



home IMPROVEMENT

ANNUAL REPORT 2018

COMMUNITY FOUNDATION
OF ELKHART COUNTY

—

*Home improvement
extends beyond
the property line.*

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Letter from the President



Let home extend well beyond the property line.

When we think of home, our definition is contextual. It depends on where we are and what we are doing. As we sit on our couch and settle in for a Notre Dame football game, home means that couch and that TV. Home for me is Wendy and I with our kids. As we go to our respective workplaces and schools, home becomes Lusher Ave. or Rivercreek or Bridlewood. It becomes our neighborhoods and our neighbors. As we travel to play a rival team, home becomes Elkhart, Northwood, Goshen, Northridge, Jimtown or Concord. It becomes our respective cities.

And when we travel farther – as we go abroad to study, or travel to the coasts for work, home broadens even more. Home spans from Walnut Hill Early Childhood Center to Luchesses; from the remodeled Goshen Theatre to the new event center in Nappanee; from the ever-expanding Environmental Center to the new home of the Samaritan Health and Living Center. It encompasses the whole of Elkhart County.

Home, in this way, extends well beyond the property line.

But just as my neighbor’s property affects the value of mine, property lines aren’t property walls. We are interdependent on one another, and what benefits my neighbor’s home will in turn benefit my own. The same is true not just between neighbors, but in a broader scope as well. Between blocks. Between neighborhoods. Between towns.

Home, in this way, extends well beyond the property line.

It’s a fact that is worth accepting, even embracing.

We’ve come together this year to do remarkable good. We’ve impacted our community in countless ways. I’m humbled by it, truly. We’ve set to work on this home of ours, and we’ve built for it the strongest of foundations, a foundation of rock.

I’m reminded of the the parable of two builders from the Gospel of Matthew. A foolish man builds his house on sand. At the first heavy rain, it is washed away. He hadn’t listened to the wise men before him. He hadn’t taken care of home. A wise man, though, heeds the Lord’s word, the best practices of history, and builds upon a sturdy foundation. He saw an entirely different fate.

“And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.”

That wise builder took care of home. We aspire to be a wise builder. No matter what comes our way in Elkhart County; no matter the waxing and waning of the economy; no matter the unforeseen issues ahead of us, we desire to build our home, Elkhart County, on a solid foundation.

But a foundation isn’t complete. A foundation isn’t vibrant. It’s just a start. Let’s work together over the next year. Let’s erase artificial divisions based on property lines, school districts, and political boundaries.

Let’s do some home improvement. Together.

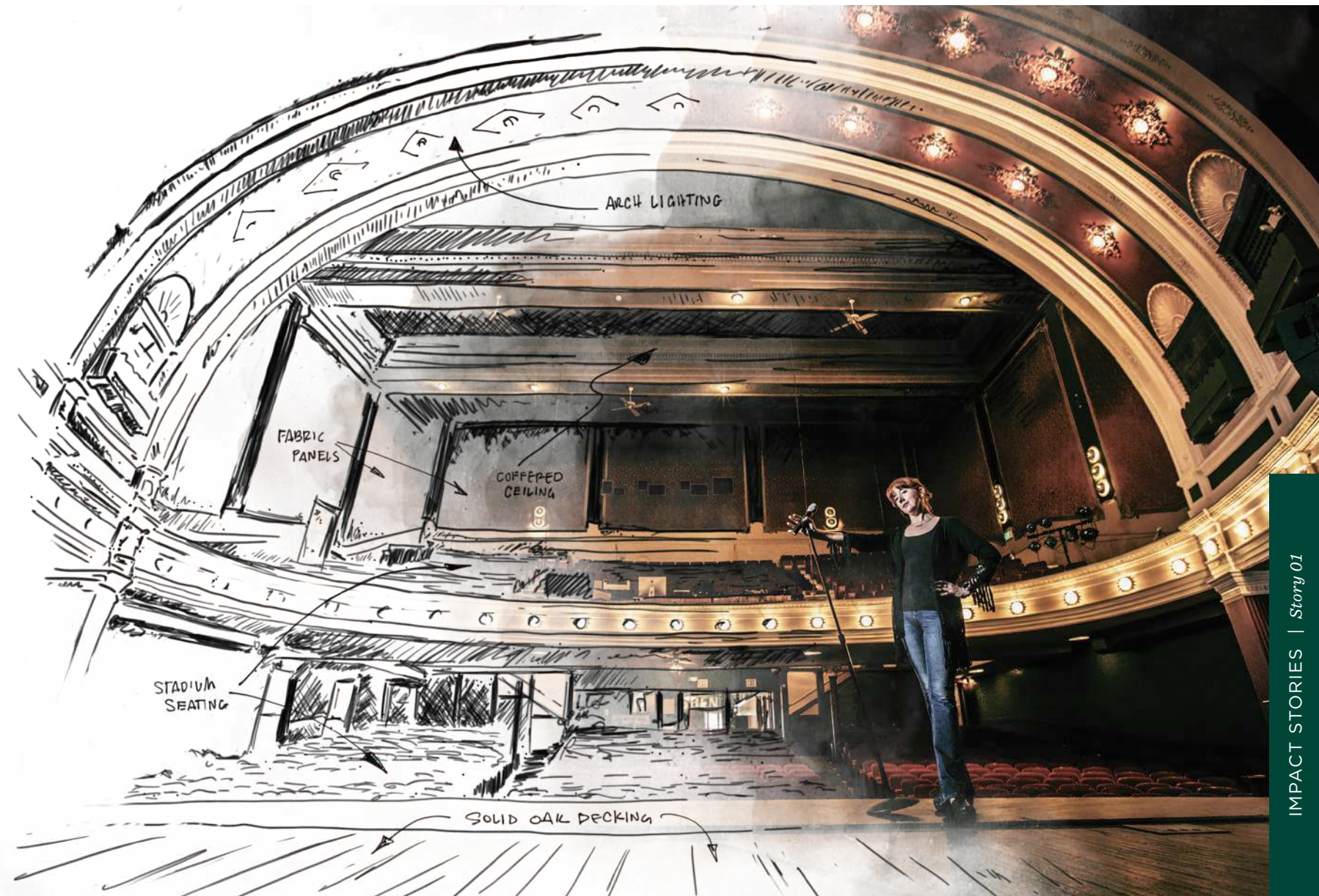
Let’s let home, in this way, extend beyond the property line.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Peter L. McCann". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

Story 01

So Splendid a Playhouse

The story of Goshen Theater, reborn.



IMPACT STORIES | Story 01

Click. Click. Click. Click.

Her vintage Ferragamos, studded and black, clack across the empty stage. Maple boards creak intermittently, each filled with memories of the thousands of footsteps that have come before.

Story 01

As she slowly edges across the floor, she's careful to feel each board, she's careful to feel each imperfection, the result of generations of previous acts. The subtle bend under her foot bounces back with a pulse of history she swears she can feel.

The theater is dark. Lights off, her mind is left to fill in the details, to soften the imperfections. The glow from the emergency exit bounds through the dusty air and falls soft on her auburn hair as she begins.

Amber Burgess has done this act before. Whenever she finds a new space, she takes time, alone, to get to know it. To have a conversation with it. This conversation is a classic one.

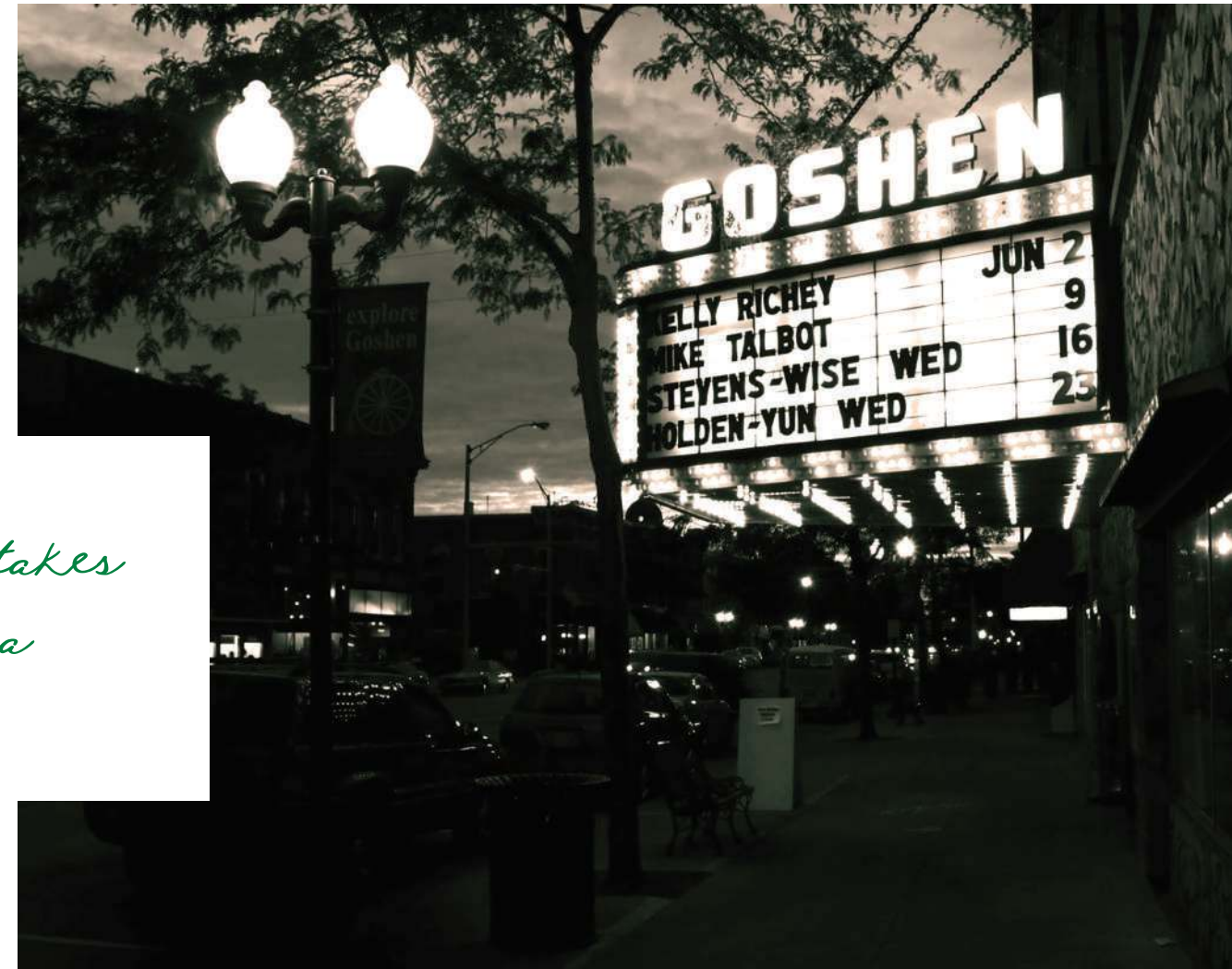
A harsh and sweeping octave jump is unforgiving to a novice singer, but it's second nature to Amber. "Somewhere, over the rainbow..."

Why did she choose that song? Why in this place? She couldn't possibly have known how fitting it was; she doesn't yet know the history. She hasn't yet pulled back the curtain.

Her alto voice soars, cutting through the dust and darkness and reverberating through the hollows of the theater. Bouncing off a domed ceiling. Gleaning off gilded Deco fixtures befitting Jay Gatsby himself. Filling the once empty and abandoned space with new life through her gift. Restoring it's weakened bones, just as the community has set out to bring back this nearly forgotten cultural centerpiece with their gifts.

Whenever she finds a new space, she takes time, alone, to get to know it. To have a conversation with it.

Oz, for Amber, was the old Goshen Theater, and behind the curtain was a century of problems. The historic theater had seen its share of adversity. Some say it was born of fire. Mere months after welcoming the governor



and other dignitaries for its official birthdate in 1905, the then Jefferson Theater was lost to a neighboring blaze that took out the entirety of the structure. Some two years later, the Jefferson was born again.

The theater was decadent, befitting the likes of Manhattan or Chicago. Born of the earliest years of Art Deco, the theater was one of the first to take on the design aesthetic that would mark the early twentieth century. It was a marvel of the Midwest and drew some of the most important shows of the day. Most importantly, it was the cultural lifeblood for Elkhart County and communities across northern Indiana. On opening day, the governor said of the theater, "Indiana has many splendid cities, many splendid communities, and many splendid buildings, but no city the size of Goshen has so splendid a playhouse."

The arts scene in Goshen at the time could never make use of the gorgeous theater space as it was intended.

Travelling shows were scant, and after just a few decades, buzz around the theater dwindled. But Goshen Theater saw yet another life. Ask just about any Goshen native, and you'll be regaled with memories of Jailhouse Rock, The Blob, or a handful of other great films that made their local debut at the Goshen. Those seats once held by elite community members taking in a live show were now occupied by the next generation of entertainment seekers. Those old creaky boards, given a decades-long rest, saw new footsteps, champagne was exchanged for soda and charcuterie turned in for Jujubes. The space continued to fill with memories just as it continued to fill the memories of those who called Goshen home.

But the social hub of Goshen eventually felt the pinch of larger theater chains, and those dusty, velvety seats saw fewer and fewer occupants. Stage shows and private events couldn't continue to bear the weight of the theater. Repairs and maintenance on the turn-of-





the-century space quickly soared beyond income. In 1986, the very same year that Weber’s Phantom would begin a slow rebirth of stage shows, the Goshen Theater shuttered its doors, locking up with it one of the most splendid theaters and its decades of memories.

Call it new life. Call it a comeback. Call it the next act. In the past few years, the Goshen Theater has been alive and bustling. It has become home to jazz shows, live comedy, full-scale productions, movie nights, church services, and one of the premier film festivals in the Midwest. The old Jeffersonian is again breathing life into the community that has brought it back from near death a number of times.

But behind that curtain remained all the scars of abandonment. Those creaky floorboards, while beautiful, demanded restoration. The beautiful Deco sconces sat askew and weathered. The lack of modern amenities, omitted from those 1907 building plans, made access a challenge. The beautiful relic carried into the new millennium some problems of the past. Restrooms at the theater were old, outmoded, and not even a quarter of the size they ought to have been. Concession areas crowded the entryway. Seats and infrastructure needed paint and repair.

Before this facility could call itself home to the next tier of art and music, an investment was needed. An investment in arts and culture. An investment in history and future. An investment in home.

And an investment it got. Amber and her cohorts call this new era, fittingly, “The Next Act,” and it has already raised \$5.2 million in its first phase. With a \$1 million Vibrant Communities grant from the Community Foundation of Elkhart County leading the way, the Goshen Theater is transforming itself into a truly flexible event space – one that can truly transform Elkhart County.

A theater, after all, is a beacon of culture – a modern town square. It’s a place for families to gather, friends to cement their bonds, budding love to take shape without pressure, and decades-old relationships to rekindle the romance. In today’s world, a theater may well be the last place where we untether from our digital personas and connect in real-time, pulling down the same air, reading the smallest movements in one another, absorbing the glint in each other’s eyes.

The first phase will install modern amenities, beautify the space, and ensure it meets all the standards to house any and all types of entertainment. As a result, the community around the theater will be injected with a B12 shot of culture and vibrancy. Displaced artists and their art will find a new home, tens of thousands will reclaim their piece of history, and others will create their own history in that old playhouse so splendid.

It’s palpable in the air, as Amber floats through the refrain. If your eye could will itself away from her, it would scan the details of the room. “It’s got good bones,” she would later jokingly lob the cliché. But she’s right. Your eyes would fall on the arc of the balcony and the majesty of its ornate ceiling.

It’s hard to imagine a world in which such a marvel would fall to ruin. But we would have been there, if not for the hard work of a relentless few, the charity of local philanthropists, and the investment from countless patrons, each doing their work to improve the place they call home. The red velvety seats seem cleaner now. The dust in the air has fallen away. Amber can see the governor in his balcony seat, his gray tail coat draped across his lap. Eyes closed, she can feel the buzz; anyone can. Like a boulder atop a mountain held in place by only a pebble, the potential energy would soon be turned kinetic under her watch. The echoes of a century would be let loose again, and again, Elkhart County would have a hub of culture and art.

She’s picking up steam now. Energized by what she swears are some mystic chords of history, she barely makes contact with those boards. The place is awakened, and the big dreams of those patrons are awakened with them. Part museum curator, part manager, all artist, Amber is ready to see those dreams come to life as she opens her eyes to pull in the full scene of her new home... her new Oz.

The dreams that you dream, at least for this vestige of higher art and culture, really do come true. 🍀

Vibrant Communities by the NUMBERS

\$3.8m

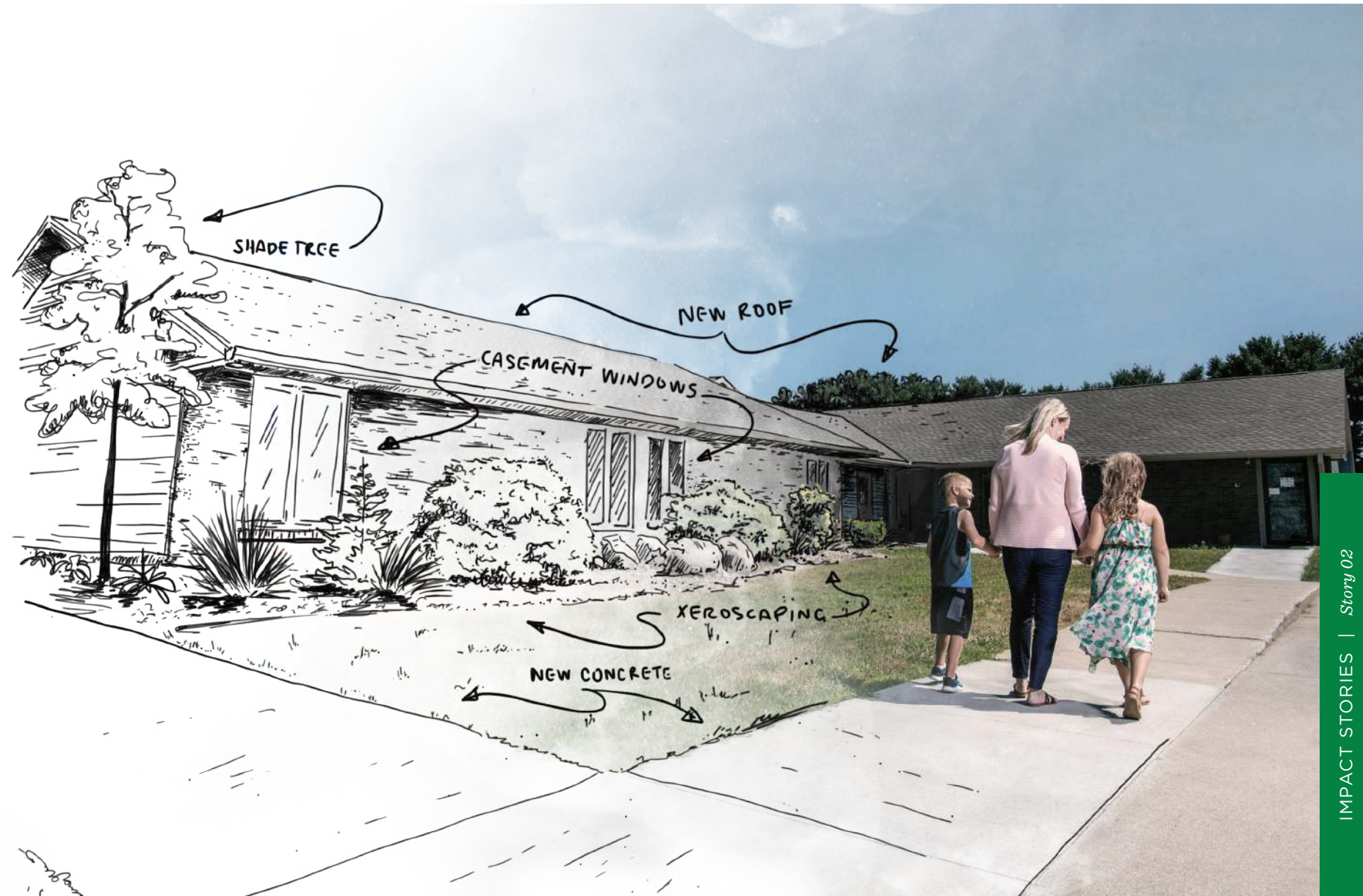
Amount invested in Elkhart County communities by the Community Foundation in 2017-2018 through Vibrant Communities

60%

Percent of Unrestricted funds that were invested in Vibrant Communities in 2017-2018

Finding High Ground in the Storm

How Walnut Hill provides stability to a community in need.



It's 6:40 on a Monday morning

and the Bergholz's home is already in full motion. Sarah's hair, still dripping from her shower, leaves an imprint, growing on her maroon scrubs top.

Story 02

Someone takes excessively long steams in the morning before she gets up, despite her constant refrain to stop. Her broken, green Revlon pressed powder compact has seen better days, but she applies it conservatively to both cheeks and lightly taps the tip of her nose. David squeezes behind her and makes his way to the opposite end of the mirror. He opens a black jar of pomade and applies it to his fingertips. A few tugs at his slightly-receding brown hairline and he seems contented.

The background noise is a dense fog. Storybots twang away at a song that seems to depict how potatoes become french fries. Children's voices, sometimes murmurs, escalate to the occasional piercing scream. Footsteps reveal Mason and Michaela's movements about the house; crescendoing until a half-naked figure blurs past the bathroom door, another slightly more clothed one chasing it. Mason, 4, hadn't quite gotten himself fully dressed before starting to torture his sister.

The light spring of a toaster, the distant bassy slam of a bedroom door, the zip of a backpack...all worked today in unison, rhythmic, like the beginning of a Stomp routine. David quickly exited the bathroom, hooked Mason

with one arm, slung him over his shoulder, and headed back to the kids' room. Sarah dropped her compact, leaving a ring of pale powder on the vanity, and tracked down Michaela. She looked at her teal Fitbit to reveal 6:51. She had exactly 24 minutes to finish the morning routine, get in her car, and get to Goshen Middle School before the kids piled through the doors. Grape jelly and butter on an english muffin for Michaela. Marmalade with no butter on wheat toast for Mason.

Tick, tick, tick. She had internalized this morning time clock already and she knew she had it timed out to the nanosecond. One dropped piece of toast, one missing post-shower towel, one crazy 2-year old bumping their head... and Sarah would be late. David acted aloof, but the same internal clock ticked away in his head. It's now 7:02, Sarah was on her way to work, and David was a single-parent for the next 38 or so minutes. His responsibilities were simple, but added a ton of weight to his routine. He remembers the days before the munchkins had entered his life. When he could roll out of bed 15 minutes before work, and still clock in without a problem. Back then, his list of responsibilities was short.



Nowadays things are different. He has a mortgage, credit cards, two car payments, cell phones, and piano lessons. He wouldn't trade those munchkins for the world, but bills were piling up, Christmas was looking sparse, and retirement accounts were the punchline of a joke.

He received a letter just a few months ago, informing him that life was about to get a bit easier. Both Mason and Michaela were moved off of the waitlist and accepted with full tuition covered to an early childhood center. He could resume full-time work, Sarah could commit further to her students, and they both could finally save as a family—giving themselves a much-needed safety net.

Walnut Hill Early Childhood Center is set back from the road a hundred or so feet. Built on 2 1/2 acres, the simple,

single-story building is clean and inviting. Inside, long, wide hallways separate classrooms divided by age.

Infant and toddler rooms are warm and cozy. Like a bougie birthing suite, the rooms have beautiful bamboo cribs and bassinets. Four of the children sleep soundly in small cribs. Another infant is being held delicately and fed by a caregiver.

As you travel farther down the hall, the children ascend in age. The new infant program means Walnut Hill serves families with children from birth to kindergarten. Two rooms down from the sleeping babies is a group of children known internally as "the caterpillars." Here, David is escorted by daughter Michaela through the doorway. She pulls him by his index and middle fingers. Her excited grip tightly ushers him into her class; almost as if inviting him to join her secret meeting.



She pulls David all the way to a desk with a construction paper owl affixed to it. The owl has her name tag and she loves it. David had already dropped Mason in the Butterfly Room, where he didn’t even protest his father’s departure. David grew to enjoy Michaela’s interest in keeping him around as long as she could. So, even if it meant he clocked in a few minutes late today, he would listen to Michaela as she explained in detail her latest art project.

Without the high quality of care offered at Walnut Hill, David and Sarah’s story would be a lot different.

Without the high quality of care offered at Walnut Hill, David and Sarah’s story would be a lot different. The hustle and bustle of morning was a small daily battle. The ability to keep food on the table and a roof over the family was the bigger war; a battle they had won thanks to Walnut Hill. Now, they could focus on those formative moments and smile wide. Their lives are far from stress-free, but what young parent lives without stress?

Pam Zarazee has been the board chair at Walnut Hill for almost three years. She walks the halls of her new building, an aura of pride glowing around her. The center has come a long way from this time last year, when its facility had just four rooms, shared with the Assembly Mennonite Church, with the capacity for fewer than 80 total children. One of those rooms was set up and torn down weekly, while the others were undersized and underequipped. The need for safety and openness created obstacles for the church and daycare center. And perhaps worst of all, no children under three were able to be enrolled, leaving a huge gap in coverage for working parents.

With hundreds on a waitlist, security challenges, and inadequate space, it was high time for a change. To so many kids, Walnut Hill was home, and it was falling down around them. It was high time for some home improvement. The Community Foundation of Elkhart County contributed \$350,000, helping Walnut Hill toward its goal of \$1.5 million for a land and building purchase, renovation, and move. The center now does a service for Goshen that is invaluable.

Each classroom is equipped with beautiful furniture, wooden toys, and colorful walls. Purpose-built bathrooms and kitchenettes in each room ensure each space is self-sufficient. Large, fenced-in spaces allow each room to have private and secure recesses at will.

A state-of-the-art kitchen looks more like something out of a 500-person, five-star restaurant than a daycare center. Kitchen staff are trained to ensure these kids are getting a healthy, balanced meal. The building still has a tinge of the smell of fresh paint and carpet; it’s only a year old. With the new facility, Walnut Hill has more than doubled its capacity since last year.

At 5:15pm, Sarah is greeted by the receptionist as she opens the door to Walnut Hill. The lobby is open and beautiful. The area is secure, and she’s allowed access only with a code. Signing Michaela and Mason out of the facility is an impressive display of technology, and it’s second nature to Sarah. A ticketing system ensures that her two children are signed out not just at the front desk, but in the classes themselves, all reported back

to a centralized computer system. Sarah would get a notification about her own activity in just minutes. It’s a vibration in her purse that she’s come to ignore, but one that gives her great comfort.

She quickly moves down the halls to the Caterpillar Room. Exhausted from a consuming day in her own classroom, she’s ready to be home and her pace says as much. She’s at a near jog, the pace of a busy young mother, as she reaches the room. Michaela looks up from reading in circle time and jumps to attention. She wants to stay for the end of the story and pleads with her mom. Ok, fine. Mom smiles and leans up against the new cubbies as she watches.

Now it’s time to move down the hall to the Butterfly Room, where Mason builds a castle from magnetic blocks with his friends. The room is pristine if not for a few building projects like Mason’s. Sarah always wonders how they do it. Her house could never keep up. Mason volunteers a maelstrom of information on his mother.

“Guess what I learned today? Have you ever heard of an anteater? Mom?,” he pleads. “An anteater. They look crathy.” He’s still working on those Z’s. For now, though, Sarah loves his imperfect speech, a constant reminder of his youth. She secretly hopes he doesn’t learn better anytime soon. The teacher, Alicia Rose, leans in to joke with Sarah about Mason.

“He’s obsessed with the anteater for some reason,” she laughs. “I told him mom would buy him one for Christmas, just so you know. Figured you wouldn’t mind.”

“Oh, thanks for that. I’ll add that to the list with a monster truck and Michaela’s grand piano..”

As she pulls back into the garage at home, Sarah takes a moment to breathe. She’s happy to have found a resource like Walnut Hill, to shoulder some of her burden. A place to help her and her young family weather some of the storm. An infrastructure that feels like a second home for Michaela and Mason. An extension of her own home. 🌿

Youth Development by the NUMBERS

\$1.3m

Amount invested in Elkhart County communities
by the Community Foundation in 2017-2018
through Youth Development

20%

Percent of Unrestricted funds that were
invested in Youth Development in 2017-2018

How to Build Good Samaritans

The story of helping those in the greatest need.



The room is awash with light.

Streaming in from two large windows, filling the homey space with warmth. Joyce Menchinger herself exudes warmth with or without the sun's presence.

Story 03

She stands in the entryway. Joyce is soft-spoken and kind. It would be readily apparent to anyone after just minutes that she is the sort of person you'd want to clone in the mental health field. She is patient, humble, and smart as a whip. Before sitting, she offers a tour of the facility.

The building was proud. A place to find comfort and treatment for the mind ought to be proud. A bright and earthy-colored, two-story building on the corner of 3rd and High, smack dab in the center of Elkhart. Beautiful wood floors and an expansive foyer felt like you were walking into an upper-class historic home. White trim

perfect meeting spaces for individual, couples, or family therapy. The spaces all personalized to the taste of the dozen or so licensed staff. Wall art, standing desks, furniture, plants, rugs, each tells the story of the person behind it.

Larger rooms provide space for group treatments and meetings, an important part of the mental health process. Other offices are retrofitted with special waiting areas. The areas are enclosed with knee-walls and allow children and parents to be attended to privately. The space is amazing, a thing of beauty. And no detail was neglected. Around back, a more private

*The building was proud. A place
to find comfort and treatment for
the mind ought to be proud.*

and neutral walls made the space feel rich and clean. Never for a moment would someone think they had entered a mental health facility, and that was the beauty of the space.

Joyce believes in the importance of viewing mental health with the same weight as we do physical health. Samaritan Health and Living Center was founded on a similar principle, to treat the whole person – mind, body, and spirit. While much of the work performed here at Samaritan Center deals with the mind, that lens, that perspective of the whole person, provides an important framework in which to practice.

She continues to show off each space, like a first-time homeowner so proud of each detail. Each room of the space is large and inviting. Smaller offices provide

entrance allows for some anonymity in the process. Through and through, the Samaritan Center was laid out to help people in any way.

Joyce finally enters an office with a familiar name on the door. Her office is bright and timeless. Large white trim and crown molding offset warm gray walls. Colorful art lines the walls opposite various diplomas and commendations. Greenery gives life to the space, and small personal touches give it a sense of home. Joyce has put her signature on the space. Dozens of perfectly organized dolls and figurines line shelves, play atop tables, and sit in various nooks and crannies of the office.



A seasoned expert at “play therapy,” Joyce had grown a fondness for her tools that turned practice into a unique collection. The kids all loved it, and it was clear from her perfect organizational system that Joyce’s eye for detail made her amazing at her job. That job was as a licensed therapist, a career that she had practiced and perfected (though she’d never admit it) for decades. Her home away from home was called Samaritan Health and Living Center, the organization to which she has dedicated herself for over 15 of those years.

She sits lightly on the most unusual accent chair. Almost made to look like a patchwork of materials, it is bright and modern but still holds in it a rustic charm, an analog to the building itself.

Joyce’s chair tells a story of its own. It reminds a person of the famous Dolly Parton song “Coat of Many Colors.” The song – which Dolly wrote on a laundromat receipt in the back of a tour van – told the story of a coat her mother had patched together from rags handed down to her. In the song, Dolly’s mom told her the story of Joseph and his Coat of Many Colors as she handed the pieced-together coat to her daughter. None the wiser, Dolly excitedly went to school with her magical coat only to be the butt of jokes and insults. But those kids could never understand the value of the coat and what it meant to her. It was the symbol of her mom’s love, one of family, of home.

Like that coat, the Samaritan Center has been the product of hard work, endless heart, and very little physical treasure. The Center was born of a love for community. Formed in 1972 by a physician (Burton Kintner, M.D.), a pastor (William J. Vamos), and a Reverend (R.J. Ross), the Samaritan Center was the brainchild of Knitner, who had seen an uptick in curious cases at his practice. He was seeing more and more patients who seemed to be suffering as much from mental stress as from any known physical ailment. He worried about the future of his hometown as the stress on an average family – especially those at or below the poverty line – grew with each passing year.



Believing strongly in the relationship between faith and health, he sought the guidance of his pastor and was eventually connected to Reverend Ross. Together, they concocted an idea for a center that would focus on the mind and spirit in equal measure to how Dr. Kintner focused on the body. Ross, a trained counselor, had the managerial know-how and the understanding of mental health to get the new idea off the ground.

Like that coat of many colors, the Center was born of humble means. It was a meager \$500 and a church basement that launched the idea. And, like that coat, its history wasn't without challenges. But an undying love for home and a belief in the power of holistic healthcare has built the Samaritan Center up over these decades. Indeed, in 40 years, the Samaritan ideal has launched over 80 Samaritan Center offices serving over 300 communities around the world.

In its birthplace, where Kintner and Ross called home, the Center's coat was threadbare and faded. The understated beginnings made sense in an era when mental health was taboo. Church basements and offices were anonymous and provided cover. But today, the stigma over mental health is dissipating. Samaritan H&LC won't hide any longer, but now boldly states its services to the world.

In 2013, a regional study found that adequate mental health care was the most under-resourced service in the Elkhart County area. That same study saw 86% of respondents cite a lack of access to mental health care as a significant problem in the county. In Elkhart, at the same time, 1 in 4 adults and 1 in 5 children suffered a mental disorder. It was time for The Samaritan Center to take its rightful position in the spotlight.

Call it divine intervention, call it fate, call it what you will. Just as leaders at Samaritan began planning an expansion, one of the city's most notable properties was made available. Thanks to a \$780,000 project to acquire and renovate the property, and an \$80,000 grant from the Community Foundation of Elkhart County, it will continue to shape and impact culture and progress.

Now a permanent fixture in the community, the center can continue to address the whole person, while providing the community with much-needed access to quality, stigma-free mental healthcare. The Samaritan Center can expand its missional role to be the expression of the love of God through a ministry of helping people under stress.

311 W. High has been completely revitalized. In Joyce's office, her chair of many colors tells a story on behalf of many who have sat across from it. Beaten down by life, misunderstood, and rough around the edges. Some saddened by a great loss, others by misfiring neurons. Some anxious or upset. Some in need of help maintaining relationships. Some, maintaining sanity. Some, just maintaining equilibrium. The many folks who have sat across from Joyce Menchinger all share a common bond: They are all good at their core. They all have value, even when others don't see it; even when they themselves don't see it. Despite the slings and arrows of the worst that humanity has to offer them, they know they are safe at home. They are safe here at the Samaritan Center. And, with a little luck and hard work, Elkhart County will be safer as home to us all. 🌱

Quality of Life by the NUMBERS

\$1.3m

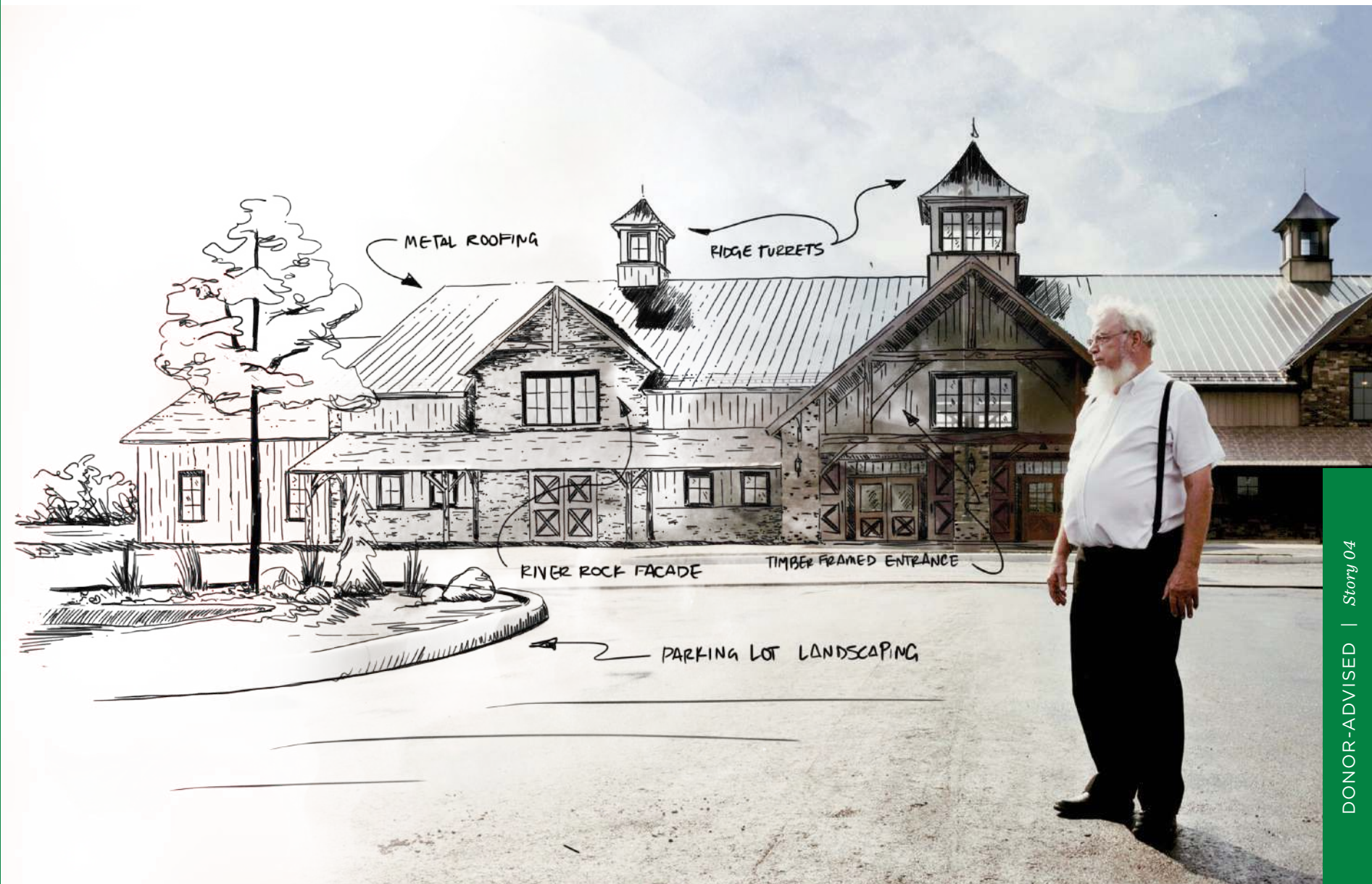
Amount invested in Elkhart County communities by the Community Foundation in 2017-2018 through Quality of Life

20%

Percent of Unrestricted Funds that were invested in Quality of Life grants in 2017-2018

The Most Important Things

The story of home and the people in it.



*The visitation room at the
correctional facility*

looked like an elementary school cafeteria that hadn't been updated since 1974. The walls were taupe but for two bold roller-rink stripes of maroon and blue.

The tiled floor was patterned to make the room feel busier than it already was. Vinyl furniture was arranged around the room, creating faux privacy for families and loved ones. If not for the heavysset guards at the north end of the room and the steel-reinforced, bullet-proof Plexiglas, you might feel like you were at a support group meeting in a church basement as much as a prison visitation room

Ola Yoder sat in the middle of the room and stood out. Crisp white short-sleeve button-down shirt tucked into black flat-front dress pants. Work-scuffed black dress shoes with black suspenders. This was Ola’s uniform. Work, leisure, meetings, Sunday church, family gatherings, prison visits. A uniform style of dress that discourages physical appearance as a source of pride, Ola and his religious community had learned that simplicity reflects universal values of humility and modesty.

His Shenandoah beard and solemn gaze gave away his faith. But Ola never concerned himself much with what others think of him. He sat across from Eli Weaver with an open mind and a full heart. As he had done countless times before, Ola sought to comfort Eli and

Ola Yoder sat in the middle of the room and stood out. Crisp white short-sleeve button-down shirt tucked into black flat-front dress pants.

to understand what he had done. This was Ola’s fourth visit of the year. For Ola, you reach out to someone in trouble in your community and help them...and when you can’t help, you try to understand.

You see, in 2009, a life had been taken – the life of a member of the community, a woman who was the mother of 5, and the wife of Eli Weaver. Hundreds of miles from Ola’s home, family, and business, the murder shook him. What would cause someone who grew up learning the ways of pacifism and peace to turn to violence and murder his wife? It just didn’t make sense. How could someone be so troubled as to murder an innocent woman, in their house, with their children present, seated in the middle of an Ohio Amish community?

Hundreds of miles west, back in Nappanee, Indiana, an empire continues to grow. Dozens of semi trailers litter the area behind locked gates. Hidden inside each, packed perfectly, are dozens of kitchen cabinets made by a company whose reputation is highly regarded by customers and vendors alike. .

Kountry Wood is a huge part of Ola’s legacy, though he’d never say it himself. His children, his faith, his works, his community – they would all be mentioned first, as well they should. But one cannot tell the story of Ola Yoder without understanding the beauty of his products. The company was started just 20 years ago in Ola’s barn. Today, it spans well over 250,000 square feet of factory floor, and it’s growing yearly. The company turns out over 1.4 million kitchen cabinets each year, with under 500 hard-working employees.



A short tour around Kountry Wood would leave anyone blown away. The factory floor is clean – not clean like a standard factory floor, but immaculately clean like a hospital and biochemical lab. Skilled craftspeople delicately sand and stain at their respective stations. Between those stations runs a factory line that looks more like something that should be producing Tesla Model Xs than Nappanee’s favorite cabinetry. Laser precision guides nearly every step of the process, all the way through custom corrugated cardboard packaging built for each product.

A red digital counter hangs from the middle of the ceiling reminding everyone of the day’s goals and current production numbers. Today, like most days, the factory has run so efficiently that by 3:00 p.m. the workers have surpassed production goals and only a few folks remain at work. The employees look happy to be involved. Ola doesn’t allow employees to use drugs of any sort in the workplace; in fact, he doesn’t even allow them to curse on the premises. Despite the dual monitors at every cubicle; despite the computer-guided factory floor; despite the beautiful efficiency...Kountry Wood, like everything lucky enough to be touched by Ola, is steeped to the core in his faith, and it shows.

That faith, while understated by nature, is crucial. Ola Yoder is many things. A business mogul by any measure. A researcher tasked with understanding human behavior of the worst kind. A humanitarian. A human, endlessly proud of his wife and family. That faith is a common thread that can weave together all sides of the man. It’s the same faith that guided him to help those five orphans stay afloat after their mother was murdered and their father was imprisoned. It’s the same faith that comforts the man who put his children in that position – who stole their foundation and, if not for Ola’s kindness, almost stole their livelihood.

There’s an Amish proverb that provides a thesis for Ola’s life: “The most important things in your home are people.” Ola, like many of his peers, believes that home goes well beyond four walls, a farm, or even a factory. That is the power of Ola’s faith.

And now that faith is taking acts to a new level.

Ola pulls a black, oversized handle. Hand-formed wrought iron has its own story to tell. A story of a craftsman like Ola, firing and hammering away – removing excess and shaping the remains until he finds perfection. It’s symbolic of Ola’s empire: the pull is simple, understated, without





He knows that no soul is defined—and certainly not lost—in its worst moment. He believes firmly in the transformative power of love.

frills or excess, but it forms something beautiful. He and his longtime advisor, Brian Hoffer, walk through the oversized oaken doors. Inside is an amazing space that would drop the jaws of the most seasoned architects.

Suited and put together, a lawyer focusing on finance and estate planning, Brian lets a smile break through. Who could help it? After working together since the beginning, Brian feels emotionally tied to Ola’s great work too, and he should.

There is simply no reining in Ola’s philanthropic spirit. But, like the few cut from his same cloth in this world, Ola has a hard time approaching philanthropy in the same way he does business. So Brian’s recent guidance has been important in taking some big strides forward. Together with Brian’s guidance and the professionals at the Community Foundation of Elkhart County, Ola has recently opened a donor-advised fund to help him and his wife, Vera make the most of their charity. The fund allows the Yoder’s to help guide funds into the charitable projects that are most important to them, while still benefiting from the expert fund management being performed by the Foundation.

Ola paces across the beautiful wood floors and takes in the status of another big project and example of his generous outreach: an event space befitting his community and reminiscent of his spirit. Enormous wooden beams span the ceiling several stories overhead. Like a barn-home made for giants, the new space is open, expansive, and natural and says everything about Ola’s heritage and craftsmanship. He called in a specialized

Amish engineering team to ensure the building’s floor was free of supports in an enormous center section. The space is a work of art, and will provide a center for activities of thousands in and around the community.

While the event space will be used by the community for festivals, events, and fundraisers, it isn’t the only project Ola has his eyes on. He has an unwavering passion for the next generation. And when Ola heard from Foundation president Pete McCown about the good work being done at CAPS (Child and Parent Services), he knew he had to help. As quickly as Ola learns about a new project aimed to do good, he gets himself involved. His new fund is just another tool at his disposal.

As Ola walks out of Grafton Correctional, he hears the invasive buzz of gates and barred doors. The low thud of a heavy steel door separates him again from Eli. Faint clangs and muffled yells create a harsh mixture of background noise that echoes through the walls of the sterile prison.

Ola knows Eli will spend the next 25 years locked in that institution. He knows much or all of his life may well be spent inside those cold walls. He also knows that his own simple visits warm the days that surround them for Eli, and that Eli has grown in the time he has spent incarcerated. He knows that no soul is defined – and certainly not lost – in its worst moment. He believes

firmly in the transformative power of love...a love he expresses to his family and to his community.

The most important things in your home are people. For Ola, he calls home his humble farm; his ever-growing factory; his new event center - Sammlung Platz (translated - “The Gathering Place”). He calls home Nappanee, Indiana, and the Amish community. He calls home the whole of Elkhart County, where his

fund will impact the lives of thousands. He calls home the many nonprofits offering love and forgiveness. He calls home Grafton, and Eli struggling to live with the heinous things he’s done.

For Ola, home extends far beyond the property line. And the most important things in his home are the people. 🏡

Donor-Advised Funds by the NUMBERS

\$41m

Amount in Donor-Advised Funds managed by the Community Foundation

116

Donor-Advised Funds held with the Community Foundation

DID YOU KNOW?

You can have ongoing involvement in the use of your gift by working with the Community Foundation’s professional staff, identifying ways to use dollars from your donor-advised fund. Donors can then remain actively involved in suggesting community issues and needs they care about most, impacting the community through their generosity. Donor-advised funds are a great option for donors who want to remain actively engaged in the gifting process.

3rd

Elkhart County rank for the size of the Amish population

1693

Genesis of Amish culture

Story 05

Be Nice to Each Other Out There

*The story of Matt Dibley's legacy
living on.*



*It was an unseasonably
warm day in March.*

Folks in and around Elkhart County went about their days as usual. Among them was Heather Streiter, then a 17-year-old getting ready for her day at Concord High School.

She set down her straightener on her marble Jack-and-Jill vanity she shared with her sister Meghan, rushed to pile her things together, nabbed her bag from the table, and flung the door open.

Her Honda Civic carted her down the same old streets. She used the time as she normally did to think about typical high school things: How will I finish that trig assignment before 4th period? Can I get away with my earbuds in chemistry today? Did I forget my Burt’s Bees again?

She made her way north on County Road 45, crossed the tracks near Ox Bow County Park, and noticed something a little different. Rising above the fray of commercial sprawl and stripmalls, a simple photograph of a man adorned a billboard. It obviously wasn’t stock art. The photograph’s subject, Matt Dibley, looked like he was straight out of central casting, there was an authenticity about him that Patagonia advertisers would pay millions to replicate. And there was something else. Something shiny. Something that gave the photo a lightness, a glitter.

The photo was set in a beautiful woods, and the light through the sugar maples warmed Dibley’s face perfectly.

His unkempt facial hair framed eyes peering down, flanked with newly forming wrinkles—lines that told the story of a million smiles before them. His long locks, pulled back loosely, sat soft on broad shoulders bedecked in the perfect plaid shirt. He was studying something. He looked down with an ever-so-slightly furrowed brow, staring at a freshly picked mushroom.

Heather slowed and thanked the stoplight for answering her subconscious request. Her aged-maroon Civic rolled to a stop. She couldn’t stop reading the words, emblazoned on the billboard in a simple white sans serif font. Her eyes moved up and left as if literally rolling the phrase around in her head to see it from all directions: “Be nice to each other out there, people.” It was simple, but it stole the breath from her chest for just a moment.

Matt woke with the birds in his small cabin, nestled among those sugar maples in the Vermont foothills. Electricity, running water, and a computer were all unneeded complications. Piles of books littered the wooden floor. He had undoubtedly read a few chapters the night before. The newly fallen snow on the mountains

meant it was time for one of Matt’s favorite rituals. He’d strap on two tattered snowshoes and set off down a mile-long path to find his trusty blue car.

He shared more than a sensibility with Heather. His Civic, too, was an essential piece of his story. It had taken him across the country more times than he could count; it had been his companion.

Eventually, Matt would clear his car of snow and head to work. Matt had been involved from the beginning at a quickly rising kombucha company. The fizzy tea, fermented with bacteria and yeast, was a staple of Matt’s diet and was growing in popularity around the country. At Aqua ViTea, Matt wore many hats. His humble way of life meant that even his closest friends and family members would never know how important his role at the company was. He had become a master brewer, responsible for much of the company’s success.

The business of Aqua ViTea wasn’t a priority in Matt’s life. He was happy to be spreading a great product among great people, but he couldn’t have cared less about monetary reward. His reward was found in the relationships he formed through the endeavor and the comfort of living his unique lifestyle. And live life he did.

In many ways, Matt was straight out of central casting. He rejected modernity – not for moral reasons, but because he knew life could benefit from simplicity. In a world of never-ending gadgetry, it was a secret that only he seemed to know. Matt lived and breathed nature. He’d hike daily through the Vermont mountains, foraging for mushrooms or just taking the time to appreciate the beauty and fecundity of nature.

But Matt would still make the rounds, driving from natural food stores to supermarkets in the area. He’d deliver his pride and joy in increasing quantities to meet demand. A vibrant character, he’d greet each and every customer with a huge smile. His presence was felt by everyone. Asking about life’s journey and sharing stories, he always made time to truly know people. And without fail, as he set off on his next delivery, his next venture, his next hike...he’d utter a mantra. Matt never thought of it as out of the ordinary; like the most brilliant

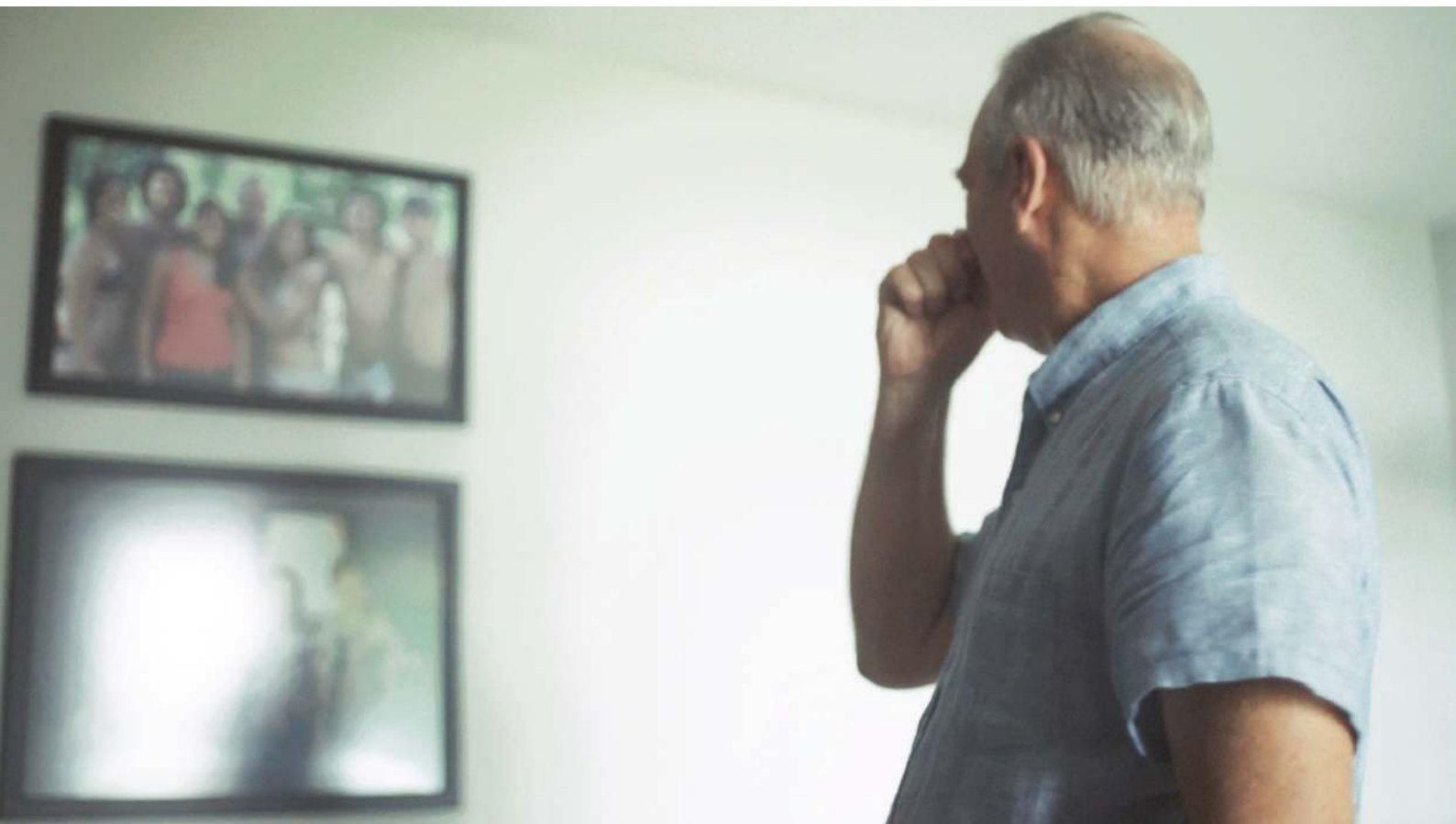


men before him, he would never truly understand how special he was.

“Be nice to each other out there, people,” he’d instruct. His mantra was the furthest from corny or cliché. It was heartfelt and, more important than anything, came from a place of love. The words would soar into the ether, infecting everyone around him, brushing them all with that glitter.

Those words, that ethos, that glitter...it simply wouldn’t end when Matt’s life was cut tragically short. His spirit was a force too strong to end with his earthly body. He would live on and impact the world.

Matt’s father, Mike Dibley, sat at his dining room table. His hand nervously tapped on the impeccably clean wood surface as he began to tell the story of Matt’s legacy. Mike’s home had a simplistic beauty about it. A brief rain had just let up, and the sun shone over crystal clear Indiana Lake just beyond his backyard. The walls were decorated with bits of his Italian heritage. Coming from the Lucchese family, and like any good Italian, Mike had a map of Italy in the living room that he proudly used to show off his lineage.



But where pieces of Italy were not, pieces of Matt were. Paintings, portraits, and photos of beautiful Matt were around every corner. It felt nothing like a memorial, though – more of a celebration. Matt’s lifestyle was a point of great satisfaction for a proud father. The art exuded everything to beam about. A black and white photo of Matt taking a moment of self-reflection. Another painting of his glowing, bearded face that had been done by the folks at Aqua ViTea. Other, smaller mementos showed a sprawling family together, celebrating with Matt and for Matt.

Nearly two years have passed since the tragedy. Mike was dressed like he had stepped off the pages of a J. Crew catalog, in what felt like a recently staged house, on a perfect summer day. But the lacquer of a freshly cleaned floor and a pressed linen button-down shirt were thin. Beneath it was a hurting man. A man who had suffered the unimaginable. A father who had outlived his child.

Mike and his family knew they were charged with filling some enormous shoes, but they didn’t know how. It wasn’t until Mike heard from one of his friends, who had also tragically lost a child, that he would figure out how to honor his son. Amish Shah, having lost his

beautiful, infant daughter, Sydney, had set up a fund through the Community Foundation of Elkhart County to honor her life. After hearing about this experience, Mike and the family made the decision to set up a fund that would serve as a vehicle to help keep Matt’s powerful message alive.

Mike spoke about the fund and its power. With a cracking voice and trembling hands, through an alternating current of joy and sorrow, he proudly shared his vision. The billboards would impact many thousands of people in those first months. Charity hockey games would raise funds for the impactful organizations. And that phrase, adorning signs and wall art, emblazoned on kombucha bottles, printed on T-shirts...that phrase will live on forever in our hearts, just as it will in our community, just as will Matt himself.

That billboard would change the trajectory of Heather’s day. Her interactions with friends, with family, with enemies (or whatever that means in high school) would be brushed with a bit of Matt’s glitter– with empathy, with understanding.



She would shrug off the negativity bias of the high school world. She would ignore the hurtful gazes and jeers of classmates less evolved than herself. She would pass on the positive vibes, filling rooms with a new energy and looking at life through a slightly refined lens. By day’s end, Heather would even sample the rhythm of the words on her own tongue. At first, shyly and quietly, she’d test the waters. It felt right. It felt impactful.

While the billboards have touched thousands of lives – impacting each and brushing them all with that glitter, Matt’s work on this mortal coil is far from done. In his words, he will forever find new ways to remind us of the simple, powerful mantra: “Be nice to each other out there, people.” 🌱

The Legacy Society by the NUMBERS

\$12.4m

Gifts received from the Legacy Society in 2017-2018

253

Legacy Society Members

DID YOU KNOW?

Members of the Legacy Society provide Elkhart County with gifts to strengthen the next generation. Society members show their generosity through gifts that further the legacy of their lives. Legacy giving can come in the forms of wills, trusts, gifts of life insurance, charitable planned giving, and other forms. Legacy giving is a great way to celebrate one’s life, and continue making an impact on the community beyond it.

39.4%

of the global kombucha market share consumed in North America

180k +

Americans living off the grid

Story 06

A Phoenix from the Flaming Wetlands

The story of the time, talent, and treasure behind the Elkhart Environmental Center.



It's 6:00 a.m. and Jamison Czarnecki

is swapping his orange and grey running shoes for a pair of well-worn hiking boots.

He’s on his feet the bulk of the day, and much of that is spent outdoors. Red laces offer just the slightest touch of flare to an otherwise reserved appearance. Jamison heads out the door, and he’s off to work.

He passes the familiar Emilio’s Tires and crosses Main Street. Johnson Controls to his right and industrial buildings to the left form a final barrier before he hits the final stretch of road that will bring him to his sanctuary. This area of southeastern Elkhart isn’t the prettiest. In fact, you’d never know what hides beneath the surface of Lusher Avenue had you not been introduced to it by a program likely shared by Jamison and his staff.

Jamison drives the last half mile through a tunnel of turning trees. The pathway explodes with vibrant autumn colors, and you can practically taste the apple cider and cinnamon donuts in the air. Yellow birch leaves paint the road, and a canopy of oak and maple hangs overhead. A slight bend to the right and a beautiful log cabin emerges in an open pasture. It’s a scene from a storybook.

The inside of the cabin is brilliantly lit, both by natural and LED lights. The common area is simple and beautiful. The walls show pictures of progress over the decades. A table across from the doorway hosts a digital donation tool, allowing visitors to give with a single swipe by credit card. A wide, beautiful hall opens into a gathering space. Chairs and tables are empty, waiting for the day’s first busload of eager elementary kids. Today, Beardsley Elementary will make the trip across Elkhart to spend the day at the center. Mrs. Williams and Mr. Dowiat will bring their fourth-grade classes through those doors in just an hour, and there is much preparation to do.

Jamison is soft-spoken but energetic. Short and built like a cross-country runner, his passion for the environment courses palpably through his veins. He has never thought of himself as a teacher, but sometimes life puts you in positions that make more sense than you’ll ever understand.

Jamison was once a student, sitting at tables not very different from these, listening to someone in his current shoes. He remembers it fondly. He had always loved



the outdoors, but the Elkhart Environmental Center turned his unfocused love as a student into a powerful life passion. Conservation, recycling, and protecting an environment that you depend upon weren’t questions of politics or even of science for Jamison. The environment ought to be protected because it provides everyone with sustenance and life. Jamison’s time spent here as a youth was formative, and he’s happy to bring his experience full circle, exciting the next generation of conservationists.

Today, he’ll work with over 100 school kids. He’ll walk them through the center, show them the history of the grounds. He’ll hear the gasps and see the shock on their faces when he talks about the history of the site. He’ll walk them through trails, introduce them to wildlife and plant life. And today is just one day. Over the year, he’ll reach thousands with his message, and the center will impact even more through programs around the community.

Jamison finishes setting the tables with a get-to-know-you project just as the squeak of old brakes gives way to the subtle blast of release air lines. The buses are here. He loves this work and he feels truly connected to this place.

“Live in each season as it passes; breathe the air, drink the drink, taste the fruit, and resign yourself to the influence of the earth.”

– Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

The Elkhart Environmental Center is set on 66 acres at the eastern end of Lusher Avenue. The area is part of a 120-acre greenway river system lush with greenery and fertile with growth. The Center’s lands house five man-made wetlands. The wetlands provide a natural habitat for animals and waterfowl in the area. Open prairies, large grassy areas, and fields of wildflowers offer buffer between water zones, and a forest area provides a natural buffer before the Elkhart River.

Educational art sculptures dot the green land with bits of beautiful rust and metal. The flagship structure is that gorgeous log-cabin style meeting center. Trails are carved and maintained about the property. The land looks more like it belongs in Yellowstone – with its cabin serving as Elkhart’s own mini Viking Hall – than it does in a park in Elkhart, Indiana. That sentiment is only magnified when you learn its history.

Beginning in the spring of 1959 and for the decades after, for only 25 cents, you could dump virtually anything at the end of Lusher. It wasn’t unusual for the fire department to be called to extinguish blazes that popped up from the chemicals and trash tossed here. Like oily rags in a can, the place had an awful tendency to spontaneously combust. After 20 years that saw the dumping of hazardous waste, heavy metals, and literally tons of trash, the state ordered the dump to be closed without any path forward. The trash spent the next 15 years rusting, oozing, combusting into balls of fire, and decaying into the earth below.

But in 1984, then-mayor James Perrin approached Gary Gilot with a pet project – little more than busywork. Gary, who had built his career on tenacity and an entrepreneurial spirit, had served Elkhart as director of public works for some time. The Mayor asked Gary, “Hey, do you remember that little piece of land at the end of Lusher?”

Famous last words. Gary was a force to be reckoned with.

Gary moved in quickly with a plan he knew would take time. He used a peculiar phrase to talk about human capital. Gary refers to everyone as having a balance of time, talent, and treasure. Well, the Lusher project was about to take a hefty chunk of his time and talent. By this time, the dump had taken on something of a second life. Squatters and pickers had created what looked like a post-apocalyptic town. Currency flowed in rusty iron and crushed tin. But Gary wasn’t to be stopped.

By 1989, the city had agreed to put a thick layer of clay on top of the whole dump area. The technique, called In-Situ Capping (ISC), allows the contaminated area to be secured away from potential leaching rainwater and removes the potential for any major pollutant runoff. With the area isolated and secure, it was time to get to building. Just two years later, work began on two fronts. With significant help from the Martin Foundation and Notre Dame professor Lloyd Ketchum, Gary had the first wetlands built. At the same time, the cabin structure was also born.

Over the years, projects continued to expand, as did the grounds themselves. As new projects began, fun treasures were unearthed and turned into more found art. Today, the Center lives and breathes conservation and upcycling in every way. It’s bound to, as it certainly shares some DNA with Gary, it’s father.

“What is the use of a house if you haven’t got a tolerable planet to put it on?”
–Henry David Thoreau, *Familiar Letters*

Remember that hefty chunk of time and talent Gary gave to the Lusher Dump project? He poured his heart and soul into what became the Elkhart Environmental Center. Through the years, that project has been the beneficiary of grant funds from a number of sources. The Community Foundation of Elkhart County leads among those sources in its effort to make Elkhart a more vibrant community.

But time and talent weren’t all Gary had to give. He lived a humble life. He and his wife worked in public service for the bulk of their careers, pouring every bit of sweat equity into making their community great. Gary hadn’t taken days off for headaches or vacations. He had an unwavering sense of loyalty to his community. That’s the reason he won awards as prestigious as the national Public Works Leader of the Year. When it came time for Gary to hang it up (if you know him, you know he never truly will), he was faced with a decision. He had accrued nearly a thousand vacation days. He could cash out, do the sensible thing, and spend the next few years in Bora Bora.

Gary didn’t do that. Instead, he cashed out all those days directly into an endowed fund at the Community Foundation of Elkhart County. He used the fund to manage and grow his philanthropic investment, where it not only sees remarkable growth but is also safely in the hands of good community stewards. The Elkhart Environmental Excellence Fund ensures that Gary’s mission at the center and beyond – to improve our local environment – will live in perpetuity.

It was his treasure. And he had given it back to the place he called his home, and the wildlife home he had built for his community.

“If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.”
–Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

As Jamison wraps another successful day at the center, he ushers out a middle school class. His eyes meet a young girl. Her gaze darts from display to display and catches in the sliding glass back doors. He can see her lose herself for a moment. Gone are the pressures of popularity, of name-brand clothes, of lunch table politics, of lobbying for position in the pecking order. For this moment, the din of youthful chatter fades to the background, and she is face-to-face with nature.

He remembers that moment in his own life. He may well have instructed his successor today. It’s a fleeting thought, a half-joke in his mind, but the idea is romantic to him. Despite his youth, he’ll be happy to pass the torch one day, and he might just be lucky enough to have helped spur that person to action.



As the girl walks out of the glorious cabin, she’s met with crisper air and a brighter sky. Like Thoreau in Walden, she transcends. She, in that moment, runneth over with potential energy. Like Gary and Jamison before her, she is conjuring up loosely formed dreams. And like them both, she will nurture them and continue to bring life to Elkhart County.

“I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.”
–Henry David Thoreau, *Walden* 🌿

Field of Interest Funds by the NUMBERS

\$318k

Amount granted from Field of Interest funds in 2017-2018 by the Community Foundation

15

Number of Field of Interest funds held with the Community Foundation

DID YOU KNOW?

Field of interest funds allow philanthropists to broadly target their areas of interest, such as the environment, the arts, education, etc. The Community Foundation then manages the fund and acts on behalf of the donor, ensuring donor intent in giving. Field of interest funds are a great vehicle for donors looking to give to their areas of interest who don't want to be involved in the future management of giving.

1991

Year of dedication of the Elkhart Environmental Center

1500+

Number of acres of parks in Elkhart County

Education is an Investment in People

*How one family has invested
everything in Elkhart.*

PICTURED: CLARK AIR BASE - LUZON ISLAND, PHILIPPINES

Home to a U.S. military base from 1903 through 1991, The hospital at Clark was one place where Leonard Johnson made an enormous impact during his life. Here, Johnson oversaw more than 250,000 evacuations and medical transports, including the evacuations of American POWs and nearly 2000 Vietnamese orphans from Saigon.



*In a lot of ways, education is an
investment in human capital.*

For Elkhart County it's no different. Here, education is an
investment in home...an investment in people.

The Johnson family has been a mainstay of Elkhart and its members have been generous investors in the community through the years.

If we treated people like stocks in the stock market, Leonard W. Johnson, Jr. was like Berkshire Hathaway. He was a great investment. He graduated high school at age 14, the youngest graduate in Elkhart Community Schools history. He went on to get his Doctor of Medicine degree from Howard University, walking before his 23rd birthday. He tacked on a Master's Degree in Public Health from Harvard University just a few years later.

Positioned in the Philippines, Leonard was instrumental in the evacuation of countless POWs from Vietnam, including the well-known Saigon evacuation.

While maintaining a private practice and residency at a hospital was the more traditional path, it wasn't enough for Leonard. He felt that he was missing something.

Leonard joined the Air Force, entering flight school and aiming to practice medicine for the soldiers. Less than a decade later he was a Lieutenant Colonel. By 1968, Leonard became the first African American doctor of Aerospace Medicine. That's right: he had accomplished all of this despite the obvious hurdles of life in mid-

century America as an African American. In 1971, at age 39, Leonard was made full Colonel, the second-youngest person to ever hold that rank.

After earning the title of Chief Flight Surgeon, the highest title possible for an Air Force doctor, he moved to Washington, D.C. There, Leonard became the dean of the School of Medicine at the prestigious Uniformed Services University.

During his tenure, Leonard oversaw nearly a quarter of a million medical airlifts or evacuations. Positioned in the Philippines, Leonard was instrumental in the evacuation of countless POWs from Vietnam, including the well-known Saigon evacuation. He may not always be known, but when he is, it's mind-blowing.

The story of Leonard is one that could hardly be contained in a novel, but it's those little, lesser-known tidbits of character that make man out of myth. For one, Leonard's education was made possible in part by a generous scholarship granted to him by the people of his hometown. Dr. Rex Douglas, a long-time Kiwanis member and club president at the time, awarded Leonard \$500 toward his education. For Leonard, that \$500 wasn't a gift. It wasn't a reward for work done well. It wasn't a lottery he had won or an essay contest he had bested. For Leonard, that \$500 was an investment.

Investments ought to be returned with interest. So, when Leonard had finished his education and established a successful medical career, he returned every penny of the investment to the Elkhart Kiwanis Club. In fact, he doubled it. This simple act inspired a scholarship fund to be opened in his name at the Community Foundation of Elkhart County. The Kiwanis Club of Elkhart - Leonard W. Johnson Scholarship would help minorities in Elkhart in perpetuity, proving yet again: Leonard Johnson was a good investment.

The Johnsons were all at the top of their craft, though. And like any good brother, Levar sat out on his back lawn jabbing some of his brother's accomplishments with a wry smile. Levar's sense of humor is dry. Drier than a day-old scone. And even at the age of 80, he loves keeping folks on their toes. He spoke fondly of his brother, but he wasn't gushy.

But as he told Leonard's story, it was clear that his own rivaled it. Leonard was undoubtedly at the top of his craft, but though he'd never say it, so too was Levar. Levar was possibly the most sought-after school leader in the whole of Elkhart County. When a problem arose, it was always Levar's name bolded and highlighted at the top of the list. He was a fixer. In public school lingo, they'd say he excelled at "school turnarounds".

Really, he excelled at students. He got them. He knew what drove them. He didn't get caught up in the ebb and flow of public education trends. He didn't need SMART Boards or iPads or Promethean Panels to make change. He knew that the pendulum of public education would oscillate wildly over the years, and that he'd be strongest by simply plowing ahead at the equilibrium point. And plow ahead he did. Moving from teacher to assistant principal and eventually to principal, he oversaw the gradual (and sometimes drastic) long-term improvement in Elkhart schools.

He's retired now. His home is perfect. Grass cut and edged as if with a ruler, level, and a pair of hand shears. Pool perfectly clear – not a leaf floating atop the surface. He's a doer, and it shows. He can't sit idle. It's probably why his retirement count is rivaled only by Brett Favre.

Leonard invested in his community through repaying his scholarship, but Levar...Levar invested in the community in sweat equity. He poured his soul into hundreds of thousands of kids moving through the halls of his schools. Levar has been a good investment and an even better investor.



Opposite Levar in the backyard of his childhood home sits his son, Levon Johnson. Levar is no slouch, looking spry and athletic in his own right. But, objects next to Levon may be larger than they appear.

A former college football standout and high school coach, Levon still finds time for his hometown and his community.

Levon was one of the next generation of Elkhart Johnsons. He toyed with the idea of moving away, going so far as to accept an offer in the southwest. But his heart was back home in Elkhart, Indiana. As in so many small towns, in Elkhart being successful and leaving are considered synonymous to so many young kids. Levon was among them, never thinking he'd be here in the long run. But when the time came, his heart guided him to where he was most needed. As soon as he made the decision to stay, Levon got to work making Elkhart the home he wanted it to be – he started a little home improvement.

He began working as a teacher in Elkhart Community Schools, where he impacted hundreds of young lives. But his calling was something a bit different than that. He was offered and accepted the role of assistant



principal at Elkhart Central High School and then principal at Pierre Moran Middle School. He involved himself in tons of extracurriculars, believing in the change-making power of sports and clubs. Levon would even become the head football coach at Elkhart Central for seven seasons.

Levon has been a pillar in the community. He has impacted thousands of lives as an educator, a coach, a mentor, and a leader. He has even worked closely with the Community Foundation of Elkhart County for years, helping to manage the foundation that manages his uncle Leonard’s scholarship fund. But still, his calling was something a bit different than that.

When the phone rang, he knew he couldn’t pass it up. Just last year, Levon became the newest president and

CEO of the Elkhart Chamber of Commerce.

Levon has been a good investment, and he’s proving to be an even better investor.

It is unlikely that Elkhart will ever again see the prodigious force that was Leonard W. Johnson. But folks like Leonard are on the margins, the outliers. For Elkhart, his story isn’t Howard or Harvard or the Air Force. For Elkhart, his story isn’t even...well, his. It’s a story of family, a story of investment.

In many ways, education is an investment. No doubt, Leonard was a great investment. Leonard’s Kiwanis scholarship is both a return on that investment and an

even bigger investment in the future of the place that made him.

But that scholarship is hardly the story of investment from the Johnson family. In many ways, the investments Elkhart has made in Levar and Levon have proven to be even more fruitful.

Together, they have shown us what it means to support a rising star. They’ve shown us what it means to invest

your heart in the areas where you can make the most change. They’ve shown us that improving our homes means improving the schools that undergird them and provide their foundation. They’ve shown us that home improvement isn’t Levar’s perfectly manicured lawn. It doesn’t end where his driveway meets the road. For the Johnsons, home improvement goes well beyond the property line. 🌱

Scholarships by the NUMBERS

\$2.3m

Amount of scholarship dollars invested in students in 2017-2018

750

Scholarships granted in 2017-2018

106

Scholarships managed by the Community Foundation

DID YOU KNOW?

You can invest your gift in your community’s future and show students you care with the guidance and personal services of the Community Foundation. You determine the criteria students must meet to receive the scholarship you establish. With your assistance, students achieve their academic and career-oriented goals – from preschool to postgraduate work.

Story 08

A Shepherd, a Steward, and a Flock

*The story of lifting a burden,
thereby a congregation.*



*An air conditioner is a
simple convenience.*

Maybe not the product of a transformative gift, or
a changemaker in the landscape of our community.

But how simple is it, really?



When an air conditioner is a stand-in for the simple expenditures of a lean-running institution like Faith Lutheran Church, that simple convenience becomes incredibly complex. And when running lean means changing more lives through faith and practice, that simple convenience translates to community transformation. Such is the story of how the Community Foundation empowered a young pastor and his historic church to spend more time focused on the evolving needs of his growing flock.

John is not your typical Lutheran pastor. His dark Grizzly Adams beard disguises his youth. The namesake of his faith, Martin Luther, once grew a beard to disguise his identity. After Luther took a stand for Reformation in front of a church tribunal, he is said to have spoken a simple line, “Here I stand, I can do no other. God help me. Amen.” The tribunal declared him a heretic and forced him out. Under the threat of violence and death, Luther grew a full beard and took on a new identity for years as Junker Jörg, or Knight Jörg.

Like Luther, John has come to Elkhart to spread his truth, his conscience captive only to the word of God. Unlike Luther, Pastor John isn’t hiding from anyone. His beard is a signature. It tells you something about his way of life. He’s a man of the people, understanding the culture of his time and his town. His beard puts him in the same category of the greaser barber, the craft brewer, the young mechanic. Like them all, he’s here to practice a craft that’s increasingly rare. Unlike them, his craft has the power to be a catalyst for a broken community. John is here to shepherd his whole community, not just Faith Lutheran, walking with them as they walk with the Lord.

He makes his way to the front of the building from the humble lobby replete with handmade art and symbols of faith. He sports his daily uniform: dark slacks and shoes and a dark buttoned-down top. A Roman collar marks his status but only barely peeks out from behind his beard. He’s tall and slender, with a vibrant smile that makes him feel approachable even to a complete stranger.

In some ways, Faith is just another building, a place for his congregation to call home. In other ways, Faith stands out in the architecture of Goshen. It’s beautiful and historic. John strolls outside, circumnavigating his church, his stark garb providing a harsh contrast against a warm summer day.

He’s from New York. After growing up on Long Island, when the Lord called on him to move to Goshen, Indiana, he certainly experienced a culture shock. But John lived by that same simple mantra of Luther, and Goshen was the perfect town to see it into action. He was welcomed warmly and he quickly knew that he had found someplace special. John had a truly unique perspective on Elkhart County. Free of regional bias, he and his wife, Andrea, were both called to the region from afar, both to lead churches.

John sits on a bench just in front of the outdoor baptismal. Over his left shoulder, a simple cross is mounted to the building. Opposite it, an air conditioning unit that looks more like Sputnik than any modern

HVAC system. John has been consumed by the culture of Elkhart County. The people’s generous hearts and entrepreneurial spirits are the product of an interesting mix of rust-belt revitalization and an intersection of different faiths. Things are different here in Goshen than anywhere else he has been. Folks are ready to help at a moment’s notice; there was a strong sense of community that closely knits together the folks here and a roll-your-shirt-sleeves-up attitude that pervades everything. John’s eyes crinkle with his ever-present smile. He can’t help but beam as he speaks of the community of which he has become a crucial part. He was built for Goshen, and he has a church built to support Goshen in the most trying times.

He shares his favorite Bible verse, which speaks volumes of the man. During the years preceding the fall of Israel to Assyria, the Prophet Micah provided some dire warnings. He spoke to the people of Judah, prophesying the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem. During this time, Israel was imploding under the weight of evil and unfaithful leaders. Israelites in Judah were prepared to do anything to wash their sins and get right by the Lord. Micah gave them solace. Their God didn’t need sacrifice. “What does the Lord require of you,” asked Micah, “but to do justice, love kindness, and walk humbly with your God?” (Micah 6:8).

Love kindness. Faith Lutheran is a support infrastructure for kindness as much as it is a church; is there even a difference? When it comes to tending to young Johannah and Matt Tremont, going through the pain of a hopeful dream dashed – the awful tragedy of miscarriage – Faith Lutheran and John himself are positioned perfectly to provide that support. John sits on the edge of a sterile bed, talking with the young couple in the hospital. He offers prayer and a warm embrace. Church elders quietly cook and freeze dinners, send sentiments, and check on the family. A delicate web of emotional and physical support undergirds the church at times like these. They’re built to lift spirits and remind Johannah and Matt of brighter days ahead – to

remind them of God’s love. This is woven deep into the fabric of Faith Lutheran.

Do justice. When it comes to replacing those daily conveniences like the Sputnik-shaped air conditioning unit or pooling funds to memorialize Johannah and Matt’s unborn child, the church isn’t built to efficiently tackle the problem.

Typically, money is tithed and gifted to a church and pooled in a bank account. It’s managed by a council of respected church elders. And while those minds are likely to do right by the congregation, it takes a concerted effort of hundreds of man-hours to effectively manage a fund. Even in the best-case scenario, Faith Lutheran’s brightest minds would spend the bulk of their time in the bureaucracy of financial management. As part of John’s work with Faith, he has decided that the talent and time of his most trusted elders could be better used in other work than in the ledger. Micah said it himself, do justice and walk humbly with your God. In order to do justice to the time of these great minds

and the money they’ve worked so hard to tithe, John has entrusted the church’s funds to the financial expertise of the Community Foundation of Elkhart County.

Walk humbly. As John walks back into the building, he heads to the chapel for a moment of reflection. Faith Lutheran is the perfect embodiment of humility. No gilded statues. No ornate painted ceiling towering stories above. Eclectic furniture that has been collected over the years sits atop decades-old carpet. The church is dimly lit only after John turns the dial on a dimmer switch that comes from another era entirely. Faith isn’t fancy. It’s a place to find a family. It’s a place full of humility. It’s a place that feels like home.

With the expertise of the Community Foundation at its back, Faith can replace that occasional chair, that broken pew, that Sputnik-era AC unit. The church’s money grows in an endowed fund, faster than it could have done in any privately managed fund. And when it’s time for a capital expense, access to the money is simple. In turn, the church elders are freed up to

provide counsel and help in the community. And John, well, he’s able to spend a bit more time at the foot of the hospital bed or working with the choir or helping in the school.

An air conditioner is a simple convenience. We’ve come to expect it. On hot and humid days like this one, as Pastor John moves from the chapel to the office, he’s thankful for those simple conveniences. When hundreds congregate weekly in the sanctuary – when they come together as a family in this house of the Lord – they, too, are thankful for the simple conveniences. But John’s story – the story of Faith Lutheran – isn’t about an air conditioner, nor is the story of Faith Lutheran.

As John sits at his office desk, a place he finds himself rarely, he gathers papers in preparation for tonight’s meeting with the elders. His Bible is open to Micah as he studies for this week’s sermon. It’s on his favorite verse. Curiously absent from that desk is a ledger. Curiously absent from tonight’s meeting agenda is a financial report. It’s time to focus elsewhere and allow Elkhart County to experience that full heart of John and his elders. John’s story is not about money.

John’s story is about loving kindness, about doing justice, about walking humbly, as he does each and every day in his community, his home – with his God. 🌿



Designated Funds by the NUMBERS

\$57m

Total dollar amount of Designated funds managed on behalf of donors and agencies by the Community Foundation

248

Number of Designated funds managed by the Community Foundation on behalf of donors and agencies

DID YOU KNOW?

You can designate your gift to a specific nonprofit organization or purpose. Help provide ongoing funding for a senior center, museum, or virtually any nonprofit charitable organization. Nonprofit organizations can use a Designated Fund through the community foundation to build their endowment and enhance their ability to accept planned or complex gifts.

300+

Number of religious congregations in Elkhart County

40+

Number of Lutheran Denominations in North America

2017 - 2018

—

Financial Documentation

2017-2018 Board of Directors

Dzung Nguyen <i>Chairperson</i>	Dick Armington Megan Baughman Deb Beaverson Randy Christophel Rob Cripe Steve Fidler David Findlay Del King Levi King	Sharon Liegl Galen Miller Gordon Moore Tom Pletcher Kerri Ritchie Bob Schrock Jill Sigsbee Isaac Torres David Weed
Mike Schoeffler <i>V. Chair & Treasurer</i>		
Cien Asoera <i>Secretary</i>		













Founding Members

Charles Ainlay Jon Armstrong Lehman Beardsley Wilbert H. Budd Arthur J. Decio	Dr. John Foreman Samuel Hoover William Johnson Lee Martin James McNamee	William Myers Richard Pletcher Laura Rydson Oscar Schricker Thomas Warrick
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Founding Donors

Bashor Home Endowment Fund Boys & Girls Club of Greater Goshen Foundation Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert H. Budd Charitable Fund of the First Congregational Church Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Corson Mr. and Mrs. Robert Deahl Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Decio The Decio Family: Terrence Decio, Jamee Decio, Lindy Decio Reilly, Jay Decio Christman, Leigh Decio Laird Sherrill and Helen Deputy Family Elkhart County Council on Aging Elkhart County 4-H Endowment Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Fidler	Dr. and Mrs. John Foreman Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hartman Mr. F. L. Hascall Goshen College Goshen Rotary Club Scholarship Fund Greencroft Foundation Gunden Family Fund Paul and Joyce Hultin Family Fund KeyBank LaCasa of Goshen Lilly Endowment, Inc. Mervin D. Lung Family Martin Foundation Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin Mr. William F. Martin Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Naquin Northridge HS Dollars for Scholars	Oaklawn Foundation Mrs. Lee A. Rieth Ms. Martha Rieth Mr. and Mrs. Marly Rydson Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Sailor Salvation Army Elkhart Corps Endowment Mr. and Mrs. Dan Sherman Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Schricker Ina L. Strasser Endowment Trinity United Methodist Foundation Mr. and Mrs. Basil S. Turner United Way of Elkhart County Mr. and Mrs. Richard VanDerKarr Maynard W. Wells Family YMCA/YWCA Joint Community Project
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Community Foundation Staff

 Carrie Berghoff <i>Donor Engagement Specialist</i>	 Lauren Cooper <i>Scholarship Assistant</i>	 Karla Copenhaver <i>Program Associate</i>
 Tressa Huddleston <i>Executive Assistant and Office Manager</i>	 Amanda Jamison <i>Senior Program Officer</i>	 Samantha Lambert <i>Program Associate</i>
 Renee Mansfield <i>Donor Services Coordinator</i>	 Pete McCown <i>President</i>	 Dallis Miller <i>Controller</i>
 Cole Patuzzi <i>Chief Financial Officer</i>	 Jodi Spataro <i>Chief Advancement Officer</i>	 Candy Yoder <i>Chief Program Officer</i>

Legacy Society 2018

The Legacy Society is a group of generous individuals who believe in impacting their community. Their stories and hearts are inspiring! The following list includes the names of those who have informed us of bequests, policies, trusts, and other end-of-life planned gifts, for the purpose of encouraging others. Some members of the Legacy Society, however, have chosen to inform us but otherwise keep their decision confidential.

Anonymous 1	<i>Wilbert and Alice Budd</i>
Anonymous 2	Robert Burger
Anonymous 3	B. Jane Burns
Anonymous 4	Bill Caldwell
<i>Charles and Dorothy Ainlay</i>	<i>John Calvert</i>
Dick and Linda Armstrong	Bill and Anita Cast
Tom and Dot Arnold	James and Anke Chandler
Harold “Doc” and Jane Atkins	<i>Brantly and Katie Chappell</i>
Steve and Julie Bachman	Betty Chatten
Paris and Becky Ball-Miller	Jack and Karen Cittadine
<i>Glenn and Joan Banks</i>	Brian and Diana Clark
John and Nancy Banks	Todd and Missy Cleveland
Stephen and Holli Banks	Tom and Dot Corson
William and Linda Beier	<i>Donald</i> and Margaret Covert
Al and Rebecca Benham	Betty Cox
George and Mona Biddlecome	Robert and Betty Cripe
Jim and Joan Bock	Rick W. and Mary David, Jr.
Bertha Bontrager-Rhodes	<i>June Deal</i>
Derald and Cindy Bontrager	Arthur and Patricia Decio
Wilbur and Sarah Bontrager	<i>Elizabeth DeFries</i>
Dorothy Borger	Donald and Melanie DeGroff
<i>Thomas</i> and Elizabeth Borger	Bob and Mary Pat Deputy
Mary Jean Borneman	Lawrence and Sherrod Deputy
Brian and Jeannelle Brady	Michael and Mandi Deputy
Patty and Coley Brady	Mike Dibley
Terrence and Kathy Brennan	Terry and Julie Diener
Michael P. Bristol	Todd W. A. Driver
James and Patty Brotherson	Thomas and Lois Dusthimer
George and Martha Buckingham	Kay Ann Eller
George and Patricia Bucklen	Sharlene Eller-Preston
<i>Justine Sparks Budd</i>	Susan P. Ellington

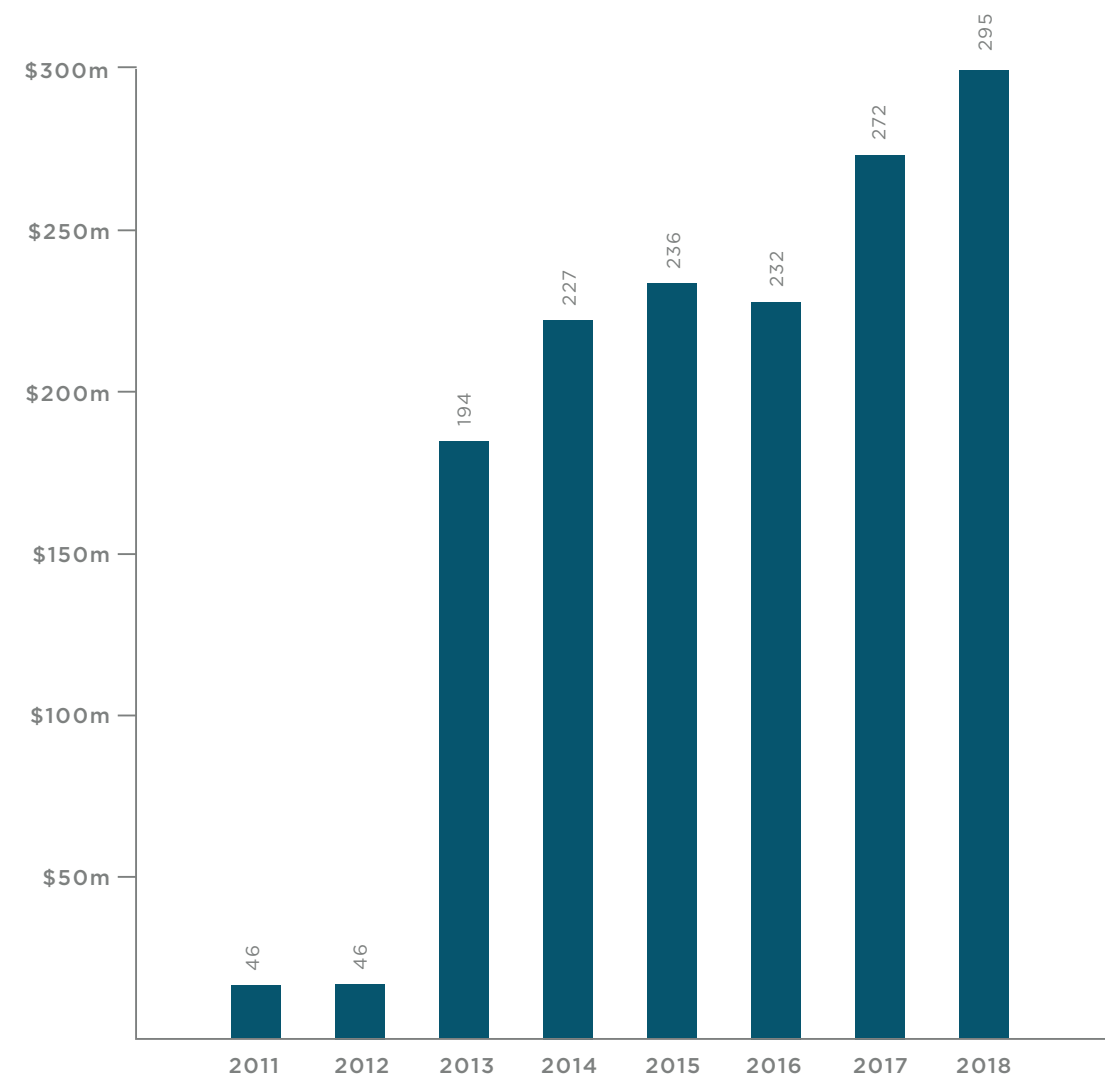
Jane Eslick
Ned and Agda Farber
Janice Farron
Frederick and Dorothy Feick
Bill and Kristin Fenech
John and Lois Fidler
<i>Lewis and Elizabeth Fidler</i>
Richard and Marlene Finnigan
<i>Ivan Fisher</i>
John and <i>Margaret</i> Foreman
Martha Foreman
James Foster Shea Jr.
Andrew and Kathy Frech
Daniel Fulmer
<i>L. Craig</i> and Connie Fulmer
Bill and Sue Garvey
Dan and Suzanne George
Bob and Stevie Giel
John and Gwen Gildea
Gary and Debra Gilot
John and Judith Goebel
Joe and <i>Rita</i> Gold
William Goodsene
<i>Christiana Graham</i>
Doug and Barbara Grant
<i>Ralph and Opal E. Gunden</i>
<i>Guy David Gundlach</i>
Steven Haines
<i>John Harman</i>
Cindy and Dave Hawkins
<i>Dan and Mary Henkin</i>

Steven Herendeen
Stan and Sharon Hess
Leon and Pamela Hluchota
Terry and Lu Hoogenboom
Floyd and Esther Hoover
Mary E. Hoover
Shirley Hoover
<i>Joyce Hultin</i>
Eugene W. and <i>Barbara</i> Hungate
Tom Irions
Randall and Rachel Miller Jacobs
Brian and Amanda Jamison
Rick and Sandy Jenkins
Levon and Dorrene Johnson
William P. and Toni Johnson
Stephen Kash
<i>Carolyn Keefe</i>
<i>Thomas and Suzanne Keene</i>
Robert and Kristy King
Richard and Susan Klepinger
<i>Ted</i> and Diane Kolodziej
<i>Don L.</i> and Jurate Krabill
Jeffery and Heidi Krusenklaus
Michael L. and Rebecca Kubacki
Mark and Karen Kurtz
Chuck and Betty Lamb
James A. Leaverton
John and Jane Leavitt
Merritt and Dierra Lehman
Robert and Carolyn LeMaster
<i>Walter and Jane Lerner</i>
John and Dianne Letherman
John and Joy Liechty
The Liegl Family Foundation
Tom and Marianne Lilly
<i>Ralph</i> and Rita Lockerbie
Mary Jo Ludwick
Allan and Karon Ludwig
<i>Mervin</i> and Dorothy Lung
Philip and Jeannette Lux
Tony and Tammy Magaldi
<i>Joseph Manfredi</i>
Frank and Marsha Martin
Rex and Alice Martin
Robert W. and Gail T. Martin
<i>William</i> and Margaret Martin
<i>Irma Mast</i>
Pete and Wendy McCown
Kathleen McCoy-Royer
<i>Betty Jean McKeever</i>
<i>James and Ann McNamee</i>
Bob and Sue Miller
<i>Ruth Miller</i>
S. Ray and Linda Miller
Ronald and Connie Minzey

Gordon and Marie Moore
G. Lynn and Linda Morris
Dan and Jan Morrison
James and Karla Morton
<i>Don and Jane Mossey</i>
<i>William and Patricia Myers</i>
Thad and Rachele Naquin
Thomas and Mary Naquin
James and Joyce Nelson
Sam and Kristina Newlands
Dzung and Francoise Nguyen
Mike Nicolini
Myrl and Phyllis Nofziger
Quinton and Shannon Oakes
<i>Virginia J. Pardee</i>
Cole Patuzzi
Jeffrey and Diana Peat
Richard and Suzanne Peterson
<i>William O. and Loretha Phillips</i>
Mike and Judy Pianowski
Frank and Barbara Piaskowy
James and Sharon Piechorowski
Mac Pierce and Lori Schiltz
Donald Pletcher
Kenneth and Jean Pletcher
Phillip and Nancy Pletcher
Richard and Susan Pletcher
Thomas and Dana Pletcher
John and Kathy Postle
Doug and Mary Putnam
<i>Clayton and Carol Quimbach</i>
Larry and Elizabeth Renbarger
<i>Florence Richardson</i>
Robert E. and Sandy Richardson
Martha Ann Rieth VanDyke
<i>Mary Jane Rieth</i>
J. Douglas and Sharon Risser
<i>Lucille Risser</i>
Kelly and Karen Rose
Charlene Rule
Marly and Laura Rydson
Matthew and Tricia Rydson
Janet Elaine Ryman
<i>Vernon and Doris Sailor</i>
George and Terri Schmidt, II
William and Lorette Schmuhl, Jr.
Doug Schnell
Michael and Vickie Schoeffler
Kenneth and Doris Ann Schrad
<i>Barbara Schricker</i>
Oscar W. and Marilyn Schricker
Nancy Schricker
Susan A. Schricker
Bob and Marie Schrock
<i>Harold Schrock</i>

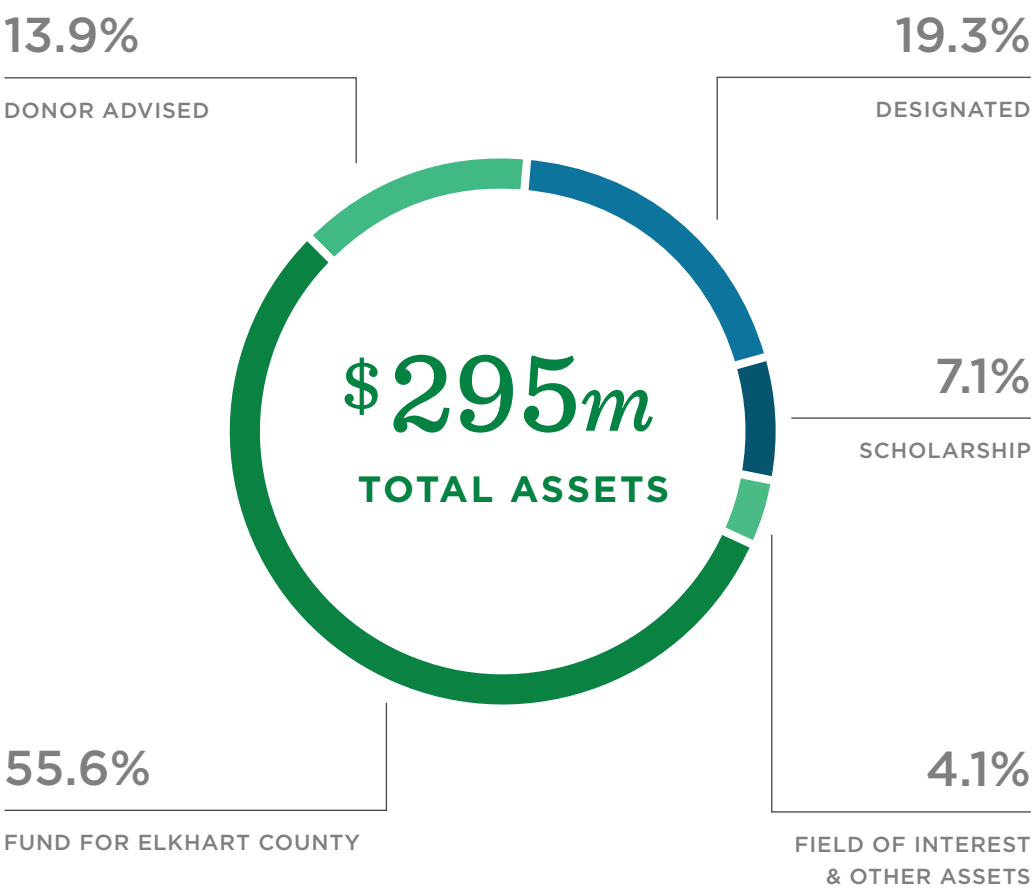
and Donna Kercher Schrock
Janet Rae Scribner
Amy and Amish Shah
James Foster Shea, Jr.
<i>Daniel and Josephine Sherman</i>
Stuart W. and Shirley H. Showalter
James and <i>LaRayne</i> Siegmann
<i>William</i> and Bernice Simms
Brian and Lauri Smith
David and Nancy Smith, Jr.
Harold and Patricia Smith
Mark and Vicki Smucker
F. Richard and Josephine Snyder
Christopher and Jodi Spataro
Bruce and Barbara Stahly
<i>William D. Stimpson</i>
Donald and Claudia Stohler
Tim and Christy Stonger
Dick and Kay Stout
<i>Marjorie M. Swift</i>
W. Earl and Linda Taylor
Michael and Sheila Terlep
Dr. Michael and Carole Thomas
George and Karen Thompson
Richard M. and Anne K. Treckelo
Gerald A. and Barbara J. Trolz
John and Carole Ulmer
<i>Adrian</i> and Treva Vaksvik
<i>Richard and Bellodene Van Der Karr</i>
<i>Michael</i> and Meredith Vickrey
<i>Mary Elizabeth Walker</i>
Thomas and Patricia Warrick
David Weaver
Laveta Weaver
David and Dottie Webster
David Weed
Donald Weed
<i>Robert</i> and Peggy Weed
William and Sarah Weed
Chris and Jenny Welch
M. Scott and Kimberlee Welch
Ross and Linda Weldy
Jeff and Phid Wells
Karen R. Wesdorp
Aaron and Stephanie Wieand
John and Carolyn Wolf
Chris Wolfe
Al and Marie Yoder
Candy and Darrel Yoder
Ola and Vera Yoder
Dorothy Zimmerman
<i>*Names in italics are deceased Legacy Members.</i>

Assets *by year*



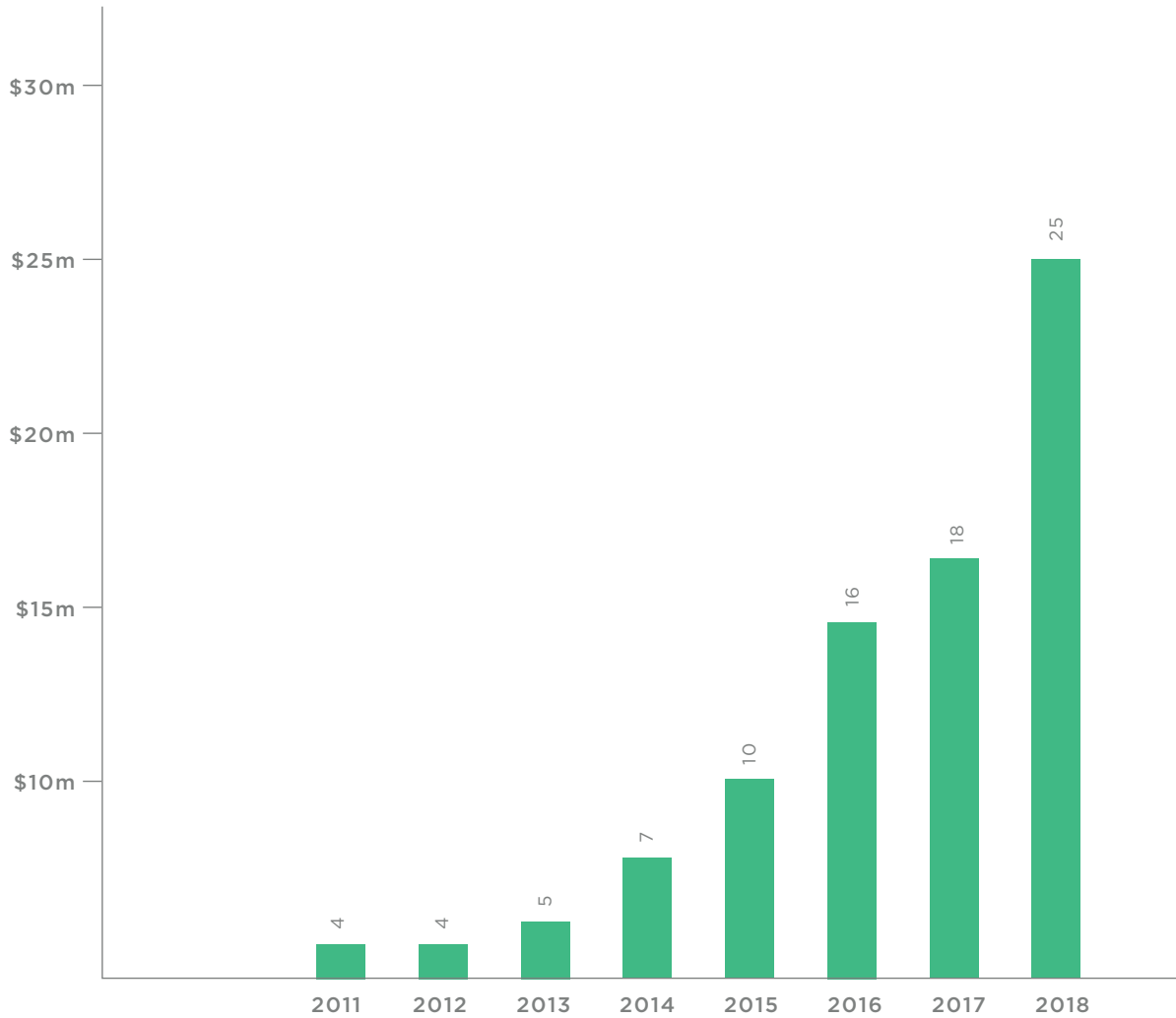
In 2013, the community received a very generous gift from Elkhart native Guy David Gundlach. The Gundlach gift was the start of a new era for the Community Foundation and the generosity that would be fueled by generous donors through the partnership of the Community Foundation. Since 2013, over \$100 million in additional gifts have been invested for the betterment of Elkhart County.

Assets *by fund type*



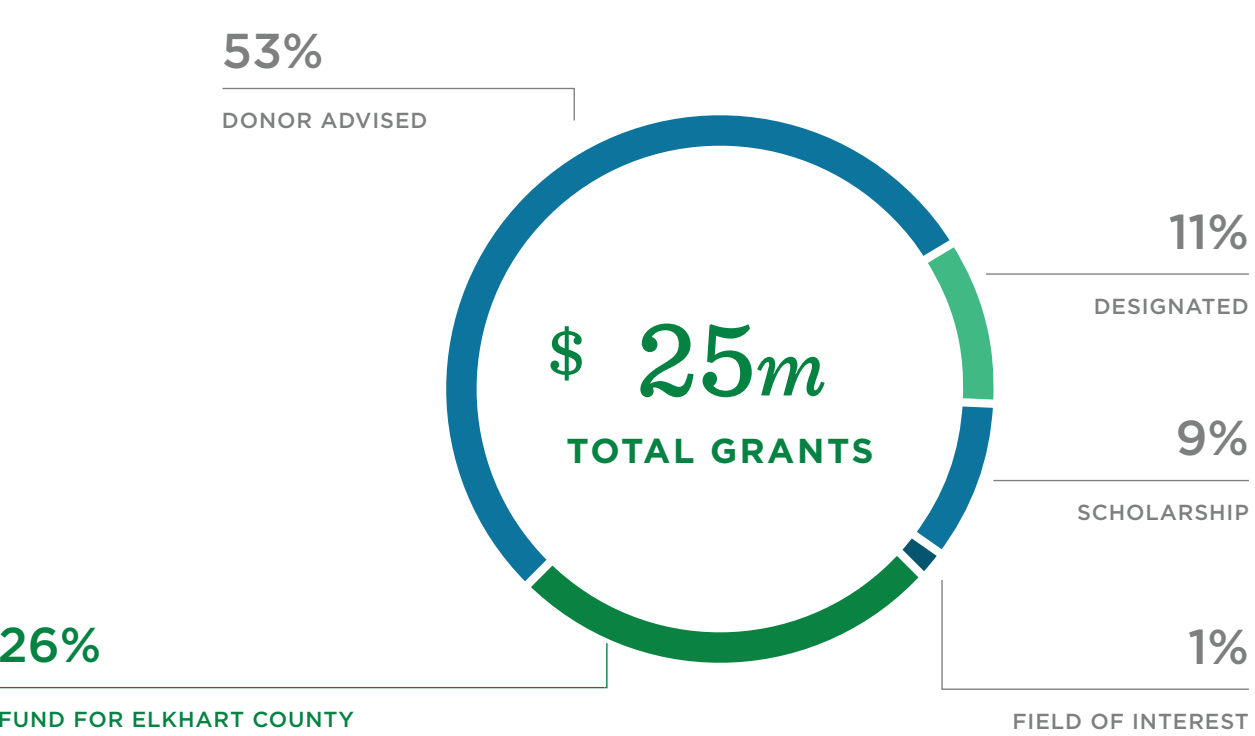
YOUR GIVING IS UNIQUE
Since 1989 we have been working with passionate individuals, families, organizations, and businesses who are building a stronger community by supporting causes that strengthen and improve Elkhart County. Once we understand a donor’s goals through giving and establish their intent, we work with them to decide on which funding option best helps to bring their vision to life.

Grants *by year*



Most of the grants that the Community Foundation is trusted to manage are for specific areas that are designated by donors. Some of the grants are unrestricted, empowering the Community Foundation to make a responsive impact in our communities, ensuring a better future for generations to come. A description of how these unrestricted grants were used to improve our communities is found on pages 66-75 of this report.

Grants *by fund type*



FUND FOR ELKHART COUNTY

The Fund for Elkhart County, our Unrestricted Fund, supports our communities' greatest opportunities and emerging needs with a responsive contribution.

This year, \$6.3 million in grants were awarded by priority areas.

60%

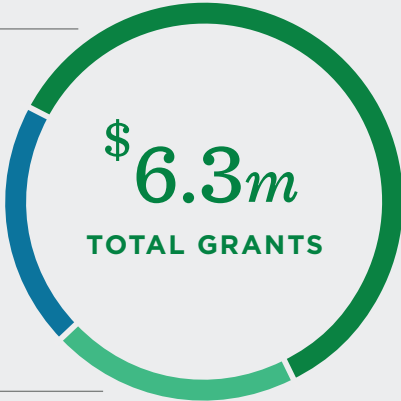
VIBRANT COMMUNITY

20%

QUALITY OF LIFE

20%

YOUTH DEVELOPMENT



Statements of Financial Position

Unaudited Financial Statements for Fiscal Years Ending June 30, 2018 and 2017.

	JUNE 30, 2018	JUNE 30, 2017
ASSETS		
Cash and cash equivalents	335,000	283,000
Notes receivable	595,000	538,000
Investments	292,627,000	268,978,000
Beneficial interest in trusts	506,000	890,000
Other assets	556,000	1,385,000
TOTAL ASSETS	\$294,619,000	\$272,074,000
LIABILITIES AND NET ASSETS		
Accounts payable	63,000	51,000
Grants payable	3,865,000	2,016,000
Gift annuities payable	502,000	549,000
Custodial funds	23,731,000	20,640,000
Other liabilities	128,000	92,000
Net assets	266,330,000	248,726,000
TOTAL LIABILITIES & NET ASSETS	\$294,619,000	\$272,074,000

Statements of Activities

Unaudited Financial Statements for Fiscal Years Ending June 30, 2018 and 2017.

	JUNE 30, 2018	JUNE 30, 2017
SUPPORT, REVENUES, GAINS AND LOSSES		
Contributions and grants	17,472,000	24,614,000
Investment return, net	24,492,000	27,848,000
Fund administrative fees	2,139,000	1,951,000
Other	(90,000)	71,000
TOTAL SUPPORT, REVENUES, GAINS AND LOSSES	\$44,013,000	\$54,484,000
EXPENSES		
Grants	22,140,000	11,190,000
Fund administrative fees	1,983,000	1,822,000
Operational expenses	2,286,000	2,121,000
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$26,409,000	\$15,133,000
Change in net assets	17,604,000	39,351,000
Net assets, beginning of year	248,726,000	209,375,000
NET ASSETS, END OF YEAR	\$266,330,000	\$248,726,000

Youth Development Grants

The following Rapid Response, Good Neighbor, Community Investment and Key Initiative Grants were awarded from the Fund for Elkhart County to organizations or programs serving the next generation of Elkhart County citizens.

AGAPE MINISTRY Back-to-School Backpack Giveaway	2,500
ALL GOD’S CHILDREN CHILDCARE MINISTRY Building Improvements	4,600
BASHOR HOME OF THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH YR2 of 2: Human Trafficking Residential Program	50,000
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA LASALLE COUNCIL YR3 of 3: Elkhart County Scouting	37,500
BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS OF ELKHART COUNTY Transportation for Summer Day Camp	2,500
CAMPUS CENTER FOR YOUNG CHILDREN Infant/Toddler Playground Updates	4,200
CAMPUS CENTER FOR YOUNG CHILDREN Technology Upgrades	8,300
CHILD AND PARENT SERVICES Website Renovation	3,700
CHILD AND PARENT SERVICES Healthy Families Incentives	31,000
CITY OF GOSHEN PARKS & RECREATION DEPARTMENT Junior Sailing Camp 2018	2,500
CORNERSTONE CHRISTIAN MONTESSORI Building Improvements	9,500

CORNERSTONE CHRISTIAN MONTESSORI Primary Classroom Startup	10,000
ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION OF ELKHART COUNTY INC Manufacturing Days 2017	7,000
ELKHART COMMUNITY SCHOOLS Culture Series: Human Rights for the Community	4,625
ETHOS INNOVATION CENTER YR1 of 2: STEM Coordinator	50,000
ETHOS INNOVATION CENTER YR1 of 2: Science Museum Director / Development Director	165,000
FAIRFIELD COMMUNITY SCHOOLS Instructional Technology Coach	25,000
FIVE STAR LIFE Student Scholarships	5,000
FIVE STAR LIFE Leadership Summit 2018	5,000
GENAI EXCELLENCE ACADEMY Playground Upgrade	7,000
GOSHEN COLLEGE Latino Scholarship Dinner 2018	10,000
GREATER ELKHART CHAMBER OF COMMERCE What’s Next Sponsor 2018	10,000
HORIZON EDUCATION ALLIANCE Early Childhood Learning Project	2,000

HORIZON EDUCATION ALLIANCE YR1 of 2: Triple P Positive Parenting Program	165,000
HORIZON EDUCATION ALLIANCE YR3 of 3: Operational Support	200,000
INDIANA BLACK EXPO INC - ELKHART CHAPTER Robert Mathis Program	2,500
JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT OF NORTHERN INDIANA Start Up Moxie Elkhart County 2018-19	10,000
JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT OF NORTHERN INDIANA Lemonade Day Elkhart County 2018	3,500
JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT OF NORTHERN INDIANA Start Up Moxie Elkhart County 2018-19	18,000
LITTLE SAINTS CHILD CARE Technology Renewal	1,200
MARIAN HIGH SCHOOL Elkhart Bus	50,000
NORTHERN INDIANA HISPANIC HEALTH COALITION YR1 of 2: Healthy Hearts Program	75,000
OAKLAWN PSYCHIATRIC CENTER YR1 of 2: Partnership for Children	150,000

RUTHMERE FOUNDATION YR1 of 2: Field Trip Program	12,500
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST CATHOLIC SCHOOL Technology Project	60,250
THIRD STREET YOUTH ARTS Youth Outreach Scholarship Fund	5,000
UNITED WAY OF ELKHART COUNTY Success by 6 Summit Sponsor 2017	250
UNITED WAY OF ELKHART COUNTY Recruitment for On My Way Pre-K	1,900
UNITED WAY OF ELKHART COUNTY YR1 of 2: On-My-Way Pre-K Pilot Program	715
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME Elkhart Catalyst	10,000
VISUALLY IMPAIRED PRESCHOOL SERVICES Direct Services Program Support	10,000
WOMEN'S CARE CENTER YR2 of 2: Operational Support	32,500
TOTAL	\$1,265,240

Vibrant Community Grants

The following Rapid Response, Good Neighbor, Community Investment and Key Initiative Grants were awarded from the Fund for Elkhart County to organizations or programs enhancing the living experience in Elkhart County.

CITY OF ELKHART PARKS & RECREATION DEPARTMENT Summer Events 2018	4,260
CITY OF GOSHEN PARKS & RECREATION DEPARTMENT All-Inclusive Playground	100,000
CITY OF GOSHEN PARKS & RECREATION DEPARTMENT Millrace Multi-Use Pavilion Project	1,000,000
DOWNTOWN GOSHEN INC Maple City Walk 2017	1,000
ELEVATE VENTURES YR2 of 3: Northern Indiana RDA Partnership	75,000
ELKHART CIVIC THEATRE Disney’s Beauty and the Beast	10,000
ELKHART COUNTY ARTS ALLIANCE Artwalk Marketing Support	10,000
ELKHART COUNTY ARTS ALLIANCE YR1 of 2: Operating and Program Support	30,000
ELKHART COUNTY CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU YR1 of 3: Vibrant Communities Initiative	60,000
ELKHART COUNTY CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU YR3 of 3: Live. Work. Play.	90,000

ELKHART COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY Art of Ted Drake Project	7,000
ELKHART COUNTY SYMPHONY ASSOCIATION Seasonal Support 2017-2018	5,000
ELKHART COUNTY SYMPHONY ASSOCIATION Concert Season 2018-2019	5,000
ELKHART HEALTH FITNESS & AQUATICS CENTER Building Construction	1,800,000
ELKHART JAZZ FESTIVAL Comic Con Sponsor 2018	5,000
ELKHART JAZZ FESTIVAL YR3 of 3: Jazz Festival, ArtWalks, Summer Dance 2018	50,000
GOSHEN COLLEGE Salsa Magic - Interactive Latin Dance 2017	1,000
GOSHEN COLLEGE Goshen College Inc	5,000
GOSHEN COLLEGE Student Union Renovation	220,550
GOSHEN COMMUNITY CENTER Goshen Tree Planting Initiative	10,000
GREATER ELKHART CHAMBER OF COMMERCE Furnishings for the Primary Community Room	5,000
GREATER ELKHART CHAMBER OF COMMERCE Elkhart Young Professionals - Elkhart County	3,000

HUMANE SOCIETY OF ELKHART COUNTY Support for Executive Search	10,000
INDIANA UNIVERSITY FOUNDATION Elkhart Center Health Sciences Expansion	100,000
MAPLE CITY MARKET Building Renovations	6,000
MICHIANA PUBLIC BROADCASTING CORPORATION Education Counts Michiana	10,000
MID AMERICA FILMMAKERS River Bend Film Festival 2018	5,000
MIDDLEBURY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE Middlebury Festivals 2017	5,000
MIDDLEBURY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE Middlebury Festivals and Events 2018	5,000
MIDDLEBURY LITTLE LEAGUE Maintenance Building w/ Restrooms and Concessions	40,000
NAPPANEE AREA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE Apple Festival 2018	10,000

NAPPANEE ARTS COUNCIL The Art Path	5,000
PREMIER ARTS Underwriter of Bye Bye Birdie	5,000
PREMIER ARTS Sound Equipment	75,000
RUTHMERE FOUNDATION Holiday Tour Season 2017	5,000
TOWN OF MIDDLEBURY Town Center Land Project	20,000
WAKARUSA MAPLE SYRUP HERITAGE Wakarusa Maple Syrup Festival 2018	5,000
WELLFIELD BOTANIC GARDENS Seasonal Support 2017	10,000
TOTAL	\$3,812,810

Quality of Life Grants

The following Rapid Response, Good Neighbor, Community Investment and Key Initiative Grants were awarded from the Fund for Elkhart County to organizations or programs focusing on social services issues in Elkhart County.

AMERICAN RED CROSS NORTHERN INDIANA CHAPTER YR2 of 2: Home Fire Preparedness	30,000
BLESSED BEGINNINGS CARE CENTER (PLAIN COMMUNITY PARTNER) Ultrasound Equipment	20,500
CANCER RESOURCES FOR ELKHART COUNTY Journey Through Treatment	30,000
CATSNIP ETC. Trap, Neuter, and Return Program	2,000
CENTER FOR COMMUNITY JUSTICE Victim Offender Reconciliation Program	50,000
FAMILY CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT CENTER YR2 of 2: Baby Immunization Clinic	15,000
GUIDANCE MINISTRIES Equipment	4,300
HEALTHY BEGINNINGS Elkhart County Food Council Website	2,500
HEARTLAND ALLIANCE'S NATIONAL IMMIGRANT JUSTICE CENTER YR2 of 2: Goshen Office Support	15,000
HOOSIERS FEEDING THE HUNGRY YR3 of 3: Meat the Need	15,000
INDIANA TEEN CHALLENGE Stay Sharp Program	70,000

INDIANA TEEN CHALLENGE Work Experience Shop 1:1 Challenge	75,000
LACASA OF GOSHEN Expanding Impact in Elkhart County	300,000
MIDDLEBURY COMMUNITY PUBLIC LIBRARY Middlebury Literary Carousel	2,000
MINORITY HEALTH COALITION OF ELKHART COUNTY Promoting Healthier Lifestyles	3,000
O'HANA HERITAGE FOUNDATION INC AKA A ROSIE PLACE Engagement Director Support	70,000
OAKLAWN PSYCHIATRIC CENTER Bridge Program	60,000
SALVATION ARMY GOSHEN CORPS Commercial Freezer	4,000
SALVATION ARMY GOSHEN CORPS YR5 of 5: Senior Programming	50,000
SAMARITAN HEALTH & LIVING CENTER YR2 of 2: Mental Health CEU Program	9,000
SHEPHERD'S COVE CLOTHING PANTRY Replace HVAC Unit	8,000
SPA WOMEN'S MINISTRY HOMES Counseling Model	70,000
SPA WOMENS MINISTRY HOMES Building Campaign 1:1 Challenge	300,000
ST. PAUL'S UNITED METHODIST CHURCH Christmas Shoppe Coats, Hats & Gloves	1,000
THE ROSE HOME Roof Repairs	10,000
YWCA NORTH CENTRAL INDIANA YR1 of 3: Lethality Project	51,500
TOTAL	\$1,267,800

