

Letter to the editor: Promises to keep to those who lack shelter

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December 31, 2020

This was a Christmas like no other, distanced from my brothers. I joined my family via cellphone, singing Christmas carols while standing in the snowy wood alone.

Reminded of a poem by Frost invoked by another Robert long lost, this one possessing the last name Kennedy, to remind us of our duty to each other. “The woods are lovely, dark and deep, but I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep.”

These words of poetry echoed with the caroling of a good King whose footsteps we should tread in boldly. “Ye who now will bless the poor shall yourselves find blessing.”

Just last week, Cullen Ryan of Community Housing of Maine spoke to me of a man who came to him asking for help, living in his car while waiting for his disability check to come. “The night is darker now and the wind blows stronger, fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.”

In our journeys we find what shelter we can, a car or a manger. I ask myself today, how can we allow anyone to lack shelter? In many ways these are the darkest days. But it is also a season of promise – every day will be a little bit lighter. And we will hold our promises to each other: Let no one of us be left out in the cold.

Orion Breen

Pownal

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