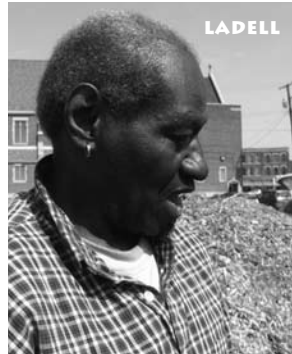




SUMMER 2009

SAINT PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

1950 TRUMBULL DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48216 (313-496-0938)



ROOTS REVOLUTION

by *Em Jacoby*

As our cold crops (lettuce, kale, cabbage) are taking root on the corner of Trumbull and Leverette, rumors of Detroit's new industry are taking root in news across our nation. I began pondering how to present happenings of Manna Community Garden as we began clean-up work weeks ago, but my inspiration came far from the view of our row of raised beds. I decided that to properly write of the vegetables, politics would have to be involved.

My New Mexican mother-in-law was reading the *Albuquerque Journal* on a Sunday afternoon when she spotted some Detroit history squeezed next to an advertisement for compression stockings. The article stated that in the depression of the 1890s, Detroit's Mayor Pingree began the community-garden movement to lighten the burden on the welfare system and utilize empty lots. The term "Pingree's Potato Patches" was used for urban gardens.

Perhaps the next time you pick up bread or coffee at Avalon Breads, you will notice our local artists' pride in Pingree. His portrait has been spray-painted onto a few midtown doors and walls with the phrase "Vote for Pingree" accompanying. This form of protest speaks on many levels; in recent years the city has held strict policies on use of vacant city land and severely limited the urban farming movement.

We are well aware of the importance of local food, from keeping the money in our economy close-to-home to limiting the fossil fuels needed to bring it to our tables. We are also well aware of Detroit's asset of empty land and burden of empty stomachs. It is as though Detroit has been gathering puzzle pieces for decades, and we are finally acting on putting them together.

As we sow our seeds in the raised beds at Manna Com-

munity Garden in support of the soup kitchen, the St. Peters potluck table, and snacks for street harvesters, we represent the proud history of Detroit and a new industry bringing fruit to our empty spaces.

RESURRECTION CITY

RE-SPIRITING DETROIT FROM THE GROUND UP

by *Bill Wylie-Kellermann*

Kittycorner from my church, St Peter's Episcopal, stand the remains of old Tiger Stadium. A new ball park named after a bank (and part of the run at casino economy) is located in the new sports and entertainment district closer to downtown.

An attempt is ongoing to raise funds sufficient to save the historic field and clubhouse for a museum and playing field. Given the times, I wouldn't bet on it. But I notice that the wound of demolition and removal of fully 3/4 of the old place is fresh enough that it still feels—every time I look—like a huge gaping hole has opened up in the world.

That's Detroit. Things coming down and spaces opening up. But spaces mean possibility.

Thirty percent of Detroit is vacant land—nearly 40 square miles in the city limits. Google Earth that! Last year three farms and over 200 school and community gardens bloomed in open spaces, plus nearly 400 family plots—and those are just the ones formally connected to Detroit's Garden Resource Network. Some of these are public school-based, like Katherine Ferguson Academy, where pregnant teens and young mothers, in the shadow



of the barn they themselves raised, each have an organic plot ringing the former football field (where horses now graze). Some are like the simple line of raised beds we constructed behind our church parking lot, a cooperative venture among congregants, neighbors and soup kitchen participants. Some agricultural projects aren't properly gardens at all: picture an east side community planting 170 fruit trees throughout their neighborhood. And some gardens spring up on vacant land probably city-owned, but who knows? It feels like no one's been in charge for a few years, so people just seize the opportunity. But imagine if there actually were a city policy, with protected zoning for urban agriculture, or ways to legally get water from hydrants to vacant lots.

In fact, the Detroit Black Community Food Security Network has shepherded through City Council a substantial resolution laying out policy directions related to food access, malnutrition, the role of schools and institutions, and urban agriculture. It's a beginning.

Do you know there's not a single brand name grocery store left in the city of Detroit? The chains are gone. Neighborhood groceries remain, but the closest and easiest food sources tend to be dollar stores, gas stations, fast food outlets, and party stores. Too many people try to live on chips and pop. The United Food and Commercial Workers, who lost the union grocery jobs from the city, are facilitating conversations with community organizations about worker-owned stores that sell local food as a matter of policy. Other conversations are in motion about a certified cannery where people could preserve and then sell their produce. A bigger operation could be making homegrown salsa, tomato sauce and the like. Oh, bakeries of course—some amazing ones already, more planned. All feeding a budding system of small city farm markets.

Are these "green jobs?" Some of them are. And there would be more to speak of. But there's something of a shift going on among us from thinking about "jobs" (certainly those provided by corporations or government) to more entrepreneurial and community-based "work." Some gardens are more about community than jobs. They revive elder wisdom and create intergenerational relationships. They foster real relationship to place and to earth and to the creatures even in the living soil. They reclaim neighborhoods as safe, public communal spaces. They encourage an economy of giving and sharing—an economy more of grace than consumption. We're actually talking about love and hope.

Currently there's a film making rapid rounds in Detroit—The Power of Community: How Cuba Survived Peak Oil. Here's the story: When the Cold War ended, Cuba's oil spigot from the Eastern Bloc got shut off. Having succumbed to petroleum-based, mechanized, Soviet-style agriculture, this island people (already under US embargo) had to figure out urgently how to survive without oil and feed themselves. Everybody lost 20 pounds. Bikes figured

in. But above all, organic and community-based gardening carried the day. They sprang up at first unbidden, by necessity, and then were supported by government policy. Today, half the food in Havana is grown in Havana! For smaller cities it's more like 80%. It's an edifying lesson in how to survive the pending global collapse of oil supplies. Detroiters? We're thinking deindustrialization, and that Detroit could prove to be the Cuba of the rustbelt.

Detroit's urban agriculture is a metaphor for a whole range of community-based creativity. Here's another: With 18% of Detroit homes vacant or abandoned, Tyree Guyton, now an internationally famed artist, turns a burned-out block of homes into a canvas for his Heidelberg Project. Castoff appliances become found objects to be filled with other found objects. Vacuum cleaners line up like dominoes and wave their glove-hands at passers-by. Consumerism is mocked. Shopping carts hang upside down in the trees. Cars and car parts become something else altogether. Abandoned houses are covered with abandoned stuffed animals, or painted with polkadots, or glued with pennies. "God" and "war" are juxtaposed, brightly painted on TV screens or plywood sheets. It's a riot of color and twisted street imagination.



FROM WWW.HEIDELBURG.ORG

I DON'T THINK of myself as peculiarly prescient or enjoying the gift of discernment. But 20 years ago in these pages I wrote an article about my beloved city, attempting to get at its ethos and moment, its life and integrity as a spiritual power (See Discerning the Angel of Detroit, October 89). After the fashion of John's letters to the angels of the seven churches in Revelation 2, it concluded with these portions of my own letter to Detroit's Angel:

Die and arise. In your weakness is your hope. You are at an end and a beginning. Recollect your best history and come alive. You will do this if you set the lives of your people above your own. Attend to the least, the poorest, the homeless. Defend them from the ravages of corporation and economy. In their empowerment is your life. Cast off your bondages. (This too may feel like dying.) Begin with drugs and guns. Your people pray for this; join them in action. Instead of Murder Capital, become the city of nonviolence. It can be so. Your industrial heyday has gone to rust. You will not see its like again. Now think small. Encourage the modest, an economy of creativity and self-reliance. Nourish the projects of human scale, the works of community and struggle. Let your empty lots bloom green; you will find there a hidden economy all its own. Sit light upon the river, but not as real estate frontage for the rich. Be in right relationship to its life, and through it to the region, to earth itself. For your sins, enough. Now you have my blessing. Sing to glory and come to life.

That's actually a good and true word. Truer even for now than then.

What if Detroit, the vacated and rusting shell of a de-industrialized city, turns out to be the hustling forefront of urban sustainability? Another city is possible in the shell of the old. For those with eyes to see, it's happening.

In a certain sense Detroit has been living in the decades since with the implosion and collapse that is finally catching up with the rest of the country, and with the global system for that matter. In four decades we went from being the city with the highest rate of home ownership in the nation to being the city with the highest foreclosure rate. We lost a million people, mostly white folks. About a fifth of homes in Detroit are vacant or abandoned. And still, homeless people camp in parks and under bridges. As much as white flight, capital flight and job flight took their tolls. In the last decade nearly a quarter million auto related jobs disappeared in the Metro area. Do you find the prospect of double-digit unemployment daunting? That we've had for a long time: percentage-wise, we're currently in the twenties.

And yet. The roots beneath are full of life. Amidst signs of death, an urban resurrection is afoot. In all these things there are openings and spaces for a whole new way of doing citylife.

Casino Economies?

Not that "de troit" (the city by the "the straits"), in dire straits, hasn't taken some detours. Casino economics has certainly been a temptation. Twenty years ago the city's working class spirit resisted the incursion of the glitzy casino "industry" yet it eventually caved to the seductions of necessity. At the peak of the casino struggle, Mayor Young challenged community and religious resisters to come up with an economic alternative—a prophetic taunt.



We currently suffer three permanent casinos, though one is about to throw in its cards and fold. They do provide some "jobs." A couple years back, 26,000 people lined up for 1000 positions at the MGM Grand. But is it an economy? An industry which produces nothing (unless you consider its addictive drug of choice—adrenaline—a product). People drive in off the expressway into daylight parking structures and enter self-enclosed worlds disconnected to the rest of the city, designed to suck money up and out. We're ahead of the curve on this as well. It's like another predatory economy—mortgage finance—which produces nothing but "phantom wealth," as David Korten calls it. And people do lose their homes and cars to both.

For the last decade the casinos have regularly been a stop on the Detroit Catholic Worker's Good Friday stations of the cross, which names the powers and places where crucifixion is happening today.

"And they cast lots to divide his garments." (Luke 23:34)

Men in white shirts detail casinos on city maps, razing this or that old structure to lay a new cornerstone, imagining in their hearts a new foundation for Detroit's economy. In truth, this foundation is built upon sand. It would be constructed on nothing. Nothing but a lie, a conjurer's trick. Nothing but addiction and corruption. Nothing but a compulsive wish, a well-marketed false hope. No goods would be produced. No true services rendered. No spirit would be nourished. No neighborhood or community would be served... And when the rains fall and the floods come and the winds beat against that house, not one stone would be left upon another.

Greening the Auto Powers?

Detroiters know that in large part, Auto created the American middle class. It built the city outward and out. And for some time we've seen coming the end of the line.



Last December when the auto industry loan was hanging in legislative balance and the US Big Three chiefs jetted into DC, a caravan of UAW workers drove from Detroit to Washington with a message: stop the union concessions being built into the plan; provide universal health care instead of building it into the cost of cars; AND (notice this one) convert shuttered auto plants to production of mass transit and light rail vehicles, or even alternative energy equipment such as wind turbines. Now there's a worker vision.

Is this possible? I don't know anyone with blueprints, but the precedent most often cited (for good or ill) is Detroit as the Arsenal of Democracy. For three years during World War II industrial production in the city was quickly converted so that tanks, jeeps, and planes rather than cars rolled off the assembly lines of Detroit. To connect the plants with the airfields, the first expressways in the country were built (which, of course, in turn hastened the altered postwar urban landscape).

Presumably, such industrial greening would require a massive federal effort akin to a wartime mobilization—but now, instead of war, on behalf of humanity and the planet. The times and reason are surely urgent enough. But beyond that, it would virtually require an act of repentance on the part of the auto companies. Theologically, it would entail a renewal of their corporate vocations to serve human life rather than growth (or now mere survival) or market share or even profit. Is that possible?

Remember it was the "auto" corporations who were aggressively complicit in the destruction of public transportation—such as paving over the street rail system in Detroit and other cities. It was they who joined in lobbying for the national fossil-fuel infrastructure of highways, cul du sacs and sprawl, which we are even now tempted to renew. It was the American auto companies who found

the way around emissions standards by inventing the SUV and manufacturing the desire for it through commercial advertising.

Once, with friends, I was treated to a guided tour by Pablo Davis of the stunning industrial murals of Diego Rivera, whom he assisted as a young painter. No adequate tour of Detroit is complete without a long meditation in the Rivera Court of Detroit's Art Institute, which depicts the assembly line of the Ford Rouge plant in the thirties. Pablo asked us, "Do you see any cars in the mural?" We hunted the twisting motion of the line. Nary a one. Then he lifts his cane to point it out: dead center on the south wall, about two inches big at the vanishing point of the perspective. Here was the precise opposite of what Marx called commodity fetishization, where human value is projected onto a thing, inflating it in scale and import and summoning it into a life of its own. Rivera's reduction marked the opposite of what the scriptures call idolatry. If Henry Ford had painted the mural (never mind had he understood it), the car would have been huge and the human beings miniscule cogs.

Greening auto jobs means more than planting sedum on the roof of the Rouge Plant. Greening means more than converting the Poletown plant from Cadillac production to GM's new electric car, the Volt. More than developing the big battery business in Michigan. It really means repenting the idolatry of the automobile. It means confessing that there's no going back, and we shouldn't even if we could. Can even the Angel of the Motor City face such a thing? Maybe.

Detroit Grows Culture.

Someday the poetry scene will be bound and published and digitalized, but for now you gotta listen live, somewhere in the city, every night. Musically, there was jazz and funk, Detroit rock, and, of course, Motown. Now the best of the hip-hop and performance artists aren't jockeying for major recording contracts, they are instead growing dozens of local labels in garages. Jenny Lee of the Allied Media Conference calls Detroit the Arsenal of Creativity.

It all makes me think. When the Hebrews walked out of slavery, out of Egypt, out of empire, they walked into the wilderness. That wilderness actually was the way out. The only way. The way out of no way. In the wilderness they had to unlearn a few things, namely slavery, Egypt, and empire. That lesson began with manna, the flakey food God provided. They had to learn what was gift sufficient and gather just enough for today. (What they hoarded stunk to high heaven). They learned to walk lightly upon the earth. In our own wilderness, on the way out of industrialism, we've got some things to learn and unlearn too. It seems like for Detroit and Detroiters, it begins with gathering what's on the ground.

—Bill Wylie-Kellermann (published in *Sojourner's*)



WEDDING HOMILY

EMILY JACOBY & BRIAN KLASSEN

ST PETER'S EPISCOPAL, MARCH 14, 2009

Ecclesiastes 4:9-12: Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their toil. A threefold cord is not quickly broken.

1 John 4:7-16: Beloved, let us love one another, because love is from God; everyone who loves is born of God and knows God... God abides in those who confess that Jesus is the Son of God, and they abide in God.

Matthew 5: 13-16: You are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its savor, how can its saltiness be restored? It is no longer good for anything but to be thrown out and trampled underfoot.

Dearly Beloved...

I call you that as a gathered congregation not simply because it is a phrase familiar from venerable tradition, or even because our epistle reading employs it, but to invoke as well Dr. King's vision of the "beloved community," his name for the rich diversity of community as movement, church, and kingdom—to all of which we aspire here.



Brian and Emily have set before us readings rich for reflection this day.

The first from Ecclesiastes tells us two are better than one—for help, in lifting up, for warmth of comfort, and for strength in the struggles of life, including those of marriage. All that is surely true if you are called to a partnered vocation. Not everyone is. There is also a vocation of singleness to be honored. Em and Brian are both inclined to solitude; they required a nudge here and there from friends to see their proper calling in one another.

Notice that this passage says "two," "two," "two," and then abruptly, "a *threefold* cord is not easily broken." What is that mysterious third strand? Is it community? Is it love? Is it the Sophia wisdom of the book? Which is to say, is it God? Yes, precisely, or so I believe. Already and today, these two are weaving with a third, a cord not easily broken.

The second reading from the First letter of John does that weaving right before our eyes. In and out, back and forth. God is love and love is God and love in you is you in love in God.

What you already know of one another, the giving

of yourselves in love, is actually a way into God, a way into something deeper and wider and richer and realer than you can imagine.

This, says John, is a place to “abide,” to stay, to dwell, to live, to make a home. You are already making a home with one another on Canfield, in Detroit, with St Peter’s. But notice something more. You are being called not to let God be in your home, but to let your home be in God. There’s a difference.

The readings you’ve set before us commend marriage as a form of discipleship. The love in which you dwell together is one with the love of Jesus. The way he died and the way he taught and lived. I assume that’s why you have also set before us something from Matthew’s discipleship catechism: the Sermon on the Mount.

You are the salt of the earth.

Salt is absolutely essential to human life. It’s in our tears and in our blood and in our flesh.

You probably know that there are salt mines beneath the city of Detroit. Where we now sit was once deep beneath the waves. We are in the basin of an ancient sea. When it dried up, it left this deposit, which the glaciers covered over and we are now mining. I like that.

In the Hebrew Bible salt is used as a sign of covenant. So then, you are the covenant of earth? It is written that the prophets are the salt of Israel. Their life and word and presence are sign of God’s covenant.

Here’s how I understand “salt of the earth.” It is another of Jesus’ cooking, baking, and mealtime parables. It was poor people’s kitchen salt. A rock of rough salt would be put in the boiling pot. When the stew or the soup was salted to taste the rock was fished out to be used again. Eventually, the salt would be used up. It would lose its saltiness. All that remained would be the minerals and stone in which it was imbedded, good for nothing but to be thrown out and walked upon.

In 1930, Mohandas Gandhi began a revolution with poor people’s salt. The Empire was controlling everything, taxing even salt, an elemental essential of life. But by the sea, evaporated in pools, salt was a free gift of God and creation. Gandhi undertook his



notorious march to the sea, with the multitude swelling as he went. When he bent down and lifted up a handful of free, unmanufactured, untaxed salt, he began a revolt which ended with the expulsion of the Empire from India.

It is now almost exactly a year since Emily and Brian, with parents, walked into this sanctuary on an Easter morning. Something had nudged them here. It was like we fell in love with one another on the spot. Ever since, your presence, your relationship, has seasoned our life like a gift. You have already been to us a sign of faith and fidelity, a witness of covenant, a source of great joy. May that only continue and grow from this day hence.

In that hope, I conclude with these words, adapted from the opening of John’s first letter:

That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and touched with our hands concerning the Word of life (this life was manifest and we have seen it and bear witness to eternal life). That which we have seen and heard we declare now to you so that you may have fellowship with us and with Christ Jesus... And we are doing these things that our joy may be complete.

So be it. Amen.

—Bill Wylie-Kellermann • photos by Joyce Elferdink and Joe Jacoby



MICHIGAN COALITION OF HUMAN RIGHTS

ANNUAL AWARDS DINNER APRIL 19, 2009

I've just been back from DC for the weekend. And it has been so wonderful. I've spent the weekend working in the garden, sharing equipment and compost with other gardeners in Detroit, and attending meetings about neighborhood gardens. And I just feel a deep sense of gratitude to be back in this city and to be part of this community.

I just want to pause and offer some of those things for which I feel most grateful in this moment.

Grateful to my parents. Who committed to the life and struggle of Detroit; who raised my sister and me here and never budged on that commitment.

Grateful to the people of Detroit. Who have the imagination and strength to see this city with hope. To imagine what a sustainable, agro, communal city could look like.

Grateful to the earth. That is breaking through the broken industrialized concrete. Reminding us that beauty and feeding one another is more important than exploitation and greed.

Grateful for the cloud of witnesses. who have gone before us, who have given us a tradition to follow and imagine anew, and who stand with us even now.

Grateful for my mom. Who taught me more about this world and who I want to be than I could ever express in words. She taught me about what it means to be alive, to be joyful, and to love in the midst of anything. And who understood that baptism is a risky, dangerous business... That to be Christian means standing up against the systems of patriarchy, violence and domination even if it means death.

Grateful to be coming home to this community, to this land, to this city. Starting this summer I will be living in a community with some wonderful young women. I am so grateful to be coming home to learn from the work that is being done and join in that work, vision, hope, and future.

And I also want to be mindful of, and grateful for, the children of Palestine. Who teach me about creativity and risk in the face of oppressive violence. Who dance on the roadblocks. Who carry signs to the wall. Who paint murals about peace. Who believe in and live nonviolence in the face of weapons and tanks. Who remind me every day that I am a privileged, white, U.S. citizen and any work I have done for justice has not cost me an ounce of the courage and risk that they live daily. These are the youth who should truly be honored today. They are my teachers.

We've got a lot of work to do—whether it is here in the city, whether it is in Palestine, or Guantanamo (which remains open as I speak) or with undocumented folks, or with civil rights, or Arab Americans or the innumerable other places that injustice exists.

My mom was once asked, "How do you create social

change?" Her response was "Form a circle, enter a conversation, and wait and see what evolves. Keep your heart open and honest. Watch for the movement of the spirit."

Let us continue to create circles together, may they ever widen, and may we be grateful for the spirit that evolves.

—*Lydia Wylie-Kellermann, who received an award from MCHR for her work with "100 Days to Close Guantanamo"*



RESCUED CACTUS FLOWERS

Kathleen Meyer of St. Peter's wrote,

"This is the scrawny cactus that Simone brought over about 8 or more years ago to toss on the compost pile. It bloomed last year for the first time. This year's bloom is slightly paler, but larger." Here's to Kathleen, who rescued that scrawny cactus and gave it a chance at life.

—*Chris Hooker photo*

CONGREGATION NEWS

We rejoice with **Chris and Jim Hooker** on the marriage of their son Andrew on Saturday, May 23rd in Sault Ste. Marie.

Bob Chapman's in-laws, John and Rose Trupiano, passed away the weekend of May 2nd and 3rd, within hours of one another. They had been married for 65 years and left nine children, including Joanne Chapman, Bob's wife, as well as 19 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren. We are grateful for their lives and the testimony of their marriage, undissolved even by death.

Pastor Bill Wylie-Kellermann's reflections on basketball were published in the Metro Times April 1st, 2009. "In courts divine: My life in the game" began,

"The only record of Michael Jordan's that I've ever broken is the number of times I've come out of basketball retirement. About to turn 60, I'm yet again back at a weekly game running full court, at least till I feel a hamstring twinge and have the wisdom to

step off for the night..." The article brought at least one response from a basketball fan who said the article made him think about coming to church...

We received a donation from a Wyoming woman who saw our website and wrote, "You seem like a nice church."

Joyce Elferdink, a longtime member of St. Peter's, plans to move to Holland, MI soon. We will miss Joyce's beautiful smile, willingness to help and searching questions.

The vestries of St. Peter's and Spirit of Hope (at Trumbull and Grand River) met on May 3rd. The two churches share several types of ministry, including gardens, NA meetings, and food service to the poor in the neighborhood. Another meeting on May 28th is scheduled to discuss possible shared endeavors.

On July 16th, Darrell Walker and Susan Hayward celebrate the anniversary of their marriage vows. We are grateful for their presence among us.

Below is the poem I wrote for Larry Bouldin's memorial which I also read in a homily at St. Peter's. He was my college chaplain at North Central College in the late 'sixties, a mentoring voice in a time when my own identity and vocation were in formation.

—Bill Wylie-Kellermann

FOR LARRY

2/5/09

in a season of hard rain
and graveyards gone to flowers
when the unspeakable stalks
and the winds of changes shift

he sits basemented in an
office thick with posters and banners

the door opens
on a buddha bellied pastor
summoning in a smile,
with light in his eyes and time for talk

young christians,
the eager and the early disabused
sit in a circle by the fireplace
to turn a page of the book
in freedom and obedience
a discipleship practice

sit with the real, with the truth
do not sit easy with death or despair
sit well with yourself, with one another

he: by no means sitting out the race
but somehow running still

we: sitting in the hall of requirement
taken by scheduled surprise
before his orchestrated convocation of voices
ready to split the prescient air
of then our now

meanwhile, off stage, the hard passage
of late and second romance, hiding delights
reading the moment, and repartnering
the long haul's remain
a road twisting through
the southside and
turning deep to the east

then, for me, too long unmet.

'til found sitting in twilight
clutching the curtain half-open
on a constant view

contemplation endures the wait
of the body's enforcement
his "how long?"
long as the wound of grace
drawn by God in Job

and still as he sits
before the door's surprise
or glory's window
before the greater journey
skirting the sea of glass

even before the One
fully human
who remembers and gathers all in love,

Larry is

CALENDAR

7/19 – Rev. Ron Spann celebrating

7/19 – Corktown block party

ONGOING

A group of St. Peter's volunteers water the garden on a rotating schedule. Other help is always welcome. Please contact Em Jacoby at jacoby.em@gmail.com.

Also, up the street, Spirit of Hope has one of the most ambitious raised bed gardens in the area at Trumbull and Martin Luther King Blvd. Spirit Farm is always looking for more volunteers. If you have time to help and are interested in community farming in Corktown/SW Detroit, please contact The Rev. Matthew Bode at 313-964-3113.



THE MANNA GARDEN DEDICATION ON MAY 3 1ST.
VICKI DEYONG PHOTOS



WEEKLY EVENTS

St. Peter's (Michigan at Trumbull)

Sundays 10:00 AM Bible Study; 11:30 AM Liturgy

Monday Evenings 7:00 p.m. Book Study: *Animal, Vegetable, Miracle* by Barbara Kingsolver. 8:00 p.m. Compline

Tuesday Evenings 7:00 Narcotics Anonymous (downstairs; enter through red door near parking lot)

M, T, W, F and Saturday 7:00-11:00 AM
Manna Community Meal (downstairs)

Spirit of Hope (Trumbull at Grand River)

Sundays 11:00 AM Episcopal/Lutheran service

Food Pantry

Every 2nd Sunday 5-8 PM "Spirit Spit" Poetry reading

Wednesday evenings 6:45 PM - intergenerational Bible study

SUMMER 2009

SAINT PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

1950 TRUMBULL DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48216 (313-496-0938)

[HTTP://STPETERSCORKTOWN.EDOMI.ORG/](http://stpeterscorktown.edomi.org/)