



"If your donated sleeping bag could talk"

A sleeping bag's story

Little did I know that I was being made for a Purpose. The workers stuffed, stitched, zipped, rolled, and tied me. The next thing I knew I was amid hundreds just like me bouncing in a big transport truck. When the truck stopped I was grabbed and thrown into a large hall along with the others where I spent a few days listening to beautiful music and caring people. The only problem was that I was quite warm as I was made to be outside in the cold weather.

My last day there was spent on the steps of a place of worship where a man of God told his flock where I was going. It was then that my Purpose became known, "to keep unfortunate people on the streets warm, as they were not stuffed and padded like me". I felt good as I could not think of a more worthy Purpose.

I and others like me all ended up on sidewalks, under bridges, in corridors, and on exhaust grates with people inside us keeping them warm in the cold Ottawa winter nights. My owner was a woman who talked to others with fear and talked to others even though no one was there.

She told me all of the bad things of...

*her past life living with an abusive father after her mother had died;
being denied to attend school and have friends;
the voices that made her become other people;
the demons that visited her during the night both real and unreal;
being taken away to a place where others like her also talked and ranted only to have this place close up
because the government said there was no money to run it;
being surrounded by others in hostels where her fears made her choose the streets instead.*

When she was at comfort I would learn of...

*how good she felt with me keeping her warm;
how much she appreciated the good people who gave me to her;
how much she felt loved when those same good people gave her food, drink, and hope;
how she knew that a guardian angel was there to look after her;
how she accepted her fate and that a day would come where she would find eternal happiness. She always
looked up at the heavens when she said this!*

My owner guarded me with her life from others who also had their own distasteful pasts and misfortunes. One thing common with all of them was that they too had sleeping bags just like me supplied to them by the good caring people of Trinity.

Thank you

Your donated sleeping bag on behalf of one of its owners

[Please see our website under "in HIS care" for this and two other follow-up stories](#)

*Praise God for 100% of your donations go towards "sleeping bags for the homeless" as all mailings, advertising, stationary, are donated by "The Ironmen", our Men's Ministry.
(WWJD = What Would Jesus Do?)*