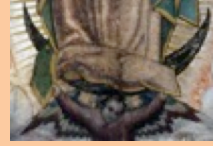




Guadalupe Workers



July 2017



This painting, the *Conversion of Saul* by Caravaggio, used to confuse me; I just couldn't figure out why Caravaggio had placed the horse's hoof in the exact center of the painting. And the way Saul's body arcs from below and the horse's body arcs from above places even more emphasis on the hoof at the center of a circle. It's almost as though Saul's revelation comes not from heaven, but from the hoof—which is exactly the point, I finally realized. As a devout Jew, Saul's difficulty would have been in accepting the idea that the transcendent God

who spoke to Moses from thunder and fire could also be found in base material existence. So there it is right over his chest; is that Alpha and Omega printed right in the center of that coarse, dirty hoof?

I'm sure you have already figured out

why such abstract considerations are found in a prolife newsletter. We are, after all, the ones who insist that God is found in the midst of a clump of cells, in a tissue mass, in that vague little tadpole we call the unborn child. Then there is that more specific group of proliferers, the Guadalupe Workers, who stubbornly insist that God is in the "hoof" of Detroit—that semi-abandoned, burned out section of the city, the part that will never be part of Detroit's so-called revival. This is the area in which the children go to bed

listening to gun shots; the area in which fathers find no way of expressing their manhood except by impregnating multiple companions; the area in which the ambition of the mothers becomes no larger than the desire to survive to the next day.

At the Summit abortuary, near Greenfield and McNichols, we met such a woman about a year ago. By two different men she had given birth to five children. When we met her, she was with a third man, and they were about to kill their sixth living child. Happily, they didn't; but of course with the Guadalupe Workers the story never ends, only begins, there. We helped her get a car, we helped her pay rent, we helped her get some furniture. We could not, however, change the environment in which she lived. And when the gunshots at night became too many, and the kids too frightened (no, I was not exaggerating in what I wrote above), she and the kids left their apartment and began sleeping in the car.

Cont.

When Alicia learned Erica was doing this, she placed them in a Days Inn for one month. At the same time, we went shopping—for a house, their own house, in a real neighborhood (there are some left on the west side).

After several weeks we found such a house. Our offer of \$25,000 was accepted. Because of one woman's tremendous generosity, we will be able to pay that \$25,000; however, the septic line will have to be snaked and a new hot water heater installed. Perhaps, with difficulty, we can cover those costs; yet there are other mothers who depend on our help, and other promises we have made. It seems, then, that at the beginning of the summer we will be broke. Donations always lag in the summer, so we are used to finding ourselves with an empty account by the end of August—but not at the end of June.

Yes, the house is expensive. While we began, though, with the rescue of one child, we are now attempting the rescue of an entire family. In the midst of the violence and poverty of the west side, in the midst of the hoof, we have found God in the form of a woman's decision to love her children, all of them, even though she could promise them nothing.

Please send all correspondence and/or support for the Guadalupe Workers to the following address:

**67919 8 Mile Rd.
South Lyon, MI 48178**



Alicia at La Rosita



Ana, whom we have known for many years, helps with childcare during our most recent Saturday meeting.



Rebecca Hawkins, art teacher from Gabriel Richard High School, led our mothers in an art project at the last Saturday meeting.