

Homeworkers Organized for More Employment *This Time*

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 2

Orland, Maine 04472

FALL 2010

Celebrating 40 Years of "Serving First Those Who Suffer Most"

Ways we get by...Junking Metal for a living...

By Tracey Hair

There's a stark contrast in Maine where the license plate reads "Vactionland." In the lush northeastern woods, where Presidents vacation and poor people scrap metal to buy heating fuel. Logging was once the big industry, but logging jobs now are as rare as luck. The mills have closed one by one over the years.

People who scrap metal to sell fondly call themselves "Junkers." Their full-time job is sifting through trash looking for metal or anything else that might be worth something.

Most Junkers didn't choose to pick through trash for a living. Junking is no desirable vocation. Desperation drove many to it. Take Mike, he's a Junker who started junking literally by accident. In 1971, when he was working for a logging company, his left leg was crushed by timber. That ended his days of heavy lifting. He had no insurance, received no workers' compensation and needed a way to feed his family. He started collecting junk with the help of another man.

Each day Mike and his friend get up early, their hands scratched and hurting from the work. They load the acetylene tanks into the bed of their red ford ranger and tie them on with bungy cords. They start the truck and head down the road. They leave at dark never knowing if they are going to make a dollar and come home just before dark. It's an unpredictable living but as Mike says between puffs of his cigar "Who else is going to do it?"

Scrap metal is everywhere just waiting for someone to find, sort, clean and prepare it. Smart scrap collectors know a few tricks of the trade that help guarantee they get the most money for their metals.

Around here it's common to see pick-up trucks chugging down the road full of junk metal. While it's a money-maker for some and a hobby for others, for many like Mike, it's the only way to get by.

Some would consider scrapping metal a waste of time. After all it takes a lot of time to break the metal down enough to fit in your truck and it takes even longer to find the metal.

Knowing where to look for scrap metal begins with a new awareness that used metal has real dollar value. What some people throw away may be another's treasure.

Most Junkers begin by looking at their own living habits. They save and separate aluminum soda cans and then they take a look in their garage or storage sheds to see what metals they already have on hand. They might offer to take your metal in exchange for taking some trash off your hands.

Most Junkers drive pick-ups, trailers or any vehicle that can carry large amounts of metal. Their full-time job is sifting through trash looking for metal or anything else that might be worth something, so first they assess what a house has to offer.

Iron can get about \$210 per ton, mixed iron about \$155. The real treasure is in iron. Refrigerators and Air Conditioners can sell for about \$15 each. Copper sells for around \$2.65 per pound and brass about \$1.45. Typical household wires and car parts range from 15 cents to 50 cents per pound. Junkers might sell their finds to a plant that buys aluminum for 13 cents a pound

Other places Junkers find scrap metal are demolition sites. Sometimes contractors and private individuals will pay them to clean up areas giving away any scrap metal from their site.

People who scrap metal for a living are creative. Scrap metal can be found almost anywhere, along roads, in farm fields, local dumps and landfills. It takes a long time to get a pile of scrap big enough to turn into money. By working "really hard, every day," a Junker could make as much as \$200 in a week.

But Junkers face competition in Hancock County, where 12% of residents live below the poverty level Work is hard to find so metal scrappers rely on the refuse of the neighbors in Orland, Bucksport and Verona to put enough money in their pocket to help heat their houses during cold winter months.

"I knew we were in trouble soon as I opened the door. I recognized both cops. One was our driver, the other was our fence."

So began Marion's story, the story of one junker family I know. The other junker family of my acquaintance has two vehicles: one, a sleek sedan the wife drives to her beauty appointments around town; the second, a sturdy pick-up the husband uses for his profitable business in junking.

Junking, the rescue of scrap metal for resale, was once a scorned occupation marking the junker and his family for ridicule. No more.

Marion's family, the Sherwoods, once junkers of Gardner, had not always been scorned. Some forty-five years ago, before his disabling accident in the north Maine woods, Mr Sherwood was a member of that most honored Maine profession, a scout and guide up to Moosehead.

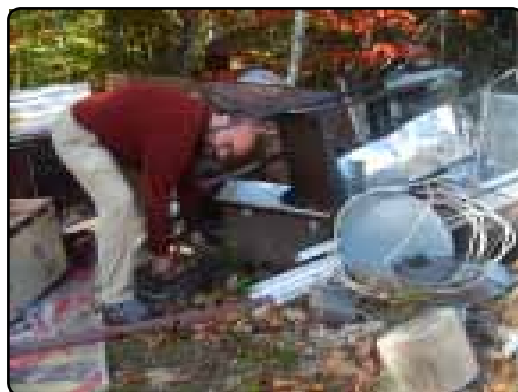
Unable to continue after his accident and untrained for a "more honorable job" down in civilization, Mr Sherwood, with the aid of his young sons, went to rag-picking at the dump, stripping out metal and selling it. The family, especially the kids, once among the most respected, became the butt of jokes and sneers. They also attracted the attention of the police who developed a sting.

When the oldest Sherwood boy was approached by a man who claimed he could identify houses safe to burgle and would take the loot off his hands, Robin agreed and recruited his younger siblings. As work goes, it proved a great deal easier and was better paying than the back-breaking job of junking.

Then one day about thirty years ago, Sister Lucy, visiting prison, met the older Sherwood girl and was so appalled by the conditions for women in their new facility in Windham that she started the first early-release program for women in Maine.

Since those days forty years past, things have changed mightily in Maine. Today those honorable and often unionized jobs in textiles, shoes, chicken processing, and clothing have all gone, some south as far as Mexico, some west to Thailand, Korea and China. For more and more workers, junking has become not a desperate last resort but an honorable way of life.

- Karen Saum



*Gerald Botta
collecting a
pick-up truck load
of junk metal.*

H.O.M.E./Emmaus is a nonprofit organization dedicated to keeping and enhancing the quality of life for low-income and homeless families. Through services, stewardship of resources, and shared responsibility, we aim to bring forth new possibilities for food, jobs, shelter, low-income housing, education and self sufficiency.

"Serve First Those Who Suffer Most"





Letters

Please send letters to:
This Time
PO Box 10
Orland, ME 04472
newsletter@homecoop.net

The following are excerpts from letters we've received since our last issue of *This Time*:

Dear Millie Grimes,
The 2010 NALC food drive was a huge success, and literally none of it would have been possible without you! The concern you have and the hard work you do for the community inspired the NALC and its partner organizations to collect over 96,200 pounds of food this year. That is equivalent to 74,000 meals and is the monetary equivalent of \$151,700 dollars. This is an increase of more than 6000 pounds (4615 meals/9460 dollars) over last year.

Over ninety volunteers helped both pick up and organize the food at just two facilities in Old Town/Orono Postal annex and the Eastern Maine Distribution facility alone, with many more volunteers helping throughout Eastern Maine. We had a large contingent of volunteer help from the food pantries this year and it was much appreciated.

Thank you for being there and continuing to help our communities every day.

Sincerely,
John Kurochak
President and CEO
United Way Eastern Maine

Such a Difference one kindness makes.
Congratulations and Thank you for 40 years of serving those in need.

Todd Gray
A former native of Bucksport.

Dear Sister Lucy,
It was a pleasure to be able to give an un-needed refrigerator to somebody who needs it. Here's another bit of money.
Best Wishes,
Mark Baldwin

"Serve First Those Who Suffer Most"

This Time

is published by H.O.M.E. Inc.
Part of the World Emmaus Movement

Please let us know you like this newsletter and if you would welcome an electronic version on our web page instead of this paper one!

www.homecoop.net

Dear Sister Lucy,
This is my late response to your Spring Appeal. What has been taking me so long is that our church, Immanuel Baptist, Portland, has been working on the Kingdom project, which I will try to explain in case you haven't heard of it.

Basically (this was done by a large church some Years ago, in California , I think). It is like the story of the talents. In our case, an anonymous donor gave \$2000.00 which twenty volunteers have accepted \$100 each...to extend God's kingdom.

We volunteers have great freedom in deciding how to give away the money...deciding things is often difficult for me! We were offered three guidelines. We must remember that the money is God's money and we are to use it in ways to extend His kingdom. We should seek God's direction through prayer and listen to His voice for the use of the money. We will tell our Pastor and/or the Diaconate what we did with the money by mid-June, 2010. I have been praying and thinking and finally I realized that my heart was really touched by the tribulation and difficulties of immigrants and refugees in Arizona, Portland, everywhere. And by the homeless, and by the children of poverty and need, who deserve our support. We are all immigrants to the Kingdom, but some of us have very immediate practical problems.

H.O.M.E. has always recognized and served "those who suffer most." I admire you for doing so and am grateful I may participate with my gifts. So I would like you to accept the \$100 to use in any way you need. Since that \$100 is God's money, I am enclosing another \$100 of mine with it. All we have is God's anyway, I know!

May Zues' kids keep their father's name, as the Prince of Goats, in everyone's memory!

H.O.M.E.,
From some of your recent letters it appears that your organization is supporting persons who are not U.S. Citizens. It is obviously becoming more difficult for any country to foster a decent quality of life for it's people, without encouraging immigration.

I must limit my charity; I think you should, too. I therefore have misgivings about continuing support of H.O.M.E. Perhaps you will no longer wish to solicit my gifts.

Sincerely,

+++++

H.O.M.E.,
Please remove our names and addresses from your database. We do not wish to receive any more requests for donations. Reason for this choice. Neither I nor my husband encourage illegal immigrants protection to come into and remain here in this country. There are people highly skilled with profession our country needs desperately who are waiting years to come into the U.S.A LEGALLY.

We applaud these efforts.
Thank - you.

+++++

The following letter is our response to letters we received regarding Immigration.

Dear Friend,
We write today to thank you for your generous support of our programs over the years. Without such help our programs would simply have not been possible. We also understand that not all people will agree with the work we do.

We are truly sorry to have lost your support. Here we feel strongly that our primary concern is the health of **all** people. At H.O.M.E. where our work is basic and our mission driven by compassion, it is our imperative to help **all** human beings and we do so only with love and compassion.

Today, we are struck by the words of Henri Nouwen when he writes about community; he writes...

"By the honest recognition and confession of our human sameness we can participate in the care of God who came, not to the powerful but powerless, not to be different but the same, not to take our pain away but to share it. Through this participation we can open our hearts to each other and form a new community."

It is in this spirit that we continue to move forward with our work.
We thank you for your honesty.
Sincerely,

H.O.M.E. /EMMAUS Fall Appeal 2010

"Serve First Those Who Suffer Most"

**"There was a rich man...At his gate was lay a beggar named Lazarus, ...longing to eat what fell from the rich man's table."
- Luke 16:20**

Dear Friends,

This Sunday the gospel passage was of Lazarus begging for the crumbs that dropped from the rich man's table! Calling human beings illegal aliens, arresting them when they only want to come here to work washing dishes, cleaning our houses, picking our fruit and vegetables is like the story of Lazarus. Our country is like a rich man. The human beings who want to work are like Lazarus begging the crumbs from the table of plenty.

We work here in Orland, Maine. Our earned income continues to grow and our efficiency improves. People work very hard. We are selling more recycled metal almost weekly. Junkers is the term that's used for us. We sort metal; we take it by the truckload to the junkyard. Our craft shops produce and sell, our craft store looks beautiful and sales are good. Wreath season is nearly upon us. We travel to churches to sell our crafts. Our mills produce lumber and shingles. We continue to build homes and rehab others. We beg for food and we raise it in our organic gardens.

Shelter, food, clothing, and transportation needs continue to grow as more people are homeless and without. And now we are facing our Maine winter and empty furnaces. Our donated income has decreased by \$150,000 and we have 7 homes that are not mortgaged even though the price of the homes ranges from \$40,000-\$80,000. Low income people cannot get mortgages.

We beg you for money for fuel for the furnaces in our shelter. We beg you for money to survive in these hard times.

Lucy Poulin
Lucy Poulin

Lucy Poulin
and Virgie
Betts



H.O.M.E. Update by Sr. Marie Ahern

It is wreath season again! Jackie Lee has come back to oversee the program...a very intense seven weeks of production, decorating, shipping, etc. this seasonal work is a classic example of how the poor "get by." We create the markets for many wreath-makers, who are able to earn enough in this season to cover winter fuel bills, to help with rent or mortgage payments and to put food on their tables.

It is very hard work...hard on the hands, hard on the back. Doing manual labor together breaks down barriers and allows us to know and accept each other more authentically.

Roxanne Poulin (stained glass artist) always has a sense of prevailing moods and how to lift everyone's spirits. Recently she organized a bon-fire cook-out on a Friday night in the pasture on Route 1. Everybody came and had a great time. The kids with glow sticks running everywhere. Best part? We never had a meeting to plan it! Word went out - everyone brought food- all went well. It was meant to be.

The Penquis CAP agency came to our east Orland Shelter this early Fall and did a phenomenal job. Under the direction of Tom Brown they completely insulated the foundation, cellar, attic, sealing this old house so well that the savings on fuel will be significant. They provided labor, materials, know-how, and great good humor. From the Staff to Tom and his crew, God bless you and a thousand thanks!

In housing, the construction crew has the duplex behind the Chapel just about ready for occupancy. Jim Ashmore has returned to oversee this project and get it finished. We have renovated a house at Patten Pond and it's ready for occupancy. And apartment 7 at the Hospitality House has been totally rebuilt, thanks to Al Gosselin, Howie Rovegno and Bill Curtis from St. Bridget's in Manchester, CT.

The Wood Crew (Clint and Usbaldo, Thomas and Yurick (alas)) are cutting, splitting and trucking firewood to the exterior furnaces (3) at H.O.M.E. Looks like 12 cord so far, and the same amount again is still needed. Wood warms you three or four times before you even get it in the woodstove.

Our Daycare has had an extreme makeover thanks to the folks from St Luke's Catholic Church in Barrington, R.I. We have a relatively new staff in Daycare, under the direction of Adrienne Graves. The same crew from St Luke's also put a new floor in Abby's Attic, our second-hand store in East Orland.

Josh Prochaska has joined Tracey Hair in our Fundraising Dept - a challenging job in these difficult times.

We miss Barry Locke, Mary Mahony, and Carrie Belcher who are away from H.O.M.E. for a while. Joshua and Geisur are back with us from Guatemala, attending school here (8th grade and sophomore).

We are trying to raise airfare for them to go home for Christmas. It's a long stretch from September to June and their parents miss them and they get homesick.

Liselotte Zetterkop is visiting from Denmark for two months. As always, she is a great addition to our community and staff, instilling "hyggeligt" in all of us!

Once again, as we hunker down and prepare for the winter, we thank God for the people in our lives, those who cross our paths every day, with whom we live and work, pray, play, eat...

Such richness...such grace. Aren't we lucky.



The crew from Penquis CAP



Roxanne, Sister Marie and Tracey

It's a fact...

- One in nine Maine people live below the federal poverty level, which amounts to an annual income of \$18,310 for a family of three.

- Over 42,000 low-income households pay more than half of their income for rent.

- Many Maine families are at risk of losing their home. In the first 8 months of 2010, there were 2,710 new foreclosure filings on Maine homes, with 271 new filings in August alone.

Recovering the value of things...

-By Tracey Hair

Across the country, masses of worried people are taking lessons in getting by with less. But in Maine, where Yankee thrift has been a way of life for generations, and the unofficial motto is the proverb "use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without," it is a way of life.

You may have seen the familiar bumper sticker around Maine "I brake for Yard sales" placed on the back of cars, or you may have driven by a row of cars parked at the side of the road and wondered what the fuss was about.

It doesn't take long to see that it's a yard sale. Yard sales have popped up more and more in Maine as the economy continued to decline and people reevaluated what they truly need and what had to be sold. What's surprising is that as bad as things seemed only one year ago, the bad news has only gotten worse. Things are bad in the rest of the country; rural Maine is no exception.

Take Tammy Hooper, who makes do in Bucksport, with a small social security income each month. She is 39, has an old computer, and little resources. Tammy is widowed and drives a 16-year-old Nissan Quest van, which she calls, enthusiastically, "a great car!" She volunteers at the local church in the fall, wears T-shirts - she buys five for \$10 on sale and is raising three children on her husband's widow's benefit.

"The only time I might go a little overboard is the time of the month when we get our Social Security

checks," she confessed. "Then I might buy extra paper products. I shop at Yard sales for Christmas presents for my children."

Across much of this sprawling, rural state, the art of living cheap is hard-wired into the regional DNA, a skill proudly passed down through the generations. Here, where hardened farmers and fishermen have been long battered by economic squalls, and incomes have lagged well behind the rest of New England, bargain-hunting and bartering are practices widely embraced. In their relentless pursuit of a good deal, Mainers scour yard sales that go on for days, scavenge the streets during local cleanup weeks, and pore over dog-eared copies of their beloved Uncle Henry's Swap or Sell It Guide. It's ingrained in people here to plan for tough times.

Consider the fact that median household incomes in Maine are the lowest in New England, the poverty rate in Hancock County hovers around 12% and Maine's property foreclosure rate, ranked 38th in the nation, was the second lowest in New England in 2008, according to the on-line property database RealtyTrac Inc.

Hooper loves thrift shops, plays games with her children, and can't recall the last restaurant she went to with her family, though they are planning on going to the Chinese buffet in Brewer soon. It is cheap and they can eat as much as they like. She has made no changes since the economy went sour, and still splurges a piece of candy here and there for her children.

In Maine, she said, those who spend less earn respect, and they see themselves as smart and savvy, not cheap. "It's about the hunt, the excitement of finding something great," she said. "I'm great at finding a bargain."

Maine's tradition of frugality has its roots in the hardscrabble circumstances of a remote, rural, northern locale. Mill jobs have slowly disappeared for decades, and many residents work two jobs to get by or pick up physically demanding, short-lived seasonal work on the side, clamming or picking blueberries to make ends meet. People have to be creative and resourceful, and they tend to be conscientious, and not spend because other people are spending.

Because of Maine's geographic isolation, its economy is less enmeshed with the nation's. That distance prevents it from feeling the full bounce in boom times. In other words, Mainers never feel so flush that they stop stuffing their pantries with emergency canned goods.

Mainers never stop looking for a deal and often it is their only choice. Some can be looking through the 40-year-old weekly and bargain hunter's Bible "Uncle Henry's". Based in Maine's capital city, it lists thousands of goods for sale, from kittens to used motorcycles. We can't keep it on the shelves. Some people read it cover to cover, looking for the gem no one noticed. Others who read it do so to sell items they have. We do it just to get by.

In 1986, H.O.M.E. joined Emmaus International an organization whose work relies on recovering used items and reselling them at low prices to help others. Although we were already deep into the tradition of reselling used goods we adopted it as a large part of our work. We do many things to get by. We work at carpentry and the construction of new homes. Some help clean up woodlots and gather firewood. We make balsam fir wreaths to sell, and we repair homes for elderly people who cannot afford to hire work done. We work in recovering the value of things and at times we work not by the value per hour but by the necessity of the work and the needs of the people.

There are no misconceptions about a sale being a solution for anything. It is an attempt to squeeze one more resource. This is about ordinary folks in situations that are tough. This is our work and we have things for sale.

"A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows"
- St. Francis of Assisi

The h.o.m.e. Craft Store Catalogue

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Visa and Mastercard accepted
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 Include the shipping charge with your order
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Total of Order: Shipping
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 5"x7" with full color photographs of
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 1) Seawall, Petit Manan
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 3) Sand Beach, Acadia Park
BOTTOM
 4) The Bubbles, Acadia Park
 5) Sunrise, Moosehead Lake
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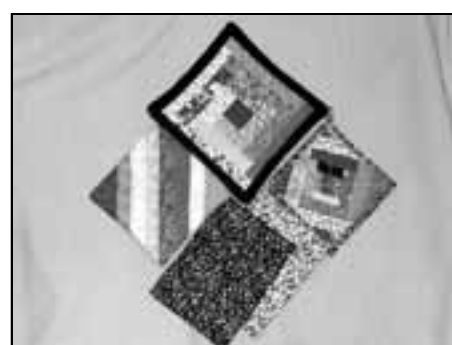
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 16 oz.....\$4.75 each
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 3.4 Oz. (Stocking Stuffer)..... \$4.50
 1/2 PINT..... \$8.00
 PINT..... \$13.00
 QUART..... \$22.00
 1/2 GALLON..... \$36.00
 GALLON..... \$69.00

MAPLE CANDY
 Pocket pack (5 pc)..... \$4.00
 Single piece..... \$4.00
 Tray pack (7 pc)..... \$6.50

MAPLE PRODUCTS
 Granulated Maple Sugar..... \$6.50
 Maple Cream (8 oz.)..... \$11.50
 Maple mustard Sauce..... \$6.00

GIFT JAM PACK
 Choice of 4 jams in gift box..... \$18.50

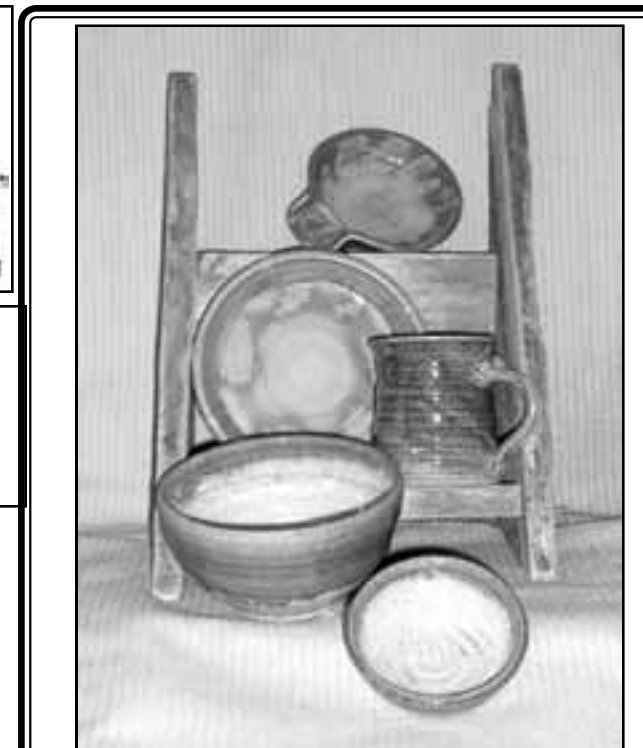
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 contains:
 half pint Maine Maple Syrup
 8 oz. Maine Blueberry Honey
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MAINE MAPLE SYRUP
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 1/2 PINT..... \$8.00
 PINT..... \$13.00
 QUART..... \$22.00
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 Tray pack (7 pc)..... \$6.50

MAPLE PRODUCTS
 Granulated Maple Sugar..... \$6.50
 Maple Cream (8 oz.)..... \$11.50
 Maple mustard Sauce..... \$6.00

MAINE JAMS 10 oz..... \$3.50 each
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 cherry peach
 pear plum
 raspberry rose hip
 strawberry boysenberry
 raspberry/peach apricot/pineapple
 raspberry/rhubarb blueberry/rhubarb
 strawberry/rhubarb strawberry/pineapple
 blueberry/cranberry blueberry/yummy
 cranberry marmalade blueberry/raspberry
 citrus jubilee marmalade wild highbush cranberry
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 and yummy toast spread (apple raisin cinnamon)



Pottery (no lead, dishwasher safe)

spoon rest	\$8.00
small plate	\$12.00
mug	\$16.00
cereal/soup bowl	\$14.00
small bowl	\$8.00
Much more in our craft store!	

h.o.m.e.- emmaus



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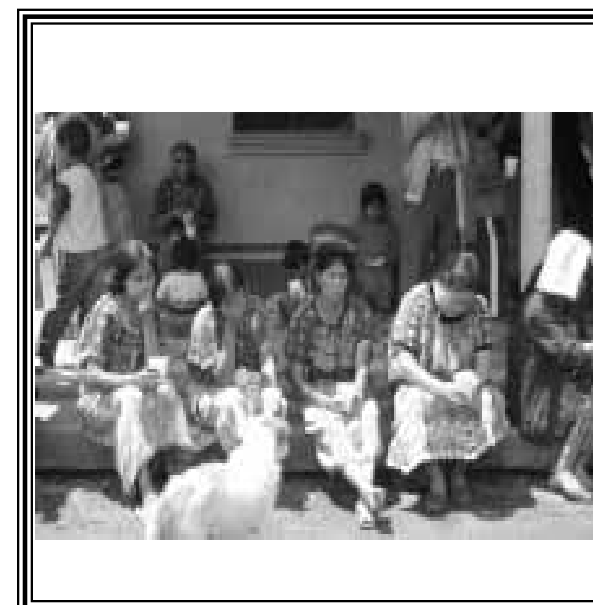


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 Brightly colored, hand woven cotton
 Barrette.....\$3.50
 medium, 5"x6".....\$2.25
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h.o.m.e.'s Wish List

- Food
- Any Tools
- Fire Wood
- Office Supplies
- Mechanic's Tools
- Building Materials
- Saw Logs for our Mill
- Useful Trucks and/or Cars
- Cotton Fabric Pieces for Quilts
 & Large Pieces for Quilt backing
- Windows 7 Computers & Printers
- Big Pots & Pans for our Soup Kitchen
- Stocks
- Money



2011 photo calendar

h.o.m.e. 2011 Photo Calendar

b&w photos of h.o.m.e.....\$4.00

HANDWOVEN GUATEMALAN CRAFTS

Runner, white with multi color \$16
 approx 14 1/2 x 56"
 Mother Doll with baby \$3.99 4" high
 Bookmarks .75 7" long



LUMBER PRICES

All Lumber per board foot \$.60
 Pickup load Slab Wood \$35.00
 Pickup load Edged Lumber.. \$50.00
 Pickup load Saw Dust..... \$5.00
 Pickup load Shingle Hair..... \$5.00
 Shingles \$75 per sq

Would you like to help h.o.m.e. continue our 40-year-long work with the rural poor? Participate in Planned Giving

Planned Giving Includes:

- Wills and Bequests
- Life Income Gift
- Gifts of Property
- Insurance

Anyone can make a planned gift -- you don't have to be wealthy or old or near death. Call or write us if you want more information.

Volunteers...

You make a difference in the dash.

Life is short. In the scheme of things this oft quoted saying must be true. Our planet has been here for millions of years - our universe billions.

On our headstones will be the etching of when we were born and the date when we died. For example 1960 - 2050.

What matters to us are not the two years mentioned. It is the dash. That little dash. That's our life. That represents to us the short time we have, here, to make a difference, or not.

And making a difference means so many different things to so many people.

But for you, the volunteer, what you do during that dash is most significant.

You can give me money for our cause. Sure. But we may pay that back to you. Say you give a dollar a month. It is appreciated without doubt. It is your dollar. However you may pick it up elsewhere. Something extra you do. Some other way of earning that buck. But how do we give back time?

As a volunteer you give time. Time. The most precious resource in our lives.

Look at the dash. How many hours are in there? It's not billions. It's not infinite. Money can be printed. Time cannot.

Once you give an hour of your time it is lost forever. That hour you just gave volunteering will never be replicated.

Your time volunteering must be valued but we can never put a value on that time. How can you value something that is priceless?

As a volunteer you bring much to this organization. Skills, advice, experience, friendship, vision, leadership and inspiration. That you bring. But time you give. In our time-poor world you bear the gift of time. You choose to donate the most precious commodity in the known universe.

We may count your time in numbers. We may attempt to count your time in cash value. Though such methods have their reasons we will all be poorer if we don't realize that the giving of your time is simply and utterly magnificent.

So today, we take a little time out to thank you for the amazing "time in" that you give.

We thank Smith Memorial Congregational Church of Hillsboro, NH; St Anslem of Manchester, NH; Boston University, Old South Congregational Church, Farmington Maine; The First Congregational Church of Old Greenwich, CT; The First Church of Christ, Suffield CT; St John's Prep, Danvers, MA; St Pauls United Church of Christ; The First Congregational Church of Ridgefield, CT; St Andrews, Madison CT; The Silverlake Group; Henniker Congregational Church, Henniker NH; Pultneville and Trinity Reformed Church, NY; St Bridget's Church, Manchester, NH; St Joan of Ark, Jamaica Plains, MA; St Lukes Church, Barrington, RI; Maine Conference of Churches UCC; Unitarian Universalist Church, Worcester MA.



Volunteers from Madison CT, working on the Farmhouse in Dedham.



The crew from St Bridget's



Volunteers from Madison CT, working on the Farmhouse in Dedham.

We can do no great things only small things with great love.
- Mother Teresa

News from Deer Ridge Mobile Home Park.

Deer Ridge Mobile Home Park is set up for low-income families who have a mobile home but are in need of an affordable place to set up a residence. The park is located in Augusta and all lots are full. Projects planned for the future are: Florida towers has expressed an interest in placing a transmission tower on the property. If they decide to choose Deer Ridge as their place of interest, a rental agreement will be drawn up. We are currently and aggressively working on a goal to replace or do a major repair to the entire septic system. We are researching funds and contractors for this project. Thank you to Bev and Norman for all of their hard work and dedication to maintaining the well house and taking care of the water testing submissions.

Would you like to help h.o.m.e. continue our 40-year-long work with the rural poor?

Join our Mailing List!
Please mail information to H.O.M.E. Inc,

P.O. Box 10, Orland, Maine 04472

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip: _____



H.O.M.E. Board of Directors.

Martha McLain: Born and raised in Connecticut, Martha moved to Prospect, Maine in 1972. Martha worked as a School teacher for 35 years. Martha became a crafter at H.O.M.E. in 1990 and specializes in making magnets and gel candles. In the mid 90's Martha was invited to become a member of H.O.M.E.'s Board of Directors, which she accepted. Martha is married with three grown children, 8 grandchildren and one great grandchild, and has travelled extensively through the United States and Europe but prefers Maine as her home.

Nancy Stine: Nancy is a resident of Brooksville Maine and winters in Green Valley, Arizona. Nancy has always had an interest in H.O.M.E. and its programs and has traveled to Guatemala on our missions. During winters Nancy volunteers with a Samaritan Group in Arizona helping troubled and injured immigrants when they cross the border. Nancy is a native of Maine.

Marjorie Carter: Marjorie came to know H.O.M.E. in 1972, through a friend who came here looking for animals. Marjorie rented a house behind H.O.M.E. for many years. Now, Marjorie makes crafts and sells them at H.O.M.E. Marjorie loves to garden and does a lot of canning. Marjorie is low-income and recently lost her home due to a fire.

Tammy Hooper: Tammy is a widowed mother of three living on a very low-income. Tammy started volunteering at H.O.M.E. in 2003 and in her spare time she volunteers as an Historian and Sunday School Teacher at Franklin Street United Methodist Church in Bucksport. Tammy is a Girl Scout Leader and is involved with 4H. Tammy also volunteers as a literacy advocate, tutoring students in reading.

Dr Lee Hayes has served on the Board of Directors of H.O.M.E. for many terms and has an avid interest in documenting the life of Abbe Pierre and the Emmaus movement.

Margaret DiRivera retired from teaching in 1991 and moved to Maine from Worcester, Mass. H.O.M.E. had long been on her radar screen since she had learned of our work on rural poverty and on refugee assistance. Since that time Margaret has been associated with H.O.M.E. as a volunteer, helping refugees find asylum in the US and Canada. Margaret represents H.O.M.E. at Emmaus International meetings and besides volunteering, her passions are growing organic vegetables and reducing her carbon footprint.

Ellen Moore: Ellen has been involved with H.O.M.E. since the early days. Ellen oversees the shelter at Mandala Farm and tends to the farm animals on the working farm. Ellen brings a compassion for the welfare of human beings and animals to H.O.M.E.

Lucy Poulin: Lucy with the help of others founded H.O.M.E. in 1970, after serving many years as a sister of the Carmelites.

Jim Ashmore: Jim has spent 49 years in Commercial construction and now he is retired. Jim wanted to give back to the community and accepted our invitation to join the Board. Jim served as H.O.M.E.'s construction supervisor and has built many of our houses. Jim's oldest daughter earned her GED at H.O.M.E. Jim is a native of Ellsworth, Maine.

Dr Robert Scovin has served on the Board of H.O.M.E. for many years.

Millie Grimes has served on H.O.M.E.'S Board for many years. Millie oversees H.O.M.E.'s Garden program which includes two large gardens and a Senior Farmshare program. Millie attends Farmer's Market twice weekly to sell fresh organic produce for H.O.M.E.

If you are interested in volunteering at H.O.M.E. or would like more information about our Volunteer Program, please call Jackie Burpee at 207-469-7961.

Guatemala Mission 2010..

BY Gerald and Karen Botta.

Within the last year there have been many disasters around the world and at home. We all have seen daily pictures of oil gushing into the Gulf of Mexico and birds draped in oil and have watched on TV as hurricane Alex barreled towards Texas. While we need to help as much as we can, our generosity and good heart must also expand to our neighbors and friends in Guatemala. A tropical storm and a volcano eruption recently hit the people of Guatemala hard. They have also been devastated by violence and extreme poverty, the kinds of which we rarely see at home. The tropical storm caused major mudslides in the mountainous areas of Guatemala and caused major devastation. At the same time, there has been precious little help sent to them or mention of their desperation in the media.

My brother and I recently got a chance to meet the people of Guatemala and witness first hand the devastation caused by the tropical storm. H.O.M.E. has been working with the people of Guatemala for nearly 20 years now. For many years, H.O.M.E. community members have been helping the Katchiquel people of the mountain villages surrounding San Juan Comalapa, Guatemala. In the past, we have helped build a community center, set up a weaving cooperative, built housing for homeless and devastated families, helped build a water system for families who otherwise traveled hours a day by foot to get water. We have focused on the Emmaus principle of " serving first those who suffer most" in a global way.

Our recent trip began with a plane landing in Guatemala City, which had just reopened after volcanic ash was cleared away. A family who took us into their home greeted us. On the two-hour journey to their home Miguel, the father of the two boys travelling with us, began to explain to us the damage done to Mayan villages. The mudslides destroyed many lives of poor Mayan families. Whole homes and villages were just washed away. Miguel recalled a conversation he had with a gentleman who had lost most of his family. The gentleman had survived because he was away from his house. His wife and all but a couple of his children were killed. In another village, a local farmer showed us the damage from a particular mudslide. While he was standing there and talking to us, we realized that what we saw was the remnants of this home. The only thing left was a small corner of one of his walls. He and his family were very lucky to escape.

At a local Catholic Church we found a shelter, no bigger than three standard living rooms here, that housed over 20 families. We dropped off supplies to them as well as planned future visits.

If you would like to help the people of Guatemala, and in particular people in village of Comalapa, please fill out the application below and mail to H.O.M.E. P.O. Box 10, Orland, Maine 04472.



The remains of a house in the village of San Juan, Comalapa.



The Emmaus Center in San Juan, Comalapa



A weaver displays her work for sale.

Guatemala Mission Trips

Join us for a Mission Trip To Guatemala

" Helping others help themselves "

If you are interested in helping the mission of Emmaus San Juan, or if you would like to attend the Cultural Exchange and Language Immersion Program, please check the appropriate box and return to h.o.m.e., inc.



From left: Miguel Tuc Tuc, Jose Cupertino, Lucy Poulin and Eduardo share a meal in Guatemala in 2009.

- Please send me an application for the Cultural Exchange and Language Immersion Program
- Please send me more brochures to pass along to my community
- Enclosed is my donation to the Guatemala Relief Fund (Amount: \$ _____)
- Enclosed is my donation to the Guatemala Travel Fund (Amount: \$ _____)
- I would like to volunteer to educate others about Emmaus San Juan

All donations are tax-deductible

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
State & Zip: _____
Daytime Phone: _____
e-mail Address: _____
I would prefer being contacted via:
mail: _____ phone: _____ e-mail: _____



Children from the village of San Juan Comalapa

Christmas Wreaths and Centerpieces

We offer several choices of wreaths and centerpieces. Our wreaths are first quality 22" double-faced wreaths made of fresh balsam fir. They are available either undecorated or fully decorated with red velvet ribbons, pine cones, and berries. Our centerpieces are hand crafted at H.O.M.E., using fresh greens: Balsam, Cedar, and Pine. The centerpieces are available either as a single (one candle) or as a triple (three candles) with cones, berries and ribbons to complement the arrangement. The single and triple centerpieces are available with either the traditional red berries, candles and ribbon, or the New England Blueberry (white candles, blue berries and ribbon.)

Enclosed is our new order form for this year's wreaths and centerpieces. We hope that you may be interested in ordering one for yourself and/or giving one or more as gifts to friends or family members. If so, we would appreciate hearing from you as soon as possible as we prepare for this year's wreath project. **Orders are processed and then shipped in the order in which they are received**, and shipping begins on Monday, November 22. (Orders are often sent to us during September and October.) We must collect the 5% sales tax for addresses in Maine. Please add this to your order total.



To Purchase Wreaths:

- Fill out the order form. Orders must be received by Dec. 3rd. (Or get this form on-line at www.homecoop.net)
- Be sure to include a street address for Fedex delivery.
- If you are interested in wholesale orders (\$10.00 per undecorated wreath for 100 wreaths or more, plus shipping charges) please contact us.
- Mail this form (or call/fax) along with your payment in U.S. funds to the address above.

2010 Retail Order Form

Send to: **h.o.m.e. Wreaths**
P.O. Box 10
Orland, ME 04472

Phone: (207) 469-7961
Fax: (207) 469-1023
(call to confirm receipt of fax)

Please include all information below for ALL ORDERS

Your Name: _____

Street Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone #: _____
(In case we have questions)

My Order

Ship me: _____
_____ Decorated Wreath(s)
_____ Undec. Wreath(s)

Centerpiece(s) - (Circle color)
_____ Single - Red / White
_____ Triple - Red / White

Refer to price lists and include in the totals at right.

Gift Order:

Ship: _____ Decorated Wreath(s)
_____ Undec. Wreath(s)
Centerpiece(s) — (circle color)
_____ Single - Red / White
_____ Triple - Red / White

to Name: _____
Street Address: (not P.O. Box) _____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip: _____
Phone #: _____

_____ Happy Holidays
_____ Merry Christmas

Gift Order:

Ship: _____ Decorated Wreath(s)
_____ Undec. Wreath(s)
Centerpiece(s) — (circle color)
_____ Single - Red / White
_____ Triple - Red / White

to Name: _____
Street Address: (not P.O. Box) _____
City: _____
State: _____ Zip: _____
Phone #: _____

_____ Happy Holidays
_____ Merry Christmas

Please include phone numbers!

We cannot send refunds for any undeliverable orders

Please enter the total charges

Order Summary and Total

Number of items	Total of Prices
Dec. Wreaths: _____ @ 29.95	\$ _____
Undec. Wreaths: _____ @ 21.95	\$ _____
Single Centerpieces: _____ @ 25.95	\$ _____
Triple Centerpieces: _____ @ 34.95	\$ _____
Subtotal:	\$ _____

Maine residents please add
5% Sales Tax : \$ _____

Total of Order: \$ _____

Check, Money Order,
Visa, Discover or Mastercard
Make checks payable to "h.o.m.e."

card# _____
Exp. Date: ____/____
Security code: ____-____
Signature: _____

Send to: **h.o.m.e. Wreaths**
PO Box 10
Orland ME 04472
Phone: 207-469-7961
Fax: 207-469-1023
www.homecoop.net/wreaths

Seasonal Work.

By Jackie Lee

Seasonal Work in Maine is hard work but for some it is the only way they can make it through the winter. People often depend on it as their sole income, others as a supplement. After raking blueberries in the oppressive heat of August, then picking apples in the fall, the season turns cold and people move on to make Christmas Wreaths for the holiday season. This brings much needed income for poor families during the Holiday Season.

People bring to H.O.M.E. beautifully fresh balsam fir wreaths by the truckload and their work is evident by their pitch stained hands. We are humbled by their hard work and often wonder how it is possible for them to make so many at a time.

H.O.M.E. pays \$5 each for a double sided wreath – it's not a lot considering the hard work they put in. Most bring 100 sometimes 200 wreaths at one time and use the money they make for Christmas, heating fuel or to keep their clunkers on the road.

We buy wreaths only from our poorest neighbors and they resume this enduring work each season. In fact they count on it! We always look forward to seeing the wreath makers each year to renew our friendships and catch up on family news from year to year.

This year we have some new wreath makers and look forward to making friends with them. One wreath maker from years ago, recently moved back to the area and is very grateful for the opportunity to earn some extra money and reconnect with old friends.

So, when you fill out the wreath order form inside this paper, know that you are making a difference not only on someone's door for the holidays but in the

Daycare.

By Adrienne Graves, Chelsea Carney and Deanna Thomas.

In May, h.o.m.e. Daycare welcomed new director Adrienne Graves. Graves, the mother of two, brings new leadership qualities to the position. She has over fifteen years experience working with children as well as in management at all levels both in area schools and in owning her own Daycare. She earned degrees in Early Childhood Education and in Business Management.

Daycare also welcomes teaching assistants Deanna Thomas and Chelsea Carney. Deanna, mother of two, and her husband moved from Virginia to Maine where he is pursuing his military career in the Navy. Chelsea, a recent graduate of Ellsworth High School is pursuing a degree in education while working part-time at the center.

The Daycare Center has been remodeled from wall to wall with fresh paint, trim, flooring and a bright new revamped kitchen. Thank you to the St. Luke's Church from Barrington, Rhode Island and to the workers at h.o.m.e. who put in long hours to help make our Center beautiful! True Value in Bucksport and Sherwin Williams of Ellsworth donated paint and Marden's gave a generous discount on the flooring.

Currently rated Level One, the Center is working on becoming Level Two by qualifying through the Quality of Maine rating system. A Parent Policies Handbook has been created as well as a Daycare Brochure.

Enrollment at the Center is up. Children six weeks to 12 years old are welcome and can be enrolled part-time, full-time, for drop-in or after school care as well as for vacation care. Space is still available but filling up fast. Aspire, vouchers and private pay are all accepted.

The Center is collecting UPC labels from participating Campbell products. Our goal is 10,000 labels. We have been able to redeem the points for Circle Time Mats and educational materials we otherwise could not afford to purchase. Please continue to collect labels and send them into us or drop them off at our Orland location. Every point helps us achieve our goal! We also accept returnables. Thank you to all those who contribute to our Daycare!

The Learning

By Karen Botta- Learning Center Coordinator
Josh Prochaska-Fundraiser

Greetings from the Learning center!

This past year has brought many changes and new opportunities to the learning Center. We are happy to welcome our newest addition, Josh Prochaska. Josh recently moved here from Arizona, and joins us as a part-time teacher and fund-raiser. Currently, he is scheduled to teach ESL and a basic math class.

We are working to increase our capacity to help the community through rigorous fund-raising efforts. We are pursuing several competitive grants with the hope of updating our educational materials and expanding our class roster. Even with this increase in fund-raising efforts the Learning Center's activities would not be possible without the generous donations and support from the local community; a special thanks to Bucksport Middle School for its donation of math textbooks.

We are also working on staff development and plan to offer a personality-type identifier workshop. The aim of the workshop is to help us identify our individual and group work styles and values. It is our hope that by having a better understanding of how we work together, communication amongst staff will be improved, thereby increasing overall productivity.

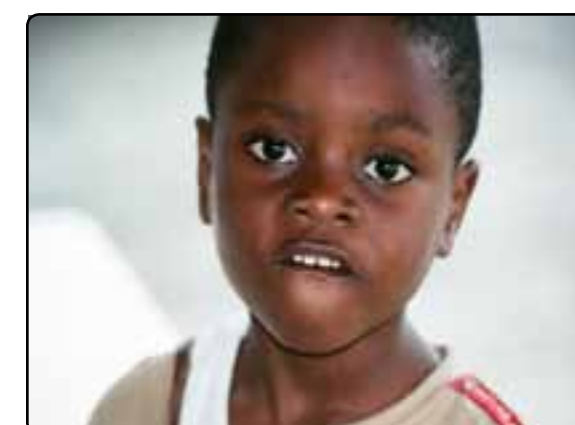
Our most popular class this fall has been Creative Writing taught by Karen Saum. This class is designed to help students express themselves creatively through writing. Students explore their ideas and values by writing about personal experiences. Our goals for students in this course are to have them gain an appreciation for the written word, increase their confidence in their own writing, and instill a lifelong love of writing.

We are always looking for donations of school supplies, textbooks or volunteers. Check in anytime for a complete schedule of courses being offered.

Thank you for your continued support!



Tristen, a child attending Daycare



Sanley attends Daycare after school at H.O.M.E.

Bookkeeping

By Mary Mahan/ Ruth Bennett/Cora Bigelow

With 2010 almost behind us we look forward to 2011. Ruth and I have continued to keep the records current and reliable.

With all the changes in our economy and the decreases in some donations, H.O.M.E. has continued to serve those who depend more and more upon our services each and every day. With our efforts we have provided many meals and shelter for those who are less fortunate.

We had a great group of volunteers get the exterior wall in our office completed. This will help to keep us warm when the wind blows. Also, thanks to Josh Moore and Jason Cromeenes for finishing it up.

We are still working toward having a complete audit of the financials. This has a great impact on our grant writing success. It is this information that lenders and foundations look at for our financial stability. It is no surprise that bookkeeping has outgrown the present office setting. One of our Capital Improvements is to expand our office into the outer area. This will give us the ability to work more efficiently.

Our financial reporting has improved greatly and with a new part-time grant writer on board the reports allow him specific information necessary for his grant writing. Thanks to Tracey for being so patient while we all get through our reporting hurdles. Gerald Botta has utilized the information bookkeeping has to offer for various loan programs. We are striving to make the information much more organized.

We look forward to the years ahead and all the new experiences we will share.

Thank you



A meeting at the lake.



"Just remember: Noah's Ark was built by amateurs. The Titanic was built by professionals." - Anon

Do any of you remember back when there was no Domestic Violence? When sometimes a woman provoked her husband so much the cops had to come to restore order, tell the woman she better shape up.

When there was no Spruce Run or New Hope for Women to offer victims of Domestic Violence (a new term) a safe haven from abusive husbands (another new term).

Back before advocates began to meet with police departments and to change the narrative from one about disobedient wives getting what they deserved to one about violent men who could be charged with assault.

Survivors of those days- the forties, the fifties, the sixties- are women in their seventies and eighties now and by and large their stories have not been told. That is about to change. h.o.m.e. has started a project to collect these stories and to publish them through the St. Francis Press and on a blog.

We are seeking people who want to tell their story. For those who don't type and aren't computer savvy, we are planning to get equipment to translate handwriting and voice into digital format.

Two of the original founders of Spruce Run, the first shelter for victims of Domestic Violence in Maine and one of the first such shelters in the country, have worked at h.o.m.e. for many years: Lou Chamberland and Ralph Greene.

Below is the beginning of one of the stories that will appear in the book and blog.

Where do you run when there's no Spruce Run. By Twila Greene

One...two...three...four...No! No! No! This is not the way it is supposed to be. I grasped my Dad's arm and looked up at him. He stared stoically ahead. It was plain to see that this journey was as difficult for him as it was for me. Somebody help me! Somebody stop the charade. I'm only fifteen. I can't do this. I can't! I can't!

Like most little girls in the fifties and the sixties I had dreamed of this day. Beautiful dresses, fragrant flowers, smiling faces, and a romantic setting. Church bells, exchanging vows, and the ring-giving ceremony; but not yet, not this way! This is no dream. Wake me from this nightmare.

I stood and obediently recited what the pastor expected me to repeat. I felt like a robot, but a very frightened robot indeed. The ceremony was brief and to the point.

After my fate was sealed, we traveled down the road for a mile to the home of my new in-laws for the reception. Only close friends and relatives attended. The tables were laden with an array of sandwiches and sweets. My mother-in-law had worked for days in preparation for the event.

I went into the bedroom to change from my wedding dress. It crumpled at my feet in a fluffy pile of blue chiffon and lace. I could hear the people in the next room making merry. I knew I should be hurrying, but I sat on the bed and tried to bring myself to life. I was engulfed in numbness that I couldn't seem to shake. My thoughts bounced around, dancing over the years. I attempted to make sense of what was occurring. A knock came at the door and I hurriedly finished dressing and went into the living room. This is the first day of my married life. Buck up! This is my new reality. Face it!

Time passes and I settle in and accept my fate. We live with the in-laws. They are wonderful and loving people. He is gentle and humble. She is proud, yet kind. They both grieve over their only son who lives a life in a haze of parties, women and alcohol. Often at night I would awaken to see my mother-in-law sitting in the armchair, looking out the window and worrying about her son. It would be very late yet she was awake and so concerned about his whereabouts. My heart hurt for her. It was a pitiful sight.

Our sleeping area consisted of the bedroom he had as a child with a twin bed that he had used over the years. It was tight quarters to accommodate two people. One

night my husband came home from a very late night at the Arrow Social Club.

He was drunk and nasty. I feigned sleep, but to no avail. He climbed in beside me and demanded that I shove over to give him more room. I was seven months pregnant and awkward with my newly expanding body. I rolled as far as I could to the edge of the bed to accommodate him. He cursed and drew up his feet and in full force kicked me in the small of the back. In surprise and agony I landed on the floor. The lamp thumped me on the head as it fell off the bedside table.

The commotion brought my in-laws into our room in alarm. My father-in-law helped me up and assisted me to the couch in the living room. My mother-in-law got ice from the fridge and applied it to the bump beginning to rise on my temple. We never saw or heard of anything from Duke's bedroom.

I assured the in-laws that I was fine, although I was shivering uncontrollably. Mrs. came out with a blanket, a pillow and a hot water bottle and tucked me in on the sofa. We all settled in for the rest of the night which thankfully was uneventful.

The next day I was scheduled for a doctor's appointment for a prenatal checkup. I woke to a dull ache in the small of my back. At this point I was seeing a gynecologist weekly as I suffered from toxemia, high blood pressure and very weak and unpredictable ankles. My husband was still in bed and it was noontime. I went next door and borrowed a bus pass from his Aunt Jean. She also slipped me three dollars. She knew the situation in which I was living and was always so kind and loving.

I walked two blocks to the bus stop. It was never a very long wait as I could get a number seven or a number eight and either would get me to my destination.

I could see the bus coming down the road. I reached in my pocket to bring out the pass. Suddenly I heard my name being called and I saw Duke hurrying down the road toward me. I felt a chill of panic as I boarded the bus. The lights were in his favor and he crossed in front of the bus and entered the door. He had no pass or ticket. He spoke to the driver as I tried to make myself invisible. The bus was more than half full. He marched down the aisle, he pulled me out of my seat. No one seemed to notice the commotion. I decided the safest thing would be to not resist. "Help! Help!" I screamed inside my head, but no one seemed to be aware of my plight, no one even glanced in my direction. The bus driver was obviously anxious to be on his way and I was left stunned and afraid on the sidewalk with one angry man.

My mind raced through a gamut of possible solutions. Where can I turn? What can I do? Where can I go? How could I possibly support myself and my unborn child? There are so few solutions, if any. By Nova Scotian law the only way to dissolve a marriage is by proof of adultery or after a five year legal separation.

Last week I watched an episode of 20/20 entitled "What would you do?" In this program they depicted women who were involved in abusive situations to see if anyone would give assistance. I guess this spurred my memory to release a secret from my distant past.

Here is another story from a student in H.O.M.E.'s writing class.

Moving to Maine By Mary Mahan

We were a family of eight including my mom and dad. There were three boys and three girls. When I was born, my father was 57 and my mom was 37. That's right: 20 years apart, which is still a great conversation piece.

I was the 5th child in the line but the middle child of the three youngest. We lived in Exeter, New Hampshire, a mill town and also the home of Phillips

Exeter Academy. It was a very rich town because of the academy, which mostly housed out-of-state students.

The mills produced most of the area's cotton for the handkerchief factory across town. My father worked nights in the woolen mill where he watched for fires in the machinery. We rented a home from the mill and it was extravagant: Large rooms separated by the great sparkling hallway. The floors were so clean and waxed that you could run and slide the whole length with your socks on. We also used the hallway to play our bowling games. Mom really didn't like either game because it sounded like thunder downstairs. .

Exeter was a great neighborhood. We had our school friends, neighborhood friends and our family all in Exeter. The family would walk downtown to listen to the Christmas music being played at The Band Stand. The perfectly trimmed tree was lit up with the most dazzling lights with decorations of all shapes and colors. In the summer my oldest sister would walk us little ones to the movies on Saturday at the Ioka Theater with its red tapestry and red candelabras. It was a great place to live, go to school, and raise a family.

Then one day disaster struck for my dad. His arm got mangled by a large machine. His arm prevented the automatic shutoff from kicking in so the burn continued further and further to the bone. He was in the hospital for a very long time.

The mill decided that dad would have to retire because of his injury. In those days workers' compensation and employee rights left a lot to be desired. We were very fortunate to have the mill pay all of his medical expenses until he was released from a rehabilitation program. The mill did not offer him any severance package so my parents had to make a very difficult decision: the family had to move to Red Beach Maine.

Where was Red Beach Maine? I had never gone to Maine to visit my grandmother. I had no idea what to expect. It seemed like we drove forever. After leaving Bangor the houses were fewer and fewer and the ones left were real dumps. It was then I realized that Red Beach Maine was not civilized like Exeter New Hampshire.

We turned onto Shattuck Road which meant that our drive was almost over. Seven hours in a car with my mother smoking her Pall Mall cigarettes. I couldn't wait to get out. Then we saw the house. Oh my God, my grandmother lives in a tar paper shack!

The furnace was a kerosene heater in the middle of the room. It didn't have running water either, not even an outside pump. Our water came from a well that was at the bottom of a big hill and we were supposed to drink water from it. I saw frogs jump in that well.

The outhouse was just gross. I thought I would rather use the woods. I had never dreamed anyone could live like this.

How could our parents even think about moving us here? I really hated them for making us move. It was very hard for us to adapt to backwoods living. Drunks would sit on the lawn and talk to the telephone poles, and Grandmother seemed to have the weirdest neighbors. We never knew who would show up at the door.

The house was so small that five of us slept in one room and I would lie there dreaming of the house in Exeter where we each had our own room. It was so cold in the house and everything smelled like old people, smoke and booze. I guess we were lucky to have a home after Dad's accident, but God it was just awful.

I lived there until I was 18. With all of the family's hard work we managed to build a beautiful fifteen-room house on the same spot the shack sat on. The house had heat, water and even indoor plumbing. All of this was possible because we all worked in the family clamming business to support the house construction as well as the regular expenses.

It was a very hard life for such privileged kids as we had been, used to so many more material things. We were not rich in Exeter but much richer in those luxury items such as a toilet and running water. Living in Maine just made me learn to be grateful no matter where I lived. Each hurdle I jumped prepared me for the life I would lead in the next thirty years. Never in a million years would I have thought I would be the mother of two special-needs children and would need that strength and perseverance to get them the necessary services for their health and well-being. Thank you,

Reflections

In the First Centuries.

Reprinted from the Catholic Worker.

In the first centuries of Christianity the hungry were fed at a personal sacrifice, the naked were clothed at a personal sacrifice, the homeless were sheltered at a personal sacrifice. And because the poor were fed, clothed and sheltered at a personal sacrifice, the pagans used to say about the Christians "See how they love each other."

In our own day the poor are no longer fed, clothed, sheltered at a personal sacrifice, but at the expense of the taxpayers. And because the poor are no longer fed, clothed and sheltered the pagans say about the Christians "See how they pass the buck."

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The Duty of Hospitality

(reprinted from the Catholic Worker.)

People who are in need and are not afraid to beg give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake. Modern society calls the beggar bum and panhandler and gives him the bum's rush. But the Greeks used to say that people in need are the ambassadors of the gods. Although you may be called bums and panhandlers you are in fact ambassadors of God. As God's Ambassadors you should be given food, clothing and shelter by those who are able to give it. Mahometan teachers tell us that God commands hospitality, and hospitality is still practiced in *Mahometan countries. But the duty of hospitality is neither taught nor practiced in Christian countries.

* Muslim

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A woman was walking along a beach filled with starfish. As she walked, she would stoop down, pick one up at random, and throw it back into the ocean. A man came upon her and asked why she was bothering with throwing some back when there were so many—how could it possibly make a difference? She picked up another starfish, threw it back into the ocean, and said it made a difference to that one.

Reflections on Immigration...

By Twila Greene

If Jesus came to America We wouldn't let him in We'd frown upon his shaggy locks and the color of his skin.

Behold the "son of man" he'd say "I've come to bring you light" remove your sandals and your robe or we'll detain you for the night.

Suspicious would arise and we would check his passport twice. We'd take him into a side room And we wouldn't be so nice.

"Why did you come? Where will you stay? Do you have family here? Have you any guns or drugs? Any weapons, smokes or beer?"

"I come to restore peace on Earth I come to save the day I come to make the pathway straight I come to show the way."

"I come to set the captive free To restore peace and love To teach world peace and happiness that comes from God above."

"I come to heal the sick and lame The leper and the blind. I come to seek the missing lamb The shepherd cannot find."

"I come to restore beauty to the Earth my Father made To make the waters clean again And trees to bring us shade."

"I come to clear the air and turn the sky from grey to bright blue I come to make things right and to restore new hope to you."

"This man looks like an Arab Perhaps from Nazareth or Iran He's probably a Muslim. He must be an evil man.

"Denied!" we cry, "You can't come in!" We loathe your actions and your way Go back to where you came from or you'll be sent to Guantanamo Bay."

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A New Zealand Maori Proverb

Ko taku rourou
Ko tau rou
Ka ora te tangata
With my resources
And your resources
Everyone will benefit

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If you insist on measuring yourself, place the tape around your heart rather than your head. —

Carol Trabell

A Poem of Gratitude.

-Anonymous

Our city's problems are many
Solutions seem painfully few
It's so easy to find yourself wailing
"Where to start; there's too much to do."

Yet for one group the answer seems simple
Their direction is always quite clear
They reach out their hands when the need comes
They're first to volunteer.

The common vision they work for
Encompasses folks one and all
Peace, justice, freedom, and dignity
No matter how helpless or small.

They serve in a myriad of venues
That's the most essential piece of this pie
No matter how young or how worldly
No matter how educated or spry.

Some help sell the dumplings in August
Some work our correspondence or books
Some keep us apprised of legislation
Some help in the kitchen and cook

They work to keep women off welfare
And so children will have school supplies
They organize home tours and golf games
See the world through the most needy eyes.

Some organize bulbs with pink ribbons
While others drive meals on the go
Some raise our racial conscience
Lend a hand to Help Me Grow

Whether working for our H.O.M.E Project
Fund raising street to street; door to door
They willingly do with a smile
What others might consider a bore

Some serve on the Board—on committees
Schedule classes for young girls and boys
No talent to small or too simple
Each volunteer act increases all joys.

So tonight I acknowledge your efforts
And in your honor proudly raise cheers
May God Bless you one and all.

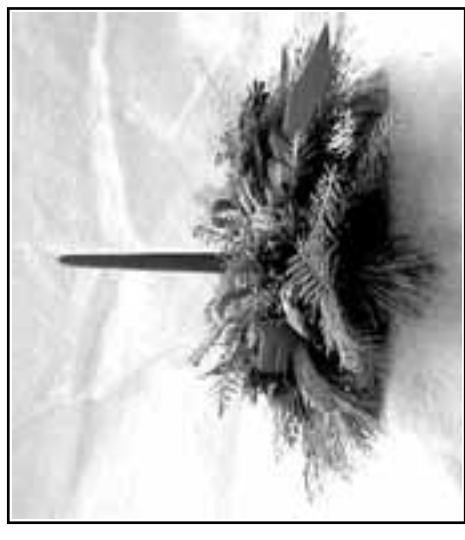
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Dear Readers,

A cat named Harry lived outdoors on the old Meade Place about 8 years with his 3 brothers and some other cats. When the Old Carriage house was sold they laid on old coats and enjoyed the spring and summer. About 3 years ago he became a dad. When Molly the twins mother was chased away Harry took over the job of raising his son. He was wonderful he protected twin from harm. That's why when I found him passed away last Saturday, I knew he was there too help twin out. A yellow kit, he was so brave. Good -bye my friend.
Claudia Gilbert.

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This Time



Daline-Gad St Elise and Jenny Dantes add to the mural painted by The UU Church of Worcester.



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