

WOMEN IN TRANSITION

Writings from WomanCraft



WOMEN IN TRANSITION

Writings from WomanCraft





WomanCraft, a social enterprise of Heartland Human Care Services located in Chicago's North Lawndale neighborhood, provides artisan positions and transitional jobs to women facing barriers to employment so that they may earn income, improve job skills, build work history and improve their economic self-sufficiency.

WomanCraft uses recycled office paper and reclaimed flowers to create unique, sustainable items including wildflower seed notecards, wedding and corporate event invitations, memory books, frames and other gift items. WomanCraft is a winner of Mayor Daley's GreenWorks award for environmentally-responsible products.

WomanCraft
773-521-3414
www.womancraft.net

A Few Words from WomanCraft and Literacy Works

The work of each of these authors inspires me. I congratulate all of you on your achievements. I am grateful to Literacy Works for their excellence in fostering self-expression and in presenting the voices of "Women in Transition." Special thanks to Andrew Collings for the wonderful photographs.

Nancy Phillips
Director
WomanCraft

At WomanCraft, every day involves skillfully creating positive change. From recycled paper and would-be discarded floral elements, new items are crafted by hand with focus, intention, and care by women who are creating new beginnings. During any given day, we tell stories that fill us with smiles and laughter. Thank you to Literacy Works for providing us the opportunity to write some of these stories down, to give voice to stories untold, and for adding even more creativity to our workplace. I am grateful to all the amazing women who gathered around the table each week to share and support one another during the process. Thank you for your contributions in making this project a heartwarming success!

Tina Beine
Associate Director
WomanCraft

It has been such a pleasure working alongside the women at WomanCraft throughout our Writers' Circle. I am truly impressed by their creativity and hard work, as well as the support they gave each other throughout the writing process. I really enjoyed spending time at WomanCraft each week and seeing the beautiful creations being made by such a talented group of women!

Special thanks to the staff at WomanCraft, especially Nancy Phillips and Tina Beine. Very special thanks go to Andrew Collings and Brent Knepper for the beautiful photography and Charlene Epple for the wonderful book design.

Alison Szopinski
Program Director
Literacy Works

Writings from WomanCraft
Writers' Circle, Spring 2009

Carmen Jackson
Donna Calvin
Doris Dawson
Genett Wells
Irene Cabello
Janice Curry
Kaitlyn Lucus
Latrina Slue
Stacey Freeh
Sherida Galloway
Susan Hall
Tawanna Anderson
Syd Cook
Terry Mathews

 CARMEN JACKSON

My First Day at WomanCraft

My first day at WomanCraft was very exciting! I came in and everyone spoke to me and was very helpful. I saw garbage turn into the most elegant paper I have ever seen. I couldn't wait until I got to use wood, net, water, stems, leaves and cloth to produce something that would be presented at a ceremony for guests to admire.



Raising Malachi, My Messenger

Iniko Malachi Mahdi, my son's name, holds a lot of meaning. Iniko is Nigerian and means "born during troubled times" Malachi is from the Bible and means "messenger" and Mahdi is from Islam and means "one who follows the righteous path to Allah."

I had my son Iniko at the University of Chicago Hospital—a very good hospital that thankfully did not have strict rules about what I wanted to do. I kept my placenta (afterbirth). The hospital asked me if I was sure, and they wondered what I was going to do with it. I told them I was going to bury it. The idea came from a family member, Uncle DeRon. What I did was mix the sack of nutrients, vitamins, etc.—everything that kept Iniko healthy and strong (along with our mother and child bond which held us together)—with dirt. I kept it for three years. The first year I kept it in a freezer. The 2nd year I mixed it with dirt and stored it outside. During the following year I checked on it and it was the richest soil I had ever seen!

continued on next page

On March 5th, Iniko's third birthday, I mixed the soil with a little more dirt and gave my son a plant party. This was a family party and this was the community I wanted to share with my son. Everyone who came went home with a part of Iniko to see what beautiful things can be produced by planting the seed. They were wowed after I explained the process. Everyone, even the earth, is able to help Iniko Malachi grow.

There may be troubled times, but you will come across information through a messenger to know the righteous path.

"Change has a considerable psychological impact of the human mind – to the fearful it is threatening because it means things may get worse; to the hopeful, it is encouraging because things may get better; to the confident it is inspiring because the challenge exists to make things better." – King Whitney, Jr.

DONNA CALVIN

A Place of Refuge

When I first came to WomanCraft I didn't know that it would become a place of refuge. I feel safe here at WomanCraft. Another place of refuge for me is when I go over to my lady friend's house—just me and her. I am there every weekend.

I was never scared of anything but myself, and being at WomanCraft and my friend's house keeps me safe from doing old things. Here at WomanCraft I know I can't get into anything naïve, and at my friend's house we watch DVDs and that keeps me busy. At home is ok, but I have to be careful who I talk to or hang with. I try to keep to myself,



but it is not easy—me being a people person. For me a place of refuge is here at WomanCraft and at my friend's house, and I really feel very fortunate.

Having a Family at the Workplace

I think it is a good idea to feel like you have a family at the workplace because people need people. I know this is true because when I was going through my madness, my boss, Nancy, and supervisor, Angela, and my other co-workers were there for me. I will never forget this. I got through it and I am a better person from it. It is a good thing to have family at the workplace. Sometimes people at work treat you better than family and the support they gave me was a blessing.

I Remember When...

I remember when I moved into Marah's Place through Deborah's Place. Everything was going fine. The staff was so friendly to me. They helped me with my personal stuff as well as money matters such as fare cards for job searches. Deborah's Place has been so good to me. In case you don't know, Deborah's Place is a shelter for women trying to end homelessness. To anyone who is homeless, I would tell them about Deborah's Place and encourage them to try to get in it because they help you with a lot of things—from housing to looking for work. That's how I found WomanCraft. God is good.

"We are creating at this moment what our tomorrow will be." – Hopi Prophecy





 **DORIS DAWSON**

Rat Jacked

One very, very cold Chicago winter day my cousin Nicole walked into our apartment hallway with a hot steaming cheeseburger she just bought from the restaurant. We lived in a two-flat apartment building, where no one would close the back entrance door to come into the building. In our apartment, we had three bedrooms and two bathrooms, the little bathroom and the big bathroom. My sister Janice was in the big bathroom across from the middle bedroom standing in front of the mirror combing her hair. I was asleep in the middle bedroom when I was jarred awake by Nicole's chilling screams.

I jumped up and ran to the back door where I heard Nicole's screams. Janice ran to the back door and opened it and pulled Nicole into the kitchen. Nicole fell to the floor rolling around trying to get her coat off, screaming, "They were all over me!"

A crowd of people from the outside began piling into the house to see where the screaming was coming from. Our friend, Scorpio, jumped out of bed in the front bedroom and grabbed his gun and ran into the kitchen. Nicole kept screaming, "They were all over me!" while trying to get her coat off. Scorpio and Janice got Nicole's coat off and they carried her to the big bathroom with a crowd of onlookers trying to see what was going on. Scorpio began putting cold water on Nicole's face to calm her down. Nicole calmed down and Scorpio asked her what happened. He asked, "Who was all over you?" Nicole said, "Rats!" The crowd of onlookers all at once said, "Ahhhh!" We thought she got raped or robbed, and they all walked out of the house. Scorpio helped Nicole into the kitchen. She was still shaken up. She told us that when she walked into the hallway two rats jumped her. One big-a** rat and a medium-sized rat.



(I want to give the rats names so I don't have to keep saying big rat and medium rat. I'll call the big rat Cadillac and the medium rat Joe Red after two low-life pimps I knew. The names seemed fitting for these rats!)

Nicole said that when she walked into the hallway Cadillac jumped off the wall and on her face. Nicole had a big bun hairdo so when Cadillac jumped on her face his nails got caught in her bun hairdo. His big body was covering her face and she could feel his tail inside her coat moving back and forth. Nicole said she tried to get Cadillac off her face when Joe Red jumped on her arm. She began swinging her arms wildly, hitting Cadillac and Joe Red with the cheeseburger bag. Cadillac then used his back rat feet and pushed off her forehead. Cadillac got loose, jumped to the floor and got little. Joe Red jumped to the floor and ran out the door behind Cadillac. Scorpio then yelled out, "You got rat jacked!"

{R.I.P Nicole}

"No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted." – Aesop

Spring Season

Spring is the month of flowers growing, trees being replenished and rain showering the earth. I love watching all the seasons come in, and how the earth changes her face and body inside out. God is awesome.



A Lesson I've Learned

The lesson I learned is how to live life without hurting myself, using other things, or going to places that are not good for me. It's important to forgive people for my own sake. It is a healing, like a need. I was taught this lesson through life, sin, pain, and Jesus, through the saints and through sharing with people. It is important because it's healthy and good for a long life. It is a learning tool to use to live better as a person. I am more aware of myself and happier. Even though I don't have a lot of things I desire, and I do not have my children, I still don't use myself or people the wrong way. I am looking for help through the Lord Jesus, not people. I go to church and they have been teaching me to love at all times. I fall short sometimes, but I am learning to put all my trust in the Lord.

"A warm heart is more important than anything, isn't that so?" – 14th Dalai Lama

My Daughter, My Mother, and Me

My daughter Gabriella has lived in Mexico since the age of 10 so we haven't shared many birthdays, hers or mine. It's hard to say "Happy Birthday" and "I love you" from far away. It's hard to not fold her in my arms and just hold her. It's hard to not be able to kiss her cheek. But you do what you can to make it through those beautiful hard times—like the time when she was here on vacation and she and I went to dinner and took my mother, her nana, with us.



We ordered dinner and margaritas. None for my daughter—she was still underage, only seventeen. She had never had a margarita so I let her have a little taste. She liked it. My mother told me not to give her any more since she was not used to drinking. We enjoyed dinner and another round of margaritas. Well, my mother wasn't used to drinking either, and before I knew what was happening, my mother turned to my daughter with a little twinkle in her eye and asked her if she would like another taste.

Not Your Ordinary Hero

Most people are lucky if they have a hero in their life—someone they can look up to and admire not for who they are, but how they are. How

continued on next page

they live their life in a way that sets a good example as you're growing up: by taking you to church on Sundays, by working hard to put food on the table, by showing respect to those around them. More than anything, showing their strengths in good times and bad. This was my father, my hero. Always was and always will be.

I've come to realize that you can have more than one hero. There can be another one who has the strength that you need through the hard times. Another one who has tender hands that can wipe away the tears. Another one who can make you smile just by being silly. I'm thankful every day that I have another hero. My hero, my son.

When the Circus Came to Town

"Daddy, daddy, take me to the circus." I remember this as if it were yesterday, how I would plead to be taken to the circus. It was always at night, after dusk, when the sky was almost black and you could see the stars starting to twinkle and shine. Oh how they twinkled and shined to a very little girl!

My father wasn't a very big man, not more than five foot five, but his warm hand seemed so big as it wrapped around mine. We would walk to the corner of our block, turn the corner to our left and begin walking towards the circus. After walking for a while I was still excited, but getting a little tired of walking. I was just a little girl after all. My father would ask if I wanted to go home. I would firmly say "no" but would ask if he would carry me.

I could see the circus lights getting closer and closer as I got sleepier and sleepier. I don't remember ever getting to the circus, only my father's warm kiss on my cheek as he tucked me in for the night. This ritual went on for several nights that summer. Always ending with my feeling a warmth and security I've never known again.

"The greatest strength is gentleness." – Iroquois Proverb

JANICE CURRY

Being Strong and Independent

My life today is very stressful. I'm using useful ways to de-stress my life. I'm trying to be more patient and caring. I'm listening more to people and getting their opinions and advice. I'm thinking more before I speak to people. I don't like asking for help. I know if I need it I only have to ask. I'm listening to my inner voice to guide me in the right direction, doing what's morally right and making good decisions. Knowing my strengths and weaknesses is a good thing for me.

My Spring Season Lesson

During this time, my life was chaotic and I wasn't able to blend in. I love my family timelessly, but I really couldn't relate to them when I needed to. I then started helping my grandparents on their farm. I was given a task to do and I did it with so much care because they believed in me. Whatever my grandmother told my mom made a difference in my life. I discussed my issues with my parents painstakingly. They came to the decision to send me to a private high school and college. Being there gave me so much confidence, knowledge, and belief in myself. I am who I am because of my teachers' patience, greatness, and believing in me. I adore them so much. I'm so thankful to them; their confidence in me molded and forever shaped the person I am today.

A Lesson I've Learned

I know when to ask for help. You may need to pause, take a good day's breath and really think honestly about where you are in this life. Being out of control and angry with people (family) and life itself is time consuming and stressful.

"People grow through experience if they meet life honestly and courageously. This is how character is built." – Eleanor Roosevelt



KAITLYN LUCUS

Within These Walls

The relationships I've created at WomanCraft have become some of the most influential relationships of my year. Becoming involved in the lives of the ladies here has begun to shape my whole experience at WomanCraft. I've seen more community within the four walls of this building than I ever thought I would. Sitting around the tables laughing, telling stories, and singing songs has brought me so much joy and a sense of belonging. I'm so thankful I've gotten to be a part of this beautiful family, with more mothers and sisters than I could ask for.



Springtime

Spring, like falling in love for the first time, brings excitement and joy to the warmth of the clear air. Sunshine bounces off the trees making a new glow that pushes all the gloom of winter out of your mind and awakens the soul to breathe again. This is the time that the world comes alive and hope bursts through the earth like lilacs in May. The rains bring a flood of peace and rebirth and people finally come out of their homes to smile at their neighbors.

Made with Love: Food, Fun, and Fellowship

Every Saturday night our apartment is full of delicious smells that pour out into the street. Every Saturday night all the lights in our home are on and every room is filled with warmth and conversation. It's community dinner night and at least four of our neighbors are over to share in food and fellowship. These are the nights I love, when those I share my life with all gather to tell of our adventures during that week and to really just enjoy being in a welcoming place. The food we cook on those nights is never much but the conversations last for hours and touch our hearts forever. It doesn't matter what has happened that day, that week or even in our whole lives. We know that every Saturday night we will be covered with a peace that only comes with communion with those we love.

"Everything you do right now ripples outward and affects everyone. Your posture can shine your heart or transmit anxiety. Your breath can radiate love or muddy the room in depression. Your glance can awaken joy. Your words can inspire freedom. Your every act can open hearts and minds." – David Deida



 LATRINA SLUE

My First Day at WomanCraft

My first day at WomanCraft was kind of interesting. I was happy and intrigued to find out that women could create such crafts on their own just by recycling paper. I really enjoyed learning the growing

process of what happens when making paper and the overall end effects of making paper. This was such a great experience. The most interesting part of this experience was crawling around the office floor on my knees like a kid in a candy store. There were invitations everywhere and articles about WomanCraft on the wall. There is a mural on the back wall that was made by the women here at WomanCraft. I also learned that they make jewelry from time to time so this was kind of nice. One of the supervisors caught me crawling around the floor at the last minute and asked what I was doing. Because of the crowding of invitations and flyers I stayed on the floor looking at everything WomanCraft made.

Making Something Out of Nothing

Poor people have really learned to make something out of nothing. Being as we are a minority and of color, we weren't given a lot. We didn't have a lot and couldn't afford things. I know of lots of people that took old furniture and refurbished it to put in their homes. They didn't have money to buy a coffee table or the rails to go on the bottom of the bed. They collected old boards and wood and put it together with a couple crates and put a tablecloth on it and that's a kitchen table. Eight crates will make the feet of the bed. Thanks be to God.

"Light tomorrow with today." – Elizabeth Barrett Browning

 SHERIDA GALLOWAY

Spring

What spring means to me is the warming of the weather. The weather is getting warm. I can enjoy being outside again. Just being outside feeling the warmth on my skin is an amazing feeling that I have waited for all winter long and now it's here. Barbeques in the backyard, hanging out with friends and family, going to the zoo with my baby—watching her face light up when she sees the animals is amazing. She's only two. Everything is just great to her. It makes me feel grateful for every day that I have with her because tomorrow is not promised to you so enjoy every moment of your life. Life is a gift from God.

My Daughters: Markida and Darionna

Markida will be two on April 28th and Darionna will be four on June 9th. Everything is amazing to them right now. They are so curious about everything. Markida's favorite words right now are "What happened?" Darionna loves to call out "Mommy" all day long. What ever happens to Markida, whether she's watching cartoons or looking out the window, she asks, "What happened?" Darionna loves to be the big sister. She is always trying to help Markida do things.

These little girls are the love of my life. Markida and Darionna give me so much inspiration. They inspire me to be a better me. To be stronger and work harder so they can have the best life that I can give. So they can grow up secure with themselves as strong and independent women.

"It is not the strongest species that survives, nor the most intelligent, but the one most responsive to change." – Charles Darwin



STACEY FREEH

My Beautiful Community

Part of my year at WomanCraft and with my year of service program, Amate House, is creating community with others. I create community with my 11 housemates as well as my many coworkers here at WomanCraft. To me, community is a support system, a place for people to relate and learn from one another. It is looking past differences to find the common ground. It could be bringing a Red Eye to your coworkers in the morning because you know they love to read it, laughing together over lunch, sharing a story or even a “Hope you have a good night” at the end of the day. All these little things help me remember why I love coming to WomanCraft—because of our beautiful community. We are like a patchwork quilt; all the pieces are different, but put together we join into an interconnected network, keeping each other’s hearts warm.



The Human Flower

My favorite thing about spring is the flowers. Spring allows you to believe that all people are different and beautiful in their own way—just look at the flowers! Each wildflower is different, and if they were all the same, nature would not be as beautiful. The same goes for people; if we all looked the same, we as people would not be as beautiful. We must all shine and blossom and embrace how beautiful we are!

Hands of Change

I remember when I was growing up my parents always told me, “When you grow up you can be whatever you want to be.” That is why, when I was four years old, I proudly stomped into my family’s living room and proclaimed, “I’m going to be a cat when I grow up!” I soon sadly learned that would never be possible. I also came to learn sometimes it can be really hard to become truly who you want to be. There are a lot of obstacles to overcome, but you must always believe in yourself. When I was young, I had the belief that I could grow up and change the world. Now, being older, I have learned that the world cannot be changed by one person alone, but must be changed by the hands of many working together. Now when I “grow up,” I strive simply to be one of those hands.

“Happiness...not in another place, but this place...not for another hour, but this hour.” – Walt Whitman

A Place of Refuge

A quiet place in life's troubles and fears

Loneliness when there is no one there
to turn to, no one that cares

Tears so beyond one's eyes
that they don't let you be

A tiny place on the floor, the blackness of night, the light of day

The worn out faces, worn out by abandon
and pain...alone to face the next plateau

A place I knew long ago,
quiet, peaceful that I crawl
into—sit, kneel, tears at my
master's feet

Just me and him who cares,
cares for me, and feel safe
from the cruelty of hell

Talk with him, quiet, peaceful.



She!

She! Gives!

Times good and bad, calm and peaceful quiet

She makes sounds sometimes

She waves, laughs, she is beautiful and rich in excesses

Magnificent, radiant jewels

Her fins are the catch

Species widely broader, long and lengthen so far you cannot measure

That aroma, warm and full that fills your middle

Plentiful, sometimes she isn't

She has been around that way

She's different. She makes a day

She has a way of sending you empty hope of seeing her again and again

She watches you come back hoping that today she warmed some

She waits yearly for her travelers

She knew them—

the regulars.

Spring

Birds chirping, singing,

morning awakening

Worms stretching from the end

of an opening in the grass

Birds eating abundantly.

Fish relish the delicate taste of brown earthy worms

Eating at Joe's, spices and seasoning

A napkin to dab the crumbs away from the corner of the mouth

Green trees and leaves

Cherry blossoms

The smell of fresh clear air.

"Be the change you want to see in the world." – Gandhi



 SYD COOK

Drifter

I've always loved dogs. Growing up, I had a lot of dogs. Sadly, most of them ended up being hit by a car on the road in front of our house. The dog I really loved was a lab mix. What she was mixed with is anybody's guess! Drifter was black with one white front paw and one white back paw and a white lightning bolt on her chest. She would always go with me as I did my chores. When I'd go to get eggs, if there were some I couldn't get to she would crawl and get them, and not break even one.

Drifter was a funny dog. Most labs love water, but not Drifter! I would take her down to the creek to play, and I'd toss her ball in the creek. She would run after it and come to a screeching halt. At the edge of the creek, she'd look at me as if to say, "Are you nuts? You get the ball! I'm not going in there!" She was the greatest dog in the world as far as I'm concerned.

My Place of Refuge

My place of refuge is the Chicago lakefront. The spot I really like is off Wilson Avenue. I feel so at peace with the world around me. As I sit there and watch the waves come in I feel as if when the water goes back

out, it is taking all the stress that I feel with it. I also love to watch the people with their dogs. That brings me a lot of joy! Most dogs love you no matter what. It could be your first time meeting them. As I always say, there's nothing better than puppy love!

Spring

Spring has always been my favorite season! I love the fresh scent in the air, the leaves on the trees, and the budding flowers. Every spring, on the weekends I go to my aunt's; she has a nice size yard. We have six good size flower beds and a nice garden. I really enjoy getting everything ready to be planted. As for the flower beds, I really like knowing that I'm adding a little beauty to the world. Every summer people drive past my aunt's and they'll slow down and tell my aunt or myself how pretty the flowers are! As a kid, I grew up on a farm, and I couldn't stand doing any of these things. Now that I live in the city, I miss being able to work with the earth!

"If there is to be peace, it will come through being, not having." – Henry Miller



TAWANNA ANDERSON

My First Day at WomanCraft

My first day at WomanCraft was my best day. I learned all types of exciting things. I never knew I had a creative side—now I do. WomanCraft is a good place of employment with very nice people. This is a very good experience for me. I hope to further my career in life and be more creative.

My Lesson in Life

My lesson in life is that I'm learning how to be a better person and parent. I have grown from a child to a lady, a lady to a woman. I have faced many battles in my life and the biggest one is being a parent. I had children very young. Don't get me wrong, there's a part of me in all of them, and what I love the most is that they all share my strength. What I love about this lesson is that it is a life-long teaching and it changed my life tremendously. I've learned over the years that I can't be selfish and my children remind me every day about sharing. I am because of them and they will be because of me.

"Change your thoughts and you change your world." – Norman Vincent Peale



TERRY MATHEWS

My Best Memory at WomanCraft

The Gala of 2007, which actually was my first gala at WomanCraft, is my best memory. Each artisan had a speech to give. I'm not much for public speaking, but when I got up there and cried through my whole speech—and WomanCraft wound up selling over two thousand dollars of our beautiful handmade paper—those tears were tears of joy. Especially when a complete stranger came to me, and he said, "Young lady, don't you worry about a thing, you did good." I cried for days because for the first time after picking up the pieces of my wild life gone astray, I felt the warmth that genuinely said, "It is ok that you failed." What I mean by fail—everybody in life goes through something. Some of it is good and some bad.

A True Survivor

This time of the year makes me think that it's time for change. The trees have buds for leaves and flowers begin to bloom. There are also other changes. Life-accepting changes from the things that one used to do to the things that one has to do. Take me, for instance, and how this is going to make me feel. I don't know because it will be my new season of self change.

continued on next page



Breast cancer has made a change in my life, and it took me for a loop I didn't understand. At first the series of changes that were ahead of me—mentally, emotionally, physically, and spiritually—made me think, why me? There is no history of breast cancer in my family, so why me?

In July of 2007 I was diagnosed with breast cancer. My health care professionals at Stroger Hospital were helpful and kind. From there I went to the Prentice Hospital at Northwestern Hospital and the Lynn Sage Cancer Treatment Center. There, I began to fully understand my treatment in detail. I had to gain knowledge on my own in order to have an input on the decisions of my health care. I made the decision to better understand my treatment.

I still have a stage to go through, but for every day that I can make it I can encourage the next woman to have her mammogram done. I encourage women to do research to help better understand their treatment and to share the knowledge they find out. Understanding is the best thing.

I have gotten to the point that cancer as the disease it is, has to have a cure. There are all different kinds of cancer and stages of cancer, whether you are male or female. The race to cure this disease is on! I donated my breast for more research, not only for my health professionals but for those who will be entering the health care profession. I'm thankful that I caught my stage of cancer early, and to all those who have been diagnosed with cancer—may God bless and keep you.

The biggest change that cancer has made in this season of my life are the physical changes I had to make to overcome the challenge. It is hard sometimes to look at one's self every day and to feel that a feminine part has been taken away. Out of all the ups and downs, changes and turnarounds, there does come an inner peace in knowing how precious life is. We can overcome this disease together because I'm a SURVIVOR!

"The time is always right to do what is right." – Martin Luther King Jr.



“Women in Transition” is a result of Writers’ Circle, an 8-week writing workshop created by Literacy Works in partnership with WomanCraft.

Literacy Works’ mission is to fulfill the promise of a basic human right: the right to read, write, and interpret the world.



To fulfill its mission, Literacy Works provides workshops, trainings and direct literacy services to 50 agencies throughout the Chicago area.

Literacy Works
c/o 6216 North Clark Street
Chicago, IL 60660
773-334-8255

www.litworks.org

©Literacy Works 2009

Photos by Andrew Collings

www.andrewcollings.com

Book Design by Charlene M. Epple

charlene.epple@gmail.com





Literacy Works
www.litworks.org

©Literacy Works 2009



“Women in Transition” is a result of Writers’ Circle, an 8-week writing workshop created by Literacy Works in partnership with WomanCraft.



Literacy Works
www.litworks.org
©Literacy Works 2009