



# HERO OF HOMELESSNESS

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As I gaze into this vast world, my mind questions our reality. I always wonder about certain things. One topic my mind toys with is our society, especially the homeless community. I always wonder how people become homeless. Were they born into poverty? Did they get fired from their jobs? Did a drug addiction destroy their finances? Were they scammed and lose their money? How do these people operate? Despite these questions, I know that America does what it can to get these people back on their feet. My Michigan Hero is one of many people who put all their efforts into doing what they can to care for other people, friends and strangers alike.

My story began when I started school. Everyone must acquire 40 hours of community service to graduate eighth grade. I still have a few more hours to do, but I am almost done with my community service hours. However, the community service is split into several categories, such as service to the church and service to the school. I also want to work extra hours so I can have an advantage when applying to a high school. The biggest problem about these hours is the availability of service. I live in Saint Clair County, but many of the service projects are in Macomb County. This does not sound so bad but, for some reason, the school will not allow service hours worked in Saint Clair County. As I struggled to find service hours, I stumbled upon a golden opportunity.

I started working at a small community garden in downtown Mt. Clemens. As I entered the parking lot, I glanced at the garden. It looked small. As I exited the car, I inspected the garden again. A tall metal chain link fence surrounded the perimeter. I also noticed multiple signs on the gate entrance. As I slowly walked towards the entrance, an old lady greeted us. She introduced herself as Ms. Linda. She told us she ran this charity garden that donates to local shelters and parishes. The garden, however, runs completely on volunteers. I noticed that there were only about three volunteers there. I also noticed that the garden was much bigger than I had imagined. There were loads of garlic, tomatoes, potatoes, herbs, squash, berries, and many other fruits and vegetables. I started helping by picking strawberries. I worked for about two hours that day. When it was time to leave, I felt glad about gaining service hours and helping the garden. As I went there more, I learned more about Ms. Linda. As I learned more about her, I became more impressed about her stories.

The reason I chose Ms. Linda as my Michigan hero is her determination. She runs that small community garden that relies completely on

volunteers on a shockingly low budget. She has many ailments from her old age that restrict her ability to work. Many plants die due to a lack of volunteers to help grow the plants. Other plants die due to beetles, spiders, weeds, rodents, and deer eating them. However, Ms. Linda manages to save most of the plants and give them to people in need. It is beyond my comprehension how she can provide so much against all odds. I certainly could not do what she does, even if I tried my hardest.

As I gaze into this vast world once again, I question my reality. I review my questions about the homeless community. Despite my numerous questions about the homeless, I know people like Ms. Linda are putting all their efforts into getting the homeless back on their feet. I am very glad that people like Ms. Linda are in our lives. These are the people who keep our society stable. I know that nobody is perfect, but people like Ms. Linda are very close to perfect.



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