

Community Connections

Fisher's Reward

by Anne M. Dunn
Cass Lake, Minnesota

Long ago, when the earth was rich with life, the water was clean, and the air was clear, all the animals were friends and spoke a common language. Because they were friends, and because of this common language, they often gathered to celebrate special events.

It was during such a time of celebration that Bear looked up into the sky and saw a strange thing. "Look," he cried. "A dark robe is falling over the day star!"

Then all the animals looked up and they saw that it was true. Within minutes darkness covered the sun and engulfed the earth. Nothing like this had ever happened before. The animals did not know what to do.

But something had to be done. So the animals called for a council of the great ones to discuss what they could do about the darkness. Already it was growing cold and the plants had begun to wither. The small animals waited for the great ones to do something. They waited and waited, and while they waited the great ones talked. Yes, they talked and talked and talked.

Well, you know how it is with great ones.

At last Fisher came forward to address the council. "Let me help," he pleaded.

But Bear, who was very kind, said, "Oh, Fisher, you're too small. There is nothing you can do. We are the great ones. We will resolve this matter."

So Fisher went away.

At last the great ones decided that Bear should climb to the top of the high council hill and see what he could do about the darkness. So Bear climbed to the top of the hill, raised up to his full height, growled fiercely, and slashed at the darkness with his great black claws. But it was no use. It changed nothing and the darkness prevailed. So Bear returned to the council meeting of the great ones and the great ones went on talking.

Again Fisher came forward. "Please, let me help," he said.

But Deer, who was very patient, said, "No, Fisher, you're too small. We are the great ones and we will resolve the matter."

So Fisher went away.

At last the great ones decided that Deer should go to the top of the high council hill and see what he could do about the darkness. So Deer climbed to the top of the hill, stood on his hind legs, shook his great antlers and ripped at the darkness with his black hooves. But it was no use. It changed nothing and the darkness prevailed. So Deer returned to the council meeting of the great ones and



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Our mission is to work with rural people learning new ways to experience and celebrate community with each other

Dear Readers

My desk has faced a number of vistas in the past six months. First, it faced a rather blank wall-- a large photograph of reeds at the shore of a lake. Next it looked out upon the back yard of the Excelsior Nursing Home, at its picnic tables as well as its back-up generator (used three times this summer!) Just this month I swapped bedrooms in my apartment, in part because of the view. If I stand up and move over two feet, I see across a street and into a small scrappy patch of woods. Yet the way my chair sits at this moment, looking out to the west, the view is rather ironic. The main part of my view is a light pole, street light, and transformer. I laughed the first time I sat down here knowing that I had made all these changes in my own life and knowing that I want to spend "energy" to get myself in the middle of what some friends and I call "the transformation" about attitudes around spirit and earth-- how ironic that I should look directly in the face of a transformer. What transforming is going on at your desk?

The theme in this issue of *Community Connections* is courage. Our hearts are warmed by Anne Dunn's tale of the Fisher, leaping and leaping out of a faith that he can make a difference even if he is not one of the Great Ones. Our eyes smile when they see Rebecca Schon Kilde's sketched interpretation of that joy-filled leap. Courage, leaps of faith, are woven throughout this issue if you read closely. Oriah Mountain Dreamer speaks of it in many places in the poem on the back page: "courage to sit with pain without trying to hide or fade or fix it." There are so many 'courage' in life-- the courage to change, the courage to stick with a commitment or a conviction. There is courage in working together as in Loni's piece about sustainable agriculture or Lola and George's piece about wind energy-- not always the easiest route, but done with conviction. Transformers, certainly.

Thank you for the generous renewals of subscriptions since last issue. If you meant to renew but haven't, please send \$10. It matters. And thanks for the poems and stories; keep them coming. *Connections* is becoming an honest connecting point for ideas, tales, or poetic urges that have to do with the earth and Minnesota's communities. Feel free to call me at home with story ideas or feedback. (I can answer the phone without obscuring my view of the transformer.)

... Beth E. Waterhouse, Editor
(612)401-0591

Night Bear

by Paul A. Jasmer, OSB @ Swenson Lake, Bemidji

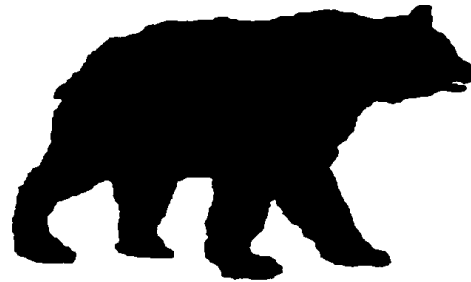
A beastly profile
appeared in silhouette--
yard lights that light
up the birches and
draw moths out of darkness
furnished the backdrop
for this actor in the night.

All seven feet of the furry hunk
rose on hind legs
til its snout poked in the
seed trough-- blunt nose
in a place more used to
delicate beaks.

The prowler cleaned out
two bird feeders that hung
from the squirrel-proof pole
at the edge of the deck.

I, captive spectator,
petrified, peered out
the window, and
wondered.... odd
this huge animal
lives on morsels--
worms, insects, berries, seeds--
that which sustains birds.

My ears were filled--
massive teeth ground seeds
and grunts rose out.
My heart pounded.
I thought quietly...
Might I become bear food too?



Art credit: Rebecca Schon Kilde, Windmill Graphics, Phone # 715-265-7421

Community Connections

Published quarterly by the staff of
The Minnesota Project.

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should be directed to:**

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A View From the Woods *by Loni Kemp*

The Gathering Flock

If I ever thought that cool weather is what draws fall in, I now know better. Balmy days and nights continued well into September, but autumn was nevertheless underway. Yellowing trees, dying under story plants, and ripening crops in the field still progress without any trigger of cold crisp air. Time itself seems to bring an end to the growing season.

On an early fall walk, a whisper of wings and soft clucks draws my attention up into the trees. A flock of hundreds of blackbirds is gathering into a clan to prepare for migration. The way they move together in the forest is fascinating. They are all clustered in one area, when suddenly part of the crowd lifts and moves as one to another tree. Gradually, the rest rise and fly over to join them, chattering softly. Suddenly, inexplicably, the entire flock departs in a whirl of wings, leaving instant silence.

Everyone these days is talking about the deepening farm crisis... again. This year it's the wet Red River Valley and the dry plains of Texas. Last year it was the dairy farmers and southern black farmers, a continual crisis of farmers on the edge of losing their land. An understandable clamor to "do something" rises up, but throwing money at farmers only helps a few, and only temporarily. It does nothing to address the underlying causes of the crisis in agriculture.

The sustainable agriculture movement is all about making the fundamental changes needed to bring health to agriculture. Yet even we have diverse views on what must be done. I have been thinking a lot lately about the difference between Band-Aids and cures, and about whether incremental change can possibly add up to true reform. I am starting to see the big picture.

One way we view the problem of agriculture is to look at the farmland itself: if only we could use farming practices that sustain the land, we would have sustainable agriculture. While many modern technologies are tending in precisely the wrong direction,

those who want to change the way we farm are producing an incredible outpouring of research and experimentation aiming to cut chemical use, build soil quality, diversify crops and livestock, and protect water quality.

Yet the farm crisis is bigger than the environment. The ongoing trend toward concentration and big scale is driven by economics. Another perspective on the problem of agriculture is focused on a better price for farmers. Farmers need to share in the profits of processing and marketing their products. We must mount an effective challenge to the myth of global commodity exports as the savior of agriculture. Those sharing this outlook are bringing forth a blossoming of creative business ventures to improve the profitability of farmers.

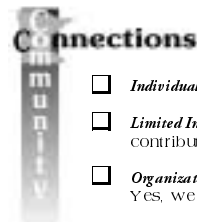
While boosting farm income is essential for sustainable agriculture, yet another viewpoint looks to our country's farm policy as the driver of the system. It is obvious that despite sixty years of good intentions and glowing goals, our farm policies have utterly failed to stem the tide of family farm decline, and instead have probably hastened it. Those sharing this belief want to enact policies that clearly benefit family farms instead of industrial farms. The growing National Campaign for Sustainable Agriculture is clearly succeeding in making a difference in Washington DC, with our sights set on bigger wins in the years ahead.

Finally, there is still another perspective that tries to dig deeper, looking beyond technology, economics, or policy to our



very way of thinking about the land. This perspective says that until we change society's values and ethics, we will never achieve an agriculture that puts people in harmony with the land. Literature, dialogue, and philosophy are the means employed to engage our hearts and imaginations in the effort to reconnect with the source of our food.

Despite the differences in these approaches, I sense all of them are necessary. It very much reminds me of the flock of blackbirds: at first all looks like mayhem with lots of noise and no obvious purpose. But watch carefully and you will see us moving together, responding to each other with mysterious, non-verbal signals. We identify with the flock as a whole, and we are all looking to lift as one community and to make the migration together.



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How to Establish Goals: A Group Project for Farmers and their Families

--- new from the Minnesota Project

By John Lamb
and
the Whole Farm Planning Interdisciplinary Team,
The Minnesota Institute for Sustainable Agriculture

Setting goals is the place to start planning for the future of your farm.

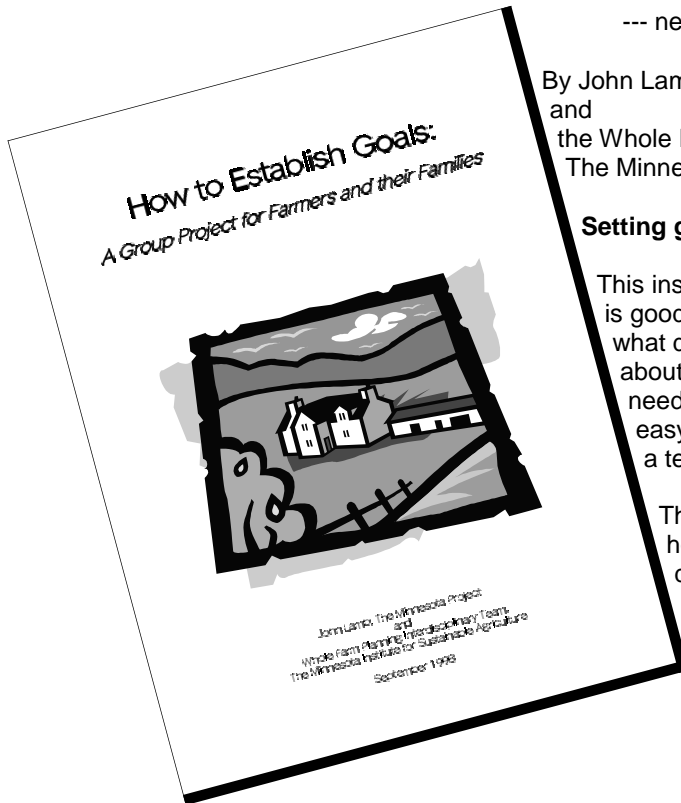
This instructional booklet hopes to make establishing goals easier. Having goals is good preparation for starting a Whole Farm Plan (or many of life's plans). But what does it take to set goals? This 14 page booklet tells you how. It only takes about 20 minutes to read and then you'll be ready for action. It explains why you need goals and who should be involved in establishing them. The process is easy, but will require some time for thought. The booklet eases your way with a tear out self-assessment work sheet.

The goal setting handbook captures the wisdom of others who have taught how to establish goals in longer publications. For those who want to dig deeper into the subject of establishing goals, a reference list is included.

Copies are available for \$3.00 plus .20 tax for Minnesota Residents (includes shipping) from:

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Slices of Autumn Poetry

The Fall

by Richard Lehtinen,
International Falls, MN

they come here
thinking it easy
to live off the land
and be one with nature
but that was the fall
and winter followed.
so by spring
they leave.

Prayer of the Woods

by Mark Fogle
Boy River, Minnesota

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights
the friendly shade, screening you from the summer sun,
my fruits are refreshing drinks, quenching you
as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house,
the board of your table,
the frame of the bed on which you lie,
and the timber which builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe,
the door of your home,
the slats of your cradle,
the shell of your coffin.

Ye who pass by,
listen to my cry,
respect me,
and
harm me not.

Continued from front cover....

At last Fisher returned to the council, "Please, let me try to help," he said.

But Mountain Lion, who was not as kind as Bear or as patient as Deer, said, "Fisher, I'm tired of your silly talk. This is a serious matter we're discussing. Your interruptions are not at all helpful. You're too small! This is a very great problem and such a problem can only be resolved by the great ones and we are the great ones! Stop your foolish chatter and go away."

So Fisher went away.

At last it was decided that Mountain Lion should climb to the top of the high council hill to see what he could do about the darkness. Mountain Lion climbed to the top of the hill, leaped up into the night sky, snarled viciously, and tore at the darkness with his great claws. But it was no use. It changed nothing and the darkness prevailed. So Mountain Lion returned to the council meeting and the great ones went on talking.

Once more Fisher dared to come forward. "Please let me try. Perhaps I can help."

Before anyone could speak, Bear said, "Very well, Fisher. You may try. For it seems that the great ones have been unable to solve the problem. Surely you can do no harm."

So Fisher ran to the top of the high council hill, leaped into the sky and touched the darkness with his small paws. But it was no use. It changed nothing and the darkness prevailed. Then Fisher leaped into the sky again and again, and again and again. But all his efforts changed nothing.

At last Bear climbed to the top of the hill, saw what was happening and said, "Fisher, please stop. You're hurting yourself." Bear was relieved when Fisher ran down the hill. "The little one is giving up," thought Bear.

But at the bottom of the hill, Fisher laid down to rest and pray. "Oh, Great Spirit, I know you are always ready to help your creatures. Please help me to run up this hill faster than I have ever run before. When I reach the top, help me to leap higher than anyone has ever been before. Help me to bring light back

to the earth."

Then he ran up the hill faster than he'd ever run before and when he reached the top, he leaped higher than anyone had ever been before. Then he touched the darkness with his small paws and the darkness fell away. Soon the earth was filled with light.

This great event required a celebration! So the animals gathered together to sing and dance and tell stories. The great ones made long, loud, proud speeches. Until Porcupine reminded Bear that it was not a great one who restored the light. "Fisher should be the honored one," said Porcupine.

So Bear called, "Fisher! Do come forward. We want to honor you."

But Fisher did not come forward.

Several mice were sent out to look for Fisher but they could not find him. Then it was that Bear remembered that the last time he'd seen Fisher was on the high council hill. So Bear led the way and the other animals followed.

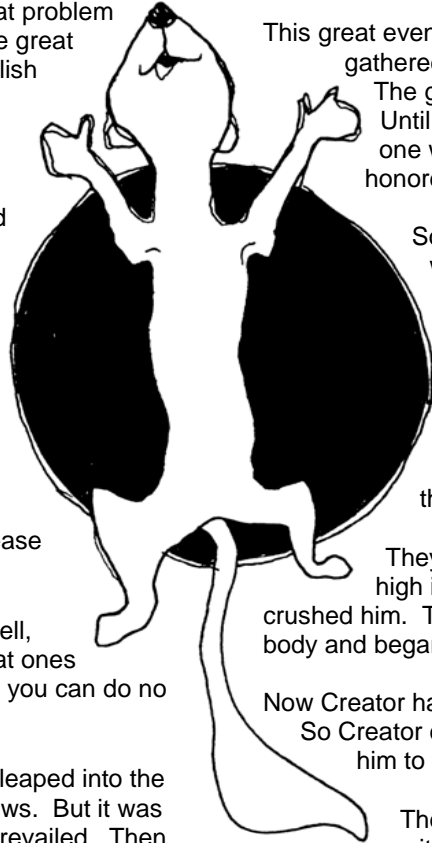
They found Fisher, but he was dead. He'd leaped so high into the sky that the fall back to earth had crushed him. The animals gathered around his small broken body and began to grieve.

Now Creator had seen everything and heard the animals crying. So Creator came to the hill. He picked up Fisher and carried him to the north part of the sky.

Then he laid Fisher there and marked the place with a star.

When Creator returned to the hill where the animals were waiting, he told them, "When you go out on a clear night you will see Fisher's star shining in the sky. You will call this the 'home star' because this will be the star that guides you home. When you see this star, remember that Fisher was not a great one. Indeed he was quite small. But remember this as well-- Fisher was no quitter!"

"Remember it was Fisher who did all that he could do and gave all that he could give, to restore light and warmth and life to a cold, dark, dying earth."



Thanks:

Thank you to the many who responded since our mid-summer issue with new or renewed subscriptions to *Community Connections*.

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Celebrate Wind Energy!

By George Crocker and
Lola Schoenrich

SEED -- Sustainable Energy for Economic Development

Five years ago, Minnesota was embroiled in the protracted and rancorous legislative debate over nuclear waste storage at NSP's Prairie Island site, pitting business against environmental and citizen interests. The legislators who brokered the eventual agreement to permit high level nuclear waste storage in casks at Prairie Island said it was the first step in an orderly transition from coal and nuclear energy to the non-polluting energy sources of the future. While this law did extend nuclear operations on Prairie Island, it also required NSP to begin generating renewable electricity, on a utility scale, from wind and biomass.

In September, Minnesota celebrated an important milestone in that transition. On September 26th, NSP and Enron Wind Energy Company dedicated the world's largest wind generating complex, on the Buffalo Ridge near Lake Benton. The project adds 107 megawatts (MW) of clean renewable electrical generation capacity. Wind power plants in Minnesota now provide enough electricity to meet the annual electricity needs of 45,000 homes. And, the project offsets pollution that would have otherwise been generated by burning fossil fuels -- 347 pounds of carbon dioxide, 2 million pounds of sulfur dioxide, and 1 million pounds of nitrogen oxide, all leading contributors of global warming, acid rain and smog.

It's in everyone's interest to develop wind energy. Minnesota is a leader in the vital new industry, with Minnesota-owned and based manufacturing, installation, consulting, maintenance, and operation of wind energy facilities. As this technology continues to develop around the world, it will mean more jobs in Minnesota. The sleek 165 foot wind towers sprouting up on southwestern Minnesota farmland produce added income for land owners, and are fully compatible with both farm aesthetics and operation. The sight of those towers, scattered along the ridge tops, is a picture of our energy future -- the

energy future SEED and its members are working for.

By bringing this project on line, NSP is helping to build that future, a future that will grow. By the year 2002, 425 MW of wind capacity will be installed. They deserve praise from environmentalists for the successful completion of this first phase. Thanks to NSP, the collective ability of society to achieve a renewable energy future has matured and advanced remarkably.

Meanwhile, even when the mandated 425 MW of wind is fully built, barely one percent of Minnesota's total electricity generation and less than two percent of NSP's will come from wind. Large coal, nuclear and hydropower plants (the other 98%) still create problems with air pollution, greenhouse gases, nuclear waste and environmental injustice.

So there will be a continuing political struggle. SEED is working with other advocates to ensure that NSP carries through with the rest of the Prairie Island mandate. The law requires NSP to build an additional 400 MW of wind energy over and above the 425 MW, if wind is shown to be in the public interest and the least cost option. The question is currently before the Minnesota Public Utilities Commission. NSP maintains that it is not least cost.

The Izaak Walton League, the Minnesota Department of Public Service, the Minnesota Attorney General's office and a host of others maintain that wind meets the test. In fact, the Department of Public Service estimates that wind would save ratepayers \$12.5 million over 15 years. There will be a struggle to ensure that the Public Utilities Commission is held accountable in ordering NSP to proceed.

The Renewable Development Fund is another aspect of the Prairie Island agreement still hanging. Beginning January 1, 1999, the Fund requires NSP to pay \$500,000 per year for every nuclear storage cask that remains on Prairie Island. The money is to be used to finance new renewable energy research, development and implementation. However, the legislature has so far failed to create a mechanism for the fund, and we are concerned that NSP absorb the revenue and do nothing new. Again, SEED is watching.

But for today, let's celebrate a job well done. This project brings on line more clean and renewable technologies that will phase out pollution from electricity. The new wind towers spinning on the western prairie show us a future that all Minnesotans can applaud and share.



On Issues of Community Growth and Quality

By *Brendan Kelly*

The late British economist E.F. Schumacher in discussing the future of development claimed that it was possible to move development away from destruction, and "back to the real needs of man, and that also means: to the actual size of man." According to Schumacher, "Man is small, and therefore, small is beautiful." In a time in which everything around us reinforces the idea that bigger is better, the truth of Schumacher's statement creates conflict for those of us who live and work in smaller communities.

Rural communities feel the pressures of size. They feel the push to "grow", but also feel the pull of keeping their community small and close-knit. On the one hand, because of changing demographics there is a need to add to a diminishing resources base, but it is hard to reconcile changes in development while maintaining the character and feel of a small town. For years now residents of rural Minnesota have known the truth of Schumacher's claim because their own communities are small and beautiful. Thus, the struggle for sustainability is, in part, a struggle over the question of size.

The first step in resolving the issue of size is coming to terms with the difference between growth and development. According to Michael Kinsley of the Rocky Mountain Institute growth is an increase in quantity, while development is an increase in quality. The difference between growth and development is in theory very clear, practicing it in the local community is the difficult part.

No matter what size the community is, each strives to enjoy the benefits of development: a stronger economy, a more vibrant community, a stronger base of civic leadership, a healthier environment.

Unfortunately, too many are overwhelmed with many of the problems of growth as well - higher taxes, air pollution,

traffic congestion, and spiraling costs. For small communities to develop - to progress while maintaining their size - it is essential to support initiatives that enhance the quality of living in the community, not just the quantity of services, businesses, or people.

Part of improving quality involves asking tough questions such as "What are the long term effects of this project?" or "Will this effort bring on unintended and burdensome consequences that don't support the community as a whole?" Another component is building coalitions within the communities to support development efforts that build a sustainable community.

One example of a community that is undertaking such an effort is St. Joseph. Just a stone's thrown off of Interstate-94, St. Joseph is a community of 4,000 residents located just six miles north of St. Cloud. With the College of St. Benedict and St. Benedict's Monastery abutting main street, the town has a unique combination of resources. About two months ago, a group of citizens gathered to discuss ways in which the city was already sustainable and convene a citizen organization that would lead an effort to improve the unsustainable aspects.

One month later, members from all areas of the community - local business owners, civic leaders, community activists, and individuals from the College and Monastery - gathered to form the St. Joseph Sustainability Project Coordinating Committee. After reviewing the ideas brought out at the forum, the group decided to establish sub-committees that would work on a variety of projects ranging from improving the natural beauty and aesthetics of the city to developing a farmer's market in coordination with St. Benedict's Monastery. At the same time that St. Joseph is working on improving their own environment, they are also attempting to come

to grips with their role in the larger St. Cloud area. An organization called the "Great River Roundtable" has started to conduct visioning sessions in the St. Cloud area as a way for the surrounding communities to work together and promote high quality development, instead of haphazard growth.

I am not advocating that all planning be done locally and that communities isolate themselves and think only of the problems and solutions that occur within their own communities. On the contrary, the simultaneous processes that are occurring in St. Joseph demonstrate the need for flexibility in answering questions of size. To say, "small is beautiful" does not mean that "big is bad." Rather I propose that the most effective and efficient way to deal with many of these problems is often the smallest, relative to the issue at hand.

The people of Cass and Crow Wing counties are also attempting to deal with the question of "What is the appropriate community size," with regard to the growth of the Hwy 371 corridor. Several communities along this stretch of highway are faced with similar problems that individually they could not handle alone. To deal with collective issues, the city and county planners have informal monthly gatherings to discuss how the various entities in the region can work together to improve development and control undesirable growth.

Whether in St. Joseph or Crow Wing County or, for that matter, any community in rural Minnesota, the question of size is one of the first questions that must be answered in building a sustainable community. Small is beautiful. Rather than being shy about being small, we should embrace our size, and recognize it as a source of our beauty as humans and with nature.



It does not interest me what you do for a living. I want to know
what you ache for and if you dare to dream your heart's longing.

It does not interest me how old you are. I want to know
if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dreams,
for the adventure of being alive.

It does not interest me what planet is squaring your moon.
I want to know if you have touched the center of your own sorrow,
if you have been opened by life's betrayals
or have become shriveled and closed from fear and further pain.
I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own,
without moving to hide it, fade it, or fix it.
I want to know if you can be with JOY, mine or your own,
if you can dance with wildness
and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes
without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic
or to remember the limitations of being human.

It does not interest me if the story you are telling me is true.
I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself;
if you can bear the accusation of betrayal
and not betray your own soul.
I want to know if you can be faithful and therefore be trustworthy.
I want to know if you can see beauty
even when it is not pretty everyday,
and if you can source your life from God's presence.
I want to know if you can live with failure, yours or mine, and still stand
on the edge of a lake and shout to the silver of the full moon,
"YES"

It does not interest me to know where you live or how much money you have.
I want to know if you can get up after a night of grief and despair, weary and bruised
to the bone, and do what needs to be done for the children.
It does not interest me who you are, how you came to be here.
I want to know if you will stand in the center of the fire with me
and not shrink back.

It does not interest me where or what or with whom you have studied.
I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away.
I want to know if you can be alone with yourself and
if you truly like the company you keep in the quiet moments.

*—Oriah Mountain Dreamer,
Native North American Elder*



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