

**PERMISSION FORM  
PARENT/GUARDIAN AUTHORIZATION**

I request that **ST. CHRISTOPHER PARISH** allow my child \_\_\_\_\_ to participate in the following sponsored activity requiring transportation to a location away from the parish facility.

Name of Activity: **Bread Truck Service Project, @ Port Ministries**

Date, Departure Time & Return Time: **TBA - Friday's Once a Month Feb, March, April, 4:45 - 9:30**

Place of Activity: **51<sup>ST</sup> & HERMITAGE (DEPART FROM ST. CHRIS)**

Method of transportation: **Carpool**

Designated Supervisor of Activity: **Maryellen & Paul Harrington**

Participant's Costs: \$ **0.00** Due: \_\_\_\_\_

Nothing kills an event quicker than people who wait until the last minute to sign up. If you know you want to go return your slip immediately. Events take time to plan and organize. Slow return of permission slips show lack of interest and events quickly get canceled.

I understand that the activity will take place away from the parish premises and that my child will be under supervision. I further consent to the conditions stated on participation in this event, including the method of transportation.

I hereby release and indemnify **ST. CHRISTOPHER PARISH**, its staff and its volunteers, and Catholic Bishop of Chicago, a corporation sole, from any and all liability arising from claims of any kind of nature whatsoever from my child's participation in this event.

In the event that the undersigned, or my authorized physician, cannot be reached, and in the judgment of the designated supervisor of the activity or other responsible person accompanying the group, there is a necessity for immediate examination and/or treatment of my child, I hereby authorize any of the aforesaid personnel to obtain for my child such medical services as are deemed necessary.

Medical Insurance Company: \_\_\_\_\_

Insurance Number \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
Parent/Guardian Signature                      Address                      City                      State                      Zip

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Area Code) Phone Number                      SCHOOL      **OR**      RELIGIOUS ED.

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- PLEASE DRESS **WARMLY**. BRING HAT, SCARF, GLOVES, & WEAR WARM SOCKS & SHOES.
  
  - Please arrive to the Teen Center on time. The weather could bring a great deal of traffic. The people depend on the Bread Truck for their meal. The truck has to keep on schedule to serve the people. Be on time for us to depart to The Port Ministries where the Bread Truck is based.
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## **Why me?**

My home is the Street. Not an actual place, like Halsted Street, or State Street or any other Street with a name. My Street isn't a concrete strip in Chicago, it's another world right next to yours.

People speak of the poor, they talk about the homeless, like they were some great faceless mass out there. Take it from me, we all have names, faces, stories. I am one of them and they are part of me.

I am a man, a woman, I am young and I am old, but most tragically of all I am a child. Whatever or whoever I am, the Street doesn't care.

## **The Street is the great equalizer.**

I am African-American, I am Hispanic, I belonged to white, prosperous families of the middle class. I am a believing Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Hindu, Muslim or I believe in nothing at all. The Street does that to you.

Faith tells us that we were created as beautiful, free people in the image of God. If that's true, why do I sleep in doorways and under bridges? Why do I have to beg and sometimes find my food in garbage cans on LaSalle Street?

## **Why me?**

I know. I'm lazy and spend my time getting drunk, using drugs and making babies. I am where I am because I chose to be and won't do anything to get off the Street.

I can't answer for anyone else, because people being people there's good and bad in everyone no matter where you are. All I know is its getting dark, I'm hungry and I need food, a shower and a place to sleep. And yeah, talking to someone who really cares wouldn't be so bad either.

You see, day or night, hot or cold, the Street doesn't cut you any slack.

Drugs, liquor, hunger, violence, everybody poor, everybody filled with hate and anger, it does something to you. It gets you in the end and eats you up. The Street's a beast, and it always wins.

## **There is a place, though....**

There are soup kitchens, and there are shelters and they all do good work. This place is, well, there's a spirit there. There's a feeling that in the middle of the hunger and the violence and the hatred, you are treated as a human being again. It's food, and clothing, and a bed for the night, but that doesn't really say it. It's more. **It's respect, it's dignity, its charity with love.**

## **And what about you?**

The problem of the poverty, hunger and violence on the Street is not solved by help. Handouts and coffee do nothing but put little bandages on big wounds.

The problem of poverty is solved by people working with people.

Help makes it sound like the poor are helpless, like all we want to do is take money, eat and disappear. That's not what Port Ministries is all about.

From the first day they opened their doors, Port Ministries attracted not only guests but workers and volunteers with a spirit of mission and a sense of purpose.

The Port is called 'a place of prayer and hope', but people of all faiths give their hands and their hearts in ways too many to count.

Working with Port Ministries does not simply mean writing checks. It means giving of your self and your time; the two things harder than money to give away. It could be working in the soup kitchen, stocking food in a pantry, giving silent support in the Listening Ministry, or answering phones or stuffing envelopes in the administrative offices.

## **How much and how far is up to you.**

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