

TROUBADOUR

The Newsletter of St. Francis House, New London, Connecticut



Eastertide 2012

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ENTREPRENEURSHIP AS PASSIONATE VOCATION

by Peg Moran

Doing this article for the *Troubadour* grew from my being the presenter at the February 24 session of Clarification of Thought at St. Francis House. This bi-weekly Winter/Spring 2012 series has explored “Work and the Future of the Earth.” This series grew from last fall’s series focused on “Trans/forming the Economy of New London County”.

My particular focus was “Rethinking Work as Entrepreneurial Vocation.” I reflected on my own experience of starting various businesses – from interior decorating, to renovating houses, to writing a text book on how to start a small business, to small business consultant and now as an organic flower farmer. Always I started with something I cared about passionately and wanted to pursue. Never did I create a business simply to make money. Timing and opportunity are important.. Take five minutes every day to be at peace when you are in a stuck place and energy will come back to you. You will see your next step. Networking one’s own support is important.

Money is important., but money will follow good ideas. This is the First Law of Money expounded by Michael Phillips in his book The Seven Laws of Money. I said in February I would share more of what Phillips says, so here it is:

In The Seven Laws of Money, Michael Phillips explores the relationship between people, projects, and money. The author encourages readers to “undertake a project,” in other words, to become entrepreneurs. He reminds us that it is the responsibility of entrepreneurs to come up with good ideas and warns that worries about money sap the life from a project. Therefore, the First Law of Money is this: “Do it! Money will come when you are doing the right thing.”

Phillips reports that groups get bogged down in money discussions. How much money will the project need? Where will the money come from? How long will it last? When was the last time you were part of such a discussion! The author goes so far as to have himself appointed as a group’s “official worrier about money.” By doing so, he frees the group to do its more important work: creating and supporting good ideas.

Money never launches a project; people do. Projects begin in the immaterial, illogical world of ideas. As you support an idea with enthusiasm and personal energy, a project begins to grow. Add other people’s energy and enthusiasm and a project will move forward. Money can never substitute for either energy or enthusiasm.

Money comes from the realm of logic. And logic, according to Phillips, “represents only 2% of reality.” The rest of reality -- 98% of our life experience - includes feelings, art, non-verbal communication, sensual inputs from our eyes, ears and nose. If we restrict ourselves to thinking of a project only in terms of logic and money, we deprive ourselves of information coming from a huge portion of our experience. We risk cutting ourselves off from the new reality we want to create.

Logical, goal-oriented people will challenge such a strategy. They will question a mystical approach to entrepreneurship: that the basic job of an entrepreneur is to create and nurture a good idea ... and to trust that the money will follow it.

Michael Phillips has a clear answer. He says, "My understanding of the First Law of Money is that a person's focus must be on their passion. An entrepreneur must be able to integrate who they are with what they are doing, see their projects as a whole, and do their work systematically in order to legitimately expect the money to take on its secondary 'helping' role."

Last fall I presented at Clarification of Thought my study of how my home town of Stonington, CT could become food secure. My primary question: could we feed everyone in town on our local agricultural production? As part of the study I analyzed data on soils, climate, current crop and farmland availability and then compared our agricultural capability for local production to the modern food habits of Americans. The Stonington case study is a model that can be duplicated by other towns in southeastern Connecticut. Then we need to evaluate the food production situations of our region's three cities – New London, Groton and Norwich. I am hopeful that we can persuade local elected officials to urge economic development and planning groups to undertake studies in their own towns.

Over the last few months I have been exploring how I could make my skills and interests available to the development of outreach for the Francis Fund for Southeastern Connecticut. The background on how the Francis Fund came to be is available in the last issue of the *Troubadour*. (See Vol. XIII, No. 2.) I am excited about helping make the Francis Fund available to farmers in the area through microlending and peer review. We are planning to do an outreach survey this fall and winter when farmers - including me! - have more down time. By using the new Francis Fund brochure which has just been printed up I think we can plant the seeds of really encouraging ideas for doing this kind of individually rooted passionate entrepreneurial expansion of the local economy. Farmers are already small business people with an eye to new product possibilities. The burgeoning movement towards fresh, local food is exactly the time and opportunity needed to have new enterprise developed. Finding passionate people with good ideas is the next step.

Peg Moran is a local farmer who specializes in local flowers for weddings and farmers markets. She lives and works in Pawcatuck. She is now also Farm Outreach Associate for the Francis Fund for SE CT.



Letter to St. Francis House from Mike Izbicki

I just finished reading about the White Rose group in Ellsberg's *All Saints*. It's been a year now since I left SFH and *All Saints* has been a great daily reminder to me of everyone back in CT. Thanks again to everyone for everything.

On an unrelated note, a few of us have decided to start a Food Not Bombs group here at UCR (University of California, Riverside). Our first feeding date is March 5th and our goal is to feed about 200 students once per week through the spring quarter. We've decided (unlike other FNB groups) to do the thing as legit as possible by getting licenses for everyone and permits for each event. This has been by far the biggest obstacle to starting just due to bureaucratic incompetence.

Hope everyone is doing well.

Mike Izbicki was resident at St. Francis House from May, 2010-March, 2011 while seeking a Conscientious Objector discharge from the Navy. Following his discharge he returned to his home state of California where he is now enrolled in a PhD program in computer science and artificial intelligence.

An Explanatory Note on Mike's reference to *All Saints*: Morning Prayer at St. Francis House always includes reading aloud the "saint of the day" from Robert Ellsberg's *All Saints: Daily Reflections on Saints, Prophets and Witnesses for Our Time*. It is an ecumenical and, indeed, an interfaith collection: Gandhi, Dorothy Day, Peter Maurin, Steven Biko and Martin Luther King, William Stringfellow and E. F. Schumacher share the pages with Francis, Clare and a host of lesser known founders/resses and some more unfamiliar names such as Hadewijch of Brabant, a 13th century Beguine mystic, and Dr. Takashi Nagai, mystic of Nagasaki.

On February 22 we read the story of Hans and Sophie Scholl, Martyrs of the White Rose. Their story begins with a quotation: "*We will not be silent. We are your bad conscience.*" Starting in 1942 this brother and sister and other university students in Munich waged a "spiritual war" against the Nazi system "armed with no other weapons than courage, the power of truth, and an illegal duplicating machine." With leaflets and graffiti and inspired by their devout Christian faith, "(A)t the very least they hoped to shatter the illusion of unani-

DOROTHY JEAN "Aunt Dorrie" PAULSEN*March 12, 1910—January 21, 2012*

New London - Dorothy Jean Paulsen of 32 Broad St., St. Francis House, New London, died at her residence on Saturday, Jan. 21, 2012. Her health had been declining for several years, and she returned home with the support of Hospice Southeastern Connecticut on Thursday, Jan. 19, following her second hospitalization since November.

Born in Albert Lea, Minn., on March 12, 1920, she was the daughter of Anna Pray (TenBroeck) and the Rev. Mark G. Paulsen, who served as rector of Calvary Church, Stonington, during the 1940s. She grew up in the Midwest and graduated from Wheaton College, Norton, Mass., in 1943.

While living on Beacon Hill in Boston, she worked as a secretary for the Department of Defense for 30 years, first at the Watertown Arsenal, Watertown, Mass., and when the arsenal was closed, she transferred to Cameron Station in Alexandria, Va. She retired in 1980, and moved back to the

Boston area where she was active in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Peabody.

In 2000, she moved to Mohican Senior Housing in New London in order to be closer to her niece, Anne Scheibner and Anne's husband, the late Rev. Emmett Jarrett, who together were starting St. Francis House two blocks away. Known to everyone as "Aunt Dorrie," she was an active member of the extended community of St. Francis House, helping with the newsletter, sous-cheffing, organizing the office, and offering hospitality to neighbors and guests. In addition to her volunteer activities, she was an expert needle pointer and lifelong knitter.

In 2009, when her health began to decline and she could no longer live alone, she was invited to move into the second St. Francis House residence on Broad Street known as Victory House. With the help of dedicated caregivers, she was able to continue to live in her apartment supported by members of the St. Francis House community including the House cats and continue to be part of the life of the House.

She is survived by her sister, Anne Paulsen Scheibner of Chester; her nieces, Anne Scheibner of New London and Catharine Scheibner and Carrie Haag of Santa Fe, N.M.; her grandniece, Sarah Jarrett of New London; and her grandnephew, Nathaniel Jarrett and his wife, Zuleika, and their son, her new great-grandnephew, Alexander Emmett Jarrett, all of Charlotte, N.C.

A funeral service will be held at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, Jan. 25, at St. James Episcopal Church, 76 Federal St., at the corner of Huntington St., New London, followed by a luncheon reception in the Parish Hall. Interment of her ashes will be in the spring. Byles Memorial Home, 99 Huntington St., New London, is assisting with the arrangements.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to St. James Episcopal Church, 76 Federal St., New London, CT 06320 or to St. Francis House, PO Box 2171, New London, CT 06320.

Published in The Day on January 24, 2012

Continued from page 2

mous consent and to defy the Nazi's claim to omnipotence." Finally arrested, convicted of treason and sentenced to death, they were beheaded on February 22, 1943.

Most of those commemorated in All Saints are remembered on the day of their deaths. Our reading this story of their lives on those dates represents a celebration of their "heavenly birthdays" and a commitment to our own formation by keeping the corporate memory of their witness alive in our time.

We keep a box of the paperback edition of All Saints here at SFH. It is often a parting gift to those who have spent time in residence here. We commend it to all of our readers. All Saints is published by Crossroad Publishing and is available in both soft and hardcover. Robert Ellsberg dedicates the book to his three children with the following quotation from Thomas Merton:

"There is no way of telling people that they are all walking around shining like the sun."

SAINT FRANCIS HOUSE



January 20, 2012

Dear Aunt Dorrie,

On behalf of the St. Francis Board and the entire SFH community we want you to know how much we appreciate everything you have done over the last twelve years through your involvement in the life and work of St. Francis House. Your generous contribution of time and talents has been a blessing to us all: stuffing and mailing countless *Troubadours*, being sous-chef for Friday night soups, answering the phone and folding the laundry as well as keeping the name tags in order. It is these seemingly small tasks done with great care and attention that knit together a community and make possible the work for which St. Francis House is known in urban ministry, peace witness, homelessness, education and urban agriculture.

You have been everyone's "Aunt Dorrie." Hospitality is expressed in many ways and you have done so much to make friends and strangers, neighbors and guests feel welcomed. We thank you. This letter comes with love and gratitude. As you have been part of the St. Francis House journey, we are honored to be part of your journey now as you near the destination to which we will all one day come.

With love and prayers,

Paul

Anne

Ellen

Norm



This letter was approved by the board of St. Francis House in the days after Aunt Dorrie returned from the hospital. We knew that the end of her earthly pilgrimage was approaching so Paul read her the letter out loud on Saturday evening. The fact that she breathed her last only an hour and a half later we hope was testimony to the words of love and appreciation being part of the release she needed to be on her way. She died peacefully with her great-nephew Nathaniel Jarrett reading to her from one of the science fantasy books they both so enjoyed.



2008 Easter Dinner of St. Francis House Community Residents. Left to right: Sarah & Emmett Jarrett, Wendy & Paul Jakoboski, Anne Scheibner, Max & Henri Alphonse, Bienvenida Mendoza. Front: Aunt Dorrie and Otis.



1938 High School graduation photo

Tree of Life needlepoint done by Dorothy Paulsen now hanging in the St. Francis House Chapel.

**An Enlightening Close Call or
How I spent my February and March:
A chapter in my life with lung cancer**

by Paul Jakoboski, TSSF

"Lord let me live until I die." By that I mean I want to live, love, and serve fully until death comes. If that prayer is answered, how long really doesn't matter. Sister Thea Bowman African – American Franciscan (1937-1990)

I do not seek to grasp or fight for life; I do not fear death nor seek its solace. I am part of creation and I want to open wide the blinders on my vision. I want to remove the scales from my understanding as much as I can be open to, as much as grace will allow, or is given to me to understand.

Often, the breaths I take now I am conscious of taking. They are somewhat labored, shorter, gasping types, trying to play catch up, straining against tired chest muscles. I am grateful for these breaths as reminders of how fragile my (our) life is. They give me an awareness and perspective that I was not comfortable with before my last engagement with my lung cancer. Now I have a better balanced sense of acceptance of life's terms both in relationship to creation and in right relationship to my own life.

To give a better picture of the story of the past six months, let me fill in some details. A checkup CAT scan last October showed three small cancerous tumors in my remaining left lung. Cyber knife therapy (pinpoint targeted radiation) was performed to thwart the tumors in November. On January 2nd, I called in with significant shortness of breath, visited the doctor's office and began treatments for pneumonia and radiation pneumonitis (radiation induced inflammation). The antibiotics and steroids seemed to work well and in a few days I was continuing on my walks and gradually feeling well. But as is recommended, each week I reduced the dose of Prednisone (steroids) by 10 mg having begun at 60 per day. Soon I was down to 20 mg per day and had one more day to complete the regimen. I went in for a scheduled checkup and after some discussion determined I might be able to keep the inflammation at bay with Alleve and an Advair inhaler. I began those on Tuesday. Wednesday

morning I woke up with a slight fever and some difficulty breathing. While waiting for a call back from the radiation oncologist I contacted my primary care doctor and visited him in the afternoon. He prescribed some medication for the symptoms I was having and I drove home in time for dinner. After the drive home I started having increasing difficulty breathing. I ate dinner and decided to go to bed early. After sleeping for thirty minutes I woke, knowing I was in trouble as my heart rate was fast and the shortness of breath increasing. Wendy ended up driving me to the hospital where I was rushed into the emergency room and treated.

The next few days were very difficult and on the edge of my not surviving. I remember vividly lying in the hospital bed with Wendy, Anne, and Carolyn (Patierno, friend and colleague who serves as pastor of All Souls UUA Congregation) gathered round deciding what next steps would be agreed to and which would be refused. The choices were difficult knowing that death was the possible outcome of the decision just made. A friend, Claire, who is also a hospital doctor, stopped in to check on me. She sat and asked how I was doing. I responded that I was overwhelmed with the love expressed by those surrounding me. I felt a strong sense of humility when confronted with my situation and shared with those close to me. We all knew that dying was a strong possibility, yet here I was experiencing their loving care, alive. There came to me a sense of inner serenity and confidence, a kind of joy, that carried me through and assured me that all was well. Claire grasped my hand as I described my feelings and she advised to stay in the moment. Let the loving care of those around me permeate, wash over and through me and hold onto that reality. It was a moment I had experienced before as the psalmist wrote, "Be still and know that I am God."

As the days passed I maintained and did not get worse. With the continuing treatments I began to improve although the need for high volume, continuous oxygen did not change. I was in the hospital for two weeks and then the determination was made to release me on February 20th in the care of Hospice which could provide the level of technical and home care needed to sustain those levels of oxygen.

After the first few days at home my

health steadily and rapidly improved. By the 27th of March I was able to stop with the continuous oxygen. Once again I could be mobile. What a relief to be able to walk outside and sit on the porch! I still need oxygen assistance when I exert myself with long walks or exercising but I envision that need going away soon (I hope!).

The latest good news is that on April 3 I was released from Hospice and a CAT scan checkup revealed no evidence of cancer in my left lung and continued healing. Now to wean me off of the Prednisone – very carefully!

Each day is a challenge as to how much energy I have and then the determination as to how/where to apply it for maximum healing and still get some things done that need doing. Realizing I do not have the depths of energy resources I am used to is frustrating and is the most difficult challenge. Being conscious of the fragility of my life has been a great gift. Those breaths I cannot refuse to acknowledge are the gift of increasing my conscious awareness of life itself. I have much to be grateful for.

Paul Jakoboski lives and works at St. Francis House. He serves as president of the SFH board and has been overseeing our energy audit, the development of the Francis Fund and our 2012-13 budget.

“Humility, love, and joy are the three notes which mark the lives of Tertiaries.” From the Principles of the Third Order of the Society of St Francis.



Broad Street Blues

by Anne Scheibner

We all have much to be grateful for looking back over the last six to eighteen months. It's been a steep learning curve on many fronts. We have all had to learn to live with cancer and with Aunt Dorrie's increasing dementia. My own special cross to bear has been to respond to those who think that "Emmett founded St. Francis House" and that we are all trying "to continue his work." I've been asked a number of times whether I am now "running" St. Francis House. It's hard to communicate that nobody *can* run an intentional Christian community. The assumption many people make is that, of course, the ordained person must have been "in charge." After fifteen years of parish life with Emmett's being the paid professional and my being the clergy spouse (with my own work being primarily outside the parish) we saw St. Francis House as a "fresh start" where we could have equal standing for ministry since none of us would be paid and we would discern together the work given to us individually and collectively. For example, we would introduce ourselves by saying that we each "live and work at St. Francis House."

And in fact nobody can continue Emmett's work and the special gifts which he brought to the community are not replaceable. That is the reality of our loss. But our baptismal covenant and the fact that all of us—both resident members and members of the extended community—bring our own gifts to the table continues the corporate reality of community life. That reality continues in many ways—in the making of soup and desserts and bringing bread to Clarification of Thought suppers on Friday nights, in the leadership of Morning Prayer, in greeting our neighbors, in our continued openness to seeing how we can participate in the incarnation of the Beloved Community in this time and place including through our members' work on the Francis Fund, Fiddleheads Food Coop, prison ministry and many other ways. Easter is a good time to reflect on and rejoice in the hope filled reality of our life together. I was with our old friend Cal Robertson at our weekly peace vigil this Saturday. He said he didn't like wishing people a "Happy Easter"; somehow it didn't seem quite right—wishing a "Righteous Easter" was nearer the mark. I told him I would include his reframing of the greeting in this Easter edition of Broad Street Blues.

Have a Righteous Easter, everyone!

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IN THIS ISSUE:

Peg Moran, "Entrepreneurship as Passionate Vocation"
Mike Izbicki, Letter to St. Francis House with

Note on Robert Ellsberg's All Saints

Paul Jakoboski, TSSF "An Enlightening Close Call -

A Chapter in My Life with Lung Cancer"

Anne Scheibner, "Broad Street Blues"

Center Section:

Dorothy Jean Paulsen

March 12, 1910—January 21, 2012

R.I.P.



ST. FRANCIS HOUSE FIESTA

SUNDAY, MAY 20, 2012

NOON— 3:30 PM

WILLIAMS MEMORIAL PARK

(corner of Broad and Hempstead)



Social Justice Resource Fair:

Come meet our friends and colleagues
with whom we work throughout the year.

Food by Pacifeasts Music & Poetry

SFH Wish List: Portable outdoor sound system

