Is Hope Possible? by Matt Dalvizio

It is Dan Berrigan's 80th Birthday Party. Almost one thousand people show up to honor a life of peace, faith, and dare we say, hope. There are speakers, performers, and letters read from friends unable to attend because of commitments or incarcerations. And then Dan takes the stage.

In his unassuming, gentle way, Dan tells two stories I have heard him tell before. He speaks of coming to an impasse on a retreat with Vietnam Vets. He speaks of a closed door, knocked upon, that remains unanswered. And then, as I assume I have heard it all before, across his parted lips, come the words, “I wonder... is hope possible?”

Wow! Is hope possible? We sit in the basement of a NYC church as news of Sr. Barbara Ann Ford, a Catholic Nun killed in Guatemala spreads through the seats, as friends sit in jail for resistance to evil (or obedience to God), as the homeless population grows and punishment for being homeless grows proportionally, as bombs continue to drop on Iraq and kill those who have managed to survive the sanctions, as millions in our midst go without healthcare, food, and education, as Plan Columbia rolls forward devastating the materially poor in Latin America, as the new administration plans for missile defense and military domination of space, as over two million of our brothers and sisters are incarcerated in the United States and the prison system becomes a privatized profit making industry, as we as a society continue to accept the death penalty and abortion, as the gap between rich and poor grows exponentially... is hope possible?

On May 9th, the day of Dan's birth, I go to the noon mass at the Jesuit Urban Center, a parish about ten minutes away from the Catholic Worker House in Boston where I, my wife, and five others live. I go to offer the only gift: I can think of suitable to give to Dan. I pray for Dan and his community (which extends farther than I can imagine; you too are a part), and I ask the ten or twelve gathered for Mass to share my prayers. After receiving communion, as I

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What could we do to make Haley House a better place?
One thing is that you should develop a better system for your
cars so everyone can get equal. That's what I would want to
do. I really like it. I like it! And I'll do it. I'll do it! I'll do it! I'll do it.

What is it that makes you come back to Haley House?
One thing is. I don't know how to cook. So I come here. At
least I can get a decent meal, you know, it can help me, because
I'm dieting plus high blood pressure and I have those problems,
I like coming here. I like it.

We like having you. When are you going to have a date with
Sue [a volunteer]? [laughs] As soon as she learns how to mingle and salsa.

Russell
How long have you been coming to Haley House?
I've been coming to the Haley House for nine to ten years, on
and off.

What roles have you played at Haley House?
Once upon a time I used to stay at the Haley House. Now,
your roles include working in the soup kitchen and doing other things
that need to be done around the Haley House.

What do you like most about Haley House?
Well, I like most about Haley House is that I get a chance
to meet different people and to be involved in something that's
important by serving the homeless and helping other people
eat and helping society out.

What do you like least about Haley House?
I'll say this, sometimes I don't like how the guests act. People
should be more appreciative of what you do for them.

How is Haley House different from the same as soup kitch-
enes that you have seen or been to?
I think that Haley House provides a family atmosphere. By "family
a homeless guy, it gives you a place to come and get at peace
with yourself because I believe the staff and people that work
here have had to go through something like that. And I believe
that the other places don't reach out as much as they should
or could. I believe the Haley House is a little bit differ-
ent in that area as far as reaching out to the guests.

If you had to tell someone one thing about Haley House, what
would it be?
Come down here, act your age, and don't be a fool coming in
because it's a place where you eat, sit down, and mind your p's
and q's. And don't give the staff trouble. It's a good place to go
to open up early in the morning and if you need food, cloth-
ing, whatever, they have it on certain days. There's a lot of good,
potential energy people here. I love you all.

Alucard
How long have you been coming to Haley House?
I've lost track. All I know is I've been coming here on and off
for a long time. "It flows and it doesn't flow."

Why did you first come to Haley House?
I heard about Katie playing chess. That's why I came here.
curious.

And? I played her.
Did you win?
After the thirteenth game. Your "admitting" plays a mean game
of chess.

What do you like most about Haley House?
I like all of the people here, including Russell, you, and all of
the rest of the help. You guys are all cool, together, good energy
fields, good people.

What do you like least about Haley House?
Nothing. Everything's cool. Nothing bothers me. As long as I'm
able to get my nap, I'm okay.

How is Haley House different from the same as soup kitch-
enes that you've been to?
Well, it's more down to earth than other soup kitchens. It's not
like in soup kitchens where you have to go in there, and they
have to feed you, do this and that, and go through all of these
changes with you, and here they don't have to do all of that.
You're able to come in here, relax, and chill if you're not a
nervous whit making trouble to get yourself kicked out. It's as
simple as that.

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potential energy people here. I love you all.

Alucard
Amanda Walker

In September 2000 Matthew and I began to talk about moving into Haley House. We invited Karie over for dinner in an attempt, I suppose, to make the house better. Things told, I think. I was really hoping for some insight. I was hoping that by asking Karie why she started living in, and still lives in, Haley House. I could figure out why I wanted to live there. I did not want to live there. I just didn't owe a house, I just didn't owe a new home.

Matt Dalasio

As I walked down the front steps of Haley House and past our packed Ryder truck to our waiting car, I noticed the fading sign on its back window, and thought for a moment about how long it had been there. And how long it should stay. It was in the first few months following September 11, a few local newspapers and magazines ran stories about why it would be inappropriate to take down your American flag.

Meghan Johnson

Living at Haley House has been one of the most rewarding and challenging experiences. I have learned that I would one day live in a Catholic Worker house in Boston, MA. I have learned that I do not have the capacity to absorb the hate, that there are limits to my own limits, and that I do not necessarily understand or empathize with others.

Dave Pedulla

I was not expecting any new feelings or thoughts about the work in the soup kitchen or the issues of homelessness and poverty. I had washed at Haley House for two years. I had seen it all. I knew what it was all about. It came as quite a shock to me when the work in the soup kitchen hit me at a new and much more intense level. I am not exactly sure why I was a part of a sudden event trapped by the situations of homelessness and poverty. Maybe it is running my own shifts. Maybe it is working in the soup kitchen more than once every few weeks. I do not have my schoolwork to distract me. Whenever I am uncomfortable, Painful, Depressing, It is just like being back to the infinite, the impossible, the relentless, the question. It is how do we fight injustice? What do I do, as an individual, to change the situation? How do I fight injustice?

How Do I Fight Injustice?

There are a number of strategies to run through my head as I wake up early in the morning to work in the soup kitchen. It is what I am doing as an individual who wants to work for justice. And it's making things better, or worse? I am empowering or disempowering my enemies? My privilege, my whiteness, my richness and the historical role of people of my demographic as "the oppressor" linger in the back of my head.

Our lives, indeed, the life of our country has been one characteristic of it, if not always consumed, with declared and undeclared war.

Living in community... provides the cultivation of one's spirituality and support when one needs it most.

Living in community... encourages the cultivation of one's spirituality and support when one needs it most.

and provides a circle of support when one needs it most. The community is like a mirror into my own heart. When I learn what is important to others and what they expect of me, I am better able to relate to myself and others.
Moving On - Continued

Jeff Gulin

I stepped into Haley House's retail space, frustrated about my friendships and planning to spend the night watching movies alone. A customer was walking out and Katie—who is never in the retail space—held up the sample plate and described the hors d'oeuvres, urging her to try one. I turned around the wall. Katie smiled at me and somehow I felt better, or at least less lonely. "The weather's better, huh?" Katie's frequent discussions about weather reinforce not just a love for small talk but a constant awareness of the now, a realization that what is affecting us, at this moment, is "this oppressive heat." (The heat being "oppressive," however, all goes back to the Sixties.) Awareness is essential for Katie, she repeats most often in any discussion I've had with her. It is what we must bring to ourselves, what we must share with our guests, even what brings salvation, whatever that might be. "That's where it all begins," she insisted, raising her voice and speaking a little more quickly, as she always does when she reaches the emphasis of her argument. "We have to know why we do what we do." And so that's what I've done for the month and a half I've lived here. I tried to be aware, I've journaled and gone to Mass, I've pratted in private and even tried meditating with many of the Benedictines who live with work, gain familiarity, spare legs, and a respect for how far I still have to go. Our meetings here struck me first as ridiculous, not because they are so silly but because they are so honest. Wouldn't it be morezlif of them shut up and lived with it? In these meetings, I've discovered that I can speak to people and allow them to speak to me. I can overcome the fear of unaided honesty that I cowardly called silliness, can see that others allow me to criticize their actions and value their company; then perhaps I ought to allow myself the same luxury. If we overreach only come to know ourselves through encounters with others, then living in community is the ultimate form of introspection. Awareness is not neutral. We strive for awareness about what we do and why we act. It is not enough for me to know that race is a problem, or even to acknowledge its existence. Equally, that sure, I've gotten a lot from that whole being white thing in my upper-middle-class and college educated thing. I eat with homeless people nearly every day, and though we strive for Dorothy's Day's ideal of a guest and a volunteer appearing identical, that is not the real world ever be the case. I will always be able to go up stairs, and even if guests could go up unannounced, I can go home to a Connecticut swimming pool.

Why? I ask myself when I look in the mirror. And what the hell are you going to do? I brush my teeth looking in the mirror. I see homeless people on the street and smile at them, waving and calling their names. I tell panhandlers I can't give them money but ask them to visit me at the House. I take a secret delight when people notice me doing this and then feel an equally secret self-loathing at my vanity and self-righteousness. How does living at a Catholic Worker House make me any holier or any less guilty than any other participant in a system that not only perpetuates injustice but also thrives upon it? I notice the feeling of guilt, watch myself think of something else. A woman who works in the office recommends I learn to sit with my pain and not think about anything else. It's not about striving, and that's the hardest part for me to understand. Reflection and thought are helpful, but only if they help to build awareness, rather than cloud it. The same holds for friendships, for religion, and for a conscious and loving woman from the sixties who occasionally sells baked goods on the ground floor of 23 Dartmouth Street. I'm aware of that. And that's a good place as any to begin.

Jeff Gulin, a Haley House summer intern, will graduate from Loyola University New Orleans with an English-Sociology double major in spring 2003.

Mary Lou Bozza

Before I came to Haley House a few years ago, every veteran that I met was excited to share with me the special experience they had there. Never was Haley House described in the same way twice, but all shared a great sense of awe towards the mystical charms that seemed to surround all aspects of the community.

"Two summers ago, I began volunteering at Haley House twice a week. I served up the usual breakfast fare of grits or fried chicken, baked corn bread, and the like from the food pantry, and cleaned some of the housing units on Columbus Avenue. At the end of the summer, however, I walked away bewitched and unsure of whether I had managed to "make a difference" at all during my time at Haley House. I was still unsure of what exactly to make of my experience.

This summer, I have had the privilege of being a part of the community at Haley House. Somehow I managed to shed the silly self-consciousness that I hid behind at the kitchen two years ago, and in doing so opened myself up to beautiful friendships with our guests downstairs. I have been warmly welcomed into the Haley House family; the community members upstairs, the bakers, the soup kitchen guards, the Warehouse's staff, the volunteers, Katie and the wonderful people in the office have all shared themselves with me and have taught me more than I can fully realize right now.

I have found that years ago I was asking the wrong questions. Instead of wondering whether or not I am making a difference, I now instead have learned to notice how much I learn each day that I am here: how not to burn large quantities of guilt, the power of a smile, the frustrations of city bureaucracy, the horrors of Vietnam, 10,000 ways to serve oatmeal, when not to put eggs at eight, and incalculable insights into myself and other people. The beautiful essence of Haley House still holds undiscovered in something mysterious and inexplicable. What I have found is that Haley House has become a safe haven for all sorts of people. It is a sacred place in which we all learn to break down the barriers we build around ourselves. At Haley House, we allow ourselves to learn from one another and honor together the miracle of each other and the gifts of life and love.

Mary Lou Bozza joined us for the second half of the summer after travelling to Rome to study contemporary Catholic Ethics. She is a junior sociology major at Boston College and is originally from Connecticut.

Taking a Stand Against the Death Penalty

by Scott Langley

On the morning of January 17, 2002, six other death penalty abolitionists and I were arrested for unfurling a thirty-foot banner at the top of the Supreme Court steps in Washington, D.C., that read, "STOP EXECUTIONS!" And on June 28, we were acquitted on all charges by a D.C. Superior Court judge in the wake of several major death penalty rulings—including the victorious banning of executing the mentally retarded. January 17 marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of Gary Gilmore's execution in Utah for the murder of Ben Bushnell and Max Jensen.

Gilmore had "volunteered" to be executed by firing squad in 1977 and became the first executed U.S. prisoner under modern death penalty laws.

I am 25 years of age, and for all but the first three months of my life, this country has been executing men and women. I can no longer sit by as passively as the machine of death ignores the morality of nonviolence, compassion, and unconditional love while violating our fundamental rights as human beings.

If the government of the United States is going to continue killing off prisoners one by one while more than half of the other countries in this world have abandoned the practice, then it is my duty to act.

If the government of the United States is going to force a violent ideology upon me by exterminating other human beings in death chambers, hidden behind walls and wire fences, then it is my duty to act.

SILENCE MEANS CONSENT, AND I CANNOT CONSENT TO THE EXTERMINATION OF PEOPLE IN OUR COUNTRY WITHOUT PROTEST.
What's Up
What's Up Magazine is in the middle of a city-wide promotional blitz, wallpapering every square inch of the metro area with free copies. The hope of generating more interest has worked, as the staff has been receiving more letters,|^|their subscription Instantly. Plenty have been selling out, and vendor sales have gone up. Staff changes abound, with long time Whats Up volunteer Kyle Rodolouxi taking the place of Amy Sumrall as Program Director while Amy jet off to explore parts unknown. Stephen Crowe has stepped down from his long editorial stint, as well. Claudia Nielke and Haley House baker Jason Post have taken over the editorial reins, along with live-in community members Scott Langley, Director, and Jim Crowley, an all-star graphic designer. Together, they're posting in the hour to stay true to What's Up mission statement—to provide the disadvantaged with a way to make some money and provide the community with an alternative media source that's fun to read.

John Leary House
Ann Sturkey, a long time advocate for the homeless in Boston died peacefully at John Leary House on June 30. A Mass of the Resurrection was celebrated at the Assumption Church in East Boston followed by burial in Maine. May the rest in peace.

Conversations to.
Jarelle Duclerque graduated from St. Patrick's School in Riverside in June. Carlson and Leond, and big brother Kevin, celebrated the birth of Carly on June 30.
Rosalie will begin teaching at Tewksbury University's School of Social Work in the fall.

Live-in Community
The live-in community at 23 Dartmouth Street sends warm blessings to Matt and Amanda Dalasio as they settle into Maryknoll Catholic Church in New York City. Their presence and work in the community are deeply missed. The community will also be saying farewell to Gabriel Hapli in September, as he moves to France. The nub has been with the community for over 5 years and we wish him well on his journey. In September, Kate Virokosa will be going to Yale University to study midwifery. Her energy and smile will most certainly be missed.

Summer intern Joffi Gahlin of Loyola University New Orleans, Meghan Jimenez of Bates College and Mary Lou Boese, and Dave Pollock, both of Boston College, joined the community in early June. They have been fun and helpful and will be missed when they return to school in late August.

We welcomed Kristen Bruno to the community in June. She has lived in the Boston area for three years and is very excited to join Haley House. Melissa McKay will also be joining us in September, having finished her Jesuit Volunteer Corps year teaching in Portland, Oregon. We look forward to having her in the community.

It has been a full-tilt year of visitors and "Haley House alumni," including Alli Ginsburg, Shauna Farahbeg, Joyce Bartell, and Steve Onions.

Food Pantry
The pantry has been busy this year, serving both the elders from the afternoon meal and the greater Boston community.

We are always grateful for nonperishable food donations as the pantry becomes better known.

497 Columbus Ave.
We are thrilled that Noel has joined us as the new manager of 497 Columbus Ave.

Matt Dalasio — cover from page 4
A volunteer once wrote, in reflecting on her brief stay at Haley House, that it was a community of people "trying to do something other than thing nothing." Though some Buddhists in the community may take exception to this, there is truth in what she said.

And maybe this is why the sign stays up. And maybe this is why the Peace Banner still hangs on the front of the house. And maybe this is why we mourn ex-visions from our government and travel to vigil at Raytheon. Maybe this is why we wake up at 5:30 am to open a soup kitchen and struggle to live in community. We are trying to do something... but what?

War still prevails over justice, violence wins out over peace. Executions continue on our behalf and the defense budget rises as do the snouts of the defense contractors. People are still sleeping on the street and the soup kitchen is still crowded. And it hasn't gotten any easier to live in community than it was on day one.

So why am I consumed with sadness as I leave here for Maryknoll in New York? What was it exactly, that happened in this year and a half in Boston?

I could talk about all the people. I lived with Amanda, Terry, Jen, Gabriel, Jodi, Duncan, Aaron, Lisa, Kate, Steve, Sean, Lucie, Brian, Kevin, Sarah, Anatasia, Ali, Brad, Shanna, Dave, Jeff, Meghan, Mary Lou. Not to mention the numerous short-termers. I could talk about Xavier or San Buba, Palace or Gospel Road, or any of the numerous individual volunteers who worked with us. I could go on for quite some time about Bar Man or Cleve, Joe or Torry, Dave or Louise, or one of the many guests who I came to know and love. I could recount tales of getting arrested or being in court. I could mention the old diners, like Karla, John, Jane, Noreen, Brother Dan, Alden and Jevie, Bill, Hazel, Fred, Bob or focus on that crazy Bakery with D.A., Yvian, Erna, Jodi, Monica, Stephen and Jesse. Or I could share any of the many experiences I had from driving a guest to the hospital to walking a drunk vet to Fire Street Inn. But none of these people or groups or experiences is and of themselves sum up what Haley House means to me.

All together, though, the friends, the meetings, the demonstrations, the living, the struggle... all together they point to why it is so hard to leave.

In a world full of pain inflicted and availed, full of suffering, full of lies, I had the incredible blessing of living with and among people who were interested in struggling towards and standing with the truth. Sometimes it meant unmaking lies we've been told. Sometimes it meant unmaking lies we've told ourselves. But it never meant having to do it alone. And while at the end of the day it may not seem like a lot, it surely is something rather than nothing.

Matt and Amanda have lived at Haley House for the last year and a half. They are touring the country this summer, visiting friends, family and other Catholic Worker houses. They will then move to Maryknoll, the Catholic Worker community in New York City.

The friends, the meetings, the demonstrations, the living, the struggle... all together they point to why it is so hard to leave.

Fall 2002 -

Haley House Soup Kitchen, circa 1969

Restaurant
continued from front

in my prayer. I notice a car on an arm of a man who walks by. It is a faded "Semper Fi or Die," and my eyes follow it up the arm to see the face of a man, probably in his early sixties, wearing his gray hair in a military style crew cut. I quickly and instinctively make the assumption that he would not have appreciated my mention of Dan in the petition.
Sure enough, after Mass has ended, this man is waiting outside the chapel for me. I make eye contact and brace myself for the impending exchange, when he turns toward me, hand outstretched. As we shake hands, he thanks me for reminding all of Dan before and continues, for the next twenty minutes, telling me how incredible Dan is. How important a time in his life was when he shared in a retreat led by Dan. How ironic it is that we worship our martyrs and condemn our prophets.
As we both excused the Church and I have turned the corner to walk back to Haley House, Bill is still talking, almost gushing, about Dan.
Is hope possible for me?
It is a Friday morning, a morning on which our soap kitchen has been closed because of lack of staff. As new people moved into the community, we decided to ask our guests if they would help as run a Friday morning shift. Some signed up, and we began opening every Friday morning if enough guests sign up to work the shift. This particular Friday, I wake at 5:15 am to go downstairs and let people in to start cooking. By 6, a number of guests have arrived and are stirring, drinking coffee, but none who have signed up have showed up. Seeing that I am attempting to make the coffee, put out the bread, put butter on plates, and cook breakfast for 100 by myself, three guests leave their seats and volunteer their time to cook, serve, and clean for their community.
Is hope possible?

May 11th, 2001. It is the 20th day of a Living Wage sit-in at Harvard University. Students have been occupying Massachussets Hall, where the President's office is placed, while other students, workers, unions, faculty, alumni, parents, community groups, and political figures keep vigil outside. In tents, with candles, holding signs, a presence for justice takes hold on the campus that is as fresh, fosters such revolution, and at its worst, suppresses this type of speech so it may continue training the future leaders of the empire. When the students entered the building, after two years of fruitless negotiations, the University initiated a living wage would never even be considered at Harvard. As they left Massachusetts Hall on May 12th, 2002 -

after 21 days inside, the victories were won promise to improve the lives of hundreds of Harvard workers, and to permanently shift the administration's assumptions about university decisions-making.

Is hope possible?
I am not ready to say. But that is a privileged position to be in. I do not have to hope. I have to live on that is more than mere hope. I am a Catholic Worker, trying to be better at both. I have a community, a family, and ample resources at my disposal. I can afford to judge the person I pass on the street in an instant. I can choose, to a certain extent, how I will or will not interact with the dominant culture. I can resist and go to jail. I can be as pessimistic or optimistic as my mood or situation dictates. At a heterodox white male, there is a lot I can or cannot think about. I have choices.

Many do not. Some, or even most, live on hope alone. The hope of being listened to, of being safe, of being involved, of being loved, of being fed. The hope of a better day is all that keeps some of our fellow humans alive. Read that sentence again; woods don't quite match the surface of this idea.
The hungering, the challenging part of all of this is that it is up to me. The lead to which I choose to keep hope alive in my own daily life has a direct affect on the ability of others to hope at all. The choices I make are not made in a vacuum. If I fail to hope, I become more and more a part of a culture which, like a ball going down a large hill, moves faster and faster toward progressive destruction.

Is hope possible? I am still not ready to say. What I can say is that hope is more probable because of people like Dan who live a life of truth, exchanged. Years after the first, Piirahara action, in which Dan and seven others hammered on two rose corners for Mark 12A warships and faced up to eighteen years in prison, Dan appeared on the news program 60 Minutes. Mike Wallace commented that Dan must "deteriorate worse peace." His answer. "I have never been desperate about anything."

Is hope possible? It seems now that the question has taken different shape. Of course hope is possible. But is it possible in my life, and yours?

William - cont. from page 3
I've only been to a couple of soup kitchens, but I'm not real sure.
I have been to one or two soup kitchens, probably three times. That's real crowded. People are being herded through there like cattle. People are in and out. I don't like hanging out there, not my type of crowd. Like I said, I'm so used to the Haley House. It's almost like, I guess you'd call it a home. A part-time home, yeah. I guess that's about it. When I come through here, I always try to know everyone. I don't meet strangers. When I see people, I just laugh at them and get to know them. I don't meet strangers, I never have. That's probably why I like this place best. It's just, like I said, over the years. I haven't always been homeless, but I've been homeless for a long time. Since 1994, up until this past spring. I used to come here sometimes just to get people to work. When I was in the neighborhood, I'd stop by. I'd stick my head in to see what was going on. It might be for one or two years before the next time. I like coming here. I'm used to it. It's like I'm so familiar with everything here. I don't have any problem helping out. I'll jump up and help see who's there. Once, I don't have any problem helping out. I've been around here so long, even when I came up missing, I'd still come by anytime I felt like it.

I like it because I don't feel like I'm behind the counter. Yeah, it's like you're in the same boat as us. I don't feel intimidated by anyone here.

If you had to tell someone one thing about Haley House, what would it be?
I would personally tell them that I like the Haley House and not to go over there and mess it up. I would take it real personally if they messed with anyone in there. It's real true that word as nice as possible, but that's how I feel. I haven't always been homeless, but I can come down here and it feels like I'm coming into my house. It's like my kitchen. I don't take over or dominate or anything, but I can go back there if I want to. You know what I'm saying. I have no problem jumping in and helping or whatever. Haley House helped me out a lot. Not even in here, outside of here. In '90 I had a real bad cocaine problem, really bad. I was totally off the hook. Jerry, Russell and the others helped me out. I covered it up pretty good, but Katie is nice that easy. You can't lie to Katie. Let's
Clarification of Thought: Fall/Winter 2002

Friday Sept. 13 - "Nutritional Wisdom," by Beth Ingham, a certified nutritionist and resident of Noonday Farm

Friday Sept. 27 - "The Church of Today and Tomorrow: What the Present Crisis Teaches Us About the Future Church," by Carol Stanton, Ph.D.


Friday Oct. 25 - "The History of Non-Violence in America," by Michael True, faculty member at Assumption College

Friday Nov. 8 - "The Growing Tenant Movement: Organizing for Housing Justice and Against Real Estate Greed," by Mark Pedulla, tenant organizer for City Life/Vida Urbana

Friday Nov. 22 - "Hunger," an open roundtable discussion with the community.

Friday Dec. 13 - Charlie King Christmas Concert and Potluck Dinner (Potluck at 6:00 pm and concert at 7:30 pm)

All Clarifications are held from 7:30 to 9:00 pm at Haley House. Please call or check our web site to confirm the final schedule in the event of changes or cancellations.