

i pledge

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I'm walking down up the street. A man approaching me stops five people, he is asking for change. Five people ignore him. He comes to me. I stop. He's wearing a mask. There is pain in his eyes. I don't want to talk to him. I don't want to see his suffering. I don't want to judge.

*Excuse me. I'm hungry. Can you help me with a little change?*

I retreat into my life. The cards I've been dealt, it hasn't been a good hand, even a manageable hand, at times. *Don't ignore him, I think.*

*Sorry, I can't help you today.*

His eyes slightly glint. He understands his pleas will mostly be ignored.

I spoil the moment.

*Have the best day you can possibly have.*

I feel like an ass.

I share my story with friends. They say, *they have options.*

I'm disappointed.

We're not all dealt kind hands. Nobody wants to be begging for change. No kid ever dreamt when they were five, they'd be homeless, addicted, alone, desperate.

I wanted to be a professional football player.

I pledge to make a difference, regardless of what's going on in my life--no matter the hand I've been given.

Won't you join me in making a difference!?!



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