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Volume 1 No 3

GIVING A VOICE TO HOMELESS PEOPLE IN NEVADA

MAY 2007



Inside This Edition:
Shelter of Shame
Also:
The Lighthouse for the Homeless
and
My Story — Part II

Scenes from
the initial
launch of
Forgotten
Voice.



OUR MISSION IS TO BE A VOICE FOR HOMELESS PEOPLE.

OUR GOALS ARE:

- 1) TO PUBLISH A STREET NEWSPAPER WRITTEN MAINLY BY HOMELESS PEOPLE, FORMERLY HOMELESS PEOPLE, AND HOMELESS ADVOCATES IN ORDER TO EMPOWER THEM AND GIVE THEM A VOICE;
- 2) TO BUILD AND ENHANCE A SENSE OF COMMUNITY AND FACILITATE POSITIVE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN HOMELESS PEOPLE, HOMELESS ADVOCATES, SERVICE PROVIDERS, AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC;
- 3) TO BUILD AWARENESS OF SOCIAL SERVICES THAT ARE AVAILABLE TO POOR AND HOMELESS PEOPLE, AND OTHER SUCH INFORMATION THAT WOULD BE EDUCATIONAL TO THE HOMELESS POPULATION; AND
- 4) TO EXPAND AND REDEFINE OUR CHARITABLE, EDUCATIONAL, AND LITERARY PROGRAM FROM TIME TO TIME AS NECESSARY TO MEET THE CONTINUING NEED TO EMPOWER HOMELESS PEOPLE.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Good Things Happening

How good it is to see Forgotten Voice in the hands of our homeless brothers and sisters. I was in Las Vegas in late March and heard about it from some of our guests at Poverello House. Someone gave me a copy of the first issue. It is good to give voice to the voiceless. The streets of Las Vegas can be so harsh, being forced to stay out of sight, being forced to keep moving.

I was glad to hear that Catholic Charities opened up even more space this winter, using the floor of the dining room, so all could be accommodated who came. It was good to see the new home of Family Promise--it is a beautiful facility. The Catholic Workers continue serving their breakfast four mornings a week, with much love and compassion. Las Vegas Rescue Mission continues to serve their evening meal and hosts the health care for the homeless clinic on Wilson. Fr. John McShane and his many volunteers are serving a couple of hundred folks on "F" St. under the Interstate bridge. I saw the crowds waiting to get into the Salvation Army (it looks like their showers need to be upgraded--perhaps someone can donate for that to happen). I was surprised to see campers again on Main. St. and Foremaster.

Certainly, forcing the homeless out of sight, is not the solution. There needs to be adequate services. Now we have the support of the American Bar Association (ABA). At their national annual meeting they endorsed the resolutions of their homelessness committee, to review the laws/policies around the country that selectively enforce laws on homeless people, or make it illegal to sleep outside when there is not adequate shelter or prohibit people from providing charity to meet their needs. Here in Tucson,

the local homeless coalition will have an ABA representative at the next monthly meeting to inform them on the resolutions. I'd recommend that the homeless coalition in Las Vegas do the same.

--David Buer, ofm
Tucson, AZ

Response to Catholic Charities

I have read your latest issue of Forgotten Voice. I found it very interesting and informative. There is one part that brought attention to me and some other homeless people. I have been in the program for Catholic Charities and have eaten there many times, as well as stayed there. When I read what Sharon Mann wrote down about Catholic Charities it made me sick.

First of all people are having to line up at 12:30 to try and get a bed at Catholic Charities. Over the past week there has been a handful of people not getting in. What was mentioned one time was when the sandwich man showed up at Foremaster to hand out sandwiches. Many people got in line for a sandwich and were told that they would have to get in the back of the line and hope they would get in. So with this comment made from the staff and supervisor, homeless do have to choose between a meal and bed. The extension of the time to get in at 6:30 pm instead of 4 or 5 has given some people a chance to eat at the Rescue Mission.

Also I would like to address certain items about the coffee line and the items mentioned about staying there. When I read your paper I kept it due to the comment about pastries, coffee, milk and juice at 7 am. I do not like coffee and never have. I have asked before about an alternative like milk and juice. What I was told is only if

you are under 18 are you permitted to have the milk and juice. In your paper, Sharon Mann forgot to mention that the way it was written makes people believe they have a choice. There is no choice, only coffee and doughnuts. This morning I asked again and they told me the same thing. I referred to the paper and what was written by Sharon Mann. They mentioned that I have to take it up with Sean, the dining manager.

Also, Sharon Mann commented that clean bathrooms, showers, towels, pillows, sheets, blankets, clean clothing and an amenity kit are available each night. The showers are cleaner than the Salvation Army, the towels do get washed every day, but not everyone is given a pillow, especially during the weather shelter. There were times I slept on a disaster blanket and had one for a pillow and one for a cover. About the amenity kits, it is a choice. When you enter you are asked what you need. I would not consider that a kit. To me a kit is something in a ziplock bag and has everything in it. Also, many homeless were interested in the clean clothing every night. I stayed there many times and asked for a shirt or pants and was told to wait till Thursday at their little clothing shop. To me this does not qualify as clean clothing every night.

Some other items I noticed when I was in the program working in the kitchen, were that not many people know what a danger zone is or the proper temp for sanitizer. I was told by my supervisor Jerry at the time that sanitizer goes in hot water. When I mentioned it to Doug, all that was said is not many people know the truth. I am a certified chef and had applied there before and was turned down. If you do not need a health card to work in the kitchen or need to know the basics of cooking in order to cook in the kitchen, then that scares me

because how can something be sanitized if not sanitized properly? It is no wonder people call it mystery soup because you never know what is in it. Maybe people should know something about what they are doing. I should be able to ask anyone in the kitchen what is the danger zone and get a proper answer. Not many people realize how to properly wash their hands to be sanitized. I asked a person one time how long do you wash your hands? He looked at me with a lost look, with no answer, not even a guess.

Thank you for the time. Since I have been out on the streets, I have realized what I read and what is true are two different things.

Thank you.

--kew

We welcome feedback and letters to the editor. Please keep your letters brief, and email them to: amanda@forgottenvoice.org with "letter to the editor" in the subject line.

SHELTER OF SHAME

I checked in on June 10 reluctant but needy. Take responsibility for your actions. Since I've been here emotions have run the gamut from depression to confusion, fear, anger and finally acceptance. I don't know what to expect.

Since 1990, the mission of the Shade Tree is to provide safe shelter to homeless and abused women and children in crisis and to offer life changing services promoting stability, dignity and self-reliance (www.theshadetree.org).

Lots of drama in this place. Many of the staff treat us with contempt and that gives others permission to treat us with contempt as well. I think the most striking thing about Shade Tree is the lack of compassion shown to the residents. It's difficult to comprehend why women who are in the caring business can victimize women who have already been victimized. When staff makes an error that inconveniences a resident there is no apology. However when a resident gets in trouble there is hell to pay. Are we not valued?

Rules are many. Since there is no orientation or rules there is the constant stress of breaking a rule and not knowing. Lots of stress because you can be given a 48 hour notice and asked to leave. In an informal survey conducted with over twenty women, the majority concur that they were not handed a rule book. Several said they were given a brief verbal overview but didn't understand half of what was being said. Once written up, you can appeal to staff but that appeal process is not formally in writing and no outside review is available. Neither can a client ask for outside representation. Given the diversity of the population, some may not clearly understand the proceedings, or have an inability to present a clear affirmative defense. In the interest of fairness it is imperative that all proceedings be in writing and that clients have access to outside counsel.

Another common theme among those surveyed is that case managers frequently fail to keep appointments, or make referrals which are dead ends. This is especially dangerous because extensions are only awarded if staff feels a client is making significant progress. There are many instances where clients have been asked to leave because they failed to make the appointment even though they were there and the case manager wasn't.

I believe the building to be a sick building. I have terrible colds that were extremely difficult to recover from and last week I had a bout of vomiting and diarrhea that weakened me to the point where I couldn't stand. I don't know what it was. Bacteria, virus who knows? I know there were other women who were sick also.

During last summer, many complaints were being shared about building conditions which, according to knowledgeable sources, continue today. While some residents pointed out these problems they were not listened to. A residents' council or a suggestion box where clients could address these types of issues is non-existent. Clients' opinions and concerns are not being properly addressed through the use of something as simple as a suggestion box. Life threatening conditions are not immediately corrected and will not be as long as residents have no say in the decisions or circumstances that affect their very lives and are cut off completely from outside advocates.

While Shade Tree is the largest shelter for women in the state, with numerous programs, underneath that surface is a cesspool of abuse and unfair treatment. This can only be corrected when residents have a direct say in decisions that affect their lives, a grievance procedure established, all policies are in writing and provided upon intake, and outside advocates are able to communicate without interference with their constituency.

My stay at the Shade Tree is coming to a grinding halt. I can't say I'm unhappy. I'm thrilled. It's been a long haul but I'm grateful to God that I'm still strong.

Note: The primary author of this article wished to remain anonymous. It was co-authored by the Las Vegas Superbum. Technical, writing and research assistance provided by Daphne, a local media person, and the Las Vegas Superbum, on-the-nickel.blogspot.com. Shade Tree refused to be interviewed for this article.

I'M NOT READY TO BE NICE

By Mike Lee

Well here we are with the third issue. Hopefully you have found something useful in the first two as well as this one. In the last issue two letters appeared responding to David M's article "Metro Issues Wake Up Call." I find it interesting that neither letter decried Metro's actions. Probably because one of the obvious goals of the sweeps is to drive us into shelters. To the Mission's credit, they don't accept tax dollars but the reality still remains after seven days you either get to roll on the floor for Jesus or hit the sidewalk. Like me you probably laughed when reading Catholic Charities letter. The pastries are actually frozen donuts; milk and juice are non-existent. Retaliation is of great concern to all of us. We dare not criticize shelter providers publicly for they can and will deny you services.

Recently Catholic Charities banned me because of my advocacy for the 40 plus women sleeping in the dining hall. What is it that I'm advocating for that service providers find threatening? I advocate for a better quality of service that is delivered in a dignified and respectful manner. I also advocate that we poorest of the poor be directly involved in decisions that affect our very lives. In Seattle homeless people run their own shelters. Why not here? The present system of service delivery cost the taxpayers \$25 million last year. We still have people dying in the streets because the system is broken, simply content to provide frozen donuts to eat and dirty floors to sleep on while stuffing their pockets full. Fundamental changes must be made to the system now. Every single provider that uses tax money must have in place a system where clients have an active administrative role or at the very least make public comments about services. Representatives of the media and homeless advocates should have clear and unrestricted access to clients. Without these changes there remains a lack of checks and balances which are necessary to insure taxpayer dollars are not being wasted.

If you are disgusted with the present join with me in creating a better future. That future starts with Forgotten Voice and your personal involvement no matter how small. Together we link arms declaring "We are asking for a hand up not a hand out." Homeless not helpless; our day will come!

ALL THEY WANT IS.....EVERYTHING: REBUILDING THE WASTE PLACES IN A BRAVE NEW WORLD

By Cheephilippe

At the age of 35 in 1985, I was a modest step above thousands of homeless people in Las Vegas and elsewhere. I had a one-ton paneled Chevy van. Every homeless individual knows the significance of that. But going into June 1985, I did not have a job, nor a permanent place to stay. I saw a job ad in the newspaper, applied, and was hired at an airline service company which generally worked out of LAX, but had its offices and vehicles based in Santa Ana in Orange County. The owner had been a bellhop in 1968 when he borrowed \$80,000 to start the nation's first

airport shuttle service, operating between the Disneyland Hotel and LAX, at first. By the time I joined up, there were about 400 employees, and dozens of vans, buses, and limousines. Most importantly to me and hundreds of others, the owner would hire anybody who had a driver's license or could obtain one. It was after 1985 that the government began mandating more documentation and the more widespread use of background checks came into place. The owner's management wouldn't have passed a background check today. But over the course of the next several years, I saw

person after person come to him with hardly more than the shirt on their backs, and rebuild their lives. Nobody got fired for incompetence. A few individuals were caught dealing drugs over the years, one or two had fatal accidents, and one or two had such severe mental issues as to be a danger to the rest of us. Those individuals were let go, as well as the ritual thieves who were sloppy enough to get caught. I didn't pocket customers' money (and, in fact, I won Best Employee in 1987 and 1988, as the owner received commendations from customers for my work, including a letter from Qantas Australian Airways in Sydney). The same line couldn't be said for the manager, nor for the drivers' manager during the last year of company operation. But this makes for a longer story. Nasty rumors spread about our company's owner and management.

Fact is, I did take a look inside a company limousine one Saturday morning after they had been partying all night around town in it, along with the CEO of a major airline whose contract business our company was after. There were the little mirrors, razor blades, and an interesting white powder still lying all over the limo's back seat. A buddy, whose office desk gave him a great view of management's office, told me one night how they would lift \$10,000 at a time from the company safe before heading out for the night in a company limo, all in the name of company business, of course. Drugs, money laundering, national security. . . for whatever reason or combination of reasons, by late 1988, several very deliberate and over-qualified individuals had taken up residency at the company.

One night at 2 A.M. after work, one of them and I sat in my truck in the company parking lot in Santa Ana, across the street from the Orange

County Register newspaper building, and we put down a six-pack of Elephant Malt Liquor. Then the guy turned to me with a very deliberate look and said, "Phil, when we move in, people die." I could write more about what did follow, but let me just say that on September 16, 1989 the federal government seized the company, and hundreds of people were put out of a job. I honestly wonder where some of them went. (There were specific rumors of some management people having fled the country.)

What I wish to point out today in 2007 is that the sorts of people who found an opportunity with this company to build their lives over again have much greater difficulty doing so today. There are a number of factors, which include illegal immigration, but I would emphasize the encroachments government has made into the hiring process. Did I say encroachments? It's a lot worse than that, as many homeless people know well. The employment process has been inextricably wed to the mammoth, entitlement-laden justice system, as well as to other data systems. Let me state it from higher sources, specifically sociologist Jeffrey S. Rothfeder's 1992 book, *Privacy For Sale*. He discusses the impact which adversarial entries into a citizen's national database files has upon their life, including their employment prospects. He quotes a database CEO who says, in the context of a person with even a minor contact with the police/justice system whose records are on database files, "We are creating a large class of permanently unemployable people in America." Another database CEO is quoted, "There is no second chance in America."

THE LIGHTHOUSE FOR THE HOMELESS

**By RIVER
03/28/07, Day 79 Homeless**

Dedicated 28 October 1886, the Statue of Liberty was a gift of friendship from the people of France to the people of the United States of America. It is the universal symbol of Freedom and Democracy.

Some 25 million immigrants and other people passed through New York Harbor between 1892 and 1924. Liberty Island and Ellis Island are the symbolic gateway representing freedom and democracy. From around the globe people came to the land of free passing by Lady Liberty with her torch held high. Many, if not most of those people, were homeless until America showed them a new life and a new home... and the American Dream. Over 40 percent of the population of the United States of America can trace their ancestry through Ellis Island according to the Ellis Island web home page.

On her 15th birthday, Annie Moore arrived from Ireland on the SS Nevada to become the first immigrant processed at Ellis Island on 1 January 1892.

The broken chains or shackles at Lady Liberty's feet signify liberation from oppression and tyranny. The torch, which Lady Liberty holds high as a beacon as like from a lighthouse, signifies enlightenment. The tablet in her hand shows the date of the nation's birth (July 4 1776). The dedication plaque of the Statue of Liberty at the foot of Lady Liberty reads with these words: "...Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shores. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me; I lift my lamp beside the golden door!" (Emma Lazarus 1883).

Entry to this country, the United States of America, provided a warmer welcome to those homeless from a distant land than the homeless receives in their own land, like in Las Vegas, Nevada, the state that the first ship that brought the first immigrant to America was named after.

When God's torch touches Las Vegas, Nevada, the homeless will come home to Him.

MY STORY – PART II

by Tyrell Cacye

When My father passed on at 54, I was managing a private probation company. The company, knowing that my ties to the rural South ended with my father's death, offered me a position in Nashville running an offender domestic violence program. I accepted.

I loved the work, but the money sucked, so I took a job working for the leading nonprofit in the state dealing with the issues of HIV/AIDS. It was a time when prevention money was high and the focus was on educating the public. I got to create a program from the ground up and received several commendations on my work, even a write-up in a National Magazine.

One day, when I walked out to my car, I noticed police parked behind it running my tags and shining the flash light in the window. I approached him and introduced myself, saying that I taught on campus and that I had to work late. My car was the only one on the lot. He took my I.D. and stated he had never seen me before. I explained to him that we hold special classes on campus every weekend. The officer happened to be a graduate of the university and was giving its security special care. I asked what his probable cause was, other than the presence of no other vehicles. Long story short, my questions ended me up in hand cuffs and charged with disorderly conduct. This situation was quite precarious because I worked for the county criminal and general sessions court. That same evening the officer's superior came out and took the hand cuffs off and apologized. I wrote a letter to the Office of Professional Accountability.

That situation was settled and I forgot about it until one day in

court an officer questioned, "You're that guy that got Officer _____ reprimanded." I told him I didn't know what he was talking about. I couldn't believe that something so mundane had spread on the force on a city as big a Nashville.

Well I continued to do my job until strike two. I had the permission of the city and the police department to conduct harm reduction outreach in areas frequented by the aforementioned target populations. We call the sergeant on duty before we venture out in anyone's precinct, and dispatch notifies the police that we are in the area. I was equipped with safer sex kits, tracks, info on drug rehabs, fluorescent vest with my program logo, etc. I turned the corner on foot in an area known for male prostitution and saw the police jeering and assaulting a young male prostitute. I waited until everything was over. The boy was not taken to jail or juvenile or anywhere. He was simply beaten up and called a cocksucker. We had some small first aid provisions that we provided the young man. I would not have believed it if I had not seen it with my own eyes. While attending to this kid another set of cops pulled up on us. They yelled, "Cocksuckers!" They got out and asked me who I was. I showed my I.D. and mentioned the name of the sergeant on duty and informed them that we were conducting approved outreach.

After they left, I recorded the information and wrote a letter to the Office of Professional Accountability and put an article in the paper. It would raise awareness to the issues preventing good outreach, alert the public to police misconduct, and shine light on the reasons people in the shadows who get misused and abused don't step

forward. I have to admit in retrospect I must have been removed from the realities of being of African descent.

In June 2003 two straggly men were hanging around our apartment complex. I was off work and relaxing with some friends outside. We were sitting, drinking and talking. I was having trouble with my truck and needed some work done. It was common knowledge that straggly men in the neighborhood were shade tree mechanics. I called one of the men over and asked if he knew anything about Explorers. He confirmed so I began to tell him my problem. He said he could fix it but he was looking for some dope. I told him I didn't sell dope, that they did all that stuff at the house on the corner, and that we had worked hard to push that mess up the street. I told him to come back when he wanted to make a few dollars fixing my truck. He left. I turned to go in my apartment to get another beer, when someone grabbed me and threw me to the ground. He told me I was under arrest for facilitating a drug buy.

The guy who handcuffed me was masked and he took me around to the back of the complex and pulled my shorts down. With gloves on he spread my cheeks. He was looking for drugs. My neighbors came out and told them they had the wrong guy. Hell the house was up the street. Then the guy with the mask spoke to another officer with no mask on in plain clothes. He asked him if I was the one. When he turned around I realized it was the straggly old man

who was looking for dope. He confirmed that I was the one. I was placed in a truck with about ten other people. The officer with the mask said, "Now write a letter about this."

Two months later with no support and no way to get my paycheck and no cooperation from my Public Pretender, I agreed to a plea. A felony conviction of facilitation instead of conspiracy to sell. I was in the very jail I taught at. I was with inmates I had trained and men who had violated their probation by not coming to my classes. When I finally got out, I was humiliated, without transportation, without a job, and homeless.

**Welcome to the
Neighborhood
Forgotten Voice!**

**from the
Las Vegas
Catholic Worker**

**Serving the poor and
homeless citizens of
Las Vegas for over 20
years.**

TALKING WITH HOMELESS PEOPLE

A column by Kurt Borchard

—author and associate professor of sociology at the University of Nebraska-Kearney

SLEEPING ON PUBLIC BUSESSES

Homeless people in Las Vegas and across the U.S. sometimes sleep on public busses. For homeless people, this strategy makes sense when there is limited bed space in local shelters, when the weather is extreme, and when someone wants to sleep somewhere where he or she probably won't be attacked.

For the county, people sleeping on busses could well be more expensive than it would be to provide more homeless shelter. In September 2005 I am riding the bus back from downtown. A white woman boards near the Plaza hotel. At first she looks like a tourist, with middle length blonde hair in a straw man hair cut and blue eyes, wearing bell bottom jeans, a studded belt, and turquoise halter top. Standing by the driver, she starts looking through her two foot long black plastic bag for money to ride. In a loud voice, the driver tells her to get on board until she finds the fare.

She sits in the front seats for the elderly and disabled, slowly looking through her bag and handling various objects—a case for carrying business cards, pieces of paper, a ticket holder from a hotel, a striped shirt. Her motions are slow—perhaps she is drunk. Then she begins to sway. I notice her face is wrinkled beyond her years—I guess her to be in her mid-fifties.

She starts falling asleep while attempting to sit upright, which causes her body to jerk around.

Sometimes she wakes for a second, looking at me and other passengers. She mostly moves from side to side, but at times she

rocks slowly backward and forward, only to then lean over in an impossible position, sitting but looking as if she were trying to kiss the floor.

She is on a front seat facing sideways, and several passengers are watching her. Some smile and look at me, shaking their heads. A couple who have been riding across from her ring the bell requesting a stop at the Sahara. Before getting off, they offer to pay her bus fare. She tells them “Thank you,” and they smile and give her the money.

She pays, sits back down and again begins her swaying, rocking pre-sleep, sometimes tapping her head against the window and the metal side paneling. After fifteen minutes of this she manages to pass out, seated but lying slightly on her bag on the seat beside her, her head drooped. She seems reasonably stable, and remains still. At the airport we wait only a few minutes and she sleeps without moving.

To leave the airport, the driver takes a hard right turn on a curved road. The sleeping woman begins leaning forward quite hard, catching my attention, but then she has been moving around like a marionette this entire trip. As the bus accelerates, she lifts off of her seat with her feet planted. She is now heading face first towards the floor. She barely manages to stumble before the weight of her torso sends her head into the bus floor. She rolls on her side, covering her face with her hands. The bus driver hears our gasps, sees the scene in her mirror, and pulls over.

The woman uncovers her face and, for a moment, looks like a small, crying child. She has a half-inch cut over her right eyebrow. There is blood on the floor. She begins dabbing the cut with her hand, smearing the blood over her cheek and hand. When she attempts to move, the driver yells, “Stay on the floor ma’am until the ambulance arrives.”

The driver asks what happened. She says she fell asleep and then fell. The driver announces that the bus cannot move until an ambulance and her supervisor arrive. Several passengers make a low grumble. An older black man in a red UNLV basketball jersey goes to talk to the driver, asking if he can get off the bus.

“The bus cannot move and no one can leave the bus,” she declares. “The situation is unsafe.”

The man walks past the woman, telling her, “Now you’re gonna make a lot of people late.”

While we wait for the EMTs, she begins talking to an Asian man and myself. She says her money was stolen, and she has been homeless since then. She says she feels embarrassed.

The entire incident probably cost Clark County hundreds of dollars, for the EMTs, the incident reports, the follow-ups that will need to be conducted by Citizen’s Area Transit, and the money out of pocket of all those riders who would be late for work because of the lost half-hour.

All of this seemed to have occurred because a homeless woman needed a place to sleep.

BLANKET

By Carol Pearce
March 10, 2007

At the shelter. . .

Wake up in the morning
Coughin' and spittin' fluff
Blowing fuzz out my nose
Lint covers my clothes
Gathers between my toes
Knots tangle my hair
with stuff.

Go on my way
throughout the day
Got money to find,
debts to pay
Look for better place
to stay.

No luck.
Bowl of beans
Bologna sandwich
Bologna sandwich
Bologna sandwich later . . .

Have to return at night
Worn out bad and cold
Man, oh man, this is
gettin' old!
Willingly crawl under that
ugly cover
Big time worries always
hover
Sleep may come five past
never

I have the gray disaster
blanket blues!
A disaster,
I gotta choose to lose
Damn tired!
of singing these
gray blanket blues!

FREE

Writing Workshop

**Come get inspired, write, & share
your work with others!**

**Wednesdays, 9:30am
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(Van Buren & E St)**

****Your writings can be submitted
to Forgotten Voice**

DIRTY SHELTERS

*If the shelter you're in is dirty or in disrepair,
file a complaint with Code Enforcement at:
(702) 229-6615.*

*If it's health related, (i.e. dirty showers,
clogged toilets, showers, sinks, bedbugs, etc.) call the
health department at:
(702) 759-0588.*

*You can do both anonymously. Always get pictures if
you can, or e-mail lasvegassuperbum@hotmail.com.*

MEDICAL TREATMENT

*You can't be denied medical treatment at UMC
because you are unable to pay. If you are
denied service, ask to speak with a patient advocate.
The office (Patient Relations 702-383-2036) is
located on the first floor down by the cafeteria.*

*They are open from 7 am to 6:30 pm.
If they are closed, ask to speak with either a manager, on-duty
administrator,
or the nursing supervisor.*

NOT ALL ARE SAFE AND WARM

By Bob Christine

The fact is, a few people will die from exposure. As we drive around and see the tattered clothes and empty eyes of the homeless, one question runs through our minds. What brought on this most tragic and desperate poverty in our own country?

What is pounding through the minds of the homeless the most is, does anyone care? They feel invisible to all those who do not want to see. Another pounding happens in their empty stomach. Shiny, nice cars wiz by them. Are the drivers Christians? Do they know God? They know plenty or some about God. But the bad news for them is that God knows the religious fakes.

In my own three years of street life it was not fun and games, drinking, drugs, and robbery. It was a life of coming together with other homeless people to keep an eye open, watch, talk, and listen. That's how we made it to the next day. One common thread runs through the homeless: that is a love, respect, and fear of God. They have the joy of friendship with their Creator. He knows each and every cruelty, neglect, and abuse that happened in a homeless person's life. To street people, GOD IS REAL!

Now the good news is that there are simple things you can do to help:

1. Offer a bag lunch, for example, a cup o' noodles and coffee.
2. Talk, just to say hi, hang in there, you'll make it!
3. Take on a homeless person and guide them. Give sound advice, referrals, and phone numbers.
4. A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED. Become interested, pitch in, and actively make someone else's welfare your own concern.



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Founded in 1989 in Southern California, HomeAid partners with homeless housing providers and the building industry to build housing for America's homeless.

MISSION

TO BUILD HOUSING WHERE HOMELESS FAMILIES AND INDIVIDUALS CAN REBUILD THEIR LIVES

VISION

TO BE A VITAL FORCE IN ELIMINATING HOMELESSNESS

CURRENT PROJECTS

- ST. JUDE'S RANCH FOR CHILDREN
RENOVATION OF 40-ACRE CAMPUS
EQUAL TO 56 SHELTER BEDS
- WOMEN'S DEVELOPMENT CENTER
RENOVATION OF 5 APARTMENT BUILDINGS
EQUAL TO 74 SHELTER BEDS
- BOYS HOPE GIRLS HOPE
NEW CONSTRUCTION OF AN 8 BED HOME FOR GIRLS
- GIRLS AND BOYS TOWN
NEW CONSTRUCTION OF 2 HOMES FOR 12 YOUTH