

The Montreal Times

By Mark Latulipe 2006

Along the busy streets of Montreal
Crowded with many people I recall.
Roads covered with snow; a chill in the air.
A church not so far off, no hopes just despair.
Old and rustic in the shadows it stood.
It's mighty steeple; its cross made of wood.

A lonely beggar, sat there wondering:
"Should I take a chance, perhaps entering?"
Slowly but surely he opened the door.
A flash from his past chilled him to the core.
Fire and hot flames, his family are dead.
Memories of laughter crowded his head:
His two young children, a girl and a boy.
The laughter they shared: the love and the joy.
A distant memory long out of sight.

There in the church stood a man dressed in white.
A kind, god-gearing man longing to share:
The Christmas spirit or a simple prayer.
Short and hefty but full of spunk and cheer.
When declaring that God's love is sincere.
With a warm heart he glared at this poor man.
Prompt and willing to do all that he can.

Also at the church there was a banker.
No one in his life to be an anchor.
No wife, no children, no one to love him.
With nice hair that recently had a trim.
A long black suit and a black hat he wore.
Sophisticated, always wanting more,
A huge house, and nice sports cars; he had four.
All these things and yet in love, he was poor.
This lonely man walks the streets, up and down,
Finally he saw a church all run-down.
Taking a risk he ventured up the stairs
And began to think, can He answer prayers

Three men and myself share a common tale.
Wanting to love, be loved and not to fail.
Good lives, hard lives, here twisted together
At this church, in this wretched weather.
Our tales begin here, beginning to end.
Knowing why it happened, we can't pretend....

