



# THE PEACE AND JOY OF CHRISTMAS

This is our first attempt at printing a newsletter that will keep our friends informed of the work here. Sometimes the tone will be casual, sometimes more formal. Always we hope it will encourage communication and keep relationships alive.

*John and Kathie  
McKenna*

HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY, BOSTON

★ 23 Dartmouth Street is the new address of Boston's House of Hospitality, and a new name accompanies its rebirth: Haley House- in gratitude for the life of Leo Haley. Leo's work as director of CIC, at St. Joseph's Parish in Roxbury and with Packard Manse were expressions of his attempts at change and reconciliation, in fact his life.

The underlying premise of the house is a deep belief in the inherent dignity of every person; a belief that people respond with love when treated with love, with kindness when treated kindly, with trust when trusted, and respectfully when respected. Our aim is not to set up a value system-determining what is right and wrong-or a way of life for persons, but to allow them to form their own. The atmosphere is deliberately unstructured, informal and personal. In this situation a man is not pressured or bribed into acting in a special way, and his eventual response is free, lasting, and more fully himself.

This past month has been a busy scrubbing and painting effort with many hands joining us. The building includes 4 apartments, 3 storefronts- 2 Puerto Rican family tenants, and 6 workers (part-time). Plans are flexible at present with the storefront for the men off to a slow start. A little soup, warmth, T.V., cards, and friendship are what we offer. Dan Berrigan suggests, "For that look on his face for your hands meeting his across a piece of bread, you might be willing to lose a lot- or die a little even." To live this death often meant accepting the frustration of little measurable "success". When a man is full of confusion, even despair and hate, a deluge of patience and love is essential before he can begin to trust himself or those concerned about him.

Over the months spent at Upton Street and certainly here, a wonderful variety of people have participated in the house, building friendships which will diminish occupational, financial and educational barriers. The learning experience for everyone has been a realization of the humanness we all share and how much we can teach one another. Maybe it is with this kind of interrelationship which will begin to build a community rather than a society.

# THE SOUTH END

REV  
BOB  
KENNEDY

The other day, a friend of mine- from time to time associated with the House of Hospitality-lamented the odoriferous task of removing refuse and rubbish from the basement of the new building. We remarked, not without sarcasm, that he would need a gas mask. Having been in the basement myself perhaps a hunting rifle would be more of an asset. Not all the work is unpleasant, however. The apartments on the second and third floor are spacious, filled with light and airy.

And here I depart for a moment, by way of parenthesis, to relate an unusual, singularly odd event. I saw E. Camillus Curley. Best anyone throw their hands in the air in disbelief and cease reading the rest of this report, permit me to relate the details. I recognized him right away, the winsome smile, the Jimmy Durante profile, slightly subdued. He was riding along Dartmouth St. when he saw me and stopped. We went over to the storefront for coffee. Ed looked about, liked the project and promised to assemble some workers from the parish for the unlimited scrubbing, painting and general repairs presently underway. Bill Kremmell came down later in the week and, viewing the faded and grimy wall, said he likewise will respond with workers, paint and brushes. Anyone else, with groups young or old, looking for this kind of opportunity, please step forward. If you have no group, come alone. Every hand is helpful.

Since my last report, John McKenna has applied for the status of conscientious objector under the Selective Service Act. He would like to receive alternative service, the option permitted to those who receive 1-0 status. His local draft board has turned down his request; apparently, they believe that a Roman Catholic cannot be a 'CO'. Anyone who has read chapter 5 of the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World, however, should recognize that solid ground exists for the Catholic 'CO'!

In the practical order, the question of conscientious objection is extremely ticklish. Emotions tend to run very high against those who have a conscientious scruple against a specific war or war itself. Roland Warren, professor of Community Theory at Brandeis, in a letter to the Globe on October 16, presents a good perspective on the problem. He criticizes Ralph McGill-ordinarily a fair-minded journalist-for praising "an especially heroic action of an

American unit in Vietnam" and then jumping "from a sense of admiration for the valor of individual soldiers to an emotional state in which he "cursed deeply and eloquently the groups at home who made more difficult that job (of soldiers) by their seminars and acts that keep saying we must have peace. "Feroism," Warren writes, "can be both moving and admirable, but this does not preclude the possibility that the policy which puts them there is both tragic and immoral."

It is in deciding against a specific war or war itself, especially under modern conditions, as failing to meet moral requirements that sets a few men apart from the community, in many cases, making them the object of scorn and vituperation. The Council has spoken of the "frightfulness of war" and seems to desire that the community look upon men with a conscientious scruple about bearing arms in a kindly way, for are not all men of good will everywhere engaged in a common struggle to eliminate the blight of war from the face of the earth?

It is my conviction that John is sincere in his position of non-violence. In a real way, like the man in military combat, he risks his life in the work he does and in the neighborhood in which he lives. He is, in fact, in more meopardy than the ordinary serviceman who never sees battle.

The South End can be a violent place and, like inner cities across the country, this area needs men and women who will make peace, who will attempt to reconcile men, one with another. The South End can, indeed, be violent and tragic and yet in its poverty and weakness it retains its own singular beauty:

Winter's ragged hand would sternly bear  
Before the public gaze each  
alley of neglect,  
Each statistic grim; and snare-

But South End Summer skies  
are just as fair  
As cover the glory of the  
State house dome-  
and love and hope have found  
abiding places there.

William Treadwell

# THE DUTCH CANON

This is an English translation of the recently composed Dutch canon of the Mass written by a Dutch Jesuit poet. Fr. Jungmann has recommended it to the post-conciliar commission on the Liturgy as the best of the experimental canons he has seen. This is not an official translation, but merely a "rough" translation conveying the meaning of the Dutch.

James L. Empereur, sj

## PREFACE

We thank you, Almighty Lord God,  
that you are a God of people,  
that you are not ashamed to be called our God,  
that you know us by our name,  
that you keep the world in your hands.  
For you have made us and called us in this life to be  
united to you, to be your people on this earth.  
Blessed are you, maker of all that exists.  
Blessed are you, who have given us space and time to live  
in.  
Blessed are you for the light of our eyes and for the  
air we breathe.  
We thank you for the whole of creation,  
for all the works of your hands,  
for all you have done in our midst,  
through Jesus Christ, Our Lord.  
Therefore, we praise your majesty, Almighty God, with all  
the living.  
therefore we bow before you  
and adore you with the words:  
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD OF ALL THE LIVING.  
EARTH AND HEAVEN ARE FILLED WITH YOUR GLORY,  
WE BLESS YOUR NAME.  
BLESSED IS HE WHO WILL COME IN THE MIDST OF  
HIS PEOPLE,  
WE BLESS YOUR NAME.

## CANON

Blessed are you, Almighty God,  
Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,  
Blessed are you.  
For before the foundation of the world  
you chose us and destined us to become your  
children.

You have liberated us from the power of darkness  
and brought us into the kingdom of your beloved Son.  
He is the image and shape of your glory,  
for him the universe was made.  
In him we have received redemption  
and forgiveness of sins.  
On the night on which he was handed over  
he took bread in his hands.  
He lifted his eyes to you, God, his Almighty Father,  
he thanked you and broke the bread,  
and he gave it to his friends with the words:  
Take and eat, this is my body for you.  
Thus he also took the cup,  
said a prayer of thanks over it and said:  
This cup is the new covenant in my blood  
which will be shed for you and for all unto the for-  
giveness of sins.  
Each time you drink this cup  
you will do this in memory of me.

When we eat of this bread and drink from this cup  
we proclaim the death of the Lord until he comes.

Therefore, Lord, our God,  
we place here this sign of our faith.  
And therefore, we commemorate now that he had to suf-  
fer and die,  
but most of all that he is the first-born from the dead,  
the first-born of the whole creation;  
that glorified at your right hand he speaks on our  
behalf;  
and that he will come to do justice to the living and  
dead  
on the day which you have appointed.

We pray, Lord, our God, send over us your Holy Spirit,  
the Spirit who brings to life the power of Jesus Christ.  
We pray that this bread and this cup  
which we offer you in humility,  
may really be the sign of our surrender to you.

we pray that in the midst of this world,  
and before the eyes of all people with whom we are  
united,  
we may live your gospel and be the sign of your peace;  
that we may support and serve each other in love,

that our hearts may be opened to the poor, the sick,  
and the dying, and to all who are in need.  
We pray that thus we may be the Church of Jesus Christ,  
united with our bishop  
and our pope  
and all believers everywhere on this earth.

Through him and with him and in him  
you are blessed and praised,  
Sord, our God, Almighty Father,  
in union with the Holy Spirit,  
today and all days,  
until eternity.  
Amen.

## POEM

BY ROBERT LAFOND

THE DRINKING MEN SAT CRUCHED AGAINST  
A WALL  
COLLAPSED LIKE FOLDING CHAIRS, TO SUN  
THEIR SPIDER-THIN LEGS.  
THEY SHARED BAD WINE AND YAWNED WASTED  
FACES  
TO POUR AND SPILL DOWN WHITE SPITTLE LIPS.  
THEY GAZED MONOTONDUS YELLOWING EYES  
UPON ALLEYS OF FRACTURED GLASS,  
OLD NEWSPAPERS DRAGGED ALONG  
MORNING STREETS  
THE RUSHING OF SHADOWS, BLENDING,  
ETHEREAL,  
OF ALCOHOLICS DROPPINGS - BOTTLES  
FRAGILE AND AZURE  
AT THEIR HANDS AND FEET, LUMINOUS  
AGAINST A WALL.

# BOYS CLUB?

A short time ago, after noticing a certain group of teenagers who frequented our corner and steps, the idea of a 'boys club' was discussed by John, Kathie, and myself. Originally it was simple - let them have one of the three storefronts as a place, especially in winter, to 'hang around in' - partly to accomodate, and maybe to become in some way helpful to them. It is difficult for me to explain in specific terms what the club will be like in the future. Its visible sign might be nothing more than a pool hall, or maybe as an extention of that, a meeting place. Whatever else this storefront grows into depends mainly on what the South End, with its violence, anarchy, freedom, poverty, and garbage has allowed the young minds and hearts of 12 to 15 boys, tough lonely boys, to feel and know.

In discussing the club with some of the boys I discovered a desperate need from them to attach themselves to something or someone whom they could be responsible for. A division exists between these kids who have no place to play football but a hard-top school yard, which is off-limits per order of the police; who have none of the nicities such as money, cars, nobby-pine recreation rooms; who have been taught by the police and unfriendly neighbors to be tough - take what you can get, and the adult, sober weary tired life of poor impatient, hard working people who have only enough time to make a poor weeks pay and chase the kids off the streets into deeper disrespect and retaliation. A pool hall, or meeting place might not change much of this; yet the hope grows that myself and the rest of the people here at Haley House can somehow reach a greater feeling of humanity in the lives of these kids.

If it is possible, and I guess many things are possible, the club will have no set structure, or religious morals governing the actions between the kids and the rest of the house. Whatever human behavior results will hopefully be a manifestation of growing personal relations. I think that if love, as we wish we knew it, and have seen glimpses of, is to be any part of this storefront, we are all going to have to act wisely and openly to keep from behind the '8' ball!

*Paul Guertin*