

CRU ARTS & CULTURE

Seven artists of faith help us to wrestle with justice, peace and reconciliation, giving light to their experience of agape-love, shalom, respect, imago-dei, forgiveness and struggle.

**JUSTICE, PEACE &
RECONCILIATION**

LET JUSTICE FLOW

LIKE A RIVER



ABA HUTCHISON, "SHE'S WARPING"

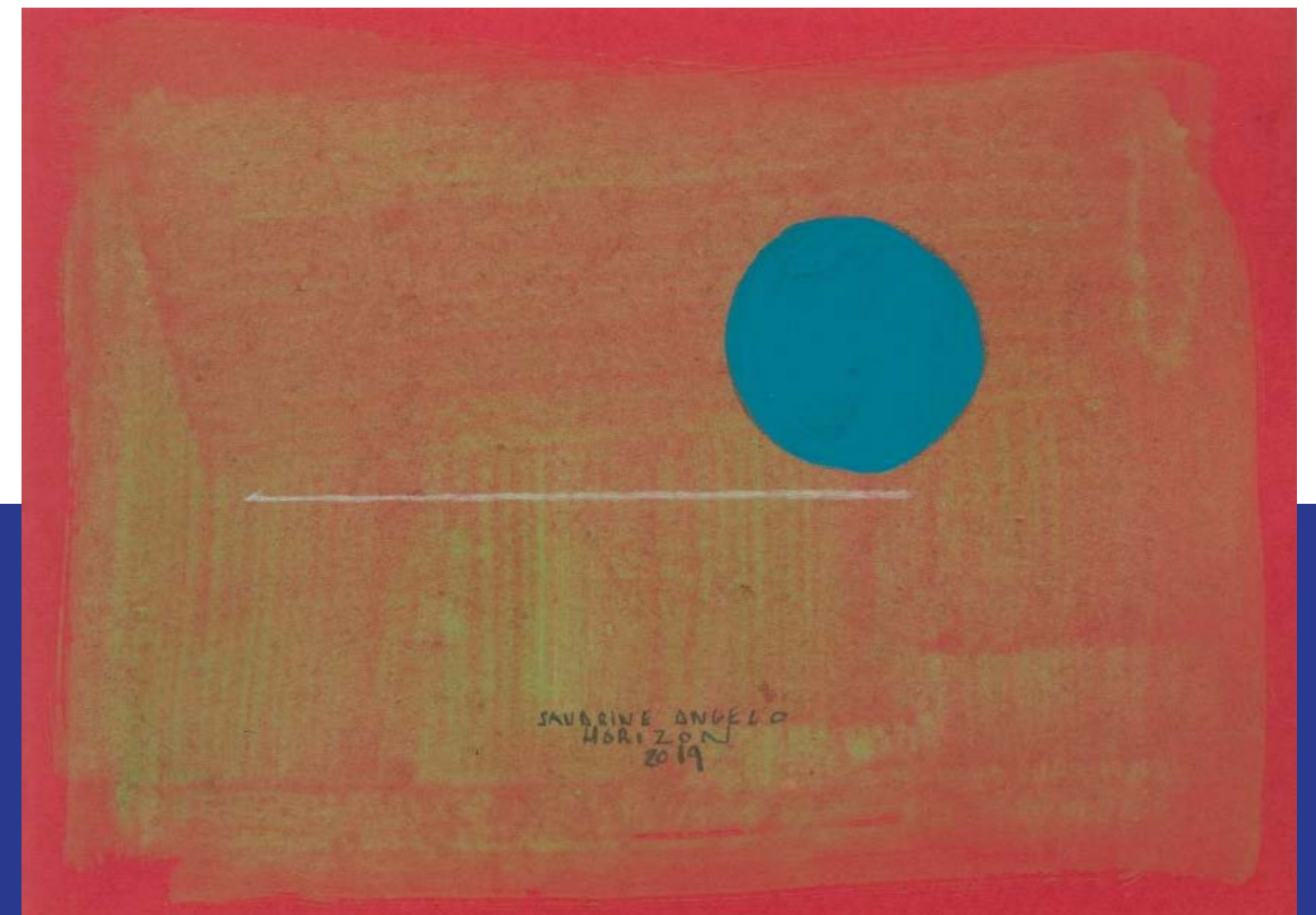
**HANNA WATSON / DE'ANGELO DIA / DOLAPO DEMUREN
ANGELO GETER / ABA HUTCHISON / SANDRINE ANGELO/ JADIE MEPRIVET**

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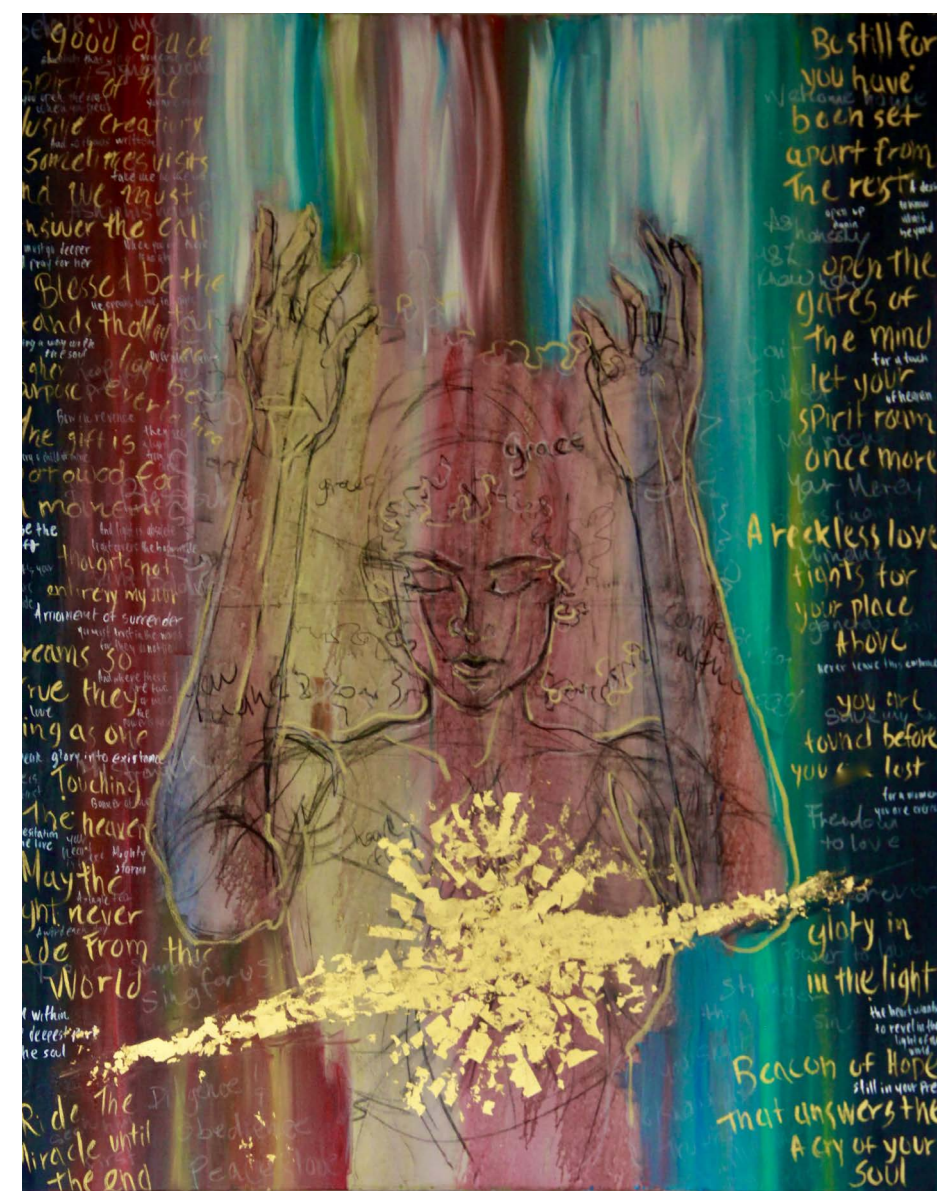


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We are compelled to look toward and listen to emerging artists who are fighting to ‘let justice flow like a river.’
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JUSTICE, PEACE AND RECONCILIATION
 LET JUSTICE FLOW LIKE A RIVER

Jadie Meprivet, **Surrender**, Ink, Gold Leaf, Conte Crayon and Charcoal with Oil on canvas, 48"x60"

An ancient poet wrote, “Justice and peace shall kiss,” echoing today’s call that without justice there is no peace. With this in mind, we are compelled to look toward and listen to emerging artists who are fighting to, as another ancient poet wrote and MLK said, “Let justice flow like a river.”

With this project, these artists of faith help us to wrestle with justice, peace and reconciliation, specifically giving light to their experience of agape-love, shalom, respect, imago-dei, forgiveness and struggle. These words are not new today, but go back to the beginnings. Yet, they cannot stay in the past, but must be unwrapped again for us today.

Cru Arts and Culture is inspired by Dr. Jean Claude Girondin, whose words and actions have anchored and compelled many people around the world.

“Nous voulons porter au cœur de la société l’amour, le pardon et la réconciliation, dans le souci de l’adignité humaine. Il s’agit de vivre ensemble.” - March 29, 2018.

“We would like to carry to the heart of our society love, forgiveness and reconciliation, all the while holding tightly to the dignity of all people. We need to learn to live together.”

-Joe Schlie, Director of Cru Arts & Culture

LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR 03 **LET JUSTICE FLOW LIKE A RIVER** 09

The heart of this publication, a letter from Joe Schlie, director of Cru Arts & Culture

A curated collection and experience of poetry, prose, photography and visual art work from the artists

ABOUT THE ARTISTS 05 **CRU ARTS & CULTURE** 02

Meet six incredible artists who share their journey and stories with us

About our community and call as artists

“
**SOMEDAY THIS PAIN WILL BE USEFUL
ADRIFT IN A SEA OF DYSFUNCTION**
“

de'Angelo Dia

dia1518.com

[@1518dia](https://www.instagram.com/1518dia)

de'Angelo Dia is a poet, theologian, and doctoral candidate at Union Presbyterian Seminary. Dia investigates public opinion and contemporary beliefs on cultural, social-political, and theological issues through poetry, visual art, and performance. He has studied art in Athens, Greece, Guadalajara, Mexico, and Nairobi, Kenya. He received a Bachelor of Science in Applied Communication and Sociology from Appalachian State University, a Master of Arts in Literature from The University of North Carolina at Charlotte, and a Master of Divinity from Union Presbyterian Seminary. Dia is an alumni artist-in-residence of the McColl Center for Art + Innovation, the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts, the Harvey B. Gantt Center for African American Arts + Culture (Artist Roundtable), and a Cave Canem Fellow. He is also a member of the Goodyear Arts collective based in Charlotte, NC.



Aba Hutchison

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[@akh.prints](https://www.instagram.com/akh.prints)

Aba Hutchison is a traditional and digital visual artist who prefers the mediums of colored pencil, graphite, pen, and marker. She also practices pottery and ceramics which feature two dimensional designs. The majority of her work focuses on portraiture, as she enjoys both the visual experience of seeing faces come to life in her drawing style and the physical feeling of drawing the figures. It is the pen strokes within a pair of eyebrows, the contrast of the white ink highlights, and the creation of a skin tone through the combining of various colors that she enjoys the most in her creative process.



Angelo Geter

www.angelogeter.com
[@eyeambic](https://www.instagram.com/eyeambic)

“
**A constant reminder that yes
God sent a son to save us
But he created a woman to raise us**
”

Angelo ‘Eyeambic’ Geter is a dynamic poet, spoken word artist and motivational speaker who merges his passions for poetry and speaking into a unique performance that educates, entertains and inspires. Angelo’s work touches on a variety of issues including social justice, race, grief, character and manhood. He blends his pieces with commentary, stories and personal narratives that transcend a traditional lecture or performance.

Over the course of his career, Angelo has amassed several accolades. He currently serves as the Poet Laureate of Rock Hill, SC, and a 2020 Academy of American Poets Laureate Fellow. Geter is also a 2019 All-America city winner, 2018 National Poetry Slam champion, Rustbelt Regional Poetry Slam finalist, Southern Fried Regional Poetry Slam finalist and has performed and competed in several venues across the country. His work has appeared on All Def Poetry, Charleston Currents, and the Academy of American Poets “Poem a Day” series.

Sandrine Angelo

sandrineangelo.com
[@sandrine.angelo](https://www.instagram.com/sandrine.angelo)



Sandrine Angelo is a student fellow of the Jewish Art Salon. She’s a visual artist from Cameroon and the Italian diaspora of Tunisia. She studied fine arts at Saint Luke Institute in Belgium. Her works create a dialogue between art and humanities. Inspired by various anthropological subjects like childhood and spirituality, she tries to create simple forms as expressions of existential thoughts. She has exhibited her artworks at the Fondation maison des sciences de l’Homme in Paris and the University Palace of Strasbourg.

“Inspired by Japanese photographs and the concept of decisive moment, I always compose my photographs in the viewfinder with a high contrast monochrome filter. I never work on my photographs after that creative fraction of second, seeking the unpredictable wealth of life. I keep the same spirit for my paintings and my short films. My quest is the beautiful and painful truths of the human kind.”

“

**Keep this way
they say to the young,
between your shoulders,
where nothing sleeps.**

“



Dolapo Demuren

[@dolapoarnold](#)

Dolapo Demuren is a Nigerian-American poet from the Washington D.C. metropolitan area. He received his B.A. in Writing Seminars from Johns Hopkins University and M.F.A from Columbia University. His honors include a fellowship from the Cave Canem Foundation and scholarships from the Bread Loaf Writers Conference. His poems are featured in Frogpond Journal, Prelude Magazine, Small Orange, Zeniada and Stylus. He currently lives in New York City, where he is an English and Poetry teacher at St. Ann's School in Brooklyn.

Hanna Watson

www.hannawatsonwrites.com
[@hannawatsonwrites](https://twitter.com/hannawatsonwrites)

Originally from Kansas, Hanna Watson is a poet, writer, and speaker whose work centers around God's reconciliation with humanity through Jesus Christ. When confronted with the harrowing reality of police brutality, Hanna found solace in the God who desired to make all things new, including her wandering soul and broken community. It was then that Hanna began to write.



“
From spoken word and free verse to oratory and sonnets, Hanna blurs the lines between new and old forms. Her words explore the joys and struggles of blackness, womanhood, justice, and faith. Seeking art in the everyday, she writes of wheat-brushed horizons and vertical barriers with equal passion.

Hanna has performed her poetry around the world from Washington, D.C. to Cape Town to Jerusalem. In 2019, she was featured in Poets in Autumn, the world's largest spoken word poetry tour, and she has shared the stage with Grammy-recognized artists Lecrae and Jonathan McReynolds. Hanna's written poetry has seen publication in North Carolina's Best Emerging Poets: An Anthology, Makers and Mystics, and several local magazines.

Hanna's most recent release, The Poet, is a short spoken word album available on all digital platforms. Her current projects include a chapbook titled "I still believe God saves black boys" and a variety of teaching series on the nexus of creative writing and faith.

Hanna holds a B.A. in African, African-American, & Diaspora Studies from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill where, in 2020, she was awarded the prestigious Robert B. House Memorial Prize for Poetry. She is currently pursuing a Master of Divinity degree at Princeton Theological Seminary. Outside of writing, Hanna loves to cook, play guitar, sing, and ride her bike anywhere that she can find a tree-lined road.

“
**The Creator is calling His
created home.
Come to Him,
for it is written
that you are good.**



Jadie Meprivert

[@jadie.m](mailto:jadie.m)

As a biracial artist born in the D.R., Jadie Meprivert has taught High School for five years while showcasing her work at Hunter College, Wall-works, The Lower East-side Girl's Club, Online Galleries with the Bronx ArtSpace and The Lehman College Gallery. In 2019, she had the honor of performing At The Apollo's Amateur Night. and in 2020 she was showcased in BuzzFeed's article "13 Latino Artists Creating Impact within their Culture" for Latin Heritage Month.

In 2020, she began filming a documentary series as part of a residency program with The Bronx ArtSpace in Governor's Island called "The Hope in Us". Jadie is currently a recipient of Chashama's yearly Studio Residency Program, "Space to Connect."

“
**But let justice roll
on like a river,
righteousness
like a never-failing
stream**
”

Amos 5:24



Jadie Meprivert, *La Barca*, 2019 Oil on Canvas, 20"x24"

GLASS HOUSE
DE'ANGELO DIA

someday this pain will be useful
adrift in a sea of dysfunction
comfort and acceptance
tree house
doll house
glass house
little voices
little illusions
understanding kindness, compassion, and consideration
perfectly still

“I’m Sorry.”

“I promise.”

perhaps being old is having padded rooms
inside your head
and people in them acting
people you know
yet can’t quite name
each looms
like a deep loss restored
casting stones at your glass house



“The Boxing Gym”, de’Angelo Dia

“

**No, no, we are not satisfied
and will not be satisfied
until justice rolls down like
water and righteousness
like a mighty stream.**

”

Martin Luther King Jr



SANDRINE ANGELO

Wonder Woman

By Angelo Geter

For as long as I can remember
My mother has been the strongest
woman I've ever known
A queen whose face is made of stone
Jigsaw puzzles in her teeth piecing the truth together
Her eyes are bridges
that connect the past with the future
She's what I like to call a straight shooter
Will tell you exactly how she feels
doesn't care how you think about it
wears her heart on her collarbone like a diamond necklace
Holds pyramids in her palms
So you can feel the royalty in her embrace
When she hands you a fist full of compassion.

My mama has a monument for a heart
Hieroglyphics in her tongue
decipher the elegance in her speech
She is a small, strong and proud woman
A woman who will put on high heels
just to walk to the grocery store
Will put on full makeup
And get her face beat to the Gods
Just to go to the gas station
Because she believes that Queens
should never leave the house looking like peasants

And she's a superstitious woman
who thinks that aspirin and vinegar can heal anything
Im talking about arthritis gout, scoliosis, the flu...
You name it she thinks these things can kill it
And that's why I love her so much
Because she makes ordinary things seem remarkable
Like how she can take 50 cent box of noodles
Add some milk, egg and cheddar
Make the most delicious pan of macaroni and cheese
You've ever tasted in your life
So good it made Jesus smack his own mama

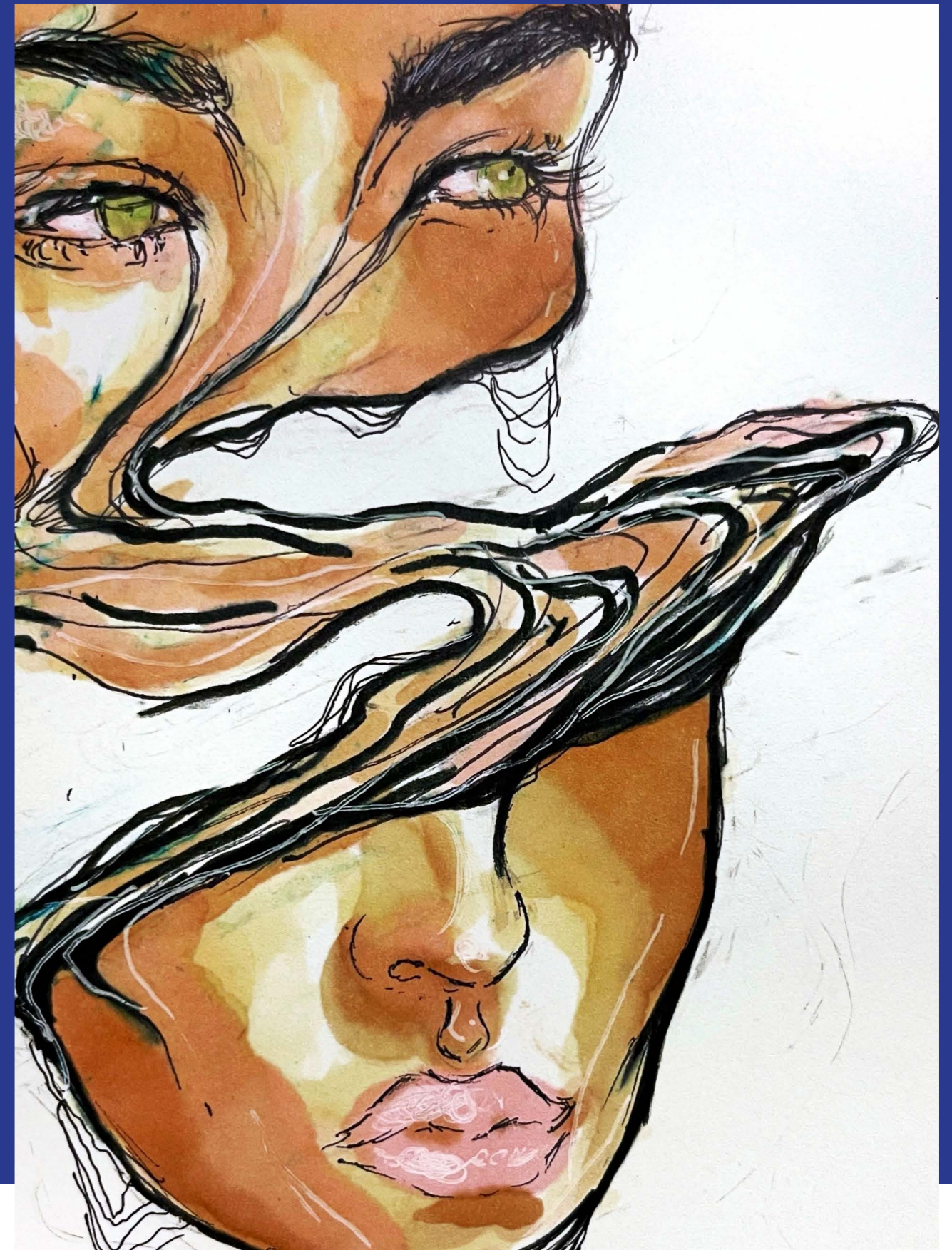
Rumor has it that
That she once put BigFoot in a headlock
smacked Godzilla in the face and told him
his breath stank
Killed Moby Dick
Rolled him in flour threw him in a pan
and called it a fish fry

Y'all my mama is a gangsta!
I'm convinced she's thrown a couple bodies in the river
Cause when I was younger
she would perform drive by butt whoopings
on me with a switch, extension cord, hanger
Anything if I ever got out of line
And when she was done
she would let me cry
but reminded that "she ain't raise no punk"
Showed me that being a man had nothing to do
with the size of your genitalia
but everything to do with the enormity of your character

My mama has the confidence of Cleopatra
The grace of Harriet Tubman
and the style of Michelle Obama
She is a war machine
With missiles shooting from her tongue
That have stopped grown men in their tracks
and brought them down to her knees
Living proof that the most dangerous weapon
in America is the voice of a black woman
And it shows that black lives do in matter
because she had birthed them and raised them
And fought for them
More than she has fought for herself

Because my mama is also a survivor
and just this past year she fought
her biggest battles yet
with a giant named Breast cancer
and a titan called heart disease
And although one of those things took her breast
it could never be strong enough to steal her heart
Not vigilant enough to
cut off her air supply
Because she is air
A floating force too big to escape
yet too small to hold onto

**A constant reminder that yes God sent a son to save us
But he created a woman to raise us**



ABA HUTCHISON, "SHE'S WARPING"



SANDRINE ANGELO, L'ARC EN CIEL

“

With patient and firm determination we will press on until every valley of despair is exalted to new peaks of hope, until every mountain of pride and irrationality is made low by the levelling process of humility and compassion; until the rough places of injustice are transformed into a smooth plane of equality of opportunity; and until the crooked places of prejudice are transformed by the straightening process of bright-eyed wisdom.

”

Martin Luther King Jr

**You Still Accompany Me,
After You Vanish**

Dolapo Demuren

Someday my mother's mouth
will have to be as brave as an hour
closing on itself.

Her voice will wave
as if from little pores
in the telephones where her breath

perspired in my ear. She will leave
her voice misplaced
to haunt passageways

into clarity, exactly like ancestors
of butterflies, invisible and careful
around all they have left behind:

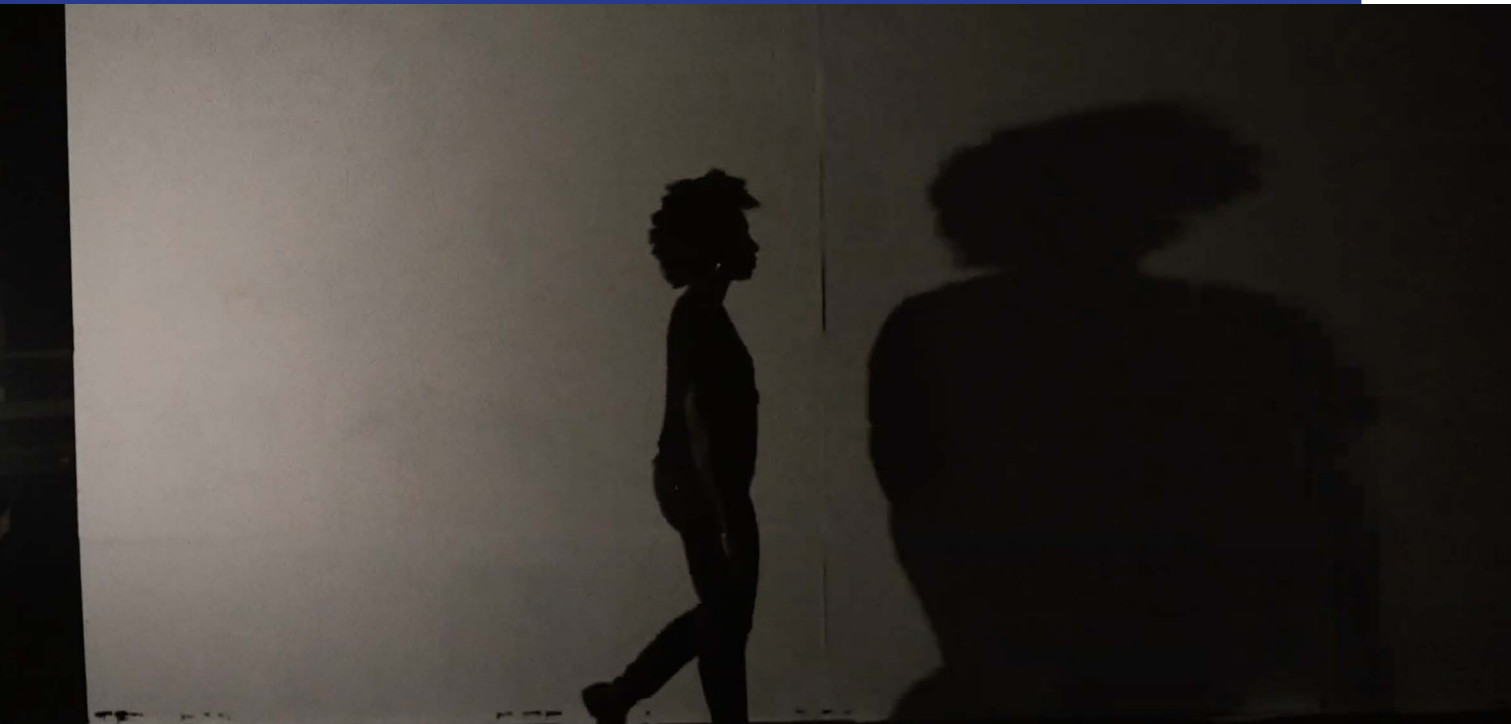
the migrating kingdom of wings,
of trees, of rest, of the hips
of mountainsides. *Keep this way*

they say to the young,
between your shoulders,
where nothing sleeps



THE POET

© HANNA ELISABETH WATSON, FEBRUARY 3, 2018



The Poet God. A Poet, alone on His stage.

Every crevice of nothingness was lightless.
But He is an artist of artists who paints with no brushes.
He speaks—
and a hush falls over the crowd.
A rush of His spirit crushed the silence enough for creation,
longing to be created,
to be,
to dance in His presence and sing of His holiness,
because that's what the Poet commanded.
He whispered, microcosmic, so emptiness emptied itself and
crashed down,
the shadows bowed,
and darkness cracked
under the weight of His words—

Day 1: He separated light from darkness, thus creating time that He could keep in His poems,
so He could wrap His rhymes in rhythm

Day 2: He read between His lines and called the space sky, gave it watercolors to rain down on
His new earth

Day 3: He ordered the sea to heed shore, so that flowers and trees and faith the size of mustard
seeds could thrive,

Day 4: The sun lit the stage, a spotlight on Him,
He wrote purpose in the stars:
they twinkled: whirling in brilliant flips and flickers—

All to please the Poet,

The keeper of every word,

The one who pulled the letters from His armory of imagery
and laid them across that first sunrise.

He spit bars that would imprison the night til He set it free to darken the day with twilight,
strung words into the lines that would map out the rivers, and

Day 5: He filled those rivers with fish and the land with beasts that trembled
as His spoken word reverberated

and each verb created a mountain that He could move when He felt like it.

But while the whole earth rumbled at the sound of His voice,
the Poet desired a creature that could join Him in creation,

snap for His glory
feel this poem in its soul.

So on Day 6, the Poet made me.
He breathed on dust and from crust of Eden, I rose.
But He thought me too good to just speak;
He used sign language:
It took hands to articulate an image that He could love so deeply.
He plucked up my chest and set my heart to catch His cadence,
told my lungs to hold their breath til the end of the stanza,
then exhale exaltations ex nihilo.
He kneeled down low to show me how He writes,
taught me how to mimic his masterpiece,
held my hands and led me through His strokes
We marvelled at the poems we wrote,
For they were beautiful to behold.
So beautiful, in fact, that I thought I'd try writing without Him,
My pride inclined me to doubt Him,
Thought I could make it without Him.
I perverted His verse,
cursed His cursive,
scratched out the Poet's script for my kindergarten penmanship.
I cracked open a chasm between us—
and when the Poet looked across the canyon,
He saw prodigal in protégée.





Abandoned, the Poet sat down to write a new block of text:
the Word, the Christ, the Cornerstone to the bridge that He would
build to get to me.

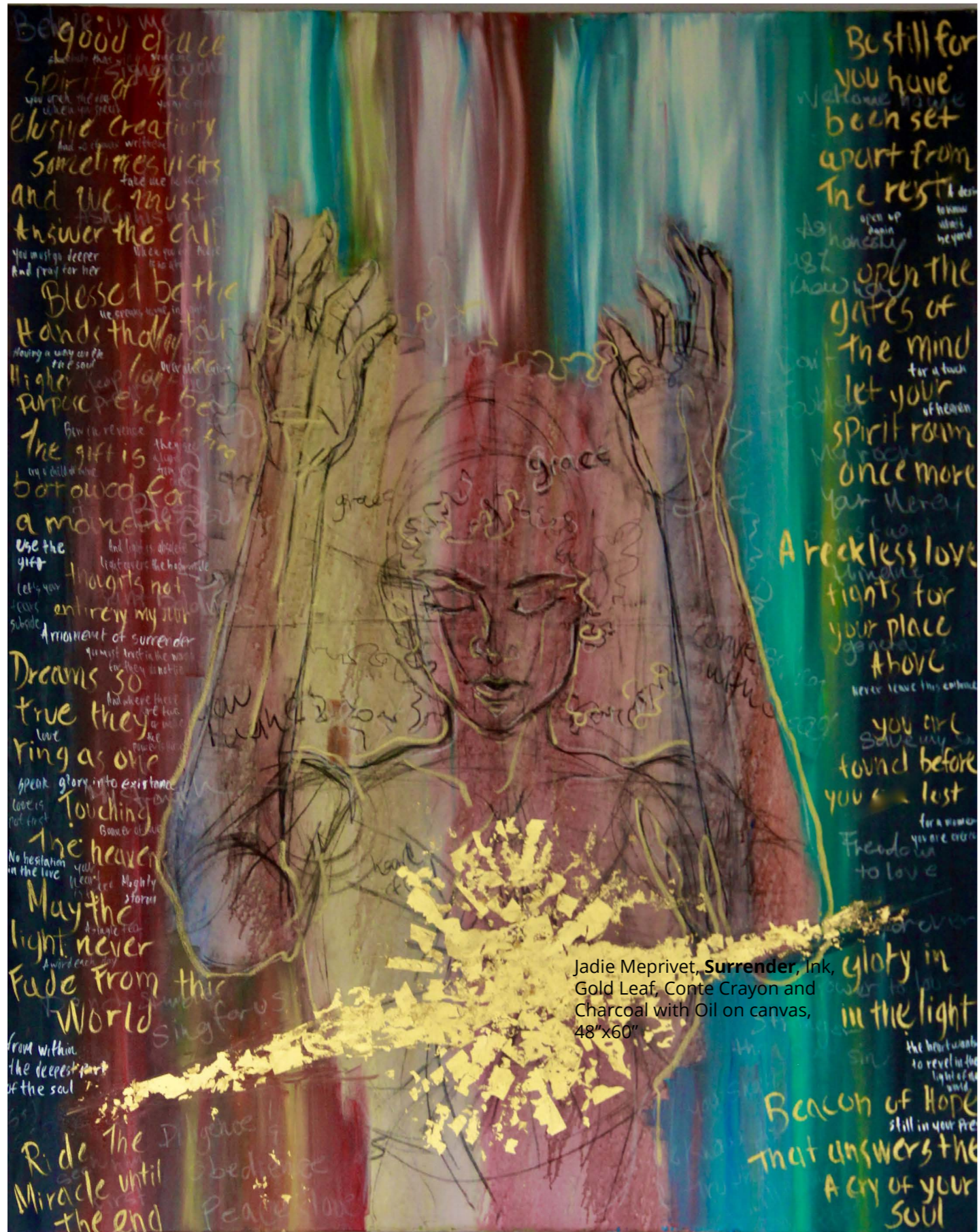
He layered of metaphor and repetition on
metaphor and repetition
to petition me to let Him pen my next line—
then one day, I did.

He wrote redemption I could never earn,
and gave me life, though I deserved to burn.
He washed away my lies and lust and death,
revised, rewrote, erased my brokenness.

The Great I Am, iambic,
couldn't be pent up in meter.
Jesus died and rose again.

Let there be:
the anaphora of ages that filled pages of poetry,
spilled blood and ink and midnight oil,
poured grace over daughters and sons
and sun and moon—
with all her craters.
The Creator is calling His created home.
Come to Him,
for it is written
that you are good.





Jadie Meprivet, **Surrender**, Ink, Gold Leaf, Conte Crayon and Charcoal with Oil on canvas, 48"x60"

**COME TO HIM
FOR IT IS WRITTEN
THAT YOU ARE GOOD.**

Jadie Meprivet, **Surrender**, Ink, Gold Leaf, Conte Crayon and Charcoal with Oil on canvas, 48"x60"

Cru Arts & Culture

Cru Arts and Culture is an arts collective that is committed to working for justice, peace and reconciliation that is anchored in the life and words of Jesus.

We seek to develop new projects that inspire, challenge and bring good news. Our work strives to help build relationships in local communities and around the globe.



CULTIVATE

CONNECT

CREATE

We are particularly interested in highlighting emerging artists and giving them an opportunity to develop their work.

If you have any questions or would like to get involved, contact us at cruartsandculture@cru.org

LET JUSTICE FLOW LIKE A RIVER



Jadie Meprivet, **Town**, Oil on canvas, 30"x40"

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If we would like to carry to the heart of our society
love, forgiveness and reconciliation, all the while
holding tightly to the dignity of all people.

We need to learn to live together.

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-Jean Claude G-

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SANDRINE ANGELO
TALISMAN
2019