



SALT & LIGHT

a hope church publication

SUMMER 2025



NONPROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
HOLLAND, MI 49423
PERMIT NO. 607

Hope Church
77 West 11th Street
Holland MI 49423



CONTENTS

Ready for “Up Time”	2
Let's Get Together	4
Witness to Reconciliation: Crossing Turbulent Waters	6
The Constant Affirming Presence of God	7
A prayer for the days there is only sadness	9
Celebrate Kids Hope	10
Honor Juneteenth at the Freedom Festival	10
Encouraging Love For God's Creation In Children	11
Enjoy the Neighborhood Garden	12

OUR FAITH

Hope Church is called by God and equipped by the Holy Spirit to be a witness to the unity, reconciliation, and justice given in the saving grace of Jesus Christ. These touchstones drawn from the Belhar Confession give voice to the historic Christian faith in our time and place.

CONTACT US

Hope Church, RCA
77 West 11th Street
[616] 392 . 7947
See how you can join us at
HopeChurchRCA.org



EDITORIAL & DESIGN

Lois Maassen – Editor
Michael Kolk – Creative Director

*Cover Photo © Michael R. Kolk,
Whistler Mountain, B.C., CA*



Ready for “Up Time”

I do value that summer can be an occasion for some “down time,” providing a bit of sabbath season from the schedule demands of the rest of the year. But for this summer at Hope Church, I am grateful for “up time”! Which is to say I am grateful for

the starting-up time of construction on Tenth and Pine, for the joyful noise of bulldozers, and for the summer work of skilled builders!

After seven years of dreaming, praying, collaborating, partnering, being denied, persisting, being denied again, more praying, more partnering, more persisting – and then approval! – we are at the point of construction readiness for the Kollen and Tenth Affordable Housing Project. I have said to many folks that I would finally believe this was really happening when I saw a bulldozer outside. And there in mid-April, it appeared! It was a mini-bulldozer, but a real one nonetheless, preparing the site for the playground relocation on our Tenth Street yard. And with the expected completion of the new playground by early May, the timeline for the housing project construction at Kollen and Tenth is slated to begin sometime this summer. We plan to schedule a celebrative ceremonial groundbreaking to kick off the project, so watch for details about that.

This is so exciting to see unfolding, and as we look forward to the “up time” of construction this summer, what I mostly want to give thanks for and emphasize is the relationships and partnerships reflected by this project coming to fruition. There are the caring relationships in Hope Church with Marjorie DeBlaay and Michael DeVries: their honest expressions of the support needed for adult housing for people with disabilities was the catalyst for all that has unfolded. The compassionate leadership of Judy VanderWilt, David VanDoorne, and Pastor Jill Russell for the Disability Housing Task Force and its many faithful members: they inspired Hope Church to dream and dare a bigger vision for housing for our community. Hope Church partnerships with Housing Next and First United Methodist Church resulted in our partnership with Dwelling Place.



And even as FUMC needed graciously to step aside, our strong partnership with Community Action House brought the project back to life and led to a new partnering with the Little River Band of Ottawa Indians. And there are more partnerships! – with the City of Holland and State of Michigan. It is a wonder to see all the people and partners and relationships that have come together, all of which will be woven into the walls of this new housing for our community.

And finally, or first, with this project there is my deep admiration for and gratitude to the Hope Church congregation, for relationships of trust with one another and with our gracious God. It was the bold decision six years ago by Hope

Church to donate its land for this project at no cost (technically for \$1!) that made this expansive housing vision possible to explore. It is beautiful and powerful that there was no objection to this decision among our congregation, but rather there was strong affirmation that such a donation expressed our calling as the Body of Christ to love our neighbors. I always hold that bold decision with gratitude in my heart as an act of generosity that God's grace has now multiplied exponentially.

Thank you, Hope Church. Thanks be to God.

Let the “up time” begin!

Peace – Pastor Gordon

Let's Get Together

Ann McKnight, Gordon Wiersma, and Gretchen Schoon Tanis

Ed note: On March 23, Ann, Gordon, and Gretchen hosted a gathering for conversation and support during this turbulent time. Called "Staying Connected with Each Other, within Ourselves, and with God in Turbulent Times," the event surfaced observations and paths forward that are shared here.

What began as a comment from one individual turned into a comment from another, and another, and another. Soon we recognized many people in the Hope Church community were wrestling with changes in the climate in the United States as well as around the world. What could we do? In a moment of inspiration Pastor Gordon said, "Let's get together." When we did gather, what were people feeling?

**Fear. Sadness. Anger. Challenge.
Numbness. Helplessness.
Discouragement. Moral injury.
Groundlessness. Voicelessness,
psychological homelessness,
"complex ambiguous loss," and
"collective grief"**

All of these and more are natural human responses to uncertainty and loss. We name and define these very personal experiences, bearing **witness** with each other, in this **community** and in God's presence.

This is lament—a way for us, together, to lift our pain to God's grace.

Refugees from oppressive political homelands learn the same lessons as people who grow up in homes where there is addiction and abuse: Don't talk. Don't trust. Don't feel. Sharing our griefs aloud is a way we strengthen our connections and trust with each other.

There is a rhythm to lament—**honest expression of pain, a plea for God's help, and a turning toward hope**. As we make room for our discomfort (without reactively blaming, fact finding, or fixing),

and bring our griefs and struggles to God, we also might feel something else emerge, something more real, capable, sensitive, and exquisitely wise.

No matter what is happening in the world around us, we are not just our fears. We have a core within us—created by God—that is wise, strong, and loving. As we lament, we can also return to this place of deep connection with God. And from this place, we can respond to the world's pain not from panic or despair, but from a grounded, Christ-centered peace.

*Calm - Curious - Creative
Connected - Courageous - Clear
Confident - Compassionate
Present - Persistent - Perspective
Playful - Patient*

To hold all of this **in community** is part of the power that we hold: we engage with what is happening around us in connection with one another. To be an individual is good, but not in a way that makes us feel isolated or alone. **Leaning into community** gives us capacity to be fluid in how we encounter the realities in our lives. Think of the many relationships each of us has: within yourself; with family, friends, colleagues, church (local/national/global Church), community, state, nation, world.

At any given time, each of us is more (and less) focused on a particular part of those relationships. When we know that as a community, it frees us to not have to feel responsible for all of those relationships all of the time. Today I need to focus on my family, and you can deal with City Hall; tomorrow, I can respond to something in our community, and you can focus on matters with friends.

The same is true for **how** we are dealing with those relationships and the issues they present. Here's a way of describing the different ways we are dealing with a particular relationship:



All of the healing social dynamics are woven into our worship each week.

- I'm listening for what is important to someone else; I'm expressing what is important to me.
- I'm simply trying to remember someone is a child of God (not hate or dehumanize that person!).
- I'm lamenting what is broken in this relationship; I'm celebrating what is good in God's world!.
- I'm advocating for justice and change.

Here too, when we realize that at any given time as a community people are engaged in different ways as to **how** we are carrying out our relationships, that frees us to simply focus on what is before us. Today I need to find a way to not hate (!) someone, and you can be a good listener; tomorrow I can be a loud voice to advocate for justice, while you take some time to take a deep breath and be grateful.

It's remarkable to observe how all of these dynamics are actually woven into our **worship** each week. We bring all of the varied aspects of our individual and shared lives with us into

worship. And in doing so we believe together that God is present with us in all of those circumstances. In that faith, the Spirit of Christ blesses us with the Spirit's gifts and graces to be faithful (as individuals and as a community) as we go forward connected with God and one another in gratitude and hope.

As time has passed since the initial wave of confusion and grief enveloped us, we remain committed to being there for one another, helping each other be faithful witnesses to the peace that the risen Christ breathes upon us. We will not be silent in the midst of harmful upheavals in our community and world. As we concluded our time together, we shared things that were bringing us hope. In small things such as glimmers of nature around us, the laughter of kids and grandkids, we left feeling uplifted by the Spirit and in our time of mutual support. We will seek to offer more of these gatherings in the months to come, to lament those areas of pain or confusion but holding on to those things that anchor us in hope!



Witness to Reconciliation: Crossing Turbulent Waters

Tammi Griswold

In December of 2019, Dan and I received an email from our middle child: our socially challenged/awkward, struggled-to-find-where-they-fit-in, don't-do-anything-to-stand-out, child. The email was to let us know that they had made a decision to identify as non-binary, along with an explanation of what exactly that meant, and how using “they” was the appropriate pronoun. We digested that fairly easily, not feeling as if it would change things too much.

Some months later we received a text asking how to mend something—followed by a picture of a skirt, followed by communication explaining they had decided to do hormone replacement therapy, change their name to “Jessica,” and identify as female. I think our first reaction was that awful feeling one sometimes gets when something is going to change drastically—like the wind had been knocked out of us. We were very shocked, had no idea this was coming.

I have always felt God had a hand in bringing me, this midwestern, conservatively raised person, to a point where I was able to wrap my head around this. First with a young teen girl in our church in New York transitioning, then the daughter (our dog sitter) of a close music friend of Dan's transitioning and being able to hear about that road for them, and then our son Christopher's best guy friend in high school transitioning and deciding to be a safe place this friend could stay if needed.

It is different when it is your own child, though. Many of us know the struggle of finding just the right name for each child. I think Dan put it best when explaining to someone that the name we give our child and call them by is not just an identifier: It is a verbal embrace of that child and all that they are and all the wonderful feelings we

have for them and memories of fun and all we have been through with them. Initially it feels very much like a loss of... something we hold dear.

Intellectually we knew this really changed very little about who this child was—their interests, personality, sense of humor. Emotionally it changed nothing about how we felt about our child. And yet we would need to change how we spoke to them and of them to others, and our mental expectations of how they would present themselves. Jess eventually decided non-binary to be how they wished to identify, although for the most part choosing a more feminine appearance. And also using the name Nix among friends and colleagues—while happy with “Jess” amidst family.

Our music friend told us she saw this journey as a bridge... beginning at one end, needing to cross some turbulent waters and rocky terrain, then coming to a place where it was comfortable to walk again. On this journey, many prayers were said, and many supportive conversations took place.

We have anxiously shared this change with family members, not sure what their reactions would be and mostly finding love and acceptance. We have watched a family member go from a firm statement of “He will always be (the former name) to me” to eventually embracing Jess and using their chosen name. We have become comfortable with using “they” as a pronoun for our child. We have watched our child grow into a confident, strong adult who is comfortable and happy with who they are. We have grown into the knowledge we had all along that even with a different name and gender identity the embrace of who this child is and all we feel about them has not changed.

Jess is now just Jess, and we really can't imagine them being anyone else.

The Constant Affirming Presence of God

Mitch Leet, program manager for Room for All

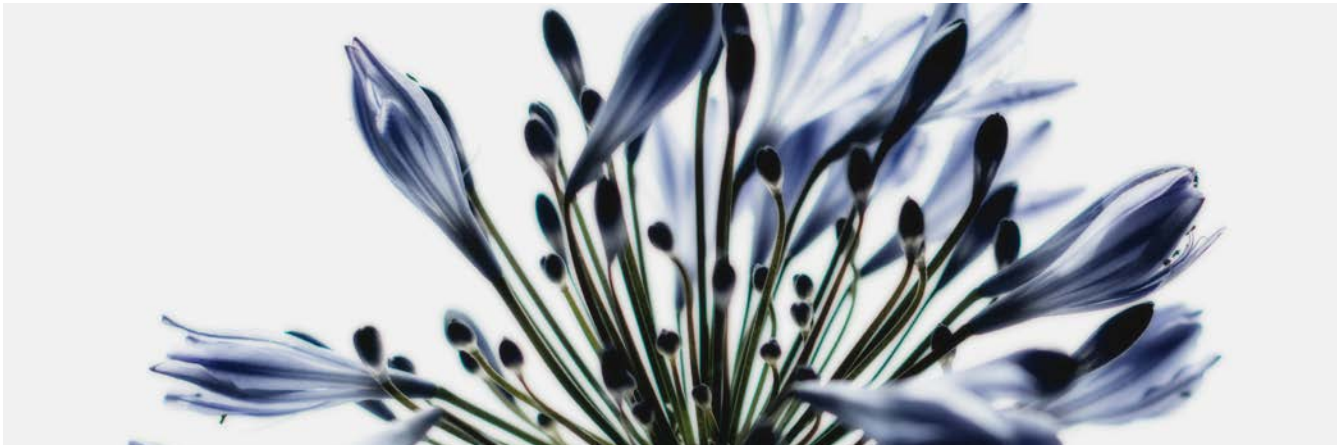


Photo by Tim Mossholder

Ed note: As anti-trans rhetoric, executive orders, and legislation have continued to make headlines, I was aware that as horrified as I was, I am in a position of safety as a cisgender, heterosexual woman. I wanted very much to deepen my understanding of how those targeted in our communities were experiencing these times. Having just completed a term on the Board of Directors of Room for All, I thought of Mitch Leet, the organization's program manager. Mitch agreed to share this perspective in response in particular to some events in New York State that made national news for their inhumanity. Trigger/content warning: intimate partner violence, torture, murder, suicide.

I was born, raised, and educated in the Finger Lakes region of Central New York State. We know it to be “where God put His hands on the Earth,” referring to the long, narrow lakes that run lovingly through this picturesque glacial valley. I transitioned my gender here, too, from female to male.

My wife Cameron and I live closest to Canandaigua Lake, which is only 10 minutes from the farmhouse I grew up in. In the language of the Haudenosaunee (HOH-din-oh-SHOH-nee), a sovereign nation of Indigenous peoples that never ceded this land, Canandaigua means “the Chosen Spot.” By them and my parents, I was raised with a deep respect for all of God’s creation and the diversity inherent in it. My peers did not get that same education.

That is why, when the details came out about the brutal torture and murder of Sam Nordquist, a Black transgender man, I was not surprised that many of the seven perpetrators of this horrific crime had gone to the same grade school as I did. His family in Minnesota had asked Sam not to come here to visit the woman he’d been talking to online, but he was seeking love that affirmed him as he was.

He’d been out of touch with his family for two months. They begged our local law enforcement to do something, while trying to crowdfund airfare to get here to search for him themselves. It was the Minnesota State Police who filed the missing person’s report, because my local police wouldn’t. No sooner had Sam’s mother and sister had finally landed then the State Troopers had an earth shattering press conference. Sam’s body had been found one county away, in a field I used to play in, off a road where my childhood best friend used to live.

In a roadside motel where the Department of Social Services houses unhoused people, seven people assaulted and tormented him repeatedly, and kept him in a dog cage, which the police didn’t notice when they did a welfare check. I drive by it every time I go home to see my parents, or, I would, rather, if I didn’t always take a different route now so I don’t have to.

Sam’s death completely shifted the focus of my local work, but was preceded by the death by

The Constant Affirming Presence of God, Cont'd

suicide of Elisa Rae Shupe, who took her life at the Veterans Affairs hospital in Syracuse, wrapped in a transgender pride flag. Elisa, a decorated Army sergeant first class who served our country for 18 years, was the first person to obtain legal government recognition of non-binary gender. She detransitioned for a brief time, only to later reclaim her identity, and her story was exploited by detransition/anti-trans advocates pushing conversion therapy narratives. She left behind a painful, powerful letter disavowing her association with the military and the United States and refused a military burial.

In March, a young transgender woman named Katelyn Rinetta Benoit died by suicide at her school in Rochester. Her death was the result of prolonged bullying and fear about her present and future. At her vigil, hosted by the Unitarian Universalists, all I could do was read a prayer written by M Jade Kaiser of *enfleshed*, entitled “a prayer for the days when there is only sadness.” There is a [petition in her name](#) calling for more to be done to support LGBTQIA+ students within the Rochester City School District. Still, they’re leaps and bounds ahead of most of the districts in the Finger Lakes.

Our Congressional District, NY-24, is represented by Claudia Tenney. She is personally responsible for introducing legislation to define gender as sex assigned at birth on the federal level, and when Trump’s Executive Order attempting to ban transgender student athletes from competing was signed, she was personally thanked for her work. She to date has not spoken one word about the death of Sam Nordquist, but did nominate Trump for a Nobel Peace Prize for a second time.

The feeling that I notice myself living with is intense impatience. Prior to the election, no local Democrat wanted to talk about protecting transgender people because we were being (successfully) used as a wedge issue. I’ve been brought into an inner circle of the friends of a dear mentor of mine. When I brought a postcard-writing project over one night to demand accountability from the White House, one of them told me she didn’t agree with “sending hate mail.” When I brought up protests, I heard “I don’t feel safe protesting.” I am having an extremely difficult time with people not using the privilege they have to speak out when my entire life is on the

line every single day. I cannot change the rabid conservatives and I know that, so I’m honestly pretty peaceful about that part other than the run-ins I have in public that make me physically unsafe. The people who claim to be with me who won’t take any risks? That is who is making me angry.

This is a Christ-like anger, to have intolerance for apathy in the face of injustice. From Him, too, comes the approach I’m taking: gathering over meals, offering support to the most vulnerable, joining public prayer vigils with local religious leaders, and meeting people where they are.

I’m rarely at a loss for words, but I cannot describe the furious grief I am carrying. The exasperated way my heart crumbles, and the feeling that I’m personally failing my community is, at times, unbearable. What helps me continue is the constant, affirming presence of God, who I know loves me and guides me through the obstacles along the way. I feel heard by Her, and the handful of people woken up by these recent events who are committed to what we’re building together. Even when I feel I’m stumbling blind, I have a stubborn faith that I’ll be caught when I do fall down. There’s something, too, in knowing from Scripture that these kinds of hates and hurts have happened over and over again, yet we are not abandoned or forgotten. We are the ones through whom the kin-dom, based in mutual care that subverts the structures of Empire, can come to be on Earth as it is in heaven. We won’t see the work completed, of course, but like all of our queer and trans ancestors, we can persist in hope.

My personal projects, in addition to speaking up every time a mic or bullhorn is handed to me, center around transgender joy. I was approached by an enthusiastic and incredibly thoughtful ally wanting to host trans community events, doing all of the legwork to plan them so our community could just have fun while being safely watched over. I’ve been advising them and another local advocate; our first event is at the end of April. I’ve also put an old hat back on to assist on the steering committee for our local FLX Pride Festival. As part of that I am pulling together an all-ages art exhibition. Old friends and new friends are stepping up to the plate when I ask for help with these projects, and that’s been incredibly buoying, as someone used to spinning my wheels alone too often.



In my personal life, I have moved my medical care to a service provider that intends to hold the line no matter what. Finding a therapist I don't have to educate has proven impossible, but I am gratefully working with a spiritual director introduced to me through Room for All. My wife and I are hurrying to re-sign our lease so that, if housing discrimination is made legal again, we at least have a legally binding agreement with the Texas-based management. That gives us one more year to figure out what we're going to do, but we're millennials without money, so life feels precarious. My documentation was updated and my passport issued to me correctly under the previous administration, which did involve some back and forth and a significant amount of money. I'm grateful that for all the struggle we had to get ourselves married, on paper, ours is a male/female marriage and my wife didn't take my last name. We're lucky.

I've gathered a handful of people who take turns walking with me and my dog, who is not a guard at all, because otherwise I am unsafe on the road where I live. I watch Proud Boys ride up and down it and have had things thrown at me and cars actually pull onto the sidewalk to scare me when I'm literally just existing while trans. But there's nowhere to go, so we're taking new additional security measures all the time, doing what we can with what we have. I expect allies to do the same.

At Katelyn's vigil, the organizer who brought us together came to the podium last, with a clear demand: We need everyone to do more. I agree. Whether it's calling your representatives, writing letters to the editor of local publications, showing up at protests or just making yourself available to be a presence in defense of transgender, non-binary, intersex, and gender non-conforming people, everyone who considers themselves an ally needs to take at least one action daily.

A prayer for the days there is only sadness

Gentle Presence,
Patient Listener,
Holy Holder of it all,
My prayer is this:
I am so sad.

It's not an ask.
It's not a confession.

It's an offering.
The only one I have today.

I'm praying it with hope.
I know grief is a lifeline –
tethering me to the world that should be.
The one worth fighting for.

As a practice of faith,
I will not deaden these feelings
that let me know all is not well.
I will not adjust to cruelty or disregard for life,
detaching myself from humanity – mine or others.
I will not allow once unimaginable scenarios
to be turned into everyday losses
that no longer pierce my soul.

And so here are my tears,
And here is my tired body,
And here is my foggy, distracted mind
bearing witness to the place within
that aches for the ones I love,
for friends and strangers,
for everyone being pushed into impossible situations.

My sadness is a testimony.
It is not my only one.

Tomorrow, hope or fight or curiosity
will bear their truth,
and pull me back into the labors I love,
in the company of others.

But today the only riot in me is this sorrow,
refusing to quiet your cry from within:

"We are made for so much better than this."

– m jade kaiser, *enfleshed*

Celebrate Kids Hope

Vicki Rumpsa, Kids Hope Director



Volunteers have wrapped up another year of service with Kids Hope, continuing a tradition begun at Hope Church

in 2003. Mentors spend just one hour each week with an elementary-age student, during which they may read, play games, complete schoolwork, or just talk. This intentional time provides support, motivation, and confidence for the child to continue to learn and achieve.

Kids Hope USA reports significant positive impact from these one-on-one mentoring relationships, including that 87 percent of students made progress in academic skills, 86 percent of students made progress in behavior, self-regulation and control, and 97% of students were promoted to their next grade at the end of the year.

Barb Joldersma, a substitute mentor on the Hope Church team, says, “I have always enjoyed the Kids Hope students I have met during my years as a substitute mentor. Generally I have found them to be willing to work with me to complete the work their teacher has provided to the best of their ability. I think one reason they persevere is that they know that after we complete the work, we get to do some ‘fun’ things. Usually I bring a book that they read aloud to me, and then we have fun trying to solve puzzles in a children’s puzzle book. It’s actually amazing how quickly the time we have together passes.”

Hope Church has been blessed to have had the following mentors and substitute mentors during the 2024/2025 school year: Tim Pennings, Dave Boelkins, Mark Pearson, Karen Pearson, Carole Hintz, Anne Saliers, Linda Marshall, Margaret Boelkins, Sharon Arendshorst, Marilee Nieuwsma, Giny Hoekman, Barb Joldersma, and Bob Jordan.

Perhaps you’d like to join the Hope Church Kids Hope team as a mentor, substitute mentor, or prayer partner for 2025/2026. Learn more from any of the participants or the program director, Vicki Rumpsa.

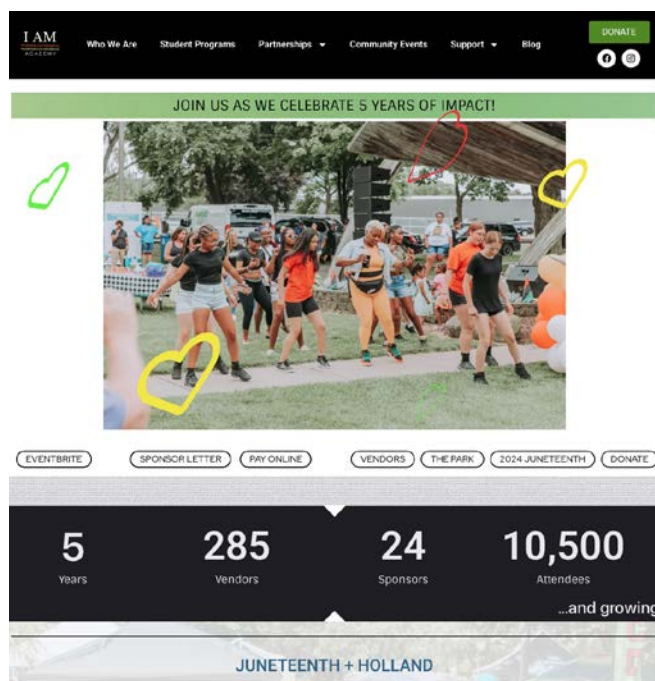
Honor Juneteenth at the Freedom Festival

Pat Bloem, Justice & Reconciliation Ministry

Once again, the Juneteenth Freedom Festival is coming to Kollen Park, this year on **June 21 from 2 - 7 p.m.** The celebration commemorates the end of slavery and the day when the enslaved people of Texas were finally informed—two months after the Civil War had officially ended and two years after the Emancipation Proclamation—that they were free. Holland proudly claims that we have been recognizing the day since 2000; the State of Michigan declared the event a holiday in 2005 and federal recognition came in 2021.

The Justice & Reconciliation Ministry invites you to visit our Hope Church table as you visit food trucks and community displays, watch the kids play, and listen to the musical events put on by I AM Academy. Bring a chair or blanket if you want to sit by the stage, or sign up to help out hosting for an hour at our Hope Church table.

It’s a wonderful neighborhood and family event. We’ve been proud to be allies to the organizers at I AM Academy for several years now and would love church members to come say hello. For more information, as well as a few glimpses of Hope church members, see I AM Academy’s website at IAMAcademyMI.org.



Encouraging Love For God's Creation In Children

Giny Hoekman, Creation Care Ministry

Hope Church's own Kristen Hintz is a specialist in nature-based education for children. She has her degree in Natural Resource Management with an emphasis in Environmental Education and Interpretation. Kristen's professional experiences include work with elementary students at residential science schools in California. You can find her these days working as an Early Childhood Naturalist with the Outdoor Discovery Center. She works with teachers and students at Dragonflies, Little Hawks, and Woodland Outdoor Discovery Preschools. Creation Care Ministry's Giny Hoekman interviews her here:

GH: How did you develop a love for nature in your own life?

KH: The main thing was spending time outside as a child with my parents. They modeled their love for the outdoors and provided many experiences camping, walking in the parks, and exploring nearby natural spaces. I clearly remember cloud-watching with my mom, playing in the autumn leaves, walking on logs, and climbing trees. We explored the outdoors together and took time doing so. Throughout my high school years, college, and beyond, I found other hobbies such as mountain biking, climbing, and just nature-nerding.

GH: You are now involved in a nature-based preschool. Can you tell us what that is?

KH: Nature-based preschools, similar to Montessori schools, have an emphasis on unstructured time, group activities, and student-initiated activities. Nature is the basis for our learning. Teachers build clues from the seasons and natural events around us into their lesson plans.

Scheduling includes unstructured play times where kids can create games and build their social and emotional skills. The new approach of nature-based playgrounds encourages creative play in kids. The Outdoor Discovery Center has four such playgrounds now: Little Hawks, Seedlings, Woodlands, and Dragonflies.

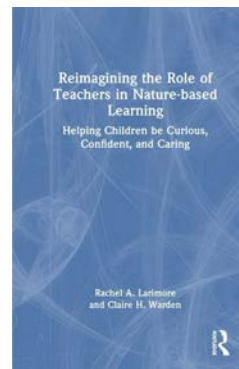
Research is showing us that "outside kids" are less anxious, healthier, and even perform better in their academics.

GH: Nature-based education has exploded in our area. Why is this?

KH: Parents are discovering the advantages and are pushing this along. They are realizing that their children do better and are happier than when they were on a regular school schedule. In nature-based education the emphasis is not on having the right answer but more on the process. The approach encourages curiosity by asking "What do you see?" and "I wonder why/if/how?" Nurturing awe is a good start on caring about nature.

GH: How can we at Hope Church foster a love for all of God's creation in the children we come into contact with?

KH: Make space for curiosity, which is interest with an emotional connection. Provide exposure to the outdoors and be comfortable "wasting" time on play and exploratory walks. Keep kids comfortable during these outings with appropriate clothing, water, food.



Reimagining the Role of Teachers In Nature-Based Learning: Helping Children Be Curious, Confident, and Caring by Rachel A. Larimore and Claire H. Warden is a good resource. The book has multiple suggestions for

how to develop confident humility and care for self, others, and the natural world. I'd recommend similar books for our church library.

GH: How do you see the role of social media and computer technology?

KH: That is not an easy topic. Most jobs rely heavily on computers, so we do need the necessary skills. Computers can be very useful when identifying plants and birds. Kids do use social media to connect with each other, but the downside is that social media conditions them to be consumers. We are all tempted to use social media too much. It's not good to over schedule children, especially young children. It's okay to be bored sometimes

GH: Thank you, Kristin, for your willingness to share your expertise and ideas with us.

Enjoy the Neighborhood Garden

Kathleen Thornhill and Joyce Mott

Washington School Neighbors is a nonprofit that equips and empowers residents to participate in the development of their neighborhood life by contributing their individual assets and diverse perspectives to enrich the community. The neighborhood is defined as between Eighth and Thirteenth Streets from north to south and River Avenue and Kollen Park from east to west. Hope

Church members Kathleen Thornhill, Joyce Mott, and Mark Edgington serve on the board of Washington School Neighbors.

As a community partner with Hope Church, Washington School Neighbors encourages you to visit our gathering space at the corner of Tenth and Maple. The land, purchased from the City of Holland in 2017, now has a permanent marker. The

recently added sign gives the history of the land and the creek that runs under it.

In addition to learning about the location, you are invited to enjoy the beautiful perennial garden (thanks, Moira Gargano and Doug Abell), view the plantings, and experience the peaceful atmosphere of our pocket park. There is free WIFI available and a grill if you'd like to have a picnic.

