

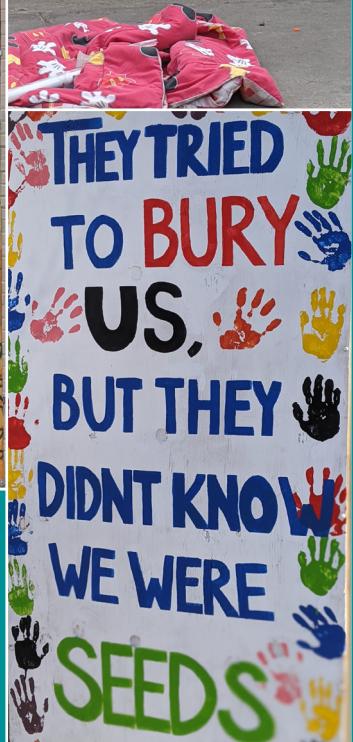
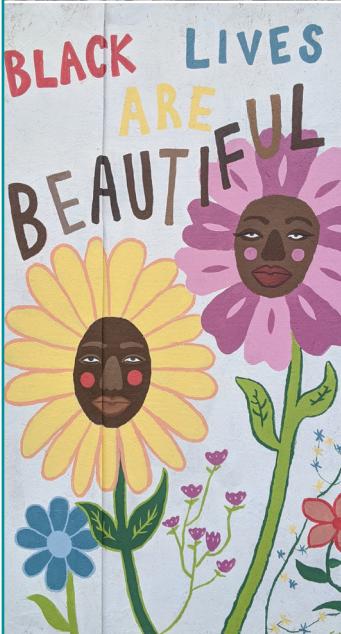
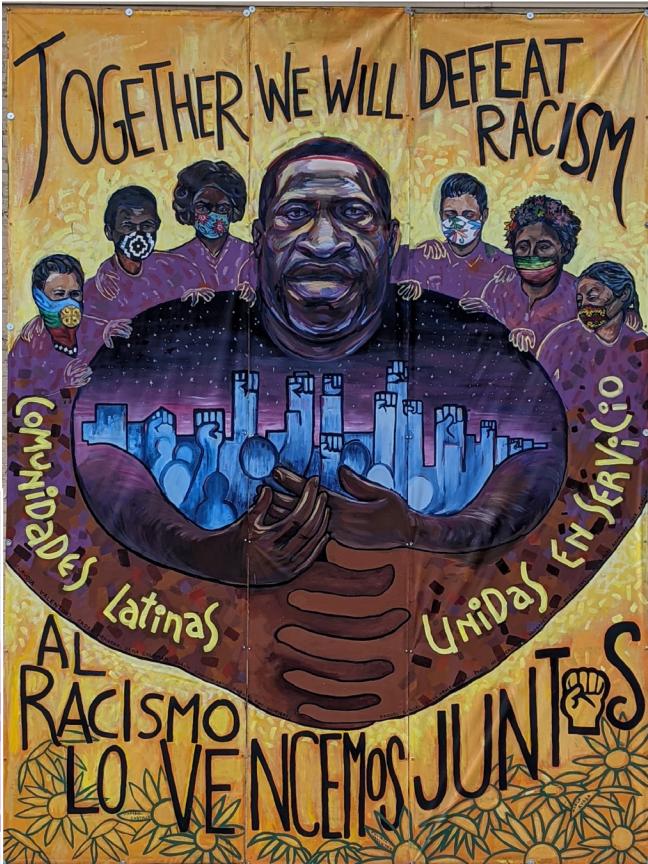


# THE PHOENIX OF PHILLIPS

Literary works and photography from the Phillips neighborhood

Volume VII: Struggle & Hope

2020-2021 Edition



## INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

New Visions for Semilla  
Our First Chapbook and Broadside!  
What's Coming Up

All photos credit: Photography Project of the Semilla Center @ St. Paul's Lutheran



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Literary works and photography from the Phillips neighborhood

Volume VII: Struggle & Hope

2020-2021 Edition

## The Phoenix of Phillips (El Fenix de Phillips)

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Minneapolis, MN 55407

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During 2020, Semilla worked with Midtown Phillips Neighborhood Association, Inc. to create art for two utility boxes in Phillips. Young Leaders and other youth worked with artists Angie Barrera (left, 26th and Bloomington) and Jorge Amerigo (right, Chicago and 28th) to create these beautiful works of art.

Throughout this issue, you will encounter images of Phillips and Lake Street over the last year: art that arose in response to George Floyd's murder and environmental racism; the trials and beauties of a community that struggled and survived a very challenging year.

## SECTION I: OH, THIS YEAR!

### A MOMENT OF SILENCE FOR GEORGE

It's 3:39 am  
And all the world is still.  
The moon has set.  
The coyotes and raccoons have moved on.  
The cardinals have not yet begun their morning hymns  
The other birds still have their heads under their wings  
The squirrels are curled up in their nests  
As is Tigger the cat under the ferns.  
There's not a breath of wind.  
The whole world is at the end of a long sigh  
Waiting to inhale at it starts its struggle  
To have justice flow down like a river  
And right living like a never-failing stream  
Only then will we find our feet  
On the path to peace.

—Michael J. Hansel

### SUBURBAN STRUGGLES

I'm in no danger of being laid off – I'm retired. I'm in no danger of losing my home (unless I forget to pay the taxes, in which case I'll get reminders from the county and not an eviction notice). The failing economy might flatten my retirement funds. But I won't be broke.

I won't be stopped for driving while white. If I am stopped, I'm likely to get a warning or a ticket.  
I won't be arrested, won't be handcuffed, won't be arraigned. I won't be searched.

If I go shopping, I won't be followed by security. I won't be asked for ID when I pay for my purchases.

So what can I do, against racial injustice? I've contributed, I've read, I've listened to podcasts and broadcasts. I've talked to my friends, white and people of color. I've thought. But that is not enough. I know.

Could I march? I did that 50 years ago, and I don't know that I have the stamina for months and years of marching. Can I vote? I will, and spend more time understanding positions of the candidates. Can I write my elected representatives? Some are already on board, and it doesn't feel like it does much good; others are diametrically opposed, and again, not sure it does much good.

That's my struggle. Feeble. Insufficient. Hardly rising to the level of a struggle. A suburban struggle. A white struggle. I struggle for what more to do.

—Michael J. Hansel

### BELOVED & BEAUTIFUL COMMUNITY ON FIRE

I am deeply saddened & angered  
that we have let it come to this.

I pray for the safety of your body, mind and spirit.  
I pray for our collective strength  
to fight, unite, listen, believe and do all  
that we must.

I wish for us all the ability to light up  
like the skies of Minneapolis last night

I wish for us not to be surprised, but assume we should  
have been paying more attention.

As we talk to our children about the looting and  
fires and protests,  
let us tell them how the United States was founded.  
It is time for the truth, and this  
is where the story begins.

Let us know the story of our city, its roots in racism  
and injustice  
— housing, policing, concentrations of wealth  
built on stolen land and labor,  
with a Minnesota Nice mentality  
(don't talk about it)  
that is choking people out.

As we hear Cabin casts on the news, in our  
backyard patios,  
let us know that there is an equal and opposite  
reality,  
that leaves other folks no place to go.

As we seek justice around the death of George Floyd  
and so much more,  
as helicopters fly over, commanding our attention,  
know that there were things happening on the  
ground,  
long before they arrived,  
crying out for our intervention.

Let us stay awake long after their sounds are gone.  
Beautiful community, we don't often really see and  
hear each other;  
Let us know each other and speak loudly against  
inequities and corruption.

Let us work for schools, a city and state  
where all are valued and safe  
where all can breathe,  
speak our truth and be heard.

—Kari Anderson Slade

## THE THING WITH FEATHERS

Dear Emily,

you speak of Hope as the thing with feathers that perches in the soul. A pretty image, and I like that it sings.

But you say that it never - in extremity- asked a crumb of you.

No.

In extremity Hope is exigent.

Here's the father who lost his daughter in yet another school shooting shaving the face of his grey doppelgänger reflected in the mirror.

Scraped clean, he sits heavily on the bed and puts first one foot and then the other into his dress trousers. Stares into space.

He remembers a spring morning when his girl was very small. He lifted her up

to touch the apple blossoms in the tree behind their house. She was still in her pink pajamas bright curly hair sticking up in all directions. Long lashes on her big brown eyes

her utter stillness as she touched the velvety petals.

She said:

Can we pick them, Daddy, pick them all?

We don't want to do that, Love, he replied. We want some of them to grow into apples.

Her small fingers stroked the blossoms as she considered this magical transformation from flower to fruit.

How light she was.

Now his arms are lead. He pulls on his shirt.

Mechanically ties his tie so that he can stand before lawmakers and express the hope that this will never happen again.

In the days to come he will repeat these actions rising from sleepless sheets putting on clothes steeling himself against news reports.

And somehow,

he has to find his way back to joy again or he will wither away.

He must feed the thing with feathers one crumb at a time so that perhaps one day he can go to bed and dream again. Maybe

he will be able to look at the blush

in an apple blossom, put the soft petals to his cheek. And without forgetting her, face all the rest of his days hearing the song of that insistent little bird.

**—Anne Sawyer**

## THIS PLAGUE

This plague had pinned us down and the factories were closed.

It gripped the world around in a vicious choking hold.

In a northern prairie town

came cop out on his beat.

And another brother drowned, suffocated in the street.

And he cried, "I can't breathe. I can't breathe. I can't breathe. I can't breathe."

This plague hit grandma's place and the nets of quarantine barred our love face to face.

Banned each family routine.

The healers, case by case, crumble with the mounting grief.

Grandma's gone. No last embrace.

Buried in our disbelief.

Did she cry? "I can't breathe. I can't breathe.

I can't breathe. I can't breathe."

This plague will boil the seas.

It has set the land on fire.

We sacrifice the trees

and forget who they inspire.

On the northern prairies before their sacred home was sold,

the people once believed

the earth is our soul.

Hear it cry, "I can't breathe...."

These plagues are nothing new.

We can't call them a surprise.

We've been making lies so true.

We've been busy taking lives.

Are we a virus too

as we struggle and we seethe?

Must it be me or you?

Who's above and who's beneath?

Who gets to breathe? Can you breathe? Oh, baby please. Baby, breathe. Can you breathe?

These plagues, monsters of old, we commit them to the past.

We will shine up our hope and sever justice from cold cash.

Let the truth be our gold.

Live in life's magic weave.

Make our loving be bold.

Yeah, won't that be a relief?

Make the time. Time to breathe. Time to breathe.

Time to breathe. Time to breathe.

**—Theresa Linnihan**

To hear "The Plague" set to music,

listen to this rendition by John Hyde:

<http://semillacenter.org/This-Plague-1.wav>

# SPIRALS: SUMMER 2020

I  
Irregular spirals, incomplete circles,  
intersect in the damaged sod -  
A labyrinth no one will walk  
A labyrinth with no center except mindless fear

II  
How much are you now?  
Expand that question, go three dimensional with it  
Go to the center of this labyrinth and listen to  
what it says to you.  
Try to feel your way out -  
You may be surprised where you wind up

III  
The shriek of tires spinning  
through the weedy grass is over  
The shriek of frightened campers is replaced  
by the usual  
Loud obscene fighting  
And cries of "Who's got Narcan?"  
Just skid marks where the car left the lot to jump  
the curb  
And sped down the wrong way of the one-way street  
No license plates, that's the norm at this at this place  
and time.

IV  
But your house abuts these tangled lines of fear.  
Your house is solid  
You think the steel siding could block a bullet  
You have yet to find out for sure  
Grapes and raspberries shield your view  
Living barriers separating the living from the living -  
Whatever the hell that means

VI  
You think your steel siding could block a bullet  
You think this is the summer when you will find out  
if this is the case  
And you wonder if you are becoming  
Afraid of windows

VII  
Across fence, across the grapes and raspberries  
The tents are many colors  
Bright, but dirty and flimsy  
Hardly protection against the rain  
Useless against cars spinning donuts at night

VIII  
It is early summer  
The sun is late in the west  
Darkness gathers like a blanket  
Or a shroud.  
You try to believe that  
You will choose which it will be.

—John Richard



## BREATHING IN MINNEAPOLIS

every night,  
choppers grate  
the air  
into fire  
every few minutes  
a siren  
lashes flesh to the mast  
of wooden ships  
by the whip  
by the chain  
by the necks  
of fallen men

We mask ourselves  
to protect others  
from the viral hunter  
singed cloth  
over humid skin  
eyes seeking  
heaven's burnt hand  
mouths  
mouthing prayers  
to the hidden smoke

why would breath  
have a price tag

why must flesh  
be sentenced to ash

in the metal madness  
in the lip tuned  
to righteous sneer  
in the snake  
watching over all

hands are lifted up  
names sung over and over  
skin shook over the ground  
wake children  
wake ancestors  
wake silence

the wind beckons

**—Patrick Cabello Hansel**

*First published in Nine Cloud Journal*

SECTION II:  
OUR BELOVED COMMUNITY

## SOMETHINGS CHANGED

'Something's changed you're acting strange.' Can't get through to you don't know who we're talking to. Is it really you, a little afraid don't know what to do. You need help, we're missing the real you. "Something's changed!" You say there's nothing wrong with you. Others say the same thing too. They don't know you like we do. We see it and hear it too. Your visiting nurse sees it too and even told you "somethings wrong with you". Putting our heads together to get others to understand, there is something scary you're going through. "Something's changed!" Oh me oh my what can we do, to get straight inside your mind---to the real you? We're on a mission to reach the inner you; don't know who to trust, but it's what we need to do. "Somethings changed!"

Make plans, make demands for the knowledgeable to understand, to see that something is very wrong with you. They've seen and they've heard the strangeness coming up out of you. You're hiding more within yourself.....SNAP! Running outta time to reach through to you. Some more has changed, now you're even more strange. "Something's changed!" Others now concerned about your health. Oh No it's outta your hands; we found out what we need to do to best help you. This hurts but it's what we have to do to recover the normal you. Called 911 cause you ain't you! Enough flip flopping like a hooked fish, don't want to commit you, but might have to. We don't like what's happening to the real you, come back come back this ain't you. "Something's changed!" We don't want you to hit "the" wall, you're important to us all. Your being ill has torn this family apart. Oh well at least we have a great start, and we all have a part weighing heavily upon our hearts. You'll be in the right place, this we know in our hearts. Getting the ball rolling was the start, we made the call despite it all, stated rolling the ball. "Something's changed!" Wasn't trying to dis you when the "white coats" came to getcha. Paramedics got you now against your wishes. Let the doctor's determine what to do for you, and we'll help see you through, we'll be there for you. Let the doctor's and you do you're parts and you'll come back oxen strong and genius smart. "Something's changed!" Hurry back we're waiting for you, we know you'll find your way back through, land on your feet we know you will. I must admit I might have called you "CRAZY" too! This will be lessons learned, like two plus two if anyone can come back we know it's you. Reality check.....we want you to know we all did our parts. Let it be understood.....we're all gonna hang in there, as you fight your way through; returning to us whole

and brand new. "Something's changed!" You're a SURVIVOR this is surely true, overwhelmingly this "IT" was placed upon you but we still love you, yes we truly do. You've already started the mend by shedding old dead skin. In pieces now.....but will be on solid ground whole and brand new..

Better than you were before, my sista, my mother, my daughter, my son, my friend, my brother, my aunt listen in. "IT" could also be you that the "IT" happens to. "Something's changed!" MAD, CRAZY, STRANGE, DEMENTED, DERANGED, NUTS, call "IT" what you must. Not being "CRAZY" you still have time to reap all life has planned for you. MENTAL ILLNESS HAS YOU NO MORE!!! Insane, strange and or deranged, you are a SURVIVOR through and through. We all love you and are so proud of you because....  
THIS IS " HOW YOU DO!" Solid mental health more powerful than wealth!!! Ummmh.....NOT STRANGE! "SOMEONE CHANGED!"

—Elisabeth Henderson

## ONE DAY AT A TIME, UN DÍA A LA VEZ/ A WEEK IN A 23 YEAR OLDS LIFE

Today is a beautiful sunny day, I'm going on a run and I feel good. I'm having chicken Alfredo for dinner.

One day at a time, un día a la vez.

Today I'm struggling. I don't know how to get on top of things or even catch up with them.

One day at a time, un día a la vez.

Today I found the time to work on my art, I listened to good music and got lost in my work.

One day at a time, un día a la vez.

Today I watched too much of the news and I feel sad. So many lost lives, my heart aches for all the families who have lost a loved one. I go to bed because I am sad.

One day at a time, un día a la vez.

Today is Friday, everyone is in a good mood, it rubs off on me and I feel ok. Maybe I'll have chicken Alfredo for dinner.

One day at a time, un día a la vez.

—Angie Barrera

## OCTOBER 25, 2020

Gone 49 years today,  
Blink of an eye.  
Woke to the news  
With stunned disbelief.

Almost 23 years old,  
Daughter, sister, wife, mother.  
Not true! Not true!  
Too soon, too young, I'm numb.

Memories of Ann frozen in time,  
But toddler daughter is middle-aged.  
Parents gone, husband remarried.  
My hair is gray.

How would she look,  
Seated next to me,  
Comparing grandchild notes,  
Smiling for a phone photo?

Her daughter:  
"How do you miss someone you don't remember?"  
My sister and I:  
"We're among the very few who remember."

Half-century gone, so many missing.  
Mourning is remembering;  
Remembering connects us  
To the living and the dead.

—Kay Larsen

## (UNTITLED)

Being a witness and an accompanier brings lessons taught unintentionally.

The sojourner is an insecure parent, a lonely widow, a divorcing child, a struggling ally, a questioning friend.

Bravery, strength, and determination mix with grief, doubt, and confusion.

That everyone struggles along the way, finding the valleys deeper than expected and the mountaintops unattainable, evens the path on the plains.

To know a survivor or two is to have hope. To know one is not alone and one is enough brings peace.

—Karen Boyum

# THE PHOENIX OF PHILLIPS IS IN THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS!

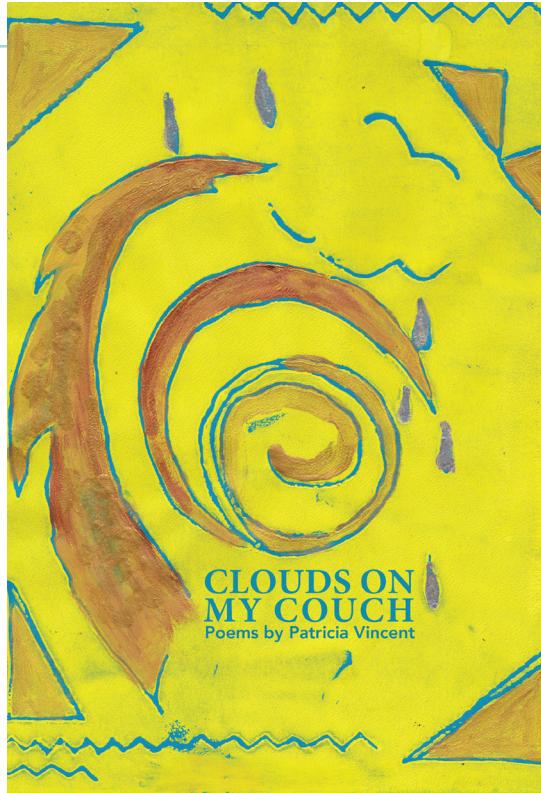
Even during the pandemic and social distancing, we were able to publish our first chapbook and our first poetry broadside. The poetry broadside "We Are the Phoenix—Somos El Fénix" contains photos from our youth photography project and award winning poems from Andersen Community School. We posted them on utility poles and in businesses around the neighborhood.

**Broadsides are available for purchase for \$5, plus \$3.50 postage.**

**Chapbooks are available for purchase for \$10, plus \$3.50 postage.**



This activity is made Possible by the voters of Minnesota through a grant from the Metropolitan Regional Arts Council, thanks to a legislative appropriation from the arts and cultural heritage fund.



"Clouds on My Couch" is our first poetry chapbook. It includes 20 poems and four paintings by Patricia Vincent. Patricia has been a wonderful artist working with our mosaic program almost since its inception. She arrived in the Twin Cities over 30 years ago after earning a B.A in English with an emphasis on creative writing. She is a regular contributor of the Phillips Phoenix literary journal and a six year participant in People Incorporated's Artability art show. She is grateful that both organizations give marginalized people a voice.



## Excerpt from "Clouds on My Couch" THE SEASON OF DARKNESS

I find a mailbox  
in the darkness  
last card, last package.  
Wise men see the Star.

My soul knows  
some place close  
is lit with candles.  
People gather,  
surrounding a fire

# "UNIDOS EN AMOR —UNITED IN LOVE"

Semilla partnered with our founding church, St. Paul's Lutheran to create a welcoming entrance to sacred space.

The door pictured here leads from the fellowship hall, where youth programs, the free clinics, meals and classes take place, to the sanctuary.

Designed by Sandy Spieler, with Luisa Cabello Hansel as the lead mosaic artist, it shows the belief that all are safe and valued in the space. The small tiles to the right of the door contain written messages of hope, written by our neighbors during our "Art in the Park(ing) Lot" in June, 2020.

For more information about St. Paul's, call 612-724-3862, or [stpaulscreate@gmail.com](mailto:stpaulscreate@gmail.com)



## PANDEMIC PHOTO CONTEST

During the time when we could not meet in person, we encouraged youth and adults to submit photos from their house, yard or neighborhood—perhaps something they had overlooked.

Prizes of gift certificates to neighborhood restaurants were given to the winners

**Left:** First Prize, Youth Division—Emma, age 14



**Right:** First Prize, Adult Division—Fatima Castro  
(A Former Young Leader!)

# ADULT

I had just walked out of the voting site on November 3rd and saw a dead bird on the ground that had hit the window. At the time, given the very stressful day, I did not know how to take it, as this was a creature who had all the freedom in the world was now dead on the ground. Now when I reflect on the day and the outcome, I think about how when one door closes, another opens. Maybe the death of the bird leads to the opportunity for new life, just like the end of the previous presidency led to some hope for some new resolutions in the next four years.

—Ana Freeberg





# CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

**JORGE AMERIGO** has more than 20 years of experience in the creative process of visual design, including web, graphic, photography, and video. He has strong experience branding for businesses and nonprofits

**ANGELA BARRERA** is a Mexican-American artist, who started as a Young Leader at Semilla when she was 11, and has served as Young Leader staff and program artist. She has an AA in Visual Art from Normandale Community College, and works as an administrator at Windom Elementary in Minneapolis.

**ANA FREEBERG** is a student at St. Olaf College, where she is majoring in Spanish and Art. She worked as Young Leader staff during summer 2020.

**JOAN BENTON GRAHAM** is a retired accountant and member of Edina Community Lutheran Church which has a long standing relationship with St. Paul's Lutheran Church. She likes to write poetry with the hope that it will reflect some of the joys and struggles of life in these times.

**MICHAEL J. HANSEL** is a retired environmental engineer, the proud father of two great daughters & an even prouder grandfather of two granddaughters.

**PATRICK CABELO HANSEL** is the former Executive Director of Semilla, and author of the poetry collections "The Devouring Land" (Main Street Rag Publishing) and "Quitting Time". See more at [www.artecabellohansel.com](http://www.artecabellohansel.com)

**ELISABETH HENDERSON** is who I am and not just a name. I am a 71 year old mental health SURVIVOR, who spells Elisabeth with a "S" not a "Z"

**KAY LARSEN** grew up in a small prairie town in South Dakota, lived 12 years in Iowa and now, after 40 years, considers herself a Minnesotan. After writing journalism-style for two daily papers in Iowa, she has turned to poetry and prose to express her feelings and tell stories.

**THERESA LINNIGHAN** is a theater artist still working in Minneapolis. The coming year may change that good fortune, but she sings with you so keep singing!

**CASSANDRA MORRISON** is a resident at St. Paul's Home, Inc. a low-income senior apartment building built by St. Paul's Lutheran

**JOHN RICHARD** lives in Midtown Phillips, and works at East Side Neighborhood Services as the Director of Employment Services. When not at work, he enjoys gardening, biking and, of course, reading and writing.

**PAT SAMPLES** coordinates the Aging with Gusto Program for the Vital Aging Network. She is also a writing coach and teaches writing on Ebenezer's senior living campus in the Phillips neighborhood.

**KARI ANDERSON SLADE** is the Coordinator of the Health Careers Program at Roosevelt High School. She wrote the piece "Beloved & Beautiful Community on Fire" to her students and community in spring 2020.

**FRANCES TRAPHAGAN** is a member of Pat Samples' Writing Memories Group

**PATRICIA VINCENT** was one of the first neighborhood mosaic artists at Semilla. She is a prolific poet, with poems in nearly every issue of The Phoenix. Her chapbook "Clouds on My Couch" is the first poetry collection published by us.

**PATRICIA ANITA YOUNG** is a retired Administrative Assistant in Pat Samples Writing Group. She says, "I write daily to heal pain and anger. It works!"

## SENIOR WRITING

### HEALING TOGETHER

Life can break your heart  
 Life will  
 Break your heart  
 You know it happens  
 A crack, a chip  
 A shattering in tiny pieces

It happens  
 Life can  
 Break your heart  
 And yet somehow  
 We heal  
 Never the same  
 But slowly we heal

Slowly,  
 Together  
 Always together  
 We hold each other  
 And we begin to heal

**—Joan Benton Graham**

### LIFE IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

There is one four letter word,  
 That is an answer to life.  
 It isn't hope or work, pray, seek help or free  
 Although the word is all of these things.  
 The word is read.

**—Patricia Anita Young**  
*Ebenezer Park Writing Memories*

### GLISTENING

aware of the glistening  
 the ecstasy of everything  
 around me bursting  
 open  
 putting on its show  
 glad to be seen  
 like a little ballerina on her toes  
 calling silently, look at me  
 see my glowing flowing  
 delight in me  
 it's for your own good

**—Pat Samples**

## NO WAY WRONG

well ha-ha  
 I can just prance right  
 up the stairs  
 like I own the place  
 get up on my high horse  
 and take the reins  
 who's going to care  
 if I go off the wrong way  
 and fall for myself  
 as if I know  
 what I'm  
 talking  
 about  
 it's not all that serious, is it?  
 could I just clap like a crazy fool  
 for my wholehearted try?  
 a lot better than if I cry

**—Pat Samples**

### HOPE

Shadows of my heart  
 Entwined with my soul  
 Beats of possibilities  
 That had once died  
 Elusive but reminiscent  
 Sometimes hidden  
 But alive

**—Frances Traphagan**

### CONGRESSWOMAN TAYLOR GREENE

Congresswoman Taylor Greene  
 Should not be heard---should not be seen  
 She is really quite obscene  
 So much for Marjorie Taylor Greene.

Hawley (Josh) and Teddy Cruz  
 Have such horrid mental views  
 Their brains must be on auto cruise  
 That's Hawley (Josh) and Teddy Cruz.

And now here is McConnell (Mitch)  
 He makes my stomach start to twitch  
 (I think his Mother was a Witch)  
 Or is he just a Son of a -----?

I could (I guess) write more of these  
 In hopes they would the reader please  
 But now I think I have to sneeze  
 I hope it's just my allergies!!!

**—Cassandra Morrison**

## YOUTH WRITING

### I AM

I am exactly who I need to be,  
I am all that I ever can be,  
I am no better, or worse, than anyone else,  
I am perfect just being myself,  
I am a flower, growing always,  
I am a sun, with my warm bright rays,  
I am just me, and that's all I can be,  
I am going to try to make people happy.

I am sorry, to the people I've hurt,  
I am not always proud of all the things that I've learnt,  
But I am me, and I can make a change,  
I am strong, and my voice I will raise,  
I am ready, and I will stand,  
I am willing, to take any chance,  
I am trying, for that is all I can do,  
But, I think we'd be better, both me and you,  
You and I will take a stand,  
Stronger together, Hand in Hand,  
So just know that you are, amazing just you by yourself,  
But don't ever forget, you can always ask for help.

—Kivrin, age 10



### I WANT PEACE

I don't like all of the fighting,  
I really want it to stop.  
Black people shouldn't get killed,  
That's why I don't like those cops.

I wish guns did not exist,  
Or at least not used for violence.  
So come on, raise your voices,  
Everybody, somehow, try it.

Even if it's just a sign,  
Or even just a shout.  
So everybody, stand up,  
Come on, just try it out.

—Emiliano, age 7

### PEACE

Peace is a garden, with its tall leafy greens.  
Peace is a flower, buzzing with bees.  
Peace is a wave crashing over the sand.  
Peace is a simple hand in hand  
Peace is a powerful unity.  
Peace is friendship in a community.  
Peace is a beautiful valley.  
Peace is whatever makes you happy.

—Kivrin, age 10



# NEIGHBORHOOD HEALING

**Bart Buch, Interim Executive Director**  
Semilla Center for Healing and the Arts

I came on board the Semilla Center for Healing and the Arts during a pandemic, violent social unrest, a huge crime and addiction spike in the neighborhood, the organization's co-founders retiring, and incredible polarization of our country, while I was still reeling from my 12-year career as Education Director and 25-year career as an artist with In the Heart of the Beast Puppet and Mask Theatre ending in a brutal layoff for two-thirds of the staff. But I survived all of this and so has the Semilla Center. With all of the previously unimaginable things that have happened to all of us in the last year and continuing this year, many of us are still here. But also, many of us are not. In December when I started writing about the coming



Bart Buch

2021, I titled my monthly message to our community "Moving Forward" because I really didn't want to look back and reflect on 2020. I just wanted to move forward as fast I could. I have since realized that only moving forward doesn't quite work, for health, truth, beauty, peace and justice to thrive. We have to clean the wounds of our past while moving forward to heal. We have to take breaks from our wounds and future-building to heal. We have to get together with our family, friends and neighbors finally in-person again and remember that night we stayed up all night, on watch, to protect each other AND plan our next block party, birthday party, bonfire, dance party, spring ritual, vacation AND just talk about the weather, to heal. We have to tell our stories and listen to others' stories to heal. We can't forget where we've been because this time, this Great Turning time, has been and is instructing us in new ways, that we can't go back and we must remember to move forward. It sort of sucks and it is a great gift to be part of this

time, this turning. At least now we now have a bit more peace with protection from Covid, and a historic piece of justice has been served. Our work continues. At the Semilla Center, we are more deeply exploring the theme of Neighborhood Healing in our programming for the immediate and foreseeable future. This is not a new theme at all for the Semilla Center but it is even more necessary to focus on because so much healing is needed now more than ever in our neighborhood. Through creating peace, beauty, and connection using art, we seek to provide residents with avenues to express their feelings of grief and also of bringing back hope for a better future. It is time to assert hope strongly into our neighborhood and give messages to those that seek to negatively dominate our streets, alleys, and spirits. Here are some ways we seek to contribute to neighborhood healing:

## Community Art

- Hosting and teaching workshops in mosaic, murals, lantern making, stilting, puppetry, photography and creative writing—both at our site, partner sites and pop-up sites in Midtown. These workshops will focus art on sending positive, hopeful messages to our neighbors.
- Exploring new kinds of projects in our mosaic program, training in new artists to create beautiful public art.
- Continuing our neighborhood literary journal, The Phoenix of Phillips, 7th and 8th editions.
- Teaching lantern making and hosting small lantern events and installations throughout the year.

## Youth Development

Training neighborhood youth in our Young Leaders program to use art for positive social change and to plant seeds of hope in our community. We will also redesign the program with youth voices directing the way and using principles of Creative Youth Development.

## Grounding

Continuing our gardening program in our Peace Garden at St. Paul's Lutheran Church and at Shalom Community Garden, working with and training residents and Young Leaders with master gardeners.

## Visioning

Meeting with neighbors, artists, youth, MPNAI and partnering organizations on creating and improving "neighborhood helper networks" within Phillips neighborhood. We will also be envisioning Semilla Center's transition with them, to develop a new Organizational Strategic Plan.

## Strengthening Capacity & Connection

- Becoming a stronger more well-known place of refuge and safety with nearby residents through consistent outreach and invitations.
- Renovating our art studio to accommodate the creation of many art forms and uses for neighborhood residents.
- Co-creating a hyper local neighborhood watch and weekly online and outdoor safety meeting with and neighbors
- The Semilla Center will receive its 501c3 non-profit status in 2021.
- Partnering: Nurturing and strengthening existing partnerships and seeking and exploring new partnerships

# SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Luisa Cabello Hansel, Sandy Spieler, Ana Freeberg, Angie Barrera, Jorge Amerigo, Bart Buch, Midtown Phillips Neighborhood Assn. Inc, and Sunshine Sevigny.

And to our wonderful YOUNG LEADERS, who use art and greening to make a better neighborhood: Terrance, Mario, Lucy, Makyla, J'Mya, Kimberly, Esmeralda, Stephanie, Emiliano, Minka, Mochny and Orren.

## Semilla Board:

Angie Barrera, Becky Gazca, Sandy Spieler, Mike Hansel, Belem Gomez, Tara Beard, Maggie Lindberg, Luisa Cabello Hansel, Silas Leasman, Lizete Vega, Interim Executive Director, Bart Buch

"The Phoenix of Phillips" is a publication of the Semilla Center for Healing and the Arts at St. Paul's Lutheran Church. For over 15 years, Semilla has taught mosaics, mural arts, photography, lantern making, puppetry and creative writing to over 3,000 people and installed 35 murals and over 50 other artistic place holders in Phillips and beyond. Semilla means "seed" in Spanish, and it is our passion to plant seeds of hope, justice and beauty in our community. We do so, conscious of the challenges facing us, but more conscious of the great hope we have.

The Phillips area is comprised of four neighborhoods: Ventura Village, Phillips West, Midtown Phillips and East Phillips. The boundaries of the Phillips community are Interstate 94 to the north, Hiawatha Avenue to the east, Lake Street to the south, and Interstate 35W to the west.

This activity is made possible by the voters of Minnesota through a grant from the Metropolitan Regional Arts Council, thanks to a legislative appropriation from the arts and cultural heritage fund.



Additional funding for this project comes from the Minnesota Humanities Center, and our friends and donors.

## YOU CAN FIND THE PHOENIX AT THESE MINNEAPOLIS LOCATIONS:

- St. Paul's Lutheran, 2742 15th Ave S.
- Heart of the Beast, 1500 East Lake
- Quatrefoil Library, 1220 East Lake
- The Loft, 1011 Washington Ave S.
- Midtown Global Market, Eliot and Lake
- Our Saviour's Lutheran, 24th & Chicago
- Franklin Library, 1314 E. Franklin
- Pow Wow Grounds, 1414 E. Franklin
- Messiah Lutheran, 2400 Park Avenue S.
- Mpls. Area Synod, 122 W. Franklin, Suite 600

## FOR MORE INFORMATION

on the neighborhood art blocks, youth programs and workshops in photography, creative writing, mosaics and murals:

The Semilla Center for Healing and the Arts  
St. Paul's Lutheran Church  
Iglesia Luterana San Pablo  
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[www.semillacenter.org](http://www.semillacenter.org)

Face Book: Semilla Center  
Twitter and Instagram: @semillacenter

## YOU CAN BE INVOLVED WITH SEMILLA!

- Teach a class: puppetry, creative writing, movement, visual arts, or other!
- Attend a class
- Volunteer at one of our events
- Host a visit from Young Leaders at your workplace
- Serve on our board
- Donate!

## THE PHOENIX OF PHILLIPS VOLUME VIII

Submit your writing for the next issue of The Phoenix of Phillips by e-mailing [semillacenter@gmail.com](mailto:semillacenter@gmail.com) or by mail to: 2742 15th Ave S. Minneapolis, MN 55407

**Help make The Phoenix Of Phillips a fire of literary beauty by supporting the next issue financially.**

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## GIVE ONLINE AT:

<https://givemn.org/project/semilla-center-for-healing-and-the-arts5a00ba73eed45>

## ADVERTISE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE PHOENIX & REACH 6,000 PEOPLE!

Our next issue will be MANY more pages!

- Half page: \$500
- Quarter page: \$250
- Business card: \$100

# SEMILLA IS IN THE COMMUNITY!



Neighborhood Art Parties:  
First Wednesday Of Each Month



Lantern Making and Neighborhood  
Peace Lantern Processions



Young Leaders Program



Envisioning and Building  
A Better Neighborhood