

THE Round Table



Spring
2001



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



Why This Issue?

Ten years ago this past winter as our country lay poised on the brink of war in the countries bordering the Persian Gulf, I was honored to edit an issue of *The Round Table* dedicated to the memory of, or as Daniel Berrigan said in our interview with him, amnesia about, Vietnam. That war for oil was, of course, prosecuted. The Gulf Slaughter as some called it led to the sanctions against Iraq which continue to this day, causing untold horrific suffering, especially for the children of that pitiable country. In the United States, the collapse of so many dot coms and the sullyng of their concomitant aura of financial boom, similar to that of the Ray Gun '80s, have exposed the transient glories of fast-buck capitalism and the greed based engines that drive it. During the decade the only "gulf" we could be confident about was the one yawning ever wider between rich and poor in this country (and really around the world); and now we are daily pummeled by propaganda about tax "cuts" that would, in fact, create even more obscene chasms. Alas, the need for the Catholic Worker and its labors has not disappeared, nor does it seem likely to do so in the future.

And so as the initial winter of the new millenium dragged on, all of us grinding away at our quotidian chores, the Worker community sought some respite. Where might there be that much needed relief from the weighing down of our collective psyches by the ponderous issues of contemporary society? Where might we find some light?

The answer was, as it has been through the history of humankind, Art!

The folks at Karen House and its support community—the *Round Table* gang—had the brilliant idea to create a Spring issue sharing with its readers the poetry, prose, drawings, and photographs of its members, guests, and friends. I was asked to edit this issue, and am again honored to be a part of this work. And so we offer you this Spring feast of old and new creations. The pieces speak for themselves. Some of them have been kicking around for decades; some are as fresh as last week. We ask you to peruse this issue in the spirit with which it was created: find a quiet moment, settle back with your favorite beverage, and let the power of art work its magic in your soul. If you can sit outside in the sun near some first flowers, in a "bee-loud glade" (thank you, Mr. Yeats), all the better. But wherever you experience this issue, think of the bees and the wonderful symbolism of their life's labor, honey and wax; this is what we offer you: Sweetness and Light!



—Michael Bartz

cover art by: *Michael Bartz/Siloam Print Collective*

cover directions: get out your water-based markers, and color to your Spring's content.

[Editor's Note: I always marveled at and delighted in Ann Manganaro's beautiful poetry and songs, but I also greatly admired her lucid prose. She was the only writer I knew who could use the word "alas" naturally in the flow of her work. I thought deeply of her when I wrote this piece and used that word. Thanks, Ann.]

the St. Louis Catholic Worker Community

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Ann Manganaro

January 1980 (A Song)

Here it is snowing the first snow,
There it has rained for some time.
Here I am playing your music,
There you are reading my lines.

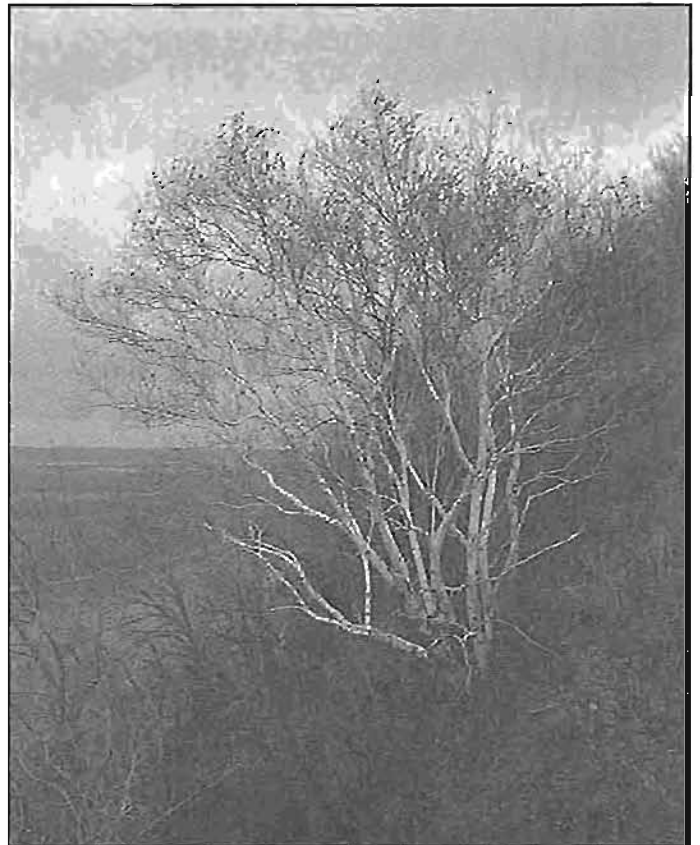
And all the space between us
Is filled and flowing with love:
The wider the space, by God's bounty,
The larger the grace thereof.

Here it snows softly and gathers slow,
There it rains steady and full.
Here my heart's straining to find you,
There you are feeling my pull.

And all the space between us
Is filled and flowing with love:
The wider the space, by God's bounty,
The larger the grace thereof.

Here in the snow I remember
Your eyes brimming so with love.
There in the rains you imagine
My face in the clouds above.

And all the space between us
Is filled and flowing with love:
The wider the space, by God's bounty,
The larger the grace thereof.



Joe Angert

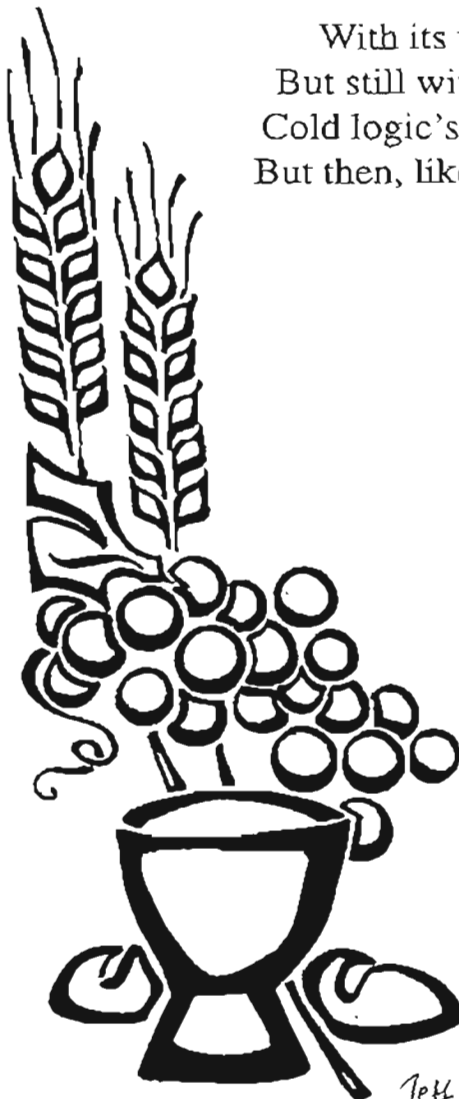
To Miss Faith

'Twas once we walked on moistened greens, one morning in the May
I fashioned you a common girl, but suitable for play
And each friend we found I counted on your tolerance of my folly
But now like softened rain that sifts the nights you haunt my memory

Cold logic's boast, it bristles still to hear it claimed you've gone
An untrue suitor caught my heart and listened to my plea
Was the telling untrue, had the living been lies, was loving but a fantasy?
But now like softened rain that sifts the nights you haunt my memory

And so the world just like a voyager does stop and chat a while
It waves to me a stranger's hand then moves along with ease
With its face turned away, its voice now apart and vanishing its smile
But still with softened rain that sifts the night you come to stay with me
Cold logic's boast, how it bothers me still to hear it claimed you've gone
But then, like softened rain that sifts the night, you come to live with me.

June/July '78



Jeff Finnegan

John Kavanaugh, S.J.

The Other Side

I can't believe I'll ever find a green we've not walked down
Or a fountain with its waters high and welcome,
Or I'll ever find a road where we've not carried friends all through this town
Nor carried, many times, just one another.

So no matter where I roam
Or live or love or labor
It's only here I'd surely die anew each day without you.

How can I wander round this town, without your face before me
To find a plant, a place, a stone, some water in the light
That will not send right into my heart, your voice's sound, your name apart
Like leaves, like snow, like stars so softly falling?

So no matter where I roam
Or live or love or labor
It's only here I'd surely die anew each day without you.

Perhaps I'll find some other town I cannot blame for grieving
And fault its streets and trees all for my sorrow;
Where nothing looks or moves like you, none asks might I have heard from you,
That I must hold my pain within, lest out it spill unbidden.

But no matter where I roam
Or live or love or labor
It's only here I'd surely die anew each day without you.

And so those streets contain your steps, this grass enfolds your graces;
Your eyes will always haunt familiar places.

So no matter where I roam
Or live or love or labor
It's only here, within this town, I'd surely die anew each day without you.

Chile, 1980
four/four
key of G

A Rant

Tall buildings, slick to the listener C.D. music,
Toes cloaked in Nike shoes run to save the poor:
Sweet Land of Liberty! The lap of luxury
Took my kids to Disney Land, toll roads,
Cars bigger than houses,
I Pledge Allegiance to my fat wallet,
My full stomach. Sweet Land of Inconsistency!
Let freedom ring on the other line,
Click over and I never have a conversation.
I'm hooked on a satellite link
And Justice for All if you can afford it.
Land Where my Father Died at a desk far from his family,
And my mother cried in a well-equipped kitchen.
Two generations of children without family
No one stood up to question.

My life is packaged in a profane wrapper
Non-recyclable: go to college, get a good job, family,
A wife, and I'll love her in silent desperation,
Two kids if we're lucky, and we're lucky
Privileged piece of the club with membership fees.
Signed over the right to free thinking,
One Nation Under God, Indivisible,
Inalienable, metaphysical fleeing
From all genuine, spiritual, feeling.
Where Never Is Heard a Discouraging Word,
And the skies rain down on the homeless and the poor
Who must be adults and children at fault
Because all the roads are paved with Gold
If only you walk them.

Rodney Yarnal

Untitled

I.

I must be back to my old ways,
A weary traveler.
The road curves and sways,
Just while I walk it.
So what is this reason,
Reason of concrete and construction,
Of pain and consolation?
The next wave will take me.

II.

To see the significance and only sway:
The wind takes all the leaves.
Lean toward the central stem:
My dream as I awaken.
I turn the flick of your wrist
Away from me into ethics.
No one knows this intention.
I'm a leaf without stem
In this windy way.



Joe Angert

Special Delivery

Mother needed to feel special. She craved it like others crave water after a long trek across the Plain of Jars. Coupled with this was a hesitancy to exert herself. Others would describe this trait as laziness or sloth, but it is rude for me to do so as her daughter. The interaction of these two prime movers is best observed in her shopping behavior.

It must be clarified at the start that mother never "went shopping" in the commonly understood meaning of the term. Certainly she did not shop 'til she dropped. Long before the Shopping Channel was an airwave in God's eye, Mother would drop onto the nearest sofa and shop by phone.

On top of the normal deliveries, which occurred in any middle class household in the '50s, such as milk, heating oil, and mail, hardware was also delivered to the O'Gorman home. Bread was delivered by one store, groceries by another, and meats by another. My father's laundered shirts were delivered. My younger brother was delivered. New appliances were delivered. Little bottles of perfume, drapes and valences, furniture, pharmaceuticals, and cigarettes — all delivered. In today's world, our home would be suspected of being a crack house with all the comings and goings that went on. Everything was delivered except the garbage, which was picked up.



Joe Angert

Then there were the various services which she ordered: Vino's Lawn Care, Tony's House Cleaning Help, and Fiona's Main Street Market in Fort Washington.

At a time when consumer satisfaction made a difference in the survivability of a business, Mother wreaked havoc with local entrepreneurs. Deliveries that did not meet her expectations were picked up and redelivered or replaced after the required adjustments were made. It was my mother who ended the American tradition of house calls by family doctors and gave the Sears Catalogue its first impetus. In her later years, she invested heavily in L.L. Bean and, although she moved two hours further west, the hardware store still delivered.

Deliveries made Mother feel special with the least possible exertion. They made integration to two pathologies possible. They spoiled her rotten.

So it is no wonder that in her later years, when a nursing service was needed to care for my father, she had a terribly difficult time distinguishing the nurse's role from that of the earlier delivery boy or house cleaner. Adult women who had studied for years the finer techniques of care for the invalid were reduced to cleaning behind the refrigerator and wiping lint out of the washing machine while my mother tutored them in how to pressure the deli man to add extra roast beef to the sandwiches they were going to pick up for her. "Tell them Jane sent you," she would say in the same tone you would expect from Elliott Ness.

Over the years, one question kept occurring to me that is unanswered to this day: Why did all these people put up with this shit? What power did my mother exert over the business community that resulted in such humble acquiescence? It was not financial. We never had that much money to spend in one place. She was not leveraging sexual favors. Just trust me on that one. Where did her power come from? Pathology power? Perhaps. But I must say, after just returning five out of six Christmas purchases because of shoddy merchandise, I envy her her secret.



My Little Juliet

I see your smiling face and wonder how it is you can smile.
I feel the happiness that radiates from you and marvel at your strength.
I see how strong your love is and I see how much you suffer.
I see how you are forced to love in secret, for in the open your love is forbidden.

I hear your father's word yet his meaning I do not understand.
How can someone tell you who to love?
Love does not see the color of one's skin.
Love sees only the inside of one's heart.

Alas, my little Juliet, can you "deny thy father?"
For thy love springs from thy father's only hate.
Can you "deny thy father?"

Myrrah Rehg

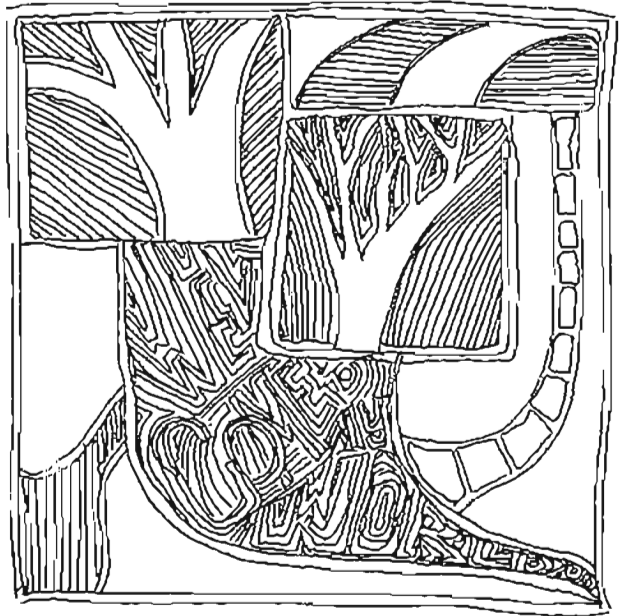


Life (Change of Seasons)

To some life is a treasure,
But to others it's hard,
So they pray to God,
To find a reason.
Some people may find pleasure,
While others are scared.
But life comes and goes just like
The change of seasons.

Renée Hughes

[Renée has been a guest at Karen House]



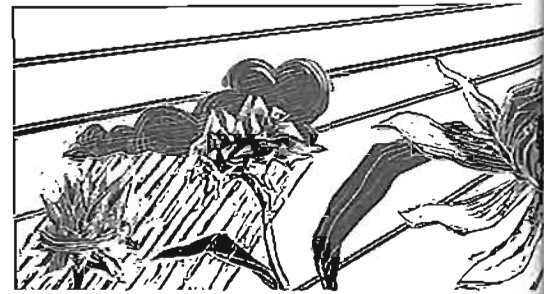
Virginia Pruhe

Stay or Go

I love you, but you don't know it,
You love me but you don't show it,
So what kind of love is this?
Is it something that we'll miss?
If this love we share soon ends,
Will we stay the best of friends?
This is something I must know
Before I stay or let love go.



Annie Scher



"And yet, down under the frozen crusts,
at the roots of the trees,



the secret of life was so
warm as the blood in

mbauer

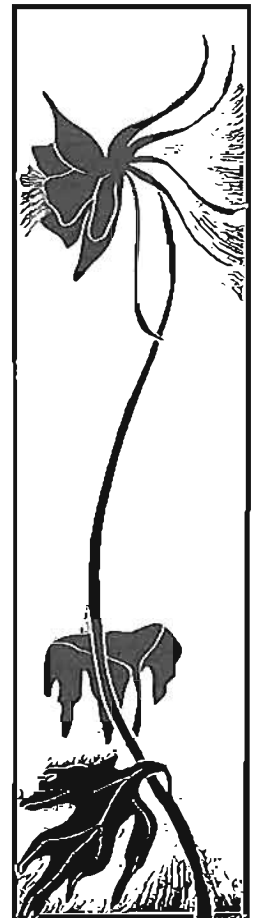


safe,
s heart;



and the spring would come again!
Oh, it would come again!"

Willa Cather
O Pioneers!





Joe Angert

April 4, 1968

I, too, had a dream,
A childhood fantasy,
And here it was within reach,
A brother initiating brothers.
A child of privilege grown up and
Exercising my birth right to exclude.

In a cabin near the border
Of Virginia and North Carolina,
I reached my limit.
The woods outside, a jungle –
Brothers hazing brothers,
Brothers hating others.

We huddle inside warming ourselves
Against an early April evening's chill.
On the radio, soul music subsided.
A bulletin from Memphis –
A bullet had found its target.
Others killing a brother.

Hoots and howls shout across the room.
I hovered in the corner, ear to the radio.
My brothers' bravado interrupted,
"Someone finally got the nigger."
Where was I? Who was I?
And who was my brother?

The door seemed the only way out.
"Brothers for life" we had pledged.
In silence I left them.
I left when I heard he was dead.
I left when I heard their revelry.
I left hoping to be free.

The dirt road out of the woods
Twisted as I churned inside.
It surged forward in ways unknown to me,
Propelled by a momentum far beyond me.
It became a path to others,
At last, my sisters and brothers.

The turn I took that night
Proved itself a touchstone,
A moment of new clarity,
An epiphany, no return.
Behind me only hazing and hating,
Ahead the way lifted toward loving.

Why did he have to breathe his last
For me to turn and breathe free at last?

Bill Ramsey

Tactility

The two best times of the day were waking up and going to bed with Mev. It is not that the intervening hours were boring, flat, or uneventful. It was just that these were playfully precious.

And it's not as if we did not see each other all day, either. Unlike a lot of couples who the morning and then re-later in the evening, Mev the day with each other, of-meals together, morning ing at our respective desks puter time, or meeting up at Brewed Awakening Café on Euclid for an afternoon cappuccino.



said adieu at 7 in joined fates at 7 or and I spent most of ten sharing three meditation, work-and sharing com-BTU and the

Mev woke up much more easily than I did; her face would go from sleep to blossom in a matter of seconds. She would wake alert and so damn cheerful, typically nuzzling me and whispering, "Marko, c'mon, get up, the sun is shining. It's a new day.... What are you waiting for?" I'd usually feign irritability and turn back over on my side.

At which point, she'd remind me in a most unnervingly non-nagging fashion, "You know, Tagliamento [one of her many nicknames for me], it wouldn't be so hard to spring out of bed if you didn't drink so much coffee in the afternoons."

"A lapse in judgment," I'd respond in a mock growl.

"No, c'mon, it's going to be a fun day. Spoon me! Play with me!" she would entreat. As I relented she would climb on top of me and breathe into my ear some Haitian Creole or Portuguese expression the literal meaning of which I could not understand, but whose figurative meaning was quite clear. I was wide awake. There were times it seemed so bizarre to me but that the Mev of 6, 16, and 26 years were all present during these morning rituals. Such innocence, zest, and passion!

Likewise, I looked forward to going to bed because Mev's energy did not lag. I would often turn in first, with book in hand in case we wanted to read a little before turning off the lights.

Mev announced from the bathroom that she would be in in two minutes. She would spiritedly wash her face, carefully put on skin lotion, and vigorously brush her teeth . With a giggle, she would come jogging into the bedroom and hop plop herself onto the bed. Her nightwear was either of two t-shirts I'd given her years before, a large red one and a faded pink and blue tie-die one. She would also wear white footies, often keeping a second pair under her pillow in case she got chilled in the middle of the night.

"Oh, Marko, you can't read Chomsky before bed, that's not bed-time reading, it will get you all worked up!"

And I thought she wouldn't notice. I was always wrong on this score.

Then, we would do our gratitudes for the day and give thanks for our dear neighbors K.C., Rich and Dana, and Jerome and Sheri, and we would remember our parents and siblings as our position in the bed evolved into one of our favorites, I spooning Mev from behind.

It was not at all uncommon for her to whisper to me as my chest was pressed against her back, "Marko?"

"Yes, Mevster?"

"I'm not very sleepy. Are you?"

"Actually, I'm not as worn out as I felt ten minutes ago. Why?"

And then she'd wiggle out of the spoon, and turn on her side to face and kiss me.

A couple of minutes later: "Mmm, how fun. Thank you Mev, I didn't need that tongue anyway."

"Marko?"

"Yes, Mevinsky?"

"Enjoy me."

I loved her imperatives.

Mark Chmiel

a chapter from *The Holy Contour of Life*

What the Secretary Didn't Remember: On the Publication of Robert McNamara's
In Retrospect: the Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam

"A Simple Desultory Philippic (Or How I Was Robert McNamara'd Into Submission)"

-title of a song by Paul Simon, 1966

Those of us who survive to be short-timers will fly the Freedom Bird back to hometown
America. But home won't be there anymore and we won't be there either. Upon each of our
brains the war has lodged itself, a black crab feeding.

-from *The Short-Timers* by Gustav Hasford

The war was wrong. Dead wrong.

-Robert McNamara, 1995, Secretary of Defense
under John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson

We remember:

terror

terror in that young girl's face
naked, instant refugee running down the road
arms a stylized Christ stretched
out, pain etched with burning jelly
body riven, cleaved to the core
a vision of *ba al zhub*
exploding in her head

and:

Lord, how the flies did head
for that ditch in Pinkville

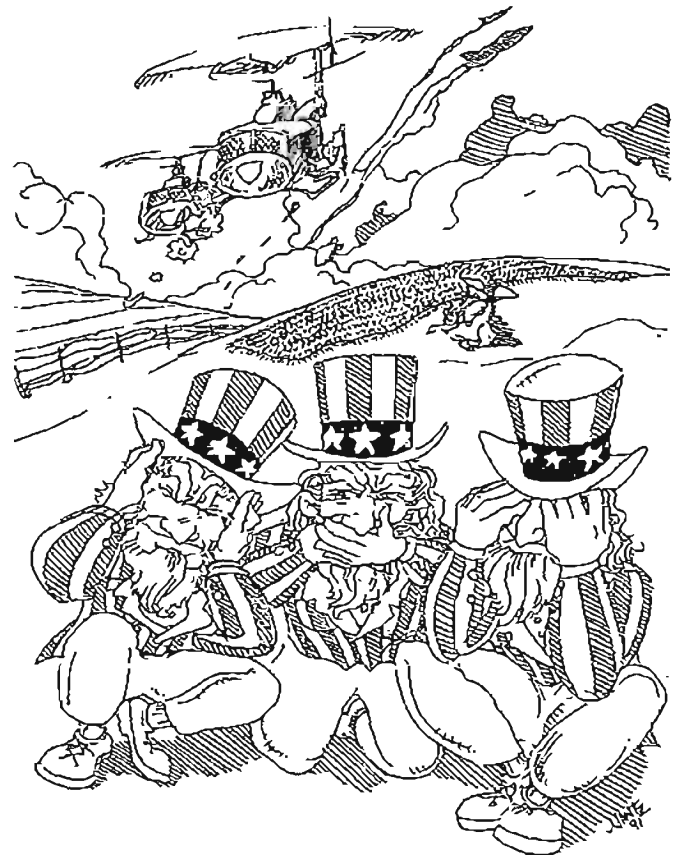
Q.: And babies?

A.: And babies.

o men of sea to shining sea, why do you stand
looking up to heaven?
(headline:) terrorist bombers loosed on the world
bellies full of napalm/delivering the heat

and:

getting heat from Spirochete
felonious pig with slicked back hair
slit-eyed old scarecrow
snuffling and rooting in the lettuce patch
so stuffed with lucre
he leaked it right out of his fancy pants
washington dee (*nolo*) cee vice
(*contendere*) presidential suit



Jeremy Nantz

and:

fat grim marshals in brown civilian suits
reeking of Aqua Velva/there's something about
pinkies flashing diamonds, and cops in uniform
fists clutching truncheons
protecting the armory for God's sake!
arma virumque cano/virosque, virosque, puerosque
Rusty Calley a perverted *pius Aeneas*
bearing household gods of death

and:

Dr. Death, Herr Doktor K (as in Amerika) himself
nightly on the idiot box, Strangelovian "secret plans"
sprinkling lamb's blood on the lintels of the fathers of the
fortunate sons
all others (black brown red rural) may re-up
get tossed into the grinder for fine German sausage
fat (or lean) and bloody (bloody's the key;
roasted with napalm's the trick)

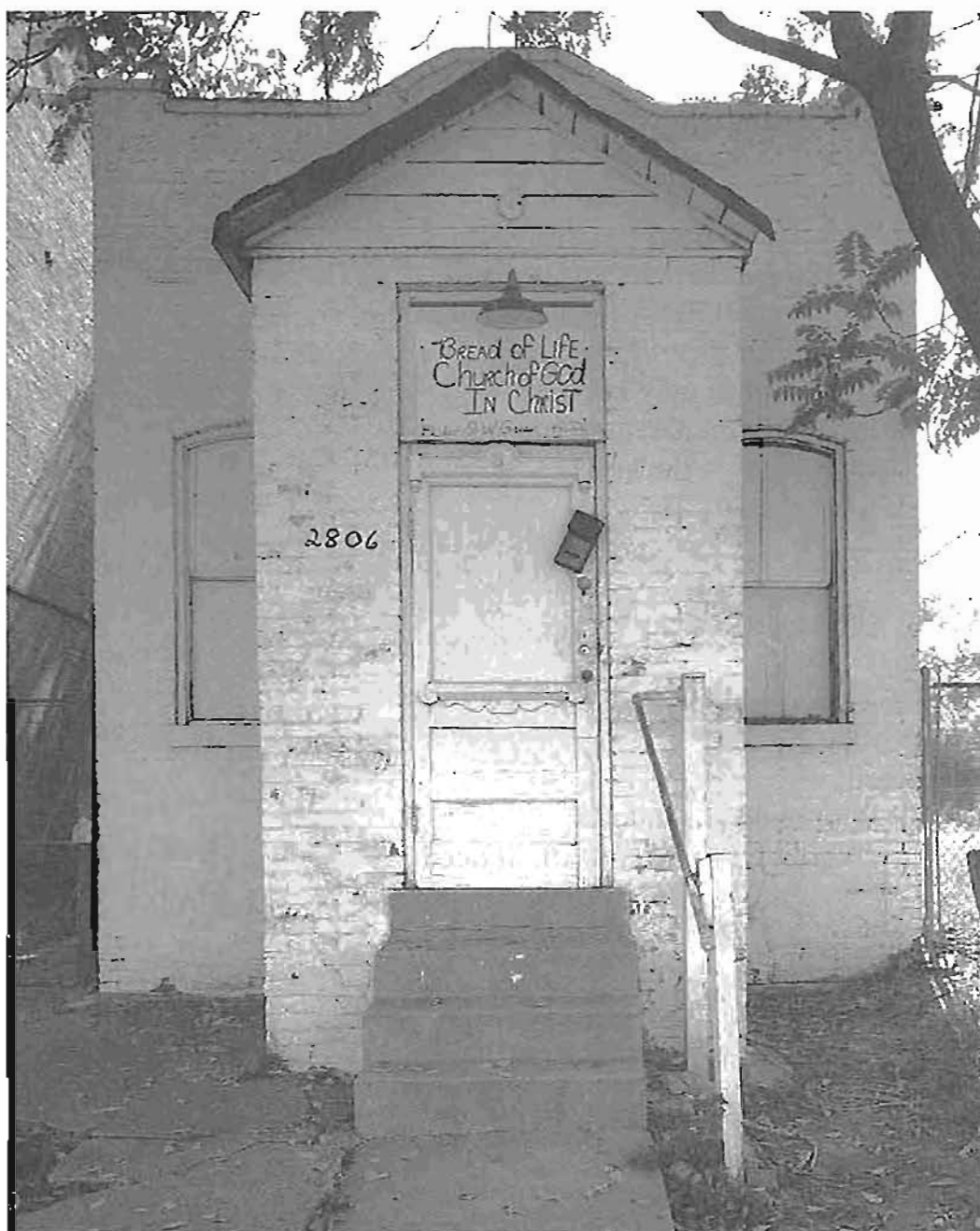
and:

finally, pathetically, the quitter: Tricky
(slicky, sickly) Dicky
Quaker tenets drowned in the blood and ichor
Of a million Indochinese
four more years indeed!
five hundred thousand more deaths indeed
lies in words (crook! Crook! CROOK!) death in deed

and

now Mr. Secretary, you deed us
(*we* remember so differently!)
this dreck you call a book, (these were the *best*?)
passive voices: "mistakes were made"
slick evasions, it's 1965 all over again
save a million and fifty-eight thousand
who will never hear: the war was wrong
dead wrong

Michael Bartz



Joe Angert



Sharon McMullen Orlet

I can still see it in my mind:
At night, in the back of an ambulance with the lights dimmed
so as not to disturb the child,
The three year-old rests uneasily on the stretcher
holding her stuffed doggy and attached to a portable
intravenous drip to quell any seizures from her brain tumor.
In the dim light, her mom and dad hover over her
employing every ounce of strength and know-how they have
to comfort and soothe their child.
She's going back to the hospital for pain management
(having been discharged just that morning)
after a bewildering day of restlessness and discomfort.
So poignant — the mother's first actions toward the ambulance personnel
was to thrust the DNR paper in their faces: No more pain
for her baby. No CPR. No extraordinary measures. . . .
And the mother made sure the directive stayed with her at the hospital
to show to anyone coming upon the child's last moments.
No more suffering for her baby.

It was a nativity in reverse.
A vigil of love and worry and waiting.
An ushering-out of life not unlike
Mary at the foot of the cross.

Bill Miller

Mother of Perpetual Help

Margie sat in her corner, head down, apparently passive; but she was looking for earrings. That was the first thing, earrings.

Margie didn't move, but she watched and listened to the women who wore earrings, heard which rooms their floppy slippers turned into. After meds, when juice was handed out, she went straight into the room of the lady with the dangliest earrings and the loudest voice. It was easy. She took the best pair from the dresser next to the second bed – white enamel tear drops painted with red roses.

Margie went right to her bed. She lay there with her hand shut tight and let the medication put her to sleep. She never heard the screeching accusations about who stole the earrings nor sensed the light or the aide's search of everybody's belongings. Though she slept deeply, her fist stayed clenched. There was nothing in her medical records about stealing, nothing at all.

Next morning, she drifted into occupational therapy and spent half an hour painstakingly filling a scrap of paper with glue, sealing it with a thin outer coating, and hiding it in the fold of her sock before the therapist decided she wasn't ready for OT and sent her back to the dayroom.

Margie's mind was clouded by the drugs, so she knelt down right there and prayed. Her nurse said, "Margie, if you sit quietly and eat your lunch, I'll take you to the chapel. You like the chapel. Remember?"

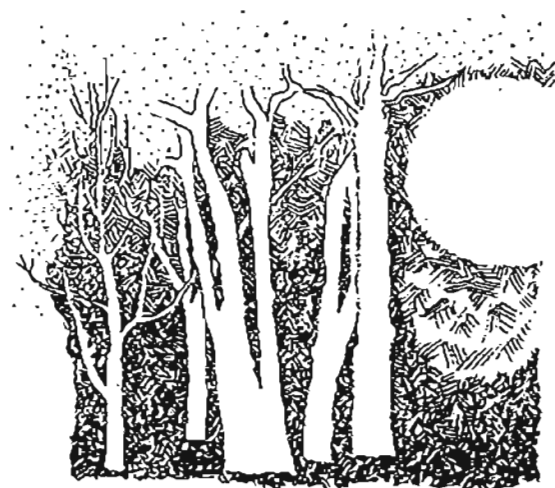
Margie remembered the statue of the Lady in the chapel. Overwhelmed by relief that she'd see the Lady soon, she got up off her knees, sat in a chair, and ate. Then the nurse led her down the hall.

The guard said, "Come back to see Jesus? Ain't there no churches outside you can go to? It's okay, nurse. I'll keep an ear out for her. Sits there for hours."

Margie pushed at the chapel's louvered swinging doors, like those on every lavatory, ward and dayroom in the old section of State Hospital. The room was small and dark. Light came from two long, narrow, dirty windows at the top of the north wall. Transparent decals had been pasted on the windows to give the appearance of stained glass. There were electric lights set into the ceiling but no switches.

There was a big plaster crucifix hanging on the wall and a dozen chairs. On the left was the Black Madonna.

Margie knelt on the tile floor and looked at the black face and black eyes, eyes that saw a vision of God; the Babe grabbing hold of a bit of ivory dress with tiny black fingers but looking like it saw a vision too, like the Babe understood things. Margie looked for a long time. Then she stood up and took the glue and earrings out of the cuffs of her rolled-



Gen Cassani, SSND

down knee socks and pasted the earrings under the edge of the blue mantle, where earlobes would be. Then Margie sat still, feeling some ease from her burden of anxiety for the first time in months.

Margie was thin, pale, frail, and schizophrenic. She'd been diagnosed in Missouri 17 years ago. Since then, she'd been admitted to the hospital five times, always staying for more than a week and less than two months, depending on what treatments were in vogue. The records said nothing about her first three decades.

"Margie Warren. You been here before?" the nurse asked yesterday.

"Hotel called," said the policewoman. "Known her two years, gets a regular check, but she stopped talking and paying rent last month and they don't think she's eating."

"Margie, honey!" A black female aide came in from one of the examining rooms behind the counter. "We got files on her. Pages and pages. She be a real sweet lady. Prays like a saint."

So Margie was admitted and doctors tried again to find the perfect measure of drugs that would keep her from making a nuisance of herself to the State of Missouri.

Now, Margie looked at the statue and waited for them to take her back to the dayroom. It was an old wood carving of the Black Madonna and Child. The paint was peeling and there were tiny holes from worms. The lady's nose was chipped and some of her fingers were missing. But her near-white dress shined softly with the patina of age and the sculptor had gotten the proportions right. The Babe looked holy and helpless at the same time. The enameled flowers of the earrings were barely visible.

"Do you like them? Do you like getting dressed up?" Margie said out loud.

That night Margie stayed huddled in her chair in the dayroom and went to bed right after supper, her body and mind made leaden by new medication. But the next morning she appeared again in OT and pointed to rose-red crochet thread and then a hook.

The therapist called the nurses' station. "Can Maggie Warren use a crochet needle?"

"Sure. Keep her there all morning, will you? Otherwise she comes back to the dayroom and prays. Makes me nervous."

Margie began a small intricate pattern from memory. The therapist charted that the medication calmed Margie but still she wasn't speaking, and the resident changed brands and dosage.

Three days later, the Black Madonna was wearing a diamond-patterned rose shawl. Margie put tiny leather straps on the statue's feet and said, "Now you can walk to Egypt. I tooled pictures of the Magi on them to give you courage on the road."

Margie went back to the dayroom and asked her nurse for a cheese sandwich.

"I try to be a vegetarian, though it is very difficult to be pure."

The nurse charted this first speech and later the resident penned in a tentative release date.

"These anti-psychotic drugs work miracles," he said.

Mary Ann McGuern

Easter 1981 [2001]

What is at stake is Paradise. Nothing
Less, nothing else. Nothing we
Can earn or build or buy. Our earth blessed
In us anew; our God in us dying;
The outshining, outreaching sea-
Strange mystery of life at last
Bursting forth in us. What is at stake
Is Paradise. Enter only through
The ring of fire. Ascend at all costs.
Bend your mind, lend your heart to break
Open the tombs which bind me, you.
What is at stake is Paradise. Lost
No Longer: Now holy and glorious flesh
Now apprehended under the skin
Of such as you, as me. It is so. Go:
What is at stake is Paradise. Fresh,
Firm, whole, round, healed. Win;
As I, you have been won. Go and show
Forth lightning transformations, new
Heaven and new earth in me, in you.

Ann Manganaro



Larry Nolte

Calligraphy by *Catherine Nolan*

!!Karen House needs donations of miscellaneous tools.

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