

# LOAVES AND FISHES



DULUTH, MN

VOL. 28 NO. 2 — FALL 2017

FREE

## How Secure Do You Feel?

By Brooke Tapp

I had a doctor's appointment in late summer; the type that is nice to have someone you trust go along with for support. My mom came and stayed with me for the weekend. We spent some time up the shore hiking and chasing down fall colors. We visited a few antique shops and each left with something. We harvested tomatoes from the garden and canned them the next morning. Over breakfast, I brought up the theme of this fall's newsletter - Security. A broad topic yet very basic, personal, and necessary.

My family provides much of that security for me. I had the confidence to take whatever risk I wanted because I knew I always had a place and people to come back to. Growing up on a fourth generation farm, moving away twice for college and multiple times for temporary jobs I always knew if things didn't work out or when my job ended my family was there to help me move and welcome me home.

I write this for you to think of your own sense of security and what has afforded you this. You will read in this newsletter articles on the need for sanctuary, the daily and deep insecurity an undocumented person feels, what role history plays, security that can be provided through treatment centers and jail. Also, the security of the earth's resources and the threat nuclear violence has on all of our security will be discussed; although, some know these threats more intimately than others.

In the last 10 years through my work at Community Action Duluth, being a member of a 12 step fellowship, and now being a foster parent and live-in volunteer of Loaves and Fishes, I'm realizing what a gift a community of people are to my sense

*continued in next column...*

## Security in Tradition as Security for the Future

By Sheila Lamb

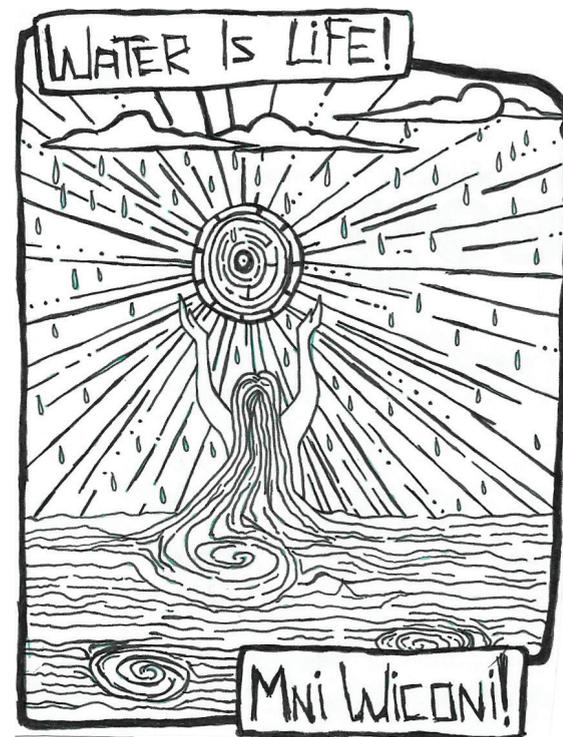
The word security has multiple definitions. To Indigenous people, security includes our very way of life. To have security is to be able to live in a traditional manner and to practice our belief system. When we feel that Mother Earth, the water, our medicines, or our culture are under attack, we must then rise to protect those things. Water is our first medicine and in this day and age, the water is under attack on multiple levels. Pipelines, sulfide mines, and other means of pollution put this medicine in grave danger. To be secure, Indigenous people look to the next seven generations and focus on what needs to be done to ensure their future. We are tasked with the care of Mother Earth and all of creation, so our security lies in those things being kept safe or by standing up when they are not.

Security is also our traditions, our ceremonies, and our language. When people know who they are, there is a peace of mind that comes along with that knowledge. When a pipe carrier smokes their pipe, there is a security in understanding that protection and the protection that also comes with prayer. There is security in our ceremonies because we know that it is through these practices that healing and learning are gained. There is a security in knowing that we are among like-minded individuals, who hold true to our traditions. Indigenous people have fought long and hard for our rights to be protected and were not allowed to even participate legally in our own belief system until 1978 by way of the Native American Religious Freedom Act.

In modern times, there is also a sense of security in being educated in our own history and by

of security, what stable housing growing up and as an adult has provided for my sense of security, and what the ability to access mental and physical health services gives to my sense of security. Think about your own. What if your family, your culture was an ocean away? What if as a child you experienced homelessness staying nights in the car or on the floor in someone else's home? What if your parents suffered from mental illness or drug addiction making them emotionally and physically unavailable?

The 12 current live-in volunteers of the Loaves and Fishes community have not experienced homelessness largely due to the fact that we have family security nets during times of transition. But we are privileged to witness so many lives being able to move forward by the security and the stability felt at our houses of hospitality, both physically and emotionally. ➤



Art by Michael Elderbrook

being able to speak on Indigenous rights and treaties. Since Standing Rock, there has also been a rise in security culture as it relates to things such as the internet and cell phones. Common sense tells you to lock your door at night, but many do not understand that the internet and cell phones open up an entirely new world that challenges our security and safety. Indigenous people must also contend with being the most trafficked race, primarily young women ages 13-18, and a suicide rate that is 3 times the national rate. The internet, pipelines, and racism are all factors that threaten the security of young Native women among other things. Security to us, is the ability to protect our women, children, and elders at all times.

Security may mean guards or military to many, but true security means personal safety, the safety of one's family, and the ability to live a life without harm. As Indigenous people, this is an ongoing struggle. Security means to be able to live a life free of poisons, racism, and fear, and to be able to know that your children, grandchildren, and future generations will lead wholesome, good lives. ➤

*Sheila is Ojibwe and Eastern Cherokee, the Executive Director of Indigenous People's Circle, and a local leader in the fight against the Enbridge Line 3 pipeline replacement project.*

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# Changing Expressions of Hospitality

By Chelsea Froemke

While gardening this summer, we discovered a few monarch eggs and caterpillars in the milkweed in our front yard and decided to raise them inside Hannah House until they emerged from their chrysalises as butterflies.

Monarch butterflies are vulnerable. We've heard monarch enthusiasts say that in the wild, only 1 in a 100 monarch eggs laid will make it to the butterfly stage. These beautiful creatures are incredibly defenseless during every stage of their life; finding threat in other bugs and animals, pesticides, harsh weather, lawn mowers, disappearing milkweed habitats, etc.

What started as a couple of caterpillars in jars evolved into a 2X4 foot monarch sanctuary on our porch that provided security to over 140 monarchs from June until October. This project started as an exciting way to watch this miraculous change that monarch butterflies experience, but somewhere along the way it turned into yet another way to express hospitality.

Over the last year Hannah House's focus has been foster care. Throughout the summer we provided some day-time and weekend respite for several kids and currently we're providing long-term care for a four-year-old. In the same way we provided a safe home for the monarchs, it is our hope to be able to provide a loving home for all the kids who spend time here, a place where they feel secure and experience stability. It has also been a joy to welcome these children into our intentional community. All summer long, friends and neighbors stopped by our porch to see the monarchs. Similarly, the kids staying with us have been welcomed with open arms, quickly becoming a beloved and integral part of our lives here on Jefferson Street.

Monarchs go through four different stages of life. It has been fascinating watching them transition from egg, to caterpillar, to chrysalis, to butterfly. We have spent hours hunched over their sanctuary anxiously awaiting the transformation to the next stage. Hannah House has also experienced changes this summer. Physically the house saw some more remodeling in one of the bedrooms and front porch. The garden was expanded, leveled, and we built raised beds. We are also in the process of completing a new fence around the garden to deter the Jefferson Street deer from binge-eating! More notably, I moved from Olive Branch to Hannah House. I'm so excited to also be starting the next stage of my story here at Hannah House and thankful to



*Melissa Boyle, alum and friend of the community, visits Hannah House monarch sanctuary and releases a female monarch.*

continue to be a part of the life at Olive Branch.

The final part of our Monarch hospitality occurs a day or two after they emerge from their chrysalis. During the first day of this final stage the butterfly gently unfolds their wings, letting them dry out. Soon their wings are strong enough for flight. Carefully, we remove them from the sanctuary and bring them to the front yard. It is incredible to watch this little being perched on your index finger take flight to the nearest tree or flower for the first time. The transitions we have experienced with foster care have not been as easy or joyful as watching monarchs fly for the first time. We are hopeful that reunification with parents will be possible and our greatest hope is that wherever these children end up they will have a stable home where they can thrive. ➤

# Broken but Lovely

By Tammy Ewing

The back story to my story is long and too complicated for the purpose of this article. Suffice it to say I am an alcoholic. A reality that still makes my gut churn whenever I say it out loud or put it on paper. But I am. I'm a grateful recovering alcoholic. But for a very long time gratitude was not part of my story.

I was what is called a highly functioning alcoholic. From the outside things looked really good, for the most part. But in 2010 I was arrested for a DUI. At the time, I thought this event was the most shameful and frightening experience I could ever have. I was wrong. They booked me and put me in solitary confinement to sober up. The next day I was required to shower and put on the jail issued undergarments, orange clothing and orange crocs. I was given bedding and a plastic pillow which I carried as they moved me to a cell with the other inmates. Because it was a weekend I would not go before a judge until Monday. Walking into a pod occupied by women I didn't know was terrifying. I retreated to my cell to wait out the weekend.

To my pleasant surprise and great relief, incarcerated women are not much different than any other group of women. Broken but lovely. I fit right in. Which was a good thing because although I was absolutely sure at that time that I would never be in jail again, this turned out to be just the first of many stays for me in the corrections system.

I was sentenced to probation and agreed to the many conditions outlined in the contract. The most important one, of course was don't consume alcohol. No sweat, I thought. And I really tried not to drink. I didn't want to drink. But I found out I couldn't not drink. Thus began a humiliating, demoralizing, bewildering spiral into hell. I entered and could not exit the revolving door of jails and institutions. Treatment, short stints of sobriety, relapse, probation violations, another DUI, more jail time, repeat.

I didn't understand the disease of alcoholism and addiction. I didn't know it was a malfunction centered in my brain. I thought I was simply weak, morally bankrupt, hopeless, useless. There is no greater insecurity than being trapped in a body that is attached to a mind that has a disease that wants to kill you. Those who suffer from it will absolutely relate.

The only time I really felt safe after awhile was in that jail or in that treatment center. Safe from myself. Until the switch finally flipped for me, until I got that "aha!" moment, this is where I found my security. What made the difference? Many things helped me to the road of recovery. But mostly it was the people who didn't give up on me. The people I believe God placed in those situations who loved me and showed me respect and told me I had a purpose on this planet. The jail volunteers who brought in bible studies and 12 step programs and taught me how to crochet (which I still enjoy today). The treatment centers that gave me counseling and education about my disease and the treatment for it.

Today I find my security and my joy and my treatment in doing the same. Being a volunteer at the jail, working in a treatment center, and working in service to others who are afflicted are the gifts I've been given that keep me sober today. Because of God's grace and forgiveness I get the honor of doing these things. ➤

*Tammy is a former guest and a Chemical Dependency Technician at Bethel Treatment Center.*



## *St Patrick's Day Irish Ceili*

**Saturday, March 17**

**7pm - 10pm**

**St Paul's Episcopal Church**

**1710 Superior Street**

**(use Greysolon Rd entrance)**

**Suggested donation: \$10 individual,**

**\$5 low-income, \$25 family**

The Ceili is a Northland tradition and it is open to all ages and all abilities. Dances are taught and no partner is necessary. Proceeds benefit Loaves and Fishes.

# Current Insanity of Nuclear Weapons and War

By John LaForge

United States nuclear weapons policy is not being explained well in the current atmosphere of bullying and threats going on between the White House and North Korea.

Long before President Trump threatened at the United Nations to “totally destroy North Korea” and later claimed that the North’s political leadership “won’t be around much longer,” President Barack Obama, in his 2010 Nuclear Posture Review (N.P.R.) (a new one is now underway), approved the U.S. use of nuclear weapons first against any nuclear weapons state or any state not in compliance with its nuclear non-proliferation obligations. (This is ironic, since Germany, Holland, Italy, Turkey and Belgium all violate their nonproliferation laws by hosting the deployment of US nuclear weapons. Will the U.S. nuke NATO?)

The current (2010) nuclear war “posture” explicitly threatens to do exactly what “deterrence” is supposed to prevent; that is, to commit a first strike using nuclear weapons before being attacked. Nuclear deterrence, R.I.P.

Long before Obama’s N.P.R., Bill Clinton issued Presidential Policy Directive 60 in 1997 and made public the United States’ first-use plans for nuclear weapons. Clinton’s PPD 60 declared that US H-bombs were being aimed at so-called “rogue” states, many of them without nuclear weapons, and it allowed the US to “launch nuclear weapons in response to the use of chemical or biological weapons.” Clinton’s PPD 60 threw official “deterrence policy” under the bus, and “ordered that the military ... reserve the right to use nuclear arms first, even before the detonation of an enemy warhead.”

Trump’s Sept. 19 promise to “totally destroy” North Korea was only the latest in a long history of White House “nuclearism.” Presidents Bush I (August 1991), Clinton (June 1994), Bush II (Jan. and Feb. 2006), Obama (Aug. 3, 2015) and Trump (Sept. 2017) have all used the starving, resource-poor, dictatorship as a boogeyman.

Trump’s threat to massacre the North’s 25 million people was issued by the chief of the largest military in the world against a tiny, impoverished country that hasn’t attacked the U.S. or anyone and which has no usable nuclear weapons at all.

The United States maintains about 5,000 deliverable nuclear warheads, almost 1,500 of them on hair-trigger alert status. Experts in the effects of thermonuclear detonations (Brian Toon, a professor of atmospheric science at the Univ. of Colorado, and others) have explained that the use of only 50 to 60 such H-bombs would ignite such inexhaustible mass firestorms that the soot and ash thrown into the atmosphere would plunge the Earth into darkness long-lasting enough to halt agriculture and cause the famine death of over a billion people.

Real US citizens in the armed forces and the weapons industry plan and prepare for nuclear attacks every day of the year. The Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff at Offutt Air Force Base

in Omaha works underground choosing the “targets,” although the base’s slogan on its entrance sign is “Peace is Our Profession.”

Even the smallest nuclear weapons in the US stockpile (B61 bombs and certain Cruise missiles) are so unbelievably explosive that comparisons pale. For example, in World War II, what took over 400 Air Force B-29 bombers to do to Tokyo, firebombing and killing 100,000 people there, can now be done twenty times over with a single H-bomb the size of a kayak.



Donna Howard at Hiroshima rally protesting nuclear weapons.

About 1,047 much more powerful nuclear weapons are deployed on the Navy’s 14 Trident ballistic missile submarines, any one of which has the nuclear firestorm potential to burn down the Korean peninsula ten times. Every military leader in North Korea knows all this, and they remember very well that between 1951 and 1953, as U.S. Air Force General Curtis LeMay testified to Congress, “We burned down every town in North Korea.” In this context, the ill-informed and insecure White House Twitterer -- who appears unaware and unconcerned about the meaning of words or the need for facts -- has claimed that the President of North Korea “is on a suicide mission.” In the real world, President Kim Jong-un probably thinks it’s fun to be king.

The dishonesty and disinformation being generated by Trump’s White House is so thick, fast and plentiful that timely rebuttals can barely get into print before the next absurdity is amplified by the stenographic media and the megaphone of Right Wing propagandists.

Never mentioned in the fearmongering about the North’s latest missile test (most of them fail) is that the leaders in Pyongyang have promised to halt their missile and nuclear weapons programs if the U.S. and South Korea end their joint, twice-annual military exercises, which are seen by paranoid North Koreans as rehearsals for invasions. This is a very easy proposal to test, just stop the exercises. If the North tests another missile, the deal is off.

Likewise, the mass media neglects to note that North Korea has promised never to be the first to use a nuclear weapon. Its “nuclear no-first-use” pledge was made on May 7, 2016. Like China and India before it, but NOT the United States, the

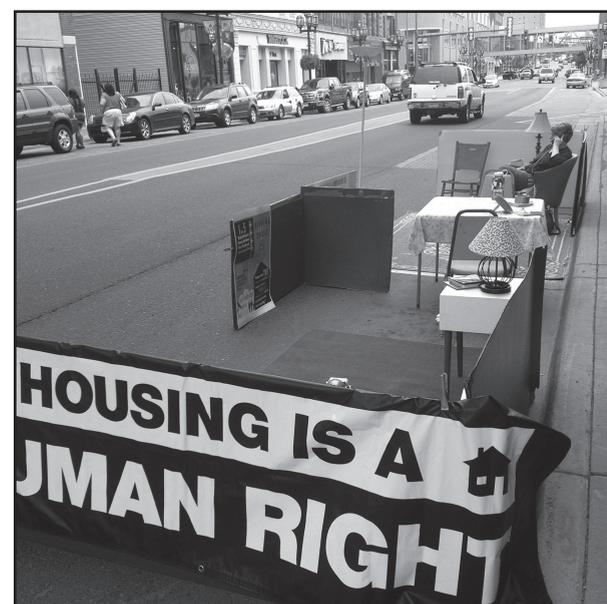
North’s official pledge means it will not conduct a nuclear sneak attack or ever resort to nuclear weapons in the course of a conventional conflict. The United States staunchly refuses to make such a pledge in spite of the urgent reduction in international tensions it would cause, and in spite of the enormous good will it would generate.

A U.S. “no-first-use” pledge would also help bring an end to justifications for new nuclear weapons developments now being pursued by the military and the Department of Energy. Three new nuclear warheads, a new long-range missile to replace the 450 Minuteman III missiles still deployed in the Great Plains, and two new medium range missiles are all being pursued at a potential cost of \$1.5 trillion over the next 30 years.

Meanwhile, ignorant bluster from Trump has produced ignorance in the TV news watching public. A poll released by Rasmussen Report on August 11 showed 63 % of voters polled believe the U.S. is now likely to use nuclear weapons against North Korea. And a survey reviewed in the Summer 2017 issue of the journal International Security found that around 60% of those polled said that if Iran provoked the U.S. with non-nuclear attacks, they’d approve of killing 2 million Iranian civilians with nuclear weapons rather than sacrificing 20,000 US troops in an invasion.

The peace movement has hardly ever had a harder job educating the public about the war movement. The least we should all know for a fact is that massacres of whole populations are never legal or even justifiable. The United Nations Charter, the Geneva Conventions and the Nuremberg Principles are still the Supreme Law of the Land. ➤

John is Director of Nukewatch, nukewatch1@lakeland.us



Market rate housing keeps being built while low income and entry level unit growth is stagnant. We set up a pop-up apartment in parking spaces with a phone for passers by to call their city of Duluth officials urging them to keep their building goals. The city is 1062 units short.

# Faith & Resistance & A World Without Police

By Michael Elderbrook



*Michael and Mark at Faith Resistance in Chicago in front of the Haymarket Martyrs Monument.*

Mark and I went to Chicago to participate in the Faith and Resistance Retreat last May, which was mentioned only very briefly in our last newsletter. Our whole group of Midwest Catholic Workers and other Workers from around the country came out of the weekend arrest-free. Although we did not come face-to-face with police in our action, much of our time in the workshops—facilitated by four young, brilliant People of Color\* from the #LetUsBreathe Collective—was dedicated to imagining what a world without police would be like and what it would take to make the present system of policing unnecessary.\*\*

\*As a stylistic choice in line with anti-colonial writers like J. Sakai and Butch Lee, I choose to capitalize some words and leave others uncapitalized. I do this as a small act of resistance in solidarity with people who have seldom experienced the u.s. as anything but a force of oppression and exploitation, whether it be African heritage people of the “inner colony” of america, or poor women and children around the world suffering under the system of global capitalism.

\*\*Please trust me when I say this article is about policing as a system, not an attack on the people who work as police officers.

There are still a few of the facilitators’ one-liners from the weekend that reverberate in my head, like, in response to Donald Trump’s election and the ensuing deluge of media covering the rural white working-class: “You can’t have white rural america without white supremacy,” (i.e. rural america wasn’t empty or “america” before white people showed up.) Referring to the Trump administration’s proposed budget which would slash funding for practically everything but the military and police: “You cannot be anti-Trump without being anti-police.” And after they made the connection

between the role of the u.s. military worldwide as a force for imperialist domination and the role of the increasingly militarized police within the u.s., I came to my own conclusion that I cannot be anti-war or anti-violence without also being anti-police.

Instead of looking to the future, though, I want to look at part of the history of policing in the u.s. for a moment.

I think by now a lot of us can agree that white supremacy is foundational to the existence of america. The american economy would have been all but non-existent if not for the African slave trade and the accompanying markets needed to maintain the slave trade system and the dissemination of goods and services produced by slaves. With that in mind, it should come as no surprise that the southern “slave patrols” were one of the first organized policing systems in the country in the early 18th century. It also brings an unsettling meaning to the phrase “possession is nine tenths of the law.” If the slave existed as the intersection of the African person and personal property, and one of the first roles of american policing was to protect white slave owners’ property and maintain the social order through enforcing the subservience of African slaves, it’s virtually impossible to deny that one of the original functions of policing was to uphold a system of white supremacy. Beyond that, when looking at the seemingly arbitrary criminalization of Blackness post-Reconstruction which fed the convict leasing system; looking at the era of sharecropping and Jim Crow; looking at the surveillance, subversion, and dismantling of 20th century Black liberation movements; looking at the current era of over-policing Black and Brown neighborhoods in the “war on drugs”; looking at the over-representation of People of Color in the prison system, feeding the system of prison slave labor, it becomes increasingly difficult to untangle the web of white supremacy, colonialism and capitalism, protected and maintained by the threatened and actual violence of the police state.

So what now? In Chicago, the folks from the #LetUsBreathe Collective told us how they occupied a vacant lot near Homan Square—the storage facility for the Chicago police department’s military-grade police equipment, as well as the site where thousands of people have been illegally detained, interrogated and even tortured—setting up a tent to represent each aspect of society needed for a world where the role of police as we currently know it becomes unnecessary: mental health, education, employment, housing, art, and restorative justice. It’s not simply about abolishing the police, but investing in systems and a culture really working to eliminate the root causes of crimes, which is a position that many in the police force even agree with.

Now, the city of Duluth has increased our police department’s budget by between \$600,000 to \$1,000,000 each year since 2011, with the exception of 2013, when it was actually cut by \$200,000. The slice of our city budget pie going to the police is growing each year, while we are still in the midst of a five year long campaign just to try to

get the rights of people experiencing homelessness protected. Imagine what could have already been achieved if mental health and addiction treatment services had their budget grow by \$500,000 every year. Imagine what could be achieved if the city of Duluth contributed money or time to the shelters serving the city’s homeless population. Imagine if neighbors actually took responsibility for each other’s well-being and the well-being of their community, instead of passing it off to the cops. Imagine, then work to make it happen.

Particularly speaking to white readers: Did reading this article make you uncomfortable? If so, sit in the discomfort. Probe why talking about the violence that undergirds so much of our society gets your hackles up, especially if you believe in non-violence. These are realities and histories that are all too obvious for other groups in this country, and for us as white people to not even want to hear it will likely prevent any possibility of real change to take place. ➤

## Christmas Dinner

Sunday, December 10

2pm-5pm

St Paul’s Episcopal Church

1710 E Superior Street (use entrance on Greysolon Rd)

Hundreds of our past guests and other friends are expected for this celebration of the season. There are three ways you can help ensure this party is a success:

- Donate new gifts, books, games and gift cards for children (ages 0-16)
- Sign up to bring a turkey, ham or side dish here: [tinyurl.com/L-FHoliday](http://tinyurl.com/L-FHoliday)
- Volunteer to help with set-up, clean-up or food service. Call Joel at 218-724-2054 if you can help.



# Providing Sanctuary Amidst Insecurity

By Rev. Charlotte Frantz

Providing sanctuary is one compassionate response to the insecurity expressed in the article titled “Undocumented” in this newsletter. The congregation of Peace United Church of Christ in Duluth voted to become an immigrant welcoming, sanctuary church and approved the development of a sanctuary space in the church. This sanctuary hopes to offer safety, space and time needed while a person is seeking legal status. Several Duluth congregations are collaborating to support sanctuary at Peace.

Hospitality runs deep in Judeo-Christian tradition. Very early in our history, our ancestors understood what it was to be “a stranger in a strange land.” After the Hebrew slaves left Egypt, they wandered in the desert for more than a generation. There Moses gave them the framework for their life as a community. Among the most important commands was this:

*For the Lord your God is God of gods and Lord of lords, the great God, mighty and awesome, who executes justice for the orphan and the widow, and who loves the strangers, providing them with food and clothing. You shall also love the stranger, for you were strangers in the land of Egypt. (Deuteronomy 10:18-19)*

In one of his best known teachings, Jesus said, “I was a stranger, and you took me in.” (Matthew 25)

In the last fifty years or so, there have been several sanctuary movements. In the late 20th century, Central Americans were fleeing violence and political upheaval and sought sanctuary in the United States and Canada. Sanctuary at that time included clandestine efforts to move undocumented persons to a place of permanent safety. The United States didn’t recognize their request for political asylum, instead declaring them economic refugees. Canada said they would accept refugees, so the goal for many was to get to Canada. The Loaves and Fishes Community began by providing

sanctuary and participating in what came to be called the Overground Railroad. A grassroots network of people assisted with getting people safely from Central America to Canada. Dorothy Day House, along with other privately owned homes in Duluth, participated in this sanctuary movement.

***“It is far scarier today than back then. There is considerably more risk today and more risk for people harboring people illegally.” - John Pegg, sanctuary provider during Overground Railroad***

The current sanctuary movement seeks to protect persons threatened with deportation from the United States and to do so in ways that are legal. Some cities have declared themselves “sanctuary cities.” Many times this designation means that “separation ordinances” have been approved. These ordinances declare that municipal law enforcement agencies will not take on the responsibility of enforcing or abetting Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) or Border Patrol (BP) in their efforts to detain and deport persons.

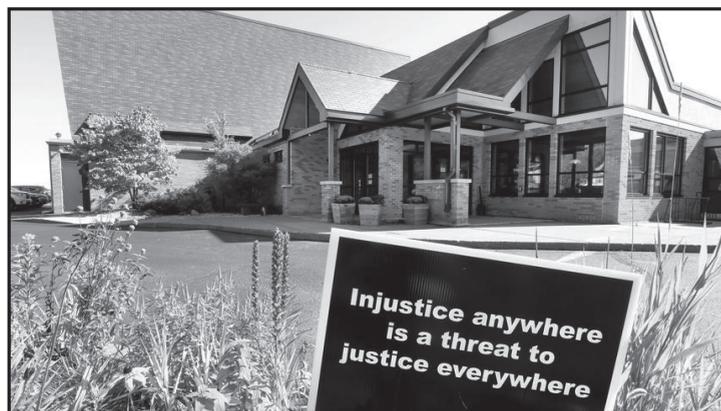
In 2011, a memo from the Department of Homeland Security defined five sensitive locations where ICE and BP officers should not investigate immigration status or deportation. These locations include houses of worship, schools, hospitals, religious ceremonies such as weddings and funerals, and public demonstrations. Thus far, the sensitive locations policy is still observed by ICE and BP in most places. However, in recent weeks, there have been some instances in which the policy was ignored.

Bills have been introduced in both the House and Senate, seeking to protect sensitive locations by

legislative action. These bills add courtrooms to the list of protected locations (H. R. 1815 and S. 845). Both bills are now in committees.

Churches who declare themselves “sanctuary churches” make a commitment to let a person or persons facing the threat of deportation stay in the church building. Most of the time these are persons working with immigration attorneys to seek a stay of deportation or appealing the deportation decree through the court system. Rather than hiding persons, sanctuary churches are providing a safe place for them to live. In many cases, a family may have one or two members faced with a threat of deportation—for example, an undocumented parent whose children were all born in the United States and therefore are US citizens. Providing sanctuary can help a family stay in the same community while the legal process continues. There are more than 800 sanctuary churches across the United States.

Sanctuary churches like Peace also are working to develop intentional ministries of support and



*Peace Church is a sanctuary church.*

stand in solidarity with immigrants even if no one is staying in the church building. Declaring a community of faith to be a “sanctuary” community signals the community’s objection to current immigration policies and the ongoing treatment of immigrants.

It is understandable if opening a personal home to people considered illegal holds too many risks for you; but you can be a part of providing sanctuary through donating to Peace Church, providing expertise as an immigration lawyer, being community to someone experiencing insecurity. ➤

*Charlotte is an ordained minister in the United Church of Christ. She is a member of Peace UCC and serves as co-chair of the Sanctuary Team there.*

## Undocumented Workers

By Doris Malkmus

Daily fear, not basic freedoms, is the reality for undocumented workers—they are afraid to shop at certain stores, apply for apartments, demand equal wages, attend a church of their choice, or seek medical care. Duluth has its share of immigrants; but most are documented, well-educated, and holding professional jobs. Those without documentation are rarely seen in Duluth, mostly because undocumented workers find their security in invisibility. They work night shifts, do farm work, and keep away from public places. In the Duluth area, most are single, often from California, here because of a work offer made

through an acquaintance or family member.

They rarely come into Duluth because, as they see it, Duluth is the headquarters of the Duluth Border Patrol station and has been since 1976. The Border Patrol is charged with patrolling land borders between ports of entry. Reorganized under the Homeland Security Act to coordinate various government agencies, the Duluth office now includes an agent from the Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE). Unlike ICE agents, Border Patrol Officers cannot seek out undocumented workers, but can and routinely do work hand in hand with ICE, police, FBI, and customs agents.

Undocumented workers report that “agents” aggressively patrol Duluth, walking into restaurant kitchens, stopping cars, and questioning shoppers at grocery, discount, and other stores. Because of the Border Patrol presence, undocumented Latinos and Latinas avoid Duluth in favor of living and working in small towns and rural areas.

Undocumented workers report that they are paid less than white workers doing the same job and they have no recourse. They also report that they are willing to be paid less and work harder because they need a job. They are unprotected by

*Undocumented Workers — Continued on Page 6*

# A Recovering Addict in a 'Recovering' Land

By Ryan B.

I'm not going to lie: I put off doing this for quite a while. Mostly because I have been asked so many times over the past six years what my prison experience has (or hasn't) done to help me avoid becoming a recidivist that I myself have completely lost track of the answer. It took a particular question in regards to this article to break the cloud that has developed over the years. Some of this vaguery is *secondary* to the bulls\*#t that has been instilled into me as a result of my experience in prison, but *primarily* due to the walls I have erected in my psyche to completely isolate those experiences from my day to day life. The question: What could be done differently to actually help people with addiction?

The most pertinent answer to this question is to alter how we view those with addiction issues. We view those suffering from narcotic and alcohol addiction as suffering from some type of criminal dementia; as some type of moral deviants who choose to spend their days running from every single problem that led them to drugs or alcohol in the first place; or (as in my own personal circumstance) a very legitimate medical problem that led to a physical addiction I was unable to conquer and was completely uncomfortable talking to my physician about. This is because I, like most of you out there, view addicts as vagrants and criminals who spend their lives existing on the periphery, feeding and preying on honest Good Ol' Americans.

Let's first talk about the incarceration experience. I chose to plead guilty to my charges. That's how tired and exhausted I was from my addiction. I was looking *forward* to going to prison, to be separated and distanced from my disease and the things that fed it. I was told that prison would offer me the best treatment around as well as a geographical isolation that would take me away from the amazing availability of drugs. Errors #1 and #2. Drugs were *as easy*, if not *easier*, to obtain during my incarceration. Of course there is treatment

in prison. They also rush you through as soon as possible so they can address the incredible influx of disease-ridden citizens who are being channeled through the criminal system to avoid having to change policy, fund treatment, or convince a politician to stand aside from the popular opinion of the average American and fellow bureaucrat.

After 4 months in treatment, I was shuttled off to spend the rest of my incarceration surrounded by criminality, boredom, stress, and temptation. I have never blamed my addiction choices on anyone but myself. I *chose* to escape the innumerable days of boredom and loneliness that overwhelm the average inmate (or offender, as they are referred to in Minnesota) in a desperate grasp to maintain some type of control and choice in my life.

I committed to re-approaching my sobriety after my release, a promise I was able to keep to myself. I *chose* to go back to treatment and address the issues that led me to prison in the first place; all those things I had been forced away from only by distance on a map. Relocation is *not* the same thing as rehabilitation, and it was my release from prison that made this crystal-clear. Parallel to almost all inmates' release is placement on parole. Here is another area where the most important changes are needed in the approach to treatment.

Until such time that Americans choose to understand addiction as a medical disease versus criminal, parole is going to be one of the most important aspects in any addict's recovery and release from prison. Unfortunately, the nature of parole is one of restriction and hindrance. I have, since my release, been restricted from getting an apartment because of its location, a job, because of its access to alcohol (which I have never had any interest in using), trips home to visit family because I had not yet earned that "privilege". It is the job of the parole officer to see to it that the parolee does not violate any conditions of their release, but these conditions are so extensive that observation of a parolee

hinders any kind of normality. As a parolee I have resigned myself to some kind of Orwellian existence, something more akin to 1984 than 2017 America.

One of the main problems of treatment in the system is that it is based on funding: the ability to get pay for treatment and security staff, supplies, psychological and psychiatric treatment that is usually intrinsically involved with many addiction issues. Treatment of addiction is a multi-disciplinary approach that involves so many hours of class study, personal assignments, one-on-one therapy, and personal investment that choosing to treat a disease by choosing to incarcerate the diseased is just not even theoretically possible. A medical approach by professionals that have been extensively trained in the disease process and its complications and causes seems like such a logical course of action that the discourse between treatment communities and America's bureaucratic processes seems like juvenile bickering and an asinine grasp to hang on a traditional (and pointless) point-of-view.

A neutral review of our approach to recovery from drugs and alcohol would reveal the need for an entire systematic revision in our approach to addiction. It is the addict that needs to be the focus of attention in treatment, not the damage (real or imagined) that has been inflicted upon the community. My own success was never realized until I was released from prison and made it far enough on parole to begin to see some type of progress. Once I saw that there really was a better life available to me I approached my own recovery with a new zeal and vigor that could never have been enforced or acted upon during any incarceration or by suggestion from parole. Addiction is such a unique and personal issue that varies from one to the next, that the only sensible approach is to separate these medical issues from our criminal justice system. ✎

Ryan is a former guest at Dorothy Day House.

## Undocumented Workers — From Page 5

any American laws and if apprehended, they face deportation. Any employer, who pays a worker less, probably knows the worker cannot protest.

Latino culture is family-centered; isolated workers are inclined to relate to their place of employment as family. They work hard and spend little. Latino culture esteems self-help and workers often don't want to be a burden. If they lose work, are robbed, or cheated, they are more likely to move on rather than seek public assistance, help with rent, or food stamps. As a result, it is largely a myth that undocumented workers come for a handout.

A difficulty arises when undocumented individuals need medical care. Language is the primary barrier, but since Trump took office, federal border agents have entered hospitals and schools seeking undocumented immigrants. Those needing medical or psychiatric care will go untreated rather than risk being found out

and deported. If they do go to hospitals, they request the minimum of care because they have to pay for it, usually in installments.

Duluth offers no safe place--no house, club, church, or social group in which immigrants -- whether they came without papers or those whose papers have expired--can gather and find support, build alliances, or better their lives. While America is profoundly divided about who is a citizen, who contributes, and how to provide security for all, Duluthians can do more to provide basic security to individuals who stand as brothers and sisters to us as humans. We can vocalize our support for Dreamers, we can support our police when they decline to inquire about national origin, we can speak out for humane treatment of all, and show our concern and care for all those living as our neighbors. ✎



Central American refugees who stayed at Dorothy Day house as part of the Overground Railroad.  
Photo from June 1990 Loaves & Fishes newsletter.

# Dorothy Day House Notes

## Under Construction

By Jason Kenison and Michael Elderbrook

After over a year of raising money visioning the plan for the future of our basement and the Bike Cave, we are finally ready to break up some concrete! Our first move in remodeling the basement is to take down the Bike Cave storage closet and install a new water heater and furnace where the stairs currently stand. We'll be taking out those stairs and building a new set of stairs toward the front of the building, putting in a bathroom in the Bike Cave, and moving our storage area. There's a whole lot of work to be done.

"There's a whole lot of work to be done," could be our mantra. We see continual construction and revisioning being done within our city, within our house, and within ourselves.

"Construction" continues on the Homeless Person's Bill of Rights in Duluth and Dorothy Day house has been the meeting place for the group every Thursday night. It's been wonderful to host this gathering where current and former guests, volunteers, and members of the larger community can get together and construct positive city-wide action for those without shelter.

For about a month this summer we had a visitor from a Catholic Worker in Amsterdam stay with us. Matthias has the ambition to open up a new

house of hospitality, and we are very confident he will find success. We admired his care for our guests and ability to jump into any activity with effort and enthusiasm. Wishing him light as he constructs a new space in the Netherlands.

A new family has also been under construction. After months and months of discussion, we finally adopted a wonderful, lazy, whip-smart, caring dog. Prince Torpal Huey P. Newton Malmquist Elderbrook, Huey for short, joined us in July and has been receiving his fair share of hospitality. We've seen a whole new side of our guests who have been great uncles to Huey by taking him for walks, supplying him treats, and giving him the care and attention he craves. We were worried a new puppy could be a burden on our house, but his playful antics lighten the mood. Everyone who visits can find joy in caring for him.

There has been death and birth since the last newsletter - guests who have left this earth too soon and guests who became proud fathers. Joel's father, Bob, a builder by trade who made many repairs to Dorothy Day House over the years, died after a battle with a particularly debilitating dementia, and will be greatly missed.

As we look out on all the outward construction, we should also look on the construction within. We've



*Youngest addition to our community, Huey at his puppy school graduation.*

seen guests build new lives and leave with hope for the future. We've also seen guests go through some self-demolition, not quite ready to rebuild from the rubble. We think about the parts within ourselves that need some remodeling. Maybe we could take down a wall of doubt and expand our capacity for empathy? What if we remove that closet of self-loathing and make a new space for self-care? As we try to build inner and outer spaces of care, compassion, and empathy, we continue our mantra: "There's a whole lot of work to be done." ➤

## Leaves from the Olive Branch

By Shelly Bruecken, Mark Hakes, and Gunes Henderson

This summer has brought us many new friends and visits from dear ones we haven't seen in awhile. We've had a number of people, mostly single women, join our house community and move on to other places. We've continued to enjoy the company of a couple of families. We've found the warm Duluth days filled with laughter, lots of playing in the backyard, plenty of yummy food, and we've come to the other side with only two broken arms and a bee sting.

It's been a wonderful summer for Olive Branch, where we have felt that the house became community in a beautiful and astounding way. We are truly one motley family that now has members on three different blocks!

Donna, Günes, and now Chelsea reside in different houses on Jefferson Street. Chelsea has moved over to Hannah House to join Brooke and Drew as they provide foster care. Though Chelsea will continue to be an essential part of our hospitality work, it is

important to acknowledge the change that comes with such a huge part of Olive Branch moving down the block. Chelsea has resided here at Olive Branch for 5 years. During this time, she has done a little bit of everything. She has painted almost every room in

the house and most of the exterior. Beyond the physical improvements she has contributed to the house, she has played an essential part in creating the loving and honest culture that welcomes anyone who comes to the door. A culture that not only provides a safe place for people, but one where people feel loved and comfortable enough to take a breath from the many challenges they face. Chelsea's authentic kindness, humor, and thoughtful

presence will be missed on a day to day basis, but we are grateful she continues to be a strong and stable part of our Olive Branch community.

A chill is in the air and the colors are changing; fall is definitely on its way. With Shelly, Mark, and all the

kids back in school, days at the Olive Branch tend to be quieter and it gives us some time to reflect on this past summer and the work that we do. With this season of transition from the freedom of summer to the cold of winter, we're dreaming of hot apple cider, warm savory food, and that sense of home and safety that comes from being inside on a cold day snuggled up in a blanket with some tea. But our house of four small hospitality rooms can only hold so many people and we're reminded that this sense of warmth and home is not available to everyone. We think of all of our friends who walk through our door who don't have a home to snuggle up in. People who walk with trauma, daily adversity, questions of identity, and difficult histories; people who simply feel safer here than anywhere else. While our daily visitors come and eat with us, take a shower, and do laundry, we find it's the moments they begin to share their stories, over a meal, the daily crossword, or most often over a shared laugh, that community is formed. What a privilege it is to see guests and volunteers sharing all of themselves; to hear them recount the adventures of their lives, the past and the present, the good and the bad, and always reminding each other that it is the choices we make now that count, not what the past holds. At Olive Branch, we have a big, welcoming, open door and it's amazing the way everyone who lives here helps to offer shelter, comfort, security, and hospitality. ➤



*Chelsea portaging her belongings from Olive Branch to Hannah House.*

# Who we are

Loaves and Fishes is a community of people inspired by Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement to build "a new society within the shell of the old." We believe in a world that is abundant with resources and love, enough for everyone if we share. As a community, we offer family-style hospitality to people experiencing homelessness; operate a no-cost neighborhood bicycle shop; organize with our neighbors to protect everyone's right to housing; and study and practice nonviolence in our interpersonal relationships and in our politics. Loaves and Fishes is entirely volunteer-run and receives no government funding.

Current live-in members of Loaves and Fishes Community are: Drew Anderson, Shelly Bruecken, Michael Elderbrook, Chelsea Froemke, Mark Hakes, Gunes, Maweja, Eren and Esin Henderson, Donna Howard, Joel Kilgour, Doris Malkmus, Jason Malmquist, and Brooke Tapp. Many other people are part of our community as volunteers, donors, meal providers and advocates. We invite you to join us in whatever ways you can.

## **Dorothy Day House** and the **Bike Cave**

1712 Jefferson St.  
Duluth, MN 55812  
218-724-2054

## **Olive Branch**

1614 Jefferson St.  
Duluth, MN 55812  
218-728-0629

## **Current needs to keep us going:**

Donations are accepted Monday-Saturday 10am-8pm at 1712 Jefferson St, Duluth. If you have questions, call 218-724-2054. Thank you!

**Stuff we always need:** Eggs, Cheese, Coffee and creamer, Sugar, Butter and margarine, Healthy breakfast cereal, Tomato products (sauce, paste or diced – large cans preferred), Ground beef, Tuna (large cans preferred), Napkins, Toilet paper, Laundry detergent (HE or powder, large containers preferred), Dish detergent, Hand soap (individual dispensers and/or refill bottles), Shampoo and conditioner, Latex free nitrile disposable gloves for the bike cave, New socks and underwear (all adult sizes), Matches and lighters, Sleeping bags and tarps (camo tarps preferred), DTA bus cards (single-ride and 7-day passes), cash donations to cover house expenses.

**Checks preferred to Loaves and Fishes,** 1705 Jefferson St, Duluth MN 55812; or donate online at [www.gofundme.com/LandF2016](http://www.gofundme.com/LandF2016). Loaves and Fishes is a people-powered movement for change, we are not a tax-deductible charity.

**Special requests:** Winter coats, gloves, mittens and hats (all sizes), Gas cards (\$20 preferred, to any area gas station)

**Volunteer needs** (please call for more information) Volunteers with trucks or large vans who would be available with some notice to help move people into new apartments, volunteers with experience in masonry and concrete to help with Dorothy Day House foundation and slab work

# Nonprofit House Ownership

By Donna Howard

Loaves and Fishes Catholic Worker community has created a nonprofit organization with the narrow mission of legally owning its houses. Loaves and Fishes Housing Inc. has been registered as a 501 (c) 3 entity with the federal government. What it will not do is make any decisions of the community about how to provide hospitality, how to organize or resist, how to live together, how to run the bike cave, etc.

The new nonprofit has a board comprised of half Loaves and Fishes live-in volunteers and half members of our greater community. Board members are: Chelsea Froemke (treasurer), Joel Kilgour and Donna Howard (co-chairs), Anne Rogotszke (secretary), Liz Carlson, and Jeff Corey.

We recognize that there are a few of you who deduct donations from your federal taxes in order to reduce the amount of war taxes you must pay. If that is the case and you genuinely wish your money to go toward maintaining our properties, you may now consider making a tax-deductible contribution to Loaves and Fishes Housing Inc. We request you do so only if the donation is above \$100. We hope the majority of our donors will continue giving to the work we do as Loaves and Fishes community. Day to day operations and ongoing household expenses continue to be volunteer and community based.



Art by Michael Elderbrook

Early in the Catholic Worker tradition it was considered that its communities should not be nonprofits. Now some are and some are not. We choose to keep the tradition of being a simple grass-roots community of people and relegating our property to a nonprofit. We are carefully distinguishing between our two entities and limiting the purview of the new one. ➤

## Leverage

By Drew Anderson

If you're going to bicycle in Duluth, you will like having gearing for the hills. We work on a lot of bicycle gears at the Bike Cave because they give their riders a mechanical advantage over Duluth avenues and the stubborn force of gravity. A bicycle gear is a wonder to me. It evolved from the lever, an idea that goes way back, about 1700 years, probably more. But around that time a tinkerer and mathematician, Archimedes, made a law out of it: you can lift anything if you have a good place to stand and a long enough stick. Your end of the stick may have to travel pretty far, but the other end will, little by little, lift its load. Like a bicycle going uphill, you may have to pedal many times in low gear, but you will climb. You have what's called leverage.

If you were to think of the Bike Cave as a greasy, squeaky, constantly breaking-down and being repaired machine, it also works because of leverage. Leverage in the sense that many hours and many hands doing the same thing every Wednesday and Saturday move forward little by little some big ideas:

A no-cost community bike shop

With the help of a Park Tools grant and local donors we have been able to create a fully equipped bicycle shop that is free to use on Wednesdays and Saturdays 1-5 pm. It may not look like a regular bike shop. It is in Dorothy Day House's basement after all. But whatever your bicycle problem may be, we probably have the means to fix it.

Recycling

Making a bicycle road-worthy again is relatively straightforward. You can learn how to do this at the Bike Cave. Knowing how to do this and having access to a shop with tools can make the idea of

buying a bike new seem odd. This year we needed to stop accepting bicycle donations because of our limited capacity to store them. As an alternative we have now started processing bicycles in poor condition for steel scrap recycling. Scrap-steel prices are extremely low however. Our recent delivery weighed 1600 pounds and earned us \$54!

Sweat equity

We value bike cave bicycles and parts in community contributions. That may be tearing down a forsaken bike for parts, picking up trash in the yard, organizing the shop, helping someone else with their bike repair, or playing accordion. Yes accordion. The idea remains that whatever you need from the Bike Cave, you reciprocate.

I think these ideas are worth moving forward. And they wouldn't be possible to move without the consistent hard work of Chelsea, Eli, Gunes, Maweja, Scott, Scotty, Steve, Steve, Steve (that's not a typo), and Will.

Archimedes would probably laugh if he was able to ride a mountain bike up Central Entrance. His famous words on leverage read: "Give me a place to stand, and with a lever, I will move the world."

A Bike Cave version could be: Give us a hand, and with a bicycle, the world will roll before you. ➤

## **Bike Cave Winter Hours**

**Starting Wednesday, November 1:**

**Bike Cave will only be open**

**Wednesdays 1:00-5:00pm until April 21**

**Join us for the Bike Grave Tuesday,  
October 31st at 4:30pm!**