Dear friends,

At the local Episcopal cathedral in downtown San Jose, children clap, dance, and march around the sanctuary singing, “We are marching in the light of God,” just before the Gospel is proclaimed. It is a joyful sight, and I know these children are learning something valuable: the Gospel calls us to get up and walk!

“We have died to sin… so that just as Christ was raised from the dead by the Father’s glory, we might walk in the newness of life,” writes Saint Paul (Romans 6:4). Sin is anything that leads to death. We are called to “die to sin,” that is, to reject all forms of violence (“guns and nukes share the same DNA,” our friend Mark reminds us), and march for a new vision of life.

Women and men, the young and the old, have been doing precisely that these past few months in San Jose and across the nation. In January, tens of thousands of women and male allies filled the streets for the Women’s March, demanding respect for the dignity and rights of women. On the month anniversary of the school shooting in Parkland, FL, students across the country walked out of their classrooms at 10 a.m. in angry defiance of adults who’ve let another mass shooting occur on our watch. On March 24, these same teenagers, now joined by adults, demanded stricter gun control laws in the national March for Our Lives. More marches are planned for April 20, the anniversary of the 1999 Columbine High School massacre.

“Marching in the light of God,” is, of course, nothing new. It’s what Gandhi and his fellow satyagrahi did when they marched to the sea to harvest salt in defiance of the British Empire. It’s what King and other civil rights activists did when they marched to Washington in 1963, or crossed the Edmund Pettis bridge on the way from Selma to Montgomery in 1965, only to be savagely beaten by state troopers. As Bishop McGrath told those gathered at Archbishop Mitty High School for National School Walkout Day, “Prayer, of course, is good. Education is good. And Solidarity, too, is good. But we need also to act,” that is, to march in the light of God.

Marching doesn’t always lead immediately to the change we want. In early 2003, 10 million of us across the world took to the streets to stop the imminent Iraq War—fifteen years later, we are still enmeshed in armed conflict there. Yet, so did that first “March for Our Lives” end in apparent failure, when Jesus processed into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday to confront the power of Empire, only to be nailed to a cross five days later.

Biblical scholar John Dominic Crossan tells us that Jesus’ march into Jerusalem from the East was a public liturgy meant as a rejection of the military procession of Pilate coming into Jerusalem from the West. The question, then, is which march will we join? Will we choose to march “in the light of God,” or in the light of Caesar?

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- **Sacred Circle** (prayer group): Fridays @ 7:30 p.m.
- **Peace Vigil**: 4th Fridays @ noon in front of Lockheed-Martin

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knowledge of and belief in love. And believing in our love. The mystery of poverty is that by sharing in it, making ourselves poor in giving to others, we increase our understanding with the reading of them. "They have taken the Lord out of his tomb and do not know where they have laid him," Mary Magdalene said, and we can say this with her in times of doubt and questioning. How do we know we believe? How do we know we indeed have faith? Because we have seen his hands and his feet in the poor around us. He has shown himself to us in them. We start by loving them for him, and for us to see Christ in each other. But it is through such exercise that we grow and the joy of our vocation assures us we are on the right path.

In that last glorious chapter of St. Luke, Jesus told his followers, "Why are you so perturbed? Why do questions arise in your minds? Look at My hands and My feet. It is I Myself. Touch Me and see. No ghost has flesh and bones as you can see I have." They were still unconvinced, for it seemed too good to be true. "So He asked them, 'Have you anything to eat?' They offered him a piece of fish they had cooked which he took and ate.

How can I help but think of these things every time I sit down at Chrystie Street or Peter Maurin Farm and look around at the tables filled with the unutterably poor who are going through their long-continuing crucifixion. It is most surely an exercise of faith for us to see Christ in each other. But it is through such exercise that we grow and the joy of our vocation assures us we are on the right path.

Most certainly, it is easier to believe now that the sun warms us, and we know that buds will appear on the sycamore trees in the wasteland across from the Catholic Worker office, that life will spring out of the dull clods of that littered park across the way. There are wars and rumors of war, poverty and plague, hunger and pain. Still, the sap is rising, again there is the resurrection of spring.

The mystery of the poor is this: That they are Jesus, and what you do for them you do for him. It is the only way we have of knowing which God is creating, even now, in our midst.

Thank you for walking with us all these years.

Love,
Fumi
on behalf of the Catholic Worker community