

December 1, 2019

Bulletin #48

Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church

2216 Eoff Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

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Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor ■ Mary Lee Porter, Organist

We celebrate Eucharist and evangelize via Catholic doctrine.



Mary visits Elizabeth

- ***Weekend Masses:** Saturday evening at 4:00 p.m. [Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]
Sunday morning at 10:30 a.m. [Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]
- ***Weekday Masses:** Tuesday and Thursday at 12:05 p.m. [Rosary & Litany before Mass]
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday No Mass
- ***Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament:** First Saturday of the month at 3:30 p.m.
First Sunday of the month after 10:30 a.m. Mass
- ***Confession:** Saturday: 3:00 p.m. to 3:45 p.m. or any other time by appointment
- ***Baptism:** Please call the Pastor as soon as baby is born; at least one Godparent must be Catholic
- ***Weddings:** Please make arrangements at least **six** months in advance before any other plans are made
- ***Sick Calls & Anointing of the Sick:** Please notify the Pastor at 304-233-1688
- ***Parish Council:** Lou Khourey, Mike Linton, Rita Strawn, P.J. Lenz, Mary Stees
- ***Choir Members:** Earl Duffy, Lou Khourey, Robert Harris, Shelly Hancher, Ted Olinski, Joe Simon
- ***Bulletin Coordinator:** Thomasina Geimer
- ***Sacristan:** Mike Linton
- ***Altar Boys:** Dalton Haas, Shaun Hancher, Christopher AlKhouri & Luke Lenz
- ***Cedar Club:** Linda Duffy, President
- ***Women's Society:** Carol Dougherty, President



- ***Bulletin Announcements:** Submit all Bulletin Information to Msgr. Bakhos by Noon on Tuesday every week
- ***New Parishioners:** We welcome you with great joy & invite you to officially register as one of our parishioners
- ***Cedar Hall Rental for Parishioners only:** Call the Church Office at 304-233-1688 or 304-639-1372
- ***Parking adjacent to church** is for parishioners and visitors all the time.
- ***Remember the Church in your Last Will & Testament:** Her prayers will accompany you to heaven

Mary visits Elizabeth

Readings: Eph 1:1-14 and Lk 1:39-45

Women Of Noted Achievement

“And Elizabeth, filled with the Holy Spirit, cried out in a loud voice and said, “Most blessed are you among women.” Luke 1:41-42

Was Elizabeth’s greeting of Mary typical?

NO. The phrase “blessed among women” is applied to only two other women in the Bible.

The phrase first appears in Judges 5:24-27, commemorating the bravery of Jael. Barak, an Israelite commander, had mounted an attack on the Canaanite army and its general, Sisera. His troops were routed, and he fled on foot. Jael, a Kenite, greeted Sisera and offered him sanctuary in her tent.

Hiding him under a rug, she gave him milk and pretended to stand guard. Once Sisera fell asleep, Jael took a mallet and drove a tent peg through his temple. When Barak arrived in pursuit, Jael displayed the corpse (Jgs 4:1-24).

The phrase is also applied to a Jewish widow named Judith (Jdt 13:18). Under commander Holofernes, the Assyrians conducted a campaign against the Israelites, culminating in a 34-day siege of the city of Bethulia. Pretending to be a deserter, Judith went to the Assyrian outpost. She soon charmed Holofernes, and one night plied him with wine. As he lay drunk, Judith took out his sword and cut off his head.

Returning to Bethulia, Judith encouraged the Israelites to attack the Assyrians. Lacking their general, the Assyrians were overrun (Judith 7-15). With remarkable courage, Jael and Judith struck at the heads of Israel’s powerful enemies. Their actions fulfill God’s words to the serpent and Eve: “I will put enmity between you and the woman, / and between your offspring and hers; / He will strike at your head, while you strike at his heel” (Gn 3:15).

Elizabeth’s use of this phrase for Mary may evoke these Old Testament figures. Some early Christians apparently thought so. Revelation 12 depicts a pregnant woman being pursued by the ancient serpent. Her birth of the savior constitutes an act of war and results in the beast’s consummate defeat. Such a woman would, indeed, be “most blessed among women!”

This Weekend, November 30-December 1: Mary Visits Elizabeth

Saturday, November 30

At 3:30 p.m.: Christmas Novena (No Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament during Christmas)

at 4:00 p.m.:

✠ Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt

✠ Living & Deceased of Tom & Judy Brock

✠ Special Intention

Sunday, December 1

At 10:00 a.m.: Christmas Novena (No Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament during Christmas)

at 10:30 a.m.:

✠ Living & Deceased members of the Nicholas & Nimnoom Ghaphery Family and the David Abraham Ghaphery Family

✠ Isabel Ferris Wolfe (Anniversary) by Mary Zaid Stees and Libby G. Magnone

This Weekdays Masses

Monday December 2: No Mass. Pastor’s Day off.

Tuesday December 3 at 12:05 p.m.:

✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will

✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will

Wednesday December 4: No Mass. Pastor’s Day off.

Thursday December 5 at 10:30 a.m.: Thanksgiving Mass

✠ Donald Vince by his children and grandchildren

✠ Deceased of the Thomas, Splatt & Nutter Families by John & Kathy Thomas (MN)

Friday, December 6: No Mass. Pastor's Day off.***Next Weekend, December 7: Birth of John the Baptist
December 8 Immaculate Conception*****Saturday, December 7: Birth of John the Baptist****At 3:30 p.m.: Christmas Novena (No Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament during Christmas)****at 4:00 p.m.:**

✠ Cathy Sharp Howard by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt

✠ Living & Deceased of Tom & Judy Brock

✠ Special Intention

Sunday, December 8: Immaculate Conception**At 10:00 a.m.: Christmas Novena (No Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament during Christmas)****at 10:30 a.m.:**

✠ Living & Deceased members of the Nicholas & Nimnoom Ghaphery Family and the David Abraham Ghaphery Family

✠ Siham Frenn (Anniversary) by Dr. Adel, Diane, Andreah and Justin Frenn

Calendar of Parish Events

Women's Society Meeting	<i>Sunday, December 1st, following Mass in the Cedar Hall</i>
Christmas Family Breakfast	<i>Sunday, December 8th, following Mass in the Cedar Hall</i>
Hall for Parishioner	<i>Saturday, December 21st.</i>
Priesthood Anniversary	<i>Saturday, December 21st is Msgr. Bakhos 28th Anniversary to the Priesthood. Sunday, December 22nd, celebration with a cake for Msgr.</i>
Rummage Sale	<i>Friday-Saturday June 5-6, 2020 Please start saving your merchandise for us. More information at a later date. No clothing will be accepted in 2020.</i>

Family Christmas Breakfast (Sunday, December 8th after 10:30 am Mass)

Come One Come All and join us for our Christmas Family Breakfast. You will enjoy a bountiful breakfast of: Scrambled Eggs; Sausage or Bacon; Hash Brown Potatoes; Toast or Biscuits with Butter, Assorted Jellies or Honey; Mixed Fruit; Orange Juice and Coffee.

Bring the children because we have heard that Santa will make a surprise visit.

Let us start the Christmas Season right with our wonderful Family Christmas Breakfast. A modest donation of \$5.00 a person is welcomed.

Your reservation(s) must be made by Monday, November 24. This is not an open banquet to the public.

Every person is asked to write his/her name and the names of his family members on the sheet of paper and handle it to Msgr. Bakhos personally or to one of the ladies of the church so that we can order the right amount of food for everyone. You may also make your reservation by calling 304-639-1372. You should receive a mailing with a flier for this event and raffle tickets soon. The Raffle Drawing will be on Sunday, December 22.

"Noel" Gift Basket & 50/50 Raffle (Drawing: Sunday, December 22nd)

A 50/50 Raffle and a Gift Basket Raffle will be held for Christmas. The drawing will be held on Sunday, December 22, following Mass. Contents of the "Noel" Gift Basket are: 1 bottle of Barefoot Red Moscato, 1 bottle of White Zinfandel, 1 bottle of Shiraz Cabernet Sauvignon, 1 bottle of Merlot, 4 mini bottles

of Pinot Noir, 4 tins Shortbread Cookies, 1 bag Milk Chocolate Kisses, 1 bag Chocolate Covered Pretzels, 1 mini Cutting Board with Knife, 2 Christmas Hand Towels. Also two hand - crocheted shawls were donated by Mary Lee Porter, to become extra prizes along with the Gift Basket. That means there will be two more drawings (3 total) stubs from everyone who entered the Gift Basket & 50/50 Raffle.

Donations for Santa's Christmas Treats

The ladies are collecting candy to prepare treat bags for the children attending Sunday, December 8th, Family Christmas Breakfast Party which will follow Mass that day.

Christmas Poinsettias in Memory of:

A bouquet of yellow roses will decorate the altar of the Blessed Mother in Memory of Helen Fielding by her husband Donald Fielding, Florida.

These Poinsettias were donated in Memory of:

- ☼ *Tom & Mary K. Ferris by Denise Ferris*
- ☼ *George & Martha Saseen by George & Susan Saseen & Family*
- ☼ *Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt*
- ☼ *Louis N. & Louis H. Khourey, Sr. & Gladys Howard by Lou & Charlotte Khourey & Family*
- ☼ *Bill & Mary Daniel by Rebecca & Michael DiFabrizio*
- ☼ *Ralph & Mary J. Shipley by Thomasina Geimer*
- ☼ *Robert Hunter, Jr. (son-in-law & Robby Hunter, III (grandson) by Thomasina Geimer*
- ☼ *Deceased of the Saseen and Schlog Families by Fran Saseen*
- ☼ *In Honor of Nini Miller*
- ☼ *In Honor of Veronica Mushet*
- ☼ *In Honor of Kenny & Nancy Joseph*
- ☼ *Deceased of the DeMuth & Moses Families by Sandra DeMuth*
- ☼ *Deceased of the Habdo & Dougherty Families by Bill & Carol Dougherty*
- ☼ *Shirley Elias Nickerson & Deceased of the Elias Family by Tammy, Robbie, Don, Lori, Emma & Elijah*
- ☼ *Suzanne Linton by husband Mike*
- ☼ *Frances & Joseph Linton by sons Steve & Mike*
- ☼ *The deceased of our parish by Steve & Mike Linton*
- ☼ *Msgr. Bakhos' parents Adib & Sadie, his sister Mona & his brother Nadim by Steve & Mike Linton*
- ☼ *Leslie McGlumphy by her husband Jerry and Children*
- ☼ *Abdoo and Dorothy Saseen by Jim & Patty Saseen Connell*

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

- December 3: Joey John
- December 7: Christina Committee Zdilla
- December 12: Lou Khourey
- December 19: Chris Wakim
- December 22: Millet C. Fadoul
- December 25: Shelly Hancher
- December 27: Luke Lenz, Jay Murad
- December 29: Jeff Bentz

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)

Jeff Fahey and his daughter Amanda, Elia Frenn, Nick Bedway, Shirley & Jim George, Patty Fahey, Bill Dougherty, Fred Schweizer (brother of our organist Mary Lee Porter), Phil Geimer, Justin Frenn, John Shiben

<i>Your Church Support Last Week</i>	
\$1,320.00	Sunday Collection
30.00	Bake sale
120.00	Bulletin ads
20.00	Candles
245.00	Christmas Breakfast
60.00	Mahrajan (Souvenirs)
1,120.00	Donations toward the New Metal Roof
137.00	Christmas Poinsettias
30.00	Donation to Poor Families
\$3,082.00	Total Deposits: <i>May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!</i> The Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Mary Stees, Linda Duffy & Mike Linton

Update on the New Roof of the Church and Rectory

The roof of the church is done completely. The leak damage inside the church is repaired and the wall painted. This week they installed the roof of the rectory. Both roofs and the inside repair cost us around \$45,000. So far, we raised \$25,185.00. Please help if you can. Many Thanks to all generous parishioners and friends who donated toward this project. All your donations are tax deductible and your names will be engraved on the Plaque to be mounted inside the church. Please secure your names on the plaque by donating before December 31st, 2019. May God reward you abundantly.

Diamond Level [\$500 and over]

Tom & Judy Brock, Jr., John & Deanna Shiben, Tom, Mary K. & Denise Ferris, Michael & Nicole Breit, Lou & Charlotte Khourey, Rex & Rita Strawn, Women Society, Cedar Club, George J. Thomas (Memorial), George, Susan, Matthew & Luke Saseen, Anonymous, Mark Schroeder and Helen Schroeder, Ron Weisner, Al & Dana Zambito, Ron & Susan Burns, Bill & Mary Zaid Stees, Mike Linton, Jerry McGlumphy Family,

Gold Level [\$250 to \$499]

Dr. Joseph C. Palmer Family, Evelyn Goodson & Family, Bill & Carol Dougherty, Mike & Terri Golebiewski, Chris & Jeannette Wakim, Kenneth & Nancy Joseph, Don & Lori, Emma & Elijah Nickerson, Matthew & Victoria Gompers, Jack & Rose Palmer, Shirley Bine, George & Jean Weisner, Dr. Lawrence & Victoria Wright, Scott R. Smith, Dr. Adel & Diane Frenn, Dr. Nabil & Nisrin AlKhouri, Mark & Barb McLaughlin,

Silver Level [\$25 to \$249]

Larry & Lillian Siebieda, Denny & Mary Lee Porter, Ron, Kim & Kaitlin Gibbons, Frederick & Janet Jaquay, Peggy Palmer, Joe Roxby, Michael & Kathryn Kelly, Millet & Susie Fadoul, Paul & Natalie Mulvey, Anonymous, Al Depto & Mary C. Davis, Vickie Joseph, Laurence G. Schroeder, Elsie Renzella, Frank & Anna Marie Duymich, Pam & Rick Obyc, Phillip & Thomasina Geimer, Robert J. Coram, Latif Thomas, Richard Elwartoski, Patrick & Jackie Petros, Larry & Becky Ferrera, Carol Burkhart, The Palotay Family, Sue Jochum, Scott & Alicia Peklinsky, Abraham & Company PLLC, Elizabeth Simon, Angele Mansor, James & Lynn Comerci, Fran Saseen, Nini Miller, Mark & Debbie Huffman, Dave & Debbie Sengewalt, Drs. Matthew & Christina Zdilla, Bassam & Jodi Deeb, Mike & Judy Sofka, Rosalie Conti, Saab M. & Tacla W. Saab, Donzil & Theresa Gain, Michael Duymich, Don & Roberta Henning, Anonymous, Veronica C. Mushet, Randy Weisner, Robert Harris, Carolee K. Bentz, Dolores Oser, Denny Albaugh, Mark & Catherine

John, Virginia Ghaphery Cox, Dan & Cheryl Tucker, Joe & Mary Thomas, George & Patty Fahey, Frank & Anna Marie Duymich, Thomas & Sharon Beatty, Adele & Bill Storm,

What's New?

Cedar Hall Not for Rent

--The Cedar Hall is not for rent anymore. We have no hired Hall Manager to open and close doors and answer the questions of renters about our electronic and electrical equipments. The Hall was built and paid by our parishioners and it is exclusively for them to enjoy. Please don't ask Charlotte or Msgr. Bakhos to rent the hall for your friends who are not parishioners. Parish rate apply.

--Letters have been mailed requesting payments for Ads on the back page of the bulletin. There are 2 openings for new ads for \$120.00 per year each. Ads can be a memorial for your loved ones or for a business or any other message. Please talk or call Msgr. Bakhos or Charlotte before December 2nd. These ads help defray the expenses of printing our bulletins throughout the year. Thanks for your support.



Story

"Watch out! You nearly broad sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?" Those words hurt worse than blows I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle.

"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt.

Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back. At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts. Dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess. The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing. At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust. Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe

Dad's troubled mind. But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered. In vain. Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article." I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed. Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hipbones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly. I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement.

"He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?"

"Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision.

"I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly. Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples.

"You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!" Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I

screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him.

Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw. Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw. Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal. It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet. Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends. Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night.

Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favorite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life. And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

"I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said. For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article.

Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter ... his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father ... and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama and petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live While You Are Alive. Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second time.



A Time to Laugh (438)

Just for Laughs

--Did you hear that General Motors is coming out a new car? It's called the Filibuster, and it's to run forever.

--Having looked the other way for weeks, the boss finally called Smith into his office for a sit-down. "You know, Smith," he said, "I've noticed that every time you have to take your dear old aunt to her doctor's appointments, there's a home game over at the stadium." "Wow, sir. I guess you're right," Smith answered. "I didn't realize it. You don't think she's faking it, do you?"

--Recently, a group of art experts were studying the *Mona Lisa*. Gradually, one by one, they started sneezing. Some of them had watery eyes and some had a fever. It turned out that they had contracted the mysterious Da Vinci Cold.

Funny

--Did you hear about the two silkworms who had a race? It ended in a tie.

--Why did the parrot wear a raincoat? So, he could be polyunsaturated.

--Question: What do you get when you cross a python with a porcupine?

Answer: Ten feet of barbed wire.

--THE PHONE rang. It was a salesman from a mortgage refinance company. Do you have a second mortgage on your home?" "No," I replied. "Would you like to consolidate all your debts?" "I really don't have any, I said. "How about freeing up cash for home improvements?" he tried. "I don't need any. I just recently had some done and paid cash," I parried. There was a brief silence, and then he asked, "Are you looking for a husband?"

--After my business conference ended for the day, I headed back to my hotel. The lobby and the elevators were packed. I went up to the front desk clerk. "Can you direct me to the stairs? It'll probably be faster to walk up to my floor." "I'm afraid that's not possible," she said, completely seriously. "Our stairs only go down."

--My mom had a lead foot, so I was not surprised when a state trooper pulled us over as we were driving through Georgia. Hoping to get off with a warning, Mom tried to appear shocked when he walked up to the car. "I have never been stopped like this before," she said to the officer. "What do they usually do, ma'am," he asked, "shoot the tires out?"

--When I was at the hospital being prepared for surgery, the floor nurse asked, "Which eye is to be operated on?" I answered, "The left eye is the right eye. The right eye is the wrong eye."

--At the DMV to renew her license, my mother had her photo taken and waited for her new card. Finally, her name was called, and she went to the counter to pick it up. "Good grief," she said. "My picture's hideous. It looks nothing like me."

The woman in line behind her plucked it out of her hand. "That's because it's mine."

Waist not, want no

Recently, I strapped on a step counter and went for a walk with my mother.

"What's that?" she asked. "An exercise tool that keeps track of your steps," I said. "I'm hoping it'll help me lose weight." Clearly unconvinced, she asked, "Wouldn't it work better if it counted your bites?"