

Celebrating the 800th Anniversary of St Francis of Assisi.



The Statue of St Francis of Assisi sits on a fence at the Farmhouse.

While you are claiming peace with your lips, be careful to have it even more fully in your heart.

- St Francis of Assisi

Emmaus International Celebrates 60 years.



Emmaus, a Global Movement working to tackle poverty and exclusion: " It is Possible to 'Change the World', so long as we all work together, each according to his ability".

Our name, "Emmaus", comes from the name of a village in Palestine where despair was transformed into hope. For all, believers and non believers alike, this name evokes our shared conviction that only love can unite us and allow us to move forward together. The Emmaus Movement was created in November 1949 when men who had become aware of their privileged situation and social responsibilities in the face of injustice and men who no longer had any reason to live crossed paths and decided to combine forces and take action together to help each other and come to the aid of those who were suffering, in the belief that it is by saving others that you yourself are saved. To this end, the Communities were set up, working to live and give. Groups of friends and volunteers were also set up to continue the struggle in the private and public arena.

1. Our Law applies to all human kind and is that on which any life worth living, true peace, and joy for the individual and society: " Serve those who are less fortunate before yourself". " Serve First Those Who Suffer Most". **2. Our Conviction** is that respect for this law should guide any pursuit of justice and therefore peace among peoples. **3. Our Aim** is to take action to ensure that every person, society and nation can live, have a place and be fulfilled through communication and sharing in equal dignity.

St. Francis of Assisi, the patron saint of animals and the environment, was a Roman Catholic saint who took the gospel literally by following all Jesus said and did.

St. Francis of Assisi, patron saint of animals and the environment, founded the Franciscan Order.

St. Francis dedicated himself to the poor, preached the way of peace and founded three religious orders. Francesco di Pietro di Bernardone (St Francis) was born in 1181 or 1182 and died in 1226. He gave up his worldly goods and set out to preach repentance. He was canonized two years after his death by Pope Gregory IX.

Personally drawn to a deep contemplative life, he wrote the first instructions for a missionary Order in the Church. Enduring resistance and opposition, he pioneered a new way of being Christian, claiming that God had revealed to him that the Gospel was to be his life. Enshrined in the Rule he composed, that way of life celebrates its 800th anniversary in 2009.

The Prayer of St Francis

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace;
where there is hatred, let me sow love;
here there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
and where there is sadness, joy;
O Divine Master,
grant that I may not so much seek to be
consoled as to console;
to be understood , as to understand'
to be loved, as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive,
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
and it is in dying that we are born to
Eternal life.
Amen



St Francis of Assisi

H.O.M.E. Auto Donation Program

- Your donation is tax deductible
- Vehicle pick-up appointment at your convenience
- We accept only running vehicles

Volunteers and staff at H.O.M.E. are committed to bringing hope and assistance to poor and homeless families. Through our vehicle donation program we are able to bring decent affordable vehicles to those with little income. In addition we use vehicles to transport shelter residents and for plowing in the Winter. We need plows, trucks, cars and vans.

Your car may be old to you but it's new to a family in need.

For more information on donating your vehicle to charity please call Jackie Burpee @ 207-469-7961, or email info@homecoop.net.

Thank you!



4. Our Method involves creating, supporting and coordinating a system in which everyone, by being free and respected, can meet their own needs and help each other. **5. Our Primary Means**, wherever possible, is the collection work that gives new value to any object and increases the potential to provide emergency relief to help those suffering most. **6. Any Other Means** to raise awareness and meet this challenge should also be used to ensure that those suffering most are served first, by sharing their troubles and struggles - whether public or private - until the cause of each ill is eliminated. **7. Our Freedom** In the accomplishment of its task Emmaus is not subordinate to any other ideal than that expressed in this Manifesto, or to any other authority than that established internally according to its own rules. It acts in conformity with the Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the United Nations, and with the just laws of every society and nation, without political, racial, linguistic, spiritual or any other distinction. Nothing else is required of anyone wishing to participate in our action other than the acceptance of the content of this Manifesto. **8. Our Members** This Manifesto constitutes the simple clearly defined foundation of the Emmaus Movement. It should be adopted and applied by any group wishing to become an active member of the movement.

Crazy For Quilting

By Sheila Holtz

Virgie Betts was one of the early leaders and workers at the H.O.M.E. Co-op. In the 1970's she was the head of the Stitchery Department. "We were busy all the time," she said, on a recent visit to Stitchery. "We made fashions for boutiques in New York City."

Virgie is still known around H.O.M.E. for her distinctive satin crazy with hand embroidery decoration. "As a young girl, I got the idea for crazy quilts with satin and embroidery," she recalled. "There was a lady I'd see around town, in a wheelchair, and whenever I saw her she'd have one on her lap. I wanted to make one like that. But I thought I'd never have the patience. Well, I learned patience!"

"My Aunt taught me embroidery when I was very young. I still hate to throw away any pretty little pieces of fabric, so I always have lots of them on hand. I've made seventeen of the crazy patch quilts."

Virgie, who retired from H.O.M.E. in 1995 will be 88 years old this December. Looking back on Stitchery, she said, "One thing we did have was FUN. There was always something to laugh about!"



Virgie Betts, finishing a queen-size quilt in Stitchery, September 9, 2009. The pattern is Log Cabin, Straight Furrow, in red and black. "This is the last big quilt of my career," she said. It's for my granddaughter.



Foreground: Karen Saum and her purple satin crazy quilt made by Virgie. Karen is filming Virgie and her quilts for a friend in Panama, who belongs to a group there.

H.O.M.E. CRAFT STORE

PO Box 10, Orland ME 04472

phone: (207) 469-7961

fax: (207) 469-1023

Visa and Mastercard accepted

www.homecoop.net

News From the Craft Shops

By Sheila Holtz

The H.O.M.E. craft shops are a central part of the Co-ops operations. They provide craftsmen with the rare opportunity to earn a living wage while practicing and perfecting their skills.

Mary Mahoney has been working diligently in the leather shop. Some hides have been donated and she is experimenting with upholstering and braiding techniques, leather jewelry and dream catchers. She is also exploring the exciting possibilities of recycling plastic grocery bags into bonded plastic wallets, and crocheted purses, totes and bag holders. These were a hit at the Hope Festival last spring. Mary likes to try her hand at new products and materials. "Multi-crafting relieves the tedium of production line style work," she says.

Steve Weslow is H.O.M.E.'s potter. He has also been experimenting with new methods and materials. He has always made his own glazes and he tries new ones every time he does a firing. Water based glazes can be made with different materials like powdered glass, bone ash and wood ash—to name a few. Steve has been burning scrap wood from the shingle mill to collect ash for new glazes. His personal work can be seen on his FACEBOOK page, "The Art of Steve Weslow."

The Weaving Shop is staffed by Lisa Scott and Carrie Rector. They are pleased to have received a new eight-harness loom, which can make more intricate patterns than the basic four-harness loom. "It's like driving a Cadillac," says Lisa. Carrie has been making decorative shawls—some all cotton and some wool-cotton blend. Lisa has just finished twelve placemats and has made a new prototype for a woven mat made from corn husks! The Weaving Shop has also finished several large pieces of woven cloth that will be sewn by Sandra (in Stitchery) into button-up ponchos.

The weavers would be grateful for any donations of materials and someone to spin and teach them spinning. If any readers of This Time can help, please call the office at 207-469-7961.

Santiago, who works in the wood shop, has been making wonderful, elaborate, special birdhouses. — or, should we say, bird castles— in addition to some fine cabinetry pieces. Over the past several years, Santiago has really honed and perfected his woodworking skills, as you can see if you visit our craft store.

Sandra has been diligently sewing quilts in the Stitchery Department. This year she produced a beautiful patchwork quilt in fall colors that was raffled off at the H.O.M.E. auction this past August. Another quilt, a medallion pattern on a black background, will be raffled at Christmas. Roxanne Poulin has had a busy summer in the Stained Glass shop. Her garden with colorful scarecrow and whirligigs has drawn many customers in off the highway! As always, she has been working on custom orders and repairs as well as original designs. This summer she and Sheila Holtz experimented with some beveled window hangings. Her reasonably-priced beach glass and fused glass jewelry are very popular with tourists. Her mosaic picture frames are also a favorite. In addition, Roxanne volunteers as the department head of the craft shops, a leadership and administrative role that is often difficult and thankless. So we say: "Roxanne, Thank you!"

In conclusion, we crafters would like to impress upon the readership of *THIS TIME* how much we appreciate the opportunity that H.O.M.E. gives us to express our creativity while at the same time earning a living. Increasingly, today's global economy — based on cheap imports and disposable synthetic goods — seems to put less and less value on the types of lovingly-crafted household items that our ancestors made for themselves in their own homes and villages. Many people today find it necessary to work at jobs that give them no real satisfaction and, nevertheless find that they can barely make ends meet. We, on the other hand, are fortunate to be able to look at the produce of our own hands at the end of the day and thus feel connected to crafting traditions that, in some cases, go back thousands of years.



Sheila Holtz

Corn Husk Weaving

By Lisa Scott

I was in a little bit of a weavers block. I could not figure out what I wanted to do next. I was getting bored with the same things. My co-worker Carrie was looking at an old 1991 Handwoven magazine. There was a piece in it about handwoven Grass Cloth. It said you could use different kinds of grass to weave and Corn Husks was included in it. It's a little bit of a process. You have to strip the corn husk in 1/2 inch or smaller strips. then you lay them out flat in the sun to dry. Then you have to wrap them in a damp towel for a few hours or overnight, then they are ready to weave. I am in the process of making Hotmats and Placemats. They are coming out really nice. You will have to come check out our Craft store to see them.



Lisa Scott



Corn Husk weaving, woven by Lisa Scott

It has been a busy year for us. Currently, we have 5 full time students; two are learning computer and internet basics, one is working on his GED, another ESL, and one is pursuing various intellectual interests. We have a writing class, healthy cooking on a budget, and will soon be offering Spanish and oil painting classes. Below are writings done by our students.

My First Love: A True Story

By Twila Greene.

I came to her at sunset one evening last month. My first love still captivates my heart and soul although it has been years since we have been intimate. Her scent remained the same. I knew she was near and even before I saw her. Her face had changed over time. That was not unusual because she can change her appearance at whim depending on her mood. At one time her countenance can be dark and fearsome and full of rage. At another meeting, her beauty can be exquisite, captivating and breathtaking. In my youth, I managed to steal away frequently just to bask in her glory. She has a way, regardless of her mood to ease my troubles and erase my pains. I cried when we met and I gasped in ecstasy and delight as she gently kissed and caressed my bare feet. It had been too long and, oh how I had missed her. She was so beautiful, so calm and peaceful. The years dropped from me, beginning with the weight lifting from my shoulders. The responsibilities and cares shed like an oppressive garment and dropped on the ground where I stood. I stretched out my arms, tears still streaming down my face and drank in her aroma and bathed in her majesty. I felt like I was back where I belonged. Why had I stayed away for so long? I was home.

She was so calm and gentle. The last sea gulls circled overhead on their way to rest. They cried out as I did, to bid her a good night. "Red sky at night, sailor's delight", I thought as the sinking sun painted a brilliant pathway across her smooth sleek, body.

As a child I learned to love her. She lived nearby and I would visit whenever I had the opportunity. My Dad teased calling me his "little mermaid". One of my chores back then was doing the dishes. When the cold weather came and the night set in early, I would beg to let the dishes wait, so I could go to her before it was too dark. She was always there waiting. I would grab my woolen wrap and boots and run the short pathway through the woods to get a favorite meeting spot. I would sit upon a large rock and she would whisper to me and disclose many wonders and secrets that I would hold in my heart. She was so wise and loving. Usually!

But I have seen her other countenance and it was terrifying and horrible to behold. She can roar and rant and rave and wreck havoc with anything in her pathway. She can howl and scream and lash out. At times like this, I learned early to keep a distance. I would go up the long winding flight of steps; up the long and winding flight of steps to the beacon. My uncle would follow behind me watching my footsteps as I reached the chamber to the light. It was his job to ignite the flame and make sure that the glass reflected a glow over the waves. I could watch her dark and storming rage. I could feel her shake the very foundation that we stood upon.

The billows crashed over the cliffs and the spray washed over our refuge. I felt secure though; how could she bring me any harm. We loved each other.

She was just in one of her rages. She'd get over it and be sweet and apologetic soon.

I grew, as children will, and became a mother. My own children frequently came with me, as they were always aware of my awesome first love. I finally left her. After years of devotion and love she hurt me so badly. Today it has been thirty six years and the pain at times still sears. Usually I can keep it at a dull ache, but at times the agony rips at my very core.

Today I am hurting. It is an anniversary. Thirty six years, but it is fresh in my mind. My family served her for years. My grandparents and uncles were island lightkeepers. Other uncles were fishermen and fish plant employees. My Dad worked marine construction. I loved him. He was my Dad.

She took him away. When she released him, he was cold and lifeless. He wasn't ready. I wasn't ready. He was younger at that time than I am now. I miss him so much. It's been a long time but it seems like yesterday.

I have seen other seas; the Caribbean and other vast bodies of water. But I love her still: the Atlantic with her many moods, her gentle, loving kindness, her wrath, rage and anger. She has soothed me, yet she has wounded me so.

I have lived in the beautiful and majestic mountains. I have lived in the cities and the towns but I still want to be by her side. Does this relationship with my first love classify me as a sadist?

Fall

By Mary Mahan

In a clearing far away from where I was standing was a tree that had branches that reached out so far and had the most luscious colors in its leaves. I took my time getting closer and closer to the tree just taking in the beauty. The tree stood all by itself in the middle of a large field. The field had recently been mowed and left such a fragrance that I had to take a moment to smell it. Oh how I love the smell of fresh cut hay. When I reached the tree I was so enveloped in its beauty that it was hard for me to get up and move on. I decided to sit for a bit and just enjoy the moment. During this time of relaxation I noticed a bird in the tree. He was singing out as if he was calling his friends to join him there in that tree. Before I knew it several birds joined him on one of the highest branches. They chirped loudly to each other as if to say how lucky they were to be in such a gorgeous tree before they had to head out of town for the winter. The slow, tantalizing breeze blew the across the leaves on the tree just enough to cause a few leaves to float to the ground slowly and gracefully. As I picked up one of the leaves it reminded me of when I was a child going out in the yard picking up the most gorgeous leaves with my mom and with every leaf we would tell her to look at how beautiful it was. And each time she would tell us how beautiful they were. We would go home and be so anxious to get the waxed paper and the iron to save the leaves that we picked up. The red and gold colors were so vivid and the small amounts of green mixed in them made them all so beautiful. We would collect so many leaves that my mom would be there for quite some time getting them all ironed so that we could keep them. We really loved the fall. Fall is my favorite time of year because the changes are so wonderful. The smell, colors and nature that occur during the fall just amaze me every year. When you see the glistening frost across the grass and feel the crispness in the air you quickly realize that winter is coming. The animals are busily working on storing their winter food, the birds are getting ready to migrate south, the deer are trying to stay away from the hunters and much more.

It is also busy inside our homes while we to prepare for the long Maine winter.

Now that I am a mom I continued to do the same thing with my children so that they too could enjoy the pleasures of the fall. You can never replace those special times with your children so enjoy them while you can. It is the little things that can mean the most to us.

By Joseph Staples

"I think you should do it."

"I'm more than a little scared."

"You should be scared, but fear never stopped you before."

"This is a different kind of scared."

"I'm not sure I know what you mean."

"Most of the fear I deal with is physical, psychological fear is far more daunting to me."

"You're the most steadfast person I know and you injure yourself constantly; what you are saying seems incongruous with reality."

"I injure myself because I put myself at risk physically. I'm too afraid to risk my psyche, creating an illusion of stolidity."

"I don't believe that for a second. You may not willingly risk your psyche, but you have been through some trying times and are no worse for the wear."

"I have a good therapist."

"Right."

"So you think I should really do it, huh?"

"I can't think of a good reason not to. Can you?"

"Define 'good', because I can think of a few reasons but I'm sure you won't agree."

"Give me one."

"I'm afraid."

"We're certainly making progress."

"I can rationalize quite well, being an alcoholic."

"You haven't had a drink in years."

"I had to quit, I was afraid for my psyche."

"I think you were afraid for your ego."

"Part of my psyche, is it not?"

"Look, I've done it and my psyche is fine."

"Says who?"

"Your shrink."

"And you believed that quack."

"Not for a second. I think everyone should try it at least once."

"What if I try it and decide I don't like it?"

"You have always lived moment to moment and now you want to plan ahead, cross that bridge when the water is cold and your boat leaks."

"Owning a pet is a big step and I'm not sure I'm ready."

"You already know and love Sweaty and Sweaty seems indifferent to you, which the best you can ask for from a fish, and it's just a fish for Pete's sake."

"That's the worst part; he's a fish that swims circles in that little bowl looking out into an enormous world. He'll probably think of me as a captor. I don't know if I can handle that. And I still don't get the name Sweaty, for a fish."

"Sweaty is a girl, I think, and her bowl smells of b.o. no matter how often I clean it. I really have to move on this new apartment, it's such an amazing deal but they don't even allow fish. I could give her to a stranger or flush her but if you take her I could visit her."

"You've contemplated flushing her?"

"If it will influence your decision, yes"

"Well it won't, so don't consider it."

"You hungry? Want to eat?"

"How about fish?"

"Funny, I'm going to order Chinese. I've been craving General Tso's chicken all week."

"Sounds good. Can't you keep her, sneak her in. It will be exciting, being incognito and such."

"Just take the fish, would you?"

"Sure, I'd love to."