

LOAVES AND FISHES

DULUTH, MN

AUTUMN 2012

FREE

Persistence pays off for Seaway tenants

PEOPLE
POWER
WINS!

By Joel Kilgour

On June 10, residents of the Seaway Hotel came home to find condemnation notices posted to their front door. Spring floods had exacerbated long-standing problems with mold and the building's roof and electrical system. City inspectors determined that it was no longer safe for habitation and gave tenants 17 days to vacate.

Since the fire at the Kozy Apartments in 2010, the Seaway has stood as the last of its kind in Duluth. Rent is cheap, and there are no background checks, case managers or intrusive rules. Among the 70 or so people who call the Seaway home are seniors on fixed incomes and ex-felons trying to make

"We have helped a lot and I'm proud to be a part of it. The tenants are feeling better about the building and being a part of the Seaway Tenants Association. This is my home away from home and I look forward to everyone becoming a family again. When everything happened with the condemnation that got messed up. Now everything is getting back to normal with everyone getting back to one again."

Ed Smith
Seaway Tenants Association organizer

good. There are people with serious and often untreated mental illness, and down-right difficult renters who have been kicked out of public housing. They are, in a social and political sense, the "least of these." The Seaway is what separates them from the streets. Unfortunately, there are also many



Seaway residents and allies gather in front of City Hall before speaking to the council. photo: Deb Holman

police calls to the building. It is a sore to the eyes Lincoln Park business owners who dream of upward gentrification. When the Seaway was condemned, many people breathed a sigh of relief. Most everyone assumed it was the end of the story.

The problem, as any Seaway resident can tell you, is that there is nowhere else to go. Duluth has lost hundreds of units of affordable housing in recent years, even as unprecedented numbers of our people are living on the edge of an economic precipice. Homeless shelters are maxed out and more and more people are living in cars, parks and under bridges. The Seaway condemnation threatened to push the crisis to a breaking point. Then something unexpected and wonderful happened: a small group of Seaway residents bucked expectations, organized, and saved their home.

Those first meetings were not easy. There were personal conflicts, anxieties, wildly different impressions of building management, and a good dose of skepticism. It helped that Loaves & Fishes and CHUM were

there, and that Community Action Duluth, the Seafarers and the VFW all graciously opened their doors for meeting space—an indication to tenants that they had allies, and a fighting chance. The coming weeks were a whirlwind of education, meetings with city officials, lawsuits, rallies, and phone calls. But the tactical details are not the most important lesson of this campaign.

For all of their differences and personal struggles, Seaway residents had one experience in common. Unlike the city inspectors, or the building owner, or even the housing advocates who swiftly organized to connect them with resources, they were facing a threat to their very survival. There were men on parole at risk of returning to prison if they lost their housing; a pregnant couple looking at the prospect of giving birth in a homeless shelter; and people frantically pulling together camping gear for a cold winter outdoors. The threat of eviction crushed the fragile sanity of some of the more vulnerable residents, and there was at least one sui-

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Loaves & Fishes has generally stayed away from electoral politics. The founders of the Catholic Worker Movement believed that the world is best changed by people freely working together to build “new society within the shell of the old.” We wholly reject partisan entrenchments and are often accused of being independent to the point of difficulty. However, we are deeply troubled by attempts to amend the constitution of Minnesota not to expand political rights, but to restrict them. We believe that the amendments, if passed, would cause harm to people we love and infringe on fundamental human freedom.

We say NO to voter restrictions

Minnesota is widely recognized for fair elections and high voter turnout. Duluth often breaks 90% turnout in presidential elections, and people here are proud of the ease with which any resident, including our homeless friends, can participate in the democratic process.

In recent years, Republican-controlled state legislatures have passed laws tightening ID requirements for voters. This year, Minnesotans will be asked to approve an amendment to the constitution that would restrict the right to vote to people who hold a government-issued ID with their current address. Supporters say it is “common sense.” For people who have a drivers license and stable housing, that probably rings true. But constitutions are not intended to reinforce the feelings of the majority, they are meant to protect the minority. A significant number of Minnesotans (200,000 by last count) do not meet the requirements of this amendment, and would have difficulty obtaining the proper ID even if the ID itself were free (supporting documents and transportation are major hurdles for the elderly, disabled and homeless). In addition, it is unclear what the impact would be to people living abroad or who use Tribal or military ID.

At a recent rally, Duluth city councilwoman Sharla Gardner said that if the amendment passes, “we lose our democracy.” This might sound like hyperbole to some, but from where we stand the proposed amendment is a flagrant attempt to disenfranchise poor people and to give one party a political edge in elections.

Most concerning to us is what the amendment would mean for homeless people. Do you forfeit your right to vote if you have no permanent address? People who visit and live at our houses either lack photo ID or are transient. As it stands, we can vouch for them at the polls. If the amendment passes, this will no longer be possible.

Obviously, honest elections are important. But according to the League of Women Voters, in all of Minnesota history there is not a single recorded case of voter impersonation, the only kind of voter fraud that Photo ID would realistically stop. Backers of the amendment point to cases of felons voting while still on parole. Photo ID does not address this. Nor does it address documented problems with voter intimidation or misleading robo-calls.

When looking at who will be most harmed by this amendment, it is clear that it is little more than a cheap political ploy that will have a devastating impact on the entire state. For the sake of our entire state and region, we must protect everyone’s right to express themselves at the ballot.

We say NO to the Marriage Amendment

Voters will also be asked to approve an amendment to the state constitution that would limit marriage to heterosexual couples.

Much of the support for this amendment has come from churches, in particular the Catholic Bishops. Our faith leads us to a different conclusion. There is no record of Jesus ever addressing the question of homosexuality. He did, however, repeatedly and publicly embrace people who had been cast out of society. It is not a stretch to say that this is the heart of his ministry, and he had stern words for the religious leaders who justified the exclusion of other people in the name of God.

Human society is a work in progress, and many taboos and prejudices have come and gone. It is clear that we are at another such watershed. Science has given us new understanding of homosexuality as a natural variation, and affirmed what Jesus taught some 2,000 years ago by quantifying the psychological benefits of social acceptance to LGBT individuals and families. The quick response to these findings is heartening. In one short generation, social attitudes have shifted completely, to a point

where young people now strongly favor equal marriage rights for LGBT couples.

The marriage amendment will not impose same-sex marriage on any church. It is a civil, not an ecumenical question. It will not even change the legal status of marriage in Minnesota. All it can do is cynically slow the natural, democratic process of change.

Amendment supporters say that marriage has always been between one man and one woman. This is not true. A quick inquiry unearths dozens of historic examples of socially accepted same-sex unions, including “brother-making” ceremonies of some early Christian churches. LGBT people have also suffered historic persecution: jailed, taunted, tortured, separated from their loved ones, and told that God rejects them. The church has been complicit in this violence, and we as a body owe penance, not moral grandstanding.

There is another troubling element to the Bishops’ fixation on the marriage amendment. As poverty increases and wealth disparity reaches points not seen since the Great Depression, how is the definition of civil marriage the most defining issue of the church of the poor? How can the Bishops expend hundreds of thousands of dollars of church funds and their entire political capital on this? At best the marriage amendment is a distraction. At worst it is an attempt by one political party to capitalize on anti-gay bias at the polls in order to advance stated goals that run contrary to the teachings of Jesus and the church, including the systematic dismantling of worker and environmental protections and the social welfare state. The Bishops have become shills of a deceptive political game, and we all will suffer for it. We hope they will soon see the light. In the meantime, we are heartened to know that most Minnesota Catholics oppose the marriage amendment. We urge you to join us in voting no.

By Dylan Knaggs & Joel Kilgour

Voices of Voting

By Kate Bradley

If you ask a hundred Catholic Workers why they do or do not vote, you'll probably get a hundred different answers. Many may speak of a broken system that needs to be replaced entirely, others may reference others who are not allowed to vote in our system and refuse to cast a ballot while others are kept silent.

I'm thankful to be part of a CW community that is open and accepting of everyone's views on voting. If the culture of the community shunned voting, I would not be able to stay. We definitely have differences of opinion about how to best voice our opinions and for some, voting is not part of the plan. But I'm a voting junkie. I've voted in every election since I turned eighteen, and I've worked to make friends and neighbors aware of where their polling places are. (If you lived in a Duluth apartment building during the 2008 presidential election, and saw a blue and red poster with same day voter registration information, and the precinct polling address and hours, yeah, that might have been me.) I can't pretend that I've been especially aware of what's going on in the Soil and Water

Supervisor races, but I try to get be up to speed on most of the rest of the ballot.

A long time friend of Loaves & Fishes, Bob Tavani, recalled for us a story of Dorothy Day being approached by Bobby Kennedy for her endorsement of JFK's presidential run, they wanted her to join a list of people that was to be run in the New York Times endorsing JFK. She said to the Kennedy men, "I don't think you boys understand who I am, why don't you come over here and we'll go out for Chinese food." The Kennedy's met Dorothy at the Worker and they all walked to a local favorite restaurant. "I'm a Christian anarchist," Dorothy told them, "I don't vote, and I don't support political campaigns. But while you're here, there's a halfway house in Harlem that could use \$50,000." The Kennedys dutifully wrote a check.

Bob continued his remembrance of life at the New York Worker with Dorothy around election times: "Nonetheless within the Catholic Worker Community, there was a diversity of opinion about voting. Many of the WWII veterans around the worker wouldn't think of not voting. All opinions on the matter were considered

acceptable by all."

This got us to thinking about how some of our guests, visitors and housemates view voting. Here are some of the highlights:

Do you vote? Why or why not?

—*No I have never voted but I really want to. (Expressed a lot of enthusiasm about registering for the coming election and taking time to learn about the different candidates and issues.) Every vote can make a difference....and I want to make a difference!*

—*Yes, mostly because of local elections. I'm not as interested in the national races. The city, county and state elections are more important to me.*

Did people around you talk about voting while you were growing up?

—*My teacher encouraged voting. Family didn't talk about it.*

—*Yes, my parents are avid voters and there was a lot of conversation leading up to elections and long nights watching returns come in.*

How do you find out information about the candidates?

—*I get most of my political information online. Online newspapers and message boards mostly.*

—*Local newspapers and local radio. Sometimes I look up national info on the internet, at the library mostly.*

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cide attempt. All the while, they were being cut off from the process. The city wasn't talking to them, their elected representatives were nowhere to be found. Well-meaning social workers showed up to help people find other housing, but didn't often ask residents what they wanted.

This shared experience ultimately turned the tide for the Seaway, and in the process lit a fire under broader community efforts for affordable housing. To be fair, most of the leg work to save the Seaway came from people within city government and the non-profit world who are very good at numbers and policy. They ultimately negotiated an agreement with the owner for a loan in exchange for improved management and building repair. But it is one thing to talk about the mathematics of the housing crisis, something quite different to experience it.

Seaway residents were willing to fight where others were quick to accept fate. By showing up uninvited to community response meetings, and voicing their raw fears and experiences to media and elected officials, they moved the conversation from one of capacity, long-range plans and regulations to a genuine human emergency. They created space for a solution, and made the alternative unthinkable.

As I write, the doors of the Seaway are open, the roof is nearly fixed. The Seaway Tenants Association is going strong, with a seat at the table when city officials, funding agencies and the owner meet to assess building progress. And their work has had a reverberating effect in the community. The housing crisis is back in public consciousness and on the political front burner. The city is moving forward with a better system

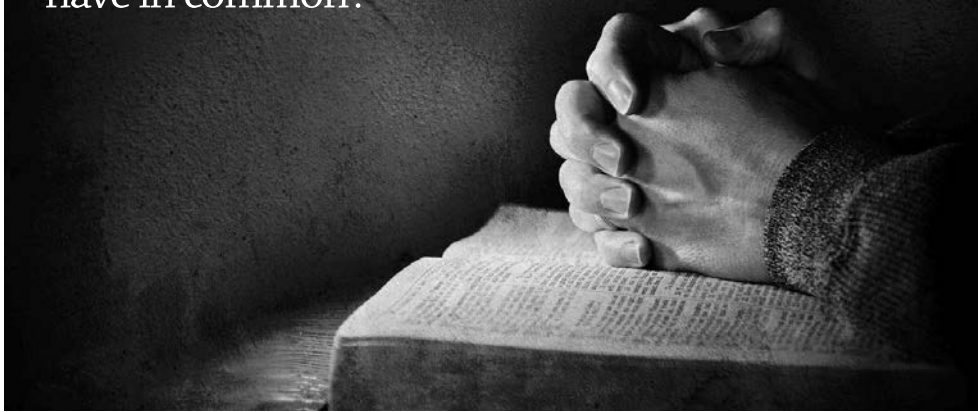
to communicate with renters about problems with their buildings and their rights. A citywide housing needs assessment has been accelerated, and city leaders are openly talking about goals for new affordable housing that might have been dismissed as unrealistic a year ago.

It seems that we are constantly inundated with messages from the media, the political class, and even our houses of worship, that we are powerless to make change. How often do we catch ourselves feeling, or saying: "there is nothing we can do?" This is especially, and sadly, true in election years, when democracy is reduced to a choice between well-financed candidates, one of whom shoulders a nation's hope, the other its blame, depending on your political perspective.

The unlikely heroes of the Seaway tell a different story.

Building a House of God

What do Archbishop Oscar Romero of El Salvador and Mullah Kameron, a Muslim cleric from a small village outside of Halubja in Iraqi Kurdistan have in common?



By Michele Naar-Obed

What do Archbishop Oscar Romero of El Salvador and Mullah Kameron, a Muslim cleric from a small village outside of Halubja in Iraqi Kurdistan have in common? They both heard and proclaimed God's words of love, reconciliation and nonviolence knowing there would be steep consequences. For Romero, that meant assassination after appealing to the Salvadoran army. "Brothers, you come from our own people," he said, "you are killing your own brother peasants...No soldier is obliged to obey an order contrary to the law of God."

During the Kurdish uprising last year in Suleimaniya Iraqi Kurdistan, Mullah Kameron appeared at the Friday prayers which were held publicly in Azadi (Freedom) Square. Thousands of demonstrators had filled the square, and were surrounded by thousands of Peshmerga (Kurdish soldiers) and police. Citizens had been shot at for protesting corruption and nepotism in their government, and government leaders were sending in provocateurs to create a violent scene in order to justify a military crackdown. In this tense environment,

Mullah Kameron also made an appeal: "Brothers, lay down your guns. This is a nonviolent revolution, a peaceful revolution, a flower revolution (some soldiers loaded the barrels of their guns with red and white plastic flowers as a sign of support). And to those of you in the Square, not one rock should be thrown against your brother soldiers..." This speech cost Mullah Kameron charges of violating anti-terrorism laws, with a penalty of death if convicted. The courts were already putting together a secret kangaroo trial, which was thwarted by the efforts of Amnesty International, Human Rights Watch, local lawyers and Christian Peacemaker Teams. Eventually Mullah Kameron was released from prison and returned to his family, village and Mosque. To this day, the government never lets him forget that he is being watched.

Some time later, I was invited to Mullah Kameron's house to get to know him better and to learn what motivated him to make that speech. In the end, it was clear that it was the God of all of us that put the words in his mouth and stayed with him through it all so that the

Kin-dom of God on earth could be proclaimed. I was in the square on the day he made that speech. Even though I did not fully understand all of the words at the time, they resonated deeply in my soul and in them I recognized our God.

What is this story leading to? I have friends in another small village in the Kurdish north of Iraq. This village has been caught in an horrendous political and military crossfire for years. The once thriving village of 50 plus families with a primary school, health clinic and Mosque, is now down to 5 families and no infrastructure. The villagers are farmers and shepherds and keepers of the traditional Kurdish village life. They are a dying group of people looking for a way to bring life back to the village. My friend Bapeer was told by his father just before he died to build a Mosque. Right now, they have piles of stone and rubble in the place where the Mosque should be. I've been called to help them build it.

It will be a house of prayer to the one God of all who sent the prophets to preach God's holy word and help us to live as sisters and brothers as we make our way together up God's holy mountain.

This effort has parallels to the 1963 film "Lilies of the Field." In it, Sydney Portier plays as a drifter who runs across a group of East German nuns landed in the poverty-stricken southwest US. Mother Superior fully believes that Portier has been sent to them by God to build a chapel. While I sometimes have my doubts about this, the Spirit seems to be calling the shots and leading the way. It will take \$15,000 to build this Mosque. Whatever I bring to the table, the Kurds will match. We will do this together, one stone, one brick, one cinder block, one Muslim, one Catholic and one prayer at a time. We are one-third of the way there. May it be so.

If anyone is interested in following the progress of the mosque, please contact Michele at 218-728-3771.



Transform Now Plowshares

By Greg Boertje-Obed

God will bring justice among the nations and bring peace between many peoples. They will hammer their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation will not lift sword against nation, nor shall they train for war again — Isaiah 2:4

In 1980, during the height of the Cold War, eight Christian activists broke into a General Electric facility in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. Inside they hammered on nose cones destined for nuclear weapons and poured vials of their own blood on files. Their action meant to dramatize the horrific violence of nuclear weapons and called the world to conversion. That first “Plowshares” action has inspired more than 70 such disarmament actions around the world.

On July 28, 2012, Sr. Megan Rice, Michael Walli, and I were led to symbolically enact Isaiah’s prophecy at a nuclear weapons factory in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. We understood that our country is at a critical moment of time in which our government has proposed building three new nuclear weapon factories, one in Oak Ridge, one in Kansas City, Missouri, and one in Los Alamos, New Mexico. We chose to witness in Tennessee where the potential new death factory has not yet received funding and which has been estimated to cost \$7 billion.

Sr. Megan had visited in Duluth and shared how she was moved by the Disarm Now Plowshares trial in Washington state and how she had worked for disarmament at the Nevada nuclear test site for more than

6 years. Michael Walli recently served 8 months for a trespass witness at Y-12 in 2010, and he has been working in a Catholic Worker community in DC that offers hospitality to homeless families.

“In 1980, during the height of the Cold War, eight Christian activists broke into a General Electric facility in King of Prussia, PA. Inside they hammered on nose cones destined for nuclear weapons and poured vials of their own blood on files. Their action meant to dramatize the horrific violence of nuclear weapons and called the world to conversion. That first “Plowshares” action has inspired more than 70 such disarmament actions around the world.”

Sr. Megan is 82 and has shortness of breath when walking uphill or for a distance. The Spirit miraculously guided us up through a wooded ridge and down the other side right to the most recent nuclear weapon building. Michael was his usual helpful self and tossed aside branches that were in the path of Megan. We used bolt cutters to cut through four fences. The last three were high security fences directly in front of an imposing guard tower. The middle fence was especially intimidating and has special wires

which appeared to detect motion. Megan was the first to go through the opening of every fence.

We were able to accomplish everything we had hoped to: banners were hung proclaiming our group name “Transform Now Plowshares” and “Beat Swords Into Plowshares;” blood was poured on the walls of the death factory; crime scene tape was put up to warn of on-going nuclear war crimes; messages were spray painted such as “Woe to an Empire of Blood” and “Peace is the Fruit of Justice;” hammers were used on a corner under the guard tower, and the wall began to crumble. The blood was given to us by friends who had allowed medical professional friends to withdraw it using safe procedures. When a guard drove up, we conversed, lit candles, read our group statement and indictment, and sang “This Little Light of Mine.”

Currently we face three federal criminal charges: two for destruction of government material and one of trespass. They add up to a total of 16 years maximum. We are declining the plea offer and hope to witness in court against the crime of building nuclear weapons and the crimes of killing and oppressing people around the world. Trial is currently set for Feb. 26 but could change. Additional lengthy charges have been threatened if we do not plead guilty.

We ask for prayers and help in the process of educating people about the need to transform now from ways of mass murder and mass destruction to ways of promoting life and justice for the oppressed.

Notes from Dorothy Day House

By Lee Jankowski

I don't know if you will understand when I tell you that while I was breaking up the basement floor at the Olive Branch this summer, I considered myself lucky. Lucky because I worked with a very fine plumber who has been living with us. We fixed the sewer after a hundred year flood in June. I also consider myself lucky to live with a great singer of gospel music. A deep bass that shakes your soul from the rest.

We are gifted with a young man who has helped us to see the humor in ourselves. I say this with a smile.

One man played football in high school and is now learning rugby with a local team. He scores more sore muscles than points.

A visitor to the Bike Cave turned out to be quite a hardworking volunteer. We thank those in high places for his great stories and creative work. When I say high places I mean the CIA and FBI.

John launched his boat into the cold waters of Lake Superior after a parade through downtown Duluth. The crowd cheered.

Another man divides his time between dimensions of good and evil, past and future, awake and sleep. The one things that is always constant is his smile and his Popeye impersonation.

Meal Angels from Peace Church, as well as Donna, Nathan and Veronica, Gerry and Annette, Tammy, and Roseli and Fred, continue to provide lovingly prepared food for our household. We depend on them and thank them.

The man who holds this all together is Joel, our inflicter of stern looks. His heart is our heart and we love him enough for now.

When I think of all the challenges faced by the men of the Dorothy Day House and still see their smiles I am overwhelmed. Please come add your smile and overwhelm us.



Bike Cave Update

By Andreas White & Chelsea Froemke



“Nothing compares to the simple pleasure of a bike ride.”
—John F. Kennedy

Mr. Kennedy was right. A bicycle ride can bring about a type of joy that cannot be found anywhere else. Bike rides aren't just fun, they also keep people healthy, don't contribute to carbon emission, and allow for free transportation. Every week the Bike Cave helps to give people the simple pleasure of riding a bike. On any given Wednesday and Saturday people flock to the basement of the Dorothy Day House to build and repair bicycles. These weekly gatherings consist of lifetime bicycle enthusiasts, neighborhood kids, and everyone in between. We never know what to expect on any given Bike Cave night. Last week a band assembled and graced us all with their melodies and on October 31st we will celebrate Halloween festivities on our first “Bike Grave” night. As you may know, the Bike Cave is run completely on donations of people's time, skills, and offerings of bicycles and spare parts. We would like to extend a big thank you to everyone who has contributed to make the bike cave possible.

The Bike Cave is at 1712 Jefferson Street. We can help you become a speedy-bi-wheeled unstoppable force! Join us every Wednesday 7pm-9pm and Saturday 2pm-6pm.



Leaves from the Olive Branch

By Chelsea Froemke

Once upon a time there was a house on Jefferson Street known as The Olive Branch. The house was filled from top to bottom with characters both new and old. There is a little boy who builds gigantic Lego towers and a loving Mom playing by his side. There is a young couple working hard to raise their two boys. The Mom and Dad are patient and strong, the three year old loves to explore, and the one year old has a big smile that lights up the home. There is a beautiful, quiet young woman who is friendly and welcoming to all the other characters in the house. Kate, Dylan, Chelsea, and Ozone also consider this place home. We continue to make muffins every Sunday (which provides everyone with the great opportunity to join this fun cast of characters). Dylan is preparing to move back to the east coast as Chelsea settles back in to Olive Branch. The house has many frequent visitors throughout the day and it seems that cribbage and crosswords are everybody's favorite pastime. Saint Scholastica students helped us with some projects around the house this fall, leaving us with a clean kitchen, matching handles on our cabinets, and a beautiful yellow dining room. They will continue to help out this school year by preparing meals for us once a week. We cannot thank the students and all of our volunteers enough. Because of their donations of time, energy, money, and food the Olive Branch can continue to thrive, leaving all the characters here quite happy.

Hannah House Update

By Michele Naar-Obed

Hannah House is currently home to Greg, Michele, Rachel's stuff, Tanny and Andreas. Andreas just joined us from Eau Claire WI and spends most of his time helping at Dorothy Day House or in the Bike Cave. Rachel's cat, Julio, also lives at Hannah House and he has developed a liking for Andreas' long dreadlocks.

Rachel has left us for educational endeavors at the University of MN in the Twin Cities. She says she is looking forward to winter break at home where she can sleep in a bigger bed, eat better food, and spend time with her cat. Implied in here is that she misses her parents.

Greg participated in the Transform Now Plowshare action and is home awaiting trial in Tennessee on February 26. This is subject to change, and additions to the current charges might occur in the near future as the government is a bit moody and temperamental and appears to be reaching senility. Greg and I will be married 20 years this March 21, and are thinking about renewing our wedding vows. The State may be able to separate us in body but not in mind, spirit, or love.



Tanny is pretty darn busy with her studies in music education at The College of St. Scholastica and has now added the flute to her repertoire of musical talents. She's also become an avid bicyclist and now knows the handy dandy trick of putting the bike on the bus to go up the hill and enjoy the ride back down the hill.

Michele was part of a welcoming team that hosted 6 delegates from Duluth's friendship city Rania in Iraqi Kurdistan. The group spent 8 days in Duluth visiting, touring and working on plans for educational exchanges between our universities. Mullah Abdallah, a Muslim cleric, was among them, and great conversations about our religious differences

and commonality took place between him and some of our Christian clergy and our Benedictine Sisters at the St. Scholastica Monastery.

The Hannah House garden flourished this summer with vine-ripened tomatoes in August (a first in 10 years of gardening in this zone) and over 2 dozen fully ripened pumpkins, many of which have already been distributed to the neighborhood kids. We also had prolific crops of greens, green beans, basil, broccoli, carrots, apples and raspberries.

Hannah House will host movie and soup Sunday this winter and we are happy to be part of the experiment still in progress of building the beloved community.



Loaves & Fishes
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Duluth, MN 55812
Tel: 218-724-2054



Find us on Facebook:

www.facebook.com/duluthcatholicworker

Mark your calendar!

Loaves & Fishes Christmas Party

Sunday, December 9th

St. Paul's Church (1710 E. Superior St.)

Can you help? We need:

- New toys for kids (all ages/nonviolent)
- Pies, pies, PIES!
- Turkeys
- Volunteers to help with:
set up, clean up, food prep, kids activities

Please call for more info!

Loaves & Fishes Scheduled Events

DAILY Supper Meals at 6pm

WEDNESDAYS, 7-9pm:

Bike Cave at the Dorothy Day House

FRIDAYS, 7pm:

Roundtable discussions at DD House
(call or visit us on FB for the schedule)

SATURDAYS, 2-6pm:

Bike Cave at the DD House

SUNDAYS, 10am:

Muffins and conversation at the Olive Branch

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Duluth, MN

Who we are:

Loaves & Fishes is a community of people working to build "a new society within the shell of the old." Through our houses in Duluth's Endion neighborhood, we offer food, shelter and friendship to people experiencing homelessness and migration; through our bike shop and gardens we promote voluntary sharing of skills and resources for the common good; and in halls of power and on the street we speak out for a more just and peaceful society.

Loaves & Fishes is a 100% volunteer-run effort. We are NOT a tax-deductible charity. Current live-in volunteers are: **Andreas White, Chelsea Froemke, Dylan Knaggs, Greg Boertje-Obed, Joel Kilgour, Kate Bradley, Lee Jankowski and Michele Naar-Obed.** Many others contribute as handywomen and men, providers of food, agitators, financial donors and more. We invite you to join us in whatever way you can.

Loaves & Fishes Needs:

- Eggs
- Butter
- Salad Dressing
- Coffee
- Fruit Juice (no added sugar)
- Peanut Butter (no added sugar)
- Canned tuna
- Vegetable oil
- Dish soap & Laundry detergent
- Toothpaste
- Tampons and pads
- Winter coats, gloves and hats (all sizes)
- DTA fare cards
- Twin mattress and box spring
- Sturdy patio furniture
- 60-gal screw-top pickle barrels (for our new compost tumbler!)
- Monetary donations to keep us going for another year!

We need you, too!

Live-in volunteers to help run the houses. This is a full-time commitment! Room and board, plus the rewarding experience of living in a diverse community.

Meal Angels to provide all or part of the evening meal for Olive branch or Dorothy Day House (many people make a monthly commitment). We feed 10-15 people per house.

House Duty Volunteers to take 4 or 5-hour shifts at the houses: answering phones, light housekeeping and spending time with guests.

For more information, please call Olive branch at 218-728-0629 or Dorothy Day House at 218-724-2054, or email duluthcatholicworker@gmail.com