

# The Hartford Catholic Worker



St. Martin De Porres House  
St. Brigid House

Resurrection is the Practice of Imitating Christ.

Brian Kavanagh



*Straight Outta Clark Street*  
Fall 2018

*HCW 25th anniversary issue*

*To be sane in a mad time  
is bad for the brain, worse  
for the heart. The world  
is a holy vision, had we clarity  
to see it- a clarity that we  
depend on us to make...*

*So, friends every day do something  
that won't compute.  
Love the world. Work for nothing.  
Take all that you have and be poor.  
Love someone who doesn't deserve it.*

*Wendell Berry*

Fall 2018

## *The Hartford Catholic Worker*

Established November 3, 1993

Volume 26 Number 1

*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.

## *Please Join Us:*

✦ On Friday, October 26 at 6:30 as we celebrate 25 years of the Hartford Catholic Worker. We will gather at the Holy Family Retreat Center, 303 Tunxis Rd in West Hartford, for dinner and dancing. We are hoping this celebration will also raise funds to replace our van. Tickets are \$75 and need to be purchased in advance. Contact us if you are interested in joining us or if you are interested in donating a ticket for one, or more, of our neighbors to attend.

✦ On Tuesday, November 27th at 6:30 we will be back at Holy Family for a viewing of the film *13th* by Ava DuVernay and Spencer Avernick. *13th* is the story of the 13th Amendment and how it didn't actually abolish slavery in the United States. Extra Credit if you read [\*Slavery By Another Name\*](#) by Douglass Blackmon.

### *None of Us Are Free*

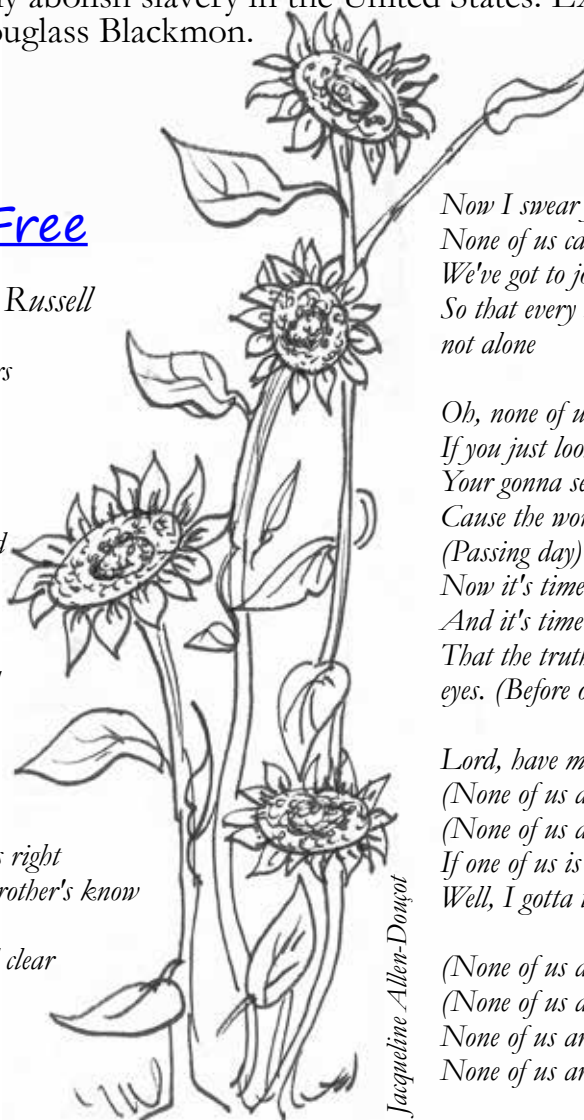
Barry Mann, Cynthia Weil, Brenda Russell

*Well you better listen my sisters and brothers  
'Cause if you do you can hear  
There are voices still calling across the years  
And they're all crying across the ocean  
And they're cryin across the land  
And they will till we all come to understand*

*None of us are free  
None of us are free  
None of us are free, if one of us are chained  
None of us are free*

*And there are people still in darkness  
And they just can't see the light  
If you don't say it's wrong then that says it's right  
We got to try to feel for each other, let our brother's know  
that we care  
Got to get the message, send it out loud and clear*

*None of us are free...*



Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

*Now I swear your salvation isn't too hard to find  
None of us can find it on our own. (On our own)  
We've got to join together in spirit, heart and mind  
So that every soul who's suffering will know they're  
not alone*

*Oh, none of us are free...  
If you just look around you  
Your gonna see what I say  
Cause the world is getting smaller each passing day.  
(Passing day)  
Now it's time to start making changes  
And it's time for us all to realize  
That the truth is shining real bright right before our  
eyes. (Before our eyes)*

*Lord, have mercy  
(None of us are free) Oh, let me save you  
(None of us are free, if one of us is chained)  
If one of us is chained, none of us are free  
Well, I gotta tell about it*

*(None of us are free) Oh, ma ma ma  
(None of us are free) Ma ma Lord  
None of us are free, if one of us is chained  
None of us are free...*

# A Time To Reckon, A Time To Repair

Christopher J. Douçot

In the wake of the Pittsburgh grand jury report about the rape, and other abuse, of children by more than 300 Catholic priests a college classmate asked on Facebook why her Catholic friends still call themselves Catholic. I still call myself Catholic because the Church is the people of God who gather to love their neighbors, strangers, and even their enemies, as they love themselves. I am trying to be one of those people.

When we love we further reveal the presence of the Kingdom of God here and now. When members of the church refuse to love we prolong the time of the “Kingdom not yet” at the expense of those who suffer. Too often, daily even, I fail to love even those closest to me, never mind strangers and enemies.

I am truly sorry for the harm I’ve caused others by my ongoing failure to love and I seek the support of my community, the Hartford Catholic Worker, to hold me accountable as they help me to more often “act justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God” as we encounter God in each other- especially those victimized by violence.

Francis, Leonard, Peter... will you please join me in open repentance? Will you please, as shepherds of the Church, unequivocally apologize for the harms perpetrated by the priests, religious brothers and sisters, and lay people? And for the decades long cover-up by some bishops that prolongs the suffering of those assaulted, and leaves more at risk? The only honorable thing to do at this point is to have every diocese

“throw open the windows [and the files] of the church and let the fresh air of the spirit blow through” (John XXIII) so that we can take in the full scope of the violence that has been perpetrated and protected.

Chile and Ireland, Boston and Pittsburgh, it is hard to believe that the abuse of children by predatory priests- and the cover-up by complicit bishops, is limited to these



locales. It is also unwise to think that the Catholic Church is alone in our guilt: Penn State University, the Boy Scouts of America, and many exclusive boarding schools- secular and religious, have also been implicated in covering up the abuse of the children in their care.

I wonder if the problem of child sexual abuse is an inevitable result of our church, country, and world being patriarchies? Sociologist Allan Johnson defines a [patriarchy](#) as a society that is male identified-“the core cultural ideas about what is good, desirable, preferable, or normal are associated with how we think about men and masculinity”, male dominated- positions of power and decision making are dominated by men, and male centered- “the focus of attention is primarily

on men and what they do”. Certainly, the Church, the Boy Scouts, and Penn State football are patriarchies.

The problem is not simply a matter of a few bad apples- predatory priests, teachers, coaches... Rather, we have a way of thinking-patriarchy, that creates bad barrels which spoil apples- coaches, priests, teachers, doctors..., and poisons children.

For decades predatory priests were shuffled across dioceses in order to avoid “scandal” for the Church. That is, some bishops (and heads of religious orders) chose to hide the abuse of children to protect the reputation of the church. Despite different terminology, the (im)moral calculus of protecting the institution at the expense of individual children seems to have guided the deliberations in the Church, at Penn State and the elite boarding schools, and among the Boy Scout leadership.

This, in turn, works to maintain the patriarchy by protecting the status and position of the men in power.

It is also, by [definition, scandal](#). According to the Catholic Catechism: “Scandal is an attitude or behavior which leads another to do evil....Scandal takes on a particular gravity by reason of the authority of those who cause it or the weakness of those who are scandalized. It prompted our Lord to utter this curse: ‘Whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to sin, it would be better for him to have a great millstone fastened round his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea.’ Scandal is grave when given by those who by nature or office are obliged to teach and educate others. Jesus reproaches the scribes and Pharisees on this account: be

**(Please see: Reckon, p5)**

# Walk With Al For Immigrants



## Join Al Dornan Sunday, October 21, 2018

**Where:** 450 Main Street, Hartford CT (ICE Headquarters)

**Time:** 2pm - 4pm

**Event:** A 2 mile walk through Hartford stopping at locations with important immigration history, ending back at 450 Main Street for a rally

### Rain or Shine

This is a family friendly event - bring your friends, kids, signs and become an Ambassador for Immigrants by showing your support for a path to citizenship for DREAMers and Immigrants!

For more information and to RSVP, follow this link to the Facebook event  
<https://www.facebook.com/events/2095817960657804>

## A Time To Reckon, cont.

*likens them to wolves in sheep's clothing."*

One priest writing online describes scandal as any action that *"kills the soul"* of another. The sexual abuse of children (as well as the physical abuse that took place in the [Magdalene laundries](#) of Ireland, and in the genocidal [boarding schools](#) of the Americas, Australia and New Zealand), has deeply wounded thousands of bodies and souls. The official denials, cover-ups, and present foot dragging is killing the soul of the church. The shepherds have turned the [parable](#) of the lost sheep on its head.

*"Which one of you, having a hundred sheep and losing one of them, does not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness and go after the one that is lost until he finds it? When he has found it, he lays it on his shoulders and rejoices. And when he comes home, he calls together his friends and neighbors, saying to them, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost.' Just so, I tell you, there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who need no repentance."*

Rather than protecting the flock by going after the "lost" priests who were attacking children, the bishops chose to sacrifice the most vulnerable of the flock. The lost sheep were priests in wolves' clothing, and the bishops have abdicated their shepherhood with criminal negligence.

The leadership of the church has failed us. I like Pope Francis, a lot, but he too is failing us by clinging to patriarchy. I don't think Francis is guilty of ignoring warnings of sexual misconduct by Cardinal McCarrick as he is charged by Italian Archbishop, and former Vatican ambassador to the U.S., Carlo Maria Viganò. Viganò's charge is more likely a cynical attempt by conservative elements in the church to undermine Francis' moral authority, and his effort to transform the church into a *"field hospital after a battle"*.

Francis' pastoral, and personal,

embrace of gay people, the poor, Moslems, and, to a lesser extent, women, indigenous people, and incarcerated people is a direct threat to the heirs of a millennium of power. The source of that power, be it financial, political, moral, or social, has been us, the flock.

The Church once exemplified (and maybe was the inspiration for) [Saul Alinsky's](#) adage that power is *"organized money, and organized people"*.

The abuse and cover-ups have dramatically diminished the power of the Church. As the Boomers die, Gen X'ers and Millennials leave, and Gen Z's never consider joining, the power of the church will continue to wane. This loss of power will undermine the relief work of Catholic Charities and Catholic Relief Services. This loss of influence also causes Francis' recent unequivocal condemnation of the death penalty, and a century of [social teachings](#) that criticize war and greed as evil to fall on increasingly deaf ears.

Maybe the time has come to stop looking to the center of the church for moral leadership? Perhaps, more to the point, it is time to reconsider the center. If the Eucharist is at the center of Catholic theology, seeking It ought to be our centering prayer.

To limit our communion with Jesus to receiving the blessed Bread and Wine from the hands of a priest keeps the hierarchy at the center of our church, and maintains the gate keeping fetish of some priests that imprison Jesus in faux golden tabernacles. On Sunday Jesus may live in temples of mortar and stone,

but during the rest of the week he 5 can be found in our temples of flesh and bone, for are we not, as St. Paul asked the believers of [Corinth](#), *"temples of the Holy Spirit?"*

To put the real presence of Jesus at the center of our faith is to put the real presence of *"the least among us"* at the center of our lives. The center of the church ought to be the margins of every society. It is in the margins that we will come to see the world as it really is, and gain the prophetic imagination to see how the world ought to be. It is in the margins that we will see the face of Christ, receive the Eucharist of each other, and thus be encouraged, and empowered, to pitch the tent of our field hospital to care for those wounded by the battles of abuse, war and poverty.

One of my brothers is a cop. In a conversation with him and some of his police officer friends I asked about the police shootings of unarmed Black men. One of his friends told me: *"they're not cops, they're criminals"*. Priests who rape children, and bishops who cover it up are not Catholic, they're criminals.

Of course, I believe in rehabilitation; but first there must be reckoning, repentance, and reparation: the essential ingredients toward reconciliation. Ω



**"IF YOU CANNOT FIND  
CHRIST IN THE BEGGAR  
AT THE CHURCH DOOR  
YOU WILL NOT FIND HIM  
IN THE CHALICE"**

— ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM —

# America's three-ring circus of racism

Jeneé Osterheldt

(reprinted from 9/22/18 edition of *The Boston Globe*)

They're jumping rope with a noose, hop-scotching that tight rope between death and freedom.

The scene, straight out of "The Black Clown," now at the American Repertory Theater, isn't just for the stage.

This dance is the dance of Reginald Andrade, the UMass Amherst employee who was accosted by police recently for walking to work while black. He regularly practices raising his hands in the air, just in case he's stopped by police, so that he's always seen as cooperative.

This dance is the dance of everyday black life and of fighting for the right to live it. This is the dance of "The Black Clown."

The production, an adaptation of the poem by Langston Hughes, wraps around you like a bittersweet blanket in a cold, racist world.

*You laugh*

*Because I'm poor and black and funny —  
Not the same as you*

When Langston Hughes wrote this poem in 1931, he couldn't know that in 2018, adapter and actor Davóne Tines would sing the words so soulfully our spirits would latch on to each note and claim our humanity. His blues still alive in our DNA.

The show, which closes Sept. 23, has been sold out all month.

"The Black Clown" is a stark reminder of our ongoing struggle to break free of supremacy. When Hughes wrote the poem, he called it "a dramatic monologue to be spoken by a pure-blooded Negro in the white suit and hat of a clown."

Tines doesn't wear a white suit. Blackness, the 31-year-old Tines says, has been relegated to something less than human. It doesn't matter what we wear, he says.

"The Black Clown looks like any person that is black and existing in this country," Tines says. "Anything that I

choose to put on and walk around in the world in is our clown suit. The idea of always needing to cultivate parts of myself to fit into certain places, to have to speak a certain way, dress a certain way, to play a role and put up with more for less hassle because of what the alternative could be."

Like being labeled "angry," having the cops called, being falsely arrested, or murdered. Even when you do all the



right things, your blackness alone is enough to put you at risk.

*When the day is through.*

*I am the fool of the whole world.*

*Laugh and push me down.*

*Only in song and laughter*

*I rise again — a black clown.*

Reginald Andrade was walking into his office at UMass Amherst in dress pants and work shoes, a gym bag slung over his shoulder — he'd just come from his morning workout at the rec center. Nothing about that should seem out of place.

But Andrade, UMass Amherst's consumer manager for disability service, was questioned in his office by police detectives. Someone called police and reported an agitated black man carrying a duffle bag on campus.

"It was a good morning," Andrade told me. "I like that walk, past the chapel, the sun is rising. I wasn't agitated."

Even if he were, does he not have the

right to have a bad day? For Andrade, who was once a student at UMass Amherst, this was the third time he'd been profiled on campus. He's been working there for 14 years. His first encounter with campus police came decades ago as a student, sitting in an empty classroom, listening to an audio book.

He was made to validate himself, to show his ID, to account for his existence.

"It feels like when you sprain your ankle," he says. "The first time, it hurts but you rebound. The second time, there is scar tissue. It takes a little longer. It's not like it used to be. The third time, it's harder to get back to yourself. That's how profiling feels. The psychological aftermath gets deeper and deeper."

It's not something you just shake off. You look at police differently. You move through life more carefully.

For Oumou Kanoute, the Smith College sophomore who faced campus police July 31 for simply eating lunch and relaxing while black, the criminalization of blackness is haunting.

"Being black is a beautiful thing," she said. "I am so proud to be a black woman. It takes a lot of courage, thick skin, and knowing your history and where you want to go because everything in society teaches us not to love ourselves."

*No place to go.*

*Black — in a white world*

*Where cold winds blow.*

*The long struggle for life*

"Being black, you are automatically put in this box and expected to fit these stereotypes. You are not expected to succeed," Kanoute said. "To be out of that box is to be seen as out of place. We have to learn to look beyond differences and humanize people. I should be reviewing for organic chemistry . . . instead, I am out here trying to teach white people about racism."

But to speak out is to be vilified. Colin Kaepernick hasn't been employed by the NFL since soon after he took

the knee to protest brutality. Officials in Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Rhode Island have tried to ban Nike in various ways since the company featured Kaepernick in an ad. To utter the words “Black Lives Matter,” to be black and want equity makes you a threat. Ask Serena Williams. She spoke up, got a game penalty, and Australia’s Herald Sun gave her the Sambo treatment.

But Kanoute, Andrade, Kaepernick, and Williams are still alive. For so many people, living while black can get you killed. Like Botham Jean, the 26-year-old shot to death in his own home when off-duty Officer Amber Guyger broke into his home, claiming she thought it was hers, and mistook him for a burglar.

“Botham Jean was exactly the sort of citizen we want to have in the city of Dallas,” Dallas Mayor Mike Rawlings said. “A professional . . . a believer in his church, a neighbor to his friends. A man that always had a smile on his face. And for that reason, this is a terrible, terrible thing that has happened. Not only has he lost his life, but we’ve lost a potential leader for this city.”

Why do we have to be near perfect to be valued as humans? Even then, we’re vilified.

He didn’t listen to her verbal commands, Guyger claimed. There was weed on his counter, a search warrant found. Why is this man on trial for his own unwarranted murder?

*Not wanted here;  
not needed there —  
Black — you can die.  
Nobody will care —  
Yet clinging to the ladder,  
Round by round,  
Trying to climb up,  
Forever pushed down.*

In 2016, 70 percent of the nearly 15,000 individuals in Boston that police observed, interrogated, or searched were black, a Globe analysis found. Yet they are only about 25 percent of the city’s population.

In “The Black Clown,” Tines climbs a ladder that goes nowhere, sinking him back to the ground signifying our rise and fall. Yes, things change. But the rac-

ism is still the same.

“I thought a lot about the root cause of racialized police brutality,” Tines said. “That very instance when that officer is pointing the gun and making the decision to do something horrendous — in that moment, they are not seeing themselves reflected in the person. It becomes our job to make sure they see us as whole.”

Throughout “The Black Clown,” cast members are seen in front of and behind a white screen. This may be a play inspired by Hughes, but the screen is a reminder of historian W.E.B. Du Bois and his theory of the veil — the color line we live behind, the separation between how we see ourselves, how we are seen by the world, and the fracturing way in which that affects us. The gaze of the supremacist trying its best to displace black people in this country.

The climax of the play is when the cast marches through the audience in a procession, singing “Motherless Child.” Tines says it signifies a lot of things, but most certainly the fact that for African-Americans, this country does not want to be our home or our mother. Yet we still sing.

*You can’t keep me down!  
Tear off the garments  
That make me a clown!*

We dance. We love this country and fight for our place in it. It’s an ongoing struggle, but it’s one we won’t give up on.

“Is racism going to be here forever?” Andrade asked redundantly. “Yes. But we’re going to keep sharing our stories. We’re going to keep calling out systemic racism and stereotypes. We’re going to share my story. Some people will still believe stereotypes. But some people will change.”

And then some more after that. Slowly, we continue to tear away at the veil, to destroy the oppressive clothes of the clown so this circus tent might come down.

*Look at the stars yonder  
Calling through time!  
Cry to the world  
That all might understand:*

*I was once a black clown  
But now —  
I’m a man!Ω*



## Notes, cont.

bring whatever food we were running low on (usually pasta sauce and tuna).

Dwight, Chris, Beth, and I had a happy healthy summer of fun at Ahimsa in Volun-town. Over 40 kids got to swim, hike, fish, go to movies and do tie-dye every week in July and August. Dwight and I helped the kids finish 2 murals that will replace old and faded ones from previous years around the Green and Purple Houses. We had a scavenger hunt every week with the kids searching for strange mushrooms and crawdaddies, crickets, salamanders, pinecones and acorn caps. The kids also got points for telling Chris a joke that made him laugh. One week for a joke of his own Chris put a troll as one of the hunt items. The joke was on him when several of the kids used a picture of HIM as evidence of a troll sighting. I had to remove wild flower from the list...as they were stripping the yard around Ahimsa of tiger lillies! We had prizes for the winners, 1st and 2nd runners up.

The best field trips were a fishing trip sponsored by our good friend, and best banana bread maker, Cpt Don and the dudes from his fishing club, and a trip to the Corabell Coral gallery in New London. The

kids learned about the fragile state of coral world wide and did a great art activity. The trip helps funding for the museums core principle...re-establishing coral populations through the growth of new corals which they send out to repopulate dead coral beds. If you have never been blessed to see live coral we highly recommend this spot on Banks Street. I also have a few pieces of my driftwood art on display there!!

This fall we say goodbye to Charlie and Aliana (newlyweds!!) who have moved into their own place. We are grateful for their help keeping us running this summer. They have promised to continue to be a part of our extended community. Speaking of newlyweds,

former Green House kid and UCONN HuskySport member Isaiah "G Baby" Jacobs married Veronica Jacobs in July. I was happy to do the flowers and Chris was honored to officiate at the ceremony. Congrats G and Veronica!!!

At the Worker we have become used to transitions ...as so many folks have joined us over the course of 25 years. For me it is the hardest part of community living. I feel like everybody who leaves takes a piece of my heart.

No sooner had Charlie and Aliana moved out than our very own Jose Echavarria moved in! Jose had lived with us when he was very little (he was like 8), now he is turning 21 and "back home". He hopes to return to CCSU next year. In the meanwhile he helps out when he is not serving hot joe



at Dunkin Donuts. God bless him, he leaves at 5 in the morning to catch the busses he needs to get to Wethersfield. We encourage him, and all our younger folks, to join the amazing group [FIGHT FOR \\$15](#). It is [nearly impossible](#) in the U.S. to afford housing if you work full time at the minimum wage.

Another Green House "kid" Josh C graduated from high school and has moved in as well. He helped hold down the fort for the summer and as the school year begins he will be looking for part time work and, hopefully, a computer course.

This past week we had to buy a new fridge for the Purple House. Brian and Chris were marveling at how wonderful it is to have strong young helpers after all the years of hauling furniture they have done. Dinner has been fun with all the young guys: Jose, Sasean, Josh, and Dwight around the table. Our friend Jen O'Neill has been giving these gents some cooking lessons. Tonight we had some wonderful stuffed shells that she taught Dwight to make.

In early September we welcomed UConn and all the kids back for backpack distribution. Many thanks to St Ann's Avon, Corpus





## Encouragement

Our work is supported by very many generous folks who send us donations, 351 different generous people in 2017 to be exact. We have never met most of these generous souls in person. Some of you send along little notes with your donations. This week we received this note from Joanne C. of Coventry:

*“Hi CW- I find the Victorian resilience of George Eliot comforting in these difficult times. Hope you’re able to savor some of the sweetness of Fall.”*

*“But what we call our despair is often only the painful eagerness of unfed hope.”*

**-George Eliot.**

Dear Joanne, and all of you who support us with your prayers and gifts: **Thank-you for feeding our Hope!!**

Christi, Dale Faulkner, and other folks who brought the bags and school supplies. Thanks also go out to Christina White D’Amato and Habitat for Humanity for the club house they built for the Green House kids- they love it! We also want to thank our friends at Reliable Auto Tire and at Budget Printers, two family owned Hartford Businesses that do good work for us and often don’t charge us. (If I failed to list your name, mea culpa! Please send me an email and I will make sure to acknowledge you in the next issue). The after school and Saturday art/sport programs have begun as well. It is hard to believe that this begins our 25th year of ministry.

We are very grateful during times of transition that we have such an amazing extended community.

How does it feel after 25 years? In some ways we are pretty tired. The poverty and violence in our nation, the endless funding for war, and the ever growing disregard for the children have meant that those needing our help increase in number. In other ways the community that has grown in love, and commitment, and beauty gives us not only hope, but the strength to continue. My friend and mentor Fr Dan Berrigan S.J. would say “God keeps those who keep the covenant.” Being able to live in a community that tries to look like, and build up, the Beloved Community is a blessing. With all of you- we aim to keep on keeping on for as long as possible. Ω



*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.*

*While modern society  
calls the beggars  
bums and panhandlers,  
they are in fact  
the Ambassadors of God.*

*To be God’s Ambassador  
is something  
to be proud of.*

**-Peter Maurin**  
co-founder of the *Catholic Worker*

## Notes From De Porres House

---

### *Jacqueline Allen-Douçot*

Summer is my favorite season, so it always seems to fly by, but this year was ridiculous! Even though I know that Saturday is the official start of Fall I am in denial. The rain from hurricane Florence is falling but I'm praying it pushes warm water up the coast and that the homes and families in its path are unharmed. I try to swim until Halloween (thank global warming). I am hoping for a long Indian summer.

Since our last newsletter we have had the outside of both houses painted. They look so lovely. Brian has been collecting all kinds of beautiful wild flowers for 25 years. They surround the houses and delight us in Spring and Summer. He never weeds the ones that will bring the butterflies. This Summer we reveled in the many goldfinches that came to sit and enjoy the seeds on the purple asters. This Spring Sue Lambert of the Holy Cross alumni club of Hartford planted some annuals and weeded. She returned today for more weeding. Thanks, Sue! It is always amazing to look up and down the street and see all the trees we have planted growing tall and strong. I think of



them as one of the best things we have done for the neighborhood.

Our summer programs went swimmingly well this year! Charlie and Xavier (our stalwarts from UConn), kept kids well fed and running. They had an obstacle course through the Green House backyard at one point. There were trips for berry picking and the science Center (thanks ,Denise).

St James Episcopal, St.Dunstons, and some gardening friends kept us in tomatoes, greens, corn, and other great veggies. St.Tim's and St Helena's kept our food pantry full. We are very grateful to the ladies and gents of the Knights of Columbus from the Catholic communities in Voluntown and Griswold for cooking a great meal for us every Monday in Voluntown. Also the

Knights of Columbus from St Peter Claver helped us tear down the last of the broken down cabins at Ahimsa. They are fundraising to build a new cabin. Corpus Christi and St.Timothy's parishes both contributed scholarships so that we could make our Summer program free for the children. Rev Hooper and the divine Priscilla came by regularly to

**(Please see: Notes, p8)**