

Homeless But Happy (Pt. 5)

Who are the homeless? We are this unique group; all citizens of our Town gathering to cope and silently share and discuss our strengths and weakness.

We are not the underground. We are not subhuman. We are not destroyers. We are above ground earth residents still striving to achieve our goals.

We are human beings, men and women who, for various reasons, ended up in turmoil. From job loss, plant closures, company bankruptcies catapulting our finances to default in mortgage payments, thus losing the walls of our very home environments. Relationship breakdowns of catastrophic, tsunami, emotional levels.

The bereaved from deaths of loved ones. The results of war, from our veterans returning from duty suffering PTSD. The single parents falling on hardships. We are even the venerable from drug dependency or health challenges.

In this same group is the senior population that built this country and community who cannot survive on their pension allowance, and thus a few become the casualty of homelessness with many more fearing the same.

The beautiful-minded ones whose minds are tormented in mental illness are part of us, in our community. There are all social classes in this group of people. There are the highly educated people in this same group of homelessness. There is no segregation of ethnic backgrounds or religion. We are homeless, not irresponsible and this situation is a crisis. Just to live we became; the couch surfers with the great white sharks always following, the environmentalist with tents in the woods as survival of the fittest, the sidewalk sleepers of our city sidewalk installation art called ?Homelessness?.

Our group doesn't judge one another, we cannot judge, as outside judgement has already filed us. We have become street family when no one seemed to really care.

To be sad, depressed or even suicidal for some is now what I hear most from listening to others. I want them to be happy. I want them to love and smile.

?Well Mr. Potter is it too much to ask, to have them work and pay and live and die in a couple of decent rooms and a bath!?

I continue to write this series from my compassionate point of view to challenge your perspective of our real needs. Help us with jobs, help us fix our broken cars so we can get to any type of work. Help us with affordable living. This will make such a difference to one person living this, so that he will not want to debate jumping off a bridge like George Bailey in ?It's a Wonderful Life.?

Do I feel some of these same emotions, perhaps your wondering? I felt, of course, sad and lost while searching for my new beginnings. I surrender my self doubts to continue life. Who is to say I wasn't rescued already by guardian angels?

I keep trying.

How can you believe that a homeless person could be happy?

Well it's simple, all we have left is happiness in a hope for a better future. I know this will happen for me and for others.