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Christ's Mission in the Church

31 January 2017

### Project Hope

The sound of coins rattling in cup are drowned by the normal noise of the nine-to-fivers. As I sit on the street, people are talking on the phone with their kids, mom, or spouse. I watch hundreds of conversations with loved ones everyday. Bang! A young man trying to catch a taxi ran into my arm spilling my change cup all over the sidewalk. I scabble from my sitting position to almost attack the ground as quick as I can trying to gather my food source for the rest of the week. The young man made it to the taxi and was probably on his way to go to his heated house with his family and friends. I see one coin rolling in the street and I move as fast as I can after it. HONK! A yellow taxi my flashes from my eyes and I see myself all alone by myself but an arm grabs mine and pulls out of the incoming yellow death machine. We both fall onto the curb barely out of the way of the still screeching tires. "What are you doing, are you out of your mind!" the angry and shocked taxi driver yelled. I turn to the arm that saved me and I see a young woman in a suit. She is saying words but I am so shocked that I do not know what she said. Others have come over and are asking me if I'm ok and if I was hit. The woman melts into the crowd and I am searching for her from my still prone position on the sidewalk. People help me up and they start asking who they should call to go to the hospital with me. I get nervous with all of this attention and I take my coin cup from the stranger that gather it for me and I start to walk away to get away from the attention. I ducked into the alleyway, knowing the good

samaritans would ditch the act when they see the home I have known for a long time. As I settle into the makeshift tent from old blankets and ripped tarps that I struggled to find on the streets, I wondered what life would have been if I did get hit. I knew that no one would miss me and I thought to myself I did not matter enough to live if no one would miss me. I searched through tears for anything that I could end it all with. Then I heard the sound of a single pair of high heels rattle down the echoing and lonely alley. I flip the flap of my thinly covered home to see the same savoir of woman that grabbed me from the taxi. I poke my head of the tent and tell her thank you for saving me but I did not need her anymore. She told me that she was getting me something eat and that she was not gonna take no for an answer because she was so happy that I was alright. I looked at her in shock, "I'm just a dirty smelly homeless man that will probably die from freezing soon, how are you happy to save me, I'm nothing" repeating the words I have heard thrown and beaten into my mind so many times. The woman look appalled as she embraced me in a mother like hug and very sternly told me that all life is precious and even I mattered. Then she took me by the hand and walked me to the diner on the corner. She led me to a booth as everyone stared and covered their noses. As we ate, I talked about how I landed on the streets and where I came from. She just sat there for hours with gentle eyes listening to a homeless man she had met that morning. There was nothing I could have asked then to be listened to after years of being discarded on the street. As she listened to me and my ups and downs of my life I knew I was wrong in trying to kill myself and that small acts like this can save someone everyday. I will never forget that day of my near death and my new life with the one good deed that a woman did to save me physically and spiritually.