

give a dollar to Children's Hospital.

What a great idea. It's convenient and painless. Autos and zoning have put most of the haves well out of reach of the have-nots. Most people are not confronted with people in need like they used to be. This is a way to use technology to restore that link.



Abba Anthony said: "Why do we not voluntarily abandon what must be destroyed when this life comes to an end, so that we might gain the kingdom of Heaven? Let Christians care for nothing that they cannot take away with them. We ought rather to seek after that which will lead us to Heaven; namely wisdom, chastity, justice, virtue, an ever watchful mind, care for the poor, firm faith in Christ, a mind that can control anger, hospitality. Striving after these things, we shall prepare for ourselves a dwelling in the land of the peaceful, as it says in the Gospel."

Athanasius, Life of St. Anthony, 17

Icon by the hand of Nick Papas, available from www.comeandseeicons.com.

Volunteers Needed

We would like to expand our services to another night that is under-served in the city, but we can't do that without about a half dozen more faithful volunteers to share responsibility for it. Please consider giving us a try. You may enjoy it and just get hooked.

We aren't asking for a lifetime commitment. If it's right for you, you will enjoy it and you won't be able to walk away easily.

Donations Gladly Received

We really need your support in order to do more. If you want to participate in this ministry to the homeless and poor on the streets of Philadelphia, please feel free to mail checks to:



27 N. Front St.
Souderton, PA 18964-1148
phone: 267-497-0267
email: TKJ@shoutforjoy.net

Thank you. May the Lord bless you as you bless the poor in Jesus' Name.
Peace,

Cranford Joseph Coulter

We also accept donations via MasterCard, Visa, Discover and American Express on our website: shoutforjoy.net or along with your purchase at comeandseeicons.com.

"Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing."



WINTER
2009

REPORT

Life-span of a Pan

A couple of months ago, we replaced my agate turkey roasting pan again. It occurred to me that I have to buy a new one about every five years. That means that the life-span of an agate turkey roasting pan is about 250 turkeys roasted.

Things wear out. Everything we buy, use, covet and sometimes get attached to is wearing out and will sooner or later disappear from our lives. Only people last forever.

So let us invest our lives and our possessions into building loving, saving relationships with people; not in accumulating more things that will ultimately fail to satisfy or save us.

Christmas Cookies

Thanks to all who baked cookies for us to give away. We shared hundreds and hundreds of homemade cookies on the Tuesday evening after Christmas in Philadelphia and gave away many hats and socks.

Thanks!

St. Nicholas Coins

The first Thursday in December, we gave away \$300 in "golden" one dollar coins to the people we serve in honor of St. Nicholas. Early in the month is perfect for this, since our population at that point is only people who do not receive monthly checks.

It was orderly and fun. The people were very grateful and many asked for us to tell the story of St. Nicholas.

He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother

by Esther McGraw (It was written for her English class. We are reprinting it here, entire and unedited to give one teenager's perspective on what we do.)

For almost as long as I can remember, I've gone with my dad to Philadelphia to feed the homeless. Every Thursday night, we meet a group called The King's Jubilee outdoors near Logan Square to help serve food on park benches. Cranford, the amazing man who is in charge of the group, has run this service for twenty years. He loves to tell the story about how The King's Jubilee started. "For four years," He relates, "I worked full time as a volunteer prison chaplain and coordinated the work of over five hundred volunteers in ten separate prison populations in Philadelphia and Montgomery Counties and Graterford State Prison." While serving there, he learned about the "glaring disparities between rich and poor, whites and blacks and browns, suburbs and city." He decided that to make a difference, he would have to personally take action. People at Graterford told him that if he wants to help, he could help care for the homeless in Philadelphia, and he decided that this was his call.

Cranford always tells a great story. He's the kind of guy who always has a funny or interesting fact and a good story to tell us. Altogether, he is an interesting man. He's in his 50's, wears perfectly round, thick-rimmed glasses, and has curly gray hair and a white and gray beard. He's tall and well-built and sometimes wears a wide brimmed hat and long, black overcoat, which perfects his already-unique image. When he was

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younger, he was a pastor, and many of the people we serve still call him "father" or "pastor." They love to ask for his prayers, talk to him, and tell him their story.

One man on the street, Fred, who has become a good friend of mine, also loves to tell stories, especially ones about his life in "da hood". He has never told me his age, or if he has, I don't recall it, but he must be in his late 30's or 40's. He looks like your average African American man. He claims to be rather short, "shorter than all my older sisters" who, from his description, are rather tall women. He can fix a bicycle with a snap of his finger and he has fixed or restored many of the bikes that the other homeless men ride. He is good at working with his hands and interacting with people and has become famous... well, famous on the streets at least. When we serve, he keeps everyone in order, making sure nobody budges in line or gets "outta pocket". He always saves food back for "the stragglers" as he calls them, and sure enough, there is often somebody who comes late, who is overjoyed because he gets dinner after a long, hard day of work. Fred tells us a story about a time long ago when he was very, very hungry after a hard day, and couldn't find any food. He hadn't eaten for days, and finally came across an abandoned house and found a single can of peas, which he gratefully devoured. A single can of peas. Anyway, now, he saves food for people who come late because he never wants to see a man as hungry as he was that night.

Fred gave me a nickname, "Trooper", though when he says it; it sounds more like "Chooper". When somebody asks him why, he says, "Because when other girls come out here, they only come down on the nice warm nights, 'Chooper here, now she comes down on the rainy, cold nights all the same."

"Ahh," they say, and from then on, call me Trooper as well.

"I ain't scared of you," he jokes with my older sister when she comes down.

"Chooper, though, I'm scared of her," he adds with a smile.

One night he says to me "'Chooper, did you see that news article in the Philadelphia Inquirer?" When I told him that I hadn't, he told me to look it up when I got home.

I found the article he was talking about, called "Decorum on the Parkway". It tells of a group of people who are upset by the large numbers of homeless men on the streets. But, no, they are not upset by all the men's suffering, but rather about the appearance of the long lines of people who are gathering to have their one meal of the day on Thursday nights. Because, as they say, "People look out of the nearby Four Seasons Hotel and see the "aggressive behavior of homeless people." Their solution? To gather all of the homeless people and put them in one place, limiting where they're allowed to be. Yes, this is their "humane solution" as they call it, to hide the poverty of Philadelphia so that nothing is done about it. Not only this, they're also proposing that anyone who feeds the homeless be licensed and "that the feedings should be confined to areas with sanitation facilities." What, may I ask, is wrong with sharing our meal with people, who we consider our friends?

Though most of the people we serve are men, there are a few women. One of them, an older Chinese woman sometimes shows up. Every once in a while, she talks to us, but often we find her pacing back and forth muttering something in her native language. She cries, she smiles, but she hardly ever speaks more than a few words. I can tell she has been through many hard years. I've never seen her with any family or friends, and Fred tells me that he has tried to help her. He says he tried to give her clothes because she always wears the same thing, but she refuses. She declines everything except food we offer. Fred shakes his head and tells me something that almost makes me shudder. He says that, right before winter, he looks around at all the faces, memorizing them, because he knows that

some of them won't make it through to spring. It's a sad truth. I have noticed people disappearing, whether it's because they didn't make it or because they found a place to live, I don't know.

If I had to find one word to describe the homeless men that we serve, it would be faithful. Years ago, I remember a man telling us a story about one rainy Thursday night. He says that it was raining so hard you could hardly see anything two feet in front of you, much less out of a car's windshield. He says that as he was waiting for us, a young man walks up and waits with him for a few minutes. "Yo, man, he ain't coming." The young man says.

"Sure he is." The other man says back, "he always comes." The young man shakes his head and waits a few more minutes before leaving. Sure enough, about five minutes after the young man leaves Cranford pulls up, windshield wipers on full blast.

Rain is one thing that never helps us. It soaks us and makes us shiver; it causes fewer to come, both homeless and helpers; and it makes driving harder and more dangerous. However, so often, it would be pouring rain the whole hour down to Philadelphia. Then, through that one hour when we served, it would only sprinkle if not stop. The whole way back home, it would go back to raining. My dad and I muse over this; sure that it's a miracle every time.

Feeding the homeless is and has been a great experience. I've met so many different kinds of people that I never would have thought I'd meet. I've heard many different people's stories, both happy and sad ones. It's something I find I enjoy doing and would miss if I had to stop. It's not something that my conscience forces me to do. As Cranford says "What we do is not burdensome or sacrificial any more than having family is burdensome or sacrificial. 'He ain't heavy. He's my brother.'"

Thanks, Esther for joining in The King's Jubilee!

Turkeys 'R' Us

St. Philip's annual drive for donations of turkeys has filled our freezer once again; with overflow birds in a couple of other freezers.

Thanks!

Meat and/or Money Needed

Word in Action Ministries needs meat or money to buy meat. They usually rely on Philadelphia food banks for the food they prepare and distribute. Food banks are hurting this year and don't have enough to share, especially of meat. Rev. Joses & Chantal St. Phard serve about 100 people on Sundays and Tuesday evenings. They have the manpower to prepare and serve the food. We would like to be able to provide them with a monthly meat purchase donation, so they can make hearty meals to serve the poor in Jesus' Name.

Please consider making a donation to The King's Jubilee. If we have more resources, we can serve more people.

Biggest Month Ever

December 2008 was the biggest month ever in gross sales for "*Come and See*" *Icons, Books & Art* with over \$10,000 in sales. This helped to partially make up for very slow sales in July through November. We finished the year with an overall decline in sales of about \$4,000 compared with 2007.

We added an opportunity to donate to The King's Jubilee to the online order form so more customers donated a few dollars here and there than ever before, totalling about \$500 for the year. I got the idea when I was checking out at a grocery store and the clerk asked me if I wanted to