

The Personalist

A Publication of the St. Martin de Porres Catholic Worker, Harrisburg, PA



Hoping in the Midst of Uncertainty

By Rev. Robenson SJ

On February 21 and 22, 2026, I went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, at the invitation of James Murphy of St. Martin de Porres Catholic Worker. The purpose was to meet with the local Haitian community, listen to their fears, clarify the situation surrounding TPS, and reflect together on how to live in a time marked by uncertainty and the threat of deportation. A few days earlier, I had reread the message of Pope Leo XIV for the 111th World Day of Migrants and Refugees. His words accompanied the entire encounter: “Many migrants, refugees and displaced persons are privileged witnesses of hope. Indeed, they demonstrate this daily through their resilience and trust in God, as they face adversity while seeking a future in which they glimpse that integral human development and happiness are possible.” In Harrisburg, those words became flesh.

A Community Gathered Despite Fear

On Saturday, February 21, the meeting began at noon in the Catholic Worker house. Haitians from the area had prepared a flyer with my photo and the details of the gathering. Many came, but others did not dare. We began with a brief introduction where each person introduced themselves: their name, the city they came from in Haiti, and what they hoped to receive from the meeting. I then asked a few questions: Who am I? Where do I come from? With whom do I live? How am I feeling right now? What would I like to share? Very quickly, the realities surfaced. Some shared that federal ICE agents had already carried out arrests in the area. Families live with the constant fear of being stopped. Parents hesitate to take their children to school. Many are working, yet fear follows them everywhere.

We spoke about TPS (Temporary Protected Status), which allows people to work legally and protects them from deportation for a designated period. I explained that TPS is an administrative and political measure. It does not define a person’s value. It says nothing about their dignity, their faith, their courage, or their story.

For now, a judge has blocked the termination of TPS, allowing beneficiaries to continue working. But no one knows what the future holds. This uncertainty weighs heavily on people’s minds. Many have children born in the United States. These children are American citizens. Parents live with a painful question: what will happen if we are deported? Should we leave our children here? Should we take them to a country they do not know? It is normal to be afraid. It is normal to fear family separation. It is normal to fear losing work, housing, stability. Fear does not make us weak. It makes us human. And as a Jesuit priest from Haiti who has accompanied migrants at borders, their fears were painfully familiar to me.

Living Without Panic, Without Naivety

One of the central questions was this: how do we live today without giving in to panic, yet without being naïve? We focused on concrete steps. Stay properly informed. Avoid rumors circulating on WhatsApp. Rely on trustworthy sources. Reach out to reputable organizations, lawyers, churches, and nonprofits. Explore whether you may qualify for other forms of relief: asylum, work visas, adjustment of status. Keep documents in order: passport, birth certificate, contact information for a lawyer. Make simple family plans. If I am arrested, who will take care of the children? Where are the important documents? Who should be called? Preparing does not betray hope. It is an act of responsibility. I invite them not to live in the shadows. Continue working, educating your children, building community. Isolation weakens, but solidarity strengthens. Pope Leo XIV wrote: “In a world darkened by war and injustice, even when all seems lost, migrants and refugees stand as messengers of hope. Their courage and tenacity bear heroic testimony to a faith that sees beyond what our eyes can see and gives them the strength to defy death on the various contemporary migration routes.” In Harrisburg, that tenacity was visible. These men and women have survived earthquakes, poverty, and exile. Their national history is one of resistance.

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Abortion Mathematics

By Renée Roden

At a recent conference on Catholic Social Teaching in our diocese, a political lobbyist spoke about the importance of ending human trafficking, because women who are the victims of human trafficking get abortions. His appeal to the audience argued that preventing human trafficking is clearly part of our mandate to put our Catholic faith in action, because by stopping human trafficking, we stop abortions. While I'm not necessarily blaming this lobbyist for couching his argument in terms that will appeal to his audience, this sort of moralistic algebra is clearly not a part of the body of Catholic Social Teaching, and it's clearly not Catholic theology, full stop. Not only is this sort of argument an example of utilitarianism, defining moral issues by their utility rather than their intrinsic good or evil, it is also an example of exactly the sort of corruption of human dignity that is the root sin of abortion in the first place. So if we actually cared about what made abortion intrinsically evil, we wouldn't—ostensibly—make this sort of argument that drew from the same polluted philosophical well. The innate human dignity of a person—their identity as *imago Dei*, made in the image and likeness of God—means that their **being** is infinitely valuable in and of itself and infinitely worth our time, effort, and advocacy. This is the sort of mathematics that Catholic Social Teaching is based on, and it certainly does not comparatively value the life of a woman and the life of an unborn baby. It is not so stupid to only care about human life *before* it has passed through the birth canal. It is not so racist to only care about white women or men; only care about humans

deemed citizens by the nation state, or only care about humans with no criminal record. The sort of divine mathematics that equates our worth does not calculate human value the way that the world teaches us to. Any sort of moral calculations parsed in terms of “per abortions saved” declares the quiet part out loud: we do not care about women, they are not worth our time, our care, they are not persons of moral concern. We only care about ensuring that abortions do not happen. The consistent ethic of life that the Catholic Church actually teaches demands that we care about racism, we care about immigration, that we care about humans on both sides of whatever state-sanctioned border is erected between the worthy and unworthy. This truth is so self-obvious to the Christian, so blatantly foundational, that the fact that it is not screamed from the rooftops should make us ask: are we truly preaching the Gospel, with all its challenging truth? Or are we finding the gospel of a political party more comforting to us than the Gospel of Christ? Jesus says: “They will know you are my disciples by the **love you have for one another**,” not by the laws or policies we pass. Abortion is a moral topic that requires a great deal of **clarification of thought** given its politicization and the dehumanization of the vulnerable in our society, given how embedded the politics of abortion are in the systemic racism and misogyny that run rampant, unchecked and unconverted from, in our society. To this end, we would like to invite you to a **roundtable discussion** on abortion and the **consistent ethic of life: “How the Church Calls us to be Pro-Life”** on **Thursday, April 23 at 7 p.m. (1440 Market Street).** ✠

“[Peter Maurin] made you feel that you and all men had great and generous hearts with which to love God [...] it was seeing Christ in others, loving the Christ you saw in others. Greater than this, it was having faith in **the Christ in others** without being able to see Him. Blessed is he that believes without seeing.”

Dorothy Day, *The Catholic Worker*



House Notes



The Resilience of Our Neighbors

Februrary is the shortest month, but it’s been filled with light. We had a special guest, Rev. Robenson Siquette, SJ, a coworker of one of Renée’s Jesuit coworkers at the Jesuit Media Lab, who is from Haiti, and came to offer a Creole Mass for our Haitian neighbors and help host a Creole-language meeting. Another is being schedueled for this upcoming month.

At the end of February, Renée and James went to her home of Minneapolis to visit family. We got to see Catholic Worker friends and unite with seminarians from our three classes of propedeutic seminarians. We met Alex and Hunter at **Maurin House** for thier child-led Stations of Cross around the backyard. That morning, we went to pray the rosary at Bishop Robert Whipple Federal Building in Minneapolis with several local Catholics. The Whipple Building was a somber sight. It was saddening to see the violence and militarization of the government against its people. We visited the site where Alex Pretti was shot ten times by federal agents while lying on the ground. His memorial was a moving, grassroots testament to the message of Christianity: greater life hath no man than to lay his life down for a friend.

Lenten Practices

Our regular community prayer member, Heather, has made it part of her Lenten practice to read Pope Leo XIV’s message for Lent every day. It’s been a good reminder for all of us. More on that below!

Additionally, during the season of Lent, we have been wearing homemade “ankle monitors” in solidarity with one of our friends who had one placed on her at an ICE check-in earlier this year. Why does the government have the right to surveill and ostracize a member of the community who is following all the legal pathways to permanent residency in this country? Why does the government have the right to mark as “suspect” or “criminal” a person who has broken no law? As Christians, we have worn symbols of torture around our necks for centuries--a cross--as a reminder that such an instrument of torture so gruesome, reserved for non-citizens of the Roman empire, was the instrument of our

salvation. These ankle bracelets have been a powerful prayer practice to deepen our solidarity with those who cannot choose to wear them and a pricking of our conscience to grow in attentiveness to the indignities and discomforts these “torture devices” – in the words of our friend Martha Hennessy-cause each day.

The Gift of Hospitality

We are grateful for the vibrancy of hospitality, for the coming and going of different guests: Renée’s parents, Rev. Robenson Siquette, a new neighbor in need of a break from the streets. We have been reflecting lately on the power of encounter: how a sharing of stories, hearts, and minds over Domino’s Pizza, tacos, or soup that leads us to softer hearts, more curious minds, and an appreciation for the story of God’s love in our lives. Each one of us has a story of God’s love in our lives, Sr. Nirmala Joshi, Mother Teresa’s successor at the Missionaries of Charity, said. You do, I do, and the neighbor who challenges us, who we are afraid of, whom our political apparatus tells us is dangerous, wrong, illegal, “crazy,” bad, a “terrorist,” “vermin,” does too. When we encounter our neighbor, particularly in their vulnerability, we open ourselves to the possibility of seeing the love of God acting in their life, too. **“Our Lord left himself to us as food: bread, and wine,” Dorothy Day said in a television interview from 1971. “I would say that sitting down and breaking bread with people...the disciples at Emmaus knew him in the breaking of the bread...it is far easier to see Christ in your brother when you are sitting down and sharing soup with him. You don’t any longer see the destitute or the drunk or the disorderly or the unworthy poor.”**

By Ade Bethune

Peace in Your Farm and Backyard

Martha Hennessy and Mark Colville, Catholic Workers and members of the Kingsbay Plowshares 7, will be in harrisburg to talk about peacemaking, the increased danger of the nuclear apocalypse since the New START treaty ended in February, and their peacemaking efforts at home--cultivating their own plot of land (Martha, in Vermont) and growing community and solidarity for the homeless (Mark, in New Haven, Connecticut) in their own backyard. **Join us for a panel discussion with Martha and Mark on Thursday, April 9 at 7p.m. at 1440 Market Street.** ☩



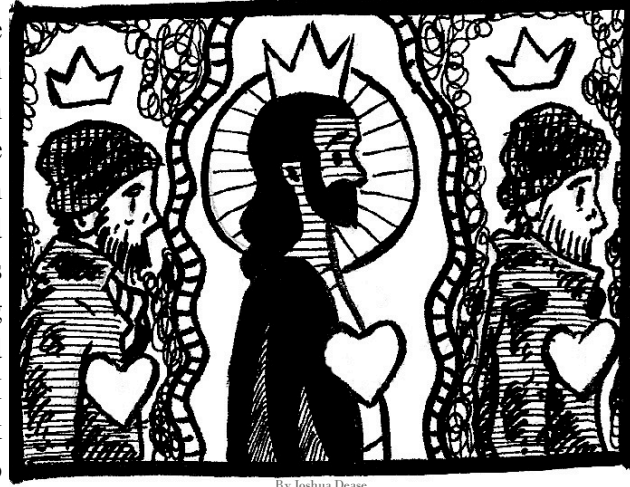
Being Served By Christ

By Alex Danielson

My name is Alex Danielson, and I am a seminarian for the diocese of Winona-Rochester in Southern Minnesota. I am currently studying at the Saint Paul seminary in Saint Paul Minnesota for my propaedeutic (first) year of seminary formation. Each year in January, the propaedeutic men are sent off two by two to different locations across the country to have a poverty immersion experience for three weeks. Our names were randomly drawn from a hat to choose our locations. When I was chosen to visit the Catholic Worker in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, I never could have guessed the various blessings God would grace me with. When fellow seminarian Ryan Frampton and I first arrived in Harrisburg, we met James and Renee and were quickly acquainted with Allison Hill, the neighborhood we would be spending most of our time in. I was full of zeal with the prospect of being able to serve the poor and marginalized members of the community. However, I was surprised to learn that our first task was not to serve the poor, but rather to live among them and get to know them. In order to serve the poor, we would first have to be served by them. Ryan and I set out early on our first day of living among the poor, eager to evangelize anyone we would encounter. We even dressed up in used clothing to make us appear 'homeless'. Shortly after we embarked, we saw a homeless man lying down on a sidewalk ahead of us. We jumped at the opportunity to talk to him. He introduced himself as Jason, but since we were men of God (seminarians) we were privileged to call him Jase. Jase was looking for a laundry mat to wash his clothes, so we offered to help him find one, despite not knowing where any were. As we walked with Jase, it became apparent that he was a man of deep faith and knowledge of scripture. He was able to recite complete verses from the bible by memory with no effort whatsoever. He told us about his life story, and how God had transformed the way he lived his life. He mentioned that he wanted to have a bible study with us so that he could teach us the lessons that had impacted his life. Eventually, we came across a Burger King, and Jase insisted on stopping there to buy us coffee. Jase bought coffee for the three of us with the only ten dollars in his possession. And we had our bible study in the restaurant. We discussed 1 Corinthians 12, Paul's discussion

of the spiritual gifts. Jase gave us some amazing insights about how people use the gifts for personal gain, rather than the glory of God. He said that because they lack love, their gifts are fruitless, which is a lesson I will cherish for the rest of my life. After our bible study, Jase parted ways with us, but he evangelized to us with the generosity he showed by spending he had on us. I had many other wonderful encounters during my three days of living amongst the poor, all of which invigorated my desire to serve others. During my time in Harrisburg, I worked a variety of jobs: I cut vegetables and served meals at a soup kitchen, taught math to middle schoolers, delivered food to immigrants who could not leave their homes due to ICE. Each day offered new opportunities and surprises: the life of a Catholic Worker is very spontaneous! I grew close to many of the people we worked with, especially the head chef of the soup kitchen. She went out of her way to make Ryan and me feel right at home. She made us breakfast each day and would not let us continue working until we had eaten it. She also taught us Latin dances, like the salsa. She was full of joy to have her 'babies' (her nickname for us) around to talk and laugh with at work. Despite her joy, she was suffering. Her husband had been in ICE detention for three months. It was a gift for us to get to know her and her son and witness their joy and resilience throughout this terrible time. During my time in Harrisburg, I learned that God can work in extraordinary ways through ordinary people. I met many people who were suffering immensely, and even though I could not solve their problems, I was able to bring some happiness just by being present and caring for them in small ways. Those encounters reminded me of the lesson I learned from Jase: **so long as everything I do is done out of love, it will be fruitful.** Like the parable of the mustard seed, I believe that God used Ryan and I to plant tiny seeds of love that will one day grow into enormous trees of grace, for I know the love planted in my own heart in Harrisburg will continue to grow. I am incredibly grateful to see how God was at work throughout my time in Harrisburg and I hope to visit again soon!

"We must remember that each of these 700 men or so [in our breadlines] represents CHRIST to us."



By Joshua Dease

"The DIGNITY they still possess is theirs because CHRIST has dignified + ennobled it." (-CW/DEC. 1937).



Hope in Harrisburg from pg 1

Hardship, Yet Dignity Intact

The neighborhood where many Haitian families live is modest. Some depend on food distributions. Others receive donated clothing from local organizations. Yet in the midst of this hardship, I witnessed profound dignity. Parents working tirelessly. Mothers protecting their children with fierce love. Young people who want to study and build a future. Pope Leo insists that “migrants and refugees are recognized as brothers and sisters, part of a family in which they can express their talents and participate fully in community life.” The question is clear: are we ready to recognize these brothers and sisters as full members of our human family?

The Holy Father commented on the pastoral letter issued on November 13 by the U.S. bishops during their plenary assembly in Baltimore. They rejected mass deportations and affirmed that national security and human dignity are not incompatible. The Pope called their statement “very important” and invited all Americans to listen carefully to what they said. He acknowledged that no country is required to have open borders. Every nation has the right to determine who enters, how, and when. But he added that treating people who have lived good and productive lives in the country for years with violence or disrespect is troubling. Those words echoed powerfully in that room in Harrisburg.

The Wound of Violence

During the discussion, a painful topic emerged: violence within the community. I was told about three women who had been killed by their husbands in recent years. I heard about a recent case in which a man stabbed his wife at home and, while walking down the street with the knife used in the murder, was shot by the police. I was shaken. Poverty, stress, constant fear, and isolation can intensify tensions. But nothing justifies violence, especially against women. I urged the community not to remain silent. To report dangerous situations. To seek help before it is too late. The Catholic Worker offered its space for regular meetings, dialogue, prevention, and accompaniment. Protecting women, supporting couples in crisis, breaking the silence; this too is part of defending human dignity.

Prayer, Desert, and Lent

We began the gathering with prayer, and we ended with prayer. Together we prayed: Lord, sustain us in our uncertainty. Give us wisdom to act, courage to persevere, and faith not to despair. The next day, Sunday, we celebrated Mass for the First Sunday of Lent. The Gospel recounted Jesus’ temptations in the desert. I told the community: you too are walking through a desert. The temptation may be despair, anger, or withdrawal.

But the Gospel reminds us that we are not alone. Christ knew hunger, weakness, and trial. He remained faithful. Lent is not a journey we walk alone. It is a journey with Christ, sustained by prayer, the Word, and shared life.

Faces, Names, and Hope

After the meeting, we shared a Haitian meal. Some stayed to tell me their personal stories. I visited families who had been unable to attend. I left marked by the fear and suffering of this community, yes. But above all, marked by hope. A lucid hope, not a naïve one. A hope that knows political decisions can change overnight. A hope that knows TPS could disappear. Yet a hope that insists human dignity does not depend on any document. I was especially moved by the Catholic Workers, tireless companions present at every step, attentive to each person. Their concrete commitment embodies the spirit of the Catholic Worker: solidarity lived not as a slogan, but as daily practice.

I thank God for this encounter. One concrete example revealed the strength of what happens when people gather and support one another. During the meeting, a Haitian woman shared a deep concern. She had an upcoming court appointment related to her asylum case. She was living in Harrisburg, but her court hearing was scheduled in New Jersey. She was afraid to go. She was alone and had no one to accompany her, and she feared missing the appointment. In the meeting, she was able to share her situation openly. Help emerged from the community. People of goodwill from the Catholic Worker and others stepped forward to accompany her. Some helped her travel to the court, and others assisted with translation during the process. This simple but powerful moment revealed something essential: when people meet, speak honestly about their struggles, and support one another, real help becomes possible. Community bears fruit. That experience embodied what I had tried to emphasize during the gathering. Isolation deepens fear, but solidarity opens paths that seemed impossible before.

As I left Harrisburg, I reflected again on the words of Pope Leo XIV: migrants are messengers of hope. It is something I saw and experienced. These men and women live with legal fragility. They face the fear of deportation. Yet they continue to love, to work, to raise their children, and to pray. They remind us of something essential: hope is not the absence of problems. It is the decision not to let fear have the final word. The invitation to our Church and communities is to have the courage to recognize them truly as brothers and sisters, as members of one human family. In Harrisburg, in the heart of winter and at the beginning of Lent, I saw a desert. But I also saw the first signs of Easter. ✠



Disarming Language

By Heather Kelly

I once jumped between two brawling frat boys screaming, “I don’t want to live in a world like this.” I have little tolerance for on-screen violence—and I support strict gun control. Yet, I am often locked, loaded and ready for battle in how I speak to and about others.

So, I felt a not-so-gentle tug of the Spirit when I read the following in Pope Leo’s 2026 Lenten message:

In this regard, I would like to invite you to a very practical and frequently unappreciated form of abstinence: that of refraining from words that offend and hurt our neighbor. Let us begin by disarming our language, avoiding harsh words and rash judgement, refraining from slander and speaking ill of those who are not present and cannot defend themselves. Instead, let us strive to measure our words and cultivate kindness and respect in our families, among our friends, at work, on social media, in political debates, in the media and in Christian communities. In this way, words of hatred will give way to words of hope and peace.

I knew that I had to respond to the invitation to lay down words of war during Lent. But, I also knew I’d be about as successful “not talking smack” as I’ve been abstaining from diet soda. I needed allies for these peace talks. So, each morning during Lent that we pray the Liturgy of the Hours at the Worker House, we also read aloud the Pope’s call to beat our semantic swords into plowshares. We read it not so much as a papal directive, but as a prayer.

Since Ash Wednesday, I have not gone from gossip-monger to conversationalist whose words are “always full of grace and seasoned with salt...” (Col. 4:6). But, I have noticed that a contentious work relationship is on the mend; harsh criticism doesn’t go straight from my mind to my mouth; and my ratio of four-letter to multisyllabic words has improved.

I’m not one to religiously (pun intended) read, reflect, and respond to papal invitations, but here it felt that Pope Leo had granted me a personal audience. I pray that even after Lent, I still strive to avoid “harsh words and rash judgments.” And I pray that others, especially those in positions of power, will do the same. I want to live in a world like that. ✠



Thank You

We’re so grateful for the many gifts we have received: clothing, food, time, talent, friendship, and the financial, physical, and spiritual support of so many in our community. Thank you to everyone for your support! ✠

House Needs

- Prayers!
- Toilet Paper
- Canned goods
- Rice and beans
- Cooking oil
- Coffee
- Underwear (men’s **boxer briefs only** & women’s)
- Socks (men’s and women’s)
- Bus passes (daily and weekly passes)
- Laundry detergent

Monetary donations: Checks can be addressed to “Harrisburg Catholic Worker.” Online donations are via Zelle to harrisburgcw@gmail.com or scan the QR Code!





A Visit to Newark

By Lisa Neuhauser

Wendy is a young Haitian woman living in our conservative Central Pennsylvania diocese. She attended a recent Saturday morning gathering of Haitian neighbors hosted at the Catholic Worker house. Many of our Haitian neighbors, as we have come to learn, are living in limbo about their status here in the United States. Wendy had entered the United States in 2023 under the protected parole status for Haitians who were seeking asylum from the turmoil and civil unrest in their country, which is roughly the size of Maryland.

I was told she had caused some concern at the neighborhood meeting when she tearfully shared that she had received her Notice to Appear for an interview at the U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services (USCIS) Asylum Office in Newark, New Jersey. Her interview was in just a few days, but she had no way to get there and no one to translate from English into her native Creole. The USCIS declares that it is the interviewee's responsibility to provide translators for their interviews. Translators can be costly and errors in translation can jeopardize an asylum case.

This step—an interview with a government asylum officer—is the first of many in the lengthy process of seeking asylum in the United States. The interview does not guarantee that an asylum case will be taken up by the government.

When the Catholic Worker reached out to me and explained the need, I understood the importance of Wendy's appearance at this required interview. We made a plan to meet at 4:30 a.m. for an almost three-hour drive to Newark.

When we met as planned, I could tell this beautiful young woman had a story to tell. During our car ride in the pre-dawn darkness to Newark, I was thankful for my friend Liz from our parish Migrant Justice Ministry, who used her French language skills to chat and translate what she could of Wendy's story.

By God's grace, the Catholic Worker had connected us with a Haitian priest from the Archdiocese of Newark, who runs the Haitian apostolate in the archdiocese. Rev. Aidain Dieuseul connected us to one of his Haitian parishioners,

Suze, to serve as Wendy's Creole interpreter during her interview. Upon arrival at the USCIS center, we met a long line of others anxiously awaiting their own one-on-one interviews, to recount their own histories, for a chance to seek asylum. Wendy's interview with an asylum officer began about 10:00 a.m. She and Suze were given a five-minute break around 12:00 noon, during which we were able to talk a bit. Wendy and Suze then went back to the interview room and finally came out around 2:15 p.m. She had been through a gamut of repeated questioning. She was clearly tense from the anxiety, but she held strong. She had detailed for the interview officer, multiple times, how she was an educated, working mother in Haiti. She told them how she worked her own business selling used clothes in the marketplace. She then told the story of how one of Haiti's notorious gangs eventually infiltrated her town and began taking over, burning the marketplace, and intimidating residents. She narrated how she became part of a group of neighbors who tried to protect the village by building a makeshift fence around it. She and the others were eventually identified by gang members and began to be threatened. With the help of her brother, Wendy soon received parole to flee to the U.S. under Temporary Protected Status (TPS) parole.

As she shared on our ride home to Harrisburg, probably the toughest part was when she recounted the recent killing of a close friend by gang members in her town in Haiti. Suze related to Liz and I that both the interviewer in the room and an officer watching virtually seemed very moved by this incident and Wendy's emotional telling of it.

Wendy left the large, intimidating glass USCIS office with a "no decision" outcome that day. She is now waiting for a decision letter that will either come in the mail or via her USCIS account online. If she receives a positive decision, she will be given a date for a Master Calendar Hearing at which she will appear before an immigration judge. If she receives a negative response, it will be hard to know where her hope lies.





The Personalist

Tuesday Food Delivery

Every second and fourth Tuesday, Paul Kisner leads a food distribution to neighbors in Allison Hill who are homebound, elderly, or unable to leave their houses for other reasons. "Jesus leads it," Paul says, "I just help." If you would like to join Paul in assisting Jesus in this important work of mercy, please write to us at: harrisburgcw@gmail.com. Jesus gives the blessings, and we are blessed to distribute them, as Paul reminds us! †

House Schedule

Mondays

8 a.m. Morning Prayer
7 p.m. – Bible Study for English learners. English speakers needed!

Tuesdays

8 a.m. Morning Prayer
9:30 a.m. - Neighborhood Food Run
5:30 p.m. - Outdoor Dinner at Market Square between Dauphin County Courthouse and Chase Bank

Wednesdays

8 a.m. Morning Prayer
11 am - 2 p.m. Hospitality Hours: open house, coffee, fellowship, laundry and showers available – all are welcome!

Upcoming House Events!

- April 9-** Panel Discussion with Martha Hennessy and Mark Colville at **7 p.m.**
- April 23** - Roundtable Abortion and Consistent Ethic of Life at **7 p.m.**
- May 1** - Celebration of the **St. Joseph the Worker**, at **5 p.m.**
- April 25, May 2, May 16, June 6** - Mama Mary Community Farm Work Days - **Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.**



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