



Volume 1, Issue 1

April 9, 2010



## Joey Alise Murello Crowned People On Wheels' Ms. Wheelchair Indiana

### INDIANA -

Noblesville native Joey Alise Murello, was crowned People On Wheels' Ms. Wheelchair Indiana 2010 at the Indianapolis Museum of Art ceremonies in support of Disability Awareness Month, on Saturday, March 6th. The event is a People On Wheels outreach to promote the disability community and provide a platform for a dialogue from which disabled women can address their fellow Hoosiers. Murello is 26 years old and works full time at International Medical Group in Indianapolis. She suffers from Friedreich's ataxia, an inherited disease that causes progressive damage to the nervous system resulting in degeneration of nerve tissue in the spinal cord. Murello is a graduate of Noblesville High School and attended Anderson University. She spends a great deal of time volunteering and working with children, both as a cheerlead-

ing coach for the Upward Basketball season at her church and with the Apprentice Players at the Hamilton County Belfry Theatre. As Ms. Wheelchair Indiana 2010, Joey says she "will promote and focus on the abilities of those with disabilities to help remove the perception that 'we are different.'" People On Wheels' Ms. Wheelchair Indiana program focuses on the accomplishments of Indiana residents with disabilities. "Our mission is to educate, advocate and raise awareness of the abilities and needs of the disability community," said People On Wheels president, Nancy Cotterill. The titleholder will enjoy a year long reign speaking at various engagements throughout the state. Murello will travel to Grand Rapids, Michigan to compete in the Ms. Wheelchair America Pageant 2011, to be held August 9-15, 2010.



## TOMS SHOES Celebrated April 8 as One Day without Shoes [www.toms.com](http://www.toms.com)



TOMS Shoes asked people to go the day, part of the day or even just a few minutes,

barefoot, to experience a life without shoes firsthand, and to help spread awareness of the impact a simple pair of shoes can bring to a child's life.

TOMS Shoes was founded on a simple premise: With

every pair you purchase, TOMS will give a pair of new shoes to a child in need. One for One.

Visit their website for more information.

[www.toms.com](http://www.toms.com)





## Indy Reads and Roller Derby

Don't miss the most **dangerous literacy** event of the year!!!



### Saturday, April 17, 2010

Naptown Roller Girls Double Header to support Indy Reads—  
Central Indiana's adult literacy program.

Naptown Roller Girls vs. the Ohio Roller Girls  
April 17, 2010

Bouts start at 5 p.m. at the Pepsi Coliseum (Indianapolis Fair Grounds)

\$12 presale online - [www.naptownrollergirls.com](http://www.naptownrollergirls.com)

\$17 CASH at the door

A portion of the ticket sales go to Indy Reads!



## MISSION TO UKRAINE [www.missiontoulkraine.org](http://www.missiontoulkraine.org)

### Unbelievable Help Available For Free

*by Dr. Alexandra Bashek*



Little Vadim, a 5 year old boy with cerebral palsy, lives in a small village in the Zhitomir region. Last year his parents borrowed a large sum of money from a bank in order to treat his disability at a well-known rehabilitation center in another part of Ukraine. This money was needed for early therapy intervention. They paid for the treatment as well as lodgings and medications. It left them impoverished even more, but also sad as they didn't see a desirable progress in their child's development. On their return a local hospital doctor mentioned Mission to Ukraine's clinic to them. Tears filled the mother's eyes when she came to MTU and learned that similar help was available for free. Her excitement multiplied when she saw much improvement in Vadim's condition and learned how to help him exercise on his own. At present, MTU physical therapists treat at least 15 children with different disabilities at the MTU clinic daily.



Families from villages stay in a cottage on the MTU grounds.



[www.missionsfrontier.org](http://www.missionsfrontier.org)

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Visit Missions Frontier Spring 2010 newsletter at  
<http://www.missionaryjourney.net/spring2010.pdf>

Newsletter password: [spring10](#)



[www.joyshouse.org](http://www.joyshouse.org)

### Joy's House Annual Flower Sale

*During the week of April 12th-16th, Helmer has an opportunity to order plants from Joy's House for less than retail store prices. Proceeds from the plants will help to sustain this valuable service in our community.*

*A variety of bedding, hanging and potted plants will be available for order. Flowers will be delivered to Helmer on Friday, May 7th...just in time for Mother's Day!*

*Payment will be required at the time of order, via cash, check (payable to Helmer) or a one-time payroll deduction. Please submit order forms and payment to Tatiana, no later than Friday, April 16th.*

*Spring is here!*

*It is time to think about your flower order through Joy's House.*

*All purchases support scholarships for Joy's House guests.*



[www.worldnextdoor.org](http://www.worldnextdoor.org)

## On the Streets—Day One

by Barry Rodriguez

So. Four days and four nights on the streets of Manhattan. Intimidating? Yes. Exciting? Yes. Scary? Yes. This is definitely beyond the realm of anything I've ever done before. But one day in I can already say that I'm learning *tons* about homelessness in our country...

Yesterday, after hanging out with the Relief Bus in the Bronx for a few hours (and filling up with soup and bread!), I headed off alone for Manhattan. My assets? A book to read, a 7 day unlimited metro card, my old cell phone, my journal, a Bible, 25 cents and the clothes on my back.

For the next four days, this would be all I'd have to get by...

Most of my afternoon was spent working up the courage to start panhandling. Every time I got close to starting, my subconscious would start yelling at me. "What will people think of me? Will they be upset? What if I get arrested or something?" Unrealistic fears began to seep in to my heart.

But as dusk approached, my stomach started to growl. It was then that I realized the truth of my situation. If I didn't start panhandling, I wouldn't eat dinner. Simple as that! So, abandoning any sense of independence or self-sufficiency, I squatted down next to a wall, held out my hands and begged.

"Can you spare a dollar, sir? Ma'am, can I have a quarter?"

As you might imagine, most people walked right by. A few genuinely didn't notice me, but most deliberately avoided eye contact. Every now and then, someone would look down at me and quickly look away, as if I could somehow trap them with my mind. One lady gave me a dollar, but otherwise I was coming up empty.

After 10 or 15 minutes, being ignored started to get to me. I switched spots and tried again. Same situation. The vast majority of people simply walked right by.

From the moment I decided to try this experience, I knew it would happen. I knew I would be treated as worthless. But having it actually happen time and time again brought the reality of it all straight to my heart.

No wonder homeless people so often suffer from mental illnesses. I panhandled for probably a grand total of 45 minutes and even *I* wanted to stand up and shout, "Hey! At least acknowledge me as a person!"

Being ignored is a terrible, terrible feeling.

But there were a few bright spots through it all. Occasionally, someone would look me in the eyes, reach into their pockets and genuinely say, "I'm sorry... I wish I could help you", before moving on. You'd think that I would have been frustrated by that, but I wasn't. In fact, simply being acknowledged at all was extraordinarily uplifting. I couldn't help but smile at them, even though my pockets were still empty.

Well, over the course of my time panhandling, I ended up making about \$8.50 (due in large part to a \$5 bill a man gave me in a subway stairwell). Because I only needed enough money to buy dinner and breakfast, I quit. I was feeling guilty enough taking other people's money.

I walked out of the subway station and towards a hot-dog stand. \$2 for a hot dog with everything on it. It wasn't going to get much cheaper than that in Manhattan.

As I ate, tears welled up in my eyes. I was overwhelmed with emotions. In less than an hour, I had felt the bitterness of being ignored, the gratitude of simple eye contact and the humility that comes from being fully dependent on the good will of another.

Sure, the experience was over quickly. Sure, I was never in a place of true desperation. But I do know this... After being one myself, I will never look at panhandlers the same way again.

From now on I will *definitely* make an effort to make eye contact with the panhandlers I meet. Even if I can't give them any money, I can still offer them the gift of dignity...



## On the Streets—The Station *by Barry Rodriguez*

On my first night living on the streets of Manhattan, I decided to sleep in a place where many homeless people lay their heads; Penn Station. Located directly beneath Market Square Arena, Penn Station is a large transit terminal with three levels.

I knew the night would be uncomfortable and a bit nerve-racking, but I had no idea just how eye-opening it would be...

I first went down into Penn Station at around 11pm. I walked around, looking for a place that would be out of the way for most traveling passengers, but not *too* remote for occasional police patrols.

At first, I saw very few people sleeping on the floor. For a moment, I was nervous, thinking that my plan for the night wasn't going to work out. Eventually, though, I found a section of wall between two sleeping men and lay down, using my backpack as a pillow. I curled up and got as comfortable as I could on the hard floor, but couldn't seem to fall asleep. Even though I was dead tired from a long day of walking, sleep just wouldn't come.

Part of it was the discomfort, sure. But more than that was the stress of what I was doing. I had no idea what was allowed. I had no idea what to expect. Any time I heard people speaking behind me, my eyes jolted open. Were they coming to kick me out? Was it someone coming to rob me?



How I look right now. Hopefully a little less gentle! 😊

Of course, my fears proved unfounded, and after the fiftieth false alarm, I finally drifted off to a restless sleep.

An hour or two after falling asleep, I was awakened by a cleaning lady wanting to mop the floor. I sat up and began to leave. Interruptions like that must be common, I realized, because the moment she said, "Wake up", the other two guys near me immediately stood up, gathered their things and walked off as if they had been expecting it.

Now that my "bed" was gone, I took the opportunity to walk around Penn Station and see if more people had come to sleep. Groggy and bleary-eyed at 1am, I saw something that absolutely blew my mind.

There, throughout the terminal were literally *hundreds* of homeless people sleeping in every conceivable space. Some were leaning against pillars, others were lying on improvised cardboard "mattresses." Everywhere I looked, there were other lumps of humanity pressed against the wall, surrounded by their possessions and curled up into a ball.

After a little while, I returned to my spot to sleep a bit more. At 3am I was again kicked out of that section, this time by a different cleaning person. When I had finally settled in somewhere else to get a few more minutes of sleep, I heard a banging sound on the wall. A couple of policemen were walking around waking everyone up.

"Rise and shine, guys. It's time to get up. Time to go..." Apparently, since trains start up at 4:30am, all the homeless have to leave at 4.

Like just about everyone else around me, I wandered around aimlessly for a few minutes, trying to shake the sleepiness from my head. As I walked, I tried to really take in the sight of all the homeless people waking up around me.

This time, however, I saw something that I hadn't noticed when everyone was asleep. There were a *lot* of mental and physical disabilities in that place. People were talking to themselves, limping and leaning on canes, staring with distant expressions and mumbling softly...

I even saw one man holding the top of his pants around mid-thigh without any underwear on. The man was exposing himself in a public place without even realizing it. These were broken people. Rejected people. The hopeless and helpless of this city. These were people who couldn't get into shelters or who don't want to be involved in recovery programs or who are scared to get the government involved. I'm



[www.worldnextdoor.org](http://www.worldnextdoor.org)

## On the Streets—The Station cont. *by Barry Rodriguez*

sure that many of them don't even know what options are available to them.

After walking through the terminal, I went across the street and bought a cup of coffee with some of my panhandled money. I came back into Penn Station, sat up against a pillar and watched as the last sleepers were woken up by the police.

As I sat there, I realized something interesting. By the time most commuters would arrive, almost all of these people would be gone. Nobody would know that at night their train station was home to a whole community of shattered lives.

I saw one janitor kick a woman out of her spot to mop directly under where she had been sitting. As far as the world was concerned, she was never even there.

It makes me wonder. How many other broken lives lie just beneath my own? How often do I cross paths with invisible people in my world?

Or I suppose the more difficult question to answer is this: How often do I intentionally *avoid* crossing paths with the invisible? Do I structure my day-to-day life in such a way that I never have to see disturbing brokenness?

I mean, I live in a nice, comfortable suburban world most of the time. People like those sleeping in Penn Station never even enter the picture.

It brings into sharp focus for me why the work of organizations like [New York City Relief](#) is so important. It's not just that they give out soup to hungry people. It's not just that they help people find jobs or recovery programs. It's the fact that they help us to *remember*.

They help us to remember that the broken subway-dwellers of the world still exist. They help us to remember that there are many people in our world living in desperate need.

## Justice Seminar April 17

On Saturday, April 17, World Next Door will be hosting its very first Justice Seminar at Grace Community Church in Noblesville, IN. The three hour seminar is called "Journey Towards Justice." The focus for this event will be an intro to global poverty. Through videos, interactive discussions, teaching and stories from myself and WND writer Jessica Shewan, we will look at the scale and dynamics of poverty as well as what solutions are working and how you and I can practically get involved.

This will NOT be some boring firehose of statistics. We will be sharing stories and explaining the inter-workings of global poverty in ways I'm sure you've never thought of before! You can find more info on the WND website.