

St. Max & St. Jude Homeless Breakfast August, 2019

It was just slightly chilly, as we embarked on our early-morning journey north to Ventura.

Present were: Cyndy & Bob, Betsy, Steve, Will (welcome back!), Kirk & his nephew, Asher, Marilou, Gary, & Sally. Linda brought her daughter, Jennifer, who used to volunteer several years ago, as a youngster. Linda also brought her sister, June, who is visiting from England. Even though some of our experienced volunteers were absent, we had plenty of willing help — everything worked out!

Often, while we are setting up, a few folks start drifting in, just to have a place inside to sit down. One of our regular guests, Gilbert, came in, sat down, & was checking his mobile phone. He called me over to see the message of breaking news: Jeffery Epstein had apparently committed suicide in his jail cell. It seemed almost surreal ... we had been happily tending to our chores — and then, suddenly, at 6:30AM, we learned about this horrific incident — from a homeless man who has a cell phone!

I encountered 2 fellows who are pals & regulars: Moses & Ted. Moses (on the near right) agreed with me that he could easily be friends with another regular, Jesus, who was just a few feet away ... two names from the Bible! On the subject of names, Ted (on the far right) related this: his formal name is Theodore & he is Theodore, the 4th. He has a son, & he named him Theodore, also. However, he gave him a different middle name. Ted's father chastised him, saying that he had “broken the chain” by changing the middle name — so the son could not be Theodore the 5th. Ted had no idea about the “chain” & its importance — his father had never explained it to him. It seems amazing that Ted, who is an older man now, still feels the “disapproval” his father exhibited.



The morning progressed along pleasantly, and I saw Gail, a long-time regular. She is always cheerful, but this time, even more so. She reported that she had been working at the Ventura County Fair, in the pig racing event. When I asked if I could take a snapshot of her, Gail declined. But she gladly let me photograph one of her “official ribbons.” She said that it is so much fun to see these pigs competing against each other. I inquired about how they get her pigs to race. Gail described the food at the end that acts as the “enticement” to insure that the pigs go as fast as their little legs will carry them.

Thank you all for your enthusiastic, joyful participation.

Sincerely, Sally Holland