

The World (Part 3) Conclusion

Speaking positively its always darkest before the "Dawn"

Reading the Bible everyday doing the right thing.

Helping another human being no matter what race, nationality or gender. It's Gods plan.

Doing a good deed everyday. If everyone or the majority of society would follow this recipe everyday all day!!!

That would be a great step un the right direction

Stay prayed up!!!

Spiritual Armor

~Timothy Middleton

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

Ecclesiastes 3:1 "For everything there is a season, a time for every activity under heaven". You know, when I look back at my life, sometimes I use to get caught up in to all kinds of nonsense. But, sometimes we have to take a step back and reflect on what's really going on in our lives, and be honest with ourselves. Hey, it's time to make a "change." Yes, change is not easy but, with patience it could be done. Change is also a process. There is no short cuts to change.

~Rodney Wise

STREET VOICES

St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V4 N26 ■ 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 the finale of R.P.S.'s story "A Summer Night", an interview with artist, poet and fashion designer Khari, writing from Rodney Wise, part 3 of Timothy Middleton's writing, writing from Sir Richard Holland, artwork and poetry from Khari and artwork from Wraith.

Psalm 31:1-2

"In you, Lord, I have taken refuge; let me never be put to shame; deliver me in your righteousness. Turn your ear to me, come quickly to my rescue; be my rock of refuge, a strong fortress to save me."

What is so fragile that saying its name breaks it?

A man goes out in heavy rain with nothing to protect him from it. His hair doesn't get wet. How does he do that?

What goes up but never comes down?

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

"SPEAKING COLOR III"
A50649 / WRAITH

Digital artwork
Untitled #5
by Wraith



THE RIGHT TO BE FREE FROM ALL TYRANNY IS THE FREEDOMS OPUS FREEDOM IS NOT FREE IT COMES WITH A PRICE USUALLY THAT PRICE IS PAID FOR IN ADVANCE, HENCE THOSE WHO PAY THE MOST RECEIVE THE LEAST THE UNSUNG HEROES ARE THOSE WHOM HAVE BEEN OMITTED FROM HIS STORY YET HISTORY IS ALL INCLUSIVE AND REVEALS ALL THE RACES AND SPECIAL PLACES THAT WITHOUT DISGRACES OF ANY FACES, HENCE DON'T THINK ITS A DISGRACE, HOW QUICKLY YOU'LL BE REPLACED LOL THE ARTISTRIES AND HIS MAJESTY ARE SYMBIOTICALLY CONNECTED, OFTEN NEGLECTED AND RARELY DETECTED NOW A DAYS INFECTED WITH UNTRUTHS AND THAT LOSSES THE YOUTH IF THE YOUNG ARE THE FUTURE OF ANY NATION, THEN ITS PAST TIME TO LOOSE THE SEPARATIONS OF THE GENERATIONS AND TEACH THE TRUTHS TO THE YOUNG. HAVE THEM MAKE BETTER DECISIONS WHICH CONSTRUE AND THEY WILL HAVE A BETTER OF THE ALMIGHTY TOO ERGO COME AND SEE AND BE THE CONDUIT BETWEEN THE ARTISTRY AND THE ALMIGHTY ,THE GOD SQUADS ARE THE GLUE THAT HOLDS THE FABRIC TOGETHER, THATS IN ALL KNIDS OF WEATHER ||

~Sir Richard Holland

“A Summer Night” (Part 5) Finale

“This way, my good man,” Mary said, frowning, and putting a finger over her lips, she led me from the kitchen through the shadowy living room, where I bronze and glass gleams- the edge of the fire shovel, a lamp base, the black glass of the television screen. At the front door flanked by thin strips of glass she turned the knob and opened the wooden door, held open the screen door.

Behind her a flight of carpeted stairs rose into darkness. “Fair Knight,” she said, with a little mock curtsy, “Farewell,” and pushed me out the front door. I saw her arm rise and felt her fingers touch my face. With a laugh she shut the door.

It had happened so quickly that I wasn’t sure what it was that had happened, an event from a higher, more hidden realm, something connected with the dark blue kitchen, the glittering silverware and winging legs, the mystery of the blue summer night. It was as if, under the drifting- down light of the moon, under the white-blue light that kept soaking into things, dissolving the day-worked, a new shape had been released.

I stood for a while in front of the darkened front door, as if waiting for it to turn into something else- a forest path, a fluttering curtain. Then I walked away from the house along red-black slabs of slate, looked back once over my shoulder at the dark windows, and turned onto the sidewalk under high Oakes and elms.

I felt a new lightness in my chest, as if an impediment to breathing had been removed. It was a night of revelations, but I now saw that each particle of the night was equal to the others. The moonlit path of black notes on the page of the music book, the yellow bat lying on just those blades of grass, the precise tilt of each knife in the dish rack, Mary’s calves swinging in and out of the moonlight, Sally’s slowly arching back, the hand rising toward my face, all this was as unique and unrepeatable as the history of an ancient kingdom. For I had wanted to take a little walk before going to bed, but I had stepped from my room into the first summer night, the only summer night.

Under the high trees the moonlight fell steadily. I could see it sifting down through the leaves. All night long it had fallen into back yards, on chimneys and stop signs, on the crosspieces of telephone poles and on sidewalks buckled by tree roots. Down through the leaves it was slowly sifting, sticking to the warm air, forming clumps in the leaf-shadows. I could feel the moonlight lying on my hands. A weariness came over me, a weariness trembling with exhilaration. I had the sensation that I was expanding growing lighter. Under the branches the air was becoming denser with moonlight. I could scarcely push my way through. My feet seemed to be pressing down on thick, spongy air. I felt an odd buoyancy, and when I looked down I saw that I walking a little above the side walk. I raised my foot and stepped higher. Then I began to climb the thick tangle of moonlight and shadow, slipping now and then, sinking a little, pulling myself up with the aid of branches, and soon I came out over the top of a tree into the clearness of the moon. Dark fields of blue air stretched away in every direction. I looked down at the moonlit leaves below, at the top of a streetlamp, at shafts of moonlight slanting like white ladders under the leaves. I walked carefully forward above the trees, taking light steps that sank deep, then climbed a little higher, till catching a breeze I felt myself borne away into the blue countries of the night.

~R.P.S, NYC 04-11-24

Interview with Artist, Poet and Fashion Designer Khari



Joseph Richardson
aka Khari

Where are you from? Harlem New York

What is your favorite place to be and why? The library because I love reading

Dream job? Owning a bookstore/cafe in Paris

Favorite pastime? Reading, some of my favorites include Stephen King, Dean Koontz and British crime novels.

What did you want to be when you were a kid? Chef because of Julie Child, an artist because of Bob Ross and Mark Kessler, and a fashion designer

If you could have one superpower what would it be? Teleportation like Nightcrawler in the X-Men

What would you do if you won the lottery? Disappear

The biggest lesson you’ve learned in life? From Maya Angelou a quote, “when people show who they are believe them the first time” and sometimes you have to meet and leave people where they are.

What would you change about yourself if you could? Nothing, I am comfortable with who I am.

Advice for anyone reading this? Always be kind but cautious and don't listen to the negativity.

CITY OF LOVE RAIN
SOAKED COBBLED
STREETS PAINTERS
UNDER DARKENED
BRIDGES COLORFUL
GARDENS, CAFES AND
SWEETS WATCHING THE
SUN SET AS IT HITS THE
STREET I WILL PAINT
THE CITY WITH ALL THE
WORDS IT GIVES ME.

~Joseph Richardson

