

I clean toilets. Not something I had ever dreamed I'd be doing at this stage in my life. Quite the opposite of my adolescent dream, "I'm going to live in Manhattan and become the leading mezzo-soprano at the Metropolitan Opera House," adding more convincingly, "by the time I'm thirty." Yep. That was the goal for at least a decade and honestly, I have had many, many more "goals" since then. But today, at fifty, my big goal is to finish cleaning the bathrooms, turn five beds, wash the breakfast dishes and mop all of the floors at House of Bise Bespoke. I do have an audience to impress at 2pm. They are called my guests. I'm an Airbnb Super Host and have been for the last five years.

I have provided housing to students, foreign travelers, medical professionals, locals who are making a housing transition; and during most of the pandemic shutdown, I offered housing to those who were without shelter, for fiscal amounts that did not cover my monthly expenses. It is for such, that although Airbnb is my primary income, I have realized that compassion on a human-level is the basis of my late-in-life profession of hospitality.

Am I a saint? Heck, no: I am a college drop-out; failed multiple times while raising two children; and shamefully I have been a homeless single parent, twice. The irony of now renting a seven bedroom home, located in an urban area within the City of Cleveland that takes care of roughly ten guests a night, is not lost on me. I am thankful that I have a purpose in helping others while paying my monthly housing expenses from such. And most of the time, I make a profit, too.

I have turned my shared home into a little business and I cherish it. I live with my guests. I cook for them. I do their laundry. I am an ambassador for my neighborhood. I need your support of HB563 in order to continue serving others via my home.

Sincerely,

Heather Bise