

The Journey

THE WINCHESTER MULTICULTURAL NETWORK NEWSLETTER

Due to the very positive response to our last issue, this *Journey* focuses on Class once again.

WINCHESTER
MULTICULTURAL
NETWORK



Building Inclusive Community

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Thoughts for the New Year

by Gloria Legvold

Here we are entering a new year and a new administration, we've barely had time to test out our personal resolutions and observe the course of national initiatives. And in our own town, at both micro and a macro levels, we strive for success in building inclusive, caring, and connected community.

We know that income disparity between the very wealthy and everyone else has grown steeply over the last 30 years. Over the past year the Network has been engaging residents in examining class, exploring one's own position and experiences, and understanding classism. We've explored issues of class in *The Journey*, listening tour, small facilitated conversations, and a half day workshop.

In addition to the focus on class issues, we have been working to foster dialogue across political differences with two programs featuring True Story Theater. The first, on October 18, was "Signs on My Neighbor's Lawn" and the second, on December 1, "What Now...?" In addition, the Network provided space for over 100 community members to gather on November 20 to express their concerns about incidents of bias and to suggest solutions. The Network is working with other town entities to continue that initiative. Please be on the lookout for information.

Now we must raise an essential question: In a predominately affluent, white suburb, what are our obligations in ensuring justice and equity around issues of economics and diversity? How would each of you frame a question about social justice and where, when, how, and by whom must the hard but rewarding work of social justice occur?

What is your question for this new year? Once you frame that question, bring your passion, energy, intellect, resources, and friends into action to challenge exclusion, inequity, and injustice.

Join the Network today in courageous conversations that educate about, advocate for, respond to and confront intolerance in Winchester and beyond. We need each other in the hard and rewarding work of community-building and social justice work. The Network, in collaboration with other town entities, is making plans for continuing our initiative. Watch for coming events through our website wmcn.org and our Constant Contact announcements. Are you and your neighbors on our mailing lists?

B O O K R E V I E W

Born on Third Base by Chuck Collins

Reviewed by Sandy Thompson

Chuck Collins opens his latest book by telling the story of what led him to give away the inheritance that would have put him firmly in the 1% wealth class. Collins, who is currently with the Institute for Policy Studies, was brought up in a wealthy suburb of Detroit, Michigan, the great grandson of the Chicago meatpacker, Oscar Mayer. His first job out of college was organizing mobile home owners so that they could buy and run the parks they lived in as cooperatives. This experience jolted Collins into realizing the enormous privilege he had grown up with. In fact, he was so moved by the generous spirits of one of the groups he was working with and their sense of community, that he transferred his wealth to several grant-making foundations.

The book is not a tome of statistics although there are plenty woven into the author's compelling narrative. Rather it is a plea for readers to understand ways in which they can address the extreme and growing inequality in our country. Collins asserts, "One huge barrier to change is that privileged people don't always see the countless ways that the deck is stacked in our favor." He details the many ways that "privileged families give their children a head start in school, work, and life" and raises some challenging questions about how charitable giving can sometimes "exacerbate existing

inequality." Yet Collins is not advocating change based on class antagonism but rather a movement that is based on empathy and community building. "How do we build institutions that nurture community?" he asks.

A discussion of the book would not be complete without highlighting Collins' many suggestions for those of us who are privileged economically to "use our special privileges to eliminate special privilege and build healthy communities and an economy that works for everyone." The short sections in the last chapter include titles such as: "Tell True Stories About Wealth," "Support the Leadership of Others," and "Organize Your Peers." Concrete suggestions like these, designed to change our systems, are part of what the author calls "heart work." Collins acknowledges the difficulty of acting alone and, instead, urges mutual support with the goal of taking bold action.

Born on Third Base is eminently readable: inspiring at its core, it is full of personal stories and anecdotes from people of all backgrounds. It is available through the store at classism.org, a rich source of information that includes resources for children, film listings, and a blog. It can also be ordered from BookEnds and other outlets.

Chuck Collins is an author and a senior scholar at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, DC, where he directs the Program on Inequality and the Common Good. He is also co-founder of Wealth for Common Good. He edits a weekly newsletter from Inequality.org that is well worth the read.

A Film of Note: *The Second Mother*

One Winchester Many Traditions presents Brazilian filmmaker Anna Muylaert's *The Second Mother*, on March 6, 6 p.m. at the Winchester Public Library. "The delicate relationship between employer and servant is skillfully subverted and scrutinized in this funny, serious study of class in modern-day Brazil." (*World Cinema* review, Peter Bradshaw).

The Winchester Multicultural Network's collaborative film offering recognizes the growing presence and contribution of our fellow Brazilian residents.

In addition, the Network has been engaging residents over the past year and a half in examining class attitudes and behaviors, exploring one's own position and experiences, and understanding classism. As reviewer Bradshaw writes, "...Jessica makes herself at home all over the house in all sorts of subtly inappropriate ways, addressing her mother's employers in a subtly insolent manner... The unspoken, unspeakable agony of class and caste is cleverly rendered..."

Class by Salma Abounadi

I was born and raised in Morocco, a very diverse country with different ethnic groups. It is not uncommon to see one family whose members have different skin and/or eye color. This is because of Morocco's geographic location (North Africa) and its proximity to Europe. Mixed ethnicity marriages are very common and the color of your skin does not correlate with your status or class. In fact, the top class in Morocco, the royal family, has members with different skin color, from light and fair to very dark.

A person's level of education in Morocco does not determine class either, or at least it did not used to. When I was growing up in Morocco, a wealthy merchant could be illiterate, yet very powerful and influential politically. In fact, you did not need much education in the past to become an elected official. On the other hand, you could find college-educated individuals who had to work hard to provide a stable and comfortable life for their families. Either one of those individuals could see him or herself better and superior than the other. In addition, the quality of public school education in Morocco before the '90s was considered superior to that of private schools. In fact, private schools were once relegated to underachievers, especially those from the wealthier families who could not succeed in public schools. Things have changed since I left Morocco in 1992 and private schools are now better and more competitive, while public schools have suffered in terms of quality.

Location/neighborhoods did not always define class or status in Morocco either when I was growing up. Families move to new neighborhoods for different reasons, not necessarily because of a particular public school system. Families from different socio-economical backgrounds lived in the same neighborhood. As a result, public schools were very diverse and students could achieve high education regardless of their socio-economic status.

Religion does not define class or status in Morocco. The Moroccan government is a constitutional monarchy based on Islamic law and French and Spanish civil law systems. The Moroccan identity is unique because of its focus on keeping its rich culture and tradition while embracing modernism. Almost all Moroccans are Sunni Muslims, as the king had declared that all citizens are born to this faith. Moroccans are very tolerant of the small percentage of Christians and Jews living in the country. While Moroccans are unified in religion, and Islam is part of everyday life, Moroccans practice Islam differently. Liberals tend to be less religious than conservatives.

A Moroccan atheist in Morocco might call him or herself a Muslim for cultural reasons rather than religious affiliations. Depending on where a Moroccan falls in the religious spectrum, s/he could perceive her or himself as better as this is usually decided by a personal overt or covert choice.

Because of Morocco's diversity, I felt that I lived "classless." I was very selective when interacting with different groups. I did not let the society define which group/status/class is better. I made those decisions myself based on what I believed fit with my core values and personality. I have changed my positions and affiliations to different groups throughout my life journey based on the ongoing knowledge I have been gaining through educational, professional, and life experiences. Based on my experience and perception, there were a few things that defined status when I was growing up. The following are examples:

- 1) Within the educational system in Morocco, being in a science track puts you in a higher status than studying other disciplines like the humanities, consequently, it opens doors to high paying jobs. Public schools in mixed socio-economical neighborhoods provided equal opportunity for achieving a higher status, as long as you can excel in education—the scientific track specifically.
- 2) Proficiency in other languages, especially French, the type of clothing a person wears, and liberal thinking gave a perception of being more modern and sophisticated.
- 3) For girls and young women, having the same treatment as boys and young men adds to your status because it removes restrictions on the ability to achieve high potential goals in sports, education, and jobs/salary. This opens doors to women for all kinds of jobs they aspire to, which helps or eliminates the financial/income gender gap. The pay scale for government jobs is the same, regardless of your gender.

From the beginning of my childhood being treated the same as boys gave me the confidence that helped me achieve anything I wanted. Growing up in a Muslim country like Morocco did not stop me from being a strong and vocal woman in Morocco and in the U.S. There is a perception that women from Muslim countries are oppressed and are inferior to their male counterparts. I have to confess that I was very disappointed to discover the gender inequities in power and income in the U.S. We have to have honest discussions about what leads to such gaps.

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Class by Helen Babcock

Sandy Thompson asked me to write about changing class, from a start in a four-family near-tenement to living comfortably in Winchester. But it's not about changing class, it's about changing many classes: getting educated, getting "cultured," finding meaningful work I love with people I care about, and a whole lot more. From the perspective of one of the town's leading curmudgeons, now pushing seventy, I say that class change is a matrix. You start with certain attributes of different classes; on the journey you metamorphose to a bunch of interim states; and finally you settle down into a set of classes that, if you're lucky, is a set you'd choose.

In the dictionary, class is defined as "a group sharing the same economic or social status...a group, set, or kind sharing common attributes."

While raising my two children in Winchester, I recall telling them that I had it "easy" growing up in public housing in Boston. Everyone was poor and 99.9% Irish Catholic. We were a "group...sharing common attributes." As we were all in the same boat, class was not an issue. When my kids would come home from school after a school vacation, they would tell me about their classmates who had gone on exotic vacations to Switzerland, Disney World or the Bahamas.

In kindergarten, my son's class wrote a newsletter about what they did on their vacation. Each child told about their wonderful vacations in far-off places and when it came to my son, he told them all about going to Revere Beach with his mother and sister!!! I called the teacher up and laughed with her about Steve's answer. She said the interesting thing is that the class had no idea where Revere Beach was and couldn't believe it was a car ride away. It was a challenge to raise my children to feel good about themselves and not "less" because we were not in the same economic class as some of their friends. The irony was that I was far better off, economically, than I had been as a child but living in this community offered up a different set of issues to deal with.

When I became a real estate agent, other agents questioned my Plymouth K car as being inappropriate for dealing with a Winchester clientele. It truly puzzled them when I succeeded in spite of my low-status car. As I was touring a property with the other agents in my office, the homeowner commented that he knew which agent was the most successful. When questioned about how

he knew this, he replied that it was the agent driving the Mercedes. I couldn't burst his bubble by telling him that it was the agent driving the K car!

While chairing the Council on Aging for three years, we talked about CLASS being a very important issue in our community. Some people coming to the Jenks Center felt that they didn't have a voice and that certain people were making all the decisions. Some residents said that they would never come to the Center as it was "not their kind of place." What does this mean? It means that we need to keep trying to make the Center a place where EVERYONE feels welcome. Will it ever be perfect? No, but it continues to try. I realized long ago that I needed to feel good about myself if I was going to succeed in life. It didn't matter what my economic or social status was. It did matter how I felt about myself. To give this power to someone other than myself would be a great mistake. As I write this I realize that this is a process and takes time and self-awareness.

In 1992, I moved to a neighborhood that represents (in my opinion) the "best of" Winchester. We have many nationalities. We are single, married, divorced, remarried. Twenty-seven children live on our small street. We come together for block parties, chili bake-offs and sometimes progressive dinners. We are young, old, rich and less rich. I often wish that I had raised my children here. It is easy to feel good about life in this environment. There is a sharing of common values that sustains us.

When Sandy Thompson asked me to write this, I said "yes" but didn't know what I would say. It has been an interesting process and I think this topic is an important one. Hopefully, I have been able to convey my experiences in a way that some of you can relate to.

The Journey

THE WINCHESTER MULTICULTURAL NETWORK NEWSLETTER

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The Journey is published three times a year and is one means that the Network uses to carry out our mission to inform, advocate, and respond.

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Class by Terry Marotta

The year I turned nine, and started school in the town to which my family had just moved, I sat beside a slight boy who fell asleep at his desk every day, because, as the other kids quite snootily informed me, his people were of such a far-down low class his parents made him work nights at the local dog track.

Mystified as I was by this report, I sought out our teacher to ask what this thing called “class” was. She looked briefly uncomfortable before chirping, as if it were all a great joke, “Well you know what they say about class! If you have to ask, you don’t have it!”

I wonder now if she didn’t go so readily to the definition of class as and social know-how because she was that UNwilling to go to the word’s other definition. After all, weren’t we taught as children to subscribe to the American Credo that says we can all move up if we but work hard and summon the will?

I wonder too if my question came up then because my family had just moved from the heart of the Boston to this new place. In our Dorchester house, where I listened to the trolleys screeching past on Blue Hill Avenue, my sister and I lived not only with our mom but also with her elderly father and her two ancient aunties

We loved our life there, but just before that ninth birthday, this grandfather of ours fell, broke his hip and died within weeks. Then, as if in solidarity, the great-aunties also broke their hips and also died soon after.

Our mother couldn’t afford to keep the house on her own. Luckily, her sister and her sister’s husband were just in the process of moving to this new town and invited the three of us to come join them. We moved so fast I never had a chance to say goodbye to my school friends, and though this was sad for me, I loved this new town too, where kids played right in the streets, not because they didn’t have real yards but because the streets were so quiet the neighborhood dogs could stretch right out on them.

So that was one difference. Another difference surfaced when I began to notice that these new friends all came from two-parent families. One day, three of them said to me in an almost accusatory tone, “So where’s your DAD?”

That night I asked Mom the same question. “Mom, where is OUR father?” I asked.

“You don’t have one,” she replied somewhat unhelpfully, and it wasn’t until four more years had passed that she gathered the courage to tell us why: We didn’t have a father because the man had abandoned her, this man

with his hitherto undisclosed drinking problem. After a scant 18 months of marriage, he up and left, and in her whole long life, she never saw his face again.

This second difference was driven sharply home to me one Saturday school when I was invited to accompany my new best friend to her horseback riding lesson in her mother’s long sleek car with its hood ornament shaped like a prancing stallion. Ten minutes into the trip, the mother turned to my friend and in a strangely sugary and singsong voice said, “I bet TERRY wishes she has a nice daddy like YOU have.”

Then, at the end of that same school year, our uncle, who apparently also had a drinking problem we kids had never heard about, lost control of his sobriety, alternated between rages and manic spending episodes, and ended by trying to strangle our sweet aunt the night of my middle school graduation. The next morning he cleaned out the bank accounts and left us with a mountain of debt and creditors calling the house day and night.

So there we were, four females without money, and most certainly in that era of the much-celebrated nuclear family, without social standing.

Our two ‘parents’ did have one thing though: They each had had the benefit of an education and they used that education to find second jobs, one as an administrator at a social service agency, and the other as a high school Latin teacher. My sister went to work at a discount department store to save for secretarial school, and I, for the remaining three years of high school, studied all three days of the weekend and on schoolnights until 1 and 2 in the morning, bent on winning the college scholarship that would, in my mind, vindicate the suffering of these two brave women.

I did win a scholarship, and in college met a boy who was also a scholarship kid; a boy who was also fatherless. We just ‘got’ each other and so threw in our lot together and went on to ride the generation-long wave of prosperity that has landed us in this pretty town.

I think of this, America’s ‘real’ religion that all but compels belief in the bootstraps Credo. And yes, my husband and I worked hard and yes, we rose, just as the Credo promised. But surely we had advantages, in parents and grandparents who were native English speakers, and who passed on to us their belief in education as the prime ladder to success. More importantly, he and I were white, which meant that, thanks to the low interest loans that for more than three decades were made available only

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B O O K R E V I E W

White Trash by Nancy Isenberg

Reviewed by Dotty Burstein

White Trash is a history of the class system in America. The subject of the book's title, people disparagingly referred to as 'white trash', have existed throughout America's 400 years of history. Rather than simply refuting the myth about America's class-free society, the author and historian Nancy Isenberg takes the reader on a multi-century journey in which events initially targeting the hard-working but landless poor reveal a very different story. In Colonial times, when a small upper echelon owned slaves, more than half of white men owned no slaves or land and worked as tenant farmers or itinerant laborers on planters' large estates. Thomas Jefferson, a member of the 'upper class' and a 'gentleman farmer', used both laborers and slaves to work his land. Although he entertained ideas about upward mobility for lower-class farmers through education and better methods of animal husbandry, Jefferson nevertheless "was compromised by his profound class biases."

In the time of Andrew Jackson, the 'cracker' or 'squatter' became a figure of popular caricature, known for drinking and swearing at political events in the backcountry. In the first half of the 19th century, the term squatter denoted a person "of a lesser rank than the class-neutral settler." Later in the century, thinking began to change, both around slavery and how to have a democracy that included all whites. In some circles, the argument went, slavery had a debilitating effect on free labor, since "A slave economy monopolized the soil while closing off opportunities for non-slave-holding white men to support their families." Pro-slavery southerners defended a person's class station as natural, in other words, that "...biology was class destiny." It was at this point that the term white trash came into popular use.

Writing at the beginning of the 20th century, social critic, W.E.B. Du Bois, noted that white rule "had corrupted the normal course of evolution." Du Bois thought that instead of allowing the best—black or white—to rise in society, racism had actually undermined Darwin's idea of the survival of the fittest. In the South, Isenberg writes, "...one found 'efficient Negroes', able and productive, being trampled under the heels of elected officials who supported white vigilante justice and propped up the heinous lynch law—catering to the interests of the unreconstructed white trash of the postwar South."

Thanks to Depression-era writers and photographers like James Agee and Walker Evans, there was an effort to probe, in a much deeper way, what it meant to be labeled poor white trash—displaced factory workers, coal miners in abandoned towns, and tenant farmers trapped on unproductive land. Many of Roosevelt's New Deal reforms provided a path for tenant farmers to acquire agricultural resources and skills; out-of-work laborers often found work through government programs like the Tennessee Valley Authority. In the 1960s, President Lyndon Johnson's 'Great Society' initiative attempted to offer similar assistance in the lives of impoverished mountain folk in Appalachia and poor African-Americans in large cities.

I believe that the author, much like Howard Zinn before her, has developed an alternative and far more accurate interpretation of American history and its underclass, both pitied and ostracized. Isenberg speaks truth about class issues that truly resonated with this reader.

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Class by Salma Abounadi

I was very fortunate to have parents who provided me with the tools to get an excellent education, good healthcare, shelter, nutrition, and love without being wealthy. I believe that my upbringing in Morocco contributed to my feeling that I can belong to many different groups/classes at once.

When I moved to the US in 1992, I had a small circle of friends, mostly from the international community. Initially, class issues were harder to see. It was after I moved to Winchester in 2002 and started a family that I began noticing divisions, largely based on class/classism. I prefer to raise my kids in the most diverse part of Winchester and believe that it is healthier for them to interact with a broad range of groups, including those with different socio-economic status.

These are my thoughts. I do not speak for all immigrants or all Moroccans.

B O O K R E V I E W

My Name Is Lucy Barton by Elizabeth Strout

Reviewed by Gloria Legvold*

At some point, the novel's narrator Lucy Barton says, "It interests me how we find ways to feel superior to another person, another group of people. It happens everywhere, and all the time. Whatever we call it, I think it's the lowest part of who we are, this need to find someone else to put down."

We can place ourselves, roughly, within a class—owning, middle, working, poor. As we consider these groupings, we may recognize our own attitudes, judgments, and biases. Classism enters our thinking when we choose to assign lesser value to those we judge lower in socioeconomic status.

Lucy's childhood is spent in poverty. For years, she lives in rural isolation with her parents and siblings in an unheated garage next to her great uncle's house. Although the family moves into the uncle's house after his death, there is still deprivation—no books, little food. Yet there is help: a kindly janitor allows Lucy to study in a heated classroom after school; her cousin Abel, bullied himself because of "pants too short," teaches Lucy how to dumpster dive behind the local bakery; and there is occasional dental care, though given begrudgingly. At the same time, Lucy experiences other humiliation and fear: a teacher tells Lucy's sister that her family smells bad and that being poor is no excuse to be dirty. Lucy spends hours locked in her father's truck, a frightening experience, which is intended to keep her safe while her parents work and her siblings attend school.

Throughout her school years, during college, and in a writing workshop, Lucy benefits from the understanding of teachers like Mr. Haley, who notices the mocking gesture of a popular girl in sixth grade. Red-faced with anger, he says, "Do not ever think you are better than someone, I will not tolerate that in my classroom, there is no one here who is better than someone else." Nevertheless, the heavy shame of poverty causes Lucy to doubt her intrinsic worth, who she is at her very core. She muses, "...I know so well the pain we children clutch to our chests, how it lasts our whole lifetime."

Humiliations, large and small, continue to plague Lucy, whose first love is a college professor, the first person to wonder about her social class. As they drive through neighborhoods, he asks, "Was the house you grew up in

like that one?" He critiques her clothes, which she buys at a thrift shop. On another occasion, Lucy's mother-in-law helps her select clothes for a small wedding reception and introduces her to others with the words, "Lucy comes from nothing."

Thus, adult Lucy, now with a college education, a financially stable marriage, two daughters, and the beginning of a successful writing career, carries her early story with her, just as each of us carries our story. Invariably, that story begins in childhood. Lucy's is one story. How potentially inspiring and helpful to our own growth it would be to know another's story beyond the person's profession, college, and town. To truly listen to another's story requires being completely present with our attention, a genuine desire to learn about the other person's life experience, and an absence of judgment.

What really shapes this novel is a generous spirit, a declaration of love. Despite the impoverishment of body and soul, linked with instances of abuse and bullying, Lucy says, "People have worked hard, suffered, and had good things happen to them." In her own writing, Lucy tries to "come to the page without judgment" and often pauses to entertain a differing perspective. She acknowledges that she might not be correct; another's view might have validity. Lucy balances experiences and observations with an open-minded, 'both/and' point of view, giving others the benefit of the doubt.

**The reviewer finds—among many themes in the best seller My Name Is Lucy Barton—another window into how class behavior and attitudes, and classism, can shape one's life.*

Imagine a world where every person has their needs met...Where we valued our planet over the profit that destroys it. Where racism only exists in history books and our democracy isn't for sale. All of these things are possible, if we work together.

—from the *United for a Fair Economy* website
(www.faireconomy.org)

Parenting in an Unequal World

Do class issues affect children as they do adults? Of course they do! Like other issues of difference, children pick up on our attitudes through our body language—what is not said as well as our facial expressions and the verbal messages we give. Class Action (www.classism.org) offers “Suggestions for Parenting in an Unequal World: ‘More is Caught Than Taught.’”

This valuable list, created by Jennifer Ladd, Ed.D, offers ten suggestions. The first, and perhaps most important, is to “listen with curiosity to your child’s observations, judgments, questions, concerns, and insights about class and racial issues and take the time for discussion.”

With my own children, and now my grandchildren, my instinct is to respond to a comment that I think is problematic by correcting them and giving a mini-lecture.

I need to stop myself and, instead, ask “Why do you think that?” I really don’t want to shut them down and discourage them from sharing their ideas and observations. The beauty of working with children is that they are often brutally honest, and they see the world with unfiltered eyes.

Other important suggestions include the following: support children in speaking up when they observe bullying behavior, be a model of willingness to learn and be uncomfortable in being outside your comfort zone, and be open to acknowledging racist or classist behaviors.

Class Action offers a list of children’s books relating to issues of class and many other resources including curricula for teachers.

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Class by Terry Marotta

to people who looked like us, we were children of parents who had access to the chief method of passing down wealth in this country in the homes they were lucky enough to come to own.

The remark made by my hapless elementary school teacher strikes me now as working on both levels, in the

way she characterized ‘class’ as being just another one of the closely held secrets; a status that we could hope to achieve, if—and only if, we knew never to speak its name. Sadly enough in American society, even today many invisible engines still turn to continue privileging the ‘Haves’ at the expense of the ‘Have-nots.’

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