



De mobiele 'coffee corner' voor dak- en thuisloze mensen in Amsterdam

FEBRUARI

Voorwoord

Na alle drukte rondom de feestdag, is de rust de afgelopen maand weer wedergekeerd, en zijn we - soms zelfs met een zonnetje - een heel aantal keer op pad geweest. Het was een drukke fiets-maand met zo'n 15 rondes, mooie gesprekken en (helaas) ook een aantal nieuwe gezichten op straat. De temperaturen blijven schommelend koud - dus de mensen kunnen een kop koffie goed gebruiken!

Vrijwilliger Jesse in 'Humans of Amsterdam'

Maar, ook al is februari inmiddels van start, willen we wel nog even stilstaan bij het volgende: eind december werd vrijwilliger Jesse namelijk tijdens een ronde Koffietsen aangesproken door iemand van Humans of Amsterdam. Zij schreven een heel prachtig (Engelstalig) stuk over hem, en wij zijn niet anders dan super-trots dat Jesse ons vrijwilligersteam versterkt:

"I never saw it coming. We were about to move in together, but then she broke up with me. I'd already given up my room in the city and had just a month to find something new. Unfortunately, I couldn't turn to my parents for help, so that's how I suddenly ended up homeless.

I moved to the western harbor area, to a patch of no-man's land, where I built an improvised wooden house. In the meantime, I kept working as a bicycle courier. At first, it was manageable because it was summer. But when the temperatures dropped, it started to take a toll on me.

The thing about being homeless is that trouble seems to snowball. At first, you try to stay hopeful: you save a little money and keep looking for a room. But when nothing turns up, the cold sets in, and everything feels heavier. It gets harder to prioritize. You end up making short-term decisions—buying something to stay warm or to eat—and before you know it, your savings are gone.

On top of that, I didn't have an address, so I couldn't receive any mail. That made it impossible to deal with bills, and my debts started piling up. Last fall was my lowest point. It was constantly storming. The roof of my house blew off. I'd work outside all day as a courier and come back to nowhere warm or dry. That broke me.

Thankfully, not long after, I found out that the Salvation Army had a room available for me. I can stay there for a while and get support to rebuild my life.

I still have a long way to go, but I'm starting to feel happy again. Recently, I began volunteering, handing out coffee and sandwiches to people who are homeless. I know how hard it is to live without a home—and how much it means when someone takes the time to care and offer you a cup of coffee."



Jesse tijdens het Koffietsen

Hartelijk dank voor het lezen en fijne maand,

Britt Bom & het Koffiets-team