

in the mess which made the call of Abraham necessary, and launched the whole drama of salvation history. And there are all sorts of 'if only' folk stories which dream of 'if only everything in the garden were lovely, and why isn't it, I wonder'. From them J chooses and writes up the one we know, and puts it at the beginning of human history, which as a patterned series of events, even though unrecorded events, must have had a beginning.

So that is what J does in Gen. 2-11. He employs his inspired intuition on telling us in story form one essentially *Historical* pattern (he chooses the moral pattern) of aeons of unrecorded events. He imposes symbolic historical form on mainly non-historical content; thus transforming it into non-historical form (its own myth-legend form) for what we might call a type-historical content. In so doing, of course, he considerably foreshortens those tiresome aeons, the hundreds of thousands, or perhaps millions of years of human pre-history, about which in any case he was, I suppose, blissfully ignorant. They don't matter anyway; all we need is the pre-history with its moral pattern, and without the aeons.

Having by this absurdly elaborate abracadabra succeeded in exorcising the bogey of historical falsehood in Genesis 1-11, we can indulge the supreme sophistication of reading Genesis simply as a beautifully arranged series of divinely true stories about the beginnings of the salvation history of man, the first act in the stupendous cosmic drama of God's relations with his creation, and confine ourselves to the one biblical question that really matters—what do these stories mean?

Schooling or Education? : The Inner City

Mary McAleese

I come here then, simply as a Parish Sister; yes, I have had a background of teaching. I still consider my basic missionary thrust educational but I can only speak as a Sister in Pastoral work. I will speak from nine years experience in a dockland area of Liverpool, of living and working with people there, of being there from nine in the morning till eleven at night—sometimes till one or two the next morning—for seven days a week, forty-eight weeks of the year. Just being there, living there, working there, trying to be a neighbour, a friend—in the name of Jesus. From that experience I may say things that may not make sense to you—that you may not agree with—that you may not find helpful—but just now at the beginning I want to say that I am trying to explain, as honestly

and forthrightly as I can, what the phrase *The Sister and Education* means to me in Inner City Liverpool—what my new ministry there has shown me.

Up there in Liverpool, if you are going north from the Pier-head, along the Dock Road and if about three-quarters of a mile along the docks you turn left and come “up the brew” through three sets of traffic lights, you will find a solid Victorian building—ancient but freshly painted—on the edge of Smith Estate with the name “The People’s Centre” in strong white lettering on the black door.

That building has a long history—farther than anyone I know in the area can remember. Old Pat’s grandmother remembered it as “The Ragged School” founded by a returned Army Major, where the poorest still had to pay a penny a day—he remembers it as a training school for nurses in the First World War—then it was an approved school for a time. Danny remembers it as a Dole School, “where you had to go to qualify for your benefit—attending one week mornings, one week afternoons and doing things like English, Maths, Gymnastics and Wood Carving. I enjoyed it and learnt a trade from there” said Danny.

Micky remembers it after that, as a Senior School which took kids the other schools wouldn’t have—Scogge went there when he was thrown out of St. Alphonsus’s—and our Peter when he was thrown out of St. Augustine’s.” It was closed in 1963 or 1964. For a short while it was a dinner centre, run by local authority Social Services—and closed again. In 1970, it was opened up as a Free School by two teachers from the R.C. Secondary School across the road, who were concerned about the large numbers truanting from school, and anxious to provide them with a style of Education which would attract them and prepare them for life. While the idea was good—basically—and made a lot of sense, the teachers and those who joined them, antagonised many people in local schools and in the Education Authority, by their strongly critical and condemnatory attitudes towards *everything* in local education. They had a constant struggle to try and raise funds for even most basic needs in the school and in consequence, the leadership was often absent on lecturing tours to try and raise money, while other less gifted and sometimes totally untrained people tried to carry on. But Teresa, now married, remembers it as an eleven year old, where she “learned to look after the Nursery kids and that helps me now with my own”. Eventually, it was closed down and the place was completely vandalised. However, some local Marxist groups, seeking accommodation, recognised its potential and moved in, repairing some rooms, to house their printing presses for “The Big Flame” and “The Dockside Bulletin”. On their tail came Maoist groups, Gay Liberation, Women’s Lib—and then a group of local residents—the Heriot Street Tenants’ Associ-

ation. This Tenants' Association began to inflame the anger of other residents in the streets around, at the type of Discos for the kids, Theatre shows, and press releases which were coming from the other groupings using the Centre—together they launched a determined campaign to expel them from the building. As you can imagine, this was a difficult struggle—with four local men and three women taking the brunt of it—they won—the offending groups were expelled, local authority aid obtained for the upkeep of the building and Trust Funding was given for Education programmes as they saw them, to be developed in the Centre—that was in 1974.

In that year they formed an Executive Committee—elected Trustees, worked out a Trust Deed with their legal advisors and said—“It’s our Centre—we know best what the kids and the people around here need—not your bloody professionals, who want to use it for their own ends—we know what they need and we’re going to make sure they get it”.

It’s been a long uphill struggle, even with the aid they got. The main task was first of all to renew the vandalised building—then to provide some recreational and social amenities as a jumping-off point—and latterly to begin to provide what they would vaguely describe as Educational facilities. And in all of this maintaining a stern independence, not only from other resource points which might give help, such as the Government-sponsored C.D.P. (no, “they are just another group, another gang of professionals who can write this up among their successes and get promotion on it”), but also from other Community Centres and local self-help groups. (It was in an attempt to build bridges between them and these other local groups, with whom I was involved, that I first became a part of their struggle about two years ago—even though I had known all of them for seven or eight years or more.)

Who are these people who have taken over this building as an Educational resource for their community? Well, there is Micky, leader of it all, in his fifties, who after years of seafaring came back to unemployment, but as well as swelling the dole queue he got so involved in and became so dedicated to the service of his own local community that he suffered a massive heart attack—but determinedly recovered and even from his convalescent sofa, organised a Play-scheme for 500 kids from the area, as well as encouraging the other leaders and struggling with them for the development of their Centre. Helping him to continue this struggle is Becca, his wife, who also in spite of constant ill-health, organises fund-raising activities, runs OAP activities there and with their teenage sons and daughters, (two of whom are also unemployed) generally supports and works for their growing Centre.

Then there is Georgie, at 31, five years on the dole, having been made redundant with a lot of jobbing skills, who works long

hours in the building and also in the respite/holiday Centre in Wales which is attached to it) (his ageing mother comes along to help with the pensioners club)

And there is Tommy, in his 40s, an electrician by trade, but unemployed for the last seven years, who with his wife, Mary has borne the load of decorating and running the Centre, all his kids from 8 to 17 are involved in some way also in keeping the Centre going.

Paul, the head boy of the local Boys' Secondary Modern can always be found there with his mates, when not at school or at home for his meals. He has recently applied for the post of Trainee Community Worker with one of the local Neighbourhood Councils.

Ann and Rhylle who have been written off at the local Secondary School are allowed in consequence to spend hours there in Community service, to their great delight, because they can competently help organise mums and toddlers group, an OAP Club and a variety of activities for their own peers.

That's a sample then of about three times that number, who in a variety of ways, have taken on the responsibility of nurturing this development.

Where do they come from? Where do they live? What is this area like? It is typical of most other inner ring areas in any of our large conurbations, an area of multiple deprivation. Almost all the housing being walk-up or high rise corporation flats, where many still live in overcrowded conditions and where the general impression is of people who have stopped caring for themselves or for their homes. Rubbish litters the streets and empty spaces with evidence of nihilism in broken windows, half-demolished walls and wiring on shops and corporation offices. Social malaise continues to erode this neighbourhood in spite of C.D.P. and Urban Aid and L.A.S. Residents on the whole, have little confidence in their own ability and are distrustful of all social, educational institutions. These attitudes rub off on the children, who as they move through schools constantly experiencing failure, become increasingly sceptical of their ability to do or be anything. Unemployment is at an all-time high, men on the dole means added stress at home, mums having to go out to work increases the stress and in attempts to relieve this the parents seek solaces in pubs and bingo halls and betting shops while the kids roam the streets looking for companionship and play, or watch TV all night at home. This means poor performance in school and often a pattern of delinquent behaviour from which it is almost impossible to break. Low income, the pollution of air by traffic and industry and an inadequate diet means a high rate of physical illness all round - lower nevertheless, than the increasing rate of mental illness amongst both parents and children. Dependence on D.H.S.S. and

Social Services is a way of life for some—many others independently try to soldier on, with the help of neighbours and friends, trying to cope with the frustrations of dead-end jobs or no jobs, no status, no recreational facilities, no holidays—no respite from it all—with relationships which are insecure, and experience of increasing family breakdown.

And what are these people asking of us—the people who are in our inner cities and other areas of deprivation?

Above all they are asking that they be accepted as they are, not as viewed from afar—not as we read about them in “The Guardian” or the “Daily Mirror” or even as we saw them on BBC’s “Open Door” programme, but simply as we find them in the streets and homes and pubs and shops of their area, and to find them there means being in there with them—and being in there for a very long time. When I was teaching, and doing quite a lot with parents, I thought I knew what their lives were like—I know now that I hadn’t a clue. Then when I read and researched I thought I knew—but that was a far remove from life. Then coming into this work I thought that when I worked side by side with them in their sugar factory and tobacco factory I knew them—I thought that when I spent hours in their homes, shared their financial worries, shared their anger over the brutality of the police, and over other injustices done to them, sat with them during illnesses, agonised with them at the death-beds of those I had also grown close to—I thought then that I knew; but now after nine years of all that and more I can truly say that I am only just beginning to understand them. I am only just beginning to understand their culture, the way they think, the way they value things in life.

So they are asking us to accept them as they are—not as we think they ought to be, having passed through our educational system, but as they really are in their inarticulateness, in their illiteracy, in their inability to cope with some of the simplest (to us I mean) switchboards of society, such as filling in forms. They are asking us to accept them as they are—to accept them at the point they are at in their human growth, in their psychological growth, in their spiritual growth. It may seem very undeveloped to us. They may seem to be an uncouth, loud-mouthed, swearing, fist-swinging people—and they are indeed all of that—but that’s where they are at—and it may be as far as they will ever come in our terms. They may seem earthy, lacking in spiritual understanding, critical of the Church, switched off from its message, uninterested in what we preach, but that is where they are at this moment in time and may be as far as they will ever come for a very long time. They are asking us to accept that their standards and values are quite different from ours. But put their standards and values beside the Gospel and so often they are much more christian than ours. They are asking us to accept that, even though they live only

a few miles away, their culture is often very different from ours. They are asking us above all to look into their lives and their values and their culture with a readiness to affirm the good and the true and the beautiful wherever we find it in the depths of their everyday lives. It means rubbing shoulders with them every day if we are ever going to see it, with a readiness to search for all the human resources and potential—resources and potential that often have not been developed in school or in work because standards of achievement in such institutions do not allow the development of many facets of personality that are nevertheless vital to family life and to life in their local community. They are asking us to look again, with a readiness, an insight that will find the Kingdom of God as it manifests itself among them—to find God's presence in the love which exists in Tom's family, in spite of incredible odds (but then one would have had to sit around for hours in Tom's home in order to experience that love for what it is, beneath a certain superficial toughness)—to find it in the perseverance and courage of Mickey in his devotion to his neighbours and his single-minded dedication to the change and betterment of their lives—to find it in the courageous honesty of Pat, who won't succumb to bribes to use the Centre for profit—to accept them all as they struggle out of their powerlessness and helplessness and apathy (with all their human resources) for freedom, the freedom of God's sons, and for a sense of dignity and worth and control over their destinies as individuals and as communities. This freedom and this power can only come through education; but education that will penetrate to all aspects of home and family and community life with a real understanding and appreciation of the personal development that is needed in everyone in that area, not only to live fully and humanly in that situation but also to contribute to the change and development of the community and the area and to want to stay there to do this instead of getting out. They need an education which will give them the strength, and the skills, to struggle with the injustices of a social system that holds them in their deprivation. They need an education which will give them the power they see now in the hands of "educated", middle-class people, in all the institutions which control their housing, their jobs, their finances, even their health. They are asking for an education which will bring them ultimately the liberation of the Gospel—the liberation of which Jesus spoke: "I am come that you may have life—and may have it more abundantly." They are asking to share joyfully that liberation, that power, that strength, which education brings to them.

Above all in areas of deprivation, where there is so much darkness and apathy, we must be bringers of joy. I've never forgotten advice given to me when I first began there—"The greatest gift you can bring with you into those streets is a happy face, a light step

and a pleasing appearance—so never get so overtired and never get so careless about your appearance that you become part of the depressing appearance of this area—you must show lightness and joyfulness every day to them”.

But is this what education means to them right now?

I don't think so—not from what they say about it. Education on the whole for the people of that area means schools; it means getting rid of the kids at 9 (often at 10 if dad is out of work and you go to bed late); it means putting them into schools where a schooling goes on which is different “from when we were kids”, which “doesn't make sense, they don't do the three Rs any more; they only play in the Infants and Juniors and if they don't get the eleven plus—which is most of them—they go to the Secondary Modern where it's just a question of passing time for a few years. Of course half of them never go near school at that stage—they just get lost in town or around the area till it's time to come home again.” “The kids are voting with their feet for their schools.” How do statistics bear out these comments which are gossiped round this neighbourhood? While the C.D.P was in the area the Research Unit which accompanied it did some research into young people and education and they dug out some relevant facts and figures:

2% obtained a minimum of five 'O' levels (compare with 22.4% in the North West). Only 1.5% stayed on to 6th Form, 69% went into semi-skilled or unskilled work (cf. the national average of 37.3%). Among the school leavers 56% had five or more jobs in 2½ years. 48% had been unemployed altogether for six or more months in that time. 29% were totally unemployed at the time of interview (30% of their fathers unemployed). Assessments made of parental interest showed the following facts:

- a) the delegation of all responsibility for education to the school.
- b) a generally held view that they would be interfering if they went to the school.
- c) lack of confidence in being able to have a satisfactory discussion with the teachers if they went.

On the part of the young people facts assessed were: because of weak family influence, the effect of the peer group of other young people is very high, a large majority of the young people feel they are “academic failures” and this leads to anti-school attitudes and troublesome behaviour, their negative view of education, schools and teachers shows itself in the high truancy rate—they find the evening, when they are free to choose their own activities, the only enjoyable part of the day. These attitudes create conflict and pressure for those wishing to stay on, they have no opportunity to work quietly at homework, they are tempted to join friends in clubs and elsewhere, they have to make a conscious decision to go against their peers. 15 out of 28 who got grammar school places

went to Secondary Moderns in their area after a short time, because they felt "isolated among strangers" and found middle-class speech, language, dress, standards of behaviour and academic standards all alien to them.

Similarity of experience of parents and children lies mainly in the identical external pressures on both groups, particularly in the inequality of power, income, living and working conditions and educational opportunity. At every turn there is evidence of how this multiplicity of disadvantage affects them, reducing their chances of success at school and irrespective of qualifications, their chances of obtaining reasonable work (Ann two years out of Training College, with no job still says "It's my address, it's where I live, that's what's against me more than anything".) Leaving school they often have—and have had—aspirations to reasonable jobs but the majority end up unemployed or in dead-end jobs. After some years the high aspirations have given way to an apathetic acceptance of the dead-end job as the best they could get—if they do still have a job by then.

Yet counterbalancing that is the personal evidence of the growing number of adults who, conscious of their undeveloped potential, are attending evening classes—or for so many of them, simply Literacy Tutorials— or the many others who can state specific needs such as Cookery or a Foreign Language or Welfare Rights or Poetry writing, or others who subtly express it in their inability to cope with a H.P. Agreement.

So what then could education be—should education be—in an area like this? I don't know yet; many people have written—have experimented—there's a lot of research available. I will only speak from the experience of nine years there, from experience of living and working with hundreds of people there, but just to pin-point some areas, will confine myself, in the main, to the People's Centre Group that I mentioned earlier. Where have I had educational opportunity? It's difficult to separate elements because education in a setting like that is in the combined daily living, working relationship of young people and adults and children. It is all so interwoven—so nebulous even—that it is easier to take a couple of examples to illustrate what I want to explain:

One evening some months ago I sat in a cramped little office where ten local men, two other women and myself, had met to discuss the further development of the centre and the complaints of local mums about the way Gerry was running his Saturday morning "Jellitots" Club for the little ones. Twice in the course of that meeting, Gerry, frustrated by his inability to understand their objections to his methods and to put his feelings of anger into words, tore off his coat to fight with the other men in the room. Twice I intervened to prevent this: in the end Gerry decided to go away and cool off—but before he did—went to the other two

women and myself to apologise for his behaviour. When he went out, the room erupted—Gerry had never apologised to a woman before—nor hesitated to fight. “It’s the first time we’ve ever been treated like women” was their amazed comment. This incident spoke volumes to me about communication, about the terrible frustration of Gerry and so many others like him who haven’t got the words—who put it into fists and knives and so on—and how this becomes an accepted pattern. It spoke of how a pattern of relating develops—relating to little children in the same kind of way (the discussion on how these little ones should be treated was a real point of education at that meeting)—relating to women (and again the question of certain patterns and attitudes) relating to each other. A real point of on-going education to you in this is the sitting down to reflect like this on work, on future plans, on relationships, on communication in a very simple way, on the skills that are needed to work with little children and with other groupings in the centre—that to me is education for life.

The second incident stretches over a longer period—where a crisis point was reached with a family of nine (whom I had known and seen through several crises for years); they needed a new house in different surroundings, had enough points, but were owing £100 rent arrears. With parents and children I planned a big “save-in”, which meant bulk-buying, cooking with cheaper cuts of meat and so on. They managed to save £100 in a month. But other exciting things happened for me during that time. The other mums on the same landing got interested and wanted to learn from this family how to live more economically, not only in shopping and cooking but also in learning how to make cheaper clothing for themselves. Then Kitty who was almost totally illiterate, suddenly became vitally interested in learning how to read—so that she could read patterns and recipes. With help, she made unbelievable strides in doing just that, with the side-effect a boost to her morale, and in that time managed to get some of her own kids, who were very backward in reading, to join her and get really interested.

My role in this centre (and indeed with dozens of groups) through support and encouragement and long hours of reflection together was to *affirm* their efforts and achievements, to attempt with them, to *interpret* what it all means in terms of life and development, change and betterment of their environment and their lives in terms of Jesus and his message, in terms of their growing together as a *community*—a community that has in some cases been able to celebrate its togetherness in the Eucharist.

But one can only relate to so many people, work with so many groups, and view the thousands of others in need of help. But I have dreams—of places like our Titchfield Centre, our Solly Centre, our Mansfield Centre, maybe even our schools, even our

redundant Church buildings being centres of community education—centres of Christian community education for everyone from three to 103. Centres where they can come and continue to develop their potential, their skills, their interests, their understanding of life; where dedicated Christian people, through close relationship with them, and in a variety of ways, will help them to develop; to develop in relation to vital issues in their community and their families, in relation to their work, or their state of unemployment, so that they won't stagnate but keep alive with many interests. Centres to develop in all of this the spiritual, the poetic, the artistic, the musical; to develop the spiritual insight, which will see God in every part of life and find ways of relating to Him, of praying to Him, at their own level, in their own culture, in their crowded noisy lives. Centres to develop their ability to trust, to relate lovingly to others, to form community with them and eventually to celebrate this community in a Eucharist that is as simple and true to their culture as the first Eucharist that was celebrated. Is it a vague, unrealistic dream? I used to think perhaps it was but recently I visited Sutton Centre in Nottinghamshire and saw some of my dream come true in a community school/community centre combined, where you could find a place for everyone, where kids like ours were achieving success and feeling success, where the handicapped and the elderly shared the same resources as the young people, where they learned about Trade Unions side by side with their mining fathers.

Think of Balsall Heath in the Sparkbrook area of Birmingham where in a combined small secondary school, nursery and play centre, the staff (who are employed directly by the parents) and the parents have fashioned together a centre which is benefiting the children and whole community, inspiring local confidence and creating a role that is not only teacher/social worker but teacher/social worker/community educator/community builder combined. This of course means a new job description—a very threatening job description, a very challenging job description—of teachers who teach, live in and are socially involved in an area of deprivation. It is very demanding indeed—but the fact remains that there are people who are prepared to do it, people all over the country committed to experiments and explorations like these—and only a small proportion are religious sisters. What does that say to us? In order to attempt an answer we have looked at one typical inner city community, at some attempts to tackle the problems, and now for a moment let us glance at our own history.

Looking at the movement of religious life historically, what comes across at first glance of course is indeed that it was a movement dominated by men, but we may be inclined to overlook the fact that the woman played her part in bringing us, the contemporary woman religious, to where we are now. Although we know

that Pachomius in the third century, Basil, Athanasius, Jerome and Augustine in the fourth century, Caesarius and Benedict through Scholastica in the sixth century, were the prime movers of the first religious life rules for women, they were nevertheless expressing or responding to a need or a demand. In other words the Christian Woman searched for the opportunity of dedication. This was a reality too in the Middle Ages. The Dominicans, Poor Clares, Franciscans, Religious of St. Andrew, Trinitarians and Hermit Sisters of St. Augustine, in the thirteenth century, though growing in some way from the rules of men's Orders, nevertheless, are a sign of that demand in the woman for a life of service and ministry within the Church. One could catalogue such movements at great length, and it would be worthwhile. However, let us at least recall, in summary, a forgotten corner of Religious Life history in this country: from the time of the Norman Conquest to the suppression of the Religious Houses, from 1066 to 1540. In 1066, women religious were 250, and by 1400 were 2,300—and at the time of the suppression were 1,800. These included Benedictines, Cistercians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Gilbertines and Bridgetines. So we have a rich heritage. Women religious have represented an imaginative impulse in the life of the Church. They have answered a need. Historically we can confirm this from the later roots of so many of our own Orders represented here. Taking the Orders with foundations here, and which came into being in the nineteenth century, there were only 38 years without a foundation in those 100 years. Indeed in 1823 four Orders were founded. Surely this is a sign of responding to the Spirit, on the part of women in the Church—a sign of the vitality of the imagination of the woman, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the needs of society.

I am proud to belong to that line of commitment and service. Like you, I feel a responsibility to keep alive that sense of Christian adventure and commitment—attempting to answer the needs of these times, as my Sisters in the past responded to the needs of their times. So we have seen in our beginnings, those foundresses answering needs, reading the signs, in tune not only with the times but looking to the future. They initiated a response—a caring Christian woman's response to a present need but with a vision of future development. They responded in a way which called upon all their creativity and inventiveness, courage and love. Are we being true to them? Are we being true to their inspiration, in *our* response to poverty and deprivation and injustice? We who believe that Jesus is Lord, who believe that He has called us to share in his on-going incarnational presence in the world, in his on-going redemptive mission to this world of the 70's, we who believe that He daily gives us strength enough to meet the challenge of our time, who feel that as women, we have the gifts of intuitive insights, womanly sympathy, creativity, that must have an outlet,

and hearts that can accept and love all, we who by our vows have greater freedom than our lay sisters and brothers, with marriage and family commitments, “to lay down our lives for our brethren” we must ask ourselves hard, challenging questions. We must ask: are we true to this inherited creativity and pioneering spirit of our origins, or, are we continuing to prop up an educational system which manifestly does not meet the needs of our areas of deprivation? Are we deciding in the quiet and peace of our convents how we will educate these people, or are we risking the noise and the smell and the frustrations of a real exploration of the meaning of life at its depths in our cities, in order to find out what education for life really does mean there? Are we willing to listen to people, especially the poor—whose voice does not get through easily today (and to hear them properly, we must be very close to them)? Of course you answer “Yes”, because, many of you are already launched on the exciting, creative, deeply Christian exploration of the needs we have looked at. But are you saying, “Enough is enough” or are you willing to push farther into the frontiers of lonely and controversial experiment and research—willing that the strange anomaly of the Gospel seed, sacrificed and planted and dying so that the greater thing might grow, may be shown in our lives? For it is through our sacrifice that the Kingdom of God may grow, that our educational efforts may be focal points of the Kingdom, that people may point to all in those centres of education and say “see how they love one another” and want to belong. That through them the signs of Jesus everywhere may be recognised and affirmed, that Gospel-community may be celebrated joyously, that children may go out from us and their parents too, prepared for the reality of their situation; prepared to stay and live and work in it, instead of trying to escape from it, prepared to grapple with it, to change and better it, to see that through all of this, the works of Jesus are being done in that area; so that captives are freed (from poverty and sickness and injustice) so that sight is given to the blind (that they will see their neighbour and their world with eyes of love); so that the poor have the Gospel preached to them (not so much by preaching at them and telling them what it is, but by recognising and affirming the presence of the Spirit of Jesus in all the totally unexpected places in life, where people respond to him and make him present).

We find expressed in an epitaph on rough-hewn Yorkshire stone:

“To love the poor, to persevere in the same,
To live, die and rise with them—
Was all the aim of Mary Ward.”

That was 1645. What can be said of us in 1977?