

The Elm City Echo
Issue 21-Spring 2023

Mission

The Elm City Echo aims to promote awareness of homelessness and displacement by giving contributors a community-oriented platform to amplify their voices and experiences.

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Letter from the Editors

Dear New Haven,

We are excited to present to you the twenty-first issue and Spring 2023 edition of the Elm City Echo!

The Echo is a publication that aims to highlight the voices of New Haven residents facing housing insecurity or homelessness by providing those impacted to share their stories and insights. At the Echo, we believe that everyone has a right to safe, affordable housing and that no one should be forced to live on the streets or in unstable living conditions. We are committed to amplifying the voices of those facing homelessness or home displacement through our publication.

This year, the Echo team was able to fully return to in-person activities and revived many of our relationships with our pre-pandemic community partners. Each week, our volunteers visited one of our four community partner sites and worked one-on-one with each writer by facilitating the brainstorming process and guiding them through edits. Each writer brought their own distinct style and voice to their writing, which is reflected by the large variety of themes in this issue. This issue showcases a variety of stories, including personal accounts of overcoming drug addiction, reflections on dreams and aspirations, and many other compelling narratives.

The Echo is privileged to have such talented writers who have poured their hearts and souls into sharing their stories with our readers. We extend our sincerest appreciation to all of our contributors for their openness in sharing their experiences and taking the time to write for us. We also sincerely thank our community partners at Chapel on the Green, Columbus House, Continuum of Care, and Fellowship Place for allowing our team to come to their sites every week.

We hope that the stories presented in this issue will inspire you to cultivate understanding and compassion, engage with your community, and work toward building a more equitable and just society. Whether you're a longstanding reader or just discovering the Echo, we extend our sincere and heartfelt gratitude for your support, and are looking forward to sharing more stories with you next year.

*Sincerely,
Lauren & Sabine*

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An Amazing Day *by Jaquetta*

We had an amazing day
We accomplished many things.
We accepted life and love.
I have to be brave against the world.
Please understand I am brave
That I love beautiful people, the gorgeous life lessons, and the adversities of simplicity.

Beginning *by Domingo*

There we were at the beginning of time
When the Earth was yours, and the Sun was mine.
And slowly, a teardrop down my face
Finally I found love in this cold-hearted place
What shall I do or what shall I say
Or shall I go on living another lonely day

Moon *by Jaquetta*

The moon is bright orange, blazing, yellow, precious, and gorgeous. I see beauty. I always have a sense of poetry, haha. Attractive, pretty, handsome, good looking, nice looking, pleasing, alluring, prepossessing, as pretty as a picture.

Sincerely,
Jaquetta

My Name Is *by Buster*

It was September 6, 1954. My mom and dad were at a local race track when my mom went into labor and was taken to the local hospital. That was the beginning of my long life. I grew up in New London. I had a good childhood growing up. I was 17 when I went to the Marines. I got to go all over the world. I have been to Japan, Hawaii, Hong Kong, Philippines, Alaska, Taiwan, and California. I was discharged in California and came back home to Connecticut. Life can be tough.

Time

by Domingo

Time is a place of still love
Time is a reflection of past and present
Time is curious
Time is a passion
Time is a hug sealed with a kiss
Time is when a loved one is missed
Time is frozen in the mist

Untitled

by Jaquetta

We will overcome the will of burden.
We will be all we want to be.
We love our life and our law.
The End.

Sincerely,
Jaquetta



A Sleepless Day and Night

by Anonymous

An early morning start, waking up to a beginning of seeing the world through my eyes, having no clue what's up or how my day and night turn out with nowhere to sleep. The road becomes as wide as the sea. It goes beyond the sky with no reach, there's an endless boundary, so there's no comfort where I can find a soft location to rest my eyes and body. I feel I'm not worth the life I'm living, so I'm willing to give and try again the next day, searching for a home with peace.

Introduction

by James

CW: Substance abuse

Understanding my story and my struggle. My name is James. Just wanna let everyone know how it's been growing up in the projects. I grew up in a home with a family of four. Also, I am the youngest out of my siblings. And I have always been labeled as the black sheep. As I grew into my childhood, I felt as if I didn't have a voice: I was misunderstood. As I begin to open up in my story, I shall go much further in-depth about the challenges that made me and developed me into the man that I am today!

Growing up in the environment I did, I've seen a lot of violence. It caused a lot of my trauma due to seeing a lot of death in my community. A lot of drug activities. Pregnant mothers were on drugs, and fathers weren't around. So not having a father figure in the house caused a lot of innocent children to be brought up in broken homes that caused a lot of gang activities and violence in our communities. Back in the early 90s, there were a lot of male fathers not in the homes, so as young children, we were influenced by the older males that were in the streets. Then we joined gangs, ended up in the prison system, or dead. The reason why the fathers weren't in the homes is because the mothers were in low-income housing, so the fathers were forced to not be in the homes. So when I see a good father raising their children, it's an honor because mine wasn't around. I embrace those who can break cycles for this generation.

Everything is working out pretty good, from the last time I wrote. I'm believing God is gonna be providing a great opportunity for an apartment. I believe that I had to go through this to learn who I am as a man. Not to depend on anyone but to rely on him. So I am standing on his promises. In the meantime, it's a humbling experience, but I am at the end of my road of being homeless. I got a chance to meet some wonderful people and got a chance to help a lot of wonderful people as well. There's nothing that a person can't overcome when they are willing and wanting to change. There's a lot of resources and help out here that's available. I believe you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink. Life is only what you make it. Either push through the trials and tribulations, or you're gonna drown in life with despair.

My Life *by Sherrea*

My life is complete.
Only day and night I can't sleep.
Every time I can't eat, but sometimes I make my life complete.
Only time when I write or I eat that now I make my life complete

Her *by North Maine Germaine*

Her looks were so vivid and beautiful,
It made my soul rise to the sky.
But my heart felt warm so that made me shy.
The ring is hers and I'll call her my queen
Or till I wake up from this amazing dream.
I know my mind is playing tricks on me
Like a magician or the talking owl in the tree.
My heart is part bull so I will pursue
If not, keep writing these poems to you!
Thank you

Life *by Dulcie* *CW: Substance Abuse*

I became homeless about a year ago. Before that, I lost my Dad and Mom four months apart, my brother a year before, and just lost my niece, sister, and mother-in-law. I can see how life humbles you, I became an addict, and my life totally changed. I have met some wonderful people through my homelessness, the staff at Fellowship basically saved my life. They made life worth living for because they actually care about me. It's not just a paycheck for them. Hopefully, I will get my life together before fentanyl takes it all away.

The Fight

By: Anonymous

There are days when you can wake up and have the goals planned out for the day. Other days are just trying to figure out where their next meal is coming from. Trying to find the glimpse of light, just to know everything will be okay, is all that is needed to continue the fight. For example, not everyone is blessed with the things that are wanted, but with the faith of your higher power, anything is possible with patience and determination. Never give up on hope because he hasn't given up hope on us.

A Sober Man, A Sober Life

by Gaetano
CW: Substance abuse

It's now been two and a half months since I had a drink or used drugs. I feel like a great big weight has been lifted off my shoulders. My mind is starting to clear; I'm beginning to see and feel the old me coming back, and it feels great. I'm starting to gain a better outlook on life—the feeling of uselessness is no longer an option. I know I'm better than that, and I deserve better things in life. I believe living a sober life and changing my attitudes and behaviors have a lot to do with it, and most of all, living my life one day at a time, one minute at a time, and sometimes, one second at a time!

Although

by Stephanie

Although you may not love me,
Although you may not care,
If you shall ever need me,
You know I'll be there.
Although your heart is taken,
Although it may not be free.
If your heart is ever broken,
You can always lean on me.
I'll always be at hand to
Help you through the pain, 'cause with
Every ray of sunshine shall fall a little rain.
I know I'll never stop loving you,
I know 'cause I've tried.
All the oceans in the world couldn't
Hold the tears I've cried.

Chances

by Daniel

CW: Suicide

A second chance one did not ask for is a heady responsibility. To come alive once more and be unsure of one's place in this world is daunting. Haunted by my former self, I come to grips with the cross I bear: a day, a new beholder to my second chance. I did not ask to collapse in my room, for my mother to count the moments between my breaths for the medics. Nor did I ask to be saved in a lengthy and involved hospital stay. I had no desire to be excused from my self-destructive, misanthropic misery. But I'm glad I was, and I owe it to my former self and trauma to be better.



Dewdrops

by Daniel

Where the morning's haze hangs into late afternoon
Glistening flora and undisturbed fauna
As tongues graze the sweetness of dewdrops
In untouched paradise.

Paradoxical my desire, here to be
As would surely dismantle such harmony
What turmoils of interaction
Reluctant observance to observe.

Melancholy adoration of
A most perfect garden.

Dropouts, Drifters, and Drunks: Dirty, Broke, Beautiful, and Free

by Daniel

I wrote this for my class in college. Pat's lyrics connect deeply with me, and I wanted to share his inspirational story with you. The original essay has been abridged for publication.

Restless, irritable, and discontent. Patrick Schneeweis ('Pat,' 'Mr. Schneeweis') knows sorrow in his songs. His stage name, 'Pat The Bunny,' references the 'touch-and-feel' children's book of the same name. The Brattleboro-based musician was the founder and frontman of several bands in his sixteen-year career. Patrick Schneeweis' personal journey is reflected in his lyrics, which intimately detail his experiences with anarchism, punk rock, depression, suicide, homelessness, drug addiction, rehabilitation, and 12-step recovery. Pat continually searches for meaning and a personal understanding of freedom throughout his personal journey paralleled in his lyrics.

The songs analyzed herein are "Acid Song," "My Idea of Fun," "We Are All Compost in Training," and "From Here to Utopia." Respectively, the albums are *Love Songs for the Apocalypse* (Johnny Hobo and the Freight Trains, 2005), *Burn the Earth! Leave it Behind!* (Wingnut Dishwashers Union, 2009), and *Live the Dream* (Ramshackle Glory, 2011).

In 2000, the thirteen-year-old Pat "the Bunny" Schneeweis began Johnny Hobo and the Freight Trains with several friends; Mr. Schneeweis was the lyricist, lead vocalist, and acoustic guitarist. In 2005, the group released their split-album *Love Songs for the Apocalypse*, which featured several of their most prominent tracks. The blending of punk rock with American folk is the defining sound of the band. The third song of the album, "Acid Song," thematically assesses the realities of substance abuse and homelessness as incongruent with the ideals of a Judeo-Christian God.

In "Acid Song," Pat explores the practicalities of Christian spirituality following a psychedelic experience gone awry the previous day. Having awoken on the train tracks "with a torn pair of shoes," Pat abridges his teenage substance abuse to a head: a singular event through which he "found [he had] ruined [his] life and everyone else's, too." Pat's opening statement that if he "found God anywhere, it would be by the tracks / Face down in a box car, forty in both hands" is paralleled with its binary opposite, that if he "found Satan anywhere it would be by the tracks / Trading souls of kids like me for cheap bags of smack," indicating that the train tracks where he has awoken are purgatory—the intersection of Biblical heaven and hell—and a metaphor for homelessness and drug addiction. Swearing that he "left [his] sanity someplace in this mess," as it has been "crumpled between empty beers and packs of cigarettes," Pat implies his substance use has gained control over him, causing him to "kick [his] last hope to pieces and just hope for the best" and embrace insanity through the paradoxical line. Of his homeless experience, Pat ultimately surmises that perhaps "this is why my friends warned me against hopelessness."



For Pat, then a sixteen-year-old disgruntled artist for whom the preceding track titled “Whiskey is My Kind of Lullaby” was autobiographical, overcoming his substance abuse disorder would prove extremely challenging. Pat is literally finding God—that is to be a drunken homeless man—is perhaps only a metaphor for his adolescent religious disillusionment. Yet, a further reading of “tracks” as a double-entendre for ‘track marks’ may indicate the introspective recognition by the young artist that he may be forced to ‘find God’ to ultimately address his intravenous heroin addiction.

Following Johnny Hobo and the Freight Trains, Pat formed the band Wingnut Dishwashers Union in 2007, which released their album *Burn the Earth! Leave it Behind!* in 2009. The album’s final track, “My Idea of Fun” deals intimately with mainstay themes of loneliness, depression, addiction, societal marginalization, and postmodern disillusionment. Speaking on the sense of freedom accompanying homelessness, Pat “swear[s] [he’ll] run away from every home [he’ll] ever have / So “[he’ll] build a new house in every town [he’ll pass],” hoping that “maybe then [he] won’t always feel lost and trapped,” indicating that his inner turmoil is the driving force of his escapist actions.

Pat writes in the second-person that “if you don’t want to work, then that becomes your job / There’s a lot of overtime, there’s not many days off.” Taken in context, Mr. Schneeweis is ultimately proposing that while a romanticized view of dropping out of life can be greatly enticing to a depressed individual, the realities of the homeless heroin addict are jarring, and the lifestyle necessitates as much, if not greater work than a full-time job, as the ‘job of not working’ continues twenty-four hours per day, seven days per week.

Of those whose work is not working, Pat explains that he has “watched friends go from being pessimists to work-at-home archaeologists,” a metaphor for their intravenous heroin addictions, as Pat’s ‘archeologist’ friends “dig skin deep, they work hard every day / On burying their arms for a vein or two that maybe they forgot.” Speaking of his “neighbor in St. Pete,” who has “been on house arrest down here,” Pat explains how “the law, they caught her one too many times / Shootin’ dope when she felt like she could die,” illustrating the link between depressive thinking and substance abuse. Pat considers that while the progression of his musical career may be inextricably tied to his search for freedom, he comes to find his retirement necessary. Predicting his final performance, Pat writes, “on the night that I play my last show, I’ll be / Singing so loud that my heart explodes / And I’ll be singing, I’ll be singing: ‘We are free!’” Pat then pleads that “won’t you promise me that we won’t ever / Forget what the means?,” because while he empathizes that “it’s hard to give a shit sometimes,” he nevertheless requests his listeners to “promise [him] we’ll always try.” Pat admits he needs this promise kept; he writes in conclusion: “I don’t wanna hate you, and I don’t wanna hate me / And I don’t wanna have to hate everything anymore.” Patrick Schneeweis ultimately retired as a musician in 2016. Residing in Los Angeles with nearly a decade sober, Mr. Schneeweis fortunately appears to have not forgotten what freedom means.

First Day

By: Rob

Nothing to say. First day. Welcome back to life. I hope everything goes well with my new room. I am new here. Just released. Three years in prison isn’t good for you. My physical condition has greatly deteriorated. It’s going to be an uphill battle to get into good enough shape to go back to work. My psychological condition was damaged by such a long stay in jail as well. Not good. You can see it in my poor handwriting, which used to be beautiful. But now it is very weak. Don’t go to jail. It will ruin your life. It is going to take the same amount of time to get back to normal again. So many roadblocks. No I.D., no money, no phone. It’s very difficult getting started again. I am not sure where to begin again. This is a good exercise for now.

I hope I have a place to sleep tonight. The staff seems unsure if they will have a bed available. Wow. I am scared. I don’t want to be put out on my first night. I hope to hear some good news soon...

Had and Will Have It All

by Casey

I used to have it all,
now I'm starting all over again.
Gaining trust, trying not to worry
about what's to come tomorrow.
But I have to. I'm paranoid.
When I used to not have a
worry in the world. They say it's
day by day, but it's
second by second for me.

Truly I'm doing the best I can.
They say selfishness is a bad thing,
but I may need to be, though in
a positive way. I will, I will be
successful and make it.

Here & Now

by Christopher

CW: Substance abuse, depression

I'm living in the crisis & respite today. Grateful & appreciative! I'm headed to a program with work release soon—a chance to be a good man & hopefully an even better father. Lord knows my beautiful three-year-old daughter deserves it.

This is a new start at life, my next chapter being written.

It's been a long & winding road to get to here & now. There have been ups & downs galore. I've owned multiple homes, multiple luxury cars, had great jobs, big savings, & traveled many places. I've been homeless, broken, cross-addicted, incarcerated, dead (overdosed), anxious, & depressed.

The two things I haven't been are thankful & hopeful. I'm trying to see the world from a different perspective. One where anything is possible & each day is brighter. A great place for my little girl to grow up. So wish me luck in the here & now to infinity. I promise to do the same for you!

I Don't Have a Clue

by Kareem

CW: Substance abuse

I was born in New York. I was addicted to drugs when I was born. My father was in jail and I was sent here, to New Haven, where I grew up. I started using drugs when I was 11 years old. I was smoking PCP, which makes you see things that aren't there. I would steal cars for money to get my drugs, and this continued until I was 34. Then, I picked up doing crack. It took me to places that no one wants to go. Now, I'm in a drug program and trying to get my life back together.

Jekyll & Hyde

by Gaetano

Today has been an up-and-down kind of day so far. My mind is racing, wondering when it is going to be my time to go. It's nothing bad, but I'm starting to feel like my recovery's going nowhere like it's at a standstill. Even though life is still going on, no matter how I feel. But life—it doesn't stop for anyone. It keeps going on. And if there's one thing I've learned, I might feel one way at one moment but another way the next. Sometimes I hate having feelings because most of my troubles have come from my feelings. I'm learning how to deal with my feelings, how to not let them consume me. They always bring out the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in me, if you know what I mean.

Just One of Those Days

by Gaetano

CW: Substance abuse, death

Today is a very tiring day. It's raining, cold, and boring. Some days I wish I were somewhere else, doing something else. But one thing is for sure: I would rather be all of those things than be on the streets getting high. What I thought was having fun was tearing my life apart. I was losing my relationships with family and friends. But most of all, I wasn't being the father that I knew I could be. Even though I was there in person, I wasn't there mentally, if you know what I mean. It has been two and a half months since my son passed away. The pain is still sometimes so unbearable that I want to run back to my friend Mr. Bottle-and-Bag to stop some of it, even if just for a while. But I know that stopping the pain for a while won't stop it permanently, so I decided to get sober. It's been a month and a half, and it feels good. Now I have to deal with the feelings and emotions again. For me, it won't be an easy thing to deal with, but for now, I'm just taking it one day at a time. That's what's been working for me, and sometimes it's just one minute or one second at a time. Whatever I have to do to keep this demon they call addiction at bay and in check!

Life

by Brianna
CW: Depression

Days have passed since I was kicked out of my parents' house. I have lived in that house since May of 2001—since I was born. Being away and knowing I can't go back is scary to me. But life will hit you out of nowhere, and it will put you in situations that will change you. I have been through a lot in my life—emotionally and physically—but that has done nothing but make me the strong woman I am today.

I was diagnosed with depression and anxiety when I was fifteen. I am 21 now. That makes six years of ongoing suffering. There are nights where I can't sleep. Hours go by, tossing, turning, and sweating. My heart races, there's a shortness of breath. I'll overthink the past and worry about the present and the future, constantly and without end. All of that turns into depression. It turns into nothing being of interest to me, it leaves me feeling sluggish and with low self-esteem.

Sometimes I wonder if this was meant to happen to me. I wonder whether God did this to me to make me who I am today or if maybe he just hates me. I question everything about the higher power, even though I was always told you shouldn't question God. I tried everything to get better, but somehow depression just sneaks up on me and attacks me and messes up everything good I had going in my life. That's why I'm in the situation I'm in now.

Life Changing

by LaRae
CW: Substance abuse

I never thought I would ever be able to want to stop using drugs. I loved the feeling they gave me. I said I would never stop.

I gave up so much for drugs. I didn't think I had a problem. I lost my mother, two cousins, and so many friends due to drugs, and I still wasn't ready to stop. I had nobody. My mom was gone, and I have three amazing daughters that wanted nothing to do with me. All I had were drugs. When I started talking to somebody, he never used drugs. I was always getting high regardless of who was around. But when I was around him, I really didn't use either.

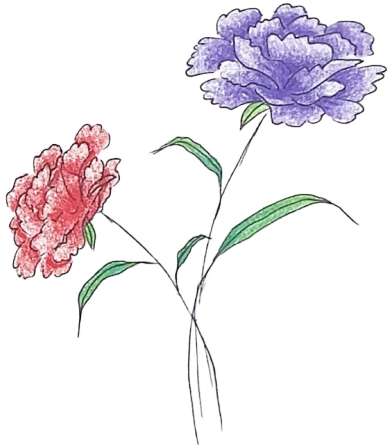
For some reason, he took my mind away from that. I wanted to be around him, I didn't care about getting high. He knew I was getting high—the minute he wasn't around I would use until I was with him again. My drug use got worse during that time, and he talked to me about getting help. And I started to think about it for once. Then I did it. I made that life changing call and got the help I always needed.

Now, I am seven months sober. I'm almost done with school, too. I'll be a Drug & Alcohol Recovery Coach, and I have my daughters back in my life. I'm still with the most amazing man that has helped me change my life for the better. I can't be more thankful for him seeing more in me than I saw in myself. Thank you for helping me get my life, my daughters, and everything else back that I had lost. I wouldn't have been able to do any of this without you.

Lost but Now Found

by Gaetano

As I sit here in my chair, thinking about how I went wrong, about the ups and downs I go through, my emotions and feelings run high. Damn, what's going on? From faith to no faith, clear to unclear, still where did I go wrong? As I work to clean up the wreckage of my past, as I try to get back those things I once had, I'm no longer that man I used to be. I'm now that man I should be. Twenty-eight days—I had the time to get up in the morning and change my mind. I will not go out and commit a crime.



Myself

by Joseph

Be kind to others
Be kind to yourself
Remember to be always
True to yourself
And believe in your dreams
They will come true
Always believe, everyday.

Perception

by Yaya

CW: Substance Abuse

My ability to see the things in life as they are has always been shaded by a false perception of reality, one where I can always see the most important aspect of creation (if you can believe that.) I guess learning this unrelenting truth has been painful yet awakening: the self-realization that I am not always right, or not the most important, and at times I am a downright child with behavioral issues that go far beyond addiction.

With that being said, knowing the “why” is not so important. Now, I need to focus on the “how” of beginning my journey out of this self-imposed emotional rollercoaster that was created by my inability to go through the feelings of life. It will start with me having a newfound love of wanting to love and to laugh and to live, and my acceptance is giving rise and birth born out of my soul—the soul that God created.

I guess putting the substance down is not at all as important as picking my life up. I can do it, yes, I feel I can.

Story About My Life

by Isaiah

CW: Death

I'm Isaiah, and my life has been okay, but most of my loved ones have died. My dad died when I was only two and a half years old. There have only been two times in my life when I have cried and regretted it. But life is for a purpose. I like going to church; nothing else is like having fun. When I get older, I just want to take care of my family.

The Climb

by Clifford

CW: Substance Abuse

I have been an alcoholic since I was 13 years of age and have struggled with it for the majority of my adult life. The recovery process was introduced to me in 2010. It took many years to comprehend all of the variables, trials, and tribulations resulting in success and failures along my path. I am a fan of analogies as a source of relativity and understanding.

Recovery for me is much like a hiking trip or an adventure, starting off with the campsite (alcohol) being a safe place. As I start my journey of sobriety, I see the forest riddled with leaves. I can look at it as a starting point and use a leaf blower (abstinence) to clear my path. While I am pushing the leaves aside to expose my direction, I make sure to take caution and place my feet very precisely and meticulously so as to not veer off in the wrong direction. I reach the bottom of the mountain, staring at the summit (lifelong sobriety), and realize there are many different ways to reach my destination. One is to walk slowly instead of running—if you run, you will be exhausted when you get to the top and will have missed the chance to enjoy the scenery. When achieving my goal, standing atop and high, I realize that there is so much more to see on the side of the summit.

The Universe Testing Me

by Nikolas

It's like when everything finally falls into place, something gets put in my path. I went to the doctor on Tuesday. CT scans. On the Thursday before the CT scans, the doctor told me he thought the bone in my ankle collapsed in on itself. He gave me two options: either be in pain or get my ankle fused, which means I'll never be able to move it again. No sports, no being as active as I wanna be. I don't have to get it done, I'll just be in pain, which I don't want. My mother looked it up and said it's common for that to get done, but my dad and step-mom said not to get it done. I'm still waiting on the results of the CT scan and bloodwork. But if I get it done, that would affect my placements for the future, which means more medications. I don't want that. The doctors just called me, they want to discuss the results. It will cause me anxiety.

There Was A Family

by Wayne

There was a family. David, the father; Emily, the mother; and their son, Thomas.

One day, Thomas was doing a big jigsaw puzzle of the world and found it difficult. So he went to his mother and asked for her help, and she told Thomas she would help him in a little while. So Thomas went to his dad, and his dad told him the same thing.

Time passed, and Thomas excitedly went back to his parents because he had finished the puzzle. His mom and dad asked him, "*How did you finish the puzzle so fast and by yourself? We thought you needed help!*" Thomas told his parents that while he was working on the puzzle, he realized that the opposite side had a picture of a boy just like himself. "*So I flipped the puzzle over and easily put the puzzle of the boy together,*" Thomas said. "*And when I flipped the puzzle back over, the world was together again, too.*"

I Grew Taller When I Sat Besides a Tree

by Roy

The tree noticed a man in his thirties sitting beside it. The tree asked the young man, "Why are you sitting beside me and sitting on my roots?" The man replied, "I am sitting and meditating." The tree asked, "Why are you sitting, and what does meditating mean?" The young man contemplated the answer to this question for quite a while. The young man gave this answer to the tree: Each person or sentient being may have a different answer to your question. I feel I should respond this way to your inquiry. Meditation is temporarily freeing your mind, body, and soul with the inherent power within your soul."

Nelle, I'm Carolyn

by Carolyn

I am a woman of encouragement and a woman of inspiration. We are important as women. We must take the front seat. We deal with a lot and go through a lot. There are things that we must realize: we are queens of the universe. We must respect ourselves as women. And don't feel like you are not accepted in society. I am me, and there is no substitute in my place. Love you 100%.

Promptings

by David

I always pray for better
But I feel like I sometimes
am threatened with worse.

God, are you really there?
And what if you're not?
I know that you could be there,
In spite of everything.

How can I continue
To pray for better?
I know that my life must continue
As long as there is a place for me
On God's green earth.

I wish for everyone to be
As well-endowed as I myself am.
I do have certain gifts
That God would like me to share
Anywhere and everywhere.

I need planning to be in my life,
Here and there and everywhere.
I also need
Positive examples to follow.

It seems to me that I was put here for a reason, but
I have little confidence about what that reason is.

I am angry about the way someone affected me.
Even though she must have been
Something of an inspiration to me.

My feelings for and about her
Are still in question in my deepest mind and heart.



Three States (MA, NYC, CT)

by Yoethevy
CW: Infidelity

Once there was a boy, very charming, think of someone quick on their feet, who with words, analyzes the situation and assesses it. This kind of person had no problem in the field of relationships, intimate or friendship. This kind of person was what the streets would call a manhoe. This gentle man was a lady's man, but his journey came to an end after meeting his match. This person formed a relationship, understanding the fundamentals of a settled relationship and commitment. Certain things this gentleman learned through the eyes of another. This person had to keep a separate life from his partner, whom he soon would share the rest of his life with. This person was let down by his family, which interrupted the balance in the relationship. This person was sabotaged, set up, and framed in the most horrific scene to accomplish total conflict between the two.

This person traveled between Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut. Families would have individual people, preferably female, posted at the best locations as a plan to frame the gentlemen of affairs, infidelity, and other sexual involvement in order to inform one's spouse. Between each location, one's spouse was overwhelmed with shocking news, also known as false information, and accusations. Both families were tainted with conflict and negative means that broke the relationship up. The spouse's faith lasted 7 months. In that space of time, the gentleman is playing a game, where he gathers to reveal that this was all orchestrated by the very people he had to live with, consumed with grief and vengeance.

Life is a Journey

by Carolyn

I've been through things in life.
But Life is a journey
We either go through the journey
We walk many roads and many dead-end roads

Perseverance

by Nate
CW: Domestic Violence

When I was about 8 years old, I saw my mom and dad arguing, and I saw my dad hit my mom. Luckily enough, my mom left my dad two days later for good. I was very happy because it was a very hard life for her, but she stayed strong. God works in amazing ways, you just have to stay strong and trust him.

About Me

by Floyd

How are you?

I woke up

Least favorite color + why?

I like colors. I have no favorite color; my favorite is turquoise.

What brings you joy?

Making sure my daughters are happy. I have 4 daughters, 2 granddaughters.

Favorite New Haven memory?

If you want to help yourself, you'll be helped. If you're not willing to help yourself, you're stuck.

Favorite movie?

Training Day! And Silence of the Lambs. I read a similar book – Red?

Unstoppable

by Mano

My family is my inspiration. My grandparents swept streets, worked in fish markets, and worked as cleaning people. My parents were the first college graduates in their family. My message is no matter where you come from, you can always achieve great things.

Help

by Maria

Hi, my name is Maria. I have suffered in the country looking for help. And I feel that no one helps me at all find housing. The inspector has all of my desirables, and the owner threw out my belongings, keeping my security deposit.

Hope

by Bruce

I live in New Haven. It's been a long road, but it gets better. I was homeless and got a chance to make my life better, now in a place to stay all through the good grace of the Lord.

Yours,

Mr. Bruce

H.A.L.T.

by Andrew

What is it like to be homeless, and how can you help?
Sometimes H.A.L.T.: Hungry, Angry, Lonely, Tired
Feeling like no one cares.
Great difficulty navigating the helping system.
Feeling like giving up.
Where do I get my next meal?!
I'm freezing at night as winter comes! It really sucks.
Most people are numb to my suffering.
Much undiagnosed mental illness.

What can I do?

Increase the work of the YHHAP (Yale Hunger and Homeless Project.)

Donate to charities that help.

Take responsibility personally.

Be creative!

Go to New Haven Green with socks, prepackaged food, water, gloves, scarves, winter hats, boots,
socks.

Improvise.

Even something small helps.

Give cash.

Talk it up with people you know.

It feels great to give.

Judgment

by Aaron

Even though some of us have different ways of dealing with problems and issues within our own lives, may the government please give us back some of what we lost due to them and their judgments of us without knowing who some of us are and as if they're any different from us. They think they are Godlier, closer in soul and spirit to God than we are.

You Can Be an Overcomer!

by Berhane

I had been homeless for five years. That came to an end when I received housing through DM-HAS in Sept. 2015. Since then I have been working for different companies in the fields of shipping and receiving.

Currently, I am working at an Amazon fulfillment center in North Haven. I have my job, and it gave me skill after skill to develop my career.

My message is that homelessness is not an end by itself for anybody. It is just an ordeal that unfortunate people can overcome. Of course, people who have been through trials and tribulations are unstoppable in their successful journey.

Mind what Jonathan Swift said, “Harsh waters make good sailors.”



