

The Hartford Catholic Worker



St. Martin De Porres House
St. Brigid House

"The Poor Tell Us Who We Are" -Philip Berrigan



Lazarus and the Wall

Brian Kavanagh

*We have wounds,
but they take away our medicine.
We are hungry,
but they took away our bread.
And here we suffer
and there they are happy
and here we weep
and there they laugh
and here we die
and there they are happy and laugh
and we are poor
and they are rich
we without possessions
they owners
slaves
lords*

*But we, we have more:
we have light
we have water
we have life.
Life, water, light
are everlasting.
They will not perish with the dollar,
We have God.*

Humberto Lizardi

Lent/Easter 2019

The Hartford Catholic Worker

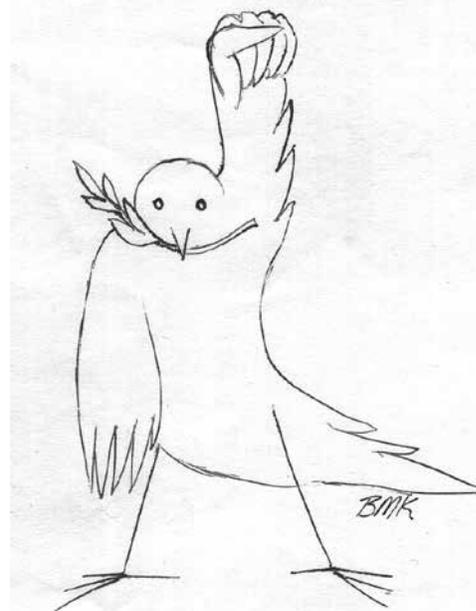
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The Hartford Catholic Worker is published quarterly by the St. Martin De Porres Catholic Worker community. We are a lay community of Catholics and like minded friends, living in the north end of Hartford, working and praying for an end to violence 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., Sasean Sanders, Jacqueline, and Christopher Allen-Douçot.

Easy Ways to Support the Hartford Catholic Worker

- ☺ **Regift** unused gift cards for us to raffle off at a fund raiser
- ☺ **Donate** your FaceBook birthday, that is, when your birthday approaches designate the Hartford Catholic Worker as the charity you and your well wishers can support.
- ☺ **Become** a sustaining supporter by requesting that your bank send monthly contributions.
- ✝ **Pray** for us.
- ✝ **Pray** with us on the first Tuesday of most months when we celebrate Mass at 7:30 PM.
- ✝ **Make** a contribution to our Daylon Fund, a scholarship fund for Green House kids in college.



Even the Dove

Kate Foran

Before she returned to the ark with the promise of dry land, the green sprig of hope clenched in her beak, even the dove, as she peered into the endless churning sea, shuddered. She spread her heavy wings, saw a long, white feather fall slowly down, saw it swallowed by the black and swollen ocean.



Support the People Who Feed US

As we go to press all of the UFCW locals in New England have authorized a strike against Stop and Shop. Workers have been working without a contract. Stop and Shop is trying to cut back on benefits and pay, and they are looking to replace jobs with more self checkout lanes. If you shop at Stop and Shop tell the workers, and the management that you support the workers. If the workers go on strike Do Not Cross a Picket Line!! Do contribute to a strike fund so that workers can feed their kids and pay their rent. UFCW Local 919 can be reached at: 860-677-9333 and union@ufcw919.org



Don't Cross a Picket Line!

To Be Fragile, Dependent, and Vulnerable ³

Christopher J. Douçot

In January I had major surgery on my neck. Stenosis in two vertebrae had completely compressed my spinal cord, arthritis and bone spurs were pinching the nerves that ran down to my arms, and four discs had disintegrated. The surgeon cleaned everything out to free up my nerves and stretched me a bit placing spacers where my discs were. Over the next few months I will have electrodes on either side of my neck delivering a modest current to spur bone growth and fuse together vertebrae 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

Recovery has been exhausting, painful, and expensive. I have been left vulnerable, fragile, and utterly dependent. It is a blessing that I am not going through this alone. Jackie spent two nights with me in the hospital and since then she has been patiently, and tenderly, caring for me. The Green House kids, and several friends, sent cards reminding me that I'm not alone. While I was still couch bound Pete the bike guy, and his wonderful wife Judy the chocolate chip cookie baker, stopped by with coffee, donuts, and the Sunday New York Times- a little thing that was actually a huge thing. And two dear individuals have been helping us with the massive costs not covered by the insurance company. I am humbled by this love.

Experiencing fragility, vulnerability, and dependence are not feelings that the typical American man will admit to; they're not exactly the traits of a Clint Eastwood character. Stuck on the couch for a week I came to accept fragility, vulnerability, and dependence as spiritual virtues essential for a healthy community. My fragility has fostered empathy for the fragility of others. My vulnerability has focused my awareness of how some in our society are preyed upon. My dependence has provided others with opportunities to love.

Catholic Worker cofounder Peter Maurin described the Catholic

Worker movement as an organism rather than an organization. Our movement is alive. As a living organism we hope to respond to our neighbors with the kind of compassion that the bureaucracy of an organization might find impossible to express. As an organism seeking solidarity with our neighbors here



Passion earned a spot on the Honor Roll!

on the margins of America, we share in their fragility, vulnerability, and dependence. Embracing a communal spirituality of brokenness is a ready bridge to collaborating in a praxis of communal healing.

As an organism the Hartford Catholic Worker needs constant nourishment. On this Ash Wednesday evening we enter Lent especially fragile, vulnerable, and dependent. In 2018 334 individuals, and 6 faith communities, made financial donations to the Hartford Catholic Worker. This money provides a home for

Josh, Hannah, Cleveland, and our community of workers. Your gifts are used to maintain a safe, welcoming place for the kids to read, make art, play, eat a healthy lunch, experience joy, and find a community bound by unconditional love. This support insures the vans that take the kids to Pachuag Forest; it buys the corn on the cob we get from farmer Campbell as well as the ice cream from Buttonwood Farm. Your donations keep the furnaces burning and the lights glowing; they fill the fridge, support the college dreams of some of our older kids, and your donations come to the rescue when one of our kids has the lights or heat cut off in their home. We are dependent- on You.

We are vulnerable. The Catholic Worker is not a typical charity. We do charity because when someone is hungry you pray for them by feeding them but we know that charity will never be enough for people to flourish. We agree with [Pius XI](#) that *“Charity will never be true charity unless it takes justice into account ... Let no one attempt with small gifts of charity to exempt himself (sic) from the great duties imposed by justice”*.

Feeding the hungry may “comfort the afflicted”, but questioning why people are hungry, for food or justice, is often taken as an affliction by the comfortable.

Our prayers, work, and writing on issues of social justice inevitably alienate some donors. There was a very generous donor who gave us \$10,000 a year for a few years until he realized we actually did oppose war. We have had donors who stopped supporting our work because they thought we were not forceful in our opposition to abortion, and we have had donors who stopped supporting our work because we ran an essay about work of [Feminists for Life](#).

More recently it appears that we have lost a donor who had been giving us \$10,000 a year because they believe we are pushing “the homo-

(Please see: *Vulnerable*, p5)

Off the American Dream

Kate Foran

(Kate was a live-in member of our community many moons ago. We miss her.)

More than a few North End neighbors who pinched and scraped their way to homeownership face losing their homes because of the city's practice of selling tax liens to private investors. One such homeowner is a neighbor of the Purple House who was generous enough to tell her story. She and her husband emigrated here with their children in 1983 from Guyana. Says the neighbor, "We just worked and paid what we had to do. We never asked for anything. You know, you do everything by yourself."

This neighbor and her husband bought a home in the North End. She cared for their nine children and worked, and her husband held down his job and took care of the finances. The couple even managed to pay off their mortgage. Then he got sick. He was sick for 11 years. She says, "Everything we accumulated, we spent because he was sick. Things skyrocketed out of control. I was working. I was taking care of him." In the middle of her family's crisis, this neighbor missed some tax payments.

It's not uncommon for folks to miss a tax payment, especially if a mortgage is paid off. Taxes are typically escrowed in a monthly mortgage payment, but many people don't realize the taxes continue after the mortgage is paid. When property owners miss a tax payment, the city can [place a lien](#) on the property for the money that is owed. In an effort to maximize its cashflow, the city may then sell these tax liens to third parties. In Connecticut, the liens accrue interest at an annual rate of 18%, and the third party buyer can

choose to foreclose on the property if the homeowners can't pay.

Our friend who shared her story tried to get on top of what she owed. Her grown kids came together to help her pay off some of the tax obligation after her husband had



died. But she just couldn't get ahead. As she caught up on back taxes, she would fall behind on the current ones. In the meantime, the city sold the lien without her knowledge. The amounts she owed kept increasing with the interest charged by the private company who bought the liens. She explains: "So if you owe \$3,000-something, you then have to pay \$7,000 something because of interest. It's hard, especially when you're living on a fixed income. Most people would say 'get rid of the house.' But where you going to live?"

Says our friend, "You get a little bit behind and it keeps escalating. They send letters. But sometimes you don't even realize that it would be so much." Indeed, the notification process for tax lien sales has been notoriously hard to under-

stand, though recent efforts have improved transparency. At the time our neighbor's lien was sold, the city ceased keeping record of it, so often a homeowner calling to check the status of tax payments might be told they didn't owe anything (they didn't

– to the *city*). Secondly, [investors who buy](#) the lien do not always [notify property](#) owners of the transaction, and are often happy to sit back and let the interest accrue until they can get a return on their investment. Finally, when the city *has* contacted homeowners about this process, their language explaining the process has been hard for anyone unfamiliar with legalese to parse.

In an effort to understand what was happening, our friend remembers going to the courthouse. She found out her house was in foreclosure. "I had tried to find out when the court date was, but they told us we didn't have to show up. But then I got a notice that 'Because you didn't appear, the house was put out for auction.'" She goes on to describe a convoluted process of death by a thousand paper cuts. "To get the case reopened, we have to fill out a form. The form costs money. And that doesn't even mean they will reopen it." These expenses keep adding up. She has to pay to find out who owns the lien each time it changes hands. And when the tax lien investors foreclose, the property owner must pay the lien principal, the accrued interest, and the collection and legal expenses of the tax lien investor. Our friend managed to pay the private company out of Texas who owns

(Please See: Penny Wise P.8)

Vulnerable, cont.

sexual agenda” with our newsletter. We push the human agenda. We believe that all of us are created in the image of God. Gay people are created in the image and likeness of God. Black people are created in the image and likeness of God. Women, poor people, refugees and migrants, Republicans and Democrats, people wearing MAGA hats and people wearing Black Lives Matter t-shirts, soldiers, and even terrorists: we are all “[temples of the Holy Spirit](#)” who entered this world with the spark of the Divine inside them. The Incarnation is still unfolding. God insists on re-entering our world again and again with every birth. God has not given up on any of us.

Likewise the Resurrection is an ongoing miracle. The Resurrection is an open invitation to lift each other up; from poverty, from greed, from violence, hate, and neglect. When we lift each other up we re-member the Mystical Body of Christ is re-formed and the Kin’dom of God draws near. Resurrection is the practice of hope.

We are vulnerable. We are vulnerable to the needs, demands, and sensibilities of our donors... and to changes in the tax code. This past December our donations were down by \$35,000 compared to Decembers 2016 and 2017. This amount is about a quarter of our annual budget. A portion of this drop off in charitable giving is probably due to the president’s [tax law](#) that increased the [standard deduction](#). The prospect that we have lost one third of our support leaves us asking: *What do we stop doing?*

We are fragile. We do not seek, and will not accept, money from the state or federal government. Most of the money that pays for our ministries comes from individual donors who receive this newsletter four times a year. When we formed in 1992 Pax Christi Hartford generously shared their mailing list with

us. Over the next decade our base of support grew as we were invited to speak in many of the churches in the Hartford area. Since then the sex abuse scandal broke. The harm done to those abused is clearly and unquestionably the worst part of this scandal, but the fallout will be far reaching. The ramifications of this scandal will be felt for a millennium as very many [people have left](#) the church, and [far fewer young](#) people are joining the church. This has led to the closing and merging of several churches that have been financially supportive of our ministries. When a parish merges with another parish, decisions are made about which par-



Harmoni and Hannah

ishe’s charities will continue to be supported and to what extent. Fewer people in the pews also translates into smaller donations from those parishes. We are also receiving fewer invitations to speak at parishes. Few parishes, fewer parishioners, fewer invitations to speak, and widespread anger at the church is translating into a diminishing base of support.

We have always been encouraged by the joy and generosity of those who support the Hartford Catholic Worker after having learned about our work. Our task now is finding those people and then asking them for their support. If you are one of the 334 generous folks who made a donation in 2018 we thank you for supporting our work. If you

are among the 1400 people who receive this and haven’t made a donation I invite you to come by some day after school, or some Saturday morning, to see what happens here. I’m not going to ask you to make a donation now because I don’t have any doubt that if you meet the kids and see their joy- our joy when we practice Resurrection you will become a regular supporter of our work.

It is a miracle that this place has flourished for 25 years. Miracles are not magic. It has been our experience that miracles routinely happen when we trust Jesus and share. I mean this literally- ask me some time about the miracle of the duplicate roast beef, our version of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. That miracle came about when those who had extra trusted Jesus and simply shared with other on the Way.

We need a miracle. We need you to share. If you did not make a donation to the Hartford Catholic Worker in 2018 please consider doing so now. 8 out of the 10 people who receive this newsletter did not make a donation in 2018. If those folks made a \$15/month pledge it would have a \$25,000 miracle for our ministries; a \$25/month pledge would be a \$42,000 miracle!

We are not National Public Radio, we don’t have a tote bag or travel mug to entice your support. We do have: Passion making the honor roll, Cleveland safe and warm instead of sleeping in a park, Hannah doing crafts projects with the kids instead of staring at the walls of an ICE detention center, Sean being nurtured by his mentor Jory, Dwight making art with the kids, Denise sewing quilts with other kids, Raquel and Dawn studying at college...

We have community.

We have joy.

We have love.

We have hope.

We want to share with you.

Will you please share with us?Ω

Marching With My Sisters and Brothers at the Border

Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

In December I was invited by the Worcester Catholic Worker to join a delegation of like-minded friends to go to the San Diego/Tijuana border to meet and walk with the infamous “CARAVAN” we heard so much about on the news leading up to the 2018 elections. Let me say that because I am my mother’s child, I did not believe any of what the news media was saying about the people heading North.

My mom was a WWII Army nurse who worked in MASH units in Italy and North Africa. After seeing so much civilian suffering, and witnessing the inhumanity of war, including the suffering of the Vietnam Vets she volunteered to care for at the Immaculate Shelter, she became a member of Pax Christi and Veterans For Peace. Growing up we were taught to view the world and its ongoing conflicts through the lens of our faith rather than the lens of the TV. Although we complained at the time, our parents sacrificed to put all nine of us through Catholic schools. For us this meant learning at a young age to listen to the voices of people living their faith for the truth about what was happening around us.

I was in high school when my sister Teri graduated from nursing school and joined the Jesuit Volunteer Corps (JVC) and later became a Maryknoll lay missionary. During the 80’s we found ourselves being called to stand on the side of our Maryknoll brothers and sisters who were speaking out about the atrocities being committed on the people of Central America. Again and again our government supported brutal

dictators and manipulated nations on behalf of American [corporate interests](#). Along the way, that meant the press being dishonest about what was happening to regular people who began to try to make better lives for their families by joining unions. It meant our government il-



legally [sending weapons](#) to the Contras. It meant our leaders lying about the motivations of nuns like the four church women, including [Jean Donovan](#) from Connecticut, who were raped and killed in El Salvador by death squads led by graduates of an [American military school](#). It meant helping [to overthrow](#) elected officials like [Salvador Allende](#) in Chile.

Because our family did solidarity work, we met and befriended people from El Salvador and Nicaragua who told us the stories of their lives. Because we looked at their lives and

ours as bound by the same Mystical Body of Christ we saw that our souls were bound by their suffering. We tried to live in ways that might speak the truth about our human family. We tried to work with communities that were working to make life better for the human family.

Today the world seems like the powers and principalities that are spoken of as opposing the will of God in the gospels are stronger than ever. The old cries of “evil communist” have turned into cries of “evil terrorist”. When Bernie Sanders speaks about democratic socialism, universal healthcare, and shutting down the prison industrial complex, the far right call him a socialist and condemn him. I am reminded of Bishop [Dom Helder Camarra’s](#) words, “*when I feed the poor they call me a saint, when I ask why the poor have no food they call me a communist!*”

Constantly we are being manipulated into looking at our brothers and sisters, in particular people of color, as our enemies. What would Christ say? Would he tell us that these people are not to be fed, clothed, and sheltered?

Would our God who created enough for all want us to act and believe as if there are not enough resources for all of us? The myth of scarcity is a driving factor in international relationships. It is the mental mindset that comes from our resources being commodified. It is the cry of politicians that pit us against each other by race, class, and gender. The gospels are very clear. We are to be a people of FAITH who make the world a better place by loving unconditionally, by sharing our resources. When we pay our federal

taxes, nearly half of which go to [war and weapons](#), we must remember [Rev Martin Luther King's](#) foreboding from 1967 that, *"A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death."*

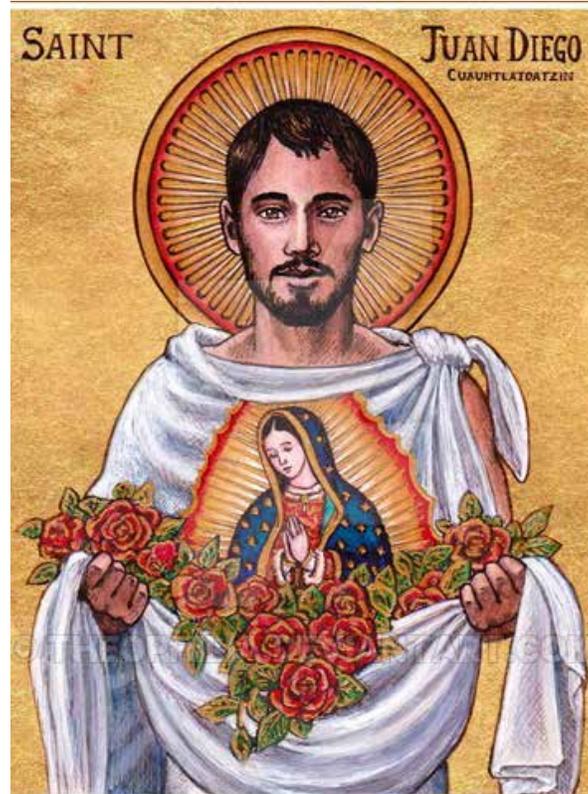
It is time for us to repent for the role we played in creating the poverty and violence that have caused refugees to flee their beloved homes and families. It is time to take responsibility for the suffering we have caused and profited from. It is time to demand accountability from those in power whose policies protect corporate "people" to the detriment of human people, and the earth that supports us.

It is time to confess to the sins of racism, colonialism, and white supremacy. The shame of a people who devalue, and then steal from, people of color has been the founding shame of this nation. How can anyone who calls himself a Christian sit by while parents and children at our borders are separated and imprisoned? How do we justifying the fact that there are children who may never be reunited with their families- that there are children that our [government has lost?!?!](#). In the days to come these events will be looked upon with shame. Our children's children will ask us: "Grandma, what did you do when the children were put in cages?"

All that I already knew about the people of Central America was borne out in my journey to meet people from the caravans. There were young men seeking work. There were women and children fleeing violence. There were workers marching to the US consulate to demand that our government make amends for supporting the [governments that oppressed them](#). We marched beside our brothers and sisters with heavy hearts. Upon reaching the Tijuana border a dozen

of the hundreds of clergy risking arrest were taken into custody before the border patrol ceased arresting demonstrators.

As we looked through the fence at the faces of our family on the other side, I was so glad that they could witness people from many churches, Black people, brown people and white people, gay people and straight people, the young and the old standing in solidarity with them, taking a sides with justice not



[Cecilia Lawrence](#)

tyranny. I was honored to stand with them. Isn't it interesting that Fox News and Donald Trump [stopped talking](#) about the "threat from the caravans" the day after the midterm elections? Do people recognize that the "caravan threat" was the administration's way of using fear [to gain votes?](#) In the words of our foundress Dorothy Day, *"love casts out fear...but we have to get over the fear in order to get close enough to love."*

In a segregated society such as ours it is even more difficult to get close. One of my favorite connections I made during the trip was with a group of young men who

saw the quote, **"Immigrants are welcome in our home"** on the t-shirts Scott and the Worcester CW folks had made for us to wear during the trip. They came over and began to talk and ask questions of us. Did we mean what our shirts said?? **"YES"**, Danny Burns said emphatically! *"If you can get to New York City I have work for you,"* he added. "Do you live in New York?" they asked excitedly. *"No, about seven hours north,"* he replied.

Then I said, giving them my phone number, *"If you get to New York, call me and I can drive you up!!"* They were all smiles as we continued on the march. For the rest of that march they stopped by to offer us water and food. From that moment of solidarity and mutual aid the caravan was no longer an abstraction. The friends I met opened my heart to feel the Mystical Body of Christ. Our blood is one blood. Our lives were already linked.

Later that week we were blessed again to attend mass on the feast day of Our Lady of Guadalupe. What a joyful and loving celebration of the Eucharist honoring the time Mother Mary's appeared and spoke to Juan Diego in his Aztec language!! How I wished that other Christians, especially those that have been calling for the persecution of indigenous peoples at our border, could feel what they are missing from the ONE Body... and what joy comes with the re-membering at Communion.

Please join us in the hard work of breaking down barriers to the beloved community. Please pray and work for a world where people can remain in their lands and where Christ in the guise of the refugee can remain in our souls.

(Please note: Jackie's travel expenses were paid in full by our very generous friends at the Saints Francis and Theres Catholic Worker in Worcester. Thank you Scott and Claire.) Ω



benefit from but don't pay for. As the state's capital and hub for large nonprofits, more than 50% of Hartford's property is tax exempt. And since property taxes are the primary source of revenue for municipalities, Hartford is continually cash-strapped. Selling liens to third parties creates income.

Yet the people who are most likely to fall behind on their taxes are those who are already vulnerable. Research reveals that tax liens severely affect communities of color and senior citizens, particularly low-income seniors and those with cognitive issues, such as dementia or Alzheimer's. Even more disturbing, through the tax lien system, homeowners may not only lose their homes, but can also lose much of the equity they've built through the years. Finally, the home that's been foreclosed often sits vacant, becoming a blighted property which brings the value of surrounding homes down with it.

The Hartford Community Loan Fund ([HCLF](#)), a non-profit that

provides and advocates for fair and affordable financial services for low-income Hartford residents, tries to help low income homeowners with loans for property owners to pay off tax liens owned by third party investors. The organization has also been part of a task force to address the policies and practices behind tax lien foreclosure. Based on task force recommendations, the city has made improvements, including discontinuing the sale of tax liens on owner-occupied homes (our neighbor's liens were sold before this policy was instituted). HCLF, and many Hartford residents, would like to see the city stop selling tax liens altogether.

Meanwhile, private investors can still snap up these tax liens and profit off of them. Of these companies, our North End neighbor had this to say: "They live on the fringe of the law. As long as it's not breaking the law, it can be done. That doesn't mean it's right." (*ed. note: through the generosity of our donors HCW was able to lend this family sufficient funds to prevent them from losing their home. The family has since paid off the loan.*)^Ω

It's called [Vulture Investing](#), seriously!

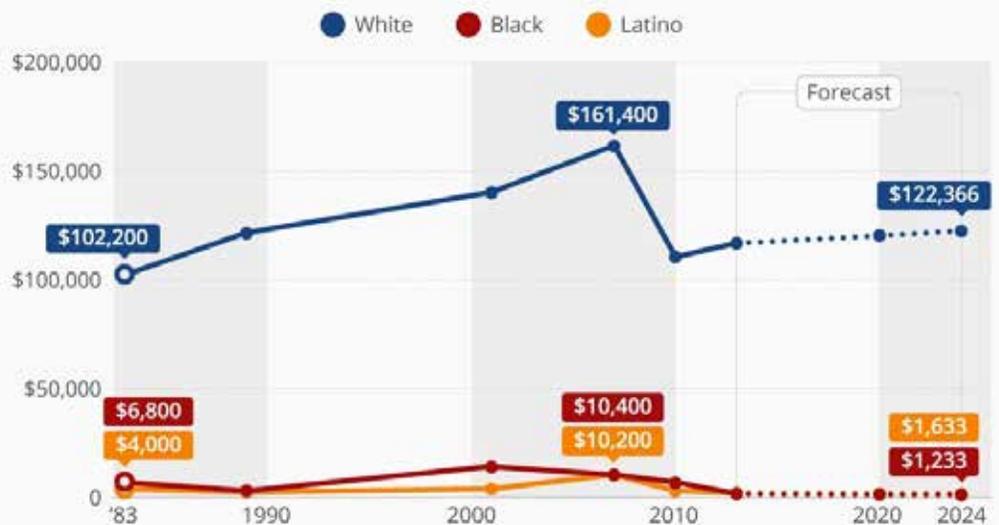
her lien enough to keep her house out of foreclosure. For now. "But I still don't really understand how the whole thing works," she says.

So many articles in this newsletter over the years have tried to break down the ways in which racism is a systemic reality that exists over and apart from the intentions of individual white people. The landscape of Hartford, with its history of redlining and siphoning off resources out of the city into the suburbs, was (and is) shaped by these realities. For people of color, trying to get by under institutionalized racism is like trying to go up a down escalator.

So, while the city is not intentionally targeting marginalized populations with these policies, tax liens sold to third parties create a systemic injustice. Hartford is an underfunded city backed into a corner, trying to pay for infrastructure that suburban people

Racial Wealth Inequality Is Rampant In The U.S.

Median household wealth by race/ethnicity in the United States (1983–2024)



Source: Prosperity Now & Institute For Policy Studies

Notes, cont.

I have met are similar because they see the Catholic Worker as place to be a part of a community and help those in need. I've met people from high schools, universities and towns I've never even heard of before I started being a Green House kid.

I remember meeting Laurie J, the campus minister/teacher at East Catholic. She helped me attend East Catholic High School, a private school that I had never heard of. Chris helped

me learn how to fill out paperwork for both high school and college. The Catholic Worker helped me become the first person in my family to attend a private high school and college. Unfortunately, I did not finish college at Eastern Connecticut state University for financial reasons. However, I would like to go back and obtain my bachelor's degree in Business Administration.

Lastly, I moved into the Catholic Worker house this past summer to be become an active member of my community. I must say it's

only been a couple months, but God bless 9
Chris, Jackie, Baby, Dwight and Brian for doing all the work that goes into this place. It looked easy as a kid looking in from the outside but no, it is a lot of work which I am glad to be helping with now. I love that I can be around more and help out when needed. Since I've been around, I've been able to witness the work and time that goes into some the things we do, like the Christmas party, Mothers Shopping, and 25th Anniversary Event. I am grateful to say I came from Capen St. To Clark St. Ω



Aniyah does not like carrots!

Love



Jen O'Neill and Sean made some slime

Wonder

Community



Denise and Andalashia did some sewing

Notes From De Porres House

Sasean Sanders aka The Mayor

I'm glad to say that I am officially a part of the community. My twin sister and myself started attending the Catholic Worker (Green House) in 2006. At that time, we were only nine years old living on Capen St in Hartford. Our house shared a fence with the green house and we immediately noticed the kids playing in the backyard. We watched the kids playing and hoped that someone would invite us over to play. I guess Jesus heard us wishing that we were playing with the other kids.

Not too long after, a nice lady named Jackie came over to the fence with a parrot on her shoulder inviting us to come over and play. After 13 years, she is still one of the nicest people I have ever met. I love the Catholic Worker and everything that it stands for. I'm so grateful for everything they've done for me and my family over the last 13 years. I can say without hesitation that they are the reason that I made it so far. Being a part of this program provided many opportunities to better myself through education and working with kids in my community. The Catholic Worker house is a place where I worked with tutors/ volunteers with homework and participated in sports and arts and craft with UConn students. As a kid, I hated being in the house, so having the Green House right next door allowed me to have a safe place to do homework and have fun.

The thing I love most about the Catholic Worker is the diversity and inclusion that's embedded in the program. All the people that

(Please see: Notes, p9)



The Kindness Club...