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**SUMMER 2019**



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# The Kids Are Alright

By Mischa Webley,  
 NECN Staff Writer

**W**orrying about our youth is a national pastime. Every generation has their particular fixation about what's plaguing the young, from the innocent-sounding worries about close-dancing a generation ago to the much more sobering and real concern of our nation's ongoing plague of school shootings. But



PHOTO BY MOREN HSU

**“This current generation isn't inheriting a predictable world”**

to talk to the teens in the Portland area, a different picture emerges, one of resiliency, of hope, of leadership. If anything,

it's hard to not get the feeling that the tables have turned. Teens these days seem to be resigned to the fact that it's their duty to clean up the messes that we have left them.

Whether it's climate change or gun violence, gentrification or income inequality, kids these days appear to take little for granted other than

the fact that change is coming, or already here. Perhaps it's for this reason that many of the youth we talked to while putting this issue together also have no problem seeing themselves as part of the solution to these “adult” problems. They are, after all, the ones with the most skin in the game. They are the ones who will pay for

and hopefully remedy the mistakes that we have thrust upon them.

This current generation isn't inheriting a predictable world. In this geography of change, where our neighborhoods, cities and cultural narratives are in flux and growing out of reach for many, it will be up to the youth to draw their own maps to navigate it. With any luck, this means they will redraw old, divisive lines, or maybe erase them altogether.

**The question is, will we let them?**

Inside, you'll find the voices of youth from around Northeast, in their own words, talking about the issues that matter to them. You may or may not agree with everything they have to say, but hopefully you'll listen. We all need to.

# Renewing Gentrification

By Taji K. Chesimet

**I** fell under a spell for the past six years of living in this city, blind to what was occurring under my feet. I walked to school every day during junior high – same path, same neighbors, same life. One day, I noticed a peculiar sign hung from the gate outside a blue house on my route: “Intent to Demolish.” Months passed as the sign became nothing more than a familiar object to me, until out of nowhere, the house was gone. Then, for the next two years, I watched as two beautiful, but alien houses were erected – more manufactured than the clothes on my back. It never occurred to me that my part of the city, the landscape of my childhood, would fall victim to gentrification.

I was born at Legacy Meridian on December 12th, 2001. Sixteen years later, I have involuntary lived in eight different homes, from the coasts of Astoria to the more recently contentious lands of North Portland. From apartments, to a bed & breakfast, to a cookie-cutter house, my willingness to leave behind a history, a footprint, even a life, and migrating to a foreign home is now second nature.

When tackling displacement through the lens of Portland, a city often considered a liberal safe haven, we must recognize the steady foot of racist tendencies and practices. In writing this story, it became too suffocating to internalize my experience as I knew it

could not be singular. The issue is past its infancy but still plagues us with its effects. Throughout this process, I have moved into a more developed understanding of how gentrification is an issue expanding past just race; welcoming new avenues of privilege, gender, and opportunity.

On Thursday afternoon, I sat down with Royal Harris, a second-generation Portlander, at Elevated Coffee, a black-owned business on MLK. We started the conversation by talking about his roots in Portland. When posed with the question of defining gentrification, he stated that we must look at gentrification as a tool; in order to remove the pathos from the dialogue.

“When looked at in a purely economic or business space, it is the ability to see opportunity in a neglected environment and change it around for the better. If Black people could afford these neighborhoods, there would be no claim or uproar about the aesthetic or the changes. Portland has become a national city. Part of the growing pain is the highlighting of



Taji K. Chesimet, Royal Harris, and Jaime Delara shared their experiences with gentrification.

disparities and inequities.”

From that interview, I sat down with a young man by the name of Jaime Delara, a senior at Roosevelt High School, and a Portland

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*Northeast Coalition of Neighborhoods (NECN), founded in 1975, is an independent nonprofit organization. NECN is one of seven neighborhood coalitions in Portland, which are primarily funded by the City's Office of Neighborhood Involvement. NECN identifies and takes on hyper-local issues to increase neighborhood livability and civic engagement. NECN's service area includes 12 neighborhoods in inner North/Northeast Portland: Alameda, Boise, Concordia, Eliot, Humboldt, Irvington, Lloyd, King, Sabin, Sullivan's Gulch, Vernon, and Woodlawn. Any person that resides or works in North/Northeast Portland can get directly involved!*

**YOUTH PROFILE: Ei-Shah Pirtle-Wright**

By Mischa Webley, NECN Staff Writer

After years spent bouncing between her biological and foster parents, between her home town of Coos Bay and other parts of Oregon, there was a lot that Ei-Shah didn't know about herself or her people. In fact, it wasn't until she was nine years old that she truly understood that she was Native. Now fifteen, the specifics of her tribal identity rolls off her tongue like a badge of honor: enrolled in the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs; descendant of the Siletz; Klamath Modoc, Paiute, Nez Perce and Yakama tribes. But with that knowledge of self and culture comes great responsibility to her community. Ei-Shah, a freshman at the Native American Youth and Family Center (NAYA), welcomes it.

By her own account, Ei-Shah has faced many struggles in her life. She endured violence, racism and abuse while inside the foster care system; has seen countless friends and relatives fall victim to addiction; been bullied at school and been the bully herself; been forced to grow up faster than a young person should ever have to. All of this would be enough to make even the strongest person give up hope, but in Ei-Shah's case it has had the opposite effect.

She hasn't done it alone. After an elder noticed her delinquency back in middle school, they took Ei-Shah aside and reminded her in harsh terms that she had a duty to herself and her community to get her life together and start doing better. That year, seventh grade, she got the message loud and clear and turned things around quickly. Before the school year was out, she had joined the choir and drama clubs and made the honor roll. By the beginning of eighth grade, she was starting to find her voice.

A key moment for Ei-Shah was when she came to understand that her experiences - abuse, neglect, racism, invisibility, self hate and shame - are not unique to her but are instead a pattern of symptoms that are experienced by Indigenous people, inherited throughout the generations, as a

result of the systemic and violent dismantling of their cultures. This is known as intergenerational or historic trauma that Indigenous peoples worldwide are confronting with an eye towards reframing this shared experience to build resiliency for the future.

Understanding this bigger picture gave her the perspective she needed to realize that her role in life was bigger than herself; it was about stopping that trauma from continuing in her community. "As indigenous people we've all gone through a hard past, but I want to show the youth that you might come from that past but you take that in a positive way and do something better for yourself," she says.

To lead, sometimes you have to fight. In her first year back in Portland, while attending Mount Labor Middle School, she be-

*"...you might come from that past but you take that in a positive way and do something better for yourself"*

came frustrated with the simplistic narratives about Native Americans being shared by a teacher. After a blowout in class and then with the principal, a counselor there encouraged her to put that voice to use. The following week, dressed in full tribal regalia, she made a total of four different presentations to classes there about her heritage and culture, correcting the record and shining a light on her people.

Her community has taken notice and blessed her with increasing responsibility and respect. She was crowned Royalty through the titles of 2018 Miss City of Roses by the Bow and Arrow Culture Club and currently as Miss Naimuma by Portland State's 2019 United Indian Students in Higher Education. They are both prestigious titles and roles which acknowledge



PHOTO BY MISCHA WEBLEY

Ei-Shah Pirtle-Wright

her positive contributions to the Native community. It also endows her with the responsibility to represent her people at important cultural events and causes.

In this role she has travelled to Salem to testify on behalf of her community in support of the creation of Indigenous People's Day and lobbied the Portland City Council in support of the Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women's Act, which marked May 5th as a citywide commemoration of the little-known plague of unprosecuted violence against Indigenous women. Of her work she says, "I want people to know that we're here. Our voices matter, our lives matter, we're taking a stand. To see us as people. Recognize us. See us. Hear us." More than anything, she wants other indigenous youth to know one thing: you are not alone.

As she looks to the future, Ei-Shah sees herself playing a larger role in her community. She knows that education will be a key to her succeeding in what she wants to do and already has set the goal of earning a double degree from Portland State in Native American Studies and Public Administration.

Ei-Shah says that the state of the Native community in Oregon is strong, and sees it as on the verge of thriving. "I'm gonna kick some ass in the future and do something good. Serve my people. Thinking about that makes my heart feel good. I hope in the future that we can be closer and rise up together."

With her in the lead, no doubt that will happen.



of gentrification and the physical effects it has. Some people don't even have the privilege to ponder such thoughts. America is my playground and I will continue to poke and prod at its' systems.

*Story and images reprinted courtesy of I Love This Place PDX, a CENTER youth project.*

**Gentrification**

cont'd from pg 1

native. Jaime recently underwent an experience that forced him into a cohort of many, including myself. His landlord was selling the house that he has lived in for the last 10 years of his life. His story brings an aspect of living in the US that many can relate to. Jaime is a 17-year old Chicano boy who doesn't want to be a statistic.

"If you are not already in a good place, you are just going to keep going lower. Do you think that

**YOUTH VOICES: Josiah OneStar**

19 years old, graduate of Jefferson H.S.



PHOTO BY MISCHA WEBLEY

Josiah is a tribal member of the Sincangu Band of Lakota, Lyackson First Nations of British Columbia.

What really inspires me is the absence of my father. I don't think I'd be the man I am today if he was in my life. I learned how to shoot my first hoop without him. I learned how to go on a date without him. I learned how to do a lot of things without him. I thought that was supposed to be a man's priority was to make sure that his kids are able to learn from him. But I was able to learn for myself. I felt like I was a young man then. Being able to take care of my mother I felt like that was a man's job.

I did a lot of things that a man should've done but he wasn't there. So I just stepped up to the plate the best I could, making sure that my mother's okay. It's the little things like that that really inspire me.

In the future I want to be helping youth, making sure that they get that male support, that backbone. We all struggle from the fact that we don't have a father in our life and the fact that our

mothers have to step up to the plate to do both.

I just want to work with kids who struggle through the same things that I did. I want to make sure that they feel loved and that there is comfort and success for them and that there is hope and that they're able to do whatever they hell they want. There is hope in this world. That's where the tough layer of skin has to come in, you have to have that hope. It's tough and it's sad that you don't have that male figure in your life but you have to grow that tough skin in order for you to move on. Because if not and you hold on to it and then grow that tough skin, then it's going to be killing you from the inside. That's probably the worst thing you can do as a young person is holding onto that grudge.

*Josiah is a Teen Counselor at Matt Dishman Community Center and also runs Flight Club, a Nike-sponsored program that encourages healthy lifestyles for Native youth.*

**Students Team Up to Build Homes**

by Laura Dillon, Oregon Connections Academy Outreach Manager

Rainy weather didn't douse the spirits of a hardy group of student volunteers from Oregon Connections Academy (ORCA) who put in several hours of hard work at Habitat for Humanity's build site in the Cully Neighborhood. Fifteen new affordable homes are currently under construction at the Cully Build site located at Northeast 57th and Killingsworth. Oregon Connections Academy is a full-time tuition-free virtual public charter school enrolling thousands of students in grades K-12 across the state.

"It was very interesting to learn about the building process of one of these homes, I feel very privileged to be involved in helping one of these families, whose

lives are changing as we speak," said Oregon Connections Academy sophomore Camille Fox from North Portland. Camille brought several construction skills with her

*"I feel very privileged to be involved in helping one of these families, whose lives are changing as we speak"*

to the Habitat for Humanity Build Day, having learned them from her carpenter/remodeler father.

According to Melinda Musser, Communications Director for Habitat for Humanity Portland/

**We Are The Future**

By Moselle Dake, 14, Irvington, starts Grant High School in Fall 2019

I was exposed to the idea of good education at a young age. When I was 6 years old my mom started a small school because she was unhappy with the public school that I would have gone to while living in San Francisco. This was my first introduction to how education is something worth fighting for and how a good teacher can change your life forever. But after moving to Northeast Portland and starting sixth grade at a public school here, I learned that not all kids got the same chances in school as me.

There are four teachers at my middle school that are notorious among students. We all know that they should not be teaching. It started out with a teacher in 6th grade who yelled at my entire class for at least 30 minutes most days, even though it was because only a couple kids were misbehaving. In this teacher's class, we read one book in the entire school year.

My seventh grade teacher may have been a good person, but I learned nothing in her class and my writing - usually my best subject - went downhill. This year I have a teacher who is well-intentioned, but she is overwhelmed, does not teach well, and does not grade most of our work.

I know a student at my school who has had these same bad teachers. Even though he is smart and extremely friendly, his reading in 6th grade was below grade level. It breaks my heart that someone like him is failing his classes because the adults in his life have failed him: his teachers, his parents, his community, his public school system. I have a very hard time comprehending why no one either knows this, does anything about it, or cares. Do you want to retire and realize the next generation is not equipped with the necessary skills for making good decisions in important things such as our government?

I have to say that all the other teachers at my school are great. I have had math and science teachers who make their classes fun while teaching all of



PHOTO BY JON TYSON

their students so much. I have had an art teacher that is the only reason that some students want to come to school, and a band teacher who inspires and pushes kids to be the best they can be. I have had a social studies teacher who makes students excited about learning history by teaching from multiple

*"It breaks my heart that someone like him is failing his classes because the adults in his life have failed him"*

points of view so that all students feel like they are learning about history from their ancestors' side of the story. I had a P.E. teacher who owns extra bikes so that kids who can't afford bikes can participate in her famous bike unit.

It is unfair to these wonderful teachers that they have to do so much more work than the below-mediocre teachers who get paid the same. These teachers are the people who I can not thank enough; they have impacted and touched so many people's lives. Teachers like this should be credited for the success of their students.

They are the reason I have been inspired to become a teacher myself. After all, we are the future.



PHOTO COURTESY OF OREGON CONNECTIONS ACADEMY

Fatimah, Madi and Camille are prepared work

the floor! So not only was it a good time, but it taught me great skills as well."

Fatimah Us'Sutteri, an Oregon Connections Academy senior  
**See HOMES pg 3**

# Teaching Outside the Box: Alliance High School

Story and photos by  
Mischa Webley,  
NECN Staff Writer

The first sign that this isn't your average urban high school is the curriculum. There's a class called Manhood, another called Skateboard Manufacturing. There's Mindfulness, Leadership, a class on Rocketry. There's even a class on starting a food cart business. Walking the halls of the building, you realize there's something else that's missing: no crowded classrooms, no shouting, none of the usual chaos of a school environment. In its place is a certain ease that's closer to that of family than an educational facility, with a noticeable familiarity between students and teachers.

This is Alliance High School at Meek, located at the eastern edge of the Concordia neighborhood in the building that used to house an elementary school of the same name (a second Alliance campus is at Benson High but has programming that's distinct from Meek). In its own way, Alliance, an alternative high school focused on career technical education, is challenging a lot of assumptions we have about the best way to educate Portland's youth. And they're doing it with precisely those students who have had the hardest time succeeding in

Many suffer from various forms of PTSD or anxiety. 100% of the students receive free breakfast and lunch. They are what the school system likes to call "at-risk" youth. But their principal, Lorna Fast Buffalo Horse, prefers to think of them more simply as students who "learn outside the box." To her, it means a fundamentally different approach to education. "We're trying to unlearn for ourselves doing everything for the kids and to get in the habit that they are capable as kids and have their own

"It's about learning compassion"

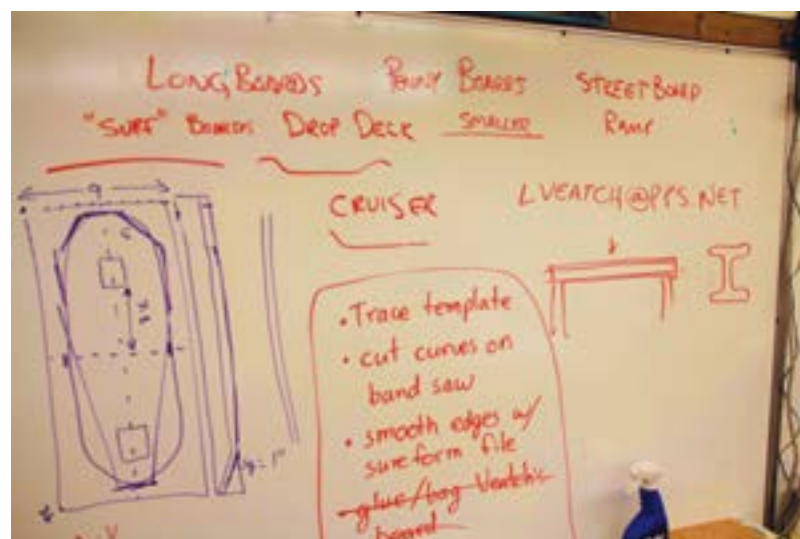
thoughts on how to do things."

In a dimly lit classroom along the main hall of the school, a small cohort of students sit scattered among the tables as their teacher, Andre Washington, leads a discussion about the differences between sympathy and empathy. He then engages them with a video depicting a racially charged incident in a barber-shop, and the patrons' various responses to it. The idea behind the video is to test whether someone will speak up when a stranger acts out in public. At the end, the question left to the class is, "what would you do?"

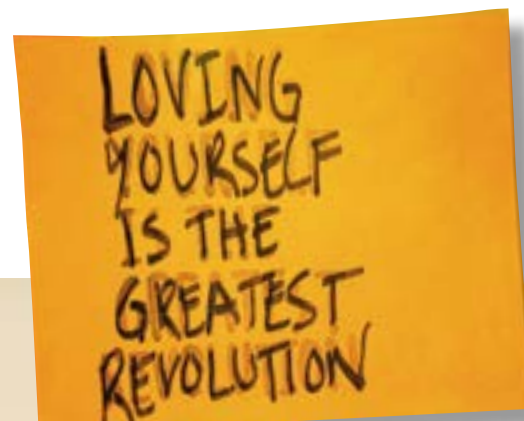
This is Manhood class, and the point of an exercise like this is to have the students, all young men, put themselves in uncomfortable

shoes, and challenge them to consider how they would act. There is, of course, no right answer.

"It's about learning compassion," Washington says of this class. "A lot of our students are coming from homes where there's not a strong male role model, so it's an important hole that we're trying to fill."



Design notes in the skateboard manufacturing lab



Made by a student at Alliance



Teacher Jerry Eaton helps a student construct a skateboard

Gaps in attendance and holes in performance are the main subject of the weekly staff meeting that takes place before the bell. Led by the principal, the group of twenty or so teachers munch on pastries donated by a student's family before diving into the main focus of their meeting: to identify students who are struggling and to develop a plan to ensure they graduate.

The conversation centers less around the student's behavior and more about understanding what's driving it. The compassion that Andre Washington was teaching students in Manhood class seems prevalent among faculty in this meeting as well. In the case of one student who has been missing classes, a teacher is able to shed light on their situation: the student has been battling depression ever since a recent death in their community.

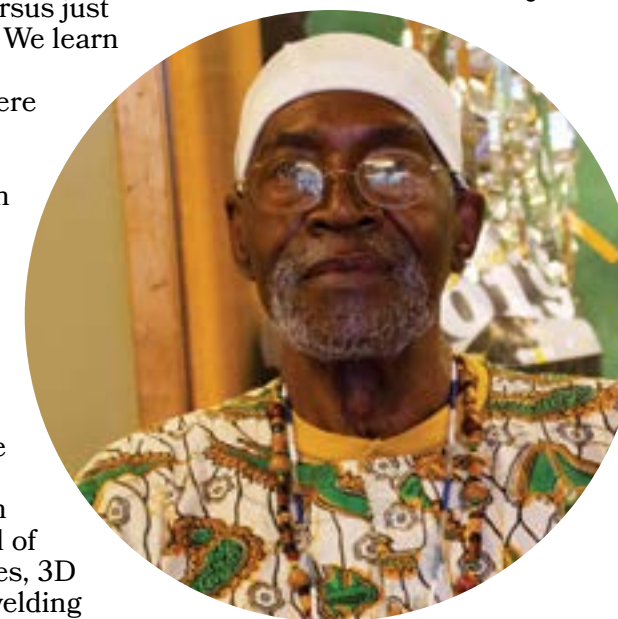
Each student is assigned an advisor when they enroll at Alliance, and that advisor takes a

proactive approach to helping them rebound if they fall behind. In this meeting, after identifying the students who need extra attention, the team of teachers split into groups and develop action plans, with their advisor as point person. As the principal remarks to the group, "It takes a village to get a child out of the village." It's this kind of hands-on attention that sets Alliance apart and will pay dividends to the students for years to come.

"Here, it's about purpose and passion versus just textbooks"

For one student I talked to, those dividends come in the form of grades and improved prospects. After arriving at Alliance with a 0.5 GPA, he currently holds a 3.5 going into his senior year. "Other schools have a narrow definition of success and look down on failure, but failure is learning," he tells me at the end of a class. "Here, it's about purpose and passion versus just textbooks. We learn by doing."

If anywhere at Alliance were to have "learn by doing" as a motto, it would be the large industrial tool shop at the corner of campus. In a room full of drill presses, 3D printers, welding



Educational Assistant and Wisdom Elder, Brother Askari

stations and DIY robots, whiteboards with sketches and design notes scratched out by students adorn the walls. This is the room where hard, job-ready skills are learned, with everything from skateboard manufacturing to robotics on the curriculum.

During a first-period skateboard class, students hover over various work stations under the watchful eye of their instructor, Jerry Eaton. In just a few short weeks, he has helped them develop the skills necessary to build their own skateboards, from drafting designs to layering composite wood to working a table saw. While teaching hard, employable skills such as these are a big part of Alliance's philosophy, it's clear the students are also learning softer skills such as patience, attention-to-detail and the boost in confidence that comes from executing a complex project successfully.



social worker, part teacher and she sees the two roles as completely intertwined. "These kids have grit," she says. "Some are homeless, food insecure; they've been through more by fourteen than most of us have in a lifetime." Because of this, then, the relationship with the student is the key. Without that, the learning doesn't happen.

"One hundred percent of my job is relationships"



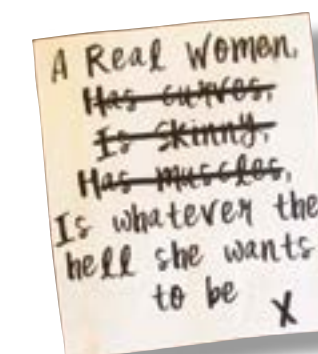
Teacher Alix Reynolds at her desk in Gender Studies class



A sign in the hallways at Alliance

One word you hear a lot at Alliance is family. Teachers speak about their students as if they were their own kids, and freely text them or their families to keep them on track with homework, or to track them down in the case of an absence. Many students told me the reason they like Alliance so much is because it's like a second family, that they feel genuinely looked after and cared for.

Alix Reynolds, the Reading and Language Arts teacher, agrees. "One hundred percent of my job is relationships," she tells me while sitting in her desk in the Gender Studies class where she teaches about the history and future of the LGBTQ community in America. She is, she says, part



Made by a student at Alliance

Opportunities: Summer 2019



PHOTO: PORTLAND FARMERS MARKET

Join us for our 18th season of the King Farmers Market!

There's so much at King Farmers Market this season for all ages. We've got a vibrant mix of local and visiting musicians, food demonstration booths, and the Umi Noodle Luge on September 1! Additionally, SNAP shoppers can receive Double Up Food Bucks, up to \$10 per day at King Farmers Market.

Join AARP Neighborhood walks in the Alberta Arts District (free)

Tuesday, July 2 • 10:00AM  
Meet: Alberta Park basketball court, Killingsworth St & 20th Ave.

Discover Vernon neighborhood and explore the Alberta Arts District. Learn the storied history of the area and check out the many art studios, unique shops and eateries in this diverse community. Bring some extra change for a treat from Salt & Straw.

2.2 miles – 2 hours – 4,646 steps  
For more information and other walks, visit <https://states.aarp.org/neighborwalks2019pdx/>

Dishing Up Opportunity

By Mischa Webley, NECN Staff Writer

Go for lunch along Mississippi Avenue and it might be served up by a young person going through an innovative internship program through Portland Opportunities Industrialization Center (POIC). While POIC has been serving Portland area youth for a long time now, a newer program of theirs, the Boise Business Youth Unity Project (BBYUP), is making a difference one business and one student at a time.

“It's about building community for kids who feel disconnected”

The idea is simple: BBYUP places young people into paid summer internships with small businesses in the Boise neighborhood. For many, it's their first job, and they work in shops that are usually in their own neighborhood. Mississippi Pizza, Laughing Planet and Por Que No are just a few of the businesses that participate.

Along with the skill-building and job readiness training it provides its participants, it's an opportunity for the ever-changing community of North and Northeast to get to know their youth, and vice versa. In an area that has seen so much change in recent years, with a persistent disconnect between new residents and the existing



A BBYUP student working at a local grocery store

communities around them, a program that gives the kids facetime with the larger community does a service to everyone.

Leigh Rappaport, program manager at POIC and the coordinator of BBYUP, points to this community-building aspect of BBYUP as the thing that makes it unique, and valuable. “It's about building community for kids who feel disconnected,” she says. “It's about bringing them back into feeling like they're part of something. They start to feel tied to a place instead of out of place.”

BBYUP is very hands-on with their interns, inviting them to weekly lunches to discuss their experiences as a group and listen

to guest speakers such as local small business owners who share career advice and guidance with them. In the end, interns leave the program with resume-building experience, ongoing career support from BBYUP staff and fellow interns, as well as community connections that will serve them well into the future.

Sometimes the simplest ideas for strengthening communities are the best ones.

BBYUP was the recipient of a NECN community grant in 2019. If you'd like to get involved with BBYUP as a business or volunteer, you can find them online: [pdxwix.wixsite.com/bbyup-program](http://pdxwix.wixsite.com/bbyup-program).

Grasp The Stars

by Kirk Caballero, 15  
Sophomore at Madison High School

Tie your shoes and grasp the stars  
Let 'em see you shine; show them who you really are  
I know you can push and endure to set the bar  
Way past shoes and cars  
Cause you're your own shooting star  
Turning wishes into truths  
A star is born; a new vision for the youth

Tie your shoes and grasp the stars  
Drive slow  
The world's not at your feet yet  
Tie your shoes and grasp the stars  
Lick your thumbs clean the stains  
Everybody here can see the glowing glory flowing through your veins

Tie your shoes and grasp the stars  
I've heard it's lonely at the top and it has its pains  
But King and Queen sees the sun even through their rein  
I can be your lean on if what they say is such  
And if you need extra support,, I'll be your crutch  
A cane for the crippled  
An island in this never-ending sea of bad people  
I'll never let your head face down  
I'll keep it short and point your chin towards where you're headed

So tie your shoes and grasp the stars  
Feel the colors of the wind  
And while you're up there, reflect in everybody that you've been  
Don't forget your shed skins  
And don't forget your sins  
Hold the sun in your palm and try to hold your smile  
Cause these ignorant people are trapped in their mortal minds  
Not knowing legends like you never die  
I'll probably look away if you look me in the eye  
But I'll be here 'til we both go blind  
We'll never lose sight  
If love is blind, then theres no prescription that could fix this  
Listen, at any given time, I'll rejoice when your joy is at its prime  
When you think of me, I'll think of you  
Like a slow dance with the perfection of euphoria  
We'll double knot our shoes and grasp the stars

Keep Portland Creative  
SUPPORT THE  
ALBERTA  
ABBAY

In September, the City will decide whether the Abbey can continue operating as an affordable home for the arts in Northeast. Lend your voice and show your support to help us preserve affordable arts space in Portland.

Visit [www.albertaabbey.org](http://www.albertaabbey.org) to join the letter writing campaign and pledge drive, or stop by for coffee, and let's chat.

126 NE Alberta Street, Portland, OR 97211

Notes on Memorial Day in Oregon

By Margaret O'Hartigan, adapted and expanded from her walking guide, “Walnut Park Revealed”.

In the United States the summer season is traditionally considered to run from Memorial Day until Labor Day. In 1887 Oregon was the first state in the Union to make the first Monday in September an official public holiday.

What we now know as Memorial Day began as early as 1861 with the practice of women decorating the graves of Southern soldiers killed in the conflict between the Union and the Confederacy. Not to be outdone, in 1868 the leading organization of Union veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR), established May 30 as Decoration Day, later to be called Memorial Day.

The last surviving Commander-in-Chief of the GAR – Theodore August Penland – was an Oregon resident before his death in 1950. Penland had been just 16 when he'd joined Company A of the 152nd Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

John Green Chambers was another important Oregon member of the GAR. A fellow Hoosier like Penland, J.G. – as he preferred to be called – moved to a house on Mallory Avenue in what is now King neighborhood in 1911, and belonged to the GAR's General Compson Post No. 22.

Chambers had been a member of Company I, 40th Indiana Regiment of Volunteers, which served throughout the entire war—including the Battle of Stone's River (Murfreesboro) that began on December 31, 1862. There were more than 13,000 Union casualties at Stones' River – including Penland's father, John, who was also fighting for the Union and who died from wounds received in that battle.

Peninsula Park in North Portland was the site of a 1914 gathering of GAR members at which Chambers was elected treasurer. Four years later, as retiring department commander, Chambers was endorsed for senior vice-commander of the National



Reverend Daniel Drew

organization. At that same 1918 meeting, the Oregonian reported: “Colored Chaplain Elected. The Grand Army today established what is believed to be a precedent in electing a colored member a department Officer. Daniel Drew, of Portland was unanimously elected chaplain for the ensuing year. It is the first time this has happened in Oregon, and prominent veterans said they do not know of a similar case in any other state.”

The Reverend Drew had been born a slave in Virginia, but when he was 18 was moved to Missouri when his owners moved there. Beaten and shackled for escaping, Drew was rescued by a company of Union militia, and spent the remainder of the war fighting for the Union and freedom. The Compson post celebrated the 55th wedding anniversary of Drew and his wife Laura in 1920. He died in 1923 at the age of 78 after living in Portland for many years, and was interred at Columbia Cemetery. Chambers was in charge of the arrangements.

In 1932, the Lincoln-Garfield Woman's Relief Corps, No. 10, planted a lace-leaf maple in Peninsula Park in Chambers' honor on February 22. On October 1, 1934 Chambers turned 90 – and was one of only 8,000 remaining Union veterans. That same year Chambers was elected GAR State Association president.

For a number of years Chambers' daughter and son-in-law lived in the house next door to him on Mallory Avenue – and it was in that home that Chambers died at the age of 92 years. He was buried in Rose City Cemetery located in the Cully neighborhood.

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from the Beaverton area jumped right in on interior painting. “I ruined my clothes and shoes but I didn't care because at the end of the day I was doing something helpful to the future homeowners,” said Fatimah Us'Sutteri, an

“I was so motivated working alongside one of the future homeowners”

Oregon Connections Academy senior from the Beaverton area. “I was painting so much to the point my arm was aching, but I still kept going because honestly, I was so motivated working alongside one of the future homeowners who also came to do some work. The day was overall great and having a team and leaders who were positive and enthusiastic was amazing.”

According to Musser, volunteers have put in a total of more than 2,300 hours



Nathan, Madi and Camille lay flooring

so far while building homes at Cully Place. She noted Habitat homebuyers put in 300 hours of sweat equity building their home and completing homeowner education classes. Musser reports seven homes will be completed this summer and the first home dedication is schedule for mid-June.

YOUTH VOICES: Liz Coll

Junior, Portland Opportunities Industrialization Center  
Humboldt Neighborhood, North Portland



My mom came out here when I was six years old. We had been kicked out of our houses and out here it was affordable. So I grew up here, I've lived here most of my life. This is my safe space, it's where I know everyone.

Everything around here started shutting down. Local stores started changing owners and dying off and getting new remodeling. Everywhere you look there's something new. When I came back from going to Reynolds [high school] for a year, I was scared. I could not recognize my neighborhood anymore. There was new apartment complexes all up and down MLK and Killingsworth. I felt like I don't know where I was anymore. I was completely lost in my own neighborhood. Everything you once knew isn't there, it's changed, it's something else.

There was a family that used to live where that apartment complex is now. Where are they now? Not in those apartments. You wonder where those families are

being placed. You wonder who's going into those apartments. Who's buying them? Who's living in them? I know I'm not, so who?

They talk about how they're improving the area but they don't talk about helping the people that are already there. To improve the area you need to talk about the people that are already there, otherwise you're pushing people out.

I wish people that were coming here would sympathize and understand they are taking the place of locals, that this is where someone used to live. I don't think they think about that, that someone else used to live there. But you have work with the locals in order to have peace in the community. You can't just walk into someone's house and say ‘I don't like this couch, I'm gonna buy you a new one.’ Cause, hey, this is my house, I like my couch. So they need to work together, they need to be part of the community.

YOUTH VOICES: Kai Tomizawa

Sophomore, Grant High School

One thing that's difficult about acting is that you have to wait for someone to find you and to cast you. And you have to be trying to be the right person for someone else. With filmmaking I can tell my own stories and I can be a person who opens up all these doors and gives opportunities to other people. Something in me just wants to leave a mark.

Stories play a big role in everything. Stories are how we understand the world. They're how we empathize with people we've never met. They're how we make sense of the past and the future. It's the way people try to understand why we're on this earth. It's the way people understand their purpose.

I'm scared [for the future] and I also feel guilty because I feel I should be doing so much. But it doesn't fall

on one person to change things. It's so easy to say, ‘that doesn't affect me, I don't care.’ It can be with stories about people that you don't know, or of climate change in places you've never been. It can be stories of animals that are dying or people that are dying but if you think that it doesn't affect you then you're not likely to do anything.

There's this story we've been telling ourselves that this doesn't affect me or that after I'm gone, no one will care. But the story that we need to be telling ourselves is that everything we do affects everybody. We're all part of this interlacing world.





PHOTO BY JOSHUA J-COTTEN

The crossword is on a summer break. In its place is this picture of a panda eating bamboo. The lack of diesel emissions regulation in Oregon is making this otherwise happy panda very sad. Contact your representative today to ask them if they want to keep making pandas sad.

## Good in the Hood

By Jazkia Phillips

As each year passes, I can't help but to find something new to love about you. The final days of June that you have claimed as yours, to me, feel like settling into silence... in the best way. It's the type of silence I can only find in a space overpowered by noise. Because you are loud. I'm talking, every lyric effortlessly floating four blocks away and dancing on ears clear as day, loud. The busiest streets with the biggest cars and the boldest drivers have nothing on you, that's how loud you get. I am enamored by the very deliberate and intentional way you take up space. I love that about you. I've known you for eighteen years, you've been alive for twenty six, but I have never properly thanked you.

At age six, I didn't know you that well, but still managed to weave my way through a crowd and land at your stage. Fast forward some years and it would require nothing less than absolute force to get me up there. But I guess that's how childhood works, right? Insecurities and doubts don't drag themselves along for the ride until at least ten or eleven.

At sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, all I do is eat and people watch, looking at cute guys and girls, never brave enough to actually say anything. I'm old enough now to where I can see you on my own, without parental supervision. You look as beautiful as ever. Green, red, blue, and black low riders with diamonds in the paint and hoop earrings caught in the sunlight highlight this beauty. Black bodies have been replaced with black lives matter signs, but we all seem to find our way back to you.

You are the hand that holds us all together. Our physical environment has morphed and molded itself into unfamiliar faces and buildings but you have stayed the same. The hood doesn't always feel like the hood these days but it's all good cause you're always there, a snapshot in time. So, thank you. Thank you for letting me fall in love with you. Again, and again, and again.

Reprinted courtesy of *I Love This Place PDX*, a CENTER youth project.

## Farm to Community - Organic Growth

By Ankur Dholakia and Ruchi Shah

A nice stroll on a Saturday morning at the Woodlawn's Farmers Market is more than just fresh produce from local farmers. Neighborhood residents and visitors enjoy live music, a baked goods stand, coffee and other local flavors. It might be just a stroll through a neighborhood event for some, but the founders built this to create a sustainable food culture.

"When choosing vendors, we give preference to vendors who live in the neighborhood and minority-owned small business to respect the long-time residents of Woodlawn and reflect the diversity of our neighborhood", explains Martin Vanepas, one of the founders of the market.

Now run by a market manager and dozens of volunteers, the market not only supports local farmers in northeast Portland, it also motivates the growing farm-to-table hyperlocal movement and provides a community gathering experience for everyone.

The WFM received a Grant in 2016 to launch the *Introducing Farmers Program* in partnership with Headwaters Farm Incubator, lowering barriers for new farmers who want to learn to sell at a farmers market by providing a tent, tables, scale



PHOTO COURTESY OF ANDA-AMBROSINI

and training In the same year, as an extension to locally sourced food, saving on transportation, healthy eating choices, the WFM started workshops on sustainable agriculture and soil and water conservation.

"These farmers are doing a great service to their community by providing delicious and healthy produce"

There is involvement for children too. Starting this July, the Power of Produce (POP) program aims to educate kids in the community about growing vegetables and where food comes from and building those relationships with the local farmers.

In its fifth year now, the market has seen a steady growth with about 15 vendors and around 500 customers per market day.

One of those vendors, ZK Flowers, has been with the market since the beginning and has seen their flower company get wedding orders through this market. They are grateful for the loyalty and trust they have received from the customers.

A community booth welcomes neighborhood residents to sell anything they grew or made without a vendor fee and the market accepts SNAP food stamp benefits and provides up to \$10 in matching tokens per market day.

Shannon FitzMaurice, one of the other founders, says, "The market was created to support the hard work of local farmers. We are lucky enough to be surrounded by lots of small farms in NE Portland. These farmers are doing a great service to their community by providing delicious and healthy produce."

The market serves Woodlawn, Piedmont and Concordia neighborhoods and operates every Saturday 10am-2pm from June 6 - October 28 at the intersection of NE Dekum and Durham.

## Big White House. Empty Lots. The Alley.

By Bella Myers

### Big White House (Age 3)

One step,  
two step,  
three step,  
four step

Up the creaky wooden steps, you go with your short toddler legs

Taking each step one at a time.

The small red chair that sits on the big white porch, is your place to sit while mom juggles through her jangly keys trying to open the door The big white house that you stepped foot in every day for the past three years, actually wasn't that big.

You did not realize that your space mirrored the space on the other side of the wall

Your innocent mind did not care This was your big white house

### Empty Lots (Age 7)

Dear Empty Lots,

Even though you've moved on to be a tall fancy apartment complex, I will remember your everlasting presence in my memories. I understand that you had no choice in the decision to house hundreds of people but thank you for being the home of many playful days and nights. Thank you for the soft grassy fields that allowed us to take off our shoes and run free. Kickball and tag will never be the same. The many picnics with the generic red and white plaid sheet filled our open evenings with jokes and yummy food. I promise to honor you by remembering the many memories that my childhood holds. Thank you Empty Lots.



Me, my brother, and our family friends at the park next to my big white house.

### The Alley (Age 12)

Long dusty roads  
We covered our mouths when a car rolled by  
Careful not to inhale the remnants

Big blackberry bushes  
Summertime is prime time for the juicy fruits  
The cuts and scratches were worth every bite

Gossip and stories  
Our middle school days revolved around the backstabbing  
But the turnabout was always led in a positive direction  
The alleys were a shortcut to our next destination  
Shielding us from outside elements that could hinder our peaceful walk

Story and images reprinted courtesy of *I Love This Place PDX*, a CENTER youth project..