

# The Hartford Catholic Worker



St. Martin De Porres House  
St. Brigid House

*"If you want to follow me first sell what you have and give to the poor..." - Jesus*



*Brian Kavanagh*

*Jesus said: "Do not be afraid; see, I was dead, but now I live and am among you." Alleluia*

## Easter 2010

### The Hartford Catholic Worker

Established November 3, 1993

Volume 18 Number 2



The Hartford Catholic Worker is published bimonthly 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 not a “tax-exempt” agency. We do not accept government funding. Our ability to house the homeless, feed the hungry, and work with the children depends on contributions from our readers. We are not paid. We can be reached at: 18 Clark St., Hartford CT 06120; (860) 724-7066, doucot@sbcglobal.net and www.hartfordcatholic-

worker.org We are: Brian Kavanagh, Jacqueline, Christopher, Micah and Ammon Allen-Doucot.



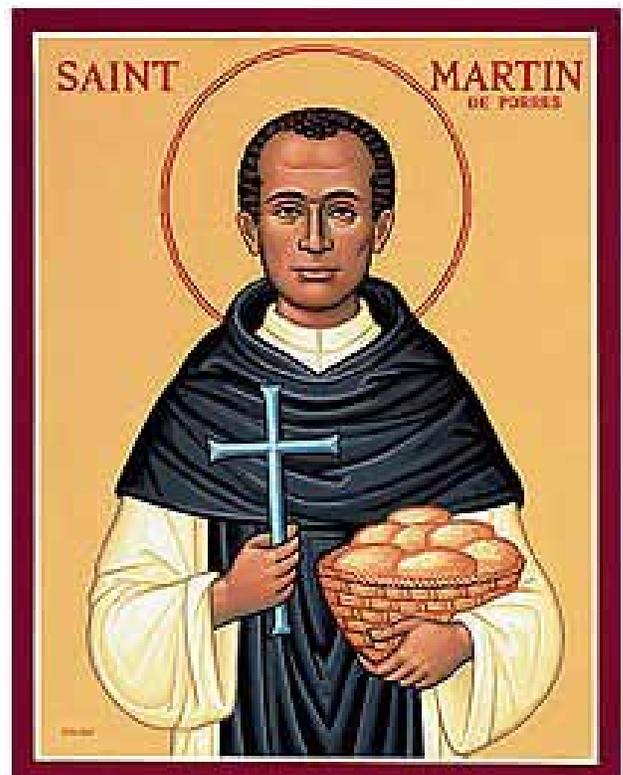
## Jesus So Tired

Jacqueline Allen-Doucot

Jesus is dragging his cross up my street again  
today it is shaped like a bottle  
yesterday it was a needle  
day before that a small screaming baby in a stroller  
Jesus so tired  
so wants to drop that cross  
and let it go  
but He know if He do Easter never gonna come  
He be trudgin' up that Golgatha street forever Ω

## St. Martin's Wish List

- Healing for Daniel Karas
- Peace for Iraq and Afghanistan
- Success for our children
- A spiritually healthy, morally mature person interested in exploring community with us.
- \$650 so we can get 100 lbs/week of fresh vegetables from Hartford Food System to share
- Powdered drink mix
- An ant farm for little Christopher
- Donations of “2 and 20 dollars”, or 5 and 50 dollars to support our work. (see: Notes From DePorres House.)



Christopher J. Doucot

Despite multiple sightings at malls across America, his seeming ability to multiply himself like loaves and fishes in Las Vegas, and an appearance as an old man in the 2002 film *Bubba Ho-Tep*, we know the King died in 1977. And yet, Amazon, the online book seller not the jungle, lists over 400 biographies of Elvis Presley as currently in print. With each new biography newly discovered letters and lyrics by Elvis reveal unknown facets of his thinking that are not at the time accepted as part of the “canon” of his works but over time and with verification this previously undisclosed writing will become accepted as authentic Elvis and not the inchoate ramblings of a skydiving Elvis impersonator (see *Raising Arizona* a hilarious Coen brother’s film starring Nicholas Cage). Why would we not expect the same process to be possible for sayings by Jesus? Indeed, the gospel of John closes with just such a point: **“But there are also many other things which Jesus did; were every one of them to be written, I suppose that the world itself could not contain the books that would be written.”**(John 21:25)

Agrapha, or extra-canonical sayings of Jesus, are rare. Barely two dozen have been found in the fragmentary remains of sermons and other writings by early Christians. This Easter I have been reflecting on this saying attributed to Jesus in the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*: **“Raise the stone and you will find me: cleave the wood and I am there.”** (see: <http://www.papyrology.ox.ac.uk/POxy/>) When we raise stones to clear a field for planting we are with Jesus preparing to feed thousands. When we use those stones to build a home and split wood to heat that home we are again with Jesus caring for the weary. The acts of raising and cleaving extend the Resurrection from a finite historical event involving the enfleshed body of Jesus to the ongoing practice of hope performed by the Mystical Body of Christ as enfleshed by each of us. This notion of the Resurrection is made plain by

Luke in Acts: **“And with great power the apostles gave their testimony to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all”** (Acts 3:33). A portion



of their testimony is recorded in the previous verse: **“Now the company of those who believed were of one heart and soul, and no one said that any of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had everything in common”** (Acts 3:32). To be “of one heart and soul” is to be of one body. This consciousness transformed the apostles from ordinary blokes out for number one into practitioners of resurrection caring for their entire body. The grace that was thus upon them was tangible in that **“there was not a needy person among them...”**(Acts 3:34).

This practice of resurrection by the apostles was not without risk. Stephen and James the son of Zebedee were martyred; Peter and John were arrested. Their feeding, healing, preaching, and sharing, performed in land Occupied by a foreign imperial force was a threat to the regime because to practice resurrection is to begin the work of replacing the kingdoms of this world with the Reign of God. Belief in the Risen Christ and commitment to his Mystical Body are still threats to any regime that would oc-

cupy another land, any society that exalts individual gain, and any church that imprisons God in tombs disguised as temples of brick and mortar. To practice resurrection is to seek encounters with the Risen Christ in all the places where he is denied, in our prisons and ghettos, our old age homes and foster homes, in lands of famine and in the land of our enemy. Would we be ready to risk, as the apostles did, our comfort, wealth, reputation, freedom or lives if we believed that failure to do so would end the resurrection?

On Holy Saturday several of us were able to participate in the resurrection in a very modest way as we began construction of a counselor’s cabin at Camp Ahimsa. The idea for the cabin was born four years ago, shortly after our young friend Herbie Diaz was murdered on a corner not far from our home. Herbie had spent several summers with us at Camp Ahimsa but by the time of his murder at the age of 17 he was no longer coming to our place- and we failed to seek him out. In the aftermath of Herbie’s death we began to actively engage the young teens who were coming here recognizing them as integral members of the community we are seeking to build. This Spring some of those kids will graduate from high school, this Summer some of them will be counselors sleeping in the Herbie Diaz memorial cabin and this Fall some of them will begin college.

The construction crew assembled on Holy Saturday included me, Bubba and Sasean from our community, Jim MacBride his son Austin, and Jake from Voluntown along with our foreman, and the cabin’s designer, Wayne LaChapelle also from Voluntown. Forty years ago some folks from Voluntown raided the property where our camp is located. They tied up some members of the peace community that were living there, got into a gun battle with the state police and burned down a barn.

Likewise, forty years ago few Black

**(Please see: *Raise Stones*4)**

folks were found in rural southeastern CT, and with at least one Klan cell active in the area Black Americans would hardly have felt safe and welcomed in Voluntown. I can't speak for the peace community that was there but I've witnessed, and participated in, the arrogant contempt that some "peace folks" have for rural and working people.

By practicing resurrection on Holy Saturday we witnessed and participated in a healing miracle akin to that of the "lame man" by Peter (Acts 3:1-10). Our fears, prejudices and contempt make us all lame men. Peter healed the lame man by giving him what he had- faith in "Jesus Christ of Nazareth." On the eve of his resurrection our cooperation summoned his presence and in turn we healed each other while remembering a child who was lost.

Surely Christ was present that day when we cleaved wood in memory of Herbie.Ω



Raymond Verdaguer

## What Makes Humanity Humane

Peter Maurin

*To give and not to take,  
that is what makes humanity humane.  
To serve and not to rule,  
that is what makes humanity humane.  
To help and not to crush,  
that is what makes humanity humane.  
To nourish and not to devour,  
that is what make humanity humane.  
And if need be,  
to die and not to live,  
that is what makes humanity humane.  
Ideals and not deals,  
that is what makes humanity humane.  
Creed and not greed,  
that is what makes humanity humane.Ω*

## A Modern Day Resurrection?

Ammon Allen-Doucot

With the celebration of Easter barely two weeks ago the subject of the resurrection was still fresh in my mind when I began to contemplate the idea of a modern day resurrection. My first step was to properly define resurrection for it does have a range of meanings. It could mean the return of something lost or it can mean literally coming back from the dead. Personally I think that it means that something remains despite everything that goes against it.

I like this definition because it works for the most popular and widely known resurrection by which I mean that of Jesus. Jesus had a lot going against him: the very people he had come to save and teach were calling for his blood, the teachers in the synagogues were against him and the government officials were against him. All of these combined led to Jesus being nailed to a cross and murdered, his body was dead but his

soul refused to die and in fulfillment of the Prophecies he rose on the third day and proved he was the messiah.



William Hart McNichols, SJ

But that was around 2000 years ago and can't be considered modern. But just like Jesus coming back from the dead we witness thousands of resurrections in the world around us and in our own personal lives. How many times have we thought a friendship or relationship was dead only to have it return more powerful than before? How many people have we turned our backs on one day, only to help them the next? We all have our own resurrections within our hopes and dreams, our friends and family, our faith and purpose. But above all of these resurrections is one common denominator and that is forgiveness. When Jesus died our sins were forgiven and he rose again. When we, his people, butt heads and come into conflict we forgive and our relationships are resurrected, when we forgive ourselves we have that much more belief in our hopes and dreams and when we forgive this world we return to our cause with a stronger purpose than ever before.Ω

# Easter Sunday

EdUARdo Galeano

Nineteen seventy-three, Montevideo, Ninth Cavalry barracks. A rotten night. Roar of trucks and machine-gun fire, prisoners face-down on the floor, hands behind their heads, a gun at every back, shouts, kicks, rifle blows, threats... In the morning, one of the prisoners who hadn't yet lost track of the calendar recalled, "Today is Easter Sunday." Gatherings were not allowed. But they pulled it off. In the middle of the yard, they came together.

The non-Christians helped. Several of them kept an eye on the barred gates and an ear out for the guards' footsteps. Others walked about, forming a human ring around the celebrants. Miguel Brun whispered a few words. He evoked the

resurrection of Jesus, which promised redemption for all captives. Jesus had

been persecuted, jailed, tormented, and murdered, but one Sunday, a Sunday like this one, he made the walls creak and crumble so there would be freedom in every prison and company in every solitude.

The prisoners had nothing. No bread, no wine, not even cups. It was a communion of empty hands. Miguel made an offering to the one who had offered himself. "Eat," he whispered. "This is his body." And the Christians raised their hands to their lips and ate the invisible bread. "Drink. This is his blood." And they raised the nonexistent cup and drank the invisible wine. Ω

Brian Karanagh



**Y**ou will wake up at 9 AM tomorrow. The sun will shine on your bed from the open window. The sheets will feel soft, but the woman's skin next to you will feel softer. You will see shards of orange light on her naked back and impulsively trace these shapes along her spine. You will notice your hands—torn and beat—from years of ego and pride. How they inflicted so much pain and hate, but now only seek to protect and feel her next to you.

You will hear her murmur and roll over,

stretching her arm and hair across your body. The smell and warmth of her will intoxicate your senses. You will think to yourself that nothing else matters, nothing

was never there. She was what you traded for the bottle of addiction in your fist. There will be no warmth, freedom, or life, only pain, hate, and sorrow. Ω

## Inevitable Conclusion

L. Brewer

(L. Brewer is currently an inmate at a Connecticut Dept. of Corrections facility.)

can ever intrude upon these feelings of life and freedom. You will say to yourself that as long as she's here you can never feel sorrow, only solace and contentment, and when you begin to believe, the sun will begin to fade and then you will know that she



# Socialization, Solidairty, Humanity

Steve Thornton

*(Steve is an elected vice president of 1199 and their director of education. May 1, 2010, St. Joseph the Worker day on the church calendar marks the 77th anniversary of the Catholic Worker movement.)*

May 1<sup>st</sup> is a genuine American holiday, and we should reclaim it.

One hundred years ago, on May 1, 1910, the Jewish bakers from Hartford's

east side went on strike for shorter hours and demanded part-time work for their unemployed members. Store owners refused, so the strikers purchased ingredients from New Britain, baked the bread on their own, and sold it from pushcarts on Front Street. It was a popular item-- customers bought the strikers' bread and they won their demands.

It all started in the United States in 1884. Meeting in Chicago, workers declared that "eight hours shall constitute a legal day's labor from and after May 1, 1886." Such a lofty goal was popular and easy to declare, but achieving it became a bloody battle.

On May 1, 1886, hundreds of thousands of workers across the country walked off their jobs to win the eight-hour day. By May 4th, cities were paralyzed and workers were holding mass meetings in the streets. At Chicago's Haymarket Square a peaceful rally called to condemn police picket line violence was disrupted by a bomb explosion, killing and wounding a number of officers. Police responded to this outrage with indiscriminate shooting into the crowd, killing and wounding many participants. To this day no one knows who threw the bomb, but it was certainly not the "Haymarket Martyrs" who eventually were

hanged for it (and later pardoned by the Governor of Illinois).

The incident became the excuse for a nationwide crackdown on anarchists, labor activists and their "radical" demands. The Hartford Evening Post editorialized, "Whatever justice there may be in the eight-hour movement must necessarily be lost sight of for the time, until order and quiet shall be restored."



Hartford workers didn't see it that way. For the next decade, May 1st was the day carpenters, painters, sheet metal workers and carriage makers organized, struck and frequently won their demand for eight hours. Local cigar makers, hod carriers and vaudeville theater stage hands began or ended

their strikes on May 1st.

In 1909, over 200 Hartford newsboys with their own drum corps marched through the streets carrying signs and waving flags. They were protesting the refusal of newspaper distributors to take back unsold copies of two New York dailies. The boys urged customers to support their cause by only buying Hartford papers.

By 1920 May Day was being challenged

by big business interests and other groups who, instead of acknowledging the authentic nature of the day, found it more useful to discredit the labor movement's accomplishments. May Day celebrations persist, however, despite all the attempts to obscure its purpose. It is an official holiday in sixty-six countries.

Many of America's newest workers, the 12 million immigrants who are integral to the functioning of our nation's economy, used May 1, 2006 to demand justice in rallies across the country. In the same tradition that Hartford's Irish, German and Italian workers struggled for decent lives, so too are Mexicans, Peruvians and Colombians demanding the right to enjoy the fruits of their labor in the country they have adopted.

For today's newcomers, May Day still exemplifies the American Dream. Ω



Jacqueline Allen-Doucot

# Memphis Co. Nukes Black Workers <sup>7</sup>

John LaForge

(Reprinted from *NukeWatch Quarterly* <http://www.nukewatch.com/quarterly/2010spring/cover.pdf>)

In a shocking case of racist workplace endangerment, a nuclear waste processing company in Memphis has agreed to an out-of-court settlement after being accused of deliberately exposing African American employees to far more radiation than their White counterparts. The company was also alleged to have manipulated Black workers' radiation monitors to falsely indicate that they'd been exposed to lower levels of radiation than was actually the case.

After being sued by the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC), the company, Studsvik Memphis Processing Facility — formerly Radiological Assistance Consulting and Engineering, or R.A.C.E. — will avoid trial, but will pay \$650,000, to be shared among the 23 plaintiffs.

"Some of the discrimination alleged in this case is unusually extreme because of the physical danger it created for African American employees," said EEOC acting chair Stuart Ishimaru in the agency's Dec. 31 announcement.

According to EEOC lawyers, United Press International, the Institute for Southern Studies and the daily Commercial Appeal, Studsvik managers assigned Black employees to work in a radioactively hazardous shop area while placing Whites elsewhere. "I've been (with the EEOC) here 30 years, and I've never heard allegations of race discrimination that I consider this serious," said EEOC trial lawyer Carson Owen, UPI reported.

In a February phone interview, Owen told Nukewatch that the suit did not delve into the question of radiation contamination. Owen, who helped handle the case, asked the plaintiffs in depositions if they always wore radiation badges, called TDIs, while in the shop. One third said 'no' and told me," he said, "that plant managers told them

to put their TDIs in a drawer and to keep working." If true, the company's official paper record of radiation exposures would not reflect the actual amount, Owen said. Indeed some of the 23 plaintiffs alleged that they were never given TDI monitors at all. Others claimed in depositions that during coffee breaks managers told them to switch



TDIs with White employees who were working in non-nuclear parts of the facility, again resulting in falsely understated documentation of radiation exposures.

Some of the shop's most hazardous work, to which African Americans were exclusively assigned, involved using a heavy torch to cut apart a damaged and highly radioactive reactor for disposal. One such "vessel head" was experimentally removed from Ohio's Davis Bessie reactor after it was nearly punctured by corrosion.

Asked if they were cutting up used reactors, Owen said, "Yes. And because of the volume of sparks and the extreme heat, the cutter had to wear extremely heavy protective gear."

In addition, Owen said, "When the torch was used, a second worker had always to stand by with a fire extinguisher," because the torch handler's protective suit often caught fire.

Courtney Britton, the shop worker who initiated the case also alleged that he and other African-American employees were subjected to racist comments and bullying by management. In its Dec. 31 announce-

ment of the settlement the EEOC noted that Mr. Britton was subjected to racially offensive comments by his White supervisor who "regularly referred to him and other African American employees with the N-word and other derogatory slurs, such as 'boy.'"

Mr. Britton further charged that he was suspended for 15 days and then laid off in retaliation for complaining about the racial harassment.

"Mr. Britton and other African-American employees endured the abuse because they needed to work to support their families," said Attorney Faye Williams of the EEOC's Memphis district. On its website Studsvik, Inc. says its mission is to "supply specialized services ... to the international nuclear industry," and that its primary corporate objective in 2009 was to "create sustainable profitability in the American operations by contracting for treatment of intermediate level [radioactive] waste for a large percentage of the nuclear power [reactors] in the USA."

The consent decree allows Studsvik to avoid an admission of criminal culpability. The company — which agreed also to perform a 3-year program of anti-racism education — claimed not to be responsible for the discrimination, which its President Lewis Johnson said took place before 2006 when his company bought R.A.C.E.

Possible criminal violations of federal dose limits are the purview of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Justice Department, not the EEOC which only deals with civil litigation.  $\Omega$



# The Moral Measure of the Economy

John Ryan

*The Moral Measure of the Economy*  
(available from Orbis for \$20, <http://www.maryknollsociety.com/description.cfm?ISBN=978-1-57075-693-1>)

was written by an interesting team of writers. Chuck Collins heads up United for a Fair Economy, an organization devoted to explaining the economy in ways accessible by ordinary American citizens. Mary Wright brings years of working in the Catholic Church for justice for the poor - with Catholic Campaign for Human Development and currently with JustFaith Ministries. By the end of this book you may not be able to explain how the Federal Reserve Bank works,

but you will be very clear about the moral values that measure economic health. It is twenty years since the U.S. Catholic bishops issued a pastoral letter on the U.S. economy. Since then striking changes have occurred

as the U.S. has become dramatically more unequal in terms of wealth, income, and opportunity. The signs are everywhere, from the fantastic salaries of corporate CEOs, the skyrocketing rates of personal and public debt, tax cuts for the wealthiest, increased job insecurity, and shrinking public services. Catholic social teaching supplies a set of criteria for evaluating the moral health of an economic system, though for most people these principles are a well-kept secret. In this clear and penetrating book, Chuck Collins and Mary Wright draw on these principles to evaluate our economy and lay out practical steps toward establishing an economy as if people mattered. Ω



## Hope

Julia Esquivel

*In the most obscure and sordid place,  
in the most hostile and harshest,  
in the most corrupt  
and nauseating places,  
there You do Your work.  
That is why Your Son  
descended into hell,  
in order to transform what IS NOT  
and to purify that which IS BECOMING.  
This is hope! Ω*

## Dancing Master

Catherine de Vinck

*"Teach me how to dance."*

**A** body mounted on pins  
hands and feet held still  
pulled open.

*Under torture, you answer  
the voices that perpetually ask:  
"Can you dance, can you move  
these arms, these limbs  
not an inch or two  
away from the wood  
but in a rising that lifts the world*

*out of the jaws of death  
brings song to dry throats  
skin to bleached bones?"*

*"Even the most distant planets  
the stars of gas and diamond  
turn in my dancing,"  
says the Lord. Ω*

## St. Martin's Calendar

- Please join us on **Tuesdays September 7 and October 5 at 7:30** for the celebration of Mass at 7:30. Mass is celebrated at St. Brigid House, 18 Clark St. **We will not host Mass in July or August.**
- Please vigil for peace with Brian on Fridays from 11:30-12:30 outside the Federal Building on Main street in Hartford.

## Notes, cont.

very grateful to his wife Sara (whom we also love very much) for making it possible for Andy to come up. We are keeping them in our prayers as they prepare for the birth of their 2nd child,

\*Tons of food donations have been keeping the food coop running smoothly. This month, we were also able to make up ham dinner Easter food boxes for about 25 families on top of the 35 or so Coop regulars. Many thanks to St Timothy's, St Helena's, St James', St Anne's, St Elizabeth Seton and Corpus Christi church, and Northwest Catholic food drives.

\*Thanks to Lori and Stephen Janecko for the wonderful eggs. Lots of eggs....I mean LOTS AND LOTS OF EGGS. Cu Cu kachoo! We colored them and cooked them and gave them out by the dozens (note to self....do not ever send home 6-8 year old boys with a dozen raw eggs).

\*Thanks to Mike P. for making up math worksheets for kids that try to use the "I got no homework" line during tutoring.

\*Thanks to Fred D for bringing me to Costco to use the moolah from the Storrs small Christian community. This is a group made up of some of our dearest supporters and yet has no name. I am thinking of naming it Blackie's in honor of the most unique hot dog joint in CT that we partake of on shopping day

\*Sarah Karas made a return engagement to color eggs and fill up over 60 Easter candy baskets! She also made it in time to attend the Stations of the Cross at the Sub Base. By Easter Sunday, her Mom and I were wrestling with each other for her attention. Because Barb Karas did not come to dinner and mass last Tuesday as promised....she will not be allowed to see Sarah at all on her next visit from New York. We play for keeps at the HCW.

\*Danielle of HuskySport and her mom also stopped by on Easter Sat. Danielle's mom brought FUFU (her therapy bunny) to see the kids. It was great fun to watch the rabbit and GiGi's puppy chasing each other around the back yard.



\*The Husky Sport folks also held a volleyball clinic at the Green House. The entire girls team came and set up a big net. We enjoyed seeing some of the kids who don't play basketball get a chance to shine on the court.

\*Micah Allen-Doucot turned 17 on March 28th. Considering the fact that he was about 40 years old the day he was born, he is quite old and gets cranky with us sometimes. The day before his birthday he was knocked off the moped Chris rides to teach at Central by some nut driving the wrong way on a one way road through Keney Park. Thank God he was wearing a helmet! He reminded me that the moped accident was the 3rd near death experience of his 16th year. Earlier in the Fall, he had been robbed at gunpoint for his cell phone. Last May a tornado tore through the fishing store that Micah worked at in Wethersfield. It tore out the plate glass windows and sucked Kayaks off the walls and into the parking lot. Micah and his buddy were unscathed. I am praying fervently that Micah's 17th year is uneventful and safe. He apparently has remarkable guardian angels

\*In the angel department, our friend Sr. Elaine Betancourt is awaiting word from 2 women who will be coming to work with us.

Thank GOD! We are also very grateful to Sr.<sup>9</sup> Lorraine and Sr. Carmela for helping to keep our tiny community sane and healthy. That is no small job.

\*Brian will be traveling to Ireland in October for a month. If anyone is able to come over and help us out during that time....we would be eternally grateful

\*\*\*We are still hoping and praying for some folks who can fix things to offer us a few hours as they can. Every day something else seems to break or fall apart. Both the front porches need painting too. Please consider coming over on May 1st (MAYDAY) to help with our Earth Day clean-up.

\*God bless all of you that keep this tottering and somewhat rotten old ship sailing in the sea of needs here in the North End. We rely on your donations of time, prayers, money, food and energy. You have never let us down.

*(ed. Note: As I was proof reading this piece I heard little Christopher call up the stairs to my office 'hey buddy, I'm coming to see you'. When he came in the office he put his right hand on my shoulder and with his left hand he handed me a two dollar bill saying: "Chris, here's the two I promised but I can't find the twenty; will we still have enough for a new playground?" I reassured him that of course we will because of the love of all the people who make the Green House possible and then I told him that he will get the first ride on the swings. With a wide smile he left to play with his friend "Andy the ant" - I'm not kidding.)Ω*



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

## Notes From De Porres House

Jacqueline Allen-Doucot

*"For the old world is ended  
The old sky is torn apart  
A new day is born  
They hate no more*

*They do not go to war  
My people shall be one*

*So tell the earth to shake  
With marching feet  
Of messengers of peace  
Proclaim my law of Love  
To every nation  
Every race."*

*Thomas Merton*

The Easter season around here is always a rush of energy, action and adventure. Here are a few of our favorite memories from this year...

\*Amanda Tremblay (who started volunteering at the worker when in high school) has begun a "girls night" on Friday nights. The gals make a simple meal and do activities, or go on a field trip. A few weeks ago they went to Trinity College to see a fashion show.

\*A group of us went down to the Voluntown Peace Trust to enjoy a drumming circle. We got to drum, dance (much to Bubba's dismay) and listen to stories of Native Americans that lived nearby. Jose did some stand up comedy that may or may not have been enjoyed by the older audience at

the gathering!

\*Some of us waited in the pouring rain at the St Patrick's parade to see our very own Sasean play his trombone; alas, he was rained out and we were forced to drown our sorrows in green beer! He has just returned from a trip to Virginia where his band won 2 trophies. Thanks to the support of our readers we were able to help him make the trip.



He will be working it off walking Rielly and doing yard work!

\*We were very disturbed to discover that our playscape was damaged beyond repair (main brace, among others, rotted through). All of the kids were very sad to see it being taken down, but in true Dorothy Day

miracle fashion....we were elated to find that some Uconn students were able to write for a grant that will allow us to get a new one up and running before summer. The best part of the story was our friend Christopher (age 6) telling Chris Doucot on the front porch that he had "two and twenty dollars" that he would like to "share" with the other kids so we could buy a new one!

\*Corpus Christi donated a huge delivery of after school snack items that dovetailed nicely with a Spring surge of new kids coming in after school.

\*Bubba, Keyana and Sasean helped me to pull together a lasagna dinner to thank our friend Jack Palin for a year of remarkable service to the Voluntown Peace Trust. Jack spent a year being the caretaker and even fixed our old summer camp boat a few times. About 20 of the kids from the Green House came over to enjoy dinner with Jack! Gracias Mr. Palin.

\*Ammon has been given the all clear from his doctor after nearly tearing his ACL at wrestling. He missed the honor roll because he did not make up gym requirements. His grades are finally starting to reflect his rather brilliant mind!

\*Andy Piefer, one of our most beloved community members, came up to help us redo the 2nd floor banyo. It came out fantastic and we had a great week reconnecting with our beloved Pie-man. We are

**(Please see: Notes, p9)**