

# The Hartford Catholic Worker

St. Martin De Porres House  
St. Brigid House



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Act Justly, Love Tenderly, and Walk Humbly *Now and Always*  
- Yaweh via Micah

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*Jacqueline Allen-Doucot*

*I hope it will be  
said we taught  
them to stand tall  
and proud, even  
in the face of  
history and the  
future was made  
new & whole for  
us all, one child at  
a time.*

*Brian Andreas*

Summer 2026

## *The Hartford Catholic Worker*

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Our Board of directors include: Justin Evanovich, Danielle DeRosa, Sr. Pat McKeon, Rex Fowler, Marybeth Albrycht, Isaiah Jacobs, Patricia Bellamy, and James Conway.

### *St. Martin's Wish List*

- ♥ Peace with justice, justice with mercy, and life with dignity for all God's children
- ♥ Gifts of time, talent, and treasure to help us perform the Works of Mercy. **Donations can be mailed to: HCW 26 Clark St., Hartford CT 06120.** Donations can also be made online by clicking on the "Donate" button at our website: <https://www.hartfordcatholicworker.org/>
- ♥ Having a birthday? Consider asking friends to make a donation to the Hartford Catholic Worker in your honor.
- ♥ Thank-you!



*Green House Girls Night facilitated by intern extraordinaire Luna, seated first from left*



*Green House grads: Carmelo is entering first grade, Aurora- upper elementary, Aniyah- high school, Lil Jose from high school to the Green House, Baby Beth from the Green House to the beach, and Samyah will be attending CCSU... Chris is hoping she will take one of his classes.*



*Green House hoops and volleyball. Volleyball was invented in Holyoke in 1895, basketball in Springfield in 1891. Throw in Dr. Seuss who was born in Springfield in 1904 and one begins to wonder what's in the water up there? And can we get it sent to Washington?*

Christopher J Douçot

I notice things; not quite like one of my brothers who could ascertain that someone had been in his room by the footprints left in the plush of the carpet. Still, I notice enough. This is not an endearing quality. I mean, it was delicious to watch [Columbo](#) take down smug killers each week with his keen observational skills, but I'm no Peter Falk, and things "not in their place" hardly amounts to murder.

Sometimes I delight myself when I notice something new. Last week I was tending to my morning glories, training them to wrap around some fishing line I have connecting a salvaged side of an old-fashioned wooden clothes rack (it kinda looks like a fish) that I have sitting atop a pole, when I spied what I thought was little gold earring. Upon closer examination the earring turned out to be a Golden Tortoise Beetle (*Charidotella sexpunctata*). Apparently common, I had never encountered one. The glint of iron pyrite (fool's gold) has nothing on the metallic sheen of this enchanting entomological gold.

The counter-cultural economist and philosopher [E.F. Schumacher](#) author of [Small is Beautiful: Economics as if People Mattered](#) (required reading) had previously written [A Guide for the Perplexed](#), a brief take on the metaphysics of Creation. It can be read without a dictionary. He writes: "If we call the mineral level  $m$  we can call the plant level  $m+x$ . This factor  $x$  is obviously



***This image was originally posted on X by Younis Tirawi. We're not sure if he took it. We've never directed readers to X, but consider visiting Mr. Tirawi's page. This image is not an outlier. Mr. Tirawi's X feed has multiple photos of IDF soldiers posing in lingerie of Lebanese women who've fled for their lives, IDF soldiers from a unit that targets medical workers wearing gowns of hospital patients, video of children being targeted and bombed by the IDF, video of an IDF soldier looting food provided by the UN, photos of civilians being tortured, photos of civilians who've been killed- all more damnable than smashing a statue.***

worthy of our closest attention, particularly since we are able to destroy it although it is completely outside our knowledge and ability to create it. Even if somebody could provide us with a recipe, a set of instructions, on how life could be created out of lifeless matter, the mysterious character of 'x' would remain... From plant to animal, there is a similar jump, a similar addition of powers, which enables the typical, fully developed animal to do things that are totally outside the range of possibilities of the typical, fully developed plant." Using Schumacher's formula iron pyrite is  $x$ , the sunflowers are  $m+x$ , and the luxuriant beetle in my flowers is  $m+x+y$ .

Back in April two Israeli soldiers who were part of the invasion of Lebanon were sentenced to 30 days in military prison after they were photographed [sledgehammering](#) a life-sized figure of Jesus off a crucifix. Israeli Prime Minister [Benjamin](#)

[Netanyahu](#) said of the desecration "I condemn the act in the strongest terms, ... We express regret for the incident and for any hurt this has caused to believers in Lebanon and around the world." Just a few weeks earlier Netanyahu and his military command had promised to carry out the "Gaza model" on southern Lebanon. (Check out these [before and after images](#) of Lebanese towns published by CNN.)

The Gaza model is: the complete levelling of the built environment, [81% of all buildings in Gaza](#) have been destroyed including 93% of schools. At least [67,000](#), more likely [73,000](#), people in Gaza have been killed, and over 10% of the population has been killed or injured. [242 journalists](#) and [1700 medical workers](#) have also been targeted and killed in Gaza. This is the model being applied with-

**(Please see: [Pointing](#), p4)**

## Pointing to the Holy cont.

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out apology in southern Lebanon. IDF forces involved in this will be decorated and celebrated, so long, it seems, as they leave the statues of Jesus alone.

The iconoclasm in April, and the subsequent hand wringing, is hardly unprecedented. In 2001 the world was shocked when the Taliban [de-destroyed 2 1500-year-old](#), 100+ foot tall Buddhas carved into the side of a mountain in the Bamiyan region of Afghanistan. Iconoclasts have been smashing images of the divine for millennia across a wide spectrum of belief systems. The destruction of the Bamiyan Buddhas by Moslems and the bludgeoning of a plaster Jesus by Jews are outliers; most often iconoclasts have destroyed graven images from within their broader religious tradition believing them to be idolatrous. Using Schumacher's schema, let's assign  $Q$  to represent the Divine. Iconoclasts believe that graven images are heretical assertions that  $M=Q$ , whereas those who adorn their walls with and altars with icons might argue that  $M \rightarrow Q$ . The image points us to the Holy.

This performative reverence for holy images carved in plaster or stone while commanding the willful carnage of holy images crafted of flesh on bone will forever mystify, enrage, and sadden me. Are we not also images that point to the Holy?

I'm more skeptical of Schumacher's formulae forty years whence I first encountered them. I no longer believe Creation can be neatly sorted by taxonomists into distinct, inviolate categories. Property lines, national borders, species, the gender

binary, races... these human conventions- are not even universal. Creation is not a box of crayons, even the 152 Crayola "complete" box erases the myriad of tones between the adjacent sticks of wax. A close



examination reveals that taxonomical sorting very frequently gives way to [hierarchical ordering: human over animal over plant over mineral](#), pandas over rats over roaches, male over female over [other genders](#), white over "yellow" (sic) over brown over "red" (sic) over Black, rich over middle-class over impoverished, American over everyone else.

Regarding humanity Schumacher wrote: "*Moving from the animal level to the human level, who would seriously deny that there are, again, additional powers?... Man(sic) has powers of life like the plant, powers of consciousness like the animal, and evidently something more: the mysterious power 'z'. What is it? How could it be defined? What could it be called? This power z has undoubtedly a great deal to do with the fact that man is not only able to think but also able to be aware of his thinking...* [human]=  $m+x+y+z$ ." Schumacher, quoting a Buddhist

saying, was aware that his schema is nothing more than "*a finger pointing at the moon.*" Adding, "*naturally, since man, as it were, contains the three lower Levels of Being, certain things about him can be elucidated by studying minerals, plants, and animals - in fact, everything can be learned about him except that which makes him human.*"

Would God then be  $m+x+y+z+Q$ ? and would our studying minerals, plants, animals, and humans reveal everything about God except that which makes God, God?

All facets of Creation, especially human beings, are vulnerable in isolation and thrive when connections are nurtured. The Linnaean System, which dubs the Golden Tortoise Beetle *Charidotella sexpunctata*, stultifies Creation as a trillion isolated species. It doesn't take into account (apparently) nonliving members of Creation, spiritual beings,

or [our infinite web of connections](#). Creation is much more akin to the tangle of teddy bear stuffing than a corporate flowchart.

Explore the [mycorrhizal network](#) trees in a forest have with each other And with [networks of fungi](#) that produce mushrooms. Or, consider how our hygiene fetish, an antiseptic addiction really, has thrown our relationship with [our microbiomes](#) out of kilter undermining our well-being. Just as so-called regimes of [racial](#) hygiene, and our scandalous history of stigmatizing and warehousing neurodivergent, mentally ill, and intellectually disabled, likewise undermine our relationships with one another and stunt our social well-being. Building walls to put and keep things "*in their place*": dirt and bugs outside, foreigners outside, the

**(Please see: [Pointing](#), p6)**

# The Provocations of Dorothy Day <sup>5</sup>

Kate Hennessy  
*(Kate is one of Dorothy's granddaughters. This is an excerpt from the October 2023 New York Catholic Worker. We will publish the remaining provocations in subsequent issues)*

## Laugh

Big Dan Orr was a member of the Catholic Worker family who showed up at the door when he had lost his job as a driver during the Great Depression. He sold the Catholic Worker on a street corner in Union Square, and when he saw Dorothy approaching, he'd shout, "**Buy the Catholic Worker! Romance on every page!**"

Stanley Visniewski, who arrived at the Worker as a seventeen year old and ended up staying his entire life, used humor to lift everyone's spirits, including his own. He liked to say in his Brooklyn accent, "*Here at the Catholic Worker, we don't have a single cockroach. They are all married with children.*" Stanley often began his jokes with the phrase "*Here at the Catholic Worker ...*" "*Here at the Catholic Worker, we change our sheets every day—we move them from one bed to the next.*" "*Here at the Catholic Worker, we always have an available bed—if you don't mind sleeping thirteen to a bed.*"

My favorite Catholic Worker story is the one of Lena and Mother Teresa. Lena lived in the foyer of Maryhouse in the winter when it was too cold to live in her usual spot on a corner of Union Square. She would refuse a room and preferred to stay on a bench from where she

would ask anyone who walked past her, "*Got a cigarette?*" She even asked Mother Teresa when she came to visit. "*No, I'm sorry, I don't,*" Mother Teresa replied. To which Lena said the same thing she said to everyone

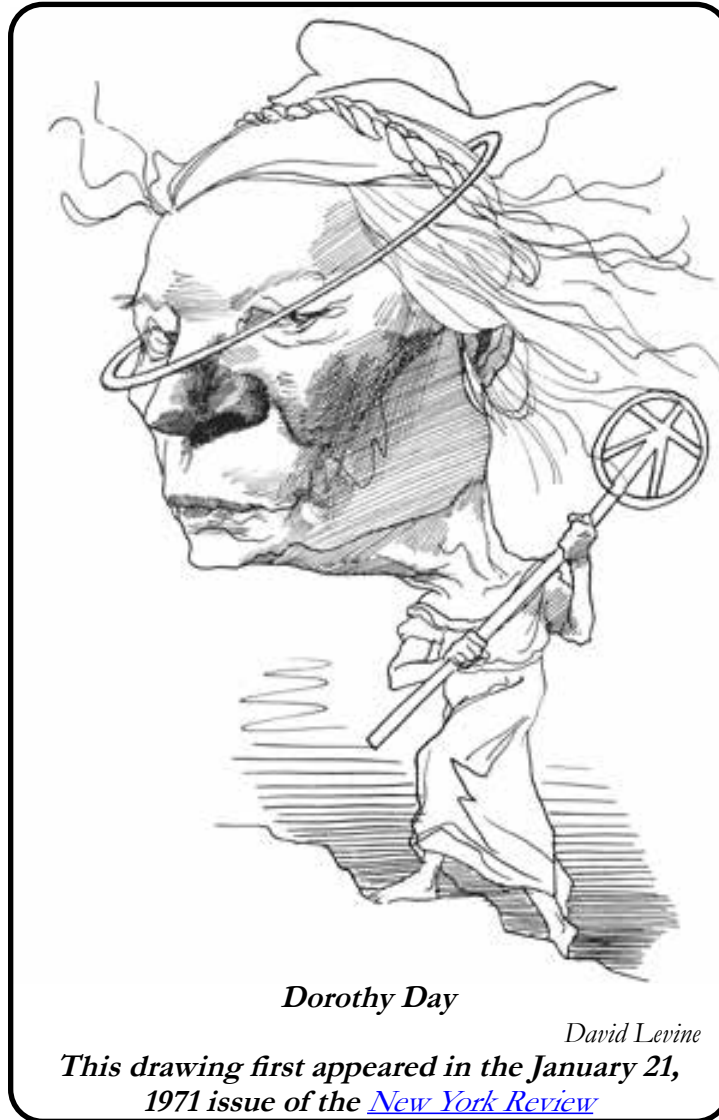
people would ask her questions about such things as spiritual discipline and maturity. She would laugh and sigh as she often did when faced with seemingly intractable problems before shaking her head and saying, "*I don't know.*"

Dorothy's humor is in danger of being lost with those fierce and stern photos that people often seem to prefer. This irritated my mother no end. "*Dorothy saw the humor in so much, and there was so much warmth in it. She could warm people up just by walking into a room,*" Tamar said. Many people also delighted in Tamar's laughter and in the authenticity of it. Spontaneous and unexpected, it was laughter in the face of hardship.

Dorothy often quoted John Ruskin about the "*duty of delight.*" She was reminded of this while coming across it visiting Vermont in the early 1960s, when Tamar's marriage had fallen apart, she was a single mother of nine and in the slow, painful process of leaving the Church. Tamar had her own take on this. "*The worse your disaster, the more you laugh,*" she would say.

I miss my mother's laughter and her eyes lighting up with delight. I miss the days I would make her blueberry pancakes and cups of tea, and we would sit around the kitchen table, and eat and talk, and laugh. There is an inherent loving kindness in humor that is gentle and self-aware. It is a great expression of hope. It provides distance so you can observe things more accurately

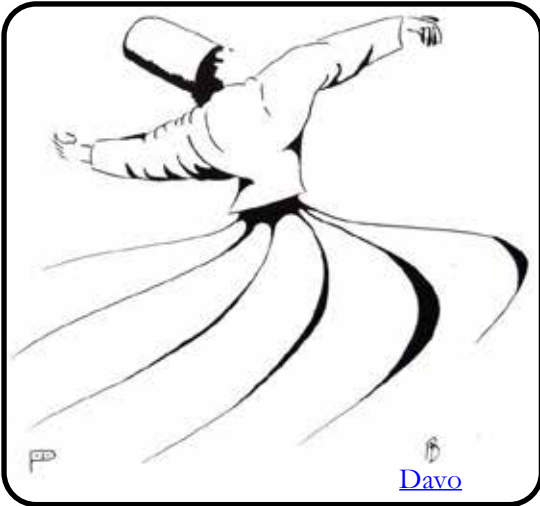
**(Please see: *Provocations*, p7)**



who didn't have a cigarette, "*Well, then, what good are you?*"

Both Dorothy and Tamar, my mother, had a similar laugh—a high-pitched joyous giggle. I think there are two things that they found humor in—the absurdity of the human condition and the joy of it. Dorothy still laughed like a young woman even in her eighties, and in recordings you can hear that laughter, particularly when serious young

## Pointing to the Holy cont.



non-hierarchical existence with plants, animals, minerals, and each other, That Which is Holy will come into focus.

I'm not sure what makes us human, but I'm convinced that when we harm Creation, our humanity is diminished and our vision of God blurs. Maybe that's it, maybe we are most fully human when we seek to live cooperative, nurturing lives that make the sacred qualities of all Creation more apparent which thus makes God more present in our lives and world.

*"Where there is no prophetic vision the people cast off restraint, but blessed are those who keeps the law."* (**Proverbs 29:18**). Prophetic vision is nothing more than seeing the world as it could be: joyful, just, abundant, and harmonic. And Jesus was clear that to keep the law we must love God with all our hearts, minds, and souls. To love God we must love each other the way we love ourselves- by nurturing healthy, sustainable, right relationships with all of Creation.

God laughs at our attempts to corral the Divine. The sacred recog-

impoverished hidden- often in prisons, [the nonwhite](#) in ghettos, the sacred in temples, are acts of domination which result in our deepening alienation from the natural world, each other, and the Holy Force which permeates everything.

Perhaps a formula to know God might look something like this:  $m+x+y+z \rightarrow Q$  with the + serving doubly as both a simple "addition" function as well as a "with" function. Perhaps as we humans, mindful of our mineral, plant, animal, and sacred ingredients in turn pursue a mindful, mutual, and

nizes no border and won't be stifled. The Lord of fireflies and golden tortoise beetles dances within and between all of us and everything; this Holy Movement is especially emphatic in liminal, neglected, or scorned places where life infiltrates borders and people resist containment.

The rhythms of Creation exist in eternal harmony with our singing God. The orchestral movements of the Holy Spirit are heard in the [birdsong of the chickadee](#) and the [moan of the humpback](#), the rustling of leaves swaying in a breeze and the percussive beat of driving rain. The canticles of Creation never end: the laughter of children, a holy chorus of joy; the clap of thunder, an aria demanding attention to the moment; the thumping of a thousand hooves stampeding, a chant vibrating in our bones and across all time; the cry of someone or something in pain, a call from God awaiting our response.

When we discern a sacrosanct melody amidst the ambient sounds of our day, and move our bodies to heal and nurture, we dance with the Divine to further reveal the sanctified choreography of the blessed unity that awaits all of us at the end of time.  $\Omega$

## [Lord of the starfields](#)

Bruce Cockburn

*Ancient of Days  
Universe Maker  
Here's a song in your praise*

*Wings of the storm cloud  
Beginning and end  
You make my heart leap  
Like a banner in the wind*

*O love that fires the sun  
Keep me burning,  
Lord of the starfields  
Sower of life,*

*Heaven and earth are  
Full of your light*

*Voice of the nova  
Smile of the dew  
All of our yearning  
Only comes home to you*

*O love that fires the sun  
keep me burning*



**The Sower**

*artist unknown to us, sorry*

## Provocations cont.

and have more self-understanding. Humor helps you to become an observer of yourself. It is self-deprecating and defuses the ego. It's good for your health, it helps make you more resilient, and it's a great way to connect with others. As Stanley

Visniewski well knew, wielded with sensitivity even corny humor helps de-escalate tense situations. It brings delight in the absurdities of life. It helps us to see the good in the world. It's an antidote to despair and anxiety. We need laughter. We just can't take ourselves too seriously.

Once, when I was taking things far too seriously, I asked my husband

what he thought "holiness" meant 7  
"Holiness," he says, "is being faithful to your true self. There is no difference between your inner and outer life." He then adds, "Well, that's what I believe today. Ask me again tomorrow." So I ask him the next day, and, imitating his mother's north London accent, he says, "**Oli-ness is wot needs mending.**" Ω



**Mark at the Butch Lewis Memorial Fishing Derby, Butch was his grandpa**

*"Laughter and tears are both responses to frustration and exhaustion. I myself prefer to laugh, since there is less cleaning up to do afterward."*

*Kurt Vonnegut*



**Aniyah at our after school program**



**Lil Jose, Ammon, and Lito at our graduation party**

*"He had an idea that even when beaten he could steal a little victory by laughing at defeat."*

*John Steinbeck*

*"Laughter has been implanted in our soul, that the soul may sometime be refreshed."*

*Saint John Chrysostom*

### *Bruce Cockburn*

*A laugh for the way my life has gone  
A laugh for the love of a friend  
A laugh for the fools in the eyes of the world  
The love that will never end  
Ha Ha Ha...*

*Let's hear a laugh for the man of the world  
Who thinks he can make things work  
Tried to build the New Jerusalem  
And ended up with New York  
Ha Ha Ha...*

*A laugh for the sun redballing  
Through the thermal inversion haze  
A laugh for the nuclear good-time boys  
Numbering all our days  
Ha Ha Ha...*

## Laughter

*A laugh for the newsprint nightmare  
A world that never was  
Where the questions are all "why?"  
And the answers are all "because."  
Ha Ha Ha...*

*A laugh for the dogs barking at our heels  
They don't know where we've been  
A laugh for the dirty window pane  
Hiding the love within  
Ha Ha Ha...*

*Tapping our feet to an ancient tune  
A laugh for the time gone by  
A laugh for me and Kitty in the delivery room  
Waiting for the child's first cry  
Ha Ha Ha..*

# Na na na, Na na na... Batman

Jeffrey Odell Korgen

(Jeff is the author of [Dorothy Day: Radical Devotion](#), a graphic biography for adults illustrated by Christopher Cardinale. A portion of the proceeds from sales are donated to the Hartford Catholic Worker. This essay originally appeared the Substack, [The Catholic Worker Roundtable](#). [Subscribe](#).)

When DC Comics invited [Denny O'Neil](#) to become Batman's head writer in 1969, the 29-year-old jumped at the chance. It was his dream job, and it came with a coveted assignment: *Make Batman Dark Again*.

The [1966-68 television show](#) Batman had made a national joke out of the Caped Crusader ("*Holy Guacamole, Batman!*") while selling \$75 million worth of merchandise in the first year alone. The money was in the bank, and it was time for a reboot.

Batman was always a strange dude. O'Neil grew up with this darker Batman, The Batman, a martial artist, criminologist, and inventor named Bruce Wayne, whose parents had been gunned down in an apparent robbery that was indeed a mob hit. The family tragedy inspired young Wayne to fight crime as a masked adventurer under cloak of darkness. Without proper help and healing, a person like that might grow up into a crazed vigilante, an outcome hinted at by the more recent



Batman movies.

Just as he took the assignment, O'Neil began to volunteer at the Catholic Worker's two New York's houses, St. Joseph's House and Mary-house, where [Dorothy Day](#) lived. Preparing meals for Catholic Worker guests gave him an opportunity to interact with Day and other Catholic Worker luminaries, like [Tom Cornell](#). Catholic Worker values like personalism and nonviolence began to sink in. After three years, O'Neil did the unthinkable—he became a pacifist.

In a December 2018 interview with me, 18 months before his death, O'Neil shared his consternation. "*How could a pacifist script such a violent comic book?*" he asked himself—incessantly.

O'Neil looked at the options. He considered quitting this dream job. He contemplated renouncing nonviolence. Ultimately, he arrived at a third possibility. In 1970, he introduced a new character to the Batman pantheon, Dr. Leslie Thompkins, based on Dorothy Day. She delivered a message of nonviolence—to The Batman, but also to the reader.

Dr. Thompkins had inherent credibility with Bruce Wayne, as the woman who mentored the frightened boy after his parents' murders. Only a person who had helped form Wayne would have the credibility to tell The Batman to renounce violence, O'Neil reasoned.



And so she did. In one encounter, she responds to The Batman's suggestion that the violent neighborhood in which she attends to the poor is cursed. She replies "*No, Batman! If there is a curse, it lives in human hearts, including yours! When we have the wisdom to use mercy and compassion instead of force—we human creatures will finally be on the path to perfection!*" While The Batman never seems to internalize her message, Leslie's example helps him keep hope. "*Leslie Thompkins is proof... that man can rise above his instincts, become something better,*" he muses to himself on a 1984 return trip to Crime Alley.

In the original 1970 Leslie Thompkins story, he speaks admiringly to her, "*You... and those like you—you're the hope of Crime Alley. Maybe the only hope our tormented civilization has left.*" Holy Saints, Batman—that's

Denny O'Neil speaking to Dorothy Day!

Other writers upped the ante. Ultimately Dr. Thompkins/Dorothy Day upbraided The Batman for "throwing children into dangerous situations" (referring to Robin—something that disturbed me as a nine year-old). And in a 2002 appearance, she teaches The Batman about forgiveness as she helps a super villain reform (despite the Dark Knight's dismay and skepticism).

Denny O'Neil's experience is representative of many who have had personal experiences with the saints, the blessed, the venerables, and the servants of God.

Their heroic virtue gets under your skin, make you question your commitments, and ask "What am I doing here?" The Batman hasn't yet embraced active nonviolence, but he's thinking about it, and perhaps, if we have our own personal encounter with Dorothy Day through her writing and example, there's hope for the rest of us.Ω



Christopher Cardinale

from *Dorothy Day: Radical Devotion*



Catholic Worker, author, professor at University of St. Joseph, and Green House handyman Ben Peters has recently [published a biography of Gordon Zahn](#). Gordon was a friend of Dorothy Day, a sociologist, a devout Catholic, and a pacifist imprisoned during WWII for conscientious objection. After the war Gordon wrote [In Solitary Witness](#), a biography of [Franz Jagerstatter](#), a devout Austrian Catholic beheaded by the Nazis for conscientious objection. My mentor at Holy Cross, [David O'Brien](#), writes "[*Catholic Pacifist*] reintroduces Zahn as a model of personal and public responsibility as a Christian disciple, an American citizen, and a multi-disciplinary scholar... mak[ing] clear Zahn's life-long commitment to pacifism and nonviolence: both conscientious refusal of violence and military service and solidarity and a sense of shared responsibility for overcoming war and injustice. Indeed he was a major American and Catholic figure in moving understanding and action from pacifism to active nonviolence."

This Fall I will join Ben at St. Joe's for a discussion about Gordon. We will send details to folks on our email list when we have them.

-CJD

## Notes, cont.

The pantry has been as busy as ever as the nation's cost of living crisis continues to escalate. We are very grateful for St. James Episcopal, Sts. Timothy and Thomas, Christ the King, St. Ann, and St Peter Claver parishes, and the Knights of Columbus from St Peter Claver for their financial and material support. The Sisters of Mercy have blessed us with another round of funding to help people with rent, utility and commissary support for incarcerated family members.

We've also had a couple of big events that have been mercifully blessed with excellent

weather. We shuttled about 20 kids from the Green House to Keney Park Pond a couple of weeks ago for the Butch Lewis Memorial Fishing Derby and they had an excellent time. There were burgers and dogs, games to play, and plenty of fish caught. This past Saturday was the graduation party which was simply awesome. The backyard was filled with kids ricocheting around the bouncing house, becoming ever more competitive about corn hole and making Tik Tok dance videos. Parents came too, and many members of our extended community joined us for food, fun, and celebration. We had a few meetings to determine who was covering what zone and the like but once the party got going the line

between working and celebrating blurred and eventually it was the best kind of party where we were all just spending time together.

Everyone helped and everyone got help when they needed it. Every kid had a couple of pairs of eyes on them, everyone had good food and drink, and for just a minute, the Kingdom of God reigned in the backyard. It was the perfect microcosm of what the world could and should be. We now turn our eyes to camp, which kicks off the second week of July. It's shaping up to be a wonderful summer with Saturday program continuing throughout the summer, so please consider coming by, doors open at 10 and lunch is served at 12:30, I look forward to seeing you here!Ω

## Notes From De Porres House

### *Ammon Allen-Douçot*

Hello dear readers, it has been about a year since I was last pressed into service for the newsletter, and I am sure you have missed my eloquent and transcendent thoughts. Last fall I enrolled in the Master's of Social Work program at UConn, and it utterly consumed my waking hours, relieving me of all newsletter duties. I am wildly grateful to those who supported me, which includes community members who helped cover the program and pantry, friends who helped with the cost of books, and Husky Nutrition and Sport that provided a graduate assistantship to make this education affordable. It has been a wonderful experience; I learned a great deal both in classes and in Hartford Public Schools for my internships. Thankfully, summer has arrived, and I am happy to return to the newsletter to let everyone know what has been going on at the Worker.

Program has been improving, after a hard winter of low attendance (it's hard when all the schools near the house have been closed)



***“You lookin’ at my burger?!”***

our numbers for weekday programming have started to pick back up in part thanks to an influx of new littles who have finally reached program age and now accompany their older siblings. Saturdays have held steady as wonderfully busy days. We're very grateful for our community members and families who helped by preparing lunch on Saturdays including long standing friends like the Horans, Miss Edna and Princess Di as well as a coterie of moms of some of regular kids including Gianni, Ammaris, and program alumni Sannah and Catherine. We are also thankful for the folks who have been volunteering all year long like Marybeth, Jim, Joe, Sueanne, Linda, Ben and Shai. I wasn't the only MSW student around this year either, we were lucky enough to have three interns from the University of Hartford, Brendan, Mariano and Luna and though the year has ended and her internship is over Luna is still coming to volunteer on Saturdays and has even started bringing her little sister with her.

**(Please see: Notes, p9)**