

-3-

If we had a small dormitory we could invite 4 or 5 of this group to live with us. They would work for us, but at the same time they would be learning some better ways to do the job. While they plowed and planted they would learn how to use efficient methods within the range of their economic possibilities. In painting, carpentry, etc., they would help feed themselves and they would learn how to do these things for themselves.

After a few months most of these boys would return to their families but they would bring into their small circle ways that meant more money for the group. They would have learnt more about their faith, too; they would be more open to new approaches in liturgy.

This group could be used to bring about the necessary changes from within. When an Indian sees a "white" do something effective, he is not surprised nor is he stimulated to do the same. "Whites" have always been able to do that sort of thing. It's when his fellow Indians score a success that an Indian is aroused. When he sees his neighbor with money in his pocket, or joy in his heart, he knows he can have it too.

I am mostly interested in putting joy in his heart, in letting him realize Christ's answer to the world's hypocrisy, to his own sin and despair, to our terror of pain and death. The village will be solving its problems when people have the courage to step forward and work for their neighbor. If they will just stop putting satin robes and shining crowns on their statues and start putting shoes on their children's feet. But for them this is God's desire: that they waste their money on dead images, while Christ walks among them alive and barefoot, a little black-eyed ragamuffin.

Recently America, the Jesuit weekly published an article by a Monsignor Illich who raised the question of whether it was doing S.A. any good, to send all this money to them. He stressed that much of this is being wasted, which, judging by the little I have seen and lot I have heard, seems to be true, not only of the Church programs, but even of U.S. foreign aid.

This sounds like a letter urging you not to send any money down here. But, as you may suspect, this is not my purpose. What would happen if I receive no help at all from you. Well, our peculiar set-up with the society is that since we wanted this type of work, we would have to support ourselves. So, I would starve. Now you may say, "Why don't you sell your poetry to the national magazines?" You can't imagine what a second-rate group of poetry critics are now entrenched in all the magazines. I will have the last laugh when, after my death, they fight for publication rights. However, that word death reminds me of what's going to happen if you stop sending help. Not that I mind starving, but I would like to spread it out over 40 years.

If I could eat the Indian meals, it would help tremendously. But, my experiments over the past 6 months have made it plain that I can only avoid intestinal infections by being very careful about what

-4-

I eat. Even at that I rarely spend \$2 a day on everything.

(Another small point - perhaps not even worth mentioning - is the terrible state of cookies down here. It's almost impossible to get a dry cookie. Now you may say that doesn't seem a problem worthy of a missionary, but to keep eating, day after day, soggy cookies - Fr. Halligan just told me either to shut up or change the subject. I sometimes wonder if he's even human).

In addition, there are cases in the village, where because of temporary situations, a direct gift of money to a family can prevent a calamity.

Down here, a little goes a long way. Three dollars keeps a man working for a week. With your help, changes have come about in Guango-polo. The people are very proud of having us out there. They are puzzled by the help coming from the United States. They are not used to receiving anything but promises.

Thank you for the help and for the letters. I am slowly getting around to answering them all.

Please keep us in your prayers.

Your friend,

William Sampson, S.J.

William Sampson, S.J.

July 9, 1967

Dear Ed,

I could wait for more time and answer at greater length, but, I think I will take advantage of the coming of a car to Guano Polo to get this out today rather than next Friday. The first part of your letter is already 11 days old for you, and will be at least 4 more days old before you read this.

I was really glad to hear about the success of Fr. Cioffi's operation. He has been in bad health from a variety of causes and I hope that now with the Comps out of the way he will start to mend.

I am happy you are not entering the Peace Corps. I am very disillusioned by those I have seen here. They soon shake off their 'seminary' training and start having a great time, scaling mountains, going to all the feasts, overnight trips to all parts of Ecuador, concerts, dinners, etc., and getting in good with the white Ecuadorians (who love to have them around). I've known one very well and about 10, to talk to, and I can't see what good the 2 years has done them or the poor Indians. Judging by what I've seen

RESIDENCIA DE SAN IGNACIO
APARTADO 523 - QUITO - ECUADOR

the Peace Corps is running out of steam. I hope the situation elsewhere is better.

As for me, I'll be back in the States next summer, probably in Washington, and, I hope, teaching in a public school - but still a Jesuit. I requested something a bit different but this is what I can get, so I'm going to try it. If so, I will not be living in a Jesuit house but in an apartment house with one or two Jesuits.

I decided about 3 months ago that this mission is not what I'm interested in and cannot be changed into what I want without a great deal of bitterness, if at all. Money is the wheel of our operation here; I am the hacienda-owner and I can't see how I really care whether my efforts succeed or not. I don't believe in the power of money and I don't even like being near it - so... As a Jesuit in one of our Puerto Rican houses said, "I cannot save my soul in this set-up." I did make a series of efforts to change things - to concentrate on men and close contact with the Indians, but I drew a blank from American and Ecuadorian Jesuits.

I'm not using your donation to build a church. We are building a dispensary with it and keeping about 10 men on a regular payroll (3 mcks apiece each week) which has

enabled us to form a cooperative, and here, I think, all our hopes lie - in this cooperative. We are buying their mutual cooperation (if that's possible).

They want to build a church, but they will be doing this without my help.

I was having trouble with food. But it wasn't a matter of money. It just took me a long time to solve the amoeba problem. It's now solved and I use up about \$1.50 a day on my food and I am starting to gain back the weight I lost.

As for 'good and evil' - I can only suggest that the "world" means to me little more than "myself". I don't believe I can find the truth by observing but only by admitting. I'm still for "he who does the truth, comes to the light."

I wish you would send your next letter without any money at all. You could find some worthy cause up there, and I enjoy hearing from you.

Your friend,

Father Sampson

2/1/75 Same as faith seeking understanding? If once one has faith, then he can understand the world & G?

W. Sampson, S.
Apartado 523
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S.A.

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→ Estados Unidos ←
↑



VIA AIR MAIL
CORREO AEREO
PAR AVION

December 10, 1968 57

12/10/68

Dear Ed,

It's always a joy to hear from a crusader. It's so pleasant to have everybody else's faults pointed out by such a clear-eyed saviour. You say, "This is a very important truth - to be continually in rebellion" - almost as important as the other plank of your policy - 'to be continually well-fed'. You can keep eating from the host's table as long as you keep insulting the host. It's sometimes known as having your cake and eating it. You enjoy the best the world has to offer - what it offers to only about a tenth of the race - and yet you have no sense of guilt because you verbally separate yourself from the 'bad guys'.

"Discipline can be forgotten, it will come of itself, when more important truths are sought by one

because now I'm more energetic and I'm certain³ 59
I'll make it to Christmas (7 teaching days to go!).
During Christmas I'll decide on the future. I
am enjoying the Kids though not succeeding in
teaching them anything. I could just take off
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a year. Or move into the neighborhood, and
tutor - the lease is up Jan 31. Or go off to Benjiville
for a month or two (Trappists). or write. etc. etc.

I would prefer to be in a set-up where I offer
my services only to those who want what I have to
offer. I don't want to have to 'sell' my stuff. I
think that distorts what I'm selling. And anyway
I'm not really selling, I'm absorbing into myself
(I'm selling it to myself). Why should I try to
persuade others ~~on~~ to grasp these values
that I myself do not fully grasp; I can
produce an adult human in me - how can I
pretend to be interested in the production of adult
humans, if I ignore the one that I can directly
influence.

460

I think I should guarantee that I be -
out of esteem for human life. I cannot pretend to be
really interested in the value of human life - only in
others! This seems to me to be the most common
temptation - to spend yourself getting others to
achieve values that you do not achieve yourself,
selling what you do not embody. Anything worth
giving to others is worth having: it isn't like giving
material things away - it's more like God - what you
give away you preserve ever more surely. You give it
away but it becomes more yours than it was before.
It's a quality of life ~~that~~ that really you can only
have others ~~share~~ - you can't actually give it away
anymore than God can give away being. But if you
don't have it, how can others share it? And the more
you have, the more you can share and benefit others -
but you can't benefit them at your own expense.

Well, now at home, I hesitate about
sending this but I will anyway.
I will go to N.Y. on the 23rd and

come back about the 27th or 8th ^{or 9th?} I'm hoping
to stay at 84th Street for 3 days and
on the 26th stay at my brother's place
on Long Island.

I hope we can get together and
talk. Till then
your friend,
Fr. Sampson