



*This holiday season, Street Roots vendors offer up some of their favorite memories with their customers. What follows is a sampling of the many experiences that happen daily between vendors and readers. From all of the vendors, thank you for your support and have a happy holiday!*

One of my customers she goes out there and help others to help bolster their spirits. She's so amazing. She has so many things happening with her and yet she's making it her personal mission to help others. This is one person that makes me glad to be spiritual.

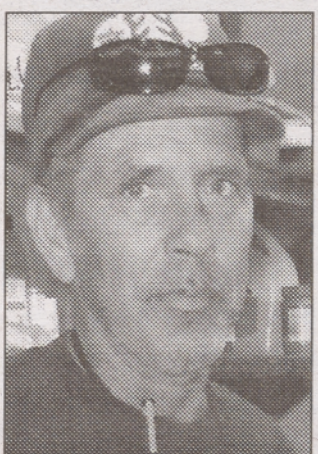
— Saul Cortes

When I was working at Rite Aid I met a Christian lady who really liked Street Roots. We were talking about God and we all prayed—it was me, Don and her—and afterwards she gave us a \$20, and she also bought a paper from me and we exchanged numbers; now she's my roommate! There was another time where I was on the bus mall over on sixth and this beautiful lady came by and I explained Street Roots to her and she handed me a 20 dollar bill. I thanked her, and she just looked at me and smiled and went on.

— Cynthia Foix

When I get a poem published in the paper I take it, sell one to my manager in my apartment building and I also sell one to my friend Dave, then I take one to Jessie, Valerie, Laurie and Kat, and I sell one to Nick. They like my poetry.

— Dennis Rollins



Jim Dienes

My interactions have been very positive, especially with my regular customers. They're glad to see that I'm inside, they're glad to see that I'm staying sober. It's been really beneficial.

— Jim Dienes

When I was selling a while back, I found a wallet and inside it was the business card of one of my regular customers. The address was close by, so I called her and told her I'd take it to her address because sometimes if you throw it in the mailbox it will take three weeks to get there. So I just took it down there and the doorman came out and took the wallet. About three hours later this guy showed up and gave me \$100, told me it was from Tara and she appreciated me bringing her wallet back.

— Bill Yates

We'd like to give a special thanks to our regular customers Anne and Bill.

— Paula and John

I was selling papers last Christmas Day on North Mississippi and Shaver and it had been a bad day. Fresh Pot, the coffee shop, was closed, so mainly people were walking their dogs. There were many people just coming by and wishing me Merry Christmas. I was quite depressed,

but when a regular customer came by with his chocolate lab, Patches (I always remember the dogs' names), we had a long chat. As the conversation ended, the customer placed an envelope in my pocket.

I was thinking it was a Christmas card and nothing else, as I had received about four cards the day before. It really was a sad day thinking I would make it back to Troutdale and sleep at the transit center in my car.

When I got back to the transit center, I

sat in my car listening to the radio. I opened the cards I'd received that day. Three cards wished me a Merry Christmas, one had a gift card from New Seasons, and another held a \$5 gift card. The final card I opened astonished me most. There was a \$100 bill inside. To this day, I am most grateful to the person who gave me this gift. I was totally astonished.

— Duane Rick Wagner

They're really nice to me over at New Seasons—some of the nicest people I've ever met. Not a lot of people appreciate vendors, but those folks are nice to me. I've got a good place to sell. They give me gingerbread, burritos. They really look out for me.

— John Munro

As I departed from the steps of the Greyhound Bus, on Aug. 4, 2011, I totally didn't know what to expect. Coming from a climate consisting of my work as a journalist, literary artist, activist, poet and a Revolutionary Legal Scholar (a title given to me by Tiny Lisa Gray-Garcia, co-founder of POOR Magazine), it all became chaotic for me. I was crushed inside, by wicked covert and overt circumstances that surrounded me, a honey hive hounded by killer bees triggering my PTSD.

For the sake of my sanity and soul, I sadly departed from the community of San Francisco I built a seven-year relationship with.

Looking back, it was a true act of fate for me to venture forward.

A good friend of mine, Bob Offer-Westort, civil rights organizer for the San Francisco Coalition on Homelessness put me in touch with Street Roots. Four months of homelessness later, my inner darkness of despair began to disperse daily as each new friendly, (and even a frowning) face

embraced me into their lives as one of their own.

One such person is Mary Anne Joyce, a nurse case manager at the Standard Insurance Building, located at Southwest Fourth and Taylor Street. Very warm and friendly exchanges between us with every single encounter. Bearing beneath her is an exterior of an inner no nonsense attitude, and wearing a full zest for life aura. Upon our very first meeting, we were equally surprised that Cleveland, Ohio, was our hometown.

She, alongside many Street Roots supporters, constantly compliments me on my positive attitude and appearance.

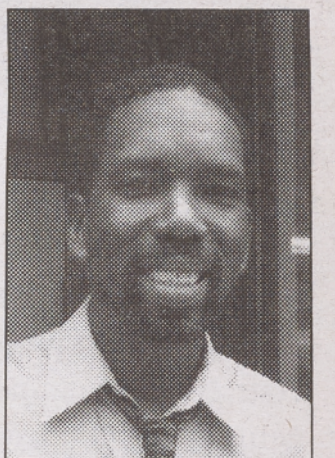
Mary Anne Joyce, the community, loving supporters, and Street Roots renew my faith in humanity; and helps sustain my sanity towards success from duress.

— Marlon Crump

One of my most memorable moments was when a guy came, grabbed a chair and sat down next to me. We started talking. He saw my key tags from recovery and he said he was just returning to Portland. We hit it off. We exchanged numbers and keep in contact. It seems Street Roots is helping me meet a lot of good people.

— Jacob Anderson

One of my regulars came up to me and said, "Hi, how are you? I haven't seen you." I was in a bad mood and I said, "It doesn't matter any more. She asked, "Why? We started talking, she bought a paper from me



Marlon Crump



Duane Rick Wagner