GUIDING LIGHT
OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

How can a man reconnect with those he’s wronged?

Take a moment.
Take action.
lifeonthestreet.org
It’s human to take things for granted—until they’re gone. Wonder what it’s worth? Try living without it. Three minutes without air, three days without water or three weeks without food—those are the limits of human self-sufficiency. But we assume those things will always be a part of our life. Just like we assume our loved ones will have happy, healthy lives—until they don’t.

One by one, addiction can steal everything we know: health, purpose, self-respect, loving relationships, a future, even life itself. Every good thing that connects us to society, to our humanity, slowly gets cut off.
This month, you’ll learn about a mother’s gratitude for the renewed health of her son, Russell, who started getting dangerously drunk and high in early high school. You can also read about our Case Manager, Jack, who had a great childhood, and a great family. He didn’t realize he had an addiction until he was into his mid-40s.

Both men almost lost their lives. Both men reached out to Guiding Light when they were completely broken. And today, both of those men have so much to celebrate.

Whether it starts quickly or builds up slowly, there is no quick fix for addiction. They can’t simply “dry out” here. If they start the program, it means they’re committed to the hard way, the long haul, the one journey that rebuilds them from the ground up.

Sure, they need food and shelter. And yes, they need a steady job and reconnection with family. But more than anything, these men need genuine faith and forgiveness. Just as Christ forgives us, so it is, that we can forgive them. Without it, their sobriety is so much harder.

When each man is free from guilt, then he can focus on repairing his life, from the inside-out, from the ground up, from the past, to the present, and into the future. With Guiding Light, they have a chance to reconnect with their family, their friends and indeed, the Almighty Father that gave them life.

As our partners, you too are on the front lines of this endless battle for the soul. We couldn’t be more grateful for your volunteering, praying, donating and encouraging. Only with your help are men being reconnected with their true roles in life: as sons, brothers, spouses, fathers, citizens, employees, and friends. That should be their true destiny. And it doesn’t happen without you.

This means that anyone who belongs to Christ has become a new person. The old life is gone; a new life has begun!
—2 Corinthians 5:17

Stuart P. Ray
Executive Director
Guiding Light
Charlene Strong recalls the first time her fifteen year old son came home with alcohol on his breath. Rusty was almost two hours past curfew. “I waited and waited for him. I knew something was wrong.” Finally when Rusty was dropped off, he smelled of alcohol.

“I couldn’t believe it. I smacked him so hard across the face.” Seeing her child inebriated at such a young age was traumatizing. It was this night that kicked off well over a decade of worry and dread of what would become of her son.

It became a regular occurrence that Charlene Strong and her husband Russell would smell alcohol on their son’s breath or catch him drunk, forcing them to be constantly searching for disciplines that would stick. They would yell at him, lecture him, forbid him and take away his car. But nothing seemed to work. Russell and Charlene would identify possible culprits. They’d team up and say, “Well, you’re not hanging out with them again,” as if there were others that deserved the blame.

It all came out of the blue, really. It was never meant to be this way. Having a teenage drinker was never part of the plan. As their two young boys, Rusty and Kevin, were growing up, Russell and Charlene offered as much love, guidance and adventures as they could. Russell got them involved in many different things: motorcycles, water skiing, snow skiing, baseball, football, golf and hockey. Definitely hockey.
The boys grew up with hockey sticks, jerseys and their own equipment. Dad regularly brought them to see the Muskegon Lumberjacks play. When Rusty was ten years old, Dad got the idea to convert the backyard garden into a winter ice hockey rink.

“He was a really enthusiastic person and got really excited about stuff like that,” reflects Rusty. “He rented a backhoe and went to work. When he got something in his head like that, he had to see it through.” For years during the winter months the sentiment was “Hey everyone, come on over to our house!” Neighbor kids, friends from school and parents would flock over to the Strongs and practice on the ice and then relax in the heated garage with snacks and pop. At night, Dad would set up floodlights and blast the music. All the kids loved Russell and they called him ‘Big Russ’. It was common to hear kids mumble, “I wish I had a Dad like yours.”

When he couldn’t practice in his backyard, Rusty played on a local hockey league with friends from school. “We grew up like a band of brothers. All my friends played hockey. We became like a family.”

As Rusty entered high school, he was considered popular, likable, and a decent student. His Mom always thought of him as a nice, quiet boy, very mild mannered, and not loud or obnoxious. Even the older students liked him. During his Freshmen year, he was invited to social events and parties. And that’s where it all started.
"I suppose I drank to feel more comfortable. Being drunk made it a lot easier to talk to girls." But his consumption amped up rather quickly to marijuana, LSD and mushrooms. "It was something I did because it took away my insecurities and my fear and so I'd go to these wild parties and think, 'this is it, this is how I want to live!' I thought I was Mr. Cool, you know?" In Rusty's eyes, it was just something everybody did. "You know... kids will be kids, that kind of thing." Since he was a B-average student, the problem was somewhat masked.

But Charlene knew better and tried to stop it. When Rusty was sixteen, his car was regularly taken away, but then he couldn't get to school or hockey practice. So the punishment didn't stick. "There were consequences," Rusty says, "but they were also patiently waiting for me to grow out of it." "It's what everybody did."

On the hockey rink, Rusty and his teammates saw a big win. Their Mona Shores Hockey team won the State Championship. The parents and kids celebrated by traveling to Cancun, Mexico. It was there that Rusty amped it up, yet again. "I sought out cocaine for the first time." He was still only sixteen.

After high school graduation, Rusty's parents forced him into his "It's what everybody did."
first 30-day rehab program. Two days out of it, he was using again. That Fall, he completed one semester of Community College, then quit to work at the family-run furniture store, where his family could keep an eye on him. At twenty-two, Rusty’s uncle encouraged him to join the military, to get some structure in his life. He joined the Air Force, but soon his own captain forced him into rehab. But with the military’s regular drinking culture, his sobriety was short lived. His troubles earned him a discharge, albeit, an ‘honorable’ one.

The rest of his twenties were plagued with problems. Growing up in downtown Muskegon, finding the next big narcotic was easy. He was arrested multiple times, he passed out in strange places and wouldn’t show up for work at the family businesses. When Rusty’s dad and uncle started a hunting and fishing store in Grand Rapids, he started stealing big ticket items and pawning them off for cash. “We wouldn’t notice it right away, but certain large inventory items would come up missing,” Charlene recalls. “At the time, we didn’t understand it.”

The big blow to the family came in the fall of 2009, when Russell Strong, enthusiastic father and business owner, was diagnosed with terminal cancer. “It shattered my whole world,” Rusty reflects. “I wasn’t capable of dealing with it in any constructive way.”

Charlene recalls the time her husband took their oldest son aside and spoke words of forgiveness for his then fourteen years of drinking and drugging. “He said, ‘Son, I don’t want you to feel shame for the rest of your life. I know you’ve done a lot of things you’re not proud of, but I forgive you for everything.’”

Russell C. Strong passed away in January, 2011, 13 months after being diagnosed.

“After my dad passed away, I felt really hopeless,” recalls Rusty. Six months later he was in the emergency room with a serious heroin overdose. He should have died on the table but doctors revived him. “That’s when I really had to look in my Mom’s eyes and see the pain I caused her.” This was the point when Rusty realized he no longer wanted to be a drug addict.

“It’s a battle you feel like you’re never going to win,” Charlene says. “I did think I would bury my son before I saw his recovery. I didn’t see a way for him to get out of this.”

Rusty tried several rehab programs, with varying degrees of success, but relapses and broken promises were the norm. He was burning bridges and losing friends. He was stealing from the family
business. He was always in denial. He borrowed money and wouldn’t pay it back. He was unpredictable and moody. Charlene couldn’t take it anymore and had to let go of her son. “If love cured this disease, there wouldn’t be one. Love does not cure alcoholism or drug addiction.”

“I loved working with my family, but I just couldn’t be trusted,” Rusty admits. “They told me I couldn’t come in the store anymore.” With no job or family support, Rusty lost everything and everyone around him. It was only just a year ago that he experienced homelessness for the first time in his life. And then he experienced God for the first time.

“I am not religious at all. I question everything,” says Rusty, “but I prayed for the first time for God to help me.” After dabbling with the services of Muskegon Rescue Mission, Rusty was staying in a cheap motel, not sure what to do next.

Then his cell phone rang. The person on the other line was not any of his known family or friends. Instead it was an acquaintance from five years previous—a chance phone call from someone he met at a rehab many years ago. The familiar voice inquired rather innocently, “Hey man, I was just thinking about you today. How have you been?”

“I was so baffled by that phone call,” says Rusty. “I kept trying to figure out how he knew I needed help. It just didn’t make sense.”

He was a random person from the past. They weren’t close at all and had no mutual friends. The man just remembered him and wanted to check up on him. Once the caller realized Rusty was struggling, the conversation changed.

“Do you need help?” the friend asked.

“I do, yes,” Rusty answered. “I need a ride to Guiding Light in Grand Rapids.”

When Rusty was picked up the next day, he kept pressing his friend. “Seriously, how did you know to call me?”

“I don’t know,” his friend said, pointing to the sky. “I guess it was my ‘higher power’.”

Rusty recalls that moment as his proof that God exists. And to this day, it’s still something he’s figuring out. “I don’t see Him as a punishing God anymore. Now I see Him as a loving and forgiving God. And I definitely feel His presence now.”

“If love cured this disease, there wouldn’t be one. Love does not cure alcoholism or drug addiction.”
During those first days at Guiding Light, he was still feeling withdrawal sickness from his opiates. It made him realize that the only way to recover was to admit he needed to stay sober and clean for the rest of his life. “All those years, I wasn’t ever ready to admit I had a problem. I’d go to treatment centers to get patched up, but I wasn’t fully convinced that I had to live my whole life sober. No way. Only after admitting that, did I actually begin to have hope.”

His time at Guiding Light wasn’t like other rehabs. As soon as he was there, he had strict structure. They had him up early in the morning and active. They gave him chores and responsibilities. They made him accountable to meetings and had him find an AA sponsor.

Rusty’s chores gravitated toward helping refurbish a couple of apartments for Iron House, Guiding Light’s transitional housing. It put him in contact with the guys living there and gave him something to look forward to for his own next steps.

Back at Guiding Light, it was becoming clear that Rusty had great potential. So when a maintenance position opened up at the Mission, they suggested he apply for it. He got the job.

Charlene was relieved when her son had steady work and when he moved into Iron House. “He has a safe place to live now and he has accountability,” she says. “Once these guys go to Iron House, it’s not a charity
Russell has reconnected with his brother Kevin, and most importantly, with his Mom, Charlene.

case anymore. There, they pay their own bills and they all have jobs. They regain respect for themselves.”

Most, if not all, of the guys at Guiding Light would agree—that when in recovery, being surrounded by people who are sober is the cornerstone of staying sober. All their struggles are personal, yet similar. They understand each other.

Rusty is attending college now, too. He’s taking some business classes at the local community college. He dreams of someday starting a family business with his brother. “We worked together growing up and I want to do that again.”

For Charlene too, this is the first time in her life that she’s experiencing her eldest son as a sober adult. It’s like she’s getting to know him again. Or rather, having his old self back again. “Guiding Light gave me back my son. Someone that I haven’t had for a lot of years.”

These days Rusty likes being called Russell.
Russell Strong.

He wants to be like his dad. He wants to someday have a family. He wants to be a person that others can count on. He wants to keep moving forward. “For so many years I wasn’t in charge of my life. Now I am. Now I wake up with passion and drive. Realizing my dreams is an amazing feeling again.”

Russell Strong is back. And we’re happy to have him.
Each day, he’s in his office by 6:30 a.m., ready to field questions and requests from the nine guys on his caseload.

“My door is always open and guys are popping in and out all day, asking questions, getting forms signed and confirming appointments, that sort of thing.”

As a Guiding Light Recovery Case Manager, Jack makes sure to sets aside 45 minutes to an hour for each man on his list, to see how they’re doing. They talk through employment opportunities, upcoming appointments, daily topics, and the struggles that led them to Guiding Light. On a regular basis, Jack hears stories of addiction, failure and heartbreak. “Some of these guys have experienced a tremendous amount of abuse—physical, emotional and sexual. They often come from single parent homes, where their own parent was overwhelmed.”

For his part, Jack is completely empathetic and understanding of these guys. Sure, it’s his job, but there’s something more to it. He takes in their words, absorbs their pain, and calmly shares words of peace and wisdom with them. He does everything he can to firm up what dignity they still have.

“The first thing they need to do is get rid of that shame,” Jack says. “They have to forgive themselves.”

Of course, Jack knows this is difficult to do. For without forgiving
the self, the road to recovery is extremely difficult. Softening the pain of the past is often why some people drink or get high in the first place.

The thing about Jack is, he didn’t study addiction treatment or psychology in college. He actually has no counseling experience whatsoever. His education on this topic is what you would consider ‘non-accredited.’ But still, Jack speaks with a gentle reasoning that suggests a mastery of the main subject at hand. “My life experience certainly plays right into this.”

So what makes Jack qualified for this job, anyway?

“Well, I’m a drunk,” Jack says bluntly. “Guiding Light was my fourth long-term rehab.”

Here at Guiding Light Recovery, Jack has a unique vantage point on the past six decades that lead him here. Crossing the line into alcoholism was not an obvious thing. It happened very slowly, and very casually over a few decades. And he didn’t drink to drown a hard childhood. “I thank God every day for my upbringing,” he says. “It’s just amazing to me, when I look back on it.”

* * *

Jack was born in 1952, and had the time of his life growing up in the 50s and 60s on the southeast side of Grand Rapids. His family home was right across the street from Martin Luther King Park where they played and swam in the pool. He was surrounded by freedom, friends, parks, pools and bikes. Lots of bikes. His father and grandfather ran a family business called Eastern Cycle Shop. In the Spring and Summer, Jack and his siblings would be kept busy. Each morning, they’d pull the bikes out of the garage so Dad and Grandpa could fix them up for their customers. Before he was even ten years old, Jack remembers learning how to change out tire tubes.

On nice days, Jack and his friends pedaled all over the place; they rode to the local Five and Dime store on Eastern Ave, Hazenburg Drugs for candy, and some secret hideaways by railroad tracks. At night, they’d go to Cooke’s Drive-In Theater and guzzle root beer floats. They’d pedal to area lakes: Green Lake, Reeds Lake and even all the way to Lake Michigan. “We had so much freedom back then!”

On Sundays, the family went to Faith Christian Reformed Church, for the morning and evening services. They prayed at every meal, and were constantly gathering with other church members for fellowship and worship. Most of Jack’s friends were from church or from his Christian schools, which he attended his whole childhood.

“The Christian Reformed Church gave me a phenomenal grounding in the Bible— and a lot of their doctrines I use to this day.”

Even in the late 60s, Jack remained a good kid. “Sure, I rebelled a little bit,” he admits. “It was the 60s!” Mainly his rebellion consisted of
growing his hair long, listening to rock music and partying on the week-
ends. But even through it all, he still thought about entering a ministry and
being a pastor.

Instead, after high school Jack helped take over the bike shop with
his Dad, selling Schwinns and Raleigh bicycles. He got married, helped
raise four children and took them to church twice every Sunday, just like he
was taught. In the late 80s, he moved his family to Holland to start his own
bike shop and be closer to his wife's family. He involved his kids in Sunday
school, youth groups and the Christian school system. They prayed before
meals and studied the Bible. He grew to become an elder in his church. Life
was good. Real good.

It actually took a couple of decades before his “relaxing” became a
problem. His daily unwinding after work consisted of whiskey or vodka, or
both. He liked the way it made him feel. For a long time, not even his family
knew how much he was drinking. But when his wife expressed concern, he
realized he had a hard time stopping. “It was just something I did. I didn't
think anything of it.”

For awhile, his family supported him in his quest to be sober. He
began a cycle of short rehabs in 2000. He honestly believed each one would
work. But soon, he found himself drinking again. Each relapse was trig-
gerated by a simple desire. “I just wanted to buy a bottle.”

In 2004, a family tragedy blindsided everybody. His oldest son of
23 years old took his own life and absolutely devastated his family and
friends. Everyone was left reeling and grappling with why this happened.

Jack took it hard. His struggle with drinking turned for the worse
and his downward spiral took a toll on the family. He checked himself into
Holland Rescue Mission, which was only six blocks away from his bike
shop. While there, he was compelled to sell his beloved business, which
was a bittersweet moment. Nevertheless, he managed to stay sober for an
impressive two and a half years.

But then he slipped again, each time a bit harder than the last.
Fed up, his wife divorced him. His family shied away from him.
Through it all, Jack oscillated between not caring and realizing he
wanted to be sober.

He kept trying.
He kept attending short-term rehabs.
He found different places to live with sober peers.
He got a job at a bike shop in Grand Rapids, where his manager
encouraged him not to give up. “He was extremely understanding,” recalls
Jack. “I think I went to three short-term rehabs while being employed there.”

Another relapse had him turning to extreme binge drinking. There-
fore his roommate, worried about his own sobriety, had to kick him out.
The pain, shame and embarrassment was worse than ever. It was only a year ago that Jack checked into a cheap motel with five bottles of vodka, fully intending to never come out alive. After three days of blackout drinking, somehow he picked up the phone and found someone to bring him to Guiding Light, one of the few recovery options he hadn’t tried. He had no faith it would work, but he gave himself over to the program anyway.

The decision likely saved his life.

Recovery Director Brian Elve remembers the early days when the staff was still figuring out who Jack was, and what he’d been up to. “All three staff in the Recovery Program interviewed him, and we got into him pretty good, about his past and about why he kept repeating the same behaviors. We really pushed on his vulnerability and asked him if he was willing to take risks in front of other people and say what he’s actually thinking and feeling.”

In other words, Guiding Light was asking Jack if he could be honest—if he could let his guard down and actually share his experiences, even the ultra painful ones like loss of innocence, loss of business, loss of faith and family. It wasn’t solely about admitting alcoholism. That part was already obvious. But they wanted to understand more about the real Jack. And they wanted Jack to understand Jack.

Brian thinks back to one of the Recovery group meetings where each man stood and talked about himself in front of the rest of the group. It can be a nervous experience for those not used to it. But Jack stumbled through it. And he was honest, defenseless, and without excuse. He was able to share how broken he really felt.

“At that point, that was the real Jack,” says Brian. "From my vantage point, that was his first real step forward.”

Over the next weeks and months, Jack was able to share things he never shared before. He didn’t hide from his failures. He leaned into them. He was articulate and thoughtful. The other men around him began to look up to him. The whole experience was rather therapeutic for him.

Jack reflects on the first time he ever confessed to a priest. It was during one of his past rehabs. The opportunity presented itself and he thought, “Why not, I’ll give that a try.” And it was helpful. Jack uses the experience to encourage other men to work through their shame. Whether it’s a priest, therapist, or a sponsor, Jack says, “they should tell someone about their past. It helps to get it all out, it really does.”

After spending a lot of years in AA, Jack understands that only a faith in God can restore him to sanity… and sobriety. He has reconnected with his faith in a way he never had before and claims, “My view of God has completely
changed since I was a kid. I no longer see God as a punishing God.”

Looking back to his childhood, Jack sees that his family was a bit insular. They never spent intentional time with people outside of their own church or Christian school system. Even with the social luxuries of owning a bike shop and meeting customers every day, his family still stuck close to the church friends with whom they were familiar.

Contrast that to today, where Jack’s new ‘church family’ is radically different and more diverse. We’re talking different backgrounds, cultures, social statuses and denominations, all coming together to help each other belong, to stay sober and forgive themselves. “He sees the world differently than he did before,” claims Brian. “He sees God in more places.”

Jack got his Case Manager job at Guiding Light Recovery because he could relate to the men there. They see him as an ‘elder statesman’ of sorts—the guy they can confide in—the guy that understands. He’s able to use his hardships and shortcomings to help others know that they’re not alone.

“My heart just breaks for some of these guys,” Jack says, stunned at the traumatic experiences of those in recovery. “How do some people make it out of these situations and not turn to addiction? How did they even have a chance?” The perspective helps him have complete compassion for those that didn’t have the kind of good life that he had.

Now Jack is 63 years old. He wants to make the future count. He knows full well that people die from this disease and how close he was to killing himself just a year ago. It makes him realize that he has two choices in life now: sobriety or death. One choice is darkness, the other is
incredible freedom and opportunity. For him, there is no middle ground now. Nothing else has worked. Every day he faces that fact head on and helps others do the same.

Jack doesn’t numb his pain anymore—he confesses it. He talks about it. He analyzes it with others. His story is out in the open for anyone who might benefit from it. While the word “relapse” implies failure, the truth is that Jack has been sober quite a bit over the last sixteen years. And that needs to count for something. One could probably imagine (and Jack would appreciate it) a good bike metaphor here: What happens when you fall off your bike? For Jack, the answer is pretty clear. It’s all proof that he doesn’t give up easily—that he’s been striving to be a different person for a long time.

Every once in a while Guiding Light hires people that come through their own program. It’s the guys who have lost everything that are often perfect for the job. “What Guiding Light has done for me—I just can’t describe it. I’m unbelievably grateful for where I am today.”

Looking forward, Jack wants to remain useful and serve the people at Guiding Light in whatever way he can. He’s found that he enjoys teaching sessions and speaking in front of people. He even spoke at a church recently about his addictions. “I’m hoping to do more of that,” he says. He also hopes to start reconnecting with his estranged family. He realizes there’s a lot of pain there and lost trust. But he’s confident it will happen when the time is right. For now though, he will keep studying, learning and growing with the people around him. He will continue to be the accidental shepherd that he is. He will continue to give trust and receive trust—to give love and receive love.
As many people approach retirement, they often wonder how moving to a fixed income will affect their lives. They may feel uncertainty around whether they’ll have enough, be able to maximize the tax breaks available, and still have room to support the ministries they care about.

The good news is a Charitable Gift Annuity (CGA) can provide certainty and security and still do some good for a ministry that is important to you. CGAs are part investment and part gift.

A CGA can provide:

- Supplemental income payments for your lifetime (and your spouse’s as well)

- Significant tax benefits at the time of the gift and every year thereafter

- A tangible and consistent blessing for a ministry you care about, like Guiding Light, for generations to come.

CGAs are an agreement between an individual and a charity. The donor transfers assets to a charity and receives fixed payments (a lifetime annuity), for the rest of his or her lifetime. When you pass on, the annuity principal goes on ministering in your name with your chosen charity.

Starting a Charitable Gift Annuity with Guiding Light is a good way to actively participate in the rescue and recovery of men while taking care of your own financial needs too.

For more information on whether a CGA would be right for you, please contact Vicki Downs at 616-451-0236 ext.17
The **BACK to WORK** program **WORKS**!

This program helps get men off the street and back to work. The Kent County Coalition to End Homelessness tells us that Guiding Light has the lowest recidivism (repeat) rate in the county dealing with this particular population. Here is a breakdown of how the community benefits when a group of guys re-enter the workforce.

147 men (\$11/hr X 40hrs) 52 weeks

who found work through Guiding Light’s job seeking program in 2015

×

an average starting wage when re-entering the workforce

×

these estimates are likely to be conservative

= \$3.36 Million!

That’s \$3.36 million dollars going back into our local economy just from last year’s new workers. They’re spending that money on food, housing, transportation, taxes and more! These men are no longer draining public resources but are now contributing to society! It’s another reminder that when you invest in Guiding Light,* you’re investing in your community!

* ...and speaking of HELPING Guiding Light

**SAVE the DATE!**
HELPING GUIDING LIGHT IS AN INVESTMENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY!

Helping men get back on their feet helps the economy! When we put men back to work, they’re paying taxes, buying local groceries, and paying for their own housing and transportation. We don’t charge money for our services or receive government funding, so we rely on the community to help us remain strong. With your help, we can be that last remaining hope for a man who might have lost everything.

WE HELP MEN FIND STABILITY THROUGH
RE-ENGAGEMENT!

Many of the men who graduate from the Guiding Light Recovery and Back to Work programs will credit Guiding Light for their successful re-engagement with the community. We encourage steady work, saving money, and making healthy choices. Most men grow in their spiritual development and worship with faith communities.

“YES, I WANT TO INVEST IN MEN BECOMING
HEALTHY AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.”

Please consider donating any amount you can to help make this our best year ever! As always, Guiding Light is a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt organization. Gifts are tax deductible as allowed by law.

Please mail donations to: Guiding Light
255 S. Division Ave, Grand Rapids, MI 49503
or donate online at lifeonthestreet.org

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CO-AUTHOR OF THE BESTSELLING BOOK
(AND UPCOMING MOTION PICTURE)
‘SAME KIND OF DIFFERENT AS ME’

2016 ANNUAL BANQUET,
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 2016
AT FREDERIK MEIJER GARDENS
& SCULPTURE PARK!
OUR MISSION STATEMENT:

Through the guiding light of God’s Spirit, Guiding Light Mission partners with individuals to fulfill their God-given potential through rescue, recovery and re-engagement in community.

GUIDING LIGHT
255 S. DIVISION AVE
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