



Dear Everyone at St. John's,

I am a 65-year-old who, for the first time in her life, has needed to come to a food bank.

I chose yours because you have a huge sign on West Chestnut stating, "No Questions Asked." I absolutely could not handle a place where I had to qualify - wondering to myself, "Am I poor enough?" "Am I pathetic-looking enough?" or "Am I whatever hidden, unadvertised quality of desperation enough?" for someone to help me.

When I walk into your parking lot, the volunteers not only welcome me, they look absolutely delighted that I arrived! It's genuine.

So to you, the congregation members, who are in position to give cash or food or toiletries right now - I want you to know something. You think you are giving me a box of nonperishable groceries. The end. But I'll tell you that box of mac and cheese contains more than pasta and dried cheese. It is full of understanding. And your box of cereal has an unlisted ingredient: respect for me. The makers of that can of baked beans are unaware that your volunteers squeezed in compassion. I could go on, but I hope by now that you realize how much more than food that you give.

Thank you.

Thank you so much for your support and love.

Signed,
A recipient

**ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
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