A tragic loss
By Rev. Rick Reynolds

My friend “Mario” just missed the bus. He came running up to the door, just as it pulled away. “Jasper,” his beloved little dog, slipped off the curb and was crushed under the wheels. Mario’s spirit was crushed as well.

There’s much sadness in the world of homeless people. When you become homeless, you lose your belongings. You lose standing in the community. You become subject to the cold and wind and rain. Through all these losses, a dog provides comfort, structure, continuity with the past, and friendship. In a long list of things which have been lost in homelessness, Mario’s tragic loss felt like the final straw.

A few of us friends chipped in to pay for a proper cremation. We left the vet’s office on Saturday, and stood talking on the sidewalk. Mario and I hugged as we parted, sobbing at the sadness we shared. No one should have to be alone in such a moment. Thank you for helping to provide comfort to people in crisis.

Lord, thank you that you do not turn away from those who suffer. Grant us a heart of compassion for our unhoused friends.

My moment of clarity
By Liz Fenn

I saw him lying on the sidewalk, dirty, crouched over and crying. He had one of our emergency blankets wrapped around his waist, covering his legs. Stomach cramps had him doubled over. He could not make eye contact as he confessed that he had soiled his pants. Feeling embarrassed and scared, he voiced aloud, “Why won’t anyone help me?”

I found myself immersed in a real life “Good Samaritan” story. Instinctively, I knew what I would do. I told him that I would help him, that I would go see if I had some pants for him, that he could get cleaned up, and then I would call 911, if he wanted. After he agreed, I invited him in.

To my astonishment I found clean t-shirts and underwear, a pair of jeans in his exact size, and a bath towel and wash cloth all previously donated by volunteers. I gave him Tums for his tummy, and soap for washing up. He came out of the bathroom, clean, dressed, and thankful. I gave him socks, toiletries, a new blanket and something to eat. He asked for a hug. Then he was on his way.

I sat at the desk reflecting on what just happened. I had been given a gift, in restoring someone’s dignity who was lost, scared, sick, homeless. In this, we are binding up the wounds of Jesus. Secondly, I felt that God was at work to orchestrate the events of the day, without my knowledge. And thirdly, the love we show at Nightwatch — staff, volunteers, donors, and even clients — make us all part of something much, much larger than ourselves. Thank you for making this care possible, through your generous gift of time and resources.
Memorials & Tributes

Memorials

Myrle Bixler
George & Carolyn Rippee
Annie Butler
George & Carolyn Rippee
Carol Callahan
Madge Schumacher
Bob Cummings
Joy Launderbaugh
Craig Davis
Bruce Davis
Tony Domzalski
Mark & Lisa Domzalski
Pat Domzalski
Pete Gudger
Cheryl Gudger
Mary & Stan Hickman
Susan & Doug DuBois
Mary Ellen Ingersoll
Jim & Jan Sullivan
Ruth Keepers
George & Carolyn Rippee
Ron Kimble
Dean Kimble
Al Lobd
John & Jody Fenlason
Jonathan Long
Paul & Joybelle Eriks
Harvey Nelson
Harvey & Geri Nelson
Mavis Rath
Art & Ruby Meyer
Dick Shipe
Theresa & Gary Shipe
Louise Solemssie
Allen Solemssie
Ross Tabor
John & Dian Snypp
Don Tekawa
Ron & Sharon Hirata
Glenn & Shirley Weed
Andy & Ramona McBeth
Curtis & Carolyn Neitsch
Jim & Cynthia Weaver
Gilbert Weiss
John Weiss &
Corry Venema-Weiss
Douglas Welti
Ingrid Welti
Leonard Woodgate
Curtis & Carolyn Neitsch
Mary Wooldridge
Holly Boone

Tributes

Skip & Beth Forbes
Bud & Trudy Forbes
Blaine Jeffrey Kyn
Daisy Neves
Terry Marcell
Fran & Frank Abbott
Mike Potts
Catharine Fletcher
Joyce Siu
Daryl Siu

Making friends

By Ann Sakaguchi

It’s never easy to lose a friend. And Lisa had been a good friend for the seniors at Operation Nightwatch. Lisa took the guys fishing and explained to them why she needed to move on. One of the more quiet seniors spoke for the group.

“W’ll miss you, Lisa. But you have to do what’s best for you. We’ll be alright.”

It takes time when you lose a friend like Lisa. We knew that whoever stepped into her shoes would have their hands full, caring for 24 diverse elders who call Nightwatch home. They’re sweet folks, most the time, but they will test a newcomer.

So when Marlene started, we weren’t sure what would happen.

Her first day on the job, we handed her a long list of things to learn about. Landlord/tenant ordinances, bedbug procedures, Nightwatch house rules. Besides all that stuff, I kept rattling on and on about each tenant and their idiosyncrasies. There were all kinds of notes, and background, and history. But Marlene was very smart. She didn’t bury herself in a bunch of details.

Marlene simply began meeting the tenants and getting to know them. She started making friends, right off the bat. She’s been listening, asking questions, paying attention. She’s making friends, which is the most important work we can do at Operation Nightwatch. Out of that shared concern and trust, good things will happen.

You will read more from Marlene Poland, the new Housing Coordinator at Operation Nightwatch, in the months ahead. We are so happy to be making new friends!

Your support keeps vulnerable seniors in stable housing. Thank you!