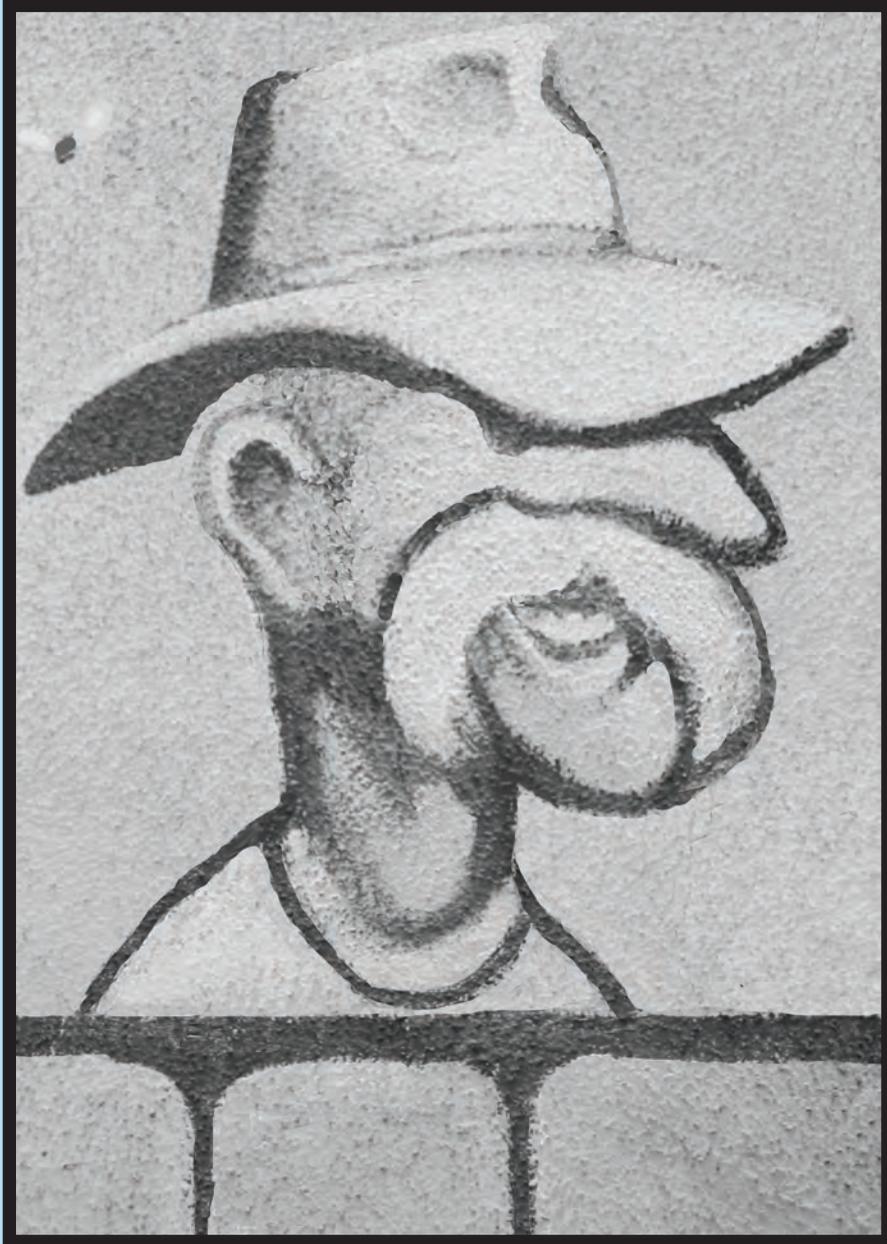


CATHO

AGITATO

Special
Issue Dedicated
To Jeff Dietrich



Graphic by Gary Palmatier

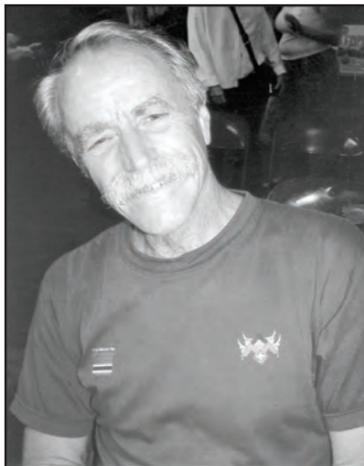
JEFF DIETRICH
A PILLAR OF THE LACW

OUR PROPHETIC WITNESS

I was 27—a kid, and Catherine Morris was a nun! I grew up Catholic and I knew that you do not propose to nuns! However, I asked Catherine to marry me anyway, and she said, “I can’t marry you, you’re too young.”

AN INTERVIEW WITH JEFF DIETRICH

The following is an interview with Jeff Dietrich, recently semi-retired and Editor Emeritus of the Catholic Agitator, who spent the last 48 years living and working as a Los Angeles Catholic Worker community member. This issue of the Agitator is dedicated to Jeff for his years of dedication, witness, and work. On the following pages are reflections from those who have known Jeff over the years, including Jeff’s own reflection on this issue, as well as photos from the past. Enjoy.



Agitator: Do you think it is normally meant as an insult or a compliment when people call you a draft dodger?

Dietrich: Vietnam was a stupid war. I am not sure if the United States has been in a war since WWII that anyone could call a “good” war. We have always been in wars where we fight tiny third world countries, imposing our will on them. It was a no-brainer to be a draft resister.

Agitator: Prior to that you saw your future in, what, real estate?

Dietrich: Yeah, something like that, or law school. My dad was a real estate developer, and at that point in my life I did not have anything else going on, so I was thinking I could make some money in real estate development. I probably would have done very well.

Agitator: You can sell. You sold me a lifestyle.

Dietrich: Hmm. Yes, but you are not the only one.

Agitator: We will get there. However, this was in your 20’s?

Dietrich: Yes. So after I refused induction I went to Europe, everybody was supposed to do the European tour, so I did it. I went to Morocco, I had a backpack, I had the hippie thing going on. I had this vision that I would go to Egypt and around the Mediterranean, but I got homesick so I came home after six months or so. I thought I would be arrested for being a draft resister. I thought the moment I stepped off the plane the federal agents would take me away in handcuffs to prison because I had refused induction.

Agitator: Weren’t you denied conscientious objector status for being Catholic?

Dietrich: Yes. I was denied...the draft board said, “Catholics believe in war.”

Agitator: How did your Catholicism change before and after the Catholic Worker?

Dietrich: When I went to college I was a liberal arts major. The first thing you do in liberal arts classes is drop Catholicism, drop religion, I

dropped it all when I went to college.

Agitator: How did you first hear about the Los Angeles Catholic Worker?

Dietrich: When I came back from Europe, my brother Joe was in jail. He was a very troubled person who later committed suicide. I visited him in county jail, my first time in L.A. County Jail but not my last. There was a blue and white van outside that said “House of Hospitality.” They were serving coffee and donuts to people getting out of jail. I knew it was a Catholic Worker van because I had met Catholic Workers hitchhiking across the country. At the time I was living in Laguna Beach, and after a couple weeks I went to visit Dan and Chris Delany, who were in Pasadena at the time. I was just taken with the project, and Dan asked me what I was doing. I said, “I have been on the road, man.” He then asked what I did before that—I was an English major. He said, “Then you could be the editor of our newspaper!”

Agitator: I have heard that you fell in love with Catherine Morris when you first met her, but it took time to win her over.

Dietrich: I had been at the Catholic Worker about a year when we first met. I was sleeping on a bed in the back of this furnished milk truck with my Laguna Beach hippie friends on a trip to New York thinking, “What would it be like to live with someone who wanted to do what you wanted to do? What would it be like to be married to someone who wanted to do what you wanted to do? In fact, someone who actually wanted to do it more than you and better than you?” So, I came back from that trip, I was 27—a kid, and Catherine Morris was a nun! I grew up Catholic and I knew that you do not propose to nuns! However, I asked Catherine to marry me anyway, and she said, “I can’t marry you, you’re too young.” I could work with that since I had expected her to say she was married to Jesus. She did not mention her vows, she just said she was too old for me, so I could do that part!

Agitator: Describe the moment or moments when you first realized the LACW was in your hands. How did you feel and what did you do?

Dietrich: Generally speaking, in this community, and I think in every intentional community like us, we are kind of a weird bunch of people. When I came it was Chris, Dan and

Continued on page 2

I had met Catholic Workers hitchhiking across the country. At the time I was living in Laguna Beach, and after a couple weeks I went to visit Dan and Chris Delany, who were in Pasadena at the time. I was just taken with the project, and Dan asked me what I was doing. I said, “I have been on the road, man.” He then asked what I did before that—I was an English major. He said, “Then you could be the editor of our newspaper!”

JEFF DIETRICH - A PILLAR OF THE LACW

INTERVIEW cont'd from p.1

their baby, they were a kind of family unit. After I came there was a sense like a kind of anchor where it was not just a family anymore. We were doing something a little different—we were now a community. I think if it had just been Dan and Chris that might never have happened. I don't know why I happened to hook onto it, but I did and other younger people hooked on as well. Then there was kind of a rebellion of the young people. I like to pretend that I was not the leadership, but it is something that happens every so often. The younger people want to get rid of the older people, so Dan and Chris left. But God bless them, Dan, who was a former priest, left the priesthood to get married, but he still had friends who supported him and those people had resources. If I had just come along and said that I wanted to start a Catholic Worker, what would I do? Dan and Chris (a former nun) had resources because of their work in the church, and that was the foundation of this community. Our mailing list at that time was all their friends. Dan's former parishioners—the Von der Ahe's—bought our first house on Cummings Street and we began street serving out of the back of a van.

Agitator: What do you think makes the Hippy Kitchen different from other free meal providers on Skid Row?

Dietrich: We do not preach the gospel, we don't make people sing hymns or jump through hoops, they just go through the line and get something to eat and I believe there are a lot of people who really appreciate that. There are no attachments to what we do—we are not trying to convert anyone. Frankly, I don't want to convert them, I think they are fine. I have the highest esteem for everybody who comes through the kitchen.

Agitator: When the 1987 earthquake wrecked the old kitchen, were there moments when you doubted it could be rebuilt?

Dietrich: We had a really great construction guy who let us pay as we go, a fundamentalist Catholic, very sweet guy. We would meet every week and go through the expenses and do fundraising as we went along. Ultimately, people paid for the kitchen over a couple of years.

Agitator: And help from Mother Teresa?

Dietrich: Hah! Yes, earlier in our history. Our friend Father Don Kribs, from her order, Brothers of Charity, worked with us—the Cardinal did not like him, so they put him on Skid Row. He was in charge of a diocese project and she came to visit him. Then Fr. Kribs walked her the seven blocks from the diocese's place to our place. Mother Teresa stepped over sleeping bodies, stopping to talk to each and every person. It was really very delightful and heartening. She said, "What you are doing here is something beautiful for God." She gave us instructions on how to get the funds we needed to buy the building we were renting.

Agitator: How has the Skid Row neighborhood changed over the years? How has the Hippy Kitchen changed?

Dietrich: I don't think Skid Row has changed at all. It is virtually the same, except when I first came the population was older white men. Now it is mostly African-American. There are more people on the street, and it is a little more contained, but I don't think it has changed at all. It is all the people nobody wants in the world. And they get shuffled to this space, a space where the city just puts people, a place that keeps getting



Jeff and Catherine on their wedding day

smaller and smaller.

Agitator: Is a protest more prophetic witness than goal-oriented?

Dietrich: Yes. We are not goal-oriented.

Agitator: Goals are more spiritual than physical?

Dietrich: Yes.

Agitator: Which actions stand out in your career as being particularly effective against injustice or communicating a message?

Dietrich: Our very first protest. We shut down the blood banks. We were effective, so the guys could not sell whole blood for cash anymore, which was not our goal. We just wanted the guys to get more money.

Agitator: But it was also harm reduction, correct?

Dietrich: Yes.

Agitator: The new Cathedral still was built, but ripples in a pond, right?

Dietrich: Many people were thinking about what we were doing. There were people in the Archdiocesan Office that would call us and say, "Hey, this is where the Cardinal is going to be, you should go protest there." I really don't know who it was. It was an anonymous person.

Agitator: In your experience, what is the worst incarceration facility to serve a sentence? Best?

Dietrich: There are no best jails; but the county jail in Las Vegas was better than L.A. and Orange County Jails.

Agitator: Do you still think about guys you met in the various jails?

Dietrich: Yeah.

Agitator: What does it mean to be a "Reluctant Resister" (the title of Jeff's out of print first book)?

Dietrich: There were people like Dan and Phil Berrigan, who I deeply admired. And I called myself a reluctant resister because first of all, I did not want to go to jail, and secondly, these people were my heroes and I just didn't feel very heroic. I saw myself as a kind of newbie and I was nowhere near their level at all.

Agitator: Did you ever think about quitting the movement?

Dietrich: No. What would I do? Even now I am pretty happy with the way things are going. Even though I say I am retired, although I do not attend the weekly meetings, I still get up and go to the kitchen every kitchen day, which works for me.

Agitator: Dorothy and Peter encouraged us to see Jesus in the face of every guest we serve. Do you think we pull that off?

Dietrich: Not as well as I would like. There are still some people at the kitchen I would prefer not to see. I am not as good as Dorothy and Peter were.

Agitator: Based on the several Catholic Worker communities started by former L.A. Workers that serve the poor, how long would you say it takes to radicalize your average politically ambivalent intern?

Dietrich: For me it was just, "This is what you do. This is what real Christians do, you serve the poor." For me, I saw it, and this was a kind of apotheosis (a glorified ideal) for me. I hope the young folks who come through here also find it that way.

I am grateful many young people have gone on to do things outside of this house that are really powerful witnesses for what it means to be Christ-like in the world. I am really grateful for all the people, some of whom are now over 60, who have been changed by this place and what they experienced here. Frankly, I was changed in a moment. It just occurred to me that as a Christian this is what you are supposed to do. I do believe that many, many people who have left here to do other things have been transformed by who we are and by our work and I am grateful for that.

Agitator: Define the following Jeff Dietrich sayings: "Let's keep an eye on it."

Dietrich: Sometimes you just have to sit with things. You have to sit and be still and listen for the "still small voice" of the Holy Spirit within.

Agitator: "Comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable"

Dietrich: I am not sure. I believe this is Dorothy or Peter's saying. I don't believe that is a quote from me, but I love it. That is what Christians are supposed to be about. We have to go into churches and overturn tables because that is what Jesus did. Jesus loved the poor and he overturned the tables in the Temple to confront unjust structures and systems that oppressed people. That is what it means. We have to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable as Jesus did.

Agitator: "Not worship, but practice Jesus."

Dietrich: You know, I have not been to church since the latest priest abuse scandal. I believe Jesus does not want us to go to church so much as he wants us to care for the poor and stand against injustice.

Agitator: What is the easiest way to get the collected works of Jeff Dietrich in honor of your retirement and the LACW semi-centennial next year?

Dietrich: Subscribe to the *Catholic Agitator*; and yes, I do have two books available—*Broken and Shared: Food, Dignity, and the Poor on Los Angeles' Skid Row* and *The Good Samaritan: Stories from the Los Angeles Catholic Worker on Skid Row*. They can be ordered online or contact my editor/publisher—Theresa de Vroom at Marymount Institute Press—tdevroom@lmu.edu or Phone: 310-338-2974.

Agitator: Thank you, Jeff, for your dedication and example. Ω

JEFF'S RETIREMENT: WE ARE UNWORTHY SERVANTS

By JEFF DIETRICH

As Mark Twain is reputed to have said: "Contrary to popular rumor I am not dead." While this issue sincerely flatters me, it does seem a bit like an obituary, like a tribute to a fallen leader, as much as Catholic Workers have a "leader." There will not be anything left to say when I actually do die.

All of this praise is a little embarrassing. I am just retiring. I am not dying. I am not leaving the Catholic Worker. I still go to the kitchen, take a house night, go to vigils, and attend cultural critiques, demonstrations, and retreats. I am still very much here. The only difference is that I am no longer required to attend meetings. In fact I am not required to do anything that I do not want to do. I set my alarm for 8am rather than 7 or 6—I am not on the kitchen garden watering crew. I walk the two miles to the kitchen and mostly arrive before serving time, and I leave at noon before clean up. So far "retirement" is working pretty well for me.

I would have preferred to wait until I had completed my fiftieth year before taking this action. However, I had a disagreement with the community, not on an ideological issue, but a personnel issue. Disagreements within community are normal and healthy, it happens on a periodic basis in all communities. I choose not to resist but to retire. I made that choice from a very rational, and I would say strategic perspective. For many years we had not had a single young person. We were a community of people either over 60 or nearing

Continued on page 6

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At that moment I believed I was involved in something virtually transcendental. Perhaps like the apostles on the Sea of Galilee hauling in the great abundant gift of God's creation lavished on humanity.

THE FISHING LESSON

By Jeff Dietrich

When they had done this, they caught a great number of fish and...they filled their boats so that they were in danger of sinking (Luke 5:6-7).

It was cold and dark and I was kind of grumpy because it was 4:30 in the morning and I had only gone to bed a few hours before. Now I had to brave the cold Long Island winter to do something that I had successfully avoided my entire life, and in truth, had no desire to do. I was going fishing for the first and only time in my life. Boys are supposed to do that male bonding, fishing, and camping thing with their dad at least once before puberty. But I was raised by a dad who thought that "roughing it" meant staying in a hotel without room service, or eating in a restaurant without a full bar. So I successfully avoided camping, and especially fishing, which my dad thought was particularly odious.

I vividly remember that morning in the winter of 1980. I had been visiting the Catholic Worker in New York City, and after an evening of celebrating with friends, I boarded the commuter train for the long and virtually solitary ride across the entire length of Long Island. Finally arriving in the tiny town of Amagansett, where my friend and former *Catholic Agitator* co-editor, Susan Pollack, lived and at the time worked for the local newspaper, the *Amagansett Star*, it was well after midnight.

As a cub reporter her job was to cover the local news: city council and school board meetings, Little League games, and Ladies Club outings. But Susan, the Ivy League educated New York City girl, fell in love with the ocean. More specifically, she fell in love with the fishermen in this tiny village that was founded not long after the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

At first she just wrote "local color" stories. She hung out at the beach listening to the tales of the old fishermen as they mended their nets, went out with the dory men in open boats launched from the beach, and braved the rough, open seas for larger catches on the 50-foot trawlers out of Amagansett Harbor.

Gradually, however, she gained a grasp of the local politics and the environmental and economic issues that threatened to destroy not only the livelihood and lifestyle of the locals who had fished these waters for almost 300 years, but, the very source of the livelihood—the fish themselves. Ultimately Susan would join the local fishermen in numerous trips to the state capital in Albany giving expert testimony, fighting both for and opposing the egregious destruction of the Japanese fishing factories that floated just beyond the three mile limit, sucking and canning fish in one continuous motion. On the other hand, she denounced the elitist sports fishermen who would protect the ocean resources from anyone that did not fish with a rod and reel purchased from Abercrombie and Fitch. Susan thought that her passion for



Jeff, Jeremy, and Barbara at a Central City East Association protest in 2012. Moments later Jeff and Jeremy were arrested.

the ocean and her love of the fishermen was readily transferable to any open-minded person. But she had not reckoned with a non-fishing, non-camping, non-early rising, grumpy-minded person like myself who had been parentally pre-programmed to prefer urban comfort over wilderness deprivation; and late morning Sunday brunch, say, over early morning fishing trip. I had hoped to spend my time with Susan strolling the beaches, visiting the local lighthouse, and touring the pubs and restaurants. The closest I had planned to get to fishing was sampling legendary Amagansett clam chowder. Now here, I was about to be shanghaied.

The boat was called the Morning Star. About 30 feet long and in need of a good scraping and paint job, it was humble by any nautical standards. Apart from a bit of forward decking that provided storage space and a small partially enclosed steering area, it was essentially an open boat and did not inspire confidence. However, the captain, Dale Miller, did inspire confidence. Like his boat, he was not a particularly imposing figure but the weathered lines of his wrinkled face and his gnarled workman's hands spoke silent volumes about his experience on the sea. A seventh generation local fisherman, Dale had gone to college and moved his wife and four children to the big city where he had worked at several different jobs. But ultimately he returned to Amagansett because, he said, "I never found a city job that was nearly as satisfying as working the fishing boats."

The first thing that he said to me, after greeting Susan and myself in the early predawn light was, "You can't go to sea like that," referring to my lack of foul weather gear. And in short order I was outfitted in a yellow northeasterner rain slicker, matching rubber trousers with suspenders, rubber boots and a Glostermans rain hat. The clothing, though appropriate to the environmental conditions, was somewhat oversized and I felt a bit like the Morton Salt Girl awash in my grown up clothing. We pushed off from the dock with our captain, his 12-year-old daughter Elizabeth, Susan, myself, and "skipper, the sea runt." A two-pound, ten-year-old mixed terrier with short curly salt-

encrusted hair and sea legs like Barnacle Bill, Skipper stood stoutly on the forward deck with all of the self-importance of a Winston Churchill constantly yipping, yipping, yipping what I presumed were either satellite navigational coordinates, or the sonar location of unseen fish schools.

Captain Dale was part of a group of local fishermen known as the "Bay men," which meant, much to my relief, that we would not be sailing the North Atlantic in our open boat. Instead, Dale worked the enormous inland bay around Amagansett as a "trap fisherman." Rather than hauling huge dragnets though the ocean, trap fishermen build semi-permanent traps in the shallow waters of the bay. The traps consisted of spindly wooden poles set in a circular fashion of about thirty feet in diameter, which held a net or trap at the bottom to catch and hold the fish. Typically a trap fisherman would have four or five of these traps, which they check every other day or so. Of late the fish had not been plentiful in the bay and the first tow traps that we checked reflected that situation with their paltry catches.

We were now pushing on to what Dale called his super trap. His own personal invention, Dale had constructed it out of steel poles so that it could support a larger, heavier net and ultimately hold more fish than the traditional traps. The locals had been giving Dale a bit of harassment for his innovation, which required the installation of a power winch on the back of his boat to haul in the oversized net. Today would be the first time that the net had been checked for content.

As the low-g geared winch began to slowly haul up the net we thought the line had hit a snag because the aft portion of the boat began to ride a bit lower in the water. Dale quickly checked the line and finding no problems continued to haul in the net. When the net finally broke the surface it became clear that our problem was not mechanical but functional. Dale was hauling in the catch of a lifetime. As the pulsating contents of the net began to empty to the floorboards of the boat it was all hands on deck and I found myself pressed into service. Like a seasoned veteran, I stood unflinching in a

knee-deep boatload of live squirming squid. As Dale began tossing the larger fish to me—bass, perch, mullet—I whacked each one solidly on the head with the steel pipe Dale had given me and stacked them neatly on ice as if I had been doing such rapacious things all of my life.

Anyone who has ever caught a fish at the end of a hook and line need only multiply their excitement about a thousand times to imagine the magnitude of gleeful exuberance as everyone lent a hand, man and dog, hauling in the net, and whacking fish on the head. At that moment I believed I was involved in something virtually transcendental. Perhaps like the apostles on the Sea of Galilee hauling in the great abundant gift of God's creation lavished on humanity. And I realized that Dale, and the handful of others like him, are among the last individuals on earth who continue to garner their livelihood directly from creation in much the same manner as our aboriginal ancestors. They neither plant nor sow, yet reap an abundant harvest. They exist entirely outside of the work-a-day world of factory and Farm. Breaking the rules of economic law that state there is no such thing as a free lunch, they, in a manner of speaking, chow down for free.

At the end of the day Dale gifted Susan and myself with one of the most sought-after prizes of the Eastern Seaboard, a 20-pound striped bass, which if an elite sports fisherman had snagged it would have found itself mounted over a fireplace. Instead it spent its last moments swimming in butter and lemon in Susan's oven. Although I do not ordinarily like fish that much, I ate that meal with a deep and satisfying relish, for it tasted of the richness of friendship, the fellowship of communal struggle, the abundance of creation, and the exhilaration of snatching something for free, just the way God meant it to be.

It has been more than twenty years since that amazing Day. My friend Susan has since gone on to become the grown up editor of a slick yuppie Zen meditation magazine. I have no idea what has happened to Dale, though I suspect that if he has not already, he soon will be, squeezed out of existence by the efficiency of Japanese factory fishing, or the purity of elitist environmentalists. And that will be a tragedy. For his loss would be a diminishment of our creatureness, one smaller unhooking from our primal past, one more paradigm of human freedom effaced. My hope is that Dale is still hanging in and plying the back bay, yet not just for his sake, but for the sake of us all who have exchanged the exhilaration of hauling in the great, abundant gift of creation for the shackled security of the work-a-day world of factory and farm and the palliative comforts of hotels with room service.

Jeff Dietrich is a Los Angeles Catholic Worker community member and Editor Emeritus of the Catholic Agitator.

Under Jeff's leadership, we have become a place where you come to learn how to change the world to more closely resemble Christ's kingdom—a social justice academy, Hogwarts for radical love.

THE RELUCTANT RESISTER RETIRES

By KALEB HAVENS

To spend time at the Los Angeles Catholic Worker is to breathe the writings and sayings of Jeff Dietrich like air, so to say he is "retiring" is a bit like saying, the air I have breathed for years, or the north point on the compass is calling it quits.

Over many greasy, loving hours of service at the kitchen, long protests and even longer talks, I am one of "the kids" learning the radical interpretation of Christ's teachings from Jeff and Catherine, a flame which they carry from Dorothy and Peter, and one which Jeff writes about first feeling with the Berrigans.

After being denied conscientious objector status during the Vietnam War for his Catholicism, he hitchhiked to the Milwaukee Catholic Worker where this draft-dodging reluctant resister met Catholics who burned draft files. The Delanys stoked that flame here in Los Angeles and Jeff has been lighting Catholic Workers' fires for almost half a century, a fire that in Jeff's words is "not the worship, but the practice of Jesus..." by intentional communal living and daily service to the poor.

Weep not, for Jeff can still be found most serving days at the kitchen keeping an eye on the garden, and cooking on the socially undesirable Saturday night evening shift at the house, but he tells me he does not miss the meetings.

It might not seem like much of a retirement to some readers, still putting in all those hours each week on your feet—interacting with guests in the kitchen garden, our house, hospitals and care facilities, plus regularly cooking delicious 20+ plate meals for myself and our housemates—but remember this is Jeff Dietrich we are talking about. He has done hard time all across the southwest for every form of nonviolent resistance from cutting the fence at nuclear facilities and commandeering cathedral-building bulldozers to smearing blood and oil on the steps of our war-mongering federal government building. So sweeping up discarded plates, cooking big meals and seeing to friends' medical care may be the closest someone with Jeff's daily determination to practice Christ can come to the "retirement" defined by modern capitalist society.

I miss Jeff in meetings; he had a way of listening to everyone quietly during big decisions, keeping his hand raised as long as it took for everyone to have their say before proposing a compromise that often channeled everyone's values into concrete action steps for moving the work forward. It takes immense patience and a special kind of listening to pull that off in a room with lots of perspectives on a shared passion as complex as operating massive free meal service or a house of hospitality on paper-thin budgets.

It also takes discernment for when to use one of his catch phrases: "Let's keep an eye on it," much like Martin Sheen's catchphrase, "What's next?" when portraying President Bartlet on *The West Wing*. Both Bartlet and Dietrich know how many people depend on their team's ability to make a lot of tough decisions together quickly.



Catherine, Mother Theresa, Jeff



Martha and Jeff at cathedral protest



Kitchen guest hugging Jeff outside old kitchen



Martin Sheen, Archbishop Dom Helder Camara, Jeff



Dorothy Day and Jeff



Jeff in front of mural on Catch 21 Restaurant



Jeff making bread in the old kitchen

SERVES AT YOUR SIDE

By KATE CHATFIELD

This is not a retirement writing because Jeff is not a retiring person, in either sense of the word. He cannot retire because he cannot not stop caring for others.

Those of us who do not live with Jeff are the fortunate ones who receive Jeff's attention, bursting forth upon his spying you. You know who you are (all of us). You have had the experience of walking into the room, or exiting a car, when he has not seen you for some time (a few weeks, a month, maybe a year or more). Jeff spies you. He makes it seem as if suddenly the tired black and white world has become one of joyful, exuberant, brilliant Technicolor. Life was joyless and mundane, until YOU arrived. He had been expecting you of course (you can tell because he has a tea towel over his shoulder, or in his waistband) and after the hugs and the exclamations, the food comes out in abundance. If it's shrimp, it's mounds and heaps of shrimp. If it is cheese, meat, or fruit, it is carefully cut and piled (elegantly piled, but piled) on the platter. If it is chips, it is bags and bags of all shapes and colors. Drinks are brought, spilling out of the cooler or brought in fiesta-sized bottles. There will be life and lots of it because you came.

Jeff serves at your side and then sits and laughs uproariously at whatever silly joke you say, repeating it later. It is as if he is your beloved aunt, or grandmother, long-lost friend, former teacher (and you were the pet) all rolled together and whatever you say is funny, and insightful, and illuminating. You are brilliant. He is the woman at the feet of Jesus, washing feet with hair, or maybe Martha and Mary, choosing BOTH paths at the same time—service and sitting—and you, lucky you, are Jesus come into the room. You just did not know it before you came. This is what Jeff cannot not do, whether it be you, lucky you, long-lost Catholic Worker prodigal, or you, lucky you on the Row.

Kate Chatfield is a former LACW community member and co-founder, along with her husband Peter Stiehler, of Kieran Prather House of Hospitality in San Bruno, CA. As an attorney, she was also instrumental in the recent law ending capital murder charges against accomplices in murders cases in California.

BIBLE STUDY

By MARTHA LEWIS

I suppose the most obvious way to understand Jeff Dietrich is by looking at all he, along with his wife Catherine, have created: the Hippie Kitchen, the *Catholic Agitator*, LACW community life, the sister house network, and the countless lives he has enhanced, both the poor and the searching. For me,

Continued on page 6

A WRITER OF GENIUS STATUS

By THERESIA deVROOM

I will especially miss the frequency of Jeff's voice in this paper and the presence of his leadership as editor, but we have the benefit of him being highly accessible as our housemate, not to mention a body of work to consult that's broader and deeper than most writers could dream of publishing in a dozen lifetimes. His books make great gifts for any occasion.

Hanging out with Jeff and Catherine is like sitting at the crossroads of everyone who has ever done something great. Every day I meet people who boomerang back from performing loving acts of mercy because their eyes were opened up by the LACW. After spending time here, people go on to start free legal clinics, free health clinics, start other Catholic Workers, strike down unjust laws, liberate the innocent, "comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable"—they practice Christ.

Under Jeff's leadership, we have become a place where you come to learn how to change the world to more closely resemble Christ's kingdom—a social justice academy, Hogwarts for radical love.

So when Jeff says he is ready for the young people to take over, my stomach feels as heavy as his nearly 50 years of service, heavy with all the friends helped and the students guided to the light over decades of buildings and regimes rising and

Continued on page 6

our best-seller. Jeff Dietrich is many things: an activist, resister, cook, husband, brother, community member, and public intellectual. But first and foremost he is a writer—in him "the word is made flesh and dwells among us" as it has not done before. Ω

Theresa de Vroom is Jeff's editor and publisher.

COMFORTING THE AFFLICTED

By DAN HIRSCH

I know no one who has done more to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable than Jeff Dietrich, nor anyone who has received more joy out of both, particularly the latter. He truly sees the Divine in those in the soup line; he truly sees the moral failure in those generally admired for their material success. He has done something absolutely remarkable—fed tens of thousands of hungry human beings, while putting a mirror up to the face of those in power. In the process, he has raised the consciousness and melted the hearts of large numbers of everyday people who have come to understand their connection to those who suffer and to the system that

causes that suffering, and to see a different path, one of active compassion.

Jeff and I began our work at about the same time, he with the L.A. Catholic Worker, I with the Committee to Bridge the Gap. Nearly half a century of work each, so far. We all know that Jeff's "retirement" is a fiction. His conscience cannot retire, nor his drive to be of service to the least among us, nor his zeal to stand up against war and inequality. Ω

Dan Hirsch is a longtime friend of the LACW and President of the Committee to Bridge the Gap, which has been responsible for crucial anti-nuclear work nationwide, but specifically in California.

LAVISH HOSPITALITY

By MURPHY DAVIS

I learned a lot on my first journey to the Los Angeles Catholic Worker in the early 1980's that has continued to be true: first, the L.A. house—and Jeff in particular—sets the gold standard of Catholic Worker hospitality. On my first morning I woke in a little room on the third floor of the creaky old house to find a tray at my door with

retirement; we too have had to make serious and painful changes for the Open Door Community. Eventually we must rest from the heartaches and body blows of life with and among the poor. But we will continue to look forward to his writing, teaching, and friendship in the years ahead. Ω

Murphy Davis is a founding member of the Open Door community in Atlanta, GA, which is now relocated to Baltimore, MD

READ AND LEARN

By JOANNE KENNEDY

I was introduced to the Catholic Worker by (former LACW) Mary Blanche, but it was (Robert) Jeff(erson) Dietrich who sold me on it. He was patient and persistent.

I did not easily accept his suggestion that Jacques Ellul was right in predicting the way technique impacted everything, even the world of fashion, which was parading before us as we debated philosophy while vigiling against the death penalty.

Nor did I immediately understand the truth of his expletive correction that we have a duty to the poor of our own land, though we much prefer the noble poor of other lands.

Then there was the nudge to leave law school and the embrace of my choice to go to other Worker houses, even though I really owed it all to him and Catherine.

He reinforced the idea that we must dedicate time to reading, learning, questioning. And that we have to forgive ourselves—even when one misses Woodstock to visit an uncle!

But most importantly, recognizing that I am a seven on the enneagram, Jeff showed me fun, so very much fun. He embodies that knowledge that life at the Catholic Worker is often heartbreaking, harrowing even, but there is always joy and love. Ω

Joanne Kennedy was an intern at the LACW who moved on to the New York Worker and is the editor of The Catholic Worker newspaper.

NEITHER SHY NOR RETIRING

By CHED MYERS

It is appropriate that the *Catholic Agitator* make space to honor Jeff Dietrich's vocation and long career as we approach the 50th anniversary of the LACW. After all, its history is impossible to separate from Jeff and Catherine's own journey. But their witness has also shaped the CW movement more widely.

The orthodox narrative notes that "by 1940, over 30 Catholic Worker communities had been formed by local groups around the country." But were not any in the West (it is difficult to map the establishment of CW houses historically through time and space)? "As of 2014, over 225 Catholic Worker houses and farms exist in the U.S. and around the world." But has any house been more instrumental in the growth of the movement than Los Angeles—both as a regional flagship and as midwife to more than a dozen "sister houses"? And has anyone been more pivotal to that role than Jeff and Catherine?

Indeed, Jeff's work over nearly five decades has been, in the truest sense of this term, apostolic, growing and deepening the Catholic Worker movement in the Southwest and beyond. He has done this as dogged organizer and street advocate; "shop floor steward" of daily works of mercy and animator of new initiatives; ideologue and teacher; writer and publisher; kitchen wrangler and jailbird; party animal and prophetic pain in the ass. As a beneficiary of this witness and legacy, I honor his determination, passion and commitment. What Nancy Roberts writes about Dorothy pertains also to Jeff: "Never measure 'success' by numbers or longevity. Only by fidelity."

Jeff's new role will hardly be "retiree," since such a conceit does not exist in the Movement. But he is taking a step back to allow other leadership to step up and into the

next half-century, a courageous and wise (if not uncontested) pivot. May you now live gracefully into eldership, dear brother. And may your hard-earned experience, perspective and wisdom be heeded, for it is needed. Ω

Ched Myers is a theologian, author, activist, longtime friend and mentor of the LACW. He is also Director of the Bartimeus Institute in Oakview, CA.

PERSISTENCE

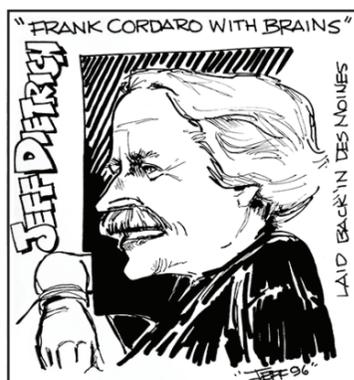
By LARRY HOLBEN

As I have been thinking about Jeff and his remarkable history with the Los Angeles Catholic Worker community, what keeps coming to mind is the Benedictine fourth vow, the vow of stability, a promise—in addition to the three traditional monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience—to remain and live out the entirety of one's life in the monastery through which one entered the order, not moving about from community to community.

Jeff's growth from fiery young iconoclast to seasoned prophet was, I suspect, made possible in large part because he accepted the often arduous discipline of sticking it out through good times and bad in the LACW, accepted the year-in-year-out sameness of the daily work, the crises great and small that come with community life, the disappointments and failures and the sometimes costly successes.

Yes, his editorial work on the *Agitator* over the years has been outstanding. Yes, his resistance efforts have been admirable. Yes, he has written a few excellent books. Yet for me, the quality that has made Jeff what he is for the Los Angeles community and the larger Worker movement as well is simply this: when so often it must have been tempting to bail, to move on, to start over somewhere else... he (and Catherine with him) stayed. Blessings in your well-earned retirement, beloved brother. Ω

Larry Holben is a former LACW community member who is an ordained priest in the Episcopal Church.



LIVING WITNESS

By FRANK CORDARO

For 50 years Jeff Dietrich has been the leading Catholic Worker writer and intellectual of my generation—the Baby Boomer CWers! And for me personally, Jeff has been mentor and an older brother. He was the guy I went to when the Des Moines Catholic Worker community was going crazy, which in over 40 years, was not rare. And I am sure I am not the only CWer to see Jeff in this way.

When we started the DMCW in 1976, the L.A. Catholic Worker was already six years old, which was a lifetime difference. There were not a lot of CW communities over six years old and very few as large as the L.A. house. For us in Iowa, New York City and L.A. quickly became the two points of reference and leadership in the larger growing national CW movement. The established NYC community with its living founder, Dorothy Day, represented all that the CW was from 1933 to the present. The L.A. community with Jeff as editor and primary writer in the *Catholic Agitator*, represented the third generation, the grandkids of the Dorothy Day Catholic Worker movement!

Next year the LACW will be celebrating its 50th anniversary, and Jeff and the LACW no longer represent a new generation of CWers.

Today, Jeff Dietrich, through his writing in the *Catholic Agitator*, represents the best of our generation's CW writers and apologists throughout

a life effort. More impressive than his written (published) words, is the living witness Jeff and Catherine gave day in and day out feeding the hungry on L.A.'s Skid Row, all the while living in a 24/7 USA human combat zone, known as "community" with all the scars and the wounds to prove it.

Thank you, Jeff, for a lifetime of leading the Way! And what does this "retirement thing" look like and what do I need to do to get there? PS: Jeff... I owe you a phone call. Ω

Frank Cordaro is a founder of the Des Moines Catholic Worker and a longtime LACW friend.

LAUGHTER

By TENSIE HERNÁNDEZ

Of the many adjectives Jeff has been given in his lifetime—prophetic, tenacious, faithful—happy may not be the first to come to mind. However, his howling laughter and quick-witted cynicism are contagious enough to invite laughter and have us see beyond the filth, injustice, and brokenness to find precious Joy.

Dorothy Day exhorted us to the "duty of delight" and Mother Theresa echoed it as well, reminding the sisters that if they did not have Joy, then they were not realizing Jesus in those being served. There is something necessary and crucial in having one's life mirror something of joy. This joy has nothing to do with the sappy sentimentality of contentment, nor is it required that one even be radiant. It is something that has to do with your body enacting your highest hopes.

It is this joy that first caught my young eye over 30 years ago in the LACW. Could it be that I had found a motley group of people who actually wanted to serve God in the poor and had a good, no, GREAT time doing it? It is the pearl of great price. In Jeff's case, he sold it all and bought not only the field but the sky, air and light. His cost? His life. Remind you of anybody?

Tensie Hernández is a former LACW community member, and co-founder, along with her husband Dennis Apel, of the Guadalupe Catholic Worker.

DIETRICH, cont'd from p.2

60. That is not a sustainable project. We were looking at the possibility of closing up shop, as a number of aging radical communities had already done. I also knew that with Martha and Jesse's retirement, the torch had already been passed to the younger generation.

So, rather than resist, I chose to bow to reality. Furthermore, resisting leads to conflict and conflict causes people to leave and I could end up being the old guard, guarding an empty house.

I chose to step aside in the hope that the young people might understand that they own the project. The L.A. Catholic Worker now belongs to them.

I have been the editor of the *Catholic Agitator* all of my adult life. While it has been a source of anxiety and tension with deadlines and occasional negative feedback, it has also been a source of creativity and praise. It is how I became a writer, and it is how I came to publish two books. So it was with some trepidation that I also resigned as editor. But if I were going to step aside, I believed that I needed to give the new community the opportunity to freely express their vision. That being said, I hope to continue writing for the *Agitator*.

No, I am not leaving the Catholic Worker. I do not want to go to the mountains or the seaside. I cannot imagine life without a daily connection to the poor. I cannot imagine life without community.

I will close with a quote from the gospel of Luke: "When you have done all that you have been told to do, you must say: We are unworthy servants, we have only done our duty" (Luke 17:10). Ω

Jeff Dietrich has been a Los Angeles Catholic Worker community member for the past 48+ years and Editor Emeritus of the Catholic Agitator.

HAVENS, cont'd from p.4

falling all around us. But I am comforted by the thought that when he first took over as editor of the *Catholic Agitator*, Jeff Dietrich did not know for how long or how much of that time would be behind bars on cold cement or how many early mornings or annoying conversations or messes he would have to endure, how many friends he would have to pray for, feed, clothe, heal and bury. Jeff took it the same way everyone from Jesus to Dorothy to the un-housed, hungry outside our kitchen take it — one day at a time, doing our best to show love to one

another.

Send Jeff your congratulations by mail and join us for our 50th anniversary in April 2020, where we will continue to lift the work of Jeff, Catherine, and all of us who have learned so much from listening and watching them share love where it is most needed. Ω

Kaleb Havens is a Los Angeles Catholic Worker community member.

LEWIS, cont'd from p.5

he has been a wonderful mentor and friend.

From my first Bible study at the LACW in 1993, I was captivated by his agile and original intellect. He has a generosity of spirit which made him enthusiastically share his life of the mind, introducing us to the writings of Ellul, Stringfellow, Vanier, Ched Myers, Paul Shepherd, Jon Zerzan, and, of course, Dorothy Day, amongst others. I always appreciate his excitement in sharing movie plots and novels as well.

The Bible studies that he led through the years were so exciting for me. Finally I was able to read the Hebrew Scriptures in a way that made them alive and meaningful. His work with the gospels, particularly Luke, which he examined so studiously while in solitary confine-

ment after an antiwar action, is particularly important, I think, especially in lifting up the role of women in Jesus' teaching.

His aesthetic sensibility, as well as his ability to share his ideas in writing, has made the *Agitator* surely one of the well-respected newspapers in the Catholic Worker movement. It is read around the world, and no wonder, as through his writings about Skid Row and his intellectual interests he offers us a lens to understand our world and our faith. He has published three books and in these last few years, I think writing has become more central to his identity.

Community life is not always easy, but he has built a community with a character and charisma of its own. He exemplifies hard work and hard partying as well as personal growth. Time and again I have seen him sacrifice comfort for the good of the LACW community. I believe he strives always to act as a servant-leader. I love Jeff Dietrich and remain always grateful for all that he has given to me. Ω

Martha Lewis was an LACW community member for 25 years before retiring to Santa Clarita, CA, with her husband and former LACW community member, Jesse Lewis.

ON THE LINE

PLOWSHARES UPDATE

On January 18, 2019, the seven Kings Bay Plowshares activists filed Religious Freedom Restoration Act (RFRA) Supplemental Briefs with the U.S. Federal Court in Brunswick, Georgia, in response to U.S. Magistrate Judge Benjamin Cheesbro, who ordered the supplemental briefings after the Evidentiary Motions hearing on November 28, 2018. Each defendant filed a common explanation as the first part of their filings, then arguments particular to each defendant in the second parts.

A trial date will not be set until the court reviews the briefs and makes a decision on their RFRA request for defense. In using the RFRA as a defense the activists contend that the three felony and one misdemeanor charges they face for their trespass into the Kings Bay Trident nuclear submarine base on April 4, 2018 are an unfairly excessive burden on their religious practice. They believe that the prophetic and sacramental nonviolent disarmament action at the Kings Bay Naval Base was, is, in alignment with Catholic social teachings. They have requested that the charges be dismissed or reduced. The documents from each defendant can be read on their website: [—kingsbayplowshares7.org](http://kingsbayplowshares7.org)

INTERESTING FACTS

- Amount the U.S. government spent on advertisements dissuading Central Americans from migrating north last

year: \$1,300,000.

- Number of countries that have seen cutbacks in health programs as a result of the Trump regime's foreign aid policy: 60
 - Portion of first-year U.S. college students who experienced "clinical distress" as a result of the 2016 presidential election: 1 in 4
 - Percentage of U.S. cancer patients diagnosed between 2000 and 2012 who depleted all their assets within two years: 42 - Average value of those assets: \$92,000
 - Average number of U.S. citizens who died from the flu each year between 2010 and 2017: 36,714 Who died from the flu last year: 79,400
 - Number of U.S. states in which either "slavery" or "involuntary servitude" is a legal form of punishment: 23
 - Average amount a white U.S. tax payer in the top 1 percent of earners will receive in tax cuts this year: \$52,400—That a black U.S. tax payer in the top 1 percent will: \$19,290
 - Percentage of the global population that is white of European descent: 16
- Harpers Index—January 2019*

MUMIA ABU-JAMAL UPDATE

On December 27, Philadelphia Judge Leon Tucker granted Mumia Abu-Jamal, 64, another opportunity to appeal his 1981 conviction in the death of Philadelphia Police Officer Daniel Faulkner. Abu-Jamal spent more than three decades on death row before his sentence in the shooting death of Faulkner was thrown out

over flawed jury instructions.

Prosecutors agreed to a sentence of life without parole, and Abu-Jamal's final appeal was rejected by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in 2012. However, the judge ruled on December 27 that former Justice Ronald Castille (who was the district attorney during Abu-Jamal's initial appeal) should have recused himself because of statements he made as a prosecutor about police killers that suggest potential bias.

—*washingtonpost.com*

OTHER INFORMATIVE STATS

Between 2017 and 2019, the U.S. budget deficit is expected to grow more than 50% to nearly \$1 trillion largely because of the massive tax cuts passed in 2017. Nearly two-thirds of those tax cuts went to the top 20% of taxpayers. The tax cuts triggered \$437 billion in stock buybacks in the second quarter of 2018—which mostly benefitted CEOs and shareholders. Between 2016 and 2017, average CEO compensation grew more than 18%, while average worker compensation grew by 0.2%. Hate crimes in the ten largest cities rose 13% in 2017, the largest increase in a decade. The number of refugees admitted into the U.S. in 2018 was 77% less than it was in 2016. The number of immigrant children in detention dramatically increased 433% between 2017 and 2018. —*Mother Jones Magazine – Nov/Dec 2018.*

CLIMATE CHANGE NEWS

According to a study by the National Academy of Sciences, our fossil-fuel industrial economy has made for the fastest climate changes our Earth has ever seen.

The last time climate on Earth saw nearly as drastic and rapid a climate shift, according to another new study, came some 252 million years ago, and that shift unfolded over the span of a few thousand years. That span of time saw the extinction of 96 percent of the Earth's ocean species and almost as devastating a loss to terrestrial creatures.

In addition, Antarctica is losing six times more ice per year than it did 40 years ago, according to a new study by glaciologists at the University of California, Irvine; NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory; and the Netherlands' Utrecht University.

In the Arctic, melting ice from glaciers and surface ice is adding about 14,000 tons of water into the ocean every second, according to a study by researchers in the U.S., Canada, Chile, the Netherlands and Norway.

—*counterpunch.org*
—*pugetsoundblogs.com*

NUCLEAR WEAPONS POLICY

On February 2 the U.S. will withdraw from the landmark Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces (INF) treaty, signed by the U.S. and Soviet Union in 1987.

On The Line is compiled and edited by Mike Wisniewski.



THE HOUSE JOURNAL

Welcome once again, *Agitator* readers, to the quadrangular enjoyment zone known as The House Journal, where the veil is lifted to reveal the esoteric goings-on at Hennacy House.

We promised last issue to provide an update on our Thanksgiving and Christmas 2018 experiences. In short, both were great! In long: We had a great Thanksgiving. Friends near and far joined us for a relaxed and convivial atmosphere. Folks from the Skid Row community graced us with their kind presence and we watched football, chatted, and enjoyed great snacks by our **Susan Dietrich** before the main event of a huge dinner (bacon-draped turkeys by **Theo Kayser**, cooked to an old family recipe by **Donald Nollar**), a lot of desserts (pies by former community member **Micah Wullschleger**, who with his partner **Jen Rivera**, visited from San Diego), and an atmos-

phere of convivial conversation.

Christmas saw the traditional tree-decorating party, wherein someone bravely goes into the recesses of the spidery basement to retrieve boxes of festive cheer. Everyone helped with decorating the tree, and houseguest **Alberto** made some special decorations for the house, as well.

On Christmas Eve, the household observed our traditional Secret Santa Mayhem, and Santa brought presents for everyone. We drank apple cider, ate copious amounts of festive cookies and sang carols to the accompaniment of piano and guitar music. Houseguest **Maria** made a legendary feast for dinner.

Down at the Hippie Kitchen, a heavenly flock of choristers from the **Angel City Chorale** graced our garden with festive music for our guests to enjoy, and at Christmas we served much appreciated candy, cookies, and coffee to our friends.

On New Year's Day we enjoyed a wonderful breakfast prepared by superlative community friends and volunteers **Albert and Linda Wingate**.

Earlier in December, we were honored to have the Walk for Hunger undertaken by the intrepid students, alumni, parents, and staff at **St. Paul High School**. LACW **Kaleb Havens** accompanied them from their starting point in East L.A., and others joined in the procession as they passed Hennacy House. One particularly special walker was former community member **Alecia Stuchlik**, visiting us from Torrance, who joined us for a brief weekend getaway. It was delightful to see her and her family, **Eddie, Hazel, and Jesse**. We were inspired by the energy of the young people walking to support our soup kitchen, and touched by the teachers and alumni who shared stories of their inspiration by walk inaugurator, **Dan Jiru**.

On the same day, the annual memorial for the four churchwomen murdered in El Salvador in 1980 was held. **Jeff** and **Catherine** attended this longtime observance of the faithfulness and sacrifice of these women.

Also in December, the community attended the annual L.A. County memorial for the folks who had passed away and whose bodies remained unclaimed. The service, organized by **Fr. Chris Ponnet**, has beautifully grown over the years to include celebrants of various faiths, music, flowers, and attendance of many people from around the L.A. area. We remember that burying the dead is a "work of mercy" and are humbled to participate.

We had a coterie of visitors this past while. We were delighted to see former summer intern **Mayer Cook-Tonkin** for an all-too-brief visit at Christmas-time, as she traveled back from Mexico to her homeland of Australia.

We had a month-long visit from a former Portland L'Arche community member, **Robin Benedict**. It was so helpful and enjoyable to have Robin here with us as he helped in our work.

We were also joined by Loyola High School student, **Daniel Magahis**, who was undertaking his school's senior year off-campus experience component. LACWer (and former teacher) **Matt Harper** oversaw our intrepid student intern, and **Daniel** faithfully partook in our fine array of cleaning and service chores. Of note, he both helped prepare the accommodations of the Olympia foot care team and also helped them for many days as a foot care go-fer.

Longtime community friend **Benny** again joined us for his annual winter sojourn, helping us with our daily work and taking time to connect with and encourage many different folks at the house and in the wider community. He also organized a much-

appreciated poetry reading at Hennacy House and led a culture critique on ways to dismantle the "filthy rotten system."

Benny's friend **Charles**, also from Ireland, joined us for a second visit. Charles blessed us in many ways, with his carpentry skills (windows that have not opened in decades now open! This will be a real game-changer in the hot weather!), with his thoughtful conversation, and as a stellar assistant to the Olympia foot care team.

As you may have guessed from previous allusions, the Olympia foot care team returned to deliver quality, compassionate foot care to dozens of weary footsore friends from the Skid Row community. **Rev. Kathleen, Maggie, Nancy, Judy, and Saima** returned to greet and care for people downtown. They not only provided foot care, but also caring conversation, hot herbal tea, and a safe place to relax and even nap.

A group of community and volunteers attended **Karán's** Celebration of Life Memorial hosted by her family in Mission Viejo. As per **Karán's** instructions, the event was held outdoors and included a taco bar. **Karán's** daughter, **Maren**, organized a beautiful and touching event, and read a thoughtful, funny, and moving letter that **Karán** had written to have read at the event—a meditation on life, facing cancer, and her values and experiences. Photos, objects, and documents related to many aspects of **Karán's** life—as a writer, actor, and Catholic Worker—were arranged on different tables at the site. **Maren** gave the LACW a portion of the ashes to place in the Hippie Kitchen and Hennacy House gardens, as requested by **Karán**.

House Journal is written by Sarah Fuller

GOOD FRIDAY ANTI-WAR STATIONS OF THE CROSS

APRIL 19 • 3:00pm

Please join the LACW for our annual Stations of the Nonviolent Cross. Meet at the Edward Roybal Federal Building - 255 E. Temple St., L.A. 90012

SEDER OF LIBERATION

Sunday, April 28 • 3 to 8pm

Throop Unitarian Universalist Church, 300 South Los Robles Ave., Pasadena, 91101
Please RSVP by April 21 to **323-267-8789** to reserve a seat and notify us if you will bring a salad or dessert for dinner. Also, please bring either a bottle of wine or juice to consume during the actual seder celebration. Thank you.

NEEDS

We are in need of mens **BELTS** - all sizes, particularly larger sizes - 36 and up.
Also **CANES**—preferably adjustable metal canes, used or new.

2019 SACRED PEACE WALK — APRIL 13-19



Walk in the footsteps of a long legacy of peace walkers and spiritual leaders to draw attention to the nuclear dangers that continue to threaten our planet, and the violent drones that monthly continue to kill people and damage the community of life in the desert. Please join us in transforming fears into compassion, and apathy into action during NDE's annual **Sacred Peace Walk** from Las Vegas to the Nevada National Security Site (NNSS).

For registration forms see: nevadadesertexperience.org

THE LOS ANGELES CATHOLIC WORKER

The Los Angeles Catholic Worker, founded in 1970, is part of the international Catholic Worker Movement, which was founded by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin in 1933. We are a resistance community that operates a soup kitchen in Skid Row, a house of hospitality in Boyle Heights, and publishes this bi-monthly publication—the *Catholic Agitator*. Visit our website - <http://lacatholicworker.org>.

CATHOLIC AGITATOR

FEBRUARY 2019 Vol. 49/No. 1

SISTER HOUSE NETWORK:

LOS ANGELES CATHOLIC WORKER:
<http://lacatholicworker.org>

1. Ammon Hennacy House of Hospitality
632 N. Britannia St., Los Angeles, CA 90033-1722
(323) 267-8789
2. Hospitality Kitchen (aka Hippie Kitchen)
821 E. 6th St., Los Angeles, CA 90021
(213) 614-9615

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY
500 W. VanBuren Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89106
(702) 647-0728 <http://lvcw.org>

ISAIAH HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY
316 S. Cypress Ave., Santa Ana, CA 92701
(714) 835-6304 <http://ocatholicworker.org>

SADAKO SASAKI HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY
1321 W. 38th St., Norfolk, VA 23508
(757) 423-5420

HOUSE OF GRACE CATHOLIC WORKER
1826 E. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19125
(215) 426-0364

KIERAN PRATHER HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY
672 2nd Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066
(650) 827-0706
<http://catholicworkerhospitalityhouse.org>

BEATITUDE HOUSE
267 Campodonico Ave., Guadalupe, CA 93434-1501
(805) 343-6322 www.facebook.com/beatitudehouse

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