

## The World (Part 2)

Hello, Im continuing speaking on different events, the statue of the Church was broken [from it's base] which I witnessed, totally negative, being a retired peer advocate I understand the mental aspect of it, its still hard to watch.

In the new total violence and chaos all the time.

In the street daily negativity everyone seems to be so angry It seems no one cares about anyone else, I'm very sad for the world and humanity.

I start my day as positive as possible. I will continue to post some opinions.

Stay prayed up!!!

~Timothy Middleton



Japanese tree digital artwork by Dominic

## LIFE

In this year 2024. Things have surely have changed since I once knew in the 1970's. Some scenery, music, economy, people etc has changed. Problems and situations will always be a big part of our lives. Some people allow their problems and bad choices wear them out and down the road of despair. But, today let's appreciate "life" with what it offers (Good). If we got good health or not let's be thankful for the gift of Life today. "Trust in the Lord with all your HEART and lean not on your "own" understanding". Thank you

~Rodney Wise



I tried my best  
The best I could  
I even left my attitude  
In the Hood  
So why then  
Do you gotta go  
You hurt me more  
Than you'll ever know  
You were our leader  
I cant pretend  
I dug you more  
Than some of my friends  
To say goodbye  
I'm gonna cry  
I feel the tears  
Flow from my eyes

~Gregory Spears



## STREET VOICES

St. Francis Breadline  
Franciscan Bread for the Poor  
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V4 N25 ■ 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 four of P.P.S.'s story "A Summer Night", part two of Timothy Middleton's writing, writing from Rodney Wise, poetry from Gregory Spears, a spiritual reflection from James D., writing from Cora Shaw, writing from Reginald G. and artwork from Wraith and Dominic.

*Carry each other's burdens, and in this way you will fulfill the law of Christ.*

Galatians 6:2

What tastes better than it smells?

How many bricks does it take a complete a brick building?

An electric train is going south at 200 mph. Which way is the smoke blowing?

**Be the first person to correctly answer all three riddles to win a gift card.**

Reflecting on, Matthew 7:13-27 Jesus Insists that his way is narrow, ands that it's travelers will bear fruit and rest on the solid foundation of God's word. Neglecting these warnings from Christ has left many on the broad to destruction.

Matthew 7:13-27"Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it. But small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it. "Watch out for false prophets. They come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ferocious wolves. By their fruit you will recognize them. Do people pick grapes from thorn bushes, or figs from thistles? Likewise, every good tree bears good fruit, but a bad tree bears bad fruit. A good tree cannot bear bad fruit, and a bad tree cannot bear good fruit. Every tree that does not bear good fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire. Thus, by their fruit you will recognize them. "Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' will enter the kingdom of heaven, but only the one who does the will of my Father who is in heaven.

~James D.

We're afraid of our past, and decided of our future in a world of chaos its sometimes delusional, but God is within, with strength and confidence to survive events. Staying strong is it pacing our eyes journey in stride with faith.

~Cora Shaw

## “A Summer Night” (Part 4)

Mary stood up, pushed a fallen sleeve of her sweatshirt above her elbow, and said, “How about a Coke? I’ve about had it.” She wiped her tan forearm across her damp forehead. We all followed her up the back steps into the moonlit kitchen. “Keep it down, guys,” she whispered, reassign her eyes to the ceiling, as she filled glasses with ice cubes, poured hissing, clinking sodas. The other girls went back outside with their glasses, where I could hear them talking through the open kitchen window. Mary pushed herself up onto the counter next to the dish rack and I stood across from her, leaning back against the refrigerator.

I wanted to ask her whether they always played ball at night, or whether it was something that had happened only one this night, night of revelations and adventures - night of the impossible visit she hadn’t asked me about. I wanted to hear her say that the blue night was the color of old puzzle boxes, that the world was. Blue mystery, that lying awake in bed she’d imagined me coming through the night to her back yard, Burt she only sat on the counter, swinging her legs, drinking her soda, saying nothing

A broken bar of moonlight lay across the dish rack, fell sharply along a door below the counter, bent halfway along the linoleum before stopping in shadow.

She sat across from me with her hands on the silver strip at the edge of the counter, winging her legs in and out of the moonlight. Her knees were pressed together but her Cales were parted, and one foot was half-turned toward the other. I could see her anklebones. Her jeans were rolled into thick cuffs halfway up the calf, one slightly higher than the other. As her calves swung back against the counter, they became wider for a moment, before they swung out. The gentle swinging, the widening and narrowing calves, the rolled- up cuffs, the rubbery ribs of the dish rack, the glimmer of window above the mesh of the screen, all this seemed to me as mysterious as the summer moonlight, which had driven me through the night to this kitchen, where it glittered on knives and forks sticking out to fit silverware box at the end of the dish rack and on her calves, swinging back and forth.

Now and then Mary picked up her glass and, leaning back her head, took a rattling drink of soda. I could see the column of her throat moving as she swallowed, and it seemed to me that although as he was only sitting there, she was moving all over: her legs swung back and forth, her throat moved, her hands moved from the counter to the glass and back, and something seemed to come quivering up out of her, as if she’d swallowed a piece of burning cool moonlight and were releasing it through her legs and fingertips.

Through the window screen I sound see the moonlit grass of the back yard the yellow plastic bat on the grass, a corner of shingled garage and a piece of purplish-blue night, and I could hear sally talking quietly, the faint rumble of trucks rolling through the sky, a sharp, clicking insect.

I felt bound in the dark blue spell of the kitchen, of the calves swinging back and forth, the glittering silverware, moonlight on linoleum, silence that seemed to be filling up with something like a stretching skin, somewhere a quivering, and I standing still, in the spell of it all, watchful. Her hands gripped the edge of the counter, her calves moved back and forth under pressed-together knees. She was leaning forward at the waist, her eyes shone like black moonlight, there was a tension in her arms that I could feel in my own arms, a tension that rippled up into her throat, and suddenly she burst out laughing.

“What are you laughing at?” I said startled, disappointed. “Oh, nothing,” she said, slipping down from the counter. “Everything. You, for example.” She walked over to the screen door. “Let’s call it a night, gang,” She said, opening the door. The three girls were sitting on the steps.

Sadly, taking a deep breath, slowly stretched out her arms and arched her back; and as her lumberjack shirt flattened against her, she seemed to be lifting her breasts toward the blue night sky, the summer moon.

Then there were quick good nights and all three were walking across the lawn, turning out o sight behind the garage.

~R.P.S



Digital artwork Untitled #3 by Wraith

When I was homeless I remember when I met my wife twenty years ago. I met her at the soup kitchen they called meat loaf, she was sitting with a friend of mines who asked me to sit with her while he went to work. So we started yup a conversation about what ever we could think of to talk about at that time in space. We ended up going out that weekend. Then we wanted to laugh about things we did in life we can remember things I can expect out of life. When you find that right person you can exceed in anything you try to take a chance at in life, that is what pray and having faith is about.

~Reginald G.