

Thank You for 20 Years of Support



The Streets Staff would like to thank you for your faithful support over the past twenty years.

Front row Tara Mickens, Carmen Coleman, Valeane Bowie, Mary Wilkes Harris, Miriam Avery, Andreana Brown, Cleo Baggett, Joyce Wilfong, Richard Vining, Paul Crump

Back Row Brandyn Malone, Delvin Lane, Ken Bennett, John Cowherd



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This seal is our pledge that your gifts are used as you planned.
Thank you for your support of Streets Ministries.



STREETS MINISTRIES
430 Vance Avenue
Memphis, TN 38126



Defend the cause of the weak and fatherless; maintain the rights of the poor and the oppressed. Rescue the weak and the needy; deliver them from the hand of the wicked.

Psalms 82:3-4

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STREETS - BETWEEN THE LINES

JUNE 2007

Looking 20 Years Ahead, Not Behind

We have all heard great testimonies from athletes, entertainers, former gang leaders and drug dealers, as well as others. Remember the first time you heard of how God grabbed someone's heart and changed it? A few years later you hear that same person speak, and their conversion experience story is obviously the exact one you had heard earlier. However, nothing else is different. There are no new stories of God's work in their lives. You keep waiting to hear of the powerful things that God is doing through this changed life. You walk away impressed with the testimony, but puzzled about what has or hasn't been happening in their lives recently. You pose the question that Dr. King did so many years ago. Where do we go from here?



I vividly remember Larry Lloyd and I standing in the parking lot of a local church where we had just stepped out of a fund-raiser for the Memphis Leadership Foundation. It was twenty years ago. We were celebrating God's affirmation of our feeble efforts while plotting out the next ninety days of ministry to the city. We were excited, scared, and anxious all at once. What had we got ourselves and our families into this time? Where do we go from here?

The early days were filled with an indescribable anticipation. I remember within the first month of STREETS, I had made entrée into the local high school, received a \$5,000 gift to the ministry, started a Bible study with some kids, and had a guy shot ten feet from me. God was affirming, challenging, and scaring the heck out of me. It was wild! At every turn I was learning, growing, and yearning for what the next day would offer in the area of ministry opportunities. Sleep was hard to fit into my schedule and seemed, at that point in time, merely a necessary evil. Those were the good old days! Where do we go from here?

Last Friday, I was having lunch with the staff and we were discussing the recent escalation of violence and drug trafficking in the neighborhood. The meal ends two hours later with a summertime plan that includes monthly events in the neighborhood, strategic outreach to certain individuals that have a strong influence in the community, and a plan to reclaim two parks that have been overrun with drug dealers. Five hours later I get a sobering phone call from Delvin. One of those individuals that we had prayed for at lunch had taken three bullets to the chest and died at the scene. Where do we go from here?

Monday rolls around and Ms. Jackson needs a fan in her airless Cleaborn Homes apartment. I hop in my car, drive to Walgreens, and grab a box fan to take to her. While dropping off the fan, I bump into Janice, an elderly woman on welfare living in an apartment that should have been condemned years ago. I give her bus fare and we have prayer. As I begin to pull off, a young man flags me down. He is holding an unpaid cut-off notice for his utilities. We speak to the difficulty, make a plan, pray, and I hand him enough money for some level of nourishment. We will talk again before the day is out. I head down St. Paul and see 73 year old Ms. Gammons trying to make her way downtown. I help her into my car and we laugh and cry together as we remember her two grandkids involvement with STREETS. They are both doing well. On the way back to the office, I stop by and check on a kid that was shot in a drive-by last week. He seems fine. When I finally make it back to STREETS, I am greeted by the sounds of the Summer Institute kids getting ready for another summer of academic enrichment and college preparation. John is in a Bible study room doing his annual Bible Boot Camp with his middle school guys. I smell the finish on the recently refinished gym floor as we prepare for the onslaught of kids coming through the doors next week as summer vacation time hits. I walk into my office, close the door, and try to reach the family of the slain man. Where do we go from here?

New testimonies are happening everyday here at STREETS as evangelism and discipleship continues to be our foundation. Our passion to share the good news of the Gospel and to empower youth educationally still runs true. Please pray for us as we look at the next twenty years and ask the question. Where do we go from here?



Taking a Look Back: by Delvin Lane

As I think back over my life, I remember times when all we had to play with around my neighborhood were old drink cans and a few scattered rocks in our grassless front yards in the inner-city. Sure there were brief moments when the city decided to help the “poor” kids out by paying, in most cases, a few drunken men to start up little league sports teams, but we usually just ended up spending our time playing the days away with each other.

There were not any Caucasians in the neighborhood back then. Periodically we would see a white police officer or an insurance salesman come through, but that all changed by the time I reached the age of ten. It was then that Ken Bennett started hanging out in the neighborhood. With a friendly face and open arms, Ken embraced our community as he spent numerous hours hanging out with kids and building relationships. My mother was terrified of the fact that her baby boy was hanging out with white people because she was not that far removed from the civil rights era. But as she saw how sincere Ken was, she allowed me to spend more time with him.

As time passed, Ken’s passion to share Christ in the community through word and deed grew stronger and formed Streets into what it is today. He started up several programs to address some of the educational problems in the neighborhood and began a tutoring / mentoring program to give kids Christian mentors that could show them how to live a Christ-centered life.

Through the power of the Holy Spirit, Ken dealt with every issue that arose and embraced the Foote and Cleaborn

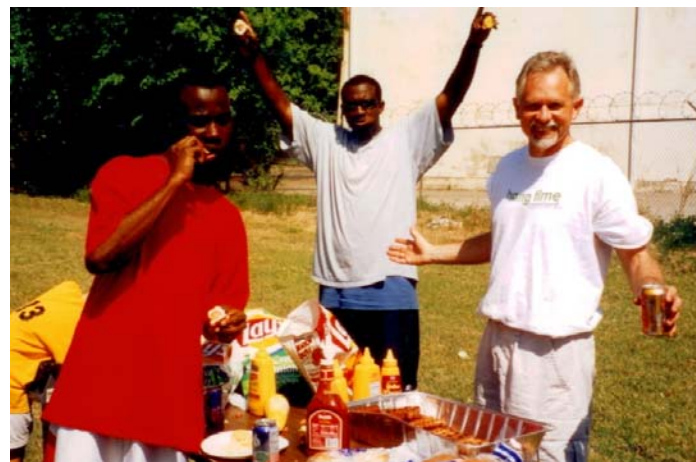
Homes community by sharing Christ’s love and resources. A mission that still exists today. So take a look back with me as Streets reflects on the past 20 years.



Delvin poses with his wife to be, Loretta, during the 1995 Booker T. Washington High School Prom.



Ken performing in a camp skit held at Victory Valley.



Streets alum Lonnie enjoys a Labor Day celebration at Georgia Avenue with Delvin and Ken back in 1999.



Prior to becoming President of the Memphis Leadership Foundation, Howard Eddings enjoys a summer with Ken and some kids at camp in North Carolina.



From the comfort of his Hard Rock shirt, Ken competes in the 1988 edition of the Bubblegum Olympics.



Ken shares a meal with a student during the early stages of Streets’ Pathways mentoring program.



In 1993, Streets took a group of students to Windy Gap for summer camp. The t-shirts worn feature Streets’ first logo, which was personally designed by Ken.



Future board members Jeff Lee, John Wilfong and others spend time with kids during Streets’ first missions trip.



Ken speaks to a group of supporters in the Rec Room on 769 Vance Avenue during Streets’ 10 Year Celebration.