

Jesse's Story

Where do I start? I have always had a problem finishing what I start. I had not been successful in anything I had done in Glassboro, New Jersey, my home town. I did not really know where I wanted to go or what I wanted to do. I felt like a failure. I was told that I was an underachiever who would never amount to anything. I was unemployed and I could see no future. At time I felt they were right. In the December of 2003 a friend of mine who lived in Lima, Ohio invited me to come to Ohio since he had a lead on a job. It was a better offer than I had in New Jersey so I headed to Lima. When I arrived I found out that my friend had gotten into trouble with the law and was in jail. I had no where to stay, I did not know what to do. I was some 600 miles away from home and had little to no money. I stayed at the Rescue Mission in Lima for several months. I got a job as a sandwich advertising man which did not pay much. I wanted to go home to New Jersey but I did not have the money to do so. When I felt had saved enough gas money to get started home so I went south on I-75 and was going to head east on I-70 straight to Glassboro. As I was nearing Vandalia when my car broke down. It was one of those icy cold gloomy rainy February days. Once again nothing was going right. I was a failure, I could not even get home. I stayed a couple on nights in a Travel Lodge but when my gas money ran out I ended up sleeping in my broken down car for three nights. A waitress at a coffee shop told me about St Vincent de Paul Hotel and urged me to make plans to head there for help. At least it was a place for me to get a warm bed and some food to eat.

While in the St. Vincent de Paul Hotel, I met so many people who were stuck in situations. They seemed unable to move. I began to realize that I was one of them. I had lost everything, I had nothing but the clothes on my back. I was at the lowest point in my life. The people at the St. Vincent de Paul Hotel helped me to begin to look up. Why not I had no where to go but up. Slowly but surely I began to pull things together. I entered the Salvation Army's Booth House and got a small part time job. I heard about the St. Vincent DePaul Center and began thinking maybe I could succeed in something. During the orientation at the DePaul Center I began to realize that I had made a life changing decision for the better. I started to deal with my struggles with low self esteem and my ADHD issues that had plagued my life. I cannot explain how difficult it is for me to focus and line up the pieces to put my life together. There was a point when I was in DePaul Center that I almost quit. I started to think that here we go again, another unsuccessful attempt at something I do not have the ability to accomplish. None of the pieces fit. It was at that point that I felt that I really was a total failure and could never succeed. The staff collectively challenged me. "Jesse do you want to be here on not? You need to make a decision about what you want to be!"

I came to realize that I was always an under achiever. I would take standardized tests and pass the with flying colors. My problem was when it came to life I could not stay focused. I was honestly trying but I just could never put it together.