

Spring, 1994

Dear Friends,

It is with great sadness that we announce the death of our fellow community member, Wally Hilton. He died of AIDS peacefully on January 23, 1994. Wally created Love's Garden at Martin's. and was part of our community for the last ten years. Wally was a very special, magical person. We all mourn his loss. The following piece was something he wrote about the garden and Martin's. Nothing is more fitting then to let Wally speak for himself, and for each of us. We will miss him terribly but in the seeds of love he sowed we will remember him in our own blooming.

In God's Light,



for the Martin De Porres Community

WATERING IN THE DARK

It is day's end when I arrive this Saturday at Martin's and — perfect timing, the Sunday morning prep team is locking up. Other Saturday spirits are milling about, I hear but don't see them, and I am weary from the stresses of an imminent departure. But last stop, I know, and I am eased to unload the last of many loads, brew a pot of coffee, and smoke cigarettes in the yard. A moment's rest. A long day. And push on. By the time I get the hose out and the water running, the last light is fading quickly. Charlie and I chat by the jasmine about the removal of the billboard that hangs overhead, and by the time our conversation ends, it is city dark. The plants have switched gases for the evening, and stiffen in the cooler cycle of the day. My hand guides the watering wand as much by sense as by memory. I know who is there in each spot, how to reach and rain. I know this from tending our bit of this beautiful earth. I move casually through my routine, enjoying the night glisten as leaves stream wet. I see Martin's at its quiet hour, when only the spirits of the day remain, and am amazed at the lively scene my heart creates as I people the place. There are two favored moments I enjoy most at Martin's. This is one of them. Martin's at rest. I enjoy the wind and weather when they sweep through and cleanse. My most favorite time though is when I am able to drop in and mill about the yard mingling, or find an out of the way spot and watch the hustle. When the yard is being used by our guests, when the smiles of each service are shared, when we parade naked before each other in spirit and desire, or when we pause to pray, or thank Creation — then I am most fulfilled. To play my special part here, to serve my fragile heart with this garden you have allowed me to grow, have helped me to show, to watch it fill with the bright glisten, the sun to soothe so many faces, to ignite spirit, to watch and know my small part humbles me with gratitude. For me there is always Martin's. Like my hand watering through the dark, Martin's is the refuge my heart may always find, always return to. It is a landscape of love, and repeated understanding, and necessary tending to life's mysterious details.