For God, for all those dear to us, including all biological &/or creative ancestors, family, offspring, & friends, always.

"The greatest revolution is a simple change of heart."—American folk song.
"Courage doesn't always shout, but whispers and reminds."—American folk song.
"Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you."—Matt. 5:43-44.
"Be the change you want to see in the world."—Mahatma Gandhi.

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SA109 Designed, Printed, Bound, & Published by DigiCopy of La Crosse (LaX), WI, September 2019

Spirit of America Vol. 109
COURAGE & WRITING WITH BW LIGHT

Retail Price: $24.95

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The work, and the life, any of us calls "our own" is what the popular 1980s TV series "All Creatures Great and Small" is about. In its decently crafted way, then, the BBC has been working to tell all of us for years that the shrewdness and the humanity of the “country veterinarians” of this world can save our very souls. And in “Creatures,” a way of life AND a way of work are ratified; and howsoever quirky, half-crazed, nostalgia-oriented or extreme it be, the series has also proved essential, humane and just, as it brings us “home” to the down-to-earth world we still choose to live in, and call our own. / There is a wonderful photograph taken by a friend of mine, Ms. Young-Im Kim, for her excellent book/photo-essay, “The Korean Community in New York” (1990). It is the picture of one Mr. Moon Cha, “The Only Korean Panhandler in Manhattan, NY.” Now, one wonders about the style of living for such a man as this, but Ms. Kim’s photo seems to indicate that Mr. Cha is doing just fine. His long-coat, his scarves, his sporty cap, and his knitted handbag—not to mention his confident smile—signal the sort of life he lives, and not a bad existence at that. One gets the feeling Mr. Cha works just enough to make life comfortable for himself and others, like Young-Im Kim. Good fellow-feeling emerges, then, in this striking street portrait, and a sense of overall well-being is communicated to the viewer. / This feeling of contentment about “The Life” and “The Work” radiates clearly from the life and the work of other wayfarers on The Road of Substantive Human Survival. I’m thinking here of the sense of overall well-being, everyday good feeling, in fact, the noted Picture Post photographer Bert Hardy wrote of in his autobiography, “My Life.” Hardy enlisted in the British Army as a photographer during WWII and did “his bit.” When he returned home in...
1946 from his extended duty tour, he was ready to go full-force for that magazine. He wrote: "It was good to be back at work for Picture Post at a period when the paper was at its greatest. I kicked off with a story on Sid Field the comedian, which took me to his town of Birmingham, and I went to Denham to photograph the Boulting Brothers, whom I had last seen at the fall of Dunkirk. Then, after I had spent not much more than a month in this country [Editor] Tom [Hopkinson] must have decided that I had been at home too long, and sent me off to India for the opening of the first Constituent Assembly." That little jaunt to India would produce a photo seen round the world—of Prime Minister Nehru smelling a rose—with title "We Visit India" on Feb. 9, 1947. Read about the trials and tribulations of any successful citizen of this world, and you will see how work makes the life and life makes the work. I'm thinking now of the comments of world-class fire-fighter Paul Neal "Red" Adair in May 1990. Adair said many things then about the difficulty as well as delight of his "job"; he added an important side-note, however: "When I don't have a job going on, I create turmoil of some sort around me, even if it's just cleaning out a closet." Adair's remarks are instructive, for anyone who is truly in love with life is also in love with work. Adair makes it clear, though, his job is not the same as the journalist's. As he put it, "Working is one thing. But sittin' down and thinkin', doin' interviews is something else. You start to get a little fidgety and a little nervous." Red Adair wasn't as nervous, apparently, when his crews put out 500+ oil fires in Kuwait after the Iraq War of 1991. This reporter's mom and dad, both born in 1931, used to work full-time at jobs they complained about from time to time, but at jobs they nevertheless could not have lived without during their early and middle adult years. Dad was a meat-cutter, and Mom a nursing home medical records administrator. Both had endless duties to perform, but they also admitted they would have been in their graves much more quickly, if they'd have been forced to give up their work earlier. When Dad said, "It never ends," he didn't mean he wished his work would go away; he just meant he wished the nonsense associated with some aspects of his life would have gone away. And when Mom said, "It's always something," she meant the same thing pretty much. And the stories they both told about good times at work have been just as memorable as any of the nonsense they sometimes had to put up with. Work can be difficult, just as it can be rewarding. Think of Dutch Visiting Teacher Jona Hofman in 1990. Ms. Hofman was just finishing up two years of teaching English to inner-city children in London. She said, "School finishes at 3.30 and we go downstairs and say goodbye. Then I get things ready for the next day. People think teaching is a fun life with long holidays, but they forget the incredible energy you have to put in." Ms. Hofman went on to say: "You have to see that this child is not working or that child is not feeling good. If one is really getting into his work, you must praise him, because that might be the first time he has ever written something. You cannot miss anything. I love it. But I think people should realise what it is like." In all the above cases, work and life are so inextricably linked that the human beings who do the work mentioned feel satisfied they're fulfilling a Life Mandate of sorts. In other words, all these working people feel sufficiently happy/self-fulfilled with their professional activities. They earned a living by their work; they called a piece of the planet their own by their work; and, in the end, they signaled to us often their ultimate satisfaction with the universe they lived in through fellow-feeling generated, once again, by their life's work. The tasks each of us can do in this life should not be downplayed. Work, and our professional attitude toward that sometimes splendid, sometimes more "mundane", activity, can save our immortal souls—as Mother Teresa, despite what she sometimes said about the workaday world, knew in the depths of her being and in her religious calling—just as the actors in "Creatures" helped save their own souls, and others', by portraying veterinary work in a positive, if sometimes, swivel-hipped, way. It's hoped the work investigated and completed here, when this book-series, etc., is completed, makes sense to readers, too, helping them find the moral, physical, emotional, and spiritual values in "The Work of Life" or "A Life of Work" once again.--This essay was 1st written 6-17-91, rev. 6-22-92, & in 1998, & in mid-2019 too, all by DvJM.