

The Ascension – a poem

Why were the apostles chastised for looking up into the sky?
Didn't Jesus just ascend? Who's to blame them?

Why the critique for looking on where they had last seen him?
Yet the angels' message to the apostles,
was to prepare them for Pentecost,
and to challenge them to look for Jesus in new and unseen ways.
To look not up, but within and without.

Their grasping for one last glance at the familiar
reminds me of the role of transitional objects for children.
They adopt some blanket or 'stuffie'
and find comfort in new and uncertain circumstances
clutching it tightly
smelling its familiarity,
soothing their anxiety with their tangible friend.

But don't think we grow out of this childlike habit,
Oh no, we have all sorts of comfortable familiars we cling to,
the attachment often underestimated until stripped from us.

"Why are you clinging to what you know of Jesus?"
the angels challenge.
How often do I hold onto what I know, what is comfortable,
rather than accept the radical gospel challenge?

The angels encouraged hope and faith in the unseen,
as the cloud of unknowing overshadowed them.
The Jesus they had all known and loved and left
to follow was now gone,
his absence leaving a gapping silence,
or perhaps fear, loneliness or doubt.
This was the state of affairs inside the locked doors
of the Upper Room.



And yet they wait with expectant faith.
They do not carve idols of Jesus in desperation,
or abandon the whole thing and pack up for home.
They sit in the anguish of letting go,
allowing themselves to be opened up for something more,
their minds and hearts could not possibly imagine what awaits them
if they have the trust to let go and open to the unknown.

God never seems to be content with our small minds and hearts,
but rather continually calls us beyond,
out into the deep,
beyond ourselves,
beyond our borders,
beyond our concepts,
never staying in our God box.

BY CHRISTI ORTIZ





REFLECTIONS ON 5 YEARS OF LYDIA'S HOUSE

Mary Ellen Mitchell, Lydia's House co-founder and co-director

In late January, 2013 the newly formed board of Lydia's House invited friends and strangers to Church of the Advent and shared their hopes for opening a home for homeless families. The following is Mary Ellen's reflection on the 5th Anniversary of this event.

Each week, almost since the start of this experiment, I've wondered what the week would bring and if I and we could rise to it. This week, the week that was January 22, 2018 involved negotiations on our first county funding source, outcome tracking and realizing that a lot has changed and a lot hasn't, deciding that we really need to bring our trusted occupational therapist on for more hours but not knowing how we'll pay her, coordinating a birthday party for a child that otherwise wouldn't have one, fielding calls and heart wrenching conversations with former guests about child abuse and adoption, revising the savings policy for the 18th time, laryngitis(mine), room turnovers, gutter fixes and the 5th anniversary of the Feast of St Lydia, where my three children gathered round the coffee table to hear the story of Lydia's hospitality, one more time, this version complete with peg dolls and homemade props.

As we look ahead it feels like 2018 may tip a careful balance that's been struck: part Catholic Worker/part social service agency, we've teetered carefully between these two worlds for half a decade. In 2017 we made the hard decision to acquire an apartment building and jump into affordable housing, in complete Lydia's House fashion: with a lot of capacity and grit but no idea how we'd pay for the renovation. During this

year we also contemplated adding in some salaries that resembled "real," upped our strategy to have an online guest application, and began to integrate ourselves more fully into conversations in our region that focused on poverty, race and housing.

Meridith and I went to our first national conference on family homelessness two weeks ago in New York City. We spent 48 hours looking at models for housing across the nation, hearing how they struggle with many of the same questions that plague us, seeing practices that inspired us and some that made us think "that's clearly not the direction we want to go in." We spent the evenings talking about the future of Lydia's House and recommitting ourselves to certain values that we don't want to lose sight of as we feel pressure to grow and professionalize. Most central among these are faith, community and personal relationship. If Lydia's House does an awkward dance between many ways of being, the surprising final product of this performance is that we have become a Church for the unchurched; a gathering place for those who have nowhere to gather. Our greatest strength is that we deeply know those that have called Lydia's House home. If a time came when we no longer knew them or cared for them, then the time would come to close our doors.

There have been other surprises along the way, most of them connected to who has chosen to join us and who has chosen to leave us and how and when they've done that. Though the circle has changed, it has also been consistently growing. At the heart of Lydia's House is



Original Photos from our first event in January 2013

people caring for other people, and we've found that this care is attractive and contagious. If there's something we want to do better, it's care for one another. If there's a success measure we clearly want to use, it's "Did you find love and give love here?"

At the same time, we know we are caring for people that have experienced great brokenness and whose needs are many. It's hard to care for the un-housed and not buy housing; it's hard to care for the mentally ill and not hire a mental health professional. Our deep desire to care in a relevant way has pushed us in the direction of professionalism, crowding our time with manuals, protocols, audits, case notes and meetings. Our desire to have people on our team who can be available to the many needs of the very needy has increasingly demanded more money; more money has demanded outcomes, narratives, tours, tracking, events.

As such, we've begun to work on a five year strategic plan, knowing that planning can help us stay the course, keep our core values at the center, and prayerfully discern where to use limited time and resources.

That plan is in its infancy. What we know of it right now is this:

- We will open an 8 unit apartment building in the coming year; it will probably be a great learning experience in its first year of occupancy yet because we took this risk, very hard-to-house families will be housed

- We will focus our energies primarily around moms aged 19-24 with at least one child under 5; this group will start in shelter and continue in aftercare and, God willing, we'll continue to find ways to keep these vulnerable families geographically close to our shelter property

- We will expand our services to the families in our circle to include more interventions and support around life skills, with guests setting the agenda for how and what they want to learn; because of guest feedback, parenting support will be a growing focus

- We will continue to see our first paradigm as faith centered community while at the same time adopting more professional standards and also courting the world of Community Development. As such we will seek new funding sources which may include HUD and Community Development Block Grants, though our funding will be mission driven and we will not change our mission to follow funding

This is Lydia's House, five years after we gathered friends and strangers in a church fellowship hall and asked them (you) to support a vision of housing homeless families in a new way. Thank you for walking with us on this beautiful, hard path.



4502 CARTER AVENUE CAPITAL CAMPAIGN UPDATE

Our new project for long term housing at 4502 Carter Avenue is under construction! It's been a huge undertaking to remove many dumpsters worth of debris, defend our temporary murals in a city zoning meeting, get multiple bids on each system replacement, and raise the funds needed to start the work... but we did it.

COME AND SEE OUR PROGRESS ON THURSDAY, JUNE 28

We'll be hosting another **Come and See** event for those who are interested in learning more about our next step housing project, touring the building and learning about our funding needs. The event will be at the Speckled Bird Café with heavy appetizers and wine. We'll offer tours at 5:30pm and 6:30 pm and a presentation at 6pm. Park at or near 4502 Carter Avenue. RSVP to maryellen@stydiashouse.org

Thank you so much to the following donors:

Phase 1: Lead Sponsors

Housholder Family Fund
Christ Church Cathedral
Ohio Finance Fund
Greater Cincinnati/ Northern Kentucky LISC

Phase 2: Demolition, Roof and Gutter replacement

Bishop Family Fund
Kohnen Family Foundation in memory of David A. Kohnen
Ruth J. and Robert A. Conway Family Fund

Phase 3: Major Systems Overhaul

Anonymous
Weston and Roberts Families
Sutphin Family Foundation
Province of St. John the Baptist, order of Friars Minor
Episcopal Diocese of Southern Ohio
U.S. Bank Foundation
Women for Women Fundraising Event
Redeemer Episcopal Church
The Carol Ann and Ralph V. Haile Jr./ U.S. Bank Foundation

Phase 4: 8 unit adoptions at \$20,000 each (7 units needed), Laundry & Exterior

Unit 1: Lydia's House Volunteers
Laundry Facility: Bellarmine Chapel
Exterior: Norwood Friends and Neighbors

We continue raising funds for this project! If you're interested in adopting a unit, please contact Maryellen@stydiashouse.org. This is a great opportunity for a church, a friend group or a family to give financially to families in need of housing. If you would like to donate stock, we are able to accept it.



SPECIAL THANKS

Special Thanks to the many volunteers who've helped with demolition. Between September and March we filled 18 dumpsters and logged over 700 hours with support coming from:

- Lydia's House "Old Crew" master renovators and maintenance crews from the first two projects
- Saint Margret of York Knights of Columbus – Organized by Kevin Horton
- Habitat for Humanity – Young Professionals Group
- Youth Build NKY
- Xavier University Business Fraternity
- Xavier University Theology Classes
- Norwood Neighbors



HOUSE NOTES

by Meredith Owensby



"I write because I don't know what I think until I read what I say."

- Flannery O'Connor

This apocryphal Flannery O'Connor quote comes to mind each time I begin to write the seasonal house notes. If you asked me on the street what we'd been up to at the house I honestly couldn't tell you much that happened before yesterday, but when I pull out the calendar I'm routinely surprised (and a little awed!) at its contents. What have we been up to? I don't know, I'll have to write it down!

Since January we've had five guests move into stable housing and had five new guests join us. Given that we only have four guest rooms, that's a lot of comings and goings! We celebrated the births of two new Lydia's House baby boys, born to former guests. One

was a New Year's Day baby, with the other arriving on March 18.

Our volunteer crew has seen some transition as well. In January we said goodbye to live-in associate Taylor, who had blessed the house with beauty and frequent foot washings and prenatal massages. New associate Elisa came to fill her place, though Taylor remains a regular presence in the house and the neighborhood!

Our first quarter has seen many celebrations, in defiance of the unrelenting grey winter. We observed big liturgical feasts: The (Episcopal) Feast Day of St Lydia, Groundhog's Day, an Easter egg hunt, and four in-house





HOUSE NOTES

birthdays. We also cheered as one of our guests walked across the stage to receive her high school diploma. We hosted a volunteer brunch in March and celebrated our small, devoted group of ongoing volunteers. Our March baby shower was interrupted only briefly when an upstairs leak began dripping on the mother-to-be's head!

Our advocacy as a house has continued to take the form of hosting our elected representatives for a meal and conversation. We welcomed Alea Brown-Hoffmeister from Senator Sherrod Brown's office, and two of us visited Senator Brown at his weekly DC coffee hours. We hosted state senator Cecil Thomas, joined on a return visit by state representative (and Norwood native) Brigid Kelly. County Commissioner Todd Portune joined us for an in-depth, wide-ranging lunch discussion, covering topics from reform of child protective services to hospital study protocols.

In the midst of all the celebrating and hosting we also had outings to the Freedom Center, to the opening weekend of Black Panther, to the roller derby, and to a Lenten fish fry. Meanwhile, back in Norwood we began construction on the new apartment building on Carter Avenue. Currently there are murals on the boarded-up windows, but we look forward to the internal transformation that will in turn alter the lives of Lydia's House alums for the better. It's hard to believe this life could fill still more, but we'll see what the calendar holds in the year ahead!





SHARDEY'S STORY

My name is Shardey. I'm 23 and about to be the mother of two girls.

Shardey shared this story at the September 2017 Women for Women Event.

When I came to Lydia's House, I had been in Cincinnati only about a month. I'm from Florida, and I was living in a hotel with the man who brought me up here and his family. I say brought, because it wasn't exactly my choice. He had gotten violent with me, and I'd reported him down there — in Florida — but he wouldn't leave me alone. I was afraid of what he might do to me, so I figured if I was with him, maybe I could control the violence. He wanted to come up here, to Cincinnati, to get away from the domestic violence charge in Florida.

But not long after we got here, he hit me again. That was the last time. It had to be the last time because my 6-year-old daughter was in the room. I wasn't going to let this affect her. I called the police and he went to jail — but I was still there in that hotel with his step-mom in a strange city, not knowing anyone else, not knowing where anything was.

My phone wasn't in service, but I used the hotel wifi to search for agencies that might help and then used the hotel phone to call. I signed up for food stamps and cash assistance, got a caseworker. But I still had no other place to live, just that hotel room on Colerain. It seemed like every option was full, and I was going crazy. Subsidized housing had long waitlists, even short-term shelters had waitlists. The idea of taking my daughter to a drop-in shelter — where everyone could come and go and there was no stability day-to-day — I wasn't sure that was safe. I was really really stressing. I thought I was going to lose my baby.

That's when I found Lydia's House.

Mary Ellen talked me through the application, made sure I understood all the questions and didn't get tripped up. I applied, did my interview, and found out on a Friday

that I had been accepted into Lydia's House. Once I had been accepted into Lydia's House and knowing I really wanted to get out of the situation I was in, another agency, Talbert House was willing to help in the short-term. They paid for my daughter and me to leave the hotel room that weekend and stay on our own before we moved into Lydia's House on Monday. We had escaped.

On May 22, I moved in to Lydia's House. It was just like heaven from there. They were such a big help.

They helped me apply for section 8 housing. They helped me get into school — I'm going to Brighton Center, training to be a medical assistant. They stood by me as I dealt with the domestic violence charge. Meridith showed up in court with me.

Since moving to Lydia's House, I'm in counseling, and that's helping me get ready to be mother of two and sort out my feelings about having another baby. I've made friends with the other residents, and we encourage each other. Lydia's House also helped me get my older daughter in school and camps, and she's had a great summer. I'm just happy to see my baby smiling and being her joyful self.

I was raised in a home with domestic violence. I didn't want that for my daughters. I was lucky to have foster parents who taught me to appreciate genuine people, to have faith in myself, and respect for others. I was the first person in my family to graduate high school. Growing up like I did, I'm used to being on my own. But in that hotel room, surrounded by people I couldn't trust, not feeling safe, worried about protecting my children — I just felt like my world was ending. If I didn't have Lydia's House I don't know where I'd be.

As I look to the future I'm about to move out and get my place in government housing. I'm excited about it—I can afford my rent, the

place is nice enough, there's no bugs, there's air conditioning. I know I'll be alone soon with a new born and six year old and besides Lydia's House I don't know anyone in Cincinnati. I want to finish school and be a medical assistant but I know it will be hard. I'm ready to be on my own but I have concerns. I'm worried when I go into labor who's going to keep my daughter and take her to school. Meridith told me about Safe Families, and I plan to talk to them about this.

I'd hoped to get a place in Lydia's House new building but I can't wait a year for that, so I went ahead and said yes to this move. There is no housing in Norwood or even close to Norwood that I can afford and I have to be real about rent. Lydia's House has been supportive about my move. They gave me a gift basket that will help me save money on household items.

What I'll say about my time at Lydia's House is I was supported and cared for. I was given the space and time and help I need to find my way as a mother of two, to learn how to support my family on my own. Lydia's House gave me the space to focus on being strong for my girls and learn how to be the best mother I can be.

I'm finding my peace. I'm becoming peaceful. And I am grateful.





PLANTING SEEDS IN FAITH, PRAYING FOR A HARVEST

By Laura Menze, Lydia's House Occupational Therapist

"It helps, now and then, to step back and take the long view... Nothing we do is complete, which is another way of saying that the Kingdom always lies beyond us... We plant the seeds that one day will grow. We water seeds already planted knowing they hold future promise. We lay foundations that will need further development. We provide yeast that affects far beyond our capabilities. We cannot do everything and there is a sense of liberation in realizing that. This enables us to do something, and to do it very, very well. It may be incomplete, but it is a beginning, a step along the way, an opportunity for the Lord's grace to enter and do the rest. We may never see the end results, but that is the difference between the Master Builder and the worker."

- Oscar Romero

After leaving my long-held job to take a sabbatical, I grieved having a clear vocational identity, a role in which I felt proficient. I was desperate to make a place in the world and so I planted a garden in my backyard. Historically, I have become bogged down in the details of planting seeds, paralyzed by seed package directions of full sun, shade, partial shade. With the help of a friend, I bought seeds, grateful for whimsy to overwhelm my fear of failing. With soil under my nails and knees dirty, I planted seeds with prayers – prayers for a home and growth amidst a season when both feel tenuous, my soul feeling pruned to nakedness as the peach tree across the street. My friend reassured me that seeds want to grow. I delighted in a garden turned green and was excited to share the fruit of the small plot over dinner with neighbors.

Many of my friends are full-time Norwood farmers, growing the food I enjoy Friday night with Lydia's House guests at the pizza parlor they run. Their work is long and hard in ways I cannot understand. Some days, though, I am jealous of their work – the clear fruit of their labor springing forth around them - beautifully colored tomatoes and peppers, peas and cabbage. For oftentimes, the work of Lydia's House is work of planting seeds and long waiting, wondering if seeds planted will sprout. There are fruits we see and indeed we celebrate – a new apartment, a graduation, a job. These things are worthy of great rejoicing, but when looking closely it is easy for despair to creep in. Are seeds growing when she speaks of hearing gunshots in the subsidized apartment complex where she just moved? Are seeds growing when a former guest returns to an unhealthy relationship? Are seeds



The Lydia's House garden at harvest time 2017.

growing when a mental health crisis seems to undo all that had been built? Is this garden growing as we daily have to tell women in crisis that there are no rooms available? That said, it gives me hope to think of the work of Lydia's House as a vocation of planting seeds with love and prayer, for I have greater faith with every passing growing season that planting seeds will yield growth in due time.

I often find solace in the fact that Lydia's House is not just for the mothers but, just as importantly, is serving the children of these families, planting seeds in their lives. I wonder how these children will remember their time at Lydia's House - with its community of adults ready to play and have dance parties in the living room, with its hours spent held and lovingly gazed at by adults bearing no relation to them. I pray they know their belovedness, just as I pray for their mothers. I pray that years from now their ACE (Adverse Childhood Events) scores are lower thanks to their experiences at Lydia's House.

Though on hard days despair can loom, it doesn't take too long to notice sprouts of new life poking through hard soil. I delight in growth, just as I did when I noticed green shoots poking through the straw from the garlic cloves I planted in clay soil last fall on a cold, rainy day. Smiles, laughter, and friendship will not pay bills or save housing, but the abundance of such things give hope that growth is at work. A child prepares a tea party for me. Past guests come back for a Groundhog's Day party where holiday greetings and remarks on how big the kids are getting are exchanged. A former guest says to an associate volunteer, "I'm glad you're part of our family." During a recent advocacy visit with a local government representative over a lively lunch, he remarked, "It's not a shelter, it's a home - you can feel the love." It is celebrations with banners hung from the ceiling and bells rung wildly in affirmation. And even though outcomes are tracked and guest satisfaction scores are noted, I wonder if perhaps what is most important of all is guests being invited into a community of love. The real fruit of this work is perhaps largely unseen and unmeasurable.

Several months ago during a visit with a former guest, I ran into a patient I had worked with over 5 years ago at a forensic psychiatric hospital. He stopped, and with his familiar head and speech tremor he asked, "Hey, Hey, Do you remember me? You know me real well." I took him to the gym every few days for months as a reward for two days without fighting, threatening, yelling, or cursing. These half-hour slices of time filled with small talk, storytelling, questions, and encouragement, were planting seeds. Years ago, I considered the fact that he would return to his neighborhood, his gang, and drug use within his community. It would have been easy to convince myself that this vocation of planting seeds of hope, love, and respect was pointless amidst circumstances such as

these. But upon this recent encounter, I was reminded that those seeds did indeed grow. He is still alive at the age of 25, a notable achievement as none of his friends had survived past the age of 20 due to gang violence. He is not in prison. He has a memory of being loved during a time of crisis. As I reflect on the story of God's faithfulness, I continue the work with hope.

When I start to question whether these seeds I am planting can transform the expansive brokenness I encounter, I am encouraged by the quote of Staretz Zosima from Fyodor Dostoyevsky's The Brothers Karamazov, "At some thoughts one stands perplexed, above all at the sight of human sin, and wonders whether to combat it by force or by humble love. Always decide 'I will combat it by humble love.' If you resolve on that once and for all, you can conquer the whole world. Loving humility is a terrible force: it is the strongest of all things, and there is nothing else like it."

This is long and slow work; it is not for the faint of heart. The reality of rocky soil is overwhelming, daunting, and sometimes tempts me to declare despair. Planting seeds is indeed an act of faith, an act of hope in the One who has capacity to grow. But seeds are planted, prayers are prayed. It is not I who grows the seed; I can only be faithful to the task I have been given. A friend has shared the image of planting a garden of seeds that will only bloom in years for Christ's coronation. And while I would like to see these seeds bloom at Lydia's House, I rest in this image, knowing that seeds planted for the glory of Christ are enough. May it be so.





NEW ROLES

We're pleased to see additions to our team and changes to our leadership. We continue to be amazed at the quality of folks who have entered deeply into the Lydia's House experiment.



CALISTA SMITH

- Board President

Calista joined Lydia's House as an original board member in 2013 and accepted the position of board president this year. In addition to her commitment to Lydia's House, Calista seeks to be of service in her professional career. Calista Smith began C H Smith & Associates in 2011 to focus on the greater good for communities. In her work, Calista has served as project manager and lead consultant on policy implementation and program evaluation projects for the Ohio Department of Higher Education and the Ohio Department of Education. Her firm also performs strategic planning services, initiative management, and stakeholder facilitation for national and local organizations. Calista also provides executive management services for Middletown Moving Forward, a community improvement corporation, through CHS&A. She received her bachelor's from Villanova University and MBA from University of Michigan Ross School of Business.



BEN EILERMAN

- Director of Community Housing Development

Ben has been with us since the very first discussion about Lydia's House. He also volunteered as the General Contractor on our original property. With the addition of our 8 unit apartment building project in the summer of 2017, Ben left his work in real estate development to come to the Lydia's House team as an employee, with support from a grant from LISCS. Ben is a LEED certified, registered architect with 15 years of professional experience in project management, and many multi-family housing and community development projects under his belt.



SHARDEY M.

- House Mentor

Shardey was a guest at Lydia's House in 2017 and she brought wisdom beyond her years, willingness to positively influence her peers toward meeting their goals, and strong parenting skills. Shardey got her own place and is completing a Medical Assistant training program, but has been back to visit weekly. We are so glad to be able to bring her on to the team to support current guests and look forward to seeing her Lydia's House journey evolve. Read Shardey's story on pg. 7.



NEW ROLES



LAURA MENZE

- Occupational Therapist and Intake Specialist

Laura has also been with Lydia's House from the start, originally as an administrative volunteer. In 2017 she took a sabbatical year from her work at a men's forensic behavioral health hospital where she had worked for nearly a decade as an occupational therapist. During her sabbatical time she picked up more responsibilities at Lydia's House, eventually managing our intake and doing a goals group with our guests. Through a lot of prayer and discernment, we all decided that Laura was a great fit for our work and had many gifts to offer to current and former guests. With support from a grant from Hamilton County, she came on staff part time in 2018. Read more by Laura on pg. 8.



ELISA PERIN

- Live-In Associate

Elisa joined us in January of 2018 and lives in our main property. She is a registered nurse, has a masters degree in Public Health and has been pleased to return to her home city of Cincinnati after spending a few years on the east coast. She loves the outdoors, is really sweet with the kids and is a great cook. In addition to her in house responsibilities, she's also managing our website, blog, e-communications and volunteers.

LIVE AND WORK WITH US

Would you like to live in intentional community, in solidarity with women and children experiencing homelessness? Lydia's House is currently looking for one associate volunteer to work alongside our core community and live in our main property. Applications are being accepted on an on-going basis. We ask that all applicants for the Associates Program be at least 23 years of age. We are seeking women of faith who desire to embrace life in a Christian community and commit to regular prayer and the works of mercy. For more information, visit our website at www.stlydiashouse.org or contact Mary Ellen at maryellen@stlydiashouse.org.



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LYDIA'S HOUSE

WHAT WE'RE READING: **ELOQUENT RAGE** BY BRITTNEY COOPER

Our identity has always been with the Catholic Worker, a liturgical church movement that is known for direct action, engages structural analysis and has at its heart personal relationship and the works of mercy. The Catholic Worker has also been, mostly, led by white people, the most famous being Dorothy Day. At Lydia's House we've also sought to be a feminist anti-racist organization, meaning that we must get ever more real about the power dynamics of directing a Catholic Worker that serves homeless women and children, especially in Cincinnati, where the face of family poverty is a young black mom with a child or children under the age of 6. It's complex and requires a commitment to prayer, seeking new perspectives and being open to internal and external critique.

Every day the textured story of racism, sexism and poverty unfolds within our walls with devastating phone calls from women living in cars or storage units, defeated voices on the other side of the line, and intersections with child protective services and the many other agencies that steer the course and dominate the time and choices of poor families. We sit through exasperated conversations with other (mostly) white folks in control of the purse strings of government housing funds. These conversations often feel futile as those in power describe the chosen scarcity of the most basic of resources, particularly a safe space for a family to lay its head tonight. All this unfolds for the poor families we've come to know and love in the midst of the abundance of the rebirth of our city and ridiculous debates that include how much to invest in another stadium.

Into this storm came a glimmer of light when, during Lent, we discovered and read together the most recent work of feminist academic Brittney Cooper. Out of our collective rage about the election of 2016, confusion about gun ownership trumping the safety of our children and families, and continual rethinking of why women of limited economic prospects embrace mothering came this succinct treatise that addressed it all and tied it together as only a brilliant social analyst can. May we suggest Eloquent Rage? If you want to do something to make the path easier for the most marginalized families in our region and/or if you're ready to get real about black feminism, violence, white power, and intersectionality then this is a must read. We'd love to talk more about it when you're done!

