

THE HARTFORD CATHOLIC WORKER



ST. MARTIN DE PORRES HOUSE
ST. BRIGID HOUSE

What does God require but to do justice, and to love kindness and to walk humbly... Micah 6:8



Brian Kavanagh

Let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an everflowing stream

SUMMER 2005

Amos



THE HARTFORD CATHOLIC WORKER

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Hartford CT 06120; (860) 724-7066, doucot@sbcglobal.net and www.hartfordcatholicworker.org We are: Brian Kavanagh, Morlianna Evans, Sarah Karas, Jacqueline, Christopher, Micah and Ammon Allen-Doucot.

A WORLD WITHOUT STRANGERS

Christopher J. Doucot

As I ambled out of St. Martin House I nodded to the woman on the sidewalk without stopping to say hello. She stood there, her 3-year-old son by her side, but she was not actually there. It turns out that she hasn't been "here" for a couple of weeks now. With the blank expression on her face and a different wig over her head I didn't recognize her as our friend and neighbor Barbara until I caught up to Jackie who asked me if I saw Barbara.

Two of Barbara's other three children are part of our regular crew of after school and Saturday kids. Barbara came to Brigid House that morning telling us that something was wrong and she was afraid that something bad was going to happen. She didn't say much else. I asked Barbara if she was hurt, if someone had hit her, if she felt like hurting herself or someone else? I asked how long she has been feeling this way, was she taking any medicine and had she stopped taking it? She mumbled one-word answers while intermittently crying out "Justin" as though something bad had happened to him even though he sat contentedly in a high chair playing with blocks.

I took Barbara to Capitol Region Mental Health to see if they would evaluate her and advise me. The worker refused to

speaking with Barbara and talked to me about budget cuts. She told me that Barbara wasn't eligible for CRMH services and that I should just take her to the emergency room. I was not optimistic that Barbara would be expeditiously seen in the e.r. and I doubted she would stick around in the waiting room with a 3-year-old for several hours.

Back at Brigid House I called the hotline at the Institute of Living. Their website claims that the Institute provides "around the clock telephone triage encompass[ing] ... crisis intervention... [and] clinical assessments... for all those who walk in and are in need of urgent evaluation". The call to the Institute also proved pointless as they too referred me to the e.r., not their own but the e.r. at St. Francis Hospital. Finally we were able to reach Barbara's common law husband James at work. He shared with us that Barbara's erratic and withdrawn behavior had been happening for a week now. He told us that this has happened every year at this time for the last four years. Each time Barbara would end up hospitalized and James would end up losing his job because he needed to take care of the kids. James feared that Barbara might



end up hurting herself or the kids and he urged us to help her somehow. Equipped with this history I took Barbara to the e.r. At St. Francis while Jackie watched Justin and Brian went to the school and the family apartment to round up the other kids.

The triage nurse at St. Francis Hospital was fantastic. While they took Barbara's vital signs I filled them in on what was happening. Rather than passing the buck or looking for reasons not to help her, they immediately brought Barbara back for an evaluation. Later in the day we got a call from a social worker thanking us for bringing her in. The worker asked a few more questions and then told me that Barbara needed to be admitted. She has been in the hospital for a week now.

By now James was home from work. His \$1000/month apartment has 3 bedrooms, two broken couches, a wobbly kitchen table, a huge TV. and little else. When I arrived at his apartment he was on the phone with our friend Kate. Kate is a parishioner at St. Thomas Aquinas in Storrs and a member of their Just Faith group (see side box). Several months earlier we had introduced this group to James and Barbara as a part of their process of deepening their commitment to the poor. Without hesitation Kate agreed to take Justin for the day, take Jonathan to the 4-H camp she had signed him up for, and raise money from her Just Faith group to pay for day care for Justin so that James wouldn't lose his job again.

Monday was the last day of school for kids here in Hartford. Jonathan was the only kid to come by Brigid House after school. Our wonderful Monday and Saturday volunteer, Octo, was able to devote himself completely to Jonathan. At 5:30 I packed up some vegetables left over from our food coop. And walked Jonathan home.

Jonathan lives a block away in a 4th floor walk up in a notorious building where many of our kids live. The foyer is typically full of drug dealers, though on this day they seem to have been chased away by a half-dozen little girls playing tag. The doors at the ends of the hallway are open; the gentle breeze would be a

more delightful respite from the sultry air outside if it were not wafting the hint of urine on its wings. Entering the stairwell I was reminded of the sweltering and pungent bathrooms in the rest stop on the desert highway between Amman, Jordan and Baghdad, Iraq. The stale air of the stairwell was oppressively humid. As we rounded the first landing, our feet sticking to each step, we stepped over a stale pool of urine. Never mind a hint in the hallway offending my nose, crossing this puddle of pee I wanted to gag as I filled my lungs with the urine laden air that greets Jonathan every morning on the way to school and James every afternoon when he gets home from work. Justin and Jonathan both have nebulizers to treat their severe asthma attacks. With nebulized urine in the stairway it's a wonder every child in the building doesn't need help breathing.

When we completed our ascent we found no one at home. Jonathan and I leaned over a broken couch in the hallway and talked. The moist, unmoving air, dim artificial lighting and beeping smoke detectors made it seem like we were meeting in a submarine. Jonathan told me that he was glad his mom was in the hospital getting help. He said she was scaring him because she started hitting him for no reason. After waiting for a few minutes a friendly D.C.F. Worker arrived to check in on the family. He called Jonathan's older sister from his cell phone. Apparently, when James got home from work he walked with Justin and Jonathan's older sister to the grocery store to buy food with money from the Just Faith group. He agreed to swing by St. Martin House after they dropped off the groceries.

Sitting on our porch still wearing the navy blue and white checkered pants of a kitchen worker an exhausted James told us that living in that building in "like living in a prison". "We hear people fighting all night... one time the cops shoved me aside in the stairwell while they chased down a guy they saw getting high... they caught him in front of our door, slammed him down and arrested him, little Justin saw all this and cried. A few weeks ago I was coming down the stairs and saw the cops with their guns drawn, they pointed at me and

motioned for me to return to my apartment... another time we were almost run down by a cruiser in the parking lot..."

James and Barbara met seven years ago when they were both homeless and staying at the South Park Inn. Jonathan and his two older sisters, who are not James's biological children, were in foster care. They fell in love. James got work as a prep cook and Barbara got a Section 8 rental subsidy. They soon moved out of the shelter. Barbara's kids were returned and a couple of years later Justin was born. They have been together, and living in the same apartment, for seven years. Seven days in that building is too long a sentence.

James worries about his family. He says he "could have left [Barbara] a long time ago but I'm bonded with these kids." He wants to one day marry Barbara but not before he has "a stable job".

He worries that his kids will run with the wrong crowd. He hopes they "stay healthy and in school... I most certainly want the kids to go to college, especially Sarah." James hopes and worries like any other dad I know.

I asked him where he would like to be a year from now, he says "I want to be away from here- outta Hartford- my goal is to be in a nice home, to wake up on a Saturday morning with Jonathan and smell the grass, spread mulch and

(SEE STRANGERS, P4)



STRANGERS CONT.

not worry." When I ask him where he probably will be a year from now he says "probably on Baltimore St.", which is a few blocks away off of Albany Ave, where James tells me that the "real trouble is only on one end of the street".

James's diligence and dedication are a succinct refutation of the stereotypes of poor folks being lazy and of black men being absent fathers. The struggles faced by James and his family reveal some of the broken and underfunded facets of our society. An ineffectual government bureaucracy impedes the ability of a housing subsidy program from providing this family with decent housing while lining the pockets of a slumlord. Inadequate public transportation forces this man to walk to and from the grocery store. Underfunded and understaffed community mental health agencies turn away people in crisis. Unemployed men deal drugs in the hallway while manufacturing jobs are sent overseas and retail jobs are sent to the suburbs. Meanwhile the drug war is fought outside their apartment door as the dealers scatter ahead of the police, abandoning the strung out junkies to face the music.

The impersonal nature of the state bureaucracy has not been adept or able to respond to the needs of this family in a timely or sufficient way. And so in years past the family experienced homelessness, unemployment and state removal of the children as a consequence

of a treatable mental illness. In contrast to the state is the personal response of the people of the St. Thomas Aquinas Just Faith group. By simply introducing this family to the families from St. Thomas stories were exchanged, relationships built and love shared. And so even before Barbara was hospitalized new friends were concerned and prepared to help. Their immediate intervention kept James from losing his job and, for now, it has kept the state from taking away the kids. The people at St. Thomas have recognized that Barbara, James and their children are not strangers but

family. Their witness is compelling evidence of what is possible when we assume our personal responsibility for how we can respond to the daily crises of our poorer sisters and brothers.

It is past time for us to overcome our fears, especially our fear of the city, of the poor, the mentally ill, the drug addicted, the stranger. Imagine a society where there are no more strangers; a place where we actually do love our neighbor as ourselves. If we can imagine such a place we can unveil the Kingdom of God here and now for it will be in the liberation of oppressed peoples that we all will be saved. Ω



Joan Hyatt

Friends, please remember the Hartford Catholic Worker with your charitable giving this Summer. Our summer camp, hospitality for homeless persons and food ministries depend on your generosity. Please work and pray for peace with justice, justice with mercy and life with dignity for All God's children.



JUST FAITH!

JustFaith is a conversion-based process that seeks to integrate personal spirituality and social ministry. The aim of JustFaith is to empower participants to develop a passion and thirst for justice and to express this passion in concrete acts of parish social ministry. JustFaith is a tool that has proven over and over again to be an effective strategy for training and forming parishioners to be agents of social transformation.

Jack Jezreel, M.Div., the Director of JustFaith, introduced the program in 1989 while working in a parish in Louisville, Kentucky. It was immediately and dramatically successful. Since then, parishes around the country have had similar results. Catholic Charities USA is now actively linking parishes and dioceses with JustFaith, making

available workshops, curriculum, resources, a website, and technical support.

JustFaith is an extended (30 weeks) justice education process that meets weekly employing books, videos, lecture, discussion, prayer, retreats and hands-on experiences. The intent is to provide a tapestry of learning opportunities that emphasize and enliven the remarkable justice tradition of the Church. Participants are exposed to not only a substantive and demanding course of study but are also afforded the privilege of becoming community with other participants and sharing a journey of faith and compassion that is both life-giving and challenging. ...

for more information please go to:
www.catholiccharitiesusa.org/justfaith/

WHY I WON'T WORK IN THE WAR BUSINESS.

Robert Connon

A few years ago I left my job because the company was closing, and I was hired by a firm that told me they had very little military business. In fact, the opposite was true, so after a year I decided I would find a new job. Luckily, I found a job with a food company. Unfortunately that job did not work out, so I am again in the job market.

I have made a conscious decision to avoid working for companies that depend on military contracts for their principal source of business. I have to admit it is with a little trepidation that I take this stand, since Massachusetts is filled with companies that live off these contracts. So I am not sure how things will turn out, but I am going to make a major effort to follow this path. I realize most people don't feel as strongly about this as I do. I have been thinking about my reasons since Chris Doucot asked me to take pen in hand to write this article. I was influenced by a variety of ideas and events, a few of which I have written about below.

As I get older, and read more, and see more, I realize that our government will always come up with an enemy to war against, and of course the necessity of maintaining a **STRONG** military. The "red menace," was the excuse when I was a boy, but after Gorbachev called it quits and said he wouldn't play anymore, that excuse was gone. Then everyone talked about a peace dividend, but that never happened. So now it is the green menace, as I believe it is called, namely Islam. And now, at the age of 58, I am living through another debacle in Iraq. It is a civil war, with no end in sight. After that, we have North Korea and Iran set up in the American psyche as the next enemy. When will this end? So, if our government has its way, there will always be someone to fight and hate.

Another amazing fact about our current situation is its similarity to George Orwell's 1984. An article appeared in the Boston Globe recently about the striking similarities in the

book and now. For example, the population is kept in a constant state of fear, facts are changed at will to fit the current political environment, and of course, war is peace. Why do we have to be in a constant war mode? Is it the Fox News mentality? Why does the US have to spend almost as much as the rest of the world (yes, look it up), on defense spending? Over fifty years ago Eisenhower said beware the strong connection between the government and the military. What would he say today given that level of defense spending?

Our country is so wired to the propaganda



that the media (= government) puts out that we don't even realize what is happening to us. We are not getting any relevant information about what is happening in the world, and what we are doing to it. The evening news is purely entertainment, with endless stories about Michael Jackson and the like. But an hour or two with Amy Goodman makes you realize that there is a lot going on that the American mainstream public is not getting.

From a religious point of view, I don't understand how Catholics, and all Christians, can support this bloodshed and hatred in the name of freedom and democracy. I don't understand how Americans can mourn the loss of 3,000 people at the WTC, some of whom were graduates of my high school in Staten Island, and ignore the 500,000 children who

died in Iraq because of our sanctions. Certainly, their life was as precious to them and their parents as the lives of the people killed in the WTC. It doesn't seem Christian to think that one American life is equal to 100, or 1000 (dead) Iraqis, just because they have a different religion.

I also don't understand the Catholic Church's deafening silence on this war. It is wrong to pretend that our wars are just wars, despite Cardinal Law's assurances. Cardinals and Bishops are afraid to speak out, and priests either say nothing or actually support the war in Afghanistan from the pulpit. Unbelievable.

In the end, each person does what they think is right. In addition to taking this approach to finding work, I feel I should also try to change the world in a positive way. I vigil on corners with signs reading "It's a globe, not an empire." Last Tuesday I stood in front of Raytheon with 2 other people holding similar signs. (By the way, 700 cars entered the complex in one hour.) When I have the time, I

call Congressman and tell them how I feel about their voting record. I send emails, sign petitions, donate money, and march in protests.

I realize compared to other people, these are very small gestures.

If you have read this far, please consider how you fit into this picture. Understand the history of our country, and what is happening now. Don't accept the government's explanations of events without pursuing the truth yourself. I know it makes a minimal difference in the grand scale of things that I am making this decision, but it is important to me. And who knows, maybe it will have an impact. As someone once said, never underestimate what a small group of determined people can do to change things, indeed, it is the only thing that has. So I consider myself a member of that group. Ω

THE MADONNA OF NAGASAKI

In 1990 Fr. Takeshi Kawazoe wrote "Days in Urakami" for the August edition of *Seibo no Kishi Catholic Monthly*. Fr. Kawazoe was seeking the return of the head of the statue of Virgin Mary which had been inside the Catholic Cathedral of Nagasaki. On August 9, 1945 clouds covered Nagasaki and so the steeple of the cathedral piercing the sky was used by the bomb crew of the Bock's Car. After the bombing the ruins of the cathedral were looted by American soldiers. As it turns out a Japanese soldier had taken the head of the Madonna. In response to Fr. Kawazoe's essay the soldier sent the letter reprinted below. For more information please go to: www.madonnanagasaki.org

Dear Father Kawazoe
I apologise for my lack of courtesy to write to you a personal letter. I, Father Noguchi am a cloistered monk at Hokkaido Trappist Monastery.

The other day, I had an opportunity to read your article which appeared in the August issue of *Seibo no Kishi Catholic Monthly* about the holy head of the Virgin which had gone missing after the atomic bombing.

"The head of Virgin Mary was discovered by a soldier who had just been discharged from military service overseas. In about the 53rd year of the Showa-era (1978), he entrusted the head to Mr. Kataoka to return to Urakami Church. I wish I could know the soldier's name who discovered Our Lady under the rubble of bombing."

I have been debating, for some considerable time, whether or not I should inform you about the fact details of my discovery. When Bishop Matsunaga visited our monastery, I consulted him with my thoughts. Bishop recommended that I should write to you in person as you may not know that the soldier in question is myself. ...

I grew up in Urakami, Ishigami town and joined the Hokkaido Trappist Monastery in the 4th year of the Showa era (1929) and was

ordained priest in the 14th year (1939). I must have been twelve or thirteen years of age when the statue of Virgin Mary arrived from Italy and was placed near the ceiling over the altar of the



Urakami Cathedral. Her celestial beauty left a deep impression to my boyhood. I was then irresistibly attracted by the Madonna.

When I was to join the monastery in Hokkaido, I knelt down in front of the altar and prayed to bid my farewell "Dear Our Lady, I am going far north to the Trappist Monastery in Hokkaido, so this may be the last prayer I offer to you in this cathedral. But wherever I will be, may your protection and guidance be with me as ever" This memory never leaves me after all these years. In April of the 18th year of the Showa era (1943),

I was called to arms and returned home in Nagasaki. I enlisted in the Kurume Regiment and was once discharged in January of the 20th year of the Showa era (1945). Until when I found myself once again in the Omura Regiment in April, I helped Father Nishida and Father Tamaya at Urakami Church. The altar had been beautifully rebuilt by the time and the statue of Virgin Mary was housed at the center

of the altar.

The war was over on the 15th day of August. I was sent home after being discharged in October. Before going back to Hokkaido, I wished to find a keepsake of the cathedral to bring with me. So I went to the ruins of the church and yet I found nothing but a heap of rubbles. I searched about the destroyed altar and confessionals of Father Nishida and Father Tamaya for over one hour in vain.

I tumbled onto a stone and prayed to Virgin Mary just like when I departed for the monastery as a boy. I was meant to return to Hokkaido soon. Praying for her guidance, I desperately looked for any broken pieces of liturgics which survived the bombing. Sadly, there was no sign of the cross or the holy statue of the Madonna. I prayed once again to the Holy Mother to let me encounter anything at all associated to the church.

Some time passed...I was praying silently. And all of a sudden, I saw the

holy face of the Virgin blackened by fire, Looking at me with a sorrowful air. I cried with joy. "Thank you, Our Lady, Thank you!" There might have been buried the destroyed torso somewhere but I was too excited holding her head tightly in my arms to think about anything else. What a joy, it is inexplicable how I thanked the Holy Mother. I was half in a dream walking to the house embracing the head. My mother and elder brother were most delighted with my finding of Virgin Mary. Mother was greatly impressed and praised me as if I was mere a boy. "My dear son, what a wonderful thing you've done! You must be blessed by the Holy Mother. Take it with you to the monastery and offer your faithful prayers."

When Bishop Urakawa visited Trappist, I showed him the head of Madonna and explained him how I had found it. "You have found the finest treasure indeed. If you had not discovered it, the Madonna would have got

(PLEASE SEE MADONNA P8)

A NAGASAKI REPORT 60 YEARS LATE

George Weller

American George Weller was the first foreign reporter to enter Nagasaki following the U.S. atomic attack on the city on Aug. 9, 1945. Mr. Weller's dispatches were censored by the Pentagon and never printed. Reading Mr. Weller's initial story of September 8, 1945 (excerpted below) one reads an apologetic description of the devastation. By the time Mr. Weller writes his September 9 story (excerpted after the Sept. 8 excerpt) the unique horror of a nuclear attack had become apparent to him.

NAGASAKI, Sept. 8 — The atomic bomb may be classified as a weapon capable of being used indiscriminately, but its use in Nagasaki was selective and proper and as merciful as such a gigantic force could be expected to be. The following conclusions were made by the writer - as the first visitor to inspect the ruins - after an exhaustive, though still incomplete study of this wasteland of war.

Nagasaki is an island roughly resembling Manhattan in size and shape, running in north and south direction with ocean inlets on both sides, what would be the New Jersey and Manhattan sides of the Hudson river are lined with huge-war plants owned by the Mitsubishi and Kawanami families...

B-29 raids before the Atomic bomb failed to damage them and they are still hardly scarred...

[T]wo miles beyond the Kawanami yards are Mitsubishi's shipbuilding and electrical engine plants employing 20,000 and 8,000 respectively. The shipbuilding plant damaged by a raid before the atomic bomb, but not badly. The electrical plant is undamaged. It is three miles from the epicenter of the atomic bomb and repairable.

It is about two miles from the scene of the bomb's 1,500 foot high explosion where the harbor has narrowed to 250 foot wide Urakame River that the atomic bomb's force begins to be discernible. This area is north of downtown Nagasaki, whose buildings suffered some freakish destruction, but are generally still sound...

For two miles stretches a line of congested steel and some concrete factories with the residential district "across the tracks. The atomic bomb landed between and totally destroyed both with half (*illegible*) living persons in them. The known dead-number 20,000 police tell me they estimate about 4,000 remain to be found...

I inspected half a dozen crude short tunnels in the rock wall valley which the Mitsubishi Co., considered [bomb]shelters. I also picked my way through the tangled iron girders and curling roofs of the main factories to see concrete shelters four inches thick but totally inadequate in number. Only a grey



concrete building topped by a siren, where the clerical staff had worked had reasonable cellar shelters, but nothing resembling the previous had been made. A general alert had been sounded at seven in the morning, four hours before two B-29's appeared, but it was ignored by the workmen and most of the population...

As one whittles away at embroidery and checks the stories, the impression grows that the atomic bomb is a tremendous, but not a peculiar weapon. The Japanese have heard the legend from American radio that the ground preserves deadly irradiation. But hours of walking amid the ruins where the odor of decaying flesh is still strong produces in this

writer nausea, but no sign or burns or debilitation. Nobody here in Nagasaki has yet been able to show that the bomb is different than any other, except in a broader extent flash and a more powerful knock-out...

[S]paring the [Catholic Cathedral and American mission college] and sparing the allied prison camp, which the Japanese placed next to an armor plate factory would have meant sparing Mitsubishi's ship parts plant with 1,016 employees who were mostly Allied. It would have spared a Mounting factory connecting with 1,750 employees. It would have spared three steel foundries on both sides of the Urakame, using ordinarily 3,400 but that day 2,500. And besides sparing many sub-contracting plants now flattened it would have meant leaving untouched the Mitsubishi torpedo and ammunition plant employing 7,500 and which was nearest where the bomb up. ..

NAGASAKI, Sept. 9 - The atomic bomb's peculiar "disease," uncured because it is untreated and untreated because it is not diagnosed, is still snatching away lives here. Men, woman and children with no outward marks of injury are dying daily in hospitals, some after having walked around three or four weeks thinking they have escaped.

The doctors here have every modern medicament, but candidly confessed in talking to the writer - the first Allied observer to Nagasaki since the surrender - that the answer to the malady is beyond them. Their patients, though their skin is whole, are all passing away under their eyes. Kyushu's leading X-ray specialist, who arrived today from the island's chief city Fukuoka, elderly Dr. Yosisada Nakashima, told the writer that he is convinced that these people are simply suffering from the atomic bomb's beta Gamma, or the neutron ray

(PLEASE SEE NAGASAKI P8)

MADONNA CONT.

lost and most probably would have been disposed of like a piece of rubbish" he said.

It must have been in around the 50th year of the Showa era (1975). An article about the Madonna appeared on the Hokkaido Shimbu Newspaper and it became well known to the public including Urakami congregation that their Madonna had been found and kept by me. I began to feel guilty to treasure it myself as the statue by all means belongs to the Urakami church.

Coincidentally, as a priest hailing from Urakami, I was invited to the 30th anniversary of Nagasaki atomic bombing held at Urakami Catholic Church. With a permission of the abbot of our monastery, I brought with the holy

head of Virgin Mary to Nagasaki...

Dear Father, Ever since the statue was first placed in the cathedral, I have been deeply attached to the Madonna. Even after cloistered myself, I never failed to offer prayers to her. And I believe she also remembered me. The Holy Mother has always been there to protect and guide me. She even trusted this humble priest in such a horrible disaster and allowed me to hold her holy head in my arms. For some thirty years, I had prayed to the holy statue on the desk in my cell. Even now, I see her burnt face vividly in my mind especially when singing the Lady psalms.

Dear Father, Forty five years have passed since I found the statue. I wish my poor writing could give you a certain account of my fated encounter with the Holy Mother. If it is ever

possible, it would be my greatest pleasure to see the Madonna restored to her original state. Please place her upon the altar. So does she wish, I believe. May our prayers to the Holy Mother reach all beings in the world!
Yours faithfully
Kaemon Noguchi
Hokkaido Trappist
Monastery Ω



NAGASAKI CONT.

is taking effect.

"All the symptoms are similar," said the Japanese doctor. "You have a reduction in white corpuscles, constriction in the throat, vomiting, diarrhea and small hemorrhages just below the skin. All of these things happen when an overdose of Roentgen rays is given. Bombed children's hair falls out. That is natural because these rays are used often to make hair fall artificially and sometimes takes several days before the hair becomes loose." Nakashima differed with general physicians who have asked the regiment to close off a bombed area claiming that returned refugees are infected from the ground by lethal rays.

"I believe that any after effect out there is negligible. I mean to make tests soon with an electrometer," said the specialist. A suggestion by Dutch doctor Lt. Jakob Vink, taken prisoner and now commander of the allied prison camp here, that the drug (*illegible*) which increased white corpuscles be tried brought the answer from Nakashima that it would be "useless, because the grave (*illegible*).

At emergency hospital No. 2, commanding officer young Lt. Col. Yoshitaka Sasaki, with three rows of campaign ribbons on his breast, stated that 200 patients died of 343 admitted

and that the expects about 50 more deaths. Most severe ordinary burns resulted in the patients (sic) deaths within a week after the bomb fell. But this hospital began taking patients only from one to two weeks afterward. It is therefore almost exclusively "disease" cases and the deaths are mostly therefrom.

Nakashima divides the deaths outside simple burns and fractures into two classes on the basis of symptoms observed in the post mortem autopsies. The first class accounts for roughly 60 percent of the deaths, the second for 40 percent. Among exterior symptoms in the first class are, falling hair from the head, armpits and public (*sic*) zones, spotty local skin hemorrhages looking like measles all over the body, lip sores, diarrhea but without blood discharge, swelling in the throat (*illegible*) of the epiglottis and retropharynx and a descent in number of red and white corpuscles.

Red corpuscles fall from a normal 5,000,000 to one-half, or one-third while the white's almost disappear, dropping from 7,000 or 8,000 to 300 to 500. Fever rises to 104 and stays there without fluctuating. Interior symptoms of the first class revealed in the postmortems seems to show the intestines choked with blood which Nakashima thinks occurs a few hours before death.

The stomach is also blood choked, also

mesenterium. Blood spots appear in the bone narrow and bus-arachnoid, oval blood (*illegible*) on the brain which, however, is not affected. Going up part of the intestines have a little blood, but the congestion is mainly in (*illegible*) down passages.

Nakashima considers that it is possible that the atomic bomb's rare rays may cause deaths in the first class, as with delayed X-ray burns. But second class has him totally baffled. These patients begin with slight burns which make normal progress for two weeks. They differ from simple burns, however, in that the patient has a high fever. Unfevered patients with as much as one-third of the skin area burned have been known to recover. But where fever is present after two weeks, healing of burns suddenly halts and they get worse. They come to resemble septic ulcers. Yet patients are not in great pain, which distinguishes them from any X-ray burns victims. Up to five days from the torn to the worse, they die.

Their bloodstream has not thinned as in first class and their organs after death are found in a normal condition of health. But they are dead - dead of atomic bomb - and nobody knows why.

Twenty-five Americans are due to arrive Sept. 11 to study the Nagasaki bombsite. Japanese hope that they will bring a solution for Disease X.Ω

NOTES CONT.

every one that helped me, by prayers, words of wisdom or financially. I also want to take this opportunity to thank the Hartford Catholic Workers, Teri Allen and family, Dee, Susan, Rod and Carmen, Epi, Mickey Allen, Dean and my major sponsors. Merci (thank you). You guys kick butt!!

Update on the February 2nd act in Washington D.C. Brian and codefendants attended court on may 25th all were found guilty. The verdict of the case is being appealed. However Brian and codefendants are going down to Washington D. C on thirty -first of July to the fifth of August to participate in a legal fast in front of the Sudanese embassy. Please keep them in your prayers.

The baseball season is all over for Micah and Ammon. This season was very exciting. Micah received the Coaches award. Congratulations to him. What can I say, the apple does not fall far from the tree. Good news for Ammon also, he was accepted into MLC, the same school as Micah. Micah and I are looking forward to Ammon having home work every night. We will have no sympathy for him. He made fun of us all the time when doing home work. Now Ammon, the party is over!! I am sure that they will do just fine in school, they both are brilliant. For one, Ammon enjoys reading. He reads a book with hundreds of pages in one to two days. I am always impressed by his appetite for reading.

Chris and Micah have been giving talks all over the place about their trip to Sudan. Last month, Marian, Jackie's friend was visiting her from West Vir-

ginia. Micah was showing Marian the pictures that he took while on his trip to Sudan. Micah sat down with her and was explaining each picture in great detail. Just by listening to him I can tell that he got a lot of this trip. The look on his face was



Cultivating the Garden of the Heart
by Ade Bethune

worth more than the pictures. Some pictures, while explaining it, he looked sad and some his whole face lit up. I am very proud of him, and hope that he is going to take this experience and use it as a guide through his life. As we all know, "One is never too young or too much of age to learn."

Once again we are getting ready for summer camp. The neighborhood kids are very excited. "Thanks" from the neighborhood kids to everyone who is helping make this year's summer camp possible. These kids are going to have the time of their

lives. They can hardly wait.

Brian has begun his Wednesday vegetable pickups at the Holcomb Farm. As we all know Brian ("Mr. K") he is always on time for everything. To his vegetable customers, he takes too long to get back with the fresh vegetables. "They love it!" Thank you Holcomb Farm for this great gift.

We have awesome volunteers that also help with this special part of the children ministry. Thank you guys for your help. Our Saturday crew are working very hard with the children. I have always been impressed about how well the Saturday crew works together. Also, I am overjoyed to have a consistent helper on Fridays. Without her I don't know what I would have done. It is always so sad to turn kids away when there is not enough adult supervision. With my wonderful volunteer Jane Taite I can allow a few more in. Jane-thank you so much for your help, it is always a pleasure to have you! Our Saturday crew; Octo, Nancy, Jory, Jamie, Steve and son Alex, guys keep up the good work. "You Rock, ya babe!!" Mary Lou and Prudence we miss you, thank you for all of the hard work that you've done. Our new helper, Edna, thank you also.

Update on my mom, she is doing ok. She is hanging on, still going strong. She just finished one of her many cycles of chemotherapy cycles. She is happy to be on a break from needles for a while. She is looking forward to going back home to St. Lucia soon. Thank you, for all of your prayers. My family and I can feel the positive energy surrounding us.

Thank you to our donors that help this work be possible. Speak to you'll next summer. Peace out!!! Ω

St. Martin's Calendar

- ◆ Please join us on **Tuesday, September 6, October 4 and November 1 at 7:30 PM** for the celebration of Mass at St. Brigid House, 18 Clark St., Hartford. Refreshments and conversation follow Mass.
- 🕒 Our vigil for an end to war continues on **Friday's from 11:30-12:30** outside the Federal Building on Main St. in Hartford. Please bring a sign and join our call for an end to the American military occupation of Iraq.

Notes from De Porres House

Monliana Evans

"No man is a true Christian who does not think constantly of how he can lift his brother, how he can assist his friend, how he can make virtue the rule of conduct in the circle in which he lives." Woodrow Wilson

The Green house was closed for one week. This week was used to complete mini projects around the two houses. Jackie and Sarah painted the living room, I had a chance to clean some of my school papers out of my room, and the rest of the community people completed some of their personal projects.

After all we are Catholic Workers. We do not have the strength in our hearts to turn away people, especially individuals that are in desperate need of help. It was the fourth day of our little "close down" and we were feeling blessed for the simplest fact that we did not have any major tragedies. Having said that, our wonderful friend that blesses us with pork and rice on many occasions came to us pleading for help. She was in tears and was out of breath saying that she went to a priest for help but was turned her away. She felt delighted when we were able to contribute to her her light and gas bills. Believe it or not sometimes we all can use a helping hand. Ok! just when we thought that it was over one of our kid's mom came to us for help also. Her needs were more difficult to meet. Chris helped her get the

proper help that she needed to make her situation more manageable. We are living in broken neighborhoods, communities, and world, so I think that it is up to us to make the best out of any given situation.

Ready or not summer is here!! To me



this is one out of the four seasons that brings great joy and happiness and peace to everyone's lives. Just think of the elegant flowers, the different shades of colors, the smell of the roses, lilacs and peonies surrounding you. Oh, speaking of flowers, the back yard of Brigid house and St. Martin house are looking spectacular. Chris has been blessing us with his yearly roses and soon it is going to be the sunflowers. In the back of St. Martin house is a new flower and herb garden that Sarah, Jackie and I planted, this was also one of our projects. Angela, our new house guest, stays on top of the daily watering of

the new garden. Angela has been living with us since May eighth. Angela is a very hard working and also very quiet individual. She enjoys mowing the lawn but only in ninety degrees weather. Sorry Angela, had to say it! "What can I say, she is our girl!" Grace is very excited that Angela is around because Angela takes her for walks on a daily basis. It is a pleasure to have Angela around.

Sarah and I have been taking walks to Elizabeth Park. The roses are looking great. We also enjoy walking in the neighborhood just for the simple fact that every block that we walk too somebody always recognizes our faces. We feel very comfortable here in the North end of Hartford. Living here has been a great experience for me and Sarah. We love it here.

This year has been such a great year for me. Are you all ready for this?? I Graduated this year with an Associates in Social Services. This is such a great accomplishment for me. This was not an easy task for me both financially and emotionally. I am the first sibling to ever graduate out of college. Nevertheless; with a degree. Those of you who don't know, I am the thirteenth out of fourteen children and last daughter. This journey would not be successful without the help of my brother and sisters in Christ. I could not have done this without the Catholic Workers' great hospitality. Thanks to

(SEE NOTES P.9)

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

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