



Email: 104315,1747@compuserve.com
Phone: 415-885-6543
Fax: 415-885-6585

COMING MAY, 2001

YWAM SF will be hosting an eight month Internship for Discipleship Training School (DTS) graduates who desire to learn more about Urban Missions and Leadership. Classroom studies, combined with electives and practical application, will provide a well rounded leadership and urban ministries experience.

The Internship will take place May 1-December 12, 2001. The cost is \$4,000 and includes food, housing, transportation, and lectures.

MINISTRY NEEDS

- 12-15 passenger van (1994 & newer)
- Mini-van (1994 & newer)
- Sound system
- Electric piano
- Acoustic guitar

DISCIPLESHIP TRAINING SCHOOL

We look forward to the arrival of our students for our Fall Discipleship Training School which starts Sept. 17, 2000. These students will not only grow in their personal knowledge and walk with the Lord, but they will help YWAM SF continue to pioneer new ministries in this city. Our desire is to start three new weekly, small group Bible Studies in the Tenderloin. At the end of their lecture period, students will travel to Asia for two months of ministry with the unreached people groups of Thailand and Vietnam.

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Summer 2000

The Life of a Street Kid

This is a true story. The name has been changed to protect the identity of the person involved. His name is Jason, and he lives on the streets of San Francisco. He is now 23 years old and has been on the streets for eight years. He never knew his real dad, and when he was a child, his mom remarried. Jason's stepfather would get really angry and lose his temper and hit Jason. One time he even threw Jason up against the wall, wrapped his large hands around his throat, and began strangling him. Because of Jason's home life, he had a lot of anger. He would go to school and pick on other kids. He would throw knives at them and was always getting into trouble. It was the only way he knew to cry out for help. But no one understood his cry. When the police intervened, they took Jason out of his home and put him into a group home for delinquent kids.

If Jason's stepfather left, he knew that his mom and sister would have no money. His stepfather was their only income, and besides, no one believed Jason's story. Not even his own mother.

Jason went from group home to group home to boot camp but eventually ran away to where he now lives his life—on the streets. He started out smoking cigarettes and pot but soon turned to alcohol and harder drugs. He needed to escape life and to party. He eventually started smoking crack and then even smoking heroin. He didn't have money for these things. Sure, at first they are free, but then comes the cost.

Jason started to steal and rob people for money. He had to do what he had to do. Eventually these drugs weren't enough for him to escape reality and feel pleasure. He went from smoking heroin to shooting it into his arms with needles. They say that only 1% of heroin addicts ever break free. They also say, "If you live by the needle, then you will die by the needle." But when

A lot of them have heard the gospel but have never experienced the love of God

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YOU'RE
INVITED
TO A PARTY!

Come celebrate with us October 12, 2000, at 7 p.m. as we host YWAM's new President, Frank Naea, a fun-loving Pacific Islander who is part Maori and Samoan. Frank will be representing our mission internationally for the next two to four years. We've asked him to bring a word to all of YWAM's friends and associates in northern California. Please RSVP.

It's hard to describe our ministry to the runaways of this city, so we thought you'd enjoy reading this poem written to our staff (the four angels) who helped a young man find hope in Jesus.

Blessed Be the Angels

Death in a liquid form
Administered with Satan's sharp nail
Never knowing which hit would be my last
Down on the bottom and not caring
Only cure is the liquid demon
In a plastic tube on Satan's hand
Believing a demon in my vein was god
Wanting it, doing whatever it took to get it
Not wanting to believe I cared
 whether I lived or died
With God's hand out, time and time again
But still slapping it away
Too vain to ask for help
Til one day, four angels walked down Polk
Not shoving the Word in my ears
Just offering a single rose and God's love

And a helping hand for anyone
 who chose to accept it
But still too vain to ask for help
Then shortly after that, that last hit came quick!
I learned that morning
 that I really did not want to die
My vanity quickly turned to humility
The four angels stretched out God's hand
 once more
With my new found humility, I accept it
Accepted it with an open mind and an open heart
They did not offer a quick cure, just God's love
Now humble on my knees, and them beside me
The Lord inside me!
I fear no more!
Blessed be the Angels

by Tom

Stocks—Yes!

Recently YWAM SF has received inquiries about our ability to receive stock in lieu of financial donations. We do have an account set up through Merrill Lynch so that the transfer of stock can be made. We also have a representative whose sole responsibility is to help donors to non-profits make wise financial and tax decisions. If you would like help or information about making a stock or financial donation to YWAM SF or its designated staff or projects, please contact Shannon Sansevero at Merrill Lynch. She can be reached at the following phone number—415-955-3700.

A Father Says Thanks

It was at a dinner in Singapore that a gentleman, a pastor, asked one of our YWAM SF staff about our ministry in San Francisco.

He waited for the story of our ministry to be told before he divulged his own story about our ministry's effect on his family... His daughter was part of a youth group which came to San Francisco for our Mission Adventures Program. Prior to coming, she had been going through struggles and had even briefly run away to the home of a friend. While in San Francisco, her team experienced what we call "The Homeless Plunge." Students are not given a lunch that day; they are given 35 cents and sent out into the city with instructions to find out everything they can about services offered to the homeless. They must learn how to find a bathroom, water, food, transportation, medical treatment, and housing with that 35 cents. They are not allowed back into our facility until dinner time. It was through this experience that this gentleman's daughter realized how horrendous it would be if her bad decisions in life caused her to end up homeless. With a grateful heart, this father thanked us for our work with youth. He said his daughter's life has radically changed since she spent time with YWAM SF.

Kids on the Street

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you hate life, you don't really care whether you live or die. Once Jason started using heroin, he was addicted and trapped by it. Now the stakes were raised, and the cost was higher. How was he going to support his habit now? Sure, he sold drugs here and there, but eventually, the best and only way, he felt, for him to make money was prostitution. Jason wasn't gay, and neither are a lot of guys who sell their bodies for money. But male prostitutes are only ever picked up by older men. Jason did whatever he needed to do even if he was treated like a piece of meat by an older man. Now he had to do drugs not just to forget his past, but to forget his day to day living and the abuse to his body, soul, and spirit.

Jason stays in a hotel sometimes by himself—a dirty, dark, and lonely hotel. Other times he stays at the homes of men who pick him up off the street. He gives his body away not just for money but also for food and a warm place to sleep. His friends don't really care that much about him. They are too caught up in their own addictions, and he is far away from home now.

One night Jason was stabbed in the arm while being robbed. The guys who robbed him were aiming for his heart, but he blocked it with his arm. It is only by the grace of God he wasn't

killed. Afterwards, while in the hospital for an infection caused by dirty needles, he was told by doctors and nurses that if he continued to use heroin, he would be dead in six months. Jason doesn't know how to escape the power of this drug. He would rather take his own life than quit using heroin. But through Jesus Christ, Jason has hope.

This is the life of many kids who live on the streets. Many have no one to turn to, or anyone who cares. They look rough and dirty on the outside but are soft and hurting on the inside. A lot of them have heard the gospel but have never experienced the love of God. If we don't go to them and share the love of Christ, then who will? Who will hear the voice of the kids crying out in the streets? Who will care?

If you'd like to partner, financially, with our street team to reach out to the "Jasons" of Polk Street, please contact us.

