

The Hartford Catholic Worker



St. Martin De Porres House
St. Brigid House

To act in Hope is to Resist the tyranny of Fear.



Canticle for the Blessed Virgin

Brian Kavanagh

*...The skies speed up to meet you,
and the seas*

*Swim you the silver of their crests.
If you delay to come, we'll see the
meteors buy night,*

*Skimming before your way,
Lighting the time of death's dismay
In lights as lithe as animals.*

*And God will blaze your pathway
with the incandescent stars.*

Canticle for the Blessed Virgin
Thomas Merton

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

Dear friends, readers, and (hopefully) supporters,

Our work of planting seeds of justice while also performing works of mercy is not possible without your support. If you want to support our efforts to work and pray for peace with justice, justice with mercy, and life with dignity for all of God's children please share your blessings with us by giving of your time, talent or treasure. Join us as we try to "do justice, love kindness and walk humbly with our God." (Micah 6:8)

- Donations can be sent to 18 Clark St. Hartford, CT 06120.
- If you are interested in helping to cook for our Saturday program send an email to: purplehousecw@gmail.com
- If you want to receive weekly email updates please contact us by email.
- If you want to pray with us join us on the First Tuesday of each month (except January, July and August) at 7:30 PM at 18 Clark St.
- If you happen to drop extra fresh fruit in your shopping cart you can bring it by and it will be devoured by some grateful children!

No Innocent Bystanders: Becoming an Ally in the Struggle for Justice

by Shannon Craigo-Snell, Ph.D and Christopher J. Doucot

Available October 13 from [Westminster John Knox Press](#).

The struggle for justice is ongoing. In answering the biblical call to act justly and love mercifully, can Christians cross lines of privilege to walk humbly not only with God but with their marginalized neighbors as well? No Innocent Bystanders looks at the role of allies in social justice movements and asks what works, what doesn't, and why. It explains what allies legitimately can accomplish, what they can't, and what kind of humility and clarity is required to tell the difference.

This book is a start-up guide for spiritual or religious people who are interested in working for social justice but don't know how or where to begin, drawing on the lessons of history, the framework of Christian ideas, and the insights of contemporary activists. It offers practical guidance on how to meaningfully and mindfully advocate alongside all who struggle for a more just society.



Nick has grown about a foot since he's left us! He visited us for mass in September rocking his new 80's retro suit. We wish him well as he begins high school.

Beware of the Snakes in the Grass

Christopher J. Douçot

In one of the Raiders of the Lost Ark films, Indiana Jones declares: “Nazis. I hate those guys.” In the aftermath of the “Unite the Right”, aka white supremacy, rally in Charlottesville millions of Americans could be heard saying they hate Nazis, Klansmen and other race hate mongers. This sentiment is problematic, and not because of the Christian ideal of “hating the sin while loving the sinner”.

While a part of me rejoices about 30,000 people showing up in Boston to denounce the rantings of 30 white supremacists gathered for a “Free Speech Rally” (sic), a larger part of me cringes at the way the systemic problem of white supremacy has been reduced to *visibly* vile actions of explicit hate groups, and racist *individuals*. This inadequate definition of white supremacy leaves unexamined how centuries of racist laws, theology, customs and threats have shaped present day fears, prejudices, and inequalities. Misidentifying white supremacy as solely the sin of Klansmen and Nazis prevents us from understanding how all white Americans (in varying degrees, depending upon class, gender, and sexual orientation) benefit from this original American sin. White supremacy is much more than fools marching with tiki torches. Or, to paraphrase my late friend Mr. George, a granchild of enslaved African-Americans, when we focus on the “snake in the road”, we ignore the “snake in the grass”. Despite my best intentions, I am a snake in the grass.

The following is a modified version of a sermon I shared with the St. James Episcopal community back in May.

This morning I want to consider

the three R’s of Sunday School: Reconciliation, Redemption and Resurrection. However, before we can consider these R’s we need to first consider three other R’s: Racism, Remembering and Reparations.

Racism: we, more precisely a we that is white, run from this word. Some of us believe we are blameless, and not responsible, for racism because we are good people,



or because our families came here long after slavery ended, or because we’re from the North. Or maybe we believe that America is now post-Racial, and so racism is a thing of the past. Perhaps we run from a frank consideration of racism because we have been told that it is impolite to talk about race. Regardless, an underlying assumption nearly all of us make about racism is that it is something that operates largely at the level of the individual. That is, racism exists because racist people do bad things. While this is certainly true on one level, this understanding of racism works to hide its true extent in our land. It also works to absolve those of us who consider ourselves to be good, antiracist folks for accepting our responsibility for creating a more just and equitable society.

Race was [created](#) in colonial

America to justify owning people in a society that had declared all men to be equal. This ideology has persisted; (misin)forming our imaginations, laws, theology, medical science, practices, and, even, our subconscious biases. The malignant idea that people of African ancestry are not fully human was not adequately, or forcefully, renounced when slavery officially ended, and so it has

persisted, evolved and infected our laws, our schools, our homes, our society, our psyche and our souls like an untreated strain of Spirit eating bacteria. And like the drug resistant bacteria that survive an incomplete round of antibiotics, the racism of today has become more pernicious, and resistant, to our incomplete efforts to eradicate it.

The inevitable result of declaring Black people inferior was the assertion that white people are superior. Racism infects more than overtly racist individuals- it sickens our entire society. White supremacy is the default, if now unspoken, foundation of America our society. America is white dominated (govt. economy, education), white identified (whites are the “we”, nonwhites are the “other”, Uncle Sam is white), and white centered (whites are most often the center of attention). This is the definition of a racist society, but since individualism runs so deeply in our cultural imagination it is difficult for us to accept a systemic analysis of racism.

For a moment consider our transportation system which is largely car dominated, car identified and car centered. If you own a car this can be hard to see, but if you ride a bike to work, take the bus to do grocery

(Please see: Snakes, p4)

Snakes, cont.

shopping, or walk in a suburb that lacks sidewalks, the car centered, dominated, identified nature of our transportation system is a daily reality that you need to cope with. So what if you decide that our transportation system is unfair because it gives advantages to people with cars, and since you don't want to be a "car-ist" you decide to give up your car? What does that accomplish?

Hopefully it provides you with an empathetic perspective of the struggles of those without cars, but beyond that giving up your car doesn't do much else because it doesn't change the transportation system; giving up your car doesn't increase bus service, build sidewalks or make it easier to take a left turn at a busy intersection on your bike.

Now, some of you are probably grumbling about being stuck in traffic; traffic is awful and despite our transportation system privileging car owners it is clearly not perfect. The question to ask yourself, though, is this: given the shortcomings of our current transportation system would you rather not have a car? Since racism is a systemic malignancy it will

take more than individuals renouncing racist individuals to bring about racial justice.

Our second R is reconciliation. We hear a lot of calls for reconciliation. When it comes to racial reconciliation the loudest voices are white. I think it is a mistake for white people to appeal for racial reconciliation. Reconciliation is not the product of time, but of process. In this sense reconciliation is often paired with truth, as in a Truth and Reconciliation process. A hopeful, though not perfect, example of Truth and Reconciliation in our time has taken place in Rwanda after the genocide.

Rwanda's effort at national reconciliation in the wake of the genocide was the result of practical as well as spiritual need. The genocide left nearly a million dead, or 1/6th the population. Meanwhile it has been estimated that another 200,000 carried out the killing. Most of the killers were also heads of households and thus responsible for up to another million people. If Rwanda had simply locked up all those responsible, society would have stopped functioning and the state would have gone bankrupt imprisoning the *genocidaires*.

If Rwanda had done the extreme

opposite and had issued a general amnesty, the society would not have been able to move forward. The survivors would be left with their grief dismissed and their loved ones forgotten. Instead, Rwanda intentionally chose our third R, remembering. Rwanda chose to remember what happened. Victims confronted attackers, attackers spoke truthfully and publicly about what they did. The dead, who had been *dismembered*, were *re-membered*. Out of this painful process amazing stories of [forgiveness](#) and reconciliation have emerged.

Our memories give us meaning, and inspire our direction as a people. We remember the Alamo, we remember the Maine and we will never forget 9/11, because we derive meaning from our shared suffering. We need to know who we were, to know who we are, if we hope to become the justice seeking people God intends us to be. That is, we know better where to go, when we better know where we came from. But not only do we not know where we've been- we actively deny central portions of our history and willfully deny our connection with the past. We can't know the far reach of racism today if we don't know our history and we can't know that history when we choose to not remember it, or warp it, through public memorials, history books, popular culture and reckoning in our houses of worship.

This reckoning ought to bring us to our next R: reparation. Our society needs to take active measures to repair the damage that centuries of enslavement, [lynching](#), [medical experimentation](#), persecution, and discrimination have heaped upon African-Americans. It is preposterous to think that the accumulated, and ongoing harm, of this history will heal itself. It's not my place to propose what reparations might look like, but arguments against cutting Black people checks are a red herring, an historically ignorant distract-



tion. In every Congressional session since 1989 US Rep John Conyers of Michigan has [unsuccessfully put forward a bill](#) that Congress simply create a commission to study reparations. The bill has never been voted on because he can't even get it out of committee.

Perhaps now, more than ever, Congress is not an accurate, or effective, voice of the people, and so we need to call upon other institutions to explore reparations. In this regard, our faith communities ought to lead- but they are not. There have been modest proposals from several Episcopal dioceses to explore reparations but as far as I know there has not been a successful church wide initiative. Georgetown University has recently [apologized](#) for its purchase and sale of enslaved African Americans and will now take into account that sin when reviewing applications from applicants descended from those souls. But piecemeal efforts are insufficient. The U.S. Catholic Conference of Bishops, the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, and all other American Christian churches need to convene inquiries into their complicity with racism before pursuing atonement and advocating justice.

Closer to home both Aetna and the Courant have apologized for their complicity in the slave trade, but apologies are not enough. A portion of Aetna's current value is the product of profits made by insuring enslaved African Americans. The residual wealth of this practice has grown and remains intermingled with the companies \$53 billion in assets. Some portion of the \$156 value of a share in Aetna is the product of slavery. Maybe if our faith leaders got their houses in order on this issue they could then have the moral standing to call upon corporate leaders of conscience to creatively redistribute some portion of their companies' wealth to repair some portion of the harm still experienced by the African American community.

Reparations are not due solely because of slavery. Consider for a moment the ongoing impact of just one of the racist policies of the New Deal. Between 1934 and 1962 the federal government, through the [FHA, guaranteed \\$120 billion dollars of mortgages](#). This effort was instrumental to creating a middle class in America. The wealth accumulated in this process has funded millions of retirements, vacations, weddings and college tuition for



children and grandchildren, and it has been handed down to subsequent generations through gifts for their own home down payment, providing a running start to pursue the American Dream.

A white family I know well bought a home in 1981 with a FHA mortgage for \$80,000. In 2005, they sold it for half a million dollars. Out of that windfall they gave their son \$5000, which he gave to his teenage son to buy a car. With a car he was able to find work that was not dependent upon bus routes or schedules.

Here's the thing: **98% of the \$120 billion dollars backed by the Federal government during the first thirty years of this anti-poverty program went to white**

people. The explicitly racist aspects of this program were made illegal before my white friend was born, and yet my friend's son continues to benefit from it while his Black friends can't. The FHA is the main cause of the [racial wealth gap](#) in America, which stands at about 12:1 today; the wealth of the *median* white household is 12 times that of the *median* Black household.

Despite racist practices in lending and real estate no longer being legal,

[Wells Fargo](#) and [Bank of America](#) are currently paying out multibillion dollar fines for [racist lending practices](#) from just a couple of years ago. If the federal government can effectively create a white middle class is it not fair, and realistic, to think it, *we*, could also create a larger Black middle class?

Our fifth and sixth R's are redemption and resurrection. I believe that we are redeemed through the practice of resurrection, and that the practice of resurrection begins with the practice of *re-membering*. Our worship this morning will soon turn to the celebration of the Eucharist which begins with our remembering the Last Supper. We remember the

(Please see: *Snakes*, p8)

(reprinted from [JustSouth Quarterly](#), Summer 2017. *Just South Quarterly* is published by the Jesuit Social Research Institute of Loyola University in New Orleans.)
Sue Weishar, Ph.D

Late in his first term President Barack Obama took action to prevent the deportation of young immigrants who had entered the U.S. as children—persons often referred to as “Dreamers.”

On June 15, 2012, the 30th anniversary of the Supreme Court decision that assured undocumented immigrant children the right to attend public schools in the United States (*Plyor v. Doe*), he announced the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrival (DACA) program. DACA allows undocumented immigrants who came to the U.S. under the age of 16 and have continuously resided in the U.S. since June 15, 2007 to receive a renewable two-year period of deferred action (temporary relief) from deportation and eligibility for a work permit if they pass a background check and meet certain educational requirements.

Since the election of Donald Trump the future of the approximately 750,000 Dreamers who received DACA has become highly uncertain. On the campaign trail Trump insisted that anyone in the U.S. without permission should be deported; however, during a post-election interview in November,

2016, he said that his administration would focus on deporting immigrants with criminal records.

The executive order President Trump signed in January then proceeded to put all undocumented immigrants at risk of deportation, but on April 21 he told Dreamers to “rest easy” because they were not the

be accepted, all existing work permits will be honored until their date of expiration up to two full years from today. Furthermore, applications already in the pipeline will be processed, as will renewal applications for those facing near-term expiration. This is a gradual process, not a sudden phase out. Permits will not begin to expire for another six months, and will remain active

for up to 24 months. Thus, in effect, I am not going to just cut DACA off, but rather provide a window of opportunity for Congress to finally act.” The president’s full statement can be read [here](#).)

The majority of General Election votes in every Gulf South state except Florida were cast for Donald Trump. The anti-immigrant sentiment that the Trump campaign relentlessly stoked is considered by many analysts to have played a major role in his surprise election.



UMass Boston student Renata Teodoro, right, and her mother, Gorete Borges Teodoro, who was deported in 2007, met at a U.S.-Mexico border fence. (Courtesy Samantha Sais, via *The New York Times*)

targets of his ramped-up immigration enforcement efforts.

On June 16 a Department of Homeland Security official stated that no final determination has been made about the DACA program...

(ed. note: On September 5, 2017 the president stated that DACA would be phased out over the next two years. “*Therefore, in the best interests of our country, and in keeping with the obligations of my office, the Department of Homeland Security will begin an orderly transition and wind-down of DACA, one that provides minimum disruption. While new applications for work permits will not*

Although Mississippi has a comparatively tiny population of undocumented immigrants, the state went heavily for Trump, with 58.7% of the popular vote. I asked a Mississippi Dreamer her thoughts on DACA, the Trump election, and what it was like to grow up in Mississippi as an undocumented immigrant. To protect her identity, I will call her Carla, not her real name.

Carla’s father was only 21 years old when he first left central Mexico to find work in the U.S. to support his wife and three children, including four-year-old Carla. Soon after

arriving he began work in construction, initially in Atlanta but eventually settling on the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

His wife joined him in Mississippi 18 months after he left Mexico. Carla and her siblings were then cared for by her maternal grandparents in Jalisco, Mexico, until they rejoined their parents in Biloxi, Mississippi, in 2000, when Carla was eight years old.

Carla said her parents had moved to Mississippi because they found it “quieter and more family-oriented” than Atlanta and thought it would be a good place to raise their family. Her father’s family was very poor and he received no schooling in Mexico, but after coming to the U.S. he taught himself to read and write. He and Carla’s mother and their three youngest children—who were born in the U.S.—now live in a three bedroom home in a “family friendly” neighborhood near the beach. Their three oldest children have all graduated from high school and work full-time jobs. The family has been active in their local Catholic church since arriving in Biloxi: the children have been altar servers and ushers; Carla coordinated a youth group; her parents sing in the choir and help prepare a monthly meal; and her mother is a catechist.

Carla and her brother were the first Spanish-speaking students at their school in Biloxi. She thinks this is why she was able to learn English so quickly—in just three months. Then she had to translate “everything” for her parents. Today she is employed as an interpreter at a non-profit organization on the Gulf Coast and speaks flawless English.

This is how Carla remembers her early school days: “*It was just really nice. I never felt different. We fit in right away... We were never bullied. I never felt like I was treated differently because of my race or ethnicity.*”

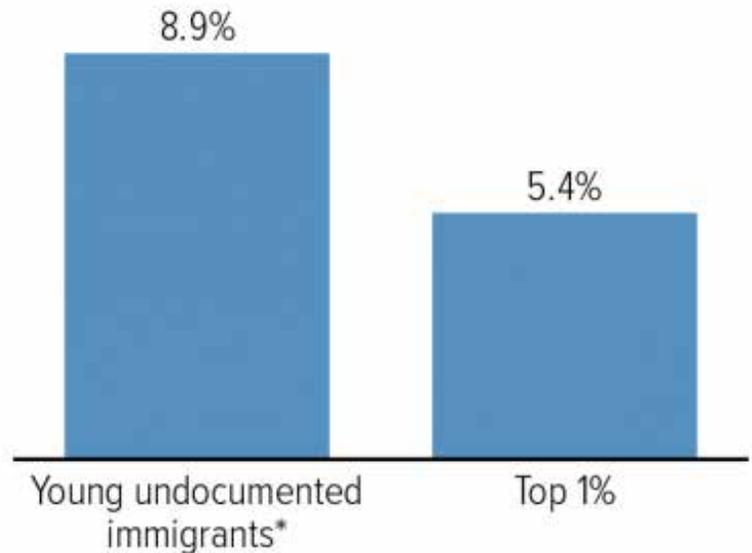
Carla and her husband, who is also a construction worker like his father-in-law, are the parents of two U.S. citizen children, a five-year-old son and a three-year-old daughter.

Carla has visited other southern cities, but she very much wants to remain in Mississippi to live and raise her family. She finds Mississippi “*really calm and peaceful... You can go outside and take long walks in the neighborhood and no one will bother you.*” Her neighbors, who are Anglo-Americans, African-Americans, and Hispanics, “*watch out for each other.*”

Another reason that Carla is so fond of Mississippi is that she is close to her childhood friends, most of whom are native Mississippians. Although they all know she is a Dreamer, sev-

Young Undocumented Immigrants Pay More of Their Income in State & Local Taxes Than Top 1 Percent

Average effective state and local tax rate, nationally



*Immigrants brought to U.S. as children who benefit from 2012 Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals program.

Source: Institute on Taxation and Economic Policy

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eral voted for Donald Trump. They told her, “*We’re not racist. We’re not anti-immigrant.*” Carla, however, feels they do not really pay attention to immigration policies. Like a good friend, she remains loyal to her friends. Even though the Trump presidency could lead to the deportation of her parents, two siblings, and herself, she told me, “*At the end of day, everyone has the right to vote for who they want.*” She did not lose any friends over the election. After “*feeling different*” for a few days, their friendships “*went back to normal.*”

DACA has been very important in Carla’s life and for many other Dreamers as well. Not only did DACA allow Carla to get a state I.D. card, buy a car, and start her first job at age 19 after graduating from high school, she was finally free—after living in the U.S. for 11 years—from the fear and anxiety of deportation.

This is what Carla wants all Mississippians to know about her and other Dreamers: “*Dreamers are young, hardworking people trying to better themselves by achieving their goals. We like to exceed expectations to prove that we can make a difference. We are good people that like to help each other and our communities.*”

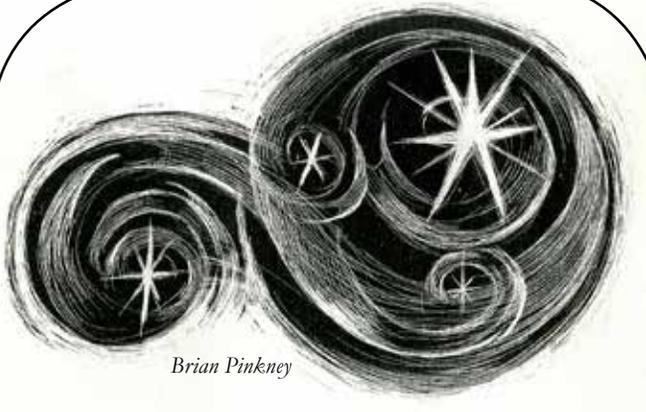
Dreamers like Carla embody the promise and potential of the American Dream. To lose them to deportation would be a nightmare, not only for these aspiring young Americans, but for the countless American families and communities. Ω

Snakes, cont.

last supper by ritual repetition every week around this altar. But we also remember Jesus when we re-member the Mystical Body of Christ through humble acts of charity performed *in concert* with the pursuit of justice.

We must remember so that we can repair, and we must repair so that we can reconcile, for when we reconcile, we will rise and be redeemed.

Resurrection was not resuscitation, nor was it a singular isolated event. Resurrection is the ongoing practice of ordinary people being Christ-like with one another, and most especially with the forlorn and forgotten, the despised and the demonized. Resurrection is living in resistance to the greed and violence of the kingdoms of this world. It is seeking Right Relationships with the wealth we possess, the enemy we hate, the stranger we fear, the poor neighbor we hide, and the family we reject. Resurrection is living in the Kingdom that Jesus proclaimed right now, and tomorrow too. Ω



Brian Pinkney

Dream Dust

Langston Hughes

Gather out of star-dust

Earth-dust,

Cloud-dust,

Storm-dust,

And splinters of hail,

One handful of dream-dust

Not for sale.



NyNy and a Bluegill on the S.S. Holy Martin with Captain Chris and First Mate Nick



Alleluia Lilly in Praise of the sea at Ocean Beach with grandma Jack

Notes, cont.

we had about 28 kids, our numbers peaked at 42 kids, and with those numbers all I can do is say another thank you to the volunteers who came just when I thought the children were going to mount an insurrection and claim the first floor kitchen as their territory. Aside from our volunteers we had several other highly dependable workers on the payroll, I am of course talking about our counselors. Cecil, Keyshawn, Chaz, Nick, Dwayne, Anthony, Tylon, Tylehjah, Olivia and Jada stayed for every clean up, herded children, set tables, packed vans and pushed swings with hitherto unknown dedication.

We were also blessed to have large numbers of Green House alumni this summer. Latiqna, Keyanna, Catherine, Josh, Isaiah and Floyd all came through on rough days and had all the key experience they needed to keep things in order when they were here. Dawn who has been attending ESCU was also on the staff this summer and was a fantastic leader and role model for the younger counselors.

Down at Ahimsa in Voluntown the Green House kids got a fine taste of country life. After counselor week we brought an average of 15 kids a week down for fun in the sun. We had cookouts, s'mores and ice cream from Buttonwood Farm. Every week we picked the worst weather day to go to the movies. We swam rain or shine! There was lots of basketball, Uno cards, and Connect Four games, when

not at the water. Chris took 3 kids at a time to go fishing. We made amazing tie dye shirts, painted a mural about good sportsmanship and did cooking lessons as we prepared meals. Our friends from St. Mary's in Jewett City came on Mondays and prepared wonderful dinners for us. Our friend Eric came every week and gave all the kids a lesson and turn on the pottery wheel. On Thursdays we had Counselor Day at Ocean Beach Park and on Fridays the counselors spent the day cleaning, doing laundry and setting up for the next week, while Erin took the kids swimming at Globe Hollow in Manchester with Kristi G. We are so grateful for all the folks and churches, including:

the Hodgsons
Stephen Kobasa
Heather Warren
Gil Grimm
Marion Slater
Edith Guardia
The Huberts
Karen Rice
Lorraine Bouchard
Carey Leeds
The Archbishop's Annual Appeal
St. Timothy's of West Hartford
St. Mary's of Jewett City
and Corpus Christi parish of Wethersfield who make Summer Fun at the Hartford Catholic Worker possible (*ed note: undoubtedly we did not list someone, if you were not mentioned above please forgive us and please*

let us know so we can give you a shout out in our next issue).

We are very grateful to the Holy Spirit for getting us through another summer with all our peeps safe and sound. Summer is a true test of our community. It is exhausting and we are short of volunteers as school is out and folks take time for their summer vacations... But God is good and we made it to the new school year!

For most of the summer, as crazy as it was at the Green House it still felt like an oasis. Everywhere outside of the Green House seemed to have become unscrewed. A testament to the degree of the political turmoil were the number of questions we had about it from the kids. Whether it was on a day when the rain trapped some kids on the second floor to discuss what exactly the Attorney General was doing while we played video games, or whether it was kids articulating concerns over the president's twitter. This was both sad, because I'd rather the kids focused on summer things like fixing their jump shot, and exciting because this kind of critical engagement is how we foster lifelong passion for social justice.

This sort of melancholic pride was exactly what I felt last Saturday (Aug 19) in Boston. On the one hand the fact that our current political climate is such that there has been a spike in white nationalist rallies is incredibly disheartening and confirms much of what many feared in the wake of the 2016 election. However, in Boston, a city with an admittedly poor record on race relations, after Neo Nazis had rioted in Charlottesville just a week before, tens of thousands of people marched against hate. Erin and I were in Boston and the counter protest forces so completely dwarfed the "free speech rally" that they ended their event two hours early, and BPD was taking down their racist flags by 2:00 PM. It was a powerful moment, but not a decisive one. The problems of white supremacy and systemic racism run far deeper than even tens of thousands of people marching can root out in a single Saturday afternoon. If the march ended that Saturday we are in trouble, but if the people who left the Boston Common bring those ideals of inclusion and anti-racism with them into conversations with their families, their friends and their coworkers then we can hope that all of this political turmoil may in fact inspire a new generation willing to resist injustice no matter who is in office.Ω



New friends from St. Mary's in Jewett City serving up a meal at Ahimsa

Notes From De Porres House

Ammon Allen-Douçot

Alright folks, it's time for my house article. I (*Ammon, here*) have been back in Hartford for over a year now and had a tremendous run of success in terms of getting other people to write this bit instead of me. I think just about every intern was thrown under the bus before our Dear Editor was able to corner me into agreeing to this, and for that I thank them. However, here we are at the end of the summer and since Erin has done it more recently, and Dwight has a thousand other things to be doing, including fixing every bike in the city, building his computer and of course producing incredible art; I have the honor now.

I should start by thanking the churches, families and individuals who made this summer possible. We were incredibly lucky to receive so much support this year in terms of people's time, their cooking and of course their fiscal support, without which the kids would have been getting irregular pancakes and scrambled eggs for lunch every day. The

weekly donations of fruit and vegetables from numerous groups meant that not only were we able to get the kids healthy snacks every day, but also that we were able to send home bags of veggies with the kids so that they could share the produce with the whole family. Extra big thanks to St. James Episcopal, Holy Family Monastery, and the myriad of other people who brought lunch for us including my former principal Anne McKernan! Our summer program would not have been possible without your support.

As for the Summer Program itself, this was a very hot, very fun summer at the Green House. The mainstays were Dwight, Peter and myself, we were at the house every day, Erin drew the short straw and was



Eric on the [Adin Ballou](#) memorial bridge during our Nature Scavenger Hunt

doing both Ahimsa and Hartford and had a great time swimming with the kids every chance she got. On an average day in Hartford

(Please see: Notes, p8)