



## “Serving with Passion”

That’s what Men of Valor do – that’s what David does - serve with passion, work with passion. David considers his story to be somewhat simple; we consider his story to be quite courageous. After a major life event, the reality of *life is short*, settled in. He and his wife Cindy needed to decide; they could hang out in Kansas and grow old, or they could go RVing. They chose RVing. They wanted to see the country, meet new people, and have amazing new adventures. They had no inclination of the magnitude that that one decision would have on their lives and on their future.

They were looking for adventure and travel not another career; they got both and are happier than they’ve been in ten years. They had no idea there was such a thing as ‘workamping’ and did not know there were people who traveled the country in their RVs and got paid for it. “What an incredible

concept – sign us up!” David’s wife, Cindy sent his resume to Impact Cares without telling him about it. “It is really nice when your wife knows what you want even before you do.” Then the bonus, getting paid to travel in our RV and love on people and help people – Fantastic. David is all in with Impact Cares and has been for two years. His heart is seen and felt in all he does – David serves with passion and Impact Cares is blessed to have him.

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“I often wonder what would have been. How different would these last couple of years have been if...”

If, I had not answered that phone call, the one that changed my life - my future – rewrote my story. Who answers the phone nowadays anyway? I don’t. Caller ID is my best friend. But, for some reason I answered the phone on that day and this man named Tory said “Hello.” He seemed very polite and invited us to come to an event in Wyoming. We went and had a great time. The history of my life, the stories I will tell my grandchildren, would be rewritten in one long weekend – long, fun, tiring, emotional but amazing weekend.

Impact Cares has changed my life. IC has introduced me to a whole new way of life and opened my eyes up to the daily struggles of extraordinary people that call Manufactured Housing Communities home. The sheer number of good folks that appear to have been forgotten. Meaning their families have left and went on with their lives and have chosen in one form or another to not check on mom or dad or brothers and sisters. What a sad situation some of these residents’ battle through each day. Some battle financial difficulties, for others it’s addiction to some form of drug. Unfortunately, tough choices must be made, pay rent, buy food, or fix a broken appliance. For some the needs are overwhelming. We meet so many beautiful people who share their stories. Our hearts get full, and we want to help them all. We know we can’t. Sometimes pride gets in the way. Sometimes trust is the issue, or we just run out of time and energy.

This is the toughest ‘job’ I have ever had - physically, mentally, and emotionally. I just want to push myself until my body aches all over and tries to force me to stop. Let’s build one more deck and skirt one more home. Meeting residents and getting to know them on a personal level, with the knowledge that we are here for such a short time; that is tough. Love them and leave them. Easier said than done. It is amazing how much you can begin to love a stranger in a few short weeks. This happens at almost every community we go to. Emotionally wrecked, physically wrecked, and mentally wrecked, all for the love of others.

This is the best ‘job’ I’ve ever had- physically, mentally, and emotionally. Where else can you knock on doors and ask folks if they know of a neighbor that needs help. Where else can you sit down and talk to a human being and have a glass of tea because you want to get to know them. Being able to help the single moms and bless the downtrodden while getting paid. Being able to hug the forgotten and the outcasts until tears are streaming down everyone’s cheeks. Incredible. Simply incredible. — David