

September 10, 2024

Litter

If the streets are your current home, why not keep them clean? Litter pollutes almost every street in New York City- most of which was intentionally placed or avoidable. It is difficult in 2024 to walk down the street and not be repulsed by the state of the streets and sidewalks we have to walk everyday. Too often people in the city are found throwing their trash everywhere other than the trash cans- most of these people, mind you, are adults who should know better. I also commonly see people leaving their trash on the tables where they were eating- leaving the wind to blow it onto the streets. There is no excuse for not cleaning up after yourself. The trash left on the ground is not only unsightly to see, but it also destroys our environment and the only planet we have to live on. This litter often finds itself being blown into the waters that surround New York. This harms marine life as sea creatures often mistake the non-edible waste for food- harming and, sometimes, even killing them. More than 100k dolphins, fish, whales, and turtles drown annually after getting entangled in the waste introduced to their environment by humans, as per researchers. Land creatures such as birds are also known to become entangled and consume trash left by humans. You are disrupting entire ecosystems when you make the choice to be flippant with your own waste. The negative impact you make when you choose to throw your trash onto the sidewalk instead of the trash can is felt by every living being on the planet. Please be mindful of not only yourself, but the other humans and animals that you have to share this city and planet with. It is an act of cruelty to understand how your actions harm other innocent beings and continue on with your behavior, anyways; and how can you expect kindness and understanding of your own position in life from others if you do not have kindness and understanding for nature, animals, and other people? If the streets are your home, please treat them as such and keep them clean.

~Jane Farmer



May the road rise to meet you, May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face, The rains fall soft upon your fields.

And until we meet again,

May God hold you in the palm of his hand.

May God be with you and bless you:

May you see your children's children.

May you be poor in misfortune,

Rich in blessings.

May you know nothing but happiness

From this day forward.

May the road rise to meet you

May the wind be always at your back

May the warm rays of sun fall upon your home

And may the hand of a friend always be near.

May green be the grass you walk on, May blue be the skies above you, May pure be the joys that surround you, May true be the hearts that love you

~Ted Day



St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V4 N38 ■ SEPTEMBER 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 -11am

Located in the school house directly behind the breadline tables.

Good Morning! This week have an interview and writing from Jane Farmer, Newsletter Interview, writing from W.L.S., Original song lyrics from Timothy Flavey, writing from Ted Day, writing from Minister Cora Shaw, writing from Dominic, and art from Jim C., and Khari.

Answers to last week's puzzle.

What part of the chicken has the most feathers? The outside.

What can you hold in your right hand, but never in your left hand? Your left hand.

Two in a corner, one in a room, zero in a house, but one in a shelter. What am I? The letter "R."

Be the first to answer all three sport trivia questions below and win a gift card.

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Steve Yzerman is a Detroit sports icon in which sport?

Also the name of an NFL team located about 300 miles from Boston, what is the name of the sports teams of Boston College?

James 5:13

*Is anyone among you in trouble? Let them pray.
Is anyone happy? Let them sing songs of praise.*



I created a marriage from heaven, this union abides in my love Forever. He who dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the almighty. All in everything I Am, (Jesus) is through Your life's circumstances acquainting himself intimately, for sanity sake, so relax and stay confident that you are comforted and strengthened by his spirit, embraced by his love uniting his peace, SHALOM. My peace, I give to you, he promises, if you abide in me, when it's purposed to defeat God's Divine Will for your life, he'll make ends come together for his determination of your outcome We'll make it together, forever it is written in heaven. Nothing can't benefit favorably, when against God's desire with significance of intimate relationship for reasons of his unconditional love, providence, his blessings for his own chosen ones, his elect, for you surrendering to his will for your life, today. We celebrate this marriage, and beautiful union, heavenly oneness.

~Minister Cora Shaw



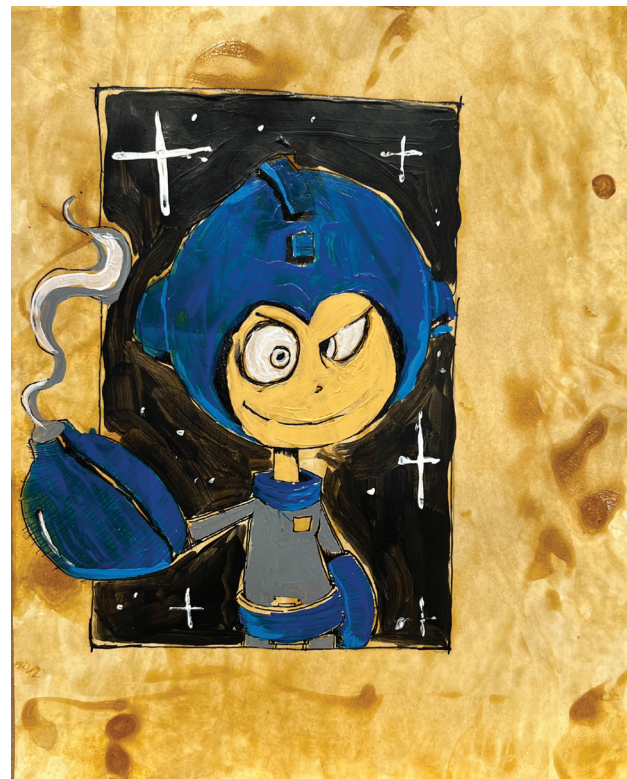
INTERVIEW WITH **Jane Farmer**

- **Where did you grow up?** I grew up between Texas and Georgia with my mother and my grandparents. I even spent some time in Staten Island for a few years as a kid.
- **Favorite place to be?** I love movie theaters and concerts. I love live music and I love watching performances. I also love movies, though I haven't been to a theater since a little before the pandemic.
- **What is your dream job?** I would love to be a doctor someday in the future. I am working towards it.
- **What did you want to be when you were a kid?** I wanted to be an actress, though I grew out of that quickly.
- **If you had a superpower, what would it be?** I would love the power of invisibility. I could do a lot if I couldn't be seen.
- **What would you do if you won the lottery?** I'd buy a large plot of land in California and start building my dream home.
- **Biggest lesson you learned in life?** (will answer later)
- **What would you change about yourself?** I wish I was able to focus more on the tasks at hand. I get distracted very easily especially if the given task isn't very stimulating. I think I might have ADHD.
- **Advice for those reading this?** Have a gameplan everyday that you want to follow for the day. Make goals that will push you further to where you're going. Even if you don't accomplish your goals for the day, just having them set out and knowing you have a pathway to get to where you want to be is good for your morale.

“HOMELESS”

NO, BUT WHY? WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE WITHOUT? THIS IS SOMETHING EVERYONE NEEDS. THIS SITUATION IS REALLY SOMETHING UN-HEARD-OF. WHAT COULD BE THE PROBLEM FOR THIS? YES IT SEEMS I ASK ALOT OF QUESTIONS CONCERNING THIS WORLD1. BUT JUST THINK ABOUT THIS SO DID “JESUS CHRIST” HIMSELF. WHAT COULD BE THE PROBLEM THAT CAUSES ALL OF THIS? DO YOU NOT NO? WHY IS IT NOT ENOUGH MONEY HERE FOR YOU TO LIVE? DO YOU ALL NEED SOMEONE TO CARRY YOUR OWN LOAD SO WHY DO YOU MAKES SO MANY MISTAKES AS I SAY TO YOU ALL WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITY. I DO CARE. “WORK”. THE END.

~W.L.S



Painting by Khari



Drawing by Jim C.

“THE LAST SANCTUARY”

— A Flash Fiction by Dominic

In a future where the Earth was scorched and barren, humanity's survival rested in the domed cities of Helios. These artificial sanctuaries hovered above the wasteland, their glassy surfaces reflecting a sun that no longer gave life but threatened to burn everything below. Inside one of the domes, Lira stood in front of a massive vault door deep within the central core of Helios Alpha, the last city. “You're sure it's in there?” she asked, her voice tense. She had been hunting for this moment for years. Beside her, the old scientist, Keiron, nodded, his hands shaking. “Yes. It's the only thing that can save us now. But it's dangerous. Unstable.” Lira's eyes narrowed. “We've been living in danger for decades. Open it.” Keiron hesitated, then keyed in the access codes. The vault hissed and creaked as it opened, revealing a glowing sphere suspended in the air. It pulsed with energy, the last fragment of Earth's original atmosphere, untouched by time, preserved in a containment field. “That's the seed of a new world,” Keiron said, his voice full of awe. “But if you release it here, it will destroy Helios.” Lira stepped closer to the sphere, feeling its pull. She could barely breathe, her body tingling with anticipation. “If we don't use it, we die anyway,” she said. “The domes won't hold much longer.” “You'll be the death of us all,” Keiron whispered, backing away. “You don't know

what power you're playing with.” Lira turned to him, her expression fierce. “I'm not playing. I'm giving us a chance.” Before Keiron could protest, Lira reached out and shattered the containment field with a swift movement. The sphere exploded with a blinding light, raw, untamed air swirling around them. The glass of the dome cracked, alarms blaring across the city. But Lira stood firm, the power of creation coursing through her veins. The dome began to collapse, but outside, in the wasteland, the sky darkened, clouds forming for the first time in centuries. As the city crumbled, Lira whispered, “Sometimes, to rebuild, everything must fall.”

~Dominic

“While Y'all Were Sleeping”

stars rely
on hot feet turning
burning a path
for the cosmos

blazing footsteps
shine so bright
the stars need me
to guide them

ten toes spinning
and ten toes twisting
ten toes chucking a globe
to orbit a new star
or two
or ten

sweetgrass and sand
and no one around
incubating my dreamscaping

mania-nourished engine
topple-tripping fast
and banking hard-left, just off-Broadway

exit ramping o'er a bridge
to a paint and parchment galaxy
slicing time and piercing bustle
to thick, still solitude

oh, whisk me away
on a moonshadow ribbon
received by the smile of my wily
tomorrow

sinking self
in chilly wet sweetgrass
that sizzles a supine back,
Orion spies me snowangeling
with solstice eyes
copycatting every twitch
behind Cheshire Catting sky

lest I ever say I never lay in sweetgrass
fields;
lest I ever say I never play among my
stars; and
lest I ever say I never swung from
twilight's edge
to catapult myself o'er that blue yonder
dawn

~ Timothy D. Falvey