ON PILGRIMAGE

The Seventies

DOROTHY DAY

Edited by Robert Ellsberg

ORBIS BOOKS
Maryknoll, New York 10545

INTRODUCTION

As Dorothy Day entered the final decade of her life, she remained vitally active and engaged in the mission of the Catholic Worker, the movement she had founded in 1933 with her mentor Peter Maurin. It was Maurin who had inspired her, in the heart of the Depression, to start a newspaper proclaiming the radical social message of the Gospel. That message was rooted in the recognition that Christ left himself in the form of the poor, so that what we did for them, we did directly for him. It was a message that carried both personal and social implications for Dorothy. It meant, first of all, embracing voluntary poverty and practicing the works of mercy—feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless, clothing the naked—in a network of houses of hospitality. But it also meant challenging a system that gave rise to injustice and so much need for charity. And more: it also meant pointing in the direction of an alternative society, living out and modeling in the present a new set of values based on the priorities of community, solidarity, and love. Borrowing an old phrase from the radical Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) union, Dorothy liked to speak of "building a new world in the shell of the old."

That vision had carried the Catholic Worker through four successive decades: from the labor struggles and unemployment of the 1930s; through the 1940s, the decade marked by a second world war and the dawn of the atomic age; through the 1950s, the era of Cold War tensions, when the Catholic Worker embarked on a new era of activism for the cause of peace; and finally through the 1960s, a decade of political and cultural turmoil that left an indelible mark on the whole world, including the Catholic Church. Throughout all this, generations of Catholic Worker activists and volunteers had come and gone. Yet now, in the seventies, Dorothy remained—still traveling widely, still living among the poor, still embracing an ethic of radical nonviolence, still reporting and lending her support to

local struggles for justice and experiments in gospel living. At the age of seventy-two, she was no longer just the face of the Catholic Worker movement; for many people she had become a living icon of faith in action.

As the decade of the seventies unfolded, America was still reeling from the protests and turmoil of the preceding decade. The war in Vietnam continued, and even escalated, with incursions into Cambodia (1970) and Laos (1971), and escalations in U.S. bombing of North Vietnam (1972). Many young people from the CW movement were still in jail or facing imprisonment for refusing to cooperate with the draft or other acts of nonviolent resistance. Dorothy supported their willingness to pay such a personal price for their commitment to peace.

In 1972 Dorothy once again faced the challenge of offering her own personal witness for peace and a demonstration of her fidelity to principle. In April she was notified by the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) that she owed nearly $300,000 in back taxes and penalties. As a matter of principle, the Catholic Worker had never registered as a tax-exempt charity, believing that no government recognition was necessary for fulfilling Christ's mandate of the works of mercy. The community was entirely supported by contributions, but neither Dorothy nor any member of the community received a salary for their work. At the same time, Dorothy was strongly opposed to the huge percentage of the federal budget dedicated to the military and preparations for war. It was unthinkable to her that she would contribute to such spending. (In contrast, in keeping with her commitment to subsidiarity and the common good, she willingly paid local property and state taxes.)

It is likely that the government's action in 1972 was part of a larger effort by the Nixon administration—later exposed—to use the IRS to retaliate against anti-war and dissident organizations. In any case, the government and the Catholic Worker seemed to be on a head-to-head collision course. It was entirely possible that this could result in the seizure of St. Joseph House and the Catholic Worker farm in Tivoli, New York. At the age of seventy-four, Dorothy faced the real possibility of becoming homeless. In her column of May 1972, she explained her position to her readers.

> It is not only that we must follow our conscience in opposing the government in war. We believe also that the government has no right to legislate as to who can or who are to perform the works of mercy... I'm sure that many will think me a fool indeed, almost criminally negligent, for not taking more care to safeguard, not just the bank accounts, but the welfare of all the lame, halt, and blind who come to us. Our refusal to apply for exemption status in our practice of the works of mercy is part of our protest against war and the present social "order" which brings on wars today.

Ultimately, this episode had a happy ending. In June Dorothy and several fellow Workers attended a conference with a litigation attorney from the Department of Justice and reached a verbal settlement ("couched in more human and satisfactory terms than the notice we later received"). In effect the government decided to pretend that the Catholic Worker was a registered non-profit organization and the matter was dropped. Adverse publicity may have played a role in this retreat; or perhaps it was something in Dorothy's expression of conscience that persuaded the government to yield before an immovable force.

DOROTHY CONTINUED TO SUPPORT acts of protest and resistance in the cause of peace. With the end of the Vietnam War in 1975, members of the Catholic Worker took up again the cause of nuclear disarmament as well as protests against the construction of nuclear power plants. Dorothy blessed such efforts, regretting that old age allowed her to participate only through her prayers. But she continued to believe that the prophetic work of the Catholic Worker was about more than protest—it was always about proclaiming and pointing to a different possible world.

Unlike many radicals, she did not look back on the sixties with nostalgia. She remembered that decade as an angry and bitter time. Much more constructive work, she felt, was being done in the seventies. She pointed in particular to the renewal of interest in the land, community, cooperatives—those constructive efforts to create, as Peter Maurin called it, "a society where it is easier for people to be good." In that light she was particularly inspired by the work of

Cesar Chavez to build a union of farmworkers by means of Gandhian nonviolence. And in 1973, at the age of seventy-five, she proved that she was not too old for a final "sojourn in jail."

For many years Dorothy had ardently supported the cause of the farmworkers, who were excluded from labor laws protecting the rights of workers to form unions. Cesar Chavez, a courageous Mexican-American organizer, himself the son of migrant workers, was the first to mount a successful effort to organize these workers into a union. Deeply rooted in his Catholic faith, relying on marches, fasts, boycotts, and other nonviolent methods, and maintaining an ascetic personal discipline of voluntary poverty, Chavez had won wide national attention and support. In January 1972 Dorothy traveled to the United Farm Workers headquarters in California and stayed with Chavez in his home in Delano. She described his cause as more than a simple labor struggle; it was, she believed, a deeply spiritual movement to promote justice and a new social order.

In August 1973, while attending a pacifist gathering in California, she traveled to the Central Valley, where the farmworker struggle had reached a critical point. A judge had issued an injunction forbidding picket lines by striking farmworkers outside the grape vineyards. She decided to join the farmworkers in the prohibited picket line, resting occasionally on a folding cane-chair. An iconic photograph of the time shows her sitting peacefully on her chair while burly police officers, equipped with guns and night sticks, stand on either side. She was arrested with 150 others, including many nuns and priests, and charged with "remaining present at the place of a riot, rout and unlawful assembly."

Dorothy was held for nearly two weeks with the other women in a prison farm, before charges were dropped and she was released on August 13. While in custody, she wrote a letter on behalf of the farmworker cause addressed to the bishops of California. Noting their possible fears of losing support from the growers if they should support the UFW, she noted:

> How wonderful it would be for you to embrace holy poverty by having wealth taken from you. . . . Forgive me for being presumptuous but Christ's words are so clear—"Sell what you have and give to the poor..." I'm most serious about this letter and these suggestions. I see empty convents, institutions, academies, novitiates, and Jesus said "Sell what you

have and give alms." "Feed the hungry, house the homeless, visit the sick and the prisoner." You will reap a hundredfold.[1]

Apart from her travels to California and elsewhere in the United States, Dorothy undertook several journeys abroad. The first and most far-reaching of these trips was in August 1970, when she accepted an invitation to address a moratorium in Sydney, Australia, to protest against the Vietnam War. Traveling with her friend Eileen Egan of Catholic Relief Services, she took advantage of the round-the-world ticket to make further stops in India, Tanzania, Rome, and England. A high point of the trip to India was an extended stay in Calcutta as a guest of Mother Teresa (now St. Teresa) and the Missionaries of Charity. In their first meeting, Mother Teresa made an extraordinary gesture, pinning on Dorothy's dress the mission cross worn by members of her order—in effect, recognizing her as an honorary member of the Missionaries of Charity.

From India, she and Egan traveled to Tanzania, where Dorothy wished to observe up close the efforts of President Julius Nyerere (now Servant of God) to promote a form of "village socialism," close in spirit, she felt, to the vision of Peter Maurin. Wherever she went she carried her diary, her breviary, and a jar of instant coffee (she could not say which was the most essential).

The next year, in July 1971, she made a trip to Eastern Europe and Soviet Russia, paid for by a generous benefactor in the peace movement. Russia held many associations for Dorothy. She remembered, from her youth, friends and comrades from the radical movement who had hailed the Revolution. Two of them had died and were buried in Russia: journalist Jack Reed, her colleague on *The Masses*, and Rayna Prohme, her best friend from college. But the deeper meaning of Russia for Dorothy came from the influence of her favorite writers, Leo Tolstoy, Anton Chekhov, and Fyodor Dostoevsky (whose grave she visited). Lately a new author, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, had joined this pantheon of literary heroes. The Communist Party did not share her estimation of Solzhenitsyn, a survivor of the Gulag and increasingly regarded as a dissident and enemy of the state. Nevertheless, Dorothy used every occasion to champion

1. To the Bishops of California, August 7, 1973, in *All the Way to Heaven: Selected Letters of Dorothy Day*, ed. Robert Ellsberg (Milwaukee: Marquette University Press, 2010), 401–3.

his work. One of the reasons for wanting to visit Russia, she said, "was to set foot on the soil that produced the likes of him."

For years Dorothy had participated in an ecumenical group called The Third Hour, organized by the émigré Russian scholar, Helene Iswolsky, and she was among a select company of Roman Catholics who felt a deep sense of connection with Russian spirituality, the tradition of icons, monastic elders, saints, pilgrims, and "holy fools." Beneath the surface of modern Soviet society, Dorothy experienced her trip as a kind of religious pilgrimage.

IN HER OLD AGE, Dorothy began receiving increased recognition and honor—quite a departure from her usual marginal status, and not something she welcomed. "Too much praise," she observed, "makes you feel you must be doing something terribly wrong."

Many Catholic colleges and universities offered her honorary degrees. As graciously as she could, she declined them all. She summarized her feelings in one letter: "I am not a scholar but a journalist, and have too great a respect for learning, for the hard labor put in by the young in obtaining degrees to accept them gracefully. Also the second reason is all colleges are so tied up with the government and funding."[2] In a letter to the President of Catholic University, she elaborated on the second point, noting how many colleges have ROTC (military training programs) or receive grants for military research. "I have a deep conviction that we must stay as close to the poor, as close to the bottom as we can, to walk the little way of St. Therese."[3]

Nevertheless, she did accept a number of honors, including the Laetare Award from the University of Notre Dame, which cited her lifetime of "comforting the afflicted and afflicting the comfortable." This was among the many tributes that marked her seventy-fifth birthday in November 1972. The Jesuit magazine *America* dedicated a special issue to her. The first history of the Catholic Worker, *A Harsh and Dreadful Love: Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker Movement* by William D. Miller, was published in 1973. Another vol-

2. Letter to Sidney Callahan, September 17, 1973, *All the Way to Heaven*, 406–7.

3. To the President of Catholic University, April 12, 1971, *All the Way to Heaven*, 374.

ume, *A Spectacle unto the World: The Catholic Worker Movement*, with a text by the Harvard psychiatrist Robert Coles and photographs by Jon Erickson, was published the same year. Her friend Mother Teresa wrote her with special birthday greetings: "So much love—so much sacrifice—all for Him alone. You have been such a beautiful branch on the Vine, Jesus, and allowed his Father, the Vine-dresser, to prune you so often and so much. You have accepted it all with GREAT love."[4]

This renewed attention came at a time when Dorothy felt herself slowing down. In her column of March-April 1975 she wrote of the Buddhist teaching that a person's life is divided into three parts: the first for education and growing up; the second for continued learning "through marriage and raising a family, involvement with the life of the senses, the mind, and the spirit"; and the third period, "the time of withdrawal from responsibility, letting go of the things of this life, letting God take over." This was her way of describing her movement toward retirement: "I am . . . leaving everything to the generous crowd of young people, who do the editing and getting out *The Catholic Worker* . . . and performing the works of mercy."

But there was still one big project ahead: to open a new house of hospitality for homeless women.

For many years the Catholic Worker had operated out of a series of houses on the Lower East Side of New York. Each of them had combined editorial offices for the newspaper, a kitchen and dining room for the daily "soup line," and dormitories and small bedrooms to house the many transient and long-term guests, including both men and women. But for a long time Dorothy had been concerned about the particular plight of homeless women in New York City—sometimes known as "shopping bag ladies" because they carried all their possessions with them. She wanted to found a house devoted especially to them.

Eventually a site was found—a former music school at 55 East Third St., just two blocks north of St. Joseph House on East First Street. Its practice rooms could be adapted for use as bedrooms. There was a kitchen, an auditorium, a library, office space, and even a room that could become a chapel. With generous support from the

4. Quoted in Jim Forest, *All Is Grace: A Biography of Dorothy Day* (Maryknoll, NY: Orbis Books, 2011), 273.

Trappist Abbey of the Genesee, the Worker purchased the building. It took two years to renovate it and obtain a certificate of occupancy. But in January 1976 it formally opened. Dorothy named it Maryhouse. It would become her home in the last years of her life.

In August 1976 Dorothy was invited, along with Mother Teresa, to speak at the Eucharistic Congress in Philadelphia. Her assigned topic was “Women and the Eucharist.” She had never enjoyed public speaking, and she felt terribly anxious about speaking to such a large and important audience. Her anxiety was increased, however, by the fact that she had been invited to speak on August 6, not only the Feast of the Transfiguration, but a date remembered (at least on the Catholic Worker calendar) as the anniversary of the first atomic bombing of Hiroshima. Compounding her concern was the discovery that the congress organizers had scheduled on that same date a Mass for the Armed Forces. Dorothy struggled with how to speak to this situation.

After describing the work of the Catholic Worker, she went on to express her love and gratitude to the Church, which had taught her “the crowning love of the life of the Spirit.” But from the Church she had also learned that “before we bring our gifts of service, of gratitude, to the altar—if our brother has anything against us, we must hesitate to approach the altar to receive the Eucharist. . . . Penance comes before the Eucharist. Otherwise, we partake of the Sacrament unworthily.” This led her to remember the significance of August 6. “Our Creator gave us life and the Eucharist to sustain our life. But we have given the world instruments of *death* of inconceivable magnitude.” She pleaded that “we will regard that military Mass and all our Masses today, as an act of penance, begging God to forgive us.” She acknowledged that some of the young pacifists (including members of the CW) were fasting and giving out leaflets “as a personal act of penance for the sin of our country, which we love.”

Perhaps it was the strain of this occasion, but in September she suffered a mild heart attack. She had been warned of heart trouble some years before, but now it was catching up with her. She would not travel or speak publicly again.

SINCE THE CULTURAL UPHEAVAL of the 1960s Dorothy had suffered over the rebellion of many young people against the principle of au-

thority and traditional moral norms. In a letter to Frs. Daniel and Philip Berrigan, both in prison for their anti-war activities, she wrote, "I have seen such disastrous consequences, over my long lifetime, such despair, resulting in suicide, such human misery, that I cannot help but deplore the breakdown of sexual morality. After all, it involves *life* itself. We are aghast at the continuing and spreading warfare in the world—the waste of human life, and at home too with abortion used to save the resulting consequences of our acts from suffering from the cross we imposed upon them."[5] It pained her to see many people she loved drifting away or rejecting the Church. She herself remained deeply connected to the sacramental life of the Church. She was grateful to receive permission from the diocesan chancery to maintain the Blessed Sacrament in the Maryhouse chapel. As long as she was able, she walked the two blocks to daily Mass at the local parish, the Church of the Nativity, on Second Avenue. She began her days reading Scripture and praying the morning office from her breviary; her rosary was always close at hand.

THE TIVOLI FARM closed in 1979. For some time Dorothy had moved back and forth between the city and the farm, with occasional respites at a CW bungalow on Raritan Bay in Staten Island. But as her health continued to decline she was ultimately confined to her room on the second floor of Maryhouse. There were things that lifted her spirits: the presence of so many young people who had come to take up the work; the renewed interest in the constructive aspect of Peter Maurin's program—not just protesting, but "announcing" a new social order; the Saturday afternoon opera on the radio; visits from her daughter, Tamar; and not least, her renewed connection with Tamar's father, Forster Batterham, who in her later years called her on the phone almost every day.[6]

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5. To Frs. Daniel and Philip Berrigan, May 14, 1971, *All the Way to Heaven*, 377.

6. The story of Dorothy's love affair with Batterham, which resulted in her pregnancy, the birth of her daughter Tamar, and her subsequent decision to become a Catholic in 1927, is the critical turning point of her memoir, *The Long Loneliness*. In becoming a Catholic, she felt she had to separate from Batterham, whose anarchist convictions would not permit him to marry. This cleared the path, following her introduction to Peter Maurin five years later, for her to launch the Catholic Worker.

She had written in her diary of a "great revelation" she had received in her youth: "'No matter how old I get,' I thought, with intense joy, 'I will always have the torrents of pleasure promised in the Psalms that come from reading, from study, from the association with great and noble minds.'"[7] That truth was borne out for her as she approached her death. She continued to read her favorite authors and to write short snatches for the paper, right up to the end,

THE SECOND HALF OF THIS VOLUME, drawn from the last five years of Dorothy's life, coincides with my own time at the Catholic Worker. I arrived in September 1975 at the age of nineteen, having arranged to take a year's leave of absence from college following my sophomore year. At that time Dorothy was spending most of her time at the Tivoli farm, so I had been living at St. Joseph House for several weeks before we first met. I recall the atmosphere in the kitchen that evening as word traveled: "Dorothy is here." She was held in general reverence, not only by the young volunteers, but by the long-time "guests" in the house, who typically addressed her as "Miss Day." Her very presence put everyone on their best behavior.

I was one of a number of young volunteers in the house at the time. But Dorothy took great interest in all young people, inquiring about our interests, our favorite books, where we had come from, and inevitably finding some shared connection. In my case, that was easy. "Your father gave me a kiss," she said, referring to the time my father, Daniel Ellsberg, along with Joan Baez, had visited her in a prison camp in California after her arrest with the farmworkers.

Like everyone else at the Worker, my time was mostly occupied with the business of every day: helping to serve on the morning soup line, taking turns in answering the door, interacting with guests and members of the household "family," sharing the laborious work of pasting address labels on the ninety thousand copies of the paper that went out each month, and cleaning up at the end of the day. But I also showed an interest in writing for the paper, beginning with a series of articles on the political and economic philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi. This probably drew Dorothy's attention. She believed that the work of hospitality should be balanced with study and prepara-

7. July 21, 1972, in *The Duty of Delight: The Diaries of Dorothy Day*, ed. Robert Ellsberg (Milwaukee: Marquette University Press, 2008), 509.

tion for a new world. "Clarification of thought," after all, was the first plank in Peter Maurin's program.

Just a few months after my arrival, Anne Marie Fraser, then managing editor of the paper, announced her plan to begin studies in nursing school, and Dorothy proposed that I take on the job. I was only twenty at the time and hardly qualified for such a responsibility. But Dorothy had an eye for people's gifts and potential—gifts, in many cases, that were not evident to them or anyone else. She herself had declared her "retirement" from most day-to-day responsibilities for the house and the newspaper, entrusting such duties to "the young people."

She retained the title of editor, but mostly she trusted me to find my own way. "Your job, as managing editor," she said, "is to make sure I don't sound like a fool." Naturally, I made mistakes. She didn't like it when the articles were too long (I was a regular offender of this rule), or I chose illustrations that struck her as "lugubrious." She didn't like to have too many articles by priests, even by illustrious friends like Fr. Daniel Berrigan: "This is a lay person's paper," she reminded me.

I had a penchant for proposing thematic issues—such as an entire issue devoted to Latin America, or the arms race, or perhaps more eccentrically the fiftieth anniversary of the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti (though this brought back personal memories for her). She preferred that every issue cover a range of topics, such as peace, hospitality, community, and work on the land or other projects that pointed toward a "new society in the shell of the old." My tenure was fortunately timed to coincide with the hundredth anniversary of Peter Maurin's birth, and that certainly justified a special edition of the May 1977 issue that included articles by Daniel Berrigan, Eileen Egan, Robert Coles, and E. F. Schumacher, the author of *Small is Beautiful.*

By this time Dorothy's health and energy were definitely waning. We would often meet to review the paper together, sometimes at Tivoli or at her retreat on Staten Island. As often as not, these sessions were mostly spent in her reminiscing about adventures from her youth, episodes and personalities from Catholic Worker history, or discussing favorite books by Dostoevsky or Ignazio Silone or the lives of the saints. She liked to contribute something in each issue, even if just some entries culled from her diary, "to let people know I am alive."

Long-time readers appreciated news of her family, and responded at once if she ever mentioned a book she was looking for. (I was among many beneficiaries of her appeal for a copy of *The Little Flowers of St. Francis.*) Sometimes I would reprint old pieces from the past, including the charming account of the birth of her daughter, published fifty years earlier in *The New Masses*,[8] or a transcript of a talk, or an article about Peter Maurin.

But after only two years of editing the paper, I made my own early "retirement." I worked as a night orderly with other Catholic Workers in a hospice for terminal cancer patients, and spent much of my time organizing and participating in anti-nuclear protests. Dorothy always wanted to hear updates on our activities, and especially on our "sojourns" in jail—which she counted among the Works of Mercy: an opportunity to "visit the prisoner." In one case, while fasting in solitary confinement in a jail in Colorado, I received a postcard from Dorothy. It was an aerial picture of Cape Cod, with her inscription: "I hope this image refreshes you, and does not tantalize you."

I continued to write regularly for the paper, including a sprawling piece that spilled over two issues of the paper, recounting the contents of Dorothy's FBI file, which I had obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. As I shared some of the highlights of this chronicle with her, she was taken by this characterization that J. Edgar Hoover, the Bureau's notorious director, had penned:

> Dorothy Day has been described as a very erratic and irresponsible person. . . . She has engaged in activities which strongly suggest that she is consciously or unconsciously being used by communist groups. From past experience with her, it is obvious she maintains a very hostile and belligerent attitude toward the Bureau and makes every effort to castigate the Bureau whenever she feels so inclined.[9]

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8. See "Having a Baby: A Christmas Story," *The Catholic Worker*, December 1977 (originally published in *The New Masses*, June 1928). See *Dorothy Day: Selected Writings*, ed. Robert Ellsberg (Maryknoll, NY: Orbis Books, 1992), 27–32.

9. Robert Ellsberg, "An Unusual History from the FBI" (two parts), *The Catholic Worker*, May 1979 and June 1979.

"Read that again," she requested. "He makes me sound like a mean old woman!"

In one of our meetings, I made the halting confession that I had decided to become a Catholic. There was a long pause, and then she asked—not for the first time—"You were raised in the Episcopal Church?" Yes, I answered. Usually, this would elicit her comment that, after all, the Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics were very similar. But on this occasion she squinted mischievously and said, "Well, I always thought that the Episcopal Church was a little 'well-to-do.'" On the day when I was received into the Church, Holy Thursday in 1980, she presented me with an old copy of René Bazin's biography of Charles de Foucauld. It was not until many years later, as I transcribed her diaries, that I realized our encounter had occurred just as she was mourning the death of her beloved sister. In her graciousness, she had not revealed any sign of her private sorrow.

I saw her for the last time in September 1980, as I prepared to make my way back to college following my prolonged hiatus. "Well, now you will have a better idea of what you want to do," she said. I think her last words were, "Don't forget about us."

On November 8, she celebrated her eighty-third birthday. Three days later her doctor recognized signs of heart failure and insisted she go to the hospital. On November 17 she begged to go home. There, on November 29, in her room at Maryhouse, with her daughter Tamar by her side, she took her last breath. Returning to Maryhouse for her funeral, I saw her again in an open, plain pine coffin on the altar of the chapel. The next day she was carried by several of her grandchildren in a procession around the corner to the Church of the Nativity, where her funeral Mass occurred. Later that day she was laid to rest in Resurrection Cemetery on Staten Island.

In the March–April 1975 issue of *The Catholic Worker* Dorothy wrote: "What's it all about—the Catholic Worker movement? It is, in a way, a school, a work camp, to which large-hearted, socially conscious young people come to find their vocations. After some months or years, they know most definitely what they want to do with their lives. . . . They learn not only to love, with compassion, but to overcome fear, that dangerous emotion that precipitates violence."

I didn't know forty-five years ago, when Dorothy had the idea of appointing me managing editor of the paper, that she was also pointing me in the direction of my life's work and vocation: not just as an editor, but as *her* editor. Soon after her death I embarked on editing *By Little and By Little: The Selected Writings of Dorothy Day*. Twenty-five years after her death I was appointed by Marquette University to edit *The Duty of Delight: The Diaries of Dorothy Day* and *All the Way to Heaven: Selected Letters of Dorothy Day*. Last year I edited *On Pilgrimage: The Sixties*, and now this volume from "my" decade, the Seventies.

So, yes, at the school of Dorothy Day I definitely found what I was meant to do with my life. As for learning "to love, with compassion," and to "overcome fear, that dangerous emotion"—well, some lessons are never really finished.

Robert Ellsberg
Feast of All Saints, 2021