There’s a crack in everything. . .
By Rev. Rick Reynolds, Executive Director

The American poet and song-writer Leonard Cohen says, “There’s a crack in everything, that’s how the light gets in.”

Sometimes that crack has to be in my cold dark heart. I find myself feeling grumpy. The world is not listening to me. I’m not getting my own way. I’m feeling sorry for myself—I mean, who wouldn’t, these days?

And then, some simple moment happens, and light comes flooding in.

I’ve been really enjoying hauling homeless guys to the shelter at 9 pm, four nights a week. Sunday night was cold, the van was cold, the homeless guys getting in with me were cold. We drove about five minutes, halfway there, when one guy breaks the silence. “What year is this thing?”

I have no idea. We got the van as surplus from King County.

“That explains everything!” he said with a laugh. We waited at the light for the feeble heat to come through. The other guys chuckled. United in misery, and yet thankful too. These are my friends. We belong together.

Lord, give us light, and fill us with gratitude for your relentless mercy and care.

Can’t control the weather
By Rev. Michael Cox, Street Minister

Robert had been in town for ten days and was not prepared for homelessness. His job fell through. He was stranded in the cold downtown. With COVID there are no shelter beds available. He wanted to go home. Did I know anyone who could help?

We always verify stories like Robert told. Do the people back home want him? Are the police looking for him? As he told me more of his story, his anxiety was sky high.

His mom was worried about him and happy to have him home. I did a background check. No warrants. His mom calls me three more times and eventually invites me to visit as well!

The next day, Robert meets me on time, which rarely happens. He is ready for his three day bus ride. Then we discover that his bus is cancelled. Spokane is snowed in.

You can’t control the weather. His gratitude overcomes the frustration, and the next day all is well. We meet at 6:30 am at the bus station. By this time, he is friends with the clerks, who stored his suitcase overnight. Robert offers me t-shirts and a bracelet as a thank you gift. His departure to the east coast is happening. His mom calls again.

I marvel at how much a two-hundred-dollar bus ticket can change somebody’s life.
Darkness

By Ann Sakaguchi, Deputy Director

I got a call at about 8:15 one night. “Hey, the power is out at the Dispatch Center.” We open at 9 pm. Volunteers in the kitchen, preparing the meal, are now in the dark. The computer and printer don’t work. And where are the flashlights?

Pastor Rick tells about the olden days at Nightwatch, when the simple act of plugging in a coffee pot could blow a fuse and require someone to crawl through a window into the utility closet to turn things on.

This power outage affected the whole neighborhood. It was dark all over the place.

My friend “Susan” recently described feeling like she’s been in a dark tunnel this year. No light; just darkness. “But I know I have to keep going, even though I can’t see the way,” she said.

Susan talked about putting one foot in front of the other, just going step by step in the darkness, having the faith and trust that God knew her way.

This is also Nightwatch. We find obstacles in our way, in the dark tunnel, but we keep going, just one step at a time. It’s not comfortable and not really very fun, but we will likely be in this darkness for a while longer. So we will look ahead for the light and carefully go forward, step by step.

After the call from Dispatch that night, I scurried off to Home Depot for more flashlights and batteries. The power came back on at ten minutes to 9 pm. Crisis averted; God is in control, even in the darkness.

Thank you for your generous gifts at this time of year, which allow Nightwatch to provide light and comfort to our most afflicted neighbors. Please remember to pray for us this winter.