



ADVENT 2014

“THE LORD HEARS THE CRY OF THE POOR”



These are the stories written by a few of our Sisters from The Catholic Worker Farm. Names have been changed in order to preserve anonymity.

My Name is Haraparīt

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

My name is Haraparīt. I was born in a village in the Punjab state of India. When I was a very young child I can remember that I used to watch Tom & Jerry. I witnessed a car accident when I was about 5 or 6 years old. I was raised by my uncle and his wife after that. They told me years later that my parents had died in that accident.

I can't really call it, “raised” because my uncle locked me in a room and I was kept there for nearly 14 years. My uncle and my aunt sexually and physically abused me and raped me the whole time. He did not give me enough food to eat. There was water in the room but some days I did not have any food. The room had no windows and no lights; I could not hear any noises from outside. My aunt used to put hot oil on my skin to hurt me. She often slapped my face, kicked and hit me. My uncle always seemed to be angry and I was not sure why.

I never went to school so I didn't learn how to read or write, but later I used to tell people that I finished school at the age of 15 because my uncle had told me to say so and I couldn't talk about what had really happened to me. My uncle used to say if I told anyone about what had happened he would kill me.

At the age of 19 my uncle told me that I had to get married, he had arranged everything. When he took me out of the room I remember that the light hurt my eyes as I was not used to it. I had some treatment for my burnt skin and my uncle and aunt continued to abuse me. I used to stay in the house and was not allowed to go out. After a while my future husband Anoop came to the house with his family to meet me. My

uncle repeated that he would kill me if I told my husband or anybody else about what he had done to me. About a month later we got married in July 2000. We lived together at his family's house.

I was supported by my husband after our marriage and worked as a housewife. After a few months my husband and his mother started asking me why I wasn't pregnant and started putting pressure on me. My husband was angry all the time and he and my mother in law criticized me a lot. I got pregnant in 2000 and I was expecting a girl. My family in law did not want a girl, tried to make me have a miscarriage, e.g. my mother in law put something in my medication to harm the baby. Our daughter was born in august 2001. I was in a hospital and my husband came to see me and the baby and told me that he was leaving that night to travel to the Netherlands to work there. He lived there illegally.



(Continued...)

(...continued)

Between 2001 and 2004 I lived with his family and kept in contact with him by phone. In 2004 my husband arranged for me to travel to Amsterdam, where I then worked as a cleaner. My daughter stayed with parents in law in India.

Two years later my husband decided that we should go to the UK. I went there in February 2006. We both started work in a Samosa factory in Southall and got paid in cash. My husband used to take all my pay from me and send the money I had earned to his family. He said I must not speak to anyone at work. He started working on the night shift while I was working in the day time. He was very aggressive and controlling. He used to call me to check whether I was at home. Sometimes he asked me to put on a CD and play it to prove that I was at home. If I didn't answer my phone he would get angry and accuse me of being out with a boyfriend. I called my daughter every day but I still really missed her. One time I had an infection on the skin in

my neck. It was painful and I wanted to see a doctor but my husband said that I could not go as I had to work.

One day I had an accident and broke two toes on my right foot. I couldn't work after this and had to use crutches. The doctor said that I had to rest my foot but I couldn't as I had to stand up and cook and look after the house because my husband refused to do this. He said if I didn't go back to work he wouldn't pay my rent and I would have to move out. One day in March 2011 after a doctor's appointment my husband was not home and all the stuff was gone. I didn't know what to do and I had no money. I was thinking of killing myself.

After about a week a friend called me and forced me to sign a paper saying that I agreed to separate, that I would not contact my daughter and wouldn't ask my husband for money or my husband would kill our daughter. So I signed the papers. I was too frightened

of him not to do what he told me. I have not spoken with my husband or daughter since. I fear that my husband and his family will harm me if I am forced to return to India.

I now live in a place called "The Catholic Worker Farm" and I feel safe here. My key worker, Scott Albrecht was the first person that I ever talked to about what my uncle, aunt and my ex husband had all done to me. After that I was able to speak to a psychotherapist about what had happened to me but it has taken me a long time to be able to talk about it.

It has been 10 years since I was last in India. I have no support network or family in India that I can turn to and I would therefore feel isolated. I fear harm from my uncle and aunt, my ex husband and his family if I return to India. This would also have a negative effect on my mental health. I would be devastated if I was forced to return to India.

My Name is AYESHA

My name is Ayesha. I am telling you about my life. I was born in Pakistan in 1981 in a city called Faisalabad. I started studying when I was 4 years old. My father was a farmer and we lived in a village which was near the city of Gujarat. In my village, there was no good buildings and other facilities. In that time, my mother wanted me to have a good education, so she sent me to stay with my grandparents who lived in the city.

When I was 6 years old, at my grandparents', I started school. I was

not very happy because I missed my Mom and Dad. It was a difficult time for me; I was shy and could not ask anyone for help or for the little things, like pocket money.

Fortunately, my Mum visited me and gave me some pocket money, which I saved to buy books or important items that I needed. My granddad would sometimes give me something, but I did not feel like asking him too often.

At my grandparents' also lived two of my uncles and their families. I used to see how happy and confident my cousins were and I wished I could live with my Mum and Dad too. There was no choice for me because my Dad was not wealthy enough to keep me. So, I believe that it is at that time that I lost confidence in myself.

However, Mum and Dad came to join us in the city, and they settled in a house that was close to my grandparents'.

At 15, my grandma had a stroke which left her paralyzed in one side. She loved me very much so, I decided to leave school and to look after her. For seven years, I was taking care of her.

In 2000, my father died of a sudden heart attack. Five years later, my grandpa died as well, and a year later, my grandma followed. My siblings were too young to help me as they were still studying. Though my Mum worked, her salary did not provide much. We had to ask our aunts and uncles for help. One of my brothers also decided to leave school in order to work and help us.

In 2002, my mother as well had a stroke, not as severe as my grandma's

An Appeal to Religious

We at The Catholic Worker Farm and Mary House are looking for a Religious who could be seconded or missioned to work with us within our live-in community. Our Motto is "Love in All Sincerity" our Mission is to serve the 20 women and children who were formerly street homeless and now live with us in our two community houses.

These are all women disempowered to work or to receive benefits because of their legal status; which forces them into destitution. All are Asylum Seekers. Many have fled torture, human trafficking, prostitution, female genital mutilation, domestic violence, bonded servitude. All need our love and support.

This could be part of a postulant or novitiate program. It could add another dimension or help you return to your own community's charism. Thank you and May God Bless your work.

but it affected her face and arm and for six months she was on treatment. Thankfully, she had a full recovery but for sometime I had to care for her and grandma. After her recovery, she decided that I should marry. She arranged a marriage for me with my cousin, her sister's son. She asked me if I was willing to marry my cousin, and respectfully, I said yes. I could not have said no because it is not acceptable in my culture.

However, this marriage did not work. My husband had mental health issues. We were together for only two years. One night he tried to kill me. He was holding a knife as I was sleeping. Luckily, I woke up on time to find him standing next to me in that position. I asked him what he was doing but he just left without answering. The next day, I asked him the same question and he did not answer. So I went back to my grandma's. When I explained the situation to my family, they all decided that this marriage should end.

After my grandparents' death I went to live with my Mum.

In

Purchase the DVD

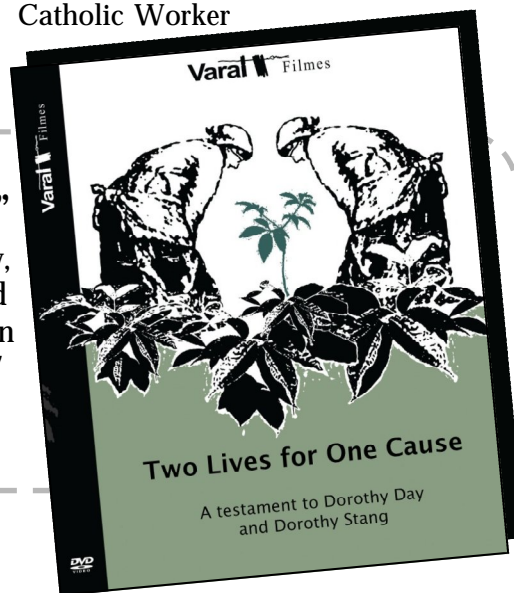
"Two Lives for One Cause"

A moving documentary on Dorothy Day, co-founder of the Catholic Worker, and Sr Dorothy Stang, activist in the Amazon Forest. Directed by Tatiana Polastri. £7 Cost including P&P. Contact Scott on 07983477819 for details.

2007, I came to the UK thanks to an aunt from the extended family. This is



where I met my second husband, at a function. I left the UK after five months but I kept in touch with him. In 2010, he sponsored me in my second visit to this country. And one month after I arrived, we got married. Unfortunately, this marriage did not last either. I found that my husband changed after six months. He started abusing me and I had to leave. I took refuge at the Catholic Worker



(Continued from page 5)

Farm. I am living here now and this is a good and safe place. I just want to say one thing to all parents please don't give your children to anyone to look after them because you don't have any idea how painful a time for your child it is. I know it because I have faced that situation. This is my piece of advice. Thank you.

My Name is Charlize

Close to Christmas last year I encountered some very trying times. I am not a British national and was fleeing a very abusive relationship which I was in with a British national. I have been on the run with my children since 2010 staying with different friends and also not having immigration status. My ex partner used to abuse me physically and mentally until one day I realized that I needed to find a way out no matter how hard it is.

In October 2013 I received a letter from the Home Office stating that my application to remain with my British children has been denied and that they wanted to remove me and have the children stay with their dad and his family. That felt like my whole world fell apart. I was so distressed. I couldn't think straight but all I knew was that no

one could separate me from my children. I did all the necessary research, got in touch with my solicitor and made them aware that I was ready to fight.

In the process my time staying with my friend was coming to an end. Everything was going wrong and everywhere I turned no one wanted to help. One day I went to collect my children from school

and the head teacher called me to the office to be told that Social Services had called the school to inquire about the children. I was shocked and scared. He gave me the number for the Social Worker and told me to call and find out what was going on as he had nothing bad to say about me and my children. I called and found out that an anonymous phone call was made to them accusing me of neglect. I could not believe that anyone could say that as I was doing everything I could to protect my children under these drier circumstances.

They did an assessment and found all the allegations of neglect to be untrue apart from the fact that the kids were not in a suitable home. For this reason a decision was made for the kids to go and stay with their dads family. This completely destroyed me for 6 weeks and in the heart of winter I was homeless. I would jump on one night bus to the next just to stay warm and through it all I was taking my kids to school everyday, washing and feeding



them and putting them to bed five days a week and then leaving them until I came back the next morning to do it all

(Continued on page 7)

over again.

There were times I actually considered leaving but the love I have for my kids was a love I would die for. Close to the end of January 2014 I found a night shelter who accepted me. When I told the lady what had happened she immediately started calling around to help me get reunited with my children. She could see how this was physically and mentally killing me. It was the first time I had ever been away from my kids since I gave birth to them.

She remembered a place called The Catholic Worker Farm and called straightaway. She explained my situation to Scott and he said that we might be lucky as he had a lady leaving who was moving on. She needed to call back on Monday to confirm. I remember Monday at 12:05 pm she called and said it's confirmed. I should go and get my kids and go there. I was so happy and yet so scared. I didn't know how I was gonna do this but it was the only way for us to be together.

I collected some of my children's clothes, picked them up from school and Scott collected us from Rickmansworth station. I was so afraid and vulnerable but had my children with me and that was all that mattered. Scott and Mirjam were so lovely they reassured me that everything would be ok and that I was safe and will be cared for along with my children.

At this point I had so many situations with people that I did not believe them and was worried about it all going wrong. Since the day I arrived at Mary House Scott really made me feel welcomed and it was the happiest day for me ever. I was reunited with my children. The first night

we arrived I stayed up and watched them sleep feeling so happy to be back with them. Over time things got better, even though we had a roof over our heads we really got support from The Catholic Worker Farm.

They had restored my faith in people and made me see that there are good people in this world, just not enough. I could turn to them if I needed someone to talk to, they helped me in so many ways that once I have got back on my feet I would love to help what they represent because I am living proof of what their cause stands for. My life has changed for the better after two court appearance and social services intervention. I am now moving forward and have been granted my residence and am in preparation to get full custody of my children. I am currently job searching in order to move into our own place, give my kids the stability and also everything that they deserve and more.

Share Your Wealth

God wants us to be our brother's keeper.

**. To feed the hungry,
to clothe the naked,
to shelter the homeless,
to instruct the ignorant,
at a personal sacrifice,
is what God
wants us to do.**

**. What we give to the poor
for Christ's sake
is what we carry with us
when we die.**

**. As Jean-Jacques Rousseau say:
"When man dies
he carries
in his clutched hands
only that which**

MONTHLY STANDING ORDER FORM

-FOR A COMMITTED GIVER

Please fill in the form in BLOCK LETTERS and send to: The Catholic Worker Farm, Lynsters Farm, Old Uxbridge Rd., West Hyde, Herts, WD3 9XJ

Your Bank Information
To the Manager (Your Bank).....
Bank Address (in full)
.....
Your Account Number..... Your Sort Code
Your Account Name
Your Roll Number (for Building Societies).....

Your Personal Information:
Name.....
Address.....
.....Post Code.....
Telephone.....Email

Please accept this mandate as my authority to make the payment (Standing Order) of:
The sum of £
And in words

This is to be paid now and thereafter monthly. This replaces any previous instruction in favour of The Catholic Worker Farm until countermanded by me/us.

Beneficiary: The Catholic Worker Farm
Bank: Lloyds TSB, Address: Lloyds TSB St. Albans (309725)
Account Number: 00727903, Sort Code: 30-97-25

Signed Date.....

Alternatively you may send a cheque to the above address –Make payable to
THE CATHOLIC WORKER FARM

How to get involved?

There are many ways in which you can get involved in this important work. Some examples are:

- Come and visit us!
- Become a live-in volunteer/intern
- Help our ladies with transport to appointments
- Come for a retreat in our beautiful Hermitage
- Pray for us - Without this, all the rest is impossible!
- Sign up for our newsletter & event invitations by post or email

C.W. FARM NEEDS

- Sugar, Juice, Long life Milk, Cheese, Butter, Cooking Oil. At the moment we have enough tinned food.
- Home made Jam to sell.
- Cleaning Supplies such as sponges, sprays, gloves, Bleach.

Financial Donations

Becoming a Committed Giver by filling out the Standing Order form is the best way to support us regularly. And help us sustain and increase our work.

If you want to support Mary House, our Mother and child house, directly please make cheques payable to St. Simeon's Church Trust, send your cheque to us here at the Catholic Worker Farm and we will send you a Gift Aid form.

Welcome to our Roundtable Discussions 1st Tuesday of the month 7 pm @ The CW-Farm

We begin with a simple meal, then a topic is presented for us to clarify our thoughts together.

Starting Soon

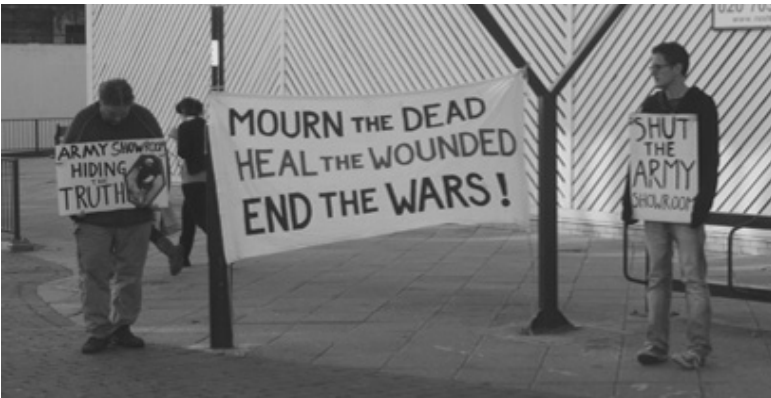
Topic to be announced on our website

Before coming please call 07983 477819

Join our Weekly Vigil for Peace

We sustain weekly Vigils at the Joint Military Headquarters in Northwood.

Please get in touch if you would like to join us.. 07983 477819.



We need your
HELP!

In the Garden
Weeding
Cutting grass
Picking fruit
Making jam
Cleaning the house
Moving furniture
General DIY
Counselling

*Give us a ring if
you have some
time to spare.*

My Name is Belen

My name is Belen Abera and I was born in Addis Ababa which is the capital city of Ethiopia. The first school I went to was one of the best in the city because at this time my mum was a very rich person. My father and my mother split up after I was born and my dad left me and our country when I was 4. He came to England to study and my mother had to raise me and my 3 brothers by herself which has been very hard for us and for her. I missed my dad a lot.

After graduating from high school my elder brother persuade me to join the political party which is against the current party. The reason for us to join was that our mother came from one of the oldest ethnic group of the county which was seen as backward and an uncivilized people. Which is not true by the way. I had this thought through my whole life. Why we were different from the other ethnic groups? We joined the party called OLF (OROMO LIBERATION FRONT). But my involvement was small because of my age. But suddenly my father invited me to come to England to study. That was the happiest moment of my life because I got the chance to spend time with my father.

I came to England in 2007 and I was staying with my dad's family. I studied English and Business because I had some experiences in it. I was planing on going back to my country in 2010. After I went back to my country I haven't had a problem finding a job and started working as a manager for one of the biggest hotels in Addis.

My brother told me that he was still meeting those political leader secretly and I had decided to meet him again. Our movement was so dangerous and I have had so many meetings secretly. We were trying to get the Oromo people (my people) independence and it was going well. My part was distributing leaflets and organizing meetings. But before our dream could come true me, my brother and four further members were caught by the police during a meeting.

They took us to one of the smallest police station and I was detained for a month without the chance to inform my family where I was and I also wasn't allowed to see my brother. It was the worst time of my life. The room was so small and I had to share it with 7 people. We slept on the floor and sometimes we didn't get any food or water for a whole day. Furthermore it has been very hard to go to the toilet and it was also really cold. I had been interrogated and rapped by the chief officer so many times that it used to be my everyday routine. I couldn't use the toilet without pain and walk properly during my detention.

But then my mother finally found out where I was staying and she helped me escape from there by paying a lot of money to a police man. This is very common in Ethiopia. She also arranged for me to leave the country on the same day.

I left my country for the second time through an agent who was paid by my family members. He told me that he is going to take me to Canada. Our first stop was in Sudan then we flew to France and came to England by hiding on the back of a truck. I will never forget that journey, so many sleepless nights walking through dark and scary forests.

By the end of 2012 I arrived in England and wasn't going to Canada because the¹¹ agent changed his mind. I wasn't that confused because I have already been here before. So I went to the Home Office at the same day I arrived. I asked for refugee status and began my processing. I stayed with my dad's best friend as I couldn't stay with my father because my stepmother was not happy with me throughout my application for asylum process.

I then met my ex boyfriend who eventually made me pregnant. Two years ago and we started a very loving and romantic relationship. Even if I wasn't ready to love, I wanted to forget my pain and my fears about the past. I preferred being with him rather than being alone. The day I told him I was pregnant he was happy and promised to support me but when I became 3 months pregnant he told me that he couldn't be bothered anymore because the whole situation made him bored and he decided not to see me again and he then started a new relationship with another woman.

I cried a lot and didn't know what to do because my case was refused and I couldn't get any help from the government. Also my dad's friend asked me to leave the house. He couldn't help me anymore because I am going to bring a child into his house. I called to my dad and he told me he doesn't want to break his family up because of me. I didn't know where else to go and I was forced to ask different friends to stay one night at a time.



Finally, my friend suggested to me to go and ask help at The British Red Cross Refugee Unit. Thank God, finally I found someone to listen. But to be honest it was not easy to find me a place straight away. After a while I was told that they found me a place called The Catholic Worker Farm house.

I went there to live a month ago.

The first time I was scared because I didn't know anyone. But I was amused by the houses cleanliness. It doesn't look a farm house anyway. All the people who has been living there have been telling me their story's: which are similar to mine. And we all understand each other. We are all vulnerable and they are all nice people here. Our manager is a very kind person. I feel like I am in my family home again. All the peace I have I get from this house. I never get it from anywhere else. Everyone is supportive and we all care for each other. And I don't know for how long I am staying here, but at least I got a place to live and eat for free! I am now 5 month pregnant and thanks be to God I am still alive and my journey continues....



Gap Year The Catholic Worker Farm



Why not join us for 3-12 months during a gap year?

CONTACT US!

Scott Albrecht:
07983477819

Homepage:
www.thecatholicworkerfarm.org

Email:
thecatholicworkerfarm@yahoo.co.uk



"I must say that the most valuable part of my experience here has been the encounters and relationships with people"

Would you like to...

... develop your prayer life?

... live with the poor in the UK?

... be a live-in volunteer in a Christian community?

... work in a beautiful garden?

... learn DIY?

... work for justice and peace?

What We Do!

The Catholic Worker Farm takes its inspiration from the international Catholic Worker movement founded by Dorothy Day in New York (1930's). The Catholic Worker seeks to live out Catholic social teaching through practicing the Works of Mercy. The CW-Farm and Mary House provide accommodation, food, English Lessons, Massage and Group Therapy, Counselling and other services for 20 destitute female asylum seekers and children, at no cost.

All of the women were street homeless and referred to us by various Refugee Services. We live with our guests full time and share common living areas.

We are not salaried but rely on donations (see Standing Order form on page 8) and supplementing our income by running a market stall in Beaconsfield. We also work to maintain a large organic vegetable garden to help sustain our household.

We speak out against the injustices created in the halls of power.

What We See!

We are aware of how difficult it is to move on for the women who live here. There are several reasons for this. The women we look after typically have a lower education and poorer English skills. Their ability to get into work is hampered as they are not "Job Ready". Even if a woman finds work it is often on minimum wage with zero hours or short term contracts.

If she finds work and has a child, the child-minder also requires minimum wage and with transportation costs, most of the earned income is spent. If everything is great with the Job, child-minder and transportation, there is the difficulty in finding moving on accommodation. This is because of a broad reluctance on the part of landlord's to take a woman on Housing Benefit. The reason for that is because landlords are increasingly purchasing investment properties, rents have risen dramatically, Housing Benefit is capped, the women don't have a month and a half's deposit or any credit rating. If they find a place they are often exploited once again.

What We Would Like To Do!

Quite simply, open another house. A place where 2 or 3 women with their children could move on. A place where we would not discriminate. Where we would charge women a fair rent based upon her income and needs. A place where no deposit or credit rating is necessary. A place that we could rent cheaply!

And another house! So that we could take in homeless families without recourse to Public Funds. We have had to take mothers and children into Mary House and send the fathers back into London, homeless! One particular family from Mongolia comes to mind. The family were so lovely, humble, peaceful. The father was a political leader in the Democracy movement. I picked up mum and daughter from Rickmansworth Station. I knew it was a grave injustice to send the father back into London. He was very ill with a heart condition and had to sleep in night shelters. We need to keep families together. There is no point in speaking about the value of the family and neglecting those with the deepest, most profound needs.

In the last 3 months we have been getting an extraordinary number of phone calls from British women who are homeless. Another Day!

LITTLE PORTION HERMITAGE

At the heart of our community we recognise the need for prayer.

To this end we have built our Little Portion Hermitage (4x3 metre log cabin).

Hermitage comes from the Greek eremos which is the Desert. As we go into the Hermitage we go into the desert of our own hearts. There we battle for what is God's, the old self dies and the new self grows.

We are offering this hermitage for any who would like to come on a retreat. The log cabin has heat, electrics, bed, dresser, desk and chair, it sits 40 metres from the main house in a secluded wooded area over-looking Lynsters lake. Meals, shower and washing facilities are taken in the main community house.



Comfortable yet Simple Living



The Hermitage

GUEST HOUSE

A great place for you and three or four friends to spend a weekend alone or having a guided retreat. A 4x5m log cabin (sleeps 4-6).

TALKS & WORKSHOPS

- Social Justice: A Contextual Theology for the First World – A modest proposal for a way in which Christians could be living in the first world.
- We Did Not Invent Community – Community as ontologically rooted in the Trinity and expressed in a continuum of possibilities within human experience.
- Jesus' Last Week – A radical day by day exploration of Jesus' last week.
- Jesus; Priest, Prophet and King – Exploring questions such as – What was Jesus' response to the 'Poor of God' in his culture? How do we live out of our baptism in our culture?
- The Catholic Worker – Catholic Social Teaching - putting "love in action" through the Works of Mercy.
- Faith Based Non-Violent Direct Action - Scott has had multiple arrests & 4 criminal records for love of neighbour. Here he shares his theological reflections on such actions.
- Radical Discipleship – Following Jesus in 'The Way' of discipleship.
- Living with the Poor - Scott, Maria & family live with those who have been denied asylum, bonded, abused and trafficked.
- Christian Anarchism – Exploring Christianarchy; looking afresh at scripture with the possibility that God's ideal is human communities 'without rulers'.
- Christians in Empire – An examination of the claims of Empire and claims of The Kingdom of God upon its citizens.
- Should Christians Fight in Wars? – An exploration of The Early Church Fathers on participation in war-making.
- Other Topics include; Franciscan Spirituality, Repentance and Resistance, The Domination System of First Century Palestine and Jesus the Rebel.

Contact Scott on 07983477819 for more details.

Who We Are:

15

Scott Albrecht is 52, Former U.S. Military and Chaplain, Third Order Franciscan, BA, MA in Applied Theology, Faith Based Peace Activist. Scott has accompanied many homeless men and women over the past 30 years.

Francis Albrecht is 17 and a student at St. Joan of Arc. He helps out with techy type stuff, puts things on EBay to raise money and is quite funny. He enjoys playing guitar and photography.

Kjella Knop is 19 years old and from Flensburg, Germany. At the moment she's having a gap year between school and university at The Catholic Worker Farm. To know so many women and their stories from all over the world is one of the most exciting experiences in her life. In order to relax, she loves to paint, read and act.

Laila Abai is 21 years old. She is half German, half Syrian and has spend half of her life in each country so far. She loves volunteering at The Catholic Worker Farm but she is leaving in 2 months to work with Syrian refugees in Turkey.

Veronica Garcia Navarro is 28 years old and from Alicante, south of Spain. She finished her degree in Sociology in 2012 and she has been working since then. In 2014 she decided to take a break from her life and find a job as a volunteer in the UK so she can improve her English and live new experiences. She met "The Catholic Worker Farm" through a network of European volunteers and she was very interested in the project. Veronica likes to help integrate people into normal life. She has been here since November. She likes meeting people from different cultures, different ways of thinking and living in a multicultural community.



Bottom L-R: Justin, Francis, Maria & Scott Albrecht, Angela Formby & Mirjam Johansson.

GOOD NEWS

We have 3 new great volunteers here with us at The Farm. They will be staying for up to a year. Mirjam has moved into the house in Hackney and she and the Hackney crew volunteer here at The Farm 1 day a month.

We are very grateful for her 5 years of service here.

We are now offering 2 English Lessons per week, Massage Therapy once a month, and individual Psychotherapy for our Sisters. We want to thank the folks at Mil End Baptist Church for their Servant Heart.

An amazing New Year lies ahead of us as Shane Claiborne and Steve Chalk will be here in Sept. 2015 for The Speak Peace Festival.

And I really believe that God has plans for growth here at The Farm. I believe that He wants everyone to live in Peace and without Fear. To this end I hope that He will provide us with the human and financial resources to build upon His work...

The Catholic Worker Farm t-shirts

Front: "Comforting the Afflicted".

Back: "Afflicting the Comfortable".

Available in
black or white.
Sizes S, M, L, XL.

£15
(including postage)

To order e-mail us!



The Catholic Worker Farm
Lynsters Farm, Old Uxbridge Road,
West Hyde, Hertfordshire, WD3 9XJ
Hm:01923 777201 Mob:07983477819

Web Site:
www.thecatholicworkerfarm.org

E-mail:
thecatholicworkerfarm@yahoo.co.uk



Join the
Catholic Worker Farm
Facebook Group