



# Fertile Ground

Journal of Peace House, the Kalamazoo Quaker/Catholic Worker

Issue 15

June 2016

## Peace House News

By Mike DeWaele

For us, the early weeks of June are a blessed interval. We rest between the satisfaction of a completed afterschool program and the anticipation of what's to come in a few days. We breathe, we recharge as best we can, and we focus ourselves for that eight-week frenzy of love, laughter and youthful chaos that is our summer program. Right now, Phelps Avenue is lush and green under gentle sunlight. The breeze and the birds can be heard in the short silences between the passing of cars. We are in the first days of a season of *life*. It's beautiful.

But it's also painful and awkward and strange. This Spring has taken many of our loved ones from us. Joe Morton, our dear friend, college professor and peacemaker, who brought gentleness and wisdom wherever he went, succumbed to illness in April. Fr. Dan Berrigan, not just an extraordinary intellect, author, nonviolent resister and lover of humanity, but also a wonderful uncle to

Jerry, his sisters and his cousins, passed on in May. Less than a week ago, as I write this, my own courageous, open-hearted aunt, Carol LaPorte, died of cancer at the age of 59. Then came this: Larry Paulik and Tony Nelson, dear friends and supporters of Peace House from its earliest days, were on a bike ride with friends when they were struck from behind by an out-of-control driver. Four of the group were wounded. Tony, Larry, and three others were killed.

This is how we go into this new season: saddened, softened, heartbroken and in shock. We are bewildered at the thought of carrying on without

these dear ones who had traveled with us for so much of the journey.

So, we dedicate this issue of *Fertile Ground* to our dearly departed. We will commemorate them in these pages and share their stories with you. And we will ask that, as you read about all the Peace House adventures herein—past, present, and future—you will see in them a celebration of their legacy. Because love like theirs is what builds this place. We reap where they and so many others have planted. Our gratitude to them can never be adequately expressed.

At last report, we were heading into the holidays

and getting ready for our Annual Holiday Party. Again, it was a tremendous hit. More than a hundred of our neighbors and friends came together for food, fun and fellowship, celebrating the community that we continued to build over the year. This time around—at the gentle yet persistent urging of our friend, Deacon Pat Hall—we held our party at St Mary's Church here in the Eastside neighborhood, instead of at St. Joe's, whose hospitality we had gratefully enjoyed for many years prior. Pat's point was that a gathering in the

neighborhood would be easier for our families to attend, and darn it if he wasn't right. It was our biggest crowd in years. There were games and activities for the kids, fancy coffee drinks for the parents, a delicious meal to share and gifts for all! It was a truly blessed evening, made possible by a large number of volunteers and the donors, from St. Catherine of Siena and elsewhere, who provided toys, games, hats, gloves, scarves and treats to contribute to a happy holiday for all.

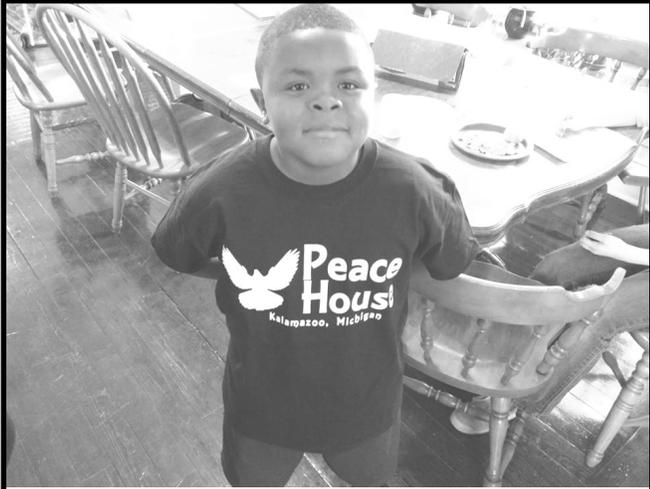
After a hiatus over Christmas and New Year's, the

*(Continued on page 2)*



*At our spring work party we started to develop a natural play area in the woods behind our property. This space has extra significance because our friend Tony Nelson helped create it (see page 6). Here is the first effort from neighborhood kids at building with sticks and stones in a space that will forever be known as "Tony's Place."*

after-school program got back rolling in early January. I think all of us here were struck by how consistent the winter seemed. We're used to seeing attendance drop off precipitously in winter, mostly because it's hard to get here and often too cold to enjoy the outside. Our El Nino winter, however long, was mild, and so the kids kept coming. They played basketball and soccer all the way into February, coming in to warm up, get a snack and do some homework. We had great support from our volunteers,



*Anthony proudly shows off his new Peace House shirt earned through homework time.*

too. Even though a few of our tried-and-trues understandably fled for sunnier climes, our student volunteers from United Campus Ministry and several reliable substitutes made sure that we were well staffed throughout the season.

Our Wednesday teen program was strong, too. Even though sports, activities and part-time jobs compete with Peace House time, we could usually count on at least ten and sometimes more. Teen group has become a lot more laid back over the course of the year. Some portion of energy is still devoted to academics, but we've really come to see the importance of having good, positive social time. Conversations can be whimsical and light or they can be quite serious. A home-prepared treat is always a must. Like last year, Jeter's Leaders have been an

important part of our circle, introducing some structured programming while lending their leadership and perspective. Rob Kilkuskie, our intrepid math and science hero, has brought his expertise to Peace House faithfully every week.

As busy as things have been this year, we've really counted on the maturity and leadership of our junior staff: Antoinette, Marcello and Tonjia. Since the fall, we've been hiring these young adults on elementary afternoons to help manage the flow of traffic in and out of the house and to keep an eye on things outside. They've done a great job, and it feels good to us to support young people who have been part of the Peace House community for several years. We've been counting on them to model our values and to inspire the confidence of younger folks who might be in their shoes someday. "I'm gonna work for Peace House when I get older!" is something we hear a lot these days.

Our work continues with the Eastside Network, in our efforts to create more life and more opportunity for residents of our neighborhood.

This past weekend was the first of several neighborhood parties E-Net has planned. We're also looking into new educational and employment opportunities, fun with literacy, expanded community gardening and more. It's fun and exciting to work with a large group of engaged people and to see things happening.

We also continue our activism against the use of armed drones, piloted from the nearby Battle



*Check this out!*

1. Four people started on chairs and leaned back on top of the person behind them.
2. Chairs slowly removed, one by one.
3. A free standing human structure! (not to last long)  
*Interdependence!*

Creek Air National Guard Base. Along with our friends from Battle Creek Voices for Peace, we maintain a monthly vigil at the base, the first Saturday of the month from noon to 1 pm. They are such a wonderful group, and we treasure their friendship and partnership. We are seeking more peace-seekers to join us in this effort.



*In April, Peace House attended a talk by acclaimed author Jason Reynolds at the library. Jason is the author of the young adult books, "All American Boys" and "When I Was the Greatest."*

In March, the Mechtenberg-Berrigan family went on behalf of our community to join the Midwest Catholic Worker Faith and Resistance retreat, organized by the Minneapolis Catholic Worker. These retreats are occasions where CWs from throughout the region gather over a weekend to study an issue of peace and justice and then plan and carry out a protest action around that particular cause. This time, the CWs worked on behalf of, and under the leadership of, Black Lives Matter (see page 4).

In April, we threw our 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Peace House Stomp, our square dance fundraiser, again at St. Mary's. It was a blast as usual, our biggest crowd yet. Mike Clark and the Celery City Sodbusters kept the party moving all evening, a pile of donated treats

providing added fuel. We raised a lot of fun and a lot of funds, thanks in large part to Modern Woodmen, who gave us a matching donation. Special thanks to Pat Hall, the Mabus family, and Kirsten Jennings, among many others, who put in a lot of hard work and hustle to make it happen.

May was the big work party. In another break from tradition, the sun shined all day. With lots of help from all around town, we got the play structure painted, the gardens prepared, landscaping done and a new natural play area in the woods built- a spot where kids can use natural materials and their imaginations to build houses, forts, and contraptions of all sorts.

Meanwhile, Jerry continues to do well as a construction contractor. Molly is finishing another year as a Conflict Resolution Specialist in the schools through Gryphon Place. Jen is providing a wide variety of services to at-risk students at Woodward Elementary through Communities in Schools. Amos is finishing his first year of middle school. Clara and Jonah are putting third grade in the rearview mirror. And Leah and Alice will be getting their degrees in Kindergarten shortly.

And now, at the edge of summer, we're preparing for the biggest eight weeks of our year. We are filling our calendar with bike repair, sports, music, cooking, art, science, reading, math, field trips, gardening, nature exploration, surprises and fun. Some of our pieces are already in place, but we have plenty of hustling to do to get everything ready. We've been doing this for a long time, though. We know how to get it done.

Speaking of long times, July 1 of this year marks ten years since this little community coalesced within the walls of 321 Phelps. The four of us have been friends now for half our lives, and now for half *that* time, we've been living and working together in this incredible, powerful, intimate way. We give thanks for that. We give thanks for Tony, Larry, Carol, Dan and Joe. We give thanks for you, for holding Peace House up, filling it with your love, and making everything that happens here possible.



*This year at our spring work party we painted the play structure. A beautiful day and lots of help made this major project go smoothly.*

# In 'followership,' Catholic Workers Take Action for Black Lives Matter

By Brenna Cussen Anglada (Brenna Cussen Anglada is a co-founder of the new St. Isidore Catholic Worker Farm in Southwest Wisconsin. This piece was originally printed in the National Catholic Reporter.)

"Race traitors!"

"Shame on you!"

"Get a job!"

"I agree with you; I just don't agree with your tactics!"

These were just some of the phrases screamed with venom by passers-by at the 25 Catholic Workers who were linking arms to block the major intersection outside Target Field in Minneapolis during the Minnesota Twins' opening game.

Under the leadership of Black Lives Matter Minneapolis and Black Liberation Project, our mostly white group helped communicate two demands: first, that Target end its exploitative labor conditions for its mostly black and brown workers; and second, that the case of the killing of Jamar Clark, an unarmed young man who was shot in the head by Minneapolis police last November, be reopened, and an independent prosecutor assigned.

About 70 protesters attended the April 11 event, unfurling banners both inside and outside the stadium that brought attention to the recent decision of prosecutor Mike Freeman to not indict the officers who shot Clark.

While the frequently shouted refrain of "Get a job!" sounded absurd coming from baseball fans on their way to a Monday afternoon game, the phrase "I agree with you, just not your tactics" hit closer to home.

I myself had struggled to see how interference with traffic during a sporting event could possibly lead to the justice we were calling for. How could provoking the anger of Minneapolis residents be considered a productive or nonviolent approach?

With the in-depth training we received that weekend by Lena Gardner and Kandace Montgomery,

two leaders in Black Lives Matter Minneapolis, I understood that the purpose of these direct actions was to create such a tension in our society that the demands of Black Lives Matter could no longer be ignored.

During the training, somebody specifically asked our guides about the strategy behind their disruptive tactics. They answered that as long as black women, children and men were getting killed in the streets with impunity, activists would disturb "business as usual" in order to force the wider community to take notice and enforce change.

Their reply reflects the sentiment of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in his "Letter From a Birmingham Jail," responding to the criticism of white religious leaders who, too, agreed with his goals, but not his tactics.

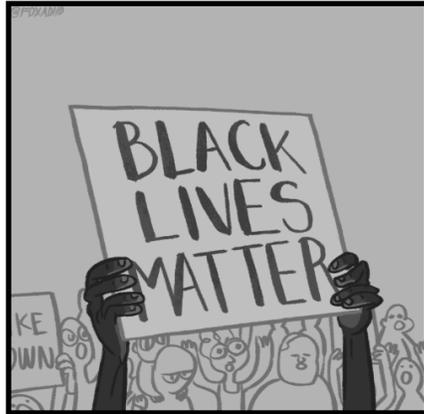
"Nonviolent direct action seeks to create such a crisis and establish such creative tension that a community that has consistently refused to negotiate is forced to confront the issue," he wrote. "It seeks so to dramatize the issue that it can no longer be ignored."

As people shouted "Shame!" at us during the protest, another of King's quotes came to mind: "You deplore the demonstrations that are presently taking place. ... But I am sorry that [you] did not express a similar concern for the conditions that brought the demonstrations into being."

One of the many specific conditions in Minneapolis that have brought such demonstrations of outrage into being is the fact that, over the past 10 years, 100 percent of people killed by the Minneapolis Police Department have been black or brown.

How is it that many white Midwesterners would rather hurl insults at demonstrators who cause them a minor inconvenience than scream at the top of their lungs for justice when their sisters and brothers of color are being killed one after another?

Catholic Workers have a long and strong tradition of nonviolent civil disobedience, though its actions have traditionally been targeted at war-making. For the past 13 years, Catholic Workers in the Midwest have been meeting every spring for a "Faith and Resistance



Retreat" in one community's hometown to support its local nonviolent campaign. Gatherings have focused on such issues as nuclear weapons, ROTC, drone warfare and mercenary soldiers.

Last year, however, prompted in large part by the shooting of Michael Brown in Ferguson, Mo., the movement began to challenge itself to look at the way we have been not only ignoring the war on black people in our own cities, but even perpetuating racism within our predominantly white communities. About 100 Catholic Workers attended a training in St. Louis led by Crossroads, an anti-racism organization.

The conversations in St. Louis were often messy and at times quite tense, as confronting our own racism is difficult. Still, the training helped us see how much we have suffered from racism: dividing us from our neighbors, and letting fear prevent us from making deep and lasting relationships with people of color.

It also helped clarify how the cost of being "white" in this country has meant a disconnection from our communities of origin – our ancestors, land, culture and even spiritual roots. This separation has led to insidious forms of alienation and ever-increasing rates of anxiety among white people. We are realizing our own need for deep healing from this 500-year-old legacy.

This year, the Midwest Catholic Worker decided to combine an anti-racism training with a direct action of civil disobedience, both led and facilitated by Black Lives Matter.

The weekend included a discussion of the history of Catholic Worker support (and non-support) of racial justice, highlighting Dr. Arthur Falls, a black physician who founded the first Catholic Worker in Chicago in 1936. We discussed the idea of "followership" – what it means for a white person to trust and defer to the leadership of people of color in movements for racial justice.

Gardner and Montgomery provided us with an in-depth history of Black Lives Matter Minneapolis, an overview of the often unacknowledged black liberation movements on this continent, and a clearer picture of

the way black people are targeted by police in their city.

Our facilitators also unpacked the main principle that guides Black Lives Matter: that all black lives – regardless of age, sex or gender –matter. Because of this overarching belief, Black Lives Matter has made a specific effort to centralize the voices of the most marginalized among them, namely LGBT women.

Gardner and Montgomery invited their colleague the Rev. Osagyefo Sekou, a black pastor and theologian who participated in the nonviolent protests in Ferguson, to prepare us for what we might face during our protest. Based on his own experience, Sekou taught us how to protect ourselves if the police used tear gas, mace, clubs, or "snatch and grab" maneuvers on us.

It was decided that only white people, who are less vulnerable to police brutality or abuse in jail, would risk arrest during this action. (We were correct – after blocking an intersection and a light rail for 90 minutes, all 25 of us would be gently processed and released in less than two hours.)

During the preparation, Sekou pointed out that white communities often bemoan the fact that they can't get more people of color to join their organizations. He believed that this was missing the point. "I don't have any problem with all-white communities," he said. "As long as you are doing everything you can within those communities to dismantle white supremacy."

When we stepped out into the road on that sunny afternoon, we did so for two reasons. First, as Amy Van Steenwyk of the Mennonite Worker so eloquently expressed, we believed it was "our moral obligation to call our white brothers and sisters into deeper compassion and a fuller understanding of the complexities and pervasiveness of American anti-black racism."

Perhaps even more importantly, we did so because we believed that only through actively dismantling the white supremacy we have inherited from our ancestors will we find the joy, liberation and connection that comes through true community.



*April 11, 2016: Catholic Workers block the light rail train at Target Field in Minneapolis, MN, disrupting "business as usual" on opening day for the Minnesota Twins.*

# In Gratitude: Joe Morton, Dan Be

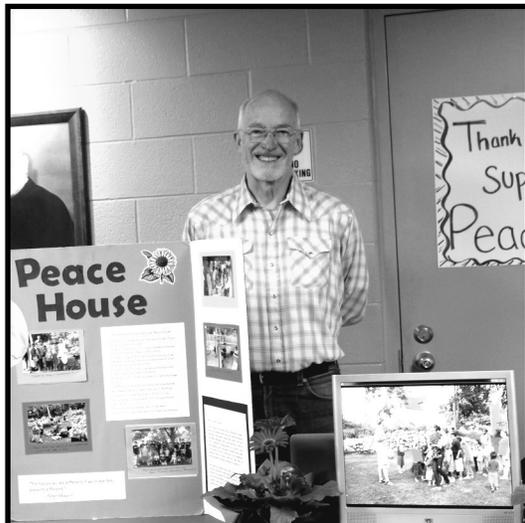
**Tony Nelson (1943-2016); Larry Paulik (1942-2016)**  
**Reflection by Molly Mechtenberg**

On the morning of June 7, we four community members sat together in a meeting, reflecting on our ten years in Kalamazoo. The challenges of past, present and future sat in the room with us. We have persevered and will continue to, we all agreed, because of the community of people who surround us. The people who have walked with us since we moved here many years ago, who come to our events and assist in running our programs, who encourage us, help us build and grow – they might not realize how much they carry us through the ups and downs.



*Larry Paulik*

We were talking of people like Tony Nelson and Larry Paulik, who have been by our side from our early years on Phelps Ave. It was with great shock and sorrow that we received news the next morning that Tony and Larry were killed in a tragic bicycling accident on the north end of Kalamazoo. They were two of five people killed instantly when an erratic, possibly intoxicated driver plowed into the back of their bicycling group. Four others survived with serious injury.



*Tony Nelson, working the table at the Peace House Stomp.*

Broken bikes, broken bodies, broken hearts. As we struggle with our own grief and that of our wider community, we try to comprehend the brokenness of a man who acted so violently. We grieve the second act of senseless violence in our community this year that took multiple lives. We grapple with the reality that Tony and Larry will no longer be walking with us.

Both Tony and Larry carried a quiet joy that pervaded what they did. Their presence spoke for them so often. Coming to our events, listening, questioning, constantly challenging themselves and others. Helping out in endless ways. Six years ago when Jerry broke his leg and Leah was two months old, Tony came every week to help us move ahead on house projects. That's who he was.

## SOME

*Daniel Berrigan, S.J.*

Some stood up once and sat down.  
Some walked a mile and walked away.

Some stood up twice then sat down.  
I've had it, they said.  
Some walked two miles then walked away.  
It's too much, they cried.

Some stood and stood and stood.  
They were taken for fools  
They were taken for being taken in.

Some walked and walked and walked  
They walked the earth  
They walked the waters  
They walked the air.

Why do you stand they were asked, and  
Why do you walk?

Because of the children, they said, and  
Because of the heart, and  
Because of the bread.  
Because  
The cause  
Is the heart's beat  
And the children born  
And the risen bread.

*(Continued on page 9)*

# Berrigan, Tony Nelson, Larry Paulik

**Dan Berrigan, S.J. (1921-2016)**

**Reflection by Jerry Berrigan**

In my childhood, New York City was Uncle Dan. This was back before the big money owned everything in Manhattan, back when things were more grimy and shadowy and mysterious. Once we came for a visit, and while we were upstairs someone stole the battery out of our car, then tried to sell it back when we came out. I'm not sure the Upper West Side shows that kind of panache nowadays.

We kids would be fed some strange meal and perhaps something tiny and delectable and sweet, then we would color on the floor or read in the uncomfortable chair or wander the apartment, looking around. From floor to ceiling, there was so much to see; priceless works of art cohabitated with newspaper clippings and movement posters, dog-eared and yellow with age. Occasionally before leaving we would all go up two remaining flights to the roof, and we would gaze out over the middle canopy of the great city at night.

In my early 20's I began reading the family books, and I guess I am about halfway through the corpus. I am especially grateful to Uncle Dan for his writing. I have a deep connection with him when I am reading his work; that's probably the case for many people. Through his pen his mind was unleashed; he could follow an

*(Continued on page 8)*



*Leah Rose, Jerry and Uncle Dan on the occasion of Leah's baptism in New York City, June 2010.*

**Joe Morton (1935-2016)**

**Reflection by Jen DeWaele**

In March, our good friend Joe Morton succumbed to a long battle with cancer. His eighty years on this earth were filled with people, stories, and activism. Joe was always committed to discerning the right path and choosing it. He was a professor at Goucher College for 47 years, ten of those as chair of their philosophy department, and he founded their Peace Studies program in 1991— one of only a few in the country. In and out of the classroom, Joe's was both an amazing teacher and an engaged student.



*Joe Morton, in one of his favorite positions — on the floor with children.*

Learning, his and others', was at the core of his being.

I first met Joe when I moved to Jonah House in January of 1999. He was sitting by the wood stove, thinking that he wanted to sew a patch on his well loved jean jacket, and asked for help. Looking back, after years of friendship, I see that this moment WAS Joe, through and through. Joe was always finding ways to create relationship, many times through common work.

Over the next six months, Joe and I worked side by side on many projects- physical, emotional and spiritual. As a young one (24), I was a chatterbox when it came to things on my mind, especially things that were puzzling me or troubling me. It was my way of figuring them out. I can still hear Joe's gravelly and kind "uh huh", or "really", in my head, and they

*(Continued on page 8)*

*(Dan Berrigan, continued from page 7)*

idea upstream to the source, could then turn the idea over and contemplate it from another facet, then another, then set it aside and move on, dancing over rocky terrain then stopping to contemplate. It was almost like he lived right in the heart of God and reported back to the rest of us.

Not long ago I came across the eulogy that my father gave for his mother, Frida, in December 1977. The gist of it was: Frida was an exemplary human being and Christian, so Dan, Jerry and I will honor her by going to the Pentagon and getting arrested.

This admittedly atypical response to the death of a beloved elder strikes me as altogether typical, considering my dad and Uncle Dan. The tea they brewed, upon which we were weaned, was a swirling mix of joy and sorrow, anger and hope, sacrament and incarnation, liturgical direct action and long

prison sentences. As I grew into adulthood, Dan's work provided an absolutely essential interpretive tool to sort all this stuff out, and to know that it is good.

He stood, we stand, with a foot in this world and a foot in a world which might be. The difference is, we have more weight planted on American soil than on Kingdom soil, we see dimly; whereas for Uncle Dan, our nation's behavior is aberrant, not to mention repugnant and doomed, and he believed in his bones that the Kingdom of God is real. He believed that we could live with one another in peace and mutual aid. Is that so far-fetched?

*(Joe Morton, continued from page 7)*

come to me in love occasionally when a moment reminds me of him. He was always kind and always patient, and always worked his tail off on any project laid in front of him.

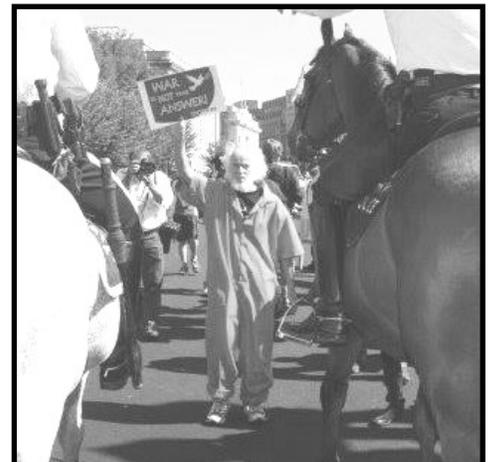
Joe was the one who introduced me to Quakers and Quaker silence. He was not Quaker, but had had ramblings with Quakers, and shared with me their ideas and faith. I found deep comfort and solace in his quiet response to my processing. Sometimes silence and loving quiet are the best response in conversation. "Mmhmm."

Joe traveled extensively, building relationships and sharing stories with people across the country. He made many treks west, visiting friends far and wide, many of whom he had known for decades. He was deeply committed to each person, and shared their stories with us as he came through. He was so mindful about his time at Peace House, making sure he had good visiting time with each of us, especially the younger ones, delighting in their growth and perspective.

Even in the last days struggling with what must have been extreme pain, he was mindful in this way. Sharing a phone conversation, we were able to recognize out loud that we would never be able to see each other again, but we held up our love and friendship, and shared our gratitude for each other, and our time we shared. To learn to live from such an individual, I'll be forever grateful.



*All nine members of Peace House traveled to NYC for the funeral and celebration of the life of Dan Berrigan. We sat together the evening of his funeral and shared on the topic of "What gives you hope?"*



*In an orange jumpsuit representing a Guantanamo prisoner.*

(Continued from page 6)

Larry and Tony recognized the necessity as people of faith to place themselves among those who are disenfranchised and struggling. They did this by assisting low-income and elderly people with taxes, laboring at Peace House work parties, visiting people in jail – and making the invitation for others to join. As members of St. Tom’s parish, they unflinchingly called on their church and its leaders to be more inclusive, welcoming, environmentally conscious and justice-minded.

They also carried joy – such as the exhilaration of a good ride and camaraderie with their cycling group, the Chain Gang. Tony loved our square dance fundraiser and was on the dance floor until the band stopped playing.

They did not do this work alone. Marian Nelson and Barb Paulik were partners in their journey towards a more just world. We hold them and their children close at heart through this time of grief and loss.

As a community—that of Peace House and the wider Kalamazoo area—we have much healing ahead of us.

We are held up by the outpouring of shared grief, prayer and support. We are heartened by words of love and forgiveness that have come from family members and survivors (see page 10). But we are also left with questions – how do we dedicate our time to children in a world that is so broken? How do we look at photos of the destroyed bikes and not live in fear?

Now we must find the courage and strength to carry on. Now, more than ever, I feel the need to tell kids to get on their bikes and go out into the world. Love courageously. Ride with cautious abandonment. Go to the margins and find hope. Seek community. Have truth and justice be your destination. Find what renews you and do it in spite of the ever-present dangers. Believe in the people behind you and in front of you. Tony and Larry have led the way, and we must continue the ride.



*One day after the tragedy, members of Peace House joined over 700 other cyclists for a five mile “silent ride” to honor the victims of the crash and call for greater awareness of bicycles on the roads.*



## Congratulations Graduates!!

This spring we celebrated the high school graduation of two long-time Peace House neighbors and participants— Pereshieanna Smith and Dominic Walker. They both worked hard for this achievement and have much to be proud of. We believe in them and are filled with hope as they move on.



## An open letter to Charles Pickett Jr., the man who killed my father Larry Paulik on June 7th, 2016

Mr. Pickett,

We have never met before, but the recent event on June 7th, 2016 where you and your truck collided with nine bicyclists, killing five and wounding four, seems to have inexorably tied us together.

My name is Mark Paulik and Larry Paulik was my father, one of the cyclists killed in the accident.

There seems to be a pending prosecution and possible trial that you committed this act willfully and potentially impaired.

I will not comment on whether these allegations are true or not, but rather leave that determination to our court system to decide if you will be tried and held accountable for nine felony charges and charge of 2nd degree murder.

But regardless, my father Larry Paulik and good family friend Tony Nelson along with three others were killed by you, intentional or not.

Words will never encompass the pain that has befallen me, my family, and friends over this accident. Our lives will be forever altered because of this tragic event.

I will say that my message specifically to you is this:

I forgive you.

Please do not underestimate the meaning, value and weight those three words represent. It is my belief that forgiveness is not a one way act. So in my extending this forgiveness to you - you also must in turn accept this forgiveness.

Also, please do not mistaken that this decision is made with relative ease. It has not been easy for me to do as the deep love I felt for my father has made me extremely upset and angry at his loss.

I do however, know that from the time I was given with my father that he would not only want me to forgive you, but would also forgive you himself. This is just a tiny peek into the strength of man Larry Paulik was.

The outpouring of love and support from the community he was a part of may also show you how many lives he touched.

Please also note that my forgiveness isn't without a price. I also believe our actions in this world require some acts of penance.

So I say to you the price for this exchange of forgiveness is this:

1) That you own up to the charges whatever they might be and be truthful of your actions in the pending court case.

2) That you try and get some sense of the people killed from this accident and the lives they lived.

And lastly,

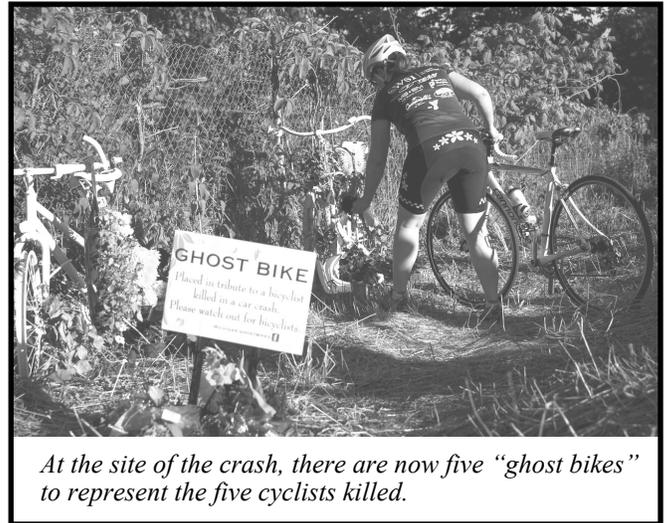
3) That you make it your mission in life, wherever you might end up, to talk about this event to others. My hope would be to educate against the many causes of these incidents. Whether they involve drinking and driving or road rage or texting while driving.

This is the price for my forgiveness if you are willing to accept it.

Signed,

Mark Paulik

Son of Larry and Barb Paulik



*At the site of the crash, there are now five "ghost bikes" to represent the five cyclists killed.*

# Summertime is coming, and we need YOU!

## Wanted:

- Coaches
- Artists
- Musicians
- Readers
- Teachers
- Athletes
- Lovers of summer
- Moms and dads
- Grandparents
- Hard workers
- Patient adults
- Energized humans
- Writers
- People who like to have fun with kids



## 2016 Summer Schedule June 27—August 16

**Monday:** 2—4:30, 7—8 pm  
(Monday evening farm stand)

**Tuesday:** 2—4:30

**Wednesday:** 2—4:30, 7—8 pm

**Thursday:** 2—4:30

### Special dates:

**July 28:** Talent Show and Barbeque

**August 16:** Back-to-School party

**August 17:** Cleanup Day at Peace House

If you are interested in helping out this summer, please email or call us! We'd love to have you come once or every week — whatever works for you. There is something for everybody!

# Thanks for Stomping with us!



Once again, the annual Peace House Stomp Fundraiser was a huge success! We enjoyed the toe-tapping rhythms of the Celery City Sodbusters, the careful dance instructions from caller Mike Clark, and the enthusiasm and camaraderie of many friends and neighbors. Thank you for supporting our work!

A special thank you to **Modern Woodmen Financial**, who offered matching funds for the money we raised!



# Peace House

321 Phelps Ave.  
Kalamazoo, MI 49048

*Fertile Ground* is sent twice a year to friends and supporters of Peace House. If you would rather not receive this newsletter, please return this page with a note to that effect. If you would like to receive periodic electronic updates from us (no more than twice a month), please visit [peacehousekzoo.org](http://peacehousekzoo.org) and click on "Stay in Touch."

*"The greatest challenge of the day is: how to bring about a revolution of the heart, a revolution which has to start with each one of us." —Dorothy Day*

## Who we are

Peace House, a community in the Catholic Worker movement, is dedicated to fostering peace, justice and relationship in the Eastside neighborhood of Kalamazoo. We believe that the good of each person is bound to the well-being of society as a whole; therefore we advocate taking personal responsibility for creating, in the words of Catholic Worker cofounder Peter Maurin, "a new society within the shell of the old...a place where it is easier for people to be good." We are here to be a resource for our neighbors. We rely on the involvement of a loving, dedicated extended community to do this work. **Please feel free to visit, call or send an e-mail.**

**Jen and Mike DeWaele**

**Clara and Alice**

**321 Phelps Ave.**

**Jerry and Molly Mechtenberg-Berrigan**

**Amos, Jonah and Leah**

**313 Phelps Ave.**

**Kalamazoo, MI 49048**

**(269) 492-1206**

**[peacehouse@peacehousekzoo.org](mailto:peacehouse@peacehousekzoo.org)**

## How you can be a part

**We welcome and celebrate ALL people, regardless of race, religion, political affiliation, nationality, class, gender identity, sexual orientation, age or ability.**

- ◆ We are looking for summer snack volunteers to bring in a healthy snack for 40 kids. Great group or family project!
- ◆ Summer volunteers! (see page 11)
- ◆ We always need prizes (\$1–\$2) for our "prize box." These are small rewards and toys that kids select after they have earned tickets through positive actions and reading.
- ◆ Come to our events and vigils.
- ◆ Join our email list to get regular updates and discover other ways to participate. To do this, go to our website [peacehousekzoo.org](http://peacehousekzoo.org) and click on "Stay in Touch" and then "Join our mailing list."
- ◆ Spread the word! If you know of someone who may be interested, please tell them about Peace House!