

In Memoriam Mendici

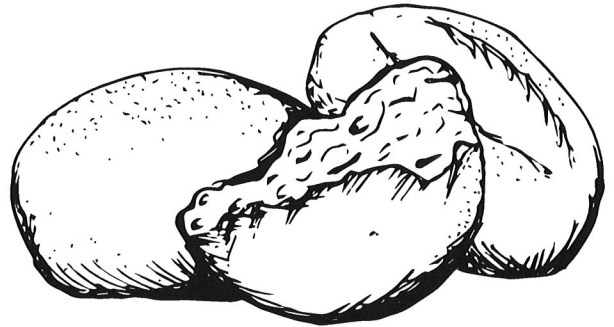
by Matthew Ablon

In memory of LJ Brooks, a dear brother, friend, and man of God.

Preach, my brother.
Your words still speak.
Tell me, my friend,
where we must seek
the bread of the Son.
God's only, God's one.

“A beggar telling another beggar where bread is to be found.”
Your name in another language is a sermon all around.
Yet also, it reflects you well.
You never held yourself above another.
You treat others well.
This isn't a cover.

Now, why would I speak as if you were here?
Many would use choice words such as “was”.
But you live within us.
To me, a part of you remains near
my heart and my mind.
I remember how kind
you are, how passionately you preach.
You are here still to teach
that love is here and love is now,
that we can't lose focus on our God, but how?
We must walk, no run, this race
at the pace
that He has set for us all.
I know you stand tall
(And hopefully with an invisible French beret.
It did look good on you, I'll say)
and sing a song of love and grace
in that holy place.



I know you're here and you're there, I'm sure,
Mendicus Dicens Alteri Mendico Ubi Panis Inveniatur.