

## Rosenberg Corey

---

**From:** NANCY WILLHITE <WILLHITEN@msn.com>  
**Sent:** Tuesday, May 02, 2017 10:21 PM  
**To:** SHS Exhibits  
**Subject:** Life as a renter...

*Chair Gelser, Vice Chair Olsen and Members of the Committee,*

*I am writing to give a perspective of what life can be like when you are a disabled, widowed, late middle age woman. I currently live in a duplex that I have been living in for 6 years and 9 months since my husband passed away suddenly and unexpectedly at the age of 56. I chose this home because I am unable to afford a car so I needed to be nearby bus service. I was happy to find this home for \$950 a month but since I have lived here the rent has gone up to \$1200 a month. This along with my utilities makes just keeping the roof over my head \$1650 a month, 71% of my monthly income from Social Security Disability. I get too much to qualify for food stamps, energy assistance or any other type of help to make ends meet.*

*I am thankful to have a roof over my head, but life can be a struggle even when you are a frugal person like I am. I am a great tenant, always pay my rent on time and keep the house up as best I can. Recently I shattered my knee cap and broke my wrist, had surgery and was hospitalized for 4 days and then spent two weeks in a rehab center. When I came home I had asked my landlord if he could put a hand rail on the front porch and repair the back porch so the steps are not wobbly. I was told "one of these days" The grass has grown to over a foot tall (I am fearful I will fall) and I asked if he could move my recycling bin out front for me (he lives across the street), he said "not this week" The bin has not been out for two months now and I have 5 bags of recycling inside the house because the bin is full.*

*The reason for mentioning these things is that I am fearful to ask for things to be fixed or repaired because he can deny the renewal of the lease in four months and I have no funds to be able to move. So I live in a house that needs some repairs, such as a broken window, electrical outlets that do not work, the kitchen faucet drips constantly and the faucet sprays water instead of a stream of water, and the list goes on. But I keep quiet and keep to myself the things that I have to live with in order just to make sure I do not join the ranks of the homeless.*

*Nancy Willhite  
5633 SE 66th Ave  
Portland OR 97206*

Kindness is a language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see.