
Wallyhouse News



A Franciscan Catholic Worker at St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church,
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Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin founded the Catholic Worker movement on May 1, 1933 in NY City with the inaugural edition of the Catholic Worker newspaper. Their vision based on the radical life and message of Jesus, continues today in over 200 CW communities, in cities and on farms, throughout the world. Wallyhouse, the Honolulu Catholic Worker founded in March 2018, too, is committed to nurturing the poor in body, mind and spirit, non-violent resistance of oppression and practicing radical acts of kindness.



Forging Peace through Community

To be Christian is not just to live a moral law; it's not just to be a good person. It's somewhere to become a bit crazy—but for Jesus and for peace, because the only road to peace will be the love of enemies. It'll be by descending and discovering the poor, rather than going up to the top of the ladder, where there is more power, privilege, and so on. There's something incredibly beautiful in the Gospel message, but at the same time incredibly demanding. And yet, it's not demanding. It's the place of joy, because we know that we can't do it ourselves. It's when we think we have to do it by ourselves that everything becomes heavy. — Jean Vanier, founder of L'Arche



Happy Birthday to Kay's Cafe!

Congratulations on ONE year of feeding
really good food to hungry people.



In honor of Kay's Cafe anniversary, we invite donations to make its continuance possible. Please send in your **tax-deductible Charitable Contribution** with checks payable to St. Elizabeth's CW and mail to address on masthead above. Thank you!



From Peace Zone to a New Ministry

The beginning of the end started with Aaron (not his real name). It was on a recent spring afternoon (4pm) when he was assaulted while walking down Kanoa Street, which borders Wallyhouse and St. Elizabeth's. The backstreet was "home" for some 20 encampments, occupied for around three years by a core community along with a few newcomers. The exception was a "commando" tent that belonged to a local gang which preyed on the houseless. It was from this base tent that someone stepped out to assault Aaron. Injuries to his face required 17 stitches. Understandably, Aaron was mad and he launched a "clean up Kanoa Street" campaign. He knocked on doors, made phone calls, attended community meetings. He was relentless in his pursuit of "making our neighborhood safe again" by evicting all of them.

Aaron even got us going, not to join him in evicting our houseless neighbors, but to create a "peace zone" on Kanoa Street. We imagined a block of committed neighbors, housed and unhoused; of local businesses, 2 churches and a health center; and ordinary passers-by, including gang members, who would observe peace on this block. We imagined a kick-off party in late September in conjunction with Pace e Bene's

Campaign Nonviolence and the United Nations' International Day of Peace. We would have food and music, plant signs that proclaimed the peace zone, and a pledge to observe nonviolence and kindness. We took the idea to Aaron, but he was more interested in grilling us about our "enabling" people who live on the street.

Aaron's campaign resulted in heightened police activity and a local community meeting. The police eliminated the "commando" tent, arrested gang members and harassed the houseless with daily, instead of weekly, sweeps. This caused some to vacate the area, leaving a smaller, more determined-to-stay encampment. At the community meeting housed neighbors and public officials shared concerns and their desire to permanently sweep away the houseless—who, while present, were mostly ignored and referred to as "they and them." Solutions were lacking, except for the notification that if the encampments go, so will the cars, which primarily belong to residents of nearby apartments. If one "sidewalk" law is enforced, the other will be too.

So came the City's "sidewalk" project. "No-Parking" signs were posted. The houseless were ordered to take down their encampments during the day, but they persisted in returning at night. Until one night, in the rain, they were forced to evacuate. They moved to the other side of St. Elizabeth's, on the sidewalk of busy King Street. The grade school across the street objected to the tents, whose obvious presence attracted more encampments. The already crowded space overflowed. This couldn't last, we all knew. In the meantime, the City covered the dirt sidewalks on Kanoa Street with asphalt. Asphalt! An assault on the houseless, our eyes and Mother Nature. So much for our peace zone. What to do?



Catholic Worker houses traditionally take in folks from the street to live in community with them. Why not offer our lawn to provide a "home" for 12 guests? This would address not only their immediate problem of residence, but also help them with other needs such as safety, security and employment. We could pilot an open-air 'ohana zone.



St. Elizabeth's vestry did not go for it. But they did offer the formerly occupied, but currently empty, shipping container that sits alongside Wallyhouse. On Saturday, August 3, three women from the street encampment—Lovely, Jinna and Sunshine— moved into the container, just two days before the final double-sweep that scattered the remains of our Kanoa Street community. On Sunday, August 11, feast day of St. Clare of Assisi, Gigi Cocquio, of Hoa 'Aina O Makaha Farm, gifted us a composting toilet which Fr. David blessed (St. Augustine says you can bless anything). He also blessed the

newly refurbished dwelling, and dubbed it Elizabeth House after Elizabeth of Hungary, patroness of the homeless. The toilet will reside in a new attachment to the container and near the entrance to the future Peace Garden.



The peace zone we originally imagined was transformed into something else entirely: a new residential ministry. The Spirit moves in mysterious ways, never more so than when we think we have failed. All our efforts were ending in "Evict them!" but the Spirit beckoned "House them!"

Moments of Friendship and Gratitude

Guests and volunteers are important to us. They remind us that we are much more than a handful of folk living and working in a small house on the edge of a church parking lot. Their presence and help encourage us along the way to continue in our endeavors and to realize that we are part of a larger community with various histories but with connecting roots.

We were privileged to host **Marie Smith** who was completing her first unit of Clinical Pastoral Education with Pacific Health Ministry in Honolulu. A Postulant for Holy Orders in the Episcopal Diocese of Mississippi, she will begin her second year of seminary at the School of Theology at the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee this fall. From Gadsden, Alabama, she lives with her husband, Brandon, in Biloxi, MS.



A huge thanks to the community of the **Honolulu Friends**



Meeting. This Quaker community has been a significant support to us. Monthly, the Friends bring us canned food and hygiene products for our door service. The day before we opened our new shower for the houseless, Judy Hall appeared, arms full of new white towels and wash cloths. And when Wally and Kay went on vacation for two weeks, Bob Broderick took over cooking and serving for Kay's Cafe. His food was an amazing cornucopia of good food fit for royalty. Thank you Bob and all of your helpers. Oh, and did I mention that our Friends arranged for us to receive a new-to-us refrigerator, delivered by Bob?

Mahalo to the Episcopal Church **United Thank Offering (UTO)**, the **Atherton Family Foundation** and the Buddhist **Honpa Hongwanji Mission of Hawai'i** for the generous grants to make our dream of a Peace Garden a reality. We will create a space to grow food in raised beds and an adjoining covered lanai where we can gather to enjoy the bounty!

Another great big Mahalo to **Jeff Emerson** and **Charley Steffey**, who put in countless hours transforming the old toilet room and food pantry into a beautiful, spacious shower for our houseless community. The shower is now open for use, thanks to the talents and efforts of these two men.

On Pilgrimage...Kalaupapa and Mauna Kea by Wally Inglis

Among my earliest memories of the Catholic Worker is reading articles by Dorothy Day in its penny-a-copy newspaper. I especially enjoyed her "On Pilgrimage" column, where she wrote of frequent travels—usually by Greyhound bus. I recalled this recently when I embarked on mini-pilgrimages—by plane—to Mauna Kea on Hawaii Island, and Kalaupapa on Molokai.

Each journey took me to a place held sacred by many, particularly Native Hawaiians. Each site has a history of public controversy and struggle against government's insensitivity to indigenous values and human rights. Both have involved issues of injustice countered by individuals and groups dedicated to principles which transcend politics. Nonviolence and compassion have proven effective in erasing the stigma of leprosy which prompted the exile in the mid-1800s of hundreds of citizens to a remote peninsula over the following century; the same nonviolent spirit, "kapu aloha", is energizing a new generation of Hawaiians who are resisting construction of a \$1.4 billion Thirty Meter Telescope (TMT) atop Mauna Kea.

The struggles of Kalaupapa's people have been mostly put to rest. Their spiritual leaders, Father Damien and Mother Marianne, are now regarded as saints by the church and folk heroes by society. Kalaupapa's residents, beneficiaries of a disease long cured, have dwindled to less than a dozen. During my brief stay, I embraced the prevailing silence and solitude. By contrast, in the highway encampment at the base of Mauna Kea's access road—now blocked by dozens of "kia'i" (protectors) and where 38 elders were arrested days before—I was one of close to 3,000 Native Hawaiians and their supporters who were present that weekend.

As part of a Catholic Worker group striving to form bonds of community with our tented houseless neighbors, I felt privileged to be at Kalaupapa and Mauna Kea, where thriving communities of past and present offered valuable, but contrasting, models. To see a "city" of tents, where only days before a barren lava field existed, was to me nothing short of a miracle. Where the Kalaupapa narrative is often dominated by the heroic efforts of foreign caregivers, the indigenous Mauna Kea leaders govern a sacred space where peace prevails and sharing rules.

One clear lesson from my brief pilgrimage is that fundamental principles and beliefs far outweigh the surface issues that capture media attention and dissipate our energies. As the Kalaupapa story is not just about leprosy, the Mauna Kea struggle is hardly defined by the pros and cons of building a telescope. It is much more that science versus religion. It is about self-determination and the survival of a sovereign people.

I am proud that members of our Catholic Worker have joined with 200 others in signing an ecumenical statement of solidarity with our Hawaiian sisters and brothers, who hold Mauna Kea sacred and oppose the further desecration of a holy place. I am also happy that the walls of our Catholic Worker House display images of Father Damien and Mother Marianne—along with our founders Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin.

Summer Travels: Finding Sanctuary by Niambi Mercado

Did you know San Francisco is named after St. Francis of Assisi? Pretty obvious, except for my sleep deprived brain this was mind boggling. In July, I participated in the Community of St. Francis (CSF) Companion Program, a ten day immersion into the lives of the only four Episcopal Franciscan nuns in the USA. We ate, prayed, and worked together. Sister Pamela Clare gave the two of us attending lessons on Franciscan spirituality, Sister Jean taught us how to care for composting worms, Sister Maggie took us to Open Cathedral, the street church that serves the downtown houseless, and Sister Ruth showed us her work for sheltering families of those who are hospitalized. *(Photo L to R: Sr. Pamela Clare, Sr. Jean, Sr. Elenor Francis (Community of St. John the Baptist), Niambi, Sr. Maggie, Caroline.)*



Sister Pamela Clare showed us around San Francisco where we saw shelters and sanctuaries: places of rest created for those desperate for respite. We visited 826 Valencia, a writing center for under-resourced students ages six to eighteen. Each center has a small themed store that sells oddities such as message in a bottle USB drives, extra-firm-fairy-mattress erasers, and troll dental floss jump ropes. The stores feel like Consumerism satire, for the first learning center was forced to put in a store front because the property is in a retail zone. So they created a small store and put in a giant learning center in the rest of the space. The other learning centers have followed the same model. I felt joy exploring the nooks and crannies of 826 Valencia.

We visited The Gubbio Project in the Mission district at St. John the Evangelist. The Gubbio project was started by Franciscan friar Louis Vitale and activist Shelly Order in 2004 at the Roman Catholic St. Boniface church in San Francisco's Tenderloin district. Both churches now provide a safe place for the houseless to sleep during the day. The project is named after the story about St. Francis brokering peace between the frightened townspeople of Gubbio, Italy and an aggressive wolf. I felt humbled to visit this sanctuary.

We volunteered at St. Martin de Porres House of Hospitality, a Catholic Worker soup kitchen. We chopped veggies, squeezed lemons, washed dishes, handed out spoons, and interacted with the guests that came for lunch. I felt the love that the volunteers had for all the guests that came to seek sanctuary.

Sanctuaries are places of love, rest, and peace. They come in many shapes and sizes. It was an honor to be able to live with the Sisters and experience different sanctuaries in San Francisco.

Tuesday Lunch, a poem by barbara bennett, tssf



It was Tuesday lunch
when she spit into his plate of food
He upped and slugged her
The fistfight was on
The other lunchers standing by
watching with...
interest, who will win?
fear, will I get hurt?
horror, how is this happening?
Here where it is safe.
Crack! Snap! Thump!

His wife cannot contain him
Two big men grab onto him
Try to restrain him
He throws them to ground as if pesky geckos
I step in front of him
Force eye contact
Remembering he is deaf,
With my hand I offer a peace sign
Defiant, he argues silently for his justification
Unmoved, I wait, peace brother
And it comes.
The violence flows out of him.

Down onto the fence, into the plants
The double dracaena broken
Leaving raw ragged spikes of what once was.
I emerge from the house
She looks at me, apologetic
Gathers her things and leaves
He is not done with her yet
Like a shot, he is after her

He returns to his family and the lunch.
I go after her
"are you okay?"
She spins around, eyes wild
Loaded with her things
Our eyes meet...a moment
"Fuck you!" And she is gone.