

**Jason Nemec**

**Humility of Mary/Americorps – Immokalee, FL**

*The following is an excerpt from a journal entry*

Friendship House, Friday night

Eduardo could speak English, which made things easier for me as far as paperwork was concerned. However, he was missing all but one of his front teeth, which made understanding his English quite a task. His wife's name was Betty; he left her in North Carolina after boarding a Greyhound bound for Naples. Someone in Naples referred him to Immokalee after rejecting his request for a job. I had to ask him where he slept last night. Completely nonchalant, he said, "the woods." I will never forget that calm, resigned look on his face as long as I live. He asked me a few times if he could go outside and "moke" a cigarette – he had trouble making an "s" sound. When we did a security check later on, it was humbling to see him conked out on his bed, sleeping peacefully.

There was also a Puerto Rican Family on the other side of the house (the men are separated from the women and children). They were a riot; six kids (three girls, three boys) and their mother. I'm pretty sure we were their entertainment for the evening. Christopher talked to me about Notorious B.I.G. in between running around like a true player, scoring touchdowns all over the lobby. The youngest one, Kimberly, had curly hair and this child actress face; she was fascinated by her reflection in the glass door. The two twin girls played hand jive games and called me "feo," which means ugly. (They told me they loved me before they went to bed). The oldest, Anthony, was waking up at 4 am the next day to begin training for the Marines. Jeffery, who was about 15, drew pictures of graves and dragons and carved his initials into his arm with an unbent paper clip. "Look, it doesn't hurt," he said.