“...because of some mysterious dynamic, John recognized early in his life that outside of God’s will there was no real hope, no real life, no real joy and no real peace.”
Love is always patient and kind; it is never boastful or conceited; it is never rude or selfish. It does not take offense, and is not resentful. Love takes no pleasure in other people's sins, but delights in the truth. It is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope and to endure whatever comes. Love does not come to an end.

1 Cor 13

Thousands upon thousands of times John said this, not for the purpose of gaining merit with God, but for the purpose of knowing God, and for the purpose of living as God wanted him to live. For sin is nothing other than the refusal to love as Christ loved. And so, to know John... was to see 1 Cor 13 enfleshed, and embodied, and incarnated. But be assured, we are living in a world where great powers of darkness are constantly surrounding us, constantly assaulting us. If John was a living incarnation of 1 Cor 13, he paid the price of discipleship to be that. His choice, in his freedom, his total rejection of work and violence, regardless of who used it, was based on the fact that outside of God there is nothing, and that those activities were utterly contrary to the will of God as revealed by Jesus Christ. This insight was not the result of intellectual reflection; it was ultimately the result of the fruit of communion with God, established through prayer. It was the result not of knowing concepts, but of knowing God.

Homily at John’s funeral
Fr. Charles McCarthy

You're gone
my twenty-four year old
beautiful brother
gone to join the martyrs of El Salvador
for whom you prayed
Dorothy Kazel
Maura Clarke
gave up all their lives
martyrs of all the centuries

You're gone
my twenty-four year old
beautiful brother
to join those you revered:
Franz Jagerstatter, St. Francis
Dorothy Day

gone
to Filaretus’s tortured son
John the Baptist,
Mary, the Mother of
Jesus.

You are broken now
in the light
you so sleeplessly sought.

It is all revealed to you, John,
even though I’ll never again
see your steady back
bent over dishes
at any sink,
touch your hands,
feel the promise
of your near embrace.

It is all revealed to you, John,
even though I’ll never again
test the depth
doing your eyes
of your mouth
that said once
more than your mouth
now felled shut
like a flower.

COMMUNION + COMPASSION + COMMUNITY
J O H N + L E A R Y
PRAYER + POVERTY + PEACE

So much has been written spoken, remembered about
John—and it will continue to be so. This newsletter is
an attempt to share a few of these reflections with
you.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY DAVID MANZO

2.
I am not trying to relate all that was said, rather trying to describe the state of John's relationship to life, his work, his faith, as seen by a relative stranger.

He thanked me, as we parted, for having walked with him,otten off at Central Square—a thank you which felt gracious, or humble, or generous under the circumstances—definitely genuine.

I returned to the white house, 55, of Pax Christie in the afternoon for a place to make telephone calls exploring non-defense-related employment alternatives. He was in a meeting, occasionally glancing out at me. At one point he came out briefly, said Jim and Louise were coming by, we might get a ride back to Haley House. My telephone calls delayed somewhat Jim's departure. John had asked him to wait for me. As we started to leave, John spoke to me from the room where the meeting was still in progress: "going to stick around till the meeting was over, then jog home," he explained with a smile. We left; he was working.

Memories of John Timothy Leary jotted down on the evening of Tuesday, August 31, 1982. A.D. by the man that had slept in his room the night before.

Dear John,

My prayers and love go out to you.

I hope you can hear me speak. Everybody is missing your comforting face. I'll miss you and I'm sure everyone you came in contact with will too.

Even though I hardly knew you, your presence has surrounded my heart and feelings towards you.

I talked with Beth last night, and told her about our discussion Monday night about weapons and violence. I now can understand where your anger was coming from.

I hope that in some way your spirit will shine through in me, to help me find a true and desirable life.

Valery, a guest staying at Haley House, at the time of John's death.
Miserere

Lord,
welcome this instrument of your peace.
Where there was hatred, indeed he showed love.
He suffered injury, and pardoned.
There is no doubting his faith.
He was our light,
our joy,
the best among us, and we
had hoped...

But today, Lord, we despair.
We are drowning in a flood
of dark sadness bursting from within;
a darkness
and a sadness
that will not yield to consolation
and cannot be understood.
And we, not understanding,
are inconsolable.

We loved him! love him still,
and long to find his face again.
To touch,
to kiss...

Yes,
we remember too well
how we have been loved,
and in what ways
and at which fondly recollected moments
of these past times
in this brief, brief season of John's life.

Oh Divine Master! Grant us!
We seek so much to be consoled!

But your mystery presses hard upon us dull souls,
too accustomed to his love,
And our wretched minds and shattered spirits
cannot bear not hearing your beloved
pardon
from his lips.

So, pardon us again
If we seem to say that, Lord,
if you had been here,
our brother would not have died.
"John"

Why should I write an elegy to you
who would have seen in dying not disaster
but arrival
why should I mourn you
who must now be in God's joyous care
like you told me was there
why should I weep for you
who lived fully awake, and for others, and free;
human - nothing more nor less would do
your vision grown so clear so fast.

Your death like some Zen story
pointless, mundane: jogging, a death
spiced by jewels of wisdom, stones of truth,
the fragrance of abruptly deepened community.
a shattered alabaster jar, a buried seed,
hints and markings of God.

Are you remonstrating now about the work still to be done?
No, I can't help thinking you'd died simply because
whatever that one necessity is,
you'd somehow done it
and God didn't wait
nor did you, when the moment arrived
neither of you could hesitate
any more than lightning flash
ripe fruit falling from the tree
the moth in the candle ablaze.

Why should I write an elegy to you
your life like a smokeless fire
my love for you like a brother I'd always known
the hole in the universe like a cyclone.
You who must have died with your inner eye calm
and twinkling at some secret between you.

9 September, 1981
All my thinking and praying about John today centered on
his Christ-like commonness: his common heart, his commit-
ment to the common premise, the way he approached all of
us as a common man.
His life was common in the extreme, and so exquisitely for
the selflessness that made it so. The power of his love
is forever at work in all of
us who knew him and loved
him.

Judgment
Michael Downing '80

To be a WITNESS does not
consist in engaging in propaganda
or even in stirring people up
dut in being a LIVING MYSTERY
It means to live in such a way
that one's life would not make sense
if God did not EXIST

Cardinal Seabrook

by Joel Nigg - September 3, 1982
"He became in his short life the complete and total man for others, and those who knew and loved him testify to the love of Christ that shone in and through him..."

September 26, 1982
Harvard University
Memorial Church

I am proud to say that I was one of his teachers here, but John Timothy Leary of the class of 1981, taught me more than I taught him, and thus I mourned with hundreds of others when this ordinary boy of extraordinary grace and courage died of a heart attack at the age of twenty-four just before the fall term began. In the crowd that populates Harvard College and Harvard Square, John Leary did not stand out; he had neither wings nor halo. But the difference with John was that he discovered that life had no purpose, no meaning, no direction, and no focus apart from the purpose and focus of God. And for an attractive, able, secular to discover that in the 20th century is a minor miracle. The major miracle is that he oriented his life to act upon that discovery. He became in his short life the complete total man for others, and those who knew and loved him testify to the love of Christ that shone in and through him and illuminated the prisons where he worked as a P.B.H. volunteer, the street hostels in the South End, the derelicts to whom he gave shelter and support, his fellow activists in the peace movement, to whom he gave moral courage, and even those who disagreed with his conscientious support of the life of the unborn. And when this working class Irish Catholic boy of no profession or fame died, hundreds of us filled a great church in Jamaica Plain to thank God that in this fellow we had seen something of the light of the world.

Excerpt from a sermon:
The Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost
By The Reverend Peter J. Gomes

WEEK BY WEEK

Cold mornings have reappeared even during this Indian Summer. The line outside the storefront before breakfast is growing as it has every fall for the past sixteen years. Younger, more disturbed men come and we struggle with ways to respond to their sometimes overwhelming needs.

Our friends John Belmont and Alice Carter now have a building on Mass Ave where they make their home and are creating permanent housing for homeless families. The house has eight units—financially precarious as they attempt to rent most apartments low enough for poor families while renting others at "market" value so bills can be paid.

The elderly men and women join us for dinner Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 5 P.M. When we began this effort five years ago, four or five guests were regulars; now thirty-five come. Wednesdays we host the elderly women, the women and children from John and Alice's, interested visitors, and both the "live-in" and "extended" community of Haley House. It has become truly a family dinner.

Kathy Graunke has been living in Haley House since 1977. Besides completing her residency in pediatrics at City Hospital and working at the House in a variety of capacities, Kathy has made two extended trips to Haiti, volunteering her medical talents. This year she is attending Harvard's School of Public Health and, to ensure her studying, has moved across the street to the McKenna's.

Bill Brennan has relinquished his quarters at No. 54 and has again joined the live-in community. Billy's experience with the men and his carpentry skills are welcomed, but his depth and solid common sense are even more appreciated.

Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, sheltering the homeless, all at a personal sacrifice, is at the core of the Catholic Worker tradition—so too, standing for the works of peace rather than the works of war.

Paul Hood and Jim Levinson returned from 30 days and 7 days respectively in Billerica House of Correction for passing out a card with a quote from Anne Frank inside Draper Laboratories. They are members of Ailanthus, a non-violent peace witness group which meets at 7:30 P.M. every Sunday night at Haley House.

Stone Soup is back for the third year, busy making and transporting their nourishing brew to the parks and alleys of the city, where the hungry seek respite from the cold and violence of the streets.
A baby is God's opinion that the world should go on.

Carl Sandburg