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RECYCLE
ME!!

Do not throw away.
Please pass on to
someone else.
Thank you!



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but donations
are greatly
appreciated

Volume 2 No 10

GIVING A VOICE TO HOMELESS PEOPLE IN NEVADA

March 2009

DREAMCATCHER

by Rick R., Homeless Advocate

David Tuohy clutched his cardboard sign, and looked at the steam rising from his feet on the concrete median. His heart skipped a beat as the window on the Mercedes in the left turn lane rolled down.

"Maybe he'll give me a buck, and with the ninety two cents I have, I can get some rollies," he thought to himself. He felt a bit ashamed to be holding that sign that said "will work for food," but not so bad, since it was the truth.

"Hey buddy, would ya paint my house for a potato?" came the voice from the shiny car.

The light turned green and Paul Nicola drove away, with a shit eating grin on his face, like he had just gotten away with the biggest heist in Brink's history.

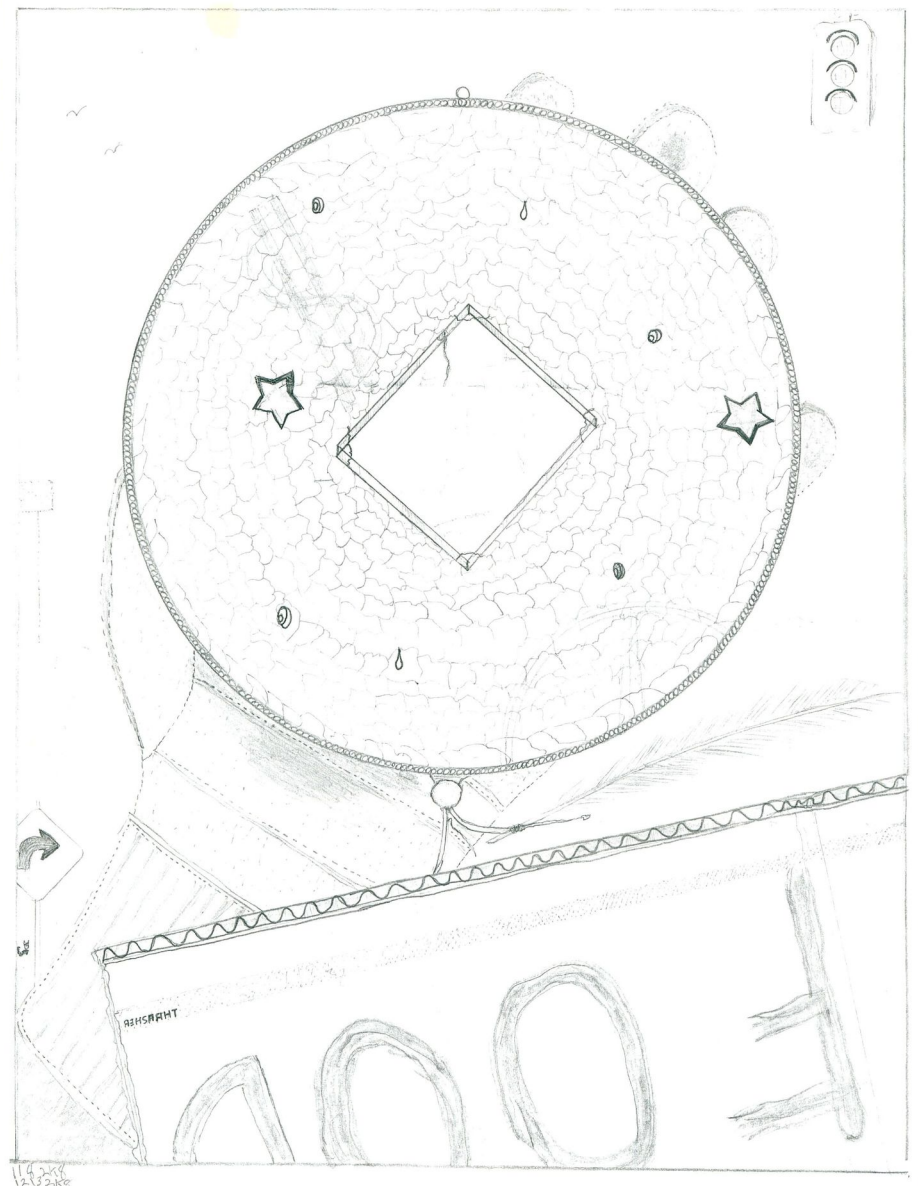
David recognized that New Jersey accent. He reached under his shirt and pulled out the dreamcatcher his grandmother made him. He had put a small piece of mirror in the middle, to reflect those night-

mares back to wherever they came from. He briefly glanced at himself, and then turned the mirror toward the shiny Mercedes.

"Asshole," he said out loud, knowing no one would hear him.

Paul Nicola glanced at his rearview mirror and saw the Indian looking man standing on the corner, holding something he couldn't quite make out. He rubbed at the two-day stubble on his face, and wished he could be more like that man, not having to shave but just a little on his upper lip once in awhile. Not having to answer to anyone. No boss. He looked at the small dreamcatcher he bought at a truck stop souvenir stand on his way to Vegas that was hanging from the mirror. "What a bunch of crap," he thought to himself.

Another line of cars stopped in the left turn lane. No one would make eye contact with David. He put his sign down, and took off his gloves. "Left one first, eh Chief?"



DREAMCATCHER

Artwork: by Brian Thrasher

came the voice from across the street. David looked up and saw his friend "Bags" with a full bag of aluminum cans tied onto his bike. "Yep," he replied, not knowing why he did that, it was just what he

did. And he didn't mind being called "Chief." "Everybody here has a nickname, that's not so bad," he thought many times.

DREAMCATCHER, Part 1
Continued on page 4

Inside This Edition:

Free Food Places

Also: *A Miracle*

and *Dreamcatcher, Part 1*

OUR MISSION IS TO BE A VOICE FOR THE 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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If you are interested in placing an ad in Forgotten Voice, please send email to: forgottenvoice@gmail.com

Forgotten Voice welcomes all submissions in the form of fiction, journalism, artwork, photography, and poetry. We especially encourage those living on the streets to use this space to debate and discuss issues of poverty, housing, and homelessness. Forgotten Voice does not support censorship, and the selection of submissions for print will be made based on the quality of a piece, not its viewpoint. However, Forgotten Voice discourages pieces intended to harass, incite bigotry, or advertise for profit. Forgotten Voice will not print shortened or edited versions of written submissions without the author's prior consent.

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Thanks to the Progressive Leadership Alliance of Nevada for their help.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

UNITY

There are government and organizations, that have veteran in their name or mission statement, that ignore persons outside of their membership. This is a recipe for failure if your goal is to raise public awareness about the hardships and neglect our troops and veterans endure.

Why after six years of war, on two fronts, are problems surfacing in every category? Why are the statistics far higher in every negative area? Anyone who takes the time, effort and expense of phoning and writing should not be ignored. It is a phony excuse to claim that there is not enough time to respond to those with suggestions, concerns and complaints. You can't solve any problem without taking the effort to identify it.

For example, we read daily about cuts in our higher education system. Are the bureaucracies and other veteran organizations making certain that combat veterans are able to take advantage of their educational benefits? How many of them are having difficulty accessing their disability compensation? Both the Dept. of Veterans Affairs

and the Dept. of Defense have backlogs.

Support our veterans and troops. We all must **write** to do this, not just spout rhetoric.

--Frank Perna, Veterans Representative in SNAHP, Southern Nevada Advocates for Homeless People

Problem Solved

Mayor Oscar Goodman places a telephone call to Sheldon Adelson, requesting a reasonable financial donation on behalf of Las Vegas' homeless community, and the billionaire casino mogul immediately writes a check for \$10 million - for a starter. A Tent City is erected near Main Street where essential services are provided, and work is begun on a facility which will offer drug and alcohol rehabilitation and job training to the homeless.

Forgotten Voice gets a \$500,000 grant to expand into TV segments representing the needs of homeless citizens and police crime to the general public. Lawyers are funded to give citizens who have been treated illegally and arbitrarily by police

the ability to file lawsuits and achieve compensation.

Then someday - while we're dreaming here - one of the homeless who has been able to rise from the ashes of Las Vegas' streets becomes an accomplished author and speaker, concentrating his or her research on the shadow Government (whose faces you see in the form of police and their criminal allies in the judiciary, as well as the prostituted media).

This formerly homeless writer/speaker will build upon research which is already available, to paint a more complete picture of the despicable traitors and frauds who have been passed off to us as national leaders, the thugs passed off to us as law enforcement heroes, and the judges and media who round off the macabre citadel of tyranny presented to our nitwit society without shame as the American Rule Of Law.

So for those of you sitting there on Foremaster Street reading this before, during, or after getting high or drunk.....shame on you filthy degenerates (that's what I have heard the police call you). Get off your arses, make billions of dollars, keep it to yourself while cheat-

ing the taxpayer and enslaving other nations into gambling, and be respectable, dammit.

--ANONYMOUS (just like the Government when they break into homes and rape their way through peoples' lives)

Seeking Support

Dear Forgotten Voice,

My name is Mary Turner. My son Steven Hooper was found by having an ad in your paper last year. And I'm grateful for that. Thank you!

Having a family member or friend missing is very hard on a person. I was wondering if we could form a support system for the families. Like hook up families with other families (parents and friends,) so they can have someone truly understand what they are going through. Like a penpal situation, someone to write to, e-mail or call. What do you think? Even a homeless person needs someone for moral support. Give it some thought.

--Sincerely, Mary Turner

Letters to the Editor

We encourage feedback and letters to the editor.

Please keep your letters brief, and email them to:

forgottenvoice@gmail.com with "letter to the editor" in the subject line.

Please include your first and last name, or a nickname if you prefer to remain anonymous. You may also mail letters to:

*Forgotten Voice
c/o PLAN Nevada
732 S. Sixth Street, Suite 200
Las Vegas, NV 89101*

We look forward to hearing from you!

Note from the Editor: Anyone interested in forming a support group for families and friends of missing persons, please e-mail the Editor at Forgotten Voice at forgottenvoice@gmail.com

forgotten
VOICE

Lives of Damaged Dented Dreams

Artwork: by Brian Thrasher

DREAMCATCHER, Part 1

by Rick R., Homeless Advocate

Continued from Front Page

He carefully put his dreamcatcher between his gloves and into the pouch in the top of his backpack, being careful not to damage the last feather. He watched as Bags rode south towards Circle Park. He wondered how his friend Katman was doing in prison.

There was no one at the bus stop, and just then the bus blew by going south on Maryland Parkway. A piece of a newspaper flipped around in the wake of the bus, the headlines seemed to stare right through him. He smelled french fries.

Another line of cars stopped at the light as David picked up his sign and tried to make eye contact. Again, no luck. But a pearl colored Lexus, the last car in line, caught his eye as it didn't move forward. As all the other cars moved on, the Lexus slowly pulled up and the window rolled down. "Hey, did you just call that guy in the Mercedes an asshole?" came the voice from inside. David looked in and saw a nice looking 40-ish blonde, and smelled perfume that almost smelled better than french fries.

"Well um uh...uh..." he stuttered. "Well, you're right, he is an asshole," she said. "You have paint on your pants, can you paint?"

"Well..uh.. yeah, a little," he said. "Here, hold my coffee a sec," she said as she grabbed her purse, pulled out a business card and a twenty, and handed them to him. "Call me on that cell number in a couple of hours," she said as the light turned green and the next car in line honked impatiently. "And keep the coffee, they screwed up my order again." "O.K.!" David yelled as she drove away.

He put his sign down in front of him, leaned it against his legs, and smelled the coffee. Wow. French

vanilla latte. A chill ran up his spine as he took a sip. What a treat. And even better, it had a little lipstick and a faint scent of her perfume. He closed his eyes and took a sip. 20 bucks and a cup of coffee. God and dead relatives were with him today. "Maybe I should go to the casino," he thought.

A blue short bed Ford pickup with tools in the back and a rattling catalytic converter stopped right next to him with the window down. "Hey, you're begging for money, but you can afford Starbucks? I can't even afford Starbucks," said the man inside. "Why don't you get a real job ya lazy fuckin' bum!"

"But... wait..." David didn't have time to explain. The truck took off west on Charleston.

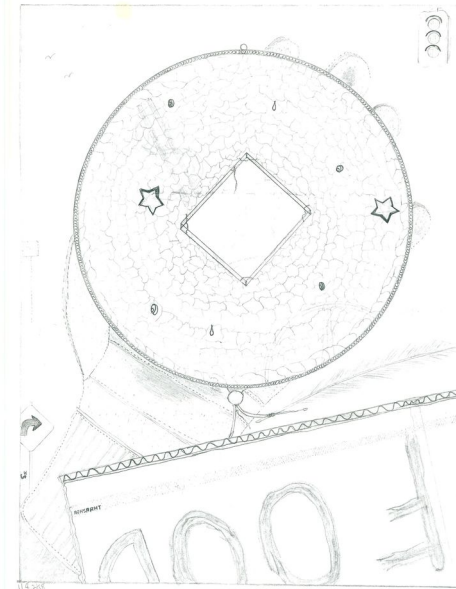
David turned his sign around, and slowly savored every last drop of that coffee. He put the twenty in his pocket, and looked at the business card..."Bridget Briggs Real Estate." He recognized the address. About a mile west of downtown. "Damn, maybe she has work for me..." he thought. He put the card in his left hip pocket. He put the empty cup on the concrete and stepped on it. Another line of cars stopped and went.

WHOOP WHOOP... The sound of the siren from the sheriff's car got his attention quick. Aww crap. He looked over and the deputy was waving at him to come. "Hey, you got a permit for panhandling?" asked the deputy.

"Well, no," said David. "I'm not really panhandling, I really want to work."

"It's illegal to stand on the corner with a cardboard sign. I could write you a ticket. You got any I.D.? Any warrants? Got any drugs or weapons in that bag?" asked the deputy.

"Well, I got this ticket for DUI from Oklahoma, they took my li-



DREAMCATCHER

Artwork: by Brian Thrasher

cense. I don't do drugs, just drink beer sometimes. And I got a screwdriver and a pair of pliers, used to have a bike. And I got a dreamcatcher, some think this one is a weapon..." The deputy cut him off. "Don't get smart with me. I'll put your ass in jail. Gimme that ticket."

David gave him the ticket, the deputy punched his name and number into the computer. "Looks like you are telling me the truth. Just get your ass off my corner, I won't arrest you. And pick up your coffee cup, or I **will** arrest you for littering."

"Yes sir," David said. He went back and picked up the smashed cup, walked to the Circle K, and put it in the trash can. He looked down the street and saw that deputy's lights come on at Circle Park. "Crap. Hope he isn't hassling somebody else," David thought. He took that twenty into the Circle K, asked for change, and with the change splurged on a pack of Marlboros... "You wouldn't understand," he said to the clerk with the puzzled look on her face.....

RESOURCES

Nevada Partnership for Homeless Youth

Services for homeless youth under the age of eighteen or have been in the Nevada foster care system.

Phone: (702) 383-1332

Email: info@nphy.org

Street Teens

Helping homeless and at-risk teens, ages 12-21, in the Las Vegas Valley.

Phone: (702) 215-4171

24 Hour Hotline: (702) 809-3585

Email: StreetTeens@Earthlink.net

Las Vegas Rescue Mission

Reaching the lost and serving the homeless with the Gospel of Jesus Christ since 1970.

Phone: (702) 382-1766

Shade Tree

Shelter for homeless and abused women and children.

Phone: (702) 385-0072

Email: va2@theshadetree.org or ad@theshadetree.org

The Rape Crisis Center

Provides crisis intervention, advocacy, support and education to those affected by sexual violence.

Phone: (702) 366-1640

Email:

staff@therapecrisiscenter.org

Hearing Impaired Services: 1-800-326-6868, 24 hours a day or if in Nevada call 711.

National Domestic Violence Hotline TTY 1-800-787-3224

Language Line: National

Domestic Violence Hotline 1-800-799-SAFE (7233) - free 140

language line

Aid for AIDS of Nevada (AFAN)

Aid for AIDS of Nevada (AFAN) provides support and advocacy for adults and children living with and affected by HIV/AIDS in southern Nevada.

Phone (702) 382-2326

Email: afan@afanlv.org

Eastern Family Medical and Dental Center

The Eastern Family Medical & Dental Center at 2212 Eastern Avenue is the newest clinic in the Nevada Health Centers family of clinics and health services.

The new center offers medical and dental services for the poor and uninsured.

The medical care covers family practice and pediatric services, which include well child care and immunizations, preventive care, care for illnesses, care for chronic

conditions, senior health care and health education.

Dentists provide the full spectrum of dental care to patients age 5 and over.

Appointments are strongly recommended; some sites do see walk-ins for emergency needs. Call the medical center to check on walk-in availability.

Hours: Mon. - Fri. 8 am - 5 pm

Appointments: 702-735-9334

Billing Questions: 1-800-787-2568

A Caterpillar, Caterpillar

by "C.C." Thunder D'Iza

*Caterpillar in a hurry,
The caterpillar doesn't worry.
She will spin a house today,
Inside she will lay.
Changing little everyday;
To spin and die, spin and die,
She will return one day;
A Butterfly!!*

FREE FOOD PLACES

Courtesy of Daril Lev

1. Every Sunday morning at 8:00 am, Dream Center of Las Vegas-located at 911 North G Street, near Washington, has a free pastries, and bread give-away.

2. Every Monday night after 7:00 pm, on the cross-streets of G Street, near McWilliams, a hot dinner and drinks are served.

3. City Mission of Las Vegas, 2214 North Pecos, between Lake Mead, and Carey, serves breakfast on Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Sat.-only, following a short Bible message at 7:00 am. They also serve lunch on those same days, following a short Bible message at 11:00 am.

4. Every Wed. thru Sat. only, at 6:30 am, on the cross-streets of G Street, and McWilliams, a hot breakfast will be served.

5. Every Wed. at 10:30 am, closed summer months! Greater New Jerusalem Missionary Baptist Church 1122 North D Street, near Madison, serves a hot meal, 3 drinks, following a 30 min. Bible message.

6. St. James the Apostle Church, located near Martin Luther King,

and Lake Mead, hands out sack lunches on Wednesdays at 11:00 am. They might be closed summer months though!

7. Christ Episcopal Church, located at 2000 South Maryland Pkwy., near St. Louis, serves a hot meal, and drinks every Wed. night at 5:45 pm. Food Pantry open Monday thru Friday, 10:00 am until 12 noon. Food Vouchers located at HELP of Southern Nevada at 8:00 am. Martin's Closet (clothes and household items) opens Tuesdays 10 am - noon, and, Thursdays at 3 - 5 pm.

8. Ebenezer Hands of help Outreach located on Bartlett Street, near Martin Luther King and Carey, serves a hot meal, and drinks, every Wed. night at 6:00 pm. Closed summer months!

9. Dream Center of Las Vegas, located at 911 North G Street, near Washington serves a hot meal, and drinks, every Thursday night at 5:30 pm. Doors open after 4 pm.

10. Second Baptist Church, located near Madison and E Street, serves a hot breakfast, on the last Saturday of every month only, before 8:00 am.

11. Progressive Pilgrimage Christian Fellowship, located on E Street, in between F Street, and McWilliams, serves a hot meal, on the last Saturday of every month only, before 9:00 am.

12. Victory Baptist Church, located near the cross-streets of E Street, and Monroe, has a feeding on the 2nd, and the 4th Sat. of every month only, at 10:30 am.

13. Calvary Downtown Outreach, located in the back parking lot of Holy A.M.E. Church, which is located at 700 Lola Ave., on Cristina Street, which is near Lake Mead, and Las Vegas Blvd. North, serves a hot meal, and drinks, every Sat.- only, at 12:00 pm.

14. Church of the Harvest, a Filipino Church near E. Sahara and Commercial Center [on State Street] feeds on Saturdays at 11:30 am. Doors open 10:30 - 10:45 am.

15. Las Vegas Rescue Mission, located on D Street, near Bonanza, serves a hot meal- every Mon. thru Sat. night, at 5:00 pm, and every Sun. night, their evening feeding will be at 4:30 pm. Las Vegas Rescue Mission, also serves hot coffee, and dessert every night,

following their Church service which starts at 7:30 pm. On Sunday evening, Church service at 7:00 pm.

16. St. Vincent's, serves coffee and donuts at 6:00 am, every day on Foremaster Lane, near Main Street, and before Owens Ave., and they also serve a hot lunch every day at 10:30 am, on Mains St., after Foremaster Lane, and before Owens Ave.

17. Salvation Army, located on West Owens Ave., near Main Street, serves breakfast every day between 6:30 and 7:00 am. They also serve lunch, every day at 2:40 pm.

18. Morell Park BBQ Feeding, in Henderson, every Friday at 11:30 am, near Boulder Hwy., and Major Ave.

19. St. Timothy's Church in Henderson, near Boulder Hwy. And Texas Ave., feeds Mon. thru Thurs. at 4:00 pm and Sat. at 11:00 am and Sunday at 12:00 pm.

Please send additions and corrections to Forgotten Voice at: forgottenvoice@gmail.com

A MIRACLE

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<http://riverorganization.blogspot.com>
First Published: Thursday, January 8, 2009

Two Years Ago Today

I Became Homeless for the First Time. In March of 2007, I published an entry in my personal journal at AOL my feelings of the events I had experienced. I used the pen name, River.

I still feel what I felt then and that is where the RIVER Organization began. The name of the journal was JESUS LOVES YOU! It is now part of the Family of Websites. This is what I wrote:

A Miracle

Saturday, March 31, 2007

6:04:00 PM PDT

Feeling Worried

A MIRACLE

Sat. 31 March 2007 DAY 82

Homeless

What I believe is a miracle many might think is a tragedy. The reason I believe a miracle has occurred is because I am homeless. Something I thought could never happen. It did happen. Something I thought was not possible. It was possible.

I became homeless in the meanest town in America. Sin City. Las Vegas, Nevada, USA.

I lost everything I owned, and during Epiphany, I was packing my bags for the streets. Two days later, at 3:30 PM, 8 January 2007, I stepped off the 215 West Bonanza Citizens Area Transit bus onto Bonanza and "D" street in front of the Las Vegas Rescue Mission. It was a warm, sunny afternoon as I looked up at the large blue Cross with the words "JESUS SAVES" above the mission complex.

The coldest weather Las Vegas had experienced in decades was moving in, but at that moment, I was actually sweating from tugging a fifty pound satchel in my right hand and maneuvering a cane in my left. I wasn't exactly crip-

pled, but my knees and legs were in severe pain.

The events which unfolded after that moment I tried to document the best I could. Where or when I could write down my notes I did. But much had been lost in the last eighty-two days of being homeless due to losing my notes, having too much occurring too quickly and not being able to write everything down, or to remember everything that happened. The information input was just magnificent. Too, a friend had given me a cheap digital camera and without a memory card I twice lost two full sets of internal memory photos. Photos capturing life on the streets with the homeless... and death on the streets.

I have been blessed by God many, many times since that first day I stepped off the bus and into homelessness. So many unfortunate ones had not received the blessings I received. They were the unlucky ones. And for that, I feel guilty.

It's difficult for me to reveal private things about my life. I am a private person. But in the future of the journal I need to reveal private things in order for the true story to be told. In order for others to understand.

Some of my notes are in a secret hiding place and I am at the mercy of using the tools I have to work with to record the events and log them in my journal. Therefore, unfortunately, I can not start at DAY 1 and place the events in order. Things are going to be mixed up. Perhaps one day in the future I will be able to edit my work and rearrange it. But for now, I think the importance is to get it all entered and documented.

At Christmas time in 2005 I experienced another death in my family. I don't handle deaths well

and God knows I had plenty of them in my own family. And they always seem to die at Christmas time. That was the beginning of the events which spiraled me downward financially. I was earning nearly \$70,000 per year, managing five different departments at work at the same time and working 12 to 16 hour days, minimum. I had planned on retiring in three years and what did I plan on doing when I retired? Helping the homeless, feeding the hungry and helping the poor. My computer was filled with my notes of my intentions, all kinds of ideas and things to do to benefit these social problems which seemed to have no improvement than when I was in my 20s back in New York.

In early, January 2007, I told some of my friends, on the web, I was going on a "mission". And that is what I believe. I believe Jesus sent me on this mission so I could see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears just what is happening on these mean streets of Las Vegas to these poor people who survive and die here. The humanity among the homeless. The violence against the homeless. I've seen it all. God educated me. He didn't want me to wait until I retired three years later from my job. He wanted me to go to work on this Mission right now. And, that is why I believe a miracle has occurred rather than a tragedy in my life.

I will tell my own experience and I will tell the stories of other homeless people. They are not all drunks or drug addicts. Many have no addictions. There are many veterans. Many mentally ill. Many dangerous felons. Many criminals. Many sick. Many disabled. Many older men and women. Many families with



children, even babies. And many with medical problems. And those who simply fell through the cracks financially with no addictions or other problems other than simply losing their jobs and being unable to pay their rent or mortgage. They are, the entire spectrum of American citizens, and some illegal mixed in. They come from every race. Every age. Both genders. Every ethnic and religion. They are about as American as you can get. Diverse and individual. But their stories will be told here.

I will be limited in time on borrowed computers or library computers, and what not. I'll try to make it interesting and keep your attention. But I need to tell this story. I'll have to write fast. I won't be able to edit like I would at home. Forgive me for this and just try to understand and realize I have what I have to work with. Many times it will be hit and run. Sometimes, hit and miss.

I couldn't stay at the Rescue Mission because I had no addictions. I don't do drugs nor alcohol and I have no gambling addiction. Medical problems, yes. Financial problems, yes. Addictions, no. And that is the way it is with many homeless people.

Tomorrow, 1 April 2007, two of the three homeless shelters will close, The Salvation Army and St. Vincent Catholic Charities. The Rescue Mission, is the smallest and by far the best. But they only have 46 overnight beds in the men's bunkhouse and you can stay only for seven nights and you must leave the complex each morning by 7:30AM. After your seven day stay you can not return until 60

days for another seven night stay. The other two shelters have approximately 200 beds each and place several hundred others, during winter shelter, on mats on the floor or just blankets.

The rest of the 15,000 homeless in Las Vegas sleep outside. After tomorrow, only the Rescue Mission will shelter. The winter shelter of the other two are said to close. Food lines or soup kitchens may remain open. There are rumors that Las Vegas Metro Police Department and The City Marshals are going to round up the homeless

and transport them to a fenced camp at Nellis Air Force Base to keep the tourist of the Grand Prix races from seeing them. I hope this is not true, but we'll see. Nothing could be more shameful to our homeless American Vets than to put them in a concentration camp. Let's just hope it is an April Fools joke.

I pray for D from Wyoming. D has helped me survive on the streets. He has been missing now 9 days. We were suppose to meet at a meeting place and he never showed. I ask God to look over

him and send him a Guardian Angel.

I pray for the thousands others out here, the unfortunate ones. I ask Jesus to show mercy over them and guide them away from harm.

I thank those who have helped the homeless. Those who have brought food and hygiene supplies and things like that and those who have done what they could to comfort the homeless. I ask God to bless them.

I thank God for the many blessings he has given me. I thank Him for those who showed me how to

survive. And those who have helped me and others.

I'll try to make things as brief as I can. Thanks for bearing with me. The more I get down, the less that will be lost.

JESUS, TAKE THE WHEEL

Thanks for joining me. God Bless You. And Always Remember, JESUS LOVES YOU!

RIVER, Las Vegas, Nevada
In Christ
Cliff Harrison

Community Empowerment

Factors of Poverty;

The Big Five: The factors of poverty (as a social problem) that are listed here, ignorance, disease, apathy, dishonesty and dependency, are to be seen simply as conditions. No moral judgement is intended.

They are not good or bad, they just are...

If each of us make a personal commitment to fight the factors of poverty at whatever station in life we occupy, then the sum total of all of us doing it, and the multiplier effect of our actions on others, will contribute to the decay of those factors, and the ultimate victory over poverty.

--Phil Bartle, PhD

<http://www.scn.org/cmp/modules/emp-pov.htm>

Quote of the Day

Every great dream begins with a dreamer. Always remember, you have within you the strength, the patience, and the passion to reach for the stars to change the world.

-- Harriet Tubman

Factors of Poverty; The Big Five

3) Apathy: Apathy is when people do not care, or when they feel so powerless that they do not try to change things, to right a wrong, to fix a mistake, or to improve conditions.

Sometimes, some people feel so unable to achieve something, they are jealous of their family relatives or fellow members of their community who attempt to do so. Then they seek to bring the attempting achiever down to their own level of poverty. Apathy breeds apathy.

Sometimes apathy is justified by religious precepts, "Accept what exists because God has decided your fate." That fatalism may be misused as an excuse. It is OK to believe God decides our fate, if we accept that God may decide that we should be motivated to improve ourselves. "Pray to God, but also row to shore," a Russian proverb, demonstrates that we are in God's hands, but we also have a responsibility to help ourselves.

We were created with many abilities: to choose, to cooperate, to organize in improving the quality of our lives; we should not let God or Allah be used as an excuse to do nothing. That is as bad as a curse upon God. We must praise God and use our God-given talents.

In the fight against poverty, the mobilizer uses encouragement and praise, so that people (1) will want to and (2) learn how to — take charge of their own lives. --Phil Bartle, PhD

<http://www.scn.org/cmp/modules/emp-pov.htm>

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

City Council Meetings are held on the first and third Wednesday of each month except on holidays.

City Hall Council Chambers:

400 Stewart Ave., Las Vegas, NV

Morning session begins at 9:00 am

Afternoon session begins at 1:00 pm

(public comment is at the end)

Meet the Mayor!

Generally, every month Mayor Oscar Goodman has a "Coffee with the Mayor" followed by an open door meeting. These meetings are open to all and participation is encouraged. For date and place, call the mayor's office at: 229-6241

Southern Nevada Regional Planning Coalition's Committee on Homelessness

Meets every second Thursday of the month at 2:00 pm at the Clark County Government Center Commission Chambers, 500 S. Grand Central Parkway, Las Vegas, NV



NEVADA HOMELESS ALLIANCE

Nevada Homeless Alliance includes service providers and consumers in the region working together as resources and advocates for the homeless.

For more information and a schedule of upcoming meetings, please contact

Kim Amato via email at nvhomelessalliance@yahoo.com or phone at (702) 455-2699.

For more information or to volunteer, please contact Help Hope Home by phone at (702) 455-5832, email at caw@co.clark.nv.us or visit www.helphopehome.org



Help Hope Home

Helping the Homeless in Southern Nevada
www.helphopehome.org

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needs your help with printing costs.

For details, email us at:

forgottenvoice@gmail.com



Special Events

Food Not Bombs: Community group serving food to hungry people every Sunday at 10am at Baker Park on E. Saint Louis Avenue at S. 10th Street, Las Vegas, NV
Foodnotbombslasvegas@hotmail.com

*"Be the change you want to see in the world."
--Mahatma Gandhi*

*If you won't be making food, you can still show up to serve, to eat, or just to hang out.
Building community, one day at a time.
Hope to see you all there!*

Let Your Voice Be Heard!

Forgotten Voice welcomes all submissions in the form of fiction, journalism, artwork, photography, and poetry.

We especially encourage those living on the streets to use this space to debate and discuss issues of poverty, housing, and homelessness.

Submissions can be emailed to: forgottenvoice@gmail.com or mailed to:

*Forgotten Voice
c/o PLAN Nevada
732 S. Sixth Street, Suite 200
Las Vegas, NV 89101*

We look forward to hearing from you!