

WOTS | WORD ON THE STREET

a paper for the people



WOTS UP

WITH AMERICANA BLVD.
PEDESTRIAN FATALITIES?

HOLIDAY EDITION

- OUR GUESTS & STAFF SHARE THEIR FAVORITE HOLIDAY RECIPES
- MEMORIES
- HOMELESS ART COLLECTIVE WILL CUSTOMIZE YOUR FAVORITE JEANS WITH ORIGINAL ART!
- NATIVE AMERICAN HERITAGE MONTH
- STORIES, POETRY, MOVIE PICKS AND MORE!



County and City Leaders Must Address Americana Boulevard Traffic Safety

By Erin Sheridan

The intersection of Americana Boulevard and Front Street is where the majority of Boise's homeless service organizations are located. The corridor is frequented by pedestrians & people with disabilities. Inadequate traffic signaling has created a dangerous situation where vehicles exiting the city's downtown core and drivers speeding through the area hit pedestrians, and the problem has gone unaddressed for years.

The stretch of road has been the site of a number of traffic-related fatalities and injuries. According to data from the Boise Police Department provided to WOTS in early 2022, officers responded to 10 incidents at the intersection of Americana Blvd and Front Street since 2016.

One accident occurred on the morning of April 18, 2022 when a passing driver hit a man well-known to homeless service providers, leaving him with broken limbs. On December 8, 2020, a pedestrian was seriously injured when a driver reportedly under the influence of alcohol struck the pedestrian in the middle of the road. Another incident on November 3, 2021 left a 72-year-old man hospitalized.

Staff at Interfaith Sanctuary say they've witnessed accidents since then, some leaving people experiencing homelessness with serious injuries. They worry about the lack of attention on the traffic safety issue. The consistent police presence that monitors the Cooper Court area, purportedly to improve public safety, has done nothing to stop vehicles that speed through the area with little regard for the safety of neighborhood residents.

BPD told Word on the Street in 2022 that the department has directed patrols in the area due to a number of drivers failing to yield to pedestrians, failing to stop at stop signs, texting while driving, and speeding. The department published a video on the issue in 2021 warning drivers to be careful and follow the rules of the road: <https://tinyurl.com/3322m86f>.

Commonly, these incidents are blamed on Boiseans experiencing homelessness. We see comments and news articles repeating tropes about mental health and drug addiction, implying that people who are forced



to navigate the streets all day don't know how to cross safely. We see "traffic safety" used as an excuse to keep unhoused residents from certain neighborhoods instead of efforts to improve our pedestrian walkways. This is unacceptable. Accidents involving people experiencing homelessness on Americana Boulevard continue as a consequence of a lack of traffic signals, crosswalks, and adequate signage – all of which are simple preventative solutions.

Boise's roadways are controlled by the Ada County Highway District. Previously, when notified of the problem, city officials have told advocates to reach out to ACHD to address the issue instead. ACHD representatives told Interfaith Sanctuary Executive Director Jodi Peterson-Stigers this fall that the city needs to assist in the process by putting pressure on the agency to get the work moving.

Since then, the shelter has reached out to city officials about the need to work with ACHD to create basic

improvements, like installing flashing signals that activate when pedestrians cross, as well as creating a more disability-friendly way to cross the street. People with mobility issues, as well as those carrying belongings with them, have to travel too far to each crosswalk to access the other side of the street, pushing pedestrian traffic away from designated areas.

The shelter is advocating for a crosswalk connecting Cooper Street to the other side of Americana Blvd, and has in recent months been notified that a city committee is aware of the issue, but the process is slow.

The police department wrote to WOTS in 2022 advising that pedestrians should keep their eyes up, phones down, and be alert to vehicles and surroundings. BPD recommends crossing at crosswalks and being careful not to dart out into the road, especially near parked cars, which can obscure someone from a driver's field of vision. "Don't assume drivers see you. Make eye contact and make sure drivers are stopping," the department wrote.

Shining Star of the Month: Matt

By WOTS Staff

Matt Hoffman, who keeps Interfaith Sanctuary's food program up and running and teaches a weekly mindfulness class (and so much more!) works tirelessly at our shelter to help anyone and everyone in need. This is our ode to Matt, who is awesome.

Matt is calm and understanding

Gentle, kind

His sweetness

So willing to do whatever is necessary, has no ego in his job at all, and is such a team player
Even when people not in the shelter!

My son came in and he was helping him with his resume, helping him put out his feelers to find another job.

He'll help anyone

He's very, very kind

Patience - he has taught mindfulness

He does everything, there's not just one job.

Identifies need, takes care of need - doesn't question

Just takes care of everyone

I like Matt - he is nice, his calmness is egregious

Matt is cool





By Gerri Graves

I'm currently engrossed in another C-drama.

I love the diabolical schemes, revenge tactics, costumes, philosophy and grand battle scenes that C & K dramas offer. We've forgotten here in the states, what a good story told through this medium is.

I can't really claim to watch much tele, so perhaps I'm not a good judge anyway. I watch a little in the evening...the rest of the time using it (time) more productively. But it did seem to me that our shows had become somewhat formulaic and redundant. Less story, more theatrical, computer-generated nonsense.

Asian dramas are mainly story driven. Don't get me wrong, I've invested time into a few bad ones...but the good ones are oh so good.

Where am I going with this?

The latest drama I'm watching is about a predator. A man in power (status & money) over a pool of women. These women have no control over their lives. Protesting would be cause for further harm until the predator pressed upon them their futility. He plucks only the 'beautiful' ones and, this being in the historical timeline it was, some don't make it through. The women's lives are ruined. Their worth based solely on their chastity, can only end in poverty and loneliness now. Outcasts.

We've softened the term over the years to assault. Less harsh. Not a fan of it. Assault can also mean a jab of a single finger...and says nothing of the lifelong trauma that accompanies the act.

It's almost like we're shamed again by the softening of the

verbiage. Making it more palatable for mass consumption. Making the trauma seem trivial. Women are encouraged to silence their trauma. Just like we always have. We've been the victims throughout our history, until we weren't – until we fought back, claimed our bodily autonomy, claimed our lives and the choices within them, fought for equality.

Demanded a seat at the table.

This latest resurgence of stripping back our rights – our choices – seems like a phantom from the past trying to retake ground. Take from us what we cannot and will not accept: the right to choose and control our own futures.

I mean, it's bad enough that we're having to fight for what had already been settled, but we're also JUST coming into the realization that we don't have to be defined by what the fashion/beauty industry dictates we should be. Heck, every industry that targets women!

How many ad campaigns have been aimed at our shopping dollar? How have they shaped the ideal of how women should look, act, or eat? We're always made to feel that if 'I just had this procedure,' started this diet, used this perfume, wore this brand, dyed my hair this color, or take some medication to curb a perceived 'personality disorder,' that 'I' might be more desirable to 'my' peers/love interest.

These past couple of years, I stopped wearing makeup. I let my natural color grow out. I've thrived 95% of what I wear. It's only when I removed myself from the targeted sales pitch that's constantly thrust into women's psyches that I realized: I'm more than what someone wants me to be. My worth is not a label forced on me by society's expectations of me.

I'm entering my crone years. The years I can stop judging myself and letting others judge me based upon an upgraded facsimile of me and start embracing my weirdness. My

eccentricities. My intellect. My bleeding heart.

I no longer desire to be wrapped in colorful papers, silk ribbons and perfectly creased folds. I'm alright with being a brown paper package. Randomly taped and cobbled together from all the remnants of a disruptive life.

I remember hearing that line from The Sound of Music as a child, "Brown paper packages tied up with string," and wondered why THAT would be a favorite thing? Surely all little girls, and little girls at heart, love a colorfully wrapped present...right? I know I did.

It's as you get older you find that sometimes all the pretties on the outside hide the thoughtless gift on the inside. But the brown paper boxes and bags usually contain, at least in my life, a gift lovingly crafted through time, talent and intention.

You're getting not only the gift, but all the years of experience, practice and intellect that were refined over a lifetime.

Impossible beauty standards keep us in an unobtainable loop of trying to keep up with what others dictate as beautiful. None of the work inside gets done when you're too busy recreating the thirty-step face of some Tik Tok influencer. It's society's modern day 'virtue' requirement. That is, if you don't want to die alone.

We're within the screw press again. We're letting magazines, television, and famous people tell us what kind of woman we need to aspire to be. They're keeping us distracted, all while attempting to strip back our rights. Attempting to walk us back to a time when we were someone else's property and had no voice whatsoever.

It's only when you remove yourself from the press that you begin to understand your worth. We are and can be anything our hearts desire to become. You're not finished. You'll never be finished. We're constantly changing and upgrading our minds and hearts. You know, the important stuff.

We already broke the glass ceiling....and I, personally, will be damned if I'm judged solely on what my body is aging into, naturally. And I'll be damned if you take our well fought for rights.

We birthed a planet. All of you that walk and breathe owe your existence to a woman's strength. That's our super power, whether we decide to use it or not – it's our own personal decision.

I'm going to leave you with a wee challenge for the upcoming holiday season. Celebrate. Wrap your gifts in pretty papers and bows, but, offer up your most important gift in a brown paper package for the strong women in your life. Remind her that her beauty rests within her – her strength, her intelligence, and her heart.

It's time we stop electing those that wish to enforce their own beliefs on all of us. It's also time to stop using our shopping dollars to support unrealistic beauty standards.

We are every woman that has ever tread upon soil, across the ages. They won little battles along the way so we can stand here, stronger. We owe it to them and we owe it to our children and grandchildren. That's our legacy to them – that we leave this mortal plain striving to create a better future for them. We are more than our ability to procreate. More than our wrapping. We are omnipotent and we won't go back.

Fish Bowl

By Julie Loomis



So here I am living at a homeless shelter. I never imagined myself living here. Most lower-income houses are just one paycheck away. We don't think about this, but there it is. I am too disabled to work and waiting on my SSI to come through.

So here I sit, unsure what my future holds.

Every day I get woken up at 6 a.m. and have to

hustle up. Most have to be out and about by 7 a.m. I need to have access to an electrical outlet and some other issues, so I'm able to stay inside. We get two quart-size baggies to put our belongings in, and a small locker for the rest of our stuff.

I found out about the Project Well-Being program for mental health and started going to meetings. The shelter has a recovery program as well. After we attend enough classes, we can

go to Phase Two, where shelter access is 24/7.

I figured I should make the most of my time while I am here. I am glad that I have taken advantage of these opportunities. It keeps me going and not just sitting around.

We get a bowl full of breakfast and the same at dinner time. There is a day shelter next door that offers breakfast and lunch. The day shelter offers laundry, mail delivery, and a place to hang out. I have found out I am not very fond of crowds. I have joined the Art Collective and the newspaper groups. It gives me a place to be creative again.

Why the title Fish Bowl? I never get a chance to be alone because you always have other people around at the shelter. Even when I go somewhere else, I feel like I am always watched. You know how fishes swim around the fish bowl, that is what we do here. I feel like I look out at the world but don't necessarily belong.

I have been able to find time to improve myself and have made some good friends. Most of the staff have had their own journeys and are very understanding. We have case managers to help us get the things we need. Interfaith Sanctuary is truly a sanctuary for me. I can't speak for everyone, but they have made my experience better than I would have ever imagined.

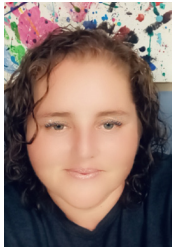


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Adulting is Hard

By Viola Crowley



Let's get real. Adulting sucks. I mean, it sucks a lot. I know a lot of you can relate. I've been housed for 14 months now (yay!), but I still have problems, although most of them are different than when I was homeless.

I struggle to pay my bills. My rent is

always late. I never know if I'm gonna have enough food to last the month because \$240 in food stamps doesn't go far, and getting to food banks rarely happens because I can't carry all they give me by bus.

I mean the list goes on. I struggle almost every day. I often go through bouts of depression. I'm in therapy, but we never get to talk about the past (the reason I'm in therapy) because every week there's something that needs to be dealt with.

Art is my sanity but I can't afford art supplies. The struggle

is real. Let me say this again, adulting sucks. And this is the reason I cry so often. I'm excited that I've kept my place for over a year. I've slowly gotten better furniture. I keep upgrading a little bit better each time from the free groups I'm in on Facebook. The only problem is finding someone who will move the furniture for me.

But that's OK. I'm housed. At Least I'm Housed!

<EndRant>

MEMORIES

Davis Ohman:

I remember the time I got my first tattoo. I always have wanted to get a tattoo since I could watch a movie and see these complicated and beautiful collections of ink that someone chose to put on their body forever. Thinking about how someone took the time to search through their mind for a symbol of significance. Or even, if you're lucky, you don't have to think about it at all. I fall into the latter. On the day of my high school graduation, I decided today was the day. I have always loved my mom's rainbow infinity symbol on her left arm. The meaning, before I asked her, always came as a mystery to me. I knew I loved it, and I loved it even more after I was told of the deeper meaning. It was a symbol of love; everlasting love between spouses and family. An everlasting symbol on my body in an eternal state of placement, and hopefully, appreciation. I decided the day I ended my high school journey should be the day I start the new journey of my young adult life: one of appreciation and gratitude. Each tattoo I want to get will represent a special moment, memory, or symbol; and this one is no different. I remember the feeling of walking in and sitting down on the table and waiting in a cold sweat for the needle to fall into place. Once it did, I knew I would never be the same. I now had a permanent symbol on my body to represent the love I have for my family, friends, and loved ones. I couldn't be happier with my first choice.

Critter:

One of the toughest nights on the streets was very memorable. I had spent the previous days leading up to this moment on a bad binge of methamphetamine, wandering around taking instructions from the voices in my head. My body and mind had reached its bitter end and the world was crashing all around me. I was literally homeless, starving, and too tired to do anything about it. Thus, I decided to sleep in what I thought was a vacant business building. On the second floor, I found a door to sleep behind. Keep in mind that all the doors to these offices were on the outside on terraces that

wrapped around the two-story building. As I slept throughout the night, there was a group of people coming in and out of that door. They never said or did anything to me; they just let me sleep.

As I woke up in the morning, on the terrace, I felt broken but mustered enough energy to get up and make my journey to the nearest shelter to rest and eat.

As I gathered my things, I was sobering up to reality, the drugs wearing off. I made my way down the outside stairs and sat down on a curb to catch my breath. I was only sitting for a few minutes when a car pulled up and parked in the lot right in front of me.

A young woman of about 28 years of age exited the car carrying two large plastic Walmart bags. She handed them to me and said, "My husband noticed you sleeping behind the door to where he works all night and thought you might need some things." I took the bags, said thank you and she quickly hopped in her car and drove off.

Inside the bags was some nice winter clothes and toiletries, and also \$10. Immediately I felt so grateful for people like this and also, how high I was going to be in an hour or so from this \$10.

Erin Sheridan:

The sun is high. My hands float in the water of the river, green & crystal clear. It runs over rocks in waterfalls; voices echo around me. People celebrate. We take colored rocks and dip them into water, clay, draw shapes of flowers on the river bed. Clouds roll in above the treeline, suddenly. As I swim to the side, the rain starts in scattered droplets, increasing in speed. Soon, the river is a rushing torrent. My bare feet touch gray rock along the bank. The smell of ozone fills the air as I reach my car.

Ashley Parks:

Every summer, we would visit my grandma June. One year, while playing in the foot-driven car, a wasp stung me right in

between my eyes. The four following summers, I grew to fear my grandma's. Every year for five years total I got stung by that same f***ing wasp.

Karen Folk:

The moment was rife with emotion. I was really into the green-teal-like color of the fjords of Norway. Marrying a Norwegian I barely knew. Moving to another country for love. How to coordinate shoes and a dress that matched – what stockings to wear?

This Norske man was an architect whose sense of color was very different from mine. He said, "A pale gray always works with various colors." He was absolutely right. Little did I know or understand what gray meant in general.

Only to learn, so many years later, that gray had been and would be a bridge between black and white, love and hate, extremism in all forms. If one is not 'this', then one must be 'that'. My mental bridge is a gray area, as it is also my way of perceiving an area of non-participation – a safe spot, a non-commitment, but also peacefulness.

Gerri Graves:

Many days, I'd while away an hour or two, on the steps of my back porch. I'd watch the buds form on the branch. Nests built in her arms. Hawks nestling in the hollowed tree. Squirrels hustling to feed their newborn.

That melted into wind, and sun.....ravishing the leaves, once so perfect. A green curtain held lovingly by her branches.

Melts into bursts of orange, red, crimson and yellow. The last hurrah, before the fall.

And now.... The leaves spin from the cross wind, into infinity. Scratching, crunching, scraping a symbol.

A life. A season. A few or many, but eternal.

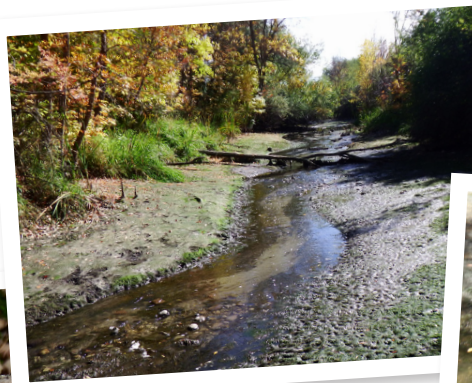
Our infinity is our children. Our eternity is what we leave behind.

Nature Photos By Gypsy Wind

By Gypsy Wind



Gypsy Wind is a photographer experiencing homelessness in Boise. These are photos he took along the Boise River in October.



GET VACCINATED!

By WOTS Staff

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) currently recommends that everyone six months and older get an updated COVID-19 vaccine to protect against serious illness. The agency also recommends that everyone within the same age group get their annual flu vaccine. Getting vaccinated can not only protect your own health, but also help stop illness from spreading to others this fall and winter.

For information on how and where to get vaccinated, Ada County residents should contact Central District Health (CDH) by visiting cdh.idaho.gov or calling (208) 327-7400. Residents of Canyon County should contact Southwest District Health (SWDH) at swdh.idaho.gov or (208) 455-5300.



Art Collective Enso Circles

By WOTS Staff



Vinny (@luminous_torma on Instagram), a tattoo artist at Lifestyle Tattoo Co. in Boise. Last month he dropped by Interfaith Sanctuary's Homeless Art Collective to teach a class on enso circles. An enso (formally spelled ensō) circle is a spiritual calligraphy practice in Zen Buddhism. One draws the enso circle in a single stroke and does not alter it. The circle can be open or closed. It can symbolize enlightenment, the present, perfection and imperfection, and the idea that the universe is exactly as it is in the moment. Vinny said the enso circle is "sincerely meant to be a light

within our human experience, and to feel authentically expressed. This is a nourishing gift that everyone deserves and it is an honor being trusted with these exchanges...thank you all for sharing your time and space."



Period

By Gerri Graves

Someone, somewhere is slipping quietly into an eternal sleep. Uncelebrated. Unmourned. Where there should be a question mark, there is only a period.

The end. Done. No more.

The celebrated lives are laid out in detail, but the ones that always intrigued me are the anonymous souls. I mean, there's a story behind every life, but we only mourn and lament as a whole those with some sort of fame. We leave high school and we think those games are done, only to find we live in the adult version of the petty.

What's wrong with a simple life? The most amusing stories I've ever heard were taken from just this – a life lived simply. But we want grandiose. Always. Dunno. I've been really thinking about death lately. Questioning the hereafter. Will I be remembered? Did I do enough to leave a lingering memory? Did I mean enough to someone to warrant an occasional thought?

We are bombarded, daily, with ideas, stories, and thoughts about what a successful life should look like: someone else's idea of who you should be in order to have a meaningful life. It occurred to me that may be why we have so much addiction. Addiction in the broadest of terms even – not necessarily just the obvious ones.

Example: online presence. I'm guilty of this one too. In the past, I was occasionally sucked up into proving to all those

people that do not matter just how original I am. Lol. Anyone that talks to me for more than 5 seconds could see that.

It's these expectations we lay on ourselves, and others lay on us, that seem to keep us from actually doing anything that really matters. It truly is an impossibility. People only pretend to have their s*** together. One big depressed cesspool of pretending. It's no wonder we're all so dysfunctional.

Every single minute does not need to be filled with thrill seeking. We can just pass through a day draped in thought. A good life can be a simple one, void of bullet-pointed accomplishments.

I think I'm writing this just to convince myself. I can be competitive. I don't look to personally be noticed, but I am proud of my creativity. I like when the things I create get noticed and I'm rather pissy when they don't (Lol). That in itself is competitive – trying to assert my role as the person I envisage myself to be, and unhappy to be relinquished to a role someone assigns me.

Maybe I'm overanalyzing or being hypercritical of myself? Perhaps it's still just the little girl in me, begging someone to notice my special attributes, instead of constantly criticizing my shortcomings. Gaging my successes in others reactions to what I perceive as an accomplishment.

I probably think too much. But then, my world is pretty quiet. I've only me to keep me company. I think there's still a part of me that's not okay with just a 'period'.

David's Story

By Julie Loomis

You meet many different people at Interfaith and I was lucky enough to meet David. David is a 19-year-old who has been homeless for about five months. He also has to deal with Type 1 diabetes. What makes David special is that he is a very talented sketcher.

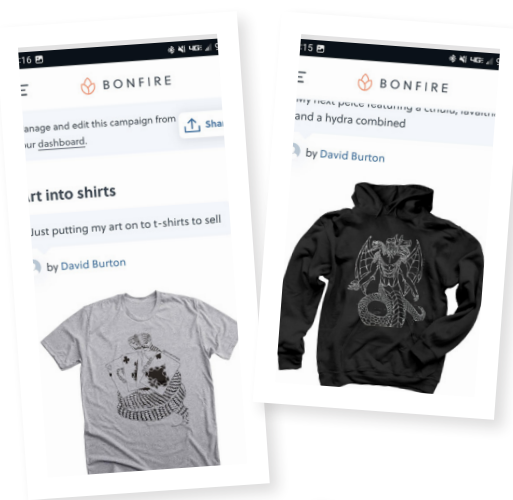


I first started talking to David when I saw him drawing. I wanted to let him know about our Homeless Art Collective since he could get better supplies. David was already working on ways to get his art onto clothing.

David started drawing when he was

around eight years old and found inspiration from himself. His goal with his art is to find a way to make money. In the future, David hopes to get his designs into stores and eventually have his own brand of clothing. I wish him the best and hope I can one day say, "I knew that guy!"

Young people like David bring us hope for the future.



Imperfect Beauty

By Julie Loomis

A brush stroke flowing
Calm as the brush guides the ink
Imperfect perfect



Stitched By Gerri

By WOTS Staff

Gerri Graves is a self-taught expert when it comes to sewing and needlework. From hand-stitched dolls, to clothing, to hand-made and embroidered pillows, to restoring antiques, and more – her work is a delightful addition to any home and a great gift for loved ones. Pictured below are a number of dolls she designed for Halloween, pillows, tablecloths, and a jacket she made for her son out of a thrifted jacket and screen printed patches.

Contact Gerri about her work at: gawainswench@gmail.com or (202) 515-6200



Pigeon Photos

By Julie Loomis



Photos taken of our friendly neighborhood pigeons near Cooper Street in Boise.

Fall Recipes For All

By WOTS Staff

Iconic Jailhouse Ramen Noodles

By Critter

These noodles, called a "spread" when prepared for a group, are a staple in Idaho's prison system.

1. Collect up to 50 bags of ramen noodles, a 13-gallon trash bag, 2-3 packages of cooked sausages, various types of potato chips, cheese spread, 1-2 giant pickles, and packages of tortillas.
2. Place all ingredients (except the tortillas) in the bag.
3. Pour hot water into the bag, filling it halfway.
4. Tie the bag closed and use your hands to mix the ingredients from the outside.
5. Place the bag on a flat surface with a tablecloth and let the mixture sit for 15 minutes.
6. Untie the bag and pour the finished ramen onto the tablecloth.
7. Give everyone tortillas and enjoy!
8. Optional: decide who you're going to whack next. (EDITOR'S NOTE: please do not whack anyone).



Roasted Rainbow Carrots with Butter and Honey

By Erin Sheridan

1. Buy two packages of peeled rainbow carrots or a large bundle of rainbow carrots.
2. If working with whole carrots, chop/peel them based on preference.
3. Preheat the oven to 425 degrees.
4. Line a covered oven-safe pan or dutch oven with parchment paper.
5. Place carrots in a bowl and add olive oil, salt, and pepper to taste.
6. Place the lid on the pan and bake for 40-45 minutes.
7. Take the lid off and bake for another 10-15 minutes.
8. Take the pan out of the oven and add 1 tbsp of salted butter.
9. Drizzle honey over the carrots & enjoy.



Jailhouse Tamales

By Viola Crowley

1. Crush up Doritos and Fritos and add them to a single chip bag.
2. Add a package of ramen (powder included).
3. Pour hot water into the bag (not too full).
4. Close the bag and stick it under your pillow until it makes a tamale!



Prison Ramen

By Ashely Parks

A smaller variation of jailhouse ramen, prepared for a single person.

1. Purchase a bag of chips or save them from lunch.
2. Eat some of the chips.
3. Crumble up the remaining chips (Cheetos are recommended).
4. Add ramen, cheese spread packet, and jalapeño cream cheese.
5. Optional: Add a pickle.
6. Pour hot water into the bag, clip the bag shut, and let sit for 15 min.
7. Optional: Add chili flavored Frito crumbles.



Crumbled Bacon, Veggies, & Eggs

By Julie Loomis

Ingredients

One package of bacon, chopped veggies of your choice, boiled rice, and eggs.

Instructions

Fry bacon in a skillet or wok until it's crisp. Remove the bacon and add the veggies. Cook on high heat for 1-2 minutes. Add salt, ginger, and garlic. Cook for 1 minute. Add rice and mix with heat until warm. Add eggs and scramble. Once eggs are cooked, crumble the bacon and sprinkle it on top. Then, enjoy!



Angel Hair Noodles

By Austin Anders

Ingredients

One package of angel hair pasta, on jar of Prego meat sauce, grape jelly, light brown sugar, oregano, basil, thyme, rosemary, ground beef, turmeric, red wine vinegar, red wine, salt & pepper, minced garlic, butter, olive oil or vegetable oil.

Instructions

Boil noodles with salt, garlic, and olive oil and drain. For sauce: using Prego meat sauce as base in a pan, add two spoonfuls of grape jelly and 1½ teaspoons of light brown sugar. Add oregano, basil, thyme, and rosemary to taste and heat until cooked. Place ground beef in a separate pan with turmeric, red wine vinegar, red wine, salt & pepper, minced garlic, butter, and olive oil. Heat until meat is cooked. Add the ground beef mixture to the heated sauce. Add the noodles and enjoy!



Bomb Bagel Sandwiches

By Critter

Ingredients

5 slices of pepperoni, 1 bagel of your choice (toasted), pieces of red onion (optional), avocado slices, cream cheese.

Instructions

Make a sandwich!!



Grandma Sare's Pancake Recipe

By Nikki Vogel

Ingredients

2 cups flour
2 cups milk
2 eggs
6 tbsp. sugar
4 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
6 tbsp. vegetable oil

Instructions

Mix the dry ingredients. Add eggs, milk, and oil. Mix everything together *lightly*. Cook like you would any pancake!



Pumpkin Pie

By Sarah

Ingredients

1 frozen 9-inch deep dish crust
1 can (15 ounces) pumpkin
1 can (14 ounces) sweetened condensed milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon McCormick pumpkin pie spice
1 teaspoon McCormick pure vanilla extract

Instructions

Let the pie crust sit at room temperature until thawed. Mix other ingredients in a bowl, then add to pie crust. Heat oven to 350 degrees and bake until the crust is golden brown and the filling is cooked through.



Tator Tot Casserole

By Tucker

Ingredients

1 package tater tots
1 lb ground meat
2 can cream of soup
3 cups of shredded cheese

Instructions

Brown the meat and crumble. Mix in each can of soup. Pour the mixture into a casserole dish. Add a layer of cheese, then add the package of tater tots. Bake at 350 degrees until the tater tots are browned and the cheese melts (about 45 minutes).



Gypsy's Redacted Absinthe Recipe

By Gypsy Wind

Gypsy Wind (our photographer) brings his vibrant, wild, free spirit to every editorial meeting. Although we love him, we're not sure how legal some of his ideas are, so this is a redacted and approved version of his absinthe recipe.

Parents and readers take note: this recipe is safe and legal only for our readers 21+

Ingredients

2 liters of a brandy of your choice
53 grams of anise
53 grams of fenel

Recipes: Continued on page 6

Volunteer Spotlight: Frank

By WOTS Staff

Once upon a time, we, the staff of WOTS, intended to print a volunteer spotlight honoring Frank Kalange, a beloved Interfaith Sanctuary volunteer who comes to the shelter every Wednesday night with St. Mark's Catholic Diocese. Instead, we accidentally printed the text of an old volunteer spotlight honoring our equally beloved former staff member Frank DeAngeli, who has great hair.

While we do believe both Franks have good hair (see photos), we wanted to correct our mistake and actually honor Frank Kalange, who brings delicious meals to our shelter.

Wednesday night is a favorite for Interfaith guests. Why, you ask? Well, it's because we know to expect smiling faces and 250 delicious homemade meals from Frank and his team. In July, Frank went above and beyond and also donated a beautiful commercial gas grill range for our shelter's food program, pictured below. He's the best.

Thank you Frank!



Gypsy's continued...

26 grams of mint
53 grams of lemon balm
5 grams of angelica seed

Instructions

Place herbs in a sealable, 2-liter glass bottle. Add brandy, close the bottle, and let the mixture sit until it's infused with the taste of the herbs (generally one week or longer). Using a strainer, drain the mixture into another container to separate the herbs from the finished absinthe, then return the liquid to the sealable bottle. Enjoy responsibly!



Grandma Eula's Chicken * Noodles

By Gerry Graves

Noodles

2 cups flour
1-2 eggs
Dash of olive oil
3/4 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. Milk – to form
1 tsp. baking powder

Broth

3-4 lbs chicken – approximate (I use thighs)
3-4 cubes bullion (I use Knorr)
1 branch of celery – chopped
3 carrots – sliced & quartered
1 onion – diced
Salt and fresh ground pepper to taste
1 tbsp. turmeric
1 tbsp. dried parsley

Instructions

Remove skin from chicken. Cover in water in a large soup pan. Bring to a boil and simmer until chicken is cooked. While chicken is cooking, work on your noodles.

Add all noodle dried ingredients to a bowl. Whisk until blended. Make a well in the middle of flour. Drop egg into well. Slowly fold flour mixture into egg(s), pinching to blend.

Slowly add milk and a dash of olive oil to the egg/flour mixture until you have a nice round ball of dough. Don't add too much, as you don't want sticky noodles – so add a small amount of fluid, mix, and add more as needed until a nice, firm ball is formed. I usually knead it for a few minutes to make sure ingredients are evenly distributed within the dough.

Cut the dough into four equal parts. Roll into 4 balls. Dust surface with flour. Using a rolling pin, roll out each ball until it's thin – approximately a 12-14" circle. Dust the rolled out dough with flour and roll tightly until you have an oblong tube (think cinnamon rolls). Slice tube into 1/3-1/2" pieces, grabbing by the tail to unroll and place into bowl. Lightly dust noodles after each roll is sliced into noodles.

Remove chicken from broth. Add vegetables to broth. Strip chicken from bone and chop meat. Add in seasonings and bouillon. Make sure you taste as you go to get a good flavor – a little salt, taste. A little more, taste, etc.

Drop in noodles to boiling broth, reduce heat to simmer



– about 5-10 noodles at a time. Stir lightly to distribute noodles and keep them from sticking together. Simmer for about 1/2 hr to 45 minutes. The flour from the noodles creates a nice, thickened broth. Do not over stir! It will cause the noodles to disintegrate into pieces. Just cover the pot with a lid, stirring occasionally and lightly. Keep the temperature at a simmer so you don't burn the bottom.

Add chicken pieces into noodles, lightly folding the pieces into the noodles — and done!

Serve with biscuits, sweet tea, pickled okras, and sliced tomatoes (that's how my grandma served 'em up!) It's a staple wintertime southern comfort food.

Feryne's Hanukkah Latkes

By Feryne Margolin and Jodi Peterson-Stigers

Ingredients

2½ lbs. Potatoes – grated
1 large white onion, shredded
¾ cup matzo meal
2 eggs, beaten
1 tbsp potato starch
1 ¼ tsp salt, or more to taste
½ tsp pepper
Vegetable oil for frying

Instructions

Grate potatoes then rinse and dry. Add all remaining ingredients except vegetable oil and mix well. Before you begin making the latkes, place a cookie sheet close to the area where you will be frying the latkes. Place a layer of paper towels on the cookie sheet and place fried latkes on paper.



Cut the potatoes into large chunks and shred using a hand grater or food processor shredding attachment with large holes (large shreds). I really recommend using the food processor, it saves a ton of time and will help you avoid onion tears when grating the onion.

Place grated potato into a bowl and immediately cover with cold water. Meanwhile, grate the onion using the grater or food processor attachment with fine holes (small shreds). Drain the potato shreds in a colander. Rinse and dry the bowl used to soak the shreds and set aside.

Pour potato and onion into the clean dry bowl. Stir the shreds with a fork to make sure the grated onion is evenly mixed throughout the potato shreds.

In a skillet, add oil to reach a depth of 1/8 inch. Heat slowly over medium to about 365 degrees F. While oil is heating, use the fork to stir the matzo meal, beaten eggs, potato starch, salt and pepper into the potato and onion shreds. You can add salt and pepper to taste. I add about 1¼ tsp. salt and 1/2 tsp. pepper. You can sprinkle on more salt to taste after cooking, if desired. Take care to make sure the egg and seasonings are fully mixed throughout the potato shreds.

Scoop up 3 tbsp. of the potato mixture and shape into a tightly compacted disk. I do this by first filling a 1/8 measuring cup and then filling again halfway.

Fry in batches of 4-5 latkes at a time (no more than that – don't crowd the pan) for 2-3 minutes per side until brown and crispy. Note: If your latkes aren't holding together, stir more potato starch into the mixture, 2 teaspoons at a time, until the batter "holds". You can also add another egg to the mixture and more matzo meal, if needed.

Serve immediately with sour cream and applesauce! This recipe should make about 20 to 24 latkes.



November is Native American Heritage Month. WOTS staff honors this month in recognition of the people who inhabited and continue to live on the lands we call Idaho, long before the state existed:

Kootenai
Kalispel
Coeur d' Alene
Palouse
Nez Perce
Northern Paiute
Shoshone-Bannock

We ask that readers use this month to learn about these and other indigenous histories, reach out and listen to indigenous community members working to educate the public about these histories, support ongoing advocacy and storytelling, and help make visible our country's history of colonization and dispossession to support indigenous communities as they self-determine a bright future.

Locally, this is a great place to start:
<https://www.indigenouidalliance.org/>

Our Favorite Movies



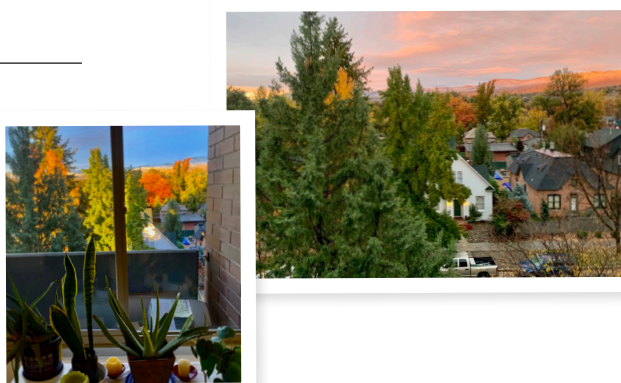
By WOTS Staff

- Excalibur
- The Adjustment Bureau
- Fast Times at Ridgemont High
- When Harry Met Sally
- The Holiday
- Labyrinth
- The Devil Wears Prada
- It's Complicated
- Taxi Driver
- Upstream Color
- A Day Without a Mexican
- Goonies
- Beetlejuice
- Mr. and Mrs. Smith
- No Hard Feelings
- Silver Linings Playbook
- 10 Things I Hate About You
- A Star is Born
- Awakenings
- Skid Row Marathon
- A Beautiful Mind
- Any Movie With Ryan Gosling
- Lost in Translation
- Girl with the Dragon Tattoo

City of Trees

By Karen Folk

WOTS staff member Karen Folk, who recently found housing after three years of homelessness, has been enjoying seeing the City of Trees from a different frame of view!



Taking to the Polls

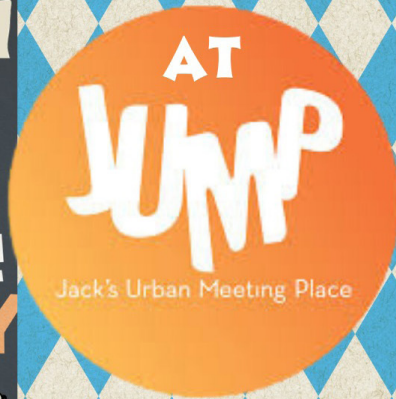


Members of Boise's homeless community took to the polls for Boise's mayoral and city council elections earlier this month.



The Xtreme Holiday Xtravaganza has a new home
and we are JUMPING with joy about it!
The 18th Annual Xtreme Holiday Xtravaganza
Sunday, December 17 and Monday December 18th

NEW VENUE: JUMP
(Jack's Urban Meeting Place)
1000 W Myrtle St, Boise, ID 83702
Doors 6:00 PM Showtime 7:00PM



The 18th Annual Xtreme Holiday Xtravaganza, hosted by Curtis Stigers and Jodi Peterson- Stigers, will be extra special this year as we welcome our audience to a brand new home, JUMP- Jack's Urban Meeting Place.

JUMP offers some wonderful perks that will allow our attendees a more civilized experience, while presenting a night full of sparkle, wit, inspiration and a lineup packed with world class artists who will once again sing their hearts out for Interfaith Sanctuary.

Our move to JUMP allows us to bring more comfort and joy to this holiday event by offering:
Reserved Seating!!!

On-site parking garage (free parking!)

Lovely reception area to enjoy beverages, nibbles, and to wander through the silent auction and mingle with friends before showtime

Artists include Jet Boat Ramblers, Bill Coffey, Belinda Bowler, Thomas Paul, Steve Baker, Rabbi Dan Fink, Steve Fulton, Travis McDanial, Sean Hatton, Catherine Merrick, Frim Fram Four and Eilen Jewell. More artists coming soon...

Get a JUMP on purchasing your Xtreme tickets at interfaithsanctuary.org

Holiday Gift Idea: Custom 501(c)(3) Jeans

By Jodi Peterson-Stigers

Our Homeless Art Collective will design custom 501(c)(3) Jeans this holiday season for anyone interested!

Here's how it works:

Pick out the item or items you would like our artist to customize with original art. If you want to give as a gift, stow away a favorite pair of jeans from your loved one, or just bring in a new clothes item if that seems more reasonable.

On Tuesday mornings (beginning Tuesday, November 28th from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.) you may bring your items to our Homeless Art Collective, meet our artists, and let them know what type of art you would like. Examples include: quotes, flowers, patches, hippie-themed, holiday themed, etc!

Payment is due upon pickup and we ask for a minimum of a \$50 donation to your artist for their original art.

The Homeless Art Collective is located at 511 S. Americana (previously the home of The Phoenix).

For more information please email critter@interfaithsanctuary.org or call our admin office at (208) 345-5815!

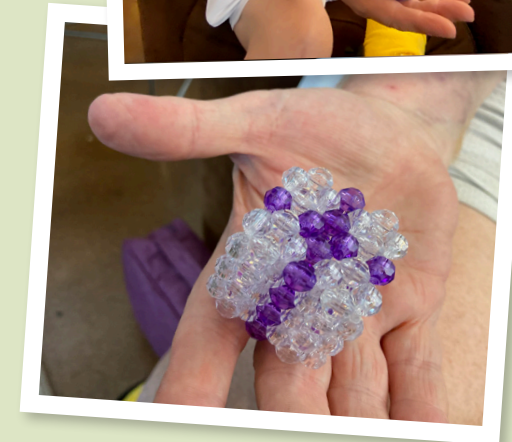


HOMELESS ART COLLECTIVE SPOTLIGHT

Interfaith Sanctuary's Homeless Art Collective is working on setting up a new retail space in Boise's downtown, as well as coordinating to sell items at upcoming holiday markets. Here's work from two of our artists.



Painting and Sun Catchers by Viola Crowley: Viola paints, draws, and beads as an art therapy practice. These are sun catchers that can be hung in windows, as well as a painting she completed this month after rejoining the collective.



Beaded Boxes by Justin Tomlinson: Justin makes beaded jewelry and trinkets. These beaded boxes are made with beads and fishing line. The boxes are made in a way that they morph into different shapes when crushed in the user's hands, and are durable enough to be stepped on!

