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**Volume 2 No 12**

**GIVING A VOICE TO HOMELESS PEOPLE IN NEVADA**

**May 2009**

## ***SHOWDOWN ON FOREMASTER STREET***

**by R. Joshua Collins**

### **The Opening Statement at the Trial of Roussan Joshua Collins**

### **Homeless Preacher-Advocate Arrested & Jailed For 22-days while waiting For Trial For Issues Arriving From Sleeping On a Sidewalk on Foremaster Street.**

Collins, one of our own, spends 22-days imprisoned in Las Vegas then defends himself in his court trial and wins his case. This is his opening statement he read at his trial. He was just released from jail after his court victory and called us with the great news. More details of his case will follow, including possible legal action pending against the City and Police.

By R. Joshua Collins

My name is Roussan Joshua Collins, and I am an ex math instructor turned homeless street preacher and activist for the home-

less. I am also a Christian song writer and have been involved in photo journalism, and my hope is to see true justice prevail in the often corrupted courts of Las Vegas.

While ministering in Las Vegas I've seen that just as the Nazis persecuted the Jews, the homeless are often persecuted by the rich and powerful. Many are jailed for sleeping outside, and the criminalization of the poor must end.

As the book of Job tells us in Job 24:4 "They push the needy off the road, and the poor of the land are forced to hide."

I am here today in court because I chose not to hide, but to stand up for the poor of this city.

I have studied State, City, Constitutional and Biblical law, and have found the City of Las Vegas guilty of Treason and great hypocrisy for shamelessly promoting sin and vice, while at the same time claiming innocence and virtue. Surely millions have been corrupted by the promoters of evil in this city, and I pray soon this

city will be brought to its knees before the LORD JESUS CHRIST, who alone should be our Lawgiver, Judge, and King.

After being held 22 days for no crime at all, I am prepared to defend myself through CHRIST JESUS, and know my persecutors owe me and many others a great apology for failing to be good Samaritans, for imposing excessive fines, and cruel and unusual punishments, and for failing to uphold good morals and public decency as prescribed by State, City and Biblical law (The Bible being the foundation of many of our laws in the USA).

Those who fail to see this are not fit to govern and expose their ignorance of the development of this nation, and my hope is to see the abuse of the poor ended soon.

Sincerely in CHRIST JESUS,  
Roussan Joshua Collins

[Transcript footnotes:]  
See also NRS 196, NRS 201, LVMC Chapter 10, and the US Constitution for more info.

Sexual sin leads to Hell! Obey JESUS, not satan. Be sober, don't curse, smoke, gamble or lie, for you JESUS died. Be forgiven and baptized. We are in the last days. May GOD bless you as you obey CHRIST JESUS our LORD.



The photo of the No Trespassing sign above is another wave of aggression by the city and county RTC. The sign is at a bus station at Tropicana near Boulder Highway.]

[RIVER Organization Christian Church's Editor's Note: We scheduled a future interview with R. Joshua Collins to cover the details of his trial and information regarding his case. We will bring those reports to you as soon as we have processed them. We also intend to cover the Showdown on Fremont Street and other developments of related events shortly. We are glad Josh has finally been released from jail. We prayed relentlessly for Josh and God answered our prayers. We congratulate him on his winning his case. We look forward to the next victory.

Posted by RIVER Organization  
Christian Church

<http://riverorganization.blogspot.com/2009/03/showdown-on-foremaster-street.html>

## **Inside This Edition:**

***Homeless Sam***

**Also: *Bath Day*  
and *Dreamcatcher, Part 3***

OUR MISSION IS TO BE A VOICE FOR THE HOMELESS PEOPLE.

OUR GOALS ARE:

- 1) TO PUBLISH A STREET NEWSPAPER WRITTEN MAINLY BY HOMELESS PEOPLE, FORMERLY HOMELESS PEOPLE, AND HOMELESS ADVOCATES IN ORDER TO EMPOWER THEM AND GIVE THEM A VOICE;
- 2) TO BUILD AND ENHANCE A SENSE OF COMMUNITY AND FACILITATE POSITIVE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN HOMELESS PEOPLE, HOMELESS ADVOCATES, SERVICE PROVIDERS, AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC;
- 3) TO BUILD AWARENESS OF SOCIAL SERVICES THAT ARE AVAILABLE TO POOR AND HOMELESS PEOPLE, AND OTHER SUCH INFORMATION THAT WOULD BE EDUCATIONAL TO THE HOMELESS POPULATION; AND
- 4) TO EXPAND AND REDEFINE OUR CHARITABLE, EDUCATIONAL, AND LITERARY PROGRAM FROM TIME TO TIME AS NECESSARY TO MEET THE CONTINUING NEED TO EMPOWER HOMELESS PEOPLE.

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## CONTACT US:

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Thanks to the Progressive Leadership Alliance of Nevada for their help.

# LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

## "Mazel Tov" - Best of Luck

The Attorney General's office of the state in which I now live is investigating the local Police Department on numerous criminal charges, including the apparently well-founded allegation that they are running the largest methamphetamine ring in town.

I met with the AG's representative where she was surreptitiously taking statements and corroborating evidence from local citizens. This took place at a local hotel, and since I have very considerable experience with Government going back several decades, I was not at all shocked when I was followed by a marked police car following the interview.

I haven't the slightest doubt that the entire episode was electronically surveillanced, and my entrance & exit videotaped. Not to worry, though. These boys may wait around the corner trying to catch you in a traffic infraction, follow you for a few miles, and in the case of an outspoken letter to

the local newspaper, shut off your water in the middle of the night (I'm not kidding here) but they don't have the resources of Las Vegas' Metropolitan Police Department, whose targeted harassment includes helicopter harassment to go along with their daylight black ops.....

Since I wrote in some detail about this place in the April issue of *Forgotten Voice*, let's move on beyond this place onto bigger and better things, such as the Nazis' plan to relocate you homeless folks from the streets of Las Vegas. From a distance, this looks like Governor-General Hans Frank's plan of November 16th 1940 to seal off the Jews in Warsaw (the Warsaw Ghetto of infamy.) Only in this case, it's Governor-General - I mean, Mayor - Oscar Goodman's plan to accommodate the tender sensibilities of the billion-dollar casino bosses.

I strongly suggest that those of you who can brave the Einsatzgruppen foot soldiers assigned to your welfare trot over

to the downtown library and quickly study up on how the Jews tried to survive under the Nazi onslaught. The details will differ from your plight, but you'll see a principle which applies - determination and resourcefulness.

For a while, some of the Polish people attempted to help the Jews, but were intimidated and driven off by the Germans, much like Metro has driven away those local citizens who have been trying to feed you (yes, those of you who miss out on the delicious mission meals because you try to better yourselves with employment.). To all of you - Mazel Tov.

--Philip (Anonymous 2244 in last month's FV) writing from an unnamed town in a nearby state, about three hours' drive southeast of Las Vegas

## The Homeless in Bosnia-Herzegovina

In the war in Bosnia-Herzegovina a massive amount of people lost their

homes due to violence, fires, shooting and torture. In some cases young children lived on the street homeless with no parents to care for them and no proper clothing during the winter and little or no food or water.

Aid organizations were often unable or unwilling as was the case with the United Nations to deliver food to starving and malnourished homeless people all over Bosnia-Herzegovina during that countries war and genocide of 1992-1995.

Today after years of rebuilding of the infrastructure of the east european nation most children and many homeless people have found safety in government provided housing, aid agencies and other places but the scars of the war against humanity still survive as unemployment in Bosnia-Herzegovina reaches an official 40%-60% in various parts of the nation.

--Kevin Beck, Las Vegas, NV

## *Letters to the Editor:*

*We encourage feedback and letters to the editor.  
Please keep your letters brief, and email them to:*

*[forgottenvoice@gmail.com](mailto:forgottenvoice@gmail.com)*

*with "letter to the editor" in the subject line.*

*Please include your first and last name,  
or a nickname if you prefer to remain anonymous.*

*You may also mail letters to:*

*Forgotten Voice,  
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732 S. Sixth Street, Suite 200,  
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*We look forward to hearing from you!*

## *Special Events*

*Food Not Bombs: Community group  
serving food to hungry people  
every Sunday at 10am at Baker Park  
on E. Saint Louis Avenue at S. 10th Street,  
Las Vegas, NV*

*[Foodnotbombslasvegas@hotmail.com](mailto:Foodnotbombslasvegas@hotmail.com)*

*"Be the change you want to see in the world."  
--Mahatma Gandhi*

*If you won't be making food, you can still show up  
to serve, to eat, or to just hang out.*

*Building community, one day at a time.  
Hope to see you all there!*

# HOMELESS SAM

by Dan Hoeweler

Sleeping outside under a bridge was an old man named Sam. He reeked of sweat and dirt and hadn't shaven nor trimmed for months. When he smiled a yellow sulfuric gleam appeared across his face showing his yellow teeth that he hadn't brushed in nearly a year. Next to him was a six pack of cheap beer he purchased at the store from the change he had acquired while begging on the streets. His possessions were few, as he needed to carry all of them on him. This bridge was the old man's home for the last year, the cops kicked him out of all his other homes. Around him was a heap of garbage which included hamburger and candy wrappers, empty beer cans and dirty old clothes that had been worn out over the years.

Everyone felt sorry for Sam yet Sam never felt sorry for himself. Sam, unlike many of the homeless, chose this lifestyle. He tired of the rat race, the struggle to see who is the alpha male in the pack. He tired of the constant struggle for possessions and pieces of green paper everyone seemed so crazy about. He decided early on in his life that the most important commodity for him is freedom. The freedom to wake up whenever he wants and not be pushed around and threatened by someone during the day so he could have a roof over his head at night. He desired nothing but his freedom and love for life. He got exactly what he wanted, and nothing more.

During the day he sat at busy crosswalks in downtown Cincinnati carrying a cardboard sign asking for change. Businessmen dressed up in three piece suits walked by, sometimes willing to help with a little bit of spare change. They felt sorry for him, not having the nice car, the trophy wife and the big house they were so proud of. Others simply walked by in disgust wishing he would simply disappear.

Sam always had a big smile on his face, knowing full well he was one of the richest people in all of Cincinnati. He felt sorry for these businessmen walking by in their three piece suits wanting to control people all the time and always trying to seem really important. He knew that despite all their possessions, few appreciated life as much as he did. He lived in bliss.

Everywhere he went he saw wonder and joy, as if wearing a special set of glasses worth a million dollars. Love surrounded him like an aura of joy no rich man could ever buy. People felt sorry for him yet he wondered why. Why should you feel sorry for one of the richest men in Cincinnati?

Sometimes he would find a nice beat up old suit at Salvation Army and prance around the streets of downtown Cincinnati, feeling richer than almost anyone there. He stared at the tall buildings feeling as if he owned them all. Sam was indeed rich, yet everywhere he went people felt sorry or

disgusted by him yet it didn't bother him one bit.

Sam lived in a world of his own, a world much greater than that of most people. He loved his life and freedom so much he couldn't imagine selling one hour of his time to a factory or company. Every now and then he would sit down grabbing a quick bite to eat and start crying, out of happiness and joy about how wonderful his life is.

He felt compassion for those beneath him, the people slaving away hour after hour, collecting green pieces of paper he knew little about. He wondered every now and then if somehow he could help these lost souls he sees everyday walking through the city, in a rush over creating some object or thing that is worth green paper. If only he could teach them how beautiful life is if you just stand back and watch it. Convinced few of them would listen he decided to instead have the glory and beauty of life all to himself.

Sam loved his freedom more than anything on this planet. Freedom was more important to him than money, power and fame. He is living the American dream that most Americans can't even dream of, the dream of endless freedom. Freedom so great that no number can take away or convince him otherwise.

Sam is the wealthiest man in Cincinnati.

## RESOURCES

### Nevada Partnership for Homeless Youth

Services for homeless youth under the age of eighteen or have been in the Nevada foster care system.

Phone: (702) 383-1332

Email: [info@nphy.org](mailto:info@nphy.org)

### Street Teens

Helping homeless and at-risk teens, ages 12-21, in the Las Vegas Valley.

Phone: (702) 215-4171

24 Hour Hotline: (702) 809-3585

Email: [StreetTeens@Earthlink.net](mailto:StreetTeens@Earthlink.net)

### Las Vegas Rescue Mission

Reaching the lost and serving the homeless with the Gospel of Jesus Christ since 1970.

Phone: (702) 382-1766

### Shade Tree

Shelter for homeless and abused women and children.

Phone: (702) 385-0072

Email: [va2@theshadetree.org](mailto:va2@theshadetree.org) or [ad@theshadetree.org](mailto:ad@theshadetree.org)

### The Rape Crisis Center

Provides crisis intervention, advocacy, support and education to those affected by sexual violence.

Phone: (702) 366-1640

Email:

[staff@therapecrisiscenter.org](mailto:staff@therapecrisiscenter.org)

Hearing Impaired Services: 1-800-326-6868, 24 hours a day or if in Nevada call 711.

National Domestic Violence Hotline TTY 1-800-787-3224

Language Line: National Domestic Violence Hotline 1-800-799-SAFE (7233) - free 140 language line

### Aid for AIDS of Nevada (AFAN)

Aid for AIDS of Nevada (AFAN) provides support and advocacy for adults and children living with and affected by HIV/AIDS in southern Nevada.

Phone (702) 382-2326

Email: [afan@afanlv.org](mailto:afan@afanlv.org)

## *Let Your Voice Be Heard!*

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# BATH DAY

**Author's Note:** Excerpt from my autobiographical novel, "Night Train," written longhand on 23 yellow legal pads while I was homeless in the streets of LA and later transcribed and rewritten on my laptop. --Donald O'Donovan

It started out with wanting to take a bath, the three of us. It had been weeks for me and months or maybe even years for Jack, and for Angela who knows. I had my own signature stench. They say a woodchuck always smells his own hole first, but the truth is you're not aware of your own stink. It's part of you, you're immersed in it, just like a fish is immersed in water. Jack, for example, had a signature stench. By that I mean an aroma that pertained to Jack and to nobody else. You walk down the street and you smell a certain smell and you say, "Somebody's frying bacon!" Or you smell something else and you say, "That's horse shit!" Same thing with Jack. Your nostrils pick up a special, fierce eye-watering stench, and you say, "That's Jack!"

Anyway, Jack had a pal, Brad, who worked as a busboy at the North Hollywood Holiday Inn on Vineland, and he'd hook us up so we could take a dip in the Jacuzzi. It sounded fine, but we needed better clothes if we were going to pass for tourists at the Holiday Inn. It had been ages since my sojourn in Brentwood and my trendy Armani and Tommy Hilfiger duds had pretty much rotted off me. When you're homeless you don't really change your clothes the way regular people do. You simply molt, like a rattlesnake or a Gila monster. Anyway, I was a mess. My Third Army field jacket was black with dirt and I'd gone back to wearing the pants with the safety pins. *And Jack!* Jack's shirt was ragged and his pants were torn. I

mean, you could see his wedding tackle. Angela, of course, looked fine. Her johns were always buying her cute little outfits. We all went to the Deseret Industries Thrift Store and got Jack and me some new clothes, with Angela shelling out.

The next day was Sunday. We took a bus to North Hollywood. Before we left we made Angela promise that she wouldn't go turning tricks at the Holiday Inn and blow our cover. I caught a glimpse of our reflections in a fancy dress shop window as we walked along Vineland and sure enough, we really did look like ordinary citizens.

Everything went off like clockwork. Brad let us into the Jacuzzi area and brought us some lovely little cakes of soap. We had bathing suits underneath our clothes. The hot water felt great and we scrubbed and scrubbed. I felt layers of dirt coming off as well as layers of desolation and despair. It's amazing what living like a human being for an hour will do for your morale. When Jack got into the Jacuzzi that water turned black. I'm not exaggerating. It was like his pores were secreting octopus ink. I got a surprise, too. I'd always made Jack out to be Syrian or Lebanese, but he turned out to be just your ordinary garden-variety white man.

What an angel Brad was! After our bath he brought us some thick white towels. Then we got dressed in the lobby bathrooms. Now it was time for the continental breakfast. We stuffed ourselves with scrambled eggs and croissants. Then I conked off in a chair with the kissy, dovey musak in my ears, a peaceful dreamless sleep.

I was awakened by a tap on my shoulder. It was Jack. "Angela's gone MIA, homes," he said. "She'll fuckin' blow our cover!"

by Donald O'Donovan

Just then Angela stepped out of the elevator, looking flushed and rumpled.

"I told you," Jack said. "She got herself a john."

I was frosted. "Jesus Christ, Angela," I said. "You promised—"

"Chill the fuck out," Angela said. "I gave him a blowjob in the men's toilet." She flashed two crisp Benjamins. "Come on, I'm taking us to the movies. *The Road to Perdition* is playing at the New World Cinema." Angela was in a buoyant mood.

"New World Cinema," Jack said. "That's all the way over in Venice Beach!"

"Fuck it," Angela chirped. "We'll take a taxi..."

## Quote of the Day

**"Do what you can, with what you have, where you are."**

**--Theodore Roosevelt  
26th President of the U.S.**

## Eastern Family Medical and Dental Center

The Eastern Family Medical & Dental Center at 2212 Eastern Avenue is the newest clinic in the Nevada Health Centers family of clinics and health services.

The new center offers medical and dental services for the poor and uninsured.

The medical care covers family practice and pediatric services, which include well child care and immunizations, preventive care, care for illnesses, care for chronic conditions, senior health care and health education.

Dentists provide the full spectrum of dental care to patients age 5 and over.

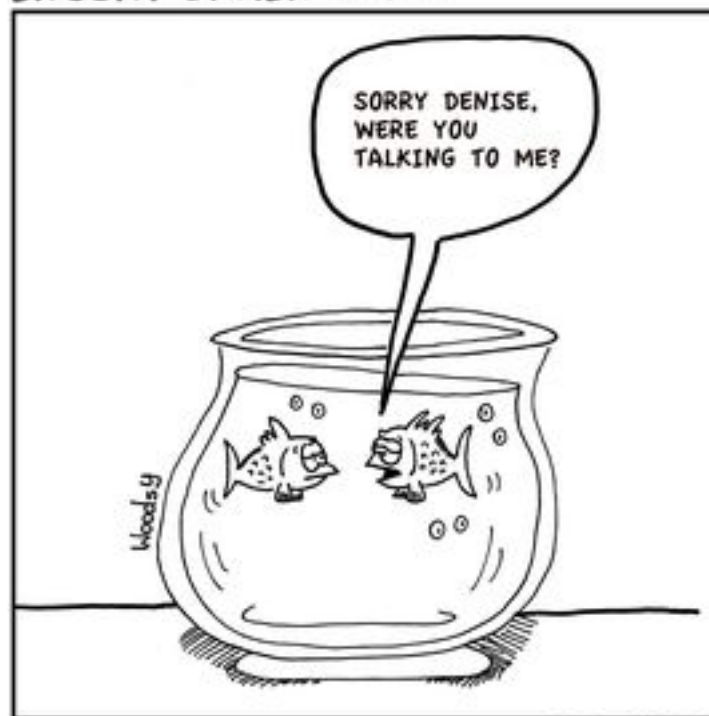
Appointments are strongly recommended; some sites do see walk-ins for emergency needs. Call the medical center to check on walk-in availability.

Hours: Mon. - Fri. 8 am - 5 pm

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## INSERT BRAIN HERE



BY WOODY

Drawn by Paul Woods, Aussie Cameraman and Cartoonist living in London, donates cartoons to benefit the homeless

# DREAMCATCHER, Part 3

by Rick R., Homeless Advocate

**Do not lose hold of your dreams or aspirations. For if you do, you may still exist but you have ceased to live. --Henry David Thoreau**

David glanced at the business card and mentally noted the address. He headed for the nearest bus stop and put the card in his pocket. He made sure he had bus fare ready and sat down. He knew it would be a bit of a wait, another bus had just left headed west on Charleston. No problem. The bench felt warm to his back, and he sat down and relaxed. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes for just a minute. The morning sun was warm on his face, and the noise of the city faded enough that he could relax. He tucked his nylon jacket under his neck, and sat his backpack beside him, putting his arm through the straps.

Before he knew it, the sounds of the brakes on the bus were there. The doors opened and he climbed on, with two dollar bills ready. "This is your lucky day" said the bus driver. "Bus rides are free, put your money away." David didn't know what to think. He took a second look at the bus driver. Something was strange, he looked like he was dressed in a Good Humor man uniform, white from shirt to shoes, with a white hat to match, and a sort of ethereal aura about him. Probably just the sunlight coming through at that angle. But he also looked a bit like Mr. Rogers. "Would you like an ice cream, we got Fudgesickles and Nutty Buddies today," said the bus driver.

"Well, uh, sure," David said. "I'll take a Nutty Buddy." The bus driver reached into the small freezer behind his seat, got one, and handed it to David. David knew it would be a short trip downtown, and took a seat right behind the driver. "Thanks," he said. "You are

most certainly welcome," said the driver.

It wasn't long before the bus passed Las Vegas blvd. "This is where I get off," said David, and the bus stopped with a squeal. "Have a wonderful day, sir," said the bus driver. David was speechless. He got off the bus and started walking toward Fremont street. He peeled the wrapper from the ice cream and put it in a trash can near the entrance to the AM PM store and slowly licked the ice cream, hoping to make it last until he got to the casino.

As he walked briskly down the sidewalk, each person he met either nodded, or said something like "How ya doin'?" He didn't mind the ice cream melting down his wrist, he just licked it slowly, and was grateful that he had washed his hands at the Burger King. He walked right into the casino and to the elevator, taking it to the fifth floor of the parking garage where he got off and went to the corner, enjoying the last part of the waffle cone with the best part of the now warm ice cream, melted into the bottom.

"There she is," he thought to himself as he stood in front of his bike. He stopped for a second to admire the perfect shade of white paint he had put on his 2008 Harley Screamin' Eagle Ultra Classic. He fumbled for his keys and unlocked the trunk, pulling the clean change of clothes from the bottom and putting them on top of his backpack as he put it in. He locked the trunk, and opened the left saddlebag; his good shoes were still there, and he took out two of the hundred dollar bills he had stashed in one of them. "Might need this," he thought.

He slowly put his key in her ignition and turned it gently, and when it clicked he gently caressed her starter button. She responded

with vibrations that shook his whole body, and then came to life with a roar that shook the concrete structure. He rolled back on the throttle to give her a little more, and felt something warm... "Oh crap, must have spilled some ice cream," he thought as he looked at his lap.

He put her in gear and headed towards the exit. As he pulled up to the window, the parking attendant just waived. "Your money is no good here Mr. T," she said. David just nodded and headed back to Charleston with a roar.

The address on the card was an ultra-modern office building, and the Real estate office was on the first floor. David quickly found the pearl colored Lexus and pulled into the empty space next to it. He boldly walked into the building, right into Bridgette Briggs office.

"Holy crap," she said. "I saw you pull in. Is that your Harley? What the hell are you doing standing on a corner with a sign, and a bike like that?"

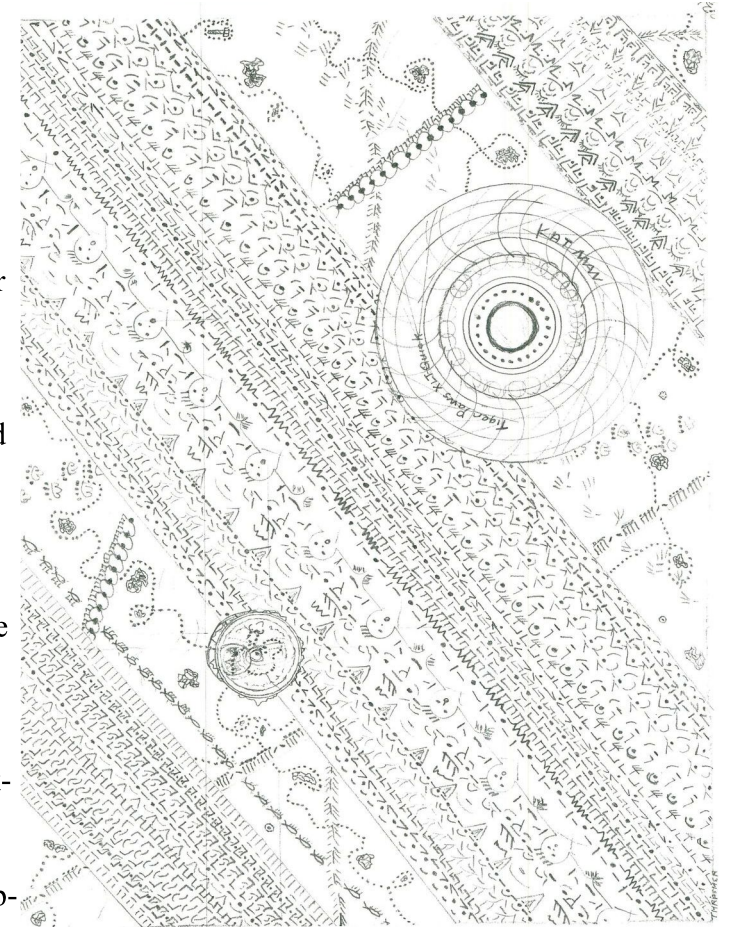
"Man's gotta eat. Can't eat a Harley... I'll work for food if I can keep my bike. Wanna go for a ride? I hear that the employees of the city are gonna be serving food to people down at Main and Foremaster today, and the mayor is going to be passing out...uh..I mean...giving out Shiner Beer after about 6:00."

Bridgette disappeared for a min-

ute and stunningly reappeared in a tight red dress. "Lets go," she said.

"Where'd ya get that Red dress? Holy crap..."

Suddenly David found himself beside a sweet bike with a... well. He climbed aboard and cranked her up... Brigitte grabbed his



## DREAMCATCHER\_3

(originally published Sept. 2008 as "Tracks")

Artwork: by Brian Thrasher

shoulder..."Chief....CHIEF... CHEEEF," veteran Dan yelled as he shook David's shoulder. "Man, you done missed the bus. If you don't move, seargent sphichter over there has been watching you, and..."

### Yarn for Vera

Looking for donations of yarn, new or scrap yarn will do; and, color doesn't matter. Vera crochets hats for the homeless and needs your help to continue her good work. If you are interested in donating, please send e-mail to [forgottenvoice@gmail.com](mailto:forgottenvoice@gmail.com)

# *Community Empowerment*

## **Factors of Poverty;**

**The Big Five:** The factors of poverty (as a social problem) that are listed here, ignorance, disease, apathy, dishonesty and dependency, are to be seen simply as conditions. No moral judgement is intended. They are not good or bad, they just are...

**If each of us** make a personal commitment to fight the factors of poverty at whatever station in life we occupy, then the sum total of all of us doing it, and the multiplier effect of our actions on others, will contribute to the decay of those factors, and the ultimate victory over poverty.

--Phil Bartle, PhD

<http://www.scn.org/cmp/modules/emp-pov.htm>

## **Factors of Poverty; The Big Five**

**5) Dependency:** Dependency results from being on the receiving end of charity. In the short run, as after a disaster, that charity may be essential for survival. In the long run, that charity can contribute to the possible demise of the recipient, and certainly to ongoing poverty.

It is an attitude, a belief, that one is so poor, so helpless, that one can not help one's self, that a group cannot help itself, and that it must depend on assistance from outside. The attitude, and shared belief is the biggest self justifying factor in perpetuating the condition where the self or group must depend on outside help.

There are several other documents on this web site which refer to dependency.

**[Dependency (Syndrome):** The dependency syndrome is an attitude and belief that a group can not solve its own problems without outside help. It is a weakness that is made worse by charity. <http://www.scn.org/cmp/modules/pd-dep.htm>]

**[Revealing Hidden Resources;** Abstract: Simply providing resources to a community encourages dependency upon more of the same. Sustainable development of a community, removal of poverty, improvement of self reliance, requires that the community use its own resources.

While accepting certain kinds of outside help, it cannot do so in a way that it becomes dependent upon it. Fortunately, every community has resources, often hidden; and the task at hand is to identify and use them. <http://www.scn.org/cmp/modules/emp-hid.htm> ]

When showing how to use the telling of stories to communicate essential principles of development, the story of **Mohammed and the Rope** is used as a key illustration of the principle that assistance should not be the kind of charity that weakens by encouraging dependency, it should empower.

**[Mohammed and the Rope:** The Holy Prophet Mohammed, peace be upon him, was approached by a hungry man who asked for food. Instead, Mohammed gave the man a piece of rope and some advice: "Go to the woods and collect dry wood lying about. Tie it with this rope. Take it to the town and sell it for firewood. Use the money to buy food." Mohammed had given a gift that helped the man become independent of begging. <http://www.scn.org/cmp/modules/tm-stor.htm#SRope> ]

The community empowerment methodology is an alternative to giving charity (which weakens), but provides assistance, capital and training aimed at low income communities identifying their own resources and taking control of their own development –becoming empowered. All too often, when a project is aimed at promoting self reliance, the recipients, until their awareness is raised, expect, assume and hope that the project is coming just to provide resources for installing a facility or service in the community.

Among the five major factors of poverty, the dependency syndrome is the one closest to the concerns of the community mobilizer. --Phil Bartle, PhD

<http://www.scn.org/cmp/modules/emp-pov.htm>

***Let Your Voice Be Heard! Forgotten Voice welcomes all submissions in the form of fiction, journalism, artwork, photography, and poetry. We especially encourage those living on the streets to use this space to debate and discuss issues of poverty, housing, and homelessness. Submissions can be emailed to: [forgottenvoice@gmail.com](mailto:forgottenvoice@gmail.com) or mailed to: Forgotten Voice, c/o PLAN Nevada, 732 S. Sixth Street, Suite 200, Las Vegas, NV 89101 We look forward to hearing from you!***

## WHAT'S HAPPENING?

**City Council Meetings are held on the first and third Wednesday of each month except on holidays.**

City Hall Council Chambers:

400 Stewart Ave., Las Vegas, NV

Morning session begins at 9:00 am

Afternoon session begins at 1:00 pm

(public comment is at the end)

### Meet the Mayor!

Generally, every month Mayor Oscar Goodman has a "Coffee with the Mayor" followed by an open door meeting. These meetings are open to all and participation is encouraged. For date and place, call the mayor's office at: 229-6241

### Southern Nevada Regional Planning Coalition's Committee on Homelessness

Meets every second Thursday of the month at 2:00 pm at the Clark County Government Center Commission Chambers, 500 S. Grand Central Parkway, Las Vegas, NV

## Call 2-1-1

### Callers can access:

- \* Basic human needs resource (food, clothing, shelter, temporary financial assistance, transportation, disaster)
- \* Physical and mental health resources (crisis intervention, prenatal care, support groups, counseling, drug and alcohol intervention, rehabilitation, children's health insurance programs)
- \* Financial stability (EITC, WIC, credit counseling, food stamps, rent and utility assistance, unemployment benefits, job training, education programs)
- \* Support for older Americans and persons with disabilities (home health care, adult day care, congregate meals, Meals on Wheels, respite care, transportation, homemaker services)
- \* Support for children, youth and families (childcare, after-school programs, family resource centers, summer camps, recreation programs, mentoring, tutoring, literacy programs, protective services)
- \* Volunteer opportunities and donations
- \* Support for community crisis or disaster recovery (2-1-1 systems in other states have proven valuable in disaster relief efforts in other communities. Nevada 2-1-1's capabilities in this area will be developed as funding allows.)

### Capabilities:

Service is available to 99.5% of Nevada's population including most cellular subscribers. Service is currently available from 8 a.m. to midnight, Monday through Friday, from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., Saturday and Sunday, excluding holidays. Extended days and hours will be developed/enhanced as additional funding becomes available.

2-1-1 is not a substitute for 9-1-1 (emergency services), 4-1-1 (telephone directory assistance) or other specialized hotlines or automated recordings. Those with hearing/speech impairments may access 2-1-1 services by calling 7-1-1. Translation services are available to those calling 2-1-1.

**We Want  
You!**

NEVADA HOMELESS ALLIANCE

## HELP US END HOMELESSNESS

### GET INVOLVED

- Donate time
- Donate resources
- Donate money
- Donate your enthusiasm

**To volunteer, donate or  
for more information visit  
[www.helpohome.org](http://www.helpohome.org)**



Help Hope Home

Helping the Homeless in Southern Nevada

**Telephone: 702-455-5832**

**Email: [nhavoice@aol.com](mailto:nhavoice@aol.com)**

On any given day we know there are 11,400 homeless individuals on the street. Help us bring dignity and hope to the thousands of lives living on our streets by volunteering or donating to Project Homeless Connect.



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