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Only A Partial Ending 2002 September 22nd

Early Saturday morning at about 6am, police raided the woodwards squat and hauled away 60 protestors who took over the building.

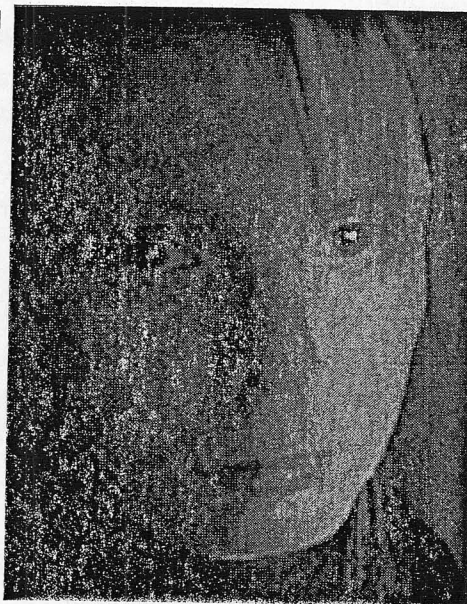
My own archive of the news article [can be found here.](#)

I didn't find out about the actual raid until much later in the day, when I actually ventured outside and found that the ladder was gone, and lights gone and things boarded up. I didn't want to volunteer on Saturday, I was there thursday night and all Friday, I wanted a break on Saturday and I came to the conclusion that I really didn't want to go back and help, it wasn't the feeling of 'I can't really support this' in the sense of an ethical problem I had with the squat, or of the outside food table. I can support it I believe in its ideals, and I do like what was going on.

It was more of that nagging little part of my brain that goes, 'how can you be a *weekend warrior* you aren't committed to the cause not like these people these people are putting their money where their mouth is, and *BEING THERE* day in day out, me I go home at night, I help out but Im not one of them.'

There is also that unspoken phrase that hangs in the air '*Thats why your a failure*'

I feel guilty about not being committed that only a partial commitment is almost worse than simply being indifferent, that they expect a support that I never intended to give, and that to let them have hope in me being there was a serious let down to them, giving the hope and taking it away even just in the smallest amounts is better than being committed to NOT Helping, just being someone who is a *weekend warrior* someone not really worth their salt, not worth their water.



And so its that guilt in me that has made me avoid going back, and I didn't find out about the closing up until I ventured back outside and I got asked if I wanted to help out financially with the funds needed for their defense and feeding the homeless. He didn't know I was in the squat he didn't know I worked that table just yesterday, he like me got swept up for a time.

I said no I couldn't and I can't but it didn't help the guilt I felt anyways, I felt like running I felt like going home and crying my eyes out, that I was such a failure to them, that I couldn't be committed to the cause, that I was simply a casual, simply a weekend warrior.

There will be some who say the fact I helped out even just a little is better than those who refused to do so, that my heart is always in the right place, and that even though I only put in that amt of time that I am better than some people, but it won't remove the guilt I feel it won't change the fact I feel this way and that no matter what I do I will always fail those who need me at the crucial critical times.

I fail people all too often, I failed Ms Greyeyes and MealTrans, I failed Jennifer, I failed so many many people.

But at least the fight is still continuing, the foodtable is still there and just moments ago I heard the call saying that soup is being served at the corner people who need it people who need a warm meal in their stomachs are being served. I could be out there I could be helping people but I can't bring myself to fail them again, I can't bring myself to give a commitment I know I will break, even in my own heart. I can't do it...

And its the shame I feel the most.



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