



ShelterCare

Hope is here.

Voices

A Consumer Council Newsletter

Spring 2020

"ShelterCare enriches lives through exceptional services that nurture hope, opportunity and dignity."



WORDS OF (ancient) WISDOM

"Those who know don't talk. Those who talk don't know. Close your mouth, block off your senses, blunt your sharpness, untie your knots, soften your glare, settle your dust. This is the primal identity. Be like the Tao. It can't be approached or withdrawn from, benefited or harmed, honored or brought into disgrace. It gives itself up continually. That is why it endures."

~ Tao Te Ching

photo by Kevin McGehee

DISCLAIMER

All stories that are works of fiction are just that. The persons and events portrayed are strictly from the authors' imaginations. VOICES is intended solely as a source of entertainment!



**Sara Speaks:
An Interview With Michelle Hankes,
ShelterCare's new C.E.O.**

I'm happy to have been chosen by Janice and Cat, from ShelterCare's Development Team, for allowing me the honor of doing a one on one with a real, leaders leader. Michelle's "breadth and depth" of knowledge of people and life amazed me the entire time we spoke. Michelle is, in the true sense of the word, an Educator. Her world, much like ShelterCare founder Susan Ban's, is one founded on communication, non-profits, academia and being unrepentantly spiritual. She was a joy to talk to. To be honest, if I felt trepidation because of the change in leadership around here: the fear of the unknown really – there was no need. Susan, of course, chose a very worthy successor. As we entered her office we'd been discussing past brushes with downturns in health and the curves life can throw.

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Michelle: I think a lot of us, we just ignore it. You have kids; you focus on your kids. And I've loved my work – I've always been in social services. But, when you love your work and love your family...sometimes you forget to love yourself.

Sara: You've been through a lot and I agree, it's easy to neglect yourself. I have this saying written down to remind me, it's taoist – "These are your three treasures: patience, compassion and simplicity."

Michelle: Say that again, I'll write it down.

Sara: The compassion really applies to yourself first because you can't be compassionate to other people unless you're alive. It took a great deal of work to get here. Why ShelterCare? I'm trying to avoid the usual lines of questioning for this.

Michelle: That's OK, we'll just have a little discussion. So the work I had been doing was with a national organization. When you work at one you feel like a piece of it. You don't get to have any real creativity. My original role was to make sure babies were born healthy, but the role changed. It went from getting to work with families, to working with people, doctors, researchers, donors, and the board. The non-profit changed into, *'We're now one big non-profit. Our researchers are going to be researchers – now the only thing you're going to do is fund raise,'* ... and I'm a good fundraiser. But not being able to make decisions; not being able to meet the people I'm serving; that was really hard, because I thrive when I'm making a difference. I was raising money to make a difference but, I wasn't making a difference with people.

Sara: In other words you weren't living up to your potential.

Michelle: Exactly. My husband said, *'We need to make sure we're all happy.'* I said, *'Yeah, you're right. I love what I do, but I don't love where I am.'* So, I started looking around and usually, in my past, I created collaboration and created partnerships... looking at an issue and saying, *'What's the creative way to go at it. You do this, and I'll do this.'* That's what my background had been in. So I happened to see ShelterCare pop up on my LinkedIn, I reached out to the individual who was doing the search, and he turned out to be one of those wonderful people. I did a lot of research on Eugene. I reached out to see, *'Would I make a good impact, would I make a differ-*

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ence? I think so. You know,

you can try!' I talked to a lot of board members for interviews. They had me come out here with my husband to do the presentation with the other individuals they were looking at. Part of it was, not only *'Does ShelterCare want me?'* But *'Was I a good fit?'* Back and forth. It had to be a good fit. I got to sit down with Susan for a while to talk. I got to sit with board members, staff, I got to sit with some consumers. And, I fell in love with the place – I fell in love with the people.

Sara: What's your educational background?

Michelle: I have undergraduate degrees in political science, international history, music performance and theory, and I have a masters degree in science education, museum studies and geology. And then I have my certification in nonprofit management.

Sara: You've got a broad spectrum...

Michelle: I love to learn!

Sara: Is there anything you'd like to add, as far as outside interests or volunteer work, for instance, that pertain?

Michelle: I didn't plan to be in nonprofit work. I guess, sort of...I planned to be a park ranger.

Sara: Susan is a minister.

Michelle: If you go into life with your blinders on going, *'This is what I'm going to do,'* then like 30 years down the road you go: *'Gee, I'm miserable!'* You have to be you. Show me a 20-year-old who knows who they are; they're only starting to. I have a 20-year-old at home.

Sara: So I hear you have a personal interest in psychology. Would you mind elaborating?

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Michelle: I have a brother that's bipolar. He has overcome a lot of things. He was briefly homeless. My aunt, who was my favorite aunt growing up, had schizophrenia. You were talking about geniuses you know? She would be one of those geniuses – she could play any instrument. She was brilliant. She had her own demons. The family went around her. I was raised knowing Clarice has her good days and bad days. There were days when she was a danger to herself and others. She hurt herself badly when I was a youth. She was still my Aunt Clarice. I loved her then and I love her now. At my senior recital, I had to sing arias in seven or eight different languages, and she came. She had the flu too, but she was there, which meant more to me, because she understood. To this day I look at her as my hero. One of my favorites stories is about Albert Einstein who asked to speak at Yale or Harvard or Princeton. You can picture one of those huge lecture halls, and packed with all these scientific minds; physicists etc. Albert Einstein walks on stage with his violin and plays it for 45 minutes. He walks off the stage and you've got all these scientists saying: *'What the heck! We were here to see Einstein speak.'* They asked him later: *'Why did you do that?'* He replied: *'They'll never understand the science, if they don't feel the music.'* I might have misquoted that slightly, but something along those lines.

Sara: You told us earlier that you were a dog person!

Michelle: Dogs love us unconditionally...they really do, and we all need a little love unconditionally. My current dog, Harley, was a stray who got hit by a car, or was thrown out of one. He was unwanted. He had mange and was missing fur. His hip was bad. He was about six months old.

Sara: What is he?

Michelle: Maybe chihuahua/terrier; he's about twenty pounds now. He was about ten pounds when he followed my husband and kids back from the school bus stop. He chose us. The boys were going to name him "Honda" because I'd just gotten a Honda motorcycle. He's been with us now for eight years. He's healthy and happy, and a little fat. His problem is he's a little "Napoleonic." Big dog? It doesn't matter how big that dog is, Harley will go first. He loves people but will defend his "terriertory" as we call it.

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Sara: Terriers are game, and chihuahuas are crazy. They can be kind of neurotic.

Michelle: They may take after their owners (laughs). That's pretty much the combination of what Harley gives me. We are part of his "terriertory."

Sara: So tell us about your family!

Michelle: Sure! Michael and I will be celebrating our 23rd anniversary this year. Keegan will be twenty next month. He just finished his early degree in Film Tech. He had done some videos, and just did the first movie he got to work on. He was the graphic designer and production assistant. It's a cowboy/zombie horror movie and it will be on Netflix this year! It's called "Potter's Ground." It's a small budget horror film...he's had to do a lot of different things and learn that Hollywood isn't all lights, camera, and action sometimes – he's starting from the beginning. Then Rory is 15 and a half. He's a sophomore in high school. He's making the transition from Tennessee to Oregon slowly. Unfortunately, he's one of those genius level people. Some day he wants to be a lawyer, but that was last week. My husband does editing and social media. He works freelance from home, by internet.

Sara: What about self-care? What do you do for fun?

Michelle: Now that I can walk again, after a hip replacement...love the outdoors! It's that science background. I like hiking, camping, and I like doing day trips with my husband and exploring. Maybe a new campground...maybe a winery or a restaurant we've never tried. Or, see the ocean and take the boys if they want to go.

Sara: Oregon is an outdoor person's paradise.

Michelle: I love reading. It can be a bag, it can be a book. I really love science fiction.

Sara: Do you have any advice for us on leading a happy existence?

Michelle: Smile until you mean it. That's what my therapist taught me years ago.

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Welcome Michelle! Seriously, she smiles a lot. Another aspect of her being is that of cancer survivor/advocate. She mentioned this about herself and husband Michael: “We had cancer at the same time. It’s why I think healthcare is so important and having someone you trust – a family, friend or peer, is so vital.” The Forest Service? Too many talents for the great indoors. Besides an interest in pursuing an education in nonprofit management, history, politics and her love of music: Michelle plays violin, viola and a little guitar – she specialized in science education. If you can teach 8th grade anything, much less science, you need to be eloquent, convincing and forceful. That’s Michelle. What the reader didn’t hear was the reassuring, very down to earth, business-like tone (with a slight accent!).



painting by Marilyn Day

'ALL ABOVE THE BAY'

c doyle

Our favorite stars are singing
The bells on the buoys ringing
A thoughtful moon is
thinking
All above the bay...
I stay

Fires on the evening beach
Sparks rise up...they reach
indigo sky
As we lie watching
listening
Quietly we hum along
The song of Milky Way
I stay

Mercury and Mars
Saturn's perfect rings
Each bright mystery
happily sings
In iridescent night
Melody and light

*(They come out for night
They come out to be
All in song and light
All above you and me
Singing to the One,
they are - every moon
and every star)*

The nightly choir is singing
In the vast dark , winking
A thoughtful moon
is thinking
All above the bay!



photo by Kevin McGehee

When Will The Hurting Stop

A child growing up in the hands of the striker,
that strikes the eyes of the innocent,
they cannot understand it their love still remains in
fear and yet the child takes the blame,
it's not the child that is to blame, but the abuser
of hands that hurt, when will the hurting stop.

The woman who gave her love, her heart to the man
who loved her, and the man who becomes angry to
his lady, his wife, his mother, the man torments his
one true love and she is gripped in fear,

The woman, the child becomes trapped in the father or
the husband, or the girlfriend becomes a victim
of the accuser, she can't scream for mercy, because
the beating hands won't stop, and she is trapped
with fear and so afraid to talk, she remains silent
and soon the silence will be heard or she die in vain
of the rage of the abuser, when will the hurting stop

As silence becomes heard, all the beating hands will stop
they only stop in the harmony and protection of God
the child, the woman, is chained in the ordeal
and don't understand the cause, until the woman, and the
child, stands up with courage and strength and yet
the hurt never stops, when will the hurting stop.

by Oliver Ocheltree

My Old Shoes

by Matthew Switzer

Part 3

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. I use many metaphors. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. Like a song or a drawing, the fiction work is for moving powerful emotions.

So hey, Friday comes around and, keeping my word, I am waiting for the piss ant, and by golly, he shows up. But with a guy...I think this is his dad. He points to me and tells the guy "there is the old fart I was telling you about," as I could hear him. Oh hell, who is this guy he has with him, hired a thug? So now he is close, so I ask who is this and he told me just a friend. Well, I did say to bring your brass balls and I see you have, shall we go in?

So I go and as I get just inside, I look back and it looks like he is trying to get me to come back out, so I step back out of the station and ask what is up little piss-ant-shoe-thief and the guy looks at him and I say does he not know you are a Shoe Thief? Come on now what did you tell him about me?

So I look at him. "Who are you to him?" And he just looks at me. "You called him a Shoe Thief. What's with that?"

Oh, he did not tell you. Well gee it goes like this. He was invited over to my home by my Junior and he helped himself to my things in my room. Walked away with a pair of shoes that really did not cost that much but still I needed them, and if that were not so, he would have gotten away with it. Then I got a chance to get them back. It turns out he sold them and somehow got the money in hand before he shipped them. So after I saw how much he got, I made a choice to not turn him in to the cops if he gave me the unspent money he got. It seemed fair at the time. Oh, and I recorded all of that on my phone. "You ever buy shoes at a thrift store?" He did not say anything. "You don't pay much you know; he could have done just that too. He did not need to be a thief."

So, Mister just-his-friend, I see he has not told you anything. Well here is the best part... oh by the way did he give you any money for showing up with him here this morning? I bet not; he likely gave you a line of BS.... well he sold the old shoes for 12k. Is this your friend?

The guy just turned and walked away. "Hey piss ant, there goes your brass balls. Shall we go in and clear up the rest of your life and your new record deal? Let's go sing. Well I am going in there; what are you going to do?"

Let's make a deal.

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Yes right, let's go in there and make a deal. You were saying something about blackmail and from your point of view you could be right, let's see. But what I was saying is something like you not stealing things and ending up in the back of this place serving your time for years learning to be a better piss ant and growing your own set of brass balls or maybe not the balls.

So now let's try this meeting one more time at the lawyers office over on 5th. I will have Junior call with the time of the appointment. Don't be late. Oh and you may want to bring your balls with you also to this as a witness; just bribe him.

So I called the lawyer to see if I can talk to him about what is up and what I am doing and if he could help me with the offer I made to the Shoe Thief. He said O.K. but that it would cost me a bit to do that without it seeming like a blackmail case.

So, hey Junior, here is the information for your friend the piss ant. Oh, the Shoe Thief. He pissed me off the other day so now he is a piss ant. I told him you would be calling.

What? Well, he is your friend. O.K. fine.

Hey dude, my dad Max has a new name for you 'piss ant.' Oh so you heard that. when what where. Yep, he can get that way. But you know you were the only one here, so what could I do. Well gee dude. I will miss you dude. Good luck in your new place. I will tell him. Bye.

Click.

Well what did he say?



painting by Marilyn Day

He is moving. Yep, his mother is sending him to live with his dad somewhere south. I think he had said a while back that his dad lived in New Orleans.

Well crap, try to give a kid a break and set him on a better path... What? What do you mean? I was going to set up a legitimate business and run it with him.

Well hey, what about me, your son?

Have you sold a pair of \$12 shoes for 12k?

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No way, he never told me that. Wow, some friend he was.

So I was talking with my friend Sue, telling her what happened with the young man 'the piss ant.' She said maybe you should have had your son tell a report was made with the cops; that may have turned him. But you say New Orleans. Hey, you know, my brother Joe has worked down in New Orleans; that's where he learned to cook and he made some friends. Oh you know maybe he would be willing to work this idea of a part time job with you.

Sure I will give him a yell. So I got to thinking how did that young man get into making so much money selling basic used things, well, stolen but still, used. He did say Ebay, so I will start there and just look into it myself. Guess I will start with shoes like the ones he had just sold; maybe I will see the listing.

Highest price first, and yep, I see brand names like Gucci and Choo and others. I must have had a brand named shoe or something. It must be the case of people giving away something of value and not know about it. Maybe the cleaning people do this. But anyhow, I have my list of things. Now it is my turn. Come to think of it, I bet he would case a place, then come back and take what he had found. That young man-boy may have just used his so-called friends to case their houses.

Say, I should look into this some more. Hey Junior, did you know who the piss ants' other friends were? Some. Well hey, call them and ask them if any of their things are missing. Your supposed "friend" may have been a busy bee making friends and casing houses. We can get the big list..

So I wonder if I can make a legitimate business out of his idea. And no wonder he bailed. I bet he was thinking I was just an old fart with no clue to what he was up to. Brand name things may not just show-up in thrift stores. I must have got lucky is all. Oh well, I have some money to play with, and the lawyer said I could just do it as a hobby.

Thinking: boy, my new girlfriend's brother sure can cook. I wonder why he is not working that somewhere.

As it turned out it seems that searching for Collectibles is more of a job, a real pain in the butt. I work all day. Eight hours after work, I go out searching for collectibles. The piss ant was a thief and he would case the houses with valuables. I guess he just got lucky with my old shoes. I do the same thing. I'm going out and I'm casing flea markets, yard sales and thrift stores, but I'm not really finding anything of value. It just seems like a job and I already have a job. And you know it, I'm putting in the hours but I'm not really getting the money for it. This is no kind of Hobby. This is maybe here and there. I'm not going to really do anything with it.

So we're back to work tomorrow. It is late Sunday night and bedtime. Another day at the office. My workplace is a bit different I suppose. I'm the first there and I'll have to warm the place up.

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My office moved down the road. I'm a bus driver. Stop by stop, as I pick Folks up in the morning, I think they're on their way to work or maybe school. I don't get too many riders. Went in the evening around 4pm or so. All the people from the morning come back into my office and I run my route and they get off where they need to. About mid-day I get near to that little coffee shop and the sun starts shining in my heart.

I get a half hour break each day so I park my bus, my office, in a place that I can see while I sit in my little coffee shop, drinking my coffee and eating my donut, and talk a little bit with my friend Sue. Some of my clients on the bus see me doing my lunch and they make remarks about the waitress Sue. I'll talk to some of them as I drive. I think they're just trying to be helpful, and they are. They have great ideas, like taking her out to a play. That got me a dinner. So a few dates go by of me seeing Sue from the coffee shop. Everything seems to be going pretty smooth, then out of the blue she asked me why have you never told me about your family or your friends. Well, thinking for a moment I just say, well I guess it just never came up till now, What would you like to know? Well are your parents still alive? No, they passed on about 10 years ago in a car accident. Well, I know you have a child, Junior, and so you were married or something. Yeah she died when she was giving birth to our son 18 years ago. So I guess that makes me a widower. I'm sorry I don't mean to pry; seems like you had a lot of tragedy in your life.

I Have made some friends through my son's school. They have meetings, parent-teacher night. But we really don't hang out or do anything, just you know, at the meeting. I'm not a barfly; I don't like hanging out in bars and drinking after work. I have done some sports: bowling and archery.

So have you ever hunted or is archery just a sport at the range?

No, it's just been the range. When my parents were alive and I was a boy, we all lived on our farm and my dad used to, you know, kill and clean the animals, so I certainly know I could hunt with my bow, but I don't. We have supermarkets. We don't have to.

You know Max I would love to learn how to shoot a bow and arrow. I think this would be great for some of our dates. What do you think? No problem with that. Do you have a bow? I'll get one. I think they're pretty cheap. But how about bowling? That's a pretty good sport as well.

Things change. Friday, with the weekend ahead of me, just as I'm punching out of central office, I find a note near my punch card. It's pink. I should see the supervisor. He wants to discuss something with me. Well, it turns out they are just changing my route. I won't be driving by the little coffee shop no more. Just great, I'm sure Sue is not going to like this.

White Man

*by Queen
from the album
A Day at the Races*

I'm a simple man
With a simple name
From this soil my people came
In this soil remain
Oh yeah. . .

And we made us our shoes
And we trod soft on the land
But the immigrant built roads
On our blood and sand
Oh yeah. . .

White man, white man
Don't you see the light behind your blackened skies
White man, white man
You took away sight to blind my simple eyes
White man, white man
Where you gonna hide
From the hell you've made?

Oh the red man knows war
With his hands and his knives
On the Bible you swore
Fought your battle with lies
Oh yeah. . .

Leave my body in shame
Leave my soul in disgrace
But by every God's name
Say your prayers for your race

White man, white man
Our country was green and all our rivers wide
White man, white man
You came with a gun and soon our children died
White man, white man
Don't you give a light for the blood you've shed?

What is left of your dream?
Just the words on your stone
A man who learned how to teach
Then forget how to learn

Healthy, Affordable, Easy AND Tasty: Have it All

Low Fat Ranch Dip

Ingredients

- 1 can great northern beans (drained)
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup yogurt, low-fat plain
- garlic cloves
- 1/8 teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon black pepper
- 1 tablespoon chives (fresh, chopped)
- 1 tablespoon parsley (fresh, chopped)
- 1/4 teaspoon tarragon
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Directions

1. Blend the beans and garlic in a blender, adding enough water for the desired consistency.
2. Blend for 2 minutes to make it silky smooth.
3. Use a spatula to scrape the mixture into a medium bowl.
4. Stir in the yogurt, cayenne, chives, parsley, and tarragon, salt and lemon juice.



Source: National Cancer Institute (NCI),
[5-A-Day Web site](#)

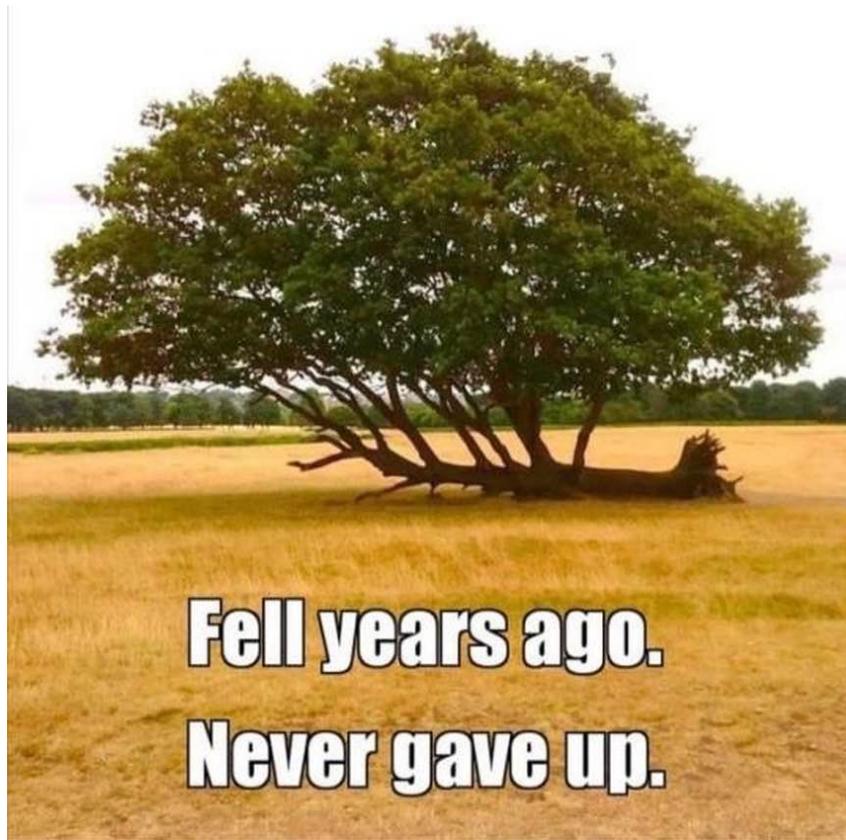


United States Department of Agriculture
What's Cooking? USDA Mixing Bowl



The largest living organism on the planet is in Oregon - the honey fungus. It covers more than 3.4 square miles (8.8 km²) in Oregon's Malheur National Forest and is more than 2,400 years old.

~ Wikipedia



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