

Misguided in myself, I just felt like I kind of folded my hands and said, “screw it.” Like everything is done, and I don’t care anymore... so what’s the point? The point is trying to understand and grasp the situation, and realizing the only thing to do is to get up and rise above all the stuff and negativity. Don’t let yourself go, because you’re only letting the devil stay longer and longer. He doesn’t want to see you rise—he’d rather watch you fall. Be strong and stay above all of this. You just have to know He will always have your back. Just breathe and smile. Smell the roses, because one day... you won’t be able to.

- SL

“His Hands”
Beneath the stars I lay my head,
No roof above, no soft, warm bed.
The city screams out loud, the night grows deep,
Yet God still guards me while I try to sleep.
The cold may bite, the rain may fall,
But still, I hear His gentle call.
He whispers hope through every tear,
Child, I am with you, and I am near.
NO earthly gain,
Can match His peace within my pain.
For faith’s a light no storm can drown,
It lifts me up when life pulls down.
Homeless in body, rich in grace,
I walk each street in His dwelling place.
in my heart, is his home, really, I’m not alone

- KIT WILSON

The Carpenter’s Street

The night was cold and still on Carpenter’s Street. The air smelled of iron and dust, and the distant wail of sirens rose like an ancient lament. In the shadow of a burned-out church, a man knelt beside another—one bleeding, one praying. Gabriel was not a priest, though he carried a small wooden cross in his coat pocket. He had carved it himself years ago, during quieter days, before the city forgot how to forgive. The man before him—Eli, no more than seventeen—had been caught in the wrong place, at the wrong time. A street fight. A flash of steel. And now, his life slipped away in small, shuddering breaths. “Stay with me,” Gabriel whispered, pressing his hand over the wound. The blood was warm, stubborn, and alive—life trying desperately to remain. Eli’s eyes flickered. “Why’d you help me?” Gabriel hesitated. He wanted to say because it’s what Christ would do, but the words felt too easy, too practiced. He had seen enough violence to know that faith often trembled when faced with the world’s cruelty. Instead, he said softly, “Because someone once helped me.” Years ago, Gabriel had been the one with the knife. Anger had been his gospel then, vengeance his prayer. When his brother was shot outside a convenience store, Gabriel swore to balance the scales. He hunted the man responsible until one rainy night, he found him in an alley. But when he raised the blade, an old woman appeared from nowhere, clutching a crucifix. She didn’t shout or threaten. She only said, “He’s already dying. Don’t make your soul die with him.” He dropped the knife that night and never picked it up again. Now, kneeling beside Eli, those words echoed through him. He looked toward the dark outline of the church, its cross crooked but still standing. Once, people filled that place with hymns and hope. Now, graffiti covered its walls—verses turned into warnings. Eli’s breathing slowed. “Do you think... God forgives this?” Gabriel swallowed hard. “Yes,” he said, though his voice trembled. “He forgives everything.” Eli’s eyes drifted upward, past the ruined roof, as if searching for light through the cracks. “Even the ones who did this?” Gabriel hesitated. “Especially them.” For a long moment, the city was silent. The sirens faded. Somewhere, a bell tolled midnight. Eli’s chest rose once more, then was still. Gabriel stayed beside him until dawn, watching as the first light touched the church’s broken cross. The gold caught on its edges, and for an instant, it looked whole again. He rose, weary but resolute, and walked toward the sunrise. In his pocket, the small wooden cross pressed against his palm—a reminder that even in the heart of violence, something sacred could survive. Christ, he thought, was not only found in temples or in peace, but in every place where someone choose mercy over revenge. On Carpenter’s Street, amid blood and silence, that choice still mattered.

-KELVIN AGER

STREET VOICES

St. Francis Breadline Franciscan Bread for the Poor COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

V5 N46 ■ NOVEMBER 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, 8:30am - 4pm
Scheduled appointments only on Friday from 9am - 4pm

WHO: All are welcome!

Good Morning! This week we have an essay from Zoe Simmons, a poem from Miss Purple, work from an anonymous contributor, work from Kit Wilson, writing from SL, writing from Kelvin Ager, a piece from Rodney Wise, scripture reflection from Mercedes Daniels, writing from Sir Richard Holland poetry from Henry Yee a short story from Rhyan Scorpio-Rhys, and from Anders and Honesty.

For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans ro prosper you and not to hard you, plans to give you hope and a future.

JEREMIAH 29:11

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

Which driver has won the most Formula 1 championships?

How many teams are in the MLB

What is it called when a MLB pitcher retires every batter they face (in order) with no one reaching base?

Answers to last weeks trivia questions.

Who was the first running back to achieve 2000 yards?

Answer: O.J. Simpson

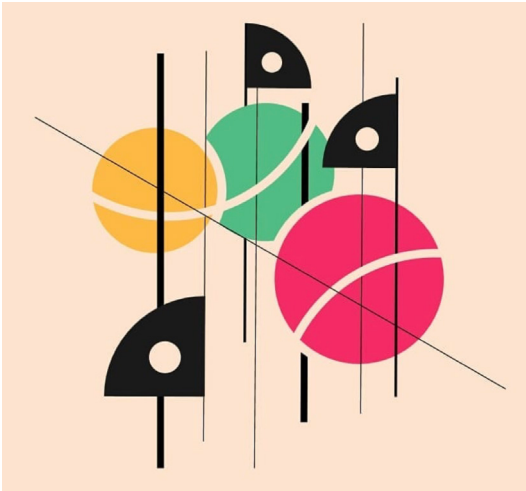
What quarterback was the first to throw 5,000 yards in one season? Answer: Dan Marino

What football team has the most hall of famers?

Answer: Dallas Cowboys

Positive reflection. What can I say? Being homeless has been hard lately, but I’ve met so many positive people and also got some great advice. I try to mostly focus on the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, instead of what caused the rainbow to appear. It’s along road I’ve got ahead of myself but with each step comes new goals and new enjoyment. It’s like finding myself all over again and really finding out what I’m capable of. The wonders of the world are endless and truly amazing. It’s nothing like being alive and always having another day to accomplish great things and to be an instrument in someone else’s life. I’ll take these 20 steps back if it means someone gets to move forward 10 steps. I’m enjoying this new found journey I’m on to reinvent myself as a better person. So in closing I’m just going keep my head held high, keep smiling, and stay putting one foot in front of the other. Glory to God.

-ANONYMOUS



Digital artwork by Anders

Is it day or night
not sure up or down
that's is daily life and
time for a change
before is went too deep
stop by in a church
see a whole new life
a guiding light so true
believe in God, let hope ignite,
a path to heal ,to set things right.
quit the chains of pain
break free from abuse
reclaim my life.
with trust and courage,
step forward ahead.
in faith and love,
led by mighty God

In faith's embrace, find strength anew,
A guiding light for hearts so true.
Believe in God, let hope ignite,
A path to heal, to set things right.

Quit the chains of pain and strife,
Break free from abuse, reclaim your life.
With trust and courage, step ahead,
In faith and love, be truly led.

- HENRY YEE

NEW BEGINNINGS

There is a time in our lives when we have to STOP! Take a look at our lives and examine ourselves, do introspection to see were we are with God and with ourselves. Stop old habits, and enforce new ones. Everything is a process and it takes time to develop new habits. It's like riding a bike. Don't give up , keep pressing forward. Change takes time.

-RODNEY WISE

Cinderella lost her shoes didn't know what to do
her two step sister sing the blues
Darry Larry harry could not get married
Mary came in a hurry to marry Murry
don't be late for your brunch
then you won't munch on your lunch.

Jump jump don't spin so you can win
Blue bird blue bird through my window
ho ho you got a big toe so so

Chump chump has no rump
Chump is frumpy that belongs in a dumpy
with Humpty Dumpty
Ha Ha
Linda is sweet as apple pie
We can not lie
If she couldn't fly
She would try to see sly oh my
Away from chump who is a big lump full of chumps

-PURPLE

Psalm for the One Who Sat Beside Me

Blessed be the one who shared my bench
and did not flinch when I stank of the night.
Who asked no questions but stayed a while,
watching the light move across brick and face.
He spoke like a man who had lost everything
and called it freedom.
He called the birds his brothers
and the wind his friend.
When I cursed the morning,
he thanked it.
When I said I was nothing,
he said, you are beloved.
He did not give me money.
He gave me quiet.
And in the quiet,
I remembered I was still alive.
O Lord, if that man was a fool,
let me be foolish too.
If he was holy,
let me sit where the holy sit.
Let me carry nothing but mercy.
Let me wear the sky like a robe.
Let me be known by the crumbs I leave behind—
and the peace that follows.

- RHYAN SCORPIO-RHYS

I feel so blessed to be alive and well today. In life we are socialized to give energy to others. Every choice that we make comes at the expense of something else. When people struggle, they often criticize themselves. The solution to that issue is to set boundaries.

*“Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord, that walketh in his ways.
For thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table.”*

—from Psalms 128
-ZOE SIMMONS

TO THE KNOWINGLY WITTINGLY AND INTENTIONALLY IGNORANT,FOLD YOU TENT/SKIP PAYMENT/WE DON NEED YOUR PROMISSORY NOTES NORE THE EVILS THAT FLOAT YOUR BOATS/WE NEED MORE GOD AND SHOULD FIND THAT ODD/YOUR EGO BEGUILED YOU TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE GOD

Heretofore then never ever more the subliminal programmings have made bells ring now the buffoons and thieves have exasperated the demise of the great compromise that the experiments of democracy and republic clicked into beings/subliminal programmings/ signal jamming's do not bring good tidings/hence when common sense ran away and jumped the fence the rest is pure nonsense and lack of any checks and balances the czars scars escape

The jars that made great cigars and attack the sane with there insanities /hence if a cowardice/was to check and balance a list fear has torments and faith has benefits and the faith for above/confidence is in love and haTE IS RULING YOUR DAY AND WAY/ hate knows loves the cure yet the dueling natures of yin and yang before the big bang taste worse after the patty Hearst dispersed the trick-ologies willing victims

Ergo the victorious are never victims and the those whom chose to lose by victimhood should not cross the paths of us victorious/ example being in early Africa a black cat meant good luck/that's not bad luck chuck has run a muck, know of whom you speak and clear and present dangers of it

- SIR RICHARD HOLLAND

Today's Bible verse is John 14:27

“Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid.”

God's love is beyond this world. It's through God only that we find true peace and true love. The world can't provide what God himself can. When we worship God and we truly accept him, there's nothing in the world that can hurt us. With him, we're infinitely loved and protected which is true peace.

- MERCEDES DANIELS



Drawing by Honesty