



**TO: HOPE HARBOR**

When I first walked into Grandma’s House of Hope, I was shattered. I was full of hurt, with no self-esteem, no sense of worth—just broken in every possible way. I could not even hold my head up... my eyes were always on the ground, ashamed, hopeless, lost.

But the moment I stepped through their doors, something changed. I felt love—real, pure, healing love. It was radiated from every single person there. The staff did not just see my pain... they embraced it. They embraced me. They met me where I was and never let go.

They held my hand through every step, every tear, every victory—big or small. They gave me the confidence I never knew I could have. They gave me back my voice, my strength, my light.

They helped me heal the little girl inside me who had been hurting for so long—the one no one else saw. But they did. And they loved her back to life.

I do not have enough words to express the depth of my gratitude. The love I have for Grandma’s House of Hope is endless.

**BY: PARTICIPANT - *MARIE A.***

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