HOMELESS IN PARADISE May 10-16, 2019

PENINSULA PULCHRITUDE - Part 19



"THE DOG CAN GET A GOOD HOME; APPARENTLY, I CANNOT..." By Wanda Sue Parrott

CHANGING our minds is what we women are reputed to do, right?

If what I'm doing now is equal to breaking a promise, so be it.

The senior unsheltered woman who started this email exchange didn't give permission to quote her, so I've decided to call her "Name Withheld" and publish this discourse as a public service.

Why? Because it's widely stated that humans love pets more than one other, and I hope this column helps expose the error of this belief.

Here's what happened:

Saturday, May 4, 2019—Homeless In Monterey Emailed:

... My new case manager met with me this last week; the other one met with me five times. They told me about this new apartment for low-income seniors in Marina, that they are building, to be done in the fall. They told me they were going to help me apply this Thursday.

I saw the place today, right by the post office, and just Googled it.

Not only is the Wait List closed, it was closed on May 1, so I can't apply now.

Sunday Afternoon, May 5, 2019—I Answered:



Left is a flyer announcing that forthcoming Junsay Oaks Senior Housing, 3098 De Forest Ave., Marina, for seniors 62 and older, will take preapplications on May 20 through May 31.

Details at CHISPA website www.chispahousing.org and Housing Authority of County of Monterey (HACM) www.hamonterey.org . For information call 831-424-9153.

Monday Morning 4 A.M., May 6, 2019—Homeless In Monterey Emailed:

I almost died tonight. No exaggeration... not trying to get your sympathy.

The simple fact is that I could not breathe and fought for every breath.

The reality is I cannot get well sleeping in my car.

I have pushed myself too far and should have gone to the hospital. . . but it is an endless cycle:

I go to the hospital. They tell me I am sick. . . no cure except a home, a bed to sleep in, a place to elevate my legs, but I have found none of those.

I stay for a few days, then I leave and go back to the car.

I am thankful I have one, but I cannot live like this.

I cannot take care of (name withheld) or myself without a job/home, without an income that sustains us.

Sleeping three nights out of the month in a motel does not work.

So, where I am is: Unless I get a job/income/home this week, I cannot wait for someday.

I am going to take (name withheld) to the dog boarder people; they said that they would take care of her any time and find a good home for her if necessary.

The dog can get a good home. Apparently, I cannot.

She has a lot of people who love her, and she deserves a good home.

So do I... Maybe I will get into a low-income apartment for seniors that may or may not be ready in the fall... and I may or may not be able to fill out the application... since the waiting list is closed or not, not sure... anyway, time is up...

Sorry to tell you this, but enough is enough.

I am just going to let nature take its course

Thanks for your support, encouragement...

(Monday At Noon—May 6, 2019—I Answered)

This is not professional for me to have a string of silver hanging from my face as my tears turn to mucus, but all I have is a shirt sleeve to blot what I am trying to sniff into suspension while I respond to your email.

God, the Cosmic, Buddha, Yahweh, Infinite Mind or simply Great Spirit, knows that you touched me, and as a member of the press, I have tried to keep the 4th Estate rule of my being on one side and you being on the other--not being emotionally attached--but I am sitting here with tears filling my wrinkled old eyebags with salt water.

In THE PATH OF THE PROPHET, a little handmade booklet I have followed ever since my own inner guide manifested when I was 25 and down in the pit as far as I have ever been, I was inspired with guidelines by which I try to live.

The prophetic aphorisms, aka "The Law of ONE," include this hard one to follow:

Prophecy Fulfilled

...and be,
Above all else, Bold;
Be bold enough
to cry the tears of humanity,
without drowning in the Vast Salt Seas
they create...

"Homeless in Paradise" is not just a column of facts and statistics. It's a path for humans who are homeless in the heart.

As humans, we—you, and I and all others-- are communicators. We are mediums--middle-persons-conveying that which is below to that which above, and that which is in to that which is out, and vice versa.

I know how hard you have tried and how discouraged you have been, how crusty you can be and how sensitive I can be in over-reacting, but the truth is that as some sort of friend, I love you and suffer when you do.

Let me know yes or no if I may have permission to publish your name.

The column is due tomorrow. I would not publish a word without your consent and blessing. I am waiting for your response.

(Tuesday, May 7. 2019—6 P.M.—I Continued)

Permission not received from you, but my own Inner Prophet dared me to activate this aphorism by breaking my promise of not publishing a word by withholding your name but publishing our words:

Prophecy Fulfilled

...And dare to spread the Light

Of the Sunflower Seed

And the Stars. . .

May someone like Monterey's new Multi-Disciplinary Outreach Team (MDOT) that helped Tara Robinson and her dog Shay find shelter also help you get what your doctors ordered, a home of your own.

My tears have dried and ink is running now.

It isn't silver.

It's gold.

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Photo: Sunflower cutline
Prophecy Fulfilled
...And dare to spread the Light
Of the Sunflower Seed
And the Stars. . .
Photo courtesy of Clip Art

Photo: Save The Date Poster (No credit)
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