

Going Blind.

Can you imagine going blind? It is hard to fathom for most that one of the very senses we all rely on so heavily would start to escape us in our 40s.

A pastry chef. A world traveler. A kind soul.

He was losing his sight. He went to specialist only to have the worst outcome. A procedure made things worse. His vision did not get better.

He sold his car. His depression became unmanageable. He closed himself into his apartment for over a year until the eviction notices began to arrive. He had no job. He had no support. His options were becoming increasingly slimer by the day.

He connected to Hope House. He got a job. He put his worldly possessions in storage and began one of scariest transitions of his life.

He rode his bike to work every day. He filed bankruptcy to discharge an immense amount of debt. He got connected to vision services. He embraced a journey of support.

He moved out just shy of one year. You see, sometimes it just takes time and a little guidance to find the right combination of support. This is just a small part of a much larger journey, but we are so grateful to offer a safe space on the path to self-sufficiency.