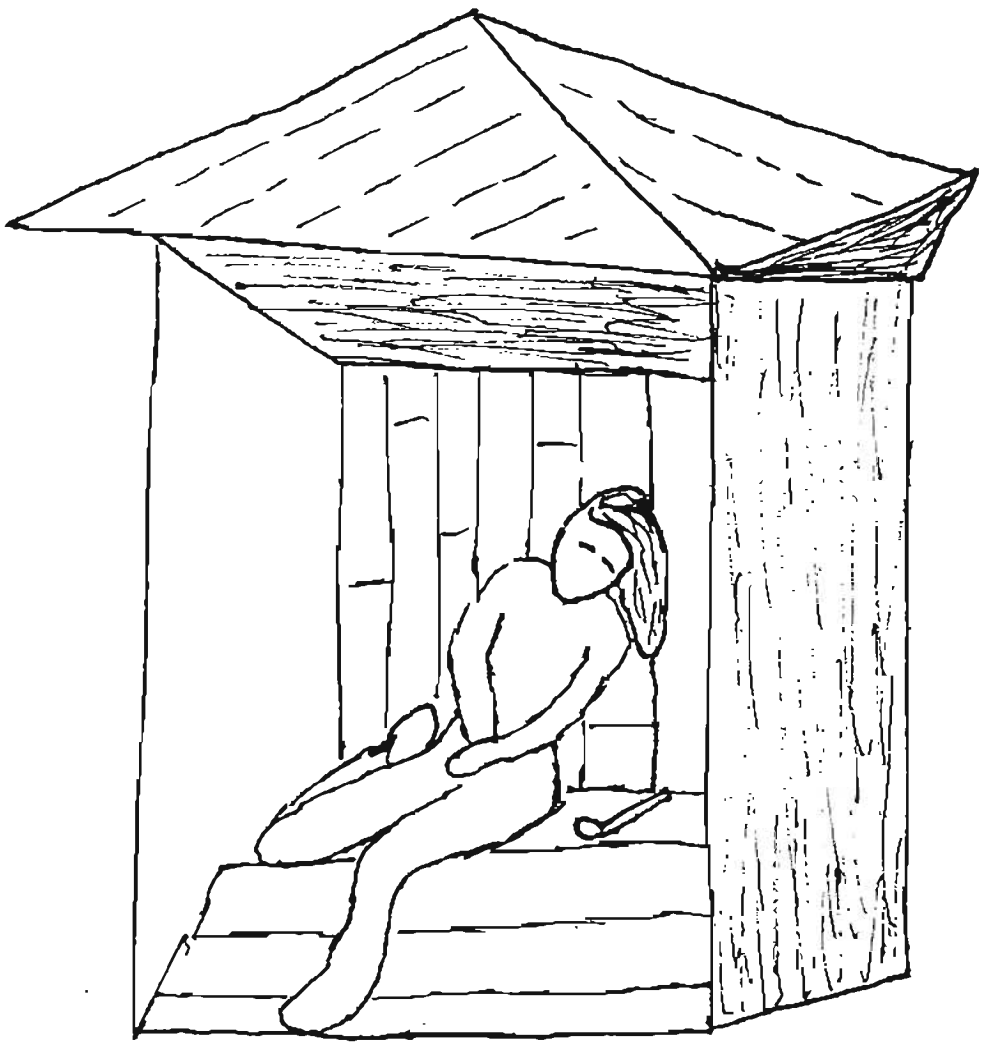
THE Round Table

Spring
1994

"...a path from where we are to where we should be." -- Peter Maurin

Hospitality in the Age of Crack



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WHY THIS ISSUE?

Unfortunately this issue chose us. Last Summer we definitely reached a low-point. Several of our guests were actively using crack, slipping out at night, stealing, and leaving their children poorly cared for. It felt as if we were becoming simply a flop house for users. Any sense of building a community or of building a new society within the shell of the old seemed to be slipping from our grasp. Of course, having women with addictions is not new to our house or to the Catholic Worker, but the extent and gravity of the problem has multiplied exponentially over the last few years due to crack cocaine.

The interview with Dr. Elizabeth Smith from Washington University testifies to the depth and breadth of the crisis among the poor and homeless in St. Louis. At Karen House we have grappled with how to respond to this reality of crack abuse and all the havoc it yields in our guests' lives and in our house. We have arrived at the point at which we do not allow people to stay with us if they are using and refuse treatment. Yet, we will generally keep the door open if they decide they want help for their addiction. We addressed this question of how to offer hospitality in the midst of this crisis to members of three other Catholic Worker Communities. Sandi Huckaby from the Los Angeles Worker lays out the dilemmas well, expressing her community's decision to establish limits on having active users stay with them while showing how they keep in sight the Catholic Worker value of Personalism. Dan Conway from Philadelphia describes his community's decision to steer their energies toward issues in their neighborhood, particularly among youth and away from offering hospitality to people with addictions. Lisa Marsella adds to these Catholic Worker reflections by describing her community's evolution in thinking and experience at Washington D.C.'s Dorothy Day House and their decision to encourage truth over lies. One of our guests at Karen House shares her experiences living with a crack addiction and her work at recovery.

Even though each person facing addiction must make the choice for healing we cannot ignore the great social responsibility we all bear for this problem. These are outlined in the Christic Institute excerpt opening this issue. We must work for a world where it is not only easier to be good, but one where it is even possible.

Kris Dennis describes the sense of community we now have at Karen House. Mary Ann McGivern describes her trip to Panama for the Economic Conversion Project, Maggie Fisher gives us a glimpse on what's happening in different countries in her "From Latin America" column, and Ellen Rehg, in her Round Table Talk ponders how love transcends space and time. And speaking of love in relation to space and time, we have a beautiful piece by Martha Crawley written for and about Ann Manganaro, which was mistakenly lost by us for the last issue. With Martha's kind permission we've printed it for you here.

Our hope in addressing this topic and in soliciting articles from other houses was to generate a Round Table discussion. We hope this is a helpful beginning. ✦

Cover illustration for
The Round Table
by Kris Dennis

- Teka Childress

the St. Louis Catholic Worker Community

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UNITED STATES DRUG CRISIS

excerpted by Mark Scheu

Excerpted and adapted from Christic Institute conference on drug crisis.

The U.S. drug crisis is, at its roots, a crisis of economic inequality, social disintegration, misplaced political priorities, and pervasive hopelessness.The victims are portrayed as the villians and the nation's drug strategy merely exacerbates the demand for harmful drugs.

The demand for drugs exists in all social strata. Our society has lost much of its capacity for intimacy, community, and human connection -- through a material culture, television, and racial and class differences. Reasons for taking drugs range from therapy, to recreation, to escape, to postponing despair.Although the press and government have portrayed the drug problem as rooted only in the underclass, all classes have these needs. Nor is drug abuse predominantly a minority problem. In fact, four out of five illegal drug users are white, according to the NIDA Household Survey of 1990.

However, a disproportionate number of illegal drug abusers are from the inner cities. Middle and upper class users, who have many more material possessions to lose (a house, job, car, etc.) often see more reasons to curb drug abuse. But in a society that increasingly robs the lower classes of "legitimate" career opportunities, drug use becomes a surrogate form of fulfillment.

The choice to use drugs, while ultimately a personal decision, is made in a social context. While unemployment, poverty, illiteracy, teenage pregnancy, child abuse and inadequate health care do not necessarily result in drug abuse, they do increase vulnerability to drug addiction. Studies have shown that the chemical component of addiction is often less influential than the external conditions that give rise to addiction.

During the past decade, there have been disturbing social and economic trends in the United States which have coincided with the growth of substance abuse problems. Between 1980 and 1988, the number of people living in poverty increased by 32 percent. Nearly one out of five children live in poverty today, including one-half of all African-American children and one-third of all Hispanic children. In addition, 31 to 37 million Americans are without any kind of health insurance.

The income gap in the U.S. between whites and blacks grew in the 1980's to the point where the average black household income equaled 56.1 percent of the average white household income. The gap between rich and poor also widened greatly during that period.

The Christic Institute (8773 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90034) is a public law and policy center. We thank them for their work and for permission to adapt this material.

The richest 2.5 million people (1%) now have nearly as much income as the 100 million Americans with the lowest income. The earnings of male high school graduates with one to five years work experience declined by 18 percent in the 1980's. Over 1 million manufacturing jobs were lost in the 1980's.

During this same decade while the military budget increased by 46 percent, the federal budget for housing decreased by 77 percent, health care by 49 percent, and job training by 48 percent.The U.S. budget has been bloated with military spending since the end of World War II. For every dollar paid in income taxes one cent goes toward housing, three cents toward education, and two cents towards food and nutrition; but some 50 cents toward the military.

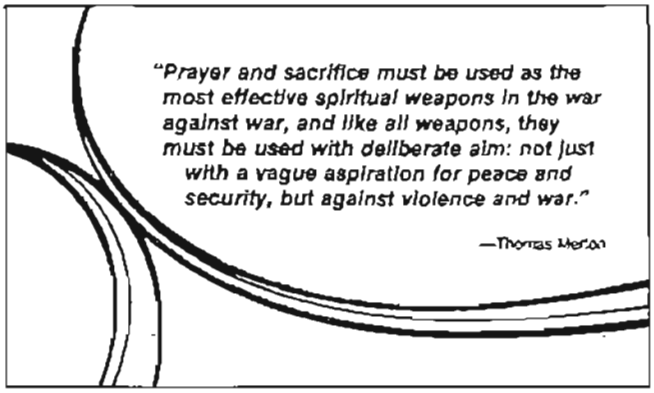
This economic and social deterioration underlies the drug crisis in two major ways, leading people to: drug abuse, as a means to escape from a desperate reality; and drug dealing, as often the only way inner city residents feel they can earn a decent income. Both of these fates lead to the crime, violence, and despair that plague our communities. Drug abuse not only leads to domestic violence and loss of productivity, but also to street crime in order to afford the drugs.

Despite common conceptions, it is not true that most of the poor are addicted to drugs. While drug use is widespread throughout all classes, the poor often bear most of the suffering caused by the drug crisis. Impoverished communities have the fewest support systems and resources, experience the most street violence and suffer the brunt of the law-enforcement crackdown. For those with enough money to afford it, treatment is available on demand. For many of the poor, the closest they will get to a program is the placement of their name on a waiting list.

Similar to all Americans, members of the urban poverty class use drugs both for treatment of illness and pain and for enjoyment. For some inner-city dwellers who exist at levels well below the poverty line, the "pain" they treat with drugs stems from being trapped in a life of degradation.Many lower class drug abusers are inner-city, unemployed, high school dropouts who learn at an early age that they are excluded from legitimate avenues to conventional forms of the "good life" and the values that earn status and respect in our society. In contrast to Americans who have greater incentive to control their illegal drug use, individuals with nothing to lose – no job, home, hope – have little reason to "just say no."

Compounding the problem is the emergence of crack cocaine in the mid-1980's. It is powerfully addictive and relatively cheap.Crack cocaine revolutionized the availability and cost-prohibitiveness of cocaine powder, which explains its impact in poor neighborhoods. A person can purchase a "rock" for as little as $5 to $20. It is the ideal "quick fix." The high is immediate and intense but short-lived. It is addictive -- the intense cravings for crack have a physiological basis that undercuts any element of personal volition or choice. Crack addiction develops and progresses much more rapidly than alcoholism.

The government response to increased crime rates has been to build more prisons and encourage police crackdowns. The prison population has nearly doubled in the last ten years, today with the highest incarceration rate in the world. The aggressive law enforcement component of the "war on drugs" fails to deter drug abuse, drug dealing, and drug-related crimes. It does, however, further alienate destitute communities from mainline society and license an assault on civil liberties. According to the Sentencing Project, about one in four young black males are in jail, on parole, or on probation.



The administration's "war on drugs" quickly emerged as a war aimed at poor communities. Like the targets of previous U.S. wars and "police actions," the black community in particular has been invaded, had its civil rights overthrown, been the victim of bias and sensationalistic media coverage and seen its youth slaughtered. Mandatory sentencing has been shown to discriminate against minority, inner-city small dealers. Distribution of five grams of crack, worth about $125 on the street, results in a five-year mandatory sentence. It would take 500 grams of powder cocaine, worth about $50,000 to receive the same sentence. Figures show that 92 percent of those arrested for crack possession were black while 85% for cocaine were white. The association of mass numbers of black youth with the criminal justice system has the potential to destroy a whole generation of young blacks and ruining the lives of tens of thousands of individuals and families. Statistics show that one half of Blacks in the U.S. will spend time in jail or prison by the time they are 29.

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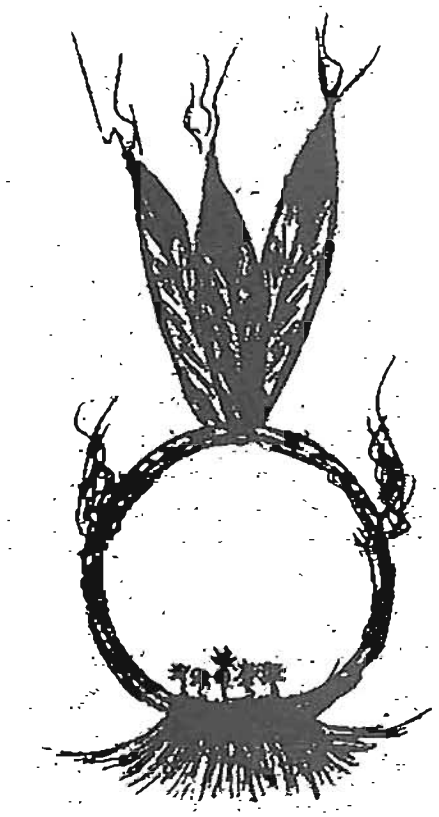
Law enforcement will not even graze the drug problem without collaborative efforts at rehabilitation and prevention. Education is one obvious and comparatively inexpensive way to prevent drug abuse. But education must be improved on two fronts:drug education -- so that youth understand the real dangers of drugs and drug addiction, and job training -- so that youth develop real skills that will allow them to enter lucrative careers other than drug dealing. Even if kids do learn the dangers of drug abuse, economic realities may still lead them in that direction. Without skills with which to enter the "legitimate" work force, many youth will be forced into drug abuse for escape, or drug abuse for survival. The cuts in the education budget throughout the eighties has only compounded the problem.

The top priority of elected officials, community and political leaders and activists has to be development for the minority and impoverished communities. Formidable public and private resources will have to be brought to bear to overcome the current situation. Job training programs will have to be created and expanded and be geared to preparing participants for careers and not just jobs. At the same time, meaningful and fairly-compensated employment must be created as a partnership of community, government and the private sector. Chief among the possibilities of government-sponsored programs is the rebuilding of the infrastructure of the cities and the building of housing for low-income and homeless people. However, while government has an inherent responsibility to treat public health crises such as the drug epidemic, society must also invest in community initiatives, which often show the greatest promise.

Prevention is obviously not an option for already addicted drug users. However, the government's punitive approach side-steps a proven remedy for many -- treatment. Approximately 70% of the federal anti-drug funds go towards law enforcement, while only roughly 30% is allocated for treatment and prevention. As a result, 90% of those who seek drug treatment are turned away due to lack of space. Where treatment has been available, generally it has worked. The Treatment Outcome Prospective Study (TOPS) looked at 10,000 individuals from 1979-81 in ten cities in 37 programs. The TOPS study concluded that three to five years after treatment less than 20 percent of those who used hard drugs (cocains and heroin) went back to using regularly. The success of treatment depends heavily on the conditions that an addict returns to afterwards. Therapists at the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic in San Francisco found that addicts with social support such as friends, family, jobs, and therapy groups are most likely to remain drug-free.

Solutions to the drug crisis must deal more effectively with eliminating the roots of the problem. While the reasons for drug use and abuse vary widely (including escape from pain, feelings of despair, stress, curiosity, recreation, peer pressure, and even a sense of alienation or powerlessness), an individual's ability to overcome or avoid drug abuse is often dependent upon access to treatment, social support networks, and availability of resources.It is no coincidence that the explosion of the drug economy, in particular street level dealing, occurred at a time of economic crisis, decrease in social supports, the erosion of the industrial base of our cities, and the devastation of many rural communities by the farm crisis. We must ultimately look at underlying social conditions which make communities and individuals vulnerable to drug abuse in order to resolve all of the ramifications of the drug crisis.



Native American Medicine Wheel

OVERPOWERING ADDICTION

CRACK USE AMONG THE HOMELESS IN ST. LOUIS

by Teka Childress

An interview with Dr. Elizabeth Smith. Dr. Elizabeth Smith is an Associate Professor at Washington University Medical Center. She recently coauthored a study on the homeless in St. Louis with Dr. Carol North. In the following interview with the Round Table she gives some of her reflections on substance abuse among the homeless that she gleaned from her research and her clinical work at Grace Hill.

RT: How would you describe your study?

Dr. Smith: Well, it really was an epidemiologic study of the homeless in St. Louis, so we sampled at random 900 homeless persons (600 men and 300 women) with the goal of trying to understand the emotional and physical health problems of the homeless...and one part of looking at the needs of the homeless was to look at their substance abuse.

RT: What were you hoping to learn from these interviews?

Smith: We were wanting to learn more about the kinds of psychiatric symptoms that homeless people experience. We found that substance abuse was the major problem and I don't think we expected the rates of substance abuse to be as high as they were.

RT: So among the homeless population you spoke with, substance abuse seemed to be the number one problem.

Smith: Absolutely.

RT: Was the rate for substance abuse higher among the homeless than among the population as a whole?

Smith: Oh, yes. Yes.

RT: Significantly?

Smith: Extremely.

RT: Do you think this is so because people who are homeless are vulnerable to substance abuse or do you think the substance abuse brings them to the point of being homeless?

Smith: It looks as though it's the latter.

RT: Did your study determine that people who became homeless partly as a result of substance abuse were mostly people who were low income?

Smith: The majority were lower income.

RT: It sounds from talking to you that most of the people you encountered who were homeless had a problem with substance abuse?

Smith: No. For the women it was about one-third.

RT: Is there any information that you know that shows any kind of increase in chemical dependency in recent years?

Smith: It does appear from the general literature that substance abuse is increasing.

RT: Do you have any conclusions as to why people began to abuse drugs?

Smith: There are so many different factors. For

Teka Childress decided that after about fourteen years in the Karen House Community it was time to join the Round Table committee.

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one thing drugs are much more available. Crack is very cheap. I think those two factors have really contributed to its use among low income and young people.

RT: Do you have hope for solutions (concerning the increase in substance abuse)?

Smith: Well, I think we're going to have to legalize drugs to deal with this.

RT: Do you think that through making drugs legal less people will use them? Abuse them? Why is this so? Has that been true with alcohol?

Smith: Yes, I think it has been. When it's decriminalized we're not going to have so much of the violence. There are people who are going to use drugs probably no matter what but many people get involved because of all the other elements that go along with this.

The other thing we have to do is start reaching kids at a very early age. I'm talking about, for example, the children of homeless mothers. There's a population that I think is at extremely high risk of becoming involved with drugs.

RT: How can we reach the children and what do we need to provide them?

Smith: I think we need to provide them with a variety of different kinds of programs early on. Many of the women are very unreliable caretakers and I think we need to provide some supports for these kids so that even if the mothers aren't able to maintain sobriety, the kids are going to have some kind of supportive environment. I guess I'd like to see programs like we started developing at Grace Hill where we provide treatment for mothers and let them have their children live with them.

This (mothers using crack) is a very hard population to treat.

RT: Because?

Smith: Because of the overpowering addiction. Crack is highly addictive and it's very hard to compete with... And the discouraging thing is that because of the lack of affordable housing in St. Louis, these women go back to the neighborhoods where there are crack dealers and where substance abuse is a problem. So it takes a really strong woman to get out of this once she's in it and it starts in a harmless sort of way. These are women who live in poverty and who have very little going for them. They've not completed school. They usually are not married. They are involved with unreliable men, maybe a series of men and they get involved usually through the men or through women friends who are users. It's sort of casual drug use and because of the addicting nature of crack they're addicted very quickly.

RT: Can you tell us more about the addictive nature of crack? How is it different than other addictive drugs?

Smith: My understanding is with most drugs it involves repeated use over time. I've heard report after report of women who indicate that after using crack once or twice they develop a craving, an extreme craving.

RT: I've heard that part of the problem with crack is that it creates a tremendous high and causes a chemical change in the brain. Then after the drug wears off everything is very flat. Is that true?

Smith: That's my understanding... that there's this rush... this exhilaration... then this flatness that follows.

RT: Is there anything you'd like to comment on I haven't asked about?

Smith: I'm struck by the violence in these substance abusing women's lives...The violence that occurs is really worrisome to me because of the children involved. Again, remembering 90% of homeless women have children, to hear the reports of the shootings and children witnessing all kinds of violent events concerns me as to whether these kids are going to be just desensitized in terms of violence... I really wonder how we can expect a nonviolent society in the future.

THE LA CATHOLIC WORKER: A NARROW PATH

by Sandi Huckaby

Lisa is a crack addict who has been a guest in our house off and on numerous times over the last several years. Sometimes she'll say she's going out for just a few hours, but doesn't return at all. She knows our house rules--that she has to choose between using drugs or staying with us. We don't run a drug or alcohol abuse program. We don't have supervision of guests or lock them in their rooms. If they don't come home at night, or if they come home high, they are asked to leave. We know that Lisa would like to stay with us permanently, but the crack addiction has such a strong

hold on her that her time with us will probably last no more than a few weeks or a month. She's tried programs, but always she returns to the crack. She's lost her family. Her two children are living with her ex-husband. Her parents have taken her back for the last time. Without money, she's forced to turn tricks to buy the drug; as a result, she's contracted the AIDS virus and hasn't much longer to live.

Sometimes we won't see her for two or three weeks, then we'll get a phone call from the hospital asking if we could come pick her up. Last time, she was in a coma for ten days and nearly died. She limps from the blisters on her feet that won't heal. She has thrush and can barely swallow. Lisa is slowly dying before our eyes and in spite of her severe illness, in spite of her will to stay, she may very well be gone tomorrow for yet another bout with crack cocaine.

We love Lisa. We worry and fret about her. We pray for her. We have long talks, take her to her clinic appointments, throw her lavish birthday parties. Many times when she's not come home, we vow, "Not again! Not this time! We're not going to take her back." But when the nurse at the hospital tells us how serious her infection, how high her fever, etc., we talk it over in our community and decide we can't let her health condition get further compromised by having the hospital just release her back onto the streets. So we bring her home, nurse her back to a better state of health, and before long she's gone again. But there will come a time when she won't be able to walk back downtown, she'll be too sick. Perhaps then her family will take her back to die at home. If not, she will die here.

Offering hospitality to crack addicts is not easy. It basically doesn't work. The only time it has "worked" with Lisa is when she was too sick to leave. But Lisa is actually more the exception to the rule. Generally, our policy is not to accept crack addicts except for a night on the couch or a week of rest and respite from the

Sandi Huckaby has been part of the Los Angeles Catholic Worker for the last five and a half years.

streets. While they're here, they have to abide by our rules which are: maintain sobriety, refrain from violence or other abusive behavior, be honest, and come home before 10:00 at night (or at least call). For the last 20 years various rules have been tried and evaluated, and these seem to be the ones that best provide a safe and reasonably healthy environment for all. There was a time when hospitality at the Los Angeles Catholic Worker was offered with no rules or regulations. I've heard the horror stories—money and cars stolen from the community and from other guests, violent attacks, throwing furniture down the stairs and out the windows...basically the same level of violence and antisocial behavior found on the streets of Skid Row. Instead of the house being a respite from such chaos, it was an extension of it. Wide-eyed, idealistic young people who had come to experience living in Christian community fled from the place in droves, and who could blame them? Who could live in such a chaotic, violent environment?

Hospitality is one thing, but endangering the safety of community and guests alike is irresponsible, to say the least.

Often when we are serving lunch at our soup kitchen, the relative calm will be suddenly (and sometimes violently) interrupted by someone who is high on crack. Our kitchen downtown has been broken into so many times we have to take turns sleeping down there, hoping that our unarmed presence will somehow thwart a potential burglar. Since a crack addiction requires a lot of money, stealing is often the means to get it. Thus our house and especially our garden have become frequent targets. We have to deal with the prevalence of crack day in and day out—we have no choice in the matter. But when it comes to hospitality, we can and do make the choice to refuse hospitality to anyone known to be actively using.

Hospitality implies that it's more than just a bed with a roof over you head. Hospitality implies some kind of relationship, and a relationship needs to be built on trust. Lies and deceitful behavior can destroy relationship. Therefore, when a guest is not being honest with us, their stay is rather short. There will be a series of incidents, abusive behavior, stealing, being under the influence, lying, etc., and it will be quite clear it's time for the guest to make other arrangements and move on. When this happens, we often feel like failures and ask ourselves, "Was this the compassionate thing to do? Was this what Jesus would have done?" It's so much easier to operate a soup kitchen--we can do that quite successfully. But when it comes to hospitality, we "fail" all the time. If nothing else, it certainly keeps us humble.

There is such certainty and comfort in always being "fair" and consistent, but for every rule, there's a new exception and reason to bend it "this time". As we've learned in Lisa's case, each person is an individual and the rule that works for one person who may need to have structure and strict boundary limits, may not be the least bit helpful or applicable to someone else. We accept the risk of being accused of inconsistency or favoritism when it comes to Lisa because the truth is she's dying. Whether she kicks her addiction or not, she's still going to die; and rules designed to help her clean up her act and get her life back together are too late for her.

And so we try and fail and try again. Sometimes the failures are especially bitter and humiliating, but we must keep trying. One thing we know is that rules are just guidelines and must never become rigid laws that leave no room for God's mercy to operate in our hearts. It is a risky and treacherously narrow path between the need to have rules and the need to treat each person with compassion and forgiveness. But it is all part of the walk of discipleship, and it is only our desire to remain faithful to God's command of hospitality that, with God's grace, we stumble and bungle our way along.

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BECAUSE EVERYTHING WE DO AND EVERYTHING WE ARE IS IN JEOPARDY. AND BECAUSE THE PERIL IS IMMEDIATE AND UNREMITTING, EVERY PERSON IS THE RIGHT PERSON TO ACT, AND EVERY MOMENT IS THE RIGHT MOMENT TO BEGIN. STARTING WITH THE PRESENT MOMENT.

JONATHAN SCHELL

THE PHILADELPHIA CW: NO FINAL ANSWER

by Daniel H. Conway

A very powerful scene from the movie "Schindler's List" impressed me. Oskar Schindler, industrialist and guardian of over 1,000 Polish Jews in World War II Crakow, hosed down and ventilated cattle pens crammed with prisoners, baking in the sweltering summer sun. Even knowing that this group's destiny was death at Auschwitz, Schindler found the patience, time, and energy to quench the thirst of his fellow humans. This is an act expected of Mother Theresa, tending to the doomed and dying. This also typifies how Catholic Worker hospitality can be done, with actions of radical, subversive charity, and a grace-filled abandonment meeting someone's immediate needs in a moment of crisis, even someone afflicted with the fatal "consumption" of the late twentieth century--addiction.

Addiction continues to shape the Catholic Worker Movement phenomenally. Many houses see mainly crack addicts knocking at their doors, forcing honest responses to this disease. Honest Gospel responses can be found in many houses and soup lines, ranging from a tough love posture to the soft, Christian-anarchist permissiveness. Relationship with addicts served in our houses is frequently reduced to shallow, manipulative experiences by many active addicts. Catholic Worker volunteers feed into this experience by exercising nobility and avoiding true, real human attachments and commitments.

At the Philadelphia Catholic Worker, we periodically face this problem of guest addiction. Having no final answers is our best answer at the moment (the Philly Worker is in good company, since the scientific method, born-again Christianity, and the ideologic's of recovery have failed track records, also). Presently, we do not accept guests with compulsive drug use; we instead refer them to groups of individuals that will work with their diseases.

We are also open to using our own interpretive skills in assessing folks who come to us frequently for hospitality at any level--for a shower, for food, for a meal. We have no hard rules regarding the use of these resources in our houses, but we urge personalism regarding intervention for addictive behavior. Therefore, before an addict becomes a long-term "regular" at dinner or for a morning shower, we ask the person to seek appropriate treatment to continue coming to our house.

Daniel H. Conway is a member of the Philadelphia Catholic Worker Community and a medical school student.

After Spirit-led discernment, our community found itself without the privilege of radical charity like Schindler. Our houses are graced, however, to stand amidst poor black and Hispanic families struggling to keep their kids away from drugs and the misery of life on the street. Families who have lived in our houses have become our neighbors. We are reticent about giving addicts cans of food that can be quickly sold, with the ultimate likelihood of further stimulating an already high-volume drug trade occurring on our street. We have chosen to respond to the needs of the youth in our community with our hospitality, an after-school program, and a summer camp.

The beauty of the Catholic Worker Movement can be found in the depth of Maurin's philosophy and praxis. We have found ourselves privileged to be called to other aspects of our Movement beyond hospitality to addicts. In light of the depth of the Movement's possibilities—and our call to answer the needs of the community around our intentional community—we have focused our energies in other directions. We sponsor a community garden, organize efforts to oppose local Catholic parish and school closings, and provide advocacy for our neighbors in any of a number of legal, medical, or social circumstances. We provide hospitality for a family, in addition to our youth activities. The issues we deal with are now entirely different. We discuss aspects of life and living—raising children, education, and futures. While not immune to recovery issues, the discussions and lies about days clean from drug use, days not clean from drug use, participation in treatment programs, and attendance at meetings have greatly decreased. Volunteers at the houses are now truly challenged to long-term relationships and commitments with the families in our houses and our neighborhood. We lack the luxury of mobility that transient relationships with addicts promote.

Personalism, communitarianism, and anarchy call each one of us to responsibility and accountability. We call others to accountability, while facing that call ourselves. When we called ourselves to account with regard to our hospitality to addicts, we found ourselves guilty of pious desires "to be nice", prideful images of ourselves as "super-Christians" living with addicts, and, for some, an inability to "say no" to requests and a fear of displeasing others.

Recently, I was on rotation at a local pediatric hospital and diagnosed a mother with Muchauser's Syndrome by proxy. This mother's disease compelled her to fake illnesses in her son of 16 months by administering laxatives to fake diarrhea, inserting formula into the child's ear to simulate a chronic, draining ear, and willfully neglecting to feed her child to falsify failure to thrive syndrome. This woman was sick with a disease compelling her to seek whatever secondary gain her child's "illness" offered. She was transferred to a physician trained and skilled to assist with these complex, difficult patients, because she was beyond my abilities to assist her or her son.

Likewise, the skills required to assist folks with the disease of addiction were not present within our community. We found that our pious desires to "love" addicts merely promoted their diseases and personal degradation. The problems of addictions at our houses continually confront us in our relationships with our fellow humans. We have no definite answers, just "arrangements" for the present time. Although we are not open to addicts living within our houses, we do recognize the sanctifying salvific, and subversive power of activities such as soup kitchens or open housing hospitality to addicts--activities as grace-filled as Oskar Schindler's thirst-quenching drenching of those doomed Jews.

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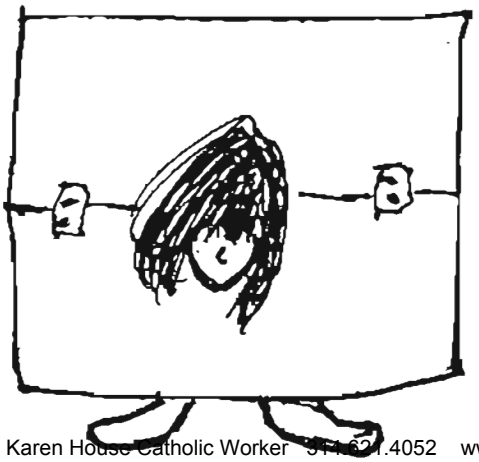
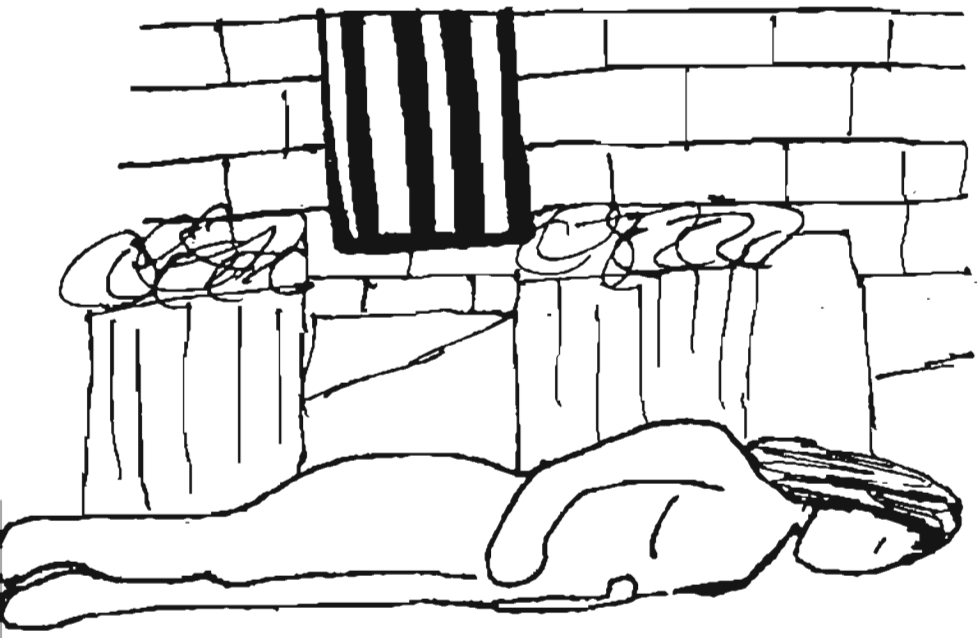
My name is Stephanie Webb, and I am a **GRATEFUL RECOVERING ADDICT.** I started smoking marijuana at the age of nine. I continued smoking it for years. My life wasn't as bad as I thought it could be. Until I was nine, I lived in a healthy environment. I began to have problems when I was taken from my mother. After that I didn't have any reason to live. My mother was all I had. I became very sad and hateful. I didn't want anyone except my mother. I began to hang around some friends and did what they were doing...

I went from family to family, and that wasn't a good way to live. I tried doing PCP once, but it wasn't the kind of high I liked. It put me in "outerspace." Years passed while I continued to smoke marijuana. In 1991 I began to hang out with people who got high all of the time. I was introduced to crack cocaine, and my life became very unmanagable. It was a living nightmare...





I used to say that I would never do what I saw other people do. I did everything I said I wouldn't do. I stole, robbed, gave up my body, and did anything crack cocaine wanted me to do.

It took over my life my life for two and a half years. That's how powerful this drug is.
It took everybody and everything I loved away from me. I didn't care whether I lived or died.
That is how crack can make someone feel...

I started to hear abot treatment centers. I told myself that it wasn't too late to get help.
I had to tell myself that I needed help, and that I couldn't do it all alone. I went into treatment, and I am clean now. I have a reason to live today. I like myself now. I have learned to live one day at a time. I learned that I have to survive an focus on my recovery today. I only have myself and one mind to think with. I know that I have to work my 12 steps, read my books, and make my meetings. Today I have my higher power, and the support of my mother.
I LOVE BEING CLEAN AND SOBER, AND I LIVE FOR JUST TODAY.

DOROTHY DAY HOUSE: THE ROAD TO RECOVERY

by Lisa Marsella

Addiction. Recovery. These are two words that have been ever-present within the minds and the hearts of this whole community at Dorothy Day House. They are words that frequently pass along our lips and form the shape of our community. These words represent the issue of greatest struggle for us.

After a string of guests slipped into relapse, some twice, we were forced to take an honest look at how we were failing to support folks in their recovery. Most of the people who come to share our house with us are either in recovery or active addicts. Almost all choose alcohol or crack as their drug of choice. We found that people in the house were continually relapsing. This is a troublesome fact to accept because sobriety is often a condition of living here. Often we had to tell our friends that they had to leave. At the same time, we felt remiss in supporting them, while expecting them to be able to be responsible for upholding the condition of sobriety to which they agreed. We found ourselves being generous in stretching boundaries because of our pain at seeing fellow community members go back out--children and all. Thus, we began to enter into the process of co-dependency.

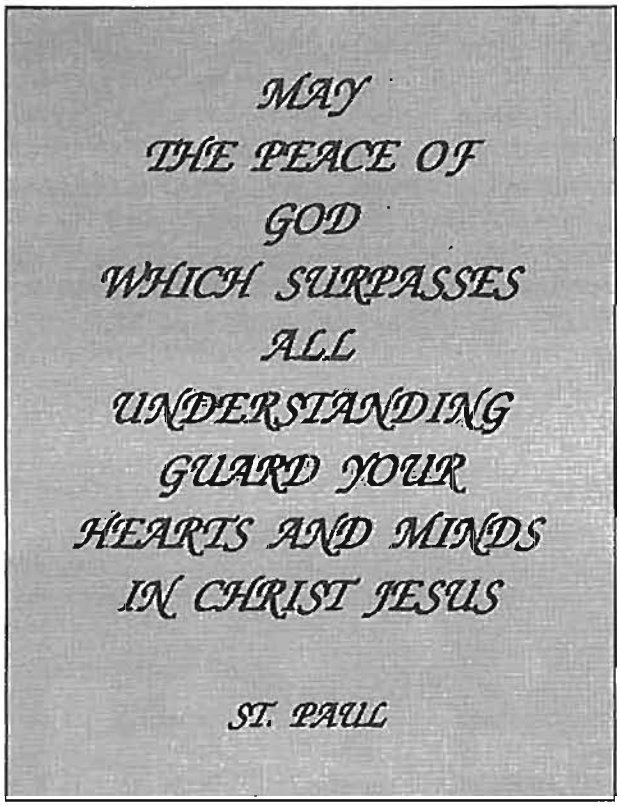
Over and over, we discussed--tore the words from our hearts--what is best to do in dealing with both active and recovering addicts. This one question plagued us; what is the most loving thing to do? Obviously we were a house of relapse, yet felt called to be a house of recovery. Then, we had to wrestle with the question of "how"?

We had to look at addiction and its effects upon our community and others' recoveries. Let me say that addiction sees no boundaries between "guests" and Catholic Workers. Our experiences transcended those lines both with myself in recovery and the chemical dependency of other Workers. We re-realized that addiction is not simply using but is a web of deceit out of which addicts live. It is cycles of lies and negative thinking, manipulation and obsessiveness whose only purpose is to nurture the addiction: to set up situations that excuse or "force" the addict to use. In our house, the effects were glaring. We were seeking to build community, which means building trust, sharing ourselves and our daily lives with each other. One fact is, whether an

addict or not, everyone is affected by and responsible for each others' recovery. When people entered into the process of relapse, which begins well before "picking up", they began to spin the web of sick thinking. They began to be deceitful, especially with themselves.

We found the house to be in chaos. The suspected addict would tell lies to some while confiding in others. The latter group would feel obliged to keep secrets in fear that the addict's use would be found out and they would be responsible for the addict's expulsion. This caused the individuals with the secrets to be deceitful with the rest of us. Of course, we wanted to believe everyone! It was obvious something was wrong. The

Lisa Marsella is a member of the Dorothy Day House in Washington, D. C. Her community describes her as a gifted writer, poetess, general plumber, and a fix-it woman with a gentle spirit and warm heart.



deceitfulness and secrets broke down trust, which breaks down community and leaves all feeling alone and hurt. Many of those carrying around these secrets and being deceitful were in recovery. Deceit is a major no-no. Rigorous honesty is the foremost requirement of recovery. So now we have the recovery of others being threatened and weakened. The duplicity was too much for us to bear: folks lying, keeping secrets, others knowing and being afraid to confront, being lied to when we did and never having substantial proof–other than overwhelming gut-feelings–that an individual was using. We understood that in order to break the cycle of addiction and support recovery, we couldn't allow ourselves to be caught in the web of addictive thinking any longer. We had to stop allowing ourselves to be manipulated, to remain clear and focused on truth and challenge denial and deceit.

This was a difficult decision because we struggled with whether or not being "tough" with people was the best way to go. It seemed harsh and almost mean to tell people that they had to leave because they were using. Yet, we knew at the same time that it was undermining the recovery of others as well as nurturing addictions to become accomplices in their lies. If we continued to help establish their addictions, then we were responsible ultimately for their deaths. Addicts will end up in one of three places: a jail, an institution or a graveyard. Could this be loving? To be involved in a process that furthered an individuals self-destruction, while poking holes in the recovery–the life–of others? We answered an emphatic "no". We decided that, like those in recovery, our priority needed to be honesty. To us that means challenging lies with the truth. It means not falling into the pit of others' deceit, but, instead, saying: you are lying; you are using.

Even though we were so sure that this was a right and good decision, we continued to second guess ourselves because we strongly believe that all people deserve shelter, clothing and food, as well as being treated with kindness and dignity. The Catholic Worker way is to love and serve all God's people. By choosing to make our house one of recovery, we are excluding a big percentage of folks who need shelter. It appears to be against the Catholic Worker understanding of hospitality; but, we feel that it, in fact, is not. We are called as Catholic Workers to live a gospel life by following the example of Jesus. Jesus calls us to love our neighbors. In no way is it loving to help someone self-destruct possibly in the process. Often what appears to be a tragedy or a terrible fate is often grace in disguise, the grace of hitting rock-bottom which is a place all addicts must visit if they are to turn upward for light and healing.

Jesus spoke the truth and lived the truth. He challenged the lies and deception of his world, of power and authority, and of all the individuals he encountered. Jesus came to bring us salvation by revealing the truth which would open the doors of the Kingdom of God to all of us. It is in accepting truth that we enter into this Kingdom of authentic, real and eternal life. to be a part of this, to be responsible for supporting and sustaining the recovery of an individual, is to be a companion on her path to God's Kingdom. We accept these wounded souls into our lives from the stance of their neediness and our struggle to fill those needs. Yet, what ends up happening is that they challenge us to more fully enflesh the good news of Christ. It is they who become God's instruments in our lives. It is mutual gift.

At the end of the month of November, our community participated in a retreat that was lead by Margaret McKenna of the ODAT community in Philadelphia. The one thing we heard over and over again was that all recovering addicts want and need honesty, to be challenged when they fall prey to their own stinkin' thinkin'. This resonated deeply within me for I know that the greatest way someone can express love for me is to be honest, especially when it is something that is hard to hear. It was validating for us as a community to hear her words. We left the retreat feeling that we were at least near the right path, if not on it. This is the path of recovery as a community: struggling with and seeing past our own co-dependent thinking and enabling behaviors. We continue to discuss, be challenged by and anguish over individual situations. We struggle to see truth, be honest with ourselves and our friends in community and to seek to choose the loving way--no matter how painful it is. Because as Christians we believe that we need to see and act out of the truth; this is the way of Christ. ✝

FROM LATIN AMERICA

by Maggie Fisher

El Salvador: Two recent reports--one by the United Nations, the other by the U.S. State Department--together revealed the full story of the murder of the four North American churchwomen in El Salvador in 1980. The UN report declared that the assassinations were ordered by high military officers. The U.S. State Department's report, referring to former Secretary of State Haig's comment that the missionaries "may have tried to run a roadblock," noted that his "statement was a clear mistake which should have been labeled as such immediately." Maryknoll, 12/93

The December 6, 1993, New Yorker was almost entirely devoted to the Salvadoran military's 1981 massacre of more than 1,000 civilians in El Mozote. The magazine reports that "no fewer than 10 (North) American advisers" were working with El Salvador's Altacatl Battalion which committed the murders.

Please pray for the important elections on March 20. That day an Inter-faith worship service sponsored by The Inter-Faith Committee on Latin America (IFCLA) will be held at the Overland Presbyterian Church at 4:00. Jean Brugger, Virginia Druhe and I will be observers of the election.

Guatemala: Angry workers occupied the Korean embassy after their employer, a Korean clothing exporter, closed and moved its factory without paying workers in Guatemala. The maquila workers, the majority of whom are young women, work 55-70 hours a week. Shifts of 18 hours a day are common. Most earn less that U.S. $90 per month.

Three groups of Guatemalan former refugees have left the camps in Southern Mexico and returned to their own country. Sisters Julie Cutter and Marguerite Broderick of the St. Louis Province of the Daughters of Charity, are in Guatemala with the first set of returnees, and Jim Finn of Clayton is in Comitan, Mexico, with those who are waiting to return.

Honduras: An "internal" commission to investigate human rights violations in Honduras has been set up, and the military have admitted to their role. Several School Sisters of Notre Dame are in Honduras. One, a Honduran, said that these times are very hard because old memories of suffering and loss are being called up.

Two transnational mining companies have invaded the hills above the village of Minas de Oro "Gold Mines" in search of the metal. Not everyone is happy

Maggie Fisher, a friend of the Community and staff person at the Interfaith Committee on Latin America, is going to El Salvador in March.

about the exploratory drilling by the Utah-based Kennecott and its corporate partner, Fischer-Watt of Nevada. Residents are on the alert, fearing for their health and safety.

Nicaragua: Lowered tariffs demanded by the U.S. and international lenders are having a destructive effect on Nicaraguan dairy producers. The government promises economic recovery but agricultural production has fallen even below that of the worst of the contra war and economic embargo. Farmers have been unable to plant due to credit restrictions imposed by the U.S. and international lenders.

The multilateral lenders have set 40 conditions on an agreement providing Nicaraguan access to $700 million over the next three years. Many of the conditions are controversial: laying off another 7,000 public employees (similar to last years cut). Other conditions include fees in health services and education, privatizing water, electricity, etc. *IFCLA will hold a conference on economic justice in Central and North America on February 26 and 27. Come. For more information, call 721-2977*

FROM LITTLE HOUSE

by Mary Ann McGivern, S.L.

From December 11th through the 22nd I went to Panama at the invitation of Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR) and Service for Peace and Justice: Panama(SERPAJ) as an economic conversion expert. The treaty the U.S. signed with Panama in 1979 says we will be out of the Canal and the 16 military bases by December 31, 1999.

SERPAJ gained incredible access for us with the directors of the University Canal Institute, the two economic think tanks, the U.S. ambassador, the U.S. Southern Command, the Roman Catholic bishop of Colon, two of the nine-member national conversion board, many popular movement leaders, and directors of four of the political parties that are running presidential candidates in the election this April. I shook the hand of salsa superstar Ruben Blades who is campaigning on the Papa Egero ticket.

We vigiled at the U.S. embassy on the eve of the invasion anniversary and the next day we marched with two thousand demonstrators against the U.S. military presence. Many of the experts we spoke with continue to fathom the question: Why would the U.S. treat their nation so brutallly? (Given the theme of this Round Table, I want to note that both drug trafficking and drug use in Panama seem to have increased dramatically since the invasion.)

Our delegation got onto two of the bases, thanks to Ray Bishop, the president of the base workers there, an AFSCME AFL-CIO local. Bishop wants to keep the bases open in order to save jobs, just like unions here. But he showed us a few of the machine shops and gave us a sense of the industrial capacity that the U.S. military plans to leave behind. One recommendation of our delegation to the U.S. is to preserve this productive competence intact as a steppingstone to ship repair and other industrial development.

Many of those we met complained that everything is terrible and the government is developing bad plans.

Mary Ann McGivern, SL, has become a traveling Catholic Worker since Economic Conversion became a hot topic.

"Where are your plans?" we asked.

"How can we make plans?" they said. "We are too small to make plans."

So the three of us from the Pittsburgh Steelworkers, Minnesota Jobs with Peace, and the St. Louis Economic Conversion Project told them about our planning, our successes and our failures, and strategies we or our friends have tried.

But this discussion raised an interesting dilemma. We did not want to be seen as more Yankees coming south with solutions to other people's problems. Certainly, we knew we have not solved our own problems. Just yesterday (January 28th) McDonnell Douglas crowed across the Post-Dispatch front page about a $2 billion jet fighter sale.

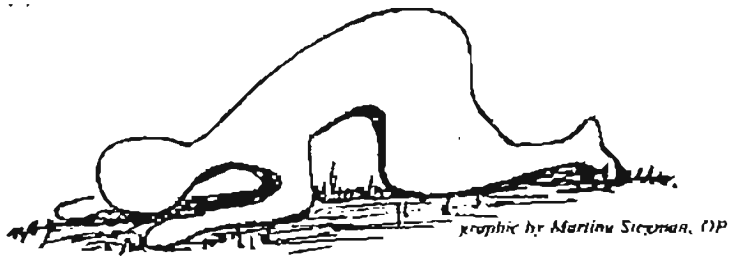
On the other hand, we've been at the conversion effort longer. Jimmy Carter signed the treaty with General Omar Torrijos, a great popular leader who used foreign loans to implement sound economic development rather than build up the army. But when he died in a plane crash in 1982, the U.S. military planned to hand bases over to the new leader, Colonel Manuel Noriega, for ongoing military use and nobody else even got on the bases to look around, much less initiate planning.

Further, it seemed to me that the peace community in Panama had some of the same resistance to manufacturing I find here at home. When I say that I think a community is in trouble if it doesn't make at least some of what it uses, that makes sense to people, but it is often a new idea and takes time to get accustomed to implications like market development and activity-based accounting.

So the constant dilemma was that we had something to offer and we were in conversation with our peers and did not want to withhold information or condescend; but we also didn't want to look like ugly Americans. I sat next to one of them on the plane to Panama, a canal pilot who thinks the Panamanians will never be able to operate the canal or offer their people a chance to make big money or hold fair elections or run their own country. It was useful. I learned a lot from him about how the U.S. wields power in the Canal Zone and some questions to ask at meetings. But I don't want anybody to think I'm like him.

We also met the leader of the indigenous Kuna Nega community, a woman who badgered the Panama Housing and Land Authorities to sell land, found an architect to design houses and a water system, got Church backing for a bank loan, organized the other women, and then told the men they were moving. Kuna Nega runs a sewing cooperative that SERPAJ initiated with money Virginia Druhe raised here in St. Louis.

Many Panamanians are putting their hope (or their fear and their resistance activities) in an overall plan for use of the Canal Zone and military bases. Our delegation strongly urged them to take heart from Kuna Nega and several other housing and land initiatives we saw as well as the work of the Panamanian small business association. Big plans are shaped by the small actions that organized people take: labor, job shops, compesinos, the indigenous. Kuna Nega reminded us there is a cause for hope here at home too.



graphic by Martina Sleyman, OP

To live we must daily break the body and shed the blood of Creation. When we do this knowingly, lovingly, skillfully, reverently, it is a sacrament. When we do it ignorantly, greedily, clumsily, destructively, it is a desecration. In such desecration we condemn ourselves to spiritual and moral loneliness and others to want.

Wendell Berry
The Gift of Good Land

On the plane, on the way back to Miami, I had to fill out a declaration for customs. For a job description I wrote "peace activist" and in answer to the purpose of my travel I said "business". The customs agent waved me past him, and then, as I picked up my bag, he said,

"What kind of business were you doing there?"

"I was part of a team to look at the bases and make recommendations for civilian use."

"Well, I'll be..." he said as he turned to the next one in line. I suppose he was thinking, "What will those peace activists be doing next!"

✚

FROM KAREN HOUSE

by Kris Dennis

At the time this article is being written, we are still in the frozen clutch of winter, eagerly waiting for a thaw. It is Saturday night, and I'm taking house. It is too cold to venture out, so most of the women are hanging out in the library. They are playing Scrabble, reading, and listening to music. Occasionally, three or four will get up to do a line dance. There is much discussion of the violence and trouble in their lives. They also quite skillfully do each other's hair. Hillary R. Clinton could have saved a lot of money if she came to St. Louis, rather than fly to New York for a $300 haircut.

I am constantly amazed at how the women at the house will join together in community and support for each other. One of our neighbors, a woman who is living in a condemned building heated by a gas stove, brought a young woman to Karen House who had been living in a crack house. After we took the young woman in, the other women at the house began to talk to her and watch after her so that she wouldn't return to the crack house. Several of them are in recovery and understand her dependence on that way of life.

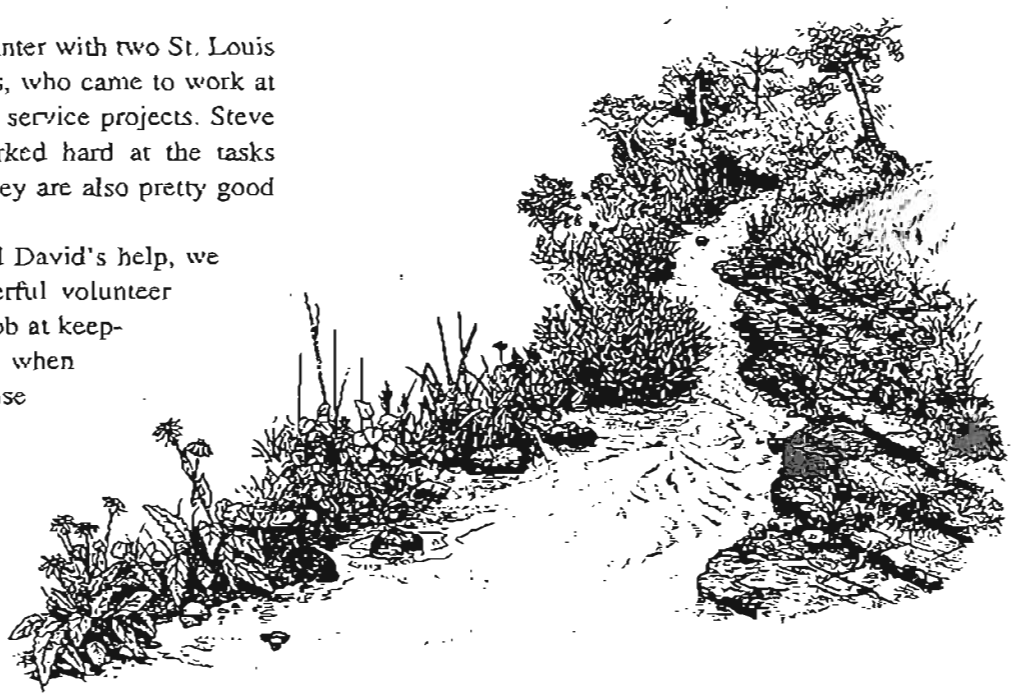
We were blessed this winter with two St. Louis University High School students, who came to work at the house as part of their senior service projects. Steve and David (alias "Mike"), worked hard at the tasks Mitch set before them. I hear they are also pretty good Scrabble players.

In addition to Steve and David's help, we are blessed with several wonderful volunteer housetakers that do a bang-up job at keeping the house running smoothly when the community isn't able to. House shifts are always available for those who are willing to take up the adventure.

The holidays always bring an onslaught of donations, and for that we are very grateful. We get in much of our durable foodstuffs and income for the year at this time.

The new year brings busy times for the community. Mitch, Becky, and I are all taking classes this term. Mitch's class is connected with his work as a support person for people with disabilities. Becky is working on her Master's in community health nursing. I'm still trying to figure out what " I want to be." Tim is planning his garden for the spring. Teka continues to be a support for past and present guests, as well as actively working for peace and justice in our world. Mark continues his work as a hiking enthusiast and reference librarian. Living and working in community at the house is a priority in all our lives, and outside interests help to maintain a balance of life.

Spring is a short time away, as wonderful as this winter has been, I still look foward to the unfolding of new life that will come...



One thing **Kris Dennis** thinks of becoming is a veterinarian, as she studies chemistry, biology, and works at Webster Groves Animal Hospital.

SLIPS OF ROSES

By
Martha Crawley

You saved a woman's life one night.
I held tools and handed you instruments.
I waited while you helped with complicated births.
I held a light while you sewed the wounds of revolution.
I listened as you taught the young ones how to prevent disease,
how to bind wounds, how to immunize and medicate.

It was a gift to know life and death with you in El Salvador,
to walk the long and difficult roads,
to go with you in the middle of the night to tend a sick child,
to rest in the hammock,
to talk and talk,
to be still by candlelight
to enjoy the deliciously monotonous food,
to walk the beach hand in hand sharing over and over the joys and sorrows
of our hearts.

We laughed and cried.
We prayed together
We knew that this was a place where friends could die together.
You didn't seem to be afraid.
I was afraid.
I couldn't stay.
You helped me leave.
You suggested that, perhaps, I had gleaned what was to be gleaned
and now it was my time to leave.
You lifted what burdened me as much as any friend could.
When I said maybe I could send another friend to be with you,
you laughed and said,
"I don't want another friend. I want you."

You loved me simply, unconditionally and particularly.
You loved me.
You taught me something - an elementary yet forgotten thing -
love has no replacement, no reason.
It is to be shared as commonly as bread
and its beauty is as special as a wild rose.

Our last Good Friday we spent most of the day cutting slips from your roses.
You surprised yourself with your agility at cutting and rooting rose after rose.
We got our hands refreshingly dirty and our arms scratched by thorns.
You had learned how to regenerate roses and watch their sturdy progeny.

You are like the rose, my friend.
Cuttings of you have rooted in our souls.
You will go on and on to the extent that we offer our hearts for cuttings --
slips of soul to be taken again and again.

May we surprise you with our cutting and rooting.

Written for Ann Manganaro. Martha Crawley, SL lived with Ann in El Salvador.

Round Table Talk

by Ellen Rehg

Several years ago, the world watched in horror as Chinese soldiers, following the orders of their government, drove tanks into a million students demonstrating for freedom in Tiananmen Square. The slaughter which ensued was evil and inhuman, and it seemed incredible that such a large number of people could be so easily brushed aside, their struggle for freedom so quickly forgotton. The Chinese government did not worry about the size of the demonstration. After all, they shrugged, in a nation of one billion people, one million isn't really that many.

I found this dismissive attitude about the number of these students very troubling. I used to think that a demonstration of one million people, such as the 1982 peace demonstration in New York city, really meant something. Surely if that many people demonstrated for peace and freedom, governments had to listen. Isn't there power in numbers? How many more do we need to speak for justice in a world of 6 billion people and rising? Would even one billion suffice? According to the logic of numbers, it may not.

My mind is boggled lately by sheer, unimaginable immensity. The concept of one billion people, for example, or the total number of human beings who have lived so far. What can heaven be like if everyone is there? How could you keep track of everyone - the first people you meet up there, or even the friends you already have? Do we have to get to know everyone there? Why, that could take forever!

The space-time continuum is another unimaginable immensity. The faintest glimmer of light accessible to earth by telescope (in 1948) came from over 500 million light years away. That means that the light from these galaxies which we now see began its journey to earth at a time when the first vertebrates were starting to crawl from the seas onto land in the Paleozoic period. And that galaxy whose light we see is now actually much further away from us because the universe is expanding. The more distant the star system, the faster it moves away from us; those furthest from earth are traveling away from us at velocities approaching the speed of light. Think of how huge the cosmos must be! Maybe all that room is where God puts all those billions of people who have died!

Some people feel insignificant in the face of all this, yet I am struck instead by the contrast between the vastness of space and the depth of human feeling and experience. Compared to the sheer immensity of history and the universe, one person's life seems very small; but from the point of view of that person, the size of the

Ellen Rehg has taken up her flute again, as well as a penny whistle that she received for Christmas.

cosmos is irrelevant, while the events of her life are extremely significant. I heard a story on the radio about a child in Central America who had been maimed by a land mine. The family brought the child to the hospital and abandoned him because a disabled family member would put too much stress on their meager resources. They eventually returned three months later to reclaim their child after what could only have been an agonizing change of heart. Here is one boy among the billions who have ever lived, one child occupying the most infinitesimal part of the universe, who for three months out of his life experienced a child's worst nightmare. Yet imagine how deeply this short-term abandonment would affect his soul. He is hurt and wounded; his mother, father, people he loves and trusts, no longer come for him. Its effect on him would be as deep as the universe is wide.

When my friend Ann Manganaro moved to El Salvador, I felt sad about how far away she was. One day I realized that Ann could be riding on a bus sitting next to a someone she didn't know. Even though she would be in close physical proximity to that person, she would still be closer to me, who was physically 1000 miles away. That helped me to realize that the space we measure in miles, or even light-years, is not as significant as the personal or emotional space through which we relate to each other. There is something about love that transcends time and space even though it is anchored in it. One million voices clamoring for an end to war and oppression is not, I think, too few. In light of the effect of just one tank or land mine on just one human soul, it is one million voices too many.

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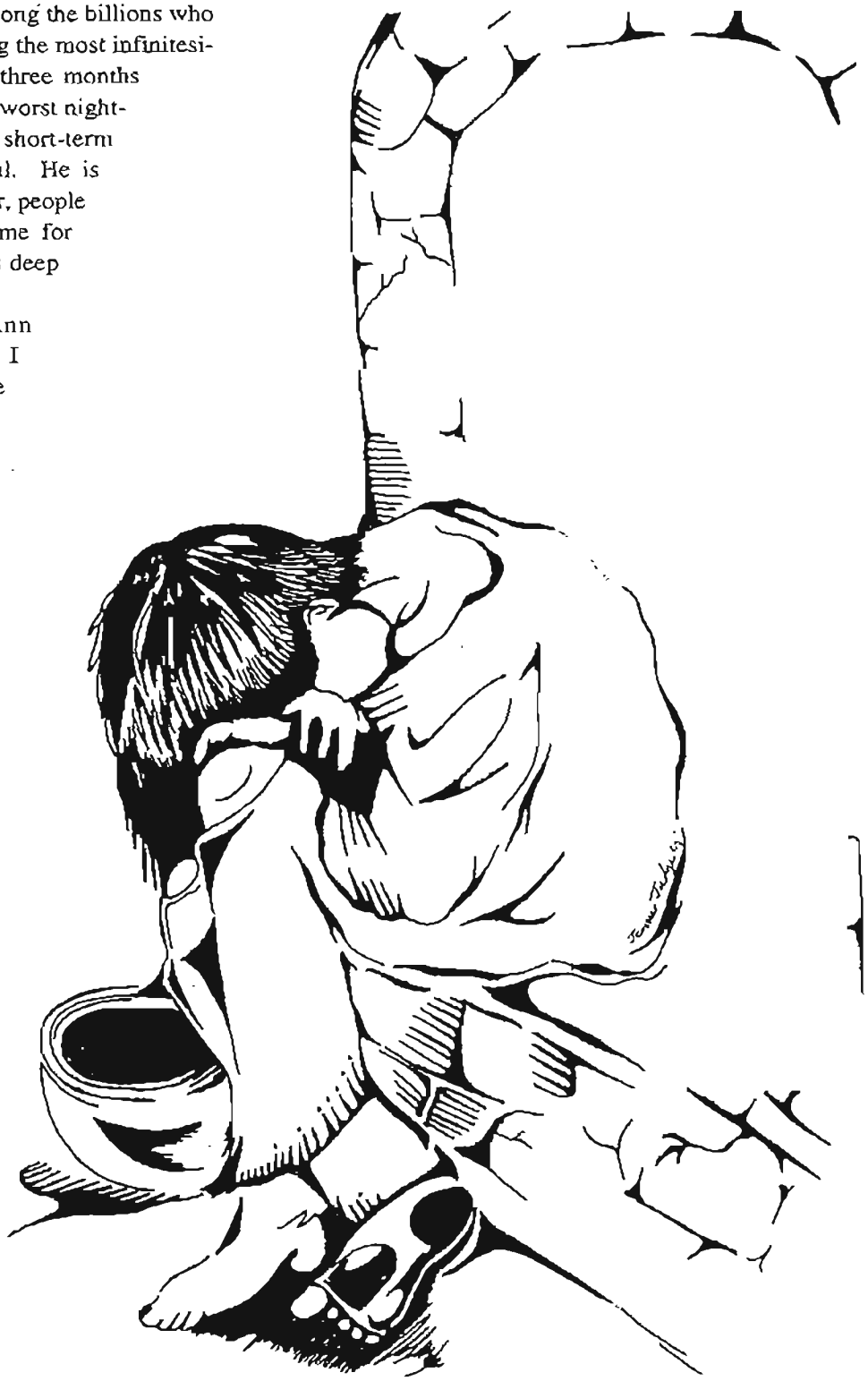

Charlie King Concert
Saturday March 12th
7:30 pm
at St. Louis University's
Tegeler Hall
3550 Lindell
Tickets $7.50 in advance $10.00 at the door.
call 726-6406
(Benefit for The St. Louis
Economic Conversion Project)

Happening the same weekend as Charlie King's concert is the Irish Imports concert. If you're up for two concerts you can make the Irish Imports on Friday night and Charile King on Saturday night.

Irish Imports
(The Kavanaughs, Peter Herbig, and Chuck Chauvin)
March 11th and 12th
8:00 pm.
at St. Louis University's Xavier Hall
3733 West Pine
Tickets are $5.00 and are available at Catholic Supply and The College Church Rectory.

Recently, George Mueth, a long time friend and supporter of Karen House died. George faithfully came every week bringing food provided by the Cure of Ars Parish. We are gratefull for George's commitment and pray that he knows the fullness of God's love

House needs:

- Food
- House takers

The Round Table is the quarterly journal of Catholic Worker life and thought in St. Louis. Subscriptions are free. Please write to The Round Table, 1840 Hogan, St. Louis, MO. 63106. Donations are gladly accepted to help us continue our work with the poor. People working on this issue include: Joe Angert, Margaret Boyer, Teka Childress, Kris Dennis, Beth Druhe, Mitch McGee, Bill Miller, Tom Nelson, Barb Prosser, Ellen Rehg, Mark Scheu, and Annjie Schiefelbein. Letters to the editor are encouraged; we'll print as many as space permits.

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