

## A True Life Experience with a Homeless Angel on the Streets of DC

One should never judge homeless people and stereotype them as unfit to society. They are real people with vibrant hearts and yearning souls like the rest of us. Even though, many sacrifice their pride to remind society of its indignity, some better yet, are invisible spirits and guides on our shoulders protecting us. That is why, I believe we can fly.

Over the course of nearly one year, a homeless lady stood every Friday and Saturday night at the corner intersection of the Roosevelt Bridge and Constitution Avenue in Washington, DC.

Tightly seated in a Porsche 911, four boys raced the lanes of highway 66 leaving Northern Virginia into DC to party the night out every weekend. On every occasion, these boys always stopped by this homeless lady and pulled cash out of their 4 pockets to help her. Her name was Marandalene, of French-Algerian heritage.

As the car took off into first gear, you could literally hear Marandalene's loud voice with prayers of health and wealth to the boys and their families.

As weekend after weekend and month after month passed by, it got to the point where the boys would empty all their pockets and give all their cash to Marandalene. They figured they could always revisit the ATM machine for their party spending. Marandalene's voice grew louder and stronger. You could now hear her prayers echo all the way down Constitution Avenue.

Despite some heavy and hard drinking on one Saturday night, the boys were dropped off safely and the driver finally reached his home around 4:00 am. Unable to sleep, he went down his basement to review an instrumental melody in his music studio, and suddenly the lyrics of a song titled "Marandalene" were instantly delivered to him.

As he made his best effort to dictate the words, while his tears were rushing down, the song was perfectly matched with the melody, completely structured and fully written in less than 5 minutes.

### QUOTE

1<sup>st</sup> VERSE: We're driving out one Friday night; I saw her standing all alone  
Out in the rain without a home; I had to stop and know her name  
I felt her pain as if it's mine; I knew right then right from the start  
We're all alone but not apart; Marandalene, we're here for you

1<sup>st</sup> CHORUS: Every time I think of you, someone in me wants to heal  
Every time you pray for me, someone in me wants to feel  
What's in your heart? What's in your life?  
Marandalene, I want to be with you

2<sup>nd</sup> VERSE: This life to you might seem unfair; but those who love you dearly care  
The spark in you I truly swear; has helped me when no one was there  
I don't know when this pain will end; I know the truth reflects you eyes  
I hear your voice reflect my soul; Marandalene, we're here for you

CHANNEL: Help me mend this broken wing  
I want to fly away with you  
Take my hand  
Spread your wings  
Away from here, let's fly away

Away from here, where's no more tears  
Away from here, let's fly away  
Fly away; let's fly away  
Fly away; let's fly away

2<sup>nd</sup> CHORUS: Every time I think of you, someone in me wants to heal  
Every time you pray for me, someone in me wants to feel  
What's in your heart? What's in your life?  
Marandalene, we're here for you  
What's in your heart? What's in your life?  
Marandalene, we're here for you

## UNQUOTE

The next weekend, the boys went out on their same routine, but Marandalene was never seen again. This is the true story of an *Angel disguised in the physical body of a homeless lady*. Her name is Marandalene.

Download 4 versions of this song for FREE on:  
<http://www.HomelessAngels.com/products.html>

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