word, that a man has a right, under God and according to law, to be a conscientious objector, out of the army, in the army.

We work in the CPF for the day when the war in Vietnam will be only a ghastly, sickening memory, and when, as John Kennedy hoped, the heroes of the world will be not soldiers, but the conscientious objectors who showed the way to the truest glory and the brightest honour.

