

# The Hartford Catholic Worker

St. Martin De Porres House  
St. Brigid House



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*Have we even begun to be Christians?*

*-Dorothy Day*

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*Jacqueline Allen-Donçot*

*Jesus said, wait with me. And maybe the stars did,  
maybe  
the wind wound itself into a silver tree, and didn't  
move,  
maybe  
the lake far away, where once he walked as on a  
blue pavement,  
lay still and waited, wild awake.  
Oh the dear bodies, slumped and eye-shut, that could  
not  
keep that vigil, how they must have wept,  
so utterly human, knowing this too  
must be part of the story.*

**Gethsemane**

*by Mary Oliver*

## Lent and Easter 2025

## *The Hartford Catholic Worker*

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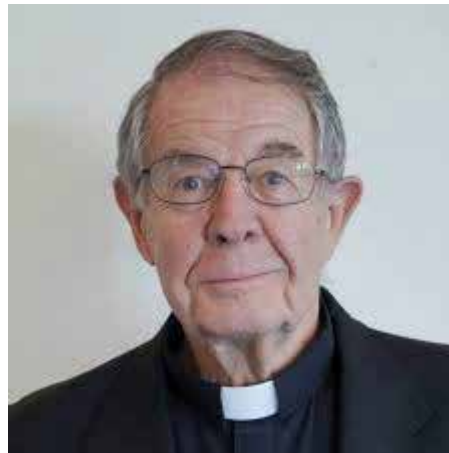
*The Hartford Catholic Worker* is published quarterly by the St. Martin De Porres Catholic Worker community. We are a lay community of Catholics and like minded friends, living in the north end of Hartford, working and praying for an end to violence and poverty. We are a 501c3 tax exempt organization. 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](http://www.hartfordcatholicworker.org) We are: Brian Kavanagh, Baby Beth Donovan, Anthony Harris, Joshua Collazo, Jacqueline, Ammon, and Christopher Allen-Doucot.

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

### *Fr. Henry Cody, Presente!*

Fr. Cody of St. Timothy's in West Hartford passed away on January 11. Fr. Cody, who let it slip in his farewell homily a few years ago that he was once dubbed "Twinkle toes", was a stellar fellow.

He was pastoral, jovial, and a mensch who facilitated Jewish/Christian dialogue. He wryly asked to borrow clothes and furniture from our pantries for plays he acted in, barely able to conceal a childlike Cheshire grin. With his blessing and generous support St. Timothy's was the first parish to welcome us to town. Over the ensuing years he regularly invited us to speak to the parish from the pulpit; even inviting Chris to preach



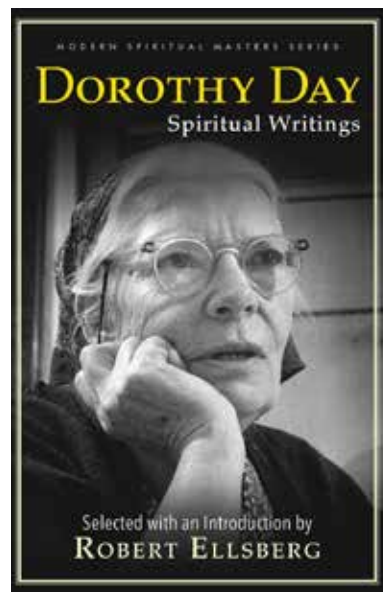
the homily years ago- disregarding the potential portent from downtown for having a layperson preach. On that day as Chris waited with the altar

boys and lectors for the procession to begin, he saw that a lector was listening to an audio recording Fr. Cody had made. In the recording he had pronounced some of the more difficult words and he offered some commentary and exegesis on the text. Of course he did! Fr. Cody regularly celebrated mass at the Hartford Catholic Worker. He was of the generation of priests inspired by Vatican II. He joyously embraced Pope John XXIII call to "Throw open the windows of the church and let the fresh air of the spirit blow through."

We pray that same fresh air of the spirit swiftly carried Fr. Cody's soul to heaven.

### *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!



The [Dorothy Day Guild](#) is accepting registrations for their online Lenten book club, which begins Sunday, March 9th at 7:30 PM Eastern. Over the course of five Sunday evenings, Robert Ellsberg will host the online reading group where readers will work through his newest edited volume of Dorothy's work, entitled [Dorothy Day: Spiritual Writings](#), available through Orbis Books.

Go to our online edition available at [www.hartfordcatholicworker.org](http://www.hartfordcatholicworker.org) to click on links to register

# God Speaks With Eloquence, Do We Listen?<sup>3</sup>

Christopher J. Douçot

Our dear chaplain Fr. Terry Moran was gently born into his next life two weeks ago; last Mother's Day weekend he suffered a stroke triggered by undiagnosed diabetes. Padre was a brilliant student of scripture whose well researched homilies effectively connected two millennia old sacred texts to our times and made our Zoom liturgies during the pandemic "must see", or "must be at", spiritual exercises during what otherwise seemed to be demonic times.

Terry entered the seminary as a high school student, apparently to the chagrin of his financially very comfortable family. He loved telling us of the day in grade school when the teacher asked the class to name their favorite meal- in a deadpan voice, that I can only imagine was even more effective as a precocious child, little Terrence nonchalantly told the teacher: "duck l'orange".

Terry greatly admired our dear mentors Daniel and Phil Berrigan and Liz McAlister. Another story he loved to share was of his mother "*breaking him out*" of the seminary for a "*doctor's appointment*" to be among the faithful gathered at the federal prison in Danbury to welcome Fr. Dan who had completed a state mandated tour of prison ministry because of his participation in the [Catonsville 9 draft board raid](#).

Fr. Terry was an active participant in several faith-based nonviolent groups agitating and praying for an end to war, weapons, and poverty. He lived in a modest apartment, drove a modest car, was generous in his support of the Hartford Catholic Worker despite his modest salary, and yet with all this modesty- he was not often the most humble character in the room,

a point he was wryly cognizant, and dismissive, of.

Jackie and her sister Teri were able to be with Fr. Terry a few days before his passing. They knew the end was near when his refined palette was reduced to relishing one-star, strip-small Chinese noodles that Jackie had



smuggled into the nursing home. St. Brigid prayed that the poor would be welcomed by a lake of beer in heaven; my prayer is that Terry was welcomed with a feast of duck l'orange. We love you padre!

Granma Pipkin has also passed. At the time of her death Granma had 141, *141!!*, grand, great, and great-great grandchildren! I swear, at one time most of them were Green House kids: Mary, Patricia, Duncan, Josh, Rayquan, Bubba, Jada, Tylon, Tylejah, Dawn, and on and on.

Granma was a woman of few words. She had a faded scar that ran from her forehead, down the ridge of her nose and then some. She told me that as a young woman she often celebrated life in "*juke joints*". During one celebration she bumped into another

woman on the dance floor. The night ended with that woman enraged and with a cut up Granma "*finding God*".

When we first met Granma Pipkin she was older and still celebrating life, however by then her celebration consisted of mothering many of her grandchildren. Granma seemed to have always been on the childcare clock. I pray that she was welcomed into heaven by a deluxe lazy-boy recliner and a parade of angels tending to her every need.

Meanwhile, as I peck away at my keyboard another of our friends, Al Benford, is dancing with the angels as he straddles this world and the next as he approaches the horizon. This image of dancing with angels comes from a memory of New Year's Eve 2008. Jackie's mom, our beloved Granma Mick, was three days from her birth unto spiritual life and was having simultaneous, alternating conversations with me and Jackie in this world, and her brother Jack in the next. Apparently, Jack was begging her to go dancing. I hope they've been [dancing the Lindy](#) in between looking over us.

We met Al nearly thirty years ago when an aging cohort of folks concerned about the city, including south end politico Nick Carbone and west end reverend Roger Floyd, were organizing to agitate for progressive change. Al was also among the core of folks from which the next community organizing effort sprang forth, the Interreligious Coalition for Equity and Justice.

Al was a committed laborer in the effort to build a better society and a very generous supporter of the Hartford Catholic Worker. He vigiled

**(Please see: *Eloquence*, p4)**



for peace with Brian in front of the Federal Building nearly every Friday since the 90's. Vigiling is boring. Honestly, it is really, very friggin' boring. Thankfully Al has a mischievous laugh and an abundance of stories to share from his time in [Yellowstone with his son John](#), and his time as a docent for the Mark Twain House.

Al is of a generation of men whose masculinity was shaped by the swagger of tough guy cowboy Westerns, astronauts strapped atop skyscrapers full of explosives, and veterans returning from "the Good (sic) War", and yet he is a gentle, quiet, and humble fellow. These qualities remain mostly aspirational to me, but I'm sure our land would be a more welcoming place if Al's masculinity were more the norm.

How long is this journey to the place where the sea meets the sky? Is it measured in steps, days, or memories? Memories, I hope. Al is almost there. I hope he will be welcomed by John Stamm, Barbara Sarmento, Micki Allen, Lois Bromson and all the other intrepid souls who once vigiled at the Federal Building and now keep vigil for us in heaven.

Al was also supportive when I came home from the [West Bank with Marwa](#) and her mom Sahar back in 2001. Marwa was 9 and had an inch long slug from [an IDF](#) sniper's rifle deep in her brain. Doctors and nurses at the Children's hospital successfully removed it. I keep this bit of unholiness on my desk in a vial. It sits alongside a handful of feathers and bones I collect at the beach- something sinister, somethings sacred, something that should not be among somethings that must be. Forged

by human hands and implanted in a lethal womb, it burst to life with the simple pull of a finger to destroy a life from afar.

Sahar and I have stayed in touch. She sends constant prayers for the health of my family even as her family is under constant deprivation and assault. Around the new year she wrote to me in Arabic (translated by Facebook Messenger into English) "I wish you a thousand good things, O Lord." And then "O Lord, we hope the war will stop. We hope peace prevails and the war stops as soon as possible. Because the situation is unbearable, may God relieve it for us, O Lord." Just this past week she



***Fecundo Aquino!***

has written; "our situation is very bad, I am sorry for everything, may God change the situation to the better".

Sahar lives in the West Bank, not far from some of the most extreme zealots of the [settler movement](#). These folks believe that all [land from the Mediterranean](#) to the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in Iraq were given to the Jewish people by God. They are working to reclaim it with lethal force. That force is often directed at

Sahar's community. Since the cease-fire in Gaza, [the IDF has redeployed](#) troops nearby Sahar's home to [protect these extremists](#) from retaliation by Palestinians.

In the middle of this, Sahar struggles to make a life and be a granma to Marwa's kids. Like Al, her life also straddles worlds. Unlike Al there is fire on her horizon and her other world is hell. Still, she writes this morning: "I swear to God, we love you so much brother. Say hello to Jackie and the boys." Sahar refuses to succumb to despair; I wish I had a portion of her fortitude.

Death and dying will not, must not, have the last word.

This week the world welcomed Fecundo, which means "eloquence", into the fold. Fecundo's older siblings: Rafaelo, Fey, Vianai, Valentina, Aurora, and 5-year-old Carmelo are Green House kids. Their mom, Amarris is an amazing woman and an extraordinary mom. She prepared a meal of roast pork shoulder and [arroz con gandules](#) for our annual mother's day Christmas shopping at the Green House. After moving the family into a rather small house with the benefit of a Section 8 subsidy she built a jungle gym with construction debris that had been illegally dumped by her home. She then used more urban tumbleweed to build a chicken

coop for her small flock of hens- she shares eggs with us! Through [Project Concern](#) she has enrolled her kids in Farmington schools. This family is materially poor but fabulously wealthy in all the ways that matter.

Phil Berrigan once said: "the poor tell us who we are, the prophets who we could be; that's why we hide the poor and kill the prophets." I thoroughly agree with Phil,

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

*Ed. Note: Phil Berrigan often quoted this passage from the prophet Hosea: "They made kings, but not through me. With their silver and gold (and depleted uranium) they made idols for their own destruction... My an-gers burns against them... For they sow the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." (Hosea 8:4-5,7)*

*It appears the whirlwind we sowed with our depleted uranium idols cast not as calves but munitions and dropped by the tens of thousands on our sisters and brothers in Iraq has begun arriving. In this excerpt from an article in the November 26, 2024 edition of the [New York Times Magazine](#) Francesca Mari reports on the emergence and rapid spread of bacteria, fungi, and viruses that we might not be able to treat with available medicines. It seems that the heavy metals of our bombs AND the deprivations created and maintained by [U.S. led sanctions](#) on Iraq from the early 90's until the end of the second Gulf War have sped up the lethal evolution of these pathogens.*

*If you have been receiving our newsletter since the 90's you might remember that we wrote constantly about the lethality of the bombings AND the sanctions on the civilian population. I travelled to Iraq on multiple occasions between 1998 and 2004 delivering medicine in violation of the sanctions. The delegations I led were composed of journalists, activists, and just regular Americans who did not believe in killing. I brought them around the country to witness the impact of the bombings and sanctions on ordinary Iraqi people hoping they would return home to report what they saw and work to stop the killing.*

*Several of our donors were aghast at this aspect of our ministry. Our most generous donor, whom we told ahead of time that we oppose war, angrily denounced us and stopped supporting our work. A local parish, which was also financially generous in support of our work, invited me to speak about what I saw in Iraq only to belittle my*



*testimony and intimate that the Iraqi people, the Iraqi children of God for heaven's sake, deserved the suffering we reigned upon them. An Episcopal parish gave their pastor the ultimatum to sever all connection with us and cease all support or be relieved of his position. And now all of humanity, rich and poor, the allegedly righteous and those condemned as enemy, American and Iraqi, Christian and Moslem- all of us- are now subject to a whirlwind of superbugs set to take our arms, legs, and lives.*

*May God have mercy and grant us the courage to put down our idols and show mercy to the poor and enemies among us.*

*Francesca Mari*

**By 2050, [The Lancet predicts](#) that antimicrobial resistance will kill 8.22 million people per year,** more than the number currently killed by cancer. (For context, Covid claimed an estimated three million lives during all of 2020.) And a growing body of research suggests that the 21st-century way of warfare has become a major driver of that spread. Nations of the Middle East, like Iraq, Syria, Yemen and Afghanistan, now suffer from particularly high rates of multidrug-resistant pathogens, and some of the world's most fearsome superbugs have incubated in the region — *Klebsiella pneumoniae*, *Pseudomonas aeruginosa*, *E. coli*, MRSA and perhaps most notably *A. baumannii*, a strain of *Acinetobacter* that traveled home with U.S. soldiers, where

it became nicknamed "Iraqibacter."

Humans are host to more than a thousand species of bacteria, including many of the superbugs deemed critical threats by the World Health Organization. But they rarely become pathogenic in healthy people. **War changes that.** It deprives people of food, clean water and sanitary living conditions.

When bombs and bullets fly, the resulting wounds become perforated with shrapnel, debris and soil teeming with microbes. The injured and vulnerable often wind up in close and unclean quarters — packed transport buses and boats, refugee camps, overcrowded hospitals — that allow infection to fester and spread.

As wealthier countries bomb poorer ones, devastating essential infrastructure, they have created the tragic social conditions that foster antibiotic resistance. The public-health fallout knows no borders and can carry on indefinitely, even after the bombs stop.

About a decade ago, Ghassan Abu-Sittah, a Palestinian reconstructive plastic surgeon newly arrived at the American University of Beirut, presented another new hire — Omar Dewachi, an Iraqi anthropologist and former physician — with a medical mystery that he was observing in his clinic. Many of his patients were Iraqis, Abu-Sittah explained — men and women who traveled to Beirut for better care. And a startling number of them were suffering from infections that stubbornly failed to heal. Time and again, Abu-Sittah had to postpone reconstructive surgery. Quite a few were suffering from osteomyelitis, complicated bone infections that

**(Please see: [Superbugs](#), p7)**



## Jesus At the Door

*Ammon Allen-Douçot*

*(composed for Ammon's mom at Christmas after a man with bloodied hands came to our door seeking help.)*

*Jesus is at the door again,  
And he's ringing on the phone.  
He's pulling on my heart strings,  
Like an old dog with a bone.  
Today he says he's hungry,  
Hasn't eaten in a week.  
But there's Henny on his breath  
And his knees are looking weak.  
I don't know what I've got,  
But I know it's not enough,  
Hope and peanut butter,*

*Tuna cans and other stuff.  
Jesus is at the door again,  
And he's ringing on the phone.  
He's pulling on my heart strings,  
And I do not like his tone  
He's indignant  
says I oughtta know  
How much I owe  
to the blood he spilled  
and bodies he buried  
And resurrected .  
Before he goes, he lays me low,  
"Ain't you never had a debt  
befo'?"  
Jesus is at the door again,*

*And he's ringing on the phone.  
She's pulling on my heart strings,  
She won't leave me alone  
Today blood drips from her  
hands.  
She's got toilet paper bandages,  
Held with rubber bands.  
I didn't see and let her wait at first,  
I hope she understands.  
What I could do was not enough,  
But that is often how it stands  
Jesus is at the door again,  
And he's ringing on the phone.  
He says "Just hang in there,  
I swear you're not alone"Ω*



**Bomb Damage** [by Banksy](#) – painted on a metal door in Gaza. The door was all that remained of the home of Rabie Dardouna, after it was bombed by Israel in 2014

## Eloquence, cont.

though I wonder if a corollary might go: “poor children tell us who we are and show us who we could be.”

Thinking of Fecundo’s family- they refuse to hide or be hidden, they are joyous, generous, loyal, and loving. They are among the poorest in our society and among the best too.

The Black feminist thinker [Patricia Hill Collins](#) asserts that “*all knowledge begins with the lived experience.*” The lived experience of all children is one of utter dependence. Children have yet to buy into the myth of rugged individualism because their lives are a testament to the truth that we need each other to survive.

[Fr. Terry once wrote](#): “Long before an infant is conscious of her own, or anyone else’s existence, her tiny hands reach out and will grasp, with surprising tenacity, the adult finger. How many of us have sat at



*the bedside of dying relatives or friends and whispered that it’s okay to let go, even while*

*they hold on to a life, they are barely aware of? Grasping seems to be our default mode as human beings. Our reflex is to hold on. For most of us learning how and when to let go is a lifelong challenge - a challenge which*

Mary Oliver voices well in her poem [In Blackwater Woods](#): “To live in this world, you must be able to do three things: to love what is mortal; to hold it against your bones knowing your own life depends on it; and, when the time comes to let it go, to let it go.”

Fecundo was forged by God’s hands and implanted in a holy womb as a testament to hope. When Amarris’ water burst and Fecundo reached for her finger God spoke with eloquence about the power of vulnerable love to resurrect humanity.Ω

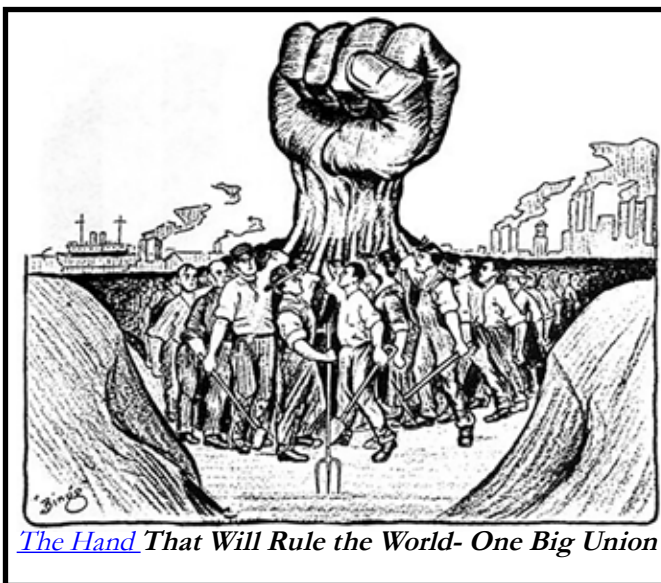
## Superbugs cont.

didn’t respond to medication; one patient, who had pus discharging from a leg fracture, had been on antibiotics for more than a year with no improvement...

Abu-Sittah had assembled some remarkable data: roughly 70 percent of his patients from Iraq and almost 80 percent from Syria had infections that were resistant to multiple drugs. What was driving this startling rise in resistance?

As the two men discussed this question over coffee, Dewachi’s first thought was sanctions. He had grown up in Baghdad and did his residency at Baghdad Hospital during the devastating embargo that the United Nations Security Council placed on Iraq in 1990, after it invaded Kuwait. The sanctions lasted nearly 13 years. Baghdad Hospital, once the medical crown

jewel of the Middle East, could no longer acquire cleaning supplies, surgical gloves, ventilators or medication, and the quality of care crumbled. As



[The Hand](#) That Will Rule the World- One Big Union

stocks of the proper drugs dwindled, Dewachi and other health care professionals were forced to trade medicines with one another out of the trunks of their cars, an act punishable by death under the dictatorship. Antibiotics in particular were in short supply; patients often couldn’t finish the recom-

mended course, or they were forced to take second-rate ones manufactured with lower concentrations of active ingredients than claimed on their labels. The suboptimal dosing killed some bacteria, but not all, increasing the likelihood of resistance.Ω

*To Read this article in its entirety go to our online version [and click here.](#)*

**A**nd a woman who held a babe against her bosom said,  
Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

*Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life’s longing for itself.*

*They come through you but not from you, And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.*

*You may give them your love but not your thoughts, For they have their own thoughts.*

*You may house their bodies but not their souls, For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.*Ω

[Khalil Gibran](#)



# The Provocations of Dorothy Day

8

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)*

## Follow Your Conscience

In the history of the Catholic Worker, the question of following one's conscience was most agonizingly examined when young men came to Dorothy asking if they should go to war. She had no easy answers. "Follow your conscience," she replied. She added that it's good to have a well-informed conscience, but follow it even if it isn't. This could be a life-and-death decision even if one became a conscientious objector. You must be prepared, she said, to sacrifice just as much as the soldier does.

One of the most difficult, lonely and personally dangerous times for Dorothy was when she followed her conscience during the Second World War, when very few supported her, many were actively hostile, and the Catholic Worker lost the majority of its readers. Following one's conscience can seem utterly useless, but as Dorothy said: *"We can throw our pebble in the pond and be confident that its ever widening circle will reach around the world."*

Dorothy forged a path of such complexity, this embrace of Catholic Church teachings and the primacy of the conscience, that many just don't know what to make of it. How far would Dorothy's faith have led her if he hadn't been able to find a way to express this? She believed following one's conscience is acting on one's faith. Her relationship with the Archdiocese of New York was cordial but uneasy, and she was called to the Chancery to respond to complaints (after which she often visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art). But she had such inner authority of knowing she was following the Gospels that she believed any trouble would

sort itself out. (She did say during the 1960's that it's best to dress ordinarily when doing extraordinary things, for example, looking like a suburban grandmother while being arrested



**Conscience by AR** [click here to purchase a print of this art](#)

for civil disobedience against nuclear weapons.)

Dorothy found great freedom within the Church to follow her conscience, even with the Church's uneasiness, but my mother, Dorothy's daughter Tamar, did not. For her, leaving the Church was a refusal to live in opposition to her conscience, and it came at a great price. Some of Tamar's last words as she lay dying were, *"I lost my faith."* I don't know what it was she longed for, so full of regret, but I could not help but feel the unworkable tension between some church teachings and her conscience. What a peculiar and mysterious thing—this still, small voice within. Where does it come from? And how do you know it? How do you strengthen it?

I think that perhaps we can begin by letting go of protecting oneself,

whether individually or institutionally. By trusting in the innate sense of good within ourselves, in our own judgement and courage. By developing good judgement so we are less likely to fool ourselves into believing we are following our conscience when we are following our ego or fear. By building up courage—you don't know how your family or community will respond, and yet there is every chance it may be in wonderful ways. And by being careful of relinquishing all responsibility to others—to laws, strictures, societal pressures, or mob thinking.

Conventional wisdom can be spectacularly wrong and is rarely able to answer the most vexing of human problems. I think of conscience as a muscle—the less you use it, the weaker it is. Start with a small load, and maybe this will be all that we can do. Maybe it doesn't have to be a loud act at all. We have endless opportunities to follow our conscience; there just needs to be a willingness. When you do it, you will know the feeling of it.

When you don't do it, you won't be able to forget it. Your conscience will keep coming back, no matter how repressed, denied or starved.

There is such utter power and yet utter vulnerability in the one who takes a conscientious stance. It's hard to forget [Franz Jagerstatter](#) or Martin Luther King Jr, and it's easy to feel following [one's conscience](#) is not for us mere mortals. But I don't think it's possible to create a life where you are never confronted with your conscience. There's a feeling of homecoming, a sense of one's true self, and an inherent joy and breathless wonder in this. Could this be true—that I have within me a sense of conscience that retains its integrity, no matter what?

Dorothy believed that we can never lose that sense, and with a bit of encouragement, a small step toward it, it will leap in gladness towards you.Ω



## Notes, cont.

wrong. What we do with them is a different story. I want to make the world a better place. I have good reasons for my bitter feelings, but they will not help with that work. I have been buoyed up by Pope Francis' encyclical [on The Sacred Heart](#). It speaks to bringing our own hearts to hold Christs' Sacred Heart within us. It dovetails nicely with Dorothy Day's proclamation that ["the only solution is LOVE."](#) In [The Sacred Heart of the World](#) by David Richo, he says becoming one with the Sacred Heart allows us to *"increase our capacity to forgive rather than retaliate when others fail us. Your Heart is in me, so even when my heart becomes dark in purpose or action. You have not given up on me."*

Can we believe this is true for all people? I've been praying every day for the conversion of heart in the President and rulers of this nation and all nations...

as we are all one. I have been working on my personal discipline to spend time in silence and contemplative prayer and to plot ways to resist institutionalized hatred and racism. For me it begins and ends with recognizing that God's Sacred Heart beats within mine. That Holy 'WE' gives me the strength to continue to love and hope in the face of fear, greed, and darkness.

During Lent I think often of Christ in Gethsemane trying to do God's will yet fearing the terrors to come. It was living in the heart of the Creator that allowed Christ to face his torture and death. Facing that darkness brought about the Resurrection. I believe we are all called to in the words of poet Wendell Berry ["practice resurrection"](#). It is our work to continue building the Beloved Community making sure that community

reflects all of God's creation, not just the wealthy white part. This means fighting for the rights of all human beings to live in peace. It means refusing to follow policies that deny the dignity of the disabled, the immigrant, the young, the old, the non-white, or the non-American. We cannot abandon the poor, whom Christ held dearest in His heart. We cannot spend [over \\$872 billion](#) on the military this year while so many need food, shelter, and medical treatment.

Having a Sacred Heart means opening

harder perhaps because of their proximity, **9** we try to love people who don't believe what we do. We are blessed to spend time with the poor and the refugee because knowing them as human beings, with names, families and their own Sacred Hearts, they teach us better ways to be human. We laugh because the children who come show us their hearts filled with joy despite the grinding racism and poverty that surrounds them. We weep when we hear news of one of our community/family suffering from mental health issues, or a car

accident, or imprisonment, or cancer. Instead of despairing we choose loving.

Please read [He Loved Us](#) by Francis. Here are a few excerpts: *"If we devalue the heart, we also devalue what it means to speak from the heart, to act with the heart, to cultivate and heal the heart. If we fail to appreciate the specificity of the heart, we miss the messages that the mind alone cannot communicate; we miss out on the richness of our encounters with others; we miss out on*



Jacqueline Allen-Donçot

yourself to the grace of other people. Having a Sacred Heart means trusting that God will take care of us no matter what happens. We know this because we will be taking care of each other in God's name. The Sacred Heart calls us to be Eucharist to each other. Here at the Worker, we try to love our neighbors: we cook and feed kids, do art, teach manners and love and conflict resolution to each other. We make and clean up lots of messes, and thanks be to God for Chaz, Timmy, Anthony, Catherine, and Sasean- Green House kids all grown up for helping us keep up with it. We hand out food bags. We share gifts from kind people, and we build community with students from Northwest Catholic, U of H, and UConn. We recognize that God works through all people.

We try to love our enemies, but even

*poetry. We also lose track of history and our own past, since our real personal history is built with the heart. At the end of our lives, that alone will matter. Yet living as we do in an age of superficiality, rushing frantically from one thing to another without really knowing why, and ending up as insatiable consumers and slaves to the mechanisms of a market unconcerned about the deeper meaning of our lives, all of us need to rediscover the importance of the heart. The failure to make room for the heart, as distinct from our human powers and passions viewed in isolation from one another, has resulted in a stunting of the idea of a personal centre, in which love, in the end, is the one reality that can unify all the others."* Ω

# Notes From De Porres House

*Jacqueline Allen-Douçot*

In the weeks since the election I have really been struggling with deep despair over what is happening in our country. It is hard to reckon with the “inner life” of my heart. I found myself angry and bitter about my fellow Americans. When I’d see a Trump sign in a yard, I felt a rage burning in my heart. I had a lot of judgmental anger and fear and a good dose of self-righteousness in there. It felt like darkness and despair were having the last word. My heart broke for the folks who were already suffering under the Biden administration. For the poor, the undocumented, the prisoner/ex-prisoner, the mentally ill, the homeless, the transgendered, the addicted, the differently abled, life in America has always been filled with brutality and suffering. It looks like for them it will only be getting worse.

It is the [times discipline](#) to look at what is happening in our name and with our tax



dollars and take a stand. Governments are huge and hard to fight, especially ones that are controlled by billionaires and corpora-

tions. When journalists are murdered in Gaza with no outcry and genocide is not only overlooked but [funded](#), it is difficult to find the collective Soul of our nation. Will Ukraine will now suffer invasion from American corporations profiting from [mineral rights](#) or will it be further invaded? Our education system is under siege to censor history and [ban books](#). The media seems to exist primarily to build up our desires to escape and to value things over people and to avoid critical thinking. The White House will now choose [who gets to report](#) from inside. For a party that calls themselves [Christian](#) they’re doing a dreadful job of imitating Christ.

What are we to do? For me I need to deal with my own heart first. I must heal my inner darkness to avoid casting shade on others. Only then can I act collectively to heal our world. We must feel our feelings. They are, and they are not right or

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