

July 2020



PESU NEWSLETTER



What's the Buzz?



We congratulate and wish our members below the best on their retirements. We thank them for their dedication and years of service. Their knowledge and presence will be missed:

- ◆ Janet Noble
- ◆ Gloria Flores

Warmest congratulations to all our graduates on your well-deserved success. We wish you all the best on your next adventures and future endeavors.



We extend a special congratulations to *Amir Douglas*, son of our President **Lisa Maddox-Douglas**. Amir graduated with a Bachelor of Arts from Hampshire College in Massachusetts. We also extend a warm congratulations to *Donte McDaniel*, son of our Recording Secretary **Siaeng Roberts**. Donte recently graduated from the 8th Grade. We wish both of these bright young men the best as they step ahead toward new challenges and opportunities.



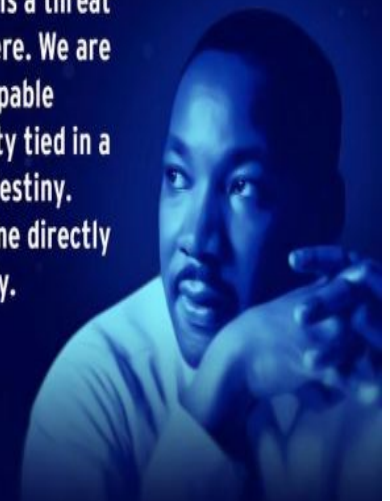
A special thank you and congratulations to *Tahj Reid*, the very bright and talented son of our member **Chanette Reid**. We are very happy and honored to share



Tahj's amazing drawing of George Floyd. In addition to being a great artist, he is also the Vice President of his school's council and was inducted into the National Elementary Honor's Society.

MARTIN LUTHER KING

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly.



THE SPIRIT OF JUNETEENTH

Juneteenth is the oldest known nationally celebrated commemoration honoring the end of slavery in the United States. Dating back to 1865, it was on June 19th that Union soldiers, led by Major General Gordon Granger, landed at Galveston, Texas and met with news that the Civil War had ended, and slaves had been freed.



STILL I RISE

By: Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like
teardrops.
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your
hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in
pain
I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and
wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the
tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror
and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously
clear
I rise

Bringing the gifts that my
ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of
the slave

I rise,
I rise.
I rise.
the art
america



