

WELCOME TO THE MISSION!



WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

Mr. Jimmy Comes Home!

He walked with quiet determination through the blowing, wet snow. His coat, worn and thin, offered little protection against the bitter cold, yet he moved steadily, eyes fixed on his destination. Finally, he arrived. He looked up at the building, mouthing the words on the sign: *Olive Branch Mission*. He nodded in quiet affirmation, then climbed the steps with purpose. At the top, he threw open the door and stepped inside.

The warmth of the building was immediate—but warmer still was the welcome. The Sergeant of Security looked up and smiled. “Hey, Mr. Jimmy! How are you?” Mr. Jimmy gave a quick nod, his voice urgent. “I’ve been in the hospital for three days! They just let me out! Is it lunchtime?” Before the Sergeant could respond, Ms. Mitchell, the Senior Case Manager, appeared. Her face lit up with joy. “Mr. Jimmy!” she exclaimed. “I’ve been in the hospital for three days!” he repeated. “They just let me out! Is it lunchtime?” Ms. Mitchell took his arm gently. “They’re just about finished but come on—let’s get some food into you.”

As they walked into the dining room, lunch was winding down. Residents were clearing tables and mopping the floor. One of them looked up and grinned. “Mr. Jimmy! How you doing? Glad you’re back!” The room seemed to brighten just a little more with his presence—like something had been missing and had finally returned.

After lunch, Mr. Jimmy looked up at Ms. Mitchell and asked, “Can I go to my room now?” Ms. Mitchell froze, momentarily stunned. “Mr. Jimmy,” she said softly, “you don’t live here anymore.” Confused, he furrowed his brow. “I don’t? Then... where do I live?” She placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. “You live in a nice apartment for seniors now. Remember?” He blinked, trying to process her words. “No,” he said. “I live in Room 4, Bed A.” Ms. Mitchell’s heart nearly broke. “No, Mr. Jimmy,” she said tenderly, “you left the Mission a year ago.”

At that moment, it was clear: the Mission wasn’t just a stop on his journey—it was still home in his heart. A place that made him feel safe, seen, and loved. Wanting to bring him comfort, Ms. Mitchell led him to Room 4, Bed A and let him lie down for a nap. The room was quiet and serene. Familiar. He instantly fell into a peaceful sleep. Later, Ms. Mitchell gently nudged him awake. When Mr. Jimmy opened his eyes, he saw a familiar face leaning over him with a warm smile. “Hello, Mr. Jimmy,” she said. “It’s me, Lisa, your Case Manager. We’ve been looking for you all day.” He blinked again, as if catching up. “I’ve been in the hospital for three days,” he said. “I just came home.” Lisa smiled, her eyes kind. “Mr. Jimmy, this isn’t home anymore, you live in a different place now. I’ve come to take you home. Is that okay with you?” He looked over at Ms. Mitchell. She gave a nod of encouragement, though her heart ached. Although she never uttered a word her eyes said, “It’s okay.” Mr. Jimmy rose and slowly walked to the door, then turned around. He looked at the room one last time and softly mouthed, “Room 4, Bed A.” Ms. Mitchell held back tears. “Bye, Mr. Jimmy,” she said. “Maybe you can come over for lunch sometime.” He smiled, lifting his head just a little. “I’d like that.”

We are grateful to God for the beautiful souls He entrusts to our care. Mr. Jimmy’s mind didn’t remember where his home was... but his heart did. Sometimes, the Mission becomes more than shelter. It becomes a home—one that lives in the heart, even when the body has moved on.

“The doctor unscrambled Mommy’s brain! I think it will be good this time!”

Michael let go of his dad’s hand and ran up to Ms. Donna, the Senior House Manager, at the Olive Branch Mission’s Lamplight Families shelter. “Is Mommy here?! Mommy’s coming home today!” His big blue eyes shined with excitement, and his mouth stretched into a giant smile of anticipation. Ms. Donna pinched his chubby cheeks and said gently, “Not yet, sweetheart.” She looked past Michael and saw the sadness in his father’s eyes. That told her everything.

Robert, Samantha, and Michael had come to the shelter because they had nowhere else to go.

Samantha’s mental illness had spiraled out of control again, and they lost yet another apartment. The elderly couple they were renting from—Mr. and Mrs. Bennett—had been so kind. Robert said it was like living in the same building as your grandparents. For a while, it really seemed like things were going to work out. He had secured a great job, Michael was enrolled in a good school, and their little family felt stable. But then, the signs started creeping back in. First, it was aluminum foil over the windows. Then smoke detectors were pulled off the walls. Cable cords were yanked from their sockets because Samantha believed they were sending out death waves. Finally, the accusations came—that the Bennetts were reading her thoughts and plotting to kill her. Robert believed it was that fixation, more than the damage to the apartment, that frightened the Bennetts. Despite their affection for the family, they couldn’t ignore the growing danger. They kindly asked Robert and Samantha to leave—and even gave them back a month’s worth of rent. Robert was grateful. Other landlords hadn’t been nearly so gracious. There were times when the police had shown up at their door to forcibly remove them—times when Samantha was taken to jail. Emergency rooms, jail cells, and shelters had become her housing.

Because of Samantha’s condition, Robert couldn’t hold a job long enough to secure health insurance. And without it, Samantha couldn’t get the kind of long-term, consistent care she desperately needed. When they arrived at the Mission, the case manager immediately connected Samantha with on-site health services. She was able to begin outpatient mental health care. It wasn’t perfect- it wasn’t enough-but it helped.

At dinnertime, Robert explained that Samantha would be coming home the next day. He was happy—though cautiously optimistic. Michael, on the other hand, was over the moon. “Ms. Donna,” he said, beaming, “Mommy’s coming home. The doctor unscrambled her brain. I think it will be good this time.” Ms. Donna smiled warmly. “I tell you what. Why don’t we pray for Mommy, and then I’ll let you make her a welcome home gift?” Robert looked around the table, eyes full of gratitude. “Thank you all so much. I don’t know what we would’ve done without the Mission. I’m so glad you all let us stay, even after Samantha’s latest incident.”

At Olive Branch Mission, we see many stories like Robert, Samantha, and Michael’s—families torn apart by the effects of mental illness, yet held together by love, resilience, and hope in the face of overwhelming challenges. Mental illness is one of the leading causes of homelessness in our country. In fact, **64% of individuals experiencing homelessness suffer from some form of mental illness.** Many of them, like Samantha, lack access to consistent medical care, health insurance, or a stable support system. Can we definitely say that Samantha will be a success story? We cannot. However, at the Mission, we believe healing is possible. Through compassionate support, onsite health services, and programs tailored to each individual’s needs, we walk alongside families on their journey toward stability and restoration.

Not Your Typical Shelter

When people think of a shelter they generally think of a filthy dirty place that is filled with violence and mayhem. They imagine eating tainted meals and sleeping and showering in unclean areas - if showering is even an option. They envision fighting to hold on to their few remaining possessions. We hear this scenario time and time again.

Imagine their surprise when they get to The Mission and they're greeted by our friendly 24 hour security team. They're given a mask if needed. They have their temperature checked and they begin their intake process. They're escorted to their floor, assigned a bed and given clean sheets and towels. They are provided a toiletry bag complete with all the items they'll need for personal grooming. Next is an offer of a hot shower before a delicious, nutritious and fulfilling meal. Dinnertime is filled with loud conversation and laughter. This is most likely where they will meet their roommates and get the "unofficial Mission orientation" from one of our regulars.

After meal time is "chore time" this is when the entire resident floor take the time to clean and sanitize their areas. They take pride in making their living quarters safe and healthy. Then it's time to relax, socialize, read, study or watch television.

Bedtime is the favorite time for most of our residents. They are nestled into a clean bed in a quiet peaceful place where they succumb to the mounting fatigue of the day; knowing they are protected behind the safety of The Mission walls.

Next it's time to meet with their Case Manager and begin to formulate a plan to address ALL of their needs. We cover everything- physical and mental health, education, job training and life skills; and recovery from drug and alcohol addiction, abuse and trauma. We give them the tools to begin repairing their lives. To begin the voyage to self-sufficiency.

We start them on their journey of recovery. They become family to us, so that journey is a family road trip. We celebrate every single milestone and every success. The joy we see and feel when that dream job or apartment was acquired. When a class was passed or a GED certification was obtained.

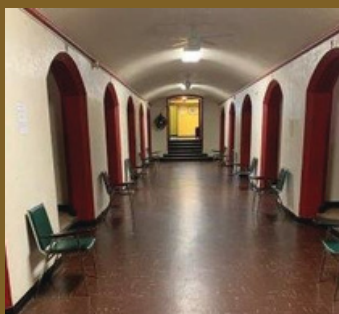
You may come to The Mission seeking shelter but you will find SO much more.



Homemade Breakfast



Dinnertime at the Mission



Families' Sleeping Area



Single Men's Dorm



Onsite Health Clinic

Olive Branch Mission

6310 S. Claremont
Chicago, IL. 60636
Tel: 773-476-6200
Fax: 773-476-0222

Olive Branch Mission

Daybreak Single Men
544 West 123rd Street
Chicago, IL. 60628 Tel:
773-660-8625

Permanent Housing Center

Olive Branch Mission
"Branch of Love"
2115 W. 63rd Street
Chicago, IL. 60636 Tel:
773-476-0900

Olive Branch Mission
Security Desk
773-476-6200 Ext 10

Olive Branch Mission Food Services
773-476-6200 Ext 14

Daybreak Single Men
773-476-6200 Ext 17

Lamplight Families And Lamplight Single Women
773-476-6200 Ext19

Donor Relations and In-kind Donations
773-476-6200 Ext 40

Looking for skilled labor volunteers!
Plumbers, Electricians andHVAClicensed professionals!



Spring/ Summer 2025

Dear Friends and Partners of Olive Branch Mission,

For 158 years, Olive Branch Mission has been a beacon of hope in the heart of Chicago—serving the most vulnerable among us, regardless of race, political affiliation, or physical and mental abilities. The Mission's walls have witnessed countless struggles, hardships, and triumphs over the years, but the crises we face today are unlike any we have encountered before.

The Homelessness Crisis is escalating, with more individuals and families pushed onto the streets by job loss, addiction, and the rising cost of living. We are stretched thin as we try to meet the increasing demand. We press on, knowing that every person who comes through our doors deserves a place to heal and a chance to rebuild.

The opioid crisis has left families shattered and communities devastated. Many who arrive at our doors are broken—physically and emotionally—seeking not just shelter but the strength to overcome addiction. We offer a roof over their heads and a chance for new beginnings through God's grace. It's a long, difficult road to recovery, but we see lives transformed every day through God's healing power.

Violence continues to plague our city, tearing families apart and leaving deep scars. We hear stories of senseless killings, gang conflicts, and people gripped by fear. Many of those who arrive at our doors are survivors of violence, searching for a safe haven where they can heal and rebuild their lives. Inside our walls, there is peace. There is safety. There is comfort. And through God's grace, an environment where all those who are hurting can find rest for their weary souls.

Dedicated staff—the heart of the Mission—are stretched thinner than ever. They work tirelessly, often putting themselves at risk as they care for those entrusted to us. Tragically, some have become victims of violent attacks during residents' mental health episodes. The mental health crisis, compounded by the scarcity of available resources, has made their work even more dangerous and demanding. Yet, despite the personal risks, they continue to show up day after day, driven by unwavering faith and an unyielding love for those they serve. **Compassion fatigue** is real. The emotional toll of constantly giving—of witnessing pain, trauma, and struggle every day—begins to wear on even the most devoted workers. They persevere, not because it's easy, but because their love for those we serve is rooted in something greater. We love as Christ loved. They endure because they are filled with the love of God, and they will not grow weary in doing good.

The Mission remains steadfast in our calling. We are not deterred by the obstacles in our path. We are not discouraged by the struggles we face. Instead, we are driven by the belief that through God's grace, we will continue to be a **refuge** for the hurting and a **light in the darkness**. Our resources are stretched, and at times, the task before us feels overwhelming. But we know that God has called us to this work. We do not serve out of obligation; we serve out of love—love for every person who crosses our threshold. We have seen the power of faith heal even the deepest wounds, and we celebrate every life that is transformed and every person who finds hope through God's grace.

Thank you for your continued support, your prayers, and your commitment to the Mission. Together, we will continue to shine the light of Christ in the darkest corners of the world.

☐ Please cut/tear off this section and mail with your tax-deductible contribution.

**Please pray
for the
Mission!**

Yes please use this gift to help provide Continued Support for Olive Branch Mission!

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Olive Branch Mission Pledge of Accountability

Olive Branch Mission is governed by an independent Board of Directors. Annually, we are audited by an independent certified public accountant. Our financial statement is a matter of public record. We are registered with the State of Illinois as a non-profit organization. We never have, nor will we ever exchange or sell donor addresses and/or information to anyone. Gifts will be applied to Mission needs and programs where the need is greatest. Your support is greatly appreciated.

6310 South Claremont Avenue. Chicago, Illinois 60636 Tel: 773.476.6200 FAX: 773.476.0222