## Direct Mail

## NON-FOR-PROFIT SOLICITATION MERCY HOME FOR BOYS & GIRLS





Anytown, US 12345-6789 

...and I never had to be scared again!





## Sample. All I want is love and shelter and someone to give me a chance. Doesn't anyone care?

Put yourself in my place for a moment. You're an old, tired priest and you've seen first-hand the pain and despair that challenges every ounce

You've ministered to Jimmy, a kid who had been chained to a radiator by his mother for days on end. In her psychotic rages, she'd beat him daily to within an inch of his life.

You've soothed Peggy, an innocent young girl with an irrepressible spirit. Her mother's boyfriend burst into her room one night and raped her over and over again, while her coke-addicted mother ignored her plaintive pleas for help.

And every night, right before you drift off to an unsettled sleep, you think: have I really done enough today? Could I have tried a little harder? Given a little more? Fought a little more strongly for these damaged victims?

I'm Father Iim Close, and I run Mercy Home for Boys and Girls, And virtually every day, I ask myself heartbreaking questions like these. Deep down in my soul, I know I'm going to do everything in my power to make a difference, until my last dving day. But time is catching up with me and I'm not too proud to say that I NEED HELP.

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(over, please...)

## Mercy Home for Boys & Girls \* 1140 W. Jackson Blvd. \* Chicago, IL 60607

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TR. Qim

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Do you know about love?

I didn't. At six years old, I was panhandling out in the street. At ten, I scored my first drug deal. When most kids have communions, I was building a police record.

I was ready to give up on myself. Thank God Father Close didn't give up on me! Videt alta rotas tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur officium fieri tam penetralia vatum breve fratris opehoebus aid halamos urora senileuid iuvat floeto procubuisse toro anet eolides viridi venator in herba urge tuos ignes altu ymettus habetlava verecundo dea crimen. Brevis est mora noctis opacae orrida tenebris.

Nec fugiunt oculos artara caeca meosuid tam.

-Jason, age 12