Back home  
By Liz Fenn  
Shelter Dispatch Manager  
Danny wanted to go back home, to get back to a simpler life, before all the bad stuff happened. Seattle streets are scary. He couldn’t shake his demons. He wondered if it was possible. Could he go back? Too many things he had done and too many words he had said. He felt defeated and depleted of all self-worth. But, he wanted to see his mother again.  
I talked with his mom. She was so happy Danny got in touch with her. It had been years since they’d seen or heard from him. She wondered what he looked like now – if his hair was long. A job was waiting for Danny at her husband’s work place. She hoped he would take it. She thanked me for helping him get home. I heard relief in her voice, trepidation, and tremendous gratitude.  
Danny called me the morning he was to leave. He lost his ticket and asked me to talk with Greyhound. They emailed him a replacement ticket. Danny thanked me again and told me how grateful he is to Nightwatch. Finally, he was going home.  

Lord, thank you that Danny is home. Keep him — and us — safe.  

Nightwatch News  
October, 2017  

Hospitality  
By Rev. Rick Reynolds  
I was sitting in a room full of pizza-eating homeless people at a shelter late one night. One of the guests was expounding about how great it was to have a roof over his head, instead of curling up in a blanket, under I-5.  
He suddenly got very serious. “Are you okay?” he asked me. “Because if you need help, we could get you in here.”  
I was touched by his concern for me. He was so blessed to be warm and safe, and he wanted that same thing for me.  
His concern is the heart of hospitality.  
We’ve been blessed with safety, warmth, and comfort. At Nightwatch, we want to continue loving our neighbors, extending care for the most vulnerable.  
The past eight months have been rocky, but new opportunities lie ahead. By this time next month we should have good news about our shelter space. Your prayers, financial support, and commitment have helped us meet the challenges of extending warmth and safety each night for our homeless guests so far. Please help as you are able.  

Lord, keep us from being overwhelmed by the needs we face, confident that you have the resources to keep all of us safe.  

Open House  
Come by, drop off some socks, take a tour, and help Nightwatch celebrate our 50th Anniversary!  
Sunday, November 12  
Noon—3 pm  
302 14th Ave S, Seattle, 98144  
info@seattlenightwatch.org  

Volunteer Open House  
Find your favorite volunteer job!  
Thursday, Oct 5, 2017  
7:30—8:00 pm  
RSVP or questions: info@seattlenightwatch.org  
Find out more: http://tinyurl.com/ydaqfjsx
By Ben Curtis
Outreach Minister

On a recent evening under the Viaduct, the street outreach team ran into a guy we hadn’t seen for several months. We huddled around his half-open tent flap, next to scraps of cardboard and a broken chair. As cars passed by, we struggled to hear what he was saying.

I pieced together he had moved to another town for a while, lived out of an RV for a stint, and was now back downtown staying in a tent, near where we had first met him. What came through crystal clear was his gratitude for our socks, prayers, and our words of encouragement which helped him through the previous winter. I let him know that’s why we were there. This wasn’t good enough. He wanted to do something for us.

He leaned over and rustled through some things in his tent. “Here you go.” I looked down at the object in his hand for a moment, in hesitation. He was giving us a fairly new, and apparently functioning, bathroom scale.

It was, by far, the oddest gift someone had ever offered to us on the street. I thought to myself, “What are we going to do with this?” But, I snapped to, took it out of his hand, and thanked him. Here was this man, all of his earthly possessions surrounding him in a canvas tent, and he was offering us a gift. Who was I to deem it unworthy?

I’ll never forget that moment, next to the noisy roadway where my friends and I gathered, giving gifts to one another like we were at a Christmas party.

Ann Sakaguchi is on vacation. Her column will resume next month.