Birthing the Urban Life Center

The Urban Life Center's genesis lies in a diverse group of persons surrounding us in south side Chicago—friends from my past and new acquaintances. It was 1970, and our marriage was still fresh and new. As an artist and a poet, Don began talking about his vision for introducing Christians to the arts with our minister—Don Davis—and some folks at the newly formed interracial house church in Hyde Park in Chicago that we attended. Momentum began to build. Don Davis responded by adding his ideas to the mix. His passion centered around the racial divide, particularly the apathy and ignorance of suburban evangelical Christians. He wanted some way to bridge the gap between city and suburb, black and white.

Don Davis and I had been part of a little group called "Conversations on the City," which met sporadically during the late 1960s in Chicago. Originally, this group was a split off of the Evangelical Minister's Alliance, and was composed of persons whose theology was conservative, but who wanted to combine concern for social justice with the focus on personal salvation. A distinguishing mark of this smaller group was its stand on racial justice, and the strong determination of its members to stick it out in the inner city in the face of white flight to the suburbs. It included persons like Bill Leslie of LaSalle Street Church, Ray Bakke at Fairfield Baptist, Bill Bentley, an African American pastor on the West Side, and non-ministerial types like Evan Adams from InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, Phyllis Cunningham and me from Pioneer Girls.

The Conversations on the City group was a feisty lot, and tough. Some of us in the group were undergoing radical changes in our thinking. We were on a growing edge that was not yet clearly defined. Phyllis Cunningham, who was at the University of Chicago working on a doctorate in Adult Education, helped us organize a weekend conference national in scope, "Double Exposure on Race," at the University of Chicago's Center for Continuing Education. Charles Hamilton, author of *Black Power* spoke.

For some time, Phyllis had been concerned about the inequities produced in society by racial discrimination. She had gotten involved in a West Side interracial church. At the same time, she had taken some daring steps to change the racial outreach and composition of the entire Pioneer Girls program while she was in charge of the development of North Star, the international leadership training center for the organization. She met with stubborn and racist opposition on both the local level and with the Pioneer Girls board. They "weren't ready" yet. Phyl resigned, as a matter of conscience, in 1967.

Phyllis joined us in the spring of 1970 in conversations about the nebulous idea of an urban center of some sort, perhaps for the arts. She recognized in this informal cluster of friends an opportunity to move on her social and Christian concerns simultaneously. Because of her skill in articulation and organizing, she provided an important stabilizing element to the embryonic ideas and visions floating about from Don Schatz and Don Davis.

At a key point, we got in touch with Dave and Neta Jackson, who also belonged to Phyl's West Side church. They were young and resilient, and were experimenting with a communal lifestyle, sharing an old farm house with another couple in the countryside west of Wheaton.

Dave had his own pilgrimage story, beginning with an experience of radicalization that occurred while he was editor of the school newspaper at Multnomah School of the Bible and where he had espoused an anti-administration view of the Berkeley Free Speech movement. His radicalization took a steep upward turn during the race riots in Chicago after Martin Luther King's assassination in 1968. He had joined the National Guard to avoid being drafted into fighting the Vietnam War. When Mayor Daley called out the Guard to quell the riots on Chicago's West Side, Dave was put in the tenuous position of having to oppose younger members of his own church congregation who could well have been out roaming the streets in those chaotic days of turbulence. After all, the mayor's instructions to the police were "Shoot to kill."

In addition, as Assistant Editor of *Campus Life,* Dave found himself in a continuous dilemma of conscience, precariously perched in a position that was pressing him toward conformity and away from his deepest concerns. His home had become a haven for a small minority of restless, self-proclaimed radicals from Wheaton and Trinity College (Deerfield, Illinois) campuses. Just as Conversations on the City provided shelter for like-minded ministers and Christian workers in Chicago, the Jackson home became a center for conversation and encouragement for students in tune with 1960s anti-war sentiment, the growing spirit of communalism, and a host of issues spawned during that period.

On Wheaton's campus, the Jonathan Blanchard Society became the focal point of the dissidents' activities and energies. It seemed appropriate to hark back to the genuinely radical ideas of the school's founder, for Wheaton had been established, in part, out of protest against slavery, and out of strong social concerns.

Students on the Trinity campus had been caught up in the groundswell of anti-war protests. Jim Wallis, a student at the Divinity School, and a band of fellow students formed the Peoples' Christian Coalition, which tried to raise issues connected to current dilemmas aboil in the world. Eventually, a cluster of them left along with Jim to take up residence in the poverty-stricken area of Uptown to work among people there. At the same time they carried on communications with a broader spectrum of Christian individuals and groups concerned about justice and peace. Their newspaper, which Don Schatz named *The Post-American,* provided a link with other kindred movements across the country. Eventually they moved to Washington, D.C., renaming their magazine *Sojourners* and establishing a community.

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A dozen of us sprawled around in Dave and Neta's living room one evening in the spring of 1970, as all of these histories unfolded. We talked about our restlessness and discontent; we sharply criticized the suburban evangelical subculture, the provincialism and isolation of Christian colleges, their blindness to the issues of war and race. We shared our vision, our ideas for some sort of focal point in the city. The urban location

was essential, both for the emphasis on the arts and culture, and the preoccupation with political and sociological issues of racism and militarism.

We decided to set up a "semester in the city" type of program for students from Christian colleges in the area. Students present in the meeting named it the “Urban Life Center” and told us, “If you start this, we’ll come this fall and be a part of it.” That catapulted us into action.

It only took two spring meetings to launch the Center initially. We rushed in where angels feared to tread. We rented a big old church building (how ambitious we were—and blissfully blind to its unsuitability as living space), hired Dave Jackson as coordinator at a modest enough salary ($8,000), which we thought we could sustain. Phyllis used her academic contacts as leverage to talk a dean of a special division of Roosevelt University into granting credit to our students and paying three of us part-time faculty salaries to teach nine hours of courses that we added to their fall curriculum. Inner-city outposts were looking attractive and “hip” to some college administrators in 1970. We became such an outpost in the Hyde Park area.

By August we were in the church building, armed with buckets of paint, a little lumber for partitions, a load of Army surplus beds and a truckful of old, dorm-room furniture from Moody Bible Institute. Twelve of us signed the articles of incorporation making us legal in Illinois as a private, not-for-profit corporation. We emptied our bank accounts, cashed in life insurance policies and savings bonds, and poured the proceeds into the common coffers. We wrote letters to friends, asking them to invest. Only two of the twelve of us had regular jobs. We were graduate students, professional part-timers, freelancers. By September this motley crew launched the Urban Life Center. Although the fervor with which we launched the Urban Life Center was decidedly 1960s, the form it took was 1970s in character: it included a communal living component; it provided an alternative form of education giving students maximum input in establishing the criteria for grades; and it focused on individual development and consciousness-raising rather than direct activism.

We moved quickly. It’s easy to look back askance at our naiveté, our lack of foresight. We paid dearly for a number of our mistakes. But we never stopped to question in those early months. Our fearlessness was our flaw, and our strength, as we moved boldly onto untrodden ground. Something worthwhile was born, that would last into the twenty-first century.

Implementing the Vision

The brief two meetings it took to launch the Center were more than balanced out by the two years it took for the project to stabilize, involving long hours of meetings. When we incorporated, we decided on a board structure that would allow us maximum flexibility and minimum interference. We wanted a working board, people who would wield hammer, saw and paintbrush; who would raise funds, determine curriculum, recruit students.

Phyllis and I came to this enterprise jaundiced by our experience at Pioneer Girls with its self-perpetuating board. We had seen two executive directors cruelly ousted, and had been subject to decisions which at times we considered out-of-touch with or antithetical to the concerns of our constituency and to changing trends in our rapidly changing culture.

So we opted for a more democratic framework. This resulted in board meetings of interminable length creating twelve sore rumps. There was always that impossible item on every agenda: financing. So many decisions to be made and we were doing it by *consensus.* Our democratic ideals were about to hang us up permanently. Students and older adults were to be equally involved in decision-making at all levels, but after two or three hours of sitting in a board meeting, students got fidgety. They'd had their say about program and living arrangements. They weren't interested in deciding whether to hire a plumber or not, or in the details of raising funds.

Old familiar attitudes of resentment came cropping up, reminiscent of college administrators. "You try to give young people a voice, but they aren't willing to take the responsibility that goes with privilege and freedom." We were struggling to provide a truly different environment from the college campuses from which students had come, with their rules and stifling of dissent. We counted on the altruism of the students to take this move into the city as an opportunity to act on the ideals we had articulated together in the spring, only to find out that when the students arrived, they descended to Maslow's first rung on the maturation scale: physiological safety, closely followed by psychological survival.

Students had said they wanted community, and we thought the vast spaces of the church building would serve adequately for this purpose, but instead it did everything to militate against it. The church education unit, where we set up living space, had cold cement floors, high ceilings, and drab green walls. The frosted windows let in the scant light that filtered down between closely set buildings and penetrated the gloom. Makeshift partitions had to be constructed to afford some privacy. Colorful posters and madras bedspreads were tacked onto the walls in a desperate effort to make it look cheerful. Dave and Neta tried to make their corner space on the second floor feel like a happy and fun home for Julian, their toddler son.

Communal living was the order of the day, but when this necessitated doing chores, there began to be immense areas of fallout and breakdown. We discovered that these young people lacked experience in sharing the work load necessary for making a community function effectively. Some lacked essential skills. Phil, a gentle long-haired blond fellow from New Jersey, decided to make spaghetti one night. He knew the ingredients, but was at a loss as to how to combine them. So the raw noodles, tomato sauce and hamburger all went into the frying pan together, until some kind female happened by and with a shriek rescued the meal from total failure. All was not lost, however, for several years later Phil embarked on a career as a gourmet cook.

The creation of a curriculum fell to some of the twelve members of the Board. Various ones of us would come to the Center for an evening to team-teach a seminar that used the varieties of expertise found among this diverse and talented board, several of

whom were in graduate programs at the University of Chicago. We began using popular techniques of the Alternative Education movement—letting students set up learning contracts in order to grade themselves according to pre-set criteria which they developed. We had read *The Student as Nigger,* and other books critical of the academic process, and were as game to experiment as the students were to have us allow them this new freedom. The concept of freedom entailing responsibility was very slow to catch on among these nineteen- and twenty-year-olds. We learned the hard way.

Meanwhile, finances were perilously thin. Everything was done on a volunteer basis except for the directors, Dave and Neta Jackson. By November, we began to fall behind in payment to them. Tensions mounted.

We had envisioned using the church sanctuary for larger gatherings, possibly arts-related, to which the university community could be invited. We hoped we could raise some income by this means. We were therefore delighted when musician Oscar Brown and his group asked to rent the space on a regular basis. The place would soon be rocking.

Alas, the cold winds of winter began to blow, and we discovered what a voracious appetite the furnace had when asked to heat an entire sanctuary area. The oil bills rolled in, but Oscar's rental payments did not. One especially ugly interchange occurred one day when Dave and Phyllis approached the woman who was Oscar's manager and asked for payment. Her response was not encouraging, so Dave and Phyl reminded her that regardless of Oscar's problems, Standard Oil Company must be paid. She looked at the two of them with scathing scorn, saying, "You *own* it!" and flounced off. Inside, they cringed. They might have termed themselves liberal, or even radical, but now they were merely "Whitey" and seen as holding the strings of power. Feeling helpless and stung with rage, they turned and walked away.

A few weeks later, Dave and Neta announced they had reached the bottom of their barrel. The dilemma was producing an alienation between the Jacksons who were bearing the brunt of the day-to-day harassment of students and oil companies and musicians, and the rest of the board who came in to teach and to engage in endless board meeting discussions about the state of the finances. At the end of the spring term, they left.

Phyllis agreed to move in temporarily. She did not want to see the project flounder; and she had the temperament and capacity to take on the daunting task of restoring some order to the chaotic environment. To meet our urgent financial needs, we began accepting live-in persons who were not students. It was not hard to find people who needed some place to hang out in those days, interested only in survival and their own comfort, rootless souls who proved destructive to the ideals of the program. We were reluctant to admit there were some unsavory things out of our control happening along the edges of the enterprise.

About this time, Don called on an old family friend, Jim Bertucci, to come in and take a look at some of the problems we were encountering in the physical facility. Jim came, and was instantly intrigued. He began hanging out at the Center. Jim was born in Little Italy, of an Italian mother and an African American father. He had taken the Italian surname and become a runner for the Mafia in order to survive in his ghetto. He was tall

and lean, muscular, and could take in an entire situation in a glance, and penetrate to the heart of what was going on. He and Phyllis got along famously; something in them was cut out of the same cloth, a determination not to be beat down by obstacles. Jim got interested in the architecture of the church, climbing into nooks and crannies near the roof and familiarizing himself with the systems housed in the basement. Jim also knew how to handle some of the problems raised by our increasingly difficult clientele.

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During our second year, the program took a turn. We had fewer students living at the Center from Christian colleges; instead, there were a number of commuter students at Roosevelt who were selecting our offerings of classes and coming to the Center twice a week for studies. With Dave and Neta gone, Don and I began hanging out at the Center on a more regular basis, dropping in after our work and handling various responsibilities having to do with the maintenance of the Center's program.

We continued to provide short-term programs for Christian colleges nearby. Students came in by bus for a day or a weekend. We exposed them to ethnic neighborhoods, to cultural events, to persons in positions of political influence. We had developed an impressive network of contacts: Circuit Court judges, Aldermen, artists in both classical and folk traditions, independent journalists, key community leaders in African American and Chicano neighborhoods. Sociology professors loved it. They would have been shocked to discover how close to collapse the Center was at the time. We were stunned too. We struggled blindly, hamstrung by a huge unwieldy building that sucked up our money and gave little of value back.

We hung on by a thread. Toward the end of that second year, Phyllis and I went out for lunch one day to talk about prospects for the fall which looked bleak. Should we give up the program now, and cut our losses, marking it off as a failure? This looked like a reasonable course to take, but it was against our instincts. We do not take to failure easily.

Phyllis offered to borrow money from her mother and buy a building more amenable to our needs. We would pay the mortgage payments as rent to her and cover the cost of utilities and day-to-day maintenance. She left the task of finding a suitable building up to the rest of us. We found a three-story brownstone nearby with five bedrooms. We had only two students signed up for fall. Phyl would serve as residential head, and one of our board members, Kathy Blair, would serve as residential assistant. In September, Phyllis moved in, an act of pure faith, not having seen her new home before moving day.

The building at 5004 Blackstone looked like Eden to all of us. Fully carpeted downstairs and up the stairs, with attractive multi-paned windows looking out onto Kenwood High School across the street, this was everything that the cavernous and gloomy church building had not been. It was *home* and it might be possible to create some semblance of community here.

Starting Over

In September of 1972, the Urban Life Center made a new beginning. Don and I had kept our day jobs teaching part-time at Roosevelt University, but we now moved the Center office into the living room of the new house, and showed up every day. We had already taken recruiting trips to the campuses of a number of Christian colleges in Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. We started with Goshen, a Mennonite school in Indiana. The sociology professor seemed impressed that Roosevelt University had granted academic credit to students for our program. We made an impelling presentation everywhere we went, and always found a select number of students who were attracted to the idea of spending a semester off campus in the city. The restless student rebellions of the 1960s had prompted key professors and academic deans to see the advantage of providing an off-campus experience for their students. Slowly, school by school, deans became willing to write contracts whereby we would receive tuition from the school for each student who came. At last, we began to operate on a sound financial basis.

Semester by semester, enrollment in the Urban Life Center program grew. The house provided a built-in size limitation which was ideal for the building of community, and for a meaningful education with plenty of individual student contact. We no longer worked under the assumption that we could create a genuine consensual community with a new student group each semester. We renamed the house a "co-op" and instituted minimal structure and controls. We introduced a required course in Group Dynamics in order to help students adapt to the living situation with more equanimity and skill. We continued to involve board members with the students and program, but gradually the work was more and more in the hands of the residential staff and Don and me.

Jim Bertucci continued to hang out with us. He was often called to attend to a crisis, like a burst hot water pipe, and then he might putter around and install a chandelier in the dining room. We never asked where it came from; Jim was good at scrounging and salvaging items others might throw away. He began to get interested in the program we were providing, not just the physical aspects of the building where his competence so far exceeded ours. He suggested he would like to take groups of students to his old neighborhood in Little Italy and introduce them to the folks on the block, the store keepers, the tradesmen, to get a glimpse of life as it was daily experienced. He wanted students to see the local culture at its raw street level, human being to human being. He helped them appreciate the folk art, the ethnic foods, the natural barriers—bridges, railroad underpasses, medial strips— which demarcated ethnic enclaves from one another, thereby helping students make sense of what would otherwise seem alien or ugly or chaotic.

Thus began an important feature of our program, Jim's personally led tours. It was not only Little Italy Jim knew like the back of his hand. He was comfortable in the black community, in Chinatown (where he said the mafia leaders used to meet), the Mexican community, Uptown (an area occupied by new arrivals from Appalachia, among others), the posh section of the local area where Elijah Muhammad's castle-like home was located. Jim would drop students off to wander the streets for awhile, then come back and talk, full of questions coming from firsthand experience. Jim's formal education had stopped in the sixth grade, but he was self-educated and bright, and more than a match for

these college students from sheltered environments. Jim's contribution to the program satisfied one of our important goals: changing attitudes of students toward the city by introducing them to it in such a way that they could overlook its stereotypical flaws and perceive its hidden charms.

Resolving Tensions

From the beginning, there were lots of interpersonal struggles among us, some of which were stimulating and provocative. We studiously avoided stating any explicit theological basis in our charter so we could remain inclusive. One of our Board members, Bruce, was writing his doctoral dissertation in New Testament at the University of Chicago. Born of missionary parents, Bruce had taken a long journey from the faith of his parents. The trail led from Columbia Bible College to Westminster Seminary to Temple University to Tubingen in Germany to the University of Chicago. Along the way, he had jettisoned much of the Christology he had been taught, and felt he could no longer in all honesty call himself a Christian. Although we considered the Urban Life Center to be Christian, we shied away from identifying with the kind of evangelical faith most of us had espoused in our younger years. I felt a strong affinity with Bruce, and was determined not to shut him out, although I was puzzled at his insistence on literal honesty about not being a Christian. We were quite cavalier about our faith, it seems to me now. It was not a stretch to include Bruce. I think he felt a little pulled by our acceptance of his agnostic position, as though we would convince him to admit something he no longer felt.

The ambiguity of our position on theology, our lack of insistence on certain spiritual practices (church attendance, daily prayer, grace at meals), and our greater toleration of unapproved habits of life (drinking, smoking, using irreverent language) placed us in a precarious position in relationship to the schools that were sending us their students, steeped in the innocence of their isolated enclaves in rural Michigan, Indiana, Kansas, and Illinois. We hoped they would not ask us too many questions, and indeed they were probably reluctant to probe too closely. They genuinely trusted us and our Christian foundation. Our policy banning sex and drugs in the house reassured them. Beyond that, we wanted to give students a greater measure of freedom than their campuses allowed, even as we attempted to create a program that required them to take more responsibility.

Other struggles were not as creative and stimulating. Our board meetings were often tumultuous, and always extremely lengthy. I shied away from directing the organization assertively with the wisdom and objectivity it needed. There were several strong independent vocal members who easily persuaded me to adopt their positions; at times I lacked the courage to stand up for my own views. Instead I kept hoping that others would support me in my position; I did not pick up the reins and lead. I was moving toward a softer approach, and more intimate contact with individuals. But I did not know that then.

Passing the Torch to the Second Generation

In 1977, a group of students came for our special January term from Tabor College in Kansas, shepherded by their Sociology teacher, Scott Chesebro, and his wife Norene. Scott and Norene liked what they saw at the Center, and over the next few months made the momentous decision to leave college teaching and come to Chicago to work with us at the Urban Life Center. They arrived in the fall and began the process of getting heeled into the ongoing program. We made every effort to include them at the core of responsibility, knowing how difficult it had been for other part-time staff members, most of whom were younger and less trained, to feel equal authority with the trio of persons who were founders—Phyllis, Don and me.

I thought things were going well. At a staff meeting in late winter, we sat down to make plans and distribute responsibility for upcoming events. I volunteered to continue writing the newsletter, figuring no one else would want to do this. Scott demurred. He would like to take this on, it turned out. I was stunned! At the time, I thought that doing this writing would keep me in the background, but Scott quickly saw that the person who wields the pen actually has a lot of power in determining how the program is presented to the wider public. I was honestly taken aback.

I argued with Scott at first, then after a moment of quiet, something shifted inside me. "Scott, the newsletter is yours," I said. Now it was his turn to express surprise. "Really?" He wanted to make sure I was not just giving in on the surface. But I was certain, deeply certain.

I had been increasingly restless in my position as director, especially since spending a year in Facilitator Training at the Oasis Center for Human Potential. My experience there had whetted my appetite for a more person-to-person role in my work, and I had become much more focused on my counseling sessions with individual students than on the administration of the overall program. Scott's eagerness to assume more control left me free to surrender my position as director unequivocally. I could feel it in my body that evening. I was exhilarated.

The Role of the Founder

I was facing a familiar and fascinating issue: the dynamics in Christian organizations revolving around leadership succession. I had observed how founders frequently made poor administrators, precisely because of the passion of their vision and their intolerance of the second generation who come on board with an interest in organization that does not seem to be quickened by the same degree of fervor as the founders. I desperately did not want to fall into the quicksand I had seen envelop such persons.

I had experienced the process of birthing a movement with others and becoming wholly given to it. Just as I had felt intensely involved in the development of Pioneer Girls and in those who were its founders, now I was heavily identified in this enterprise upon which Don and I had made indelible imprints. In both cases, I had been so identified with my work that it became play—pure exhilarating pleasure. I never counted the hours or rewards. There were so many times when my colleagues and I looked back on the

early days' moments of agony with boisterous replays in conversation. These memories became the badge of "in-ness" to us as the founding group.

I also had seen the way everything got sacrificed for the cause, with the inevitable treading on toes, the falling out of friends or fellow workers, coupled with a ruthlessness of vision. I had observed moments when an insidious ingrownness began to take over, the drawing in like a turtle or a snail, a defensiveness against attacks from the outside. I was aware that jargon creeps in, the special words that defined Us, as against Them. It became easy to dismiss those whose dedication was less than total.

I was especially intrigued by the role of the founder, who ultimately becomes most closely identified with the organization. How does the creator survive the growth of the child he/she helped birth? Now that I was on the verge of handing over the reins of leadership to a second generation, I began asking searching questions:

> *What makes the "pioneer" get involved in the first place? What is the founder's genius, her unique gift? Why did she/he become pivotal? How is this sustained?*

I had watched weaknesses emerge within founders of organizations which hindered their effectiveness. Now I had to assess my own talents and liabilities. A shift had occurred in our leadership structure at the Center that altered my perceptions about my place and power. I needed to step back decisively and remove myself in some sense. The "central person phenomenon" may be inevitable in small movements like the ones I knew. It may be in the nature of new organizations to require certain predictable stages, and just as likely, it may be in the nature of a creator to find a situation where he/she can become central.

Letting Go

These and other thoughts engrossed me as I considered the implications of our talk with Scott and Norene. As soon as Don and I reached our apartment that evening, we sat down to mull over our situation together. We talked a long time, not bothering to turn on a lamp as dusk deepened across the room. We had been increasingly restless to make a change in our lives, and now we realized we were free to leave the Urban Life Center. Suddenly our vistas widened.

Over the next few weeks, we made our plans carefully. There were elements of the Urban Life Center project that were still fragile, and we had been dominant figures for eight years. We decided to ask for a sabbatical in the fall, and use that time to check out future possibilities and make our decision. We made a proposal to the Board, promising them we would return for the January term in 1979.

An entry in my journal suggests that I was beginning to move away from my preoccupation with the arena of social action and toward a journey that would explore a more personal dimension of the inner life:

> *Will I find my new future in some exploration of self, rather than service to society? Is this the deeper, more daring trip? I am taught that it is weaker, escapist, self-centered. I must be very sure before I embark on this Second Journey.*

". . .the images and symbols of our minds introduce us to a wider world than that of our actual historic life."

Perhaps some answers will come to me through the life of the imagination as I set my sails, and remain open to the winds that blow. Winds of the Spirit. Winds of my dreams.

In the fall of 1978, Don and I set sail into these winds on our four-month sabbatical odyssey.

At that stage, I did not predict the resilience of the Center in lasting over time. Thirty years later, Chicago's mayor declared July 17, 2000, as "Urban Life Center Day" in the city, in recognition of the contribution of its students and staff to Chicago in many significant ways. The resolution passed by the City Council said, in part:

The Urban Life Center has placed more than five thousand university students from around the United States in Chicago communities as volunteer interns, having contributed this year alone, over fifteen thousand hours of volunteer work.

The Urban Life Center has added to the positive development of Chicago by encouraging hundreds of its alumni to settle and work in Chicago as teachers, social service agency directors, business leaders, artists and other community leaders.

Clearly there is continuing Life at the Center.