

The Little Squeegee Kid The Little Squeegee Kid

so warm and cozy – she thought it was in a large mansion. Christmas music rose sweetly up to the high rafters of the room.

She awoke again. It was dark on the street. There was not a soul to be seen. Snow was falling gently. But it was so cold she began to shiver violently. Wrapping the blanket tightly around herself she flicked the lighter again – she was instantly transported to the living room in the great mansion, before her was a kindly looking angel holding a tray of freshly baked cookies.

‘Have a cookie and warm yourself as long as you’d like dear, said the angel with such a kindly friendly face. The little squeegee kid was so overwhelmed with joy – tears flowed down her face.

‘People usually chase me away from their stores, and people usually don’t even smile at me when I’m panhandling on the street,’ the little squeegee kid told him. ‘They usually avoid looking at me at all – they don’t want to look me in the eye. I feel so sad. People don’t want to admit I exist.’

The little squeegee kid went on to tell the angel all her sorrows and the angel listened, and the other angels came into the room and listened to her too.

She told them how frustrated she felt that

people actually thought she was bad and that she must have done something wrong to be on the street. But she wasn’t bad and it made her unhappy that people thought that of her.

‘People don’t want to admit I exist, I’m so glad you do,’ she said. ‘People don’t realize how hard it is to find work without a home or address, without enough resources for young people who are homeless. I mean real resources where kids are helped, not staffed by poverty pimps who do little really except profit off the misery of us desperate people. Do you know that most runaways are on the street because of their parents? Most kids on the street have been abused in some way. Only a few are rebellious and bad for no reason whatsoever.’

‘Did you know that when businesses bully us around and use politicians to pass by-laws against us we are then made even more desperate, and forced to do things we otherwise wouldn’t do just to survive?’

The little squeegee kid let it all flow out – for the very first time. For the very first time she was actually listened to. The little squeegee kid went on to tell them about herself and others like her. The more she talked and the more she saw they were listening to her the happier she became. No adults had listened to her before and no adults had understood her, although they

pretended they did sometimes.

But her newfound happiness was short-lived, because suddenly she was staring at the empty street again. The little squeegee kid shivered uncontrollably.

Hurriedly lighting the lighter again, she was transported back to the beautiful living room in the big mansion, filled with the aroma of hot

chocolate and cookies. A gigantic Christmas tree was in the middle of the room and a big warm fireplace roared away.

Kittens frolicked under the tree, children played in a corner, the sound of laughter could be heard coming from a nearby room – loving relatives drank toasts. The angels stood all around her.

‘Don’t disappear again!’ The little squeegee

kid yelled. ‘I want to stay here!’ – I don’t want to go back again!..’

In the harsh morning glare she sat on the sidewalk, her back against the store. A lighter was clutched in her small hand, and her eyes were open. A smile was on her face.

‘She must have been trying to warm herself,’ a policeman said to his partner.

‘Call the coroner’s office.’

‘I wonder what she was looking at,’ the other policeman said shaking his head.

No one knew of the beautiful vision she had seen. Neither did they know in what manner she had taken flight into the wonder of the New Year

Meanwhile, it was heard in Nova Scotia:

“Nova Scotians won’t do it — all those no-good bastards sitting on the sidewalk in Halifax that can’t get work,”

Gerald Keddy,
Conservative MP for South Shore-St. Margarets,
attempting to justify the hiring of imported farm workers in his constituency.



Happy Holidays to All from
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and all at the
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2287 Brunswick Street
wish to congratulate
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mission of poverty awareness.
Your voice rings loud and clear.

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in celebration, song and good cheer this Christmas.

Our services are as follows:

Dec. 6 White Gift	11 AM
Dec. 13 SS Pageant	11 AM
Dec. 24 Christmas Eve	6 PM FAMILY
Dec. 24 Christmas Eve	10 PM
Candlelight Communion	
Dec. 27 Carols & Readings	11 AM

Rockingham United Church
12 Flamingo Drive
Halifax, NS



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<p>Wishing all a safe and happy holiday season!</p> <p>Michele Raymond, MLA Halifax Atlantic www.mhramond.ca</p>	
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