

Jackson 2013

*Mission Trip to Jackson, MS
July 7-15, 2013*



Reflections from our Mission Team

About Our Trip

Dear St. Thomas Family,

This past July, eight youth and three adults from St. Thomas flew across the country to spend a week in Jackson, Mississippi. Joined by a team from St. Margaret's in Factoria, we went to serve and learn from the Spencer Perkins Center.

The Perkins Center, located in West Jackson, is a beacon of hope in a neighborhood plagued by crime, drugs, and unemployment. The Perkins Center is guided by the long-standing vision of Dr. John Perkins. The son of a sharecropper and a third-grade dropout, Dr. Perkins once fled Mississippi after his older brother was killed by a police officer in a racial encounter. After his son came to faith while the family lived in California, Dr. Perkins and his family returned to Mississippi to be agents of justice and reconciliation. Driven by a belief that God desires justice and equality, and that God loves everyone – the oppressed and the oppressors – Dr. Perkins' ministry has embodied the gospel of love, hope, justice, and reconciliation at every step. It was a joy and privilege for our youth to experience and join in the ministry of the Perkins Center.

In the following reflections, you will hear about the work we did, the tours of civil rights historical sights, and friendships we made along the way. What is hard to convey, however, is the experience of simply spending time with Dr. Perkins and his staff. We were overwhelmed by the sense of love, welcome, and community we experienced during our time. We were visitors and outsiders to the community, but from the moment we arrived, we felt like we were coming home. Much of this was the result of Dr. Perkins' passion for life, God, and ministry. The Perkins Center is a beloved beacon of hope in the community.

Our trip was one of service and learning about God's desire for justice and reconciliation. We went to contribute whatever we could to the ministry of the Perkins Center, but we found that we were served more than we served, that we received more than we gave, and that God was at work in us as much as God was at work through us.

It is with great joy that the 2013 Jackson Mission Team presents this book of our reflections. Thank you to all who supported us through prayer, encouragement, and financial contributions to make our journey possible.

The 2013 Jackson Mission Team



Michaela

I HEARD GOD'S MESSAGE THROUGH DR. PERKINS' WORDS.

I am not a novice to St Thomas youth trips. This was my fourth and final expedition as a youth participant, and my single most important realization was this was not the last service trip I hope to experience. This expedition cemented in me the desire to feel the community and love of those on a common mission plus share my talents as a lifelong service volunteer. There are so many wonderful opportunities in our society to contribute time and ability, but there is something unique and powerful about going as a group for an extended period of time that leaves those who went changed forever by the experience.

In school, at home, and in church, young people are continually told about all the suffering in the world. However, without witnessing those hardships first hand, it is easy to have the depth and importance minimized behind the everyday trials we each face individually. But, once comprehending the adversity others live with, thankfulness and appreciation floods into your heart. To see the gratitude in the eyes of the elderly or needy as their home is painted or repaired is priceless and to have had a blast while accomplishing these tasks is an indescribable personal gift. To have the time of your life while "doing good" is the most uplifting experience imaginable.



The experiences of this trip impacted me profoundly. For example, the meals shared with Dr. Perkins where he would verbally illustrate his life experiences; of destitution, discrimination, violence, and hatred, yet choosing to love those who treated him so unjustly. Of his passion for reconciliation between the races, and justice for all, and his dedication to breaking the cycle of poverty, which he believes creates an environment of failure. Each day I recall Dr. Perkins' gentleness and the pearls of wisdom he would impart to us and it makes me smile. But Dr. Perkins was not the only one who was inspiring; the children we met at Bible camp with their enthusiasm, Misha the soccer player who found his way from a Russian orphanage to Brown University, journalist Jerry Mitchell who exposed Mississippi's corruption and collusion during the initial trials of Klan members for the murder of civil rights activist Medgar Evers. They all had stories of triumph and dedication and they all were inspiring. Each of them challenged us to find purpose to our lives and to give back to those in need. I intend to follow their examples and not lose the sense of community and love I felt while sharing my gifts with those at the Perkins Center.



Misha sharing about his life and faith

Thank you to St. Thomas and St. Margaret for the privilege of representing you on one of the most amazing experiences of my life. I will treasure the memories and always be mindful of the lessons of love, purpose, justice and reconciliation.

Spencer

I SAW GOD IN THE SMILING FACES OF THE KIDS AT THE PERKINS CENTER.

Our recent mission trip to Jackson was the first mission trip that I have been on. I didn't know what to expect going into it. I had heard lots of things about the South, its culture, and how it is different from what I am used to, however, I still didn't have any true experience there.

When we arrived at the airport in Jackson I quickly realized how much different from Seattle it was. Sea-Tac is a very busy airport, and Jackson's airport was small and relatively calm. Right off the line I experienced being the minority, and I quickly became aware of my skin color. It was a little intimidating at first, but I quickly got used to it. On the way to the Perkins Center, I noticed the most amounts of loan and pawn shops I had ever seen on one street. We counted them and ended up with over 17 in a 4 block span of road.



When we arrived at the Perkins Center we were greeted by an intern and were shown to our house across the street from the center. I felt like I was a part of the community, staying in an actual house instead of a hotel. That night, Dr. Perkins joined us for dinner for the first time. As Brian pointed out, having dinner with Dr. Perkins would feel much like having dinner with Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. if he was still alive. Dr. Perkins was very passionate about what he said, and he sometimes got very emotional. I admit that at first, I had some trouble following some of his conversations. However, after a while what he was saying started making sense and I began connecting to the topics and issues he discussed.



The volunteer house at the Perkins Center.

The following day we were introduced to Theo, one of the employees of the Perkins Center. We were all split up into work groups, and Brian, Ben, and I volunteered to work with the power tools. Theo gave us our task, putting lattice onto the decks of the Perkins Center. Throughout the project, I got to talk to Theo; he truly had some amazing things to say and was a genuinely nice person. He was always offering suggestions and encouragement. He gave us soda and bought us Otter Pops using his own money.

The humidity was very noticeable at first, however once outside and completely sweaty, it didn't bother me anymore. As far as the temperature goes, it got hot. However, Theo said it was actually cooler than usual when we were there, and that we were lucky.

On the 3rd day, we got a tour of Jackson and Mendenhall, MS. Walking down some of the streets, I felt like I was going back in time to the civil rights movement. One time when we parked on an abandoned street in Jackson, we were approached by an African American man who asked us why we were there. Once we told him we were with the Perkins Center, he smiled and told us to have a nice day. This just shows the impact that one place can make on an entire community's wellbeing. During our tour, we also got to see Medgar Evers' home.



An abandoned, historically black street in downtown Jackson.

Mr. Evers was killed during the Civil Rights movement in the driveway of his home which is now an historical site. It truly felt like I went back in time. Later on, we got a visit and discussion from the investigative reporter who helped bring Medgar Evers' killer back to trial about 30 years later.

Our mission trip to Jackson was a most amazing experience for me. Although our lifestyles are very different, the Perkins Center started to feel like family. Their ministry of community development is making positive changes for the people of Jackson, and I'm glad I could do what can to help them with their mission. Although I am a teenager from Seattle, they all welcomed us and treated us like family.

I



Medgar Evers' home in Jackson



Trey

I SAW GOD THROUGH ALL THE PEOPLE WE MET ALONG THE JOURNEY.

My time in Jackson far exceeded my expectations. I was amazed at how quickly and easily I made friends, and the excellent sense of community and support I felt from my leaders and peers. It was remarkable that I could feel so comfortable and make such sincere connections with people that for the most part I hadn't really known before the trip, and I think that really says a lot about the group of students on the mission as well as the culture and environment of inclusion and acceptance created by the leaders. I think it is very difficult to create such a cohesive community in such a short amount of time and, aside from the awesome food (Kountry Kitchen), was probably the aspect of the trip which I enjoyed the most.

I think the most important thing I learned during our journey was about compassion. I learned how essential compassion is to reconciliation. When Dr. Perkins asked what I liked most about myself, I said it was my compassion, and my ability to try and see situations from others' perspectives without passing judgment. For a long time I have recognized this quality in myself, but at times lacked confidence because of it. Often I would get stuck in the cliché of "nice guys finish last." It wasn't that I felt lesser because of my compassion; in fact it is one my core values/beliefs. Rather, I just felt that this quality was underappreciated and often looked over. Dr. Perkins' life, his transformation and all that he has accomplished, as well as what we learned about the civil rights movement and the dozens of brave men and women who chose to support it, has shown me the great power that compassion can have. From this I have gained a great level of confidence from understanding that compassionate actions can be substantial and meaningful to individuals and communities. To me, compassion is synonymous with acceptance and comprehension. Compassion is essential



to reconciliation, because in order to have proper and effective reconciliation, there must be a mutual understanding and acceptance between two groups. For example, if a few wealthy white families move to a neighborhood that is predominately composed of lower income people of color, it doesn't necessarily improve the livelihood of those lower class citizens. Sure, the wealthy families will bring more money into the community, however, their presence will likely raise the cost of living and drive the lower class people out of the neighborhood, only to be replaced by more middle or upper class families,

The group outside of Kountry Kitchen in Mendenhall, MS.

and therefore not solving the problem.

A more effective manner of development and reconciliation is to learn about the community and find the most effective means appropriate for economic stimulation in the community. Common methods are by supporting local business and providing jobs so that the money stays local, and by improving education to break the cycle of poverty and give youth the tools they need to be successful in life.

We were lucky to have many people willingly and happily take time out of their own busy lives to pass along to us part of their own experience. It was truly a blessing to have so many people that believed in what we were doing, and who were willing to do whatever they could to help us be successful in our journey of reconciliation.



Halle

I SAW GOD IN THE PERKINS CENTER INTERNS AND HOW MUCH THEY CARED ABOUT THEIR WORK.

I have so many memories and remembrances from my trip to Jackson Mississippi, but the most important ones were made at the Perkins Center. At the Perkins Center we built friendships and helped the community. For two days the group and I were in charge of painting one of their rental houses. On the first day we painted the entire house except for the very top and the awning. However, there was one problem. Theo, our leader, came over and told us that we used the wrong color. We used a primer instead of actual paint. Theo went back to the store and bought white paint, and we started all over again! We



started this new paint job around 3:00 and worked until 4:30 we were only a quarter of the way done. The next day we started again and all worked really hard, almost finishing the whole house. This was the really hot day, 90 degrees and high humidity; this makes it ten times worse. But like I said everyone worked really hard and we finished everything except the awning and the front porch. On the last day a few youth and one of the leaders stayed to finish the house. The rest of us went to the main house at the Perkins Center, which is right across the street, and we were able to help clean up the working area and do a few other things. The experience of working and helping others really brought me closer to God. It helped me to understand that if you really believe in something, put hard work into it and have faith in God, anything can be accomplished.

In addition, to all the hard work we also had the opportunity to meet and spend time with John Perkins, the founder of the Perkins Center. This was a really exciting experience. He is full of stories, happy and sad. He is an amazing man and was so thrilled that we were able to come and help out and learn more about racial injustice. One of the major things I learned while I was there was how much racism still exists in the United States, especially in the South. We also met some children that are at the Perkins Center on a daily basis. They shared with us that they have to constantly tell themselves they are equal, that they are worthy, and that they are just as important as everyone else. This is just not something we see here where we live and it opened my eyes to the bigger picture of racism and will help me be more aware.



The summer camp for children at the Perkins Center.



Mississippi Braves baseball game with the Perkins Center interns.

One of my favorite parts of the trip was getting to know the other youth. Last year I went on the mission trip with a majority of the people so I knew most of them pretty well. But there were also a few new people that I got to know really well. For me, making those friendships was a priceless thing. It was very important to me.

We stayed in Jackson from Sunday to Saturday and then left to go to New Orleans! This was the fun part of our trip. We were able to walk around that night and see the different shops and restaurants in the French Quarter. Then Sunday

we went to church at an amazing church called Trinity Episcopal Church. Trinity let us stay at their mission house when we were in New Orleans. The church was amazing and beautiful. We also went on a tour that day to learn about Hurricane Katrina and the damage that it did to the city. On our last day, Monday, we went to the French Market before we went to the airport. The French Market is amazing; they have so many different foods and places to see.

Overall I loved going on this trip and I am very happy that I went and learned more about God, helping the community, building friendships, racial injustice, and, most importantly, about how I can make a difference.



The Trinity Episcopal Church sanctuary.

Andy

I SAW GOD THROUGH THE DETERMINATION AND CONVICTION OF THE PERKINS CENTER TO SHARE THE LOVE OF GOD WITH OTHERS.

Our trip to Jackson was a very eye opening experience for me. For the first time I encountered a situation where I was the minority. In the neighborhood of West Jackson, apart from our group the only other Caucasian people that we saw were also working with the Perkins center. It was kind of a strange feeling. It wasn't that anyone didn't like us, but I felt a little bit out of place. When strangers looked at you, you could tell that they were wondering, *what are they doing here?* I think it gave me a tiny taste of what it feels like to be a minority.

On the trip we talked a lot about justice. We talked about what it means, and how it can be accomplished. Our ideas centered on how no one should be held back by what race or gender they are, or how much money they have. While in Jackson we got to meet some of the school children and their enthusiasm for fun and learning was just as great if not greater than most of the children their age back home. It doesn't seem just that simply because of the situation they were born into that their education won't be as good as me and my classmates. The children had a chant that they said each morning following these lines called the Haram-bee Creed, basically stating that they wouldn't be molded by the situation that they had been born into. I also learned a lot about the injustice of the civil rights era, specifically

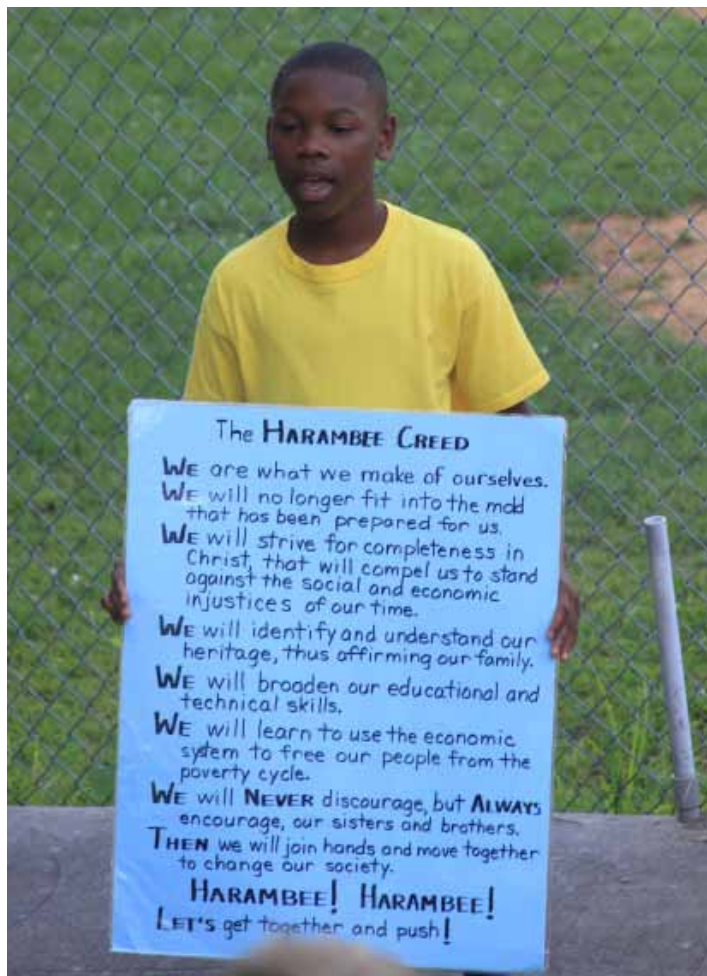
centered on two main figures, Dr. Perkins and Medgar Evers. The injustice Dr. Perkins experienced centered on his time in prison. A group of civil rights activists were taken into custody for carrying an illegal weapon in the trunk of their car. That weapon was a brick. When Dr. Perkins went to the jail to get them out, he was taken into custody without charges and beaten. He later took his jailers to court for wrongful arrest and custodial abuse, but they were deemed innocent. Hearing his story first hand made the injustices done during that time seems incredible. How could an entire culture be based upon such injustice? We also learned a lot about Medgar Evers. We met with reporter Jerry Mitchell who, in the mid-90s revealed that the state of Mississippi had been offering Evers' killer, Byron De La Beckwith, legal assistance, and caused the case to



The courthouse in Mendenhall where Dr. Perkins' case was heard

be opened for a third time in the mid-90s when justice was finally done and he was given a life sentence in jail. I learned much about the many vicious cycles of poverty. We learned about two main ones of these. The first being gentrification – when wealthier residents move into a lower-income neighborhood. This is kind of a double sided blade. While it does make the neighborhood nicer, and potentially provides jobs, the poor are forced to move away because of increased housing prices and cost of living. While this isn't a huge problem in Jackson, it is increasingly becoming a problem in Seattle where the poor are forced to move further and further south. Another issue faced by poor neighborhoods is the fact that there are fewer jobs available because there are less opportunities for businesses because the poor can't afford the goods or services the stores would be selling. This is especially a problem with food. Since fewer grocery stores open in poor neighborhoods, and many poor people don't have cars, they don't have as much access to nutritious food and may end up eating cheap fast food from the gas station for every meal. This problem contributes to the problem of obesity and malnutrition. I learned that although we all live in the same country, the South and the Northwest are worlds apart.

In the South, although things have gotten much better since the 60s, there are still many symbols of racism. One lingering symbol of oppression is that the Confederate flag is contained within the Mississippi state flag. These symbols are reminders to the people about the horrible past, and also reminders that racism is still a very real issue that they have to worry about. I also learned a little bit about what it's like to live in poverty. Most of the people who were living in the Perkins Center housing were single mothers. They have to find a way to provide food and housing for their children in a neighborhood nearly devoid of jobs and adequate housing.



Each morning at chapel, the children say "The Harambee Creed." Harambee is a Swahili word that literally means, "get together and push."



The Mississippi state flag and capitol dome.

Kyra

I SAW GOD IN THE LOVE THAT WE GAVE TO, AND THAT WE RECEIVED FROM, THE PEOPLE WE MET.

The South is so different from anywhere else I've been. Not only did I experience a torrential downpour and such high humidity that I thought I would melt, but I also ate chicken liver (on accident).

The people there are also different. After going to the Kountry Kitchen for lunch one day, the staff gave us hugs on the way out the door. Here in the Bellevue/Settle area, we like our personal space. We like it so much that we rarely, if ever, touch strangers willingly. This woman got around that and showed us her love through her hugs and her delicious cooking. The people in the South are loving, but they are also resilient. We went on a Katrina tour in New Orleans, and although it was heartbreaking to see all of the empty lots and boarded up houses in the Lower Ninth Ward (where the storm surge hit like a tidal wave), it was also amazing to see that the city's energy was still as vibrant as ever.

I also was inspired. One morning in Jackson, Jerry Mitchell came to talk to our group. He was an investigative reporter who is responsible for sending over a dozen former KKK members to court to face justice for their crimes, including Byron De La Beckwith, the man who assassinated Medgar Evers. He told us all about the different trials he reported on, and how he would buy lunch for these dangerous men, seemingly quite often, just so that he could pull more information from them. I've always loved writing, and I have considered going into journalism. Seeing how Mr. Mitchell was able to combine his passion (it is very easy to tell that he loves his job) with something that helps to rid his community of hate really inspired me. I want to be able to do that.



Reporter Jerry Mitchell sharing with our group.

So yes, the South is different. It has bigger bugs, it has longer vowels, and it may seem a little backward. But as the Perkins center helps to bring around racial reconciliation in Jackson, I encourage you to think about how you can do the same around the Seattle area. Although Mississippi and Washington may seem like they have nothing in common, take a look around. Hate and fear are everywhere, and it is up to you and I to replace them with peace and love.

Ben

I SAW GOD IN THE PEOPLE WE GOT TO WORK WITH, GOT TO KNOW, AND GOT TO MEET OVER THE COURSE OF THE TRIP.



On the trip while we were in Jackson, over the course of the week, I worked hard on both painting a house and helping to put latticework on a porch. Working all day in the hot weather wasn't too bad. Sure we got really sweaty, but it was worth it. Not only did we work, but we had daily meetings with Dr. John M. Perkins, the man who wrote *Let Justice Roll Down*, which we had to read prior to the trip. He was great to be able to hear from, and learn from about reconciliation. Also, I learned that one should not just give back to the community, but that while they are able, learn

about it and try to integrate into it. While we were in Jackson, we learned that reconciliation is a two way street, you can't reconcile one side without having that side also reconcile you. I'm not really sure how to elaborate on that though. Working together as a group though was quite fun. We got to know each other all pretty well, and in our free time we all got along, played several games, and overall just had a good time. That and the food that was prepared for us, was AMAZING. I would have eaten more, if not for my stomach. Also, during our time in Jackson, we got a tour of Jackson, and a tour of Mendenhall, which taught us a bit about the culture of the area. We also got to see *Ghosts of Mississippi*, which was a film about the trial for the murder of civil rights activist Medgar Evers, which was actually quite good. The next day we got to talk to Jerry Mitchell, a reporter who followed the story of the trial. After working in Jackson for about a week, I was extremely tired, and we headed for New Orleans to just relax and rest a bit after our hard work. While



we were in New Orleans, we got to go to Bourbon Street, which is quite the... interesting place. I have to say, the place we stayed in during our time in New Orleans was nice. So was the house we stayed in in Jackson. On the last day, before we left for home, we got to explore the French quarter and do some shopping, which was actually quite fun. There is a good variety of shops all within a few blocks. After all the hard work, it was nice to just relax for a couple of days. I'm really glad I got to go on this trip, not only to experience something new, but to also come home with some great memories and maybe a story or two. Overall, it was a great time.

An art piece Ben and a group made to hang in Trinity's mission house.

Will

I SAW GOD THROUGH THE STORYTELLING WE HEARD AND WERE A PART OF.

I believe that the trip was, as Dr. Perkins hoped, a stopping point in a lifelong journey. One of the things he emphasized when he spoke with us was finding a meaningful purpose in life. Thanks to these experiences, I am positive that mine will involve helping others in some way. Overall, I feel I have developed more of a sense of maturity with community service. Our projects helped the Perkins Center further its commitment to community development. The Perkins Center is quite an extraordinary place. I am happy and grateful that the people at the center welcome and enjoy groups like ours. Since the trip, I have seen

the importance of one's own personal qualities. Similarly, learning from others' qualities is enlightening. Dr. Perkins shared a number of valuable lessons such as these to us. Some of my favorite parts of the trip were the discussions we had daily. People at the Perkins Center and visitors had extremely interesting stories. I cannot know the full extent of how others benefitted from discussions, but I am sure everyone was enlightened in some way by the end. Throughout the week, many of the conversations had to do with the process of reconciliation. It is a multifaceted concept which I saw in progress in Jackson. It is something

that is needed all over the world. To be growing up with an awareness the importance of reconciliation and its need is truly valuable. I will value it the rest of my life, because it has infinite possibilities. Peace is a wonderful thing to live with. Reconciliation works to bring peace and much more. This trip to Jackson, Mississippi will not be one I forget about as time passes. It has provided a useful spiritual background of working in service for others.



A morning conversation with Dr. Perkins.

Daphne

I SAW GOD AT WORK IN THE COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT OF THE PERKINS CENTER.



When people ask me about our experience in Jackson and New Orleans I talk about the palpable love we felt at the Perkins Center. Dr. Perkins truly is a man of the Gospel and he has created an intentional community to reflect the love of God. In our interactions with the staff and guests at the Perkins Center I experienced joy, love, and acceptance on deeper levels than I've ever felt before. I truly saw God at work in the community there.

Our project for the week was to paint the house next to the guest house. The resident had lived there with her husband for many years and she thought they owned the house. When her husband died, the man he worked for came to the door and told her she'd have to leave as he was the one who owned the house. Dr. Perkins happened to be walking by at the time and offered to buy the house so she wouldn't have to leave her home. How many people do we know who would do that kind of thing for someone they didn't know?

We spoke a lot about Civil Rights as this year is the 50th anniversary of Medgar Evers' murder. We had the opportunity to take a tour of Jackson and Mendenhall to see where Mr.

Evers was murdered, where the Freedom Riders were turned back, and where Dr. Perkins organized a boycott to help him get released from jail (he'd been detained with no charges). Standing on the driveway where Mr. Evers was murdered, walking on the pavement of Mendenhall where the boycott was held, made history come alive. It was almost as if I could feel the conviction to social justice of those who came before us.

Our experience has got me thinking, Jesus gave us two commandments, to love God with everything we've got and to love our neighbors as ourselves. I do a lot to love God, but what more can I, and we as a community, do to love our neighbors?



The group at "Freedom Corner," the intersection of Medgar Evers Blvd. and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Drive in Jackson.

Brian

I SAW GOD IN THE STORIES OF HOPE WE HEARD FROM THOSE WE MET.

The time our St. Thomas team spent in Jackson was an incredible gift. Yes, we went to work and serve – hopefully in a way that left a lasting impact on the West Jackson community – but even more than this we went to learn and experience the transforming power of the gospel. The work we accomplished, painting the house of an elderly woman and installing lattice under the deck surrounding the Perkins Center to beautify the property and protect the plumbing under the house from cold winter winds, was only a small part of our experience. My hope, along with my colleague from St. Margaret's, was that our youth would experience Christ in profound ways, reflect on their own life experience, begin to see the world through the eyes of others, and come home with a passion to live out their faith in terms of justice, community, and reconciliation. This happened, not through our work projects, but through the encounters we had with the people of the Perkins Center and West Jackson.

The day we arrived, Dr. John Perkins came over to visit with our group and told us something remarkable. At 83, as he reflects on how he will spend his last days, he shared with us that he wants to end where he began: by loving and pouring his life into youth. Even though he has a very busy life (including writing three books), he told us that we were his most important thing while we were in Jackson. He lived out this statement by joining us for almost every meal, listening to our youth share about themselves, and sharing his life journey with us. Dr. Perkins' experience of racial injustice, fleeing the South to escape the harsh reality of life as a black man, and returning with a passion to see the gospel transform his community is truly inspiring. He experienced many horrific things as a leader during the Civil Rights Movement, but has never stopped loving everyone – even those who caused him and others harm. Dr. Perkins' life witnesses to the reconciling power of the gospel as his love for Christ and his neighbors brings a once divided community together. His passion for life, love, and seeing his whole community flourish was enormously contagious and inspired our whole team to live with the same passion and conviction for justice, community, and reconciliation. We thought long and hard about our own communities and the people or groups of people whose voices are missing. We recognized that our faith, our lives, and our communities are not complete unless everyone has a voice and we are able to learn from one another's experiences.

Dr. Perkins was not the only inspiring person we met. You have read in other reflections about Jerry Mitchell, the investigative reporter whose journalism has recently helped convict several perpetrators of racial crimes dating back to the 1960's. We heard about the many ways St. Andrew's Episcopal Cathedral is working towards justice and racial reconciliation in Jackson from the Rev. Carol Spencer, Deacon for Outreach. We met Misha,



From foreground to back: Dr. Perkins, Willie (South Africa), Esau (South Africa), and Rashid (Pakistan).

a former orphan and street criminal from Russia whose life has been transformed by Christ and is studying at Brown University on a soccer scholarship. We also welcomed three missionaries who were visiting Dr. Perkins, two from South Africa and one from Pakistan. We heard their stories of persecution, racial inequality under apartheid, and heard about their love for God and their neighbors. In the testimonies and stories of everyone we met, we heard passion, hope, and a conviction that God is at work transforming a broken and divided world into one of justice, rich community, and reconciliation between all that have been divided. It is our hope that we can live with the same passion and conviction in our churches and in our communities.

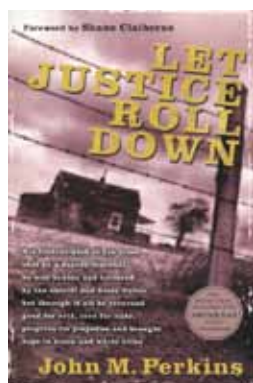
For More Information about Dr. Perkins

The Spencer Perkins Center: www.spencerperkinscenter.org

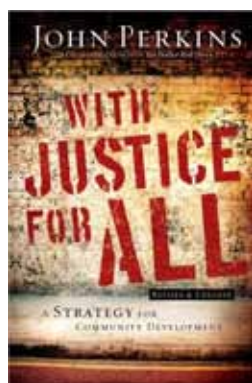
Seattle Pacific University's Perkins Center: www.spu.edu/depts/perkins/john-perkins/index.asp

Documentary Trailer about Dr. Perkins: www.spu.edu/depts/perkins/trailer/index.asp

Further Reading



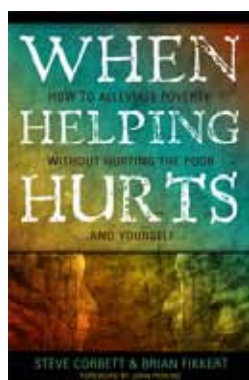
Let Justice Roll Down
Dr. John Perkins



With Justice for All
Dr. John Perkins



Beyond Charity
Dr. John Perkins



When Helping Hurts
Brian Fikkert &
Steve Corbett



Being White
Paula Harris &
Doug Schaupp



