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Spruce Run News (December 1997)

Spruce Run Staff

Spruce Run

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Staff, Spruce Run, "Spruce Run News (December 1997)" (1997). *Maine Women's Publications - All*. 240. https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/maine_women_pubs_all/240

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Spruce Run News

December 1997

Volume 1



My Angel

He sleeps, my Angel.
He does not hear.
He is dead to me.
Dead to himself.
He does not care.
Does he love? Maybe.
But maybe he does not know what love is.
Maybe my Angel is blind;
Blind to my eyes, to my heart
And blind to my soul.
I used to think my Angel was from the heavens.
But my Angel is not from heaven;
He is from Hell like the Devil himself.
My Angel is here and away – together.
He does not hear me when I cry out. He sleeps.
He does not see my tears flowing like rivers
From my eyes. He does not see my heart wilting.
He doesn't see my eyes searching desperately
For love and acceptance.
He does not see that he is blind to my soul.
He only sleeps, my Angel.

—Anonymous

Spruce Run Groups

Over the last few years, Spruce Run has reaffirmed its commitment to providing groups for abused women. Our on-going and open weekly support group in Bangor has experienced renewed interest and attendance.

Spruce Run has also increased its efforts to provide educational groups to other specialized populations (i.e. abused women who also have substance abuse issues) and geographically localized groups (i.e. Lincoln).

Our support groups are facilitated by consistent volunteers and epitomize Spruce Run's self-help model. Women come together for an hour and a half, share their experience, recognize they are not alone and offer each other support for the difficult changes and crises in their lives.

The educational group series we provide is typically 10 to 12 weeks in duration. As we meet weekly we personally explore the definitions of domestic violence, the roles of women and men in our culture and how those roles contribute to the existence of domestic violence.

—continued on page 7

Become a Spruce Run Volunteer!

Spruce Run is looking for hotline volunteers! What does a hotline volunteer do?

- *Support and validate caller's feelings
- *Explore options
- *Provide information about abuse
- *Provide information about resources
- *Support and validate the caller's right to live a violence-free life

Hotline training will prepare you to work on our 24 hour self-help hotline. No previous education is required. Upon successful completion of training you can volunteer from our office during the day or from your home evenings or weekends.

Interested?

Call 945-5102. The next training begins in January 1998.

Spruce Run also has other volunteer opportunities including children's worker and group facilitator training. Call for a volunteer packet today!

Survival IS Possible

By: Claudia G. Violette

Morning came without a single glimpse of light. Blankets were on all windows and doors. My home became my tomb I locked myself in. Fear and paranoia encompassed my every breath. I felt life slipping from me. The relentless accusations of people were as spoonfuls of dirt being thrown on top of me in this grave called life.

I had replayed messages in my mind of taunting words, "you are no good...nobody will ever want you...you don't do anything right!" to the point that I started to believe it. My church family would say, "I can't believe he would do this to you." My ears and heart would only hear **I DON'T BELIEVE YOU**. I was emotionally six feet under looking up, too tired, too depressed, too spent to carry on. My ex-husband had gone around our small town, mouthing his insidious lies, and I just couldn't bear to hear anymore.

I decided one of us must die. I wanted to kill him but didn't have the guts. I slit my wrist one day. I didn't even remember it was time for my girls to come home. I left a message in blood on the mirror – **HELP ME**. There were pools of blood on the floor. My precious little girls saw this horrendous scene. I am forever ashamed and wish I could erase this sight from their minds.

I bled from the wrist, yes, but more profusely from the heart. It took me years before I could sort out the clarity that it was some of God's people I was upset with, not the Lord.

My last contact with my ex-husband was seven years ago. The last time he beat me I took over fifty punches to my head. While he pinned me down on our deck, he doubled up his fist and pounded each side of my head at least twenty-five times. My earrings were punched through my ears. One hand was choking my neck, the other delivering the blows. His knees pierced and crunched my abdomen and ribs, his feet kicking my body anywhere they could. The steady stream of vulgarities hurled at me cut to the inner core. I didn't know enough to stay down. I got up and went to go back at him, trying to hurt him like he did me. All I accomplished was to be bounced off the wall and receive a fourteen to sixteen inch laceration down my back from a wooden moose on our wall. My neck vertebrae were all out of alignment. I had a bloody nose, both a fractured and a detached rib, and numerous other contusions and hematomas. My face was bruised, and there were hand print bruises on my neck.

When my perpetrator was in his rage, his eyes were those of an insane man, and his strength was uncommon. After the beating, this man stood over me and said, "I did not touch you! You tore my shirt." His center of focus was a torn shirt, not a shredded life or home.

I was repeatedly told that if I left, nobody would want me. I got a protection order. He would follow me when I drove school bus, park his truck 200 feet from our door, and sit in a vacant lot next the house. The local police department told me he could walk around our home with a loaded gun if he wanted, that until he fired a shot inside the house he had broken no law.

To revisit the past is to encounter a surge of emotional trauma disrupting my daily existence. Years have evolved, yet the fear and emotion have not grown dim.

The vicious cycle of violence ceased, at least outwardly. I got away. The bruises, contusions, incisions, and lacerations have all been attended. Ice was applied, stitches taken, and the physical healing promoted. All that remains is the faint shadowy line on my left wrist.

Why did you stay? You ask! Only one who has been there can hear those words echoing so loudly that it actually deafens our hearts to reject familiar sounds. Prejudice and illiteracy of the crime were so rampant. Beaten, broken, belittled, and betrayed, you escape only to begin the second cycle of "assistance". No money, no food, no home, no job – a shelter, a safe home, a haven? A flight in the darkness of night tears away all the familiarity of your surroundings. The basic fight or flight instinct for survival takes you and your charges for a heart wrenching ride into the tumultuous sea of the unknown.

As I opened the door of our local welfare facilities, my stomach churned, and I endured a whole new set of verbal abuse. The intake worker callously said, "You will be put on probation for willfully leaving your job." I told her that, as I had previously stated, I had to relocate. It was a matter of life or death. I had letters from doctors, a shelter, my former employer, and a protection order to attest to this fact. Yet, the insulting aggression of the intake worker instantly brought tears and the instinct for survival. I responded, hardly audible, "Lady, I didn't ask to be beaten, to lose my new home, to have to leave my good paying job, to be reduced to nothing. You are supposed to be here to assist in a crisis situation. If I ever knew of a crisis situation, it certainly is now!"

Next, the housing skirmish. Forever seared in my conscience will be the snipe remark, "I would never put myself in a position of being homeless." Like it was a choice a competent adult would make, given an alternative.

Then, the transitional phase. There is no such thing as temporary or incremental assistance between welfare and self-sufficiency. There is nothing to fill the gaps if you earn barely over poverty level. The victory over the transitional battle is the self-satisfaction that no person can rip away from you the fact that you are a survivor. This becomes your primary drive to existence.

Somehow, things get better.

I worked three jobs to keep those precious girls of mine in a good home and neighborhood. I grew tired, weary, and often felt that for every three steps I moved forward I was shoved back two. I will never forget my daughters' first day of school in a different community, where everything and everybody was the unknown. They were afraid – afraid to go in, afraid of all these new people, afraid to trust, afraid to let me out of their sight. Although never physically touched by their ex-stepfather, the stigma of the aftermath of my beatings left the saddened eyes, the free flowing tears,

and the frightened little arms hugging me tight as I tried to assure them I was all right. These scenes rip at the very threads of your heart. Those of you who have been there know exactly what I am saying. Those who need to go there, listen to what we found. There was an abundance of wonderful, loving people who helped (not pushed) and assisted the girls to build trust, friendships, and a real sense of belonging.

Today I stand with pride to announce I am the mom of these two now 17 and 19 year old young ladies. They both are excellent students, participate in sports, play the saxophone, and have future plans in the medical field. The Lord has been our source of never ending strength. I am blessed to be married to a wonderful, loving man and have been given a handsome son. I am the first female Safety compliance Officer for the Department of Transportation. I am ALIVE. I can laugh, trust, touch, and take a chance in letting others know me. I don't have to take the wrong exit off the interstate and go nuts weaving in and out of streets, paranoid that I am being followed, attempting to get to my residence without being detected. I can go to the mall, into the schools. I can be me.

The journey has found connecting highways and people that care, will help, and take a stand. My internal instincts demanded that I not only survived, but succeeded in maintaining a happy, fulfilled life to encourage those just beginning to embark on this same journey to break the cycle of abuse for themselves and their precious children.

Let us each one never turn our heads, hearts, or homes from the silent cries echoing the woes of deafening domestic violence and its blatant hypocrisy. Let us not be so naïve to think it is a prejudice phenomenon raising its ugly head only among the poor, alcoholics, or drug abusers. Domestic violence is a destructive force, lethal enough to disperse families from the pulpit to the pew, from the town heroes to the town derelicts. It makes no distinction for race, gender, social status, or wealth.

Take a stand. One more beating is one too many. When we, the people, no longer accept domestic violence, we have a combined force to break this cycle. Today is a gift, that is why it is called the present. What will you do with your gift today?

Jimly's Story

By: Jimly Levola Garland

I grew up in a small town called Mattawamkeag, Maine. My family was very stable, financially. We were stereotyped as middle-upper class. We attended church every Sunday, participated in both town and school events. It was safe to say we were well liked. But, the thing people didn't see in my family was the vile, crude spirit that lived behind our closed doors: Domestic Violence.

I watched my ex-stepfather physically abuse my mother on numerous occasions. It tore me apart inside. I begged him to stop.

I would yell, "Stop hurting my mommy!" My cries were ignored. When he was done, I would go help her up and tell her I was sorry she got hurt and that I loved her. My younger sister didn't know what to think. She just cried for my mother and carried the same fear of my then stepfather inside that Mom and I felt.

This went on for years until one bitterly cold Sunday afternoon in February 1990. Mom, Jo (my sister), and I were eating lunch at a friend's house. Charlie, my ex-stepfather, called and spoke to my mother on the phone. He told her she'd better get her "ass home in 5 minutes or hell would break loose". Mom immediately rushed out, without telling us what was up, and went home. The hours quickly flew by. I was getting extremely nervous, panicking because Mom hadn't returned. I tried to keep my sister's mind off Mom by playing. Finally, Mom returned, hours later.

Mom didn't look the same though. Charlie had beaten her for the Last Time. He punched her hundreds of times in the stomach, chest, and face until she got fractured and floating ribs. Her face was swollen and bruised due to the severity of blows she took to her head and having it smashed against the edges of a picnic table and the deck floor. Her back was out of line, and her earrings were punched through the sides of her neck. Her bloodstains left the formerly white snow stained red.

Luckily, my aunt came and helped my mom calm down and clean up. Mom tried to tell us she fell on the ice. She said that to soothe my sister, but I didn't buy it. Mom's friend took us to our house to get our clothes. The phone was ripped off the wall, papers all over the floor, blood droplets on our rug, a true mess. Mom called the town police officer, who told her that he wouldn't enter into family problems.

My mother had no more strength, emotionally or physically. It was now my turn to be an adult. So, at the young age of 10, I felt I had to take care of my family. We lived with mom's friend for seven weeks, then moved back to our house after Mom got a protection from abuse order on my ex-stepfather. This only prevented him from entering the house if we were in it, but he could still walk the property. He sat across the street in his truck all night. And I sat in the window of my room, making sure he didn't move an inch out of that truck. I didn't sleep at all during the night. See, I had to protect my mother.

The stress he put on her ate her away to nothing. We literally lived in a prison. Every door and window was locked. We couldn't go outside. Every window opening was covered with blankets. Mom only took so much of this, and then she had no desire to live.

I was in junior high, doing double sessions at school from noon to 5:30pm. I would get home in the dark. Well, I got off the bus and ran down my driveway. The lights were on in the trailer, but Mom wasn't answering the door. I had the worst feeling in my stomach. I sat in the dark, crying and shaking.

Mom's friend came in the driveway with my little sister who had been visiting. I told her to hurry up and unlock the door. I thought Charlie had gotten Mom again. As we opened the door I burst

in and could hear my mom faintly crying "help me". As I followed the voice, I passed her bed. It had a Bible opened up on it with notes to us in it. I walked around the corner, and there she was on the bathroom floor in a pool of blood. She had slit her wrist, and it was a matter of minutes before she would die. I screamed hysterically. My little sister screamed. Then we called the ambulance.

After a week of recovery, mom returned home. The next morning we woke up, and Mom had us pack everything we could into the suburban. We would escape for good now! We moved to Brewer and lived in my aunt's cellar for a few months, then into an apartment.

We struggled for a few years while mother worked hard to provide for Jo and me. We never went without, and I nominate Mom for the "Best Single Mom Award!"

This finally brings us to today. I can say I am a child survivor of domestic violence. It wasn't an easy battle, but I had the faith to persevere. It's very stereotypical of people to say that children of domestic violence will never be successful, won't be emotionally stable, will hate men, or that we won't be normal children. Well, I stand in honor of every child that has conquered the trials of domestic violence.

I am an adult now – 19 years old. I will graduate from the medical radiography program at EMTC this upcoming June. I have a desire to continue my career possibly by furthering my education in physician's assistant school. I have been a strong singer in my church choir and have participated in statewide pageants with a domestic violence platform.

I have a wonderful relationship with my family and have a beautiful relationship with a man whom I will marry in a few years.

I write this article not for pity or sympathy, but to make you aware of the problem of domestic violence. I also write it to encourage every child who lives in violence that you will make it. Believe in yourself. Find some positive in a bad situation and grow from it.

"And if I name life, I must risk laughter, my singing, my tears, myself, in giving a name to this experience called living."

Editor's note: These stories are written by mother and daughter. Claudia and Jimly shared their stories with us at the Sunday In The Park speak-out sponsored by the Domestic Abuse Task Force on October 5, 1997.



Spruce Run's Transitional Housing Program

Battered women and their children are often at the mercy of abusers who use violence and the threat of violence to deny them access to family, friends, jobs, income, and other resources. Many brave the consequences of escape, and flee to friends, family members, or shelters. This refuge can often provide battered women with enough time to reflect on their options. Many determine that living away from the batterer is the best course of action.

However, our emergency shelter has a limited stay of 30 days because of the constant need to shelter others and because its purpose is immediate crisis intervention. For many women this is not an adequate amount of time to resolve legal issues, find new resources for financial and emotional support, or find new housing. Families also need time to address such issues as long-term safety planning, childcare, schools, job training, substance abuse treatment, and mental health services. The lack of readily available resources and/or time to secure them means that some families are faced with the dilemma of either returning to the abuser's home or else remaining homeless.

In April 1997 after over a year of hard work and diligence, Spruce Run began our transitional housing program. We hired two new staff people to coordinate the housing and services programs and formed a transitional housing team of staff and volunteers. The building itself is a four-unit apartment building; three of those units are transitional housing units. It is located in Bangor; the exact location is confidential.

After a summer of renovations, the units were completed in September! We barely had time to ooh and aah about how splendidly they turned out before two families moved in immediately. We received lots of donations of excellent quality furniture and home supplies (we're still accepting these gracious donations!) and the families living there have added their own things to turn the apartments from empty units into charming homes. It is so wonderful to drive by and see plants in the windows and to hear the residents talk about sharing rides, coffee, and babysitting duties.

It is important to note that transitional housing is not simply housing; residents work with a Spruce Run staff person in an ongoing way to establish, reach, and maintain their own goals and plans. Our program goal is to help women that we are currently serving who may be interested in more focused attention from Spruce Run.

Transitional housing is available to women and their children who are homeless due to issues of domestic violence. Unlike other Spruce Run services which have no income eligibility, transitional housing residents must be low-income. Anyone with questions about transitional housing should call the hotline.

Blaine House Tea Honors

Spruce Run honored Connie Huntley and the Cross-Disciplinary Training Team at this year's Blaine House Tea, sponsored by the Maine Coalition for Family Crisis Services.

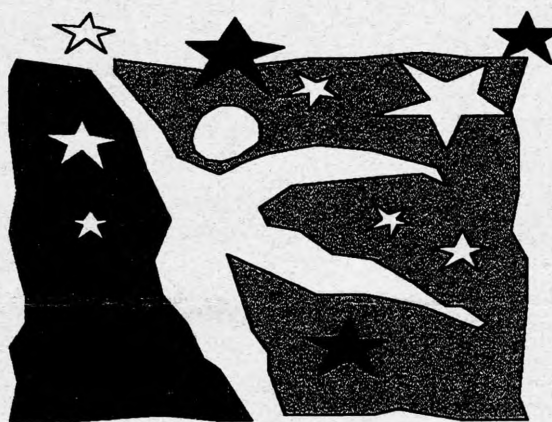
Connie Huntley has been part of Spruce Run since 1981, one of our founding mothers. She taken on the challenges of many different roles throughout these 16 years. She was the first Children's Services Coordinator and recently cofacilitated a community-based education group for battered women with substance abuse issues. In between, she volunteered her energy on the hotline, in the children's program, and on the Steering Committee. While a student at the Bangor Theological Seminary, she was their first off-campus work-study student, working at Spruce Run. As an interim staff member, she coordinated the Domestic Abuse Task Force committee, establishing the "Sunday in the Park" event for Domestic Violence Awareness Month. She created a packet of materials for clergy to use in addressing domestic violence in their congregations and distributed it to all congregations in Penobscot County in September 1996. She cofacilitated a training group for women who wanted to improve their churches' responses to abused women. Connie is a formerly battered woman and has courageously shared her personal story as well as her extraordinary energy to move us all forward toward an end to domestic violence. We honor her.

The Penobscot County Cross-Disciplinary Team was created by a statewide initiative to create collaborative training with professionals from four disciplines: domestic violence, substance abuse, child protection, and childcare. Spruce Run honored the team, composed of Lyn Carter from Spruce Run, Patricia Kimball, substance abuse counselor, Melissa Peakes-Stevens, Child Protective Services, and Nancy Isaacs, Penquis CAP Child Care. These women have worked together since the initiative began several years ago and have enthusiastically, voluntarily, and tirelessly provided this 15-hour training in numerous venues, reaching hundreds of childcare providers, teachers, nurses, and other professionals. It is demanding, difficult work, challenging both the presenters and participants to engage in dialogue about controversial subjects with personal impact. Their level of commitment is unmatched in the state, and they have presented reports on their teamwork and the curriculum at national conferences. Such work comes straight from the heart, and we honor them.

Spruce Run's Twenty-Five Year Anniversary Celebration!

Saturday, April 18, 1998
Toshi Reagon with Big Lovely in Concert
Maine Center for the Arts

This very exciting event is in the works! On our twentieth anniversary Sweet Honey in the Rock came and performed. It was an incredibly astounding and moving event. On April 18th, we will be having an equally powerful event. As the oldest domestic violence project in the state and one of the oldest in the country, we have a lot to be proud of and to celebrate!! Be sure to tell all of your friends and mark your calendars!

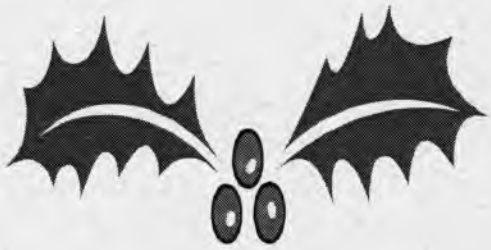


Renovations update

The Capital Funds Campaign 1995, although three years' past, is still very much alive and well. The extensive work to the exterior of the Resource Center has been completed. The building looks great, nothing leaks and the wind is not blowing through the windows anymore! Our wonderfully talented contractor Noel Tewes added a beautiful trellis to the porch for the perennial grapes to climb on. Volunteers from the United Way's Lend-a-Hand Project provided the finishing touch by landscaping around the house.

Thank you to donors who continue to faithfully respond to those pledge reminders because plans are well underway to renovate the interior of the Resource Center. January 5th is the official start date for work to begin. Daily routine will be disrupted for the +/- twelve weeks it will take to complete the job, but the improvements will be well worth the inconvenience. We greatly appreciate the support that has made this huge project possible. Please plan to visit and see the new look for yourself!





****Grants for Special Projects****

Spruce Run received four S*T*O*P Violence Against Women grants for FY98 to accomplish special projects.

We are delighted to launch a pilot program which addresses the complex relationship between domestic violence and mental illness issues. Battered women with mental illness suffer from a particularly vicious and difficult kind of trap: domestic abuse is a source of chronic trauma, which can result in a range of mental health problems, which can then make the victim more vulnerable to continued abuse. If a battered woman seeks services as a result of symptoms of post traumatic stress disorder or depression, a mental health diagnosis may mask underlying safety issues.

Our Support and Education Groups Coordinator is hard at work developing a curriculum for a 20 week support group designed to meet these complex needs. The group will begin in January or February 1998. In conjunction with this group we will be providing specialized training to mental health professionals in our community who want to learn more about the dynamics of abuse and Spruce Run's services.

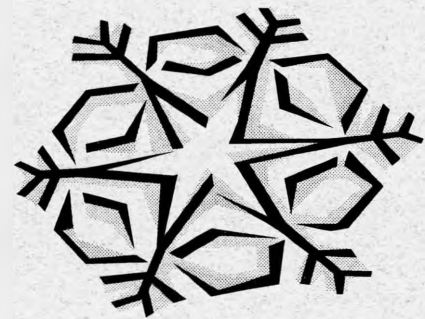
Spruce Run has also been awarded a S*T*O*P grant to create specialized training in domestic violence issues for physicians and medical staff, dentists, clergy, and businesses. A second S*T*O*P grant will be used to expand services to battered women and community providers in northern Penobscot county. S*T*O*P grant funds also purchased the state-of-the-art computers used to produce this newsletter!

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are so many people that contribute to Spruce Run in so many ways that we could not possibly list them all here. On behalf of the women and children that we serve, please accept our appreciation for all the many wonderful things that so many of you do. Thank-you to the following:

People's Heritage Bank; Orono American Legion; The Body Shop Kiosk, University of Maine; First Baptist Church Missions; Molly Maid Foundation; Department of Corrections, Probation and Parole—J Mosher charity; First Congregational Church, Brewer; Needlepaint; St. John's Episcopal Church Women; Bangor Lionettes; Star in the East Chapter #17; Northern Lights MCC; First Congregational Church; Church of Universal Fellowship; PSI Chi Honor Society; University of Maine Credit Union; Holy Family Parish, Old Town; Bangor Theological Seminary Student's Association; First Congregational Church, Millinocket; United Bikers of Maine; University Democrats, University of Maine; Aglow International; Orono Friends Meeting; Haymarket People's Fund; Maine State Employees Association—Penobscot Chapter; Wal-Mart Foundation; Bangor Steel Service, Inc; Front Row Video; Bangor Clown Association; Lois Gauthier Trust; Washington Street School; Main-ly Dolls Club; Designing Women Craft Show; Penobscot County Legal Secretaries; Redeemer Evangelical Church; The Bangor Singles Club; United Methodist Women; Sophomore Eagles, University of Maine; First Baptist Church Missions; Greater Bangor Area Golf Tournament; Circle K, University of Maine; Hampden Highlands United Methodist Church; Maine State Troopers Foundation; All Maine Women(UMe)

There are many individuals and church groups that regularly support the services that Spruce Run provides. If you are not on this list and would like to be acknowledged in a future newsletter please let us know!



Thanks to Volunteers!!

As you are probably aware, volunteers are the backbone of Spruce Run. Without the dedicated and hard-working volunteers, the work Spruce Run accomplishes and resource it provides to the community would not be possible.

The Steering Committee has gained four marvelous new members. We would like to welcome Robin Soucy, Julie Mobus, Melissa Reynolds, and Renate Klein. Welcome! The Steering Committee bid a fond farewell to Sandy Butler, Louise Schindler, Elaine Chambers, and Jane Laeger. Thank you for all of your hard work for Spruce Run.

We would like to extend a heartfelt thanks to all of Spruce Run's past and present volunteers who help make it all possible. Their work includes, but is not limited to: hotline, children's services, committees and subcommittees, shelter work, office help, domestic violence awareness, and transitional housing. Thank you !!



Groups (continued from page 1)

These groups work best with between six and ten women who are not in a current crisis. We have struggled in gathering these groups in rural areas because of confidentiality issues. But we know that when women feel safe enough to share their experience and reach out to others the isolation is broken and strength is shared.

Our newest effort is to create an educational/support group for battered women with mental illness. Work on the curriculum is currently in progress in hopes of beginning this group in early 1998. This is new ground for Spruce run but we are very hopeful that we can support these women who experience very particular struggles.

Please support our work by spreading the word that support and education groups are available and women can call 1-800-863-9909 for more information. PEACE!

Some Numbers ...

Spruce Run Direct Services
Sept 1, 1996-Oct 30, 1997

1,000 individuals used Spruce Runs services in FY97. (837 women, 24 men, and 139 children)

77% of those individuals were from Penobscot County; 6% from Hancock County. We served people from 14 of Maine's counties, 14 states, and 2 Canadian provinces.

Of the 837 women who used our services, 720 identified themselves as having been abused, 81 were third party callers, concerned about someone they knew who was being abused. 34 contacted us for other reasons.

50% of the abused women we served were not living with their abusers. They were living alone, often as single parents, while many were living with family or friends.

We received a total of **3,208 hotline calls**, an average of 267 a month. 1,958 hours of crisis intervention, support, and advocacy were provided to over 800 hotline callers.

56 women and their 78 children stayed in shelter for a total of 2,208 nights. Of the 56 women, 44 left shelter for new homes without the abuser or to their former home with the abuser gone. We know that 3 returned to their abusers. 9 did not tell us their plans.

177 women and 72 children participated in support groups for a total of 2,685 hours.

2,048 hours of community response services were provided in FY97, with training and education programs in a wide variety of venues.



Shelter Update & Wishlist

For the past 14 years our shelter has proved a safe haven for hundreds of women and children from our community and beyond.

We have always tried to make the building itself as comfortable, attractive, and home-like as possible for our guests who make the difficult decision to leave their own homes and all that was dear and familiar for the sake of safety for themselves and their children. Much of what makes our shelter comfortable comes from donations: toiletries, clothing, linens, toys, books, and much of the food.

During the past several months a particularly generous anonymous donor replaced aging and worn items like dishes, flatware, pots and pans, utensils, sheets and blankets, and many other basic supplies. She also supplied extras to enhance the home-like atmosphere: the cookie jar complete with snacks was but one reflection of her support and commitment to our guests and the work we do. We are grateful for the constant support of this generous community. Our winter wish list for the shelter includes the following items:

- * rubber or waterproof sheets for twin sized beds
- * new children's underwear, size birth to 12 years
- * new women's underwear
- * women's and children's sleepwear, esp. boys age 4 to 12
- * adult and children's Tylenol
- * 60 watt light bulbs
- * laundry detergent and bleach
- * fabric softener sheets
- * ground coffee for coffee-makers
- * school snacks like fruit roll-ups, granola bars, juice boxes
- * cleaning supplies
- * small sewing kits and hair brushes
- * baby wipes & diapers size large & medium

During the coming year we hope to replace some of the worn out furniture in shelter. If you are able to help in that effort, please send a check designated for "shelter furniture" to Spruce Run.

Thank-you.

Spruce Run Services

Hotline: 24 hours a day, 365 days a year to offer support, feedback, advocacy, & information about options with the firm belief in a woman's right to make her own decisions.

Support/Education Groups: Women meet weekly to help each other by sharing experiences & offering encouragement & understanding to one another. Education groups provide insight into the dynamics of battering & abuse. Children's activity groups are available for support group.

Shelter: We assist women & their children in obtaining safe shelter which may be their own home with a Protection from Abuse order & safety plan in place, for example, or maybe our emergency shelter, another shelter, or a motel.

Training & Education: We provide training, consultation, & education sessions about domestic violence for the general public & specialized training for people working in professions where they regularly come into contact with victims of domestic

Spruce Run

P O Box 653

Bangor, Maine 04402

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