

With HOPE in God's goodness we meet as a group of men who share common problems, pain, sorrows, joys and successes.

Many of us share problems in addiction, homelessness, poverty, mental or emotional disorders and spiritual emptiness.

We desire holistic healing of our bodies, minds and spirits. We pray that this will be the first step in turning our lives around.

WE HAVE HOPE

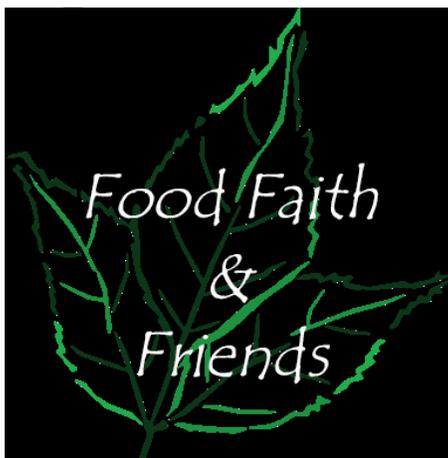
Old St. Joe's food faith and friends

Newsletter

WHAT'S HAPPENING

FEBRUARY 2015

Newsletter Staff: Donald, Billy, Stephen, Kevin, David, Mark, Michael, Chris, and John



Paul tells us that only faith can guarantee the blessings that we hope for, or prove the existence of realities that are unseen. Or, as biblical scholar N.T. Wright translates it – Faith is what gives us assurances to our hopes.

How often do we feel more hopeful and optimistic when we talk with people who have experienced what we have? When we share our problems with someone? This is the "faith" of Food, Faith, and Friends. We share common problems, pain, sorrows, joys and successes. By talking with others and learning we are not alone, we share faith in the hope that we can overcome.

Faith

A few of us had a conversation recently about which word in our name should come first – Food, Faith or Friends. Many around the table thought it should be "faith." It's an interesting question.

FF&F has the best food around. But it's not just about the food. Food always tastes better when shared with friends. While not everyone we sit at table with is a friend, fellowship can be fostered as we sit with people who share common problems.

And this leads to faith.

What's Happening:

- **Meals are served every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Noon.**
- Doors open at 11:30 AM.
- Numbers are given out at 11:00 AM
- If Philadelphia Schools are closed due to snow storms, Food, Faith, and Friends also will be closed.
- **Programs at 1 PM** (unless otherwise noted)

Thursdays:

- February 5th Fr. Dan's Discussion Group
- February 12th Black History Month Presentation
- February 19th Penn Hospital talks about Cold Safety
- February 26th Black History Month Presentation

Saturdays:

- (Prayer Groups)
- February 7th Fr. Ed
- February 14th John
- February 21st Cynthia
- February 28th Carolyn



Focus on Friends



I began volunteering with program about 5 years ago. I know how user hostile many programs and services are. A number of people are unaware of or unable to get the help they need as a result. I have information about accessing benefits and services our guests could use and wanted to share that.

I have fully bought into Catholic Social Teaching and believe service to others is a reflection of a relationship with God. I enjoy spending time with the men here, their ability to persevere is an inspiration.

Jeanmarie Zippo volunteers at FF&F on Saturdays.

Book Corner

The FF&F bookshelves are filled with good reads. All are welcome to take a book to read and then give us your review! Here's what some of us have read recently.

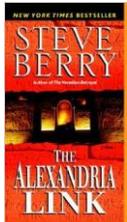
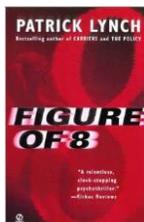


Figure of Eight by Patrick Lynch (four out of five stars)

Private investigator Pete Golding takes on a case involving a Former World Champion figure skater who's being stalked. Intense suspense.

The Snowman by Joe Nesbo (five out of five stars)

Oslo Norway in November and anti-hero police investigator anti-hero Harry Hole is on the case of women who go missing on the day of the first snowfall.

The Alexandria Link by Steve Berry (four out of five stars)

Retired U.S. Justice operative turned rare book dealer Cotton Malone is back chasing villains and spies around the world.

Inspiration

Commit to the Lord whatever you do, and your plan will succeed. – Proverbs 16:3

Take passion in your life's journey, to know that God will show you his will in our lives, once we ask for help and guidance.

When Jesus spoke again t the people, he said, I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life. – John 8:12

If we pray and ask, God will be the light for our life.

Artisans' Corner

From time to time, shafts and pillars of light would break through the forest's canopy to cast a gold and silver light among the lazily shifting shade, illuminating the rotten, soggy piles of russet, rusty-vermillion, and ruddy-brown leaves, or thick carpets of moldy blue-green pine needles. Without noise, the shadows would slink back from these brilliant incursions, slowly ebbing as the sun

made it's tired, ponderous way across the turquoise dome.

As the sun ascended to its accustomed mid-day position, a powerful wind rose up; on it, rode a thick tangle of storm-clouds – near-black, heavy with rain, flashing, clapping, and rumbling moodily. Clouds like the waves of an angry sea, settled in above, roiling and churning with an almost imperceptible buzz. A profound and eerie quiet descended over all – and then it began. The rain fell softly, at first, with a delicate, almost rhythmic tapping; but it quickly gained momentum and ferocity. In seconds, large heavy droplets were lashing the terrain, flooding creeks and streams, while water ran in thick rivulets down the sheer facades of the nearby walls of granite. The valley's rivers became wild torrents – violent deluges – ripping up trees centuries old by the roots, and washing away everything within their bloated reach. A hungry wind stripped the leaves from the branches (and even some branches from the trees) like a crone strips a husk from the cob. A sudden flash sundered the sky, and for an instant all was still; all but the shadows, which sprang from their exile, distorted and grotesque. A moment later, and old gnarled oak exploded when struck by a blinding bolt of lightning – blue and yellow and dazzling white – and was swallowed by heat and writhing flame, where the light of the rising sun had merely simulated such not a few hours earlier. The shadows, now loosed, danced vile and savage in that smoldering glow. (to be concluded)

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The Last Word

Hello friends. Moving right along.

I once was sad when I had old shoes until I saw a man with no legs. Give Thanks!

My name is Mark and this is the last word.