

They called him Goliath—not because he was a monster, but because he was built like a brick wall. Six-foot-eight, arms like tree trunks, voices like gravel. He used to bounce at clubs in the Meatpacking District back when the city still buzzed with nightlife and promise. That was before everything fell apart. Now, he roamed the streets of Manhattan like a ghost, one of the forgotten.

On cold mornings, you could find him curled near the steam grates outside Penn Station, wrapped in an old Giants jacket, his breath fogging the air like smoke from an extinguished fire. No one made eye contact. Maybe they were afraid. Maybe they just didn’t want to see him.

“Goliath,” he’d say, when asked his name. No last name. No origin story. Just Goliath.

But I knew his real name was Andre. I learned it one night when I handed him a hot coffee and a bagel. He stared at it like it was gold.

“Why?” he asked.

“Why not?” I said.

That’s when he told me. About the job he lost, the rent he couldn’t pay, and the girlfriend who left when the eviction notice hit the door. He’d tried the shelters, but the crowd made him tense. He didn’t like sleeping in a room full of strangers, some with twitchy hands and wild eyes.

So he stayed outside. In the heart of Manhattan, under the blinding lights and billboards, surrounded by people but touched by no one.

“Funny,” he said once, staring up at the Empire State Building. “This city’s built on giants, but it doesn’t have room for one more.”

Each day, he’d disappear into the sidewalks, his massive form blending into the architecture like another forgotten part of the skyline. Tourists snapped selfies, taxis honked, Wall Street buzzed—and Goliath walked on, a titan in tattered boots.

You could say he was broken. Or maybe just misplaced. Like a statue pulled from its pedestal and dropped in the gutter.

Still, every so often, he’d stop in front of St. Patrick’s Cathedral, look up at the spires, and whisper something like a prayer.

Not for pity. Not for rescue.

Just to be seen.

And maybe, in a city that never sleeps, to be remembered.

- KELVIN AGER

### BAD COMPANY

1 Corinthians 15:33 “Be not deceived bad communications corrupts good manners”. A lot of us know right from wrong. Hanging around the wrong people can slow down or stop our progress in what positive things we are trying to accomplish in Life. That saying “misery loves company” is so true. Staying focused is vital in our world today. It’s very easy to get sidetracked and start going down the wrong path. But, it’s hard to consistently stay on the right path doing the right thing. Climbing up the latter can get hard at times especially if you have what we call “HATTERS” around us. So, today stay focused on what is GOOD for you.

- RODNEY WISE



### St. Francis Breadline

Franciscan Bread for the Poor  
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V5 N41 ■ OCTOBER 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 Rodney Wise, writing from Minster Shaw, reflection on a bible verse from Mercedes Daniels, writing from Jane Farmer, a short story from Rhyan Scorpio-Rhys, a short story from Kelvin Ager, poetry from Gregory Spears, artwork from Khari, and Jaime.

*Or take ships as an example. Although they are so large and are driven by strong winds, they are steered by a very small rudder wherever the pilot wants to go. Likewise, the tongue is a small part of the body, but it makes great boasts. Consider what a great forest is set on fire by a small spark.* JAMES 3:4-5

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

How many balls are on a pool table at the start of a game?

In Which Country Were The 1992 Olympics Held?

Which Heavyweight Boxer Was Known As The Real Deal?

#### Answers to last weeks trivia questions

What is the only fruit that has its seeds on the outside?  
Answer: A strawberry.

What is the smallest country by land area? Answer: Vatican City.  
How many colors are there in a rainbow? Answer: 7

There is nothing quite like the feeling you get after you’ve accomplished something- anything. Whether big or small, life-changing or a mere checking of a box on your to-do list, the sense of pride and satisfaction that engulfs oneself when one is making progress cannot be ignored. How beneficial would it be if we sought out our dopamine hits in this way? Instead of seeking out the pleasures that do us harm, we chase the hard work, self-discipline, and courage that later propels us to a state of euphoria. We all have so many plans and goals and hopes and dreams, but life gets in the way and we put our dreams on hold. We prioritize practicalities and quick sources of happiness over putting in the work necessary to get us to where we want to be. But great things require great sacrifices. You must run the race in order to cross the finish line. We need to remind ourselves that it’s the little things, the small accomplishments we make that compound into victory. Remember the feeling you get when you make these small accomplishments. Allow that jubilation to keep you going along your journey. Trade your current addictions for an addiction to the fulfillment of having fought and won yet another battle in the war against complacency. Eventually, your wins will add up and you will emerge victorious. In the end, hard work truly pays off. We owe it to ourselves to prioritize our futures and do what is necessary to secure them. Become addicted to success and you will never find yourself losing.

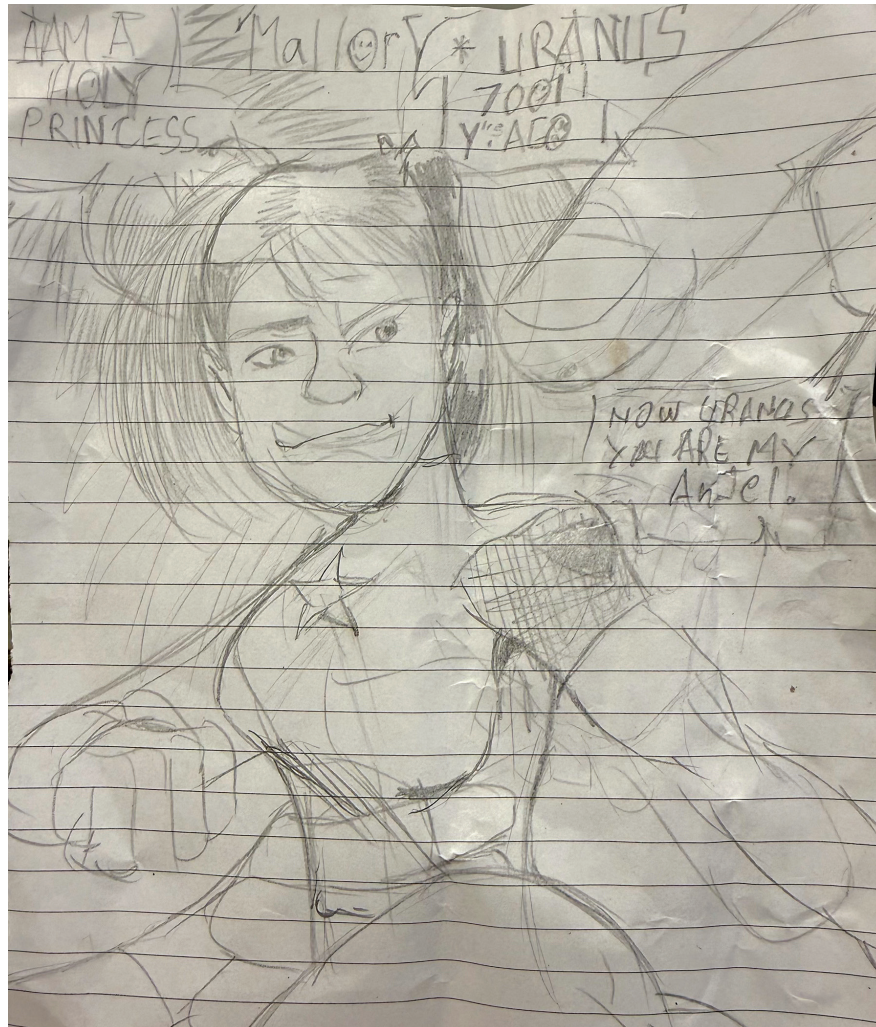
- JANE FARMER





Summers gone  
Autumn's here  
No warm weather  
Until next year  
Leaves from trees  
Fall to the ground  
Some stay green  
Others turn brown  
And the kids  
Go back to school  
Some are angels  
And some are fools  
But no matter  
Summer's gone  
We got three months of autumn  
To carry on

- GREGORY SPEARS



Cartoon by Jamie

## 🌸 The Argument on the Subway 🌸

The man was slumped in his seat, fists clenched, muttering under his breath as the subway rattled through the tunnel. “Don’t talk to me about mercy. Don’t talk to me about providence. I’ve been begging, and You don’t answer. You’ve got a billion worshippers — what’s one more prayer? What’s one more man falling apart?”

He rubbed his eyes hard, like he could press the ache back into his skull.

“If You’re there, You’ve got a sick sense of humor. All this talk of sparrows and lilies, and I can’t even afford rent. You say You love the poor? Then where are You?”

The car was nearly empty. An old woman sat across from him, clutching her grocery bag. She shifted, cleared her throat, and said softly, “You’re not the first one to yell at Him.”

The man snapped his head up. “Excuse me?”

“Job did. Jeremiah did. Francis did. They all shouted their anger, their grief. They didn’t hide it. And He didn’t walk away.”

The man scoffed. “Yeah? Well, shouting hasn’t gotten me very far.”

The woman leaned forward. Her hands were trembling but steady enough to hold his gaze.

“You think God only answers with lightning and miracles. Sometimes He answers with someone who’s sat in the same dark you’re in. Someone who knows the way through.”

He swallowed, his throat tight. “So which are you? A prophet? A preacher?”

She shook her head and smiled, weary but real. “No. Just a stranger with a grocery bag.”

The train slowed, brakes screeching. She stood, adjusting her coat.

Before stepping off, she added, “You keep arguing. It means you still believe someone’s listening.”

And then she was gone.

The doors closed, the car lurched forward, and the man sat in silence. For the first time in months, the silence didn’t feel empty. It felt like an answer.

- RHYAN SCORPIO-RHYS

### Defile

To make ritually unclean or impure. Certain foods and practices were prohibited by the Law of Moses because they were thought to make a persona ritually or ceremonially unclean. Such persons could not take part in the public worship until they had performed certain rituals which would remove the defilement.

### Demon

An evil spirit with the power to harm people; it was regarded as a messenger and servant of the Devil.

Keeping our lives pure from defilement, spiritually and physically and safe from demonic influences and evil spirits affecting the human mind, soul, and spirit as well as physical wellbeing.

Happy are those who wash their robes clean and so have the right to eat the fruit from the tree of life and to go through the gates into the city.

But outside the city are the perverts and those who practice magic, the immoral and the murderers, those who worship idols and those who are liars both in words and deeds.

Revelation 22:14-16

Come! Come, whoever is thirsty; accept the water of life as a gift, whoever wants it.

- MINISTER SHAW



### Today I will talk about today's Bible verse of the day: Romans: 12:1-2

“Therefore, I urge you, brothers, in view of God’s mercy, to offer your bodies as living sacrifice, holy and pleasing to God- this is your spiritual act of worship. Do not conform any longer to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God’s will is- his good, pleasing and perfect will.”

This world is not the world of God. This world is full of sin and temptation. God wants to see if we’re able to resist this temptation and follow his world regardless. This is what he wants of us. Keep God in mind all the time and remember what he has commanded us to do.

- MERCEDES DANIELS



Portrait by Khari

