



Volunteer

Holiday Meals

Our Place will be serving a couple of holiday meals on December 24 and 31 — turkey with all of the trimmings. All volunteers for both meals are now in place, though we encourage you to drop by and share a meal with us on one or both of those days.

Volunteer Absences

A friendly reminder that Antoinette appreciates knowing when you are going to be away, particularly for an extended period of time. And if you haven't already let her know about your holiday plans, please take a moment to do so. Much appreciated!



*Pushing his grocery cart with all his worldly goods. Sipping from a hot cup of coffee to fight the winter cold
His long, dirty hair, dirty body, dirty clothes smelled a bit*

No place to take a bath when living in the streets

He stopped to watch a mother and child decorate the front lawn

Memories of long ago brought tears to his eyes

Seems like yesterday; he and his mother, in the front yard decorating the house for Christmas

It was so long ago

He wished he was home; he wished for the good times with love, joy and laughter

Some see him as a bum; too lazy for work; some see him as a low class, just a dirty old scum

He was once a proud man; once had loved ones, a home, a job and a car

Time gone bad, jobs lost, no money for mortgage or paying the bills

Family lost, stress and confusions set in; where did it all go wrong?

People passed by and remarked, lazy old man, should get himself a job

People passed by and frowned at him

A couple passing by handed him two dollars; he quietly thanked them

Another hot cup of coffee to help fight the cold winter night

Walking on down the street he passed a house with Christmas music playing "Silent Night" he stopped to listen for awhile

Oh, how he wished he was home; he longed for the times when love and family was all around

So long ago; his family no more; just a lonely old man in a lonely town

A young woman passing by handed him a ten dollar bill; he whispered thank you

To the woman it was just extra change; to the old man it was gold in his hand

A little more to eat; more hot coffee for the cold, winter nights

People stopped to give him money; they seldom stopped to talk

So cold; so lonely; he said to himself as he pushed his cart to his sleeping place

Back of a building; close to the wall, to help block the wind and the bitter cold

He placed a dirty blanket over cardboard to lay on; another dirty blanket from his cart to cover himself; so cold, so lonely the old man was

He thought of Christmastime past; the good times he had when love, family and friends, did surround him

His mind wandered from the loneliness and the bitter cold;

Somehow, he managed to fall asleep

Remember the homeless at Christmas time, if only in your prayers.

- Mary E. Coe

Holiday Greetings & Thanks!

Antoinette had the very great pleasure of welcoming over 100 Our Place volunteers at a holiday gathering held on Friday, December 3. Volunteers enjoyed an opportunity to mingle with some new and familiar faces while enjoying a lovely array of hot and cold hors d'oeuvres. A good time was had by all.



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