



The Associate

A Trip Down The Salt River

by Rene Smith in Phoenix

The scenery of Arizona brings forth many pictures and memories for the HCAZ Associates, both past and present. There's the amazing Grand Canyon, the all night drive to the CO house for Thanksgiving, and of course, inner tubing down the Salt River during the triple digit summer heat. The tubing trip is not unlike a large lazy river, except for a few minor rapids and of course the added bonus of having your own cooler stocked with food and drinks. A trip down the river has become a staple summer activity in the Associate house and we were lucky enough to make the trip ourselves.



Here are some of the insights we learned from our trip down the mighty Salt River:

- Grab a sheet to tie around the black tube to prevent burning your skin. Not even AZ strength sun screen SPF 45 will protect you from these burns. These particular burns are not from those harmful UV rays, but the black tube that rapidly heats up as you slowly float down the river. A general recommendation is to use the oldest sheet, probably that slightly dusty one in the back of the closet that only emerges for painting endeavors and the annual voyage down the river.
- In addition to a sheet, reach for your trusted piece of rope that will be used to tie together the small armada of tubes in your party. The rope is also especially useful to pull oneself towards the cooler expertly tied to its own tube.
- Watch out for neighboring tube armadas that are prone to starting water logged marshmallow fights and carry plastic pirate swords.
- Canine life preservers come in all sizes.
- No matter how much sun screen you apply throughout the trip there is always one spot that you will inevitably miss. Usually these spots of skin are only discovered after they have turned the color of a lobster and you are beyond the aid of sun screen.
- Be sure to tie down all loose articles such as car keys, shirts, and bags of pretzels as there are a few small rapids where many have mourned the loss of these items.
- Perhaps the ride via an old shuttle school bus is just as eventful as the tubing itself. During the bus ride you are wedged between a mountain of large tubes and the random guy who may have made one too many trips to the cooler tube.
- We thought about taking a picture for the newsletter, but knew we could not replace a saturated camera on our \$60/month stipend. Beware: articles may shift during flight.
- In true Associate style, the more the merrier. We loved having great company while floating through the AZ red rock. Thanks guys.

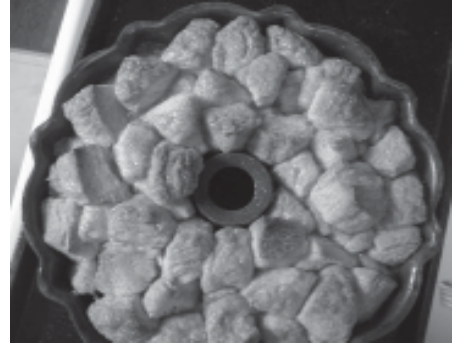


Monkey Bread According to AllRecipes.PDX

by Elizabeth Hildebrandt in Portland, OR

When I was in elementary school, I would go to aftercare almost everyday. We spent the afternoons in an old convent with a full kitchen and many rooms to explore. On special occasions we would make Monkey Bread. Monkey Bread is a fun dessert covered in cinnamon and sugar that you pull apart. A few weeks ago for the community night I planned I pulled out this old recipe and it was a great hit. Not only do you get the recipe to share but also some wonderful comments from the Portland House.

Rating:



Ingredients:

- 3 (10 ounce) packages refrigerated biscuit dough
- 3/4 cup white sugar
- 3 tablespoons ground cinnamon
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 3/4 cup white sugar

Directions

1. Mix together 3/4 cup sugar and cinnamon.
2. Quarter the biscuits with kitchen shears. Dip shears in water after each cut to keep the biscuits from getting too sticky. Dip biscuits into sugar mixture, and place in a greased bunt pan. Do this until all biscuits are used.
3. Melt butter or margarine, and mix in 3/4 cup sugar. Pour mixture over biscuits.
4. Bake in a preheated 350 degree F (175 degrees C) oven for 30 to 35 minutes.

“Also tastes delightful covered in left-over frosting!”

-Tabitha Ledbetter

“Community Night Dessert Problems? Never again with Monkey Bread..A++”

-Quinn Colling

“My favorite part about the Monkey bread was not only its warm cinnamon deliciousness, but also when Quinn referred to it as ‘Monkey balls’.”

-Jennifer DeAngelo

Jack Vs. The Cats

by Patrick Furlong in Chile

An epic battle has been trudging on for sometime now in 1309 Ictinos. At first, Roy and I felt it best to take a position of neutrality. If history is a lesson to any American, it's that a position of neutrality only lasts us so long. And well, really, our ally needed help. Our ally was growing helpless, and quite literally hungry. At some point, who were we not to align ourselves with our three legged dog in the battle against the stray cats?

It started out innocent enough. First it was cats on a tin roof, driving the dog nuts. So be it. Then, they started sleeping in his bed right outside our backdoor. This seemed to be pushing it, but again, not enough to cross us over. In March, we discovered traitors in our ranks. Unbeknownst to Roy and me, Natalie and Michelle, had, for lack of better terms, been coddling these young kittens, almost inviting the enemy directly into our house, most likely in the hopes of adopting one someday. Soon thereafter they began multiplying, and then the real battle began, the battle for food.

It wasn't until April we realized just how dangerous these cute little kittens were. They began eating so much of Jack's food we nearly doubled the monthly order. Jack appeared to be going beside himself. He was prone to random fits of spinning and yelping, hobbling and falling off the couch in a sprint like attempt to protect his domain. Roy and I watched this, and soon found ourselves, allies in this war.

We created squirt guns out of old water bottles and began charging out the back door, screaming with the force of ban gees while spraying water on anything that moved. Sorry Jack. Again and again the cats would approach the front lines, and every time they were met with a fierce repellent: screaming gringos with malfunctioning water bottles. Oh, and a three legged FIERCE dog.

Unfortunately the battle has been complicated as late. The other day I looked out my bedroom window and noticed two cats in Jack's bed. Jack, a mere inches away, laying on the cold floor, merely looked up at them with a tranquility in his eyes no dog should ever have when faced with a cat. Roy relayed a story of Jack cornering one of the cats, and getting frightened when the cat hissed.

The battle wages on, but really it feels like a lost cause. The cats seem to be in it for the long haul. Just the other day they left us a warning: on the sunroof above our living room, the shadow of a dead bird sits as a subtle reminder of just what kind of vicious animals we are fighting against. The cats have come to play hardball, and my loveable but helpless three legged dog is losing the battle, and unfortunately, so are we. Roy wants to put a laxative in a decoy food bowl, I will let you know what happens.



Everything Happens For A Reason

By Bridget Lally in Colorado Springs

As I took time to reflect during the May retreat I realized how truly special this year has been for me. What appeared to be most special were the many unique experiences, or shall I say blessings, that occurred throughout the year. Many so profound, that it is hard to make sense of them—even now looking back on the joys, laughs, challenges, and frustrations. This year I was forced to go out of my comfort zone in more ways than one and as a result have experienced growth within myself as I am sure many can relate.

At this time, no amount of words or time could completely sum up the year. However, it has been a common saying for me when asked about the year to tell people that I am going to write a book one day on this year. Well, it may just happen eventually if the pages would stop turning for a moment to let me write. I can tell you one thing: it would be quite the story. An East Coast girl experiencing the West Coast for the first time, living with three very different people in an intentional community, and working in an agency where heart, spirit, dedication, and passion emulates the daily work that takes place at TESSA. Best described as intense, but special.

The year has been a continued journey of discovery. My work and my community have been huge contributors to many new discoveries on top of all the other experiences. Both work and community are parts of the year that has offered me fond memories and many of the indescribable moments. This year I truly saw the beauty behind the message that God places people in your life for a reason. In this journey I came face to face with new realities, relationships, and a form of love that never ceases to amaze me.

At TESSA a majority of my days are spent listening, being a presence to my clients. Sure, I provide support and wisdom throughout my work, but within that work I have walked alongside my clients on their journey. I meet clients where they are at and let them lead the way. Encouragement, empowerment, and envisioning of the future bind the path while stories are shared daily. I see clients in the midst of struggle, agony, despair, frustration, and often times fear. I see clients gain a sense of comfort, hope, peace, and pride. In those feelings and emotions, I encounter a strength and inner power that can only be expressed within the depths of one's story. A voice spoken and a voice heard.

Whether I have met with the client once or numerous times I have been blessed to have heard their voice. With a perfect stranger, these clients share their deepest thoughts, their most personal intimate stories, things they had not shared with many others, often times no one. And to think that I or my co-workers were the chosen one to listen. These stories and the people behind the stories are astounding. My work at TESSA has taught me the value of life, each moment, and the support that you can find in all those around you when you can search within for that voice of the heart. As a result of my work at TESSA, my clients and co-workers are and always will be a part of me.

My housemates have also shown me the gift of a voice. Within our house our voices were all expressed in different ways: some through words, some through actions, some through written word, some through learning, and all through love. Recognizing the differences, accepting the differences, and working through the differences seemed to be a surprise to all of us as the year unfolded. Personally I got a glimpse of a new perspective of unconditional love. Yes it may not have been the simplest road to travel this year, but somehow we all sustained the year. I will admit that in the beginning and often times throughout I had my doubts. However, through much contemplation I was able to recognize that if nothing else we had one thing in common – we all came with a faith that carried us through the year and throughout the year we have all learned from each other.

On Good Friday I was asked to participate in a reflection in our parish on Jesus' seven last words. The word and passage that I was asked to reflect upon was where Jesus says "I thirst." As I took time to look at my life at that moment, my work, my community, and the Lenten journey, this is what I shared with the parish community:

Throughout the Lenten season we have experienced thirst, illuminated by sacrifice and devotion within a yearning to grow closer with God. The life of a Holy Cross Associate has presented me with a profound experience. Individually and as a community we have come to know God in a different light. With Jesus we have journeyed together. Joys and challenges have been placed in our paths. The spirit of the Lord has been shared and we have been transformed. The journey has begun. As we continue on the path together we thirst ever more for Jesus' continued presence in our lives and the lives of those we encounter. Just how Jesus had thirst, we thirst, for something greater.

Looking back at this year as a whole, that reflection seems more apparent throughout the entire year than just the Lenten journey. God walked alongside of me this year and his plan was a lot greater than I had anticipated. People, challenges, lessons, experiences, and opportunities were placed before me and I have been transformed. Even though it is hard to believe at times and sounds cliché, I suppose things do happen for a reason!

Snapshots of the Soup Kitchen

By Elizabeth Perille in Colorado Springs

At the Holy Cross Associate retreat in Portland, Oregon, we were asked to recount stories of our clients. As I retold my experiences, I realized that there was something profound in them. Attending the retreat enabled me to more fully appreciate working at the soup kitchen. I wanted to share a few pictures- snapshots, if you will- of what struck me this year at the soup kitchen.

-My client, Tim, takes care of a 93 year old man named Mack. He'll sit next to him at lunch and talk to him, and Tim will walk him to the library.

-I see some clients praying before eating their meal and I admire their faith and perseverance.

-Sometimes when one of the volunteers asks a client, "how are you doing," he or she will answer, "I'm doing good. God gave me another day." My clients realize the precious gift that each day is and do not take it for granted.

-At the front of the serving line, set above the silverware, sits a safe where clients can leave donations to the soup kitchen. One day, Tom Corsentino, the director of the soup kitchen, looked at the meager offering from the safe- only a handful of pennies. When I looked at it, I thought of how hard it must be to give away money when you have so little of it. I appreciated every single penny that our clients had given us.

-We give out leftovers in plastic containers. At times we have so many containers that no one takes them all, and at other times we don't have enough. One time there was only one container left, but there were two men in line. Since our policy is first come, first serve, the first man in line was entitled to the container. However, he picked up the container, looked at it, and handed it to the man in line behind him.

-One of the volunteers, Edna, sat down across from a client in the dining room recently. As Edna ate, she talked about the son that she had lost two months ago. As she left the table, the client reached over and gave her a hug. It did not matter that they were of different races or socioeconomic backgrounds. The client comforted Edna and shared in her grief.

-Whenever I am in the dining room, I am always busy. I become so focused on a certain task that I don't acknowledge my clients entering the soup kitchen. At these times my clients will tell me to smile. It was only recently that I realized that my clients have every reason to be pessimistic- and yet they are the ones who remind me to smile.

There are small, grace-filled moments at the soup kitchen. Although despair lurks around the corner, our clients find ways of keeping faith and hope. It strikes me that our clients live out the Bible in their everyday lives by helping one another at a time when they could easily care for only themselves. Although my clients may have never read the Bible and may not be Christian, they display Christian values. At the May retreat, we were asked in what way we have been served by our clients whom we were sent to serve. In my case, watching my clients live their everyday lives with such dedicated determination has made me desire to be a better Christian.



*QUINN, KATE, LINDSAY,
HAMBONE, AND JENN AT THE
TOP OF MULTNOMAH FALLS*

*SPECIAL THANKS TO QUINN,
ELIZABETH, JENN, AND
TABITHA FOR BEING SUCH
FANTASTIC HOSTS! ---FROM
COLORADO, PHOENIX, AND
BROCKTON*



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