

LOAVES AND FISHES

DULUTH, MN

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FREE

None of This Is Comfortable

Kym Young

Peace, my sisters and brothers,
I'm writing to tell you of recent events and uncomfortable interactions that affected my consciousness.

It started with a conversation at a community BBQ sponsored by local black run organizations and the local police department. I looked at my friends and business partner and expressed, "I know I have no reason to but I am deeply uncomfortable." Not surprisingly they each uttered the exact same sentiments. Three women. Mothers, friends and community advocates as we stood amidst the crowd of kids, fathers and families in the park on a Saturday afternoon. We were uncomfortable . . . among so many police officers.

Now not one of us has any reason to be afraid . . . unless you count that we are black women with sons and daughters living in an age when at any moment we could receive that phone call saying "Your child has been arrested," or worse, killed by a police officer. For me that day was a nerve-filled afternoon of light banter and a semi deep conversation about the "niceness" of our town with a couple of officers and a lot of good food and fun for all involved.

It was a good uncomfortable day.

But we didn't get to many of those deep conversations that we are endeavoring to keep going in the community between the police and the communities of color but there were conversations. I watched fa-



thers interacting with each other talking about motorcycles, football and baked beans. They looked comfortable. I watched children laughing and playing and parents reacting to a crying child . . . no discomfort there. I saw people in a community sharing a meal and some time with each other and the biggest dilemma was a mom saying to her child, "Did you get enough to eat cause I'm not cooking when we get home!" (Ok that was me but I meant it . . .)

It was a good uncomfortable day.

So why was it I felt uncomfortable? My Sisters and a couple of the brothers active in the community chatted about events and racial incidents with each other and that was comfortable. We shared information about our cultural programs to a couple of people (although I did not observe anyone taking a flyer about the after school offering). We raffled off a nice prize for the day and it ended with a call to do it again next year. That is a very comfortable success.

Then it hit me, it was this level of quiet comfortability that unnerved me. I have to admit it. I was quite comfortable having fun, tabling for our organizations, programs and outreach, fundraising and sharing that meal, but I was uncomfortable because in the heart of my mind I knew the people, the officers I was among who were playing with our children, laughing with our fathers, sons and daughters also posed a potentially deadly threat to us all.

That's pretty damn uncomfortable and it didn't help allay that discomfort when my fears were validated in the media later that day when I learned that #Terence-Crutchter was killed during a stalled car investigation and #TyreKing was shot in the back as he was running away from a man with a real gun. A father and a son . . . killed by someone's father and son . . . or daughter in a blue uniform with a gun...

It's not just another uncomfortable conversation I'm hoping to see come out of this good peaceful community event. We need some uncomfortable silences to be broken along with bridging of some very uncomfortable distances. Taking some uncomfort-

Homeless Person's Bill of Rights

Shelly Bruecken

The Homeless Person's Bill of Rights has gained new momentum and new champions in our city this summer as Loaves and Fishes organized a group of people to solidify the eleven rights we believe everyone should have.

1. The right to use and move freely in public spaces, without discrimination or arbitrary time limits
2. The right to rest in public spaces and protect oneself from elements in a non obstructive manner
3. The right to eat, share or accept food in public spaces
4. The right to occupy a legally parked motor vehicle
5. The right to a reasonable expectation of privacy in public spaces
6. The right to equal treatment by city staff
7. The right to protection from disclosure of personal information without consent
8. The right to protection from discrimination in housing and employment
9. The right to 24hour access to basic hygiene facilities
10. The right to choose whether or not to utilize emergency shelter
11. The right to speak with an advocate or street outreach worker when questioned by police

I sat down with Shareeka, one of the newest champions of The Homeless Person's Bill of Rights. Shareeka and her family moved from Detroit this summer to escape the urban violence. Since moving here five months ago, 13 members of her family have died from violence in Detroit. For the first few nights here, Shareeka, her boyfriend, and two children slept in their car. They parked near the blue light of the hospital. In the middle

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able risks and stepping out of some very comfortable zones. I'm speaking about this uncomfortable place of silence between the conversations about racism and restorative justice and community building that takes place safely away from the cataclysm that is devouring communities of color daily . . . the systemic oppression that is at the root of all this uncomfortableness called RACISM. The reasons we became so comfortable with the uncomfortable. Why we speak uncomfortably in the comfortable silences . . . giving comforting images of what?! Good police images?! Tranquil communities? Or are these just surface images we use to mask those deeper discomforting realities, a way to hide our own discomfort with racism and oppression?

Let's face it NONE of this is very comfortable at all and the darkest time we as a people are facing is finding a comfortable space to "JUST BE" between the roar of a gun and the last tear to hit the casket lid.

WHITE RESPONSIBILITY

Michael Elderbrook

Confronting the reality of racism is not easy or comfortable for most white people. Why would it be? As Catholic Workers, we recognize that in a predominantly white movement like ours, our newsletter has a predominantly white readership. As whites, we must take up the work of confronting racism and institutionalized privilege.

We are honored that Kym Young took the time to contribute her article "None of This Is Comfortable" to this newsletter, but it cannot simply be the burden of people of color to educate white people about racism and oppression. So here is the challenge: as white people, we need to use our time, abilities and resources not only to lift up the voices of marginalized people, but also to seek out and learn from those voices in the libraries, on the Internet, on Facebook, on Twitter. When marginalized voices are ignored or dismissed, we must use our own voices if that is what it takes to get through. We must educate ourselves and each

That's the reality of my thoughts, my trepidation, my uncomfortableness with a good community event. I'm afraid that it's such a comfortable place we don't dare move forward into the uncomfortable conversations we know must follow. Or take those uncomfortable steps . . . but we must.

The event was a spectacular success and a perfect community builder on a beautiful autumn day and I'm comfortable with the level of positive responses and community family support it garnered . . . but I wonder as you read this from the comfort of your homes, coffee shop, your conscience, did it make sense why I felt so uncomfortable at a very good event . . . and if my feelings make sense, are YOU uncomfortable enough yet to take that next step?!

Kym Young: Twin Ports resident since 1989, received both her bachelor's and master's degree from UWS. Mother, Grandmother, community Human Rights Activist. Founder and executive coordinator of the Superior African Heritage Community.

other. We must build relationships and communities where we can process our personal histories; create spaces where we can name how we were socialized into a society with racism and white supremacy so fundamentally entangled in its foundations.

An important and ever-growing organization in this struggle is called Showing Up for Racial Justice (SURJ). SURJ was formed in 2009 to bring white people together to stand against racism in order to educate and organize themselves in support of people of color-led organizations like Black Lives Matter. With 120+ chapters nationwide listed on their website and two local groups, SURJ Northland and SURJ Minnesota, on Facebook. As a member, I would highly recommend finding a chapter near you or starting one yourself!

We will never be free while so many of our family members of color are bound by the literal chains of the prison industrial complex and the invisible chains of racism and discrimination. Speak out. Act up. Show up. Black Lives Matter.

Statistics from the City of Duluth 2015 Housing Indicator Report *released July 2016*

- Just over 9% of Duluth's population identify as people of color.
- Almost half (46%) of Duluth's populations of color live in three neighborhoods - Lincoln Park, Central Hillside, and East Hillside.
- Only a quarter (24%) of Duluth's total population live in these neighborhoods.
- Lincoln Park's population is 23% people of color, Central Hillside's population is 22% people of color and East Hillside's population is 13% people of color.
- Median household income for renters in these three neighborhoods averages \$18,993.
- Median household income for renters in other Duluth neighborhoods is \$27,067.

- There are significant disparities in median household income between white householders and householders of color. Householders of color, who make up about 7% of total householders, are much more cost burdened by costs of housing than white householders.
- Householders of color disproportionately rent rather than own their homes. Citywide, 60% of the 35,548 households own while 40% rent. About 62% of white householders own and 38% rent. About 27% of Duluth's 2,504 households of color own and 73% rent.

Median Duluth Household incomes by race:

White	\$45,742
Black	\$15,702
American Indian	\$22,946
Two or more	\$25,950
Other	\$14,308

A Black Man Reflects on Racism in the Twin Ports

Jason Malmquist and Kelly Wallin

One of the Dorothy Day house visitors describes how his identity as a black man in the Twin Ports affects him everyday. In a primarily white community, he says, "You're on the outside looking in. I'll always have a label on me. It's unfair but I've got to accept it." He's chosen to not disclose his name for fear of retribution.

As a black man he's faced blatant discrimination and profiling in Superior, WI. Last Halloween he found himself without a costume with two white friends while celebrating the evening around town. At one establishment a patron asked him, "What are you supposed to be, a nigger?" Luckily, his white allies shut this patron down without he himself having to become involved. Driving is uncomfortable for him in the city too, and he avoids driving after repeatedly being pulled over; "As a black male, all [police] do is profile."

The racial discrimination he experiences in Duluth is much more covert. He experiences it many times while shopping; store clerks come up to him immediately and ask if he needs help or knows what he is looking for. These questions may be helpful, but to him, the motivations behind them are more sinister. The immediacy and tone of the questions suggests he doesn't belong there or should find what he needs and leave as quickly as possible. He believes hovering store employees are making sure he isn't shoplifting.

Confronting race is not something many white people have to do in our area and racial issues may be seemingly invisible. White people account for a huge percentage of the population and people of color are largely segregated into separate neighborhoods. In Duluth, people of color are largely located in the Lincoln Park, Central Hillside, and East Hillside neighborhoods (2015 Housing Indicator Report). The 2015 Census reports that 91.5% of Superior residents identify as white as well. Things like keeping track of police names and patrol car numbers may seem like a foreign concept to middle-class whites, but this visitor has been constantly aware of how his race is perceived by others. Since he was a teenager he's been keeping track of police in the area; "If you don't know their name or their car number, they could be anybody." Knowing identifying information can decrease the likelihood of being harassed; he avoids officers with bad reputations or seeks out those who have helped him in the past. When asked what could make him more comfortable, he says that there should be more police who look like him and have lived his experience. "If [a representative amount] of police officers are not black, it just doesn't make sense."

From the Bike Cave to the Pacific Ocean



Lake Jenny in the Grand Tetons

Matt McKenney

On May 28th I set off on a 2400-mile bike ride from Rochester, Minnesota, to the Pacific Ocean on a bike that I built at the Bike Cave.

Major destinations of interest: Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park, Redwood National Forest

States: Minnesota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Eastern Oregon, Northern California, and the Oregon Coast

Cities of note: Brookings SD, Spearfish SD, Buffalo WY, Jackson WY, Boise ID, Redding CA, Portland OR.

Along the way Jon, my cycling partner, and I slept in many different places. We packed camping and cook gear and were prepared to sleep in any manner of location. We slept in city parks, fairgrounds, state parks, Couch Surfer & Warm Shower host houses, one hotel, and even a cow pasture. The websites Couch Surfing and Warm Showers were great ways to find lodging and meet local people who support travelers in larger metropolitan areas.

The bike I rode was an old Trek 930 mountain bike, from the early 90s I believe. The wheels, handlebars, and cranks all came from the Bike Cave but were from different bikes. The handle bars actually came off of a vintage Schwinn and were the oldest part on the bike. I purchased the chain, cables, tires, and seat from local bike shops in Duluth.

I started volunteering at the Bike Cave in the fall of 2014. At this time I also started to cobble together my touring bike. The bicycle took on many shapes throughout the process of building it. Over the span of one and a half years I think I toyed around with 3 different frames and a couple of different handlebar set-ups before coming up with the final build.

Being able to source used/salvage parts from the Bike Cave was an integral part of building the bike because without that I do not think I would have been



Celebrating at the California border!

able to afford constructing a bike to complete my trip. Also, I learned many of the skills necessary to complete the build while volunteering at the Bike Cave! General cleaning, maintenance of the headset and bottom bracket and installation of the crankset, derailleurs, brake cables, and shifter cables were all parts of the bike construction that I performed at the Bike Cave. I learned these skills by practicing, hands on, working on my own bike and others that people brought to the Cave to get help fixing them.

A bicycle can mean a lot of different things to a person, and I think that the Bike Cave offers many different things to many people. For most people who come to the Cave it seems they are looking for a bike for their children to ride around the neighborhood or maybe a bike to exercise with, get out and enjoy local trails, or even get to and from work or a grocery store. For me the Bike Cave provided opportunity to go on an epic adventure and to explore the countryside.

Shelly Bruecken — Continued from Page 1

of the night, the family was awakened by a police officer who told her to move and if they were seen here again “there would be trouble.” Shareeka was lacking sleep and was in a town she hardly knew, with no resources, nowhere to stay, and a newfound fear of police. She rushed to figure things out for her family. They came to Olive Branch where they continued to sleep in the car for a bit until a spot opened up in our house.

In the midst of finding housing, insurance, schooling, and therapy for her family we approached Shareeka about the Homeless Bill of Rights. She quickly volunteered to work with us. “If there is a chance my story can help someone else, I want to help.” If the Homeless Person’s Bill of Rights would have been passed when Shareeka and her family arrived, they would not have had the terrifying experience of being questioned by police in the middle of the night. Shareeka became a powerful speaker for the Homeless Person’s Bill of Rights and took part in meeting after meeting winning over city councilors, businesses, and the police chief. After each meeting, Shareeka came home with a smile on her face and a sense of empowerment in her heart. “It is exciting being at meetings with people who are so high up and to have them listen to what I am saying.” Many times, we were amazed by how the meetings went. Shareeka has the ability to persuade almost anybody with her story and her conviction. We lovingly deem this ability to change hearts and minds “Shareeka Power.”

Along with working her power on the Homeless Person’s Bill of Rights, Shareeka has managed to find a home for her family in the difficult housing market of Duluth. Because of Shareeka and many other powerful voices in the community, we have been able to gain momentum in Duluth, and expect to be putting the ordinance to a vote before winter.

For more information on the Homeless Bill of Rights, go to facebook.com/righttorest.

Local Solutions to Poverty Candidate Forum



This was the third year Loaves & Fishes organized a Candidate Forum. Partnering with CHUM, we will hold the forum on **October 27th, 6-7:30 at Holy Name Church in Lincoln Park.**

In this forum, people describe their experiences of poverty and/or homelessness and ask candidates to commit to solutions. This year, we organized listening sessions in Morgan Park, Lincoln Park, and CHUM Food Shelf to identify the issues of great concern in low-income neighborhoods. Many other sponsoring organizations contributed perspectives from their clients to focus questions on pressing issues the state legislature and County Commission will address this year.

Journey 4 Renewal

Chelsea Froemke

On May 29th I paddled away from Wilderness Canoe Base (WCB) at the end of the Gunflint Trail alongside Steph Branchaud, Tessa Larson, Whitney Vogel, and the black lab Avery. It was our first day of a sixty-six day canoe trip to Hudson Bay. In the coming two months we would paddle west following the border route to Lake of the Woods, along the Winnipeg River, up the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg, to the Echamamish River, then follow God's River and the Hayes River to the tundra, ending at York Factory on Hudson Bay.

The four of us met while working as canoe guides at WCB, a Lutheran camp. Our trip was dubbed Journey 4 Renewal in support of WCB's Renewal Campaign. In 2007 WCB lost many of their buildings during the Ham Lake fire. The last nine years have been dedicated to rebuilding so that the camp can continue their mission of empowering young people through wilderness experiences in the BWCA. We were honored to have the opportunity to participate in a trip of this magnitude while also supporting a place that has been formative for us and so many others.

Our journey started as a dream, took over a year to plan, and was certainly going to be a life-changing experience. However, on that rainy morning it was hard to believe that we were actually leaving for what would be a 1,265 mile canoe trip. In those first few moments I experienced a number of emotions: excitement for the adventures to come, fear of the unknown challenges, gratitude for the three other women paddling



Steph Branchaud, Chelsea Froemke, Tessa Larson & Whitney Vogel at York Factory after 66 days of paddling.

alongside me, and sadness as I paddled away from my family, friends, and Loaves & Fishes community.

We quickly found a daily rhythm that revolved around paddling. We ate high calorie food to fuel our bodies, had a morning reflection to center us, journaled and did art to document our experiences, read many books, and we paddled. We paddled in rain or shine, wind or calm, averaging 18 miles a day. Despite aching muscles and frequent exhaustion, we paddled on; singing songs, playing games, and deepening our friendships.

The people we met along the way were eager to hear our stories, offer a word of advice, and give us encouragement. We camped in people's backyards along the

Rainy River and the Winnipeg River, were offered rides around dams, treated to meals and showers, and joined several churches on Sunday mornings. There were also many people back home thinking of us, praying for us, and daily checking our progress on our website.

After four years as a live-in volunteer at Olive Branch it was humbling to be the recipient of such generous hospitality. Several times throughout the summer we found ourselves in people's homes enjoying a meal or a shower. We were grateful for these expressions of hospitality and amazed at how people not only welcomed us into their home but also into their lives. I'm thankful for this reminder of how to express genuine hospitality. Showers, laundry, meals--those things are wonderful and needed, but in the work of hospitality there is an opportunity to go further, to make connections, to truly welcome people, to express love.

As I reenter life at Loaves and Fishes I frequently think back to a specific moment, sitting around a stranger's dining room table somewhere on the Winnipeg River. I think of the way I was shown hospitality and ponder how I can emulate their example here around our dining room table. I return to Duluth feeling empowered, reenergized, and fulfilled. We saw incredible sights along our journey and accomplished a huge goal. It was an honor to be a part of this adventure, to paddle with three other inspiring women, and to contribute to the legacy of Wilderness Canoe Base. Above all I return home to Loaves and Fishes with a renewed sense of commitment to this work of hospitality and to my fellow Loaves & Fishes community mates.

PROFILE: Black & White Together

Doris Malkmus

One of our kids at Olive Branch this fall is known as Junior. He has the irresistible charm of a 3-year old—bright eyes, ready hugs. His dad was raised in St. Paul in what he called the stereotypical crack house and grew up in a neighborhood where joining a gang and dealing drugs was a way to be somebody. He met Junior's mom in middle school. They were good friends before they became parents together, and parents before they graduated from high school. Junior's mom says she is mixed ethnically, not racially, but most of her friends were African American and there was almost no thought given in her family when she got involved with Junior's dad. Junior's dad's family were more opposed and a few still refuse to really accept Junior's mom into the family.

"Race" is not an abstract category to this family. They don't think about the big picture, or how they fit into the transition of Duluth (which was 99% white in the 1970s) to the racially mixed community of today. They just want to get along. Their experience as "different" makes them want Junior to learn to never make fun of anyone because of age, looks, skin color, gender, sexual orientation, or disability. His dad especially wants Junior to be able to shed hurtful comments and not take criticism to heart. He wants his son to laugh and roll with the punches; to be himself and stay on his own course. They want him to keep away from gangs and drugs that destroy life. Junior's mom wants him to play hockey like she did, to take part in sports, to be confident enough to speak in front of class, to participate like any other kid.

These are their hopes for their son Junior in Duluth.

 11TH ANNUAL DULUTH AREA

COMMUNITY CONNECT

THURSDAY **OCTOBER 27**

With winter fast approaching, Loaves & Fishes partnered with AICHO to host a one stop shop to provide warm boots, coats, socks, haircuts, foot-care, lunch, flu shots, housing resources, health screening and much more. Held at Gimaaajii, 202 W 2nd St from 11am to 3pm, this event is always attended by hundreds of people experiencing extreme poverty. We thank all the supporters in the community for donating time and supplies to meet the needs of our brothers and sisters.

Hannah House Notes

Brooke Tapp

Spring and summer brought big changes to Hannah House, inside and out. Memorial Day weekend twenty Harbor City International School students spent two days working on a redesign of the Hannah House Community Garden, eliciting cheers and compliments by passers by. Unfortunately, deer also enjoyed the garden . . . next year's project.

The backyard was transformed when the new owner of the adjacent building shared costs to remove five spruce and a tall box elder tree and survey the property lines. We learned that we own land that increases the community garden plot by one third. We need to rebuild the six-foot fence and decided to install sod to give kids a safe place to play in the backyard.

I joined the community and moved into Hannah House this spring. Hannah House isn't an "open" house of hospitality like Olive Branch and Dorothy Day House although the house has provided space for community meetings, a place for volunteers working on projects, a home for community volunteers, and a place to support our initiative with child foster care.

As manager of Habitat for Humanity's exterior home repair program, I spent last October on Jefferson Street, completing two large projects at Dorothy Day and Olive Branch. It is through this experience that my affection grew for the Loaves and Fishes community and what they do. Walking back and forth on



Jefferson from house to house reminded me of my youth in southern Minnesota, where I walked up and down the gravel road to the homes of my grandparent's or my great uncle Wayne, never needing to knock and always finding someone there to give a smile, a meal, and affectionate embrace. I made many trips between the machine sheds fetching tools and equipment. Now I make many trips along Jefferson Street to complete projects at the various houses of Loaves and Fishes.

Loaves and Fishes is a large family that offers support, compassion and stability to our members as well as our guests. I'm grateful to be welcomed into a family again where I can contribute as well as receive.



Jefferson Street Block Party

Donna Howard

Do you have a pet fish? Have you been canoeing in the Boundary Waters this summer? Strangers and friends scurried to ask one another questions as they competed for prizes in the game Neighborhood Bingo. The game is a good mixer. Of course the police officers at the party were asked dozens of times to initial the square that asked if you wear a uniform to work.



For about 27 years Loaves and Fishes has organized a summer block party on Jefferson Street with food and games, fun and friendship, music and dance. This year, on August 27th, it stopped raining when we set up the tents and started raining again after we took them down at the end of the day. Between those two watery bookends, faces were painted, T-shirts were tie-dyed, water balloons were tossed, and our vibrant neighborhood was joyfully celebrated.

About 300 neighbors enjoyed the music of the Dumpy Jug Bumpers, Hannah Ray, and Indianhead-band. There were delicious burgers, brats and corn on the cob from the grills and side dishes from neighborhood kitchens. We danced around the maypole. And this year a new event was added: the first annual Slowest Bicycle Race. Surprise, surprise, one heat was won by a little girl with training wheels. We are grateful to our generous neighbors, businesses and organizations that donated time, money and items to make this a wonderful event.

Good will was in abundance!

\$2000 Needed to Keep the Heat On at Dorothy Day

Loaves & Fishes strives to provide hospitality while being good stewards for the property so generously given to this cause. This year we had the opportunity to take advantage of numerous gifts and volunteer groups to do many needed updates to the properties. Despite the tremendous accomplishments of the summer listed below, we face the coming winter months still needing an additional \$2000 for a new furnace for Dorothy Day. The 20-year-old furnace conked out three times last winter and we approach this year's heating season dreading an emergency we can't afford to fix. Please contribute what you can to keep the home fire burning at Dorothy Day this winter.

We thank the many L&F volunteers, guests, and community groups for the support already given for the furnace and the amazingly long list of projects lovingly completed this year.

Olive Branch

- Complete overhaul of both bathrooms: new sinks and toilets, a new tub and tiled shower
- Back and front porches scrubbed and painted
- Backyard playset, cedar mulch, landscape and patio blocks installed
- New, large refrigerator donated and new counter and shelves installed
- Guest bedrooms scrubbed and painted

Hannah House and Community Garden

- Dead trees removed, property line surveyed
- Backyard tilled, sodded, and fenced
- Hallway painted
- New electrical service & breaker box

Dorothy Day

- 1st floor bathroom ceiling removed and powerful exhaust fan installed

Olive Branch House Notes

Chelsea Fromke

Olive Branch continues to joyfully provide hospitality for women and families, offering a safe and sober space for people to find respite. Our rooms typically fill up immediately after they open as the need for emergency housing persists. As I sit at the Olive Branch



dining room table writing these house notes, I am constantly reminded of this need. Just this morning we've received several phone calls from people seeking shelter. I've quietly chatted with some of our guests over a cup of coffee while a woman sleeps on our living room couch, the towels used yesterday by a couple who is sleeping in their car are being washed, and a previous guest stopped by to say hello and to ask if we have space for a friend of theirs who has found herself homeless. It is hard to turn people away but I'm thankful for the space that we do have. I'm glad people know that this is a safe place where they can take a shower, have a meal, or find a listening ear. It is an honor to be a steward of this house and participate in the relationships that are created within its walls.

In the last four years I have seen the faces at Olive Branch change many times over. Each new guest or volunteer contributes something unique to this place. Sometimes changes can be difficult and I find myself mourning a departure. However, with every change comes new opportunities. Shelly, our newest volunteer, has been an incredible addition to this house. She moved in at the end of May and quickly integrated into the house community. While writing this article a guest joined me at the table and together we created this list of reasons why we love Shelly.

1. Her commitment to this work and her friendly disposition is incredibly appreciated by all who come in contact with her.

2. She has a bubbly personality that is expressed through her infectious laughter and bold clothing.

3. We love her food! Shelly is a fabulous cook and

uses her skill to treat the people around her.

4. Shelly expresses thoughtful hospitality. It is joy to watch her create relationships with all who enter the house.

5. She is full of adventure and playfulness and often initiates games and activities.

6. She is such a smarty pants! In addition to living at Olive Branch, Shelly is also a full time Occupational Therapy student at the College of Saint Scholastica.

The house was closed for a month and a half starting in July to address the physical needs of the house. This home has been a place of hospitality since 1992 and the high demand on the house has taken a toll. In the six weeks of being closed Olive Branch received a major facelift. We are incredibly grateful for Doris. Thanks to her hard work and many hours of labor, Olive Branch has two newly remodeled bathrooms. Shelly, her mother and Brooke repainted all of the guest rooms and deep cleaned much of the rest of the house. During this time, a larger fridge was donated and more shelves and counter space added to the kitchen. These changes to the kitchen make our daily 6 PM dinner so much easier to prepare. The fresh paint and organized house has also made this home feel more comfortable and clean. Others also participated in home improvement projects. Saint Paul's Episcopal Church coordinated a week of service where their youth group built an awesome playground for the backyard. Shelly's family spent a day setting patio blocks under our back deck, turning it into a beautiful patio area. We are grateful for the many financial donations and volunteer hours that made these projects possible.



Improvements this summer included (clockwise from left): new kitchen counter and shelves, tiled walls in bathroom with new sink, and a playset for kids.



Olive Branch Backyard Playground

Doris Malkmus

St. Paul's Episcopal Church's youth group Hands Across Duluth (HAD) presented a wonderful gift to our community this summer--a beautiful playset for Olive Branch. Sheltering Arms Foundation and Social Ministries of St. Paul's funded the project as twenty-two youth from St. Paul's and Ascension Stillwater participated in building, landscaping and anything needed to make the playset a reality.

Luisa, one of the young volunteers reflected on her experience:

"Me to WE is an idea that I've been introduced to even before HAD. The main idea of HAD is to show kids the impact that we can have when we work as one unit to get a job done. I realized that before you can become a WE you have to figure out who your "ME" is. When building the playset each of us was chosen to do a particular job that plays to our strengths! Everyone has their strengths and their weaknesses but the great thing about being WE is that those around you help you in times where you



Young volunteers discovered they can accomplish a lot more when they shift from Me to We.

may be struggling, because you're never alone and there will always be more people that want to help. That's what I learned from HAD this year."

Dorothy Day House Notes

Michael Elderbrook

A few days ago, my partner Jason and I welcomed guests from a UMD Food Justice course into the community for a few hours. We showed them around our gardens at Hannah House and Dorothy Day; we talked about the many intersections of food and justice: physical health, the climate crisis, food insecure families, poverty, food waste, and alienation from the Earth which gives us life. After a tour of the gardens and what will go down as my first time teaching college students, we sat down to share a meal on the Hannah House garden steps. As part of their assignment, the students were tasked with bringing information on the distance their food travelled before it came to those steps. One young woman brought oranges that travelled thousands of miles from Chile; Jason brought over salsa he made with locally-sourced ingredients from our thrice-weekly food run from Whole Foods Co-op; I had a bowl of chili that Joel made almost entirely from vegetables from our gardens.

Aside from sharing information about how we try to understand our relationship with food as a community, I hope Jason and I were able to open up a new option of living to those students. The idea of intentional communal living can seem like a throw-back to the hippy days, if not totally unheard of by the younger generation. Along with a few obligatory mentions of anarchism in the Catholic Worker tradition, I tried to drive home the importance of community in everyday living for our personal connection to our humanity and the Earth, as well as the importance of building community to push for change on issues like food justice. When people experiencing food insecurity are pushed far from our minds and lives, the perfectly good food we throw in the trash is just another addition to the 72 billion pounds of food wasted each year in the United States. It is not seen as a meal stolen from the mouths of our families most in need.

I went into this encounter with the mindset that food justice ranks pretty low on our priorities as a community. On further reflection, that couldn't be further from the truth! After all, our community is named after an example of the role food justice played in Jesus' ministry. Beyond that, I don't know how many times we have collectively asked visitors "Have you had any breakfast?" or "Could I fix you something for lunch?" Not to mention the time our Meal Angels, resident chefs, and afternoon volunteers put into making dinner each day to serve at our increasingly crowded dinner tables. I would contend that food justice is at the heart of our hospitality, making sure our visitors and guests have the energy they need to go out each day to get to their appointments, meetings, apartment showings, jobs and all the other tasks that make up the daily struggle of poverty and homelessness.

In the few short months and even shorter summer since the ink of our last newsletter dried, we offer these updates from here at Dorothy Day House:

- With food on the mind, we are feeding more peo-

ple than ever at our daily dinners. We are glad to share a meal with all who find their way to our tables, but it brings a painful realization. Our current economic system leaves more and more people needing to supplement their food intake with a free meal almost daily. When I first moved in a year ago it was said that volunteers used to tell whoever was cooking to prepare for 8-10 people, then 12-15, and now it is not unreasonable to prepare for 15-20. Joel recently pulled out enough plates, cups and silverware for 25 after a meal when some had to wait for dishes to be washed before they could grab some food.

- The newest addition to the Loaves and Fishes community is my partner Jason Malmquist. Even though he is beginning his life in the community as a live-in volunteer at the Olive Branch, he first got involved with Loaves and Fishes doing house duty here at the Dorothy Day. Jason is licensed to teach English and ESL and works part-time as a substitute teacher over in his hometown of Superior, WI. He is a fantastic chef, a lover of dogs, children, music, and art. Jason has also been committed to the work of social justice since high school, and his background working in alternative school programs and group home settings makes him well-prepared for the joys and challenges we experience every day in our little slice of the Beloved Community.

- To kick off the summer, Joel, Kelly, and I joined our community mates in seeing Chelsea off on her great northern canoeing adventure! It was a beautiful experience of community, to see the Wilderness Canoe Base and share the space that has been so formative in Chelsea's life, as well as being with her as she departed on a journey that so few have done before. We are so proud and awe-inspired by the strength and determination of Chelsea and her companions!

- On a note of mixed emotions, Kelly will be moving out at the end of October to start a new chapter of his life with his girlfriend, Wesley, near Grand Marais. It will be sad to see him go, but we could not be more happy and excited for him in finding a partner with whom to share his life. Kelly has been an incredible gift to this community, a great friend to me in my year since joining, and we know he will be back to visit. I think most people will readily associate Kelly with the Bike Cave, but he gave so much of himself outside of it as well. Having experienced homelessness himself he demonstrated a remarkable ability to connect easily with guests and visitors over a cigarette on the back porch. His commitment to peace and nonviolence as a veteran, his commitment to racial justice, his creativity in refashioning bike parts--creating his own cottage industry of belts made from old bicycle tires and

coat racks made from reclaimed bicycle parts were totally unique combination of gifts he brought to Dorothy Day House. Most of all, Kelly gave himself completely to the work of hospitality and the bonds of community.

- We have not had drastic renovations like those at Olive Branch and Hannah House, but with the help of guests and visitors, we have a newly sheet-rocked and painted bathroom on the first floor and a freshly painted back porch. We hope to replace the furnace and redo the basement floor (with an accompanying reimagining of the space for the Bike Cave, laundry facilities, and storage), so we are currently in the process of fundraising and preparing mentally.

- Aside from the always busy work of hospitality, we have been involved in a few local initiatives as well. As we work towards passing the Homeless Person's Bill of Rights for Duluth, we are always encouraged to see current and former guests getting involved with this effort. We literally cannot do this without the very people whose lives have been directly affected by laws that criminalize homelessness. With the upcoming elections, we are also planning the Local Solutions to Poverty Forum (on October 27th) with organizers from CHUM. Unlike other forums, this one gives the floor to people experiencing poverty or homelessness and lets candidates listen. Personal stories of daily struggles will be shared with those running for county and state offices this November, with pointed questions on how they plan to affect change to make life better for those in need.

- A couple of months ago, Kelly's health, a crisis in Joel's family, and the house seeming to be constantly filled with conflicting personalities and people dealing with their own mental health struggles, we decided to close the house to non-residents on Sundays. We felt it was necessary to have a little Sabbath rest to maintain our personal and collective mental health, as well as leaving time to strengthen the bonds of community for the men currently living in the house. While it is never easy to turn people away, we strive to provide quality hospitality and not just quantity.

- As Kelly transitions out of the community and Joel and I struggle to keep up with hectic schedules, we have to give a huge Thank You to our outside volunteers who regularly pick up the slack when our house duty calendar is looking a little barren. Thanks Marsh Thornton, Michael Latsch, Liz Carlson, Meg Kearns, Nate Twedt, Christy Atkinson and Courtney Cochran!

Who we are

Loaves and Fishes is a community of people inspired by Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker movement to build “a new society within the shell of the old.” We believe in a world that is abundant with resources and love, enough for everyone if we share. As a community we offer family-style hospitality to people experiencing homelessness; operate a no-cost neighborhood bicycle shop; organize with our neighbors to protect everyone’s right to housing; and study and practice nonviolence in our interpersonal relationships and in our politics. Loaves and Fishes is entirely volunteer-run and receives no government funding.

Current live-in members of Loaves and Fishes Community are: Drew Anderson, Shelly Bruecken, Michael Elderbrook, Chelsea Froemke, Donna Howard, Joel Kilgour, Doris Malkmus, Jason Malmquist, Brooke Tapp and Kelly Wallin. Many other people are part of our community as volunteers, donors, meal providers and advocates. We invite you to join us in whatever ways you can.

Dorothy Day House and the Bike Cave

1712 Jefferson St.
Duluth, MN 55812
218-724-2054

Olive Branch

1614 Jefferson St.
Duluth, MN 55812
218-728-0629

Current needs to keep us going:

Donations are accepted every day 8am-9pm at 1712 Jefferson St, Duluth. If you have any questions, please call 218-724-2054.

Thank you!

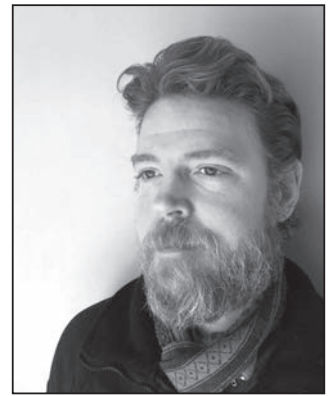
Ongoing material needs: Coffee and sugar; Butter and margarine; Healthy breakfast cereal and milk; Cheese and eggs; Ground beef; Tuna (large cans preferred); Toilet paper (household size or jumbo 9” rolls); Laundry detergent (HE or powder, large containers preferred); Shampoo and conditioner; Tampons and pads; New socks (cotton, adult sizes) and anti-fungal foot cream; Ibuprofen, bandages and antibiotic cream or spray; Postage stamps (letter- and postcard-rate); Sleeping bags and tarps (camo tarps preferred, for our many friends sleeping on the street or in the woods); Gift cards for area gas stations (\$20 preferred, to aid people sleeping in their cars or needing transportation to work); Cash donations to cover house expenses. Checks to Loaves and Fishes, 1614 Jefferson St, Duluth MN 55812; or donate online at www.gofundme.com/LandF2016. Loaves and Fishes is a people-powered movement for change, we are not a tax-deductible charity.

Special requests: Area rugs, size 4'x6' or larger, clean and in good shape (for guest rooms), bike locks, laptop computer or tablet

Volunteer needs: (please call for more information): People skilled in plumbing and electrical; concrete work; and mechanics for the Bike Cave once a week or every other week

Kelly Wallin joined Loaves and Fishes more than three years ago. He has written his place in the hearts of all of us in Loaves & Fishes. He has kept Bike Cave gears operating smoothly, befriended hundreds of guests, and fixed the unfixable around the house. We will remember him at every turn and rejoice in his happiness as he takes on the adventure of a new home, relationship, and town.

Farewell Kelly and Good Luck in Grand Marais!



PROFILE: View from a Camp in the Woods

Doris Malkmus

Paco Mendoza (an alias he uses when he doesn’t want to be identified) was diagnosed with a mental illness at the age of 20. High functioning, he graduated from college, but has lived homeless in Texas, Georgia, California, and Florida. He visits Dorothy Day most days for its non-confrontational and relaxed atmosphere. He showers, eats, does laundry and lots of volunteer work for the community and leaves in time to get back to his tentsite before dark. Despite the overwhelming challenges many guests face, Paco appreciates how guests and volunteers help each other, listen to each other, and take responsibility for keeping the house safe.

Mendoza is not violent, but when he feels his mental illness coming on he heads to his camp or the woods. Mostly, he is embarrassed by his behavior and is afraid of people’s responses to his outbursts. He said that if there was a “peaceful sanitarium” like Dorothy

Day where he could be safe, he would be happy to go there and work in a garden for the rest of his life.

Too often, he says, “safety net” institutions like soup kitchens and shelters don’t feel safe to him. They serve vulnerable people alongside of what he calls “predators.” When he sees predators approaching the vulnerable, he feels tense and agitated, but living in an isolated camp or apartment makes him sad. He wishes that housing options for the mentally ill included more supportive, communal options.

He believes that Minnesota has done a better job of caring for his mental illness than any other state he has lived in. His ARMHS worker keeps him on track with the many forms and appointments and psychiatric meds necessary when coping with a mental illness and homelessness. He had made no plans for housing for the coming winter until Joel helped him secure an apartment for the winter months. “I don’t always think clearly; I need people I trust to keep me sensible.” Loaves & Fishes has been key to that.



Christmas 2016 is Coming!!

The fabulous Loaves and Fishes Community Christmas Dinner will be held **Sunday, December 11th from 2 to 5 pm** at **St. Paul’s Episcopal Church** at 17th Avenue East and Superior Street (use the Greysolon Street Entrance).

Every year we gather to celebrate, distribute gifts for children, and enjoy a great feast together. If you are able to help, we are looking for people to donate turkey and ham. If you can volunteer, we can use help setting up, serving, and cleaning up. Call Dorothy Day or check us on Facebook.