The Sound of Silence

BY SIMON AND GARFUNKEL

Hello darkness, my old friend
I’ve come to talk with you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted
Left its seeds while I was sleeping

And in the naked light I saw
And touched the sound of silence
That split the night
The flash of a neon light
When my eyes were stabbed by
Damp
’Neath the halo of a streetlamp
Narrow streets of cobblestone
Within the sound of silence
Still remains
In my brain

And my words like silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the walls of silence
And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
And the sign said ‘The words of the prophets
Are written on subway walls
And tenement halls
And whispered in the sounds of silence’

As I thought about what to say about her, I kept picturing her smile. It captures who she was. She was compassionate, she had a sweet personality, she cared and loved you just as you were. During the time my family had the privilege to know her we heard many stories of her life. A recurring theme was how many neighbors she had taken care of when they needed help. You can’t mention Helen without Carl or Carl without Helen. Carl was good at telling stories and Helen was good at keeping the details straight. Helen was the rock and consistency that allowed Carl to be the man he was. When Helen passed away we lost a segment of history. That “book” is closed and cannot be opened again. We will miss our friend.

Remembering MaMa

BY JANET GILLESPIE

My mother would have been embarrassed by this attention, but I know she would have also been very honored...it feels like just yesterday that I was reflecting on my dad’s life…now, all too soon, I celebrate my mom’s life.

It was no accident or stroke of good luck when God moved the Adam family across the street from my parents in 2005. They began helping and supporting my parents and me from day one. They visited, mowed lawns, shoveled walks, brought meals and adopted my parents (and me) into their family. As my parent’s needs grew, so did the helpfulness and support from Thor, Mary and their children. I don’t really have words to tell you, Thor and Mary, how your coming along side me in the last 3 1/2 weeks of mom’s life lifted me up. I knew all I had to do was call and you would come, which you did 3 times in one day on the last day of her life.

Mary, your help, advice and guidance with medications, your translations of “doctorese,” a language I don’t speak, sitting for hours with me in the ER, making sure I ate, are all things I will never adequately be able to thank you for, but do know I will never forget your kindness to mom and me. Thor, thanks for all your phone calls checking on us and thank you for all of the furniture moving you’ve done in the last 3 1/2 years.

I was incredibly blessed by the gift of being entrusted to and adopted by Helen and Carl Peterson. Her smile was sweet though somewhat shy. But behind that smile was a rather dry sense of humor.

Remembering MaMa

see page 2

Remembering Helen’s smile and Carl’s stories with details by Helen

BY THOR ADAM

Two Rivers Gallery and All My Relations Arts have a joint exhibition, Reframe Minnesota: Art Beyond A Single Story that is an artistic/community generated response and recommendation concerning the future of art at the Minnesota State Capitol directed at the art committee, political leaders of Minnesota, and the general public. For further understanding, read Sheila Dickinson’s article: Battle rages over racist paintings in the Minnesota State Capitol, in City Pages.

Artistic responses from K-12 grade students will be on display at Two Rivers Gallery throughout the exhibition through a partnership with Scott Russell and Healing Minnesota Stories.

Healing Minnesota Stories (HMS), an initiative of the Saint Paul Interfaith Network, is dedicated to creating dialog, understanding, and healing between Native and non-Native peoples that raises awareness of the art in the Minnesota State Capitol and the offensive images of Manifest Destiny.

Reframe Minnesota

see page 2
Dear Dae Dae,

"Mommy, can I have one, Mommy, please, I'll be good. And if I cannot....I'll promise, I promise, I promise,"

and there will be nights when almost all the sound has gone out of the world, and all you will hear will be the crickets chirping in the yard, and the wind will sigh itself in your mother's arms, and hear the sweet sound of flowers and leaves softly crying.

[Facebook Post by Patrick Cabello Hanson on July 19, 2016]

By PATRICK CABELLO HANSEL

I've been teaching a writing class with the youth from our Young Leaders Program at St. Paul's this summer. Last Wednesday we wrote letters to Philando Castile's family, and his girlfriend and their families. Really powerful writing by African-American and Latinx/Hispanic youth. A lot will be in the next issue of The Phoenix of Phillips literary magazine. Here is one of my offerings, an epistolary poem to the 4-year old girl who saw her mother's boyfriend killed by the police.

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— William Morris, Jr. from The Tale of Our Neighbors: And How Communities are Resisting Take-overs by Colleges, Hospitals, Churches, Businesses and Public Agencies.

The Alley Newspaper • August 2016

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The count and Confederate Union Civil War Veterans remains challenging
Part II: Two, New Confederate Veterans

BY TIMOTHY MCCALL, GUEST WRITER

There are two confirmed Confederate Civil War veterans buried at Powers and Soldiers Cemetery. One, Isaac Breathed, having only recently been identified. What were these veterans doing so far from home? Read on...

Isaac Breathed; Virginia 1846-1901

Isaac Breathed was born in Virginia in 1846. His father, Judge John Breathed, was a wealthy Virginia farmer and slaveholder. In 1860 Census, Judge Breathed’s family was living in Washington County, Maryland, with a net worth of $41,000, and that they owned 8 slaves.

At the outset of the Civil War, Isaac’s older brother James joined the Virginia Cavalry, also known as Mosby’s rangers. The term of his enlistment was for a period of three years, or until the end of the war. Isaac’s service, however, was to be shorter than he could possibly have imagined, as he was captured and became a prisoner of war on December 20, 1863, one month after he had enlisted. On June 10, 1865, Isaac swore an oath of allegiance to the United States at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Massachusetts and was released.

He was described as having a dark complexion, brown hair, blue eyes and was 5’ 11” tall. Nothing else could be found of Isaac’s whereabouts until September 27, 1879, the day he married Ms. Sydney Curry in Big Rapids, Michigan. Sydney was the only son (James) in January 1880. It can be said with near certainty that it wasn’t for love that they married, considering that in 1880, Sydney and James were living in Illinois, where she was working as a servant for the Charles Mayer family, while Isaac was living in Big Rapids, Michigan, working as a hotel clerk.

In 1884, Isaac resigned his military career by retiring to Co. B, 75th U.S. Infantry and was stationed at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. He reenlisted and was assigned to the U.S. 17th U.S. Infantry and was stationed in Rüssel, Wyoming and also spent some time in San Francisco. He was discharged in 1894 with the rank of Corporal. Why or how he ended up in Minneapolis is hard to say. He had visited one of his brothers in Chicago shortly before his discharge and so, perhaps he was looking for work. Isaac Breathed died while being transported to the City Hospital on September 18, 1901. The cause of death was heart disease. He was 55 years old. Isaac is buried in Lot 21, Section 2, at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Massachusetts and was released. Derusha Daffin; Alabama 1827-1868

Derusha Daffin, our first confirmed Confederate Veteran, was well known in Clarke County, Alabama, where he was born in 1827. He had been living there before Alabama became a state in 1819. He worked as a printer for the Southern Recorder newspaper in his late teens and in 1849, he and his partner J.T. Figures, purchased the paper renaming it the Grove Hill Herald. In 1851, he married his first wife Rebecca Woodward with whom he had two sons; Henry and William. That same year, he was elected Clerk of the Circuit Court of Clarke County, Alabama, a position he held for 17 years. He was also a prolific writer and poet.

During the Fall of 1853, the town of Grove Hill was visited by “that scourge of the tropics” yellow fever. Many people died and all business ceased to operate within the town. It was during this time that he wrote the following poem:

Now the night arose in silence, Birds lay in their leafy nest, And the deer crouched in the forest, And the children were at rest; There was only sound of weeping.

From watchers round a bed; But rest to the weary spirit. Peace to the quiet forest! Grove Hill, Ala. D.”

In 1854, he sold his interest in the Grove Hill Herald, possibly to help administer his father’s estate, which had passed away in November 1853 and to concentrate on his job at the newspaper.

The 1860 census shows Derusha living with his two sons and a three-year-old girl, Martha. K. Daffin, his wife having died in 1859. Martha may have been a ward, but I can’t say for certain who she was. That same year, he purchased 360 acres in the town of St. Stephens and is listed as having owned two slaves. It may have been his intention to take up farming, but there is no evidence that he ever did. In 1861 he married Clarinda Coate, with whom he had two sons, John and Robert. At the outbreak of the Civil War, the Governor of Alabama appointed him Assistant Adjutant General of the 22nd Brigade. This position required him to help supervise all activities of the state militia and all military property held by the state. In 1862 he was commissioned commander of Company K, 4th Alabama Volunteer Militia (90 days). In 1866, quite possibly due to the deprivations of war, he had contracted Tuberculosis. In an attempt to ease his suffering, he traveled to Minnesota, accompanied by his friend Judge Torrey. It was a common misconception of the time that a higher latitude and cooler climate could help cure afflictions of the chest and lungs. While in Minnesota, he visited Minnehaha and the Falls of St. Anthony and wrote a number of letters to the Clarke County Democrat about the state and its resources. Derusha died on the 28th of August, 1868, west of Wayzata, Minnesota. The cause of death was consumption. He is buried in Lot 17, Block A, Friends of the Cemetery commitment to authenticity.

Ironically, of the four gentlemen discussed, Breathed and Daffin’s month, Parker and Dutiel’s only Jonas Parker’s grave has a marker, and it, well, it’s just plain wrong. Another case of mistaken identity. One of the goals of the Friends of the Cemetery is to make sure that all of the veteran’s graves are marked, “positively” at the Cemetery and with the correct marker. It’s a slow process, but one day, we believe they all will be.
Minneapolis City Politics –

Ready or not: Here comes the City Water Yard, its numerous huge diesel trucks, its 100 employees’ additional cars to one of the worst intersections of the City and We are supposed to be quiet and “be seen, not heard” as our grandparents used to say!

The Promise:
The City’s Core Principles of Community Engagement PROMISE: our “Right to be involved”, namely that “…those who are affected by a decision have a right to be involved in the decision-making process.” (Adopted by Mpls. City Council, Dec. 2007) Exposition of this on the City’s website claims that by partnering with neighborhood organizations, the City of Minneapolis can better reach—to inform and be informed by—the people who are most affected by City decisions. The recent slogan of the National Democratic Party, “Stronger Together” seems to embrace the City’s words found here. “The City and neighborhood organizations are better able to develop meaningful strategies — and successfully implement those strategies—when more people are informed and involved through an equitable process that includes multiple strategies to promote participation of local residents,” especially “historically under-represented groups, a key outcome identified in the City’s Blueprint for Equitable Engagement” (approved by the City Council May 27th, 2016)

The Reality:
The City is no longer deciding whether to bring the City Water Yard here, but only how it and its impact on our neighborhood will be conveyed to the neighborhood. Some of us have spent years on the Capital Long Range Improvement Committee. Others have written TOD grants and facilitated the community process for the building of large apartment buildings. Our members are not asking to help design the heating system or electrical diagrams. We are asking to be a part of the overall design and its fit with our needs. We are asking to be able to perform our duties as a neighborhood organization to inform our people as to why things need to be this way rather than that, to respond to and convey to the City the residents worries and needs, to build trust and relationships and help the project be loved by both the neighborhood and the City as much as possible. We do not think opening the process up to some of us as representatives of the neighborhood has to be greeted with paranoia and policies of exclusion.

In short, we are asking for the City to live up to its Principles of Community Engagement and our Right to be involved in a plan and project that has an immense impact on the future of the whole of East Phillips, all its children, youth and families. Surely City folks cannot expect those of us who love our Neighborhood and who have invested so much to just walk away and be quiet.

For Your Calendar:

EPIC Board of Directors meets on the FIRST Saturday of the month – Next Meetings;
Saturday, 8/6/2016 and 9/3/2016 at 10:00 AM.

EPIC Community Meetings are on the SECOND Thursday – Next Meetings;
Thursday, 8/11/16 and 9/8/2016 at 6:30 PM
Agenda includes Neighborhood Industrial Pollution, Crime Initiatives, and EPIC project updates.

The East Phillips Park Programming Partnership meets on the LAST Tuesday – Next Meetings;
Tuesday 8/30/16 and 9/27/16 at 11:30 AM. Lunch is served.

Updates on Partner Programming, Park Events, SummerFest 2016 & News.

Meeting Location: All the above meetings and events are held at the fully accessible East Phillips Community 17th Ave. Gardeners

The East Phillips Community 17th Ave. Gardeners meet on the SECOND Saturday – Next Mtng: Saturday, 8/13/2016 and 9/10/2016 at 9:00 AM in the GARDEN located at 2428 17th Ave. S.

The East Phillips Residents wanting a 2017 Garden Plot, contact Brad Pass at 612-916-8478

This Monthlly Alley Newspaper Half Page was paid for by Midtown Phillips Neighborhood Association, Inc.
OPEN STREETS • FRANKLIN AVENUE
Sun. Aug. 21st/11am-4pm
East Franklin Avenue @ Peavey Park’s North End

Ventura Village’s Performance Stage

Enjoy Hourly Music & Dance at the corner of Park & East Franklin Avenue
Also Visit PPL’s Performance Stage at 11th and Franklin Avenue

Explore this year’s ART ZONE near the Franklin Library!

OPEN STREETS MPLS
Tents & Tables will line the sidewalk of Peavey Park near Columbus Avenue!
WE HOPE YOU WILL HOST A FREE TABLE!

VENTURA VILLAGE MONTHLY MEETINGS WILL BE HELD IN AUGUST AS FOLLOWS:
2nd Wednesdays: BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING: 6:00 PM
1st Wednesdays: COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT COMMITTEE: 6:00 PM
1st Tuesdays: WELLNESS, GARDENING & GREENING: 6:30 PM
Last Thursdays: HOUSING & LAND COMMITTEE: 5:30 PM

2nd Wednesdays: GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING: 7:00 PM
Last Thursdays: CRIME & SAFETY COMMITTEE: 6:30 PM
PARKS COMMITTEE: Call 612-871-7973 for next meeting time
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Call 612-599-1066 for next meeting time
The Secret Lives of Pets

Animation/Adventure/Comedy
“The Secret Lives of Pets” although not perfect is a wholesome family affair. What do humans and pets do? Well, Humans go to work; pets come to play. When the coast is clear and the pets’ owners have gone to work or school in Manhattan, it’s play time for dogs, cats, parakeets, guinea pigs and parrots. They find all kinds of mischief to get into together when their owners assume they are asleep or eating their pet foods. This owner (Elle Kemper) at the door only to see her bring home a big, burly dog, a rescue dog named Duke (Eric Stonestreet). At first, the two dogs do not get along, but after a few tricks by Max, the two mend their ways. What happens next Max and Duke get accidentally left behind by the dog walker and soon to be napped by Animal Control. From there, the film takes off like a race horse. It has some humorous moments.

Cast: Louis C.K. (Max), Eric Stonestreet (Duke), Jenny Slate (Gidget), Kevin Hart (Snowball), Albert Brooks (Tiberius), Dana Carvey (Pops), Hannibal Buress (Buddy), Bobby Moynihan (Mel), Chris Rock (Pops), Hannibal Buress (Chloe). Jordan Peele (Pops), Chris Rock (Pops), Hannibal Buress (Chloe).

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Remembering MaMa

The Alley Newspaper • August 2016

William Worthy, Jr. (July 7, 1921 – May 4, 2014) was an African-American journalist, civil rights activist, and dissident who pressed his right to travel regardless of U.S. State Department regulations to China (1956-57) and Cuba (1961).

Remembering MaMa from page 1

which she probably inherited from her Scottish father. Helen was the second of four girls born to Thomas and Minnie Eisdale on a farm in Ayr, ND. Mom’s maternal grandparents, Solomon and Jennie Alms, immigrated from Sweden about 1880 with their three children. Nine more children would follow when they reached the United States. Helen’s paternal grandparents lived in Scotland and never met their four American granddaughters.

Helen’s mother, Minnie, was very close to all eleven of her siblings throughout her life. However, writing to each one would have taken an inordinate amount of time so they developed a letter chain. When a packet of letters arrived they would read but not keep the letters, return their own and send the packet on to the next sibling. These letters from her aunts and uncles were a mother lode of information.

When mom was 11, the Eisdales moved to Braham, Minnesota. She was 11 when she first saw my dad who noticed her and said to his friends that when she grew up she was “going to be a real looker.” A chance meeting in Minneapolis with Helen’s older sister Agnes resulted in a meeting and first date for Carl and Helen, which apparently went well because they married on August 24, 1940, and were married for 74 years.

From their marriage on, Helen’s story is really Carl and Carrie’s story. My parents were always a team. My dad was the one with the ideas and my mom was the one who made my dad’s ideas and dreams become reality. When my dad started his business in the 1950s, my mom, who had gone back to school and studied accounting after she stopped teaching, took on the role of accountant for dad’s business. When my dad started organizing high school class reunions, my mom was the one who was working quietly behind the scenes finding addresses for classmates, writing letters and making posters.

After graduating from Marshall High School my mom went on to teacher’s college. She taught school for five years and then chose to make her career establishing a home and family. Being a teacher didn’t stop however just because she wasn’t in a formal classroom. When I started kindergarten at 4 years old, I had already read all the Dick and Jane books. Incorrect grammar was not allowed in our house and anything written was corrected for both grammar and spelling. The Bible was sacred to my mom, but any book, magazine or newspaper was not far behind. Growing up during the depression these items were not readily available to her, and she loved to read and had a passion for knowledge and learning. So when they became available to her, she not only read them, but saved them, all of them! Oh! and you never, ever wrote in them, but saved them, all of them! Remembering MaMa see page 8

Location: Phillips Lutheran Church
Address: 2742 15th Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55407
Phone: 612-724-1690
Phillips Neighborhood Clinic is open every Monday from 6-9 p.m. Free care regardless of citizenship, insurance, or financial status. PNC is an independent program that is made possible generously by St. Paul’s
They say that all conscious beings are a product of the evolution of matter. Yet we must resist all forms of oppression as if moved by ‘God’s will’. Such ‘determinism’ which corresponds to building excellent headquarters for a youth gang (White) which smashed into my truck recently. I called the police. Nor was I wrong, in another instance, to say: “We will police ourselves!”

Monopoly was the product of a passion for social and economic justice. In 1904 Elizabeth Magie designed a board game to dramatize the tragic effects of and should be treated as such.”

In Phillips, we have non-profit institutions indulging in “cutthroat, ruthless, and greedy impulses” in real life. They do not contribute to public revenue with taxes but are exempt from taxes. They do healthcare (albeit less to profit institutions indulging in “cutthroat, ruthless, and greedy impulses” in real life. They do not contribute to public revenue with taxes but are exempt from taxes. They do healthcare (albeit less to

Some kind, and there is no respite. Things begin to complete that onslaught by buying the Messiah Church property on E. 25th Street after the Messiah Congregation has agreed to demolish their former sanctuary for them. Messiah Church was named it to building excellent headquarters on Franklin Ave.).

Children’s MN is now seeking to build an auto service station on which to build a “friend” renter at the LSS 2400 Park Avenue Center for Changing Lives. Children’s MN is desperately to embellish for Changing Lives. Children’s and Messiah can be very influential and even more effective “behind closed doors” at banks and City Hall.

Messiah Congregation is “between a rock and a hard place” because they have extreme expenses being a “partner” renter at the LSS 2400 Park Avenue Center for Changing Lives. Children’s MN is desperate to expand their opulence to compete better in healthcare with amenities.

Both of these institutions granted tax-exempt benefits have “Monopoly” transactions and owe our Community the benefit of having this development discussed publicly and not silently behind corporate doors.

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Lowenthal wryly calls the past a "purposes. Geographer David Michael Wallace, observe, ‘historical life,’ writes Hamilton, Andres Guzman, Olivia Levinso Holden, Lellani Mendoza, Donald Thomas, and Neiles Pierce with support from Arianna Genis and Ashley Fairbanks.

Reminding Malia left them in the pages of your book or magazine. For my mom, reading every day was like the air she breathed, a necessity. I just had to “google” my mom to find information on any topic? I once asked her why she saved so many books and magazines and she said, well, you never know what life is going to bring, and if I’m really poor in my old age, I’ll have something to read.”

The last years of my mom’s life were not easy for her. She was hospitalized several times and spent an extended time in a rehab facility with a wound on her leg. While she was here she asked me to find a song in the old brown hymnal and make a copy of it for her because she couldn’t remember all the words. The song she wanted goes like this: “When upon life’s billows you are tempest tossed, You when are discouraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one, by one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.” So even in pain and discouragement later in life, she was still setting an example and teaching me how to respond with grace to hardship.

I love you, MaMa, and I still want to be like you.

Sounds of Silence from page 6

Simon may be saying ignorance taints the minds of so many people. “Silence” refers to submission. He reveals how people so foolishly follow rulers without actually knowing a ruler’s true intentions and background. “People hearing without listening” reveals a people’s willingness to take heed to the commands spoken by a leader without fully realizing the consequences of this obedience.

Simon warns conformists in the lines “Fools said I, ‘You do not know! Silence like a cancer grows! Hear my words that I might teach you, Take my aims that I might reach you.’” But his warning is about speaking and ‘hearing without listening’ lyrics – as one who is observing people watching television as an unnatural phenomenon would have a hard time reconciling the observed conversation without any active participation by the viewer.

Finally the ‘words of the prophet are written on the subway walls and tenement halls.” There is a saying that “a prophet is not recognized in his own house.” This lyric implies that the true prophets are living in Subways and Tenements. There is also a hint of the “read the song may be one that we are searching for (truth, guidance) and lyrics when he wrote them. He said he was hospitalized several times and spent an extended time in a rehab facility with a wound on her leg. While she was here she asked me to find a song in the old brown hymnal and make a copy of it for her because she couldn’t remember all the words. The song she wanted goes like this: “When upon life’s billows you are tempest tossed, You when are discouraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one, by one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.” So even in pain and discouragement later in life, she was still setting an example and teaching me how to respond with grace to hardship.

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