

The World (Part 1)

Even as I am writing this constant Sirens, are blaring

I have never seen the world like this, it has taken such a negative path, government is not doing anything for the American people!!! Everyone is angry! The news you see is death and mayhem. The devil is so busy!!!

My heart aches for society and humanity. Stay prayed up!!! My friends put on your spiritual armor! Everyday!!!

~Timothy Middleton

AI art by Dominic



"Eva, Dominican Girl" © 2024, Guzmán & AI



STARTING OVER

Sometimes when we go through life, we mess up so many times that we lose count. But, thank God that we have a loving savior name Jesus. 1 John 1:9 * if we confess our sins He is Faithful and just to forgive us for our sins and to cleanse us from ALL UNRIGHTEOUS. So, are you feeling down and out today? Don't give up. God's grace is always there for you. Get up, dust yourself off and "start over again". AMEN

~Rodney Wise



I like you, let me care for you, and what I have, I'll share with you any problems, I'll bear with you, when you feel bad, I'm there for you, I promise, I won't lie to you, I'll do my best, and try for you, in sadness, I'll cry for you, and if I had to, I'll die for you

~Gregory



Hope

They say there's no hope
They say it's just too late
But they don't know my Jesus
The One who overcame the grave

Can you see the Son of God
Crushing the head of the snake?
Can you hear the Lion roar?
Reminding Satan of his fate

~Henry, May 2024



St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V4 N24 ■ JUNE 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 - Thursday, 9am - 4pm

WHO: All are welcome!

NEW: Art and Guitar classes, Work space available Tuesday 9am -11pm

Located in the school house directly behind the breadline tables.

Good Morning! This week we have part 3 of R.P.S.'s story "A Summer Night", interview and writing from featured guest Sir Richard Holland, writing from Timothy Middleton, writing from Rodney Wise, poetry from Gregory Spears, poetry from B.B. Bagz, poetry from Henry Yee, and artwork from Dominic with the help of AI.

Psalms 121:1-2

I lift up my eyes to the mountains— where does my help come from? My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth.

Announcement: Franciscan 360 is now open from 9am - 4pm, Monday - Thursday

Art and guitar classes and work space Tuesday 9-11 in the school house located directly behind the breadline tables.

Two fathers and two sons are in a car, yet only three people are in the car. How?

Until I am measured, I am not known. Yet how you miss me when I have flown. What am I?

What begins with an "e" and only contains one letter?

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

Are the sins of an earthly father just fodder or should we bother or does it affect the infants or toddlers We should take care in our children's future our first step's as well a their last, to stay on a positive fulfilling path.

Laughter originates in the eyes of God. Gods vision helps us shine and thrive to be alive. Nothing rivals the elation of our father's heavenly and earthly creations he has placed as siblings on this earthly rotation.

Omnipotent summer rains diagnose and heal all earths pain invisible and visible the holy ghost divisible by three a holy trinity. The father, the son, the holy ghost We need our father's love most he is a beacon when lost. Love, worship, and honor through tempest tossed.

Is God marketable when we know his love and strength is remarkable in gods name we are unstoppable R In Gods hands we flourish without his love we lose his nourishment of spirit and soul. Remember u we live un our fathers house he has control

~B.B. Bagz



“A Summer Night” (Part 3)

I passed under one of the big tulip trees in the front yard and began walking along the side of the house. In a black windowpane I saw my sudden face. Somewhere I seemed to hear voices, and when I stepped around the back of the house into the full radiance of the moon, I saw four girls playing ball.

They were playing raffle-ball in the brilliant moonlight, as though it were a summer’s day. Mary was batting. I knew the three other girls, all of them in my classes: Joann, pitching; sally, taking a lead off first, Lilly, in the outfield, a few steps away from me. In the moonlight they were wearing clothes I’d never seen before, jeans and shorts and sweatshirts and boys’ shirts, as if they were dressed up in a play about boys. Lilly had on a baseball cap backwards and wore a jacket tied around her waist. In school they wore knee-length kitty’s and neatly ironed blouses, light summer dresses with leather belts. The girls excited and disturbed me, as if I’d stumbled into some secret rite. Mary, seeing me, burst out laughing. “Well look who’s here,” she said, in the slight mocking tone that kept wary and always joking. “Who is that tall stranger?” She stood holding the yellow waffle-ball bat on her shoulder, refusing to be surprised. “Come on, don’t just stand there, you can catch. “She was wearing jeans rolled halfway up her calves, floppy sweatshirt with the sleeves pushed up above the elbows, low white sneakers without socks. Her Hair startled me: It was pulled back to show her ears. I remembered the hair falling brown- blond along one side of her face. They all turned to me now smiled and waved me toward them, and with a sharp little laugh I sauntered in, pushing back my hair with my fingers, thrusting my hands deep into my jean pockets.

Then I was standing behind home plate, catching, calling balls and strikes. The girls took their game seriously, Mary and Joann against Sally and Lilly. Sally had a sharp- breaking curveball that kept catching the corner of the upside- down pie tin. “Strike?” Yelled Mary. “My foot. It missed by a mile. Kill the umpire!” The flattened- back tops of her eras irritated me. Joann stood glaring at me, fists on hips. She wore an oversized boy’s shirt longer than her shorts, so that she looked naked, as if she’d thrown a shirt over a pair of underpants - her tan legs gleamed in the moonlight, her blind ponytail bounced furiously with her slightest motion, and in the folds of her loose shirt her jump breasts, appearing and disappearing. The girls hung hard, slid into paper plate bashes. They shouted “Hey Hey!” And “Way to go!” After a while they let me play, each taking a turn at being umpire. Sally’s lumberjack shirt was only partly tucked into her faded jeans, wriggles of hair fell down along Joann’s damp cheeks, Lilly her teeth glinting, flung off the jacket tied around her waist, one of Mary’s cuffs kept falling down. Sally scooped up a grounder, whirled, and threw to me at second, Mary was racing from first, suddenly she slid - and sitting there on the grass below, leaning back on her elbows, her legs stretched out on both sides of my feet, a copper rivet gleaming on the pocket of her jeans, a bit of zipper showing, a hank of hair hanging over one eyebrow, she glared up at me, cried “safe by a mile!” And broke into wild laughter. Then joann began to laugh, Sally and Lilly burst out laughing, I felt something give way in my chest and I erupted in loud, releasing laughter, the laughter of childhood, until my ribs hurt and tears burned in my eyes-and again whoops and burst of laughter, under the blue sky of the summer night.

~R.P.S.



Interview with Sir Richard Holland



Where are you from? Wyandanch, Long Island, New York AKA “the crime dance cartel” we are the Wyandanch warriors, and like many towns in Long Island we are named after Indian tribes. Wyandanch is a place that produced a lot of talent.

Favorite place to be and why? By the water, because water is spiritual. To be by a body of water at the beginning and end of the day is spiritual to me, it’s enlightening. Sunrise and sunset is spirituality.

Dream job? My dream job is to work for myself, because the only person who can afford me is God.

Favorite pastime? My favorite pastime is dreaming of Patagonia, fly fishing and Hawaii and using my imagination to step away from the economic disenfranchisement and the misinformation that is arbitrary and capriciously stressing people out.

What did you want to be when you were a kid? New York’s #1 DJ

If you could have one superpower what would it be? The gift of discernment to see into the future and to see what’s good and what’s bad and it could be a blessing or curse depending on how you use it.

What would you do if you won the lottery? I would pay off the church and get away from the curse of the lottery because when God gives you a blessing he wants you to have the discernment to know what to do with it.

The biggest lesson you learned in life? The carnal world and the spiritual world are diametrically opposed from each other. When your ego is leading you, you are going to end up empty, when you humble your self to true spirituality then you start to grow and grow and it has nothing to do with monetary units. God values a man or woman who is a savior of souls. God doesn’t care about this carnal world but we all get caught in it at some point in the junction.

What would you change about your self if you could? I would go back to 39 when I was sent to prison for 6 1/2 years for something I didn’t do. It almost killed my fiancé. If I could change anything about myself I would go back to that day and say honey lets just stay home, lets not go anywhere, lets turn off the lights and lets light a candle.

Advice for anyone reading this? Take your shovel out of your pocket and dig yourself, don’t worry about keeping up with the jones’s. The jones’s don’t exist you relationship to the Almighty the only one the alpha and omega that the only thing thats going to matter. Because come judgement day your friends aren’t going to be there.

HENCE THE DICHOTOMY, SOCIO ECONOMIC PROTOCOLS HAVE DEVOLVED INTO THE SELF EVOKED EXILE OF HOWARD HUGHES IS AN EXAMPLE OF HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF THE TREMENDOUS TURBULENCES OF THE ATTACKS ON SPIRITUAL MATURITIES ARE A SIGN OF THE TIMES. THE TMES OF SORE TRAVEL ON THE EARTH, SCORCHED EarthNEW BIRTHS, EVALUATE WORTHS, PUT GOD FIRST BEFORE THINGS GET ANY WORSE CHAPTER AND VERSE ALLOCATED CANNOT BE REPRODUCED DUPLICATED IMITATED OR Hated Hate and love cannot peacefully co exist in the same heart and minds one or the other will be dominant Hence the choices you make have dire consequences, faith has benefits and fear has torment and thats the wash and the rinse Hence maKKE SOME SENSE AND SENSIBILITIES AND GET ON YOUR KNEES THE ALMIGHTIEST DECREES THEN SAY PLEASE TO THE GRACIOUSNESS AND THE BLESSINGS THAT THE ENEMIES DETEST NEVER BEAT YOUR CHEST JUST PASS THE NEXT JEST THEN DO YOU ABSOLUTE BEST WE STRONGLY SUGGEST that the almighty will do the rest

~Sir Richard Holland