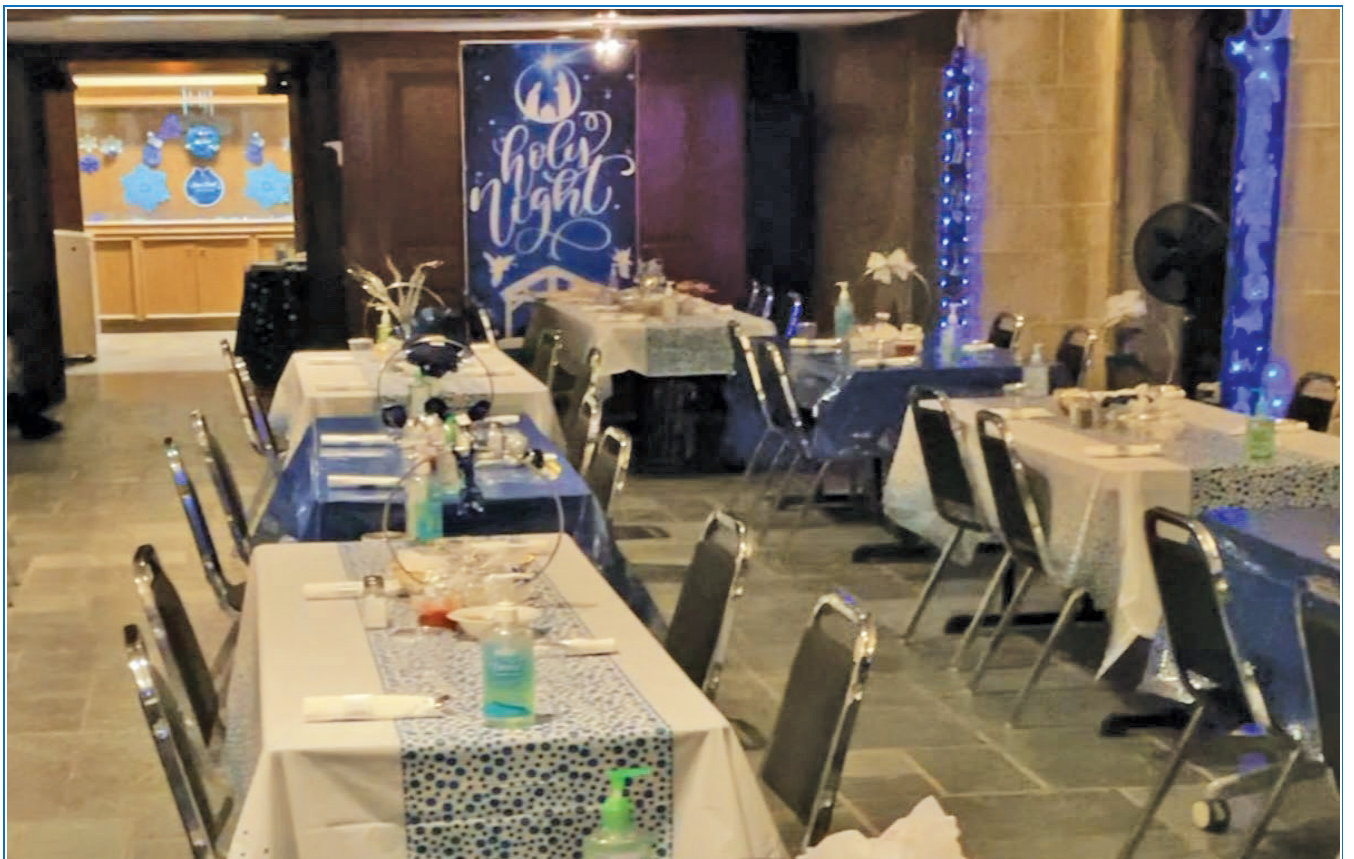


WELCOME TO THE MISSION!



WE RESERVED A SEAT JUST FOR YOU!

A Mother, A Child, and a Door of Hope:

She stood on the sidewalk with nothing but a diaper bag, a backpack, and her son's trembling hand in hers. The night air was cold, but not nearly as cold as the fear settling in her chest. Behind her lay years of abuse, isolation, and a marriage that had slowly broken her spirit. Ahead of her... she wasn't sure. All she knew was that her son needed safety. He needed calm. And she needed hope. *Just a little bit of hope.* She looked up at the worn sign: **Olive Branch Mission – The World for Jesus, 1867.** A 158-year-old refuge. A place where thousands before her had found light in their darkest hour. She was skeptical, but even more desperate. So, she took a deep breath and walked through the big gray door. The warmth met her immediately, but the welcome was even warmer.

"Hi sweetheart," said Ms. Donna, the Senior House Manager, her voice soft but steady. "You're safe now. We've got you." Ms. Donna knelt and turned to the little boy. "What's your name?" In that moment, those simple words were too much. The mother felt her knees weaken. She had held everything together for so long—for her autistic son, for survival. Now, for the first time in years, she realized she didn't have to hold it alone. Something about this kind stranger with the sweetest demeanor... something about this unassuming place... made her believe that maybe, just maybe it really was going to be okay. "My name is Stephanie," she whispered. "And this is my son, Jacob. He's nonverbal."

We wrapped Stephanie and Jacob in what we offer every person who enters our doors: dignity, compassion, and the unwavering love of Christ. Stephanie and Jacob received a warm room, clothing, meals, and the quiet stability they both desperately needed. But even more important, Stephanie encountered something she had forgotten existed—people who cared for her simply because she was a child of God.

Days turned into weeks... weeks into months. Little by little, the fear in Stephanie's eyes softened. Jacob began to smile more, relaxing as routine replaced chaos. We sat with her in moments of exhaustion, prayed with her when memories overwhelmed her, and guided her step by step through the healing she had long been denied. But there was another wound, a deep one. Her husband had isolated her from her family. They hadn't heard her voice in years. Stephanie believed they no longer wanted her. But we believed otherwise. Our team reached out on her behalf, asking questions, carefully rebuilding the broken bridge between Stephanie and the people who had loved her from the beginning. And then—one afternoon—the miracle happened. "**STEPH-A-NEEE!**" Ms. Donna called in a singsong voice, "Your mom's on the phone." What followed was a reunion filled with tears, laughter, and long silences only love can interpret. Her family wrapped Stephanie and Jacob in their arms, promising to support them as they rebuilt their lives. The Mission had given them safety... but now, God was giving them restoration. When the day came for Stephanie and her son to leave, the hallway filled with so many hugs—something she never would have allowed months earlier. Residents and staff lined the corridor, smiling, praying, cheering her on.

Stephanie turned, holding Jacob's hand, her eyes shimmering, not with fear this time, but with GRATITUDE.

"This place saved us," she whispered. "You gave me my life back. You gave my son a future."

This is why, for 158 years, Olive Branch Mission has kept its doors open through storms, pandemics, economic crises, and heartbreaks of every kind. Because every person who walks through our doors, *the mother fleeing violence, the senior returning for comfort, the child needing safety*—is a soul entrusted to us by God.

A Heart Too Hurt to Hope—Until Now

Jason was five when he entered foster care, carrying his belongings in a plastic bag while adults whispered decisions about his life. He remembers Olive Branch Mission, too—the House Manager holding his hand during prayer, the certainty others seemed to have that God cared about kids like him. He wanted to believe it, but even then he'd already learned not to trust hope.

Jason never knew his father, and his mother battled addiction and instability. The people he loved most couldn't protect him, so when anyone showed kindness, he assumed it wouldn't last. "Love is a scam," he'd mutter. "Nobody sticks around."

Twenty years later, after aging out of foster care, drifting between cities, and surviving one setback after another, Jason found himself homeless again. He returned to Olive Branch Mission as a hardened 25-year-old who expected disappointment. For weeks he kept to himself—hood up, eyes down, brushing off help and retreating from conversation. Any mention of God earned a flat "Whatever."

But hope has a way of finding people.

One afternoon, Jason noticed a little boy running down the sidewalk. The boy lived at the mission too. What surprised Jason most was how hopeful he seemed—hopeful in a way Jason himself had once been. Jason felt a jolt of recognition: That was me, before life had taken his joy and hope. And something inside him cracked just enough for a little light to get through.

Slowly, he began to open up. Brother Page encouraged him to try GED classes. His case manager connected him with counseling. Older residents shared their own stories of pain and rebuilding. And whenever Jason took even the smallest step forward, someone was there to gently remind him: "God is working in your life, even if you can't see it yet." "He wasn't sure he believed it. But he wasn't rejecting it anymore."

Then came his 25th birthday. Jason expected nothing—birthdays had always been days to survive. So when Bro Page handed him a small box, he froze. Inside was a simple silver cross engraved with a Bible verse. No one had ever given him something meant just for him. He slipped it into his pocket, but later that night, when no one was watching, he put it on.

Jason isn't a fully transformed believer—not yet. But he comes to chapel every week, listening quietly from the balcony. And when someone says, "God bless you," he no longer mutters, "Whatever." Now he whispers, "Thanks."

His story is still unfolding. He's taking GED classes, attending counseling, and living more stable surrounded by people who genuinely care. This Christmas, Jason will be one of the honored guests at our dinner table—a seat held for him with warmth, dignity, and the reminder that he belongs.

He is no longer invisible. No longer alone. No longer certain that love is a scam.

At Olive Branch Mission, we meet many people like Jason—individuals shaped by trauma, failed by systems, unsure if hope is meant for them. Through compassionate care, consistent support, and the faithful work of God's people, healing begins—slowly, quietly, one step at a time.

We cannot promise perfect endings. But we can promise this: at Olive Branch Mission, no one walks their journey alone. Not Jason. Not the child he once was. And not the countless others who arrive carrying their own stories—just needing someone to believe in them. And above all, we remind each one that God loves them deeply and has already reserved a seat at His table for them.

Not Your Typical Shelter

Founded on the love and teachings of Jesus Christ, we are dedicated to restoring hope, dignity, and purpose to the lives of those who come through our doors.

When people think of a shelter, they often imagine a filthy, unsafe place filled with violence and despair. They picture eating tainted meals and sleeping or showering in unclean areas—if showering is even an option. They imagine fighting to hold on to their few remaining possessions. We hear this scenario time and time again.

But when they arrive at The Mission, they quickly discover something very different. They are greeted with warmth and compassion by our friendly 24-hour security team—servants of God’s protection. They are offered a mask if needed, have their temperature checked, and begin the intake process with kindness and respect. They’re escorted to their floor, assigned a bed, and given clean sheets and towels. They receive a toiletry bag filled with the essentials for personal care.

Then comes the offer of a hot shower, followed by a delicious, nutritious, and satisfying meal—blessings provided through God’s grace and the generosity of His people.

Dinnertime is filled with conversation, laughter, and fellowship. This is often when new residents meet their roommates and receive the “unofficial Mission orientation” from one of our regulars. It’s a time when bonds begin to form and the light of Christ starts to shine in weary hearts.

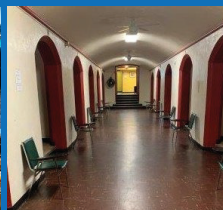
After mealtime comes “chore time,” when everyone on the floor joins together to clean and sanitize their areas. Residents take pride in caring for the space God has provided, keeping it safe and healthy for all. Then it’s time to rest, read, study, watch television, or share stories of faith and encouragement.

Bedtime is often the most peaceful time of all. Residents rest their heads in clean beds, in a quiet, safe place, knowing that they are protected—not only by the walls of The Mission, but by the loving arms of God.

Each resident meets with a Case Manager to begin creating a plan to rebuild their lives. We address every area of need—physical and mental health, education, job training, life skills, and recovery from addiction, abuse, or trauma. Through prayer, counseling, and care, we give them the tools to heal, to grow, and to begin walking in the purpose God has for them.

We walk beside them on this journey of restoration. They become family to us, and together we celebrate every victory and milestone—the joy of a new job or apartment, the pride of completing a class, or the victory of earning a GED. Every success is a testimony of God’s goodness and faithfulness.

At Olive Branch Mission, you may come seeking shelter, but you will find so much more. You will find hope, healing, and the love of Christ—a love that transforms lives and makes all things new.



Mealtime at the Mission

Sleeping Area

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

Olive Branch
Mission
Lamplight
Emergency
Housing Single
Men Roseland
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

Lamplight
Emergency
Housing Single
Men
773-476-6200 Ext
17

Lamplight
Interim Housing
Families
And
Lamplight
Emergency
Housing
Single Women
773-476-6200 Ext19