

THE LONDON CATHOLIC WORKER



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*Blockade at Northwood PJHQ on Holy Innocents Day,
Nora Ziegler, Scott Albrecht and Dan Viesnik*

The dead must be mourned

Nora Ziegler

On December 29th, six volunteers and friends of the London Catholic Worker blockaded the main gate of Northwood military headquarters. Marking the feast of Holy Innocents, when Christians remember the children massacred by King Herod, we knelt in front of the gate, with red paint on our hands to symbolize our own complicity in the killing of children and civilians in wars fought and perpetuated by the UK.

We knelt next to a small child's coffin and it felt to me as if we were bringing our dead to the gates of power, saying "look what we have done, we have sinned by

spilling innocent blood". It was an act of mourning and inviting those in power to mourn and repent with us.

Every other Tuesday our community holds a prayer vigil in front of the Foreign Office remembering the many migrants who have died attempting to reach Europe by sea, and urging the UK government to resume its support for search and rescue missions in the Mediterranean. As part of the liturgy we read the names of men, women and children who have died after their boats capsized, went adrift or were pushed back by European border guards. Some of the names we read are friends and relatives of one of our guests at Giuseppe Conlon House.

Acts of witness and remembrance provide the space we need to articulate the injustice of these deaths without eradicating it by reducing it to matter of discourse. [continued on page 8]

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Catholic Worker movement in the UK London Catholic Worker

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Giuseppe Conlon House offers hospitality to destitute refugees. We also run the Urban Table soup kitchen. We organize regular acts of non-violent resistance and produce this newsletter

Urban Table Soup Kitchen:
Open Sunday 2:30 – 4:30 pm
The Old School Rooms, The Round Chapel, Powerscroft Road, Hackney, London E5 0PU

The Catholic Worker Farm

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The Farmhouse offers hospitality to destitute women. We grow organic vegetables and have a poustina and hermitage retreat. Mary House also offers a home to four destitute women with children.

Glasgow Catholic Worker

email: glw@catholicworker.org.uk
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The Glasgow Catholic Worker offers a place of welcome for asylum seekers and destitute refugees in the centre of Glasgow at the Garnethill Multicultural Centre, open Saturday 9:00 – 1:00. and a soup kitchen on Friday nights. We keep a regular vigil at Faslane Nuclear Base as well as having monthly meetings and prayers.

*When you have finished with this newsletter,
please pass it on for others to read!*

On being a peace visitor in Kabul

Henrietta Cullinan



The Afghan Peace Volunteers hand out duvets at Darul Aman Refugee Camp, Kabul. [Photo Henrietta Cullinan]

Over Christmas I joined Voices for Creative Nonviolence UK on a peace delegation to Kabul, Afghanistan. We stayed with the women's community of the Afghan Peace Volunteers, who run the Borderfree Centre, home to humanitarian and cultural projects. The volunteers host many delegations from the US, Australia and the UK. They also join Global Days of Listening in Skype calls with people all over the world.

I had never considered that part of being a peace activist would be to visit a war torn country. I knew several people who had travelled to Gaza, Iraq and Afghanistan. I also knew people who had worked in refugee camps in Syria. It didn't occur to me that I could undertake such a journey until about a year ago. I had been taking part in the monthly vigil against drones at RAF Waddington. One day, I travelled up to Lincoln with Maya Evans from Voices of Creative Nonviolence UK. She had recently returned from three months in Kabul. On the long awkward journey, Maya told me all about the young members of the Afghan Peace Volunteers and their life in community. Eventually she said, 'Have you ever thought of visiting Afghanistan?'

I had spent so much time praying about, discussing, protesting against UK involvement in NATO's wars, my heart knew the true next step was to visit the site of so much suffering. At the same time I was nervous and found it difficult to work out why I was going or what I was going to do when I got there. Travelling to Afghanistan we could make the situation for our hosts potentially more dangerous. I recognised my heart was telling me to go, I recognised the Spirit was calling me to go, but my understanding had a difficult time catching up. It castigated me for causing too much bother, for spending too much money, for putting lives in danger, for

missing family Christmas. It came up with a thousand excuses.

Afghanistan is a beautiful country like all countries are beautiful; the snow-capped mountains hover over the dusty city; on a clear day the sky is the most intense blue I have ever seen. Sometimes it was so cold the open sewer in the street was frozen over, but during the day the sun kept us warm. I listened to the friendly, intelligent young Afghans as they talked about their homes in Bamyam province. I looked at pictures of child shepherds, rivers, trees and mountains.

Once I said, 'What a beautiful day!' and my new friends laughed, 'This is Afghanistan. There's a war on.' But it **was** a beautiful day. The smog had been blown away. The green flags of faith on the tops of the buildings and washing lines on the roof tops were all flying. People were standing on the street corners, gesticulating, chatting. Students were being students.

I felt excited to be in what felt like the centre of the world, Russia to the north, China and Pakistan to the East, Iran to the west.

This would be my peace message, an obvious message, but one I now heard in reality not just in theory. One we need to repeat. Countries are full of young and old, thoughtful, hopeful people just like us. We have no right to destroy their means to live, to make life so difficult, a whole country dysfunctional, a whole country traumatised, so many families having lost a father, a son, a brother. As I was there the US army was leaving, the UK army had already left. One of the boys said to me, 'Hey! Our countries are no longer at war. We can be friends again!'

Another message I held close to my heart, is one inspired by scripture but also a practical one. Our trip wasn't going to be very long, only three weeks. What could I do in three weeks? In a crisis of confidence I thought what skills could I possibly bring? I'm a literacy teacher, but only in English, not Dari. I'm not a journalist. I know nothing of aid work.

On the Sunday of Christ the King I sat in my local church searching and searching for an answer. Why was I going to Kabul? I went through the works of mercy, the Gospel reading for that day. Separate the sheep from the goats. Feed the hungry. It's not helpful, the other members of my group said, to take food to the refugee camps. We could cause a riot. Clothe me when I am naked. As westerners, our group had a dim view of that too. Gloves and socks and pants? We hadn't raised money to buy food or clothes. I'm not a journalist so I can't add an eye witness account. 'Absorb!' the rest of the group told me.

I was thirsty and you gave me drink. There was fantastic hospitality in Kabul. Everywhere we went, a large pot of green tea came out, hot, steaming, weak, and left on top of the wood stove to keep warm. It was served with a thermos of hot water, sometimes flavoured with cardamom. You could drink just plain hot water, or keep topping up your glass of tea. In the early morning our young hostess came rushing in with glasses of tea to put by our beds. After the first night I woke up with my

throat sore and feeling as if it was full of gravel. Our hosts said, 'You're not drinking enough'. Fumes from the wood, coal and even diesel that people burn to keep warm, fills the atmosphere with a strange yellow smell, which burns the throat and nostrils.

While I was going through the works of mercy I came to the last one. I was sick and in prison and you visited me. I was all those things. But this was something I could do. I do know how to do this. Hospitals are full of visitors. I have sat beside the beds of aging uncles and aunts often enough, felt embarrassed, been told to go away. When someone is ill, they're not polite. All I can do is sit there. There is not much I can do except stay for a while. And just be.

That was what I could do in Afghanistan. I was visiting; I don't want to make it sound grand. The country is sick, from lack of infrastructure and manufacturing base, from pollution. And the young people are imprisoned by lack of opportunity, unemployment, uncertainty, the unpredictable security situation. So this was the main reason to go, to be a person who visited.

It gave me great courage, while I was in Kabul, to obey these words of encouragement from scripture.

Henrietta Cullinan is a member of the wider London Catholic Worker community and edits this newsletter

from Easy Essays

Peter Maurin

The Age of Chaos

And we are now
in the age of chaos.
In an age of chaos
people look
for a new order.
Because people are becoming aware
of this lack of order
they would like to be able
to create order
out of chaos.
The time
to create order
out of chaos
is now.
The germ of the present
was in the past
and the germ of the future
is in the present.
The thing to do
is to give up old tricks.
and start to play new tricks.

Easter Reflection

Jonny Mallam-Clark

'Out beyond ideas of right-doing and wrong-doing, there is a field. I will meet you there. When the soul lies down in that grass, the world is too full to talk about. Language, ideas, even the phrase *each other* doesn't make any sense'

Jalal al-Din Mohammad Rumi

The mystical poetry of the medieval Sufi, Rumi, has been described as the 'crack cocaine' of social media, and these lines from the freely rendered English translation of Coleman Barks are among the most frequently shared. In fact a more literal translation of 'beyond ideas of right-doing and wrong-doing' would be 'beyond Islam and unbelief', and my guess is that one of the reasons his work resonates so widely is that it makes manifest to a world jaded by organised religion truths that lie more or less hidden in all faith and wisdom traditions, and so in the human heart itself.

I've been returning again and again to these lines over the last few weeks, and particularly as Easter approaches I realise how it expresses in a fresh way the very heart of Christianity. After all the same Word that danced inside Rumi had twelve centuries earlier fully assumed a human life, and Jesus of Nazareth was no less poetic in calling us to join him in the on-going messianic banquet which, to my mind at least, occurs in that place where the 'world is too full to talk about'. It's all there in the gospels, and it ought to be made present in every Eucharist. But that often feels obscured by millennia of dogmatic accretions that have their roots precisely in the knowledge of good and evil.

The tree Yahweh said not to eat from is where we do most of our picking. Only when we go through the 'narrow way' of forgiveness can we emerge in the orchard beyond. This isn't just the acceptance of a verdict passed over us, or which we might pass over others. It is the 'place' from which we look at the world when we see with the eyes of God, which is why Rumi's metaphor is so appealing. The never-exhausted forgiveness that is another word for the love of God is our only power to overcome judgement, the fruit of which - however justifiable it might seem - makes exiles of us all: from ourselves, each other, and the Spirit that dwells in both.

As Jesus hung from the cross he prayed that his executioners might know this forgiveness of God, and it is worth remembering that he was put there in no small part by sincere men who thought they were doing God's will. The same is true of the criminal who was being crucified alongside him. According to one tradition he had spent his life dwelling in the desert, robbing and murdering wayfarers. Crucifying him in turn was surely nothing but just.

But he is our only verifiable saint; the first to be prom-

ised the Paradise that Jesus calls us to from that paradoxical tree of life.

Of course knowing about this field and getting to it are not the same thing, and our slow journey from one field to the other might be a good way of imagining salvation.

Jonny Mallam-Clark is a live-in member of the community at Giuseppe Conlon House



Flowers and tablecloths for Urban Table at the Round-chapel, Lower Clapton Road, Hackney, London

At Jesus' table, all are invited.

Broeder Johannes Maertens

It's Sunday at noon, time to leave the parish church and head to Hackney Round Chapel for Urban Table. From the altar table in church we go to the other table of the Lord; that of our soup kitchen. First the tables are set with recycled cotton print tablecloths and on every table a vase of flowers left over from a wedding. Oh, in case you didn't know, everything at Urban Table and the Catholic Worker house is for free. We don't charge people, we don't pay people and almost all of the food that we serve is donated by local shops: vegetables, cakes and tarts, rice or pasta. We are able to make a feast meal of what is otherwise discarded.

It is always a bit of a hassle, getting all of us to the Round Chapel with all the stuff for cooking a meal for 60 people. Many men and women from different walks of life will join us at our table: street homeless, people looking for company, hungry and poor people, people

not welcome anywhere else, visitors who have had a bit too much to drink, guests with mental health needs and of course ourselves. Sometimes I think we are all God's 'odd' children, but then if you think about it we are all quite the same.

2.30 pm The first guests come in for a cup of tea, coffee or some juice. Sitting around one of the tables one of the women who comes regularly clearly enjoys the fresh flowers and the effort that Mirjam put into making the table linen. One of our team coordinators, Sarah, insists on flowers and music, to make the big white hall a bit more homely – and yes it works! If Urban Table works for people (guests and hosts alike) it is not only in feeding the hungry, but in the love and attention we put into the cooking and being with each other and the guests, and in the beauty we want to bring out in all that God has created.

3pm! "We need to start serving!" People are waiting, expecting! They're not sure! They are with 40 to 60 people. Will I get my fair share? Will I be able to eat it? And once again, it becomes clear to me what a great difference there is between being able and not being able to change what is around you. When I don't like a plate of food, I can just eat something else at home; when I have to wait too long I just pop into a sandwich bar or shop. Even with my Catholic Worker pocket money I can do that. When I crave for beans on toast, I have a house full of it. It is different when you are street homeless, or poor, or all your money has to go into your rent, your addiction. Then you want to make sure you get served something you can enjoy.

At 3.45pm a conflict happens between two or three guests. Probably alcohol and anxiety has something to do with it and some misunderstanding. It is rare that conflicts escalate. Our guests themselves prefer to share a graciously cooked meal in a peaceful and enjoyable environment. Sarah needs to step in, she knows many of the guests by their name and that has a calming reassuring effect. Talking with the guy who got agitated I feel all the frustrations people end up with because of poverty. Many of us when we feel frustrated simply go shopping (retail therapy). We go out to a pub, a sport club, running etc.... we are able to "export" our inner aggression out of us. We probably do it all the time.

In other words: poverty hurts! When you don't have access to a meaningful, structured life, with a secure income, you are left behind with anxiety and frustration. Poverty and homelessness is much more than not having a roof above your head or having less access to goods. It is simply unimaginable for many of us. And the longer people live on the streets the more damage it does to their mental and physical wellbeing. The average age a homeless man reaches is 47 and 43 for women* Homelessness is a silent killer.

In London unaffordable housing and the benefit cuts are pushing people into homelessness. Have we forgotten that having a place to live is a basic human

right?

"Human rights are not only violated by terrorism, repression or assassination, but also by unfair economic structures that create huge inequalities." Pope Francis

At 4pm after the meal desert follows. The cakes that Brigit makes are well appreciated again. Our regular guests have grown used to these freshly baked cakes and we might get a complaint if we do not live up to her professional standard.

We start collecting the empty plates now, some of the guest help bring them to the kitchen door. Meanwhile one by one our guests head back to the street. I wonder where each of them goes. Who's sleeping rough this night and who found a place in a night shelter? The guy who got agitated is still on my mind. What would I have done in his place, how would I have reacted? He was still young and it looked as if he hadn't been sleeping on the streets for long. I guess all I can do now is pray.

Over the years working with homeless people I have learned not to judge. We have learned to think in a numbing rational way. The dominant liberal ideology leads us to believe that our success is dependent on our own human quality, on being winners or losers. It is cold rational thinking that knows no grace. Well, life is not rational and everyone makes mistakes! In biblical words, "we are all sinners" – but some of us refuse to see that! Grace and compassion are at the heart of Jesus message, if there is one revolutionary deed Jesus taught us – it is to break and share with each other. It is another way of thinking, another way of living and building community. When we break and share there always will be enough and all are welcome at His table. I am glad all are welcome at our Urban Table.

**According to figures in a study published by Crisis*

Broeder Johannes Maertens is a live-in member of the community at Giuseppe Conlon House

May God bless us with discomfort at easy answers, half-truths and superficial relationships so that we may live deep within your heart.

May God bless us with anger at injustice, oppression, and exploitation of people so that we may work for justice freedom and peace.

May God bless us with tears to shed for those who suffer from pain, rejection, starvation and war so that we may reach out our hand to comfort them and turn their pain into joy.

And may God bless us with enough foolishness to believe that we can make a difference in this world so that we can do what others claim cannot be done. Amen

Franciscan prayer

Giuseppe Conlon-House - update

Mirjam Johansson



London Catholic Worker sisters, from left to right, Veronica Garcia Navarro, Wangu Mureithi, Mirjam Johansson and Nora Ziegler at the Million Women Rise march

Lent has begun and on Ash Wednesday we joined again in the yearly liturgy outside the Ministry of Defence to remember that we and our government need to repent and do away with nuclear weapons, a topic which should be hot now that the elections are coming up and plans are being made to replace Trident with even more advanced and expensive nuclear weapons. We were about 80 people gathered for the liturgy.

We had our yearly Faith and Resistance retreat at the Catholic Worker Farm on the feast of Holy Innocents and went to Northwood Military Headquarters to commemorate the innocent children killed in wars today.

Shortly after the retreat we said goodbye to two of our live-in volunteers and we thank them both for their time and efforts. Sarah Magno, who moved back to the US, and Matt Thomas, who is now back in North Wales. This leaves us with five community members living in the house together with our twenty guests.

At the moment we sustain weekly vigils at the Foreign Office and outside a local tube station and as usual we have prayers, bible study and round table discussions on Thursday evenings which you are welcome to join.

During our last round table discussion we heard from Maya Evans about drone warfare and made our own kites to fly in Hyde Park at the Fly Kites not Drones event on the 21 March - the Afghan New Year. Making these kites together with our visitors and guests was a beautiful experience of community.

Our breakfast and dinner table continues to be another important space for community as we share a meal and talk about everything and nothing. We are very grateful to all of our cooks, new and old, who make this meal possible and to God who brought us all together.

The commensality is such a central feature here that even our cats observe it.

We are still proudly hosting a bike repair workshop in our basement where bikes get repaired by volunteers and then given away to asylum seekers and others who would not otherwise be able to afford them. Jeremy, who runs the workshop, has been around a lot lately, helping us build a shelter for our bikes which are now happy and dry. Thank You Jeremy!

Johannes, Mirjam and Nora went one weekend to the Oxford Catholic Worker, to reflect on our vision for the future of the London Catholic Worker. A couple of us have also visited our friends in the Glasgow Catholic Worker and seen their weekly soup kitchen and their "Place of Welcome" where they weekly provide a meal and English lessons to asylum seekers. They also hand out snacks and hot drinks to people begging in the city centre. Like us they hold regular vigils and roundtable discussions in true Catholic Worker spirit. As we appreciate the diversity of the Catholic Worker and our brothers and sisters in the movement we look forward to the European Catholic Worker Gathering in May.

Mirjam Johansson is a live-in member of the community at Giuseppe Conlon House



Giuseppe Conlon House cats Harakat and Carl Gustav share commensality [photo Dan Viesnik]



Members of the London Catholic Worker joined the Ash Wednesday liturgy outside the Ministry of Defence.

Who are my brothers and sisters?

Dan Viesnik

As another general election approaches, it is time to brace ourselves for a ramping up of reactionary xenophobic rhetoric from the right-wing parties. They will seek to appeal to a public burdened by financial woes and the government's austerity agenda through populist scapegoating of migrants and competing to look the 'toughest' on immigration. Aided and abetted by the right-wing media, these politicians will feed the narrative that immigration is out of control and we must stem the influx of people seeking to make a better life for themselves in the UK; people who, we are led to believe, come to our country to scrounge off our welfare system, steal our jobs and engage in criminality.

The London Catholic Worker conducts weekly vigils to highlight the injustice of British domestic and foreign policy in relation to migrants. At lunchtime on alternate Tuesdays, we stand and pray outside the Foreign Office and demand that the government resume support for search and rescue operations in the Mediterranean, for refugees fleeing conflict and persecution in Africa and the Middle East. On the other Tuesdays, we vigil locally on Green Lanes, expressing solidarity with migrants. We also continue to attend periodic demonstrations at Harmondsworth Detention Centre.

As a live-in community member at Giuseppe Conlon House, where we provide hospitality for the destitute asylum seekers who have been rejected by our privileged society, I find it especially painful to see those fleeing war and persecution in their home countries being demonised. A loving and compassionate response to migration must entail recognising and empathising with the hardships that many of our immigrant brothers and sisters have experienced and continue to endure. I believe they should be viewed as victims of a global society in which wealthy and powerful nations like ours exploit the poor and profit from their misfortune worldwide. We must learn to recognise and fully appreciate the extent to which our relatively comfortable Western lifestyles are contingent upon their misery and suffering. Living under the same roof as the stranger who has been rejected by mainstream society, we are daily witnesses to their plight and may reflect upon our complicity in it. This in turn may prompt us to repent of our role in the perpetuation of the status quo, and to act out of a place of love, compassion, empathy and solidarity to ease and, ultimately, bring to an end their suffering.

In late January, we were fortunate to be visited at Giuseppe Conlon House by an activist friend of mine, a self-styled global peace pilgrim who goes by the name of 'Earthian'. Since 2012, he has travelled extensively over land and sea with no money and without carrying a passport (although he has British citizenship), first from London to the Middle East, and most recently across Britain, Ireland, Iceland and Greenland, to Can-

ada. Earthian first arrived in the UK as a refugee from Iranian Kurdistan where, as a conscientious objector, his life and liberty were in danger. His relatives are dispersed across the Kurdish region, straddling several national borders. He advocates for a peaceful world in which all borders are abolished and there is free movement of people across the planet. He seeks the dismantling of our exploitative global monetary system and the fair allocation of resources across the planet on the basis of need. Earthian sees people of all nations as his brothers and sisters, irrespective of skin colour, language, religion or social status, as we all should. United by our common humanity, we must learn to see beyond the superficial until we find that deep down, beyond flesh and bone, we are the same, all sons and daughters of our divine creator. Thus, if we cause our brothers and sisters to suffer through our actions or inaction, we also visit suffering upon ourselves:

"...so that there may be no division in the body, but that the members may have the same care for one another. And if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; if one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it. Now you are Christ's body, and individually members of it." (Corinthians 12:25-27)

By learning to transcend the illusion of our separation from one another, we embrace our interconnectedness and interdependence: 'Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.' (Matthew 25:40)

'...whatever you did not do for one of the least of these, you did not do for me.' (Matthew 25:45)

So in the lead up to the election and beyond, let us truly open our hearts so that we may fully comprehend the suffering of so many of our migrant brothers and sisters and be at one with it, and so together may we move in the direction of the liberation of them and us alike. Earthian's blog: earthianblog.wordpress.com

Dan Viesnik is a live-in member of the community at Giuseppe Conlon House



Getting together and feeling alright

Christmas at Giuseppe Conlon House

Jonny Mallam-Clark

This year we decided to keep the house open at Christmas. As Advent progressed the guest list got longer and longer, and in the end we were very happy to host friends in the neighbourhood who would otherwise be alone. There was Cosimo, the Italian barista at our local coffee shop who didn't have enough days off to make it home, and Erica, a friend of our stalwart supporter Sisters Eileen, who turned out to be terrifically helpful in the kitchen. We also welcomed two former guests who found themselves isolated in NASS accommodation outside London. All in all there were thirty of us.

Christmas Eve was suitably quiet and vigil-like. We brought the icon of the Mother of God from the chapel into the hall and surrounded it in candles, and I watched a number of guests self-consciously pray before it as they passed. After an unusually rich evening meal a large group of us went to Midnight Mass and came back considerably more jolly than when we set out.

A few of us were up early on Christmas Day to get the dinner going. We are very thankful to parishes near and far for providing no less than 19kg of turkey and all the vegetables we needed. It is almost March and we are still diligently working our way through the mince pies and christmas puddings.

I tried to explain to one of our Eritrean guests who is learning English what a traditional Christmas meal

looked like, although 'meat and vegetables' didn't make it sound particularly special. Then it came to me:

'Ah', I said, 'I know. The food: it's separated. It's not together on the plate.'

I persisted in my efforts to describe a meal that's not a variant on a curry, which is our staple diet, and eventually I got a glimmer of recognition.

After four weeks I think our guests had heard enough castrati singing about angels and cold weather, and so in the end, by popular demand, we ate dinner to the sound of Bob Marley.

Jonny Mallam-Clark is a live in member of the community at Giuseppe Conlon House

The dead must be mourned

[continued from p1] These are fragile spaces where the past and distant suffering of the other can erupt into our present, disrupting the oppressive violence of amnesia and ignorance.

To mourn the dead means to recognize their humanity. We can only understand the victims of violence as human, as "our dead", if we recognize and accept our own weakness and mortality. Instead, capitalist society associates death exclusively with the other; the unhappy, the uneducated, the poor, the dark skinned, the feminine, the ones who are not like "us". We are afraid of death and therefore we distance ourselves from it by dehumanizing its victims. This fear of death is at the root of a culture which systematically denies and eradicates the fragility of human life. The past belongs in the past and the value of all things, including human lives, derives from their homogeneity and substitutability.

To mourn the dead is to overcome this fear that divides people from themselves and from each other. When Jesus shared bread and wine with his disciples, hours before his death, he invited them to drink from his cup of suffering and partake in his broken body. I believe that as Christians we are invited to embrace death as a part of the gift of life. To mourn is to love and to love is a dangerous thing because it exposes us to the pain and hardship of this world. But as God has loved us with all our failures and weaknesses, so we too must learn to love ourselves and each other. By sharing in the death of Christ, we are freed to suffer the suffering of the other, and resist injustice in the name of the dignity of human life.

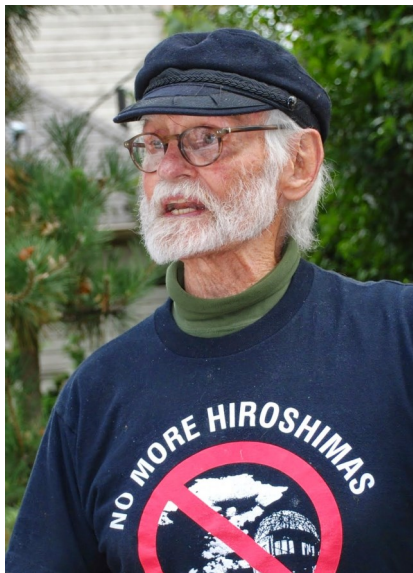
The dead must be mourned! By bringing close to us the victims of oppression and war from the past and from the other end of the world, through words, images, songs and silence, we disrupt the capitalist narrative which, by casting death as "other", would make all human life dispensable. We remember and mourn the dead as an act of love and resistance, showing that we will not allow the fear of death to make us complicit with murder.

Nora Ziegler is a live-in member of the community at Giuseppe Conlon House



Father Bill J Bichsel SJ. Presente!

Veteran peace campaigner, Father Bill 'Bix' Bichsel has died aged 86. In 2012 he visited members of the London Catholic Worker at Giuseppe Conlon House, donating some of his famous printed T-shirts. He also



supported the Pitstop Ploughshares trial in Dublin in 2003. He passed away peacefully on 28th February at Jean's House of Prayer, Tahoma Catholic Worker which he co-founded in 1989 and where he lived for the last several years of his life. As a result of his life of resistance to nuclear weapons he

was arrested more than forty times and spent nearly two and a half years in prison.

Pancakes for the people

Broeder Johannes Maertens

When I bake pancakes it gives me a warm homely feeling and brings back memories of my grandmother or grandfather in the kitchen, baking on Sunday afternoons. At home in Belgium pancakes are traditionally served on the 2nd of February after Candlemas. Christian or not, many people join in and eat lots of sweet pancakes; likewise on Mardi Gras just before we prepare for Lent. In Russia this day is called "Maslenitsa" where just before Lent the end of winter is celebrated also with a Russian version of pancakes, "bliny". Well, any excuse is good enough for me to make pancakes.

Crepes or pancakes are easy to make and a widely eaten meal or desert and they were a meal for "poor" people. In the past they would have been made with buckwheat or other old grain type. Today we use plain wheat flour or self-raising flour and this gives us a light fine pancake.

- 4 organic eggs
- 500 ml full fat milk
- 250 gr. plain white flour or self-rising flour
- 2 bags of vanilla sugar/one tbsp of vanilla extract.
- 1 pinch of salt
- 2 table spoons of sugar
- 1 table spoon of natural vegetable oil
- Butter or margarine.

Put the flour into a big bowl. Separate egg yolk from egg white. Add the egg yolk to the flour with a pinch of salt and slowly start adding the milk - stirring it into a nice smooth mixture.

Then add 2 big tablespoons of white sugar and one table spoon of oil.

You should obtain a runny batter. If it's clumpy you can cheat and use a hand blender.

When you have your smooth mixture, whisk the egg whites into snow and gently! Add this egg white snow with a large wooden spoon into the mixture. It brings in lots of air into the mixture and makes the pancakes a bit lighter. Now your mixture is ready for baking.

Use a non-stick pancake pan. Put it on a high heat.

Add a little bit of butter (a tea spoon) and when the butter is hot add some batter with a ladle. Tilt and turn the pan at the same time to allow it to spread thin all over the pan. Or you can use a wooden spatula to spread the batter. When the edges are golden, flip it, the easy way is just with a spatula. Don't panic if the first one goes wrong! It often happens. Keep baking and don't let the people around you just enjoy the smell of fresh pancakes; serve them freshly baked with a both of jam or brown sugar and share them with friends and neighbours.

Pancakes for the people!

Upcoming Events

Stations of the Nonviolent Cross: Follow the geography of suffering, locations around Whitehall and central London, Thursday 2nd April

Party: to celebrate 5 years of Giuseppe Conlon House, Manor Park, London, Saturday 2nd May

Annual Migrants Mass:- St George's RC Cathedral, London, Monday 4th May 2015, 10:00am

European Catholic Worker Gathering: Ascension weekend, Wednesday 13th May –Sunday 17th May 2015, Cudham, Kent

Open Day: at the Catholic Worker Farm, Saturday 20th June, 15:00pm

Apocalypse Now?: European Christian Anarchist Conference, co organised by The Catholic Worker Farm and A Pinch of Salt, The Catholic Worker Farm, Rickmansworth, 10th July, 12:00pm—12 July

For more information on any of these events

email londoncatholicworker@yahoo.co.uk

or call 020 8348 8212 for more details

Extract from Dorothy Day's diary

This is her entry from March 21, 1934

Last night I went to the Mother's Club at St. Barnabus (243rd St) parish to talk to the women who all live in snug warm houses with their husbands and children around them, their times filled and their life sweetened by the good works their concerted means permit them to do.

They had contributed before (\$34) to the work of the Teresa-Joseph Cooperative and they took up a collection again of ten dollars.

This morning a contrast. Margaret [Polk] came in to find a letter from her mother saying that her six-year-old child had been committed to an institution. Her mother is running a boarding home for miners (it is a small mining town in Pennsylvania, and she neglected to watch over or care for the child). We were considering what we could do in the way of getting the child out of the institution when Mrs' [Carleton] Hayes called up and told us she was sending a check for twenty dollars which she had collected from among her friends. This would about cover the trip down. We shall see what can be done.

Little duties pile up. I get up at seven-thirty, go to eight o'clock Mass, have breakfast, and prepare breakfast for Peter, Mr. Minas, Tamar, and myself; go through the mail, do bookkeeping, hand the orders over to Frank and put the letters inside to be answered; read some of the liturgy of the day and write the daily page to be mimeographed. All the while there are interruptions of people coming in and the telephone. Frank and Eileen come in about 10 – 11. Peter and Mr. Minas go out. Margaret comes in. Tamar and Freddy play about. Sometimes Tamar does her arithmetic by playing with the money in the cash box and sometimes in the big graphic arithmetic book I bought her. She reads about half a page a day and also some prayers. The rest of the time she plays outside these warm spring days.

Then the Home Relief Worker, wanting a Confirmation outfit for a twelve –year-old girl; then Charlie Rich, a convert from Judaism, to type some of his deeply spiritual writings. Then Tessa with her dialectic materialism and her baby, which is baptised a Catholic but who she insists is going to grow up a "Daily Worker" and not a "Catholic Worker."

Mr. Minas returns to take out the papers. A Fascist drops in to try to whip up hatred amongst us for the Jews.

At four I went to meet Della at Hearn's for coffee. Then Ade Bethune in with some of her lovely drawings of Don Bosco, St. Catherine of Sienna, her second Corporal Works of Mercy, and her Labour Guild head. She stayed to make an impression on the sten-

cil of Don Bosco for the Italian kids in the neighbourhood for Easter Monday, the day after his canonisation.

[...] Edward Stahlberg came in and talked about fascism in America and asked me to send him exchanges in relation to this subject. It is regrettable to state that whereas I can give him excellent articles, I should have to acknowledge to myself that many secular and Jesuit priests throughout the country are fascist in sympathy.[...]

It is eleven-thirty p.m. Father Donnelly from America spoke tonight for us at the school and we had a very good crowd. He spoke on the Mass and the best way of assisting at it, and I shall make it the subject of our sheet tomorrow.

Eileen in a temper again all day. Her emotional friendship, which is a mixture of love and hate, helpfulness and obstructive tactics, is a trial indeed, but evidently one God has sent. I get so impatient at times I have to go off by myself and read St. Francis de Sales' letters to calm myself. Sometimes it seems much easier to work alone. Dorothy Weston continues to be sick and we see little of her except as she comes to draw out money to sustain life.

Meanwhile letters pile up and it will just mean that while Eileen sulks and Dorothy suffers I shall have to answer them.

Would you like a speaker from London Catholic Worker to give a talk in your area?

We are available to give talks and workshops on catholic worker spirituality, peace and justice, faith and resistance, hospitality, on our work with refugees.

Contact us : londoncatholicworker@yahoo.co.uk

Regular events

Giuseppe Conlon House, 49 Mattison Road, London N4 1 BG

Daily Prayers Monday – Saturday 9:00 am

Rosary of the Oppressed Last Friday of the Month 6:30 pm

Monthly Prayer Third Thursday of the month, 7:00 pm

Bible Study First and Fourth Thursday of the month, 7:00 pm

Clarification of Thought and Study Group Second Thursday , 7:00 pm

Vigil for Refugees outside the Foreign Office, every other Tuesday 1-2 pm

All welcome. Call 020 8348 8212 for details

Support Our Work

with the crucified of today's world

We are a part of the radical, Christian, pacifist Catholic Worker movement started in 1933 in New York by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin. There are now over 150 houses and communities in the United States and in other countries. Catholic Worker houses are independent financially. There are no headquarters, nor is there a central organization. More information is available on the U.S based website www.catholicworker.com.

At Giuseppe Conlon House we run a house of hospitality for 20 homeless and destitute asylum seekers who are not allowed to work or claim benefits. In collaboration with two local churches we also serve a meal for up to 50 people in Hackney on Sunday afternoons.

We need your expertise: Help us with:
 DIY, building our website, with IT
 with writing newsletter articles and pamphlets,
 making banners
 with prayers and liturgy

Cash Donations. We would be very grateful for any help you can give us. We are not paid for this work. We receive nothing from the government. For reasons to do with our political witness, we are not a registered charity.

We are all volunteers, so we are able to make the best possible use of what we are given, for the benefit of those in need.

Heating We rely on our readers' donations to pay heating bills, internet, water and other costs. Please consider setting up a regular donation, or send your donation to:

**London Catholic Worker,
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A Standing Order Form is provided overleaf
 Alternatively you can send a cheque, payable to
 'London Catholic Worker', to **Giuseppe Conlon House, 49 Mattison Road, London N4 1 BG**

'Prayer — without this all the rest is useless'

<p>Make a special Easter food donation to our wish list:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Lamb nuts raisins cheese chocolate</p> <p><i>Please no alcohol and no pork</i></p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Chilli Sauce Rice, couscous Red and green lentils Olive oil, cooking oil Vinegar, mayonnaise Tinned fish Spice, Sugar Sunflower seeds Low-fat spread Fruit juice Herbal teabags Hot chocolate powder Decaffeinated coffee Cereal, muesli, granola Jam, marmalade, honey Peanut butter, chocolate spread, Vegetable stock cubes 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Toiletries Shampoo Deodorant Shaving products Body lotion Household cleaning products Incense sticks Tealights Deliver to: Giuseppe Conlon House, 49 Mattison Road, Londn N4 1BG. We can also collect donations from north and north east London. Call 0208 348 8212
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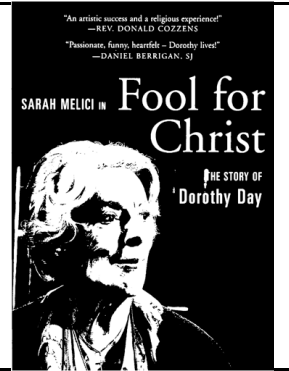
Sarah Melici in 'Fool for Christ, The story of Dorothy Day'

We have copies of the DVD for sale. Price £10 plus £2.00 postage and packing

You can see the trailer at this website: www.foolforchrist.com

'This is a one-woman performance in which we meet Dorothy while she is in jail for the last time late in her life, having been arrested for taking part in a picket line with striking farm workers in California.

Dorothy -- played brilliantly by Sarah Melici -- addresses the audience as if they were visiting her in prison, recalling other times in jail, and then going on to relate the story of her life.' Jim Forest



I would like to buy a copy of 'Fool for Christ' I enclose a cheque/postal order for £12

I would like to make a donation. I enclose a cheque for £.....

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