



Rochester Catholic Worker

Rochester, New York — Summer 2013

Court Protection for Serial Killing - Harry Murray

This article should have focused on the deadly MQ-9 Reaper drones operated out of Hancock Air Field north of Syracuse. However, the willingness of the government to abolish political rights to protect these deadly weapons seems, in itself, a subject worthy of deep concern.

Let me explain.....

On Wednesday, May 8, 2013, at the age of 61, I was issued my first **order of protection**. I have considered myself a (not always successful) disciple of Dorothy Day, Mohandas Gandhi, Martin Luther King, and other practitioners of nonviolence for more than half my life, so it was a bit jarring to be informed that there was a human being whom the court felt needed to be defended against my very presence.



The order informed me that I was to “refrain from assault, stalking, harassment, aggravated harassment, menacing, reckless endangerment, strangulation, criminal obstruction of breathing or circulation, disorderly conduct, criminal mischief, sexual abuse, sexual misconduct, forcible touching, intimidation, threats or any criminal offense or interference with the victim or victims of, or designated witnesses to the alleged offense” I was ordered to stay away from the victim’s home, school, business, and place of employment. I guess I shouldn’t mention the victim’s name or that might be a violation of the order.

continued on p. 2

Kitchen Volunteers

An interesting sidebar to our meal program has been the gradual inclusion over the years of adults with developmental disabilities. **James W**, our kitchen coordinator of volunteers, gets the lion share of credit for working with each group to get them integrated into our system.

CDS Monarch is one of six organizations that deal with such individuals that come to St Joe’s each week. They assist individuals with transitional and employment needs. They wrote recently: “One of our favorite places to volunteer is St Joe’s. We have built meaningful relationships with the workers at St Joe’s and look forward to coming every week. The workers never judge our crew or make fun of them which is something many of them face in their lives due to their disabilities. This makes our individuals feel very good about themselves and about volunteering and helping out in the community”.

continued on p. 2

Court Protection for Serial Killing *(continued from p. 1)*

I should, perhaps, mention that I have never met this person, have no idea what he looks like, have no idea where he lives, and only know where he works because I have been told that he is the commander of Hancock Air National Guard Base, the drone control center north of Syracuse, where pilots on the ground command the MQ-9 Reaper drones, armed with Hellfire Missiles, which are killing human beings in Afghanistan and Pakistan. *By informing me that I was subject to up to seven years in prison for violating this order, the judge was attempting to intimidate me from returning to Hancock to protest the murderous conduct which is the daily business.*

I had prepared a response for the question of whether I understood the order of protection. Since Judge Jokl never let me get more than a few phrases into it, I will reprint it here, as the only place it will see the light of day:

Given my understanding of the US Constitution and my belief that I am on American soil, I find the words you have read essentially incomprehensible. I understand the order to state that the Constitutional rights of freedom of assembly, freedom of speech, and the right to petition our government for the redress of grievances have been abrogated in order to protect the serial killing which is going on at Hancock Air National Guard Base. I understand that a legal instrument which has traditionally been used primarily to protect women and children from physical violence has been perverted in an attempt to suppress political dissent. And so, I turn the question back to you, Judge Jokl. How do YOU understand the meaning of the document?

After Judge Jokl cut me off, he handed me the order to sign, to which I replied "I cannot be a participant in this farce." Jokl simply wrote "refused to sign" on the order and handed it to me, although his attitude noticeably chilled at that point.

All thirty one protestors arrested that day received an order of protection, including Mary Snyder, a woman in her eighties who was arrested in a wheelchair and yet was deemed a threat to the base commander. Most of us also received three charges, the most serious being a misdemeanor which carries up to a year in jail.

Orders of protection are designed to safeguard victims of violence – typically women and children who have been physically abused. They are a powerful tool since the abuser does not have to be convicted of a crime for the order to be issued. And, in the context of spouse abuse and child abuse, this makes eminent sense – we cannot let the victim be vulnerable while the criminal justice system grinds along to the trial stage.

However, when orders of protection are used against nonviolent protestors, ostensibly to protect someone whom they have never even seen, they threaten the very fabric of a free society. What if anyone who works at an organization at which protests are being conducted – whether that be a Federal Building, a military base, a Congressional office, City Hall, Planned Parenthood, or whatever – can have an order of protection issued which makes protestors risk years in prison simply for showing up at their place of employment with a protest sign?

I have seen basic American political freedoms erode steadily since 9/11, regardless of the political party holding power.



Kitchen Volunteers *(continued from p. 1)*

Marc B has been a good example of these programs. He is part of a program coordinated by St Paul City Center. He is completing his sixth month with St Joe's working alongside our kitchen crew and volunteering to keep the numerous pots and pans clean and functional. He started volunteering 6-10 hours per week and now is at 20 hours a week. Marc is updating his resume and to assess his current work readiness. His quiet demeanor and good work ethic will be missed by our kitchen team.

Our San Romero Community report

- Rev. Chava Redonnet

It's been a good news/bad news winter and spring for the Migrant Ministry of St Romero's. **First the good news!** And good it is: on March 15 we welcomed a new baby into our community. My phone rang at about 3 in the morning: "Pastora! We think the baby is maybe coming soon!" By the time we got to the hospital it was 6 am, and Crisiancito was born at 6 pm.

Later that night when I brought Santiago to meet the baby, I realized that we were the closest thing to family that they had in the area. Everyone else who would have been there to support them had left the area because of the I-9 audit last fall that lost everyone their jobs. So Santiago and I acted as grandparents would, running errands for the young couple, bringing them home a few days later and getting a bed set up for the baby. It's been two months, and mother and baby are doing fine. She is back to work in the fields, and someone nearby cares for the baby, close enough for the parents to visit at lunch.

The bad news: On Ash Wednesday, some folks from our community were at the Mexican Store in Medina. Soon after leaving they were stopped, ostensibly for speeding, although the woman who was driving says she was not. Border Patrol was called, and the three Mexicans in the car were taken in, and released that night. They did not go to detention which meant they did not have to post bond to get out, **but they are now in the system facing court dates, reporting in to Buffalo and in danger of deportation.**

In April there was a bit more good news, as Santiago went to court, but was granted a continuance for another year, much to our relief. The joy at that was soon overshadowed by the news that two more from our community were picked up. **They were in a Burger King in Albion; talking on the phone while eating, resulting in the police questioning them for "loitering."** Husband and wife were separated: he to the Detention Center in Batavia, she to the Wayne County Jail. I spent much of that week trying to get them out, and now they, too, are reporting in to Buffalo every second Tuesday.

One of the people in the car on Ash Wednesday was the mother of a young boy in our community. They used to live in the same house with Santiago and the couple who are now parents of that new baby, and everyone is very

The spaces between us

A poem, dedicated to the clergy

Speak not to me out of your holy books,
As you tighten the noose and sink deeper your hooks.
Bring not to bear the firm writs of your law
when before its soft spirit you stand not in awe.
Make not your offerings that obscure what is good
and cast off your idols of stone, metal and wood.
For they will not save you from judgment's due day;
You must soften your hearts, and walk in the way.

Where can be found the truth of all teachings?
Angels stand always before us, beseeching.
It's in hearing humbly our sister's mystery
listening softly to sad songs of her history.
It's in bearing gently our brother's burdens
perceiving the pain of a man who's been hurting.
It's in receiving their sorrows though ever so sweetly
and calling to mind our own wounds discretely.
It's when we acknowledge this heartache that births
the child of compassion, the seat of real worth.
It's when we give all we can, the tender sharing of self
That's where will be found our heaven's real wealth.

It's in the spaces between us that holiness shows
It's in this remembrance that we'll gracefully grow
beyond our own selves in the joy of communion.
Experiencing relationships as proper reunion
with that of God in all things our hearts touch;
Oh, that we would always be mindful of such.

Mike Hazel

fond of our young friend who is now 11. It turned out that his mother had a prior deportation order. Unlike the others, they face deportation very soon. She has to report in to Buffalo every week, and I am looking for someone to help with the driving. If you think you might have a call to do that, kindly contact me at St Joe's.

As pastor of Iglesia de San Romero, as we call the Migrant Ministry, I am now accompanying 8 people through the removal system. The nine people that were the original core group, plus others met along the way, are now scattered from Chiapas to Virginia and from Batavia to Albion: with only two exceptions, they are either in the system and at risk of deportation, or not returning to the area because of the I-9 audit last fall that means they no longer have work here. Every week I pass by the house where we held Mass for two summers. **Once the home of 15 people (who shared one shower),** it stands empty, now.

Our Meal Programs

Saint Joseph's has been blessed with volunteers for all the years I have been associated with the Catholic Worker House. We serve a hot meal seven days a week except during the two summer months; we are one of the few in the City that serve seven days.

Our kitchen crew, coordinated by **Bobby** is responsible for the M-F Noon meal; while Church groups cover each Saturday coordinated, for years, by Harry Murray; Sundays are different in that we open at 1:30 as a drop-in center with beverage and sweets (if available) and a hot meal at 4pm. We have some latitude Sundays for the Unitarians take responsibility for two of these 4-5 days each month. The other Sundays offer the most opportunity to utilize volunteers to work.

St Joe's needs many different kinds of volunteers to serve our guests seven days each week.

Monday thru Friday: We have a core of volunteers that have been with us for 'years'. Next, we have folks that need community service hours to satisfy court infractions. Then there are guys on programs that need to volunteer hours for their own program. Then we have WEP folks that need to get some on-site work experience.

Add to this are the six different developmentally challenged groups that arrive to volunteer either early to do set-up or later to help serve the meal.

continued on p. 7

A bittersweet time of year - Mike Hazel

As the weather gradually warms, the windows stay open and the sounds of the neighborhood trickle in, reminding us of our place in this part of town. Amid the shouts, the sirens and the thumping speakers, we are asked to find a peace that at times seems absent. It is a struggle to settle into a silence that doesn't exist, and often I find myself reaching for some other mental 'noise' to chase away the constant hum of our existence at St Joe's.

But even as the city comes alive, solitude can be felt. It is always a grace, and often unexpected. A moment where the light filters through the trees in the backyard and the birds heckle each other just so, enough to remind you that there is more going on than our human concerns. A sunset seen from the roof, reminding us that things look a bit different from somewhere other than ground level, and that beauty has not been completely paved over. A cherry tree across the street bursts into life, inviting the bees to partake and the people to pause beside it.

The city resumes its rhythms of life, after a winter's slow rest. Amidst this backdrop, our guests and volunteers come and go. And soon I, too, must go. This spring has been a bittersweet time for me, as I contemplate what comes next. St. Joe's is an immersive place, and it's easy to forget how to come up for air. As I look ahead, I can't

help but float in the moments of time I've spent developing relationships with workers, guests, and volunteers alike. When I leave, I will find vacant many spaces within me. For now, I am grateful to those who so graciously fill them.

St. Joe's is a place where boundaries seem to dissolve into the moments between people; there is nothing behind which one can stand. This place hurts, because we are not sheltered from one another's pain. Some days I feel so naked, I just can't bear it. But I do, and it's simultaneously the most uncomfortable and familiar feeling imaginable. Raw humanity presents itself, and demands nothing less than a response similarly unguarded.

I don't always manage to rise to this challenge, but often enough that I've been changed in ways yet unfathomable. It's the powerful tugs of a thousand fingers playing on my heart's strings, twisting and tweaking them ever so, and it quietly aches to see the pain here and recognize my own. I couldn't do this forever, but I can do this now, here with these people I have come to love in strange and numerous ways. And as I move on, I will look back fondly upon memories of those who've gently pulled me and sometimes forcefully pushed me to that place of openness; a softly bitter but sweet recollection if ever there was one.

House News

Spring has seen the house undergo a facelift of sorts, with several improvements working together to create a space better suited to serving our guests. A new mural now graces the fence, courtesy of several youth from Villa of Hope, a group home out in Greece. A serious renovation to allow more flexibility between shower and laundry use in the Hospitality room has proven a godsend, and a week of deep cleaning in the middle of April cleared out the winter's accumulated grime (not to mention giving our workers a break from the demanding work of hospitality that they do day in and day out).

Our winter emergency night shelter closed in the middle of April, to reopen again in October. Our staff was sad to see this time with guests end, but have been grateful for the rest and the new energy available to direct toward other work. Many thanks go to all of our dedicated volunteers that helped to make this possible over the winter months.



Stergios Skatharoudis

Stergios has been with us since February, and devotes most of his energies toward working with trainees in the **Bread for All** bakery program. He has become a valuable bridge between the house and bakery, and has continued to provide the house with excellent bread. The end of May will see **Hazel** moving on after 6 months at St. Joe's. He plans to move to Minnesota to be nearer to his family, and will be joining a Catholic Worker community in Winona, MN later this summer. **Brooke** will also be joining us in the latter half of May. She hails from Austin, TX but attends school in Vermont, and will be with us for the summer.

Jim, who was a live-in worker at St. Joe's in the late '90's, joined us again in March. He has been a steady presence in Hospitality, and has plans to stay for quite some time – we are glad to have him here.

The beginning of May brought us a reboot of a CW tradition - **clarification of thought** roundtable meetings. Several members of St. Joe's and Bethany House met to discern the ways in which they can support each other in the ministry they do as Catholic Workers. These meetings will continue monthly, to be held at St. Joe's at 5:30 on the first Monday of each month.

Thanks go to Trudy Scahill of Bethany House for providing the haven to get these off the ground. The next one is July 1st. We welcome your participation – come to learn, to share, or just to sit and listen to the stories of life here in the house.



Jim Yacopucci



The Wednesday **Bike Clinic** put on by R Community Bikes has been a blessing to this neighborhood, with many participants. The volunteers are a dedicated bunch, working rain or shine to repair what is often the only means of transport for many of our neighbors and guests. The clinic only does repairs. They have given out over 600 bikes and are short of bikes;– if you have a bike to donate, please call us for their number.

And as usual, **Rev. Chava** holds Mass each Sunday, 11am at the House for our San Romero community.....if you are not on their mail list and would like to receive their bulletins, please give us your email address and we will add you.

BREAD FOR ALL

To feature their outstanding Potato Bread at the West Side Market!

If you haven't tasted it, you are in for a treat.

Our subscribers asked for some variety in their 10-week subscription, and we dug into the recipe box and found the Herkimer county award-winning Potato Bread recipe, circa 1979, and probably passed along for many years. The bread is a hit! So much so that we have decided to add Potato Bread to our offerings at the Westside Market, Tuesday afternoons, at St. Monica's in the 19th Ward. Stop by our stand. We will have an array of cookies, white and whole wheat breads (sliced and unsliced), our famous focaccia loaves, and our Potato Bread.

This summer we will continue our subscription series, beginning the week of June 2. This newsletter will reach you after our starting date for the 10-week subscription, but we will gladly add you to our list. You can pick up bread at the bakery (220 Mt. Hope), or have it delivered in the Southwedge neighborhood – by bicycle! Our modest price of \$4 a loaf keeps us afloat and, most importantly, continues to fulfill our mission: offering training to people who need employment and living up to our motto: **Everyone eats, no one gets rich, and no one goes hungry.**

The bakery has been blessed: with two trainees who are becoming quite competent in bread production; enough volunteers to oversee the baking schedule; and friends of St. Joe's who know their purchase of bread is an act of justice when purchased from BREAD FOR ALL.

Give us a call: 775-9135. Have a safe and wonder-filled summer.

"Community of Pardon, not of Judgment" - Alex Rodriguez

"...and the deepest level of communication is not communication but communion. It is wordless. It is beyond words, and it is beyond speech, and it is beyond concept." -Thomas Merton

It is difficult to dream from the fringes, when times are grey. Difficult to see past the fog that at times seems to cover the path before us, but from within that fog, that cloud of unknowing, you hear a voice that calls us to renewal and calms our heart; sets us at ease, prepares us for what lies ahead, making us an instrument of love and of peace.

As I enter this new 8th month phase here at St. Joe's I have discovered (or re-discovered) what R. Rolheiser, OMI calls a "Theology of Brokenness". I am reminded that I don't have to be Holy to love G-d or be loved by G-d. I only need to be human.

It is easy to weigh others out in the scales of "justice" or justification in the name of what we think is right; it is not so easy when the person on that scale is oneself. The heat is turned up and the frying pan is at full blaze. It is in these moments when the Spirit of forgiveness hovers over the hearts of all those who are or would be affected or infected by the results of healing, by the power greater than our-selves that goes where no one else can go, where only love can go.

So the Communion is birth out of the reality that we all fall short, that we can't afford to be too heavenly minded and become no earthly good, that in this journey we are "wounded healers" and that is okay! Messiah always shows up in disguise: in our guest, in the delivery guy, our volunteers, our patrons and our community members.

As I continue in this journey, I pray that I am led from Light into the Dark where You are found creating and bringing into light that which lays within. Teach me not to be afraid at what at times makes no conceivable sense but is truly meaningful. I don't want to make sense, it doesn't matter to anyone anyways, I want to be, not for them, but for me, for you, I'm complete when incomplete, perfect when not...

Reflections on Two Relatives - Rev Chava Redonnet

This past January, two of my uncles died within a couple days of each other, one on each side of my family. One uncle was much beloved. His memorial service was filled with friends and family. His two youngest grandchildren cried. The adults told fond stories. We sent him off with a blessing, surrounded by love.

My other uncle died alone and outside. He had been cut off from the family for about fifty years. My only memory of him is of one visit, when he came from out west and sat at our supper table, talking of cattle rustling, trying to get his brother to leave his young family and join him in some venture. There is just one photo of him, a skinny boy with glasses. Not the cattle-rustler type, to look at him as a child.



The family tried to keep in touch. One sister in particular was persistent. She insisted that he carry her contact information on his person, and he said he would, but he didn't. When he died, they only found a family member by doing an internet search. Without the internet we might never have heard that he died. Good thing he at least had his own name on him.

I knew he lived rough, drinking and gambling, but I didn't know he was homeless. I wonder if he was ever a guest at one of the Catholic Workers Houses out West. Could have been. It's something to remember about our guests here at St Joe's: every one of them might be somebody's brother or sister, uncle or aunt. Certainly they were

someone's son or daughter. Who knows what happens within families, or why. Our job is just to love each person right where they are. I hope that happened sometimes for my uncle Steve, that he encountered someone who offered some unconditional love, and a meal and a chance to shower.

There's a post script to the story. After he died I asked about that childhood memory of him talking about cattle rustling. Seems he worked on a ranch and had the job of wintering over with the cattle, alone in a shed, far from anyone. The only way to get something to eat was to kill one of the cows now and then. So maybe he wasn't the "bad guy" of my childish imagination. Maybe he was just trying to survive, just like so many of our guests at St Joe's and the undocumented folks we serve at St Romero's.

It's pretty sad to die alone and outdoors, with no grandchildren crying at your funeral.

Rest in peace, Uncle Steve.



Our Meal Programs *(continued from p. 4)*

Our **James W** coordinates all these different volunteers and groups so that our guests get a hot meal in a relaxed atmosphere.

Saturdays: are run by Harry Murray who coordinates Church groups from September to the end of June. These are folks many of which have been volunteering their Saturday monthly for "years". This day is reserved for church groups and Harry has a waiting list.

Sundays: are coordinated by Tim Sigrist who builds his volunteers around the two or three days the Unitarians will not be doing the "meal". The Meal is served at 4pm and hospitality opens at 1:30pm with coffee and sweets.

Memorial Day Picnic Report...
Great day, weather and turnout, cooked on the grill, ate outside in the parking lot.

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality Rochester Catholic Worker Community

Some of us live in houses; some of us live on the street; some of us have a room of our own, or a bed and a place to keep; some of us have a cot or piece of a couch or patch of floor to return to each night; some hold special positions of power and roles with specific responsibilities, some do whatever they can. Our aim is to try each day to "build a new society in the shell of the old" as we practice the various works of mercy and labor with whatever resources, physical as well as spiritual, that we have been given at the time.

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Coffee
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Hoodies
39-gal. Trash Bags
Razors
BATH TOWELS

Athletic Socks
Pillows
Toothbrushes/Paste
Deodorants

CALENDAR

July/August Sat. Meals Program Closed

July 4th Picnic

Sept 2nd Labor day picnic

Clarifications of thought
roundtable discussions...

1st Monday of each month
5:30pm at St. Joseph's

Celebrants for 5:00 p.m. Tuesday Ecumenical Service

We suggest that you call the House in case the service time or celebrant has been changed.

06-18	Rev. Matthew Nivkoleff	09-03	Deacon Tom Cleary
06-25	Fr. Larry Tracy	09-10	Rev. Chava Redonnet
07-02	Fr. Jim Callan	09-17	Sr. Grace Miller
07-09	Pastor Dave Hanks	09-24	Rev. Matthew L. Nivoloff
07-16	Kathy Mrzywka	10-01	TBA
07-23	Deacon Bill Coffey	10-08	TBA
07-30	Sr. Grace Miller	10-15	TBA
08-06	Donna Eckert (Bethany House)	10-22	Rev. Matthew L. Nivoloff
08-13	Rev. Lawrence Hargrave	10-29	Fr. Jim Callan
08-20	Rev. Jo Ann Kaiser	11-05	Rev. Chava Redonnet
08-27	Rev. Matthew L. Nivoloff	11-12	TBA