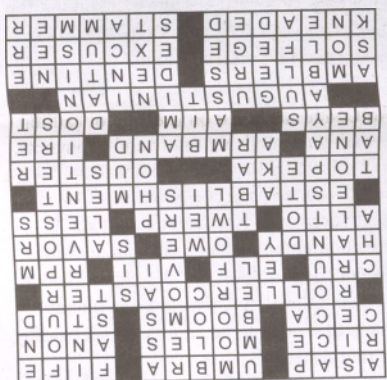


Feeding Frenzy

by Maddy Brown-Clark

A lady feeds the birds
 Old bread too stale for her to eat
 It came from the food bank
 A few sunrises ago
 But it was already old
 Too old to be sold.
 And the birds are thankful
 They know no lack of gratitude
 So the lady wanders away
 She must go see
 Where they're feeding the hungry today.
 Come morning the cycle
 Will begin another day.

Answers to puzzles on page 15



4	2	9	7	8	3	6	1	5
1	8	3	6	2	5	4	9	7
5	7	6	1	9	4	8	3	2
3	6	1	4	7	8	5	2	9
9	5	7	3	6	2	1	4	8
2	4	8	9	5	1	7	6	3
8	9	4	5	3	6	2	7	1
7	1	5	2	4	9	3	8	6
6	3	2	8	1	7	9	5	4

VENDOR PROFILE Ted Jones

BY JASON MEKKAM
 CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Purpose. That's what drives Ted Jones.

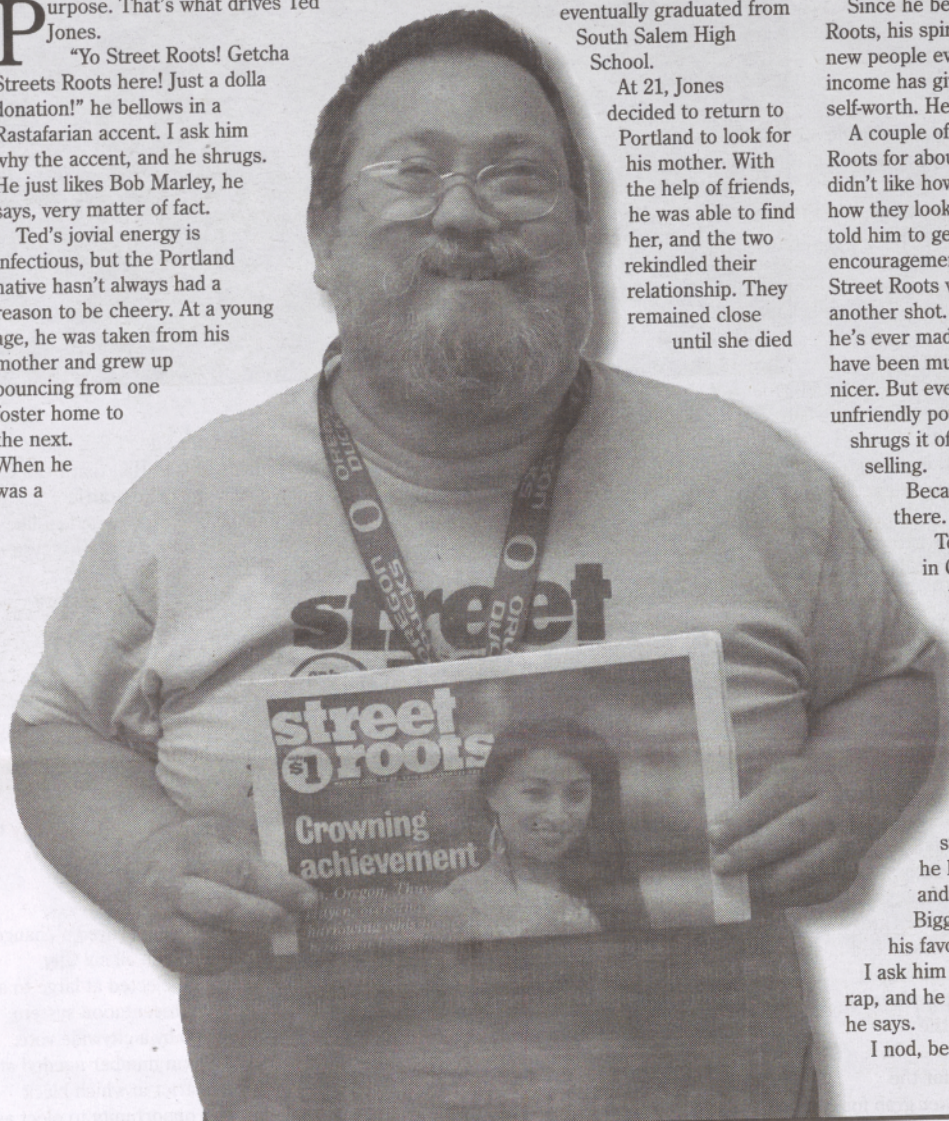
"Yo Street Roots! Getcha Streets Roots here! Just a dolla donation!" he bellows in a Rastafarian accent. I ask him why the accent, and he shrugs. He just likes Bob Marley, he says, very matter of fact.

Ted's jovial energy is infectious, but the Portland native hasn't always had a reason to be cheery. At a young age, he was taken from his mother and grew up bouncing from one foster home to the next. When he was a

teenager, he lived with his aunt, who beat him.

Fed up, Ted ran away when he was 18, and arrangements were made for him to move to a foster home in Salem. At first, the new town was rough on him. He didn't know anybody well, including his foster parents. But he warmed up to his situation and his foster family, and he eventually graduated from South Salem High School.

At 21, Jones decided to return to Portland to look for his mother. With the help of friends, he was able to find her, and the two rekindled their relationship. They remained close until she died



in 2009 of a heart attack, right in front of Ted in his Southeast Portland apartment.

The death of his mother was a major turning point in Ted's life, spurring a period of self-reflection.

"I was fed up with being at home, being a couch potato and not doing anything. I wanted to get out and do stuff," he said. And so he did.

Since he became a vendor for Street Roots, his spirits have been lifted. Meeting new people every day and earning an extra income has given him a newfound feeling of self-worth. He's happy. And you can tell.

A couple of years ago, Ted sold Street Roots for about a week before quitting. He didn't like how people were rude to him, how they looked down on him, how they told him to get a job. In April, with the encouragement of his friend Danny, a Street Roots vendor, he decided to give it another shot. He says it's the best decision he's ever made. This time around, things have been much better. The people are nicer. But even when he encounters an unfriendly potential customer, now he just shrugs it off. He keeps on smiling and selling.

Because he knows why he's out there.

Ted lives alone in an apartment in Clackamas. He prefers it out there because it's quieter and removed from downtown's drug culture. He sells Street Roots from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. Monday through Thursday (and sometimes Friday). On his days off, he's usually cruising around on his mountain bike or at the mall, checking out the music stores. He tells me how much he loves rap and that Too \$hort and The Notorious B.I.G. — or Biggie Smalls, as he calls him — are his favorite artists.

I ask him what he likes so much about rap, and he shrugs. He just likes the cuts, he says.

I nod, because I like the cuts too.

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"Nothing happens until
 something moves." — Albert Einstein ten

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