

# Spiritan Magazine

---

Volume 30  
Number 1 *February*

Article 12

---

2-2006

## Food for Thought

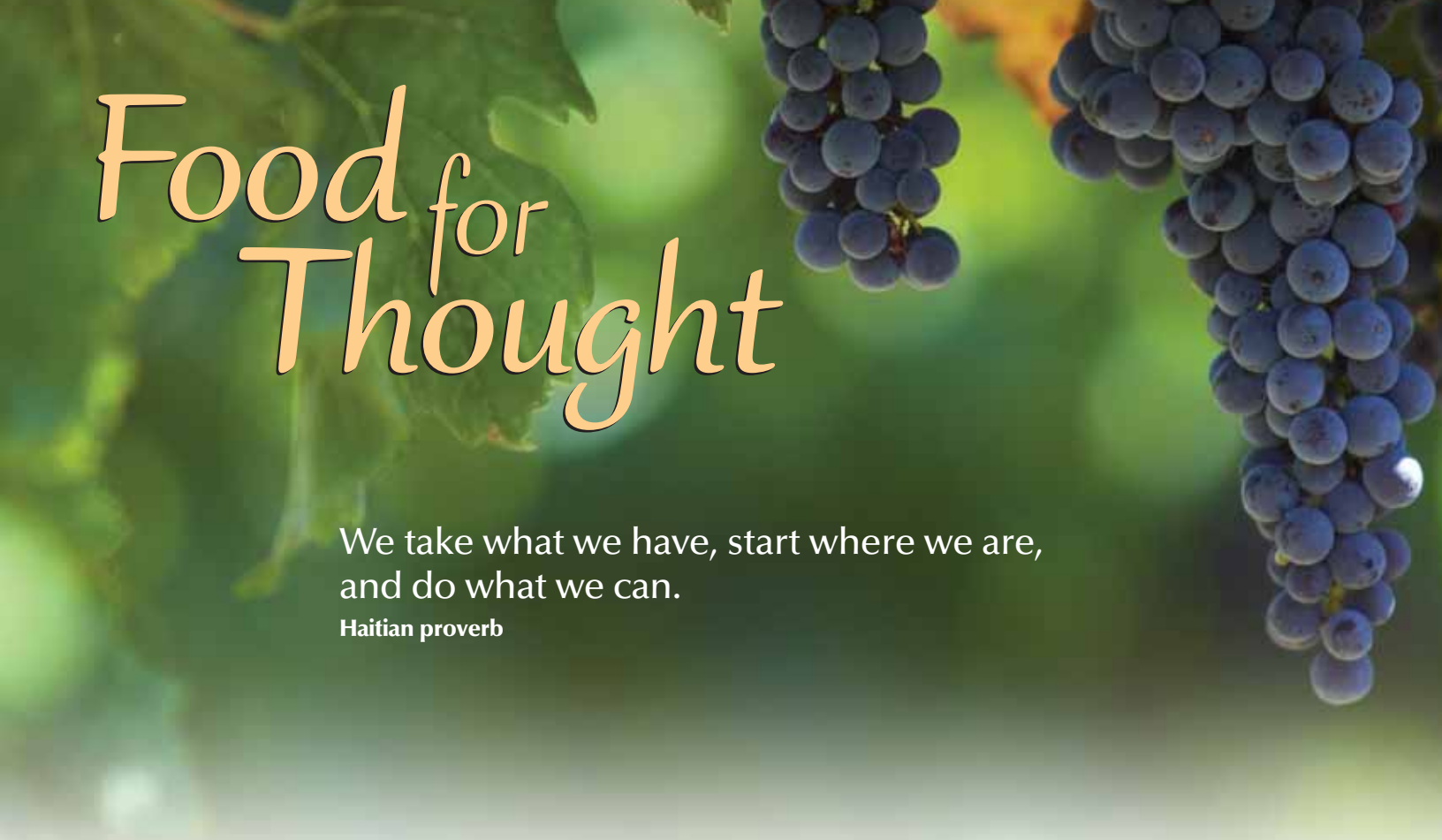
Follow this and additional works at: <https://dsc.duq.edu/spiritan-tc>

---

### Recommended Citation

(2006). Food for Thought. *Spiritan Magazine*, 30 (1). Retrieved from <https://dsc.duq.edu/spiritan-tc/vol30/iss1/12>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Spiritan Collection at Duquesne Scholarship Collection. It has been accepted for inclusion in Spiritan Magazine by an authorized editor of Duquesne Scholarship Collection.



# Food for Thought

We take what we have, start where we are,  
and do what we can.

Haitian proverb

A couple of days ago I was walking back from the town to our house in Yabello and I had to walk around horse manure. It struck me that the manure was a sign of progress. Two years there were no horse drawn buggies in Yabello. People who wanted to go anywhere in the town walked.

Then some entrepreneur brought in a donkey and cart and started carrying people and materials around the town. Want to build a house (of mud or cement blocks)? Hire the donkey cart for a day or two and have the material delivered to the building site. Have to visit someone a bit far away — that is, a mile or two? Wave down the donkey cart. Once the door was opened, others got on the bandwagon. Within a few months there were about twenty carts moving around town, some donkey-driven, and some more prosperous ones drawn by horses — sort of the Mercedes of animal-powered carts. Progress.

So watch where you walk in modern Yabello.

**Vince Stegman, CSSp**  
Ethiopia

Everyone in the village knew the wood salesman and his cart. Each morning he went up the mountain to get wood. Each day at noon he came back down and sold the wood from his house. The village grew and he could no longer meet the needs of his people. So he got a tractor instead of his cart. As business grew he hired some help and eventually formed a company.

Soon after this expansion, however, he found that people were no longer buying as much wood. To boost sales, he tried going from house to house with his wood, but there were fewer and fewer buyers. He tried to make the wood more attractive. He tried hiring an advertising and marketing agent. All to no avail. Soon the company was nearly bankrupt.

"Why are they no longer buying my wood?" he wondered.

As the wood salesman had been busy expanding his business he had failed to notice that everyone in the town had changed over to electric stoves.

Are we still the church of the wood stove?

**Adelio Torres Neivo, CSSp**  
Portugal

Nearly all programs at the Baffin Correctional Centre have a land component.

It's hard to deny that something happens to an Inuk on the land his ancestors hunted.

On their way back to jail, the young-offenders-turned-hunters stop midway across a frozen river. Someone chips through six centimetres of ice to the clear water beneath.

Styrofoam cups are produced. Everyone dips into the icy stream and drinks.

It's almost sacramental.

"What do you learn from the land?" one young man is asked. He looks upstream to where the river has carved a channel into the tundra.

"Everything."

**Bob Webber**  
Canadian Press