EARLY MEMORIES OF NOONDAY FARM

From the time Louise and I first learned about Dorothy Day and the movement in the late 1970's, we'd been struck by the idea of Catholic Worker farms and the vision of Peter Maurin. Every objective assessment we encountered singled out these farms as the weak link, and yet there was something of a mystical aura surrounding them—a place in the country—being grounded in the earth. It didn't matter that they were inefficient, financially unmanageable and nonviable. Every Catholic Worker house wanted one.

"Land belongs to a large family of man—some of whom are dead, many of whom are living, & most of whom are yet unborn."

NIGERIAN CHIEF
And we at Haley House were no different. When in the early 80’s we received two substantial financial grants, a few of us who were interested began talking—and looking. That original group included Michael Harack, Louise and myself then living at Haley House, Eileen Lawler living at John Leary House, and Bill Beardslee and Lisa Mahar, who were part of the Centerpeace community in Medford. We also originally hoped to enlist Tom Farley, an experienced Marine farmer who was also with us at Haley House, and his famous dog Dawson (renamed Lubilco by Noah), but other pastures beckoned.

Katie McKenna, a key person in the "brain trust" supporting this effort, brought to us a long list of religious communities with the thought that some might have land they wished to unload for a noble cause. There were no takers. And so our own search began. We started by taking a map of New England and drawing a half circle with a radius of one and a half hours from Boston—the maximum we thought possible to maintain the link with Haley House.

When my former wife Siti heard about this she talked to a friend, Barry Hughes, who owned a farm in Winchendon which was being rented to tenants. We spoke with Barry who told us the tenants were inter-


threatening to give any of us foolish enough to get too close. No other sign of life. What kind of hospitality was this?

We huddled for a few minutes and decided that, having been given the owner’s permission, having been announced, and having driven all the way from Boston, we had a right to look over the place, even quickly.

IT DIDN’T MATTER THAT THEY WERE INEFFECTIVE, FINANCIALLY UNMANAGEABLE AND NONViable.
EVERY CATHOLIC WORKER HOUSE WANTED ONE.

on his feet, stuck up on the goat from behind, employed a hammer lock on the unsuspecting animal, and tied him to a pole, the rest of us...well, how difficult is it to break into an old farm house?

It took about ninety seconds to discover why it was that these tenants were so anxious not to see us, and also why they were so keen on buying the farm. The entire top floor was a processing plant for pot—and we later found plenty of growing out.

We had a good laugh, and decided we’d better look elsewhere. So over the coming months, using every realtor we could find, we visited another twenty New England farms. Every one of them had some fatal flaw. And every one called back to mind the advantages of that farm in Winchendon—劃away from cities, fields surrounded by stone walls, a view of the distant hills.

So, in the course of these visits, we continued to phone Barry, and then, during the winter, were informed by him that the tenants—probably discovering authorities on their trail—had suddenly disappeared, without even paying the rent due—"an offer they couldn’t refuse."

The core group was euphoric. Others were not so sure. Blona took one look at the beat up living room, tried hard to think of something nice to say, and finally muttered, "It has possibilities."

Others drove up and offered a negative verdict, even without getting out of the car. Still others expressed grave reservations about how this rather entrenched, low-income but conservative community of Winchendon would take to the likes of us. But Bill Mullen came out, poured some antifreeze down the toilets to keep the pipes from freezing, and told us go for it.

We moved to the farm in May—our goal—and just in time for our first planting. Our kick off event, in fact, was what we billed as "planting weekend," and all were welcome. The dozens of us present filled up the two fields marked off by Tom Farley with seeds and seedlings, but the most important planting took place afterwards, resulting in the conception that very weekend of the non-biological twins: Alden Carey and Doris Levinson.

That first year at the farm was filled with visions, more than a little self righteousness, lots of hard work, and some dandy mishaps. The most famous of the mishaps took place our first autumn when, after the harvest, we got ready to fertilize the fields. A local farmer trucked over about a ton of manure and dropped it in the middle of one of the fields. What normally happens then, at non-mechanized farms, is that farm hands (that was us) put on high boots and hoes and begin shoveling the manure over the fields.

But Bill Beardslee, who in fact knew much more than the rest of us—but perhaps not quite enough—decided that we could be more creative than that, and why not spread it with the snow plow attached to our small pickup truck? Bill headed for the pile of manure with a boom of speed, hit the pile, and sank in, while all the kids watching from a safe distance, hooted and hollered. Bill tried all the gears, but nothing worked; another neighbor had to come with a tractor and pull the truck out. "Never heard a man of cloth talk that way," the neighbor said of Bill, still frantically working the gears. The kids, laughing hysterically, wouldn't step inside that truck again 'til spring.

Our first item of indoor business was naming the farm. It took us six months. We loved consensus and decision making! Among the more colorful candidates: "Shambala Catholic Worker Kibbutz" and "The Franz Liszt Jaggederstauder Memorial." The name, Noahs Diane, came, in fact, from one of our favorite biblical passages, Isaiah 58.

Others of business included economic sharing (which we actually kept in place for eight years), what we'd eat (Louise, throughout our ten years at the farm, referred to herself as a "carnivore trapped in a vegetarian habitat"), what we'd grow ("let's try corn and potatoes") how we'd resist (a weekly vigil in nearby Fitchburg), how we'd earn money (growing Christmas trees in the front field!Eileen's paintings! a farm stand! retreats!) The closest we actually came to a farm-wide

"business" was serving collectively as custodian at the local art museum, a one-person exhibit of minimalist art made from yarn.

We also were intent on worship—worship for grownups and worship for kids. The kiddie worship became legendary. Indeed, two episodes featuring kiddie worship superstar Lisa Beardslee were featured in "Sojourner" magazine.

Less well known, but nearly as colorful, was the adult worship which, in our initial zealosity, we decided to hold every evening. We took turns organizing and leading it. Predictably, after a month or two, energy began to wane. One evening, Lisa, up to her ears with responsibilities and not feeling well, asked if I would take her turn. I said, "sure," and proceeded to look through our various religious calendars in search of a theme.

What I found was that very day marked the Feast of the Assumption of Mary. This I knew from nothing, but I read up quickly and then found the readings and hymns usually associated with that service. Eight o'clock came...and the only other person who showed up for worship was Bill Beardslee. Little did we realize, as we sat down to begin, that, for the only time in human history, a Protestant minister and Jew were about to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption of Mary.

There were, in the years to come, lots more stories, lots of highs, plenty of lows. Some of us stayed, some left, others came, guests came and went (Ed Hennessy and Willie Brown were two of the regulars). We established sister communities in Nicaragua and South Africa. We started a singing group which actually sang for Nelson Mandela in Boston. We began growing flowers along with the vegetables. We experimented with different types of chickens, creative forms of compost, and Chinese agricultural techniques.

I look back on those early years, and our faithful little group in Winchendon, with more than a little nostalgia. It now seems far away and long ago. And yet those years claimed us with a passion and an engagement none of us is likely to experience in quite the same way again.

by Jim Levinson

Jim lived with his wife, Louise Cochon, and son Noah, for three years as part of the local community at 23 Dartmouth Street, serving in the soup kitchen and participating in Allah's Winners for Peace. The Allahans Singers, which Jim initiated, were the precursors of the Nooyand Farm Singers. Jim hosted the Friday night "Welcoming the Sabbath" services, followed by the famous pot luck suppers, prior to birthing Noaham Farm.

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Noah's Bar Mitvah

Community Day at Noonday (Jim, Noah, David)
The system in which we live, and in fact have created for ourselves and the world, might be called a “money dictatorship.” Certainly the process of making money rules most of our lives. Acquiring money and the things that money can buy occupies most of our time, mind and energy. Such life elements as nutrition, work, health care, education and relationships, which once existed as harmoniously interrelated parts of a whole, have been alienated, isolated, controlled and given a price. To this end, we the human species, have separated ourselves from the other inhabitants of the world and are demanding that they conform to our desires. In parallel ways, those people with the most money have separated themselves from those less wealthy. The world is thus being controlled and exploited by a relatively small number of people at the expense and destruction of the rest of the living world—the forests, the oceans, the rivers and lakes, the soil, the air, the animal and plant life, and of course those human beings without money or control of resources. The same rich, powerful people also control the world’s communications and educational systems. Thus they can and do keep us distant from the truth by feeding us irrelevant, distortions and lies. A dire picture, indeed. What can we do? Undoubtedly the answer is not singular or simple. However, I would offer a direction, or at least one point of view, for a viable alternative to the present course. To do anything more than treat the symptoms, we must act and act in ways that will bring back the whole- ness and interconnectedness of life. The present path is simply not sustainable. We must return to a daily lifestyle what connects us with, and makes us directly dependent upon, the earth’s resources. In no other way can they really be cared for and sustained. Amount of money can do it. No absentee landlord can do it. No organizations, for example the Sierra Club, Greenpeace or the Green Party can do it. Care can and does happen only when profit is no longer the motive but rather when there is connectedness and interdependence. When we renew our connection to and dependence on the earth’s resources, we also build organic bonds with our fellow humans in such a way that those inter- nal elements of life—nutrition, work, leisure, spiritual, etc.—are interconnected and linked to our particular locale. What we do, who we are, what and how we learn and how we take care of ourselves cannot be separated. We evolved out of a particular part of the earth and lived organically connected to that particular part for thousands of years. Does it make sense that we have evolved to no connection in a few hundred years? Further, in denying our basic interconnectedness with the living earth, we are also denying our basic spirituality. This plays into the hands of the monetary dictatorship. In part because it perpetuates separation of church and state and further undermines an absence of moral or ethical foundation of behavior. Religion then is allowed to exist on a competitive level for esoteric purposes, used specifically to help keep us separated. How do we regain our connectedness? There is certainly no easy path, but here are two possible steps in that direction. Reject the present system by either refusing to pay federal taxes or earning below the level of taxable income. (Most tax dollars go to present and past war-making enterprises, the system’s best money-makers.) Refusing taxes is increasingly difficult, as laws are now in place which essentially make every employer a tax collector. Reform also requires the possession of no significant material assets, as would be conditioned with. While I am a federal tax refuser, I usually recommend the alternative of earning below the level of taxable income, because it often requires us to simplify our lives, thus giving us a big push toward the second step. 2. Connect or reconnect with the earth in every way possible. Question how you can move toward direct responsibility for your food, shelter, heat, light, education, and health care. It is impossible and overwhelming because it requires changing lifestyles and habits, but it also has the nature of a snowball rolling down a hill. It is as self-generating and empowering as change can possibly happen. The ways such change happens are different for everyone, but often food is a starting point. One scenario might be to connect with a local farm which has organic produce, keeping your eating habits change according to what can be produced. Locally, try to establish an ongoing relationship with such a farm based upon work and/or barter. This relationship can certainly become empowering as you begin to find yourself directly responsible for a major part of life, and more so as you begin to feel the direct connection between food and health, health and work, food and work, work and learning, learning and relationship, relationship and work. This path takes us into the realm of truth. This is radical. This is anti-corporate. This is anti-capitalist. This is for life. If we are to survive, we must return to a direct, individual, specific connection with the living earth. We are nothing if we are not a part of its wholeness. It is my hope that Noorday Farm can function to help us move in this direction. By Bob Lemmons Bob is a husband, father, Buddhist practitioner, farmer, engineer and sometime actor. His passion for living rightfully on the land has taken root at Noorday. FARMING AT NOONDAY animal life in their processes of feeding and aerating the soil. Our nutriment for the soil comes from ten compost bins, each measuring six feet square by five feet high. The material for the bins includes hay, leaves, grass, weeds, sod and other household wastes. When the composting action is complete, the resulting humus is added to the soil at planting time. We try to keep our growing techniques as organic and sustainable as possible. Thus, there is no use of chemicals, and the use of machinery is kept to a minimum. The farm has a small tractor which we use for moving compost and bulk materials when hand power is in short supply. Basic crops include tomatoes, potatoes, onions, squash, garlic, carrots, turnips, beets, peppers, lettuce, cabbage, kale and broccoli. Herbs and flowers as companion crops appear in small quantities here and there, and a separate herb garden is now in process. Further along in development is a perennial and annual flower garden which supplies cut flowers to brighten spirits and the vegetables upon delivery. Growing fruit organically in this area has proved a serious challenge, requiring time that we are as yet hand put to find. More than two dozen fruit trees of various types are now in place, but they are still a few years away from significant production. We have recently completed an extensive greenhouse connected to the south side of the house. It offers 130 square feet of in-ground planting bed and plenty of room for seedling flats prior to setting them in the garden. The heat it has supplied to the house this winter has greatly reduced our wood requirement.
FROM 1985 to 1990, while practicing as a nun in the Nipponzan Myohoji Buddhist order, I traveled, often for several months at a time, on peace walks through India, Nicaragua, England, Japan and this country. As we walked through countrysides, cities, poverty and wealth, I was struck by the ways people lived and worked and who did the work. Eric Gill, quoted by Peter Maurin in Easy Answers, says, “Culture is related to work, not to leisure. Man is saved through faith and through works, and what one does has a lot to do with what one is.”

At the age of twenty-one, I visited South Korea as a Peace Corps volunteer. In villages and cities alike, women gathered to chop huge quantities of vegetables to prepare kimchee, a staple of their diet. It seemed to me they were always doing this! And as they did, they talked, shared their lives, their children; they were together in spirit and in struggle in life’s work. They were not alone. At that time South Korea was the economic miracle of Asia, and as a result of this prosperity, the ‘time saving hands and that seems to connect us most closely to the earth and to each other. We need work to have culture; we need culture if we are to survive. All elements of culture, including art, music, dance and theater, flow out of our common work. And underneath it all we need faith to believe that our work does matter, to believe the words of Mahatma Gandhi: ‘Whatever you do will most certainly be a very small thing, yet it is essential that you do it.’

At Noonday Farm we are trying to create a way of living that is sustainable, responsible and loving. We separate our garbage because it does matter. We cook and heat with wood because the mining of all fossil fuels is deadly. We try to use wholesome, locally grown foods because health and nutrition are inseparable, and it is insane that each calorie consumed by Americans travels an average of 1600 miles. It is our hope to be helpful.

If we are to do in this world what which helps—that which offers true change—then our work must awaken the human spirit, so each and every person can become an active, spirited, creative being, free of the system which promotes fear and violence in order to control the system makes us more and more individually powerless and more and more dependent upon it to meet even the most basic needs of living. Once we begin to remove ourselves from the system’s clutches, our spirit—the breath of life—can breathe.

Mumia Abu-Jamal writes from death row. “Remember, the system is not a true reality, but an idea which
can be fought and dismantled. People forget that we don’t need the system, or the accessories we mistakenly assume are essential for living. We need only the things God gave us—love, family, nature. We must transform the system. That’s the challenge. It’s doable, but only if we do it ourselves.”

I offer these thoughts because I believe the Catholic Worker stands for “thought in action.” I hope that Noonday Farm can offer a way of living that is empowering, offering an opportunity to reconnect with the soil, with the cycles of the growing season—decomposition, birth, growth and death. We learn not to fear when we know we are not alone; and we know we are never alone when we are part of—not separate from—Mother Earth and Nature. And when we know this, we know Truth, God, Buddha, and we are free.

by Beth Ingham

Beth is a wife, mother, Buddhist practitioner, farmer and caregiver who came to Haley House as part of the live-in community serving guests in the soup kitchen. She then spent five years as a Buddhist nun before coming to Noonday.

Haley House Wishes to Gratefully Acknowledge a Generous Grant From the Carlisle Foundation

This grant has been made to create a renovated retail space on the corner of Dartmouth and Montgomery Streets. It is our hope that this will help The Bakery at Haley House (our training program) to reach new heights.
When Bob moved to the farm, I went to visit and got talking about the kids I work with and what a wonderful thing it would be if they could come to visit the farm. Most of them live in urban areas and have limited experience of anything outside of that. But St. Benedict's does have a period of time during which the school shuts down and people do community service projects. I had been looking for a way to change the children's theater program, and Bob and Beth invited me to bring a few of the kids up. Our range in ages from twelve to eighteen, and we're a group of about eight.

We've continued to call the course Ethics in Action, which was our theme the first year. Before we came to the Farm, we met with people who had made some choices about working for others rather than making money for themselves. For instance, there's a monk at the school who has a master's from Columbia. He could be making a bundle of money somewhere. Gaeton himself has a Ph.D. in geochemistry and has taught at Georgia Tech and Cal Tech. We met Katoshon and Clare at the Peace Pagoda and learned about how they chose to become Buddhist monks and nuns. One year we focused on hunger and food. Every year the kids keep a journal about what they eat so they can take a look at how they nourish themselves and spend money on food. We talk about how much more cheaply one can eat well. We read about different places in the world where there's famine and how often it's caused by man.

This year we're focusing on sustainability and how choices one makes as an individual can make a difference. On TV we hear a lot about corporate abuse of resources: what can one kid do about that? So we talk about buying processed food: how much packaging is there and what's the cost? We talk about water and people taking showers, letting it run and run; how much does it cost to heat the water? Nobody ever thinks about that. Of course, here's the advantage of being in a partnership. Gaeton is a scientist, so he can be very clear about such things as the energy required to heat a certain amount of water or the different proteins in food: and then I bring in ways of interpreting—and taking these facts and letting them spark some kind of creative process.

We spend two weeks at the beginning doing reading and discussion on the theme for the course; and in the afternoons we do improvisational acting exercises. The third week we come to the farm. When we return home we take two full days to create a performance piece which we take on tours, usually to grade schools and nursing homes. During the question and answer period after performances we get questions like: "What's a chicken really like when you've touched a gate?"

The plays are little scenes about different experiences that have resonated with the kids—about working in the field, encountering the bugs, or discovering where food comes from. I don't choose them. We make a list of things that have sucked the kids—perhaps a particular incident or a job Bob had them working on. Some students have no idea what a broccoli plant looks like. They love discovering the tiny onion plants, being around the chickens, cleaning out the chicken coop, or taking down a tree. When we make the scene, they use the improv techniques we worked on the first two weeks. I'll ask them what technique they think will work best, and sometimes we use excerpts from their journals. I take slides from the work on the farm and use scenery, projected on a screen in back of the players.

Apart from the outdoor experience, I think the sense of purpose at Noonday is the most important experience of the week because some of the children being in the field and not being able to eat is a good thing. We do spend some time sharing a story and a movie. This year I taught them Irish dancing. What do you do when there's no television? The kids play board games or make up games. It's great for them to see they don't have to depend on TV; it doesn't have to be the only choice at the end of the day. Bob and Beth are great with the kids. They're articulate, warm, and accessible. The kids talk to them, ask them questions about their lives, their backgrounds, and why they've made the choices they've made. Their great teachers. When teenage kids try things for the first time, they're often embarrassed—they don't want to look foolish. Bob and Beth make them feel capable by saying: "You can do this. We'll show you how, and you can try it." The kids always ask questions about the food. Usually we do a scene about the diet at the farm. Most of them have never had totof or miso; things they would have considered most. Most have never been on a farm or grown anything; and their rejections are mixed. Brother Gaeton is a vegetarian, so he can talk about his eating habits. Most of them think they can't live for a week without meat; Beth might serve fried pancakes, similar to French fries. Sometimes the students like them; sometimes they're happy to get home to hamburgers.

Even the dark and the quiet get to the kids—hearing chickens and unidentifiable sounds instead of police sirens, traffic and airplanes. When the lights are out at the farm, it's really dark. It's never really dark in Newark.

The experience at the farm touches all of their senses. Everything is new—new tastes, new smells, new sights and sounds—and at the same time there's a serenity that can't be found in the city. I've had kids come home and try to stay vegetarian for a month or two afterward, or think about finding a way to work on a farm. Noonday is different. Kid of work for the summer. It opens up possibilities they would never have thought about before.

In a recent phone conversation, Pat Flynn talked about the plays she's created for three years at Noonday Farm with students from St. Benedict's Prep in Newark. Years and years ago, she says, Bob Jennings was her acting teacher in college; the two have stayed friends. Brother Gaeton Reuter O.S.B., the school's chemistry teacher, is Pat's partner in the project. Pat also directs two after-school plays at St. Benedict's during the year and does stage managing in New York City.
I’ve been helping distribute vegetables from Noonday Farm for the past four years. Once a week, the Catholic Worker in Worcester gets boxes of fresh, organic produce harvested from the farm. Some of it we keep for us at our house of hospitality, while the rest is shared amongst a dozen or more families in our neighborhood.

Noonday Farm has taught me the importance of thoughtful farming in caring for our environment and the community around us. It’s important to be connected to the land. Noonday Farm has helped me with my efforts with children in our neighborhood as we explore how to grow all sorts of healthy foods, learn about new vegetables, and share those vegetables with our neighbors. The farm food distribution provides healthy foods for poor families who otherwise couldn’t afford them, as well as showing families in our neighborhood a concrete alternative to the consumption of junk food and processed food which exploit the environment and harm people in poverty.

By David Maciejewski

Noonday Farm is a special place and will always remain so for David, Hannah, Tino and me. When Dave, Hannah and I moved there in 1987, our vocational identity was in flux. Folks received us with grace and excitement; we had a sense of challenge and readiness to accomplish anew the work of the farm—hospitality, farming and music. We had visions, and looking back, we were at our collective best when we really worked that vision.

I will always be grateful for the gift that Noonday— that group of people in that time and space— gave me: an unending love of music, a passion for growing things, the desire to communicate well (always an uphill battle), and an invitation to let into my life those people whom the world scorn. I can’t imagine my life without having traveled through this place; and it’s all in the journey, right?


By Clare Pearson

I three months ago, I had been asked, “Want to volunteer to take cow dung?” I wouldn’t exactly have volunteered the opportunity. That, however, is just what I found myself doing yesterday. I eventually got involved with Haley House by volunteering Saturdays at the Bakery. Like many others, I was eager to volunteer for a fun, immediately rewarding job like baking, but would have been less likely to raise my hand for, say, cleaning the toilets.

By Clive Pearson

I’ve learned over the last three months, however, how many different jobs go into food production, and how seemingly removed much of the work involved is from the food itself. While often I am picking vegetables that go either directly onto our dinner table or to the groups who distribute the food to the needy, at other times I am performing tasks whose fruits will not be born for another year or two. Weeding and planting next year’s garden, cleaning up the hallowed beds from this year’s, and, yes, spreading feces, all require a vision of the “big picture” of organic farming.

One aspect of the big picture is the basic commitment to producing food without chemical assistance. The novelty of living in harmony with nature disappears as soon as you squeeze the life out of your first potato by applying organo-synthetic. Nature is not so much about the natural order. The point is not to nostalgically recreate the Garden of Eden, but to provide real, present day resistance to the corporate system that is taking over the world’s food production. Without that basic political commitment, the amount of labor invested in producing one’s food on a small scale without pesticides seems absurd.

The planting of Ed Hemenway under the crab-apple tree. Spring 1998

In addition to the political motivation, an interest in food itself and an enjoyment of very mundane manual labor seems essential. Certain specialized skills, which I possess, are very useful. Everyone at the farm must often enter into the rhythm of simple repetitive tasks. Some may use this time to daydream about their past or future, others as a meditative space.

For all of us coming from non-agricultural settings, it is a big adjustment to settle into the groove of weeding, milking or taking day after day. I have been pleasantly surprised that I have gotten to like such work. I was afraid I might get quickly bored and run away.

With all that said, my three months on Noonday Farm have actually been a lot of fun. I’ve had time to play accordion, go jogging, and even watch a couple of movies. I’ve gotten to enjoy the company of Bob, Beth, John Robert, and other visitors to the farm. Certainly, I’ve eaten a lot of wonderful food. Without, however, a belief in the social and economic relevance of what I’m doing, and the pleasure I’ve taken in seemingly monotonous tasks, I wouldn’t have been able to endure it. External stimuli are few and, yes, time is rather slow. But I have not become disilluisioned; both my belief and my patience have grown.

Before I came to the farm, I was often, before eating, try to think about all the forces, both human and natural, that brought the food I was about to eat to my table. During this ritual, two things always troubled me. On the one hand, I felt that I didn’t really understand enough about food production to have a clear sense of where the food came from. My own cooking or the waiter who brought it to me were the only visible aspects of the process. On the other hand, I knew that much of my food came from politically questionable sources. Here at Noonday Farm, I continue the ritual, but it is easy because of my intimate involvement with the source. Hopefully, when I return to the city, I can continue this ritual in a more honest and understanding way.

By Daniel Stash

Hi, my name is Christian. I work with Dave and Scott. They’re really friendly to others. They come up with ideas. I like to help a lot. Some of Dave’s friends are funny. God bless that family. I like the vegetables that Dave and Scott gave the neighbourhood. I like the cucumbers. Once I went with Dave to pass out vegetables. It was fun. My favorite thing about plants is how they grow.

At present, Beth Ingham, Bob Jennings, J. R. Jennings and Pati Stanki are the full-time live-in folks at Noonday. I look back, the Saint Francis and Saint Theresa Catholic Worker folks (Dave, Clare, Justin, Bruce, Joe, Grace, Patrick, Aiden and friends) began their weekly visits to Noonday and didn’t quit until the ground began to freeze in December! James and Boston College students visited for a weekend in April. In early May, Ryuya Oguma, a Japanese student from Salem State College, moved in; and in June Daniel Stash joined us. Dave, Bob, Justin, Ryuya, Daniel and I, Bob’s fourteen-year-old son who comes for the summer, played a lot of mean basketball! Ryuya returned to Japan at the end of July. Daniel moved back to Cambridge in early October. On June 14, Dora Levinson and her 200-plus family and friends celebrated her, her sister’s, her grandson’s, her aunt’s and her cousin’s flat Mitzvahs here.

For eight weeks in July and August, Joe, Fred, Tommmy and Frank from the Winchendon Summer School Program worked the fields. The Food Project and James and Steve visited for a day of work and discussion in early August, and in mid-August the Iosagawa and

Nagano families flew from Japan to spend five days at Noonday. Pati Stanki began moving in during October and was here in earnest by Thanksgiving. David Simpson and a friend visited over the holiday. Also we’ve welcomed Terri, Katie, Kato Shonin and Sister Clare and other friends.

This year the Saint Francis and Saint Theresa folks are set to come. We hosted Bruce and the Boston College students for weekends in March and April. Mary Jane Rosati and her children were here for a week in April. Pat Flynn, Brother Gaeren, and students from Saint Benedict’s in Newark, New Jersey, are scheduled for a week in May; and the Winchendon School work skills program wants to send students again. We also received an anonymous donation to be used to stipend a young local person who has certain financial needs and who would like to work and learn on a farm.
PLEASE HELP

WE NEED ITEMS TO SELL FOR OUR 5TH ANNUAL BLOCK PARTY AND RUMMAGE SALE WHICH WILL BE AN ALL-DAY EVENT ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1998 (RAIN DATE SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4).

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Haley House is a spiritually based community nurtured by the personalist tradition of the Catholic Worker Movement. As a community and as individuals we struggle to carry out our "double mandate": to minister to the needs of society's forgotten people, and to challenge and offer alternatives to the attitudes, institutions and structures that create and perpetuate suffering and violence.