



## *Mothers' Day*

The young mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is this the long way?" she asked. And the guide said: "Yes, and the way is hard. And you will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning." But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers for them along the way, and bathed them in the clear streams; and the sun shone on them, and the young Mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this." Then the night came, and the storm, and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come." And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary. But at all times she said to the children, "A little patience and we are there." So the children climbed, and when they reached the top they said, "Mother, we would not have done it without you." And the mother, when she lay down at night looked up at the stars and said, "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage. Today, I have given them strength." And the next day came strange clouds which darkened the earth, clouds of war and hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled, and the mother said: "Look up. Lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an everlasting glory, and it guided them beyond the darkness. And that night the Mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God." And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the mother grew old and she was little and bent. But her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And when the way was rough, they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather; and at last they came to a hill, and beyond they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide. And mother said: "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone, and their children after them." And the children said, " You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates." And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said: "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence." Your Mother is always with you. She's the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street, she's the smell of bleach in your freshly laundered socks she's the cool hand on your brow when you're not well. Your Mother lives inside your laughter. And she's crystallized in every teardrop. She's the place you came from, your first home; and she's the map you follow with every step you take. She's your first love and your first heartbreak, and nothing on earth can separate you. Not time, not space...not even death!

MAY WE NEVER TAKE OUR MOTHERS FOR GRANTED.

### *A Mother's Choice*

Little something to put things in perspective...

After a forest fire in Yellowstone National Park, the forest rangers began their trek up a mountain to assess the inferno's damage. One Ranger found a bird literally petrified in ashes, perched statuesquely on the ground at the base of a tree.

Somewhat sickened by the eerie sight, he knocked over the bird with a stick. When he gently struck it, three tiny chicks scurried from under their dead mother's wings. The loving mother, keenly aware of impending disaster, had carried her offspring to the base of the tree and had gathered them under her wings, instinctively knowing that the toxic smoke would rise. She could have flown to safety but had refused to abandon her babies. Then the blaze had arrived and the heat had scorched her small body. The mother had remained steadfast. She had been willing to die, so those under the cover of her wings would live.

"He will cover you with his feathers, and under his wings you will find refuge." (Psalm 91:4)

Being loved this much should make a difference in your life. Remember the One who loves you, and then be different because of it.

## ***This Weekend and following Weekdays: Mother Day Masses*** ***6 Masses for Living and Deceased Mothers*** (Sat., May 12 till Thu. May 17)

**Please remember your mothers on Mother's Day by offering Masses for their souls.**

- † Helen Fielding by her husband Don Fielding (FL)
- † Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will
- † Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will
- † Lottie Elwartoski by her son Richard
- † Catherine Arthur by her daughter Carol Burkhart
- † Louise N. Khourey & Gladys Howard by children Lou & Charlotte & grandchildren Emmalena & Louie
- † Emma Nader & Nabihah "Lena" Khourey by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie Khourey
- † Minnie Church Riggs & Cassandra "Cassie" Howard by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie Khourey
- † Margaret Simonetti & Stella Ryncarz by Richy & Mary Ryncarz
- † Frances Linton by her sons Steve & Mike Linton
- † Ann Otterbeck by Kim, Ron and Kaitlin Gibbons
- † Mary Lou Duymich by Frank & Anna Marie Duymich
- † Marie Metzger by Frank & Anna Marie Duymich
- † Margaret Schlog & Helen Saseen by Mary F. Saseen
- † Dolores M. Fahey by Jackie & Pat Petros
- † Betty Lou Petros by Jackie & Pat Petros
- † Freda Josephs by Cyndi Josephs-Tobias & Family
- † Pearl I. Shutler by her daughter Janet Shutler
- † Clara Shutler by her granddaughter Janet Shutler
- † Amelia Fitzgerald by Rosemary & Richard Coury
- † Mary A. Khoury by Rosemary & Richard Coury
- † Mary K. Ferris by Denise & Tom Ferris
- † Mary J. Shipley by her daughter Thomasina Geimer
- † Dorothy Saseen by Jim & Pat Saseen Connell
- † Mary Jean Stanton by Mike & Judy Sofka
- † Theresa Sofka by Mike & Judy Sofka
- † Anna, Ginny & Martha Shia by the Family
- † Ruth Shiben & Clara McFarland by John & Dee Shiben
- † Shirley Elias Nickerson by her loving Family: Tammy, Don, Lori, Emma & Eli
- † Our mothers & grandmothers by Carol & Bill Dougherty
- † Our mothers, grandmothers & aunts by the Joseph & Weisner Families
- † Betty Abraham, Clara Carter & Evelyn Goodson by Jean Weisner & Family
- † Elizabeth Gaudio (beloved mother) by her daughter Shirley Bine
- † Rose Ann Polsinelli by Rosalie Conti
- † Cecilia Murad by her daughter Luane Frazier & her sons John & Rick & Families
- † LaVerne Thomas & Siham Frenn by Dr. Adel, Diane, Andreah & Justin Frenn
- † Georgette Joseph by Vickie, Lauren & Michael
- † Mary Popovich & Helen Fielding by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- † Anne Marie McGlumphy by Jerry McGlumphy Family & Rita Castle
- † Mary Cesar by Jerry McGlumphy Family & Rita Castle
- † Mary Elias Lonetto by her sons Tony Lonetto and Nick Lonetto
- † Our mothers and grandmothers by Mike & Rebecca DiFabrizio
- † Emily Vince by her children and grandchildren
- † Anna Shia by her grandchildren
- † Martha Saseen by her son George & daughter Mary Anne
- † Jean & Elizabeth Bentz, Rose Fadul, Elaine Cybulski, Helen Cooper by Millet & Susie Fadoul

✠ Elena Blake (mother) by Lillian & Larry Siebieda

✠ Angela Caputi & Delia Cetorelli & Ida Blake & Antonina Srembieda (grandmother) by Lillian & Larry Siebieda

✠ Emma Dellget & Virginia Strawn by Rita & Rex Strawn

✠ Julia Hodulik, Barb Hodulik, Alice Wilson by Judy Wilson

✠ Shirley Elias Nickerson by Tammy, Robbie, Don, Lori, Emma and Eli

✠ Mary Demsko (mother) and my grandmothers and aunts by Rosemary Cornish

✠ Sadie Coury by her daughter Lucille Gibbons and Family

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## **6 Masses for Living Mothers** (Saturday, May 12 till Thu. May 17)

✠ Charlotte Khourey by her children Emmalena & Louie

✠ Joyce Josephs by Cyndi Josephs-Tobias & Family

✠ Sandy Sayre by Mike & Judy Sofka

✠ Elizabeth Machel by Mike & Judy Sofka

✠ Diane Frenn by Dr. Adel, Andreah & Justin Frenn

✠ Nikki J. Lenz by Joe & Nikki Popovich

✠ Rita Ann Castle by Jerry McGlumphy Family & Rita Castle

✠ Amanda Castle by Jerry McGlumphy Family & Rita Castle

✠ Nikki Popovich by PJ, Nikki, Lindsay and Luke

✠ Victoria Gompers by her husband and daughter

✠ Patricia Gompers by Matt, Vicki & Christine Gompers

✠ Susan Saseen by her children Jena, Matthew and Luke

✠ Sadie Billings, Ruth Werner, Sharlet Purpura, Gina Hancher, Linda Duffy, Anne & Salley Sengewalt by Millet & Susie Fadoul

✠ Frieda Siebieda by Lillian & Larry Siebieda

✠ Anna Franks, Judy Baker & Josephine Brownfield by Rosemary Cornish

✠ my daughters: Cindy & Patti and my daughter-in-law and granddaughters by Lucille Coury Gibbons

## **Next Weekend, May 19-20: Pentecost Sunday**

### **Saturday May 19 at 4:00 p.m.:**

✠ Marth Ann Rit (Anniversary) by Millet & Susie Fadoul

✠ Bob Sengewalt by the Gotses Family

✠ Special Intention

### **Sunday, May 20 at 10:30 a.m.:**

✠ Walter & Lottie Elwartoski (Wed. Anniversary) by their son Richard

✠ Sam & Bernadine Elias by Lou & Charlotte Khourey

✠ Special Prayer for Nikki Lenz (Wedding Anniversary) by Dalton Haas

## **Calendar of Parish Events**

<b>Cedar Club Meeting</b>	<i>Monday, May 14<sup>th</sup> at 6:00 p.m. in Cedar Hall</i>
<b>Women's Society Meeting</b>	<i>Sunday, May 20<sup>th</sup> in Cedar Hall following 10:30 a.m. Mass</i>
<b>Rummage Sale Drop-off</b>	<i>From Monday, May 21 until Friday, May 25 (Noon to 7:00 p.m.)</i>
<b>Rummage Sale</b>	<i>Saturday, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, from 8:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., Friday, June 8<sup>th</sup>, from 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Saturday, June 9<sup>th</sup>, from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. (1/2 price sale)</i>
<b>Mahrajan (Festival)</b>	<i>Saturday, August 11<sup>th</sup> from noon to 8:00 p.m. Sunday, August 12<sup>th</sup> from noon to 7:00 p.m.</i>

## ***Cedar Club Meeting*** (Monday, May 14<sup>th</sup> at 6:00 p.m. in Cedar Hall)

Following the Business Meeting, refreshments will be provided by Nini Miller and Mike Linton.

## ***Flowers Sponsored in Honor of the Blessed Mother in May***

Flowers for the May Queen & her Attendants in the May Procession are sponsored by: Sandra DeMuth, Carol Dougherty, Thomasina Geimer & Rita Strawn.

Flower arrangements placed in front of the Blessed Mother are:

Sunday, May 13: Mary Stees & Sandra DeMuth

Sunday, May 20: Mary Lish & Nettie Seidler

Sunday, May 27: Charlotte Khourey & Mary Stees

Many thanks to each of these dedicated women for their thoughtful flower donations.

## ***Fathers' Day Masses***

### ***6 Masses for Deceased Fathers*** (Saturday, June 16 till Thu. June 21)

- † Habib Khourey, Louis Khourey, Sr., & Nassif Nader by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie
- † Charles "Pud" Howard, Bruce Cody Riggs & Franklin Howard by Lou & Charlotte & Family
- † Walter Elwartoski by his son Richard
- † Shikrey & Bob Saseen and Steve Schlog by M.F.Saseen
- † Frank Duymich Sr., by Frank Jr. & Anna Marie Duymich
- † Frank Metzger by Frank Jr. & Anna Marie Duymich
- † George A. Fahey by Jackie & Pat Petros
- † Philip Petros by Jackie & Pat Petros
- † William Fitzgerald by Rosemary & Richard Coury
- † Robert J. Shutler, Sr. (father) and Frederick J. Shutler (grandfather) by Janet Shutler
- † Harry J. Nolte (grandfather) and Harry F. Nolte (great-grandfather) by Janet Shutler
- † Michael Josephs by his daughter Cyndi Josephs-Tobias and Family (MN)
- † William Josephs by his granddaughter Cyndi Josephs-Tobias and Family (MN)
- † Abdoo Saseen by Jim & Pat Saseen Connell
- † Steven Sofka by Mike & Judy Sofka
- † Tim Stanton & Bill Sayre by Mike & Judy Sofka
- † Gus and Thomas Shia by the Family
- † Tom Jochum by the Family
- † Ed Shiben and Ray McFarland by John & Dee Shiben
- † Samuel Gaudio (beloved father) by his daughter Shirley Bine
- † Angelo Palsinelli by Rosalie Conti
- † Elias Frenn by Dr. Adel, Diane, Andreah and Justin Frenn
- † Michael Joseph by Vickie, Lauren and Michael
- † Alphonse Joseph by Vickie, Lauren and Michael
- † Nimon Joseph, Maroon Habeb and Joseph George by Jean Weisner and Family
- † My brothers George and Michael Joseph and my uncles by Jean Weisner and Family
- † Julian McGlumphy by Jerry McGlumphy Family & Rita Castle
- † Taddy Cesar and David Castle by Jerry McGlumphy Family & Rita Castle
- † Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- † Bob Rose by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- † Our fathers and grandfathers by Mike & Rebecca DiFabrizio
- † Donald Vince by his children and grandchildren
- † Constantine Shia by his grandchildren
- † Orval Blake, Sr. & Matthew Siebieda (fathers) by Lillian & Larry Siebieda
- † Friend Blake & Constantine Cetorelli & Joseph Siembieda & Nicolo Capute (grandfathers) by Lillian & Larry Siebieda
- † John Wilson, Rudy Hodulik and Wayne Wilson by Judy Wilson

† Andrew Demsko Sr, & Andrew Demsko Jr. & Greg Cornish & Larry Baker & Sap Martin by Rosemary Cornish

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## **6 Masses for Living Fathers** (Saturday, June 16 till Thu. June 21)

- † Lou Khourey by his children Emmalena and Louie
- † Joseph Linton by his sons Steve & Mike
- † Tom A. Ferris by his daughter Denise Ferris
- † Mike Sofka by Judy, Kareen, Kelly and Sarah Sofka
- † Dr. Adel Frenn by Diane, Andreah and Justin Frenn
- † Jim Thomas by Dr. Adel, Diane, Andreah and Justin Frenn
- † Keith Castle by Jerry McGlumphy Family & Rita Castle
- † Jerry McGlumphy by the McGlumphy's children & Rita Castle
- † Joe Popovich (father & grandfather) by PJ, Nikki, Lindsay and Luke Lenz
- † Matthew Gompers by his wife and daughter
- † Joseph A. Gompers by Matt, Vicki and Christine Gompers
- † Larry Siebieda by his friends at Our Lady of Lebanon church
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## ***Please Pray for Those on Our Prayer List***

(Note: Please call Msgr. Bakhos if you need your name added to our Prayer List. HIPPA regulations)

Justin Frenn, Bob Oser, Patty Fahey, Sandra Dusick, John Shibben, Diane Palotay, Virginia & Dolores Joseph, Jim Thomas (father of Diane Frenn), Carrie Jane (Powell) Parodi, Mike O'Kane (brother-in-law of Nikki Popovich),

<b><i>Your Church Support Last Week</i></b>	
\$1,385.00	Sunday Collection
234.00	2 <sup>nd</sup> collection: National Shrine
10.00	Bake Sale
70.00	Coffee hour
110.00	Donation to the church
1915.00	Mahrajan (Festival)
595.00	Hall rental
20.00	Utilities
30.00	Donation to Poor Box
\$4,369.00	<b>Total Deposits:</b> <i>May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!</i> The Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Mary Stees, Linda Duffy & Mike Linton

## ***Story***

*A gifted teacher combines knowledge of the subject at hand with proven educational techniques to impart a lesson in a way that leaves a lasting impression. When all that happens, learning takes place. But sometimes something more is called for, too.*

That's how it was several years ago with Sister Felomina, when she was teaching in Saint Mary's School. To deal with a difficult situation one day she made what turned out to be a prudent decision - "prudent" in this case meaning the proper course of behavior in a given situation.

*That definition, by the way, sounds exactly like a classroom exercise. The way Sister Felomina handled it was something else entirely, as you'll see here.*

He was in the third grade class I taught at Saint Mary's School. All thirty-four of my students were dear to me, but Eddie was one in a million. Very neat in appearance, he had that happy-to-be-alive attitude that made even his occasional mischievousness delightful.

Eddie also talked incessantly. I tried to remind him again and again that talking without permission was not acceptable. What impressed me so much, though, was the sincere response every time I had to correct him

for misbehaving. "Thank you for correcting me, Sister!" I didn't know what to make of it at first, but before long I became accustomed to hearing it many times a day.

One morning my patience was growing thin when Eddie talked once too often. I made a novice-teacher's mistake. I looked at Eddie and said, "If you say one more word, I am going to tape your mouth shut!"

It wasn't ten seconds later when Chuck blurted out, "Eddie is talking again." I hadn't asked any of the students to help me watch Eddie, but since I had stated the punishment in front of the class, I had to act on it.

I remember the scene as if it had occurred this morning. I walked to my desk, very deliberately opened the drawer, and took out a roll of masking tape. Without saying a word, I proceeded to Eddie's desk, tore off two pieces of tape, and made a big X with them over his mouth. I then returned to the front of the room.

As I glanced at Eddie to see how he was doing, he winked at me. That did it! I started laughing. The entire class cheered as I walked back to Eddie's desk, removed the tape and shrugged my shoulders. His first words were, "Thank you for correcting me, Sister."

At the end of the year I was asked to teach junior high math. The years flew by, and before I knew it Eddie was in my classroom again. He was more handsome than ever and just as polite. Since he had to listen carefully to my instruction in the "new math," he did not talk as much in ninth grade.

One Friday things just didn't feel right. We had worked hard on a new concept all week, and I sensed that the students were growing frustrated with themselves -and edgy with one another. I had to stop this crankiness before it got out of hand. So I asked them to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name. Then I told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class period to finish the assignment, but as the students left the room, each one handed me his or her paper. Chuck smiled. Eddie said, "Thank you for teaching me, Sister. Have a good weekend."

That Saturday, I wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and I listed what everyone else had said about that individual. On Monday I gave each student his or her own list. Some of them ran two pages. Before long, the entire class was smiling. "Really?" I heard whispered. "I never knew that meant so much to anyone!" "I didn't know others liked me so much!"

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. I never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another again.

The group of students moved on. Several years later, after I had returned from a vacation, my parents met me at the airport. As we were driving home, Mother asked the usual questions about the trip: How the weather was, my experiences in general. There was a slight lull in the conversation. Mother gave Dad a sideways glance and simply said, "Dad?" My father cleared his throat. "Eddie's parents called last night," he began.

"Really?" I said. "I haven't heard from them for several years. I wonder how Eddie is." Dad responded quietly. "Eddie was killed in Vietnam," he said. "The funeral is tomorrow, and his parents would like it if you could attend." To this day I can still point to the exact spot on 1-494 where Dad told me about Eddie. I had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. Eddie looked so handsome, so mature. All I could think at that moment was, Eddie, I would give all the masking tape in the world if only you could talk to me.

The church was packed with Eddie's friends. Chuck's sister sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Why did it have to rain on the day of the funeral? It was difficult enough at the graveside. The pastor said the usual prayers and the bugler played taps. One by one those who loved Eddie took a last walk by the coffin and sprinkled it with holy water.

I was the last one to bless the coffin. As I stood there, one of the soldiers who had acted as a pallbearer came up to me. "Were you Eddie's math teacher?" he asked. I nodded as I continued to stare at the coffin. "Eddie talked about you a lot," he said.

After the funeral most of Eddie's former classmates headed to Chuck's farmhouse for lunch. Eddie's mother and father were there, obviously waiting for me. "We want to show you something," his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket. "They found this on Eddie when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it."

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times. I knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which I had listed all the good things each of Eddie's classmates had said about him. "Thank you so much for doing that," Eddie's mother said. "As you can see, Eddie treasured it."

Eddie's classmates started to gather around us. Chuck smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home." John's wife said, "John asked me to put his in our wedding album." "I have mine, too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary." Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet, and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. I carry this with me at all times," Vicki said without batting an eyelash. "I think we all saved our lists." That's when I finally sat down and cried. I cried for Eddie and all his friends who would never see him again.

## ***A Time to Laugh (358)***

### ***Didja Ever Wonder?***

1. Ever wonder about those people who spend \$2.00 apiece on those little bottles of Evian water? Try spelling Evian backwards: NAIVE
2. Isn't making a smoking section in a restaurant like making a peeing section in a swimming pool?
3. If 4 out of 5 people SUFFER from diarrhea...does that mean that one enjoys it?
4. There are three religious truths:
  - a. Jews do not recognize Jesus as the Messiah.
  - b. Protestants do not recognize the Pope as the leader of the Christian faith.
  - c. Baptists do not recognize each other in the liquor store
5. If people from Poland are called Poles, why aren't people from Holland called Holes?
6. If a pig loses its voice, is it disgruntled?
7. Why do croutons come in airtight packages? Aren't they just stale bread to begin with?
8. Why is a person who plays the piano called a pianist but a person who drives a racecar is not called a racist?
9. Why isn't the number 11 pronounced onety one?
10. If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, tree surgeons debarked, and dry cleaners depressed?
11. If Fed Ex and UPS were to merge, would they call it Fed UP?
12. Do Lipton Tea employees take coffee breaks?
13. What hair color do they put on the driver's licenses of bald men?
14. I was thinking about how people seem to read the Bible a whole lot more as they get older; then it dawned on me .... they're cramming for their final exam.
15. I thought about how mothers feed their babies with tiny little spoons and forks, so I wondered what do Chinese mothers use? Toothpicks?
16. Why do they put pictures of criminals up in the Post Office? What are we supposed to do, write to them? Why don't they just put their pictures on the postage stamps so the mailmen can look for them while they deliver the mail?
17. If it's true that we are here to help others, then what exactly are the others here for?
18. You never really learn to swear until you learn to drive.
19. Ever wonder what the speed of lightning would be if it didn't zigzag?
20. If a cow laughed, would milk come out of her nose?

### ***Blonde Joke***

A young woman with red hair goes into the doctor's office and says that her body hurts wherever she touches it. "Impossible," says the doctor. "Show me." She takes her finger and pushes her elbow and screams in agony. She pushes her knee and screams, pushes her ankle and screams. Everywhere she touches makes her scream. The doctor says, "You're not really a redhead are you?" "No," she says, "I'm actually a blonde." "I thought so," the doctor says. "Your finger is broken."