

# The Graih Gazette

Voices for Peace and Justice

Edition 5

December 2019

## Numbers to ponder

457. The number of bed spaces Graih has provided from 28<sup>th</sup> January to the end of November through our night shelter, to around fifty different people.

£250,000. The amount Graih would like per year to run the Night Shelter, our drop-in and community work

£26.8 million. The amount written off by the island's Media Development Fund investments into the film industry.

Sources: Graih; iomtoday

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## Editorial

We're very pleased to be able to offer up a fresh edition of the *Gazette* before 2019 comes to a close!

This edition is primarily taken up with testimonies from a variety of sources. Personal stories have an authority all of their own and they often reveal the truth about the society we live in and the difficulties that people face far more compellingly than anything we could say. We are extremely grateful for all those who have given permission for some of their stories to be included here and for their courage in willing to be vulnerable and share something of their life.

Some of the stories come from our guests, some from a member of staff and some from wider afield. Cat Jenkins, one of our wonderful staff team, has been the driving force and inspiration behind the pioneering The Other Island project, more of which below. Cat also shares some of her own extraordinary story.

There are some Christmas memories and the chance to catch another wonderful concert organised by Truman Falls and friends up at St Ninian's. These are always fantastic evenings – all the details are below.

The festive period is often one of struggle for many people, for a whole lot of reasons. It is an emotional time, especially if you feel as if you're on the outside looking in at families having a 'perfect Christmas'

(which anyone within families will tell you isn't the case!). There seem to be a whole set of expectations and pressures laid upon us to consume a lot, buy a lot, indulge a lot and have a 'good time' no matter the cost to ourselves or those further afield who manufacture the huge piles of things we go through.

While the advertisements seek to sell us a variety of false visions in the desire to profit from our anxieties the Christmas story is anything but a happy family fable of escapism. It's a dark story of coercive power, refugees, violence and strangers. It's a story that still speaks to the reality of many of the poor of today, struggling on the margins and often dismissed or used by the powerful. Most astonishingly, the Christmas story suggests that on the edge, in ways that are weak and powerless, in the figures of the vulnerable, we can glimpse something (or someone) wonderful and life-giving.

May you know such a presence of simplicity, peace and welcome of the needy stranger through the Christmas season. May the light of life bring us to celebration and rejoicing together.

Thank you for your interest and support this year. We go on into 2020 with great hope and a determination to better serve the homeless on the Isle of Man.

Grace and peace, Michael

## Quotes

**“It's the food that really makes Graih run...”** - one of our guests around the table a the drop-in.

**“All I want is spotted dick for pudding...”** - a comment from our recent 'feedback' session with some of our guests. It's the simple things that matter most!

**“A home is a fundamental human need and a basic moral right, as vital as education or healthcare.”** - Shelter (a homelessness charity in the UK).

## **Pilot Night Shelter – a brief update**

Our Pilot Night Shelter continues to be open every night, providing basic shelter for those with nowhere else to go. As winter sets in it is more important than ever that people can come somewhere warm and dry if they need to. Our wonderful staff, both full-time and bank, continue to offer a patient, kind and generous welcome to vulnerable guests seeking help.

When we started the Night Shelter we had funding for twelve months (to the end of January 2020). To the end of November we had provided 457 bed spaces to around fifty different people. The need has been disturbing and we think that this service needs to be ongoing.

As a small charity we can only do what we can with what we have. We are desperately seeking sustainable, ongoing funding for both the Night Shelter and the wider work of Graih. We've received some generous support from the Elizabeth Clucas Trust, AFD Software and some anonymous donors, alongside the ongoing generosity and hospitality of Broadway Baptist Church and others. We currently have enough funding to extend the Night Shelter into the summer of 2020.

However, we don't want to keep on approaching a cliff edge of running out of money, not least because that's unfair on both our guests and our staff. It makes it difficult to plan or to have space to train people into their roles. We are continuing conversations with the government about the possibility of some sort of sustainable statutory funding.

If you think that it is important for us a society on the Isle of Man to ensure that basic shelter is provided for rough sleepers then please contact your MHKs to make your views known. There is currently no other option on the island for people seeking this sort of emergency basic shelter.

If you have any further contacts or ideas about funding for this crucial work then please let us know. Spread the word. We are always happy to talk about our work to anyone willing to listen! Please contact Erica Irwin if you can support in any way.

## **Interview: Cat Jenkins**

I'm Cat Jenkins, one of the team working at Graih's pilot Night Shelter project for rough sleepers.

I've come to be in this role via a somewhat twisty path, and if you'd told me 10 years ago I'd be doing this, I might not have believed you; nonetheless, I'm glad that I did.

I was raised on the Island, and aside from a couple of years, spent much of my time living here. The first part of my working life was spent in the finance sector, where I worked hard, passed lots of exams, and held jobs such as 'policy adviser to the financial regulator', and director of various financial services organisations. It was well rewarded, and on the face of it looked like a success story. I had a big house, big car, big earnings and a good husband – all the trappings. In this time, I was also a lecturer at the College, and wrote a large number of books on finance and governance.

Under the surface, however, things weren't quite so shiny: along the way I'd drifted away from the Christian faith I'd been raised in, and with it the sense of purpose and belovedness that helps people most when times are tough.

So when, after a marriage breakdown, the loss of my parents and a disastrous relationship, I found myself a single mother of two tiny girls, I didn't really have the emotional capability or the spiritual grounding to cope: and an already embedded drink habit turned into full-blown alcoholism.

There followed a number of years of chaos and loss, during which—once I was forced to admit my addiction—I tried a number of routes to sobriety. It was hard on those around me – employers and friends; but toughest of all on my little girls. Catherine and Lizzie were taken into foster care more than once, as I slipped and slid in my efforts to get, and stay, recovered.

I had to give up my finance sector work to try and focus on getting well, as I wasn't coping at all – spending my time working on environmental and community projects, when I wasn't either semi-recovered or relapsed.

Eventually, however, after a conviction for drink driving and a short spell in prison, I was lucky enough to get a place at a rehab in Littledale, Lancashire – and did a solid 9 months there, three times as long as many addicts are given when they are funded by the authorities in the UK.

It's a scarily long time to be away from your loved ones and everything you know. But the chances of someone staying recovered after rehab are better the longer they stay there, so I'm grateful – it's proved its worth through some challenging times since I got back!

As well as finding my sobriety again, I found my faith: in fact the one depended on the other, and I've continued to be supported and close to many of the people I met in nearby Brookhouse Methodist Church. Whilst I was in Lancashire, I was baptized into the Methodist church in the beck near Littledale, along with another friend from Littledale Hall rehab, and a local farmer's son; it was quite a day, and I was massively grateful that my daughters were able to come over for it.

I stayed away a little longer, to make sure that I could put into practice what I'd learned in Littledale whilst living back out in the world. In this time I worked for Citizens Advice, and learned lots about the kinds of problems people in the area have – and how to help. I also did a project for a UK electricity company, on how they could help vulnerable customers with all sorts of problems, and it was great to see how creative and thoughtful a company like that can be. It'd be great to see something similar here!

Since I've been back home, I've been keen to find ways to work with other people struggling as I did. I began by volunteering for the odd hour at Graih's daytime drop-in, and when the chance of a job came up working in the Night Shelter, was lucky enough to get it. I'm really glad to be doing something that makes such a difference to people's lives, when they're often having the toughest of times. Sometimes, they're also suffering from the sorts of addiction issues I've had myself, and I really empathise with what they're going through – though for those without a home, it's doubly hard. At least when I was in my darkest times, I had a home to call my own: it must be exhausting being 'out' all day long, without the chance to just go and curl up in bed or on the sofa if you're struggling. I remember asking one of our guests where he went during the day, when the drop-in was closed: he said 'stairwells; then I'm out of the rain. If I'm lucky, I can wait in the stairwell of a house of flats for a friend. Otherwise I might be standing in the stairwell of a multi-storey car park all day'. Just take a minute to imagine that: exhausting and depressing especially if you're broke and unwell.

As well as working at the Night Shelter, I've been doing a few other things; I go to SMART recovery groups several times a week, and have now qualified to facilitate these groups to help other people recover – I do that on a Friday, and I'm so grateful to be on the side of giving back some help instead of just taking it (though it must be said, I get more out of it than I give).

I recently set up and ran a project called [www.theotherisland.im](http://www.theotherisland.im), because I wanted to help other people who're in difficulty tell their stories. And I'm studying for a Masters degree in Digital Theology – exploring how we think about God and practise our faith in the digitised world so many people live with. It's head-stretching stuff, but I'm loving it, and loving learning with such creative, clever, faithful people. I can't wait to see where it, and God, take me.

I'm also well settled in to my local Methodist church, Trinity, which is a huge support to my growing understanding and faith in God—and just a lovely, loving bunch of people. So I'm truly lucky to have found first Brookhouse, and then Trinity.

If it weren't for the damage I've done to the people I love, I'd be completely grateful for what's happened to me – in fact, I AM grateful. Had I not become alcoholic, I would still have been on that treadmill of financial 'success' – thinking that it was 'enough' to be earning lots of money, working massively long hours, wearing expensive clothes, and essentially showing off (but being of no service to anyone but my employers, my family and myself). Nowadays, I own and earn much less (but enough for my needs), and my priorities are very different. I feel much safer, happier and in many ways richer.

My one sadness is the ongoing battle to spend more time with my daughters; after 2 ¼ years of sobriety, we're still only able to see each other 6 times a year. We've suffered some pretty rough handling from the authorities, by their own admission, on several occasions, and it's been very hard emotionally. But I draw some comfort from the fact that there's value in suffering – I've dealt with clients also struggling with separation from their youngsters, who've been subject to poor treatment despite their vulnerabilities, and it's enabled me to empathise and understand in a way I might not have been able to otherwise: so perhaps some of what's happening to me has a purpose. And one day, someone may break one or other of my daughter's hearts, and I'll be able to be there for them—not just sympathising, but understanding what that bereftness feels like, and being alongside her even if I can't heal it or bear it for her. So God's giving me this time for a reason, and I will use it well.

I also draw masses of comfort from one of the Old Testament prophets, Jeremiah. To paraphrase appallingly (sorry, Jeremiah!), he tells the story of the Israelites like this.

Israel was serially unfaithful to God, despite how good He'd been, and they relapsed regularly into worshipping idols; rather like me, with my periods of slipping and sliding into recovery and relapse. God would send consequences, allowing disaster or defeat to befall the Israelites—and they'd immediately be sorry, and scurry back to faithfulness; only to repeat their relapse a few years later. This sounds familiar to someone who struggled to 'stay stopped', like me.

Eventually, the Lord lost patience with them, and sent them into exile in Babylon – a sort of Biblical naughty-step, but with much terrible war, pain and loss. This reminds me of how eventually the consequences of my repeated relapses took me first to prison, and then away from my girls to prolonged rehab – to suffer the consequences, but also to relearn how to live.

The Lord told them, as He sent them off to Babylon, ‘don’t set up tents – build houses, tend fields; you’re there for the long haul, and your future wellbeing will depend on how you look after the land I’m sending you to’. So I had to remember, in rehab, not to just kill time – but to really use it, to grow, and learn how to be of service to others and my family.

And then He told them them; ‘but if you do all this, then I promise you that when your time of exile is up, you’ll be restored to your lands and your homes, and [and this bit makes me teary when I think of it] your daughters will dance in the streets again’. I think that’s right, I’m not checking it as I write this, but it’s pretty much the message I remember Him giving them. I can’t tell you how much this story has helped me in the past couple of years. We’ll be restored, too, one day, if I play my part.

So I’m still in my exile, at the moment, because the girls and I can only see each other for a few hours every 2 months, and under supervision – not at all what we’d hoped or expected. But I’m trying to ‘tend fields’, and use the time to learn what I’ll need to help my daughters in an uncertain future. I hope my exile doesn’t last 70 years, like the Israelites in Babylon, but in the meantime I have so much to be grateful for – having found my faith again, and a purpose, and being able to stay sober and well even in the saddest of times.



*Cat Jenkins*

*Photograph: Marianne McCourt Photography*

And it's not all grim: one of the toppest of tip top things about being human is the fact we can 'hold' different emotions, all at once. So whilst there's sadness and loneliness for my family, there's also lots of good stuff. Today, I'll go to a recovery group and learn a little more, get re-grounded, have a laugh (and tea and toast), and maybe hear or say something that's helpful recovery-wise. Then I'll go for a run – thank you God that I'm still fit and strong enough, after all my body's been through – and then visit the school form-tutor for one of my girls, so I can stay in touch with how they're doing and be the best help to them I can be. And later, after helping a friend run a project for some Girl Guides visiting our church, I'll head into work at Graih, and see my friends (both staff and guests); there might be people needing a bit of support, but I know there'll also be friendship and laughs aplenty. It's good for me to work with good people: it helps me keep that as my 'normal', and that's a blessing!

## **The Other Island**

The Other Island is a project supported by the Arts Council and Culture Vannin, which aims to give a voice to people whose voices often go unheard—the homeless, the poor, those with physical or mental health problems or addictions, or struggling with other challenges.

Here are two contrasting pieces from 'John the Builder':

### **A Day in my Life—Now**

Eyes open, beautiful day rain or shine. Get out of bed, go downstairs make coffee for me and Cath.

Sit and chat about the night before and the day ahead with Cath before heading to work after taking my pills.

Stop for coffee, switch my mobile on, deal with messages and emails, plan my day – work, SMART meetings, hobbies, meeting friends, spending time with family.

Meet my daughter and my grandchildren during the day. Catch up with Cath before heading to SMART.

Chat with my son when he is at the house. Give him a hand with his car and the dogs.

At SMART am pleased to be able to say again what I always say ...'no drinkies, thoughts or cravings' ...28 months sober.

Play guitar, cycle my bike, meet new friends for coffee and chat, mind my grandsons, go to Groups, plan holidays, do DIY, fit in some work, pay off debts.

Can hold conversations on my own without a crutch. Have an interest in current affairs. Read the newspapers. Am aware of the world around me.

Feel good, family life being restored, never knew there could be so much sunshine!



### **A Day in my Life—Then**

Morning breaks, eyes open, depression hits, thoughts fill my head – I wish I hadn't woken up – GRIM

Empty beer cans and vodka bottles – head screams – have I hidden them well enough???

Drag myself out of bed, shaking and wishing I was dead.

Go downstairs, makes coffees for me and Cath. Sit on edge of bed dreading the day ahead, hold back the tears as I kiss Cath goodbye each day.

Where is my cloak – my protection – I can't cope with this life.

One morning Cath realises I'm not well – see the doctor – prescribed anti-depressants.

Take the medication, no impact, drive to work, depression and anxiety in full swing.

Dread switching my mobile phone on but need to, fearful of what might be on there.

Plan my day around my drinking – 3.30 pm and it's time for the pub and to meet up with my so-called beer buddies. Drink 6, 7, or maybe 8 pints in quick succession, time for home calling at the shop on the way, buy 4 cans of beer and a bottle of vodka.

Home and the sneaky drinking continues. Think nobody realises what I am up too.

BLISS – alcohol takes over, depression eases as I fall into a sleep, watching the TV.

My relationship with my wife and family is falling apart because of my drinking but the depression has taken over and only the drinking helps.

No time for family life or anything that does not involve drinking, no way out of this vicious circle – I wish I hadn't woken up – GRIM.

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Here are two poems from Damian:

### **A Day in My Life**

Tuesday morning, if I am lucky  
I am having black coffee in the morning  
I get my pay cheque on Wednesdays and the queue is short  
I cash my red card and say hello to the beautiful ladies and say “sound to have in tens,  
please.”  
For the number of pounds is very small  
Please, gov, can we have some more?  
For the way is long and my energy is running low,  
Oh, how do we survive on such minimized  
The cash in hand buys less fruits and veg  
The days in bed get longer instead  
We skeet the yellow labels at the supermarket so quickly  
Embarrassed if we can be spotted  
We forget to brush our teeth and we smell of B.O.  
It is not for the faint-hearted as we may not have long  
Don't you get it  
I have no money



*Damian*

*Photograph: Marianne McCourt Photography*

**I am remarkable because...**

I can breathe  
I can talk  
I can move

I can walk  
I can run  
I can jump

I can eat and drink  
I can smell and taste  
I can wee and poo

I can smile  
I can laugh  
I can cherish

I can give  
I can hug  
I can kiss

I can yawn  
I can sleep  
I can dream

I can wake up  
I can see  
I can know

I can act  
I can feel  
I can be here

I can live  
I can love  
I can play

I can clap my hands  
I can stamp my feet  
I can dance

I can scream  
I can chant  
I can sing

I can honour  
I can pray  
I can meditate

I can self-heal  
I can heal others  
I can.

## **Aaron's story**

*Aaron (not his real name) is a guest and a friend that we have known for some years. He kindly gave us permission to share some of his story.*

Aaron was born on the island and lived here for the early part of his childhood. It was not a particularly happy time. His mother was a single parent and struggled with raising Aaron and his siblings. There was a lot of neglect and physical abuse. Aaron remembers being tied up and beaten by both his mother and his siblings.

One foundational early memory was when Aaron was five years old. He was knocked over by a car and ended up in hospital for a long period of time. He doesn't remember his mother or any of his family coming to visit him. He does remember forming a strong attachment to one of the nurses. He used to cry when she went away or wasn't at work.

After a number of moves on the island Aaron moved to the UK with his family. His mother often sabotaged his schooling and he was forced to go out and work from around the age of twelve. He used to travel long distances helping to collect recycling bundles. He really enjoyed the cadets and wanted to join the military but he failed the medical and opportunities in this area didn't really arise again.

Aaron worked in various jobs in the UK. He gained a lot of practical skills and was a hard worker, happy to take on extra responsibility when needed. His willingness to work hard and do more led to employers sometimes exploiting him or taking him for granted.

Aaron returned to the island, where some of his siblings still lived, and started working in a very physical job that involved some travel. He worked at this for many years and it seemed as if some sort of stability was attained. It took its toll on his health though and Aaron never looked after himself well. He is always seeking to help others and make sure that they have all they need before considering his own needs. He never wants to be a burden or a hassle to anyone.

When Aaron stopped work there was a number of moves of accommodation on the island. He remembers living in some of the worse flats in Douglas and trying to help another vulnerable tenant, a single mother. He sold many of his possessions and gave her money to help her even though this left him in difficulty. His generous nature meant that he ended up giving even his own rent money away. Unable to face opening letters Aaron retreated to his flat, where bills mounted up. He eventually served a short prison sentence and was evicted from his property.

After prison Aaron spent time living rough. This went on for most of a year. He found a field outside of Douglas where he could pitch a tent out of sight of everyone else. He used to walk into Douglas to scavenge for food in the big bins in the back alleys outside of retail outlets. The police found him once and asked him what he was doing. 'Finding something to eat,' he replied.

It was after this period that Aaron made contact with Graih. He had come into contact with Housing Matters, who had offered him some wonderful support and helped him find a room in a boarding house. While he was there Aaron started to come to Graih's drop-in for

some food and we slowly got to know him. After a long time isolated from everyone Aaron didn't find the social interaction easy but he began to settle in around the table. In his typical generous fashion Aaron began to help out wherever he could and he became a regular on some of the work parties that we ran. It was wonderful to have someone along with so many practical skills!

At this time Graih entered into a partnership with Braddan Commissioners whereby we sub-letted some of their vacant properties to vulnerable tenants on a supported accommodation basis (*this project has since ceased since Braddan Commissioners sold the properties that we used, but we have an excellent partnership with the Department of Infrastructure Housing and continue to operate a very small but successful one-bed supported cottage*). The idea of this sort of supported accommodation is to provide a tenant with a sense of what it means to maintain a tenancy (bills, keeping a property in good order etc) without the pressures that can often arise from a private landlord. Alongside this we offer ongoing social support and a supportive relationship. It's a place of peace where people can hopefully begin to find some healing.

Aaron was struggling in the noisy and dysfunctional boarding house environment and he was an obvious candidate for the supported accommodation. He moved in and began to engage more with the nurse that we worked with, looking at some of his chronic health problems. Many of his long-term conditions had never been treated and his lifestyle and self-neglect meant that there was significant damage in some areas. Gently we began to work together to address these. It was a task made much easier now that Aaron was in safe and secure accommodation and was beginning to build trusting relationships.

Aaron was a model tenant and flourished in the supported cottage. He began to explore some of the interests that he had been unable to enjoy when living rough or in chaotic environments. He continued to attend the drop-in and helped out significantly with all of our work parties. As his physical health deteriorated we accompanied him to hospital appointments and operations in Liverpool, where we acted as his next of kin.

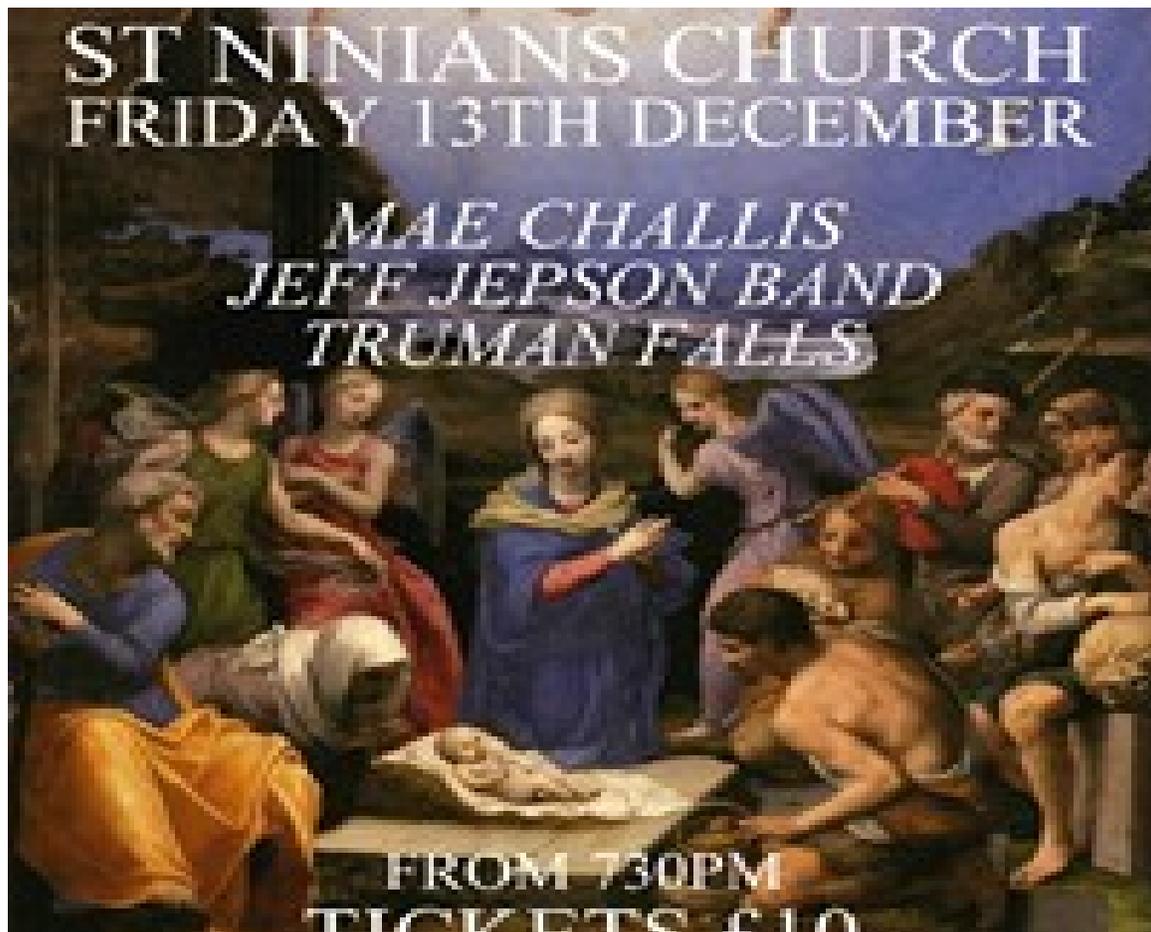
When the supported accommodation in Braddan ceased Aaron was offered a public sector tenancy on the understanding that we would continue to support him. He moved into what is now his permanent home, increasing the stability that had been slowly building over the previous years. With the sense of his own space Aaron has begun to enjoy and pursue his other interests a lot more.

Aaron continues to pop into the drop-in occasionally, where he remains a lovely and gentle presence. We continue to visit and to support with various health appointments where we can. From the small beginnings of popping in for a bit of food a relationship of trust and support has flourished and, like all relationships, it's mutual, with Aaron being a great blessing to us as we seek to continue to love and support him.

Aaron still doesn't want to be a burden to anyone. He never asks for help and is always seeking to give to others instead. He says that he doesn't worry about what tomorrow will bring. He just takes life one day at a time.

*From our perspective Aaron's story points out some of the damaging consequences of a difficult or abusive childhood. This can cause wounds that last a lifetime. We are constantly telling our guests that they are loved and precious just as they are; very often they do not believe this, or dare to trust it, and have very low self-worth. From a practical point of view Aaron's story demonstrates how effective a gentle, relational way of working can be, walking with someone who has spent a long time isolated and rough sleeping through a journey of practical provision, supported accommodation and linking in with other services such as the nurse and Housing. While Graih would love to see more of these models available it is always an encouragement that even with what little we have we can touch the lives of people who have spent a long time on the margins. To be trusted in such a way is one of the greatest privileges of our work as we long to see people transformed and to live lives of healing and hope.*

## **Events (let us know more!)**



The wonderful team are putting on another great Christmas concert above to fundraise for us. It's always a lovely evening! Tickets are £10.

Prayer evening for Graih and Stauros: Sunday 12th January 2020, 19.30 at 11 Hilary Road. It would be lovely to see you there.

Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> January 2020, 19.30 at 11 Hilary Road. Our next evening for the volunteer team. It would be lovely to see our volunteers there!

## **Listings (let us know more!)**

Stauros (Christian addiction agency): Gordon Buist, 453731

Quing (wellbeing and recovery): Graham Clucas, 246713

Motiv8 (addiction counselling): 627656

Salvation Army: 627742

Office of Fair Trading: 686510

Broadway Baptist Church: 614932

Housing Matters: 675507

ASAT (Adult Services Access Team): 686179

Health Visitor for Vulnerable Adults: 665941

Environmental Health: 685894

The One World Centre: 800464

## Memories

Every year we have a big Christmas meal and party for our guests and volunteers, usually a week or so before Christmas. It's a great time to gather everyone together, have some lovely food (which has been very generously donated and cooked and served for years by Mark and his team from Robinsons) and have a good laugh. We have presents, crackers and for the past couple of years a 'judge the best festive hat' competition. Having this meal before Christmas itself also means that we can be more relaxed and normal at the drop-in over the festive period proper. It's a hard time of year for many people and sometimes it's good to have some normality (or what passes for it!) around the table at the drop-in. We try to stay open as much as we can, dependent on our wonderful volunteers.

Last year for our Christmas meal we decided to have it in the church hall at Broadway, rather than in our usual smaller room. It was a lot of work setting everything up but it was a great success. We had dozens of guests around the tables and everyone had a lot more space to circulate and chat. We'll be having the same set-up this year.

When we were planning the date for our Christmas meal we had a bittersweet memory of last year. Four of our regular guests who were with us at the Christmas meal last year have died in the past twelve months. Kenny, Ross, Spencer and Michelle were all with us last year, some of them in amazing and outlandish festive costumes! None of them were older than their mid-fifties.

While it is tragic that so many continue to die so young, even here on the island, it has reiterated to us the need to continue to celebrate those we do have contact with, whether it's every day around the drop-in table, downstairs at the shelter or in big events like our Christmas meal. People, especially our guests, are precious and their presence in our midst is always worth celebrating even in the midst of the immense difficulties they often face. We never know what life will hold for us, or how long we may have.

So this year we will remember those who are with us no longer, and we will celebrate being together and being here and we'll share food and we'll make some fresh memories and we will rejoice in life.

*Michael Manning*

## What we need

Volunteers (contact Erica Irwin on the details below)

Money (bank details below)

Coffee

Sugar

Tinned food

Kitchen roll

Toilet roll

Large, strong bin bags

Washing up liquid

Bleach

Fresh Fruit

### Graih's Bank Details:

**Lloyds**

**Account number: 00509505**

**Sort code: 301280**      *Please contact us with your details if you require a receipt*

Thank you so much for your generosity. It allows us to continue to welcome our guests well.

## Contact

Editor: Michael Manning, [michael@graih.org.im](mailto:michael@graih.org.im), 324767. Any ideas, letters, questions, news, listings, pictures or submissions for the *Gazette*, send them here!

Graih's Manager: Erica Irwin, [erica@graih.org.im](mailto:erica@graih.org.im), 224807.

Drop-in day-time opening hours:

Sunday: 12.30 – 14.00

Monday: 10.00 – 14.00

Tuesday: 10.00 – 14.00

Wednesday: 10.00 – 14.00

Thursday: 10.00 – 14.00

Friday: 10.00 – 14.00

Saturday: Closed

Night Shelter:

Every night from 21.00 to 07.30

Entry is through the drop-in or ring the office mobile below. Entry after hours is at staff discretion.

We're open every evening from 21.00 – 22.00.

Office mobile during opening hours only: 304381.

Much more information about Graih can be found on our website: [www.graih.org.im](http://www.graih.org.im)

Graih's address: The Alpha Centre, Broadway, Douglas IM2 4EN

Graih is a Manx-registered charity, number 1012.

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