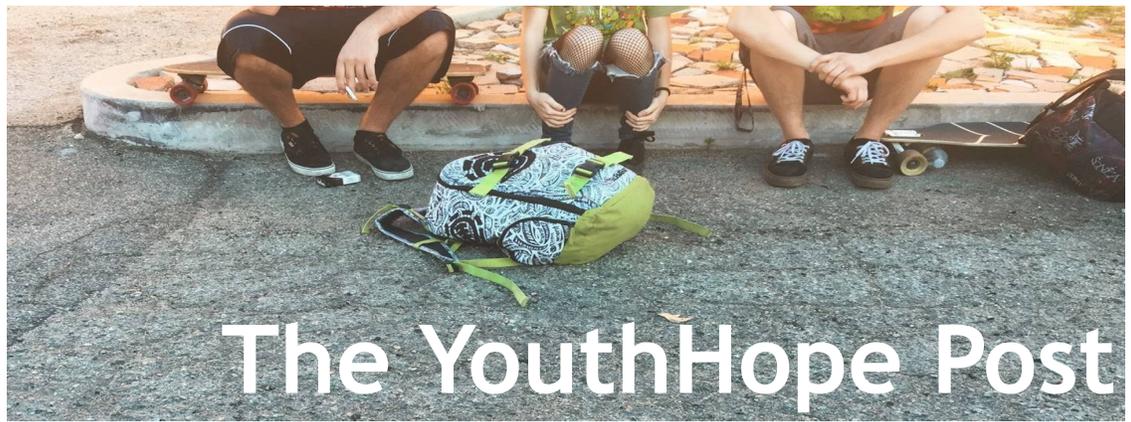




Inside this Issue:

Donations	1
Youth Story	2
Did You Know	2
Founder's Note	2

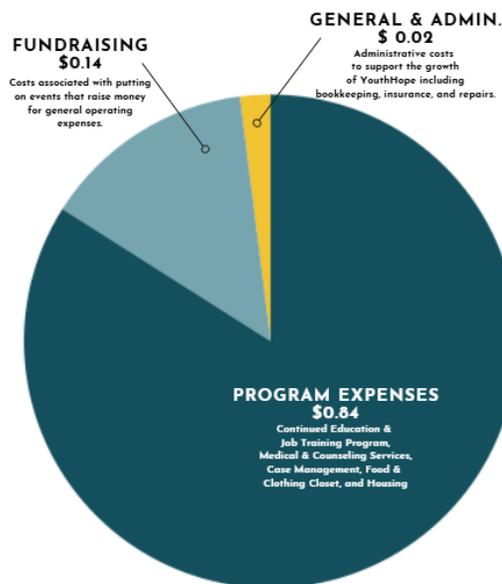


The YouthHope Post

Where Your Money Goes When You Donate

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR DONORS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED \$10,000 OR MORE IN 2025

- In Memory of Sue Angell
- Tom & Caroline Bell Family Foundation
- The Brett Wheeler Safety Net
- Doug & Margo Hartzheim
- James & Melissa Hoffman
 - Tom and Karen Kaney
 - LAMAR Advertising
- The James & Rebecca Malachowski Charitable Fund at Inland Empire Community Foundation, Where Giving Grows
- Chris & Pam Martin
- In Memory of John Mirau
- National Family Legacy Inc.
 - Dave & Cindy Raff
 - Vans Shoes



Our goal at YouthHope is to use every dollar that is donated to further help our youth to become self-sufficient. We are so thankful when people choose to donate to YouthHope and we make sure that each donation is used to help our youth.

You can donate with confidence knowing your hard earned money is going directly to getting youth off the streets, feeding hungry kids, clothing people, helping with jobs, school, medical, and counseling.

We work one-on-one with each youth making sure that they get the help and support they need as they navigate to independence.

Thank you for entrusting us with your donations. If you would like to donate, visit www.youthhope.org/donate

Chasity's Story, From A Walk in Their Shoes

When I was 8 an Aunt took me in. She had so many kids, all boys. She worked and I stayed home with my cousins after school. One day my oldest cousin took me into the bathroom and raped me. He threatened to kill me if I told, but he didn't have to say anything. I know how to keep a secret.

This was my normal for a while but I started getting into fights with my younger cousins. If they said something I didn't like I would hit them with whatever I could get a hold of. I would scratch, bite, kick, and the funny thing was that I didn't even know what I was doing until it was already over.

I stayed at that house for a while but when I bit one of my cousins face my Aunt sent me to live with another family member.

I bounced from relative to relative.

I was the model student, perfect grades, always the quiet one... except when it came to fighting. In my head, fighting was surviving. I fought students, family, I just fought the whole world. .

I eventually got expelled and ended up in Barbara Phelps. I heard some kids talking about YouthHope giving Shoes for Christmas. I went and signed up for shoes but I never went back. They looked me in the eye and asked me real questions. It felt... wrong.

I got a boyfriend and moved in with him

and I made it through the next year of school and graduated. Then I ended up on probation for a fight and, on the list for community service, there it was again—YouthHope. This time, I had to go back.

I came on my first day to do my hours. At the end of the day, Judy told me I did a great job and asked me if I needed anything. She just gave me groceries and a new pair of shoes and she didn't even ask me for anything. Each day I came in someone would say something nice to me and ask what I needed.

On my last day of community service Heidi asked me to come into her office. We sat down and she said, "Hey, do you want to tell me a little bit about what's going on in your life?" and for some reason, I just started crying ...and crying...and then I couldn't stop crying. I

told her everything that made me dark and disgusting.

Somehow, she wasn't disgusted by me, and she didn't hate me, and didn't tell me to leave. She gave me hope and talked to me like a person. For once, someone saw me, as broken as I was—and still, somehow, wanted to help me. She offered counseling. I refused. I was too tired to face anything else. But I thought about it and I talked to my boyfriend, and a week later, I came back.

I passed my Food Handlers test with a perfect score, and for the first time, people told me they were proud of me. Proud of me? It's a weird feeling. They helped me write a resume. They are helping me plan my future. And for once, I think maybe I can *be* something more. I can heal. I guess this is what hope feels like.

Did You Know?

YouthHope has served over 6,600 youth since 2009.

A Note From the Founder

We had a great night at our Walk in Their Shoes dinner this past month. I got to see so many familiar faces and I got to meet so many new people as well.

I want to thank Police Chief Rachel Tolber for coming and speaking. We are so blessed to have a Police Chief who loves her community and cares about every person in our city.

My favorite part of the night was hearing from our youth. The youth who came out this

year have accomplished so much despite the hardships they have faced. I'm so proud of them and love hearing about all of their successes!

Thank you to everyone who came to our dinner. I appreciate you taking the time out of your busy week and supporting YouthHope. We only put on 2 fundraisers a year, but these fundraisers help us serve our youth all year long.

2026 is flying by. I can't believe we are already in March.

This is the time of year that we are helping our youth who are graduating. We are making sure they have what they need to graduate and helping them with their next season of life. That might include college, a job, new housing, or food and clothes.

If you weren't able to attend the Walk in Their Shoes dinner, but still want to donate, you can do that at www.youthhope.org/donate.

Thank you for your support!

