

SATAN WILL FROWN NO WAY TO KEEP JESUS DOWN NOT EVEN THAT MOCKING CROWN CROWN OF THORNS, BRINGS FRIARS IN BROWN



JOYFULLY THEY PRAY
THEY KNOW JESUS BRINGS A NEW DAY
ALL THE DEVIL'S TOOLS, HE WASHES AWAY
JESUS, LORD OF LORDS, HAS THE FINAL SAY

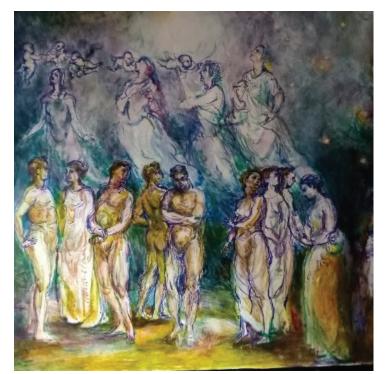
OUR NEW BEGINNING, HE BRINGS STREETS FILL WITH GUITAR STRINGS SONGS OF PRAISE, GOD'S FAMILY SINGS THE VICTORY BELL, JUST RINGS AND RINGS

SATAN IS MAD
HE THOUGHT VICTORY HE HAD
BUT HIS TACTICS WERE ROTTEN BAD
FROM THE THRONE OF GOD, JESUS IS GLAD

THE ECONOMY MAKES A SWTICH PEOPLE GET THAT HANDMADE ITCH ART KNIT AND SEWN, STITCH BY STITCH ASSEMBLY LINE GOODS, ALL WILL DITCH

~Diane D.





Painting by Pauly B.

I have people that will help me. That ate very dear to me. Finding wonderful dads that will help rear moms who tell me stories about mom and dad that make me laugh. Where I can be myself and knit to keep busy and resit till Christmas season is over. We have to remember that the Lords son was born on Christmas Eve until Christmas Day with bright eyes and small feet just like the rest of us. Life is a journey he had until he died, an the wonderful things that he did for us.

~Sandra Norris



St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V4 N9 FEBRUARY 2024

If you have any content to share for our newsletter please see one of the breadline staff. We are in need of content such as a poem, lyrics, writing, thoughts, questions, image of your artwork or anything uplifting or informative.

Anyone who contributes content for our newsletter will receive a \$10 gift card.

The St. Francis Breadline and this publication is made possible by the Our lady of Guadalupe.

FRANCISCAN 360 IS OPEN!

WHAT:

Case Management, Computer Access, Mailing Address, Health Clinic WHERE:

144 W. 32nd Street WHEN:

Monday 10-1:30, Wednesday 10-1:30 (new day), Thursday 10-1:30 WHO:

All are welcome!

Good Morning! This week we have poetry from Stanley "Cosmic Stan" Johnson, a haiku from the InPho Lady for the "2447 Project", writing from John Strobert, writing from Sandra Norris, poetry from Joaquin F., poetry form Diane D., art work from Pauly B., and artwork from Dominic.

Be the first to solve all three riddles below to receive a gift card.

I left my campsite and hiked south for 3 miles. Then I turned east and hiked for 3 miles. I then turned north and hiked for 3 miles, at which time I came upon a bear inside my tent eating my food! What color was the bear?

A man stands on one side of a river, his dog on the other. The man calls his dog, who immediately crosses the river without getting wet and without using a bridge or a boat. How did the dog do it?

Lovely and round, I shine with pale light, grown in the darkness, A lady's delight. What am I?

1 Peter 5:6

Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God so that at the proper time he may exalt you.



"Selah"

The hope of the meek

He is the one who infuses earth into
your enemies

who destroys mortal man

the bird catcher's trap weakens. Love righteous acts save deceitful speech purify my heart oh! my God! ? How long will my enemy be on me? ! I trust in your true love!

~ Joaquin F.





Spontaneous Combustion, Part 2

It was as if the boy had stayed in the big store after it closed for the night, had hidden in the men's room when the lights went out and the clerks went home, and all at once became aware of music in the darkness, and crept out to witness a masquerade ball of mannequins that dancer, there, in the slippers and pears! He wanted her and would have her if only... if only her body weren't just a function of the mind that designed her dress and never entered the nave of her nudity. And yet... and yet the body shedding that dress was real, and equipped with the lips and hair angles lack: the proof lay there beside him in the bed. A lover of orthodox, he turned away from the big bright cancellations of night announced the new day, and let sleep overcome him, him and her, in the levitating bed, In the flames.

~John Strobert





Botty by Guzman & AI



Cosmic Stan Dedicated to Ms. Victoria Smith

My poetry I my song, and my paradise, best believe for the better Stanley has changed his life, so nice, that you have to read this poem, a thousand times twice, cause knowledge is power, and more expensive that nay price, today the sun sets, and I leave behind all yesterdays, and regrets, as God blessed me, with poetic power all around, to lift up other people, when they're down, bring them out, of the lost and found, I found my better life, In the songs I sing, and int he poetry I write, to bring all smiles and laughter, and continue to shine bright, to the world Cosmic Stan's poetry, Is a gift and dedicated to Ms. Victoria Smith.

~Stanley "Cosmic Stan" Johnson





The 2447 Project @ Franciscan 360 @the Info Ladie

The thoughts, ideas, content and opinions expressed herein are solely mine. All Rights reserved.

"IF you see a need, fill it... without expectation of any payment or any reward; for the Blessing to be of Service is your Reward."

Hear Ye, Hear Ye!!! And Welcome to the 6th (2024) installment of "The 2447 Project". Are you handling your business? Well...I respect your choices and, I Weill continue to learn from the consequences of your actions or lack thereof. Guess what? The Grey Matter is still resting...so, please enjoy another "Haiku*for You". (pronounced high-koo)

Have you seen my feet?

Do you feel the wear and tear?

Can you walk my walk?

Be Peace, with a side order of Compassion ~ The Info Ladie ~

