

The Hartford Catholic Worker

St. Martin De Porres House
St. Brigid House



So faith by itself, if it has no works, is dead.

- James 2:17



Dwight Teal Jr.

And you are to love those who are foreigners, for you yourselves were foreigners
Deuteronomy 10:19

Summer 2023

The Hartford Catholic Worker

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The Hartford Catholic Worker is published quarterly by the St. Martin De Porres Catholic Worker community. We are a lay community of Catholics and like-minded friends, living in the north end of Hartford, working and praying for an end to violence and poverty. We are a 501c3 tax exempt organization. We do not seek or accept state or federal funding. Our ability to house the homeless, feed the hungry, and work with the children depends on contributions from our readers. We can be reached at: 18 Clark St., Hartford CT 06120; (860) 724-7066, purplehousecw@gmail.com and www.hartfordcatholicworker.org We are: Brian Kavanagh, Baby Beth Donovan, Anthony Harris, Joshua Collazo, Jacqueline, Ammon, and Christopher Allen-Douçot.

Our Board of directors include: Justin Evanovich, Danielle DeRosa, Sr. Pat McKeon, Rex Fowler, Marybeth Albrycht, Isaiah Jacobs, and James Conway.

St. Martin's Wish List

- ♥ A flourishing society where everyone is fed, everyone is housed, everyone is educated, everyone is cared for, and everyone is loved.
- ♥ Sunny days this summer for the kids at camp Ahimsa and rainy nights for the trees.
- ♥ A licensed contractor to refurbish our kitchen- WE'LL PAY!!!
- ♥ Gifts of time, talent, and treasure to help us perform the Works of Mercy. **Donations can be mailed to: HCW 26 Clark St., Hartford CT 06120.** Donations can also be made online by clicking on the "Donate" button at our website: <https://www.hartford-catholicworker.org/>
- ♥ Having a birthday? Consider asking friends to make a donation to the Hartford Catholic Worker in your honor.
- ♥ Please consider remembering the Hartford Catholic Worker when planning your estate.
- ♥ Thank-you!



Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

(Over the Winter long time Hartford Catholic Worker supporters Dennis and Sue Petruzzi, and Mary Ann and James Hubert, took some of their grandchildren on pilgrimage to our southern border. These are their thoughts and photos.)

FREEDOM

Mary Ann Hubert

As I begin to write about our experience in Tucson, the beautiful faces of the Asylum Seekers are before me. It brings me back to the first day when we were eagerly waiting to greet them at the door as they exited the bus. Because we were masked, we greeted them with broad smiles that could be seen through our eyes and a cheerful Bienvenido. Many who came were families weary and tired from their journey, but soon after they had something to eat and could change from the scrubs into clean clothes, we saw smiles of relief. All of the migrants were extremely appreciative of everything that was offered to them.

As Dennis mentioned, they wore tracking bands with their identification and a number. After being given permission, I began to remove the bands from their wrists. When I finished with those around me, I looked up to see the room filled with arms going up as each pointed to their band. It was a surprising and profound moment when I saw their reaction to this simple gesture. I quickly realized the meaning these bands probably held for them – a sense of captivity. They were bound, and now they are free! One more step to their human dignity being restored.Ω



LOVE UNLIMITED

James Hubert

We were amazed at the number of senior volunteers who gave up many hours of their vacation time to welcome the migrants with smiles, food, and clothing. We were thankful for the opportunity to join them as we all worked together to provide any needed help. We quickly learned that you don't need to speak the same language to communicate. Kindness can be felt through a love language of smiles and caring hugs.Ω

One Small Thing

Gannon MacLachlan

My experience in Tucson was very eye opening for me in many ways, but the most impactful idea I took away from the trip is that taking the time out of your day to help with even the little things can make a world of dif-

ference to someone in need. On one of our first days in Tucson my grandparents and I went to a shelter for migrants who have recently been caught by Border Patrol. Places like this - [Casa Ali-tas](#) – are important because the migrants are first taken to a place that many people could compare to a prison. They are not given a warm welcome at all and are even made to put on paper clothes. However, once they get to the shelter they are able to actually feel welcomed and treated like human beings for the first time. The first day I visited there weren't any migrants coming in at the time, so the job they had me do was to sort crayons into plastic bags. I really didn't see the meaning in this at the time. However, when I went later in the week I was tasked with

passing out those bags of crayons to the children coming off the bus. Seeing the smile on their faces when they opened their bags made those 2 boring hours I spent all worthwhile. This has taught me to cherish every moment I spend doing service for others because you never know how much one small thing can help other people.Ω

Bienvenido

Dennis Petruzzi

The price paid to the cartels, the conditions experienced during the journey, the wall and the heavily armed force that met them at the border were all hardships that had been endured by these asylum seekers. Under the control of their host government their clothes were now taken and exchanged for paper scrubs, their shoe laces were confiscated, they

(Please see: *Pilgrims*, p4)

Pilgrims cont.

were put into cells, tracking bands were placed on their wrists. All this must have said” you are not welcome here”.

In contrast, upon arrival a [Casa Alitas](#), each was greeted by volunteers with a warm “Bienvenido” and a smile that could not be hidden by the COVID masks being worn. Staff took the time to explain what would be happening, reassured them that they were now in the right place, that their immediate needs would be met and that they were indeed welcome.

Sure, there was a practical side to the services provided to asylum seekers arriving at Casa Alitas. Migrants, young an old, were given medical care, food and drink, clothing, shelter and logistical aid for the travelers. But what was given was much more than that. Each had their dignity reconfirmed.Ω

You Can't Judge a Book

Sue Petruzzzi

On our fourth day we went with our guide Gail – a wonderful, knowledgeable volunteer with the Tuscan Samaritans – to a small migrant shelter in Sasabe, MX and also took a trip along the border wall for at

least 7 or 8 miles. She explained that this section of the wall is 21 miles long and has 23 gaps big enough for people to walk through! She makes these trips often and since it was a terribly rainy day in the 40's she fully expected to come upon people hoping to be picked up by Border Patrol to be taken to shelter as there is very little shelter in the desert.

We found no one and as we were almost back on the main road we saw a pickup truck with a huge “Don't Tread on Me” decal on the door. Gail explained it was Barry, a federal contractor, who “guards” the border wall's mounds of construction material (now not being used). Of course his decal conjured up a certain image in my mind. Both vehicles stopped and they rolled down the windows. Gail told Barry she was surprised to not see any migrants this afternoon.

Barry said he came across 21 people that morning. He went on to say, “I put all the babies in the truck to warm up and then gave the adults blankets while we waited for Border Patrol. Yeah my wife and I are thinking of getting those my-lar blankets like they use at the end of races because they keep you a lot warmer and they are easier to carry around.”

You could have seen my jaw drop! I had totally misjudged this man's heart. In spite of the decal and regardless of his political leanings - which I don't know for sure - he

saw these people as humans in need of assistance. Would that everyone could see the human faces of these migrants – I am sure they would be moved as Barry was.Ω 4

The Journey

Patrick, Kerry, Matthen, Michael Ruff

From the South they come, with dreams in their heart

Crossing the border and, looking for a new start

*Leaving behind the land they know,
To seek a future they hope will glow.*

Their journey is long, and fraught with pain

*As they brave the desert's scorching terrain
And cross the land, wild and wide
To reach the place on the other side*

*But they keep moving, their eyes set ahead
Their hopes and dreams, a fire that's fed
By the thought of a better life in sight
A future that makes their struggle right.*

They arrived hungry and tired, their clothes in a bag

*Their stomachs growl, hunger a constant nag
Their feet weary, and shoes with no laces
Craving hot coffee and warm spaces.*

*They come to work, to labor hard
In fields and factories, in yards and yards
Their sweat and toil, the price they pay
To earn a living, day by day*

*With every step, they leave behind
A life they knew, a world unkind
To chase the hope, the promise of a land
Where they can work and make a stand*

*They endure the challenges and the pain,
They fight for their rights and dignity to maintain,*

*Their spirits unbroken, their hearts true,
migrants, we honor you.Ω*

(Recommended reading:

[Enrique's Journey](#): The story of a boy's dangerous odyssey to reunite with his mother by Sonia Nazario

[White Borders](#): The history of race and immigration in the United States from Chinese Exclusion to the border wall by Reece Jones)



Crowning a King

Ammon Allen-Doucot

King Charles III took the throne on a rainy Saturday in May, in a ceremony that ended up costing the British People somewhere around 100 million pounds. All while the British public is facing a cost of living crisis and the ordinary people can barely afford food. A muddled coronation to say the least. We here at Catholic Worker were also celebrating a coronation of sorts; we were seeking the creation of the upside down kingdom during our annual earth day clean up (admittedly fully not on earth day). Our ambitions were of course non-monarchical, there were no thrones to be taken or crowns to be placed, just pickets that needed replacing, litter that needed to be picked up and burgers to be devoured.

The Upside Down Kingdom is hardly a new concept, I read Donald Kraybill's book about it when I was in college almost 10 years ago, and the book itself was published in the 70s. It is a term that basically describes how the "kingdom" Jesus was telling his followers about in ancient Palestine was an inversion of traditional societal power structures, and how that inversion still applied. The book opens with John the Baptist echoing the prophecy of Isaiah "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God" (Luke 3:4-6). Kraybill then goes on to cite the Magnificat, in which Mary sings of a day when change will come: "He has cast down the mighty from their thrones, and has lifted up the lowly. He has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent away empty." (Luke 1:52) A hopeful vision of change, that has

yet to become permanent, and yet the Kingdom of Heaven can never be fixed or static. He says "It's in flux-- always becoming, spreading, growing. The kingdom points us not to the place of God, but to God's ruling activities. It is not a kingdom in heaven but from heaven--one that thrives here and now. The kingdom appears whenever people submit their lives to God's will."



It appeared for us that Saturday, as Holy Cross alumni, including my dad, our extended community and our kids gathered to work and clean together. It was formed in the service of the volunteers, it was heard in the laughter of the kids, it was crowned by a terrific meal shared by all. Homeless men and lawyers together without care for the fact of their differences- differences that matter more in this kingdom than they should, but not at all in the kingdom of heaven.

We work in the presiding hope that those fickle instances of the kingdom manifesting become more frequent, but it is still just a hope. That very same Saturday one of the oldest monarchies on the planet, inserted another king to a throne, the distribution of wealth tells us that the rich have not been sent away yet. It seems appropriate to remember that after John promised the filling of valleys and felling of mountains, he took his time to

chastise those who came to seek baptism. He warned them that it was not sufficient to be baptized or to be children of Abraham and Sarah, they had seek repentance through their actions. It is easy to forget that we ought to include ourselves in the brood of vipers that John rebukes. It is not enough to be baptized by a day of service, or a job at Catholic Worker, we must in our thoughts, hearts, and actions manifest the kingdom every day.Ω

(To read about a true king and an authentic Charles turn the page.)

Why Not Be A Beggar?

Peter Maurin

*People who are in need
and are not afraid to beg
give to people not in need
the occasion to do good
for goodness' sake.*

*Modern society
calls the beggar
bum and panhandler
and gives him the bum's rush.*

*The Greeks used to say
that people in need
are the ambassadors of the gods.*

*We read in the Gospel:
"As long as you did it
to one of the least
of My brothers
you did it to Me."*

*While modern society
calls the beggars
bums and panhandlers,
they are in fact
the Ambassadors of God.*

*To be God's Ambassador
is something
to be proud of.*

My Dad, A King, and the Political Office We All Share

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Christopher J. Douçot

Two of my childhood heroes died this Spring: [Mel King](#) and my [dad](#). Chahlie (Charlie for those of you from beyond Boston).

My dad died at home on May 3 after his lungs, which had been scarred from decades of acetylene fumes and more recently cancer, finally gave out. My dad was a welder who worked for three generations of an Italian American family.

Dad worked ridiculously long hours. His day began before dawn always with the same breakfast of a smoke and a coke; [the iconic metal clang](#) of the Zip-po lighter and the fizz of the Coke bottle were the only noise he made in the morning. His day was spent transforming stainless steel sheet metal into hoods, tables, shelves and more in restaurants, hotels, and college cafeterias across New England.

He often didn't return home until it was dark again. At times he would wake me at night with a trinket he bought at a Mass Pike rest stop; after seeing me take apart a radio speaker to claim the magnet inside, he saved the rest of our radios by bringing home a horseshoe shaped magnet for my iron and steel detecting.

My dad was a private, quiet fellow who taught me with his actions not his words.

I didn't have an allowance growing up. Instead, my dad suggested that my older brother and I sell the Sunday papers outside an Italian bakery that was opening down the street. I spent every Sunday from third grade until the Sunday before I went away to college selling papers on that corner from five in the morning 'til one in the afternoon. It's only as I type this that it dawns on me that until my

older brother got his license my dad was getting up before dawn for us on Sundays too.

At one point one of the newspapers cut out the distributors which put the squeeze unfairly on paperboys. My dad had a keen sense of right and wrong. Knowing that we were being wronged he somehow got my brother and I an hour-long interview on WBZ, the local talk and news radio station back when folks listened

course (full disclosure- holidays were never a big thing in our home). When he was done the pizza man asked how he could repay my dad.

"*Twenty pies to go*" my pop replied. Before heading home, he had dinner with homeless folks living by the expressway. We found out only because someone who knew him, saw him, and told my mom.

Another time he was working on one of the restaurants opening in Foxwoods Casino when he sat down for his brown bag lunch in an empty bar save for one lonely worker eating at the closed bar. My dad walked over and said it was silly for the two of them to eat alone, the worker, a singer name Barbara Streisand, agreed and the duet had lunch together. I think he did tell my mom about this one.

My dad also

brought my brothers and I to volunteer at the Special Olympics after he met a widow through the church who had two adult children with Down's Syndrome. On many Saturdays he would fix things around her home and then take Raymond and Mary Jo out for ice cream. Raymond was an altar server at our parish. Once during mass when it was time to ring the bells at consecration, Raymond went to town on them. He rang them like he was with the Boston Pops and this was his moment to shine with an extended solo church bell performance. In truth he was just trying to wake up my dad who had fallen asleep in the front pew.

My dad taught me to be diligent, righteous, and brave, to sacrifice,



In '94 dad stood in for Santa at the Purple House Christmas Party

to AM radio. After we told our story, rogue drivers for the *Boston Globe* began dropping off hundreds of free papers for the duration of the dispute, increasing our profits from a dime to a dollar!

One morning on his way to work my dad saw a house on fire. He broke down the door, awoke and pulled out the family, and then got back in his truck to get to work on time. Our family, and the one he rescued, only learned about this because the fire department had arrived by the time he was leaving and one of the fire fighters wrote down his license plate.

One Christmas Eve he got a desperate call from a pizzeria owner begging him to fix something to save his sales on what apparently is a big night for pizza in Boston. He agreed, of

share, and break bread with people who are allegedly “high” or apparently “low”, and to be humble. Though I struggle with pride, I think my dad taught me well.

Working with metal tanned to leather the skin on his hands long before I was born. Working with people turned his heart into gold.

Mel King died in Boston on March 28 after spending more than seventy years struggling for social, racial, and economic justice. I first became aware of Boston’s King in 1983 when I was in high school and he was the first Black candidate to gain enough votes to be on the ballot for the general mayoral election. His opponent was Ray Flynn. School segregation was still a hot topic in Boston in ’83. Flynn was opposed to busing, King in favor.

The nominally liberal *Boston Globe* had great coverage of King in later years, and especially in the days after he died, but in the 70’s and 80’s it’s pages were dismissive and derisive of King and his work. One repentant reporter [wrote the day after](#) his death: *“I believe in the power of protest, yet I presented King as a threat to the power structure. But King saw his mission as something very different. As Kay Gibbs, a friend of King’s and longtime political activist, put it, ‘Mel was a visionary who rejected the notion that power was a zero-sum game. He thought there was enough to go around for everybody.’”*

The framing of Flynn and King as opposites and adversaries might have sold newspapers, but it wasn’t accurate or nuanced. Both men were from immigrant families, they had longshoremen for dads, and they had a sense of compassion and righteousness.

They also had a lifelong friendship that predated, and outlived, their political careers having been teammates on an all Black, except for Flynn, youth basketball team. They were challenged by their differences, but with much more in common they were able to work together

for progressive change in Boston. Indeed, Flynn offered King a role in the mayor’s office after the election. King declined, instead many of his staff ended up in Flynn’s city hall. Throughout our history this type of “[fusion politics](#)” has always brought about progressive change.

King brought people together to brainstorm for change. His Wednes-

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Hispanic people seeking solidarity while struggling for dignity- you know things like housing, respect, fair wages, and a voice that is heard. King told the *Globe* in 1993: *“What I believe people want more than anything else is a sense of a vision that’s inclusive and respectful and appreciative of who they are. What the Rainbow Coalition did was to put that right up front because everybody could be a member.”* “Mel believed that people impacted by policies should have a voice in those policies,” Joe Kriesberg, chief executive at [MassINC](#), a nonpartisan think tank [told the Globe](#).

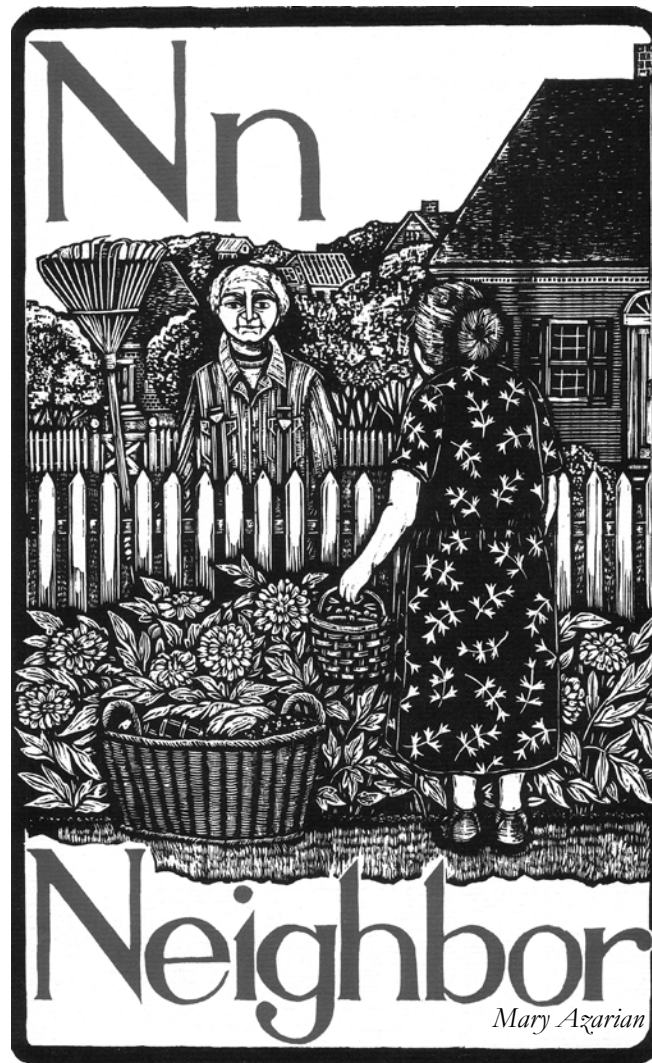
In 1984 he “gave” the Rainbow to Jesse Jackson in advance of Jackson’s run for the White House.

In 1968 after [Urban Renewal](#), known as Urban Removal to the families whose neighborhoods were destroyed to make way for “expressways” (*sic*), commercial development (Constitution Plaza in Hartford), or tourist attractions (the Gateway Arch in St. Louis), exacerbated the paucity of affordable housing in Boston, King organized [Tent City](#) in a vacant lot in Boston’s South End. Up to 4000 people joined King in the occupation of the lot to demand *“an end to family relocation, land acquisition, and demolition, and the immediate construction of low-rent housing on vacant lots. He sought a South End housing committee that would ‘meet people’s needs instead of property needs’ and proposed that the unemployed and underemployed build houses, schools, and other community facilities in the neighborhood”*

(*Boston Globe*).

In 1973 King began a ten-year stint representing the people of his Boston neighborhood. He sponsored legislation that led to the creation of [Community Development Corporations](#), which do the work of creating affordable housing. By 1988 269 units of affordable housing, dubbed Tent City, demanded by King, and ushered through city hall by Flynn, were opened on the lot that King and his community had occupied two

(Please see: *My Dad*, p8)



day morning soul food breakfasts brought together policy makers, folks working for nonprofits, academics and their students. King, at once a short order cook and a professor at M.I.T., filled bellies and tilled imaginations in search of a more just society.

King, at once (*at twice?*) an activist and an organizer, also brought people together to agitate for change. It was Mel King who formed the [Rainbow Coalition](#) of working, impoverished, lgbtq, Black, white, Asian, and

The “Aims and Means” of the Catholic Worker, and a word about that cartoon in the last issue

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Each year the New York Catholic Worker publishes *The Aims and Means of the Catholic Worker* in the original *Catholic Worker* newspaper put out by our “mother house”. We have been reviewing these aims and means as a community and with our board. Over the next several issues we will be reprinting portions of the aims and means ([full copy found here](#)) with commentary on what they mean to us and how we are attempting to be true to the charism of the Catholic Worker.

The aim of the Catholic Worker movement is to live in accordance with the justice and charity of Jesus Christ. Our sources are the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures as handed down in the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, with our inspiration coming from the lives of the saints, “men and women outstanding in holiness, living witnesses to Your unchanging love.” (Preface to the Eucharistic Prayer for holy men and women)

This aim requires us to begin living in a different way. We recall the words of our founders, Dorothy Day who said, “God meant things to be much easier than we have made them,” and Peter Maurin who wanted to build a society “where it is easier for people to be good.”

When we examine our society, which is generally called capitalist (because of its methods of producing and controlling wealth) and is bourgeois (because of prevailing concern for acquisition and material interests, and its

emphasis on respectability and mediocrity), we find it far from God’s justice.

—In economics, private and state capitalism bring about an unjust distribu-

tion of wealth, for the profit motive guides decisions. Those in power live off the sweat of others’ brows, while those without power are robbed of a just return for their work. Usury (the charging of interest above administrative costs) is a major contributor to the wrongdoing intrinsic to this system. We note, especially,

how the world debt crisis leads poor countries into greater deprivation and a dependency from which there is no foreseeable escape. Here at home, the number of hungry and homeless and unemployed people rises in the midst of increasing affluence. (To be continued in our next issue.)

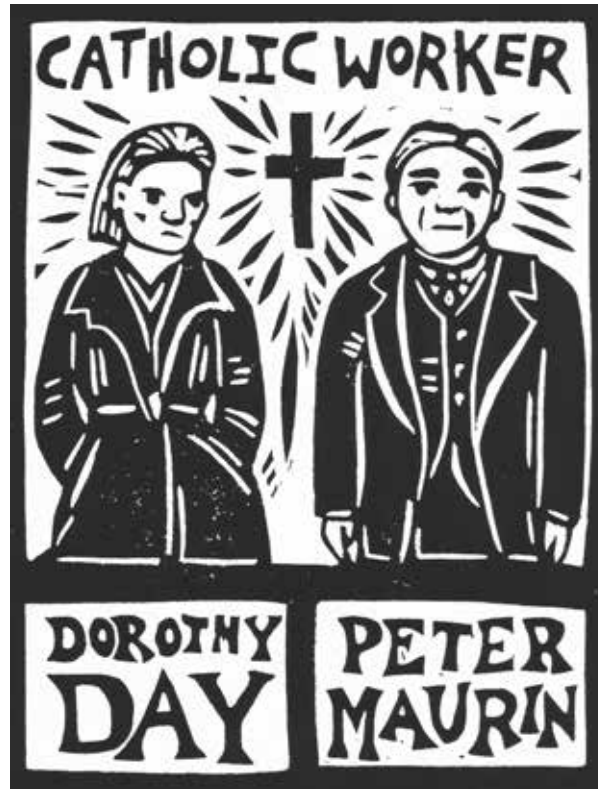
So, about that graphic in our last issue; the one of Dorothy Day with the caption: “We need to overthrow this rotten, decadent, putrid industrial capitalist system.”

We receive very little feedback on this newsletter, so when a donor wrote in distress seeking clarification we figured there might be others out there scratching their heads. It may be the case that most of our readers only know of the Catholic Worker through our charitable work. By publishing and commenting of the *Aims and Means* we hope to add to this partial understanding of the Catholic Worker.

Regarding charity: while it is necessary it can also be an “occasion for sin”. We will elaborate on this notion when we reprint the portion of the *Aims and Means*

that identifies voluntary poverty as a fundamental charism of Catholic Worker spirituality. For now we will share these words of Pope Pius XI that the American bishops cite in [Economic Justice for All](#).

“Every citizen also has the responsibility



Sarah Fuller

tion of wealth, for the profit motive guides decisions. Those in power live off the sweat of others’ brows, while those without power are robbed of a just return for their work. Usury (the charging of interest above administrative costs) is a major contributor to the wrongdoing intrinsic to this system. We note, especially,

My Dad, cont.

decades earlier, in the middle of what is now an otherwise posh neighborhood. Lewis Finfer, the director of Massachusetts Action for Justice told the *Globe* that King is “the father of the affordable housing movement.”

“I want to make sure the city is working for everybody.” King told the *Globe* in 2004. “We just need to hold hands and understand that love is the question and the answer.”

We are taught that our government has three branches, the judicial, the legislative, and the executive, each an expression of our democracy and

a check on the power of the others. We’ve been misled.

There is a fourth branch of government that is more important, and potentially more powerful, than the other three: the citizenry. Supreme Court Justice [Felix Frankfurter](#) quipped: “In a democracy, the highest office is the office of citizen.” Saul Alinsky succinctly defined power as the result of organized money and organized people. When we the people are organized, in labor unions, faith communities, social movements, community and civic groups, we have the power to be the ultimate check on the other

branches of government who are otherwise beholden to the power of organized money.

Another childhood hero of mine, [Ralph Nader](#), warns that “there can be no daily democracy without daily citizenship”. Nader asks: “If we do not exercise our civic rights, who will? If we do not perform our civic duties, who can? The fiber of a just society in pursuit of happiness is a thinking, active citizenry. That means you.”

I don’t think my dad much cared for Nader, I’m guessing King did; regardless, King and Chahlie from Boston faithfully executed the duties of the office of the citizen, do you?Ω

to work to secure justice and human rights through an organized social response. In the words of Pius XI, ***“Charity will never be true charity unless it takes justice into account ... Let no one attempt with small gifts of charity to exempt himself from the great duties imposed by justice.”*** *The guaranteeing of basic justice for all is not an optional expression of largesse but an inescapable duty for the whole of society.”*

Dorothy's critique is consistent with Catholic social teaching and has been elaborated upon by all our recent popes- [including John Paul II](#). In a capitalist system the animating principle of the economy is the profit motive. Profit is not about workers and farmers receiving a just wage for their labor- profit is value in excess of the costs of labor and materials. We do not have a problem with profit derivative of nonessential goods and services.

However, when basic human needs are at the mercy of the market and the speculation of investors the poor are invariably left out. Moreover, as public services, egs. Corrections, education,

and welfare are turned over to private for profit companies, people: incarcerated, impoverished, in school, are reduced to the status of raw materials.

Connecticut resident and founder of [America Works](#), the first for profit welfare corporation in the U.S., Peter Cove, told the National Public Radio podcast *The Uncertain Hour* ([Season 6, episode 5 36:45](#)) that poor people *“are our raw product, our inventory.”* America Works receives \$40-50 million in tax payer profits annually. The private for profit welfare industry receives [multiple billions](#) of taxpayer dollars in profits annually.

The fiduciary responsibility of for profit companies is profit for the shareholder; what then of our social responsibility to the poor, education, public safety, rehabilitation? As we believe Christ who told us that *“whatever we do for the least among us, you did for me”* (Matt 25:40), it is obvious to us that we *“cannot serve God and money”* (Matt 6:24).

The *“great duties imposed by justice”* mandate the creation of a society where all of God's children flourish. In a society where [Warren Buffet, Bill Gates, and Jeff Bezos](#) have more wealth than

the bottom 50%! of the nation, and the richest 5% have two-thirds of the nation's wealth, while [15% of our children](#) live in poverty flourishing will require distributive justice. Distributive justice could mean: increasing the estate tax, increasing the top marginal income tax rate to what it was under Republican president Dwight Eisenhower, increasing the Earned Income Tax Credit, instituting a guaranteed basic income, fully funding retirement and disability insurance, and turning off the spigot to the Pentagon.

Much of our work is distributive justice. Some of the donations to the Hartford Catholic Worker are distributed to impoverished people in the form of food, rental and utility assistance. Over the last year our distribution has markedly increased due to the generosity of the Sisters of Mercy who have given us tens of thousands of dollars from their retirement fund to help our families keep the heat on and avoid homelessness.

We are grateful that the sisters and our donors help us perform this *“inescapable duty”*, we pray that *“the whole of society”* soon joins in. Ω

Notes, cont.

finished project.

We send a big GOD BLESS to UConn Husky Sport and Northwest Catholic, as well as Dwight and Marybeth, for coming every week to help run the after school program.

We are very excited to be able to have summer camp Ahimsa this year. Please keep us in your prayers for a fun, healthy, and safe time. Much thanks to St Thomas and St. Timothy Parish, the Griswold Columbettes, as well as the many other folks that make peace camp possible.

St.. James has been delivering beautiful fresh veggies from lawn space the parish converted to gardening to help feed people. What a great practice! We have enjoyed distributing lettuce, collards, chives, radishes, basil, and cilantro so far.

St. Peter Claver, St. James Episcopal, St. Timothy and Thomas, and lots of individuals have been keeping the food pantry stocked for an always growing number of folks who stop by for food assistance. We imagine that need will be increasing over the summer as school closes and those families who rely on the 2 meals a day provided by the school will be needing extra. Kid cereals, non-perishable milk, stews, hams, tuna, mayo, and tomato sauce are the

biggest needs right now.

On Friday June 9th we were honored to welcome the ship [Golden Rule](#) to the New London harbor.



The *Golden Rule* was the first “peaceship” in the United States. In 1958, antinuclear activists [set sail to impose themselves between](#) the US government and our atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons in the Marshall Islands of the Pacific Ocean. Now it's sailing around the country to advocate for the elimination of nuclear weapons. Teri, Dwight, Anthony, and I were all pleased to help make dinner for the Crew, and take a sail around New London Harbor. We sang peace songs in front of Electric Boat Shipyard and held a sign with a great quote by

Dorothy Day: *“our problems stem from our acceptance of this filthy rotten system.”*

It is a rotten system indeed that chooses to pay [\\$4.3 billion for each for even more](#) nuclear submarines yet ignores the dangers of climate change and the suffering of the poor in our own nation

Much thanks to Jen O. and St. John Fisher parish for Wednesday snacks for after school. We will be working on scheduling cooks for Saturday program over the next 2 weeks so if you can drop a lunch, or send pizza, we would love to hear from you.

Last Tuesday we were able to hold a memorial service for Chris' dad Charlie in the back yard of the Green House. Fr. Terry Moran (our HCW chaplain) celebrated a wonderful mass. Over 50 of our beloved community members were able to come share Eucharist and a dinner afterwards. We are grateful to Fr. Terry for the 6 hour round-trip drive he endured to be with us. We are also grateful for the outpouring of love and support that our family received as we live with the grief of the 4th death in the family this year.

I'll leave you with another thought by de Chardin: *“We have but one permanent home: heaven-that's still the old truth that we always have to relearn- and it's only through the impact of sad experiences that we assimilate it.”* Ω

Notes From De Porres House

Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

Jesuit and mystic Pierre Teilhard de Chardin once stated that *"Joy is the infallible sign of the presence of God."* There has been so much going on at The Catholic Worker since Easter! Most of it has been quite joyous.

We met with Teri and Bev (our community nurses) a few months ago and checked on the current CDC Covid guidelines to update our Covid protocols. We decided to lift the vaccination mandate for kids wanting to participate in the after-school and Saturday programs. We are currently enjoying a huge upswing in participation with a whole new crew of littles, and the return of some of our old favorites. I overheard one 10-year-old who was showing a new friend around saying about the art room *"...and this is the chill zone...if you start acting up they make you get outside!"*

Another newbie asked jubilantly: *"You mean we get fruit every day?"* Friday June 16th will be the last day of regular program. Friday night we host a graduation dinner for the youth who graduated during the Covid days/ze when we were not able to celebrate them with our usual



graduation party. We are earnestly praying that we will be able to hold our grad party next year!

We had been lamenting the loss of donations to the Daylon Fund- our fund that helps with scholarships for students in college/training programs. It's coffers are usually filled at the grad party when folks get to mingle with the

beautiful minds being shaped in community. The Holy Spirit recently came through in the name of a young woman who was a union organizer. Her name was [Rosemary Brown](#), she lost her battle with cancer in April. Her dad Jerome, also a union man, came by last week to give us a wonderful donation that Rose asked him to give us before she passed. He told us that she spent her life working for fairness for healthcare workers and protecting the rights of children. We are honored to have her gift and her Spirit be of help to our kids. Now we have another wonderful angel to call upon. I guess we owe St. Therese of Lisieux, one of [Dorothy Day's favorites](#), a novena since tradition holds that Therese lets us know our prayers have been heard by sending a Rose!

On Saturday we will be working with some of the families in our neighborhood on a giant mural on the corner of Main and Albany Ave. We were invited to participate by our friend [Solmary](#). She obtained a grant from the city for this project in memory of her three year old son Randell who was killed in 2021 by a drive by shooting. In the next issue we'll try to include a picture of the

(Please see: Notes, p9)