



QUOTES/SOUND BITES

Please credit the following quotes to Amy Wolff/Founder:

A few weeks before staking the signs, we were hanging out with friends when one of them mentioned the suicide rates in our community and I about fell out of my chair. I felt completely hopeless and ill equipped to be part of a solution. After all, I wasn't a therapist. I didn't know of anyone suffering with thoughts of self-harm. What on earth could I do? But it was clear in my heart, I had to do *something*.

Before we staked the yard signs, as I was loading them into my trunk, I thought to myself, "This is the dumbest idea I've ever had." But I shrugged off the insecurity and did it anyway. Sometimes we need to push through the doubt to do something important.

Don't wait for someone more qualified or less broken to help others. Start with something simple and who knows, maybe it will be profound.

We're not just spreading hope in our local communities; our *children* in our homes are watching how we engage the world around us. I want my young daughters to be unafraid of people's pain and, when they see suffering, to offer kindness.

These messages of hope are for everyone. Sometimes we can easily offer hope to others, and then in a blink of an eye, tragedy strikes and we're the ones in need of encouragement. That's humanity. It's give and take. My dream is that this movement provides a tangible means to exchange and borrow hope.

I'm overwhelmed at the impact of this accidental movement. It's quite humbling to see thousands of people all over the world using these tokens to inspire their communities; through sign rallies, as gifts, or leaving tokens for strangers to find. This is humanity at it's finest. Love truly does win.

Anonymous impact quotes:

As I actively thought about suicide, I saw your signs on the side of the road. I pulled over to be sure of what I just read. I stopped there and cried... I felt so stupid. I considered suicide so many times and here I was at a small sign on the side of the road weeping, begging my thoughts to go away... For the next several months I altered my driving route home from work to take a detour that added a few minutes just to see those signs.... Although I still suffer, I do not do it alone and have much support after finally talking to those around me. You are responsible for saving my life with this minimal gestures.

I'm an adult but still struggle with depression ever since my first boyfriend forced himself on me. Sometimes I drive by these signs on purpose to remind me it wasn't my fault.

Your signs saved my life. i was in a very dark place a few years ago and all I saw were your white signs in the middle of the night. I was addicted to meth. Your signs gave me hope in something bigger than me, and that hope got me on a plane to find the help I needed.

I made some really poor choices as a juvenile (anger related) and because my juvenile record wasn't sealed, it's held me back from my dream job in the medical field. After years of legal inquiries to get it sealed, I had given up. Then, one day earlier this year, I drove past one of your yard signs. It said You Matter and so I pulled over and looked at the back and it said Don't Give Up. I was almost in tears when I saw that. I got a new wave of strength and hope so I called up an old attorney... long story short, we are waiting on the judge to give her final approval. Next year I get to pursue my nursing degree! If it wasn't for your signs, I don't know what I'd be doing. Thank you!

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I wish every Monday you could see the flash of 'Don't Give Up' cards at the women's correctional facility like I do. The ladies have taken to sliding the cards into the back side of the lanyard ID holders. A space usually occupied with contraband notes to be exchanged or vaseline/lip gloss. My heart soars when I see those lanyards flip over as they traverse the halls, revealing Don't Give Up. Women I've never even met have them! It also reminds me that oppression can not remain where Light exits.

Our car is always stocked with hand-warmers (labeled with DONT GIVE UP stickers!) to give away and this morning as we stopped for gas Grace asked if she could give one to our gas attendant. It was 32 degrees, raining, and windy. A perfect opportunity to spread some love. As she gave this very small gift away, our new friend began telling us his story of loss. He was grieving and the tragedy he was experiencing was causing extreme stress on his relationship with his wife. Grace is too young to understand grief like his (thank you, Lord) but she is learning how to empathize and think of others. There are so many stories just like his being lived out in our communities. So, go get yourself a box of hand-warmers, order some stickers and spread some love!

Sometime ago I lost my job, my mom was dying, and my young marriage was in trouble. But then I randomly saw your yard signs and it meant the world to me.

I went through a very emotional devastating life experience last fall and all of a sudden your signs kept popping up all over my town of Bristol, Rhode Island. It was life changing. I'm a high school arts teacher and try to do a community project with the students to connect them to something bigger than themselves. So we're doing a Don't Give Up pottery bowl fundraiser to buy packets of signs for our community!

Today when I walked into court, I was so happy to see my CASA (Court Appointed Special Advocate) kiddo's mom wearing the black wristband. I gave it to her the first day we were in court. I'm thankful to have these powerful messages hanging on my wrist and to look over and see matching ones on her wrist. She is defying the odds and impressing judges, and hugging me tight afterwards because despite everything, she's making progress for her child. This is what advocacy looks like. This is love in action.

My mom is 86 and in an assisted living facility. She is limited in her activities because of Parkinson's but she always goes about her day with a smile on her face and a sweet attitude towards everyone. She loves to give out the You Matter cards to the staff who help her during the day and also to the other residents. At this stage in their lives, they often feel like they don't matter. She told me whenever she gives one to a fellow resident, she loves watching their eyes light up when they read the message. My mom loves feeling like she matters because she can help spread hope to others even at the age of 85 when she can't get out on her own.

Last week, a woman called the church in tears, thanking them for those 'black and white signs' in their yard as they had encouraged her so much. Turns out she was a single mom who was essentially homeless so the church helped her and her family get lunch, shoes for her kids, play at the local pool, and connect with a local shelter. All because of the signs and one phone call.