

The Hartford Catholic Worker



St. Martin De Porres House
St. Brigid House

"I really only love God as much as I love the person I love the least." -Dorothy Day



Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

*Calm me,
O Lord,
As you stilled
the storm.
Still me,
O Lord,
Keep me
From harm.
Let all the
Tumult
within me
Cease.
Enfold me,
Lord,
in your
Peace.*

David Adam
[Felgid compline](#)
Celtic Daily Prayer

*St. Corona 2020
melted crayon on cardboard.*

Summer 2020

The Hartford Catholic Worker

Established November 3, 1993

Volume 28 Number 2

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.



Sasean sharing a Stop and Shop gift card and Baby Beth calling for liberation of those held captive.

“The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he has anointed me to proclaim good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and the regaining of sight to the blind, to set free those who are oppressed,”
Luke 4:18



A Note on St. Corona

“Like so many of the early martyrs, we really know little about St. Corona besides her name and the method of her execution,” says Elizabeth Harper.

Harper is a professor at the University of Southern California and the writer of “All the Saints You Should Know,” a popular blog on relics and hagiography.

In a recent article for Slate, she attempted to trace the origins of St. Corona's sudden explosion in popularity. She discussed her research in an interview with Rhode Island Catholic.

“The earliest reliable English source about Corona that I could locate was a 1916 edition of “The Roman Martyrology,” Harper explains. The Martyrology is the official catalogue of saints recognized by the global Church; the 1916 printing identifies May 14 as the Feast Day of Saints Victor and Corona.

The entry is remarkably brief: it states that Victor was a Roman soldier in Syria who was martyred for his Christian faith during the persecutions organized by Emperor Antoninus Pius. Corona was in the crowd at the public execution, where she experienced a vision of two crowns descending from heaven — one for Victor, and another for some other individual who was about to die for Christ. When she described the revelation to those around her, she was accused of also being a Christian and was martyred by being “torn to pieces between two trees” (apparently meaning that she was tied to the ends of two palm trees which had been bent down, and was then torn apart when the trees were released).

According to Harper, Corona's vision also contains the key clue to her name.

“In this period, it was common for martyrs to be canonized with a name which either reflected some virtue which they were a model of — as happened, for instance, with Saints Faith, Hope and Charity — or else to be given a name which referred to their life in some other way,” she says. In this case, “Corona” is the Latin word for “crown.

reprinted from [Rhode Island Catholic](#)

Christopher J. Douçot

With the pandemic and ensuing worldwide quarantine we are living in a time when it feels as if time itself has been suspended. The world we knew has passed but is not gone. The world we knew lives in our memories and our shared stories. It is also lived in our lives. The ways in which we shaped the old world through our laws, values, institutions, and systems is reflected in the contours of our lives.

Who lives in a house, who rents an apartment, who sleeps in a shelter, and who is imprisoned? Who has a new car? who

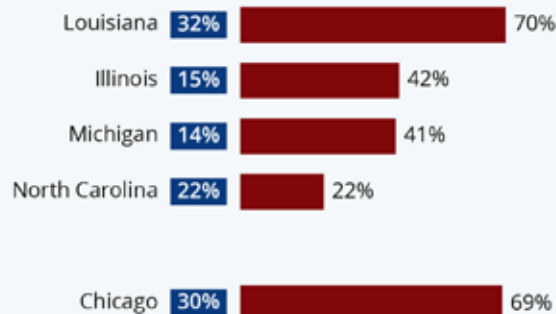
has a jalopy? Who takes the bus? and Who walks? Who is paid the minimum wage? Who lives off of under-taxed capital gains? Who will work 'til their last breath? and who will retire at 55?

The precarities and inequalities of the world we knew are suddenly visible to many in the world we now know. We learned that tens of millions of Americans were just one or two paychecks away from depending on miles long lines for food. Racist policies and systems that impoverish contribute to malnourishment, crowded living conditions, food

COVID-19's Devastating Impact On African Americans

African American share of state/city populations and COVID-19 deaths (as of Apr 06, 2020)

■ Share of state/city's population ■ Share of COVID-19 deaths



Sources: 2010 Census, respective state/city health departments



statista

(Please see: *Emerging*, p5)

Lockdown
Yes,
there is fear.
Yes there is isolation.
Yes there is panic buying.
Yes there is sickness.
Yes there is even death.
but,
they say that in Wuhan after so
many years of noise
you can hear the birds again.
They say that after just a few
weeks of quiet
the sky is no longer thick with
fumes
but blue and grey and clear.
They say that in the streets of Assisi
people are singing to each other
across the empty squares,
keeping their windows open
so that those who are alone
may hear the sounds of family
around them.

They say that a hotel in the West
of Ireland
is offering free meals and delivery
to the housebound.
today a young woman I know

is busy spreading fliers with her
number
through the neighborhood.
So that the elders may have some-
one to call on.

Today churches, Synagogues,
Mosques and Temples are preparing

Isolation

to welcome
and shelter the homeless, the sick,
the weary.
All over the world people are slow-
ing down and reflecting.
All over the world people are look-
ing at their neighbours in a new way
All over the world people are wak-
ing up to a new reality to how big we
really are.

To how little control we really
have.

To what really matters.

To Love.

So we pray and we remember that
yes there is fear.

but there does not have to be hate.

Yes there is isolation.
But there does not have to be
loneliness.
Yes there is panic buying.
but there does not have to be
meanness.
Yes there is sickness.
but there does not have to be dis-
ease of the soul.
Yes there is even death.
But there can always be a rebirth
of love.
Wake to the choices you make as
to how to live now.

Today, breathe.
Listen, behind the factory noises
of your panic.
the birds are singing again.
the sky is clearing,
Spring is coming,
And we are always encompassed
by Love.

Open the windows of your soul
And though you may not be able
to touch across the empty square.
Sing.

[Fr. Richard Hendrick, OFM](#)

deserts, suspicion of the medical system, and dreaded pre-existing conditions. Black people, Brown people, [Navajo](#) People, and elderly residents in nursing homes are infected by the virus like the rest of us but fewer are surviving. Their death certificates will list COVID-19 as the cause of death, but a more honest accounting might read “*Racism, aggravated by COVID-19*”.

I say good riddance to the old world. Meanwhile, this time of quarantine is tenuous and transitional. Rham Emanuel has often said that “*a crisis should not be wasted*”. He means that crises create openings for wide scale change. I suspect he is right, but I fear the change sought by the empowered will not reckon with the injustices they wrought. The suffering of our planet and our people will not be sufficiently met with change. Not even the nebulous Green New Deal would be sufficiently compassionate and restorative.

I would prefer to think that the



world has become our cocoon and we are now pupating. The butterfly that emerges from a chrysalis in no way resembles the worm that was cocooned. This is not an exclusively biological process; it is also a holy mystery of emergent beauty.

When a caterpillar enters its cocoon it dissolves into an ooze which contain “*highly organized groups of cells known as [imaginal discs](#)*”. From these discs will emerge wings, legs, eyes, and antennae. The caterpillar was never just a worm, it was always a butterfly in the process of becoming.

When a butterfly first unfolds its wings, in realization of its true being, it re-enters a world no longer bound by the laws of gravity- a measure of freedom unfathomable for a mere caterpillar.

I believe we are angels in the process of becoming. We were never just humans. The “imaginal discs” from which our wings will form is the Ru’ah, the breath God released into our parents’ parents when they were formed from the dust of Creation. This breath, *this Holy Spirit*, is waiting for us to accept our destiny. If we are to emerge from where we are currently suspended as the profoundly beautiful creatures we are destined to be we need to do our part. We need not dissolve our bodies into ooze but

we will need to dissolve ourselves of ugliness.

Greed is ugly. Hoarding is ugly. Systems of injustice are ugly. Hate and violence, rugged individualism, misogyny and racism are ugly. Neglect is ugly.

Too much of the old world was ugly, but surviving the old world are the imaginal discs from which the new world will emerge: you, your loved ones, strangers to you, and even your enemies. We are God’s imaginal discs. When we empty ourselves of all that is ugly we open ourselves up to all that remains: beauty. This emptying, the divinity school kids call it kenosis, is not emptiness, it is the grace to see ourselves, and everyone else, as full of God.

This is the mystery of Jesus proclaiming the Kingdom of God despite the persistence of war and poverty. The Kingdom of God is simultaneously already and not yet, just like the times we now live in. This period of overlapping epochs, the holy eternal and the profane temporal, is tenuous and transitional. If we want to be released from this quarantine between heaven and earth we need to do that which is beautiful.

Sharing is beautiful. Cooperation and community are beautiful. Caring for those who are hungry or homeless, elderly or odd is beautiful. Responding to the cries of the poor with a spirit of repentance, and a yearning for reparation, is beautiful. Liberation is beautiful. And all

(Please see: *Emerging*, p5)

James Conway, Ph.D.

Relationships are the key to strong communities and according to Dorothy Day, community is the antidote to the long loneliness. The idea of “right relationships” is fundamental to working to end poverty and violence – relationships should be nurturing, mutual, and authentic, acknowledging each person’s dignity.

Something that I think draws people to the Hartford Catholic Worker is the intentional approach to building relationships. There are various opportunities to connect with people such as the Saturday and after

school programs and monthly Mass. There are kids making friends with other kids in their neighborhood, kids from outside of Hartford making friends with kids from Hartford, college students and kids from the north end learning about each other’s lives, and adults connecting with other adults. The Hartford Catholic Worker is a sacred place in part because it’s one of few places I know where we can form authentic

relationships with people who live in different parts of our society, have different experiences, and whose skin may be a different shade than ours.

The relationships benefit everyone, in general ways and in very particular ways. Most of us could do with more relationships in our lives (especially men), and a general

helpful to the students, providing the opportunity to live a more full life with less of the blinders that come with a privileged suburban lifestyle.

Another particular benefit of right relationships, and the one I really want to focus on, is the wellbeing of young people who have experienced trauma. Children in the

north end of Hartford are afforded relatively few pathways by our society, some of which are not very good (e.g., Hartford students are substantially less likely to attend college than students statewide). Finding a pathway to

a productive, satisfying life is made more difficult by exposure to traumatic “adverse childhood experiences” such as witnessing violence or having a close family member incarcerated. [Research](#) shows that these kinds of experiences in childhood affect the brain, increasing the likelihood of risky behavior and mental and physical health problems.

There is less research on what
(Please see: Shalom, p6)



Jim and Josh Rosa just before a game of hoops on the Green House court

benefit is that according to [research](#), close relationships make us happier. Right relationships also have some particular benefits. A lot of college students (a fairly privileged and mostly suburban group) participate in after school and Saturday programs at a time in their lives when they are forming their identities and values. They are able to connect authentically with people living on the margins of society which is very

unfathomable for mere humans.

Perhaps the most beautiful thing we can do is to sit with those who are suffering; to wipe their tears, hold them close, and remind them that they are loved. Today you hold. Tomorrow you will held. Transformed, unfettered no one will be alone, and none among us will be

unloved. When we emerge as the beautiful beings of love we were always destined to be, we will no longer will we be suspended between times, between heaven and earth. The face of the earth will be renewed and we will have become the Beloved Community. Ω

Emerging cont.

of God’s children, Black and Brown, White, Asian, and indigenous are beautiful. If we are able to realize our true being we would no longer be bound by the laws of tycoons and buffoons- a measure of freedom

can help youths be resilient in the face of trauma, but a small body of research shows that an important factor is...relationships! Different types of relationships are helpful including, not surprisingly, those with family members. But relationships with non-parental adults are also beneficial. A large-sample study published recently in JAMA Pediatrics illustrates this.

[Bethell and colleagues](#) surveyed adults about their childhoods including adverse experiences and positive experiences such as having at least two non-parental adults who took a genuine interest in them.

Those with adults taking a genuine interest were more likely to report having gotten the emotional support they needed, and were significantly less likely to experience depression or other poor mental health. The most critical finding was that positive experiences such as adults taking an interest were particularly important for children who had experienced potentially traumatic events. These recent findings are consistent with other [research](#) connecting non-parental adult sup-

port to less substance abuse, greater school attendance and likelihood of graduation from high school, and higher responsibility and productivity in early adulthood.

Those kinds of relationships sometimes happen intentionally at the Green House when a kid has a real need (for example, Jory Johnson has become a mentor to a young man who was traumatized by seeing a horrible thing happen), and



Jim is our Friday guy. For more than a decade Steve was our Saturday guy. Different guys, same dedication to seeking shalom with the Green House peeps.

they also happen organically (e.g., in Denise Weeks' awesome quilting group). But they happen and that's a good thing. And the relationships can last a long time. I have a recollection of a charming experience: several years ago a very young man asked me to help tie his shoelaces.

As I bent down in front of him to do it he remarked innocently "Jim, I can tell you're really old because your hair is so white." (I tied his shoes together.¹) He is still around the Green House, now in his mid/late teens and tying his own shoes. Recently I and another adult and I had a somewhat challenging conversation with him about whether it's ok for people to be gay. I'm not sure how well that conversation actually went, but it's good for the

kids at the Green House to have adults who they know they can depend on and who are available to provide support and talk about important things.

Martin Luther King spoke of the 'beloved community' committed to nonviolence and to fighting injustice rather than fighting each other. It takes a lot of relationships to make a beloved community, and the Green House is a model of what our society could

look like. Here's to a world in which we love our neighbor and welcome the stranger, enriching their lives and ours.

Footnote: 1 Not really.

(Jim teaches psychology at CCSU, is our regular Friday guy on the house, and sits on our board.)

Dirty Face

Shel Silverstein

Where did you get such a dirty face,
My darling dirty-faced child?

I got it from crawling along in the dirt
And biting two buttons off Jeremy's shirt.
I got it from chewing the roots of a rose

And digging for clams in the yard with my nose.

I got it from peeking into a dark cave
And painting myself like a Navajo brave.
I got it from playing with coal in the bin
And signing my name in cement with my chin.

I got it from rolling around on the rug
And giving the horrible dog a big hug.

I got it from finding a lost silver mine
And eating sweet blackberries right off the vine.

I got it from ice cream and wrestling and tears
And from having more fun than you've had in years.

Ed O'Loughlin and Mibir Zaveri

From the *NY Times*, May 5, 2020 (edited for length and updated.)

DUBLIN — More than 170 years ago, the Choctaw Nation sent \$170 to starving Irish families during the potato famine. A sculpture in County Cork commemorates the generosity of the tribe, itself poor.

Now hundreds of Irish people are repaying that kindness, giving to a charity drive for two Native American tribes suffering in the Covid-19 pandemic. As of Tuesday, they had raised more than \$1.8 million to supply clean water, food and health supplies to people in the Navajo Nation and the Hopi Reservation.

Many donors cited the generosity of the Choctaws, noting that the gift came not long after the United States government forcibly relocated the tribe and several other American Indian groups from the Southeastern United States, a march across thousands of miles known as the [Trail of Tears](#) that left thousands of people dead along the way.

"I'd already known what the Choctaw did in the famine, so short a time after they'd been through the Trail of Tears," Sean Callahan, 43, of Cork City who made a donation, said. *"It always struck me for its kindness and generosity and I see that too in the Irish people. It seemed the right time to try and pay it back in kind."*

Gary Batton, chief of the Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma, said that the tribe was *"gratified — and perhaps not at all surprised — to learn of the assistance our special friends, the Irish, are giving to the Navajo and Hopi Nations. We have become kindred spirits with the Irish in the years since the Irish potato famine,"*

Cassandra Begay, communications director for the fund-raiser, said that Irish people appeared to have found the charity effort through posts on Twitter,

including one on May 2 from a reporter at The Irish Times, Naomi O'Leary. Ms. Begay, a member of the Navajo Nation, said over the past 48 hours, more than \$500,000 had been donated, with most of the money coming from Ireland.



***Kindred Spirits: Choctaw Monument
Cork, Ireland***

"The Choctaw ancestors planted that seed a long time ago, based off the same fundamental belief of helping someone else," Ms. Begay said. *"It is a dark time for us. The support from Ireland, another country, is phenomenal."*

News of the donations from Ireland came as the coronavirus has been ripping through tribal lands. The Navajo Nation has had one of the worst coronavirus outbreaks in the United States. There had been more than [4000 cases and 1400 deaths as of May 18], according to the Navajo Nation.

A high prevalence of diseases like diabetes, scarcity of running water and homes with several generations living under the same roof have enabled the virus to spread with exceptional speed in places like the Navajo Nation, according to epidemiologists. The Hopi reservation is surrounded by the Navajo Nation.

It is not surprising that the ordeals of Native American tribes resonate in Ireland. It is estimated that one million Irish people, mainly poor tenant subsistence farmers, died of hunger or disease from 1845 to 1849, and another mil-

lion emigrated in that period or shortly afterward.

The famine was among the first humanitarian crises to be reported in the early days of global media, which helped spur donations to Ireland from around the world. In addition to the donation from the Choctaw, money was raised from prisoners in Sing Sing, former slaves in the Caribbean and convicts on a prison ship in London.

The Choctaws were the first tribe to be relocated during the Trail of Tears, starting in 1831, with thousands dying and many starving.

Years later, the Choctaws learned of the Irish potato famine and *"a great empathy was felt when they heard such a similar tale coming from across the ocean,"*

according to the Choctaw Nation's description of its bond with the Irish.

Choctaw people then gathered together \$170 to send to Irish people in 1847, the equivalent of more than \$5,000 today.

"When our ancestors heard of the famine and the hardship of the Irish people, they knew it was time to help," Mr. Batton wrote in 2017.

[On the 150th anniversary of the donation] the president of Ireland at the time, Mary Robinson, had visited the Choctaws in Oklahoma to thank them. Two years ago, Prime Minister Leo Varadkar also paid them a visit.

The money donated by the Choctaws was distributed in Ireland by members of the Quaker community, who are still remembered for their leading role in famine relief. More recently, Choctaw representatives have taken part in the annual Famine Walk in County Mayo, which commemorates a forced march in terrible weather by hundreds of starving people hoping for government relief. Ω

We are feeding the hungry: Our dear friend John Selders from the New Poor People's Campaign, through his role as a dean at Trinity College, has arranged for us to pick up and distribute ten prepared meals a week. We are also delivering to our families Stop and Shop gift cards. We will continue to share gift cards to as many families for as long as our food pantry is closed. The denomination of the gift cards, the frequency we deliver them, and the number of families who receive them will be determined by donations we receive. We are very grateful for the generosity of our supporters, with a special shout out to the Srs. of Mercy for their incredible generosity. Religious sisters are the backbone of the church! We share in hope, that is we are confident that you will continue to share with us, that is we believe in the miracle of loaves and fishes. People in need aren't fed by magic tricks but by sharing the bounty in our possession while we work to create a just society in the shell of this unjust one.

We are housing the homeless: Our guests, Josh, Hannah, Khari, and Cleveland are safe, welcomed, and fed at the Purple and Green Houses. They will remain with us until they are able to safely move on.

We are giving water to the thirsty: We will not be having our summer program, Ahimsa, in Voluntown this year, but still we will share the water of Beach Pond, as well as the trees of the Pachaug Forest with the Green House kids. We are now inviting families to schedule a week at [Ahimsa](#) during July and August. We will share with them Stop and Shop gift cards and I'm going to arrange something with [Farmer Campbell](#) so that they can pick up the fresh cherries, native plums and peaches that the kids love. I mean- is it really summer if you haven't had juice drip off your chin from a bite into a fragrant, fuzzy peach? We also have some fishing rods and tackle to share with the kids through the generosity of Capt. Don from [Barking Dog](#) charters. For a decade now Don has been taking me and some kids out on the sound to

catch stripers and blues. I swear to God Capt.



A Trinity College prepared meal shared with our neighbors



Don is a fish whisperer! Book a charter with him when things reopen.

We are praying for the living and the dead: Jackie has been praying every morning, over Zoom, with Fr. Terry Moran, Liz McAlister, and a small group of Catholic Workers and resisters. It will be a long while before we are able to again host liturgy at the Green House. Instead, in September we will start hosting a Zoom liturgy with Fr. Terry celebrating from his home in New Jersey. We are still working out the details on how this will work. Invitations, and instructions on how, to join will likely be posted on our Facebook page a few days ahead of time. We very much look forward to "being" with you in prayer.

We are ransoming the captive: On March

20th we held vigil outside the Governor's Mansion appealing for the governor to show mercy, and wisdom, by releasing as many incarcerated people as possible. We have since joined several drive by rallies outside the mansion, organized calls and tweets to the governor and other elected representative, and helped with an ACLU lawsuit. Our appeals have fallen on deaf ears; and I admit that I may have then over-zealously practiced the spiritual work of mercy of Admonishing the Sinner- in this case the governor, via Facebook. The prison population in Connecticut is at a multi-decade low because of diversion not release. Lo and behold, fewer incarcerated people has not resulted in an increase in public harm. Stubbornly keeping people in prison has. Prisons across our land are now hot spots for the epidemic. Aside from transforming every prison into a potential death row, infected incarcerated people are now being released when their sentence ends. Moreover, guards are infecting inmates, and inmates are infecting staff, and staff are infecting their families. Meanwhile, incarcerated people at Osborne are in

the midst of their second two-week lockdown after testing revealed 100 new infections. During their last lockdown they were not allowed out of their cells for anything for anything: no showers, no calls home, no fresh air for fourteen days. These are not the practices of a just society.

On a related note: 2020 is a census year. In Connecticut incarcerated people, who are disproportionately from our cities and not white, are counted as residents of the mostly white rural and exurban locations of their prisons. This is [prison gerrymandering](#) artificially inflates the census figures for those white communities while also decreasing the figures for our cities. These census counts are then used for the next decade to determine formulae

Notes, cont.

for political representation and government spending. This practice is currently being challenged in court by the [NAACP](#). During the heydays of the Civil Rights movement NAACP lawsuits were a successful tactic because there was accompanying political power at play through the organized efforts of SNCC, SCLC, CORE, and SDS that put people in the streets and jails, and on the front page and TV. Please support the NAACP and please join the efforts of the [New Poor People's Campaign](#).

We are instructing the ignorant (sic), i.e. we are teaching: I have just submitted my final grades at CCSU and University of Hartford. This past semester I taught courses on social movements and political change; race, class, and gender; and genocide. I am hoping that I will be offered classes again in the Fall. I was

also scheduled to speak about racism at the archdiocese's annual Bishop Peter Rosazza [Social Justice Conference](#). My talk has been moved online and scheduled for July 8th at 7PM., [please register](#) and log in.

Our partners at [Husky Sport](#) have continued their work with Fred D. Wish school with online meetings and instructional videos. An art video with Jackie is currently in production, and another with Dwight is planned. We have also purchased a Zoom license and are considering an upgrade of our WiFi. If the kids are not able to return to school we are hoping to make the Green House available to the kids as a virtual schoolroom with once child per room. We will also buy Chromebooks for the kids as needed.

Finally, I want to give a few shout outs: Bravo Jim Conway for joining us, at a safe distance, outside the Governor's mansion. Muchas Gracias Sr. Pat McKeon and Shai

Cassell for seeking funding from the Sisters of Mercy and the Hartford Foundation for Public Giving. Bless you Baby Beth for coordinating the distribution of meals, gift cards, and sporting equipment from HuskySport. Good luck with the virtual bingo fund-raiser you are working on- if Bingo is your name-o call Beth for details. Thank-you Sasean and Cullen for delivering food, masks, and hope with a hop in your steps and a smile under your masks. And Three Cheers, and three more for Denise for all the masks you've made for us, and for the donations from the ones you've sold. As the shell of the old society crumbles your kindness gives witness to the new society that is possible.

Stay healthy my friends. If we listen to the scientists, embrace a discipline of proper pandemic hygiene, and share generously from our bounty we can save lives. We will remember you in our prayers. Ω

Still I Rise

Maya Angelou

*You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.*

*Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil
wells
Pumping in my living room.*

*Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.*

*Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like
teardrops.
Weakened by my soulful cries.*

*Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold
mines*

Diggin' in my own back yard.

*You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hateful
But still, like air, I'll rise.*

*Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?*

*Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise*

*Up from a past that's rooted in
pain*

I rise

*I'm a black ocean, leaping and
wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in
the tide.*

*Leaving behind nights of terror
and fear*

I rise

*Into a daybreak that's won-
drously clear*

I rise

*Bringing the gifts that my ances-
tors gave,*

*I am the dream and the hope of
the slave.*

I rise

I rise

I rise.



**Congratulations Dawn Breedlove,
Eastern Connecticut State University
class of 2020! You make the Green
House proud!**

Notes From De Porres House

Christopher J. Douçot

Peter Maurin, the co-founder of the The Catholic Worker, wrote:

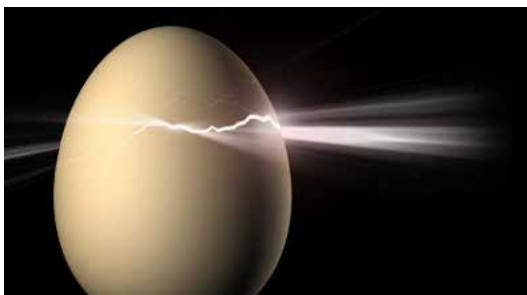
*The Catholic Worker believes
in the personal obligation
of looking after the needs of our brother (sic).*

*The Catholic Worker believes
in the daily practice
of the Works of Mercy.*

*The Catholic Worker believes
in Houses of Hospitality
for the immediate relief
of those who are in need...*

*The Catholic Worker believes
in creating a new society
within the shell of the old...*

With the pandemic we find ourselves in a startling new reality;



cracks in the shell of the old, always experienced by those living on the margins, are now visible to those in the center. Tens of millions of Americans have lost their jobs and have quickly joined those previously relegated to the margins in miles long lines for food to feed their children. The virus lurks everywhere, always invisible, often unbeknownst, until it erupts in a meat packing plant, a nursing home, a prison, and now a favela. The need for Christians to actively practice the Works of Mercy, to love, has never been more obvious- at least to those who had previously been at least an arm's length away from the edges of society. But the edges are eroding, if justice is to prevail and mercy avail, the center will need to fail. It is a cosmic absurdity that from this calamity will emerge history's first trillionaire. Is the economy of contempt for those who hoard exhausted on those who stockpile toilet paper? I digress. Jackie hasn't let me write the House article for nearly twenty years.

In early March we made the decision to share all the food in our pantry and close the Green House. It is impossible to maintain a safe distance inside our small rooms; and unlike the miles long lines for food in the suburbs, people here queue in person. We will be preventing lines and not hosting gatherings at the Green House for the foreseeable future- perhaps until there is a vaccine.

We are still performing the Works of Mercy. Here's what we are doing:

(Please see: Notes, p8)