The Stewpot at 45

By Nicole Kiser

The Stewpot has always focused on feeding the homeless, so it makes sense that for the last 12 years, The Stewpot’s main fundraiser has been a luncheon and art show where donors dine in style on the dishes of some of Dallas’s best chefs at Dallas’s classiest locations.

Soup’s On! 2020 was held at the elegant Omni Hotel, where over 600 clients and donors enjoyed soups prepared by 12 of Dallas’ finest chefs — Jeff Bekac, Omar Flores, Danyele McPherson, Suki Otsuki, Caroline Perini, Janice Provost, Anastacia Quinones, Javier Reyes, Jeramie Robison, Abraham Salum, Nicholas Walker and Greg Wallace — led by Chef Brian C. Luscher of 33 Restaurant Group. To emphasize The Stewpot’s mission, a decorative part of each table were the painted soup bowls that were prepared for every attendee. Donors at the Executive Chef and above sponsorship levels and all table sponsors also received a one-of-a-kind commemorative spoon designed by Dallas artists Brad Oldham and Christy Coltrin. The couple has designed Soup’s On! spoons for lead sponsors of the event for the last eight years. This year’s design was a double-sided spoon themed “It Takes Two” that depicted two hands reaching for and grasping the other’s forearm, as if helping each other up.

Oldham and Coltrin were not the event’s only familiar faces. Dallas Morning News city columnist Robert Wilonsky served as the event’s emcee, a role he has played often since Soup’s On! began 12 years ago. Amy Hegi and Libby Hegi, whose husbands grew up attending First Presbyterian Church (FPC), served as the luncheon’s chairs. Ann and John Hallam, Sara and Robert Hallam, and Fanchon and Howard Hallam served as honorary co-chairs of the event and attended as representatives of Ben E. Keith Co., the presenting sponsor of this year’s Soup’s On!

Soup’s On! 2020, which kicked off The Stewpot’s celebration of its upcoming 45th anniversary, was a reflection on The Stewpot’s past. In the 1970s, homelessness was increasing in Dallas. The city’s very own version of Skid Row popped up near First Presbyterian. The church had been passing out meal vouchers and canned goods to those who needed them, but by 1975, FPC knew it needed to do more. Rev. Jack Moore proposed the idea of a soup kitchen; Hostess Blanche Petzing proposed serving stew. From their ideas and the creativity of many other in the church, The Stewpot was born.

The keynote speaker of Soup’s On!

2020 had his own story of transforming Skid Row in Los Angeles, California. The founder of the Skid Row Running Club, Los Angeles Judge Craig Mitchell explained how saying yes to a person he had sentenced to prison changed his own life. After an inmate asked the judge to visit the Midnight Mission on Skid Row, where he had been working since his release from prison, Mitchell formed the running club that has given purpose to the 30 or 40 runners who join him twice-a-week for a multi-mile run through the streets of L.A.

Meanwhile, if you would like to support our vendors, please donate to The Stewpot at www.stewpot.org and click “STREETZine Other” under Fund Designation. Thank you for your support.

Editor’s Note

This issue of STREETZine was planned and written largely before the coronavirus started to sweep the nation. We have decided to keep the content as envisioned because The Stewpot is closed except for the most essential services and we lack the ability at the moment to provide first-hand insights into how COVID-19 is impacting Dallas’ homeless population. We also are breaking with precedent and publishing this online since our vendors cannot sell it on the streets—and, of course, few Dallasites are on the streets. That said, we will be back with a look at the virus’ impact on our city’s homeless residents as soon as we are able.

For some of the runners, the training

Continued on page 3
A Letter from the Executive Director

By Brenda Snitzer

The Stewpot has been filling gaps for those experiencing homelessness in Dallas since 1975. It started on a day in late October when several First Presbyterian ministers and church members served the first meal — stew, of course. And during those early days, Helen Parmley, the Dallas Morning News religion editor, wrote an article about The Stewpot that helped launch it as an established ministry. Thus, our relationship with the Morning News began — and The Stewpot went on to later become an inaugural and now 33-year beneficiary of the Dallas Morning News Charities campaign.

Collaboration and partnerships have been a tradition of The Stewpot and continue to this day. Whether helping launch other nonprofits, or working in tandem to serve those experiencing homelessness or who are in severe poverty, we are working to build a strong system in Dallas to reduce and end homelessness.

From our humble beginnings, The Stewpot’s mission has grown immensely. Today, we serve three meals a day, every day of the year at The Second Chance Café, located on The Bridge campus. And thanks to our 11-year partnership with The Bridge, The Stewpot serves more than 300,000 meals a year and over 8 million meals have been served since that first pot of stew!

Along with our meal services, it’s our mission to fill the gaps. We’re a place to turn for a nutritious meal or help with employment, to obtain a referral to shelter or medical services, to receive your mail or a warm welcome when others turn away. Things many people take for granted are often out of reach for someone who is homeless.

Imagine in the morning you wake up on the street. Where will you use the restroom? Or get off the street until services and businesses open for the day? The Stewpot now opens its doors at 6 a.m., thanks to a partnership with Downtown Dallas Inc. We offer our neighbors the dignity of a clean restroom, a cup of coffee, and a reprieve from the streets.

We thrive to be a leader in collaboration, helping identify and address the gaps in our community. When Texas weather hits freezing lows and scorching highs, our city opens emergency shelters. But, what if you have no way to reach those shelters? Through identifying this gap in service, the Dallas Connector, a free shuttle service for the homeless, was born. And we’re proud to say The Stewpot has been a part of that coalition. Now the people we serve can reach shelter, the doctor, and other critical services year-round.

The Stewpot and First Presbyterian Church pride itself on the ability to build strong, lasting relationships that meet the needs of those struggling in our city. These needs, if not met, can have a crushing impact on a life.

Imagine you’ve lost your job and your home. You don’t have a copy of your birth certificate or Social Security card. Or you have lost your ID. All these are required for accessing housing and other services. Last year, our caseworkers helped more than 2,000 people obtain these critical records.

And think how discouraging it would feel, isolated and living out of your car or on the street. This is why our Garden Club and Art Program were created. These are life-affirming and engaging activities that help people connect with a supportive community.

We also believe homelessness should not be the future for new generations. For this reason, our Children, Youth & Family program, which serves children from 1st thru 12th grade, provides scholarships to youth after high school for struggling families, giving them access to higher education that might otherwise be out of reach.

Filling gaps like these, The Stewpot serves approximately 12,000 people a year. That’s a lot of people. This underscores the terrible, very real burden of poverty, homelessness, and hunger that exists in Dallas. A burden that would weigh so much more heavily if The Stewpot were not here.

But, because of First Presbyterian Church’s compassion, because of the people who fill 16,000 volunteer shifts annually, because of you who generously support us, this important ministry will be there when needed.

And thank you for reading the STREETZine, which has a new look starting with this edition. Our aim is to explore what life is like for those among us experiencing homelessness, what challenges they face, and what solutions might help folks get back on their feet.

We look forward to learning more ourselves, and we welcome your comments at streetzine@thestewpot.org.

Brenda Snitzer is executive director of The Stewpot.
Continued from page 1

has led to participating in marathons around the world. For Mitchell, “saying yes” has led him into what he called the “contact sport” of working with people who are attempting to redirect their lives. “There are no throwaway people,” he told the audience, concluding that he knew he was talking to a roomful of people who also are “saying yes to making a difference.” (To learn more about Judge Mitchell and Skid Row Running Club, read his STREETZine interview on page six.)

Other speakers included the Rev. Amos Disasa, FPC’s senior pastor, and Brenda Snitzer, executive director of The Stewpot. Rev. Disasa spoke of the congregation being “a church of justice and mercy,” and explained its longtime commitment to those values through the work of The Stewpot. Snitzer described the services of The Stewpot, which include providing more than 300,000 meals a year, as many as 2,000 IDs to clients, an art studio, and simple basics like clean restrooms and a cup of coffee. As Jack Moore once said, “Feeding some of the hungry is the first objective of The Stewpot. Helping them feed themselves and find new hope for their living is the ultimate aim.”

Soup’s On! also featured programs that help Stewpot clients get back on their feet. Stewpot artists featured their paintings in the lobby before the luncheon. Guests snaked through a long line of canvases, stopping to visit with artists and purchasing some works. For every sale, the artist kept 90 percent of the proceeds, and the remaining 10 percent returned to The Stewpot’s art program. It started in 1995 to nurture creativity, foster community, limit isolation, and give opportunities for income to homeless and at-risk individuals. (To learn more about The Stewpot’s art program, read the profile on page seven.)

A table in front of the ballroom was set up for guests to pick up copies of the STREETZine, the Stewpot’s newspaper that started in 2003 and is vended by the homeless and economically disadvantaged. STREETZine is sold to vendors for a quarter and usually purchased for a donation of a dollar. At Soup’s On! 2020, vendors like Tony Jameson passed out the most recent edition as guests departed from the luncheon.

The luncheon also featured a video of Moses Vine, a Stewpot client and Navy veteran. The video told the story of The Stewpot through Moses’s journey of recovery. Moses said of his decline into homelessness: “I never saw it coming.” The services at The Stewpot were able to help him get back on his feet. To hear Moses tell it, selling STREETZine in a parking lot downtown helped him secure one of his first stable jobs after being on the streets. The owner of a parking lot where he sold newspapers offered him a position caring for the property. With The Stewpot’s help and his own hard work, Moses put the pieces back together again. Moses describes his journey today much more positively: “I limp boldly into the future.” (To learn more about Moses’ story, read Poppy Sundeen’s profile of him on page four.)

The Stewpot has kicked off its 45th anniversary in style, but the organization has much more planned. Readers should look forward to a rededication of The Stewpot building later this year before The Stewpot’s official anniversary celebration in October. Additionally, The Stewpot plans to move forward with its proposals for Encore Park, including creating spaces for Stewpot and partner organization programing, reimagining the interior of the historic 508 Park building, and building an environment open to all in the Dallas community. Currently, locals can apply to participate in the community garden located at Encore Park by following the directions at http:// encoreparkallas.org/community-garden.

Nicole Kiser is managing editor of STREETZine.

Pat Spradley, 68
April 3, 1951 - February 18, 2020

By Suzanne Erickson

Many of our readers may not have known the person who was behind the STREETZine the last 12 years. Her name was Pat Spradley, and the Dallasite served as editor from 2006 through the middle of February, when, we are sad to let you know, she passed away.

From 2005-2015, Pat was a full-time Stewpot staff person, serving as well in the development department and the community voice mail program. In 2015, she retired but continued as editor of STREETZine. Her plan was to retire completely with the March edition, but she unfortunately passed away before that edition was complete. Being a forward thinker, though, Pat had put together an emergency edition just in case something happened before her last edition hit the streets.

Pat was a passionate person who cared deeply for the homeless community, including the STREETZine vendors that she worked with for many years. She was very interested in genealogy and always willingly helped her co-workers figure out their ancestors as well. And even though she was not the official IT person, she always gladly helped us with a computer problem.

It was my honor to have many great conversations with Pat over the years. A quick question often turned into a rich 30-minute conversation. We talked about our families, growing up in Dallas, the community we served, genealogy, and so many other topics. They were always good conversations.

I am grateful for her carrying on the torch with STREETZine and her dedication to making sure that it was still available for our vendors to sale. I know the vendors are grateful for her devotion as well. We all will miss her.

Suzanne Erickson is Director of Educational and Workforce Programs at The Stewpot.
Moses’s Journey
By Poppy Sundeen

“It’s been a long, strange trip,” says Moses, referencing the Grateful Dead lyric to describe the twists and turns of his life. The journey began in Kansas, where he was taken from an alcoholic mother to a foster home. Then to another foster home. And another. And another.

The last person who fostered Moses put him to work in her restaurant and refused permission to participate in high school sports. “I had decent grades and was up for a track scholarship to Kansas University,” he says, “but work kept me off the team my senior year.”

Disheartened, Moses quit school and headed west. He got as far as Denver, where he took a warehouse job. Laid off just days before he qualified for union membership, he decided to join the Navy.

The American dream, then a rude awakening

For close to 13 years, the Navy was home to Moses. “It was perfect. I found the structure and stability I never had as a child.” He also found the woman he hoped would share the rest of his life. “My wife and I had two kids, owned a home in Virginia Beach, had investments—the whole thing.”

Then Moses’s world fell apart. His wife divorced him, and he sank into a deep depression. Over the next two years, he lost everything: his family, his naval career and the house he’d worked so hard to buy. He even lost his good health, suffering a stroke that left him with a limp and weakness on one side.

From homeowner to homelessness, family man to friendless

As his depression worsened, Moses turned to drugs—and away from the friends he’d made in the Navy. Eventually, in desperation, he called the one sister he was in touch with and asked for help. She brought him to North Texas, where she’d settled, and Moses became a regular fixture on the streets of Grand Prairie. “I was parking and washing cars to make a few bucks.”

A chance to help and to be helped

One day, a stranger approached Moses on the street and asked for his help with a church outreach program. It was the beginning of relationship that changed Moses’s life. Soon, he was a valuable member of the team and of the church community.

But Moses still had a long way to go. He needed access to rehab and the other support services he had earned by virtue of his more than 12 years in the military. The obstacle? After so much time on the street, he no longer had the identification required for Veterans Administration benefits.

ID, the key to reclaiming a place in society

Identification is something many people take for granted. It’s easy to forget that everything from accessing health care benefits to applying for a job depends on having valid ID. So when a friend at the outreach program took Moses to the Stewpot, ID to regain his veteran’s status was the first priority.

“‘They helped me get my ID, so I had an address. I could go to the resource center and work with the VA and get a job.”

Drawn to a spiritual stronghold

Moses was amazed to learn that many of the people he met at the Stewpot had been part of the Stewpot community for 10 years or more.

“There’s a strong spirit around this place—a spiritual stronghold—just like in the bible.” He likens it to birds who gather in the same spot at sunset each day. “They line up on the wires, yakking away. It’s like a magnet.”

The Stewpot helped Moses find the structure that was missing from his life, including a chance to augment his VA benefits by making money as a STREETZine vendor. “It gave me a chance at some kind of life.”

A new home and a best friend

With help from the Stewpot, Moses once again has a place to call his own — a subsidized apartment he shares with a lab mix named Midnight. “Now I’m in a good place. My dog. My housing.” Moses has also reconnected with his son after many years apart.

“I’ve taken steps in the right direction, and I’m not ready to run, but I’m ready to limp boldly into the future,” he says with a laugh.

Poppy Sundeen is a writer in Dallas and member of The STREETZine editorial advisory board.
The Power of Saying Yes: A Conversation with Judge Craig Mitchell

By Bill McKenzie

For the last nine years, Superior Court Judge Craig Mitchell has led the Skid Row Running Club in Los Angeles. At 5:45 a.m. on Monday and Thursday mornings, the former prosecutor and 30 or 40 runners take the right lane of streets coming out of downtown L.A. on their way to finding purpose and recovery through their five- to six-mile runs. Some even are on their way to becoming international marathon runners. Their dedication and journeys are the subject of the award-winning documentary, Skid Row Marathon.

Judge Mitchell, who previously taught high school in South Central Los Angeles, spoke with the StreetZine before addressing The Stewpot’s annual Soup’s On luncheon on February 20. In this interview, he explains the origins and routines of this unique group, the lessons he has learned about homelessness, and the friendships the club has created.

What gave rise to the Skid Row Running Club?

I ended up on Skid Row at the Midnight Mission, which is one of the four missions that serves the homeless population in Los Angeles, at the invitation of someone I had sent to prison. He had been paroled to the Midnight Mission and came back to my courtroom to ask if I would come meet with the people involved with helping him put his life back together. I remembered him and said, yes, I will come. That simple response has totally transformed my life.

The Mission’s president asked if there was something I could contribute. I knew how beneficial running had been to my life, so I thought running would be a good activity for someone in the recovery process.

How does the Running Club work? You just don’t wake up one day and become a marathoner.

We meet at the Mission at 5:45 a.m. on Mondays and Thursdays, and we take off for a five- or six-mile course. The first couple of runs, people are huffing and puffing and they are at the back of the pack. But we have one of our experienced runners with them. When they get more comfortable, we step it up with longer runs on Saturdays.

Is this a time to communicate with each other?

Absolutely. You put your earbuds away and, during the course of the long runs, you really get to know someone. You talk about the important issues in their lives. It is a beautiful experience.

Do you see the same runners most of the time?

We see new people all the time, but preparing for a marathon is a four-to-six month process. The same people will be there run after run. The part I find so edifying is we have some runners who have been coming for eight years or so. If you are serious about a 12-step recovery program and your sobriety, you keep going to the meetings. In terms of the benefits that accrue from running, you don’t want to lose them so you keep running. Studies indicate that running releases the same chemical in the brain that illegal narcotics do.

Could you talk about people you met when you first started doing this, and where they are today?

There are people who are chronicled so beautifully in the movie who were new in the program and who had long histories of substance abuse. Rebecca is a surgical tech in a hospital in Seattle. Ben is composing classical music for the entertainment industry. Rafael is working at the Department of Water and Power at Owens Lake in California. Brian is an IT person for L.A. Tourism. I could talk about person after person who has done really well.

But I want to be candid. I could talk about people who have relapsed. That is part of struggling with drug addiction. One of the most difficult aspects of the program is building a relationship with someone and then they relapse and disappear. Many might reappear after they pick themselves back up, or reap-

“Roll up your sleeves. Spend time. Do something to get involved.”

pear after going to another program. But there are people I genuinely miss and have not seen.

What have you learned about homelessness?

There is not an easy answer. What causes one person to experience homelessness is not what causes another person to experience homelessness. Addiction is a huge component. Mental illness. We have quite a few runners who are on meds. There could be fundamental educa-

Continued on page 11
I’ve learned a lot of lessons while being homeless. I’ve learned that most of the time I can’t trust anyone but myself. I’ve learned how to survive without a home. I’ve learned that if I respect others, they will respect me. And I’ve learned that I can be happy, even though I’m homeless.

But the lessons that I’ve really enjoyed were about being homeless in the world of animals — not just dogs and cats, but the wilder animals like raccoons, possums, coyotes, owls, hawks, falcons, ducks, geese, turtles, frogs, and insects, to name a few. I found those lessons were most interesting, and at times, funny.

When I first moved to the White Rock Lake area, I only had a twin mattress and a sheet. At least it was summer!

After a couple of weeks, I was given a small tent. One evening I went to the store nearby and bought me some Oreo cookies and milk. As I was enjoying my snack, somebody or something started scratching the tent door. I unzipped it halfway, and there sat a small raccoon.

Now I already knew that dogs and cats had a keen sense of smell, but I didn’t know about the wilder side of life. This raccoon looked up at me and outstretched its front paws to try to reach the cookie in my hand. I had plenty of cookies, so I gave one to him. He very gently took it out of my hand and then scampered off. I zipped up the door and went back to my snack.

It was maybe a minute later that I heard the loudest screeching and growling. I carefully unzipped the tent door just a bit and saw two small raccoons fighting over the cookie. I said, “Wait, I have some more,” and threw another cookie out. That stopped the racket…or so I thought.

It was about five minutes later when I heard more scratching on the door. This time, when I looked out, the two small raccoons were sitting up looking at me, and I said, “OK, I’m going to give you guys two more each and that’s it! I’m going to bed!”

I thought I had solved the problem once and for all. But then I heard some leaves rustling about three-to-four feet behind the kits. And out came a rather large raccoon! It was their mother.

She had seen me giving the kits a couple of cookies, but she did not come at me. She just made a chattering sound, and the kits, with their cookies, went towards their mother, and they all disappeared into the nearby bushes. I didn’t hear a thing.

The mother raccoon had seen that I was not a predator and that I was kind and shared my food. I was finally accepted in the raccoon world. That night in my tent, I learned that animals are similar to humans. I learned that if I can trust them, they can trust me.

Vicki Gies is a vendor of STREET Zine.

But the lessons that I’ve really enjoyed were about being homeless in the world of animals — not just dogs and cats, but the wilder animals like raccoons, possums, coyotes, owls, hawks, falcons, ducks, geese, turtles, frogs, and insects, to name a few. I found those lessons were most interesting, and at times, funny.”

The Cornerstone Baptist Church
Weekly Feeding Schedule
Cornerstone continues to serve meals to the homeless and impoverished citizens in the downtown community.
Current serving times at
1616 Grand Avenue
Tuesday - 12:30 & 7:30 PM
Wednesday - 6:00 PM
Thursday - 12:30 PM
Saturday - 11:00 AM and 4:00 PM
Sunday 6:00 AM and 2:00 PM

Dial 211
For help finding food or housing, child care, crisis counseling or substance abuse treatment.
Anonymous
Available 24/7, 365 days a year
2-1-1 Texas helps Texas citizens connect with state and local health and human services programs.

Dallas International Street Church
Empowering and Serving the Poor through Jesus Christ!
Sunday Worship at 11:00 a.m. & 7:00 p.m.
Tuesday - Friday Worship at 7:30 p.m.
Fellowship meal is served after every service
2706 Second Ave., Dallas, TX 75210
214 928-9595
http://www.kdministries.org/

First Presbyterian Church of Dallas
Holding Forth the Word of Life for over 150 years.
Services at 8:50 a.m. in the Chapel
and at 10:50 a.m. in the Sanctuary
1835 Young St.
Dallas, TX 75201
214-748-8051
Free parking garage entrance off Young St.
http://www.fpcdallas.org
Around The Stewpot

By Nicole Kiser

Upon first walking into The Stewpot Art Program, chaos seems to reign. Boxes are piled near the front of one of the art studios, a stack of paintings balances against a wall, and someone’s backpack blocks a walkway. An unclaimed painting lies angled against a box on the floor, and tables are clearly missing from at least one art studio.

The reason for the chaos is a reason for excitement. While the art program has existed since 1995, the studios have undergone a recent renovation. Housed upstairs in The Stewpot, the program used to live in only two rooms. Now, it has expanded its reach into three art studios interconnected by a walkway. There are bright shiny new sinks for washing out brushes, and new shelves and cabinets for storing art supplies. With this expansion, each of the more than 35 members of the Art Program gets better access to studio time and supplies. Regular visitors of the art program have assembled their own art stations, complete with their own tables, easels, and art supplies.

While the artists continue to unpack, the art director, Betty Heckman, flits around the room working on the studios’ final touches and helping artists locate their supplies. Some artists have already begun to work again among the disarray. An artist adds a quote to her painting of an American flag. Charles works on his Picasso-esque painting of a woman and her cats. Leon adds more detail to his already meticulous painting of a tree. The program hosts a range of talent, but each artist in the room displays a deep dedication to their work. Betty interviews each artist before they become a participant to determine their reasons for joining the program.

Today, she and Jane, the volunteer working with her one recent morning, are also on a greater mission. The atmosphere of excitement is also due in part to the fast-approaching date of Soup’s On!, the Stewpot’s annual luncheon and art show. At Soup’s On!, the artists’ works are shown and purchased by attendees, and today the list of paintings to be shown has to be assembled. Ninety percent of the proceeds of an art sale go to the artist, and the remaining 10 percent of the proceeds return to the program.

Soup’s On! is not the artists’ only chance to be shown. Work from the art program is constantly on display along the halls of the Stewpot. Some artists are well known in the community for their art—Leon’s painting of the Dallas cityscape was given to a former Dallas mayor in 2019 and Cornelious’s art has been on display at the George W. Bush Presidential Library and Museum. There are great things in store for the art program. The Stewpot has plans for a new sculpture program, where participants can take classes in white metal casting and produce buttons, trinkets, and a variety of other commemorative items. The Stewpot also has plans for the creation of a framing shop and a permanent gallery for the display of artists’ works.

However, one artist, Misty, makes it clear that the program is about more than art for her. The community orientation of the program is clear from the scent of Frito pie hanging in the air. Luis has brought lunch for everyone: Fritos and canned chili. While Gershon opens the canned chili, Misty begins assembling the Frito pies, offering each artist in the room a plate as it comes out of the microwave. Few refuse her, and chatter maintains a constant flow throughout the room as people eat and paint.

Misty says that the artists in the program are a family and that they help each other out. Some of the participants had known each other for years; some were new to the workshop. No matter what is in store for the program in the future, the community formed by working together is a huge part of why many of the artists are here now.

Nicole Kiser is managing editor of STREET.Zine.
‘The tornado messed us up’: Residents in one affordable Dallas community were left twisting in the wind

Families paying reasonable rent at the Southwind have been replaced by homeless camping in squalid conditions.

By Robert Wilonsky

“There is a homeless man living in my old unit,” Patricia Zuniga said of the place where she lived until Oct. 20, when The Tornado crumpled her home, destroyed her belongings and made her baby girl sick ever since. “But that’s OK.”

Zuniga was among the few residents of the old Southwind complex I could find out of the more than 40 low-income, mostly Spanish-speaking families living there when 140-mph winds cut through this part of town last fall. She still lives nearby, in a different complex called Southwind, with a different owner, in a unit with unpainted walls. It is bearable for now, she said, but not for long.

She wants to get far away from here — from her new place and the old one that still stands off Walnut Hill Lane, a blighted petri dish that I’m sure the Japan-based owners and their local reps would say is held up in insurance limbo if they ever returned messages. But where will she go in a city with few vacancies and rising rents?

Since passing its impotent comprehensive housing policy in 2018, City Hall has repeatedly reminded us that Dallas is short 20,000 affordable housing units. That policy, amended numerous times after, came without any extra money, just some guidelines now treated more like suggestions. Two years later, that number has only grown, because of rampant development and October’s disaster, which also took out, among so many other things, rows of townhouses near Marsh Lane and Walnut Hill and half a sprawling complex along Northaven Road near North Central Expressway.

“Our supply of affordable housing was so limited,” said David Noguera, head of Dallas’ housing department. “Now we just made it even more restricted.”

In Austin, the housing authority is spending tens of millions to convert old apartment complexes into affordable housing — something Noguera said Dallas is considering by making “nuisance acquisitions,” which could include tornado-damaged properties. But City Hall is like so many trying to find a place to live in this city: It doesn’t have the money. The housing department’s budget before the comprehensive housing policy was $20 million. After, too.

“You have to realize the city is like a ship, right?” Noguera said. “It’s not made to move fast.”

I drive past the Southwind complex at least once a week, and have wondered ever since the storm what became of its residents — where, in this city that doesn’t even talk about its affordable-housing crisis anymore, have they gone?

Some, like Lakisha Miller-Waldrup, had to move out of the city because they could find nothing affordable in Dallas. Even then, what she found in Addison is still far more expensive than what she spent on these apartments in northwest Dallas.

“And some of my friends, my neighbors, they moved to dangerous areas,” she said, the parts of town where rent is less expensive. “And some people had to go back to Mexico because they had nothing here.”

Sandy Rollins, executive director of the Texas Tenants’ Union, said that last year, eviction filings in Dallas County rose to around 43,000, most likely for nonpayment of rent. Or, the cash-strapped were given the boot to make room for the high-priced, as we saw last year at the Bryan Song Apartments in East Dallas. Whatever the reason, the spike in evictions, too, is a crisis seldom discussed.

“There are many not natural disasters, day in and day out, in this city,” Rollins said of the rise in evictions. “There’s just a huge mismatch between people’s incomes and the availability of affordable housing. We are seeing people priced out of the market.”

That includes the former residents of the Southwind, who were just watching a Cowboys game one Sunday night when the winds came and scattered them across a city that never even bothered to find out where they went.

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Coronavirus lays bare the trauma of losing your job

Understanding the health risks of COVID-19 and containing its spread has been at the centre of global focus over the past few months. But attention has now also turned to how it will affect work and the workplace. An expert in mental wellbeing from Oxford University analyses different country’s approaches.

By Jan-Emmanuel De Neve

Understanding the health risks of COVID-19 and containing its spread has been at the centre of global focus over the past few months. But attention has now also turned to the economic impact. And, in particular, how it will affect work and the workplace.

A new poll by Gallup confirms that half of US workers already believe COVID-19 will have a negative effect on their workplace. And I would expect this figure to increase further in the coming weeks.

The research I’ve done with my colleagues on the economics of wellbeing has shown time and time again just how important work is for happiness. Our findings show that being made redundant reduces a person’s life satisfaction by about 20 per cent – and it is hard to recover from this drop. This psychological scarring can even remain after getting another job.

Research also shows that loss in income from being made redundant only accounts for about half of the big drop in life satisfaction. The rest is due to losing part of your identity, a routine throughout the day and a social network.

Unemployment globally

There are already many reports of people losing their jobs since the outbreak. In the US, for example, it is likely that over two million new unemployment claims will be made this week.

Continued on page 9
alone. This unprecedented tsunami of job losses will have a devastating impact on wellbeing.

A lot of the proposals to deal with these job losses aim mostly at replacing lost income. The US government, for example, is sending $1,200 to all families earning less than $99,000 a year. But while this may be necessary it will not be enough to maintain levels of wellbeing.

Economic stimulus packages that centre on funding paid leave for a period to avoid redundancies will do a better job at maintaining wellbeing levels – as they address both the financial and non-financial aspects of work.

COVID-19 and the need for “social distancing” also forces employers to adopt flexible working to enable staff to work from home. This may ultimately accelerate such practices and could be of benefit in terms of work-life balance – helping to increase wellbeing and productivity in the long run. But this won’t be the case for everyone as people working in areas like retail, health or the performing arts, often cannot work remotely.

But more than that, it is also important to recognise that this crisis, and the necessary economic and public health measures in response to it, exacerbate inequalities that affect the health and wellbeing of workers who keep society afloat. So when the crisis subsides the nurses, cleaners, store cashiers, warehouse workers, janitors, delivery drivers and the many others putting themselves on the line must not be forgotten.

Jan-Emmanuel De Neve is director of the Wellbeing Research Centre at the University of Oxford. Courtesy of The Conversation / INSP.ngo

Across
2. notable for rowing and the Dallas Botanical Gardens
5. featured in the Robocop movies of the 1980s
6. features 9/11 memorabilia
7. interactive, cube-shaped museum with five floors featuring sustainable design
11. museum that relocated from Fair Park to the Arts District in 1984
13. church founded one day after Dallas was incorporated as a city
15. team that shares its stadium with the Dallas Stars
17. site of the corporate headquarters of Southwest
20. gentrified area of Oak Cliff that was the site of Dallas’s busiest trolley shop in the 1930s

Down
1. team that opened a practice facility in Frisco in 2016
3. park over the Woodall Rodgers Freeway known for its food trucks
4. home of the Mustangs
8. bridge constructed as part of the Trinity River Project
9. museum featuring sculptures by Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and Serra
10. largest hub for American Airlines
12. stadium for two of Dallas’s biggest teams
14. well known late night eatery in Deep Ellum
16. location of JFK’s assassination
18. location for delicious desserts in different districts of Dallas
19. former team of Nolan Ryan

Puzzle made at CrosswordLabs.com

Continued from page 8

In addition to job losses, the COVID-19 pandemic has led to social distancing measures that have forced employers to adopt flexible working practices. This may accelerate such practices and could be of benefit in terms of work-life balance – helping to increase wellbeing and productivity in the long run. But this won’t be the case for everyone as people working in areas like retail, health or the performing arts, often cannot work remotely.

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Feeling Lonely
By Mystery
Date: Wednesday, Sept., 7, 2018

Gosh, here it comes this emptiness feeling again
It does hit me, kinda knocks me down
once and once again
Can’t help myself, can’t help to think of you
at this moment, when I feel more lonely
Please forgive my thoughts
‘Cause they fly so high to say…I’m here
Don’t you see am I down?
Bright, plus shiny is my day if I see you
around! Please forget that this feeling
gets me low, please forgive me when I’m
down, leading my mind to think to ask
myself…
What kind of world this one would be if
loneliness would trap everyone in?
One can be a change to it
Would that be you or I?
‘Cause here is comes this empty feeling
once again, it does hit me, knock me down
once and once again

Misty Zacharias is a participant in The Stewpot Art Program.
Houseless Not Homeless

By Gershon Trunnell

Home is where the heart is, I take mine with me where I go. My home is full of faith, joy, and peace; this is what I know.

I don’t store my riches and wealth on earth for you to steal. Instead I store my riches where all time is revealed. I may seem poor to you without a physical address.

I thank the father and creator that I’m houseless not homeless.

Gershon Trunnell is a participant in The Stewpot Art Program.

How has this experience affected your life?

It has brought a component to my life that is second to none. I have established relationships with people in the program who give my life meaning. And, as a judge, it certainly informs me. When I know a criminal defendant comes into my courtroom and mental illness, homelessness, and addiction is part of the reason they are there, I have a far better understanding of how I need to respond.

What do we as a community here in Dallas, or as a larger society, need to think about so more lives are changed?

People need to understand that rarely is there a point where a person is not salvageable, for lack of a better word. We are often ready to write people off prematurely. My experience with the running program has taught me that if the right resources and right connections are brought to bear, and the right relationships are created, people who would you think are beyond making a contribution to the larger community can do just that.

I hope people say we have a tremendous resource that needs to be tapped. Generally speaking, that is not the perception most people have.

When you are stopped at an intersection, and someone comes up and asks you for money, how do you see the dignity in them? It’s hard to see that in the moment.

Roll up your sleeves. Spend time. Do something to get involved. Be part of a literacy program. Come down and work in the kitchen. The great thing about our club is that a third of the 30 or so people running with us are from the larger community. They are business people, lawyers, teachers, social workers, LAPD officers. They want to provide the encouragement, direction, and guidance most people get from their parents. There are huge gaps in that nurturing process for people who have ended up on Skid Row.

You have taken the club to Europe and Africa, right?

Every year, we go to an international marathon. We have been to Ghana, Rome, Vietnam, Jerusalem, and we just got back from Ecuador and the Galápagos Islands. In November, we will be in Myanmar.

What is the experience like?

We spend two weeks. We just spent a week hiking in the Amazon, and swam with the sharks and turtles in the Galápagos. The excitement was palpable. A lot of runners weren’t even good swimmers. They didn’t care. They just wanted to be there.

Does this elevate their vision of what they can be or do?

It causes them to look at themselves differently. I am not some person sleeping in a ratty tent on Skid Row. I am in a four-star hotel. I am worth a lot of donors contributing a lot of money so I can have this experience. My world isn’t this small, circumscribed area on Skid Row any longer. I can talk about the Spanish Steps in Rome. I can talk about St. Peter’s. I can talk about Cape Coast Castle where my ancestors were put aboard slave ships. It so broadens how they view the world and how they relate to it.

This is life-changing and why the folks keep coming back.

Bill McKenzie is a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Dallas and The STREET-Zine Editorial Advisory Board.
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PANHANDLING OFFENSES
Solicitation by coercion; solicitation near designated locations and facilities; solicitation anywhere in the city after sunset and before sunrise any day of the week. Exception can be made on private property with advance written permission of the owner, manager, or other person in control of the property.

A person commits an offense if he conducts a solicitation to any person placing or preparing to place money in a parking meter.

The ordinance specifically applies to solicitations at anytime within 25 feet of:
- Automatic teller machines;
- Exterior public pay phones;
- Public transportation stops;
- Self service car washes;
- Self service gas pumps;
- An entrance or exit of a bank, credit union or similar financial institution;
- Outdoor dining areas of fixed food establishments.

What should we cover next? Fill out our survey at: https://bit.ly/2WbMRsg

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Please include the vendor’s name and badge number on this form.

_________________________________________        _______________________________________
Vendor Name        Vendor #

Make checks or money orders payable to
The Stewpot and send them to:

STREET Zine  1835 Young Street,  Dallas, TX  75201

*If your vendor is no longer distributing papers your donation will be applied towards papers that are shared among active vendors.

[ ] Check here if you prefer that your check be returned if your vendor is no longer active.