

Faithful Fools
COMPOSITION
*Notes on 15 years of
Street Level Learning*

Faithful Fools
COMPOSITION

Bufones Fieles
San Francisco y
Nicaragua

Street Retreats
Reflection
Art
Education
Advocacy
Accompaniment

FOOLS FABLES

2013

Faithful Fools Street Ministry
234 Hyde St. San Francisco, CA 94102

How Do We Learn SuperNova Generosity?

In the cosmic narrative Sr. Ade Kroll used for a puppet show here at Faithful Fools, she energetically proclaimed, "generosity is in our genes!" She told of the supernova star. "Supernova means it totally explodes so all its elements are splashed out into space like one big give-away. All that energy and stardust is gathered in new ways offering new life from the death of this star."



Faithful Fools, in the U.S. and Nicaragua, is made up of generous supernovas. There are lots of people "giving -away," giving of themselves. The programs and accompaniment of people hold a supernova force in our efforts to stay creative and relevant at the street level of life. The work moves with a generative force that is in response to a specific need, or simply a desire to enhance one's life and that of one's community.

The "giving" arises out of listening and paying close attention, for we move within realities that are much larger and more complex than the tangible needs of shelter and food.

When I heard Ade say, "Generosity is in our genes," it resonated with what I experience every day. Our life is full and abundant, and ever-evolving within Faithful Fools because of tremendous generosity:

- ★ Mary Jane Mikuriya, a member of the First Unitarian Universalist Church of San Francisco has listed a room in her home as a UU B&B for visitors to the Bay Area. The proceeds go to Faithful Fools. These donations connect visitors with the work of the Fools.
- ★ We have just released our 5th poetry anthology because 12 years ago Ed Bowers came to us with the brilliant idea of inviting poets in the neighborhood to submit their works and make a book of poetry to send out into the world.
- ★ A program in the barrio of Managua for pregnant & nursing teenage mom's began because Mercedes was moved by the force of her own experience as a single mom to begin the "Strong Mothers-Healthy Children." She wanted to share what she knows of nutrition, early childhood development, dignity and self-esteem with her neighbors.
- ★ There are people who come to the Fools' Court to offer programs free of charge. There are others who give of their time to accompany someone to sign up for a shelter bed as a first step toward accessing more stable housing.

It is everyone generously interacting together—donors, granters and pledgers who share their financial resources; staff, volunteers and interns whose presence and commitment are extraordinary; families, neighbors and friends who are there to participate and help however they can, each one participating in the

brightness and profoundness of our work. Maybe it isn't that we learn how to be generous but rather we awaken and encourage the potential in each other, increasing the star energy in streets and in the lives of people we share life with.

We are grateful for all the giving we witness. We ask for your continued generosity to support the work of Faithful Fools. It is our collective commitment and energy that make it possible for us to be here and respond to the needs of individuals and the larger community. Together we are a generous supernova!

Carmen



A Conversation about Learning

One Monday Morning, not so long ago, Kay Jorgensen and Carmen Barsody, co-founders of Faithful Fools, were overheard talking over this thing called "learning"

Kay: It's very important to notice the people who sit on the curb. They often sit there because they don't really have anywhere else to sit. Then other people look at them with preconceived ideas about who they are, how they've come to sit on that curb. Well, I sat down on the curb too. And the people who sat down next to me already had this idea, this preconception of who I was. You see in their minds, ministers don't sit down on the curb. I mean, if you come to help people, you don't come to claim your own poverty, do you?

Carmen: That's the thing about the street. When we come to the street, we come to know our own story better. We also find out how each one of us sees things differently. We can all be out on the same street in the Tenderloin, run into the same person, but the feelings and reactions can be very different. If we reflect on those differences, then we each become more familiar with the stories we carry with us, and how our own story changes how we meet people.

Kay: We say we meet people where they are, but what does that mean? There are so many ways to see a stranger. There is something about a stranger that I don't know and that strangeness is frightening, or it can be. The whole thing in the beginning was about meeting a stranger. We didn't know anyone, so if we were going to be here, we had to take a step towards a person we didn't know.

Carmen: In a way, that's why we started doing Street Retreats. Coming here to the Tenderloin, doing a Street Retreat, is like meeting a stranger. For some of us, this is a place of vibrancy and humanity and for others this is place of fear, of wrongdoing, or what have you. A Street Retreat is way of paying attention to our own humanity, to our own pain, or maybe sometimes avoiding our own humanity.

Kay: Street retreats offer a kind of mirror: The questions we ask as we walk (What holds me separate? What keeps me separated? As I walk the streets, what still connects me?) provide people with an experience that becomes a reflection of themselves and their relationship with other people. When we say "aware of our judgments"--we don't say "without judgment" because we know that isn't possible--we have a mirror that shows us who we are and the judgments we carry with us.

Carmen: But the real learning happens in relationship. Faithful Fools is like an open space for people to come and discover their own way of being in relationship. Meditation and reflection help bring strength to the center, but they are not the center themselves. When we have taken time to allow experience to become a resource--we can allow our reactions to come from a centered place, rather than just from feelings. There has to be a still point, what Kay calls a "rod within."

Kay: Yes. The still point has to be within oneself. Even in the midst of the most confusing times, there is a rod that's firm, that holds us steady. I am finding that this rod is more and more important now because the center has been threatened a lot in the last two years. Even in the worst times, I just had to accept that this was just the way things are. That's the still

point. You discover that you are not at war with anybody. If there was any place I was at war, it was with myself. Of course, things are always changing, change affects me, I affect change. Being in relationship with other people IS our mirror. We hold that mirror before us as we walk so we might reflect on the who we are and grow in our humanity.



Being in relationship with other people IS our mirror. We hold that mirror before us as we walk so we might reflect on the who we are and grow in our humanity.



You know a fool is learning when . . .

By Ed Bowers

You know a fool is learning when he laughs with sadness, or cries with joy, or bumps his head, or stubs his toe, or paints his face, or reads a book and then thinks he knows everything he didn't know before, or doesn't read a book and thinks he knows everything he didn't read in the book already, or combs his teeth, or does any damn fool thing at all. This is because when a fool goes out to learn something, he engages in this project in his own uniquely foolish way by maintaining a personal integrity that defies the rules of knowledge. By so doing he learns something no one else will ever know. And what is that thing?

Only a fool would know. It is a self-secret kind of thing. It is an undefined duh!

Fools are undefined people. A fool does not pretend to be something he is not. He IS something he is not.



On a Faithful Fools Street Retreat, for instance, a lot of people who sign up for one don't have any idea of what they are getting themselves into and some are a bit apprehensive about what is going to happen to them. Their assignment is to go out onto the street and get

a feeling of what it would be like to be homeless. The reason for them to do this is because they are not homeless and live in a state of ignorance as to what that situation might be like if it happened to them. What they learn on the streets adds to their ignorance of what they think they know about living on the streets and makes them a bit more sensitive and respectful of those who live in full knowledge of that predicament on a day to day basis. By going on a street retreat and getting a taste of what it is like to be homeless, the participants have learned a little in a visceral way about what they are not, but could be.

Fools might even think that a question mark is a sacred symbol!

I don't know. I'm still learning. Check back with me in a couple of hundred years. There is never an end to learning for a fool who is ignorant.

Yes, the Universe is a mystery and its faithful fools apparently intend to keep it that way. Knowing it all is such a bore.

LIFE LONG LEARNING WITH THE FOOLS



As a couple of immigrant professionals, we moved from troubled and diverse South America to the great Silicon Valley. We never imagined to find a group of people so creative in the way they guide others to find a "common humanity" of respect, humbleness, and generosity in the midst of the same conflicted reality that we were used to.

We started calling the Fools our family when we arrived to San Francisco from Chile two years ago. They hosted us at the Court, invited us to all of the activities and introduced us to a variety of people of different backgrounds, talents and realities. Most of all, they allowed us take some responsibility in some ongoing projects like the website re-design and Oscar's Feast. We learned that it is not only a matter of designing a website, we had to consider colors, faces, testimonies. We had to interact with 'real' people, cook with them, sing, paint, write, dance, read, act, or simply live with them, as this cosmopolitan city invites. Like any other family, we can count on and learn from each other, share thoughts and feelings, build dreams and get things done as a team.

Thank you Fools for accepting me just the way I am--Santiago.

I agree with you Fools, I need to go back to the essentials now and then.--Belen.



Faithful Fools' Word Search

Y	D	U	T	S	C	T	Y	C	R	E	M
K	N	E	E	S	E	L	C	Y	C	F	N
E	I	A	O	O	L	S	O	T	O	E	P
S	K	U	P	P	L	I	S	W	P	E	A
E	O	O	E	M	O	T	I	O	N	L	W
Y	Y	O	J	N	O	A	R	N	M	S	I
F	B	M	I	M	I	C	Y	S	R	S	T
O	A	I	M	I	R	A	C	L	E	F	N
P	B	L	E	B	E	R	C	A	B	L	E
S	L	D	N	E	I	R	F	E	B	B	S
E	E	Q	U	A	L	Y	N	S	E	T	S
T	G	N	I	R	A	E	B	I	B	L	E

MERCY	PAW	JOKE
FOP	MIMIC	MILD
OPEN	ACCOMPANY	SEEN
CARRY	BEFRIEND	EBB
SIT	TESTIFY	KNEES
MET	BIBLE	EMOTION
TWO	STUDY	POET
CYCLES	CABLE	REBBE
PENNY	BEARING	KIND
YOU	WITNESS	BABY
LEG	CLOWNS	ENJOY
EQUAL	MIRACLE	CELL
WON	FEELS	REBEL
YES	BLESS	PEN
	EARN	AIM



Robert-Harry Rovin & WRITE ON!

A freewheeling flock of birds swoops over 234 Hyde Street, home of the Faithful Fools. I leave the purple building after facilitating a session of **WRITE ON!** the creative writing group that nurtures well-being through self-expression. After being warmly bathed in the Fools' compassionate curiosity grounded in gentle humor, my feet are more rooted in the ground, allowing my soul to rise to the level of these iridescent pigeons in flight.

Through their embodiment of mercy and humor, the originators of street level learning, Kay Jorgensen and Carmen Barsody, with a flock of staff and volunteers, persuade me to practice these qualities at the Fools' Court and out on the streets. As the Tibetan teacher, Soygal Rinpoche, declared: humor makes room for our experience where there is no other room.

What this means to me is the chance to gather with people open to the authenticity of their deepest experience; who share it generously in all the beauty of its truth. Their receptive tenderness, not without strength, opens my heart to its capacity to hold all souls. I have never heard the faintest whiff of dogma in this sacred space of street level learning. Rather I am taught by a silent peace, unlimited by conceptual language, which is expressed in presence through action which we recognize as food for our hearts. It is this nourishment that allows each of us in our own way to participate in the evolution of what is tragically absurd in corporate boardrooms and in the life at the gritty heart of the Tenderloin.

Stepping out of the door into the swirl of street life's raw vitality expressed in high fives and casual shouted greetings, the sidewalk is now more forgiving, allowing us all the opportunity to notice the illusion of what separates us and dwell in our human qualities of empathic connection that we share. And we all fly higher for it.

Robert-Harry Rovin

Street Retreats

My first night sleeping on the streets of Long Beach I felt the separateness deeply. I had hung out at a park outside the library that afternoon, hoping to make a friend, but no conversation got much beyond "Hello," and certainly didn't get to an invitation to camp out on the streets with someone, as I had hoped. So I walked alone between the worlds of the street, where I came to be, and the tourist, which is how I came to be there. That night I made my bed out of a sheet of cardboard hidden in a bush beside a bank and lay there alone thinking of all those I loved until I fell asleep.

What holds me separate?

I had encountered the Faithful Fools, just a few years earlier, and I learned to make a practice of Street Retreats in San Francisco. I was there for the Unitarian Universalist Association's annual General Assembly, getting to know the streets in preparation to lead a Street Retreat for conference participants. Spending time on the streets for a day or a week revealed to me, again and again, aspects of the reality of poverty in the midst of wealth and wealth in the midst of poverty. I was learning to engage what I encountered on the street, in the soup lines, and in others a mirror.

I woke early in the morning, returned my cardboard to the dumpster where I had found it, and waited outside a church to get breakfast. The guy next to me in line struck up a conversation. "Where are you from?" he asked. His name was Perry. We ate together, came back a couple hours later to get a bag of groceries, and hung out at the library park. He invited me to join him that night in the shelter he stayed in, and paid my fare for the 45 minute streetcar ride into Watts - there were no homeless shelters in Long Beach at that time. He introduced me to his friends, and showed me the ropes at the shelter. Perry and I swept the floor together while the other men hung out smoking and talking in the yard. That night, the guy in the bunk next to mine told me he was stuck on the street for three more days, waiting to collect on a \$50,000 legal settlement, and had three dollars to get him through till then. I said I thought it would be tough to have to wait like that. He said "It may rain pennies tomorrow." I slept better that night.



What keeps me separate?

I was worried about telling Perry what I was doing on the streets of Long Beach, so I waited until right before I had to go to the convention center to register. He said he appreciated what I was trying to do, but I still felt caught in between worlds again - especially when a police officer asked me to move on while I was sitting on the steps talking to some friends. He quickly decided it was okay for me to be there, after I showed him my conventioneer's badge.

I spent each night out on the streets, eating free meals served in local churches or parks, and spent my days in the convention center, sharing my experiences of life on the streets of Long Beach in the Assembly's workshops, booths, and halls. I never ran into Perry again that week.

What still connects me?

I felt grounded by the support of the community of Unitarian Universalists I met with each day, and began to feel like I was in the streets not just for myself, but as an extension of our collective desire to participate in needed societal change. I felt like an embodiment of the connection between what happened in the world outside the convention center and the conversations and decision-making that went on inside.

At the end of the week, we held the one-day Street Retreat. A small group of Fools and other convention-goers took off their badges, and crossed the boundaries of the convention center maps. Our walking spelled out the words of the Fools' mantra: "What holds us separate? What keeps us separated? As we walk the streets, what still connects us?" Together, we made the walls of the convention center, and of our own hearts, more permeable.

We are engaged in street level learning when we invite chance to dictate the curriculum, and step out of the identities of student and teacher. When

I go into the streets, I do not choose who I will learn from, or who will learn from encountering me. If we embrace the experience available to us, we can be changed by our learning. By sharing our experiences, we expand our circle of learning.

Alex Darr

Reflection

Trust. That's the key foolish practice that I carry from the Faithful Fools Street Ministry in San Francisco to my work in Floyd, VA. The two places couldn't be more different; if you walk the streets looking for homeless people in our rural Blue Ridge mountain county, you'll get tired feet. But when we arrived Thanksgiving weekend of 2005, I brought with me the foolish practice of waiting and reflecting instead of intending and doing. I sat in our cabin, pulled weeds at Seven Springs farm and listened for a call I'd lost track of in my previous congregation, for a need in the community that matched my passions.

McCabe (my partner) and I began talking about what could be done with surplus produce in this gardening and farming community. In the 'old days' people would share with their neighbors. Maybe we could take stuff out to folks who didn't have transportation. We began to ask these partners for names and started taking greens out to some elders around town who didn't drive or have access to transportation.

Though I couldn't walk the whole way, as we urban Fools did in our condensed neighborhood, I now stepped up to each door with a sense of presence, ready to share food and stories, willing to witness to the experience of my companion. I was nourished by Iva's praise for our cabbage, Mary Sue's, "Gimme some sugar," and Meda's embrace. Our exchange wasn't me as helper handing out food to a 'needy' person; it was the give and take of neighbors sharing lives. What I had learned in San Francisco about stepping onto the sidewalk without agenda brought me back around to this place replanting a seed into the soil now under my feet.

People wanted to help, friends lent a hand so more routes could be formed, more gardeners dropped off their squashes & tomatoes and even fresh eggs. At the end of the first season, I wanted to keep seeing folks so we organized a monthly soup lunch. At the end of the third season, I was exhausted and wondering how to bring in more leadership. By the fourth season, there was no end to the season—we were picking kale in December and squash was being delivered in January, February & March. The abundance of creation kept revealing itself and I felt more



renewed than depleted. We named our group, Plenty!, a reminder to keep trusting that fullness will come round, an echo of Kay's penny story.

Now I struggle with how to get more organized, how to better articulate what we do, how to find all we need. McCabe and I take a break to see the movie "Hugo." I notice how I'm captivated from the first moment - ready to fall into a fantasy world, loving the dream-like silent movie scenes. As the credits roll I think, "I have to bring more imagination into my life." At the very same moment what comes to me is "It is here when you need it, coming to you always." Just like the lesson of finding pennies in your path is "You will have what is needed before it is asked of you," I realize the quotes, the ideas, the joy, and the foolishness will all be there. I don't have to work at it to make them happen because they are always available - whew, what a relief!

Still, there are days (and nights) I want to shine and others I want to hide. Last April Fools Day, I became a clown in front of the courthouse shouting and giving out pennies. This year I feel the urge to quietly wander. I keep wondering how to incorporate more reflection and what a street retreat could look like around here, where the town sidewalks can be covered in thirty minutes, while the county back roads where poverty hides would take years to walk. How to be a fool in this place? How to speak truth to power about every person's right to share in the fruits of this earth? How to keep walking and welcoming the stranger in the midst of organizational growth? How to be faithful to the still small voice calling me, and my neighbor, to be present? How to reflect the Radiance in the mirror of my own changing face? Mysteries are revealed a sliver at a time in each season with its own rhythm. What a wonderful world this can be!

*Karen Day
The Very First Fools' Intern*

SuperNova Generosity: A primary school for 200+ children exists in Nicaragua because Heidi and Graciela, two siblings, gathered the energies of their love for teaching to meet the need for a school in their barrio. Now Heidi and her husband, Maximo, keep the school going with time, love, and energy.

Managua Nicaragua

La educación es una necesidad vital para el desarrollo de toda la sociedad. El proceso educativo se origina en la persona, termina en la persona y trasciende en la vida social.

En nuestro aprendizaje diario como bufones y asociados franciscanos hemos aprendido que cada persona es una realidad única, irrepetible, tiene dignidad, hemos aprendido a descubrir en la calle nuestra identidad común, pero que la única forma de realizarnos y desarrollarnos como personas es la comunicación, la interacción con otras personas, somos seres sociables, compartimos la trama de la vida ciudadana con todos sus elementos, malos, regulares o buenos.

Toda nuestra vida es un aprendizaje constante que se da precisamente en esa interacción como seres sociables. Cada día aprendemos uno del otro, aprendemos tanto de las experiencias buenas como de las malas.

Nuestro compromiso como educadores es preparar a las nuevas generaciones para enfrentarse a la gran escuela de la vida, para que ellas puedan discernir entre lo que es bueno y lo que es malo, o sea desarrollar una conciencia humana en ellas.

En nuestro aprendizaje diario hay muchas cosas que nos unen y otras que nos separan, pero es bueno que aprendamos a fijarnos en lo que más nos une, para tratar de vivir el mandamiento que nos dejó Jesús, con sinceridad y sin exclusivismos:

"Este es mi mandamiento: que se amen unos a otros como yo los he amado."

(Jn 15,12)

Heidi y Máximo



Education is a vital necessity for the development of any society. The educational process originates with the person, ends with the person and transcends in the society.

In our daily learning as Fools and Franciscan Associates, we have learned that each person is unique, unrepeatable, and has dignity. We have learned to recognize in the streets our common identity, but the only way to develop and find fulfillment as a people is through communication and interaction with others. We are social beings. We share the reality of city life with all its elements: the bad, the ordinary, or the good.

All our life is a constant learning that takes place precisely in this interaction as social beings. Every day we learn from each other, learn from the good, and the difficult experiences.

Our commitment as educators is to prepare new generations to face the great school of life, so that they can discern what is good and what is bad, developing a human consciousness in them.

In our daily learning there are many things that unite us, and others that separate us, but it is good to learn to look at what most unites us, to try to live the commandment that Jesus left us with sincerity and without exclusions:

"This is my commandment: love one another as I have loved you. "

(John 15:12)

Heidi and Maximo

SuperNova Generosity:

Fools have a new place in the world because Thomas Atwood decided to give his time and attention to living out a Fools' Mission. Thomas (presumably accompanied by his clown Alfonso) has taken the work and life of Faithful Fools just seriously enough to begin meeting, working, and laughing regularly with a group of fools, friends, and advocates. They are serious about bringing together people who would otherwise not meet. Like all good fools, they seek to meet people where they are and of course, they discover on the streets their common humanity. Learn more about Fools Mission at

www.foolsmission.org

Thomas Atwood presents a Fools' Mission Community Advocate Award to
Griselda Gallardo.

Her Children, Magdalena., Celia, Maria Jose, and Luis
Fernando enjoy the honor with her.



Fools Mission is based on a simple theme: We will achieve social justice only when people from all walks of life are sharing meals, social events, and life stories together. Fools Mission is intentionally multicultural. In our circle, first-generation immigrants and others who struggle with poverty exchange life stories with middle class and professional people.

We are bound together by our shared identity as fools. If we start to take ourselves too seriously, we put on our clown noses and fools caps to remind ourselves that we're all the same underneath!

Street Level Learning on the Move

If you hear anything with regularity from people who have spent time with Faithful Fools, here in the Tenderloin, it's "I've learned so much... just by being here." It's the nature of the place. Not because it's so strange or exotic, but because it is so much like so many other neighborhoods around the US and around the world. There are families here (lots of them, in fact), there are very poor people and some very rich ones, too. And yes, there is drug abuse and anger and violence (and kindness, as well). But that's not what makes it a place filled with learning. What makes this place so very educational is that our lives are lived right there on the street. Your life and mine, right there, right outside the window. The person who is leaning against the wall, lighting a cigarette or crack pipe has a story, has pain, joy, relationships (some broken, some whole), hopes and dreams, just like anyone else.

If you happen to be sitting on the inside of our building looking out, or sitting with Kay on the curb, you too have pain and joy and human

relationships and hopes and dreams. Just like that person over there, or over there, or over there. If you happen to catch sight of yourself reflected in a mirror or a window, you may see yourself in the same light as the person you are looking at across the street. And, if you have held that other person with compassion in your mind, you may find that you have a little more compassion for yourself as well-or may it well go the other way 'round-maybe you will find a little more room for another's failings after you've seen your own short comings.



Learning never wants to stay put or be forgotten

From this rich learning environment, any of an infinite number of lessons are yet to be learned and which one or two I might learn today, well, I don't know. But what I do know is if I spend the evening with another fool, pretty soon we will discover that what we have learned is very much the same. And that learning will have changed us both, for the rest of our lives.

But here's the thing. Learning never wants to stay put or be forgotten. Once I've learned something I want to revel in it: I want to use it, talk about it, squish it between my toes like sand, take it with me to foreign places, and to family reunions. What I've learned becomes part of me, part of how I walk, and talk, and most especially of how I listen and respond. This is the thing about street level learning: it was

never meant to stay here in the Tenderloin. It is meant to go with you (whether you are an intern or volunteer or just back from a street retreat or a visitor come to see what it's all about); it's meant to leave this neighborhood where life is lived out in the open for all to see and change how you do what you do and how you are who you are.

Sam Dennison
A Fools Resident

REFLECTIONS On Internships and life-long learning

✓ Bringing your presence to a person in need is enough sometimes.

✓ Humour is a great survival tool. So is goofiness and silly-ness.

✓ In the most dire situations we all need a little Foolishness.

✓ Having a good night's sleep and a place to take a shower is precious.

✓ There is abundance and unexpected beauty on the streets.

Laura (Friedman) Imaiyoshi Intern 2002



Reflection: the recollection of an emotionally powerful experience in the caring presence of another person allows my experience to connect what I already know more firmly.

It helps me to identify and dissolve unwarranted assumptions and prejudices, stereotypes, dogmas and principles. It draws me and my listener toward integrating head and heart, and it spurs the energies that

allow my new aspirations to surface and become fulfilled. A constant community of support boosts my courage to take effective actions.

Melissa Fafarman

✓ Sometimes just listening to someone can give them courage

✓ It is good to use one's spiritual practice to help others

✓ Approach a job by understanding the real problem and solving it, rather than just what is expedient.

✓ All Work has Value

✓ When doing something, do it with love.

Barbara Meyers
Intern 2003-2004

✓ What a difference it makes to someone who rarely feels welcome anywhere to be welcomed with a smile, the availability of necessities, and without condition.

What I learned as a Faithful Fools Intern

By Dana Kojun Hull

I came to the Faithful Fools after fourteen consecutive years of residential Zen Buddhist training. Here are some of the main highlights that come to mind when I reflect back on what has been a very rich internship experience:

To come to know something means that whatever it is is no longer (so) separate from what I call "me."

So, what am I now less separate from (in my mind), having completed a six-month internship with the Faithful Fools? For one, I am certainly less separate from the Tenderloin neighborhood. My view of the neighborhood has gone through constant adjustment during this time.

I learned, for instance, that the Tenderloin is not a fixed entity with fixed boundaries. I can feel when I cross from inside it to outside it, but sometimes it is on this block and sometimes it is on that one and who knows where it will be the next time I go out...

I feel at home here, even on the streets, even at night. My face has become one of the ones that people recognize. I recognize many of my neighbors' faces, too, and surprise myself with how many names I know.



*"THE DEPTH OF THE REFLECTION MUST MEET THE DEPTH OF THE ACTION,
AND THE REVERSE IS TRUE AS WELL—
THE DEPTH OF THE ACTION MUST MEET THE DEPTH OF THE REFLECTION!"*

KAY JORGENSEN



News from Gina Carson-King and her Husband John

When you last heard from us, two years ago, we had just gone to Oregon to meet my 23 year old son and his adoptive family who I had not seen since he was 3 years old. Since then John and I have had a beautiful child together, Benjamin, and moved to Olivia, MN. It's THE CORN CAPITAL OF THE WORLD!!!!



I am a full-time mom and John has gotten a commercial truck driving license and is currently working in the beet fields. As I think about where we have come I want to say to people, never give up hope, and everything is possible. I never thought I would get off methadone, but I did it one milligram at a time and didn't get sick. It makes me feel so good that people wonder what happened to us. If I could be there I would let all those girls, young women and older men without hope know that there are good people and people who care.



STREET MINISTRY
234 HYDE STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94102
www.faithfulfools.org

Weekly Programs

Meditation
Mon thru Fri
9am to 10am

Bible Study
Thursdays
10am to 11 am

WRITE ON!
(writing workshop)
Thursdays
12:30 to 3:30

Write for Life
(Journaling Workshop)
Fridays
10:30am to 12:30

Gathering of Poets
Every 2nd & 4th
Saturday
4pm to 6pm

Movie Night
Every 2nd Saturday
7pm

Faithful Fools Mission Statement

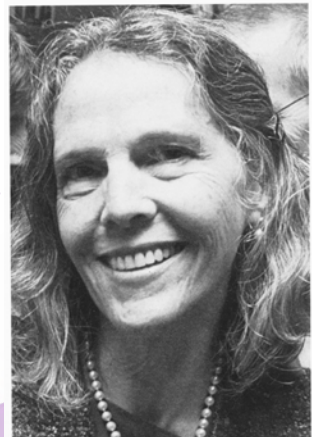
*We are called to a ministry of presence
that acknowledges each human's incredible
worth.*

*Aware of our judgments, we seek to meet
people where they are through the arts,
education, advocacy and accompaniment.*

*We participate in shattering the myths about
those living in poverty, seeing the light,
courage, intelligence, strength and creativity
of the people we encounter.*

*We discover on the streets our common
humanity, through which celebration,
community, and healing occur.*

*We are remembering
our dear friend Barbara
Cushing of the Kalliopeia
Foundation who passed
away on November 7th,
2012. Barbara was one of
those people whose vision
and energy changed the
people around her and made
the world a better place.*



*The work of Faithful
Fools would have been so
much harder and so much less fun without
her faith in us and her joy in our work.*

For that, Barbara, we will always be grateful.

To all of you who support us with
Supernova Generosity
we say
Thank you!!!!