

# Letter: Putting angst into action

To the community,

She wasn't crying, but she wasn't exactly not crying, either. We were about to get an early season storm, a typical hot-to-cold pattern, and I had been looking out the window waiting on rain to become snow.

My wife had gone to the grocery store, and I wanted to know what had upset the hot chocolate run.

An elderly homeless couple had been rummaging through a dumpster in the parking lot. They were literally freezing, threadbare clothes wet and icing over. As my wife approached, the couple, conditioned for mistreatment, protested that they weren't hurting or bothering anyone; they were just looking for anything they could use to keep warm. She offered them the little she had in her wallet and wished them luck facing the storm. As she walked away, they were crying.

That incident, from late fall of 2013, is why I decided I wanted to help those forming the warm room. I didn't want to be at home drinking hot chocolate, excited about plunging mercury and snowflakes, while others were desperately searching for discards that they could use to stay warm.

**Scott Weavil, South Lake Tahoe**