



Do Our Conversations Mean the Same?

Spring 2020

For the 48,000 youth who are incarcerated in the U.S.

For the 2,100 youth who are incarcerated in Ohio.

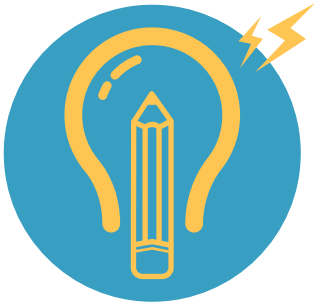
Their narratives will be rewritten.

Their voices will be freed.

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Mission



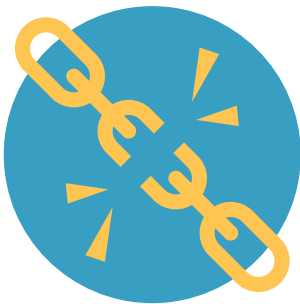
TEACH

creative writing to youth who are incarcerated in jails and prisons.



FOSTER

a genuine, long-lasting relationship with the residents.



FREE

their voices through the distribution and showcase of their creative writing in published chapbooks shared with the community.

Impact Report

The data below summarizes and compares the impact of our fall and spring sessions:

Fall 2019

- 4 Cohorts
- 25+ Student Volunteers
- 65+ Residents
- 75+ Direct Service Hours

Spring 2020

- 6 Cohorts
- 56+ Student Volunteers
- 76+ Residents
- 86+ Direct Service Hours*

*The original projection was 190+ direct service hours but couldn't be fulfilled because of the coronavirus pandemic, which suspended our program halfway into the spring's creative writing workshop for all of the cohorts.

As we continue to expand and develop more cohorts across Ohio, our impact will continue to increase as a result. We will educate more student volunteers about our organization and the juvenile justice system and those student volunteers will teach creative writing to more youth, or residents who are incarcerated.

Visit writersnresidence.org/impact to read the entire report.

Cohorts

- 1 John Carroll University at the Cuyahoga Hills JCF
- 2 Oberlin College at the Lorain County JDH
- 3 Hiram College at the Portage-Geauga County JDC
- 4 College of Wooster at the Indian River JCF
- 5 Marietta College at the Washington County JC
- 6 Heidelberg Univ. at the Seneca County Youth Center*



*A select group of students from the Seneca County Youth Center came to Heidelberg University's campus for the creative writing workshops.

Letter from the Program Director

Dear reader,

“What makes Writers in Residence successful?”

LJ Sylvia and Lila Mills from Neighborhood Connections asked me this question during an interview about our program’s literacy impact. I provided several different reasons that are responsible for our program’s success but ultimately, I believe that our success, or the “magic” of our program stems from fostering relationships and building community with our residents.

This year marks Writers in Residence’s third anniversary! As I reflect on our program’s genesis and growth, I feel ecstatic and conflicted. At the beginning of this year, we announced our annual goals:

1. Expansion and Development
2. Re-entry Mentorship Initiative
3. Diverse Financial Resources

We will have cohorts in the southwest region of Ohio by the end of the year teaching creative writing workshops in juvenile detention facilities across the state; we will launch a re-entry mentorship initiative that will provide our alumni residents with the same mentorship from the inside but on the outside to reduce their recidivism rates; we will diversify our financial resources to sustain the organization’s growth and development. Even though this progress energizes me, this same progress also affects my ability to foster relationships and build community with our residents.

Occasionally throughout a creative writing workshop, I’ll check-in on the residents, the student volunteers, and the staff. Without fail, a resident, then two, probably three at a time will ask: “Where you’ve been at? You don’t want to see us no more?”

I explain: “I’m working on expanding the program to be at other facilities, so I can’t come every week.” They usually respond: “So? And? They’re not me.” Of course, they’re right! But they’re also one of many youths under the state’s supervision and in its custody, and our program intends

to impact as many of those youths as possible so they too learn the value of creative self-expression in an environment where their thoughts and feelings, their voice, and their existence are marginalized.

Fr. Greg Boyle, a Jesuit priest and founder of Homeboy Industries, says: “We go to the margins so folks at the margins make us different.” If we take Fr. Greg Boyle’s quote even further, our residents and student volunteers alike make each other different because fostering relationships and building community requires a mutual exchange of vulnerability. In a survey, a resident described their favorite part of the creative writing workshops: “Outsiders coming to talk to us.” In a different survey, a student volunteer explained how the creative writing workshops impacted them: “You make quick and deep connections with the residents and if a [student] volunteer is receptive, it’s near impossible not to be affected.” Together as a community, the residents and the student volunteers offer themselves up to read and write, laugh and cry, and to examine and empathize.

But what happens when our student volunteers can’t meet our residents at the margins because it’s dangerous to everyone’s health and safety? We adapt to engage our residents despite the temporary suspensions announced following Governor DeWine’s state of emergency to prevent the spread of COVID-19.

Because the novel coronavirus disrupted our creative writing workshops halfway into the spring semester, we decided to publish a chapbook filled with our resident’s artifacts so they would still have physical proof of their hard work even though we couldn’t workshop or revise any of their artifacts. Then, we launched a letter-writing initiative with the help of 75+ volunteers (not including student volunteers) from our larger community. Finally, we piloted virtual creative writing workshops via Zoom at some of our juvenile detention facilities depending on their capabilities.

In a matter of days when the first cases of the coronavirus appeared, this global pandemic exposed our nation’s weaknesses and strengths. I hope that exposure inspires us to serve and advocate for those in our community who are on the margins, or on the brink of becoming marginalized because we’re all in this together as humans.

Best,
Zachary Thomas
Program Director for Writers in Residence

Letter from the Cohort

Dear Reader,

Hello! Welcome to the chapbook produced by our residents at the Ohio Department of Youth Services' Cuyahoga Hills Juvenile Correctional Facility. We are so excited for you to read their works and get a glimpse into the creativity that we get to see at our weekly sessions.

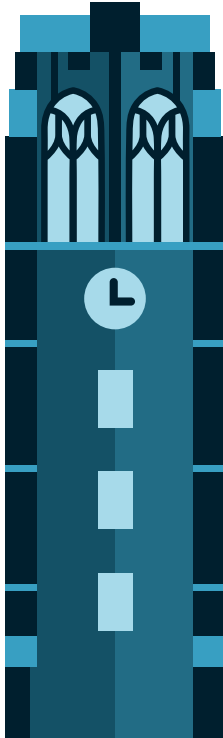
The weekly sessions were truly the highlight of our weeks. We looked forward to seeing the guys and writing alongside them. At the core of these sessions, we realized that creative writing was simply the avenue to reach a deep sense of companionship. Not many things bring people together the way writing does. We not only grew as writers together, but as people, and as friends. There were moments where going to ODYS was what brought us true energy and rejuvenated our spirits. Writing was our escape as much as it was theirs: a time to reflect and be present with each other. There was never a day that we didn't go over time because we were never ready to leave.

It has been incredibly hard knowing that we didn't get to say goodbye to our residents because we were unaware that the last time we were there in early March would be our last time for a while. We have missed being able to visit the residents due to the COVID-19 pandemic, but we were able to send letters of encouragement (some of you did too!) during quarantine to let them know we were thinking of them. Each of our residents has remained in our hearts and we look forward to a day that we can write alongside one another again.

These pages are filled with the thoughts, dreams, fears, and hopes of our friends, and we hope you respect what our residents have accomplished this year. We are so grateful for their willingness and vulnerability at each session, and we can't wait to see what they create next.

Sincerely,
The John Carroll Cohort

P.S. The inspiration for the title of the chapbook came from a six-word memoir of one of the residents. Our lives are so different from each other's, and we might not always understand one another in conversation. But we are able to bridge this gap and understand each other better, if not completely, by conversing through writing rather than speech.



John Carroll University

Cuyahoga Hills JCF

Untitled

Devin

I was raised by cartridges that only worked if you blew in them like 3 times. By dinosaur-shaped nuggets dipped in ketchup made by the amish next door. (The homes are like ying and yang). By fishing in the creek that runs through my backyard and sprinting through the bush while avoiding my friends airsoft BB's. Then coming home and waiting for America online dial-up to load up peanut butter jelly time for the thousandth time so we can laugh until we cry.

Untitled

Devin

I come from an A-frame in Amishville where the roads double as horse toilets.

Where the icecream truck makes its rounds twice a week and he makes you chase him down just because it's funny.

I come from where the birds replace the crickets, followed by the sun beaming through the canopies of old oak trees where the squirrels roam free.

I come from the land where the police don't bother with teenagers flying by on their dirtbikes on private roads,

because they did it too.

I come from where, after all these years the fish haven't learned to stop trying to eat that nightcrawler

dangling from a shiny spiked hook.

Iniquity

Jonathan

The world I live in is unstable.

A fake fable, on the verge of breaking

I see things, hear things, but never comprehensible

I want the world but its not worth taking

Untitled

Jonathan

Haven't heard from you in months
Even praying doesn't seem to help
Are you ok, should I worrie
To be honest, its kinda scary

Finally, you pick up the phone
What's wrong, your voice isn't right
You sound upset, are you crying
No, please tell me your lying

It'd ok, just don't loose faith
Please tell me you'll be OK
I don't want to loose you
Don't worrie, I'll be there soon

Lord, I need you right now
Don't let me loose my sanity
She's all I got left now
How could you do this How!

I Was Raised On

Jonathan

Running in the woods bare-foot

Digging my own grave over 100 times

Portkeys

Jonathan

- When ever I feel my stomache rumble I remember how I had no food.
- Gaining a friend reminds me that I could lose them, like my mother.
- Seeing a tree takes me to my own panic room and gives me a sense of peace.
- The smell of smoke reminds me of my grandfather
- The smell of old books take me places no one can find me.

Untitled

Jonathan

T I was born in Arizona

T When I was little I would look at all the stars in the sky and wonder that if God was out there then everything would be OK.

L I am very Naive of the world around me.

T I Love my Best-Friend

T I met my best-friend on a school bus

L I've known my best-friend for over ten years

Untitled

Josh

NBA

1. First year a Rookie. Second year a sophomore
2. Trying to show my talent like I'm Ja Morant
3. or trying to take the crown like Giannis
4. I know some day my talent won't go unnoticed

Jail

5. Hard matts, cold rooms, different worlds.
6. Gotta prove myself like Lil Bady "Sum 2 Prove."
7. Gotta be 10 toes like feet.
8. F**ked up life we live in.

Peanut Butter

9. Smooth like nutella
10. Rich like white chocolate
11. Sticky like syrup
12. Who doesn't like it when it's with chocolate

World Troubles

13. People dying for no reason over someone else's mess
14. Not trying to become Trayvon Martin or Emmet Till
15. Hope my character gets remembered like, Nip, Tupac, Biggie
16. So please hands up don't shoot, All lives matter, still are my mottos.

Six-Word Memoirs

Josh

Growing up without her was hard
Real hate, fake love pick one
Losing my Brother... My Biggest Fear
Our Deep Conversations mean the world.
Laugh now Cry Later Really True
Can you fix a Broken Heart
Her Smile is all I need
Why is love so d*mn painful
Does my smile hide my Tears
My Brothers keeper is my motto
Loyalty over Money is another one
Was 4 years a long time
Surrounded by a bunch of writers
Do our Conversations mean the same
You Didn't get to Say Goodbye
Are we looked at any different.

What Was You Raised By/Who

Josh

One person I can think of that brought me back to what I was raised by is my sister. My sister helped through all my Trauma. She consulted me when my Brotha got shot she told me “he’ll get his don’t worry.” So don’t go looking for him. She helped me when I got shot she was right next to me. But when I was lying on the ground she was just crying. She didn’t know what to do. When I came to Jail the first time was for her. Someone thought it would have been OK to spit on her. So I d*mn there killed him. My sister was there for me when I got sentenced to 4 years. She couldn’t help herself but to cry. I love her. But my sister also reminds me of the streets. We’ve done everything together. She watched me shoot someone multiple times. She watched me get myself into something I shouldn’t have been a part of. But she was always there.

N.L.M.B

Josh

N.L.M.B - Never Leave my Brotha. That abbreviation means a lot to me when I say that I mean that I hope my brotha knows that. There isn't a thing in this world I wouldn't do for him.

Untitled

Brock

Keys in water

Looking around confused. I dropped my keys in the water.

The sound of my keys hitting the water was that of Sophia playing the piano.

It made my ears tingle like as if I was inside the piano listening as best as I could.

Thinking of a painting of a group of piano keys soaked in water painted a picture in my mind.

Life

Brock

If you want to end—start!

A better life comes with precaution.

Cause, strong will, effect, strong ending.

Curiosity comes with a risky outcome.

Real champions get up after falling.

Give some hope to every struggle.

Untitled

Brock

My parents always rewarded my for hard work. Hard work pays off/hard worker.

One time my Grandma asked me to fold her laundry. P.s. grandma panties—nasty. Then in one of her shirt pockets I found \$25. And she said I could have it. Talk about hard work.

Truth Others

Brock

“Love good” ... just checking.

Today is ... Monday-Sunday

Live to myself

I might try some spaghetti. Naaaaah...

- We get along so well because I like to joke alot and laugh and so does he.
- We are both very witty and quick to think.
- We don't get along so well because he is 89 and I am 18. My dad.

Untitled

Brock

I was raised on MTN Dew

I was raised by rules...jk lol I did what I wanted

Why?

Leak

1. Happiness brings tears, love bring pain
2. Is this so hard to do
3. Every choice comes with a consequence
4. Have i been here so long
5. Did i miss his first steps
6. Did i have so many emotions
7. Did i miss so many years
8. Did you have to leave earth

Untitled

Leak

I was raised by football

I was raised by pain

I was raised by drugs

I was raised by Role models was drug dealers

Untitled

Leak

When my social worker was talking to me about when i first came how she didn't like me because i was young and bad at first and how i was a "crybaby" then she got to telling me how i was about to leave in a couple months and was telling me moma r**ves ain't gone be there to save you no more now you grown. It reminded me of my grand mother just something she would say like one time she saved me from going to jail I stole something and got caught and she told me afterwards like im not gone always be able to save i won't be here no more when you get older gotta start making write decisions

Untitled

Leak

1. One day me and my best friend was sitting in a car and the car got shot up and when we start running i feel from a burning pain while they still shooting he turned around to help me up i was bleeding so bad he was using his shirt to stop the blood.
2. Friend had fell and had rocks stuck in his skin on his a** and i had to pick them out cause he had a warrant and didn't wanna go to hospital
3. I was drunk in the car passed out with a gun on me we got pulled over nobody had a license so friend grabbed gun off my hip and ran.
4. How I met my best friend was at a girl house I was coming through the window and he was coming out and we smoked before i went in there.

Life

Owen

Im just trynna live my life
I've Been waistin to much time
think its time to make it right

Six-Word Memoirs

Owen

1. Loyalty is the key to succeeding.
2. Evil causes pain, pain causes evil.
3. Money is the root of evil.

Untitled

Owen

It was a fall evening I get off my school bus and walk into my house with a big smile on my face it was the last day of pre-school. As I walk in I smell steam coming from the kitchen and I hear my mom and dad arguing I hear my dad yell in pain when I walk in the kitchen I see my dad grabbing his arm and a pot of boiling water on the ground my mom got in the car and drove off I stayed with my dad. From that point on my parents were separated.

Two Truths One Lie

Owen

1. One truth I am tall
 2. Another truth my name is Owen
 3. One lie I tell myself is that Im a bad person
-
1. I look up to my bestfriend because he is a positive person
 2. One time I saw my bestfriend at the park with a gun.
 3. My bestfriend has always been there threw thick and thin

Untitled

Orion

Dear Orion,

If you want someone go out there and get her tell her how you feel Don't hold back your feelings maybe she give you a chance Think about it, you and her laugh at the littlest things, you guys have stuff in comen. You only have one little problem, you age difference is like holy sh*t. Your 18. She's like 21 or 22. But in all reality, she would understand. You might be able to start off with a date or two. But remember you only have so long so be yourself. You can be exsepted and always remember you are love.

Untitled

Orion

Thats the gas not the brake
Mom's going to kick my a**
Holy sh*t im so fu**ing dea
How did you hit a pole
Because [] is a mean person
What did he do to you
He recked my moms new car
I see lights red and blue
Grab my vodka and run fast

Untitled

Orion

i'm hanging on by a tread and all im clenging to is prayer every breath is like a bottle i feel like i aint came prepared death knocking on the front door pain creeping through the back. fears climbing through the windos i'm watching for them to atack they say don't get bitter, get better i'm still working on switching them letter but im asking god for a lot of hope keeping it together i smile in everyone's face and cry when ever they leave the room they don't know the the battles i face they don't know what im going through the world tryna play with my soul. i'm tryna find out where to go tryna remember the way tryna get back to my home.

Six-Word Memoirs

Tevin

1. Why is she so serious sh*t.
2. Coughed to hard head hurts now
3. The ring had me really spooked
4. Her eyes make my heart stop
5. I'm too stressed out for love
6. Thought I was listening wrong again
7. Broke my thumb fixed a relationship
8. Eric needs to grow a beard
9. Glasses gang we are Sumthon now
10. You can't explain everything in life
11. F**k people who laugh at us
12. I love when karma strikes back
13. Can't stop writing six words f**k
14. I think my mind is broken
15. Seventeen is not good enough Eric
16. I'm going to run down hills
17. F**k outta here with 9 ha
18. Sound waves make my ears hurt
19. Blue eyes show no lies d*mn
20. f**k these brakes come here [___]
21. I think Eric's now sun-shine b**ch
22. Julia is very interesting I'm intrigued
23. I am going to beat Eric always
24. I don't remember what you asked
25. I forgot your name again sorry
26. I love this type of writing
27. 30 Six-Word Memoirs to read
28. He will never write this much
29. The smile kills the darkness inside
30. First to write back last expected

31. On my mind all the time
32. Sophia is staring at my name
33. I thought 36 was good enough
34. I broke the record this time
35. I am getting really serious now
36. What dose life continue f**king us?
37. The time I wasted I need
38. I write some weird poems here
39. I love the way she smiles
40. I told Eric I would win.

Going Home!

Tevin

2020 The year they free me and my brother P.B. I can't thank you enough Big Bro for the way you helped me along the way when things got tough you always said we gonna be okay you leave in 12 days in many ways stuff won't be the same I will be sad but the truth is I really can't explain all the things I want to say but I will start with thank you. You made my day brighter in these dark times. The bond we build can't be broken by stone nor steel. We may not be blood but you can't tell us that. I love you bro and I know that when you go home you will be just fine in the end. You are my brother till the end of time.

Final Goodbye

Tevin

Wow 2 years and some amazing people later here I am standing next to my brother as he said this will be our last showcase as residents. 2 years ago I met 2 people that have truly become family at this point, P.B. and Zach. P.B. you already heard what I got for you. Love you bro. Zach, bro, you helped me come out of my shell and find out that I am a writer at heart. You made me feel welcomed and all I can say is thank you. Now because of a few peoples encouragement who are also in this room I am confident in my writing and write every day. Let's start with someone who on the first day made me feel like there was power in my writing, Julia. Thank you so much for believing in me and my work. Now one of the weirdest and sweetest people I have ever met, Rose you bring this energy that vibrates through all of us and happens to make me smile every time. Thanks for being who you are. Jess you have helped me in many ways but the one I admire most is making me realize that it's not how big the poem is, it's what it means to me and others. Liz where to start with your ever present smile is warming but you gave me hope making me feel like my writing was perfect the first time. Ellie you make this group a lot of what it is. You lead us but lately you have helped me realize that people are not always what they seem. You are amazing truly. By the way, your eyes are amazing. Sophia you are always so serious, but fun at the same time. Last but truly not least, Eric when I lost my brother Conrad passed 5 years ago. I lost my will to live as time passed I still blamed myself but in the past 2 semesters you have showed me that my brother isn't gone but has everlasting life. You are an amazing person. I am proud to call you my brother. "You are truly what I lost." Yes that's six words lol. Can't wait to see where life takes us. Now to my brothers in group, the residents, you have all been there for not only me but each other. We came

here as strangers now we are family. Continue to write and make your words heard. Love ya'll. Thank you for your time and this opportunity.

2.12.2020

Fredo

I'd like to change my eyes

2.19.2020

Fredo

I was made by Toronto but raised by The Land.

I'm from a place where it's normal to here gun shots.

I'd close my eyes but I can still here da sound pop.

I was 15 when I herd my big brother got shot

so before you go to sleep make sure your doors are locked.

Untitled

Fredo

You gotta keep ya head up when the world turns its back on you.
You stab it in the back. Sticks and stones might break my bones
but aint no disrespect without retaliation.

Untitled

Fredo

1. Me and my friend ordered a Domino's pizza filled with all types of toppings we picked the pizza up and went to a drive in movie. We watched the movie enjoying the pizza.
2. I woke up every morning at the same time for 2 years.
3. I went 60 days without eating a meal.

Untitled

Eris

I was raised on A strict faith, family sized everything, and never being Alone. a lot of laughter

I come from beige-walled home AND bliss-bred ignorance. I come from believing because I AM told to believe it. I come from many people and I am many things. I refuse to give you a story that would capture the sum of my parts, for to do that would be to deflate my own human dignity.

I come from you, I believe. And we come from something so incomprehensible and grand and absolute in beauty and awe. At least I'd like to believe it to be. But in the end I think it is more important to discuss not where we come from, but where we are going.

Letter to Self

Eris

Dear Eris, stop letting your feelings and emotions take over and get to know yourself. I know everyone always tell you to act like something else but be yourself. People get mad when I be myself around other folks so just keep up the good work. And how's being mischievous working out for you. Start expressing the way you feel to the person you want to love or love just never doubt yourself always comment positive things of you and others. Stay focus in school, get your diploma and relax. I love you eris. Also, by the way, trust in the people that want you to be in the positive directions and stop flirting wit people older than my age even though you love it just try to watch it because it's a lot of females out here in this world that will set you up, run you out yo money, lead you in the wrong direction, use you for sex, use you for access so watch it. Love your enemies for forgiveness and Respect the ones who love you. Stop being so d*mn bad.

Untitled

Eris

I was born by two demons and Raised by one Angel. I was always around smoke, guns, and beef. I seen to of my older friend get shot. Tre**op and S**ke ever sinse my heart shattered I didn't care how anybody felt for whatever I did to them. I started stealing cars and taking more glizzy's and smoking and drinking and having sex. Then my grandmother which is the angel, took over my life and toss me into church and Jesus touched my heart and calmed me down a little. But I still get that evil feeling in my heart from time to time and also, when I huff like a bull that darkness inside is still there.

Untitled

Eris

I was raised by some demons that ain't never show no love. I be in them trenches where we got it out the mud. Ain't no helping hand so I stuck some ni**as up. Gripping on that glizzy I feel like I can't get touched.

List Six-Word Memoirs

Brandon

- 1) It was harder, then i thought.
- 2) Love is Not, always for everyone.
- 3) Life can be, hard at times.
- 4) Life's a gamble, Love's a casino.
- 5) rain is clear, Snow is white.
- 6) Females can be, sneaky at times
- 7) I like girls, with long hair.
- 8) Laugh Now and cry at Night.
- 9) I can't think, of no more.
- 10) you was lucky to get Nine.
- 11) i like girls with brown hair.

(What Was You Raised By?)

Brandon

i was raised by my brother and my community.
i was Never home. always robbin
and taking stuff. Never had a
Father. i raised my self too.
Then i had a kid and
then i had to change my
Mind self.

(What Does A Portkey?)

Brandon

I am the person I am today
Because i have made a change
From 2 years ago for my son
and my future or else
i thank i would Never make
it no where but incarcerated.
you got to also thank about
It grew up in the projects around
all black people so all i know
was Rob and Steel

Me And My God Sister

Brandon

me and my sister got into
a car crash when a drunk
driver had come across the
dubble yellow lines. That had
caused her to have brain damage
for 3 years then one day
She passed away.

me and my god sister
use to stand on top of
The rail road track and
Throw rock's at cars when
They passed by.

we would always go out at
Night and mess with prosatutes
till one day we got chassed
by under cover police.

Six-Word Memoirs

Kaleb

Always been solid since day one.
I don't know where to start.
Forever changing how to live daily.
My life is a big mess.
The wise will always last longer.

The gym is my second house.
Your future is your present choices.
Am I useful or just used?
San Francisco really pissed me off.
I am a professional dirtbike racer.
Patrick Mahomes is a crybaby b**ch.
I love to work out everyday.
I dream of being home soon.
These lights hurt d*mn eyes.
People really do imitate me sometimes.
Music is my number one escape.
There is no place like home.
My brain is a mixed emotion.
My life will always be crazy.

Dear Self

Kaleb

Dear Self,

Some advice to you would to be more patient with others. Also stop being such an a**hole in the morning! Don't fly off the handle at others when you know your in the right. Remain humble and stay focused on the future of thyself within your goals. Stay out of legal trouble also!

Sincerely,
Self

Untitled

Kaleb

I was born in a hospital and raised in a barn

The smell and taste of mashed potatoes raised me. I called them
smashed taters when I was a kid

I come from Lydon Ave. growing up toatin' poles and stealin' sh*t
I ain't have

I come from the streets where dem killas thrive

I come from where da rock so strong people lookin' zombies they
dead not alive

I come from da North Side true trap baby deez streets really
raised me

I come from a broken home
Momma wasn't there couldn't find my pops anywhere

I come from a society
Where I'm considered a menace

I come from Columbus 6-1-4
My family always struggled
We were always poor

Untitled

Kaleb

This one time me and my brother cruised all night. We started at 10pm and drove to Georgia. We were drunk. We're alcoholics.

My brother and I traveled to 5 different states in one day. We love road trips down south. He and I are lit.

This one time at my family reunion me and my brother burned down the girls cabin and threw a bunch of fish in the swimming pool. We were young and wild! That's for sure! We even wrecked a fourwheeler into my aunt who was in a wheel chair.

Acknowledgments

We want to thank everyone who has given us their time, talents, and treasure because our organization relies on everyone working together every week for several months to fulfill our mission and vision:

- Our residents
- Our student volunteers
- Our advisors and academic institutions
- Our community partners and juvenile correctional facilities
- Our graphic designer
- Our legal team
- Our founding members

Finally, we want to personally thank the Cleveland Foundation and the Anisfield-Wolf Book Awards who continue to believe and support us.

Donate

Beyond supporting our mission and vision, your donation will also directly allow us to:

- Educate our communities about the juvenile justice system.
- Support our residents re-entering back into society.
- Sustain our cohorts' ability to serve youth who are incarcerated.

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