

Dear W.C.,

I recently had to give up my full-time job to care for my daughter who was diagnosed with a cancerous brain tumor. She and my two grandchildren, ages 10 and 13, have moved in with me so I can care for her. It has been very hard on all of us as our lives have all changed drastically. We are struggling financially as we wait for our benefits to be approved and begin. I could not keep working as we waited for her benefits to begin as she is in need of around the clock care now. I have a small savings that we have already gone through just to pay my mortgage, car payments, food and utilities. All my expenses have increased due to the extra people living with me. My daughter is in such pain and most times sleeping due to the medications so I do not bother her with these worries. She needs to concentrate on hopefully beating this diagnosis. I am unable to pay this month's car payment or utilities. Our benefits should begin soon but until it does we are falling farther and farther behind. The stress and worry over losing everything, on top of the stress and worry about my daughter has been very hard on my health. We really need some positive news right now.

Dear Readers,

I would love to bring the positive news this woman and her family needed to hear. It sounded like they had endured enough negative news already. Hopefully a visit from The Time Is Now to Help would at least be able to remove the financial stresses in their lives so they could focus their energy on helping the woman with brain cancer with all the care she would need in the coming months.

Our support began with a knock on the door of the small home this family of four shared. My knock was answered by who I assumed was the 13 year old grandson. When I asked to see his mother he informed me she was too sick to come to the door. He asked me to wait and shut the door in my face. I was actually happy to see this as he did not know who I was and was being cautious. In a moment the door was answered by his grandmother and after introducing ourselves she apologized for her grandson's behavior. I said, "No need to apologize. I was happy to see he did not trust a stranger at your door. I could have been anyone." I commended the grandson on his caution and when the grandmother invited me inside we shook hands and I told the grandson how he had done the right thing too.

The grandmother led me into the living room and we sat to talk in private for a moment before she took me in to see her daughter. The grandmother told me about the grueling chemo and radiation schedule and how hard it was on her daughter. She said, "I told my daughter about writing you a letter. I know she is smart and would have found out we were struggling financially eventually anyway. She asked me to bring you in and introduce you if you came by. I felt I should prepare you for seeing her. She has lost so much weight and all of her hair already. She is very weak and in some pain. If she is asleep I would like to just let

her sleep. It is the only time she is at peace.” I told the woman, “I have visited many cancer patients and other very ill people in the 28 years I have been providing assistance so I am familiar with how people may look during chemotherapy. It is not something that will shock me.” The woman said, “How sad. I didn’t even give it a thought that you may have helped other people with cancer before. I can just imagine how many people are asking for your assistance, that are going through the same thing as we are. It is so physically and financially draining.”

We quietly walked down the hall to the small bedroom her daughter was staying in. The woman looked in to see if her daughter was awake. I heard soft whispering and then the woman called out for me to enter the room. I can’t say I wasn’t somewhat shocked with the woman’s appearance. Seeing people at their most sick and vulnerable I should be used to this but I can never get used to the gaunt appearance that cancer and the resulting chemo does to a person. As she spoke to me in greeting I could hear the weakness in her voice. She tried to hold up a thin frail hand but it immediately dropped to the bed. I leaned over and gently squeezed her hand as I did my best to control the tears that wanted to spring to my eyes. I knew I needed to remain strong and not upset this woman as she needed all her energy for healing, not being self conscious over her appearance.

The woman brought over a chair so I could sit and talk with the daughter. As she said everything in a whisper this made it easier for me to hear what she had to say. The daughter continued to hold my hand as she whispered, “Please help my mother and children. My illness has brought so much hardship into their lives. I just want to see them all smile again. My mom doesn’t tell me but I know they have got to be having financial trouble.” The daughter paused for a minute to catch her breath and then continued, “My car will be repossessed next month because I told my Mom not to make the payment. It’s most important that they save her house. Don’t you agree?” Looking around the room and from what I had seen I saw the home was in decent shape. When I saw the mortgage information during my financial review I would be able to answer that question better. I told the daughter this and she nodded her head in agreement. I noticed the pain the daughter was in from even the slight movement of her head. She winced and clenched her teeth and then in a moment it passed. She said, “I take pain medications but sometimes the pain still comes through. When it does it takes my breath away.” I watched as the mother carefully rearranged the pillows around her daughter and gave her a sip of something to drink. After a small sip the daughter turned her face away. The mother encouraged her to take one more sip and she complied but complained of the taste of the drink. The daughter said, “The chemo makes everything taste bad and I just can’t eat that much anyway.” I could see the daughter was tiring and her eyes were already drifting shut. I again gently squeezed her hand and said my goodbyes with a promise that we would help her mother and children. With her eyes closed she whispered, “Thank you.”

When we went back into the kitchen I told the woman about how our mission works and what I would need to see to verify their needs. I told her I would like to look through their refrigerator and cabinets and she told me to go ahead. After looking at minimal food I saw the many prescription bottles on the counter. The mother pointed to each one saying how much they cost and I saw that was where their food money had gone. She then showed me the bedroom the grandchildren were sharing and I met the younger grandson. I was reassured to see two twin beds in the room shared by the boys. We continued our tour of the home to see the one bathroom and back to the living room. It was a small home but neatly kept and even charmingly decorated. The woman pointed out pictures of the family and items she had made that decorated the walls and shelves. She showed me the picture of her husband that had died at a young age. The daughter with cancer was her only child. When I asked about the grandson's father she looked angry as she said, "He does not have any relationship with his children. He left my daughter for another woman when they were both young kids and now has another family. He sends very minimal child support. He even had the nerve to tell me when I called to let him know my daughter is sick that he does not want the boys. Can you believe that is all he could say? I know my daughter would not want him to have the boys if anything happens to her anyway but that still that broke my heart." All I could think of was how one day that father would regret his lack of a relationship with his sons.

The woman walked into the kitchen to get all the documents I had requested. She brought me a stack that included mortgage payments, bank statements, car loans, utility bills and her check book. We went through everything together as I took notes. She told me what assistance she had already applied for and she told me she had received help with that from the proper organization. She said that was where she had heard about The Time Is Now to Help and how we could possibly provide the interim assistance they needed to carry them over to their benefits without losing everything in the process. After reading over all the documents I agreed that she would have to let her daughter's car go. The payments were too high and the car needed repairs that were too costly. The mother's car was in better shape, had fewer miles and a smaller payment. It was all they needed for now. The mortgage payments were very reasonable and it would be a shame for her to lose the home to foreclosure so we paid three months of payments to get them through the next few difficult months. We also brought their utilities up to date and paid some into the future to prevent the same problem in the coming months. I handed her several gift cards for food, gas for frequent trips to the hospital, toiletries and clothing for the boys. These cards brought another round of silent tears as she quickly used a tissue to wipe them away before anyone could see.

The mother said, "I don't know how to thank you. How can I ever express how scared I was for all of us? I am the only one that can take care of my grandsons and daughter now and with having to give up my job I didn't even know how. You have shown me that I can do this now. We can make it once we begin to receive benefits. You have made sure we will

make it.” I answered, “It wasn’t just me. There are many many good people that wanted to help you too, the people that support us and make all of this assistance possible.” The woman said, “Please tell them thank you. We are beyond grateful for all they have done to help us.” I am sharing that thank you with all of you now as I write this column.

Our assistance helped this family to survive the following months of grueling treatments and financial struggle. After surgery, chemotherapy and radiation the daughter is beginning to improve and hopefully will beat this terrible disease. Our assistance meant the difference between hunger, foreclosure and utility disconnection. Our gas gift cards made sure they could get to all the daughters treatments, surgery and hospital visits. Again all of “You” have been there for one of our fellow creations in our communities. Again we say Thank You and God Bless You!

As our summer quickly moves to fall we continue to have many people coming to us in desperate need, living in fear, trying to survive without the necessities of life. As we continue to work very hard verifying the genuine need of good people, we also need your continued support. Together “We” need to carry on our good works that make our mission for God a success. Together “We” make a big difference removing the pains of poverty for our fellow creations. Thank you and God Bless you.

Health & Happiness, Love & God Bless Everyone, W.C./Sal

Please Help: There are many coming to us in desperation. Our good fellow creations need our compassion. Together we make a big difference. Make checks payable to: The Time Is Now to Help, P.O. Box 1, Lake Geneva, WI 53147. The Time Is Now to Help is a federally recognized 501(c)3 charitable organization licensed in the states of Wisconsin and Illinois. You will receive a tax deductible, itemized thank you receipt showing how your donation provided assistance for the poverty stricken.

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Memorials: Liz Boss in memory of Colin Riley. Donna & Charles Corson in memory of her brother Maurice Christenson. Wallie Leitzke in memory of her husband David

Leitzke. John & Marian McClellan in memory of Henry B. Tanton.

Prayer Chain: The power of prayer and positive thoughts comes from the true healer, our Lord answering our prayers. Please pray for healing for the following people: Mike, Caroline, Susan, Jennifer, Jayden, Santana, Alex, Lily, Kaitlyn, Kynesha, Sheila, Adrian & Marilyn.

Please visit: www.timeisnowtohelp.org