



I WAS HUNGRY;  
you set going a humanistic association,  
and you discussed my hunger.  
Thank you.

I WAS IN PRISON;  
you sneaked quietly to your chapel,  
in the quiet neighborhood,  
and prayed for my liberation.

I WAS NAKED;  
you wondered wasn't that perhaps immoral?

I WAS ILL;  
and you went on your knees  
and praised God for your health.

I WAS HOMELESS;  
you preached to –about God's loving care.

I WAS LONESOME;  
and you left me alone –  
to pray for me.

You seem so holy,  
so close to God.  
But I am still hungry and lonesome,  
and I'm freezing.

-Unknown

