

# CAMP HOPE

***"A SAFE PLACE FOR NEW BEGINNINGS"***



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## CAMP HOPE

### "A SAFE PLACE FOR NEW BEGINNINGS"

## OUR CULTURE

On March 22, 2017, Camp Hope began as an outdoor, barracks-style encampment for approximately 45 adults with 24-hour security, 3 meals a day brought in by volunteers, a shower trailer (as there was no running water), and an education center to teach life skills, literacy, and GED classes. Camp Hope began in response to critical need expressed by city and county officials to alleviate the challenges of homelessness in downtown Yakima and the greater Yakima Valley.

## THE NAME

### CAMP HOPE

Camp Hope Yakima is just that;  
A place where people experiencing homelessness can find hope for their future, a place where they can be connected with needed resources.  
Camp Hope is a safe place for new beginnings.



Our city had been experiencing a marked increase in individuals experiencing homelessness and an unsupervised tent encampment had cropped up downtown in an abandoned lot near homes and local businesses. The city and county needed help addressing this issue and the Yakima Valley Council of Governments (YVCOG) awarded the grant that got Camp Hope started.

## THE PURPOSE

Camp Hope Yakima meets the basic needs of safety, shelter, clothing, and food so that our residents can more easily access other support services and start to rebuild their lives. As a low-barrier shelter, there are no requirements of religious participation in order to receive services. Residents are accepted regardless of mental health or substance addiction. Pets are also welcome. Identification is not required.

## THE PLAN

01

### DEFINE GOALS

Assist residents to set goals for themselves and help them meet those goals.

02

### AVAILABILITY

Making staff and resources available 24 hrs a day to our residents and the community.

03

### SUCCESS

Celebrating with our residents as they meet goals on their way to wholeness.



# BUILDING HOPE

Letters From Our Residents

***REAL  
PEOPLE  
-  
REAL  
CHANGE***



# JOHN DICKEY

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My name is John Dickey. I came to Yakima and Camp Hope in July of 2017; a transplant from the Boise area. I had been homeless off and on for 10 years prior to my arrival here. I was exhausted, physically, mentally and spiritually. I felt unloved and unlovable. Basically I felt lost; like a ship with no mooring adrift at sea. I've been an alcoholic since day one, a practicing one since the age of 15. Being homeless and hopeless my drinking intensified beyond belief. Mike Kay and Camp Hope gave me an opportunity to be an intern. That little bit of action in itself helped me to feel better of myself; which in turn assisted me in loving others again, and not just others; but complete strangers, which was a new concept for me personally. I began to feel worthy for the first time in a long time. I felt trusted by others that barely knew me. My experience at Camp Hope was very trying at times; for the most part dealing with personal demons. Eventually I began to realize that there really are people in this world who do listen and that do care. I opened up a little bit to Mike Kay and Sheri Rynd as well as a few other staff members; I was uncomfortable at first; but was soon put at ease of my worries; when I made mistakes in my decision making I wasn't judged. I wasn't called a loser, I wasn't given up on, I was offered hope. I was learning to trust and to love again. I was able to be myself in a positive fashion. I'm having difficulty as I attempt to get my point across in this letter. The mess of balled up writing paper at my feet is proof of that. I left Camp Hope last August and rented a studio apartment (where I still reside) and up until this coronavirus took its stronghold on the world I had been working full time for a local catering company; I'm getting healthy and taking much better care of myself. I'm eating better, my sleep pattern is better than before; I'm waiting to reschedule a surgery that was postponed due to the virus crisis. In past days I would have accepted the first cancellation as a personal rejection and just would have shined the whole getting healthy thing as wasted time. My life today is filled with much more blessings than before; I've had contact with my daughter and my son, and now I have a grandson and granddaughter and one more in August. Today my life is no walk in the park, but I can be grateful for what I have, and not be so filled with shame of my past actions. I used to pray for things I didn't need, and troubled God with all my vanities. Now I pray for peace and healing. I am just one voice among many. Thank you for your time and patience. Sincerely, John Dickey



# BARBARA LEON

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Hello, my name is Barbara Leon. Before I came to Camp Hope I was married for 16 years to a man who I thought was the love of my life. As time went on, our relationship went downhill. When we got divorced I went to CA and my family couldn't help me, so my choices were to stay in CA at a shelter, or come back to Yakima to be near my son. I came to Camp Hope in June of 2017. When I arrived I was lost, broken, hurting and hopeless. I was so insecure and afraid. At first I was a loner and felt I couldn't trust anyone. I felt very lonely during that time in my life. It was the love and compassion from the staff and volunteers at Camp Hope that truly began to encourage me. When I gave my life to Jesus and was baptized with a bucket at Camp Hope my life began to really change for the better. I had the opportunity to become an intern which helped my self esteem and gave me a sense of purpose again. I loved attending the voluntary church services and was sad when they were discontinued because of a complaint from someone who had never even been to Camp Hope. I know in my heart that if there had not been a Camp Hope I would've been lost like so many others. Without Camp Hope I might never have found the right path. Now I live in one of their houses and I have my own car and license. I truly feel that I wouldn't be so blessed if it weren't for Camp Hope helping me. Now I am finally in a place to help others and I love to volunteer for Camp Hope and encourage others like me that there is hope and Camp Hope is a safe place for new beginnings!

Love, Barbara

# SHELBY PRINTZ

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## Homeless but not Broken

When I tell people that I live in a homeless shelter, they often respond with comments such as: "I'm so sorry for you," "It must be terrible for you." Then when I let people know that we sleep in tents next to a sewer plant, behind U Haul, they are shocked. However, for the first time in my life I feel safe and secure at Camp Hope. For me to feel safe and secure, I need to know I am protected, taken care of, watched over, and comforted. It's been a long, burdensome journey to this place of refuge. Long before I arrived at Camp Hope, I arrived at my first foster home. Since my mom couldn't take care of me, the State decided that a more nurturing place for me would be a loving, caring foster home with mature, protective adults. Those who promote the foster care system paint the perfect picture of bonding and love. For me, the foster system was a cruel, abusive, broken system. Not all children brought up in the foster system are abused, neglected and thrown away. Some children thrive in foster homes. However, that was not my story. Having been abused and thrown away like a piece of garbage, never did I feel protected, comforted or valued. Instead, I felt betrayed, confused and angry. I never realized how broken the foster care system was for me until I became an adult dealing with mental illness, confusion and drug addiction. Once again, the State stepped in to help me. This time, I was admitted into Bridges Comprehensive Mental Health Hospital where I received a diagnosis of Borderline Personality Disorder, severe depression, anxiety, and PTSD. I also received numerous prescriptive drugs and therapy. I still didn't feel safe and secure. Instead, I felt restless, and for the next few years, I wandered around trying to find love in all the wrong places. For me, once again, the State and their profound wisdom let me down. I couldn't seem to find a place I fit in; I began to wonder if I should be around at all. My self-esteem plummeted because there was nowhere else to go, no one to trust and nothing to hold onto. About five months ago I arrived at Camp Hope, a homeless encampment. I was penniless, confused, and uncertain of my future. At first, I thought Camp Hope was just another barrier, like the foster system and Comprehensive Mental Health. Instead, it has become a place of refuge for me, my pets, and my fiancé. Camp Hope is more than a place to sleep, have a shower, and receive a meal. It is a community, a family: not like the dysfunctional families I grew up in. Our people at Camp Hope may be broken people, but they are caring and helpful. No foster system or state Mental Health re Hospital can provide the safety and security, and care that I feel at Camp Hope.

# TINA PERKOVICH

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**TINA PERKOVICH'S STORY** My name is Tina Marie Perkovich. I am a white, single, 56 year-old female, a mother of two and a grandmother of two. I am also HIV-positive. When I was in the hospital with pneumonia in Tacoma, WA, I heard of a housing program in Yakima that was offered to me. My daughter was in her first year of collage at Central Washington University, so I decided to move to Yakima. However, my doctor would not release me unless I had adequate housing when I left the hospital. My doctor in Tacoma and the people at Yakima Neighborhood Health made arrangements for me to move into an apartment in Yakima. I was moving to an unknown place, to an unknown town, sick, an addict to meth, and 3 hours from my home in Tacoma. When I got to Yakima, I met with my case manager from Neighborhood Health. The case manager informed me that it was a 2-year program for people that were HIV positive or living with Aids. My rent would be \$210 with a \$500 down payment, and I would be guaranteed housing after the 2 years was up. In the lease it stated that the house I was moving into was safe, affordable temporary housing for people with HIV/AIDS. I signed my lease. My only problems here were that I thought I would be in an apartment, not a big house with others and that only HIV/AIDS people would there, not a girlfriend living with her HIV boyfriend upstairs. I did feel kind of violated, but I chose to make the best of it. After living in the house for over a year, we were all assigned a new case manager through Neighborhood Health. The case manager had us sign a new lease for a new program for permanent housing for single disabled people. I moved upstairs in the same house and enjoyed my apartment for a short time. Soon a relative of the head of our housing program moved into our house. This girl was beyond out of control. She would sit on the front porch, smoke meth, sell drugs out of the house, and fight with everyone. We were always reporting it to the case manager of Neighborhood Health, but nothing was ever done. One morning she broke into my room and attacked me because she thought I stole her phone. She threw me down the stairs. I called the police, pressed charges, and called Neighborhood Health. Still Neighborhood Health case managers did nothing.

# TINA PERKOVICH

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At the doctor's office x-rays revealed a crack in my lower back bone. A few days later the police came after the girl, who was being hidden in the house by the head of the housing program from Neighborhood Health. Finally, she was found and taken by the police. Five months later, she was back (off the record), didn't have to pay rent, and she once again started fights with everyone. Once again, we reported this over and over to Neighborhood Health, and nothing was done to protect the rest of us. The police were once more involved, and we all had to go to court to testify. At this time Neighborhood Health was under investigation. All the people who were supposed to testify were evicted. This definitely was not a safe housing program for single disabled people. For the next three months Neighborhood Health kept putting eviction notices on my door. I told them that there was no place I could afford. I received no help from Neighborhood Health. Their original promises went out the window. Being harassed and feeling defeated, I called a friend who told me that a guy was looking for a roommate to rent the downstairs part of a house. I was so exhausted as I moved into this other house that I landed in the hospital with pneumonia. Although I was in the hospital for 28 days, I still paid my portion of the rent. When I got back to the house and started to unpack, the guy kicked in my door, kicked me under my chin and lifted me up off the ground by my hair. He wanted all my money. He kicked me and punched me all the way out of the door. This time I was out in Wapato, in the middle of the night, beat up, and trying to get to my friend's house so she could take me to the hospital. When I got out of the hospital again, I went to Neighborhood Health pleading for a hotel voucher until the guy who abused me would be served restraining papers. They could see I was in really bad shape. I showed those at Neighborhood Health my paperwork from the hospital and my police report. I had absolutely no place to go. The caseworker gave me a letter stating that I no longer qualified for services from Neighborhood Health I was destitute. I came to Yakima, promised housing by Neighborhood Health, but now I had nowhere to go. The only place I could sleep was in my storage unit. Then someone suggested that I go to Camp Hope. This person told me he had seen Camp Hope on TV. Not having anywhere else to go, I went to the building at 16th and Englewood. I looked awful with black eyes, bruises over my body and I could hardly walk because of my rib. As a staff member. of Camp Hope did the intake, for the first time in a long time I felt at ease. Still waiting for him to judge me, I heard him say not to worry because this was a safe place and I would be okay.



# TINA PERKOVICH

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When I showed the staff person my protection order against the guy, he wrote down the guy's name and put it in a file. Then he showed me around, introducing me to others and checking on me periodically to make sure I was okay. I discovered most of the people here were from the place behind the old Kmart. As I listened to different stories, I could feel a tight closeness, a deep bond among the guests. I soon felt very comfortable and safe. Then, one day, I was asked by one of the employees if by chance I had a copy of the paper work on the guy who attacked me before I came to Camp Hope. I gave the paperwork to the employee thinking it was needed for some type of housing; by the calmness of the employee I never realized this attacker was now my stalker. This person, who had brutally attacked me and had just gotten out of jail, was now trying to check into Camp Hope. I went to the office to see what was up with my paperwork, and all I saw were cops putting my attacker in the police car. To this day I say, "God bless the staff on how they handled a very difficult situation." The staff was so calm and professional as they quickly subdued a potential outburst, and at the same time gave me the assurance of tremendous calmness and peace. I truly believe the staff at Camp Hope was responsible for saving my life. The staff took the time to listen to my plight, taking my fears seriously and protecting me without even knowing who I was. Camp Hope is what it is because of the Director Mike Kay. People are put in our lives for a reason. Mike Kay saw something in me I never knew I had. He saw in me what I couldn't see because of my years of drugs, abuse and loneliness. With his help I started to believe in myself. My opinion mattered. I think of him as creating a team of angels, and we are all next in line to that if I want something badly enough, I will get it if I do the work. Mike doesn't just "talk the talk", he "walks the walk". He doesn't work by a watch at all. He works as he sees the needs of those at Camp Hope. When people begin to heal emotionally, mentally, spiritually, and physically, he helps them find housing, jobs, and financial security. The punches that have been thrown Mike Kay's way is a shame. For instance, because Camp Hope has been considered a temporary shelter, we have to leave the premise for 2-3 weeks every six months or so. One time, we camped out behind the Union Gospel Mission. This was such an interesting experience to me. First of all, I could see in the eyes of the people at the Mission, the total loss of all hope and life.

# TINA PERKOVICH

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There was so much illegal activity going on at night in front of the people who were in charge of the Mission. I just thought how can you have a better community if you keep people suppressed. Unlike the mission that has a building with all the conveniences of home, there was so much disrespect there. I was very proud to say I was from Camp Hope. Very little disrespect is seen at Camp Hope, because Mike Kay is respectful to all of us. If there wasn't a Camp Hope, Yakima County would be a scary, dangerous place to live. Having been helped by the staff at Camp Hope, I now am living in an apartment. Interestingly, I am in a place where I can see what happens downtown. I am appalled by the way staff at Neighborhood Health treat many homeless people. I am appalled by the lack of protection and surveillance at the Rhonda Hauff House where drugs are openly exchanged and different people go in and out of a supposedly protected home for homeless. Time and again, I have watched and given blankets to those on street needing help. I also have seen Mike Kay downtown often passing out food, blankets, personal sanity bags to the less fortunate. He also always invites the homeless on the streets to Camp Hope as safe place to go. Mike Kay has given back to the community by his outreach in so many ways. Camp Hope is a place where people are given a chance for a new life. I am an example of how that is possible. I will never lose my housing of two years. I will never lose my dignity and my self-respect. I am so grateful for Mike Kay and Camp Hope for giving me a place and a time to learn how to have faith in myself. I was never told I had to leave Camp and I was given as much time as I needed to heal. Thank you, Camp Hope, Mike Kay, and staff. I love you all very much and hold you all dear to my heart. Much Love, Your #1 Guest, Tina M. Perkovich P.S in March it will be two years in my apartment. So far so good and so happy.

# VINCENT & DENISE

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July 13, 2020

Let me start by introducing myself. My name is Vincent, and my wonderful wife is Denise. She's a very special person who never gave up on me! When I met Denise 25 years ago, it was a rough time with many obstacles in our way. Many, many times I wanted to give up and return to my old way of life of gang activity, drugs and drinking. Every time I wanted to fall back into the old life, my wife stuck by me, never gave up, and gave me a reason to live. When we would go to our room to pray, my faith was not as strong then as it is now, and my wife would stay strong. Seriously, she was always by my side. She must have seen something in me that I didn't see. It took a lot of years to get rid of my bad habits. The last time, I overdosed on heroin. My heart stopped four times. I was certain to die, but I didn't. I then promised my wife that I would never ever do that again. Then more tragedy came as we became homeless. For five years we, our grandson and three dogs were homeless. We lived in an abandoned van in Wapato for over a year. We finally got funding for a motel. When the motel voucher ran out, we once again had nowhere to go. We got to Yakima and were crossing a street with our belongings, when two kind nurses helped us get across the street. They were like God's angels sent to help us. A police officer also offered to help us. He suggested that we go to Camp Hope. He even drove us to Camp Hope. When we arrived at Camp Hope, we were received by such kindness and warmth. We could have been assigned beds in separate dorm tents, but the Director Mike Kay realized that I needed extra help since I was in a wheel chair. He allowed us to stay in a small office building. He also put a ramp at the door so I could wheel my wheelchair up into the room. Since being at Camp Hope, we feel safe and we are treated like a family member. Everybody here has respect for each other. The residents at Camp Hope even go out to help the community by cleaning up areas. The staff at Camp Hope gives us hope and treats us as equals. Right now, staff is trying to help us get our dog back and trying to find an electric wheel chair. I don't know what we would do without a place like Camp Hope.

# MARY FROMM

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## TESTIMONY BY MARY FROMM

In 2017 I became homeless. Please understand that it wasn't because I couldn't pay rent. It was because the landlord no longer allowed pets and I needed to keep my dog. I could have moved back with my estranged husband, but I would be falling back into an environment of drug abuse and physical, emotional and mental abuse. Being low income, disabled and having a pet made it very difficult to find housing. I didn't know what to do and I didn't know where to go. Finally, I went to Camp Hope, where they received me and my dog. Camp Hope opened its doors to help families with children, women who have been abused and lonely, and men from all walks of life. At Camp Hope the residents are safe. All are shown love, respect, and a sense of pride. We can hold our heads up high and no longer feel like second-rate citizens. The staff at Camp Hope help us find the resources so that we can get back on our feet and survive in society. They also offer various self-improvement groups, such as Bible study, understanding and working with anxiety, depression and loneliness, and educational help. My stay at Camp Hope involved living in large dorm-like tents behind the old K-Mart, now called U Haul and staying at a warehouse-like place during the winter. Every place we moved, I was allowed to take my dog Willy, my only real friend and companion. Every place we moved, I knew I would be safe because the Director Mike Kay and the staff made sure we were safe. Every place we moved, I knew I did not have to have drugs to fill in the gaps of my life. Friendships developed and self-esteem grew within. Without Camp Hope life on the streets would have been a lot worse. With Camp Hope and the guidance of the staff, I got to a place emotionally where I knew I could survive more on my own. In 2019 I was offered a room in a transitional house with low rent by Camp Hope. In this house we are not required to be out in 90 days, we can stay as long as we need. I have been sharing a nice two-bedroom house with a friend from camp. We prepare our own food, keep the place clean, and enjoy our pets without fear of being kicked out. It was a God-sent for both of us.



# ISAIAH DAVISON

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My name is Isaiah Davison and I want to share my experience while being homeless and camp hope. When I first got to camp hope over 6 months ago, I was confused scared and I did not know what to expect. I had never been homeless before and everything was new to me. Right off the bat the staff at camp hope showed me kindness that I didn't expect and was almost weary to accept. They asked how I was regularly they told me that if I needed anything to just ask and they were there for me in times of emotional distress. My time there went by slowly for the first couple months until I got to know some of the people and most of the staff. I found that the staff at camp hope truly care for the people there and are willing to protect them if need be. I learned leadership skill there by participation on a citizen's board and by being encouraged to take part in my community through various activities. We went to the Greenway and helped clean up camps there, many residents helped set up tents for the hospital and other places that need them for covid prevention. Camp hope is not just a homeless camp it is a place that can and will help you succeed with your future. Another resident and I started college while there and had all the support needed, whether it was help editing papers or help coping with the stresses of college, they were always there. I recently moved into the dorms at YVC and I am continuing my education from here but without camp hope I would not be on the path I am today. Camp hope helped me grow it helped me gain ambition and taught me to follow through with my goals. A big thank you to Mike Kay and all the staff there that helped me progress to where I am today.

# MARYANN MENDIAS

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TESTIMONY BY MARYANN MENDIAS Ever since I started living at Camp Hope, I have been treated with love and fairness. The staff has also treated me with caring and respect. We are like one big family at Camp Hope. Every morning we all sit at a table and have coffee and smoke cigarettes. As the days get warmer and the shade scarcer, a large awning was put up so we can sit together in the shade. At Camp Hope there is also the education center, a small building with air conditioning and a TV room where people can go to watch TV. Since I have animals, I am so thankful that I am able to keep my animals. Periodically, we had a volunteer veterinarian come and check the animals for any concerning conditions. They also receive shots, as needed. My dog recently had puppies and I was still able to stay at Camp Hope. When I see some of the people drop off donations of clothing, blankets, shoes and food, I am so thankful. Churches and organizations also provide and serve meals for Camp Hope residents. When we don't have a church scheduled to provide a meal, the staff prepares food for us. This is so much better than living on the streets and digging through trash for food. Here at Camp we have Sheri Rynd and Suzi Carpino to help us when we feel depressed and lonely. Sheri and Suzi also help us find housing when we are ready, obtain social security benefits, receive identification cards and driver's licenses, and make sure we get to appointments as needed. On Tuesday evenings we have the opportunity to have Bible Study with Sheri. This is so important to me because I believe the Lord Jesus Christ keeps me positive. He helps me with my soul, my heart and my spirit to remain positive and pure.

# MARYANN MENDIAS

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Life is not easy being homeless and the lure of drugs is so strong when there is no purpose in life. Jesus gives me that purpose and Bible Study reminds me of the value of walking in the light. Camp Hope is the safest place for me to be. I feel safe because the staff do perimeter checks every hour. They walk around the Camp to make sure no one is trying to sneak in. They ask us how we are doing and what they can do to help. When someone comes to the gate to ask for a resident, the staff does not give any information to the person, unless the resident specifically is expecting someone. This protects us from anyone who wants to come in to harm us in any way. Because we are on lockdown because of the coronavirus, we are not allowed to go to the park at this time. This is in order to keep us safe from infecting the Camp with the COVID-19. We have had no cases of COVID in the Camp because of the safety measures put in place. On Fridays we do get to go to Winco or Walmart with staff. This is very exciting for us because we can buy snacks, cigarettes and items that we like to have. Thank you, Camp Hope staff and Director Mike Kay for your caring, love, generosity and safety. This is the best, safest place to be, as a homeless person. There are no drugs, no alcohol and no weapons allowed at Camp Hope. Camp Hope deserves funding to keep it running. Where else can we go if we have pets, if we are not allowed in other shelters and if we truly want to stay clean and sober? I am praying that we'll continue being protected and that we will be able to stay open by receiving grant money, donations and other financial support.

# SARAH GARCIA

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Life for me has not been the easiest as I have faced a plethora of hardships, from being abandoned by my biological parents and abused by my adoptive mother, to facing severe domestic violence that resulted in homelessness. I have worked hard to overcome the challenges that have been presented throughout my lifetime. Many people have compared my thirty-two years of life to a series of movies from Lifetime Movie Network. Although it has been hard to recover from some of the events within my life, I am thriving and working towards being a light for others experiencing the same trauma. When I was nine months old my parents abandoned me in a closet in a small apartment along with my three year old brother who was left fighting with dogs over dog food. A mailman overheard Christopher (my brother) crying and the police were called. We were both adopted by a lady named Melody and her mother Lila. My adoption was finalized when I was five years old and I was allowed to pick a new first name. I went from Nicole to Sarah. The early years of life with Melody I don't remember much of but the life from about ten years old on I remember very vividly. Melody was a harsh woman. She didn't show much love or compassion. She did not hesitate to use any object close to her to hit me and my brother with. I don't feel like I was a bad child but I remember always being grounded. Many times I was made to sit in the bathroom by myself for whole days at a time, sleeping inside of the bathtub. The only recourse I had during these long stretches of solitude was a small keyboard and a hymn book.



# SARAH GARCIA

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Other times I was made to stay in a small walk-in closet, which bothered me immensely considering my biological parents abandoned me in a closet. As I grew, my brother and I were responsible for all of the housework and cooking. I don't think that it is wrong to teach children how to be responsible, but I don't think that they should be the only ones doing everything. Melody didn't work and Lila worked off and on. The household was mostly sustained by checks received from the state of North Carolina for taking care of my brother and I, Melody's disability checks, and government food assistance. One summer, around the age of 13, I was dropped off at an apartment with a family I didn't really know, who had a girl around the same age as me. After weeks of being with this family and feeling uncomfortable, I set out walking back to my family's apartment. To my surprise there was no one there and an eviction notice was on the door. I became even more angry than I already was. After a few more weeks Lila came to check on me and I surprised her by questioning the vacated apartment. I found out that they had moved to an extended stay motel and I returned with her after much pleading. When I was around the age of 15 my brother left without saying a word leaving me to support the family with my full time job at Bojangles. As much as I loved school, it was either work or education. I ended up dropping out due to my grades going from A's and B's to D's and F's. Shortly after I turned sixteen Melody called me at work and told me: "come and get your shit." I broke free of that family that day and never looked back.

# SARAH GARCIA

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I moved to Georgia with two women I had worked with at Bojangles. I paid rent, utilities, phone bill, gas for car rides, and for groceries. I continued working until I met and fell pregnant by a man at the age of nineteen. We married and very quickly I realized that I was extremely unhappy. He controlled every aspect of my life and I was basically his slave. After almost two years I left, but not before he attacked a taxi driver with a baseball bat and lied to police involving me. I was trying to leave an abusive relationship with my child and he was doing everything he could to keep me from going, even if it meant three false felony charges. It took two more years of going to court to get the charges dropped. On the last day of court his sister called me from Guatemala, where he was born and the majority of his family lived. She spun a tale about their mother being sick and wanting my daughter, Shannon, and I to come and visit. I agreed and a few days after arriving my ex-husband showed up. He locked me in a room and beat me and raped me while his family acted as if nothing was going on. After three months he removed my daughter from my arms and ordered his sister to take me to an airport and put me on a plane back to the United States. Upon arriving and speaking to the police, they laughed in my face and told me to “get on a plane and go figure it out there (Guatemala).” I was sick to the point of jaundice, horribly underweight with multiple bone fractures all over my body, reporting a kidnapping, and the police just laughed at me. Thus began my distrust of the police.

# SARAH GARCIA

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Even though I know that one group of police officers does not represent them all as a whole, I still never called the police to help me again. Not even in the face of possible death. After returning from Guatemala I began working again and eventually began living in my own apartment. To cope with the loss of my firstborn child, I began writing, recording, and performing songs. This led to modeling and I continued both for over five years dabbling in a few substances such as alcohol, marijuana, and molly. In 2015 I gave birth to Andric and completely turned away from my lifestyle of partying and music to focus on work and raising my son. Life seemed decent with the exception of not having contact with Shannon. I met a man who I fell head over heels for and who I allowed to move into my apartment. I foolishly let this man take total control over my life and even though there were red flags I somehow had been convinced that it was my fault. Very quickly he persuaded me to leave everything I had behind; A store manager job position, my apartment, my car, my family of friends, even my sanity. Of course as soon as we crossed into another state and I was alienated from my support system he changed, not for the better. He immediately took control over my phone and my financials, preventing me from calling for help or feeling secure enough to leave. Over the course of two and a half years he used my son as a pawn to control me. We (my son and I) endured living in vans, tents, even on the solid ground with no shelter closely watched and controlled by a sociopath.

# SARAH GARCIA

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There were too many bruises to keep track of, numerous broken bones, countless threats against our lives, and the complete shattering of my spirit. All from this man who, no matter how many times I fled with nothing more than my child and a backpack, always tracked me down.

Since I had arrived in Washington in the beginning of 2017 I fled up and down the coast, leaving behind clothes, electronics, important documents, 4 vans, an SUV, and a 22 foot camper trailer. A couple of months into 2019 I fled for the last time to Yakima. I came to Camp Hope looking for a safe place to park and found much much more. I found safety, refuge, and hope. My son and I lived at Camp Hope for close to two months until we were accepted into the YWCA emergency shelter. After moving out of Camp Hope I began returning to volunteer. This eventually led to an internship which turned into a staff position. Being able to give back and be a shining light for others experiencing homelessness helped to make me whole again. The people that I have met in my first year in Yakima restored my faith and encouraged me to overcome the struggles I had been through. There was a short 2 month time where I fell for the tricks of another controlling man. Everything was great, of course, until he convinced me to move into his house. Immediately things went south, but I knew that after everything I had fled from, I would not remain in an abusive relationship again. After many emotional attacks and the first physical attack I moved out, pregnant and with my son, and was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to live in a tiny home program sponsored by Camp Hope and Terrace Heights Assembly of God.



# SARAH GARCIA

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My boss and director of Camp Hope encouraged me to enroll in college around the same time. As a 31 year old high school dropout, who had not done any studying since 2010 when I received my GED, I never imagined myself going back to school. I am currently in my 4th quarter of college in an effort to receive an AAS in chemical dependency with a 3.8 GPA. I still reside in the tiny home with my now 5 year old son and 3 month old daughter. I am recovering from my trauma fairly well and can hardly wait to see what the future has in store for me.

**Your  
Donations  
Make  
A Difference!**



CAMP HOPE  
"A SAFE PLACE FOR  
NEW BEGINNINGS"

## WHAT WE DO

### WHAT DOES "LOW BARRIER MEAN?"

Camp Hope Yakima meets the basic needs of safety, shelter, clothing, and food so that our residents can more easily access other support services and start to rebuild their lives. As a low-barrier shelter, there are no requirements of religious participation in order to receive services. Residents are accepted regardless of mental health or substance addiction. Pets are also welcome. Identification is not required.

## BUILDING HOPE FOR LESS THAN \$16 A DAY!

*"I used to sleep in the alley  
behind the Arco. Now I feel  
safe and like I belong."  
-Camp Hope Resident*



### GIVING BACK

Upon admission, all guests must sign a Good Neighbor Agreement outlining expected behavior and are given the opportunity to give up to 10 hours of volunteer service each week. No alcohol or drug use is permitted on-site and residents must adhere to off-site behavioral guidelines to reside in the Camp Hope community.

## THE TOOLS

### CARE MANAGEMENT

Our Care Managers meet with each resident and help them (re)connect with vital resources to obtain permanent housing, medical/mental health support, substance abuse treatment, or other community programs. Every resident is offered 3 meals a day, graciously donated and brought in by local organizations like Northwest Harvest Food Bank, and local church and community groups.

### EDUCATION

The shelter maintains an excellent volunteer-run education center where guests are given the opportunity to enhance their knowledge in a variety of subjects, including: GED preparation, basic reading, writing, and math, financial management, computer literacy, resume writing and job interview skills. We also provide space for support groups for mental health, grief management, and voluntary religious studies. Our education center provides access to computers to aid in job/housing searches and to reunite guests with family members via social media. Many guests have been able to reconnect after years of separation.

### EMPLOYMENT

Camp Hope offers an internship program for residents who show initiative and enjoy volunteering around our facility. Many of our volunteer residents have become paid interns and even full-time staff.



**CAMP HOPE**  
**"A SAFE PLACE FOR**  
**NEW BEGINNINGS"**

## **GIVING BACK TO THE COMMUNITY**

### **Camp Hope in the news**

"Camp Hope starting prescription delivery service April 6, during COVID-19 emergency.

Monday, April 6th 2020 YAKIMA-- According to Camp Hope, they will be picking up and delivering prescribed medications to better assist at-risk individuals over 60 years old during the COVID-19 stay at home order. Camp Hope's delivery service starts from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Monday, April 6 and ends Saturday, April 11. Director of Camp Hope Mike Kay says to qualify for this service, one must be 60 or older and have a pre-existing or life threatening condition. Kay says staff and volunteers won't be paying for the medication, the person requesting the service will need to arraign that with their pharmacy.

Kay mentioned that his staff, including himself, have all passed a background check and will arrive in a marked 'Camp Hope' vehicle. Camp Hope staff will be wearing a bright orange Camp HOPE uniform shirt and wearing personal protective equipment. You will need to provide: 1) Your name 2) Name and Address of the pharmacy 3) Your address with a description of the house. Those interested in the use of this service will need to call Camp HOPE at 509-424-1228."

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**-by Elayne Rojo-Rodriguez KIMA.**

## **BEING GOOD NEIGHBORS**

"Today our Serve Squad (resident volunteers) along with several members of our staff worked alongside Washington State Police, WSDOT and Greenway Staff to clean up camps of people experiencing homeless who were living along the Greenway. After several hours, our team of collaborators successfully restored a large area of the Greenway."

--Mike Kay June, 4th, 2020

*"Not everyone knows, but Camp Hope works with the hospital to give rides home and follow up to help the elderly shop and get to appts. I had no idea until my neighbor needed a ride home at 2:30 AM. He did not want to wake anyone, enter Camp Hope. What a blessing! Thank you."*

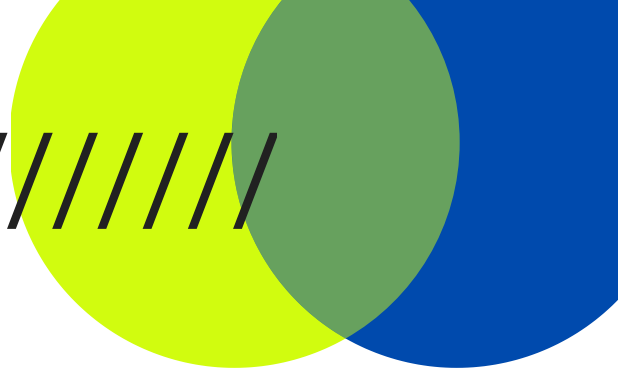
**-Ramona Vickers**



## **REACHING OUT & BUILDING HOPE**



# CAMP HOPE



## YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

With your help Camp Hope can continue to serve one of the most vulnerable populations in existence. People experiencing homelessness are often overlooked, mistreated and frequently the victims of violent crime.

At Camp Hope we believe that everyone deserves a second chance, an opportunity to grow and an environment built on safety and support.

## SMALL COST BIG CHANGE

**\$ 16**

Is all it takes to feed, shelter, clothe and care for each one of our residents per day. A small price to pay for a lifechanging experience.

## YOUR CHANCE TO BUILD HOPE

Any gift can make a difference! From \$1 one time donation to a recurring amount of your choice--YOU can help a person experiencing homelessness take their first step toward wholeness.



## WHERE TO START

**01**

### **VOLUNTEER**

Call 509-480-9760 and our volunteer coordinator will get you all the information you need to start.

**02**

### **TAKE A TOUR**

Email the director at: [chy.director@gmail.com](mailto:chy.director@gmail.com) to schedule.

**03**

### **DONATE**

Visit our donation page at: [camphopeyakima.com/donate](http://camphopeyakima.com/donate)  
Or by mail at: P.O. Box 9074  
Yakima, WA 98901