

Worldly Self-Doubt

We were all made in God's image. Though sometimes we may experience bouts of anxiety, self-doubt, and insecurity, we are all exactly who we were meant to be. Throughout our lives we will transform into many different versions of ourselves; time and experience changing our being, for better or worse, but at every point in time we are exactly who God wants us to be. Worldly standards and expectations encourage us to change our true selves to conform to what society demands, but those of us who know His word are aware of our true purpose in this world. Though, while one might be aware of what we should believe and what we ought to be doing, that doesn't make us exempt from the pressure humankind imposes on us every single day of our lives. However, with prayer and boundless trust in our God, we can overcome the ever-looming voices that seek to deter us away from the path that He has set forth for us. Each of us are on a unique journey towards redemption and while you may look at someone else and feel inadequate or behind, you must remember that you are on the perfect track towards your own salvation. Never fret about the future, your past, or that of which you cannot change. Focus on the now and slowly, but surely, becoming the best version of you possible. If ever you are feeling unsure of yourself; if ever you are feeling out of place, remember that God would never give you more than you can handle. Remember that you are being challenged by God in the pursuit of spiritual growth and remember that you can, indeed, handle any and everything that is thrown your way.

- JANE FARMER



The easel waits, the canvas bare,
A whisper starts, a doubt in air.
"Too bold," "Too soft," "Not quite the trend,"
Opinions bloom, with no true end.
But in your heart, a vision gleams,
A silent song, a world of dreams.

A color yearns, a line takes flight,
Illuminating inner light.
Let critics cluck, let others frown,
Their narrow gaze can pull you down.
For genius sparks from soul's own fire,
Fueled by a deep, unquenched desire.
So trust the hand, the eye, the mind,
The unique path you're meant to find.

The masterpiece that yearns to be,
Is born from your authenticity.
Let silence be your truest guide,
Where honest whispers safely hide.
For only you can truly see,
The art that sets your spirit free.

- KHARI



Summer's Embrace

Golden rays awaken the dawn,
Whispering secrets in a warm, soft song,
Sun-kissed mornings glow anew,
Painting skies in vibrant hue.

Breezes dance through emerald trees,
Carrying scents of honey and ease,
Fields of daisies, poppies bright,
Stir the soul with pure delight.

The ocean hums a gentle tune,
Waves caress the sandy dune,
Children's laughter pierces air,
Moments fleeting, precious, rare.

Long daylight, endless skies,
Dreams unfold beneath sun's eyes,
Fireflies flicker in the night,
Guiding hearts with gentle light.

Barbecues and starlit skies,
Sweetened strawberries, iced drinks to size,
Summer's magic, warm and free,
A time of joy and harmony.

As seasons shift and colors fade,
Memories in hearts are made,
Summer's promise, bright and true,
A cherished chapter, old yet new.

- STEVEN CONTI, A.K.A. STRYKER

STREET VOICES

St. Francis Breadline
Franciscan Bread for the Poor
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V5 N23 ■ JUNE 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 Dominic, writing from Jane Farmer, writing from Kevin F., poetry from Khari, writing from Rodney Wise, writing from Reggie G., poetry from Stryker, poetry from Zeraphiel, writing from Cora Shaw, artwork from Joesph Richardson, and Jim C.

LUKE 11:27-32

27 As Jesus was saying these things, a woman in the crowd called out, "Blessed is the mother who gave you birth and nursed you. 28 He replied, "Blessed rather are those who hear the word of God and obey it."

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

What is the rarest and most expensive spice in the world by weight?

Who has won the most total Academy Awards?

Which country has won the most FIFA World Cup titles?

Answers to last weeks trivia questions

Which language has the most words (according to dictionary entries)? (English, 200,000 words)

Who holds the record for most stolen bases in MLB history?

Answer: Rickey Henderson

Name the best-selling book series of the 21st century? (Harry Potter, J. K. Rowling)

Memorial Day has passed the official start of summer the serious decline of food pantries in NYC are now being exposed more than ever! Because of the current political climate funds are being depleted by the government decreasing the amount of foods that food pantries can obtain for NYC residents can receive! These supportive services are needed more than ever. Organizations have put new registrations on hold for months due to limited resources! Contact your elected officials about what is presently transpiring to overcome this important issue effecting thousands of NYC residents in need as well as residents in other states!

-KEVIN F

Through And Through

I still die a little bit inside every time I think of you.
All the times I know that were without a doubt true.
I can get past them all, but the day I imagined we would say I do.
I never knew one more day would scar me thru and thru.
If only I had got something to drink.
If only I was the one who could hear you think.
If only I was the one who felt your heart sink.
I regret the day that I let everybody heard me sing.

- ZERAPHIEL

GET READY, GET READY!!!

So far we are 6 months into the year. We have a new president of the United states. Executive orders are shooting out everywhere. Our mayor of New York City seems to be trying to get re-elected for a second term. Scandals are popping up like popcorn. Social media is buzzing right now because of the Diddy trial. There is still a lot of crime and murders etc that seems to be taken place. New York City subways are not always safe. Bus and airline crashes seems to be on the rise. Just as JESUS spoke about in the book of Matthew chapter 24 "The end times". Earthquakes are also prevalent in these last days. Jesus said "when you see things happening, it's very close to my return". "But, the end is not yet". It's like a woman having birth pains. There are many sorrow's in various places. Homelessness, famines and starvation. Some of these tragic events should be leading people to pick up their Bibles or start attending church. But, the main thing is people need to repent. When you see these events taken place around us, it's time to "prepare ourselves". May you be ready before Jesus return.

- RODNEY WISE

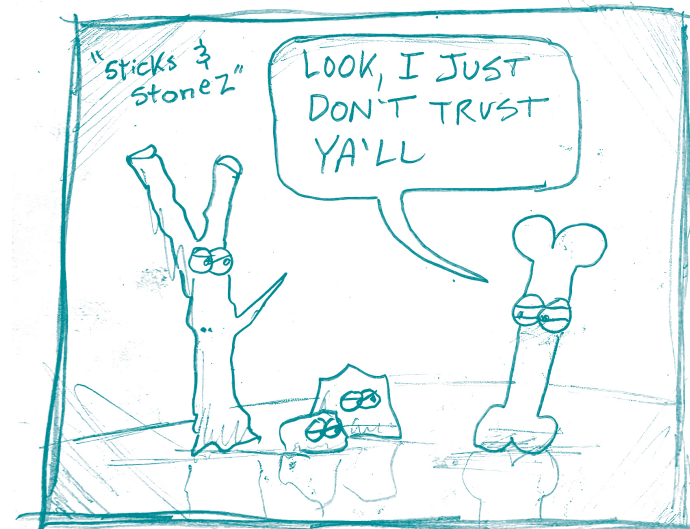


Drawing by Joseph Richardson

We shared and cared , through the cross we bear strength, to survive injustice, life challenges is sometimes unfair, it's not clear. At the rhythm of a heartbeat, under pressure spirit died, life left. As a pilgrim, a passerby through this life, minds in recollection of it's childhood when it wasn't this way, now impaired, as a shattered dream. What does it mean this invasion of mind and soul don't give in, the statement is bold when a moment of peacefully entering resurrection, it arises. and the human spirit is revived to relive it's purpose, dream on. **YOU SHALL NOT DIE BUT LIVE.**

- MINISTER CORA SHAW

TO: ST FRANCIS
FROM: JIM C.



Comic by Jim C.

"An Overture for the Bones That Dream"

He fell sideways again — not down, never down — through a fold in time shaped like a throat mid-aria. The moment cracked open on a sound. Not a bang. A note. A single, sustained vibration that trembled the marrow in his skull. He landed not on ground, but on rhythm. A terrain of pulses.

This world was old. Not fossil-old — older. Before the concept of extinction, before language knew how to grieve.

He rose to his feet in a valley where the earth sang. Tremors of melody rippled through the soil, tuned to harmonics deeper than oceans. Trees here had no leaves — they grew in chords, branches tuned like strings, and wind plucked them into symphonies. Mountains moved, slowly, modulating in key with tectonic sorrow.

And the creatures...

They had no mouths, no eyes. They heard each other into being. Skeletons danced upright, fossil frames stitched together by pitch. Dinosaurs weren't extinct here — they resonated, grown from bones awakened by refrains carried on the wind.

He saw one rise from a hill: vertebrae knitting together as flutes whistled from the canyons. It bowed in his direction, as if hearing his heartbeat and mistaking it for a hymn.

He tried to speak. No sound came.

He sang instead.

A low, broken hum — the only thing he could offer.

The air listened.

Suddenly: a new form bloomed nearby. A bipedal shape, echoing his own, but younger. Familiar. It reached out, almost curious. He stepped forward — and it shattered into harmony, like memory breaking into notes.

This world had rules, but none he knew. Here, evolution wasn't driven by survival. It moved forward — or backward — by the weight of regret.

Each step he took, the world changed in response to the songs he didn't know he was still carrying. Regrets calcified into shapes: a staircase of broken keys, a lake that whispered with voices he'd forgotten, a child's toy fossilized mid-laugh.

And when he stumbled into a clearing where the music stopped — completely — he knew he had found the core.

It wasn't a god.

It wasn't a machine.

It was a choir of versions of himself, all unfinished, all humming wrong notes.

They looked up in unison.

And they sang him back to silence.

- DOMINIC

If I'm Feeling discouraged about the state of the world and wondering why peace remains elusive. I remind myself that with God all things are possible. So much more than mere wishful thinking, this awareness is a potent declaration of faith. It's a belief I share with others throughout the world who are working toward the realization of the peace we know is possible.

Too often, surrendering after I, have given my all can feel like giving up admitting defeat. Spiritual surrender is something else entirely. When I surrender my efforts to God within. I'm aligning myself with the courage and power of God.

- REGGIE G.