

Dear W.C.,

I've been helping and caring for my elderly aunt for three years but now I am having my own health problems and cannot help her financially any longer. My aunt raised me and I consider her my mother. She has no children of her own and I am the only relative left that was able to help her. My son and I share a three bedroom apartment with her. I have been going through treatment for ovarian cancer and it has forced me to give up my job. We were able to get by until my unemployment ran out. I was declined for assistance due to my past income so I have reapplied and I am waiting on their determination. My car was recently repossessed because I couldn't keep up with the payments. Our rent is late. I have always been a hard worker and had a lot of energy. I am trying to get that energy back so I can go back to work but I just completed chemotherapy and my second surgery. The doctor says I'm in remission but it will take some time for me to feel like myself again. I have never asked for help before. I am always the one volunteering to help others but I know this is something I can't do on my own. Could you please help us so we do not become homeless and living without utilities?

Dear Readers,

We continue to help many people with cancer and other very serious health problems. It is a cause for much suffering in our communities. Thank God we can be there to help our fellow creations during their time of pain and suffering.

I went to the address provided on the letter and found it to be in a nice apartment complex. When I rang the door buzzer it was answered by who I assumed to be the son and after I told him through the speaker who I was I heard the door buzz. I walked into the apartment building hallway and saw three people standing down the hall. They all waved and we greeted each other in the hallway. The elderly woman that was introduced to me as the aunt said, "Come in. Come in." The woman that introduced herself as the niece that had written the letter added, "Yes. Let's not all stand in the hall and talk." The son looked to be about 12 years old and shook my hand. They all led the way into the apartment.

The aunt moved slowly and chatted with me when I offered my arm and helped her inside the apartment. She told me she had severe arthritis and I noticed her wincing as she lowered herself into a chair. The niece made sure she was comfortable and then asked if I would like to sit in the chair next to the aunt. I could see the tell tale signs that the niece was not feeling that well herself. She had short tufts of hair showing from underneath a baseball cap. She also had dark rings around her eyes and looked to be very thin. I could see why she had not been able to return to work yet. The son asked if he could be excused to his room and the after the mother gave her permission the boy politely said goodbye to me and left the adults

to talk. I was sure he did not need to hear about the details of his mothers and aunts health problems nor their financial distress.

The niece and aunt gave me some background on their relationship over the years and I could see they had a special bond. The aunt had been struggling to live on her own for years previous so they had decided then it would work out best for all of them to live together. The aunt had helped with watching the son after school while the niece worked. She also paid the utilities and other expenses they could stretch her small social security to. The niece had paid the rent, did household chores and made sure the aunt ate properly. Now that the niece was no longer able to work she was not able to contribute to the rent, utilities or food budgets. The aunt's social security was not enough to pay the rent on a three bedroom apartment and their other expenses.

The niece shared her journey through her surgeries and chemotherapy. She spared no detail on her surgical recovery problems and the side effects suffered. I knew that was the reason she was struggling to regain her strength and energy again. I asked the niece when the doctor said she could return to work and she said, "He thinks I should be feeling better even in a few weeks but he wants me to wait at least a month. I told him I didn't think we could make it financially until then and that's when he told me about you. I have never asked for help my whole life. My aunt raised me to be self-sufficient and strong. This illness has brought me to my knees." I saw both the aunt and the niece were fighting tears. The aunt sniffed and wiping her eyes said, "This is the same cancer her mother died from. That's why I took her in when she was just ten years old. Back then we didn't really know that much about genetic cancers. My Mom died from breast cancer when I was just a child too. I was tested when my niece was diagnosed and I do not have the cancer gene. This cancer gene has caused our family a lot of grief and pain. I'm just so thankful they were able to catch it early in my niece because I don't know what I would do if I lost her too." The aunt and niece reached for each other's hands and were crying as they looked at each other.

I handed both of the women tissues and waited while they finished crying and wiped their faces. I said, "It seems like you women have been through enough pain and suffering so we would like to at least help you stay in your apartment. We also will make sure you have the proper nutrition to help you regain your strength and some of the weight you have lost." Both of the women began to cry again as those few sentences seemed to visibly remove the stress and worry over their almost certain eviction. I asked the niece if she had a budget and also for her bills. While she gathered these things I looked around their kitchen after asking their permission. I did not find any fresh fruits or vegetables and very little food for three people. I made a quick call to one of our volunteers and asked them to pick up some food. When I got off the phone the niece shared she had gone to the food pantry several weeks before but had

been nearly too sick and painful at the time to even walk in. Her son had gone with and helped her.

I asked about their transportation since the niece had stated in her letter that her car had been repossessed. The niece told me how she had not been able to keep up with the payments and the car was the first thing she lost when they had to choose between rent, food and the car payments. The aunt said, "I had an old car I hadn't driven in nearly a year. It needed some work so we used what my niece had left in her savings to get it running. Thank God we did because we have needed it for her many medical appointments and to get food." I went outside to look at the car and found it was indeed a very old car with many miles. The niece had given me the keys and I started it up. It was rough and the a/c did not work but it had gotten them where they needed to go. I could tell it wouldn't last long so I put her name on my car waiting list so they would have reliable transportation for their continuing medical needs and hopefully a job in the nieces near future.

While I was outside looking at the car our volunteer arrived with the food I had asked for earlier. We carried the food inside and I introduced the volunteer to the ladies and the son so they would know her for any future help they may need. I told them all to sit and eat while I looked over their budget and other documents. The volunteer excused herself when they were all seated and happily eating. The son especially dove into the food like any boy his age would but with the added urgency of real hunger. The volunteer had tears in her eyes as she said goodbye and hurried to the door, not wanting them to see how their hunger and obvious suffering had affected her. After all these years of seeing hunger, poverty and physical pain it still brings tears to my own eyes to see our fellow creations going through so much.

When they were done eating I watched as the son helped to put the food away and clear the table. I could see he was used to helping and did not need to be asked. We all thanked him for his help and he politely said, "Thank you for the great food."

I could see both of the women were very tired and needed to rest. I had made a list of things we would help them with, rent, additional food, a gift card for clothing for the son as I had seen his clothes were small and worn and at the bottom I had written that they were on our car waiting list. The niece and aunt read over the list and both began to cry again. The niece said, "You must think I'm a cry baby. I never cry but everything you have done to help my family has moved me to tears. I am so grateful..." She could not hold her tears back and it was as if she had been holding them in for months. I handed her more tissues and watched as the aunt patted her hand and said, "You let it all out. You've been holding that in for months." When she was finally done she said, "I feel so much better now. It's as if The Time Is Now to Help removed this huge weight off my shoulders. I don't have to worry about my son and aunt becoming homeless. I know there is food here for them to eat. I actually feel

like I will recover and be healthy again.” That is what we want our assistance to do, to remove the pains and suffering of poverty. To remove the burden of stress and the very real effect it has on our fellow creations bodies.

Several weeks later I paid another visit to the aunt, niece and son. Again the son answered the door buzzer and quickly let me in. Again I saw three people waiting in the hall but this time they were all smiling and happy. Already the rings were fading around the niece’s eyes and she had begun to gain some much needed weight. Even the aunt looked better as she smiled and hugged me in greeting. There was just a different energy about all of them as they led me into the apartment. Even the apartment was noticeably cleaner and brighter. The niece noticed me looking around and said, “My energy is coming back and I am feeling so much better. I am even able to clean and cook again, thanks to you.” I said, “No not thanks to me, thanks to all the people that support The Time Is Now to Help.” The niece said, “Yes, thanks to you and all the people that support The Time Is Now to Help and that wonderful volunteer you sent over.” After reviewing their progress, seeing the niece had finally been approved for assistance until she could return to work, even seeing the resume she was working on, I said my goodbyes with the continued promise to get them a car in the very near future.

Thank you for your continued support of the charity work we all do together. It is a group effort, a labor of love and a blessing to many suffering in poverty in our communities. God Bless “You”.

*Health & Happiness, Love & God Bless Everyone, W.C./Sal*

**Please Help:** There are many coming to us in desperation. Our good fellow creations need our compassion. Together we make a big difference. Make checks payable to: The Time Is Now to Help, P.O. Box 1, Lake Geneva, WI 53147. The Time Is Now to Help is a federally recognized 501(c)3 charitable organization licensed in the states of Wisconsin and Illinois. You will receive a tax deductible, itemized thank you receipt showing how your donation provided assistance for the poverty stricken. **A**

**Very Special Thank You:** Family Foundation, The Gallo Family Fund, Scott & Lisa Stearns, Fox Charities, Martin Business, John Stensland & Family, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Schuberth, Christine Adams, Thomas Morrissy, Black Point Estate, James & Shari Loback, Margaret Downing, Marilyn Carver, David & Shirley Heigl, Walter & Florence Strumpf, Marvin & Audrey Hersko, Shawn & Donna McLafferty, James & Marilynn Dyer, Albert & Ellen Burnell, Judy Dishneau, Michael & Kathe Beach, Beth & Jody Rendall, Florence Merkin, Nancy Gaal, Saints Simeon & Anna Anglican Church, John & M. Conrardy, William & Jean Isaacson, John & Joyce Kirkwood, Abbvie Employee Engagement Fund, our anonymous donors and ALL of you who support The Time Is Now to Help donation boxes, and the businesses that allow our donation boxes. Anyone who would like a Time Is Now donation box in your business, please call (262) 249-7000.

**Memorials:** Jody Cook & family in loving memory of her Father-In-Law Ralph Cook, Sr. and her husband Craig Cook, Sr. on Father's Day. Daniel & Donna Casey in

memory of their sister Eileen. The children of Ray Wells: Jeanne, John and Jim in memory of Mary Osborne. “Mary epitomizes the gift of giving, be it time, talent, treasure or all the above. May her lesson of love and kindness never be lost.”

**Prayer Chain:** The power of prayer and positive thoughts comes from the true healer, our Lord answering our prayers. Please pray for healing for the following people: Mike, Caroline, Susan, Jennifer, Clarence, Jayden, Santana, Alex, Lily, Kaitlyn, Kynesha, Brandi’s Grandma, & Marilyn.

**Inspiration Ministries Resale Shop:** Please donate your gently used household items and furniture to the Inspiration Ministries Resale Shop. For local pick up of major items or collection appointments please call (262) 275-2264. Inspiration Ministries Resale Shop is located at N2270 State Rd. 67, Walworth, WI 53184. Hours: Monday – Saturday 8 a.m. - 4 p.m. Closed Sundays. Please visit often knowing your support will provide life changing assistance for the fellow creations in their care. Inspiration Ministries is home for up to 80 residents that live with multiple physical and mental challenges. I thank all of you for helping. For more information visit [www.inspirationministries.org](http://www.inspirationministries.org).

Please visit: [www.timeisnowtohelp.org](http://www.timeisnowtohelp.org)