

# THE HARTFORD CATHOLIC WORKER



ST. MARTIN DE PORRES HOUSE  
ST. BRIGID HOUSE

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*"To construct a new society within the shell of the old." Peter Maurin*

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*Brian Kavanagh*

*Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people...we are part of the earth and it is part of us.*

*Seattle  
Chief of the Suquamish (1786-1866)*

SUMMER 2004



# DYING, FORGETTING

## Stephen Vincent Kobasa

Taking their instructions from the movies that defined him all his life, commentators on Ronald Reagan's death have agreed that "when the legend becomes fact, print the legend." Illusion was all that ever mattered to Reagan. He understood that one required useful lies when carrying out murderous policies; he was a smiling criminal, always.

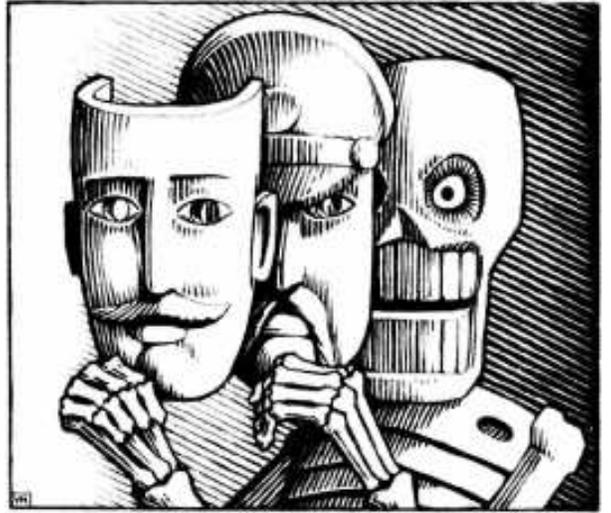
David Dellinger smiled, too, but his was the smile of undiminished hope in the face of the injustice and violence he resisted throughout his life. I met him only once, in a basement room in Washington, D.C. The friend who introduced me mentioned some small accomplishment of mine, and Dellinger was immediately delighted in praise, as if I had been his companion in the struggle from the beginning. There was that sense of embrace about him that many others have reported; an easy grace that stole nothing from the intensity of his convictions. He was a Yale alumnus with a difference, his history reassuring other graduates (including me) that their consciences could indeed escape

intact from that training ground for convivial assassins.

The fearful thing about Reagan's popularity is that people largely knew the truth about him, yet celebrated his deceptions because they shared them. His racism, his hatred of labor, his homophobia, his spitefulness towards the poor, were perfectly mirrored in the society that elected him, and that surrounds him with cacophonies of grief now.

David Dellinger's death registered within a smaller circle, but he was not the end of a tradition. Some of the federal prison buildings at Danbury are ones that he knew when he served a sentence there for his conscientious objection during the Second World War. There are new prisoners of conscience being confined in that bleak place now; their witness the only memorial that Dellinger and others like him ever desired

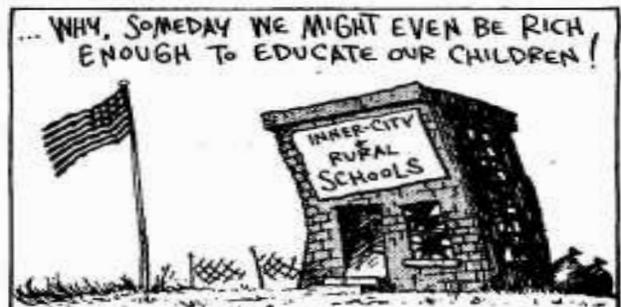
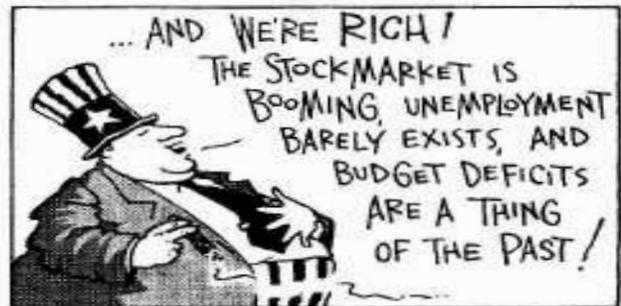
In the end, we knew more of these two



Robert Van Nutt

dead men than they knew of themselves. Their own memories were erased by the same illness, leaving a history rewritten to mythologize one and forget the other. If that is not to be final, then we must take on a responsibility like the one that W.H. Auden once reminded us of. In both cases,

What he was, he was:  
What he is fated to become  
Depends on us. Ω



# DAVID DELLINGER: HE REFUSED TO BE A "GOOD AMERICAN"

*Michael Carlson*

(reprinted from *The Guardian*, 5/28/04)

As a radical pacifist David Dellinger spent his life involved in non-violent action against war and oppression. But his most prominent role was as elder statesman of the Chicago Eight, the disparate group of radicals who were charged with conspiring to incite riots around the 1968 US Democratic party convention.

Dellinger's principled stand and commitment to non-violence belied Washington's accusations against him, and, for many involved in the anti-Vietnam movement, served as an inspiration.

In February 1970, as Dellinger began his statement to the court before being sentenced on massive contempt of court charges, Judge Julius Hoffman ordered him silenced. As US federal marshals dragged him away, his teenage daughters screamed, "Leave my daddy alone." When more marshals grabbed the girls, Dellinger broke free, sprang through the crowd and interposed himself between his children and the officials.

Twenty years older than any of the other defendants, Dellinger always looked out of place in the Chicago Eight group. It included Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, leaders of the Yippies, the National Mobilisation Committee organiser Rennie Davis, the former Students For A Democratic Society activist Tom Hayden and Bobby Seale, the Black Panther leader. One journalist described Dellinger, in his professorial tweed and corduroy, as resembling "an off-duty scoutmaster".

Dellinger described his role in the anti-Vietnam war movement as that of "the older brother siding with the rebellious younger child against his parents". This

fondness for familial rebellion came naturally to him. He was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts, the son of a prominent Republican lawyer and friend of the former US president, Calvin Coolidge. The young Dellinger over-nighted in the White House.

By the time he graduated with honors from Yale University in 1936, Dellinger was already being radicalised. He had been arrested while marching to support



unionisation at Yale; he spent a summer working in a factory in Maine, and another travelling with hoboes.

Dellinger discovered his pacifism when, during a brawl at a Yale football game, he punched a New Haven "townie". As his victim fell, stunned, he later wrote, "the lesson I learned was as simple, direct and unarguable as the lesson a child learns the first time it puts its hand on a red-hot stove. Don't ever do it again!"

He won a fellowship to Oxford University, using his time in Europe to see Nazi Germany at first-hand, and to drive an ambulance during the Spanish civil war, where his experience convinced him that "whoever won the armed struggle, it would not be the people".

When conscription was instituted in America in 1940, Dellinger was eligible for

deferment, but refused to register at all. Sentenced to a year at the federal Danbury prison, he refused to recognise the segregated seating arrangements in the jail. His resulting time in solitary confinement convinced him "how little it matters what anyone does to you".

When the US entered the second world war in December 1941, Dellinger again refused to join the military, and spent another two years in prison. He had already met his future wife Elizabeth, a student journalist assigned to interview him at a student Christian conference.

After the war, Dellinger co-founded *Direct Action* magazine with two other Christian pacifists, AJ Muste and Dorothy Day. His first editorial criticised the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He edited or published a number of magazines, most notably *Liberation*, which ran for 20 years.

As the Vietnam war gained momentum through the 1960s, Dellinger joined two Roman Catholic priests, Philip and Daniel Berrigan, in producing a declaration of conscience for draft resisters. He organised the 1967 protest march that encircled the Pentagon, an event recalled in Norman Mailer's book, *Armies Of The Night*. He made trips to China and what was then North Vietnam, securing the release of captured American servicemen, and acting as a go-between for the North Vietnamese leader Ho Chi Minh. One of the things to emerge from his visits was how fondly Ho remembered his own time in New York.

After the Chicago trial, Dellinger was less in the public eye, though he remained active, even when dissent became less acceptable and many radicals turned to

**(SEE DELLINGER RIP, P.5)**

# ALL-AMERICAN AMNESIA: AN ANTIDOTE

## OR SELECT MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE REAL RONALD REAGAN

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1947:Elected president of the Screen Actors Guild, testifies as a friendly witness before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The hearings result in the blacklisting of many writers and directors thought to have ties to the Communist Party.

1951: Costars with a Chimpanzee in *Bedtime for Bonzo*

1969: As Governor of California Reagan sends in the National Guard to break up protests at the University of California at Berkeley. **"If there has to be a blood-bath then let's get it over with."** -R. Reagan, *San Francisco Chronicle*, 5/15/69.

Aug. 3, 1981:Air traffic controllers go on strike. Reagan gives them 48 hours to get back to work, and fires those who refuse.

1981:Reagan's budget director, David Stockman, proposed classifying ketchup as a vegetable as part of budget cuts for federally financed school lunch programs

1981-1988: Following discovery of the first cases of AIDS in 1981, it soon became clear a national health crisis was developing. Reagan's communications director Pat Buchanan argued that AIDS is "nature's revenge on gay men."

Oct. 25, 1983:U.S. troops invade Grenada to oust Marxists who had overthrown the government, and to "protect" U.S. medical students on the Caribbean island. In response to the question "Did you fear for your life?" a student replies "No, I feared for my lifestyle."

1983: Donald Rumsfeld meets with Saddam Hussien paving the way for the Reagan administration to restore diplomatic ties to the dictator before selling him chemicals, anthrax and bubonic plague for weapons.*[Washington Post 12/30/02]*

1984: The CIA mines Nicaragua's harbors. June 1986 the Court finds the US guilty of violating international law.

Aug. 11, 1984:While checking a

microphone Reagan jokes: "...I've signed legislation that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes."

April 14, 1986:Reagan orders air strikes against Libya in retaliation for the bombing of a West Berlin disco in which two U.S. servicemen were killed.The air strikes kill the Libyan leader's daughter and 36 other people.

Nov. 13, 1986:Reagan admits sending weapons to Iran but denies it was part of an arms-for-hostages deal.

Nov. 25, 1986:National Security Adviser John Poindexter resigns and national security aide Col. Oliver North is fired in the widening Iran-Contra affair. In a press conference, Attorney General Edwin Meese announces that \$10-\$30 million of profits from the sale of U.S. arms to Iran had been diverted to the Nicaraguan Contras...Ω



Barrie Maguire

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## DAVID DELLINGER R.I.P.

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more profitable careers. He moved to Vermont, to concentrate on writing and teaching. His autobiography, *From Yale To Jail*, was his sixth book and, on its publication in 1996, he declared that the "evils in society today are greater than they were in 1968".

Five years later, by now aged 85, he rose at 3am and hitchhiked to Quebec City to demonstrate against the North American Free Trade Agreement. As he had said at the Chicago trial, "People are no longer going to be quiet. People are going to speak up."

He is survived by his wife, three sons and two daughters.

David Dellinger born August 22 1915; died May 25 2004.Ω



# NAKED IN THE HOUSE OF GOD

*Christopher Allen - Doucot*

I've been told that when I'm stumped about what I should write about I should simply write about what I've been doing. Oftentimes during the last few years that has meant writing about my time in Iraq. Not having been there for a while now my other responsibilities can seem mundane. But oh how the mundane moments in our life can define us. Lately my time has been spent worrying about my knee, working in my garden, and fretting about my sons as they prepare for adolescence. I've also been fixing bicycles for neighborhood kids and putting band-aids on their knees when they fall, fielding heartbreaking calls from friends suffering in Iraq and Palestine and preaching at area churches about economic poverty in Hartford, spiritual poverty in America and the war in Iraq.

Usually my life here at the Catholic Worker is a complete joy. These days I especially enjoy working in my garden. After a tough winter which killed a few of my rose bushes the survivors are bursting forth blossoms of butter cream yellow, ivory white and sunset orange. I have already harvested my spinach, as it typically bolts early and turns bitter. I don't like to store spinach leaves because they get all mushy so I developed an egg, spinach and cardamon bread with an egg glaze. I think it came out all right. My corn is now about knee high, my collard greens haven't been nibbled on and my tomato plants are bearing chestnut sized fruit. I planted several heirloom varieties of tomatoes this year: banana, purple, and white along with early girl, jet star and big boy. Some day I will figure out how to time my tomatoes and spinach so that I can eat them together.

The garden is behind Brigid House and the neighborhood kids frequently see me working in it. Once last year I was eating a tomato fresh off the vine and warm from the sun. It was great, the juice dribbled down my chin and the aroma of the tomato filled my nasal passages. The kids thought I was crazy eating food that had come from the ground and not the store.



My garden time usually feeds more than my belly. Working in my garden I am surrounded by the pure beauty of God's creation. The feel of the soil between my fingers, the sight of the small yellow blossoms hiding in the shade beneath the broad and prickly leaves of the cucumber vine, and the rush of fragrance when I pinch the tips of the tomato plants fill my soul and strengthen my spirit. When I garden I partner with God in the ongoing miracle of Creation. I need my garden time to carry me through other times when I feel utterly naked and completely out of place.

Last week I was walking past the grade school as the kids were arriving when a group of 5 and 6 years old's started taunting me "Hey White Boy, hey white faggot, go home white boy!" I was flabbergasted and asked them who taught them to talk to an adult like that. When I turned to walk away they jeered until I was out of earshot. As long as I could hear them I felt humiliated. I was hurt by what they said and dejected by the ominous

portent of racist epithets being vomited from such young mouths. I nearly cried when I turned the corner and hundreds of their classmates were lining up and little George ran over to me and buried his head in my gut and gave me a huge hug. Next came six year old Mary who told me she loved me and then asked me what I was doing here in her schoolyard (all of 400 yards from my front gate!). Every day Mary and George are fed, loved and cared for at Brigid House, what they call the Green House. I care for them as tenderly as I do the fragile young plants in my garden. With love, attention, guidance and nutrition they will blossom and bear the fruits of love which lay inside them. The children who harangued me have the same potential to yield love inside of them. Perhaps they are like sprouts which spring forth in cracks of the sidewalk. Maybe they have received barely enough care in their young lives to grow but not thrive. Tragically plants in the cracks never mature as they are stepped on, poisoned, pulled up or die of thirst. Too many of the kids we see in the neighborhood expect such a hardscrabble life. Too many kids can't imagine anything else.

It is Sunday, two days before my knee surgery. The Cobalt sky is peppered with tufts of cottony clouds. The leaves on the tree outside my window flutter with the breeze while the seeds besides the leaves swirl through the neighborhood landing on the road, in the sidewalk cracks, and along the gutter. Some of these seed copters have made it to the pile of leaf mold which has accumulated at the fence across the street. The combination of the fence and the leaf mold provide the perfect combination of nutrition, moisture and



*Patrick Arrasmith*

protection for these seedlings to have a fighting chance. The leaves on their mother are smaller this year than last. As if their mother is aware that her death is imminent she seems to have focused her strength on her children sending forth a potential forest of sugar maples knowing that, given the circumstances of conditions in the city, she will be lucky if one of her children survives and thrives.

Earlier today I preached at Old St. Andrew's Episcopal church in Bloomfield. The first reading was the story of David sending Uriah off to be killed so that he could take Bathsheba as his wife. In the scripture David is confronted by the prophet Nathan who tells the king the story of the rich man with a large herd of sheep who orders the sole lamb of the poor man killed to feed a traveller. With indignation David asks Nathan who this rich man is as he should repay the poor man four fold.

With righteousness Nathan tells the king that he is that man. I preached that we are like David, wealthy and powerful but still not satisfied. I said that the people of Iraq and the 800 American soldiers killed to date in Iraq are the Uriahs of our story sent off to death "in defense of our way of life."

I quoted the first president Bush (whose cousin was among the worshipers) who said that [American policy in the Middle East is intended to secure] "access to energy resources that are key- not just to the functioning of this country but to the entire world. Our jobs, our way of life, our own freedom, and the freedom of friendly countries around the world would all suffer if control of the world's great oil reserves fell into the hands of Saddam Hussein."

I pointed out that the American way of life lived by the wealthy and powerful of our society is only possible through the labor of folks like the garment workers of Haiti who make 47 cents an hour to sew clothes for Walmart. I pointed out that the American way of life translates to a median annual income of \$52,000 in Avon but only \$6900 in the neighborhood around the Catholic Worker.

Early on in my sermon one man in the congregation dramatically stood up, tore up the scripture readings and tossed them to the floor

as he exited the house of God. I grabbed the lectern and felt momentarily flushed as if I had been rushing to the church and in my haste neglected to get dressed. I stood before these rows of eyes naked but for the scripture which in prayer I had wrapped myself within. In fact I hadn't rushed to this moment. I prayed over and again for inspiration as to how Nathan's story is relevant today and I am confident that my analysis is accurate. Nonetheless, the man who ripped up the Word of God had effectively disrobed me- leaving me yearning for a way to slip out of that church and back to the safety of my garden.

Writing this I still feel naked and again I will feel exposed when you read this. And even though a part of me relishes a good argument I am growing weary of the desolate feelings that result from being out of place so often. Like a sunflower full of seeds in late summer I can't stand on my own. Without Jackie, my boys and

my community supporting me like a garden stake I would not be able to hold my head; I would fall over, break and wither. Isn't that true for all of us? Ω



*Michelle Dick*

## 2 SAMUEL 11:26-12:10 REDUX

Imagine a time in the not too distant future when the oil fields of the world begin to run dry. Our highways are empty because gas is simply unavailable and our military is incapacitated because the emergency oil reserve has been consumed. Unemployment and poverty have skyrocketed as our economy collapses. Meanwhile in the Middle East the former members of OPEC, the Oil Producing Exporting Countries have prepared for the day the oil fields could no longer produce enough to export. During the waning days of production they maximized profit and kept enough oil in reserve to maintain their militaries and their economies. But the Saudis and the Iraqis have another problem; the Middle East is running out of water. Rationing is imposed as industry is in crisis and economies are in danger of crashing. So the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia determines that something drastic must be done to preserve the Arab way of life. He forges a coalition with the Kuwait and Iraq and in an address to the Saudi National Assembly he says that the kingdom will act to maintain "access to water resources that are key- not just to the functioning of this kingdom but to the entire world. Our jobs, our way of life, our own freedom, and the freedom of friendly countries around the world would all suffer if control of the world's great water reserves remained in the hands of the Americans."

The Prince then announces to the world that the United States poses an immediate threat to the peace and stability of the world. After a bloody invasion in which thousands of ordinary Americans are killed the former OPEC nations eventually succeed in occupying North America and begin transporting fresh water in converted oil supertankers from the Great Lakes to the Middle East.

In response to this outrage the American president says to a national audience "As the lord lives, the nation who has done this deserves to die; they shall restore the water fourfold, because they did this thing, and because they had no pity."

Before the president can continue he is interrupted by a homeless man in the audience who stands and shouts: "Mr. President, Mr. President, *We* are that nation!"

# TRUTH SPOKEN TO POWER

(The following excerpts are transcribed from *Democracy Now*, 5/27/04. Democracy Now can be heard daily at noon on WHUS 91.7 FM)

## *Tom Hayden*

I was on trial with Dave Dellinger in 1969 and 1970 as part of Chicago 8... On[e day] the judge erroneously accused Dave of saying something to which Dave

replied, *"that's a lie."* The judge, aroused, declared that he had never sat in 50 years through a trial where a party to a lawsuit called the judge a liar. That stirred Dave's deepest convictions and he rose up and said, *"maybe they were afraid to go to jail rather than tell the truth, but I would rather go to jail for however long you send me than to let you get away with that kind of*

*thing"...* we were convicted for contempt of court, and it was later overturned,...

"Mr. Dellinger, do you care to say anything, the judge said? I will hear you only in respect to punishment". Dave rose slowly, already tired from two weeks in the county jail. He tried to reply to the specific finds of the judge, but was stopped by the command to speak only to mitigate his punishment. Dave reacted sharply, suddenly gaining an eloquence that he wanted for the final statement. He said, *"you want us to be like good Germans, supporting the evils of our decade and then when we refuse to be good Germans and came to Chicago, now you want us to be like good Jews, going quietly and politely to the concentration camps while you and this court suppress freedom and the truth and the fact is, I'm not prepared to do that"*.

The marshals started moving in on Dave at the judge's instructions. *"You want us to stay in our place like black people were supposed to stay in their place, like poor people were supposed to stay in their place, like women are supposed to stay in their place. Like people without formal education are supposed to stay in their place. Children are supposed to stay in their place and lawyers are supposed to stay in their place"*. The marshals came closer, grabbing Dave's arms. *"People will no longer be quiet. People are going to speak up. I'm an old man, and I am speaking feebly and not too well, but I reflect the spirit that will echo throughout the world"*.

"Take him out", the judge commanded. There was an uproar in the spectator section. And I saw Dave's 15-year-old daughter, Michelle, red-faced screaming a crying tiger being held around the throat by a marshal. Dave tried to move toward her. Both were held from each other by a dozen marshals. Everybody in the courtroom was standing. Reporters were crying. [Our attorney] Bill Kuntzler collapsed over the lectern and asked to be punished next. That's my memory of Dave. Ω



*Michael McCurdy*

the deal would not move forward when the sellers were able to find a \$25,000 grant for the repairs. We are still in need of a few miracles, but we are confident they will come to us as we "Hasten and wait for the coming of the Lord." It's become clear that the Voluntown property will be more than a Catholic Worker farm. We are hoping to hold our first Nonviolence Coop. meeting, work party and opening celebration on July 17th!! Please join us!

Another miracle has been the way that our extended community has come forward to help after school and on Saturdays. Nancy and Jory are our newest volunteers. They join a group of about 10 adults who consistently make time to be present to the kids here. We just spent a week working on the program. We had to reduce the number of kids who come after school from about 75 to 35. It is very hard to turn kids away, but with such a large number of kids coming every day it was becoming overwhelming to be consistent with the kids, meet their expectations and keep up our energy. We sure wish there was a Catholic Worker house in every parish (as Peter Maurin had hoped). The new system has greatly improved the experience for the kids coming here and the volunteers helping us out.

A not so small miracle has been all the people who have come together to help our beloved Kejaun. Key is an 11y.o. boy who had been our neighbor since he was 5. His mom was very young and overwhelmed with raising 5 children sans the benefit of a high school diploma or a husband/boyfriend. Key always spent weekends here. He was Micalah and Ammon's best friend and the closest thing to a third son we could imagine. A couple of years ago his family moved to the South End. But he was family so we used to pick him up most weekends. Last June his mom was sentenced to 3 years in prison. Her children were thrown into turmoil and split between relatives. Kejaun ended up a few blocks from us. He was living with an

aunt who had given birth to twins just after finishing three years in prison. It quickly became apparent that the aunt was overwhelmed. We often saw Key out on the street late at night. He was doing poorly in school, getting into fights and changing schools twice. Finally his paternal grandparents (their son is also in prison) took him in alongside 2 other grandchildren they had already been raising. We have met with her and have



*The Easter Miracle Potato. inkprint*

together set limits and expectations for Kejaun. Our friend Nancy Costello has agreed to take Key to visit his mom in jail- I was refused permission to do so because of my arrests for peacework. We hope Kejaun will soon see his mom for the first time in more than a year. We have seen great strides in Key's behavior and attitude with some consistent love and discipline. Looking forward to pitching for his and Micalah's Little League team seems to provide plenty of motivation for good behavior.

Thanks go out to St. Christopher's school and Laurie Janecko who brought us dozens of repaired bikes which were gleefully and immediately pedaled away by the neighborhood kids.

When the new bishop of Hartford came to town Chris wrote to him to invite him

to visit the Catholic Worker and meet the neighborhood children. To our delight archbishop Henry Mansell visited St. Brigid House on June 3rd. He saw the afterschool program in full swing and talked with all the neighborhood kids. We had sent him some back issues of our newsletter which, judging from our conversation, he read. Before leaving for a Confirmation he thanked us and told us we were doing the Lord's work.

Last Saturday a small group of peacemakers went to Electric Boat to protest the celebration of the nuclear submarine the USS Jimmy Carter. We were saddened to see a Nobel Peace Prize laureate and born again Christian "christen" (sic) a nuclear weapon. We pray for the conversion of hearts and minds to turn from a false security based on fear and violence to a security provided by the love of God and the power of living justly. Some day we believe all of us will live to see the day when our country invests in food, clothing, and shelter for all the world's people. It seems more and more apparent that weapons and war making make us more vulnerable despite the Pentagon propaganda to the contrary.

What we need is a Department of Defense based on the prophecy of Micalah (not mine, the original). This "Pentagon" would have 3 departments; one each to propagate God's desire for us to: Live Justly, Love Tenderly and Walk Humbly with God. Not exactly the guiding principles of empire, is it.

Please keep Chris in your prayers as he has ACL surgery on his knee on June 15th. (Thanks again John O'Brien M.D.). Please pray also for our friends George and Muna Rishmawi as Muna prepares to give birth to little Saliba Rishmawi amongst the violence that dominates life in Occupied Bethlehem. Please pray for all of our community; those who live at St. Brigid and St. Martin House and those who spend so much of their time, energy and love here. **Ω**

# Notes from De Porres House

**Jackie Allen - Doucot**

On Easter Mo and I got up early to prepare our Easter meal that we share with some neighborhood friends and former guests. We were chopping vegetables and listening to music when Mo cut a huge potato in half. She squealed "Come and See!". On the inside of each half there was a void in the shape of a perfect cross. We were delighted and called Ammon to see.

Mo said "Ammon it's a miracle! Come and See!" When she opened the potato Ammon's eyes widened in shock. He quickly made the sign of the Cross and said "I'm going to Mass, I'm going to say every prayer, and sing every song." Little did we know, but it really was a miracle. Up until this Easter miracle, Ammon had a begrudging attitude about attending Mass. He often talked about his difficulty with "going over to another building to be with God, when God lives right here" he said pointing to his chest. Once he made his First Communion, he was more interested in Mass, but still seemed more involved in his drawings than in the Scripture readings or prayers. Ever since the "Easter Potato" Ammon has been very attentive at Mass and he really does sing every song. This has got me thinking more about miracles.

When we first talked about trying to obtain the Voluntown property, we all said it would take a miracle. I began at once to pray for one, having in my mind



Brian Kavanagh

**Brigid of the Brigid House Tree Stump** that some great soul would make us a huge gift. As it turns out the great soul (he plays a president on television) did give us \$25,000 and so we were off and running. Since then there's been no half million dollar miracle, but an accumulation of smaller miracles has made it possible for us to obtain the Voluntown property.

George and Maureen (who will be the Catholic Worker community living in

the Farmhouse) kept the vision in their hearts during four years of living in Maine. When we called on them they were ready and willing to pull up tender roots and invest their life savings. Then when we realized we couldn't handle all the legal aspects of such a huge undertaking our friend Rex told us to call the UConn Law School to talk with his friend Barbara McGrath.

After our first meeting, Barbara and the folks at the CT Urban Legal Institute, joined our efforts full throttle and have walked us through an awesome amount of legal, financial and technical hurdles. At one point we needed to do some budget and cash flow sheets for a lender. None of us had these skills, and just as I was moaning about being in over our heads Sue Petruzzi came to Brigid House and told me to call our friend Jim Hubert; a retired accountant who works more in retirement than he did full time. Within a day Jim joined the Voluntown Peace Trust board of directors as Treasurer. Meanwhile many groups and individuals have joined the Northeastern Cooperative for Nonviolence, the group we formed to support the property and make use of the conference center.

Two weeks ago it almost seemed that our work was for nothing. We discovered during inspections that there were a few major repairs needed for which the former owners would not pay. It was looking like

**(SEE NOTES P9)**

18 Clark St.  
Hartford, CT 06120  
(860) 724-7066