

There was a SIDEWALK PREACHER, a man of God who seemed to hold some higher knowledge. He was wearing a gray and fading tweed jacket, torn black leather shoes, and a shirt from which a million stories could be told by examining each stain on it. He had a frail body well suited to his profession, but possessed a voice that came straight from the clouds above, loud and pronounced. When this man spoke, people of all ethnicities and races would listen, just to hear the power and confidence in his voice. There wasn't a better public speaker in all of England. Every morning, this angel of the streets would set up shop right on the corner of Livingston and Mandrake streets at the entrance to the city subway. When the bad London weather inevitably rolled through, straight from the ocean, the preacher would move just underneath the reddish, rusting overhang that protected all subway passengers. On these days, he was especially captivating because his voice would echo and reverberate all through the tunnel system, allowing even the people passing through the turnstiles a chance to hear his message. He believed it was his job to inform the uninformed of God's plan and reassure the worried that God is merciful.

With his Bible clutched to his chest and his tattered shawl laid out in front of him with his numerous flyers and messages, this man felt at home in the subway along with his subway brethren, the various people of ill-repute. There were prostitutes, there were beggars faking disabilities, there were cheaters, liars,

stealers, and pick-pockets. But he forced himself to love them all equally and hoped these people would one day find shelter in God's shadow.

He had a wife and a son, both of whom he was forced to leave after he left his job at the firm to spread the word of God. Right before his family had parted ways, his son had told him that he would join the army if his father left so as far as the preacher knew, his son was off somewhere fighting some battle that should never have been fought. As to his wife, the preacher had no idea where she was. She had always been a weak person in the heart and in the mind, and the preacher knew in his heart that she would eventually succumb to the dark underworld of the city, the same one he witnessed every day in the Subway. And yet, despite all this, he dedicated his life to keeping his faith in God intact.