

The Hartford Catholic Worker



St. Martin De Porres House
St. Brigid House

Resurrection is the Practice of Imitating Christ.



Brian Kavanagh

*Children
they shall be called
children of blessings
those who walk unarmed
in a world glittering
with knives and guns.
They shall take notice:
in the midst of winter
in lands locked by hate and sorrow
they shall hear now and then
a little water-song
clear-cutting the dark silence.
They shall bend down, cup their hands
in wonder, they shall drink,*

*Catherine de
from Poems of the Hidden Way*

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The Hartford Catholic Worker

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

Questionnaire

Wendell Berry

1. How much poison are you willing to eat for the success of the free market and global trade? Please name your preferred poisons.

2. For the sake of goodness, how much evil are you willing to do?

Fill in the following blanks with the names of your favorite evils and acts of hatred.

3. What sacrifices are you prepared to make for culture and civilization?

Please list the monuments, shrines, and works of art you would most willingly destroy.

4. In the name of patriotism and the flag, how much of our beloved land are you willing to desecrate?

List in the following spaces the mountains, rivers, towns, farms you could most readily do without.

5. State briefly the ideas, ideals, or hopes, the energy sources, the kinds of security, for which you would kill a child.

Name, please, the children whom you would be willing to kill.Ω

Dear Ones,

The work of the Hartford Catholic Worker is supported by several area churches and, as of December 10, 269 different individuals and families. We do not seek or accept money from the government. Please consider making a gift of your time, talent, or treasure to the Hartford Catholic Worker. Please join us as we work and pray for peace with justice, justice with mercy, and life with dignity for all of God's children.Ω



Join us for Double Dutch and Reading

Christine Pattee

Despite a cold, drizzly rain, kids at the Saturday morning program jumped eagerly in and out of the new Double Dutch jump ropes. By Thursday afternoon, high school and Husky Sport volunteers were trying their hands (and feet), but nobody can jump like kids who grew up in the city. Read the Hartford Courant article, [Double Dutch Revival: A Hartford Tradition Jumps Back To Life](#), for the story of Hartford's national championship team, which began in the Clark St. neighborhood. Our challenge to volunteer groups is to get your own set of ropes, practice, practice, practice, and show off your skills next time you come to the Green House. Be advised that turning those ropes steadily and synchro-

nously is the hardest part.

Our request is for books to share with the kids in the program. A volunteer, who describes herself as a 'bookaholic', haunts library book sales and has picked up lots of multicultural books and books for younger readers. It turns out that Hartford kids want to read the same books your kids do, so please donate the books your kids and grand kids loved, but you haven't yet parted with. First on the list, for both boys and girls, are the young adult fantasy series that have recently become so popular, starting with *Harry Potter* and currently *Percy Jackson and the Olympians*.

For further information and to donate books, contact Christine Pattee, 860-742-6511, c2pattee@aol.com.

The Gleaner Follows the Reaper

Christopher J. Douçot

“You shall not strip your vineyard bare, neither shall you gather the fallen grapes of your vineyard; you shall leave them for the poor and for the migrant...” Leviticus 19:10

In ancient Israel the law of the land was for farmers to not harvest the edges of the fields, nor to pick up what the reapers had dropped. These fruits of God’s holy earth did not belong to the farmer, the well to do, or the reapers. They did not own these leftovers, and frankly they didn’t own the harvest either. God as the maker of all Creation owns all of Creation- we merely possess portions of it. The farmers possessed a portion of God’s earth and a portion of the harvest. After the reapers came the gleaners to claim their portion of God’s bounty. A right relationship with God demands that we get this relationship with wealth straight- we don’t own anything. If we are to have a right relationship with God we must make just use of the wealth in our possession to ensure that the poor and the migrant are fed.

The Hartford Catholic Worker is akin to the edge of the field. It is a place where gleaners gather to share in the abundance of Creation. Some people come after gleaning their wardrobe to clothe the naked. Others come after gleaning a supermarket or restaurant of their

leftover bread and meals. Pete and Dwight fix up gleaned bikes for the kids. Denise brings gleaned cloth and sews quilts with the kids. Can

he had gleaned from a farmer’s field in Farmington. I love butternut squash and I love sharing what I love! (except for chocolate!!) Reading

up on butternut squash I was surprised to learn that it is not much older than Ralph when he passed. Charlie Leggett first bred butternut squash in the 1940’s in Stow, Massachusetts, just thirty miles west of the holy city of Boston. When Ralph was a teen studying at Boston College, butternut squash was just emerging as a succulent squash great for roasting or soups after having been popularized in South Africa by HL Hall and Sons, a family farming business that is a conglomerate today peddling pharmaceuticals and financial services.

Ralph was a curious man. Sure, he was curious about the world, but he was also curious in the sense that he was lovingly eccentric, disarmingly humble, generous beyond measure, and a dynamo of energy. Ralph was a polyglot

in the languages of love. He cared for the dental needs of poor folks in Hartford, Haiti, and El Salvador. He fixed our back steps after a shoddy repair by a carpenter who was mute in the methods of love. He provided for his family- his wife and children as well as his brothers and sisters in Christ. When I was with Ralph, I could see the wheels spinning in his mind. It was tempting to get aggravated with him for not being present, but I figured the wheels in his

(Please see: *Gleaner*, p5)



James Gleans

Brian Kavanagh

men who glean plastic soda cans and beer bottles from recycling bins stop by to share in some gleaned pastries from Panera, and Jackie makes art with the kids using gleaned supplies.

Ralph Bozza was a gleaner. His obituary said he was a dentist, a loving husband, a generous father, as well as a “woodworker, carpenter, and nature enthusiast”, but my fondest memory of Ralph were the crisp Fall nights when he would stop by unannounced with several hundred pounds of butternut squash

Anne Braden: Freedom Fighter and Feminist

Shai Cassell

The name Anne Braden does not enjoy widespread or immediate recognition today unless one has been, perhaps, a long-time advocate and/or activist for racial justice or done some research of same. But it should be.

Born in 1924 in Louisville, Kentucky, Anne spent most of her childhood years in Alabama, where the racial divide was wide and deep. Anne's own ancestry revealed strong ties to the Confederacy and even the former ownership of slaves. Anne's parents carried a sense of southern aristocracy which informed their prejudices and attitudes toward Black people, all of which made a strong impression on young Anne. Yet, some of these southern "attitudes" started to shift in Anne when she became influenced by a young Episcopalian pastor who was informed by the social gospel and his work with poor whites. The values she absorbed from his work and perspective were in direct conflict with her parent's insular, classist, and racist viewpoints. And she realized that the religion she and her family had practiced were in direct contradiction to the message of the gospel that she began to embrace.

It wasn't until Anne left her hometown and attended college in Virginia that her eyes were fully opened to her own racism and the bigotry of the south toward African-Americans. From that point on, she did not turn back and continued a life-long struggle to educate her fellow southerners and fight for equality for Black people.

Upon graduating from college

in 1945, Anne began working as a reporter for several southern newspapers and in 1948 she sealed a life-long partnership and collaboration for racial justice by marrying the love of her life, Carl Braden. Anne could not know in 1948 how challenging, both intellectually, morally,



and physically their quest for justice would become but she never wavered, despite sometimes worrying for her own and her family's personal safety.

The impact that WWII had on both whites and blacks returning to the south provided impetus to a burgeoning awakening that racism and its effects on employment, housing, and social standing, in general, was deeply flawed. Pockets of white southern intellectuals and activists began to question the unequal structure of southern society. Young black veterans, good enough to serve and fight for their country in WWII began to find their voice and speak out against the discrimination that they experienced in housing, education, and employment.

Against this backdrop, and Anne's work as a Journalist for one

of the more liberal southern newspapers, a major event occurred which permanently affected the life of the Braden's. Andrew Wade, a young WWII African American veteran, heard about the Braden's and their passion for social justice through their writings, their work with sev-

eral labor unions, and their participation in several racial justice organizations. He approached the Braden's with an idea that he considered his right. He asked the Braden's to pose as the buyers for a home for him and his family in a white neighborhood, largely because he and his wife were unsuccessful in finding a

home in any of the African-American neighborhoods. He knew there was no other way he and his family could live in the house they dreamed of and that met their needs.

Neither the Wades or the Braden's would anticipate the violent reaction to this decision once it was known that a black family had integrated a white neighborhood ONLY because a white family had made that possible. The house was dynamited, KKK crosses were burned in sight of the Wades. Ultimately the Wades were forced to move. The Braden's were convicted, with several other sympathetic whites, of sedition. The Bradens were literally convicted as race traitors. Carl was sentenced to 15 years in prison. He served for 6 months and was released on appeal. Shortly after, the Supreme Court overturned state sedition laws and his conviction was

thrown out.

Anne dedicated herself to writing a memoir of these events, titled [The Wall Between](#), which would become a National Book Award Finalist and catapult the Braden's name to national prominence. So much so that in 1958-59, Carl was called to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, was convicted of contempt for refusing to answer questions and was sentenced to a year in prison which he appealed. The decision to convict was upheld by the Supreme Court in 1961 and Anne immediately initiated a clemency drive, headed by Martin Luther King, Jr. Anne also enlisted the help of SNCC, the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee. Carl would be released from prison in 1962.

Against the backdrop of all of this, one of Anne and Carl's three children became very ill was diagnosed in 1963 with terminal heart and lung disease and died a year later. While Anne and Carl were loving and dedicated parents by the measure of Anne's Mother, her work for equality overshadowed her role

as mother and Anne would feel the scorn of her mother's judgement for many years.

Anne and Carl became persona non-gratis in many large areas of the south. They were uninvited to

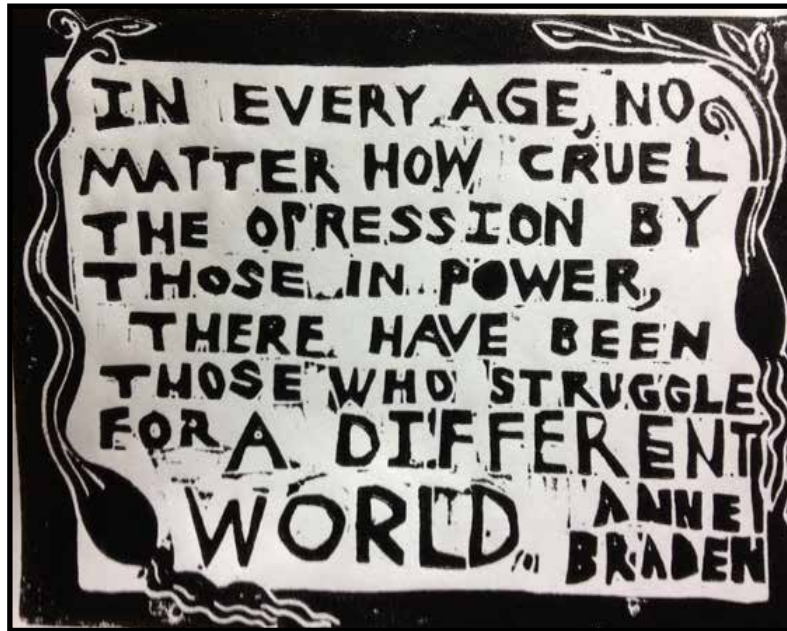
ever they could.

Their world and that of so many others was rocked on April 4, 1968, when Martin Luther King was assassinated. Though dispirited, they fought on and continued to work at SCEF until 1974. A year later, Carl Braden died of a heart attack in Louisville.

Anne Braden carried on and helped to establish the Southern Organizing Committee for Economic and Social Justice. She fought for busing integration and played a key role in 1980 in bringing 10,000 protesters to Greensboro to demonstrate against [murders committed](#) by the KKK and Nazis. Her acute sense of justice broadened to include [links between women's](#)

[rights](#), the environment and her anti-racist work. In her later years, she worked on all these issues in varying capacities.

Anne received many honors, including the ACLU's first Roger Baldwin Medal of Liberty. She outlived Carl by 31 years, during which she continued the work they had started together. She died in 2006.Ω



events and only welcomed amongst the pockets of whites that shared their vision. They paid a huge price for their activism. In 1965, they continued their work by becoming Co-Executives of the [Southern Conference Education Fund](#) and initiated and implemented programs that broadened economic justice, all while they continued to speak out against discriminatory laws when-

Gleaner Cont.

heart were spinning even faster- and they were. When the wheels stopped spinning, he would focus and offer his ideas on how to make better whatever we were working on.

We are living in a golden age for reapers. This doesn't bode well for those living on the edges of our society. Some of the reapers among us, unsatiated by the piles of wealth in their possession, are busy scheming new ways to stake a claim to the fruits that fall through the cracks to reach to the poor. Poverty has

become a [growth industry](#). Poor people have become the [raw materials](#) of our economy. Their lives are commodified. The share price of private prison profiteers [Correction Corporation of America](#) and the return on [usurious loans](#) who interest rates would make my high school buddy's loan sharking father blush, make millionaires by processing poor people, stripping them of their humanity as they become units of profit. These reapers of wealth beyond imagination are a grim lot who leave death in their wake as they plow amok through Creation. Though they are exalted as paragons of success they are moral failures

worthy of rebuke. 'Tis the gleaner we ought to extol and emulate.

Jesus was a gleaner. Spending time in the margins of Jerusalem dining with the banished, celebrating with the scorned, and cavorting with the defiled and otherwise dropped souls Jesus gathered a bounty of humanity seeing holiness where the mighty saw only trash. Let's be gleaners in a greedy time. Let's glean for justice, let's glean for joy. Gathering butternut squash at dusk Ralph wasn't gleaning gourds, he was following Jesus.

Take courage all you who believe; after the reaper comes the Gleaner.Ω

Plains Song and Other Poems: A Review

[Plains Song and Other Poems](#)
(Lulu 2013) by Michael True

Philip Metres

In a lifetime, one can have many loves but only a couple of mentors—elders who take us under their wings, and lovingly and painstakingly teach us to fly. One of mine was Professor Michael True, a longtime professor at Assumption College who happened to teach a class called “*The Non-violent Tradition and Literature*” at Holy Cross in the spring of 1991. The Gulf War had just taken place, and those of us involved in the peace movement were still reeling from the blood lust of the coverage and our fellow citizens, cheering the bombing.

True’s course came at just the right time for us, excavating week by week the buried tradition of nonviolence and its connection to literature. It wasn’t merely a literature class. It was a recovery project whose boundaries went far beyond literary writing. We learned, to take one example, about the Quaker and Abolitionist sources of Thoreau’s “*Civil Disobedience*.” And how that seminal text of resistance inspired Leo Tolstoy in Russia, who in turn inspired Mohandas Gandhi in India, each of them fomenting revolutions both spiritual and political. Every week, new revelations—new heroes, new literature—would widen our eyes and our minds, and open us to the possibility that our brief and depressing engagement with antiwar struggle could not teach us.

Though I only took that one class with him, it stuck with me, and he has stuck with me, over the

course of my life. He was always encouraging me, even goading me, to accept the ease and wisdom of the nonviolent struggle. Naturally, I resisted him plenty. Yet he connected me to a teacher who guided an independent study on Russian literature during my senior year, and advised me about missing resources during my graduate study, and still later connected me with a prominent



professor in peace studies who could help my university develop its own program.

When True’s scholarly book, [An Energy Field More Intense Than War: The Nonviolent Tradition and American Literature](#), came out in 1995 I was in the oxygen-poor and impoverished heights of high theory in graduate school in English. Naturally, I devoured it with the hunger of the starved. The book’s direct and approachable style offered a crystallized version of that course that he must have taught so many times over the years. It became the seed to my own scholarly book, [Behind the Lines: War Resistance Poetry on the American Homefront, since 1941](#), which came out a dozen years later. Though I disagreed with him

or wanted to read a greater complexity into individual writers, I can say without hedging that he set forth a path upon which I could strike my own journey into the wilderness of literary scholarship.

Over the course of his life, True has published a wide array of books: [Justice Seeker, Peacemakers: 32 Portraits in Courage](#) (1985), [Ordinary People: Family Life and Global Values](#) (1991), and [People Power: Fifty Peacemakers and Their Communities](#) (2007). Much to my surprise, and without fanfare or rabid self-promotion, I recently learned that he had published a small selection of his poems: [Plains Song and Other Poems](#) (2013). It was doubly a revelation. I hadn’t known that he was writing poems at all, nor had I know that he had published this collection. He had always been a partisan of poets such as Wil-

liam Stafford and Denise Levertov, inviting Stafford to Holy Cross that semester when he taught there. His own poems are a continuation of his work, and something of a departure. If, at times, his scholarly work was explicitly polemical, advocating for the socially transformative power of literature, his poems feel more humble and more personal—even childlike in their wonder.

True’s title alludes to the main work of the poems. The first half of the book explores his roots in Oklahoma and the plains, trying to sing a song made from rough cloth. Here, he lays down his weaponry of social action, and recalls a primal place of youth. In “*Oklahoma*,” he writes:

*They says it’s a place
where everything dies of loneliness,*

though I remember a
country
where people say thank you
and yes, ma'am, and
never serve you a sweet roll
without a fork...

Poems sing the stark beauty of the landscape and the relatives whose plain lives resonate beyond the stoic exteriors. In "Mnemosyne" for example, his aunt Jeannette dances her "arthritic step-by-step / across a flat land," to the music of a symphony perhaps only she can hear, forgetting her pain in the throes of memory.

Though the book was published during the Obama years, it arrives at a time when rich and poor, city and country, blue and red feel as divided as ever in our country. Yet True invites us—the city-slickers and intellectuals—to connect to our fellow citizens through his memories of his rural upbringing. In "Naming the Capitals," one of two prose memoirs in the book, True recalls his love for a boyhood pal, Jimmy Ralph. It is countercultural in its sweetness, so tender and open about that unspoken and even homoerotic love that two boys share. When later in life they meet again, True learns how different their politics are, but he sees in Jimmy's conservatism a nobility of character that reminds him of where he came from. Would that more of us could see past our own narratives, as powerfully true as they seem to us, to imagine how others might view the world.

The second half of the book, the "other poems" of the title, relish in the music of words and in sharper social observation. In *Pastoral for a Nuclear Age*, for example, he skewers the blinkered nature of the tradition of love poetry:



*Come sleep with me,
Corinna, please, while
bombs begin to fall,
like blossoms from the cherry tree
on virgins, worms, and all.*

Nuclear war, of course, threatens to render the great erotic urge that pulses through the poetic tradition, here recalled in the figure of Corinna (herself a great Greek poet) from the Renaissance poetry of Thomas Campion ("Where to Her Lute Corinna sings"), and later borrowed by Bob Dylan for his own love song.

My favorite satire of a poem is "Augustine to His Concubine, or True Confessions," which skewers the great theologian (and, by association, the Catholic Church) for hypocrisy. The poem begins:

*Dearest,
This is a letter of renunciation,
Forsaking breast, nipple, thigh*

*("we lived seduced and seducing"), 7
And other intellectual trappings
I now warn others against...*

But I want to end with the conclusion to True's ekphrastic poem, inspired by a statue of Buddha at the Worcester Art Museum. Addressing the Buddha, the poem articulates the great wish that moves through True's lifework:

*Prince become commoner,
spirit made flesh,
extend your hand in blessing;
save us from our warring
selves; reconcile
what is divided within us.*

(Phil Metres is a professor of English at John Carroll University in Cleveland. He is also an award winning poet and a friend.) Ω

ICONOSTASIS OF THE FORMER MUSEUM OF ATHEISM

Phil Metres

*Όβραζ. Όβραζ. Όβραζ.
These are the faces*

*staring down our faces.
No cracks will show*

*their expression
-lessness. Each sacred image*

*is doom & door. Is wind
& bound to the invisible*

*precipice. Like a name,
it looms—not you*

*& yet you. How to rupture
into usable scraps, ritual*

*to hew
to?*

Notes, cont.

many families all over Hartford. We even had enough to share with the new Haitian Baptist church across the street. It was not only turkeys that descended upon the Green House, but the happy workers who helped us haul, pack up and deliver the goodies as well!

☺ In the experience of a young Northwest Catholic student from a wealthy family who was humbled and moved by the welcome he received from a neighborhood mom. He was astonished that in spite of the living conditions she was able to keep her happy spirit. He had no idea that people lived in such poverty just a few miles from his home.

☺ While doing community service for my arrest during the Poor People's campaign I met Herman, who is now tutoring one of our moms who has been praying to pass her algebra /GED test. You know you are loved when the Holy Spirit hooks you up with a tutor!

☺ Jen O. starting a book club that uses cookies and crafts to engage young readers.

☺ Jen V. doing a boot drive with her catechism class to keep warm and dry the many toes that dance across our threshold.

☺ The Robothams- a couple in their 80's that bring food from the pantry they volunteer at AFTER A LONG SHIFT!

☺ Seeing our new guest Hannah from Nigeria, who suffered in a US detention camp after fleeing a terror filled time in her country now listening to one of our littles "teach" her by listening to a Dr. Seuss book, her beatific smile shining down on him.

☺ Jose and Sasean moving in and helping out, and encouraging Chris to lighten up and laugh more in spite of his chronic neck pain and stress of impending surgery...and to do his Urkel imitation after dinner.

☺ Baby Beth cooking HUGE breakfast for dinner meals for the young men who live in community with us (4 of them now!)

☺ Andrea arriving with the big coffee mug that she will forget to bring home on a Saturday morning with not only her own teens but the two she has welcomed into her home from our place.

☺ Our friend Jory who has stepped up to mentor one of our littles who saw his Dad killed in a gang shooting...we have seen so much change in him with the extra love and attention!

☺ Princess Di bringing 20 pounds of

wonderfully cooked vegetables to our pre-mass dinners on the first Tuesday of the month...

☺ Kewi, Shizz, Dwight, Josh, and Pito coming forward to help set up for mass when Baby Beth had a bug.

☺ Brian Michael Michael (ask him about the 2 Michaels) Kavanagh continuing to witness to the nonviolent Christ at the federal Building at 11:30 every Friday for the last 20 some years....

☺ MaryBeth teaching us to make the centerpieces for our 25th anniversary celebration (and all the folks who joined us at Holy Family)!

☺ Seeing Alex (whose picture from his First Communion hangs in the kitchen) come as an adult from Trinity College along with the students from CCSU, UConn Husky Sport, Northwest Catholic, and St.Joes.

☺ Pete and Judy fixing bikes and making lunches

☺ Kristi G from NWCH bringing science experiments on Thursdays

☺ Christine, an older white woman from the suburbs, who is trying to bring back double dutch in between helping Hannah get situated...

And the list could go on and on... we are blessed.

Peter Maurin spoke of the Worker as being a place where it was easier for people to go about "doing good". With the grace of community we are able to do such wonderful community building that we can help the Love of the Holy Spirit move in and amongst us!!

We thank all of you who keep us running. We ask for your prayers for our suffering brothers and sisters who live and struggle under the oppression of institutionalized racism and the grind of poverty in a land of great wealth, an injustice that is not of God.

We ask also for prayers for Chris as he awaits surgery to fuse 5 vertebrae in his neck. I end with a reflection on Mother Mary the refugee written by Clarissa Pinkola Estes. May we keep refugees in our hearts during these times when modern day Herods refuse to help those most affected by their war making.

Coming Home Prayer: "Let this be the present then in every heart. That every month belongs to Nuestra Madre, Our Mother. Let the procession to crown Our Mother be on the Camino Real of our hearts... that ancient road



where we remember all mothers who walked before us, no matter how they appeared, no matter in what condition. Let us honor all who carry in their own hearts that which, no matter what else, remains striving toward Immaculate Love for all. Let her, let us, let all of us be found, be freed to be brought home to a place of love for one another, on all sides of every kind of border at last. Let us know how and when to stay to teach others at the borders, Let us learn how to take down fences... and how to become ourselves, wide open gates... just like her. WE are all in some way los immigrantes... immigrants crossing borders to our true home, with proper papers issued only by the Soul."

One More Note from Chris...

Just as we were going to print Cleveland knocked on the door of the Green House looking to see if he could stay with us. Cleveland's part time work doesn't pay enough to cover rent and the expense of his car, and so he had been sleeping in his car after having been robbed at one of the shelters. Jackie welcomed Cleveland in to warm up but told him that we were full and that since we work with kids he couldn't stick around. That's when Cleveland reached out to shake Jackie's hand to thank her for listening to him. His hand was ice cold, but more than that- Jackie swears she felt the Holy Spirit move through Cleveland and so she offered him a couch in the Purple House for the night.

After a second night on the couch Jackie helped Cleveland apply for a second job and offered for the HCW to put him up at a local motel for a few nights. After Saturday program he followed Jackie to the Travel Inn by 91. The manager told them there was no room at the Inn. Cleveland told Jackie not to worry about it, but Jackie was dejected- until she turned to leave and heard her name called. Standing before her were three moms of kids in our program who work cleaning rooms at the Travel Inn. They hugged Jackie, told the manager: "she's one of us", and "there is a room available for him because we just cleaned it." When the manager began to ring up the sale the three women stopped her to make sure Jackie was charged the weekly rate which extended Cleveland's three days to a week!

We hope by then to either take Cleveland in or help him find a home. The women then asked Jackie for a ride home since their shift had just ended. Jackie had no room in the

truck which was full of gifts. "No problem", chimed Cleveland, "I can give you a ride."

And so, once again it was the women, three wise women, who recognized Him, accompanied by a sister rather than His mother and incarnate not as a tiny babe but as a gracious grown man. Ω



Kids Who Die

Langston Hughes

*This is for the kids who die,
Black and white,
For kids will die certainly.
The old and rich will live on awhile,
As always,
Eating blood and gold,
Letting kids die.*

*Kids will die in the swamps of Mississippi
Organizing sharecroppers
Kids will die in the streets of Chicago
Organizing workers
Kids will die in the orange groves of
California
Telling others to get together
Whites and Filipinos,
Negroes and Mexicans,
All kinds of kids will die
Who don't believe in lies, and bribes, and
contentment
And a lousy peace.*

*Of course, the wise and the learned
Who pen editorials in the papers,
And the gentlemen with Dr. in front of
their names
White and black,
Who make surveys and write books
Will live on weaving words to smother the
kids who die,
And the sleazy courts,
And the bribe-reaching police,
And the blood-loving generals,
And the money-loving preachers
Will all raise their hands against the kids
who die,
Beating them with laws and clubs and
bayonets and bullets
To frighten the people—
For the kids who die are like iron in the
blood of the people—
And the old and rich don't want the
people
To taste the iron of the kids who die,
Don't want the people to get wise to their
own power,*

The Duty of Hospitality

Peter Maurin

*People who are in need
and are not afraid to beg
give to people not in need
the occasion to do good
for goodness' sake.
Modern society calls the beggar
bum and panhandler
and gives him the bum's rush.
But the Greeks used to say
that people in need
are the ambassadors of the gods.
Although you may be called
bums and panhandlers
you are in fact the Ambassadors of God.
As God's Ambassadors
you should be given food,
clothing and shelter
by those who are able to give it.
Mahometan teachers tell us
that God commands hospitality,
and hospitality is still practiced
in Mahometan countries.
But the duty of hospitality
is neither taught nor practiced
in Christian countries.Ω*

*To believe an Angelo Herndon, or even get
together*

*Listen, kids who die—
Maybe, now, there will be no monument
for you
Except in our hearts
Maybe your bodies'll be lost in a swamp
Or a prison grave, or the potter's field,
Or the rivers where you're drowned like
Leibknecht
But the day will come—
You are sure yourselves that it is com-
ing—
When the marching feet of the masses
Will raise for you a living monument of
love,
And joy, and laughter,
And black hands and white hands
clasped as one,
And a song that reaches the sky—
The song of the life triumphant
Through the kids who die.Ω*

Notes From De Porres House

Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

Advent is here, and with it a special time when we are called to be a people who both act and wait. We wait for the Maranatha (an Aramaic word meaning "God is coming"). As we dwell in that Spirit of waiting, how does one act as a Christian? For myself, and our community, we see ourselves waiting to serve and love Christ now in his many forms here on earth. We know that with the Incarnation Christ became flesh and dwelt among us. We know too that He dwells with us. The flesh Christ wears today is the flesh of the refugee. We see Him, too, covered in the ravaged shell of the addict. We answer the door to see Him wearing the skin of a mentally ill child who struggles with school, and friends, and bullying. We share groceries when He arrives in the semblance of a very tired mom out in the cold in search of food for her children.

At the Worker we are also blessed to see Christ in the form of a friend bringing in turkeys collected at their parish ready to share with those in need. We see Him in the tired college student who sets aside the stress of her exams and classes to be totally present to a kid strug-



Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

gling to read "To Kill A Mockingbird".

Lately we have been very excited by our friend Tim Shriver and the Special Olympic folks new [INCLUSION REVOLUTION](#). This movement calls for working for a world where people who are challenged with intellectual and developmental differences will be seen not as burdens but as gifts to us, and to see that our differences are our strengths. I love this idea of a revolution where we recognize that Christ becomes flesh in all of us: every race, every class, every gender in the spectrum, in those who are intellectually gifted and in those who show us what neural diversity

looks like. Christ is constantly seeking out ways to enter into creation, and our work in Advent is to "be awake" like the shepherds of old and welcome and love that Christ energy into our communities. We are filled with grace at the Worker in particular during the season of giving. We get to be the place where one can see the Christ encounters happening every day! Here are just a few of the ways we have been blessed to bear witness to the ongoing Incarnation...

☺ At Thanksgiving 250 turkeys and a ton (at least!) of food flowed through us and into the homes of

(Please see: Notes, p8)