

Pure Intentions

Keeping your thoughts and intentions pure is essential to living a good life. Our thoughts set the mood for each day we live and influence the decisions we make which, in turn, determines the outcomes we receive and the state of our beings that we experience. We can change our current states and thus, experience new realities, however, by changing the way we think. Our thoughts have a major influence on the energy that is attracted to us: positive or negative, high vibrational or low vibrational, loving or hateful, effective or ineffective, etc. If you are thinking positively, continuing to show gratitude for everything you have, as opposed to yearning for what you don't have, and remaining happy and kind no matter your current position in life, your spiritual vibrations will elevate and good things will come your way when you least expect it. As you operate at a higher vibration, you will naturally attract higher vibrational results as you will begin to surround yourself with other positively-thinking people and engage in advantageous pursuits that can only benefit you. Immersing yourself in pessimistic thinking will drive you to negative outcomes. Wallowing in your own despair will not advance you any further to the finish line of your journey of life. Getting up, moving forward, and maintaining an optimistic mindset is what will push you to continue on in light of challenging circumstances. We all must put effort into becoming who we want to be and getting to where we want to go by ensuring our thoughts reflect the outcomes we are hoping for and working towards. Good things come to good people with good thoughts, while the opposite is true for those who do not maintain pure intentions.

~JANE FARMER



“The Lightfall Paradox” — A flash Fiction by Dominic

Dr. Aaron Voss stood alone in the cockpit of the Eos I, humanity's first light-speed vessel. The countdown echoed in his helmet. He was the first—and possibly the last—human to test Einstein's theories in practice. “Remember, Aaron,” crackled Mission Control. “Once you hit light speed, time will slow for you. But for us—” “I know,” he cut in. “Years will pass for you in seconds for me. I'll see you on the other side.” “Godspeed, Doctor.” The thrusters roared, and the ship surged forward. Stars blurred into streaks of white fire. The clock on the console slowed to a crawl. Aaron's body ached as space and time bent around him, yet exhilaration gripped his chest. He was traveling faster than light. Seconds passed for him. When he glanced at the ship's monitor, Earth was no longer the vibrant blue jewel he'd left. Instead, a gray, fractured husk filled the screen. “No,” Aaron whispered, his voice trembling. “This can't be...” A distorted signal crackled through the speakers. “Dr. Voss... this is Earth Outpost Delta... year 4723. Are you receiving?” “4723?” Aaron's stomach twisted. He slammed the comms. “What happened to Earth?” “Collapse. Wars, climate failure, and... time dilation from your experiment destabilized local spacetime.” Aaron's hands froze over the controls. Einstein had been right—traveling at light speed wasn't just traveling through time; it was tearing the threads of reality apart. “Can I undo it?” he asked, his voice desperate. The reply was static. Then: “It's too late. You're a ghost, Dr. Voss. A relic of the past.” Aaron stared into the void. He had outrun time itself, only to become its prisoner. The stars ahead were beautiful, but they were no longer his. He was lost in eternity.
[Fade to starlight.]

~DOMINIC



St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V5 N3 ■ JANUARY 2025

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
Scheduled appointments only on Friday from 9am - 4pm

WHO: All are welcome!

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

Good Morning! This week we have writing from Jane Farmer, a New Years Story from David E., writing from Timothy Middleton, art work from Jim C., poetry from Lu Skurt, writing from Wenda Lee Shelton Mendes, poetry from Stanley “Cosmic Stan” Johnson, and writing from Dominic.

Be the first person to correctly answer all three trivia questions and win a gift card.

What company was initially known as “Blue Ribbon Sports”?

In which U.S. state is the country's busiest airport located?

Where would you be if you were standing on the Spanish Steps?

Answers to last week's trivia.

What's the smallest country in the world? (The Vatican)

How many days does it take for the Earth to orbit the Sun? (365)

What country has the most islands in the world? (Sweden, over 220,000!)

*“Do not fear, for I am with you.
Do not be dismayed, for I am your God.
I will strengthen you and I will help you.
I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.”*

Isaiah 41:10

Loyalty's Flame

A steadfast bond, a sacred thread,
Unbroken paths where trust is bred.
Through shifting sands and storms that howl,
Loyalty stands, a solemn vow.

No gilded words nor fleeting praise,
Can match the strength of loyal ways.
In darkest night, its light will gleam,
A constant star, a guiding beam.

When tempests rage and others flee,
Loyalty stays, a rooted tree.

It does not waver, bend, or break,
A silent oath, for love's own sake.

In actions bold, in whispers kind,
Loyalty lives within the mind.
A treasure rare, a jewel true,
Its worth shines brightest shared with you.

~LU SKURT

A New Year’s Disaster!

Back in 1996 most of my friends and I turned 21. During the days before Christmas there were parties at several of my friend’s house’s and of course there were parties with the relatives as well. My Paternal Aunt always had everyone over for a huge meal and to exchange presents. My three cousins were almost the same ages as my brother, sister and myself. Actually Jen, my middle cousin, was my age and in the same grade and school as me. So my friends and her friends were all friends with each other and always runout together so they were all at the party too.

The subject of New Years Eve was thrown out for discussion but there was silence. I spoke up and said “Shoot! We should go see the Ball drop in TimeSquare!” We lived in Florence NJ which by car is 2 1/2 hours away from NYC. We always take the train from Trenton instead of paying for parking. Everyone laughed at first but I quickly reminded them that we were all 21 Now! We can drink legally! They laughed again, I joined them this time because we all started drinking years before then. Something I said worked on them because they all agreed to go on New Years Eve. Just like any group of friends, we had our “no show”. They are usually the ones that “promise” to be there but always bail at the last minute. It didn’t bother us one bit, we were going to have a good time no matter what!

When we all got on the train I looked at their happy faces and said “I hope the train doesn’t get too packed . They didn’t care as long as the cops didn’t take away their beer. The other passengers were drinking and some were even smoking cigs. So we joined in with them and that’s when things started getting a little wild. The music was bumping, girls were dancing, it was like a night club in there. And the party would grow at each stop, where drunk’s like us would cram themselves into the train. Eventually I ended up lying on the luggage rack above the seats. By then no more passengers could get on our train car. Car number 8957 became a rolling Den of Sin and we loved its. Chants of “8957!” Would break out every few minutes, or whenever there was a lull in the action. When we reached Penn Station we all cheered and while we were exiting the train we “8957, 8957, 8957” It was awesome. The Police were called early on in the ride but the “train cops” said it was ok and if we need you we will call you. I thought that was very cool of him. We made it to NYC, now it’s just a quick walk to Timeshare. (Ha, Ha) We forgot that a million other people would be there before us, since we left very late from Jersey we didn’t even come close to seeing the Ball Drop. Instead we all got drunk and lost. Jen, my cousin, threw a champagne bottle in the direction of a cop. I’m convinced if Jen wasn’t 5’11”blonde and beautifully that that cop would’ve arrested her instantly. He gave her a look and just waved it away with a smile and a sarcastic “Happy New Year” Despite not seeing the Ball Drop or even getting close, we still had a Happy New Year!

~DAVID E.

THE STORY HUCKLEBERRY FIN WELL WHAT ABOUT THIS STORY OF THIS HUCKLEBERRY FIN WELL NOT REALLY SURE WAS HE A KID THAT WAS POOR FOR HIMSELF THAT STILL INSIST ON TO HELP THE POOR OF HIMSELF THAT DID NOT HAVE MUCH WELL AS I KNOW FROM THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE STORY QUOTE A LOT OF PEOPLE DID NOT HAVE MUCH FOR THEMSELVES FOR THEIR FAMILY I’M JUST NOT QUITE SURE WHY SO MANY PEOPLE WAS AND IS WITHOUT WHAT CAUSES SUCH A THING THAT SO MANY PEOPLE OF ALL DIFFERENT RACE ARE WITHOUT WHY IS IT NOT PROPER EDUCATION FOR THESE THINGS YES I KNOW THAT SLAVERY WAS THE CAUSE FOR MANY PEOPLE WHAT CAUSE SLAVERY WHO PUT SOMEONE IN CHARGE OF SUCH A HORRIBLE THING DECADES OF SLAVERY WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF SOMEONE ELSE THIS IS SUCH BE RULE A CRIME IN A COURT OF LAW NO ONE PUT YOU IN CHARGE OF SOMEONE THIS IS A CRIME COMMAND NO SUCH THING AS A HUMAN BEING CHARGE OF ANOTHER THIS IS AND FOR ANIMALS THE WHOLE SLAVERY ACT IS ANIMAL NONE SOULD EVERY BE TREATED IN SUCH A HORRIBLE MANTER EVIL I WILL RULE THIS EVIL GOD HIS NAME JEOHOVA CREATOR OF ALL. NO EXCUSES FOR THIS. #WENDALEESHELTONMENDES #NOONBOONE

~WENDA LEE SHELTON MENDES

What Christmas Means to Me?

The name of this Christmas poem is.
What Christmas means to me?
Christmas means loving everybody,
Also sharing a nice Christmas with family,
Sharing a lovely Christmas with friends,
As well with family
Is the golden lock
That opens up with the golden key,
Sure, as my name is Cosmic Stan,
Also known as Stanley,
Christmas, we all decorate a nice tree,
Christmas is giving out nice gifts happily,
Christmas is thanking God for you and me,
Christmas is being thankful for life,
On Christmas I hope y’all don’t forget,
To gift wrap the gift of love to me.
Christmas is me giving candies to the kids,
Putting smiles on every face,
Christmas is a nice cozy place,
Christmas is sweet,
Like how good candy canes taste,
Christmas is nice at mine or your place

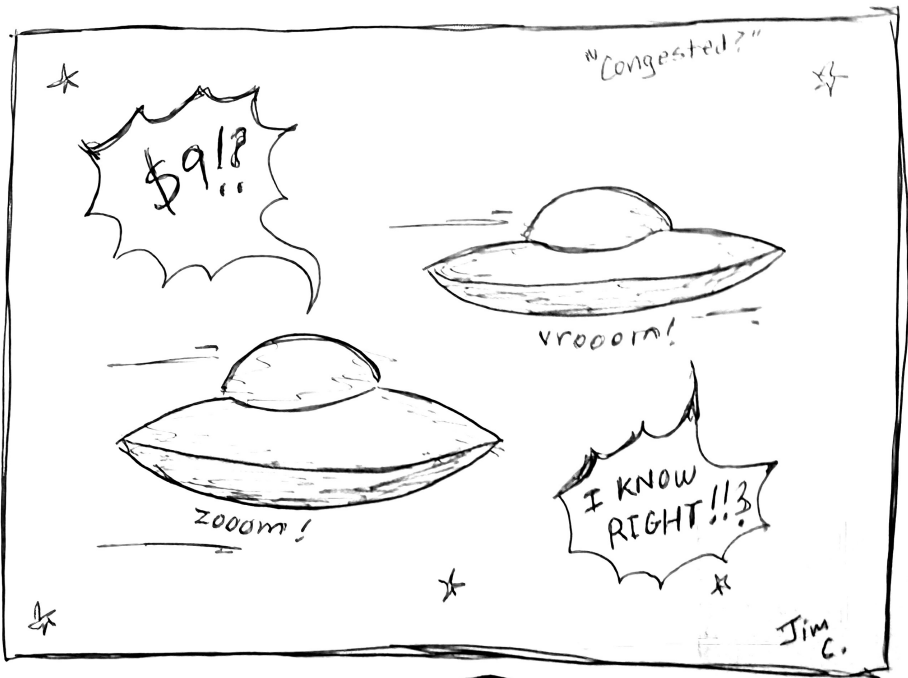
~STANLEY “ COSMIC STAN” JOHNSON

I write when my heart
gets to heavy to hold.
I write about my scars
new and old.
I write when I have
a lot to share,
but to hear it out,
no one has time to spare.
I write when I feel as lonely
as one could be,
when not tears, but the well dressed
smile is what one could see.
I write when my thoughts in my mind
begin to sink.
I write to share whatever I think.
I write, not wit the desire
of being known,
but to know the voice within
my soul.

~KHARI

I’m trying to make a positive difference in this world gone absolutely insane!! I don’t understand what human beings or society is doing or trying to do, I can’t even watch the news!! Everyday, this person killed, this one stabbed, this one shot !! I don’t know what it is going to take, I try Everyday to bring some positivity in to the world in any way or form that I can no matter how big or small I pray it becomes a epidemic!! Stay prayed up my friends!!!

~TIMOTHY MIDDLETON



Drawing from Jim C.