

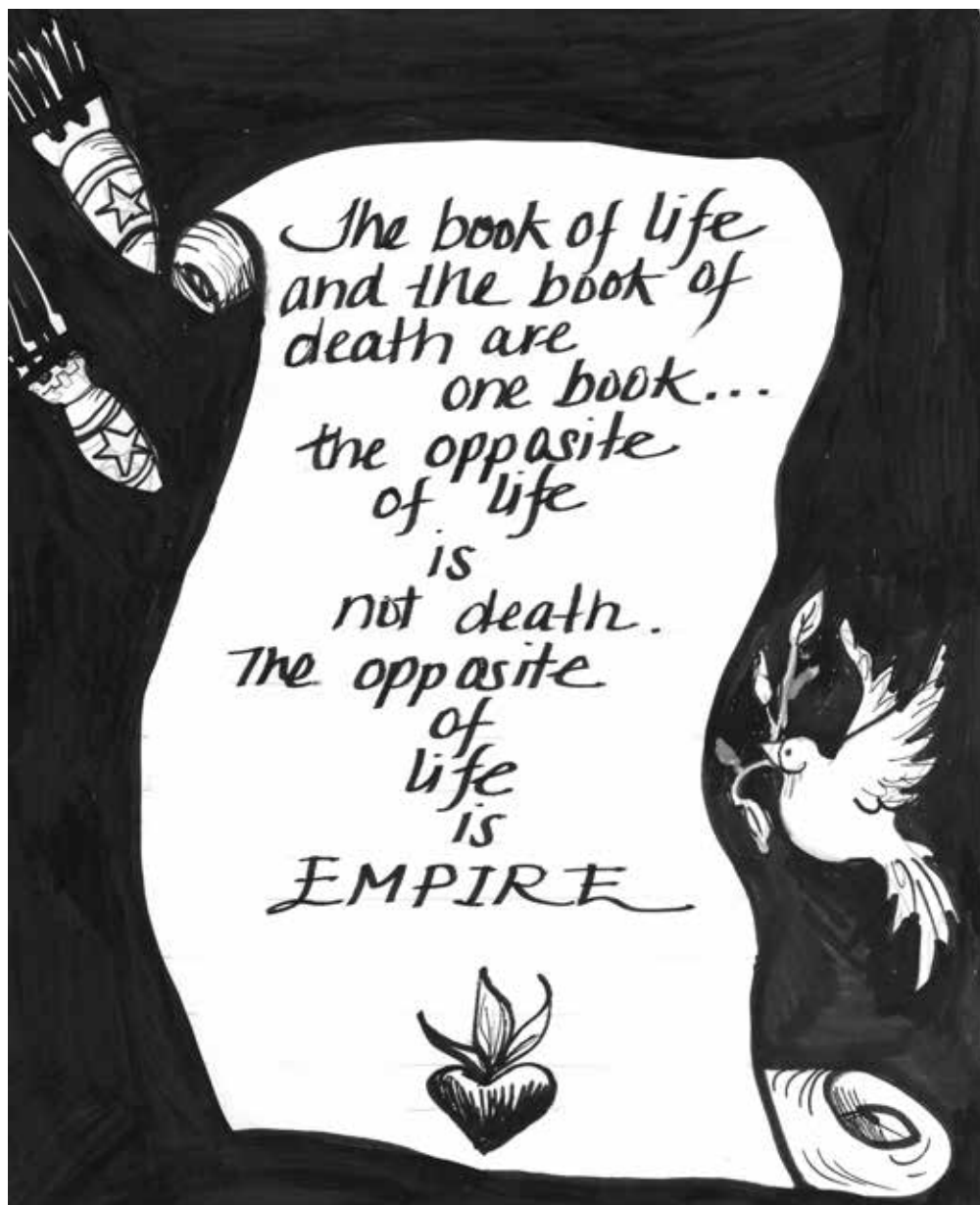
The Hartford Catholic Worker

St. Martin De Porres House
St. Brigid House



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

Jacqueline Allen-Doucet



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The Hartford Catholic Worker is published quarterly by the St. Martin De Porres Catholic Worker community. We are a lay community of Catholics and like minded friends, living in the north end of Hartford, working and praying for an end to violence and poverty. We are a 501c3 tax exempt organization. We do not seek or accept state or federal funding. Our ability to house the homeless, feed the hungry, and work with the children depends on contributions from our readers. We can be reached at: 18 Clark St., Hartford CT 06120; (860) 724-7066, purplehousecw@gmail.com and www.hartfordcatholicworker.org We are: Brian Kavanagh, Jose Gonzalez, Jose Echevarria, Sasean Sanders, Jacqueline, Ammon, and Christopher Allen-Doucot, and a whole lotta of unnamed souls.

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

- ♥ Fresh root veggies
- ♥ canned tuna
- ♥ tomato sauce
- ♥ good canned soups
- ♥ peanut butter
- ♥ toiletries
- ♥ feminine products
- ♥ dry beans
- ♥ rice
- ♥ Thank-you!



*Exuberance
Dallas is ready for school... is school
ready for Dallas?!*

Jump Up

Dan Zanes

*Jump up, day is breaking
Jump up, let's get shaking
I know you're lying down
Jump up and we'll dance
around*

*Jump up, bells are ringing
And I hear friends are
singing
Whoa yea, it's a crazy
sound
Jump up and we'll dance
around*

*Jump up, clouds are passing
Look up, the sky is laughing
I know we'll be laughing too
Jump up, I want to dance
with you*

*Jump up stand on your tip
toes
Reach out grab a rainbow
Turn it upside down
Jump up, and we'll dance it
around*

*Jump up, you know I love
you
That's right, I love love love
you
A new day is shining down
Jump up and we'll dance
around
Jump up and we'll dance
around*



*Can You Hear Them Roar... with
Laughter?
Anniyah, Valentina, Candace, and
Malaya*

Christopher J. Douçot

A commentor on Reddit wrote: “To me, the cantina scene will always be the peak of Star Wars — seeing so many aliens casually talking in the same room, as if it were nothing out of the ordinary, made the galaxy feel vast without needing to show us outer space or starships.”

I live in that scene.

Carmelo held court at the breakfast table on the first morning of camp.

Carmelo is five and has lines shaved on the side of his head; somewhere in our photo albums one may find an image of me when I was in college with similar side stripes. After my first sip of coffee, he interrupted himself midsentence to ask me if I knew I had smoke coming out of my mouth. His three older sisters and two older brothers, Dominicans, have been Green House kids for years. His delight at finally being at camp made this cranky, prematurely old man smile- a lot. This guy was definitely going to be on the first boat trip. He was the first kid to skim across the lake on a tube behind the boat. The two boys twice his age suddenly found the muster when he came back on board.

Some of the kids have started calling Pito my mini-me. Pito, nearing thirty, is simply an amazing human being that we’ve been blessed to have in our lives for a quarter century. I’m always telling the kids that someone with compassion, diligence, initiative, and perseverance is someone who will change the world. I should just tell them to watch Pito, but maybe not when he’s heckling

me for my choice of “old man snacks” like I’m the [East German gymnast judge](#) whose heinous low score cost the Americans a medal in the ’88 Olympics. My new buddy Carmelo- the kid has the moxie to call me Chrissy!, didn’t have the vocabulary, but did have the observation that Pito sighs deeply like me.

When I asked the campers if they wanted a slice of chocolate or banana

the breakfast table again. Jo is as quiet as his mom Saniah was sassy at his age. We’ll probably get complaints for this... but once when Saniah was ten or eleven an adult was giving her a hard time about something, unjustly so from her perspective, she shut them down yelling: (*Jackie won’t let include what she said, but if you email me, I’ll tell ya!*) Her boy would have just thrown a silent side eye. Apparently,

he was building up the confidence to sleep in the [Herbie Carrasquillo](#) memorial cabin.

While Jackie cooked breakfast sandwiches to order, chicken sausage for Anko since he doesn’t “[dig swine](#)”, Carmelo was asking Jo-Jo what it takes to become a counselor. Again, the kid is only five! I spent the rest of the summer watching out to see if he would corner Pito to ask what he needs to do to take my place. After breakfast he brought me a handful of wild raspberries, “*they’re God’s candy, Chrissy*” he parroted back to me with a Cheshire grin. After licking raspberry juice off my fingers, I

opened my phone to begin looking for a new job.

After breakfast Anko formed a [rondo](#) with the boys and a soccer ball. As the ball bounced between heads and heels, and Anko switched affirmations from English to Arabic to Burunge, Pito asked him to say something in Minion; wise guy. Anko is originally from Tanzania and was sent to us from friends at the NYC Catholic Worker. I don’t

(Please see: *Forsaken*, p4)



Bellaria Dei

cream pie, or a donut (along with ginger snaps and mallomar cookies these were my “old man” offenses) after dinner dishes were done, Carmelo sincerely chimed in, “*I’ll take one of each*”. By nine Carmelo said he was pooped and he sent himself to bed! Did I say I love this kid? Our dog Otis, also pooped, lay straddling two couches. His head in the lap of Tre, his rump an armrest nestled snug aside Rondel.

Junior counselor Jo-Jo was first to

know what was more remarkable- his linguistic abilities, his dexterity, or the Hartford boys kicking a soccer ball in the shadow of a basketball hoop!

We were joined at camp by Teri, Loretta and Marybeth. Teri is Jackie's older sister. With her paddleboard and energy, she was constantly in the water with the kids. Loretta, Jackie's cousin from Staten Island speaks with unmistakable New York diction. She brought clothes and backpacks to share with the kids- including Aurora and Valetina, who are Carmelo's sisters. Last year they wouldn't drive to the lake with Loretta because she "*wasn't cool*"! Carmelo sure thought she was cool, batting his eyes and challenging her to dozens of thumb wrestling matches.

Marybeth is on our board, comes to the Green House once a week, and has been friends with Jackie since preschool! Marybeth totally gets Jackie's call for us to practice *The Ministry of Presence* (see p7). She brought little spa kits for the girls and was a gracious Connect Four competitor.

The sunflowers I planted in the humus of last year's apple cores and potato peels were eight inches tall when the campers first arrived. Today they are eight feet tall. Pink and purple morning glories attained heights otherwise beyond their reach by climbing up and around their stalks. As the sun rises hummingbirds gather droplets of nectar from their florets, knocking pollen onto



Carmelo, HCW Thumb Wrestling Champ

the stigma to animate their seeds.

As the sunsets gold finches peck at those seeds, some fall to the ground and will sprout next year like the two now blooming in the cracks of my driveway.

Presence is the [humus](#) of a loving society. Pito told me the other day that he saw an 8th grade teacher at Stop and Shop a few weeks back. He stopped her and after re-introducing himself she hugged him. "*She was the only teacher who believed in me*".

At sunup one morning Pito had gone fishing at the dam before the campers were awake. Fishing is a mindfulness practice and a spiritual exercise for Pito; just as it is for me. Unfortunately, he was quickly approached by an unleashed dog and its white woman who aggressively questioned Pito and why he thought it was ok for him to be there; not exactly [Mr. Peabody and his boy Sherman](#)!

Marybeth later shared that another white woman had complained to her about our nonwhite kids' presence on the beach. This woman also whined to the parking lot security guard about us. Of course, the security guard only has authority over the parking lot, and only became a thing after we started swimming at

Beach Pond when the town "coincidentally" stopped funding a lifeguard and started funding a security guard.

It seems these women practice *the sinistry of absence*. That's what whiteness is, absence of color. Americans who wanted to, and were allowed to, become white, did so by [shedding their ethnic identity](#).

They remain white by [excluding nonwhite](#) people from "their" spaces. When it comes to swimming some white people are particularly [hostile in their vigilance](#) to exclude.

The enforced absence of people with more melanin than Euro-descended people is toxic, not the melanin itself! People were not enslaved, lynched, denied mortgages, or discriminated against because of their Black or brown skin. Racism, nay white supremacy, persists because of the laws, practices, and prejudices, past and present, of very many white people who believe(d) they are more civilized, and/or moral, and/or intelligent, and/or deserving, and/or holy, and/or human. Living, working, playing, and praying in predominantly, sometimes still exclusively, white [places reinforces this caustic callowness](#).

Of course, all this can be undone on personal and societal levels if white people are willing to do the work required. In a previous essay I mentioned the conversion of [George Wallace](#)- among the staunchest of elected white supremacists in our nation's history, and the integral role [Shirley Chisholm](#), the first Black

(Please see: *Forsaken*, p6)

The Ministry of Presence

5

Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

(This was originally written as a guide to Green House volunteers)

Sometimes when we have had college age volunteers or interns we have noticed that there is a level of frustration during transition or lull times. This is usually at the beginning of their time here. It tends to happen before there is a sense of how grateful one becomes of those times, as both experience and business increases with the length of stay. We thought it might be helpful to try to communicate a more helpful way to experience those quiet times.

There will be times when it seems like all you are doing is "hanging out". If you are

someone used to doing and action it may seem like wasted time. In the longer view of community and ministry, these moments can be a time to practice something we call the "ministry of presence".

There will almost always be someone who will come to sit with you on the front porches. It will most times be a child. It gives you the opportunity to be present, focus, and give some individual attention to someone who could really use it.

Here are a few things that we've found helpful...

1. Try to be attentive without judging (this does not mean allowing any behavior). It means listening

and being open to someone who does not look, talk, or act like you do. It means seeing without placing a value or criticism on someone's clothes, speech, etc. **It means seeing each person as unique, with gifts and talents (and annoying baggage).**

2. The problems facing many



Coram Deo

folks that we come in contact with are large and systemic (racism, poverty, violence, misogyny, drug addiction, classism, homelessness, mental illness etc). **It is not your job to solve or fix them....**and it is OK to be overwhelmed and saddened by the suffering of those who have been laid low by society. It can be particularly sad to see children who have been denied opportunities you may have taken for granted.

3. **Hang out in a relaxed way. The more relaxed you are, the more the kids will mellow out.** A sense of humor goes a long long way.

4. Respect your own feelings

and intuitions. If something feels wrong....it probably is. Do not be afraid to challenge us, each other, or the kids, gently, about something that feels wrong.

5. Set good boundaries and limits with yourself and others. There are verbal & nonverbal ways to do it. Remove yourself, or remove them

if they will not cooperate. Seek the backup of your fellow community members.

6. If you do not know something, ask.

7. Answer the kids questions as honestly and clearly as you can.... But remember #5 don't hesitate to say "that is too personal." or "I don't know you yet!!!" Sometimes the best response

is a question back to them. Try not to take the crap they give you too personally. You are being tested to see if they can trust you and count on you.

8. Most importantly, the more you come to understand that they have as much to give you as you have to offer them, the more you can just enjoy the experience of your time here.

9. **You are the only gospel some of these kids will ever read. They may come to love themselves because they can see and feel your love and God's love shining through you.Ω**

woman candidate for president, played in it by her visiting him in hospital after an assassination attempt that left him paralyzed. If Wallace could change, anyone can.

Thankfully we also encountered many kind and generous white people this summer. Janice and the [Columbiettes](#) raised funds for us. Todd the plumber dropped everything when the pipes burst at the camp. Tim chatted us up on the beach while his nonwhite grandkids joyfully, peacefully, gloriously played with our kids. An anonymous father/daughter couple from Preston spontaneously approached Lorretta at [Buttonwood Farms](#) and gave her \$200 to cover the cost of the ice-cream for our “great kids”!

Sunflowers are heliotropic, they twist as they grow, following the sun’s journey across the sky enables them to nourish the finch and hummingbird, empower the morning glories to climb, and spark the next generations of each. Constantly turning toward the sun makes it all possible. So does the humus.

Transformed by an intricate web of relationships between earthworms and microbes, a past generation of onion ends and banana peels feeds the flowers which are likewise transformed by their relationships. The butterflies knock pollen, the birds spread seeds, and like some holy, natural [Rube Goldberg](#) machine a sacred sequence of events unfolds: life flourishes and beauty abides.

The scoundrels on the dam and beach are like the men in coveralls who spray Roundup to exclude exquisite elements of God’s holy bouquet, pushing away people of color like they’re weeds. Also like the Roundup men they breathe in some of the poison sickening themselves, imperiling the social well-being of their children, and poisoning our society.

They make ugliness.

To sin is to strain our relationship with God. We strain our relationship with God by harming, neglecting, excluding, or abandoning others. This is sinistry.

What if we were Deotropic?

What would happen if we [twisted and grew seeking what is Holy](#) throughout our day? My most effective prayers are uttered by my feet walking toward others, not by whispering to the sky. The sun is in the sky, not God; God is in me and you. The *Ruah*, God’s breath, is on the lips of Pito and Carmelo, Lorretta and MaryBeth, and It’s even in the souls of those women at the water.

The most holy thing we can seek is a right relationship with someone we’ve harmed, neglected, excluded, or abandoned.

As we welcome the Holy Presence in each other our fears will be released and God’s reign in our midst further revealed.

Psalm 22 begins: “*My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?*”

Why are you so far from saving me, so far from my cries of anguish? My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer...”

Did the psalmist not know we are never far from God, and [never forsaken](#), when we have community?Ω



Communitas Dilecta: Lito, John, MiMi, Teri, and Tom the Wednesday Whole Foods Crew

The Provocations of Dorothy Day ⁷

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)

Love

Another [Dostoyevski](#) quote that Dorothy liked to repeat was, “*Love is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to the love in dreams.*” She also said there is nothing else worth writing about, and so much of her writings are on the meaning of love, the practice of love, the work of love.

“*The world will be saved by beauty, and what is more beautiful than love?*” she said.

There is such a miracle and improbability of love.

Love and create community, Dorothy said. Don’t do it alone. Not that it’s easy. Community is sword grass in the hand, she also liked to quote. Yet we can only form community in a damaged world—we are the damaged world. Destructive forces are attracted to this striving towards community. Every Catholic Worker house, I can guess, has experienced that one person who comes with seemingly nothing but sheer destruction on their mind. Love may be the only thing strong enough to withstand the strain.

I understand now why Dorothy was drawn to the little way of St. Therese of Lisieux even as she had created the behemoth of the Catholic Worker. “*I always learn the hard way,*” she said. “*But is there any other?*”

When I think of community, I think of forests and of mother trees. This may be because I come from a land that is all trees, Vermont, and I now live in a country that is a scant one percent deciduous forest. A forest

is a system of cooperation, adaptation, and resilience. Its underground web of roots and mycorrhizal fungi is a massive network through which trees feed one another not only within their own species, but often cross-species. What are known as mother trees nurture hundreds of saplings by sending them carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, water, and hormones. If loggers take out too many mother trees, the whole forest system will collapse.



Duae Facies Dei

Leave in enough and the forest has an enormous capacity to heal.

There is so much analogy here, where do I begin? If the forest floor can do this, surely we can?

This talk of mother trees brings me, of course, to my mother. The grief at losing someone you love can unmoor you. The last year of my mother’s life, my fear of losing her kept me from seeing her too clearly as she sat in her wheelchair planting basil with fingers that could no longer feel. Maybe I was afraid that if my gaze lingered too long on the soft, sunken curve of her cheeks, I wouldn’t be able to bear her departure. Now, I want to be with my mother’s voice and with that sparkle and laughter. I want to touch that cheek softened by time. I want to feel her love.

It is said that love, which for me is the basis of my religious impulse

along with beauty, and probably most of my other impulses, is a matter of hardwiring in the brain, as is understanding metaphors, and this hardwiring can be blocked or damaged. I could lose my ability to love or to read poetry from a bad car accident. Now that is precarity.

Love often feels so distant from us that we can scarce understand it, recognize it, or believe it. Love is the measure by which we shall be judged, but we ourselves have no direct way of measuring this. We only have the giving and receiving of it—acts of kindness, attention, time, comfort, any gift at all. There is a network and a wealth of experience out there. We all have experiences of love and community. Find community, share meals with others, and explain the hope that is in you, Dorothy said.

If you are going to accept this awareness of love, nothing but the best endeavors will do. Serving soup and coffee, handing out clothes, providing showers, talking, writing, and leaving behind such a compelling vision that the Catholic Worker movement continues ninety years later. This is the church that Tamar never left—a faith bursting with the living breathing God felt through the heart and the down-to-earth practicality of having a table and chair for a hungry, cold, lonely, and despairing person to sit at with a cup of coffee, bread and soup, and companionship. When Dorothy opened the door, it wasn’t only to the destitute. When she opened her door, every person who walked in was searching for something, and they are still coming to the door searching. And in this flow of individuals, in this love in action, Dorothy saw the face of God.Ω

Paul Hanly Furfey

(Paul Hanly Furfey was a Catholic priest and sociologist. This essay was first published in [*The Catholic Worker*](#), March 1935.)

The "Patriot": I love peace as well as any man, but I am a realist. A strong system of national defense is our best assurance of peace. National defense is the patriotic duty of every American citizen. The R.O.T.C. affords the Catholic college student a fine opportunity to fulfill this patriotic duty.

Christ: *All that take the sword shall perish with the sword.*

The "Patriot": Yet we must be practical! There are, of course, some nations whom we can trust. Canada is a good neighbor. We shall never have a war with her. But unfortunately not all nations are like that. Japan and Russia are casting jealous eyes at us. Our basic policies conflict. We must arm to defend ourselves against such nations.

Christ: *You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you.*

The "Patriot": A noble doctrine! We must always keep before us the ideal of International good will. At the same time we must realize that It is merely common sense to be on our guard. We shall not start a war, but if some other nation starts one, then we must be in a position to defend our territory.

Christ: *To him that striketh thee on the one cheek, offer also the other. Of*

him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again.

The "Patriot": But national defense is not merely a question of defending our material rights. It is a question of life and death. Only a strong system of national defense will guarantee our personal security.

Christ: *Be not afraid of them who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.*

The "Patriot": But there is such a thing as a just war. Under cir-

cumstances a nation has a right to declare war. In the Old Testament war is approved under certain circumstances.

Christ: *You have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil.*

Lord Jesus Christ, Lover of Peace, kindle in our poor hearts the flame of Thy heroic love, that we may see Thy beloved image in all men, our enemies as well as our friends, that we may rather suffer injury than protect our rights by violence, for Thy sweet sake Who died for all men. Amen. Ω



[Ade Bethune](#)

The Walls Came Down

Michael Been

*Well they blew the horns
And the walls came down
They'd all been warned
And the walls came down*

*They stood there laughing
They're not laughing anymore
The walls came down
Sanctuary fades
Congregation splits
Nightly military raids
The congregation splits
It's a song of assassins
Ringin' in your ears
We got terrorist thinking
Playing on fears*

*Well they blew the horns
And the walls came down
They'd all been warned
But the walls came down
I don't think there are any Russians
And there ain't no Yanks
Just corporate criminals
Playin' with tanks*

Notes, cont.

of Mercy. Between what Christ asks of us and the way our government (most governments? All governments?) are actually functioning is a valley of darkness and fear. Fear feeds suspicion, hastens blind obedience, and breeds violence. As my blessed mentor Liz McAlister often said: "the opposite of fear is not courage, but faith."

Faith is our light. It enables us to feel the blessed and see the good in the world. It allows us to see that bit of Christ in every person. It keeps us from seeing enemies when we behold the face of a Gazan, a Venezuelan, an Iranian, a Haitian... indeed, any Human.

I have been trying to appreciate the beauty of St. Therese and her [Little Way](#). It is



Brian Kavanagh

a struggle for me, oftentimes, that there is so much work to do and never enough hands to do it. I worry about the thank-you cards that slip through the cracks. I wish we could deliver food weekly to our friend Kim (a grandma raising her 2 grandkids after a stroke). I dread the Saturdays when we have no cook for lunch, but the littles want me in the art room. We do not have enough help after school even as we increase hours not to lose the kids who travel far on busses because the closest schools have been closed due to toxins. I cannot seem to enjoy the work I do or feel the good that comes from it nearly enough. I want to change that and lean into how blessed it is to be in the position of giving people the help they need.

You can help me. We are very short handed at the Worker. Some of us have outside jobs, Ammon is in his second year of graduate school which also involves an intern-

ship, birthday boy Brian (83 on the Feast of the Nativity) still vigils weekly and writes many of our thank-you notes but is otherwise retired- and deservedly so. With our small crew and a little group of regulars who show up weekly- we see you Shai, Mary Beth, Jim, and Marisol- we get amazing things done. Might you join us?

Over the summer we took up to 17 kids a week to Ahimsa in Voluntown to bathe in the fresh air of Pachaug Forest and the cool waters of Beach Pond- we even swam in the rain once! We ate ice cream on the rocks in front of Buttonwood Farms, made tie dyed shirts, rode the waves at Misquamicut beach, ate home cooked meals and locally grown peaches, plums, and corn of the cob; nothing like a day at the beach to help one's appetite. We outfitted the kids with clothes donated by my cousin Loretta and her church community, as well as with new bathing suits, socks, and underwear. We performed the Works of Mercy, every single one including Burying the Dead as we helped Lil Jose with the arrangements after his father passed. Please remember Lil Jose and his family in your prayers.

There is no government or political party- not even those claiming religious faith, that will practice what all great religions hold as sacred: love, faithfulness, mercy, honesty, prayerfulness, and building a beloved community. At the Worker we vote with our daily lives to build up the common good. We see teaching children conflict resolution skills and nonviolence as planting seeds for a better world. When billions of dollars are wheeled and dealt to give tax breaks to billionaires and fill war chests, it is hard not to feel like we are being governed by the Top Hat guy from Monopoly (or maybe [Snidely Whiplash](#), the nemesis of Dudley Do Right).



Brian Kavanagh

We believe with every breath that our "little way" can, and will, overcome the weapons, and counter the threats made against our poor brothers and sisters both at home and abroad. The Holy Spirit is in charge, and we put our trust in HER, and not in the Military Industrial Complex. Please call us if you have an hour here or there to come to help cook, serve snacks, give out a food bag or do some cleaning! The Works of Mercy are simple but rewarding. Count your blessings. Then be a blessing someone else can count on!

Dorothy Day said it best: "ours is a school of nonviolence in a world convulsed on every side by poverty and war." Amen Sister! Ω

One would have to travel through this dark tunnel to understand its darkness. I will try to explain it by comparison... I imagine I was born in a country that is covered with a thick fog... Then suddenly the fog becomes more dense; it penetrates my soul...

The darkness, borrowing the voice of sinners, says mockingly to me, 'You are dreaming about the light... you believe that one day you will walk out of this fog... Advance, advance; rejoice in death which will give you not what you hope for but a night still more profound, the night of nothingness.'

May Jesus pardon me if I have caused Him any pain, but He knows very well that while I do not have the joy of faith, I am trying to carry out its works at least. I feel no joy in this for I sing simply what I WANT TO BELIEVE.

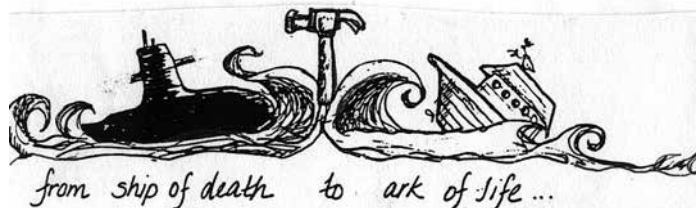
-St. Therese of Lisieux

Notes From De Porres House

Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

Whenever I watch the news these days my mind immediately jumps to the Rita Corbin illustration juxtaposing The Works of Mercy with the works of war. The works of war destroy crops and land, seize food supplies, destroy homes, scatter families, contaminate water, imprison dissenters, inflict wounds and burns, kill the living... All around the Globe our government- some of whom like Secretary of War Pete Hegseth act out of [a perverted sense of Christian duty](#), is spending our tax dollars on war and NOT the Works of Mercy. In Gaza already traumatized civilian survivors of a genocide now starve at the behest of an Israeli government we fund and wholeheartedly apologize for; and now their siege damaged homes are [collapsing on them!](#) In Iran we contaminate the water by undermining water desalination; Iran does the same elsewhere. In Venezuela we kidnap a president and hire private companies to seize their oil. At home dissenters are imprisoned.

ICE scatters families while the suits in D.C. cheer and cajole rather than restrain and dispense accountability- even in the aftermath of the killing of citizen dissenters. It's no wonder Donald Trump look so miserable- he and his [minions](#) are spreading misery. We cannot serve Christ while engaging in the works of war. We cannot give [tax breaks to billionaires](#),



Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

[spend \\$77 billion on new submarines](#), AND care for the poor, or address climate change, or care for all who ail. We pray for an end to this madness.

We pray for the suffering here at home. Every day if you drive through downtown Hartford, you can see homeless persons

sleeping under I-84. Meanwhile the Supreme Court has ruled that [sleeping outdoors](#), if you're impoverished at least, is illegal. To be impoverished and exhausted in public is to be a criminal in 2026 America. Good grief! FEMA has been gutted and healthcare costs [bankrupts families](#). [The American Journal of Public Health](#) in a 2019 survey found "about 900 people who filed for bankruptcy between 2013 and 2016 and asked what contributed. About 58% cited medical bills directly".

With the midterm elections approaching there is increased stress over what antidemocratic behaviors, like partisan gerrymandering and attempts to undermine confidence in the electoral process, if not elections themselves, by manipulating the US Postal Service, will be coming down the pike. ICE agents, National Guard troops, FBI agents at the polls? Hopefully not.

All this is in stark contrast to the Works

(Please see: Notes, p9)