home
IMPROVEMENT
ANNUAL REPORT 2018
Home improvement extends beyond the property line.
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.
So Splendid a Playhouse

The story of Goshen Theater, reborn.

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

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 its weakened bones, just as the community has set out to bring back this nearly forgotten cultural centerpiece with their gifts.

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 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-
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. 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.

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

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

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.

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 undersized and under-equipped. 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.

Story 02

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.

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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 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 crafty.” 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

| Amount invested in Elkhart County communities by the Community Foundation in 2017-2018 through Youth Development |
| Amount invested in Elkhart County communities by the Community Foundation in 2017-2018 through Youth Development |
| $1.3m |
| Percent of Unrestricted funds that were invested in Youth Development in 2017-2018 |
| 20% |
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 homely space with warmth. Joyce Menchinger herself exudes warmth with or without the sun’s presence.
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 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 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 entrance allows for some anonymity in the process. Through and through, the Samaritan Center was laid out to help people in any way.

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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.

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 minisional 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 suffered 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 heavyset 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's 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, 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?

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?

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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, of Ola Yoder without understanding the beauty of his products. The company turned out over 1.4 million kitchen cabinets each year, with under 500 hard-working employees.

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.

Story 04

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 researcher tasked with understanding human behavior

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 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
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 unswerving 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.
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.

"Be Nice to Each Other Out There"

The story of Matt Dibley’s legacy living on.
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 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 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.

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 cliche. 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.”

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**The Legacy Society by the NUMBERS**

- **$12.4m**
  Gifts received from the Legacy Society in 2017-2018

- **253**
  Legacy Society Members

**DID YOU KNOW?**

- **39.4%**
  of the global kombucha market share consumed in North America

- **180k +**
  Americans living off the grid

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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.
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 Elkhardt to spend the day at the center. Mrs. Williams and Mr. Denton 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 just an hour, and there is much preparation to do.

Jamison was once a student, sitting at tables not very different from these, listening to someone in his current role. 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.

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 Elkhardt 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 Elkhardt’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 hulls 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 Elkhardt 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.

“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
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, its 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.

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>$318k</th>
<th>Number of Field of Interest funds held with the Community Foundation</th>
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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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1991</th>
<th>1500+</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Year of dedication of the Elkhart Environmental Center</td>
<td>Number of acres of parks in Elkhart County</td>
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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 tackled on a Master’s Degree in Public Health from Harvard University just a few years later.

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 Kiwanian 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. $500 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 eb 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 his scholarship, but Levar…Levar invested in the whole of Elkhart County. When a problem arose, 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 - Levar Johnson Scholarship would help minorities in Elkhart in perpetuity; proving yet again: Levar Johnson was a good investment and an even better investor.

By 2016, Levar had finished his education and established a successful medical career. 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 31, Levar was made full Colonel, the second-youngest person to ever hold that rank.

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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.

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 Levon 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.
A Shephard, 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?
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 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.

When an air conditioner is a stand-in for the simple expenditures of a lean-running institution like Faith Lutheran, Church elders quietly cook and freeze dinners, send sentiments, and check on the family. A delicate web of support Goshen in the most trying times.

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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. 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 | Number of Designated funds managed by the Community Foundation on behalf of donors and agencies |
| 248 | Total dollar amount of Designated funds managed on behalf of donors and agencies by the Community Foundation |

**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 Board of Directors

Dzung Nguyen  
Chairperson

Mike Schoefller  
V. Chair & Treasurer

Cien Asoera  
Secretary

Dick Armington  
Megan Baughman  
Deb Beaverson  
Randy Christophel  
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Steve Dieder  
David Findlay  
Del King  
Levi King

Sharon Liegl  
Galen Miller  
Gordon Moore  
Tom Fletcher  
Kerry Ritchie  
Bob Schrock  
Jill Sipic  
Iasa Torres  
David Wess

Founding Members

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Jon Armstrong  
Lehman Beardsley  
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Dr. John Foreman  
Samuel Hoover  
William Johnson  
Lee Martin  
James McNamee  
William Myers  
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Laura Rydson  
Oscar Schricker  
Thomas Warick

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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, James Decio,  
Lindy Decio Belhey, Jay Decio  
Christmas, Leigh Decio Laird  
Sherrell 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. Lang Family  
Martin Foundation  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin  
Mr. William F. Martin  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Naquin  
Northridge HS Dollars for Scholars  
Oakdawn Foundation  
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Mr. and Mrs. Rueth  
Mr. and Mrs. Marilyn 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 E. Turner  
United Way of Elkhart County  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard VanDerKarr  
Maynard W. Wells Family  
YMCA/YWCA Joint Community Project  

Financials

Community Foundation Staff

Carrie Berghoff  
Senior Engagement Specialist

Lauren Cooper  
Scholarship Assistant

Karla Copenhaver  
Program Associate

Tressa Huddleston  
Executive Assistant and Office Manager

Amanda Jamison  
Senior Program Officer

Samantha Lambert  
Program Associate

Renee Mansfield  
Senior Services Coordinator

Pete McCown  
President

Dallis Miller  
Controller

Cole Patuzzi  
Chief Financial Officer

Jodi Spataro  
Chief Advancement Officer

Candy Yoder  
Chief Program Officer
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.

Anonymous 1
Anonymous 2
Anonymous 3
Anonymous 4
Charles and Dorothy Aminy
Dick and Linda Armstrong
Tom and Dot Arnold
Harold “Doc” and Jane Atkins
Steve and Julie Bachman
Paris and Bell Millar
Glenn and Joan Banks
John and Nancy Banks
Stephen and Holli Banks
William and Linda Beier
Al and Rebecca Benham
George and Mona Biddlecome
Jim and Joan Bock
Bertha Bontrager-Rhodes
Wilbur and Sarah Bontrager
Dorothy Bontrager
B. Jane Burns
Bill Caldwell
John Calvin
Bill and Anita Cast
James and Anke Chandler
Brandon and Katie Chapellel
Betty Chatten
Jack and Karen Cattitude
Brian and Diana Clark
Todd and Missy Cleveland
Tom and Dot Corson
Donald and Margaret Covert
Betty Cox
Robert and Betty Cripe
Rick W. and Mary David, Jr.
June Deal
Arthur and Patricia Decio
Elizabeth Defries
Donald and Melanie DeGroof
Bob and Mary Pat Deputy
Lawrence and Sherred Deputy
Michael and Mandi Deputy
Mike Dibley
Terry and Julie Diener
Todd W. A. Driver
Thomas and Lois Duthheimer
Kay Ann Eiler
Sharlene Eiler-Preston
Susan P. Ellington
Jane Eulick
Neil and Agda Farber
Janice Farron
Frederick and Dorothy Feick
Bill and Kristin Fenske
John and Lois Fidler
Lewis and Elizabeth Fidler
Richard and Marlene Finsgan
Dee Fisher
John and Margaret Foreman
Martha Foreman
James Foster Shea Jr.
Andrew and Kathy Frech
Daniel Fulmer
L. Craig and Connie Fulmer
Bill and Sue Garvey
Dan and Suzanne George
Bob and Stevie Giel
John and Gwen Gildow
Gary and Darba Gilot
John and Judith Gooehl
Joe and Rita Gold
William Goodense
Christina Graham
Doug and Barbara Grant
Roland and Opal E. Qunnon
Guy David Guedinch
Steven Hames
John Harnace
Cindy and Dave Hawkins
Dan and Mary Henkin
Steven Herendeen
Stan and Sharon Hess
Leon and Pamela Hirschota
Terry and Lu Hugenbohm
Floyd and Esther Hoover
Mary E. Hoover
Shirley Hoover
Joyce Huitt
Evanger W. and Barbara Huggate
Tom Irions
Randall and Rachel Miller Jacobs
Brian and Amanda Jamison
Rick and Sandy Jenkins
Levon and Doreene Johnson
William P. and Toni Johnson
Stephen Kash
Carolyn Knipe
Thomas and Suzanne Keene
Robert and Kristy King
Richard and Susan Klepinger
Ted and Diane Koletsis
Don L. and Jurate Krabill
Jeffery and Heidi Kruelsenkaus
Michael L. and Rebecca Kubacki
Mark and Karen Kurtz
Chuck and Betty Lamb
James A. Leaverton
John and Jane Leaverton
Merritt and Dierra Lehman
Robert and Carolyn LeMaster
Walter and Jane Lerner
John and Diana Letherman
John and Joy Liechty
The Leight Family Foundation
Tom and Marie Lilly
Ralph and Rita Lockerbie
Mary Jo Ludwick
Allan and Karen Ludwig
Mervin and Dorothy Lang
Philip and Jeannette Lux
Tony and Tammy Magaldi
Joseph Mendel
Frank and Marsha Martin
Rex and Alice Martin
Robert W. and Gail T. Martin
William and Margaret Martin
Irma Mast
Pete and Wendy McCown
Kathleen McCoy-Royer
Betty Ann McFlocke
James and Ann McMune
Bob and Sue Miller
Beth Miller
S. Ray and Linda Miller
Ronald and Connie Moe
Gordon and Marie Moore
G. Lynn and Linda Morris
Dan and Jan Morrison
James and Karla Morton
Don and Jane Mosby
William and Patricia Myers
Thad and Rachelle Naquin
Thomas and Mary Naquin
James and Joyce Nelson
Sam and Kristina Newlands
Dzung and Francoise Nguyen
Mike Nicolin
Myrl and Phyllis Noeinger
Quinton and Shannon Oaks
Virginia J. Purdie
Cole Patuzzi
Jeffrey and Diana Pest
Richard and Suzanne Peterson
William O. and Loretha Philips
Mike and Judy Pianowski
Frank and Barbara Plascevsky
James and Sharon Piascovski
Mac Pier and Lori Schultz
Donald Fletcher
Kenneth and Joan Fletcher
Phillip and Nancy Fletcher
Richard and Susan Fletcher
John and Kathy Puttle
Douglas and Mary Putnam
Clayton and Carol Quimbach
Larry and Elizabeth Reinburger
Florencio Richardson
Robert E. and Sandy Richardson
Martha Ann Rieth VanDyke
Mary Jane Rieh
J. Douglas and Sharon Rissar
Lucille Riser
Kelly and Karen Rose
Charlene Rule
Marly and Laura Rydhman
Matthew and Tricia Ryder
Janet Elaine Ryman
Vernon and Doris Stauder
George and Terri Schmidt, II
William and Loretta Schmuhl, Jr.
Doug Schnell
Michael and Vickie Schoeller
Kenneth and Doris Ann Schrad
Barbara Schroeder
Oscar W. and Marilyn Schricker
Nancy Schricker
Susan A. Schricker
Bob and Marie Schrock
Harold Schrock
and Donna Kercher Schrock
Janet Rae Schriner
Amy and Amish Shah
James Foster Shea, Jr.
Daniel and Josephine Sherman
Stuart W. and Shirley H. Showalter
James and LaLuane Siegmund
William and Bernice Simms
Brian and Laura Smith
David and Nancy Smith, Jr.
Harold and Patricia Smith
Mark and Vicki Smucker
F. Richard and Sophie Snyder
Christopher and Jodi Spatafora
Bruce and Barbara Stahl
William D. Stimpson
Donald and Chaslea Stohler
Tim and Chrissy Stonger
Dick and Kay Stout
Marjorie M. Swift
W. Earl and Linda Taylor
Michael and Sheila Terlep
Dr. Michael and Carole Thomas
George and Karen Thompson
Richard M. and Anne K. Trekel
Gerald A. and Barbara J. Troiz
John and Carole Ullmer
Adrian and treva Vavrik
Richard and Bethanne Van Der Karr
Michael and Meredith Vickery
Mary Elizabeth Walker
Thomas and Patricia Wartick
David Weaver
Laveta Weaver
David and Dottie Webster
David Weed
Donald Weed
Robert and Peggy Weed
William and Sarah Weed
Chris and Jenny Welch
M. Scott and Kimberly Welch
Rosa and Linda Weyl
Jeff and Phid Walls
Karen R. Westorp
Aaron and Stephanie Wisand
John and Carolyn Wolf
Chris Wills
Al and Marie Yoder
Candy and Darrel Yoder
Ola and Vera Yoder
Dorothy Zimmerman

‘Names in italics are deceased Legacy Members.'
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.

**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.
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.

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.
### Statements of Financial Position


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ASSETS</th>
<th>JUNE 30, 2018</th>
<th>JUNE 30, 2017</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash and cash equivalents</td>
<td>335,000</td>
<td>283,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes receivable</td>
<td>595,000</td>
<td>538,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Investments</td>
<td>292,627,000</td>
<td>268,978,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beneficial interest in trusts</td>
<td>506,000</td>
<td>890,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other assets</td>
<td>556,000</td>
<td>1,385,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL ASSETS</strong></td>
<td>$294,619,000</td>
<td>$272,074,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LIABILITIES AND NET ASSETS</th>
<th>JUNE 30, 2018</th>
<th>JUNE 30, 2017</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Accounts payable</td>
<td>63,000</td>
<td>51,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grants payable</td>
<td>3,865,000</td>
<td>2,016,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gift annuities payable</td>
<td>502,000</td>
<td>549,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Custodial funds</td>
<td>23,731,000</td>
<td>20,640,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other liabilities</td>
<td>128,000</td>
<td>92,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Net assets</td>
<td>266,330,000</td>
<td>248,726,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL LIABILITIES &amp; NET ASSETS</strong></td>
<td>$294,619,000</td>
<td>$272,074,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Statements of Activities


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUPPORT, REVENUES, GAINS AND LOSSES</th>
<th>JUNE 30, 2018</th>
<th>JUNE 30, 2017</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Contributions and grants</td>
<td>17,472,000</td>
<td>24,614,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Investment return, net</td>
<td>24,492,000</td>
<td>27,848,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fund administrative fees</td>
<td>2,139,000</td>
<td>1,951,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other</td>
<td>(90,000)</td>
<td>71,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL SUPPORT, REVENUES, GAINS AND LOSSES</strong></td>
<td>$44,013,000</td>
<td>$54,484,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EXPENSES</th>
<th>JUNE 30, 2018</th>
<th>JUNE 30, 2017</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Grants</td>
<td>22,140,000</td>
<td>11,190,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fund administrative fees</td>
<td>1,983,000</td>
<td>1,822,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Operational expenses</td>
<td>2,286,000</td>
<td>2,121,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL EXPENSES</strong></td>
<td>$26,409,000</td>
<td>$15,135,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Organization</th>
<th>Project Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AGAPE MINISTRY</td>
<td>Back-to-School Backpack Giveaway</td>
<td>2,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALL GOD’S CHILDREN CHILDCARE MINISTRY</td>
<td>Building Improvements</td>
<td>4,600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BASHOR HOME OF THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH</td>
<td>YR 2 of 2: Human Trafficking Residential Program</td>
<td>50,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA LASALLE COUNCIL</td>
<td>YR 3 of 3: Elkhart County Scouting</td>
<td>37,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOYS &amp; GIRLS CLUBS OF ELKHART COUNTY</td>
<td>Transportation for Summer Day Camp</td>
<td>2,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAMPUS CENTER FOR YOUNG CHILDREN</td>
<td>Infant/Toddler Playground Updates</td>
<td>4,200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAMPUS CENTER FOR YOUNG CHILDREN</td>
<td>Technology Upgrades</td>
<td>8,300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHILD AND PARENT SERVICES</td>
<td>Website Renovation</td>
<td>3,700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHILD AND PARENT SERVICES</td>
<td>Healthy Families Incentives</td>
<td>31,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CITY OF GOSHEN PARKS &amp; RECREATION DEPARTMENT</td>
<td>Junior Sailing Camp 2018</td>
<td>2,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNERSTONE CHRISTIAN MONTESSORI</td>
<td>Building Improvements</td>
<td>9,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORNERSTONE CHRISTIAN MONTESSORI</td>
<td>Primary Classroom Startup</td>
<td>10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION OF ELKHART COUNTY INC</td>
<td>Manufacturing Days 2017</td>
<td>7,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELKHART COMMUNITY SCHOOLS</td>
<td>Culture Series: Human Rights for the Community</td>
<td>4,625</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ETHOS INNOVATION CENTER</td>
<td>YR 1 of 2: STEM Coordinator</td>
<td>50,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ETHOS INNOVATION CENTER</td>
<td>YR 1 of 2: Science Museum Director / Development Director</td>
<td>165,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAIRFIELD COMMUNITY SCHOOLS</td>
<td>Instructional Technology Coach</td>
<td>25,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIVE STAR LIFE</td>
<td>Student Scholarships</td>
<td>5,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIVE STAR LIFE</td>
<td>Leadership Summit 2018</td>
<td>5,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GENAI EXCELLENCE ACADEMY</td>
<td>Playground Upgrade</td>
<td>7,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOSHEN COLLEGE</td>
<td>Latino Scholarship Dinner 2018</td>
<td>10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GREATER ELKHART CHAMBER OF COMMERCE</td>
<td>What’s Next Sponsor 2018</td>
<td>10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HORIZON EDUCATION ALLIANCE</td>
<td>Early Childhood Learning Project</td>
<td>2,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Organization</td>
<td>Program</td>
<td>Amount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horizon Education Alliance</td>
<td>YR1 of 2: Triple P Positive Parenting Program</td>
<td>$165,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horizon Education Alliance</td>
<td>YR3 of 3: Operational Support</td>
<td>$200,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indiana Black Expo Inc - Elkhart Chapter</td>
<td>Robert Mathis Program</td>
<td>$2,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior Achievement of Northern Indiana</td>
<td>Start Up Moxie Elkhart County 2018-19</td>
<td>$10,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior Achievement of Northern Indiana</td>
<td>Lemonade Day Elkhart County 2018</td>
<td>$3,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior Achievement of Northern Indiana</td>
<td>Start Up Moxie Elkhart County 2018-19</td>
<td>$18,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Saints Child Care</td>
<td>Technology Renewal</td>
<td>$1,200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marian High School</td>
<td>Elkhart Bus</td>
<td>$50,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northern Indiana Hispanic Health Coalition</td>
<td>YR1 of 2: Healthy Hearts Program</td>
<td>$75,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oaklawn Psychiatric Center</td>
<td>YR1 of 2: Partnership for Children</td>
<td>$150,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruthmere Foundation</td>
<td>YR1 of 2: Field Trip Program</td>
<td>$12,500</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. John the Evangelist Catholic School</td>
<td>Technology Project</td>
<td>$60,250</td>
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<tr>
<td>Third Street Youth Arts</td>
<td>Youth Outreach Scholarship Fund</td>
<td>$5,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>United Way of Elkhart County</td>
<td>Success by 6 Summit Sponsor 2017</td>
<td>$250</td>
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<tr>
<td>United Way of Elkhart County</td>
<td>Recruitment for On My Way Pre-K</td>
<td>$1,900</td>
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<tr>
<td>United Way of Elkhart County</td>
<td>YR1 of 2: On-My-Way Pre-K Pilot Program</td>
<td>$715</td>
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<tr>
<td>University of Notre Dame</td>
<td>Elkhart Catalyst</td>
<td>$10,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Visually Impaired Preschool Services</td>
<td>Direct Services Program Support</td>
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<tr>
<td>Women’s Care Center</td>
<td>YR2 of 2: Operational Support</td>
<td>$32,500</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
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<td><strong>$1,265,240</strong></td>
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</table>
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.

| Organization | Project Description | Amount
|--------------|---------------------|--------
| 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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Organization</th>
<th>Support</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Humane Society of Elkhart County</td>
<td>Support for Executive Search</td>
<td>10,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Indiana University Foundation</td>
<td>Elkhart Center Health Sciences Expansion</td>
<td>100,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maple City Market</td>
<td>Building Renovations</td>
<td>6,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Michiana Public Broadcasting Corporation</td>
<td>Education Counts...Michiana</td>
<td>10,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mid America Filmmakers</td>
<td>River Bend Film Festival 2018</td>
<td>5,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middlebury Chamber of Commerce</td>
<td>Middlebury Festivals 2017</td>
<td>5,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middlebury Chamber of Commerce</td>
<td>Middlebury Festivals and Events 2018</td>
<td>5,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Middlebury Little League</td>
<td>Maintenance Building w/ Restrooms and Concessions</td>
<td>40,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nappanee Area Chamber of Commerce</td>
<td>Apple Festival 2018</td>
<td>10,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nappanee Arts Council</td>
<td>The Art Path</td>
<td>5,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Premier Arts</td>
<td>Underwriter of Bye Bye Birdie</td>
<td>5,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Premier Arts</td>
<td>Sound Equipment</td>
<td>75,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruthmere Foundation</td>
<td>Holiday Tour Season 2017</td>
<td>5,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Town of Middlebury</td>
<td>Town Center Land Project</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wakarusa Maple Syrup Heritage</td>
<td>Wakarusa Maple Syrup Festival 2018</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wellfield Botanic Gardens</td>
<td>Seasonal Support 2017</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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<td>$3,812,810</td>
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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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Organization</th>
<th>Project Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AMERICAN RED CROSS NORTHERN INDIANA CHAPTER</td>
<td>YR2 of 2: Home Fire Preparedness</td>
<td>30,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>BLESSED BEGINNINGS CARE CENTER (PLAIN COMMUNITY PARTNER)</td>
<td>Ultrasound Equipment</td>
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<tr>
<td>CANCER RESOURCES FOR ELKHART COUNTY</td>
<td>Journey Through Treatment</td>
<td>30,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>CATSNIP ETC.</td>
<td>Trap, Neuter, and Return Program</td>
<td>2,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>CENTER FOR COMMUNITY JUSTICE</td>
<td>Victim Offender Reconciliation Program</td>
<td>50,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>FAMILY CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT CENTER</td>
<td>YR2 of 2: Baby Immunization Clinic</td>
<td>15,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>GUIDANCE MINISTRIES</td>
<td>Equipment</td>
<td>4,300</td>
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<tr>
<td>HEALTHY BEGINNINGS</td>
<td>Elkhart County Food Council Website</td>
<td>2,500</td>
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<tr>
<td>HEARTLAND ALLIANCE’S NATIONAL IMMIGRANT JUSTICE CENTER</td>
<td>YR2 of 2: Goshen Office Support</td>
<td>15,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>HOOSIERS FEEDING THE HUNGRY</td>
<td>YR3 of 3: Meat the Need</td>
<td>15,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>INDIANA TEEN CHALLENGE</td>
<td>Stay Sharp Program</td>
<td>70,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>INDIANA TEEN CHALLENGE</td>
<td>Work Experience Shop 1:1 Challenge</td>
<td>75,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>LACASA OF GOSHEN</td>
<td>Expanding Impact in Elkhart County</td>
<td>300,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>MIDDLEBURY COMMUNITY PUBLIC LIBRARY</td>
<td>Middlebury Literary Carousel</td>
<td>2,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>MINORITY HEALTH COALITION OF ELKHART COUNTY</td>
<td>Promoting Healthier Lifestyles</td>
<td>3,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>O’HANA HERITAGE FOUNDATION INC AKA A ROSIE PLACE</td>
<td>Engagement Director Support</td>
<td>70,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>OAKLAWN PSYCHIATRIC CENTER</td>
<td>Bridge Program</td>
<td>60,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>SALVATION ARMY GOSHEN CORPS</td>
<td>Commercial Freezer</td>
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<td>SALVATION ARMY GOSHEN CORPS</td>
<td>YR5 of 5: Senior Programming</td>
<td>50,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>SAMARITAN HEALTH &amp; LIVING CENTER</td>
<td>YR2 of 2: Mental Health CEU Program</td>
<td>9,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>SHEPHERD’S COVE CLOTHING PANTRY</td>
<td>Replace HVAC Unit</td>
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<td>SPA WOMEN’S MINISTRY HOMES</td>
<td>Counseling Model</td>
<td>70,000</td>
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<td>SPA WOMEN’S MINISTRY HOMES</td>
<td>Building Campaign 1:1 Challenge</td>
<td>300,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>ST. PAUL’S UNITED METHODIST CHURCH</td>
<td>Christmas Shoppe Coats, Hats &amp; Gloves</td>
<td>1,000</td>
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<td>THE ROSE HOME</td>
<td>Roof Repairs</td>
<td>10,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>YWCA NORTH CENTRAL INDIANA</td>
<td>YR1 of 3: Lethality Project</td>
<td>51,500</td>
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<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
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<td><strong>$1,267,800</strong></td>
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