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THE FORGOTTEN, INC.
PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER

I was born September 18, 1951 to parents with little to no education. On the day I was born, the doctor told my parents that I would not live to see the next day. You see, my parents had felt the pain of losing five children before me. Four were stillborn and one lived two days before she passed away - her name was Edna. Fittingly, my parents named me "Ruby," which in Biblical Hebrew means, "Gift from God".

I used to wonder, then I started to ask GOD, "Why did you let me live? Why wasn't I stillborn or only lived a day or two?" He answered one day when it hit me like a ton of bricks what my purpose was. On my way home from work in Scottsdale, I decided to go home another route through downtown Phoenix, even though I lived on the south side of Phoenix and it was going out of my usual way. The car just seemed to steer itself into Taco Bell, literally I kid you not. As I sat in front of Taco Bell, I wondered, "Why am I here?" So I parked and looked around somewhat puzzled. I got out of the car and went inside. A young man asked me, "How can I help you?" and I said, "I don't know why I am here". Now he is looking at me strange, so I decided I had better order something. I ordered two tacos. When I got back in the car, I put the two tacos in the passenger seat, still wondering why I bought them and started home.

I began driving west on Washington Street and had to stop for a red light when I saw this older lady in a white dress pushing all this stuff in a shopping cart across the street in front of me. Now I can't help but wonder why this lady is pushing all this stuff in the white dress. The light changes and I proceed to go home then I heard two words, "Turn around". Now I'm thinking I am losing my mind... I say the words out loud "turn around", but I proceed to keep going. Then I heard again, "Turn around". Now I know I am not crazy, so I said, "LORD I don't know if that is You, but I am going to be obedient".

I turned around and found the lady in white sitting on the ground on Jefferson Street near a tree. I rolled my passenger window down and she got up and came over to the car. I asked her if I could ask her a question and she said yes. I asked her why she was out here and she said she moved here from Ohio because she had gotten this great job and that she had a Master's Degree, but the job fell through and she had been homeless for two years. I could feel the tears whaling up in my eyes, so I asked her if she would like the two tacos I had just bought, explaining that I hadn't touch them. I started to say I don't know why I bought them, but then it became very clear why I had. I cried all the way home asking GOD to use me any way He wanted...