

Poem by an Inmate and Kolbe retreatant in a Texas Prison

The Men in Blue Shirts (aka Kolbe Prison Ministries retreat volunteers)

We sit in a gym in a small room we wait,
while the men in blue shirts file in the back gate.

Walls covered in sheets the men form a line,
while we listen as our own names are called one at a time.

I come around the corner to see faces full of smiles,
received hugs and handshakes, I think the line went for miles.

Sat down at a table that was big and white and round,
my first cup of real coffee in years, I wonder is it instant or ground.

The waiters walked out, the food and drinks started to flow,
at the same time in my eye a small tear started to grow.

We're the outcast, the forgotten, society calls us scum,
but that didn't stop the men in blue shirts, look out here they come.

There are things that go on, I'm not allowed to say,
you have to experience it yourself; I hope you get the chance to one day.

Many of us just went for the coffee, we figured we'd eat us a good meal,
but as the men began to talk, our hearts began to heal.

We heard about guys who were just like us, and how they made it through,
that life does get better, but it's still up to you.

Jesus stands waiting with arms open wide,
with proof of His love in His hands and His side.

You're free to choose Jesus and with Him to dwell,
or you're free to do nothing and end up in Hell.

The priest, the food, the message it all faded away,
but the men in blue shirts came back the next day.

The ceremony we went through, I don't think I saw a dry eye,
murderers, rapists, and thieves, tough me began to cry.

The biggest act of humility that I ever saw,
ALL BECAUSE MEN IN BLUE SHIRTS ANSWERED A CALL.