



HALEY HOUSE

ANNUAL

NEWS

DECEMBER 2016



**50TH ANNIVERSARY
WEEKEND**

DECEMBER 2-4, 2016

www.haleyhouse.org/50years

DEAR FRIENDS,

In these days following the election, we are all aware of the deep and unsettling divisions across our country. I am grounded by the extraordinary kindness and courage of individuals, a genuine concern for the welfare of others. Every day I witness the strength of our community that sets the path for moving forward constructively and hopefully.

Today we must commit to creating a society which affirms the rights, dignity, and freedoms of every person. We must continue to be generous with each other and find new ways of celebrating the diversity that enriches us. In this newsletter, you will find stories from the Haley House community that do just that.

Haley House began 50 years ago with a simple, yet radical, act of generosity. Offering a displaced neighbor a place to sleep and a warm meal to sustain him may not appear radical, but at a time when no one else was looking out for the neighbors, it certainly was. Our latest project, Dudley Dough, embodies this same ideal. In response to economic disparities in our society generally (and in the restaurant industry specifically), Dudley Dough is built on an economic model in which staff guides the operation and has the opportunity to benefit directly from its success, while serving the community.

Generosity is contagious: that first act rippled so that today we are still captivated and transformed by its audacity. For half a century, it has fueled Haley House's core commitment to meet new challenges with simple and radical generosity. Now more than ever, our world needs strong communities to support this vision. We thank you for all the ways that you have embodied Haley House's mission in the past and look forward to the ways we will move ahead together, as community, in the years to come.

Can we count on your support?

Many thanks,

Bing



A YEAR IN REVIEW

5
floors of scaffolding

We're excited to have begun making some critical repairs to the exterior building envelope at 23 Dartmouth Street, the beloved building we've called home for 50 years.

12
months of pizza

In October Dudley Dough celebrated its one year anniversary. Our second social enterprise continues to grow its innovative programs, unveil new seasonal menu items, and welcome new customers. Our in-house partner, Pie-R-Squared, has also had a wonderful year, pairing enthusiastic community volunteers with local math students and feeding everyone yummy pizza.

38
years of housing

Did you know that Haley House owns more than 110 units of affordable housing in the South End? This year marks the 38th anniversary of our housing program.

300
guests in
the basement

Following the purchase of our Bakery Café building in February 2015, we began construction of a full teaching kitchen in the basement. A year later, the beautiful new space was unveiled during the 8th Annual Souper Bowl Fundraiser when 300 guests savored delicious soup and received beautiful hand-made bowls made by MassArt students. Since then Take Back the Kitchen, TEP trainees, Haley House Bakers, and our Catering Team have made themselves at home.

1,200
pounds of harvest

Now completing its second full growing season, Thornton Farm & Gardens in Roxbury harvested more than 1,200 lbs. of produce this year. Read more in this newsletter.

50
years

Thanks to all who came out to celebrate our golden anniversary during the Souper Bowl, Silent Auction and Outdoor Community Tables. We hope to see you again soon during the final 50th anniversary events the weekend of December 2-4.

ABDI'S JOURNEY

by Kathleen O'Connor



Photo by Lolita Parker, Jr.

Abdullahi Abdi is a quiet man with a steadfast work ethic and disarming smile. Abdi, as he likes to be called, is a Somali Bantu refugee who came to the United States in 2004. He has worked tirelessly at Haley House Bakery Café in Dudley Square for more than 10 years, supporting a family of 10.

One morning last summer, Abdi and two of his friends, Abdirahman and Aweis, shared memories of their incredible trek from their homeland of Somalia. Their journeys to this country were marked by resilience, hope and determination, and mirror the experiences of countless refugees and immigrants who have fled other war-torn countries.

All three are quick to describe their nationality as Somali Bantu, ethnically distinct from the other inhabitants of Somalia. In the mid-1800's, the Somali Bantus were captured from their native lands in Mozambique, Malawi and Tanzania, and sold as slaves to work on farms in the Jubba Valley in southern Somalia. The villages in the Jubba Valley had no electricity, running water, paved roads, schools or medical facilities. Because of their ancestry and their occupation as farmers, they were a persecuted minority preyed upon by warlords. As civil war tore apart Somalia (1991–1992), this area was a particular target for murder and rape, prompting a speedy and mass exodus for many Bantus. Most fled with only the clothes on their back. Many starved to death, died of dehydration, or were devoured by wild animals before reaching their destination. Those that survived walked for 25 days, through the bush toward the Kenyan border. Their destination was Dadaab, a refugee camp built to house 90,000 but forced to accommodate more than three times that: 300,000. Those in the camp were mainly farmers with little education but strong family and village ties.

In 1992, Abdi and family arrived at Dadaab where they lived for over 10 years. There, he worked as a tailor in a kiosk he set up each day. When the US

government granted refugee status to Somali Bantus in 1999, the residents of the camp felt some hope. But it would still be five long years later, after relocation to another refugee camp and a host of bureaucratic steps, before the family arrived in New York City, which must have felt like another planet. Within 24 hours they were transported to Boston under the temporary care of the International Institute of Boston, with the promise of three months' paid rent and English lessons for 12 months. The government expected Somali Bantus to be completely self-sufficient within eight months of their arrival. Prior to starting at Haley House Bakery Café, Abdi held a variety of jobs, all temporary and at extremely low wages. Abdi and family lived in an apartment in Lynn until they were able to move to Boston in 2008.

When Abdi arrived at Haley House Bakery Café in February 2006, we had only been open six months and were still experiencing growing pains. A persistent and wise caseworker at Jewish Vocational Services, Jennifer Dutra, advocated for his employment. Abdi's day-to-day tasks have changed during his tenure, but some things have remained constant. His dependability and productivity have become the benchmark for all employees. Carol Kong, Operations Director at HHBC, credits Abdi's hard work and industriousness with lending a certain air of calm and sanity to day-to-day operations. When assessing a prospective employee, she pays attention to how they fare in the "Abdi Training School."

In *Making Refuge*, Catherine Besteman writes with wonder about the Somali Bantus as a people who have lived "at the edge of material destitution... [and yet still] find much to value, celebrate, love and enjoy in their daily lives." Abdi is a quiet man and chooses not dwell on the grief and trauma he endured. Abdi feels great pride in his family's collective achievements. Through their own hard work, and with little assistance, they have crafted a bright future for themselves, all while navigating massive geographic and language changes and cultural differences. Abdi became a US citizen in 2011 is nearing his 11 year anniversary at HHBC. Perhaps his greatest joy is that he has been able to give his children what he could not have himself—an education, which he hopes will ensure their economic stability. His humility, kindness, and broad smile continue to inspire all who are lucky enough to know him.

[Abdi's] family's journey to this country was no ordinary voyage...it was marked by resilience, hope and determination.



URBAN GROWTH

SPOTLIGHT ON THORNTON

by Laura Kakalecz



This year's harvest just cleared 1,200 pounds, which is more than double last year's harvest, and four times the harvest during the farm's first season.

What a tremendous year it has been for the Haley House Urban Agricultural Program! Thanks to a mild winter and the use of season-extending hoop houses, the year *literally* began with a lettuce harvest on January 1st!

In this, our second full growing season at Thornton Farm & Urban Gardens in Roxbury, the team was excited for the year round activity, and to incorporate composting from our kitchens even more directly into our work. With support from the Massachusetts Department of Agricultural Resources, the site benefited from key infrastructure on our Roxbury plot (95R Thornton Street), including a gravel driveway and 4 new water spigots on the extraordinary drip irrigation system we installed last year, as well as planting more than 30 new, native trees, bushes, and shrubs, including Roxbury Russet apple and Bartlett pear trees. Volunteers from YouthBuild Boston built asparagus beds, adirondack chairs, a shed extension, and wash station on site. Our team also received a three-basin sink from Occupy Boston, allowing

produce to be cleaned on-site prior to distribution. We also celebrated an active season with our community gardeners and neighbors who helped to build new beds and enthusiastically participated in farm workdays.

This year the team was very intentional about which crops to plant, choosing produce that would be most appreciated in Haley House kitchens. In March, spring seedlings were planted at The Food Project's Dudley Greenhouse with the help of some enthusiastic soup kitchen guests. As the weather broke, during multiple farm workdays the team and many volunteers were able to build 30 new raised beds in advance of the season. By May all seedlings had been transplanted, a month ahead of last year's schedule. The spring was filled with regular produce deliveries to Haley House Bakery Café, Dudley Dough, Community Tables, and the Soup Kitchen. Some favorites on the menu were salad greens, collards, kale, basil, and tomatoes.

The summer was a particularly exciting time to be at the farm. The construction of additional raised beds and hugelkultur beds more than doubled our growing capacity, and we were grateful to have many extra hands on board with summer interns, regular neighborhood volunteers, and youth from Hawthorne Youth and Community Center pitching in during peak growing times. With such a solid (and fun) crew, our sites thrived! In August, our team partnered with CERO Composting Co-op to celebrate the Roxbury Food Loop. More than 100 enthusiastic participants followed the food cycle from farm to plate to compost pile.

This year's harvest just cleared 1,200 pounds, which is more than double last year's harvest, and four times the harvest during the farm's first season. Plans for next year are already underway which include building more hugelkultur beds, enrichment of ground soil, and increased targeted production for HHBC and Dudley Dough. We are proud of all that was accomplished by so many people working together this year, and are excited for the huge potential of our working production farm in Roxbury in the years to come.



A SCHOOL FOR THE SOUL

by Randy Testa

At Haley House, the classrooms are the soup kitchen, the café, and rooming houses, and Kathe is the master teacher on the subject of 'life itself.'

"Some of you ought to get up off your asses and try doing something for someone else for a change." Quite a statement for a Harvard professor to make to his doctoral students! Having just finishing reading Dorothy Day's autobiography *The Long Loneliness* for Robert Coles' course, and living in the South End—well before its total transformation/gentrification—I couldn't stop thinking about the idea that Christ was walking the earth disguised as one of the homeless people I passed each day.

So, on a Thursday evening in October 1987, in the pouring rain, I found myself ringing the buzzer at 23 Dartmouth.

The next Saturday morning, I was serving oatmeal at Haley House. At some point during the shift, Kathe McKenna ambled into the dining room and sat down to play chess with one of the guests. After the game ended—she lost—she introduced herself. I was struck by her piercing and warm gaze and her slightness. She shared with me the story of another Harvard student who had worked at Haley House. While jogging home from work one day, John Leary collapsed and died on the banks of the Charles River. A few days later, hundreds of people came to his wake in the same soup kitchen where we were sitting.

"Education is not preparation for life, education is life itself," education philosopher John Dewey wrote. I've always said that Haley House is a "school for the soul," which makes Kathe laugh. At Haley House, the classrooms are the soup kitchen, the café, and rooming houses, and Kathe is the master teacher on the subject of "life itself."

Over the years, Kathe and I have often talked about the very real, very human side of life at the Catholic Worker, and the bald truth of what it takes—and takes from—in order to "do the work." Kathe once cautioned an idealistic young woman: "If you want to do this you'll want to think long and hard about having a family."



And yet Kathe's witness counters her cautionary statement. But that's because of a second attribute of Haley House's head teacher: complete intentionality and a thorough, hard-nosed, no-bones view of what is in front of her. Three words have continued to come up in our conversations over the years: thought, word and deed; at Haley House there is less of a chasm between these words than there seems to be in other places.

Years ago, while I was writing a play that interwove the lives of Dorothy Day with Kathe's, I met Kathe for dinner. At a certain point, she reached into her knapsack and handed over her journals. "See if there's anything you can use." Was there ever! Here's a fragment:

It was a disastrous meeting—or was it? So much going on on many different levels and I haven't been able to sense it all yet....there was certainly a shared sense of being battered as the evening ended. And all this deep-seated frustration that I was totally inadequate and unable to turn things around. Ultimately an important way for me to feel, it is where I belong: not defeated, inadequate, but not savior or convincer either—what a great opportunity to see how tied I am to being strong... (September 1988)

As Dorothy Day reminded herself, "the just person falls seven times daily," and the trick is getting back up, and carrying forward. This is the lesson I've learned from Haley House's wise, human, funny, sanguinely realistic head teacher: that we continue to work with others and ourselves, and pray to be cleared-eyed, direct, and mindful in all things.



BE KIND

RESTORATIVE JUSTICE IN THE SOUP KITCHEN

by Cara Snajczuk

There has never been a formal list of rules in the soup kitchen, but our policy can be boiled down to one simple rule: be kind. As simple as it sounds, it is not always easy to follow this rule, particularly during crowded breakfast shifts following long nights spent on cold streets or in loud shelters.

This past year the Live-In Community attempted to articulate the restorative justice process that has long been practiced in the soup kitchen. We understood that we were beneficiaries of decades of experience, and we were curious to explore how this system had evolved.

When Kathe shared about the early days, she laughed, saying that the founding idea was that there would be no rules beyond being kind to one another. Rather quickly it became obvious that men were bringing in bottles of alcohol and behavior "deteriorated" over the course of the day. Kathe smiled as she remembered realizing, "Oh, I think we're going to have to tell the guys they can't bring bottles in." The definition of more specific policies continued as situations arose in which their ideals of non-violence and kindness needed to be translated into practical expectations. During the late 1970s and early 1980s, members of the Live-In Community introduced the Quaker concept of Clearness Meetings, which remains the basis of our current model.

From the start, there was never a sense that someone who made a mistake would be permanently unwelcome. The challenge begins when we consider how to welcome a person back. The system of crime and punishment utilized by our society does not work, and we know that we need a more holistic approach that acknowledges both the impact of actions on others and the opportunity these situations hold for self-improvement.

This past year the Live-In Community established a regular meeting time to welcome guests back into the soup kitchen for conversation after an incident

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their actions on others.*



Photo by Gloria Feinstein

in the soup kitchen. Every Monday morning after breakfast shift, members of the live-in community sit at one of the front tables and wait. Some weeks, no one joins us; other weeks, one of our guests returns. We strive for honest dialogue and encourage our guests to consider the impact of their actions on others. We know that we all need to recognize how our actions impact the atmosphere and that the peaceful, communal environment we seek must be a team effort.

The process calls every person in the conversation to action. Can we own our mistakes? Are we committed to making our best effort not to repeat them? What does it mean to trust that someone won't act the same way again? How do we hold one another accountable (using genuine love and kindness) and invite each other to become the best versions of ourselves?

Some of the most profound moments in the soup kitchen over the past year have taken place in these meetings as we often have the privilege to hear about much more than a particular incident. One morning, a guest yelled at me and slammed a chair down in the dining room before stomping out the door. When he returned for a meeting, we learned each other's names, and he shared how much he has been struggling in the shelter system. For months, he had been trying to hold a job at a restaurant by showing up on time, showered, and in clean clothes so his boss would not discover he is homeless. In the midst of all the stress and anxiety, he relapsed into binge drinking after a period of sobriety, and the incident was a result of all of the stress he had been holding.

Since our conversation, we have shared a quietly profound connection when we see each other in the soup kitchen. We have rebuilt respect and trust where it was once broken.



HALEY HOUSE

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SAVE THE DATE!
SOUPER BOWL IX
FEBRUARY 12, 2017

More than a dozen chefs will serve soups made from locally sourced ingredients as a fundraiser for Haley House's Soup Kitchen in the South End, co-sponsored with MassArt's Center for Art & Community Partnerships. Attendees select a handcrafted ceramic bowl, courtesy of MassArt's Clay for Change student group.

Tickets & more info available now: www.souperbowl9.bpt.me