


---

**The Jean Kim Foundation for the Homeless Education**  
**Newsletter NO. 3: July 2016**


PO Box 1835, Lynnwood, WA. 98046. Contact: Rev. Jean Kim: (425) 563-3006;  
E-Mail: [pastorinpurple1935@gmail.com](mailto:pastorinpurple1935@gmail.com); Website: [www.jeankimhome.com](http://www.jeankimhome.com)

---



Knowledge is Power  
아는 것이 힘이다

**In partnership with: 협력관계로:**  
The Nest Mission [for the homeless]: 등지선교회,  
Local Community Colleges: 지역초급대학들,  
Local Churches: 지역 교회들,  
Volunteers: 자원봉사자들  
Donors: 후원자들



Our dreams are big... Our hopes are high.  
Our goals long term and the path is difficult.  
But the only failure is not to try.

Jimmy Carter, the former President of the United States of America

## REPORT TO OUR SUPPORTERS

With your support, half year has already been passed since this Education Foundation was established. Homeless students who expressed a desire to pursue advanced education are already walking into the 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter of their school. When we started this mission someone said, “You will be lucky if you see one student complete the school.” In the amazing grace of God and wholehearted support from you we see some inconceivable fruits, which we are going to share with you; I am so proud of those who survive through tons of troubles, hanging on their hopes and successfully completing each quarter. 9 out of 11 people completed their study in the winter quarter and 6 people moved on); 4 completed and 6 move on in the spring quarter; 4 are in the summer quarter; 17 are either to return to or newly enroll for the fall quarter.

Every year the Nest Mission takes half dozen homeless friends to the leadership retreat. This year we focus on our homeless students. Thus, the Newsletter No. 3 carries several testimonies of our adult homeless students who study at various colleges. They wrote soul shaking testimonies that we decided to share them with our readers. The Homeless Education Foundation and the Nest Mission feel grateful for their COURAGE to share their painful personal stories. We owe huge thanks to Ms. Hae Kyung Park for translating the testimonies in Korean, and to Rev. Luther Stohs, Dr. Sherly Stohs and Rev. Kyung Lee for editing the documents. We hope these testimonies will inspire and motivate many of us to change our own lives.

*“Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and do not rely on your own insight. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths” (Proverbs 3:5-6)*

## Testimony by Kalene

I was born in Seattle, WA in September 1961 into a normal middle class family. I was the fourth of five



children. My oldest brother died three days after he was born, so I only had three siblings while I was growing up. I was born with a disability condition called “club feet.”. The doctors told my parents that I would never be able to walk. By the grace of God I have always been able to walk. Although I have had pain, and problems with my feet, I cannot be told I can’t walk.

My family was highly judgmental with high values. The myths that they believed were 1) people on welfare are lazy bums that don’t try hard enough, 2) homeless people are ignorant and lazy, and 3) women who have children out of wedlock are bad, cheap, and easy women. We were taught never to go on welfare, never to be homeless, never to have children out of wedlock because that would bring shame to our family.

In August 1972 when I was seven years old my family moved to Bellevue, WA. My parents had been married for 23 years. My mom divorced my dad because he was an alcoholic, and he had sexual addictions. My mom begged my dad to get help for his alcohol and sexual addiction. My

dad refused to go for treatments. Later in 2008 my dad died of alcohol poisoning at the age of 75.

After the divorce my mom took on the responsibilities of a single mom with 3 children to raise by herself. My mom had always been a homemaker while she was married to my dad, but now she had to find a job to support her family. She sent herself to a training at Lake Washington Vocational Technical School. She finished her training, and received a certificate as a Unit Clerk. Mom got a job at Harborview Hospital as a Unit Clerk for the Emergency Room. Mom worked there for 10 years, and then she found a job at Group Health Hospital in Central Supply, as an Operating Room Technician where she stayed until she retired.

As I grew up I had many complications. I had trouble as a student because I found that I had learning disabilities. I am an audio learner, learning by listening. I graduated from Sammamish High School in June 1980. I started fall quarter at Bellevue College. I wasn't serious about going to college. I dropped out of school. I got involved in a relationship with an American military G.I. I had a son. I lost my way. I broke every rule and values that I had been taught by my middle class family. I brought shame to my family like the Prodigal Son. After 3 years of living together that relationship came to an end because the American G.I., man of my dream, the man I had a baby with, was a very violent man. He had served as a Specialist with a Deadly Weapon in the Army. We never married so I took my baby and left my abuser forever. I stayed in a YWCA safe home. At that time I got a second chance to go back to school. Unfortunately the funding ran out, and I had to stop going to school again. When my son was old enough to start Kindergarten I searched for every resource I could find to finish my education. In 2010 I lost my job of 17 years in retail. I applied for Unemployment, and because I was on

Unemployment, I qualified to go back to college. I went back to Bellevue College, and finally was able to finish my education. It took me 32 years, but I finally graduated with two degrees from Bellevue College in 2012. I have always been determined, and I don't give up easily. I had to fight to win all the fights and I did win.

But my story isn't over yet. After I finally graduated from Bellevue College, I have been longing to continue my education to receive my Bachelor's degree, so I can become more self-sufficient in today's society. I want a better life. But in April of 2014, the lease to the beautiful apartment that I was renting (in South Park, WA) for \$ 850.00 per month had run out. The management increased the rent to 1,300 per month. If I wanted to stay in my dream apartment I would have had to pay the \$450 dollar increase. I could not afford the increase, and I had no alternative or, time to find a place to live. It was at that time, two years ago, that I became homeless, and I have been since then. I work as a care-giver but my earning isn't enough to afford an apartment. So I am in and out of my car and my client's home. I know that getting my education will help me get a better job and permanent housing that I so eagerly wish for.

In order to achieve all these I fight with many things; I fight with my unstable living situation; I fight with my short finances; I fight with myself to keep my own commitments. But I am sure I will win the fight with help from God and caring others.

I met Pastor Jean Kim one night at the Friday dinner of the Nest Mission in Edmonds. Because I am homeless I came for dinner. Pastor Kim had a booth set up with flyers. I picked up a flyer which said "Do you want to enhance your education? We will help." My heart leaped because it has been my dream for a long time to go back to school and finish my education. I had been praying to God to find a way for me to finish my education, but because I didn't have the

money, and I didn't know where to go to get started, I spoke with Pastor Kim to help me go back to school so that I might be able to better myself, and get a better paying job to lift me out of poverty. Pastor Kim took me under her wing with love. By encouragement and support Pastor Kim has challenged, empowered, and mentored me to get back into school. She came to the library and spent hours with me trying to open a Federal Student Aid application so I could receive financial aid. One day she went with me to Central Washington University to apply for the admission. She even paid the application fee for me. Pastor Kim has been a great asset to me, I am indebted to her for all she has done for me. My biggest accomplishment will be that I graduate from Central Washington University with my Bachelor's degree in the criminal Justice Program, and on that day Pastor Kim will be at my graduation cheering me on.

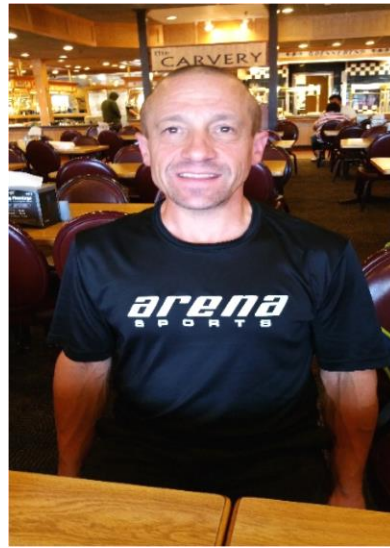
I find myself in the shoes of so many people in the Bible, especially Mary Magdalene who had overcome her multiple difficulties through Jesus Christ our savior — and she became the most faithful disciple. I, too, will overcome my hardships through Christ Jesus my Lord and will serve him as she did. I WILL NEVER GIVE UP! I love this verse also, because it reminds me of all Christ has done for me.

*“Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and do not rely on your own insight. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths” (Proverbs 3:5-6, [NRSV].*

.....

### Testimony by Gary

I am Gary Streitler. I am glad to share a little bit of my past, present, and future goals. I was born in San Bernardino, California, on November 19, 1967, into a middle class military family. My Dad, mother and I moved to Seattle WA, when I was two years of age. I am the youngest out of 4



boys and two girls. Most of my siblings are still in California

I grew up mostly with my half-brother, Rick Velez, who is Puerto Rican. His dad still lives in St.

Thomas. When I almost graduated from Bremerton High school I dropped out. Later, I got a GED from Edmonds Community College in 2000.

I grew up mostly with my mother after I was 18 years old, when my dad passed away from lung cancer due to asbestosis, a chronic lung disease caused by inhaling asbestos fibers. My mother, on the other hand, was an astrologist for 18 years till 1989 when she passed away. They were married for 22 yrs. However, mom did not put up with my dad's drinking and weed smoking. So she divorced him.

I accepted the Lord into my heart when I was 21 years of age, and I am still on fire for the Lord. After my mother passed, I moved to my brother's house, where he owns a refrigeration company. I continued to abuse alcohol and marijuana. I screwed up and ended up in the penitentiary. I got out and started doing ok, but I became homeless and was back into the same old trouble. I have a pretty big rap sheet from the past and do not ever want to go back to doing criminal behavior again.

Then I met Pastor Jean Kim at the Trinity Saturday breakfast. Bless her heart! When we first met I was just pretty excited at her really warm welcome in mentoring people to pursue education and to make a difference in someone's



life, because, Lord knows, pastor Kim has! Her foundation is, for sure, God sent. In order to achieve my personal goals I have to stop procrastinating, and make commitments and mean what I say, and say what I mean.

I am making healthier decisions now that my head is clear from alcohol and marijuana. I want and deserve a better future for myself. I can and will succeed. I feel I have a purpose and direction in life. I want to make an investment in myself and get a higher education and make a difference in the community. I am putting into the community what I took out.

At present, I am pursuing the field of horticulture at Edmonds Community College, as my future profession, beginning in the fall quarter, 2016. I want to be a living testimony to myself and others that I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. I want to make this happen. I am in my mid forty's, and I am not getting any younger. I need lots of prayers. I will continue to work with Rev. Jean Kim of the Foundation. I like Ps. 139 because it gives me the strength and courage that I need to fight this good fight:

*Ps. 139: 1-24: <sup>1</sup> O LORD, you have searched me and known me. <sup>2</sup> You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from far away. <sup>3</sup> You search out my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways. <sup>4</sup> Even before a word is on my tongue, O LORD, you know it completely. <sup>5</sup> You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me. <sup>7</sup> Where can I go from your spirit? Or where can I flee from your presence? <sup>8</sup> If I ascend to heaven, you are there; if I make my bed in Sheol, you are there. <sup>9</sup> If I take the wings of the morning and settle at the farthest limits of the sea, <sup>10</sup> even there your hand shall lead me, and your right hand shall hold me fast. <sup>13</sup> For it was you who formed my inward parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb. <sup>23</sup> Search me, O God, and know my heart; test me and know my thoughts. <sup>24</sup> See if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*

God knows me and has been everywhere I have been, when I was doing some bad things. But I can't repeat the same thing anymore because God sees and knows all my doing. I can't get away from God. So I determine to stay with this wonderful God and do better, so my life will be better. Would you watch it?

## Testimony by Julie

I am a 56 year old woman who is on and off crutches and walkers: I broke my back in a car accident Oct 13, 1979, when I was 19. I was left paralyzed for four months,



broke five ribs, and had numerous cuts and gashes needing surgery. After my initial recovery, the State sent me to school for office administration so as not to be too taxing on my back, in which they fused seven vertebrae. I finished 1 ½ years, then got married, and had three kids (two of them twins).

I started back in college in 1993, at Everett Community College for Criminal Justice. I missed graduation by 6 credits. I then started working at car dealerships in customer service.

My severe medical problems began around 2009. I had 2 more vertebrae fused together and then fell and broke my wrist. My hips started giving me painful problems leading to immobility. After both full hip replacements, I felt it was time to go back to school for Law or Law Enforcement. But I continue to suffer with a bladder problem, caused by the nerve damage from the hip

replacement surgery.

In the midst of all this painful living, with help from God and Pastor Jean Kim of the Homeless Education Foundation, I ended up enrolling in Edmonds Community College for para-legal law and pre-law. In the midst of my enjoyment with study my bladder got infected and I was in and out of intensive care at Edmonds Swedish Hospital. I had to stop school temporarily but I continue to keep my dream in the criminal justice system. And again, I am now diagnosed with ascetic necrosis, which is a bone degenerative disease in my right ankle. I envision surgery this summer, and a return back to pre-law studies in the fall. I have 51 credits from criminal-justice that apply toward the para-legal degree. That degree will be transferrable toward a 4-year degree in Criminal Justice at Central Washington University.

Those who read my stories might feel dizzy, and also see that I am fighting with many obstacles and interruptions, including medical issues. Keeping myself in school itself is a fight. I will keep fighting and eventually will win the fight and get back in school in the fall quarter.

But what keeps me going? When I am in the dumps, Pastor Kim comes around and gives me hope and encouragement. Hope, encouragement with God's Love and promises is my perfect recipe for success. Jean provides me with these tactics and keeps me in God's realm with hope, spirit and love. That constant encouragement keeps me going toward the goal. I know I will achieve my aspirations. One way of fighting with all of my pains is keeping hopes, and looking up instead of looking down on my painful body.

I can relate to the story of Job in the Bible who went through so much pain and loss of everything he once owned. He sure had hope in God by saying,

*'As for me, I would seek God, and to God I would commit my cause. (Job 5: 7-8).*

Like Job, I walk along with my troubles, and keep my hope in God, and walk with friends like the Jean Kim Foundation, and will win the good fight.

*Then Job arose, tore his robe, shaved his head, and fell on the ground and worshipped. He said, 'Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return there; the LORD gave, and the LORD has taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD (Job 1:20-21).*

## Testimony of DeAnne

I worked as a professional Nanny for over 15



years. I became very successful and had a proud heart. With my husband's help I was able to purchase many worldly possessions – a beautiful farmhouse, expensive

furniture, cars and clothes. All of these things I believed identified me as a complete person. In 2012 awful things happened to me. I became sick... I began to lose everything I valued! My precious marriage ended, my car was repossessed, my clothes and furniture started to fade and finally tear. One morning while making my bed I became overwhelmed with sadness.

I was alone, weary and broken. I heard a quiet voice...God's voice of love for me and encouragement! I promised I would trust, follow and be obedient to God.

Since that morning doors have opened. I started coming to Nest Mission two years ago not

only for the delicious dinners but also to be spiritually fed. I am so happy I am not homeless. I am not hungry. God willing, I will graduate June 2017 with my Library Assistant Certificate from Spokane Falls Community College.

**Lesson:** *Never forget God is the source of your strength: In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you (I Thessalonians 5: 18).*

## Testimony by Cherie

My name is Cherie Renken. I am a 60-year-old, disabled widow. I am currently homeless and have been for the past few months. I am also enrolled in an online university to get my Bachelor's degree in Psychology. Let me tell you



a little bit of how I've gotten to be where I am today.

I come from a small family. Just my parents, my little brother and myself. We

were not rich but we were comfortable and my brother and I never wanted for anything. Well, of course we WANTED, who doesn't? But, what we did have, we WORKED for! No hand-outs here! I don't remember how many shirts and dresses I ironed just to go to the Saturday matinee. Don't even ask me what all I had to do for my horse!! I never realized until much later in my life how blessed my brother and I were to have been brought up in a loving, caring and nurturing home. With both parents, family outings, chores and everything

else that goes with a healthy upbringing. We never even knew what abuse was!

After leaving home, quitting school in the middle of my junior (eleventh) year to get married (brilliant move there wouldn't you say?) I was ready to settle down and start raising my own little "storybook" family. But, as Fate would have it, that particular life's path was not the road for me. We got divorced before our first anniversary and for the first time in my life, I ventured out on my own! I had the time of my life! --doing all kinds of fun and exciting things with no one to answer to or worry about. I still look back sometimes and smile. I was blessed again by managing to live through that wild period without anything horrible happening to me. I finally did meet the man of my dreams! He stole my heart, married me and gave me the most precious gift of all! --my baby girl! Things were going great for us. I couldn't have been any happier. I was a wife and mother, I worked nights as a bartender, and, during the days and weekends, when I wasn't spending time with my daughter or helping my husband with our construction company, I was training and showing dogs! My life was completely full. I had never thought about going back and finishing school, learning a new career or just continuing my education, even as a second thought. That is, ...until the accident!

On my way home one night, I was involved in a terrible auto accident that put me in the hospital for the next two years! My life was drastically changed in an instant! Never to be the same again. I had to figure out how I was going to live my life now that everything I knew didn't really matter anymore. I had a LOT of new learning to do! After I was FINALLY released from the hospitals and on the road to recovery, (or so I thought) I did the ONE thing that I had sworn to myself I would NEVER allow myself to do.

I got addicted to pain-killers! My greatest fear had happened! I knew the dangers, how easily it

could happen, that it takes an extremely strong person to be able to control the necessary pain medications without letting the drugs take control. I thought I had that strength, but I was too confident in myself and didn't take the correct steps to prevent that from happening. For more years than I care to remember, drugs have been the forefront, in my now "less than perfect" life. In and out of the hospitals, seeking more drugs, in and out of trouble with the police, in and out of jail, in PRISON! I lost my perfect life, my family, their trust and respect (but NEVER their love!), just about everything I cared about, my own self-respect, until finally, my hope.

My husband died a year and a half ago, to a heart infection due to drugs and alcohol. Since then, with the help of some wonderful strangers who are now my best friends, a few old friends and my family, not to forget all the medical personnel who help people like me every day just because, "That's what we do." I have been off hard drugs, been nearly through methadone treatment and self-help programs, tapering off most of it, almost reaching my goal, and have finally begun rebuilding my life.

With determination, willingness, inner strength and the support of my friends and family I know that I will be able to hold my head up again and be proud of the person I know I can be. One person in particular has been a true inspiration and motivator for me. She is a dynamic woman with an infectious desire to see others do something with their lives, make something of themselves and become productive members of society. I mean if she can do what she does at her age and with such determination and gusto, who am I to give any less? Of course I'm speaking of the Pastor Jean Kim. Her seemingly gentle approach to people, whom she sees in need of direction in their lives, seems to be her true mission. Her questions about themselves reveal to her that, indeed, here is someone who is just watching life drift on by without making the most

of it. Then she sets to providing them with the answers they need to begin to live life as it should be--to its FULLEST! And that begins with Education! If you don't know what you want to do with your life, she will see to it that you LEARN what it is you want.

I know this all to be true because this is how she "fixed" me. I knew what I wanted to do with the rest of my life, but I wasn't sure about how to get started. Once those issues were solved, I then needed the desire and motivation to keep on going even when the times seem too difficult. It is quite hard these days to come across someone who has worked as hard as Pastor Jean has all her life and continue to work just as hard all these years later. I suppose maybe it gets easier, but I don't really know of anyone for whom it is "EASY" to get going on something. I think we all need someone behind us to give either that reassuring "you-can-do-this" pat on the back, or a "kick in the seat," to get going; and I know that Pastor Jean is just that person.

**I can relate to the following story of bent-over woman:**

*Now he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath. And just then there appeared a woman with a spirit that had crippled her for eighteen years. She was bent over and was quite unable to stand up straight. When Jesus saw her, he called her over and said, 'Woman, you are set free from your ailment.' When he laid his hands on her, immediately she stood up straight and began praising God (Luke 13: 10-13).*

All my past troubles bent my back emotionally and spiritually. However, trusting in Jesus Christ my back can be straighten out and I can walk straight!!



## **Testimony by Rev. Jean Kim** **Where my educational zeal comes from?**

In 1935, I was born as the last of three children in a wealthy family in North Korea, and was raised like a little princess, eating special food, wearing beautiful clothes and living in beautiful homes. But emotionally, my childhood was filled with my mother's tears, grief and anguish because of my father's abuse.

I remember my father as a wealthy, educated, but abusive and threatening man, who assaulted my mother and punished my two older brothers for unsatisfactory school reports. His expectations were very high, and if any one of us received a poor grade, my mother was punished for it.

Ironically, our education was very important to her anyway because she came from a highly educated family: my grandfather was highly educated, a noble scholar in North Korea who was also a teacher. During this period in Korea, girls were not allowed to attend school. I remember my mother always grieving her lack of education. For this reason alone, she would encourage us to do well in school without my father's threat to do so.

One night he came home after a time away. As he usually did, he checked my brothers' report cards. When he wasn't satisfied with them he started beating her first, then dragged her by the hair from one room to the kitchen, all the while threatening to burn her in the oven. We all screamed in horror and tried to stop him from burning our mom. It was the cruelest, cold-blooded, hair-raising experience. Whenever I recall that incident, to this day I still feel the chill,

horror, and can hardly breathe. It also makes me cry.

So early on I learned that education was very important. It could have been an unconsciously ingrained idea that if I did well in school, neither I nor my mom would be punished. While I had never recognized this unconscious fear, I always did well in school. When I entered grade school I remember my father checking my report card too when he sporadically came home. My report card carried all 'A's but 'B's in music, sports and arts. He didn't say anything, which meant he felt ok with it. He



had never given me any praise. But his silence seemed to be an approval.

My mother was very supportive of all of her three children. While I was studying into midnight, she would sit by me all night doing her own sewing. That was her way of supporting me. She taught herself how to read and write. She would always say to me, "You don't have to get married; you don't have to learn how to cook, sew, clean the house or even bear children; first and foremost, get all the education you can, stand on your own feet, and never ever be abused by any man as I was."

When we left North Korea in 1946 to get away from the Communist regime, we became refugees and aliens in our own country, and reduced to poverty and homelessness in South Korea. When I entered the most prominent private junior & senior girls' high school by passing the difficult entrance exam, I, the refugee child, was the poorest one in the whole school because most of girls came from well-off families. I had only a pair of school uniforms, wore torn tennis shoes, and walked two miles to school

every day. But nothing discouraged me because I had a purpose in life to get a good education and become independent. Despite our poverty, hunger and frequent moving I studied hard. During the Korean War, we were running all over to get away from the occupying Communist army. Finally, when we escaped to the furthest south end of the country, we were homeless, sleeping in the parking lot of a train station, after which we had a shag in someone's yard for 3 years. At 15, I worked hard to make ends meet, helping my mother. Despite such harsh living conditions, I returned to my school, now in exile, set up in tents, and I studied hard using a wooden apple box as my desk. I remember memorizing English vocabulary words even in my sleep.

When we finally came back home from exile, we lived temporarily at an empty, unheated home. It was winter and so cold (-15C) that all my fingers got freeze-burned. No matter what, I studied hard and did well. I met Jesus in that mission school. I led the whole class with prayer for every first morning class.

After graduating from the high school, I got my Bachelor of Arts degree in theology, winning the first prize from a theological seminary, and another Bachelor of Arts in English Literature from another college in Korea. I was in my mid-20s. In 1961, I came to the University of Chicago Divinity School as a foreign student, but had to go back home one year later due to financial trouble. Still, I kept my zeal for an advanced education.

A few years after immigrating to the U.S. in 1970, I obtained a Master's degree in Social Work (MSW) from St. Louis University in 1977 at the age of 42. I also took core Masters level courses at Fuller Seminary in the mid 80's to satisfy the Presbyterian Church for my ordination at 52 years of age. In order to pour out my experience in serving the poor/homeless in the U.S. in writing, I went to San Francisco Theological Seminary and got my Doctor of Ministry degree

in 2006 at the age of 71.

I always continued serving the homeless with my schooling. Looking back on my life, I feel like I have gone to school all of my life and was born to be educated and to serve the poor. True, this was because of my mother's credo that I needed to get all my education to not be abused by men; but also I was living in Korean culture in which most parents were fanatics for their children's education because for them, education was "THE POWER." In fact, I was, and still am, living in a society that values education, giving high regard to the educated, with better positions, better pay, and a better life. Thus, EDUCATION IS THE POWER. Because of my education I am who I am and where I am today; with my 8 years of seminary education I earned qualification to be a minister; with a Master's degree in social work and umpteen years of experience serving substance abusing/mentally troubled people, I am qualified to hold two licenses, social worker and mental health counselor.

Despite the poverty, war, exile and chronic asthma and bronchitis ever since age five, and 11 major/minor surgeries, no matter what, I studied and worked/served the poor. Even today while I am slowly dying with pulmonary fibrosis I study and work. Perhaps this will continue until I exhaust my last ounce of energy for study and service. Because this is the way I share the grace and love with others that God poured out on me.

Therefore, in all of my career life, serving poor and homeless people, I have carried this wish: "Had they been to school and enhanced their education, they could be self-sufficient and not depend on welfare and food stamps." We are living in a day and age that will not allow us to survive if we don't get an education.

When I reached 80, it was customary for children – including my own – to celebrate their parent's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. An idea popped up into my head. I thought to ask friends and relatives not to give me any birthday gifts, but to make

contributions toward education funds for the homeless. 200 gracious friends and relatives came to celebrate the event and gave generous contributions. These gave birth to the Jean Kim Foundation for the Homeless Education, 501 C (3) tax exempt, non-profit organization. Ever since, I now encourage and urge my homeless friends to advance their education. I got all of my education, so it is my turn to return some of it for my dear homeless friends.

However, I observe that it is a struggle for them to go to school in their brutal homeless life; they have to fight with health and financial issues; they have to fight with unfriendly police/laws/ordinances that show little mercy to the homeless; they have to fight with tons of traffic tickets, and tickets for public drinking, loitering and smoking; they have to fight with all the stumbling blocks from their past incarceration histories and debts; they have to fight with the shelter and social service system, low income housing, and even with today's computer systems; they have to fight for sleeping and parking spots every night, for restrooms and showers; fight with temptation to drink or use drugs, and drop out of school. They have to fight with cold/wet weather; and fight with robbery, violence and assault.

They have to fight with their own habits of clumsy, free, unbound, chaotic, uncertain and careless lifestyles; they have to fight with their forgetfulness, excuses, irresponsibility, poor accountability, temporary/chronic physical/emotional disabilities, addictions and bad habits. Keeping time and appointments, being punctual, responsible to attend classes regularly, finish school tasks on time are all struggles and fights; they have to fight for food, cash, love, recognition and pride; they have to fight with despair, discouragement, and hopelessness. Therefore,

their everyday life is "a fight." Thus, with all my strength I run this race with them, by their side, encouraging, cheering and supporting them to hang in there and to win their good fights.

And I am so proud of those who survive through tons of troubles, hanging on their hopes and winning their good fights by successfully completing each quarter. Nine people won their good fights in the winter quarter; four people in the spring quarter; four people in the summer quarter; 17 people are fighting either to return to or newly enroll for the fall quarter. They are changing the stereotypical image of homeless people as "lazy bums." They are building their new lives and announcing to the whole world that they deserve better and they can do as anyone else can do and that they will succeed.

Six students have been hanging in there for the past three quarters. It is amazing to see them continue to be in school and do well. I jump for joy with them when they overcome many obstacles and succeed in school.

My true wish is to be present at their graduation and repeat with them what St. Paul confessed; *I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith (2 Tim 4:7).*

.....  
**I have fought the good fight, I  
have finished the race, I have  
kept the faith (2 Tim 4:7)**  
.....

## **OUR NEEDS:**

1. Volunteer mentors/tutors who can teach high school English and Algebra.
2. Volunteers who can do outreach.
3. Volunteer Grant Writer.
4. Employment opportunity for part-time/full time by grant writing; earn his/her own salary.
5. Secretarial/ office work: Must be a computer literate.
6. Prepare & mail out quarterly newsletter.
7. Need laptops and computer repair person.
8. Fred Meyer's \$50.00 gift cards for those who completed a quarter successfully.
9. Website manager.
10. Single students need dorm style or manufactured homes.
11. Couple students need apartments of their own. Some of them have some income and can chip in.
12. The Foundation needs to rent an old mansion house with many bedrooms for our students to rent at their ability.  
The Foundation Program needs a space to meet with students.  
Until housing become available, they need spots to pitch their tent.
13. Those use cars for homes need parking space (prefer with a public restroom).

**Contact: Rev. Jean Kim (425) 563-3006. E-mail: [pastorinpurple1935@gmail.c](mailto:pastorinpurple1935@gmail.c)**

**All contributions to the Jean Kim Foundation for the Homeless Education is tax deductible: EIN #47-4595766 (July 28, 15). Please make your check payable to Jean Kim Foundation and mail it to PO Box 1835, Lynnwood, WA 98046**

Nest Mission  
PO Box 5782  
Lynnwood, WA. 98046