



This Is Who We Are

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.

Table of Contents

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| Mission | 2 |
| Impact Report | 3 |
| Cohorts | 4 |
| Letter from the Program Director | 5 |
| Letter from the Cohort | 7 |
| Residents' Creative Writing | 9 |
| Acknowledgments | 69 |

Mission



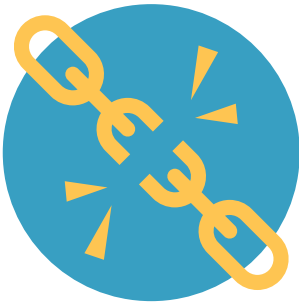
TEACH

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,

We enjoyed every minute of our visits with our residents. The youth we met this spring taught us so much. We had the chance to laugh with them and relate to them. The stories they told were incredibly moving and honest. One of the workshops we remember most was when we wrote about our favorite food. We talked to the residents about how to make a break, the best snacks they could get at the facility, the beauty of to-go boxes from Applebee's, and our moms' cooking. We sat and laughed together about something we can all agree on—we love good food!

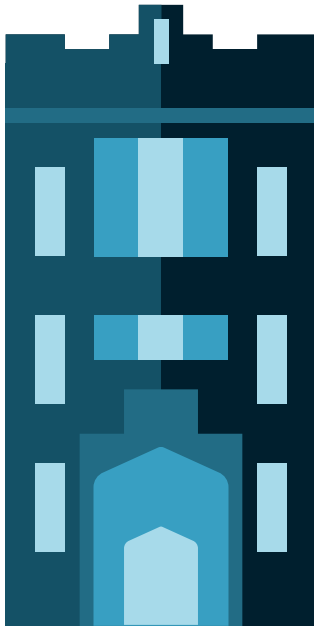
These moments are what we looked forward to the most this semester—the moments where we could just sit and be together and connect over a conversation with no pressure for the residents to talk about the facility if they didn't want to. While we had some really insightful conversations about life inside the facility, we still especially cherished these moments where the conversation let residents not feel tied to their circumstance or their identities inside the Indian River Juvenile Correctional Facility.

Each resident's writing and drawing are so unique and memorable! We also remember seeing such a desire in our residents to express themselves and create something. We met artists, rappers, welders, and poets, and each week we were reminded of how much value and joy there is in expressing ourselves, and in sharing that expression together. Creativity is such a vital tool for our wellbeing, and we feel thankful that we were able to share a creative space with our residents, even if it was cut short this semester.

We encourage you to lean into something similar. To read these words and hear from our residents about their experiences at Indian River, but just as much to read about their lives, their passions, and especially their favorite foods. To read and remember that there's so much more that makes up our residents' lives than their identities at Indian River JCF.

Our wish is that these workshops have helped our residents see the talent they possess. The residents we met were almost always open to talking about life inside the facility and asking about life outside. This semester helped us to see that there is a desire and a willingness in our residents to share their stories, and so it is our privilege as readers to listen, and to be thankful towards these writers for what they've shared. We're grateful to all of the residents for welcoming us in and sharing very vulnerable stories with us. They have a lot to contribute to our society.

Sincerely,
The College of Wooster Cohort



College of Wooster

Indian River JCF

#Free Baby 2-7

Austin

The Streets Raised me

Poverty Raised me

Violence Raised me

Love Raised me

Family Raised me

I Remember walking around the city daily

I Remember missing meals

I Remember hearing gunshots

I Remember people telling me They love me

I Remember hugging and kissing family members

This Is me

Untitled

Austin

One my Birthday when I was younger I was
forced to take a picture with Chuck E Cheese
I was scared of him But I still had to
Take the pictures

Untitled

Marquice

I was raised up by a loving
Family. And had alot of fun
With my family when I was home
I pretty much got everything I wanted
Most of the time. Besides
That I played alot of sports
Like football, baseball, I was active
At home and at school.

Who Raised Me!!

Marquice

My parents raised me to become
What I wanted to be and I'm
Still trying to Achieve that goal
Of being a firefighter for my
City. I remember my dad
Always take me to fire stations
And all kinds of events that
Involve firefighters my dad has
Friends that work in the
Stations and I will never
Stop going after this goal
Until the day I die.

Firefighting continued....

I just sometime think that
What happens if I get hurt

What I Was Raised By

Colton

I was raised by a loving mother who would do anything to see me smile and a father who loved himself. I lived in the country until i was 14 and my parents split. I loved to play in the woods behind my house with my younger brother. But, with my father a drunkard and my mother working all the time, i had to raise myself.

Who I Am

Colton

There was many
But I'll single it down
She's not just any
This is what she was about.

She taught me hardwork
She taught me how to handle hurt.
How to dig in the dirt
How to rid stains from my tshirt.

If she was here
I'd ask how she's been
I'd hide the shedded tears
I'd keep them within.

I'd tell her how much I've learned.
How she'd be proud of me.
So I hope.

I learned how to mow grass
Learned how to swim.
Learned so much from her.
And yet all I did was hurt.

I'd say I'm sorry.
I'd say thank you.
I'd say I love you.
I'd give her a hug.
I'd thank her for molding me.

Into who I am.

Untitled

Colton

My job in laundry was the worst in my opinion. You would never believe what was in those bags. It was a tedious thing; wake up, go, and do the same boring sh*t for X amount of hours. A part of the job was having to untie and retie that laundry bags. There was some foul things in people's bags. Luckily I could wear gloves. Another con was having to clean the huge industrial dryers. I would have to take off the bottom and crawl inside with a duster and dust the inside out. It was HOT inside them. A good part was being able to watch movies and listen to music while clothes were in the washer and drier. I ended up quitting after I found a pile of sh*t in a bag.

I Want To Go Home

Dustin

I want to go home

I'm Dorothy clicking my heels

18 Risked my life for a plea deal

Have to call home through a jail phone

Surrounded by these people but I still feel alone

Untitled

Dustin

Dear Dustin,

This may not sound right coming from yours truly, But Dustin. You can do alot better than what you're allowing yourself to do. You are intelligent and have many opportunities in your life but you still keep doing stuff to lock yourself up. I get it. Things haven't always been as good as they are now. After Dad left Mom was never the same. Moving away from home made you give up on school. Your first love broke your heart and left you clueless.

But Dustin, a lot has changed over these last few years. Mom's herself again. You were able to get your G.E.D. and that alone is astonishing considering your animosity with school. Mom is herself again and is backing up your every dream. Dad even has come around and is working on a relationship. It's your turn to step up. You're grown now. I got your back and you knew that.

Sincerely,

Dustin

Untitled

Dustin

I was sitting in my probation officer's office and she demanded I go on parental house arrest. Parental house arrest is really do everything your parents say or go to Jail. One day shortly after my Probation appointment my mom wouldn't let me go to a friend's house. I did not go.

Untitled

Thomas

When I was young
It was a street that
Was always loud and
Had alot of family
That used to struggle

Poem

Jaden

Laying down on Pallet beds
Family Members pile around
Late Nights tryna get sum Rest
Cold shivers up and down
From Food stamps on low income
Made Me to who I am
Cannot change from when I's yung
Only helps Me be a Man.

Untitled

Jaden

Dear Jaden,

Your strong minded but you let little things make you mad. Your hard headed an you blame it on your past. You're compassionate about what's yours. An you take pride in it too. Your mind thinks about violence. Sometimes you question what to do. You see in the world a lot of crime. You act on it all the time. But you stay sane no matter whats in line. Move on you goin be alright.

Sincerely,

Jaden

Negative

Jaden

1. Change the way I talk
2. Change the way I see the world
3. Change my past
4. Change the way I act
5. Don't get mad easy.

Untitled

Jaden

When I was about nine my ma made me go to my aunts for a cookout. I didn't want to go because my aunt has big a** aggressive pitbulls an they always be getting drunk and taking us out the house and we'd have to sleep on a blanket but my ma said I have to go because the whole family gon be there.

Untitled

Noah

I was Raised by the rules.

I was Raised by food.

I was Raised on the east side of cleveland.

I was Raised by my brothers.

I was raised by Respect and Hard work.

Wake Up

Noah

Bright early morning as bright as it can be,
School bus on the street is the first thing
I see, Birds comeing shower running, stomach
steady, breakfast ready, lets clean up the place
is messy, keep it going blood is flowing, brush
your teeth stay on fleek, Then get Dress you
know the rest...

Untitled

Noah

One day my mom forced me to play sports when I was six years old. And i didnt want to do it because i was lazy. I kept saying i was to young to play and i wanted to play games.

I am

Noah

- Strong harted people love other people
- Talented
- Athletic
- Loving
- Trusting
- Gamer
- Where do I go after life
- I could go 4 some Roosters! :)
- My dream is to do firefighting
- I love my grandpa so much.

Untitled

Tristen

Girls:

All girls gave me pain

Their rotting my brain

Think i need a change

Before I go insane I need it another

H** got me finished, broke my heart no you did'nt

Basketball:

Hit a ni**a with the step

Cross a ni**a with the left

Ni**as tryin' to catch their breath

Shot a 3, feelin' like Steph

The Life Of A Thug

Tristen

I was raised by the streets
In out of jail
Tryna run from the streets since I was twelve
Seein dat coming in and out them prison cells
Tryna turn my past into my future
Try to laugh and joke to make something humor
Trying to make some shots but only made fewer
I was on da streets countin figures
I did'nt even mean to pull the trigger
But when I got older i thought i was that ni**a

Untitled

Tristen

When i had to go to my brothers basketball game because no one was at the house but i did not want to go so i got in a big argument with my mom then i started punching stuff and she said if you don't go she will force me into the car and i finally came to a agreement.

Six-Word Memoir

Tristen

1. She told me to put my heart in a bag
2. Never gave me a chance
3. Why are all girls the same
4. Your never what your going to get
5. You wake up you throw up you feel like your dead

Letter To Self

Kriston

Always remember you are a nice and honest person. You are compassionate and smart. You should always stay positive, and happy, even on your rainiest days. Always remember that what others think about you doesnt matter! (100%)

Untitled

Kriston

Ignorance:

Why's this world full of ignorance

Pain

Baby girl I'm sorry for your pain...

I'm the only one to blame,

It's like ever since you left me ain't nothin been the

Same, I hate the man I became but I kept on being stupid

And I kept on playin games...

I told you I would change

Look, this my tenth

time calling yo phone.

Ever since you been with him it's like you left me

Alone... does he ever grab you by yo hand and rilly

Tell you how you feel, was he ever

there for you when you was broke and couldn't

Pay yo bills?

Untitled

Kriston

I lived under a rock
all my life, until the
Cops came up to the door,
And gave it a knock,
Now I look back, in hopes
To not, see my siblings mock.
My mom, sister and I
ride together in a flock.

Untitled

Kriston

When I was little my mom would make me read, every night after school... I hated it!

Six-Word Memoirs

Kriston

Enthusiastic energy can spark the moment

Work for the things you want.

Life is what you make it.

Untitled

Hubbert

I was raised in a broken home that included lots
Of violence and fighting. My neighborhood was worse
And I didn't really have alot of guidance. My dad
Left and my mom raised me and my siblings while
Working full-time so I was forced to raise myself.

Untitled

Hubbert

I remember waking up to loud screams and lots of movement around the house. I got up to see what it was and it was my mom and my dad fighting. My mom was still yelling while my dad had his back turned toward me. I tried to run and get in between them but then my dad heard me and turned around. To my shock he had my brother in a head lock with a gun to his head. I started crying and begging him to let go hoping that the gun would'nt go off and kill my brother but he was to high on drugs to comprehend what was going on. My brothers face was losing light as his life slowly drifted away so I ran to the kitchen, grabbed the biggest pan I saw and ran and hit my dad with it as hard as I could causing him to let go of my brother and snap back to reality: when he realized what was going on he dropped the gun and ran out of the house. I ran to my brother and helped him up. My mom run to us and hugged us and cried. After that I didnt see my father much for almost 5 years. He recently tried coming back into my life after I got locked up but I cant seem to find a way to accept him back in my life.

Untitled

Hubbert

I would like to change the way I think

I would like to change my past

I would like to change my peers

I would like to change my problems

Im good with numbers

Untitled

Hubbert

Bruh, I know why, but I be getting mad at everything. It can be the smallest thing that make me mad like recently its been because of people doing stupid sh*t. I hate that sh*t bruh I swear to god. I feel like people around me be doing it on purpose tho. I dont know what they motives really be but to me I think they just do it to see how much they can get away with before I say something. Eventually Im gone end up fighting somebody over it tho cause I dont feel like talking about it would be good enough. Thats why I just been staying to myself lately. I even be calling home no more for real cause I hate when they be truin tell me about they problems like its gone solve mine or something. Ima try to talk to somebody about it soon tho cause I know how much longer I can keep this up. Ima get with you soon tho. Stay up bruh love you.

Sincerely,

Hubbert

P.S. Focus on the money and dont let you problems get in the way of the finish line

P.P.S. Ima be home soon just wait on it. This ain't nun but a minor setback for a major comeback.

Untitled

Hubbert

I was like 12 years old and my mom and dad wasn't ready for me or my brothers. They were more worried about the problems they had going on in their relationship. They were always arguing and fighting and I guess they didn't want us to get in between no more than we already did so they sent us to stay with our grandma. It would've been cool but the grandma they sent us with was the one who we didn't really get along with. Then when we were living with her she used to stay making us go to church and bible study with her.

Six-Word Memoirs

Hubbert

I am still changing. Please be patient.

I am determined to make it

Life goes on just keep going.

Turn your dreams into your goals.

Leadership isn't born it is developed

Six-Word Memoirs

Joshua

They never said "I miss you"
They never gave you a chance
Am I good enough for you?
Is life leading me anywhere good?
Who am I supposed to be?

Untitled

Joshua

Money:

I chase the bag

And at all times I keep the mag

Let a dude try me and his family's gonna be real sad

I'm all about money and most of these dudes be actin' funny

Cars:

When I'm in my whip I like to be by my lonely

It's my time to think about my next slap

And maybe think about the good times and laugh

Cuz these times are hard just like the beamer I'm in and on my
mom I'll never let a dude take my sh*t.

Raised By The Streets

Joshua

I was raised by the streets
in and out of jails
always sleepin in cells
trynna run from my past
but I couldn't seem to last
Keeping the past thoughts away
to numb the pain I'd get high and party
then I'd only feel my emotions partly
I don't have many true friends but associates
that really pull me down and when I'm down
those associates are never around
It's pretty sh*tty being lonely especially in jail
all I want is to get some mail to let me know
that yeah I'm locked up but not forgotten...

Untitled

Joshua

Dear Josh,

I know your going through the most right now but you have got to keep pushing. When your having a rough time stop putting the blame all on yourself, you have to realize everything isn't your fault. Yes some things are your fault but your doing the best you can do even when people tell you your just going to be the same person forever... realize that you control you not other people control you 100%, your a good you not matter who says different. Your changing the things about you that have made you fall so you can get back up and keep on walking. Stay strong and be the best you that you can be no matter the judgment that comes towards you. People love you and you love yourself at the end of the day you really only got YOU!

Prompt for 02/19/2020

Joshua

One sunday morning I got woken up by my mom earlier than usual. She told me that I need to get ready for church and I told her “I don’t want to go it’s to early.” She then told me that I’m not 18 yet and I live under her household so I have to go. So of course I went and sat there until it was over and then went on with my day.

My favorite meal

Joshua

When I go to Olive Garden I order chicken alfredo with the unlimited breadsticks or unlimited mozzarella sticks with pizza sauce.

When it's cooked it has to be a certain way.

- 1.) The noodles have to be soft
- 2.) The cream has to be creamy and spiced well especially w/ pepper
- 3.) The chicken has to be grilled chicken (yes I'm picky lol)

Untitled

David

my grandma made me go and see my p.o. And I didn't want to because I new I was going to get locked up. I knew I was getting locked up because I failed a drug test. And I caught—a new charge.

Six-Word Memoirs

David

I am very very very funny

Life is about taking a chance

Don't be last be in first.

When you die, you are dead

In my cell, No fun there

To much to live for... Pride

Untitled

Cosco

Food somewhat raised me,
also I guess the river raised me.
running the streets at night,
I was raised by darkness.

Untitled

Cosco

Dear Cosco

Wassgood Cosco AKA Big J. If your mad be funny. If your sad be funny. If your happy be funny. If your sick be funny.

And always remember remain solid, and keep all of ya toes on da ground ya dig!

Love,
Cosco

P.S. Didn't know how long they want this so wassup with my n**ga. Oh nvm I think we done. I'm really bad at this.

Untiled

Cosco

one drop of water, dropping into
more water. Splash. Hard to
get away. I like to laugh at
things shouldn't be funny, proly
to avoid feeling the loud bangs
that shake the train tracks.

Untitled

Cosco

every time I go to jail
I am forced to come and it
is a waist of my life and they
might as well just kill me if
that want to do nothing with
my life.

Untitled

Billy

Dear Billy of the Future,

I think your the best at chess. But man do you got a lot to learn. For instance your anger is a abomination to the unanimous in the world. You need to stop being a hypocrite and do what you say you will do. You need to work on your hygiene. Stop holding that pain and guilt from 10 years back. Listen to your elders you selfish man. Let's not forget manhood you got to be kidding but I'm not you got to stop being that little train that couldn't and grow up.

Sincerely,

Billy

Dreams

Billy

Cool it's me, myself, and I
I thought I was a fool
but I was just fooling myself
for god changed my life forever
though I forgot who I was
never will I again have doubt
but doubt will doubt itself forever
for if Kobe could go on
I will to in life forever
dreams are risky but they're cool
just like a blue heron flying
just like sailing as a kid
for me dreams are personal in the end
and I will never forget that.

Pain Hurts

Billy

the pain hurts everybody who takes away things
but grief just captures your pain and put it in
a cell to be locked up for life

the love ones you once love but didn't love you
hurts but until the pain is endured it will not go
away

so say the things we do that's []
will make us shed tears just as our mother
bears us

the pain is rocked up putted away never
to be seen again until unlock the cell door.

I'm free with my mind and my mind says
let it out so I cry cause I try so hard
to let the pain out until then I might
bleed out or call out for help.

Untitled

Billy

my life is a wreck just like DJ wreck
I thought I just broke my neck
poppin my popcorn like I'm just 18
nobody cares nobody listens I feel like I'm a
nobody who cares I do is this the end
is there any hope for the future generation
cmon future generation bring the light with ya
and bring the key with ya to open every all door

Untitled

Billy

I put my brain away to say I won't come out all day
I be runnin away won't stop without ya
today I'd been free to get a degree
my brain is paranoid with the paranoid
snappin the images as puzzle pieces I think
I just clicked one together
people just think things are sweet cause
all they do is tweet on snapchat
life is hard people be putting bullet holes in ya
like nothing ever happened
dreams might come true but it feels like
I'm falling off cloud nine
the end is coming the light is here
darkness is out let the light come in
I thought it was just that easy but things
are blowin down on me like a stack of cards,
like a plastic bag that had nowhere to go
I'm so sad I'm just so mad cause I was
doing good but now back to bad
as ice hardens my heart harden cause
I'm stone cold but my heart is broken
like a small bird in the open can change
in an instance my life was taken for the
worse without [___] so ya gotta do
what ya gotta do with the hand your'e
dealt life is real is not no game it's
reality. two door four door who open
the door cause I'm weak within an

week you see the boats are out in the
seas their just sitting like sittin ducks
why does my song gotta be so strong
when ya been out on the street then in jail
ya feel like your'e in a cell but now I just
rung the bell it's time to get out show out
I'm done the end

Six-Word Memoirs

Austin

Love is the hearts only cure
I love to eat all food

Six-Word Memoirs

Colton

1. Walls are built only to fall.
2. All people have a breaking point.
3. Why is life so, sophisticated?
4. Maybe I should've shot higher up.
5. I feel trapped in my head.

Six-Word Memoir

Thomas

I am respectful caring funny helpful
having family is always important to people
Trust can be sometimes painful
Love can be sometimes heart breaking
What tree grows without water? Family

Six-Word Memoir

Billy

Appreciation isn't a reward it's a gift.

The bahamas is only a dream.

work is applicable when in use.

hate is a very strong word.

responsibility is a good character method.

mr. zach is my friend always.

Cotton Candy Blizzard

Colton

A swirling mix of pink and blue and a tad of lush purple. So thick, it won't fall out if you flip it upside down. The looks of it is just the start. As you put a spoonfull of the rich texture to your mouth you can smell the sweet smell. Then you taste it. The flavor of cotton candy explodes in your mouth. The coldness makes your mouth water as you let it melt in your mouth. Each bite of it has your craving another spoonful.

Untitled

Kriston

My favorite meal is my grandma's amazing Shepherd's Pie. It has an amazingly great flavor, in every layer. The hamburger meat is really good! The cheese on top, is nice and crunchy!

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:

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- 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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