

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

And Mary stood beside the cross!



Mary by Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

*And Mary stood beside the cross! Her soul
Pierced with the selfsame wound that rent His side
Who hung thereon. She watched Him as He died*

*Her son! Saw Him paying the cruel toll
Exacted by the law, and unbelief,
Since He their evil will had dared defy.
There stood the mother helpless in her grief,
Beside the cross, and saw her firstborn die!*

*How many mothers in how many lands
Have bowed with Mary in her agony,
In silence borne the wrath of war's commands,
When every hill is made a Calvary!*

*O pity, Lord, these mothers of the slain,
And grant their dead shall not have died in vain.*

-Clyde McGee

to view this watercolor painting in color go to
our [online version](#).

Lent and Easter 2026

The Hartford Catholic Worker

Established November 3, 1993

Volume 34 Number 1

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, Jacqueline, Ammon, and Christopher Allen-Douçot.

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

The Trouble With Normal

Bruce Cockburn

(ed. note: When a society accepts as normal masked government agents killing people in the streets with impunity, when a society accepts as normal spending \$10,000/second for twenty years to fight a "war on terror" while millions are unhoused and underfed, when a society accepts as normal paying man-boys tens of millions of dollars to play games while those who care for our children and elders are paid poverty wages... it's time to be Abby Normal.)

Strikes across the frontier
and strikes for higher wage
Planet lurches to the right as
ideologies engage
Suddenly it's repression,
moratorium on rights
What did they think the
politics of panic would invite?
Person in the street shrugs -- "Security comes first"



Take a brief break from melting ICE and
watch [Young Frankenstein!](#)

But the trouble with normal is it always gets worse

Callous men in business costume speak computerese

*Play pinball with the Third World
trying to keep it on its knees
Their single crop starvation plans
put sugar in your tea
And the local Third World's kept on
reservations you don't see
"It'll all go back to normal if we put our
nation first"
But the trouble with normal is it
always gets worse*

*Fashionable fascism dominates the
scene*

*When ends don't meet it's easier to
justify the means*

*Tenants get the dregs and landlords
get the cream*

*As the grinding devolution of the
democratic dream*

*Brings us men in gas masks dancing
while the shells burst*

*The trouble with normal is it always
gets worse*

St. Martin's Wish List

Good Friday

Please join us at the gates of the U.S. Submarine Base in Groton as we pray a nonviolent Stations of the Cross. We will meet at 10:30 AM on Friday, March 29th at the intersection of Rte 12 and Crystal Lake Rd.

- ♥ A government that doesn't kill
- ♥ A society that doesn't celebrate killing.
- ♥ 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 on-line by clicking on the "Donate" button at our website: <https://www.hartfordcatholicworker.org/>
- ♥ Thank-you!

Why Not a Department of Homeland Compassion? or, at least, Pass the Salt Please

Christopher J. Douçot

My friend Sedrick returned to prison three days before Thanksgiving. He may be in for a year. Around a decade ago Sedrick spent a year in prison. I honestly don't remember what for. I do remember no one was hurt and he did not have a weapon. His year long sentence was not the product of a heinous act on his part but of his repeated encounters with law enforcement for petty b.s.; this lengthy return was triggered by a missed court date.

Low level "criminals" like Sedrick plead guilty 95% of the time by accepting a plea deal. Overtime the deals offer less community service and probation and more prison time, a portion of which is suspended, followed by more probation. If one is pinched again, or misses a probation meeting, the suspended portion of your sentence is triggered.

Two years ago Sedrick forgot about a probation meeting which he knew would lead to a court date since he had already missed a couple of previous meetings. His probation meetings were in New Britain, a three bus and hour plus long commute from the north end.

Fearful of another year in prison, Sedrick skipped court, and after two years cat and mouse with Hartford P.D. he turned himself in. Despite a decade of not committing any crime, Sedrick was sent away. He lost his apartment and furnishings. His SSI disability benefits are suspended while he is incarcerated. They may be terminated before he is released since the Social Security Administration is again re-reviewing

whether he is still disabled.

This happens every other year or so. Sedrick was born disabled. His disability, which impairs his judgment, is never going to be cured. Sedrick is now in the custody of the Department of Corrections. *Humpf.* We tell ourselves that our prison system is meant to rehabilitate offenders while protecting society. Sedrick was never a threat to society- most

on time. We need to correct our system of mental health care! By some accounts [prisons are the largest "provider" of mental](#) health care in the U.S. is the real threat to public safety. Of course persons with mental illness are members of the public- does not sending them to prison make them unsafe?!

We need to correct our social safety net. If the trawlers out of New

Bedford had nets with similar holes we'd not be eating much fish I'll tell ya. So for the sake of honesty and transparency I hereby rename the department depriving Sedrick of his freedom the Department of Punishment, also to be known as the Department to Hide the Poor and Mentally Ill.

Here's another Orwellian misnamed government bureau- the Department of Homeland Security. Good grief that's a rich one. How does hunting down immigrants, and gunning down citizens secure the homeland? (Listen to the Feb. 1, 2026 episode of the public radio program, [This American Life](#).)

I should give credit for transparency to Mr. Heggseth for rebranding D.O.D. to the Department of War. Now if we could only pry loose the [\\$28,000/second we spend on war](#) (some [convincingly argue](#) we spend twice as much!), and spend it on

FDR's proposed Economic Bill of Rights, we might just end up with actual security in the homeland. [FDR said himself](#) that economic rights "[spell security](#)".

(Please see: *The Salt*, p4)



Mother of Mercy

[Kreg Yingst](#)

especially so for the last decade. Meanwhile there is no correcting his disability. So why is he in prison?

What needs correcting is our dreadfully inadequate public transportation system that makes it so hard for Sedrick to get to probation

The Salt cont.

Not all Americans are as angelic and innocent as Sedrick. In fact, American citizens are more likely to commit crime than are immigrants. Indeed, [when immigration rates rise, crime rates fall!](#) For real, for real, as Sedrick would say. Moreover, according to the [Department of Justice](#) (*sic*) immigrants here without legal status are even more

[law abiding!](#) Welcoming the stranger would actually make our homeland more secure.

So why scapegoat immigrants and folks like Sedrick for the very real ills of our society? Stagnant wages, apparent housing shortages and obscenely high rents, the high cost of utilities

and food, the loss of well paying, high status unionized jobs- and with them pensions and health insurance, are not the fault of hard-working immigrants or disabled and impoverished citizens. Life has gotten harder for more and more everyday Americans of all races because life has gotten easier and easier for corporations and the ultra-wealthy.

Millions of Americans are rightly outraged by the rising cost of living, the kidnapping of a foreign head of state, the bombing of boaters, the rounding up of moms, dads, and students by masked cowards playing cowboy, and the state murders of Alex Pretti, Renee Nicole Good [and others](#). Millions of other Americans are being whipped into a frenzy of fear of Black and Brown people: American and immigrant. With our

outraged attention affixed on each other, and on injustices real or perceived, we remain divided and thus disempowered while this administration and its cabinet of billionaires consolidate their oligarchy.

Distrust of, and antipathy for, the government, is deserved but it is also orchestrated in order to facilitate public support for [gutting the EPA](#) at

tation, Social Security, the F.E.C, the F.C.C., the F.T.C., the NLRB, et al. Over the last 40 years this has all been “enshittified” to the detriment of the public and common good and for the benefit of corporate America and a few dozen billionaires. If we want to retire, or have our kids well educated, or go someplace we need to buy the “+”

version. And when most of us cannot afford the “+” version we support the privatization of public goods- that is we allow them to be sold off to the billionaire class who will then extract profit at the expense of quality, safety, and jobs.

Sedrick is not the reason the MBTA in Boston needs [\\$24 billion in](#)

[repairs](#). Immigrants are not to blame for the 46,000 bridges that are “structurally deficient” or the 81,000 [that need to be replaced](#)”. Transgendered people are not responsible for the transformation of our economy away from high status, well paid, union manufacturing jobs to low pay, low status, nonunion service sector work. Manufacturing was shipped overseas and unions were busted to increase shareholder profits- shareholders are not the public! The [wealthiest 10% own 93%](#) of stocks.

The evil genius of all the present moment is that those who are responsible for the mess are profiting from it while they hide in plain sight, while the rest of us, fed up by the harm wreaked by “enshittified” public institutions, shout and chant at each other.



the expense of the environment, the [CPFEB](#) at the expense of [American consumers](#), the [IRS for the protection](#) of the wealthy, [FEMA](#) for those devastated by disaster, and on and on.

[Cory Doctorow](#) has written about the “enshittification” of the internet; that is the bait and switch that takes place after we get hooked on a digital service or product and the product becomes nearly essential to our functioning and then the product is corrupted into a shadow of itself and we are encouraged to buy the “+” version of the product to get back what has been taken away. I’m no big fan of any government, but in theory the role of government is to protect the common good. The common good has been sporadically, and unevenly, served by public schools, public transpor-

Trump didn't start this. He may be singular among recent presidents with his crass and unapologetic misogyny and white supremacy, but this dividing and conquering of the American people, while demonizing and dismantling the apparatus allegedly built to proffer the common good, has been the game plan of corporate America since at least 1971's corporate sponsored [Powell Memo](#). [Project 2025](#) is merely their action plan to bring about a complete oligarchy with a side of authoritarianism.

The godfather of community organizing, [Saul Alinsky](#), succinctly identified organization, organized money and/or organized power, as the source of all political power; an insight acknowledged by the Powell Memo. The Godfathers (the Mario Puzo kind) running our country know the surest way for a small minority to remain in power is to deploy this ancient practice of divide and conquer. The American people have been divided and now we

are being conquered- not by immigrants and poor Americans, but by a handful of [billionaires who have as much wealth](#) as half the country.

For the homeland to actually be secure we need a Department of Mercy and Understanding to divert harmless people from prison; a Department for the Protection of the Common Good to impose a maximum wage, radically increase capital gains taxes, and build dignified housing for every resident of our land with these funds- if eminent domain can be used to take private

property for the public good, so too should it be used to reclaim some portion of the billionaires spoils for the public good; a Department of Compassion for the Vulnerable that guarantees quality health care, including mental health care and addiction treatment, for everyone, as well as access to healthy food to boot; a Department for the Celebration of our Elders that facilitates older Americans in pursuit of their bucket lists- fishing trips to Alaska, weekends with their grandkids, sunsets on the beach, or whatever

brings joy without causing harm, rather than toiling 'til death to afford a bus pass to get to the local food pantry!

One last thought: as all New Englanders know, salt melts ice. In this vein let's resolve to be salty, nonviolent dogs when ICE comes to town- I'm thinking of [Mother Jones](#), [Ella Baker](#), and local hero [Al Dornan](#).

As for ICE... it's just the English pronunciation of Gestapo.Ω



Families Belong Together by Sasha Stumph

U.S. Bishops [Special Message on Immigration](#)

...We the bishops of the United States are... disturbed when we see among our people a climate of fear and anxiety around... immigration enforcement. We are saddened by the... vilification of immigrants. We are concerned about the conditions in detention centers... We lament that some immigrants... have arbitrarily lost their legal status. We are troubled by threats against the sanctity of houses of worship and the special nature of hospitals and schools. We are grieved when we meet parents who fear being detained when taking their children to school and when we try to console family members who have already been separated from their loved ones...

Catholic teaching exhorts nations to recognize the fundamental dignity of all persons, including immigrants. We...

advocate for a meaningful reform of our nation's immigration laws and procedures. Human dignity and national security are not in conflict. Both are possible if people of good will work together.

We recognize that nations have a responsibility to regulate their borders... for the sake of the common good. Without such processes, immigrants face the risk of trafficking and... exploitation. Safe and legal pathways serve as an antidote to such risks.

The Church's teaching rests on the foundational concern for the human person, as created in the image and likeness of God... We look to Sacred Scripture and the example of the Lord Himself, where we find the wisdom of God's compassion. The priority of the Lord... is for those who are most

vulnerable: the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the stranger... [O]ur concern here for immigrants is a response to the Lord's command to love as He has loved us...

To our immigrant brothers and sisters, we stand with you in your suffering, since, when one member suffers, all suffer ... You are not alone!...

We oppose the indiscriminate mass deportation of people. We pray for an end to dehumanizing rhetoric and violence...

As disciples of the Lord, we remain men and women of hope, and hope does not disappoint!

May the mantle of Our Lady of Guadalupe enfold us all in her maternal and loving care and draw us ever closer to the heart of Christ.Ω

The Provocations of Dorothy Day ⁶

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)

Embrace Beauty

In her last years, Dorothy often woke up hearing in her mind Dostoevsky's quote, "The world will be saved by beauty."

This spoke to me faster than anything else he said, though I don't entirely know why. Claiming a definition of beauty is impossible; we can only make stabs at it. But this I know—we must open ourselves up to beauty. And we will know it in a moment of mysterious recognition, and it will transform us.

No matter how bleak a slum Dorothy lived in and how dire the circumstances, to her the world always gave the gift of beauty and its potential even in what seems full of suffering or tragedy, or transient and fragile. Her daughter Tamar had a gift of seeing beauty in the tangle and disorder of nature. Weeds, she said, grow long roots and bring nutrients to the top. They feed and give shelter to the creatures though her neighbors did not appreciate her accommodation of weeds, or the way they provided protection for her resident skunk.

When beauty suffuses you, it is love that has your total attention.

What else is beauty but the language and love of God? And the laughter of the Earth, the laughter of Creation. It is delight itself. I am saved by beauty every single day, without fail. There is no breaking of that covenant, and it is so faithful that it's easy to become blind to it or take it for granted or deny its value. Beauty

the southwest coast of Ireland, I live in such beauty while so many others lead troubled and rage-filled lives. Because of this gift of beauty I wish to speak, as foolish of a gesture as this may be, for the curlew and the corncrake who struggle to raise their young, and the small patches of scrub land being bulldozed over as I

write.

These are small beings unattended to in this great wide world, each giving the gift of beauty. But it isn't easy to witness the suffering of even the smallest of creatures. It isn't easy to quiet my heart. Do I yet know why, when my thoughts turn to God, I turn them to the moon and stars



Pied Beauty ([click to purchase print from artist](#))

Kreg Yingst

is God's gift to everyone, even the thrush singing contentedly as the sun sets, without condition. This love, desire, and praise for beauty is my working definition of my religious and spiritual impulse.

Often it seems we are at war with beauty, destroying it systematically and casually except when it can be used as a commodity. And then, within one generation, we no longer know what good soil is, what the forests used to be, or what the night sky look like without the glow of electricity. Environmental degradation is usually called progress; Dorothy called it a form of poverty. Opening up to beauty isn't easy; it isn't mere sentimentality. "Quiet your heart," says St Teresa of Avila, "so God can find a place to rest."

Here on the Beara Peninsula on

and wind, which seem so pure and untouchable in their beauty?

What beauty resides in the wind blowing through the hawthorn and sycamore, the night rain sparkling in flowering gorse, the sun rising above the Miskish Mountains. Yes! Yes! I say to it all. How glorious. I live a life of kings and queens, moguls and popes—no, greater than they. They should envy me. These are moments of this mysterious transformation. This is the power of beauty.

I am called to perceive beauty with every atom of my being, to be irrevocably changed by it, and, yes, to weep at its destruction. To not turn away saying that this is too much, and I can't help. To allow it to open up my heart, even though I can see and feel the loss already, and I am afraid. What choice do I have?

Cal Robertson: Persistent Witness for Nonviolence. *iPresente!*

Stephen Vincent Kobasa

(ed. note: [Cal Robertson](#) was born unto eternity on January 3. Cal was universally known to residents of southeastern CT for his decades long daily vigil for nonviolence at the Sub base in Groton, the Sailor and Soldiers monument in New London, and elsewhere. Cal was a soft spoken man of very few words- in part because of a head injury, but more so out of humility. If you ever met him he undoubtedly greeted you with "solidarity in the struggle", and handed you a poem. Cal vigiled for peace in penance for his time in the [Vietnam War](#).)



From Cal's papers, [archived at UCONN](#)



Cal in his prime with one of his favorite signs.



Cal, unknown, Stephen Kobasa, and Marge van Cleef outside the courthouse in New London.

"Purity of heart is to will one thing" was a claim made by the Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard. Until my first encounter with Cal Robertson, I never had a clear proof that anyone I knew possessed that quality. But Cal did, passionately.

He was a wounded healer, a veteran, full of grace, who carried memories that most of us would be afraid to imagine. He was the one of

the few human beings I have ever known who was simply incapable of arrogance. Humility was in every one of his gestures, along with compassion. His laughter was explosive, always accompanied by a single loud clap of his hands, an audible punctuation that was also a sign of both his affirmation and his pleasure.



Cal and Chris at the dedication of the Cal Robertson Garden at the Voluntown Peace Trust

He had a sincere curiosity about every person he encountered, intent upon finding the questions that would reveal what mattered most about them, and to them. His fidelity to the practice of nonviolence was

unfailing, with even his smallest gestures carrying a touch of peace.

There was a kind of penance to his life, but it led him to joy. Everyone who knew him was led there, too. In the traditional Jewish phrase, his memory will always be a blessing. Ω

God Dances cont.

Shall I linger in this world pretending to be otherwise engaged? Will I do nothing? A blackbird sings on a wire while the pines whisper

love songs to the ravens, and the swallows swoop in and out of the shed-all masters of contentment. In this patch of being, all is good, and all manner of things are good. We are cradled by beauty which saves us

every day.

Oh, how I would love to have beauty drip from my fingertips as easily as exhaling, to fling it about riotously and have it fall as gracefully as the sunlight on my lap. Ω

Live Without Fear

Rev. Rob Hirschfeld

(Rev. Hirschfeld is the Episcopal Bishop of New Hampshire. He made these remarks on January 9 at a [memorial for Renee Good](#) in the wake of her murder by ICE agents in Minneapolis.)

I'm coming to an awareness that the times of statements and the times of our eloquent words have reached a kind of limit, sadly.

As someone who is a man of profound historical privilege, as one who has made statements that I have to say have been really good and eloquent but have not moved the needle one bit, I want to speak briefly primarily to the Christians among us.

We are now engaged in a horrible battle that is eternal, that has gone on for millennia. As soon as the Christian Church became linked to the empire by Constantine in the year 325 or so, the church immediately became corrupt. And the message of Jesus's love, compassion and commitment to the poor, the outcast, was immediately compromised.

We are now, I believe, entering a time, a new era of martyrdom, Renee Good being the last of note. Of those martyrs, New Hampshire's own Jonathan Daniels, a man of also white privilege, stood in front of the blast of a sheriff in Hayneville, Alabama, to protect a young black teenager from a shotgun blast. He died and was martyred.

We know of the women, the Maryknoll sisters who stood alongside the poor and the oppressed in El Salvador and were brutally raped and martyred in the name of Jesus.

Oscar Romero, in a Mass, called upon the death squads of El Salvador to lay down their arms or risk excommunication, and was martyred the next Sunday at the altar.

I have told the clergy of the Episcopal Diocese of New Hampshire that we may be entering into that same witness. And I've asked them to get their affairs in order to make sure

they have their wills written. And for us, with our bodies, to stand between the powers of this world and the most vulnerable.

It may mean that we are going to have to, in a new way that we have



Iraqi artist, unknown to us, sorry

never seen perhaps in our lifetime, except for these remote stories that I've just cited, to put our faith in the God of life, of resurrection, of a love that is stronger than death itself.

There are those who call themselves Christians now who are very close to the seat of the highest estheticians of power in this country, who tell us that the way the world works is by force. We've heard it this week from Steven Miller. The clarity could not be more stark.

Saint Paul, in his letter to the Philippians said, 'Let the same mind that was in Christ Jesus be in you,' who though had every force in the world and could just lay assault to the whole universe, chose instead to enter our humanity, to empty himself and to take the posture of weakness, of vulnerability, to enter even death, even death on the cross in speaking to the Christians.

That's what we are to model because life, the life that God wants

for us is stronger than what we see. The cruelty, the injustice, the horror that we saw unleashed in Minneapolis. And we've seen it so many other times also in Minneapolis.

Lest we forget George Floyd, [six blocks away.]

So that is my prayer: Those of us who are ready to build a new world, we also have to be prepared. If we truly want to live without fear. We cannot fear even death itself, my friends. And that is the stark truth of my faith.

If I want to live, and live with the fullness that God intends, I have to trust that God will always protect me and raise me as God, I believe, is bringing Renee Good to glory right now. And I see that face of that glory among all of us who are here on this cold, dark night.

So I'll leave with a prayer:

Live without fear.

You have been created holy in the image of the divine.

Whatever race, whatever gender, whatever orientation, straight, queer, trans -

You have been made in the image of the divine.

God has always and will always protect you no matter what happens.

So live in that without fear.

God supports you, protects you and loves you with a power and a presence that is stronger than death.

That is how we live free or die.

And may the Creator, the anointed and the Holy Spirit uphold, give you courage and strength and compassion to live these days.

There is a new day ahead.

It is coming.

We can smell it.

It is on its way.

Let this light shine.

The darkness, the shadows of our lives will not overcome it. Amen.Ω

tions of evil (d'evil- of evil). In the blaring noise of our times our temptations to abandon mindfulness, neighbor, and God come via an endless stream of dings and buzzes; temptation via notification: aka temptation the easy way.

And so, this Lent, war rages around the world, the U.S. spends at least \$30,000 every second on the military, and the cries of the poor are unheard, or worse yet- ignored. We have bombed 7 countries under Trump; including what may become a major war with Iran. Perhaps we'll invade Greenland for the mineral resources our screens require. Our tax dollars are creating more and more faces who are poor. In an effort to boost our own Spirits and witness a different way, we are planning a Holy Week walk for peace with the Buddhists from Leverett MA. Join us on our journey for an hour, a day, or pray with us from home! We will be walking from New Haven to New London. Maybe you saw coverage of the [Buddhists walking across the country](#) for peace- this is your chance to join some of their sisters and brothers.

It has been a very rough couple of months at the Worker and we are all exhausted. Chris is six weeks out from his second knee replacement in less than a year. The good news is the newest knee is doing great. He is already working out on a recumbent bike for physical therapy. The bad news is the first knee may need repairing. We dread it. Brian is 82 now and last week he took a hard fall out front while checking the mailbox. After a couple of neighborhood guys helped him up a flight of stairs and back into his recliner he tried to act like nothing was wrong. It took over a week for us to get him to the doctors. He finally went to the E.R. and required surgery for a broken hip. He is being moved to St Mary's home for rehab. We are praying his physical therapy goes well.

We have had some moving around in both St Martin and St Brigid House. Pito and Lito have moved over to the Purple House, Sasean has returned to us and is back at the Green House, Chaz is looking for an apartment nearer to his job in Manchester (anyone out there renting?), and our Bosnian guest, Tesmihaj, has moved in with our volunteer Mo. We are so glad she has a quieter space to live



Sasha Stumph

and where her cat can run free. Our daughter Marisol has agreed to take over supervising Thursdays after school and is also taking on some of the organizational work: liaising with the moms in the program and coordinating permission slips and contact info.

We just had a wonderful St. Valentines party last Saturday with cookie decorating, face paints, and lots of art projects. Shout out to our dear Ellen Guertin who reminded us this week that the late Fr. Gene Kilbride always insisted to include the St. in Valentines Day. This week Saint Josephine Bakhita Parish of Rocky Hill did a fabulous Souper Bowl food collection for us.

Meanwhile Deacon Paul T. had his youth group load us up with many dozen sandwiches to distribute. Linda P has become our Wed morning food pantry runner and part time therapist, and Jen O has been bringing after school snacks and feeding the young men of the house. We are blessed with 3 interns from UH and two nursing student interns from St Joseph College this semester. And a big thanks to Jane D form Christ the King parish for hooking us up with bread twice a week.

We are most grateful for Lil' Jose, Pito, Lito, Sasean, and the Green House alum who keep things moving, give out food, collect donations, shovel us out, play basketball for hours on end with the kids, and keep the

whole ministry running. We look forward to Spring, Brian's return, Ammon finishing his first year of Social Work school, and the glory of enfleshing resurrection as we rise by seeking solidarity and building the Beloved Community.

As Dorothy Day said, "Resurrection was not merely a historical event or an abstract theological concept. It was a living reality to be witnessed daily in the faces of the poor and the cycles of nature." Ω



The Walls Came Down

The Call

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



Zdenek Sasek

Notes From De Porres House

Jacqueline Allen-Douçot

Dorothy Day once said, “the face of the poor keeps us honest about the kind of world we are making.” If that is a fact, and I believe that it is, the world we are making is brutal, selfish, cold, and uncaring. Currently starvation is occurring in Gaza, Sudan, Myanmar, China, Congo, Syria, Ethiopia, and Afghanistan. Spiritual starvation is also on the rise as we isolate ourselves, with our screens, from that portion of the Spirit which dwells in our neighbors. Simultaneously, our inner lives shrivel. Nearly every quiet moment is stolen as the voices from those same screens drown out the chorus of our elders that have passed on, prevent the messages of our dreams from breaking through in our consciousness, and hush the whisper of God in our ear that would be our conscience. Lent is a good time to do some fasting to put ourselves in a place where we can better see the face of the poor, and feel the hunger they often can’t avoid. Lent is also a good time to fast from our devices so that we can listen- to the poor, to our conscience, and to



***Thank-you Maureen Doern!
Your loving hands have been
keeping lovely heads warm for
many years! No knit-pickin' here,
your hats are full of love and
beauty when they are arrive, and
more so when they're worn.***

our God.

Whenever I fast, I like to think of Jesus' 40 days of fasting in the desert. I picture him on the first day, moved by the Holy Spirit at his baptism, filled with the light and love and energy of God. I picture the days passing slowly, one after another. No food, and probably not a great deal of water either. And then the temptations begin.

The tempter entices: “but you could turn these stones to bread.” The devil's lure of material comfort; an empty substitute for spiritual integrity and solidarity with the poor. When Jesus cites scripture to resist, the devil moves on to “throw yourself from this cliff and have the angels save you,” tempting Jesus to glorify the self above the community. And finally...the temptation to worship Satan itself. This seems to be the one we Americans fall for the hardest as we seek security in war and weapons of mass destruction- a tacit rejection of God. Christ resisted temptation, we don't. In the quiet of the desert Jesus resisted the tempta-

(Please see: Notes, p9)