

I thought I better get a job. I was running out of money and I wasn't ready to go home yet. Because of car trouble and some unexpected visitors while I was travelling I all of a sudden discovered I had less than I thought I would. I either had to go home right away or I had to find a job. I decided I'd look for a job.

I went to New Hampshire to pick apples and join a peaceful and religious crew of apple pickers. I got there a day after the season had ended. I stayed the night in the bunk house and was sorry I'd missed the chance but glad I had a chance to look at the people living together and realizing that we the wanderers are a most different bunch. We are perhaps much more different from each other than we are from those who are not wanderers.

I wasn't ready to go back to a city and look for a waitress job right away, and I wasn't sure that a waitress was even what I wanted to look for, and, I didn't have much money so I knew I couldn't waste money in deciding. I decided to go to the White Mountains and camp, and come back to the city when I'd decided. It took me almost a week and I went back to Boston.

When I was there before for a weekend, I saw a poster for the United Farm Workers which said we need full-time volunteers for room and board and five dollars a week. I knew that meant very little free time and not much personal space, but I decided to try it and I went up to their office for an interview.

I don't know much about the farm workers I hesitated, and I'd be glad to help out in the office. I won't be here long enough to be a crusader I went on, but if you have office work, filing and typing and things you'd like me to do I'd be glad to, I'll only be around about six weeks.

The women in the office looked at me dubiously and though I knew they needed help I wasn't sure that she thought she needed me. She gave me an application to fill out and told me I should go to an interview sometime in the next few days with the director Vincente, Silva. Where could I be reached she asked me. "Well, I said

I'm not sure, you see I just got into Boston today and I came here, I thought I'd think about where I was going to sleep after I talked to you. Probably I'll sleep in the truck. Why don't you come and meet Vince at the house tonight she said, and we can put you up for the night and feed you at least.

So I went to the library and read and wrote letters, then I went at 7:00 to meet Vince and the other people in the house.

Vince asked me to come in the work room and sit down and I told

I wanted to help out for six weeks or a couple of months and could he use me, yes he said, yes, but we usually don't take people for less than a three month commitment. That would pretty completely alter my plans I said, and I thought I'd have to think about it, he said do that, and gave me some history and general information while I was thinking.

I went out to the truck to get my sleeping bag and thought about it and decided three months was all right and went in and told him I didn't see why I couldn't work three months and he said good and I was to move in.

The next morning was a poor initiation, a four hour staff meeting and I was assigned to central Boston. I told Vince the night before that when I had talked to the women in the office I had volunteered for office work and filing but that I didn't feel I knew enough about the farmworkers and wasn't sure if I was ready to take on the job of proselytizing, I didn't know enough and didn't have enough faith to do that,

but after leaving the office and writing to a friend and impotently praying (though I didn't tell Vince that) I decided that perhaps it was important that I confront my here to fore "don't make any waves attitude". I said the way I had always gotten along with people was by being pleasant and affable and by not confronting people. I wasn't sure if that was good, in fact that afternoon I decided the only way to arrest my doubts was by trying the other way so I would be willing to do some organizing if he wanted.

that is how I got central Boston.

Part of what led me to this conclusion was that I had been reading Matthew, and discovered that Christ certainly had not been a person who had not made waves. He confronted people and was confronted by people that he did not swerve from answering.

So I joined the farmworker staff. I'm the oldest in the nose for the staff in Boston is now pretty young. But already in six days I am beginning to learn more about myself than I knew. That marks a good situation.