



Fertile Ground

Journal of Peace House, the Kalamazoo Quaker/Catholic Worker

Issue 13

May 2015

Peace House News

by Molly Mechtenberg

The month of May always takes us for a ride here on Phelps Ave. The warm weather means a pickup in kids for our afterschool program. We are full swing into summer planning. Our spring work party happened mid-May and there was advance work before that day. Our own kids are playing soccer and baseball and we're gardening and mowing. We're frantically trying to finish the newsletter and get it out. Add our jobs and about a dozen special events to that schedule and it's no wonder that we breathe a sigh of relief when June arrives.

The past month has been especially wild because we have taken on a major project – a new and improved basketball area in the driveway between the two houses. It's going to be top-notch – so popular that we don't even want to think about that right now. Basketball is at the top of the most requested activities around here so we are thrilled to be able to make this improvement for the kids. A little over a year ago we said goodbye to two close friends and supporters, Joe Gump and John Grathwohl. The donations that we received in their memory have made this project possible. Please see the spread in the center of this newsletter for pictures of the transformation.

I have been reflecting a lot on violence recently – in our world but also a bit closer to home here in our schools, our neighborhood, our block. Police brutality, gang and gun violence, fights in our schools, drone violence, the events in Baltimore, the cruelty that words and rumors can inflict — all of it, everywhere, all the time. It is a part of our life here at Peace House

to confront violence and attempt to transform violence, not hide from it or pretend it's not happening. The kids in our neighborhood don't always have the option to hide from violence. Much of this newsletter grapples with the violence in our world. Brandon Toy offers a thoughtful reflection on our monthly vigil at the Battle Creek Air National Guard Base. Frida Berrigan shares her grief and perspective on the death of Freddie Gray and the riots in her hometown of Baltimore. Please take some time to read these pieces and reflect on what they mean to you.

This past school year we've had good

opportunities to talk about police violence with the middle and high school youth who attend Peace House on Wednesdays. As they processed the events in Ferguson, they shared their own personal experiences with racial stereotyping and confrontation with police. We talked about white privilege and how that affects them. In January we joined with the Jeter's Leaders to see the movie *Selma*, which fueled the

discussion even further. We are grateful to Jen Heymoss, Beth Washington and Jeter's Leaders, who helped make these discussions possible.

At the end of April six Peace House teenagers took leadership roles at the "Day of The Child" event put on by the Hispanic American Council. They made us proud as they led activities— a music workshop and two arts and crafts projects. They successfully managed large groups of kids while we stood by taking pictures. They will lead these activities again at Peace Pizzazz, a city-wide celebration of peace and art that takes place on May 30.

At Peace House we have worked very hard to create a positive culture that supports each kid

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Some of our favorite banditos at the Peace House Stomp

Drone Warfare: Death Delivered From a Location Near You

by Brandon Toy

Note: This article originally appeared at <http://www.commondreams.org/views/2015/03/21/drone-warfare-death-delivered-location-near-you>, March 21, 2015

On March 7th, my Family and 20 or so other people protested drone warfare in front of the main gate of the Battle Creek Air National Guard base in Michigan. In 2013, the base was named a Reaper Drone Operating Station and should be operational any day, if not already. Weaponized drone operators are dropping bombs from my backyard.

We stood in the mud on the side of the four lane highway from Noon to 1pm. A few of us held signs with slogans like "Stop Drone Warfare" while others offered conversation to each other or waved at



"Snowman for Peace," Battle Creek Air National Guard, February 2015.

honking cars. One father and fellow protester brought fresh-popped popcorn, which he passed out in little blue bowls to the few children that were present. In between piling kernels in their mouths, the kids stomped in the water and slid on the ice behind us that had accumulated at the base of a mountain of plowed snow.

This wasn't the type of protest that drew the media or police in riot gear. The only law enforcement present was a lone Sheriff's deputy who was on hand to escort us across the highway from the muddy field we parked in to our assigned area. He stayed just long enough to see the bulk of us across and then drove off with a nod and a wave. The only pictures taken - outside of the ones the group took themselves - were by a pink haired woman who slowed down in the median to snap a few pictures with her camera phone. "Who said we weren't going to get any press," I said as she drove away.

I couldn't help wondering what point or purpose our protest had. Obviously, we weren't going to shut the drone program down or change the USG's policies on drone warfare. It wasn't immediately clear how the small group would make much of a difference at all. I could see how an outsider might consider the showing pathetic. I imagined soldiers and airmen trading snide comments at our expense, and commanders deriding us to their troops in formation. It all seemed a little futile and inconsequential. I'm sure there are a few people reading this that know that feeling.

Half way through the hour, soldiers and airmen started driving onto the base, probably returning from getting lunch in town. Each drive-by was exactly the same. The soldier(s) would approach and slow down to turn onto the base, avoid eye contact with us and then disappear through the gate. Each encounter lasted no more than 5 seconds and never was there any kind of interaction between us.

I wondered what they thought as they drove by. I thought back to my time in the service and remembered the early days of the Iraq war when I used to watch Fox News and listen to right wing talk radio. I had consumed media that had saturated me with the belief that the United State was the greatest country in the world and that it was our job to teach the people of the lost and misguided nations how to live. What would I have thought if I had seen an anti-war protest at the entrance to the base?

I didn't know. I never had to pretend to ignore protesters, because the street sides were always bare when I drove to base. All I ever encountered were waving flags, yellow ribbons and well-wishers who thanked me for my service. It dawned on me that if we weren't on this corner right now maybe these soldiers and airmen would have the same experience. Instead of smiling protesters and children playing, they would see only a dirty snow bank.

Perhaps, this was the purpose. We were asserting an idea into their world counter to those put forth by

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their bosses, colleagues and government. Perhaps some of them had thought that there was a consensus around the righteousness of their mission, and our presence had tainted that unbalanced picture. Perhaps we were planting a seed of doubt that would one day blossom into curiosity and eventually lead them to reject the precepts of war and embrace peace. Perhaps.

Then again, maybe it's more realistic to view our gathering from a more modest perspective. The one hour our small band spent proclaiming our rejection of what we view as illegal and institutionalized murder, was a drop on a scale that is overwhelmingly offset by the entrepreneurs of war toward the side of injustice. Those who support drone warfare flood millions via the US media with a hundred pro-war messages a day for every minute we stood at that gate.

Daunting indeed, but there we were, humbly banded together, devoting a bit of our precious time to trying to solve a cypher whose key will surely only be revealed by either a true miracle, an epic amount of compounding serendipity or ages of enlightened human evolution.

And yet, it didn't feel even a little bit right to call it either hopeless or pointless. In fact, my overriding emotions as I accepted the logic of the situation were peace and serenity. I hadn't come with any delusions anyway. Like many of us, I know firsthand the enormity of the war machine and the mindless momentum of its consumption and destruction.

My thoughts returned back to the scene in front of me. I watched the children throw snowballs and hold signs with their mittens. I remembered the stories of the children in the war zones, the ones that live each day of their lives with drones hovering above. I thought about the ones who were in the "wrong place at the wrong time" and were indiscriminately killed by the same drone operators that ignored us as they returned to their war.

The personal belief that drove me to turn my back on the war machine and landed me on that roadside occurred to me again: there is no difference between my family and those killed by drone operators. There are no differences between my son and 6th Grader Mohammed Saleh Qayed Taeiman, who was killed by a drone strike in Yemen earlier this year - the latest of dozens of children that have been murdered in US drone strikes in Yemen since 2002. Nor is there a difference between my community in Pontiac, Michigan and the communities of the people that live with the terror of drones every day. And since there is no difference between us, our children are their children, our voices are their voices and their tragedies are ours. We the people isn't just a turn of phrase, it's an inviolable reality of human life on earth: we are all fundamentally here together.

Or, as President Obama, the Commander in Chief of U.S. Drone Warfare, succinctly stated: "There is no us and them, only us."

The only borders that truly separate us are the ones we construct in our own minds. None of the superficial differences we perceive with our senses justify a disparate application of fundamental human rights. However, both consciously and subconsciously, the inverse belief permeates our military actions, the propaganda that supports it and the resulting public discourse. A schoolboy in Iowa has no more of a right to life and liberty than a 6th grader in Yemen. Yet, dropping a bomb on the former to kill his criminal brother would be front page news in every media outlet in the country, if not the world. Meanwhile, the US media barely acknowledges Mohammed's story or any of the dozens like it.

Luckily, there are no drones that hover in the skies above me today. It's this accident of geography that allows me to protest safely as my children play in the snow, while our brothers and sisters downrange from the drones can only pray that firebombs are not dropped on them from thousands of miles away by someone behind a computer screen sipping a latte. Since they can't be here to remind the soldiers - and the rest of us far removed from the war zone - that they are also sentient beings with a right to life, we have to do it for them. Even if it's drop by drop, one hour at a time.

Public Witness to Ground the Drones

All vigils happen at the gates of the Michigan Air National Guard Base, 3357 Dickman Ave., Battle Creek.

Monthly vigils for peace will happen in 2015 the first Saturday of each month from 12 – 1 pm, followed by lunch. The dates are:

June 6
July 4
August 1
Sept. 5
Oct. 3



Drones are not necessary and do not make us safe! Please join us in standing for peace.

Baltimore is burning — not just in flames, but with a righteous anger

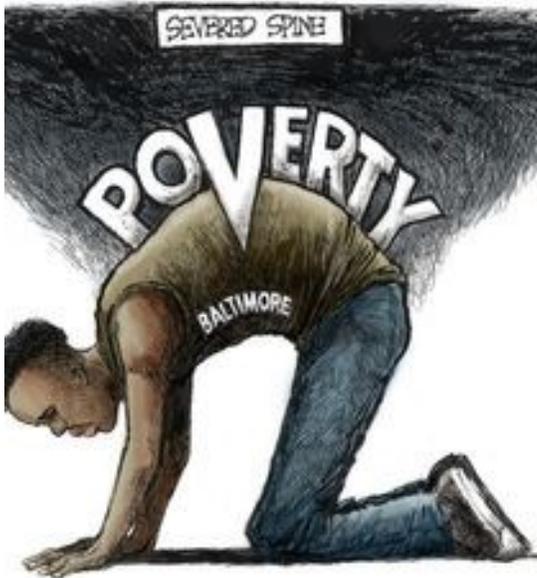
by Frida Berrigan

Note: This article first appeared at <http://wagingnonviolence.org/feature/baltimore-burning-not-just-flames-righteous-anger/>, May 1, 2015

Baltimore is my home town — the birth place of Jonah House, a Christian nonviolent resistance community founded by my parents, Phil Berrigan and Elizabeth McAlister. Those places that the whole world is seeing “going crazy” on the news? They are my geography, my history, who I am. Baltimore is many things to many people and I feel like I am right there even though I am far away right now.

North and Pennsylvania, where police cars burned, is the site of one of my many bike accidents. Going too fast on wet pavement, my bicycle skidded out from under me and I fell in front of a crowd of people waiting for the bus. Someone laughed dramatically; I waved, bowed and got back on my bike, skinned knees stinging.

The shopping center on McMechen Street — where people broke windows and thieved as neighbors photographed license plates and called for peace — was on my way home from



school. My brother and I went there all the time to buy eggs and milk for our mom, or Pall Mall cigarettes for a neighbor. If we had money left over, we’d order wings at the fried chicken shop and the owner would throw in a fourth so that we could each have two for our one dollar.

Mondawmin Mall — where police shot tear gas at kids to protect Target, Shoppers and Marshalls — was part of my route home in high school. My friend Sonni and I would go into the mall, pool our coins for an order of Western Fries and wait for each other’s buses.

New Shiloh Baptist Church — where Freddie Gray was eulogized and mourned, where police violence and murder was condemned, and where justice was demanded in voices wracked with tears — is just a few blocks from Saint Peter’s Cemetery. This odd and beautiful expanse of green grass, white marble headstones and furrowed garden rows is where my mom

and the Jonah House community call home. These are the streets my mom travels every day, often pushing her one-and-a-half-year-old friend Eli in a stroller, and saying “hello” to everyone she meets. She has never seen another white person walking in her community.

Baltimore is diverse, in all the meanings of that word — enough to be home to film auteur John Waters and the late rap icon Tupac Shakur, prolific novelist Anne Tyler and jazz great Billie Holiday. All these different strands came together at the intersection of Monroe Street and North Avenue on Monday, when — in the midst of tense standoffs between grieving community members and riot police armed to the teeth — a shirtless black man in a studded leather jacket moonwalked in the middle of the street to Michael Jackson’s “Beat It.”

The question after the brutal death of Freddie Gray in police custody shouldn’t be “Why are people rioting?” but rather, “Why doesn’t this happen every single day? And why are we (white America) surprised, shocked, and tantalized, by what we see?”

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PEACE HOUSE SUMMER

June 22—August 13

Monday: 2—4:30, 7—8 pm

Tuesday: 2—4:30

Wednesday: 2—4:30, 7—8 pm

Thursday: 2—4:30

Volunteers are needed! Here is how you can help:

- Come once or twice a week and plug into whatever is planned
- Pick one day this summer to bring a special craft or activity to share
- Prepare a healthy snack for 30—40 kids and drop it off or stay and help serve it
- Donate fresh fruit that we can serve as snack
- Be a reading porch volunteer and read with kids
- Volunteer to coach or referee basketball, soccer, or the sport of your choice
- Help out at one of our special events: the Peace House Summer BBQ and talent show, (July 30) or the Back-to-School Backpack Party (August 13)

Who Wants to Play



Last year, we lost two dear elders and mentors, Father John Grathwohl and Joe Gump. They had been important friends and mentors to us, going back to our college days (and, for some of us, beyond).

In their lifetimes, they were both powerful voices for peace and justice. They both loved children and they were firm believers in the mission and values of Peace House.

When they passed away, their families requested that donations be made in their names to support the good things happening on Phelps Avenue. Many people made generous donations in their honor.



For a while, we thought about what would be the best use of these gifts. It seemed appropriate that their enduring witness should be memorialized with something significant and lasting, which would be a blessing to the community.

I think we came up with the perfect thing. Fr. John, in his time, was a great lover of sports. Joe, vital and vigorous well into old age, was always a big proponent of getting lots of people together to have fun.



Some Basketball??



We thought, nothing is more popular around here than basketball. And for years, the kids at Peace House have been making do with our driveway as a basketball court. It was narrow and uneven, and the hoop they were shooting at was beaten down and crooked. They deserved something better.



So—as you can see in these photos—we went for it! We had that old driveway torn out and had a new area dug out. New concrete was poured to create a wide flat area, just about the size of a regulation half court. With the help of some sturdy hired labor and some intrepid volunteers, we build a block retaining wall to hold everything in place.

Forgive the bad photoshop job, but the hoop's not in yet and we wanted you to get a sense of what it will look like. It's a big piece of professional-grade equipment that will hold up to many thunderous dunks for decades to come. Over the course of the summer, we'll be adding some beautiful landscaping, too.



The court opens up on June 22 and will be a place for fun, excitement, teamwork, and good sports-person-ship. Joe and Fr. John will be present for every dribble, dunk, bank shot, scooter ride, jump rope, and chalk drawing.

Thank you to everyone who made this possible!

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An analysis of Freddie Gray's neighborhood by the Justice Policy Institute found that just over half the community is unemployed and just under half is chronically absent from school. A third of the houses are vacant. And Baltimore taxpayers spent nearly \$17 million last year incarcerating 458 people from that community — that is money that could be spent on jobs creation, shoring up failing schools and ensuring that residents live in safe homes.

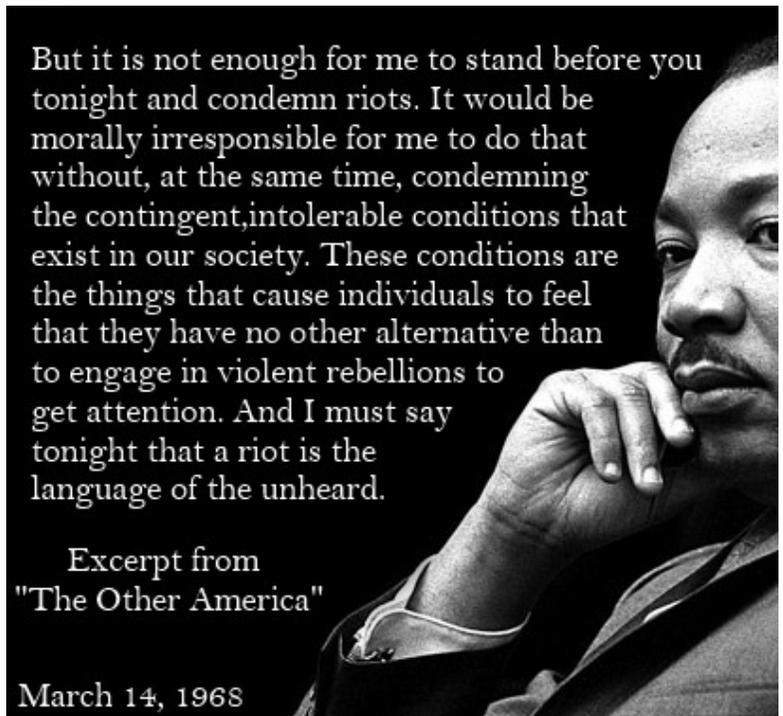
Robert Wilson, a college student who went to high school in Baltimore told a *New York Times* reporter near the burned out CVS on North Avenue, that he had seen someone on television say, "This doesn't feel like America." In response to them, he said, "This is America ... They just don't want you to know!"

Baltimore is America — gross disparity between black and white, rich and poor, ring suburb and inner city. It is filled with decades of economic policy and promises of growth based on playgrounds for the wealthy — Camden Yards for the Orioles, M&T Bank Stadium for the Ravens, the Inner Harbor complex of upscale shops, restaurants, festivals for tall ships, the Baltimore Aquarium, and now horse racing and gaming. Besides all this entertainment-based economy, any other economic activity in Baltimore is now "Eds, Meds and Feds" — meaning educational institutions like the University of Maryland, medical facilities like Johns Hopkins Hospital, and federal government outposts meant to extend the District of Columbia's reach deep into Maryland.

It was not always like this. When I was little, we would smell vanilla, cinnamon and black pepper wafting up from McCormick Spices' warehouses and processing facilities downtown. People worked there. Bethlehem Steel sat on the other side of the harbor, employed upwards of 15,000 people at its height. Beth Steel was the draw that brought many black families to Baltimore, where even the dirty, dangerous work was better than living under Jim Crow in the South. Stieff Silver perched above the Jones Falls Expressway and anchored the neighborhood that became Hampden.

Those industries are all gone. Baltimore is a third world city in a first world nation and the kids throwing rocks at police cocooned in riot gear know that intuitively, even if they aren't putting it into words. They see the glistening towers of Johns Hopkins Hospital looming above the moldering blocks of brick rowhouses; the boarded up vacant homes outnumbering those that are inhabited on block after block. They see workers bused in from the suburbs, protected by armed security guards. They see white sports fans getting rowdy and drunk before the big games downtown — some of whom chanted "we don't care" at the protesters marching by the row of bars near the stadium last weekend.

These young people see their friends and family members getting murdered by police — and not just Freddie Gray. In a survey of "justifiable homicides" by police, the FBI found that "Baltimore police officers killed 127 people over two decades ending in 2012. In other similar



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cities that reported to the survey each year, including Oklahoma City, Memphis and Seattle — where the Justice Department found a “pattern and practice of excessive force” in 2011 — none reported more than half the number of “justifiable homicides” as Baltimore.

I am heartbroken. It is all so wrong: that Freddie Gray is dead, that another family and community mourns, that angry kids are met by police hidden inside thousands of dollars of Kevlar and Plexiglas gear, and that destruction even seems like a viable form of resistance.



The mainstream media has decided to focus on the rioting, violence and wounding of police officers. This is the kind of spectacle that TV was invented to cover: the breathless brush with danger, the shaky zoom in on the fire down the street, the silent satellite images of people running through deserted streets. I watched all this in horror too, of course.

White America looked because of the violence, but now that Baltimore has our attention, we cannot look away. We must look through the flames, through the broken glass, to see a righteous anger that we have ignored for too long — even though we have seen it all too often as of late in New York, Cleveland, Ferguson and so many communities.

What are we going to do? Build, rebuild and build again. Connect, reconnect, heal, and repair, and do it again.

Mahatma Gandhi’s contribution to thought and action on nonviolence was resistance to empire, noncooperation with the occupying power and constructive programming to supplant and subvert what the imperial power requires the occupied, oppressed population to endure. Constructive programming — that is the next step in Baltimore. And it is already well under way. There are a host of groups and organizations that have been doing that work for years. Groups like BUILD, which is assembling community power for broad-based social and political change and The No Boundaries Coalition which, among other efforts, is trying to broaden the definition of public safety and ensure that the community has a strong voice in policing. The aptly named Leaders of a Beautiful Struggle, is a Baltimore-based people’s think tank, writing on race, power and politics and putting forward concrete changes to Maryland law that will make policing more accountable.

The “riots” are not the last word on Baltimore. In fact, they are barely the first, thanks to these and other organizations that have been doing constructive programming for decades. There is so much to celebrate in the streets of Baltimore: the discipline and leadership coming from black churches and the Nation of Islam; the brave and creative people who turned the media spotlight from the outbreaks of violence to the true heart of Baltimore; the many community members who stood up to looters and opportunists. There’s also the brave broom brigades who are helping to clean up in the aftermath of destruction, as well as all of the people who are building for a better tomorrow in Baltimore — one where justice for police murder is swift and transparent, the benefits of economic development are manifest throughout the city, people take care of one another in their communities, and young people of all races can learn, play and thrive in a city that values and respects them.

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uniquely. We have our good and bad days. The best days are when we hear kids say to other kids who are acting up, “We don’t do that here. That’s



Here is our group of middle and high school youth, all decked out in the new Peace House shirts, who helped out at the “Day of the Child” event in April

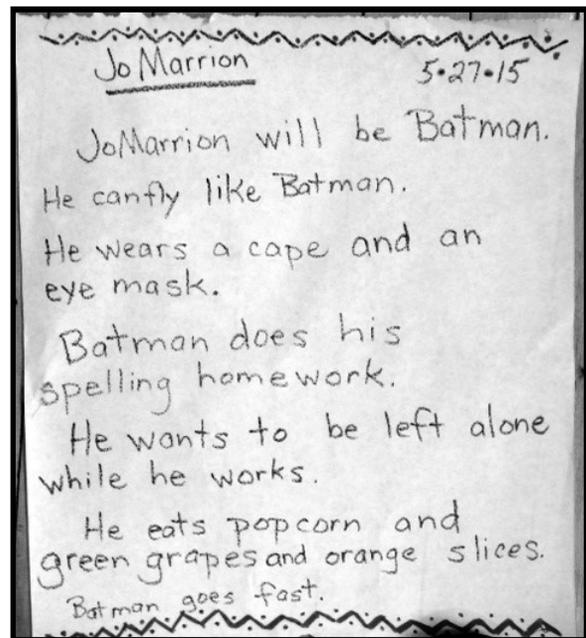
not how Peace House works.” The bad days are when we have to break up fights and hope that the conflict does not follow kids down the street, which it sometimes does. Or when we hear about Facebook groups throwing around verbal violence that simmers below the surface of our program.

Peace takes practice, just like anything else. My work with Gryphon Place as a conflict resolution specialist in the schools has offered me some training and tools to deal with the interpersonal conflict between kids. Peer Mediation offers a framework for kids to talk out their problems and come to agreements on how to move ahead. Often, when you help kids work through a problem, the harsh words and maybe even fists will return soon afterwards. But there are also moments when kids share and listen. When I see the same kids over and over I can only hope that one day when they really need or want to solve a conflict, they’ll have the tools to do this.

Our homework program has been very strong this past winter/spring. Dedicated volunteers braved the snow and cold to be a consistent presence in our homes. We are affirmed by the quality and quantity of homework that gets done in the two hour time period we offer. The buzz of working brains can almost be felt. Great books are

read, numbers start making sense, there is laughter and smiles. Some kids struggle with focusing and staying on task, but there are very few behavior problems during this program. Over the course of the year (or years) they have developed positive relationships with the volunteers and enjoy spending time with people who affirm their hard work.

I often have the experience of coming in to Peace House low on energy and weighed down by the conflicts I deal with at work. After two hours with the volunteers and kids I care about so deeply, my energy and joy is renewed. Personalism is the secret ingredient that fuels us, and it’s a concept that is not talked about in typical non-profits (although it is certainly practiced in many). If we ever lose our ability to connect one-on-one with kids and parents and appreciate the diverse personalities and strengths and weaknesses of each person, then we might as well close our doors. We are all dependent on each other to learn and grow and become better people.



Other events this past winter and spring include the 3rd Annual Peace House Stomp on March 21. Once again a huge success, this square dance fundraiser is a joyful experience of dance and community. Many people think they won’t like square dancing, but once they get out there the smiles tell the story.

We are celebrating the graduation of another long-time Peace House participant, Pereshianna Smith. We first met Pere when she was a tall 10

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year old girl who was often keeping track of her four younger siblings. She is still tall, but is now a very independent and self-assured young woman.

This is a big transition year for our families. We will have two preschool graduates soon and Amos will graduate from Northglade Elementary school, ready to move on to middle school next year. Jen continues to work hard with Communities in Schools. Jerry has found himself very busy with home improvement work, as well as supervising and pushing ahead major construction projects here. Mike is the Peace House computer and tech wizard and works for two boards, Habitat for Humanity and E-Net, our Eastside networking project. Our neighborhood was given an incredible gift last year when it was chosen by Habitat for

Humanity of Southwest Michigan to be the focus of its Neighborhood Revitalization Program. Mike has been a big part of kicking off this project in our neighborhood. He looks forward to sharing more about what this means in future newsletters!

As spring came this year, the neighborhood awoke with a whole new crowd of kids running around. The transition that happens in the Eastside is amazing from year to year – the reality of a neighborhood that consists of so many rentals. This can be hard, as we say goodbye to kids who literally disappear over a weekend. But it also means there is work to do, and as summer approaches we will have the opportunity to reach out to many families.

I am looking forward to the summer program. It's time to run in the heat and get wet and sandy in the sandbox, eat watermelon, do perler beads, grow veggies, ride bikes, sit on the shady back porch and color, play ball tag, drink lemonade and read, and **PLAY SOME BASKETBALL!!** And **YOU** are welcome to join the fun! (see page 5 for ways to help).

Despite the devastating headlines, the violence that men, women and children experience everyday in our city and our world, we are here on Phelps Ave. in Kalamazoo, trying to plant the seeds of peace.



From left: Leah, 5; Amos, 11; Jonah, 8; Alice, 5; Clara, 8

Clarification of Thought Series

Peace House occasionally hosts presentations on critical issues led by invited speakers. These lectures and discussions have the goal of creating a better shared understanding of the issues we face as peacemakers and the course we can take to address them. All events are held at 7:30 at either 313 or 321 Phelps unless otherwise noted.

Light refreshments will be served.

Sept. 17, Wednesday: Rev. Peter Dougherty “How Do We Be the Battlefield Hospital of Love as the Violence is Tearing it Down?”

One of the founding members of Meta Peace Team, Peter is a Lansing Diocesan priest and longtime peace activist. He coordinated a Catholic Worker community for many years in Lansing. Peter regularly participates on both international and domestic peace teams. He is a distinguished recipient of the International Gandhi Award. He will be sharing about his work with the Meta Peace Team and the philosophy and practice of nonviolence.

Oct. 21: Kestrel Peace “Jeju Island Resistance”

A U.S.-backed Korean naval base is being built in Jeju Island, off the coast of South Korea. In response there has been massive resistance by the South Korean people over the past several years, including daily religious services and blockades at the gates. Kestrel will speak about her trip to Jeju Island this past fall, where she joined in solidarity with the local resistance movement. She will also provide context for the construction of the naval base on Jeju Island.



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 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

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.

- ◆ Volunteer to help out with our summer program (see page 5 for all the different ways to contribute).
- ◆ We always need prizes (\$1–\$2) for our "prize box." These are small rewards and toys that kids select after they have earned enough reading and good behavior tickets.
- ◆ 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 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!