Was it enough?
By Tonette Winston,
Volunteer Coordinator

I have learned so much about myself working with homeless folks, and yet I am amazed at each encounter.

One of our homeless guests has consistently shown up at 7 pm in front of the dispatch center. I reminded him about our policy of not being in the area before 9 pm, to maintain a positive relationship with our neighbors near Nightwatch.

After listening closely to my explanation, he replied that he had a genetic vision problem called Retinitis Pigmentosa, which causes the rod cells in the retina to gradually lose their ability to respond to light.

He cannot see, once dusk falls. That is why he makes his way here early each evening.

He then began to sob uncontrollably. “I have no family, I’m Iraqi. Operation Nightwatch is my only option.”

Maybe. Maybe not. I was able to add some critical phone numbers directly into his phone, so he can apply for medical help, disability support, and housing options.

I then offered to walk him to a nearby transit stop, and would come escort him to Nightwatch at 8:55 pm. He began to sob uncontrollably again.

In the end, I felt it wasn’t enough, but it was all I could do.

Just a broken window
By Rev. Rick Reynolds

It all started with a broken window in one of the units in our senior housing.

The tenant was mortified. “I just opened the window, and the glass slid out,” he explained. I looked at the gaping hole and then saw something even more disturbing. The outer window sill is completely rotted away. Rain water is flowing into the exterior wall, unimpeded.

A friendly contractor pointed out how the stucco on that side of the building is cracked and slumping. Tomorrow (as I write this) various contractors are going to take a closer look and give us an idea of what must be done to preserve this old place.

Built in 1903, our building has been a home for immigrants, poor people and seniors. Its humble design could not be built these days, with four bathrooms and two kitchens for the 24 tenants to share. The first floor is where we care for 120 – 130 homeless adults every night at 9:00 pm.

We are grateful for your support and God’s provision. Stay tuned!

Lord, grant your wisdom and strength to Nightwatch as we seek a path forward.
Listen to their story
By Ben Curtis, Street Minister

On Broadway one evening, in a quiet corner near the hustle and bustle of Dick’s Drive-In, a man shared his story with us. Not just a bit of his story, but the entire journey of how he got from being twelve years old to here, in his fifties, on the streets of Seattle.

The trauma in the story was real. It was painful to listen to. Like others on the street, he was despised and rejected. It always makes me think: “Ah yes, now I know why you are out here. I would be homeless too, if I had experienced the same things as you.”

Someone said, “It is impossible to hate someone whose story you know.” This has always stuck with me. I reflect on it a lot doing Street Ministry. When someone trusts us enough, and we have the honor of hearing their story, it is a divine moment. All judgment falls away, leaving a deep empathy for the person, and a desire to show them love and mercy. At that moment, it doesn’t matter what they’ve done, who they are; you just want them to know they are loved.

Listening is critical. When a person knows someone is listening, they feel cared for. When we listen to our homeless friends, it says, “You matter.” People on the street are often ignored; their stories are not heard. They may never have been listened to in their entire lives. But, that is what we do. We listen, and show people love.

The man we encountered on Broadway has been trying to quit using drugs and has been asking me about housing options. I’m hoping the next chapter in his story will be a happier one. ●

When you give to Operation Nightwatch, you are saving a life.

Thank you!

Ann Sakaguchi’s column will return in our next newsletter.