

# HOUSE OF HOPE, INC.



WINTER 2012



## EXPANDING HOPE

As we look forward towards 2013, we are excited at the opportunities that await House of Hope, Inc. As I reported in the last newsletter, HOH received a grant from the Otto Bremer Foundation in the amount of \$100,000. This is a matching grant that will be used towards the purchase of the women's property in Mankato. In order to receive the funds from the Otto Bremer Foundation, we need to raise an additional \$100,000 to match their funds. We are well on our way to achieving this goal by our deadline of August 2013. We have currently raised over \$20,000 of the matching funds thru other area foundation grants. Your gifts to this fund are greatly appreciated no matter how large or small. The \$5 gift is just as important as the \$5k gift.

Many of you probably noticed that we did not have our annual dinner in September. We chose to change the date to February 21, 2013. It will be "An Evening of Hope and Laughter." Comedian, Michael Slack will be returning to entertain us. Watch our website for more information following the first of the year.

**HAPPY ANNIVERSARY  
HOH III - FAIRMONT**

One year ago, we were nervously awaiting our licensing for HOH III in Fairmont. On Jan 3, 2012 we opened our doors and have been serving clients ever since!! With this being a new facility, we were expecting occupancy levels to be low in the beginning but this was not the case. We have remained at/or near full capacity for most of the year. We have hired some amazing new staff members in Fairmont and I can not say enough thanks to the community for welcoming us to the area. We are looking forward to many more years in Fairmont!!

### Direct Phone Numbers

Executive Director: Nancee Mason	<b>385-7601</b>
Office Manager: Arlene Kreutzer	<b>385-7600</b>
Billing: Misty Ellingworth	<b>385-7610</b>
Intakes: Pat Erwin	<b>399-0791</b>
Marketing Director: Mark Johnson	<b>385-7611</b>
Development Director: Diane Norland	<b>387-1304</b>
Women's Program	<b>385-7612</b>

### House of Hope, Inc.

Mankato/Fairmont  
507-625-4373  
Fax: 507-625-4536  
Email: [hoh@hickorytech.net](mailto:hoh@hickorytech.net)  
Visit us on the web at:  
[www.houseofhopemn.com](http://www.houseofhopemn.com)

The new addition to the men’s facility in Mankato is complete and we are all moved in. We are still working on some of the other remodeling work to open up more space for clients and staff. Soon the outpatient clients will move into their new space and that will open up the old outpatient office as a recreation room for our residential clients. We are currently looking for an elliptical machine and a foosball table for that space.



This project has proved to be a wonderful decision in providing privacy and confidentiality for our clients. It has given us extra space for probation officers and other referral agents to meet with clients in a private area. Thank you to everyone that has helped us to accomplish this task.



### MEET THE STAFF

In each new edition of our newsletter, I will be highlighting one staff member. House of Hope, Inc. could not continue without the hard work and dedication of our employees.

Deb comes to us from Iowa where she and her husband of 33+ years own a hobby farm and raise elk. She started with the House of Hope Inc. III and is very excited about her new adventure. Deb, her husband and two children lived in northern Minnesota for 18 years and after their children were grown they moved back to Iowa where Deb was born and raised. She wanted to move back by family and care for her aging mother. Deb enjoys shopping and spending time with family, and spoiling her 1st grandchild.



**Deb Brown,**  
**Receptionist**  
**Fairmont**



This is an old one but a good one....

## Bobby's Dime



Bobby was getting cold sitting out in his back yard in the snow. Bobby didn't wear boots; he didn't like them and anyway he didn't own any. The thin sneakers he wore had a few holes in them and they did a poor job of keeping out the cold. Bobby had been in his backyard for about an hour already. And, try as he might, he could not come up with an idea for his mother's Christmas gift. He shook his head as he thought, "This is useless, even if I do come up with an idea, I don't have any money to spend." Ever since his father had passed away three years ago, the family of five had struggled. It wasn't because his mother didn't care, or try, there just never seemed to be enough. She worked nights at the hospital, but the small wage that she was earning could only be stretched so far.

What the family lacked in money and material things, they more than made up for in love and family unity. Bobby had two older and one younger sister, who ran the household in their mother's absence. His three sisters had already made beautiful gifts for their mother. Somehow it just wasn't fair. Here it was Christmas Eve already, and he had nothing. Wiping a tear from his eye, Bobby kicked the snow and started to walk down to the street where the shops and stores were.

It wasn't easy being six without a father, especially when he needed a man to talk to. Bobby walked from shop to shop, looking into each decorated window. Everything seemed so beautiful and so out of reach. It was starting to get dark and Bobby reluctantly turned to walk home when suddenly his eyes caught the glimmer of the setting sun's rays reflecting off of something along the curb. He reached down and discovered a shiny dime. Never before has anyone felt so wealthy as Bobby felt at that moment. As he held his new found treasure, a warmth spread throughout his entire body and he walked into the first store he saw. His excitement quickly turned cold when the salesperson told him that he couldn't buy anything with only a dime. He noticed a flower shop and went inside to wait in line. When the shop owner asked if he could help him, Bobby presented the dime and asked if he could buy one flower for his mother's Christmas gift. The shop owner looked at Bobby and his ten cent offering. Then he put his hand on Bobby's shoulder and said to him, "You just wait here and I'll see what I can do for you."

As Bobby waited he looked at the beautiful flowers and even though he was a boy, he could see why mothers and girls liked flowers. The sound of the door closing as the last customer left jolted Bobby back to reality. All alone in the shop, Bobby began to feel alone and afraid. Suddenly the shop owner came out and moved to the counter. There, before Bobby's eyes, lay twelve long stem, red roses, with leaves of green and tiny white flowers all tied together with a big silver bow. Bobby's heart sank as the owner picked them up and placed them neatly into a long white box. "That will be ten cents young man." The shop owner said reaching out his hand for the dime. Slowly, Bobby moved his hand to give the man his dime. Could this be true? No one else would give him a thing for his dime! Sensing the boy's reluctance, the shop owner added, "I just happened to have some roses on sale for ten cents a dozen. Would you like them?" This time Bobby did not hesitate, and when the man placed the long box into his hands, he knew it was true. Walking out the door that the owner was holding open for Bobby, he heard the shop keeper say, "Merry Christmas, son."

As he returned inside, the shopkeeper's wife walked out. "Who were you talking to back there and where are the roses you were fixing?" Staring out the window, and blinking the tears from his own eyes, he replied, "A strange thing happened to me this morning. While I was setting up things to open the shop, I thought I heard a voice telling me to set aside a dozen of my best roses for a special gift. I wasn't sure at the time whether I had lost my mind or what, but I set them aside anyway. Then just a few minutes ago, a little boy came into the shop and wanted to buy a flower for his mother with one small dime. "When I looked at him, I saw myself, many years ago. I too, was a poor boy with nothing to buy my mother a Christmas gift. A bearded man, whom I never knew, stopped me on the street and told me that he wanted to give me ten dollars. When I saw that little boy tonight, I knew who that voice was, and I put together a dozen of my very best roses." The shop owner and his wife hugged each other tightly, and as they stepped out into the bitter cold air, they somehow didn't feel the cold at all. - MAY WE ALL REMEMBER THOSE LESS FORTUNATE, NOT ONLY DURING THE HOLIDAYS, BUT ALL THRU THE YEAR.

*House of Hope, Inc. is a treatment facility that provides a safe environment for individuals who desire to rebuild their lives from addictions.*

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1429 3rd Ave  
PO Box 291  
Mankato, MN 56002

Phone: 507-625-4373  
Fax: 507-625-4536  
E-mail: [hoh@hickorytech.net](mailto:hoh@hickorytech.net)



**Happy Holidays from all of us at House of Hope**