

March 21, 2010



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### ☉ Opportunities to Get Involved



## Our Beginnings

- Founded in 1996
- Annual industry hockey game @ Maple Leaf Gardens 
- Cause selected given high level of visibility at the time
- Goal was to raise \$2,000 to buy some sleeping bags ... \$8,500 raised
- Used \$ to purchase contents for 50 Survival kits



**Pastor Paul Burke**  
**Cornerstone Urban Church**



Bringing Hope to  
**CANADA'S HOMELESS**



Established in 1996



## Our Mission

Hockey for the Homeless is a volunteer-driven charitable organization dedicated to ending homelessness in Canada through fundraising, education and partnering with solutions-based outreach organizations



## Our Evolution

- 1998: NHLPA and NHL Great Mike Gartner
- 1996 -2003, Toronto event raises over \$750,000
- 2004: Hockey Pour Les Sans-Abri formed in Montreal and first tournament raises more than \$75,000 
- 2007: New Board of Directors /5 year strategy launched
- 2008:   2010:  
- By July 2010 over \$3,000,000 Raised and 15,000 Homeless Men, Women and Youth Helped



## Participants Get An Unforgettable Experience

Tournament is designed make participants feel like a pro for a day

Unforgettable experience:

Personalized jersey

- Gatorade Coolers in the dressing room and on the bench
- Room Stocked with tape and pucks
- Every team gets 2 former NHL'ers to play with



## Allocation of Funds

### 1. Re-integration & Transition Projects:

- Welcome Hall Mission: Construction and equipment for physical fitness centre
- Mission Bon Accueil: Construction of a learning centre
- Construction of a hygiene facility for women's shelter
- L'Anonyme: Funded apartment rental and furniture purchase for innovative youth reintegration program.



## Allocation of Funds

### 2. Operational Projects:

- Benedict Labre House: Purchased van to transport food and clothing
- Shelters: Hundreds of thousands of dollars in support of desperately needed furniture, food, goods and services

### 3. Frontline Support Projects:

- Survival kits: 15,000+ provided since 1996 homeless men, women and youth
- "Snug as a Bug" Outreach program to assist homeless Moms and small children

- Safe Light: Purchased a van used to reach teenage girls trapped in the sex-trade

- Light Patrol: Co-purchased their new Mobile Home (Lightfest-May 1, 2010)

**Tim Huff**



## Our Goal Starts with Awareness

Society insulates itself from the issue of homelessness

The homeless are misunderstood ... they are not humanized

For society to engage, we need to understand that each homeless person is a victim of circumstance

– We need to understand their stories



## Getting Involved

*And when we take your gifts to those in need, they will thank God. So two good things will result from this ministry of giving.*

*2 Corinthians 9: 11,12*

*If someone has enough money to live well and sees a brother or sister in need but shows no compassion, how can God's love be in that person?*

*1 John 3:17*

*Give generously to the poor not grudgingly, for the Lord your God will bless you in everything you do*

*Deuteronomy 15:10*



## Getting Involved

- Participate on an organizing committee
- Volunteer at the 1 day Tournament
- Donate [www.hockeyforthehomeless.com](http://www.hockeyforthehomeless.com)

If you would like to learn more about Hockey for the Homeless or if you are interested in getting involved, please contact us.

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Colleen Clarke (Sanctuary)  
**FIND YOUR PASSION... FILL YOUR TANK!**  
**Inspiration – Invitation... Opportunity**

Good morning. My name is Colleen and I'm here to share a bit of my story about how I became such a *passionate* volunteer.

I started volunteering at a really young age, first going door-to-door with my Dad to collect for Heart & Stroke or Cancer then moving on to various other causes over the years. I enjoyed it... but I was never *passionate* about it. That all changed a little over 3 years ago when TOB hosted a symposium on Markham's Invisible Poor. The last speaker of the day was a guy named Alan Beattie. He spoke about homelessness and his words that day spoke directly to my heart. I was inspired to call him and find out more about this place called "Sanctuary". You know if you'd asked me back then if I had ever considered volunteering with the homeless in downtown Toronto... I'd have laughed. ME?!?!? Uhhhh, NO... don't think so!

First of all, I am NOT a city person. Then there's the matter of *traffic* ...I hate it with a passion... inching down the DVP, getting cut off by drivers thinking they can arrive a few seconds faster! The mere *thought* of 150 men and women crowded into a small, dingy basement would have filled me with panic... add some alcohol and a twenty-piece of crack to crank up the volume and ... most definitely NOT my thing! Something tells me that God was having a good laugh at my expense, though, because He tugged on my heartstrings and led me *completely* outside of my comfort zone. And now? Well... there's not much that could keep me away.

Each week I find myself at Sanctuary's drop-in centre, perched on a battered old couch. The pungent odours of dried urine and a good Listerine drunk permeate the air... and I strain to hear the stories of my friends above the roar of the crowd. Their lives, it seems, began no differently than mine... but their circumstances were twisted and torn as fate dealt them blow after blow. All too often I find myself fighting back tears as they share the broken pieces of their tattered lives. But somehow, just when the sadness threatens to overwhelm me, God lights a candle in the darkness, offering a glimpse of hope. One of my friends gets sober and leaves the streets... another one shares that they've been reunited with a child they were forced to give up years ago. Pure, sheer joy... shared in the smallest victories... with the people I am so proud to call "FRIENDS".

At Sanctuary, they define themselves as a healthy, welcoming community where people who are poor or excluded are particularly valued... and this is technically true... but I prefer my own description: they are an endless buffet of unconditional love, compassion and respect. They are the HOME that many of us never had. And so each week... sometimes twice a week... I willingly battle the traffic to share a meal and conversation with the people I have come to love so dearly. The family of my heart. THIS, is passion.

OK... enough about me. What about YOU? Have YOU found YOUR passion? Is there something in *your* life that... as Ken says... "fills your tank"? I think that one of the biggest obstacles for most people is TIME. Ken spoke to us one Sunday about time and it really hit home with me. I realized that how I use my time matters to God. So how did I find the time? Well... by intentionally choosing to volunteer somewhere that FILLS MY TANK. That way, it never feels like a chore. If you're passionate about what you're doing, I *guarantee* that you'll cheerfully make it your priority. And you'll learn, as I did, that volunteering is as much about YOU as it is about "THEM". So I encourage you – make a list of things you love to do! Then ask yourself "how can I incorporate my passion into volunteering"? The possibilities are only limited by your imagination!

Branch Out always has opportunities for those of you who want to “test the waters” before you “dive in”... Such as?? Hmm... I’m glad you asked! You see the cardboard shack on the side of the stage? It’s a replica of a typical cardboard shack that you might find tucked away in a city ravine... the kind that’s used by homeless people to protect themselves from the elements and to create a bit of privacy. That shack is going to be part of an educational display at an event called LightFest. It’s sponsored by Light Patrol to raise money and awareness for youth homelessness... and I need about FIFTY volunteers to help me with food & beverage that day. So... if you want to get a taste of volunteering and have a WHOLE lotta fun at the same time, come and chat with me after the service. I’d be thrilled if you could join the team.

And finally, I want to leave you with a poem that I wrote in my journal after a particularly difficult night downtown. It is testimony to the deep friendship I’ve found with a homeless man; he is an addict and an alcoholic... and has spent nearly as many years locked up in jails and federal penitentiaries as he has in free society. He suffered unspeakable abuse growing up and hit the streets at an age when most young people are begging to borrow the car keys. Quite simply... he is a treasured friend and it is my great privilege to share his journey. This is for Greg.

*Cruising up Bay before heading home,  
shadows lengthening, the sun heads to bed  
as a cool breeze blows and a tune  
keeps playing in my head.*

*Eyes scanning, searching for someone panning.  
A figure catches my eye and I strain,  
Looking to see if it’s him; anxiety sets in  
As I clearly see the language of pain.*

*Head hung low nearly brushing the ground  
I call out his name but he just keeps on rocking.  
With sadness and fear I mount the curb.  
Fighting back tears, I take his hand and start talking.*

*“Hey!...it’s me... I’m here... It’s OK, you’ll be fine.”  
Slowly his head lifts and I’m greeted by vacant eyes.  
Hope so twisted and torn, I don’t understand  
why God seems to have forsaken the most fragile of lives.*

*“One set of footprints,” he railed through his tears,  
“means no one walked with me. NO ONE! Oh well...”  
I try to protest, empty words sounding hollow  
as he begs for a bullet to put an end to his hell.  
Our tears fall... a deluge in the dark, bleeding together  
A raging river of violent pain flows  
from an innocent, child-like heart.  
I’m overwhelmed and the ache inside me grows.*

*“An angel...” he called me as he wiped dry his tears.  
How I cherish the thought that I’ve been a good friend....  
Through my own cloud of brokenness, I treasure his words.  
And faithfully I’ll walk with him... heart to heart... ‘til the end.  
**Thank you.***

## **Kathryn Heyes (Matthew House)**

Becoming a member of Branchout has had a profound impact on my journey with the Lord. The enthusiasm and encouragement of this group have enabled me to find my "sweet spot" that Blaise has spoken about in the past. That "sweet spot" for me has been serving at Matthew House, also known as "a place of hope at the end of the refugee highway". Matthew House has aided refugees from over 75 countries by providing a safe shelter, settlement assistance and bridges to the community. Based on Christian faith, it strives to protect and respect the value and dignity of each person, regardless of race, faith or political opinion.

My involvement with Matthew House has been life changing for both my family and me. Through preparing and serving meals at the monthly Matthew House Club gathering, I have met incredible people with incredible stories. Helping out at the recent renovation at Matthew House I was amazed to see newly arrived refugees working side by side with the crew and volunteers in order to make this house warm and inviting to all who come for refuge. Visiting at the transition house, also a part of Matthew House, has allowed me to meet others who have taught me so much about human dignity, hope and joy in spite of the tragedy and injustice experienced by these people in their homelands. Serving in this ministry has given me a whole new perspective on the lifestyle that we take so much for granted.

Through Matthew House, just over a year ago, I met an amazing young woman who touched my heart. I felt like the Holy Spirit in me was urging me to reach out to her. She has since given birth to a beautiful daughter and I am proud to say that I have become "Grandma" to both! They have become part of my family and we all have learned so much from this young woman. I am so proud of Bekky not only for her mothering skills but with her determination to make a new life here in Canada.

Bekky and her baby, Ivie Success, soon to be one year old, are here today, and Bekky will briefly share what Matthew House and the Olive Branch have meant to her!

### **Bekky**

When I arrived in Canada in February 2009, seven and a half months pregnant, I had no money, no family, no friends and no contacts. I had only a small suitcase and an overwhelming fear of what would happen to me. After being held at a detention centre for two days, which was a terrifying experience, I was put in a taxi, given the cab fare and directions to Matthew House.

God was truly looking after me. I had shelter, a bed, food and people who cared about me. The staff at Matthew House directed me to a doctor to make sure that I and my baby were going to be ok. I was recommended to a lawyer who helped me through my refugee status hearing. I was quickly connected to a social worker and was introduced to the June Caldwell centre where I received a lot of valuable information.

Shortly before Success was born, Matthew House moved me to the transition house, where I am still living today. I have received so much support and friendship from the residents there. Mike and Julie, the young couple who live as support staff at my house, have done so much for me and my baby. We call them Uncle Mike and Aunt Julie. I am going to school at Humewood to upgrade my learning and hope someday to be a nurse.

Through Matthew House and Grandma, I found the Olive Branch. The people at this church, even though they did not know me, were kind and generous when they heard about me. People at the Olive Branch gave me gifts of clothes, blankets, a pram, toys and all kinds of things to help me with my baby. Two families from this church even offered a place for us to live after the baby was born. When we come to this church, we are warmly welcomed. I am thankful that God brought me to Matthew House and The Olive Branch where I have found friends and love as I make a new life for myself and Success.

## Carrie Turman (Teen Challenge)

Remember this: "To every thing (turn turn turn,) there is a season, (turn turn, turn) and a time to every purpose under heaven." A band called the Byrds got the lyrics from [Ecclesiastes 3. 1-8](#) . Now I'm pretty sure we don't see **changes** in our lives approaching the same way we see spring or fall, but it's certain, the same Lord who created them is busily preparing us for changes that will shape us for his purpose.

As I was coming to the end of one season in my life, that of teaching youth and being part of a musical mission, **Teen Challenge** was searching to expand their 10 student capacity in B.C. to something bigger and more central. They ended up in my back yard. Driving home one day, I saw the sign, turned up the drive and found myself filling out a volunteer application form! No weather warnings.

Teen Challenge is **Jesus intervention for people who've lost the strength to resist the tornado sucking them down the toilet of life!** That's my personal definition for it.

During my interview in their office, the director asked me what my passions were and I told her: troubled youth and sharing my faith. Then she asked me what my dream job would be and suddenly I was overcome....., "This!" I answered, through a wet smile. Is there something in my past that qualifies me for this work? No.

Do I have a sister or cousin or Uncle maybe with an alcohol problem? No. Do I have a son or daughter who shoots up every night, and then calls me from some alleyway where they've given themselves to pay for it?! No....**But what if I did?!**

There are very few programs available in this country with a better than 10% success rate...Teen Challenges's is 71. It's a 50 year old proven program which began by changing the lives of gang members in New York City and it's changing lives of some from Markham, Aurora and other areas of York Region as I speak. Sound good? Wanna get involved? Wanna know how they do it?

They invite students to hand the controls of their lives over to Jesus, and to keep their eyes on Him as He teaches them the power of repentance, redemption and just what a piece of work He made when He made them?

After I'd applied at TC, I heard that their 1<sup>st</sup> student was going to graduate. I didn't want to miss the beginning of the journey I'd signed on for, so I went alone to hear a woman named Isabelle speak, and congratulate her if I could.

"I was abused every way possible before I was 8 years old," her story began. Continuing, she said that the abuse stopped when she was adopted by a minister and his family. Being the only Native, however, she battled loneliness along with her other demons. At 15, she sat in her room, Bible in hand and said,"God, if you send me a friend, I'll read your book." It took her a long time to realize He'd sent that friend...He had come in person.

Soon after, she left home for the city where she sold drugs to survive. Isabelle was determined not to use them herself, but unable to fight the loneliness, she stepped into the maze of addiction complete with its dead ends like prostration, crime and unprepared for pregnancies.

During this time, Isabelle's only peace was found in a Radio Shack...at a keyboard the manager let her play even though he knew she was completely stoned. Finally, after serving time in jail, she was threatened with losing her children. The Lord had backed Isabelle into a corner, but He had her back. Speaking of her children was the only time during the testimony that Isabelle cried. "When I think of the mother I was...." She put her hands to her face and then raised it up and said, "But I know I'm forgiven, and I know that

I and my children will never ever be alone!" Then the other girls swarmed her, hugging her and the guests praised the Lord. At that moment, Isabelle walked across the stage in her shiny blue dress, sat down at the grand piano, and played a hymn of thanksgiving .....**with the heart of the most thankful!**

"I want to be part of this!" was all I thought. I want to be part of the great things that the Lord is doing. This doesn't **take** energy: it's **energizing**. So I brought the need to Branch Out and we ....**you**, have all become part of it. A roots group now sponsors another girl. That girl showed me a letter she'd written to her estranged father who just got out of prison. In it, she tells him about Jesus. Not long afterward, I hear that he died. Her reaction.....I'm okay...I got to tell him what I wanted, I'll see him when we're both in a better place.

We'll never know when the season to serve is upon us, but if we wait until we think we're ready, we may never be....the Lord only asks us to be willing.....He's in charge of readiness.