

November 1, 2020
Bulletin #44

Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church

2216 Eoff Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

Rectory: 304-233-1688 • Fax: 304-233-4714

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Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor

Mary Lee Porter, Organist



All Saints & All Souls

***Weekend Masses:**

Saturday at 4:00 p.m. *(For Senior Citizen 65 years & older)*

Sunday at 10:30 a.m. *[Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]*

***Weekday Masses:**

Tuesday and Thursday at 12:05 p.m. *[Rosary & Litany start 20 minutes before Mass]*

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday No Mass. Pastor's office work.

***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 Kourey, Rita Strawn, Mary Stees, Susan (John) Burns

***Choir Members:** Lou Kourey, Robert Harris, Joe Simon, Shelly Hancher, Ted Olinski

***Bulletin Coordinator:** Thomasina Geimer

***Altar Servers:** Earl Duffy, Dalton Haas

***Altar Boys:** Shaun Hancher, Christopher AlKhouri

***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

***Remember the Church in your Last Will & Testament:** Her prayers will accompany you to heaven

All Saints & All Souls

Readings: Heb 9:1-12 and Mt 5:1-12

Moses received the commandments for God's covenanted people on a mountain. The people and priests were warned not to come close, lest they die, and they trembled at the fire, lightning, clouds and noise that accompanied the event.

When Jesus goes beyond the commandments and gives the Sermon on the Mount, the contrast is startling. The disciples go up to the mountain with him, to this spot of unsurpassed beauty, looking over the Sea of Galilee. In calmness and gentleness, they hear not threats of death, but words of life. Jesus, realizing that the Law has run its course, because it can only guide external behavior, tries to get into their hearts and change them from within.

To be "Blessed" is to live in such a way so that others can see the reality of God and the power of his love in us. The Poor in Spirit are those whose lives are not cluttered and possessed and are therefore open to God and his kingdom. Those who mourn are not those who attend wakes, but rather those who are genuinely disturbed when they perceive that Love is not loved. The Meek are not those who would allow themselves to be walked upon, but are those who would walk anywhere to bring the gentleness of God. Those who hunger and thirst for righteousness are those for whom right relationship with God is more satisfying than food and drink. The Merciful are those who have experienced God's love and know how to share it with others. The Pure in Heart are those with a one track mind, who have a sense of priorities with the chief priority being God. The Peacemakers are those who do what Jesus came to do, breaking down those barriers that keep us from being whole and which separate us from each other. Laws can never accomplish these things. Only Jesus, the Light of the World, shining within us, can.

This Weekend, October 31-Nov. 6: All Souls Masses

- † Anna Marie, Julian, Leslie & Jerry Jr. McGlumphy by Jerry McGlumphy & Children
- † The Habdo Family by Carol Dougherty
- † Bill Dougherty by his wife Carol
- † Deceased of the Kourey & Howard Families by Lou & Charlotte Kourey & Emmalena & Louie
- † Virginia Kourey Bryan & Deceased of the Nabihah & Habib Kourey Family by the Kourey Family
- † Jim Hengler, Marthann Rinehart, Elaine Cybulski, Joan Maroney, Darnell Burch by Millet & Susie Fadoul
- † Deceased of the Bentz, Fadoul, Sengewalt, Werner Families by Millet & Susie Fadoul
- † Robert L. Rose by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- † Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- † Cathy Sharp Howard by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt
- † George & Mary Popovich by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- † Helen Fielding & Augie Montalbano by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- † Deceased members of the Robert Shutler Family by Janet Shutler
- † Deceased members of the Pearl Nolte Family by Janet Shutler
- † Mary K. & Thomas Ferris by Denise Ferris
- † Sam & Bernadine Elias by Mike & Terri Golebiewski
- † Alphonse & Violet Golebiewski by Mike & Terri Golebiewski
- † William T. Breit by Michael & Nicole Breit
- † Mr. & Mrs. Walter Machel by Mr. & Mrs Michael Sofka
- † Mr. & Mrs. Leo Spyra by Mr. & Mrs Michael Sofka
- † Mr. & Mrs. Tim Stanton by Mr. & Mrs Michael Sofka
- † Ms. Violet Machel and Mr. William Sayre by Mr. & Mrs. Michael Sofka
- † Jan Hendrickson by Josh & Ingrid Hendrickson
- † Dr. Stephen Ward by his granddaughter Ingrid Hendrickson
- † Al & Helen Schroeder by Mark Schroeder
- † Suzanne Bush by Mark Schroeder

- † Tom Jochum by his Family
- † Deceased of Anna Shia by her Family
- † Michael Josephs by Cyndi & Shawn Josephs Tobias
- † Will & Freda Josephs by Cyndi & Shawn Josephs Tobias
- † Thomas Josephs by Cyndi & Shawn Josephs Tobias
- † Deceased Members of the Josephs Family by Cyndi & Shawn Josephs Tobias
- † Deceased of the Thomas, Splatt & Nutter Families by John & Kathy Thomas (MN)
- † Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, and her son Mark by her last will
- † Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her Will
- † LaVerne Thomas, Siham & Elias Frenn and Evelyn Hall by Adel, Diane, Justin and Andreah & Zack Riedel
- † Walter Elwartoski by his son Richard Elwartoski
- † Lottie Elwartoski by her son Richard Elwartoski
- † George & Betty Joseph, Lawrence & Teresa Ferrera by Larry & Becky Ferrera
- † Selma & Elias Joseph, Edward & Edith Joseph, Sarah & Ray McLaughlin by Larry & Becky Ferrera
- † Our beloved parents John & Cecilia John and D. William Burns by Ron & Susan Burns
- † Our beloved grandparents Tom & Sadie John, David & Tamamie Joseph & Sarah Burns by Ron & Susan Burns
- † Our beloved Aunts & Uncles, Louis & Cecilia Ammar, Fred & Rita John, Sister Thomasina John & Julia Tappe by Ron & Susan Burns
- † Ralph & Mary Joseph Shipley by Thomasina Geimer
- † Robert L. Hunter, Jr. & Robby L. Hunter, III by Thomasina Geimer
- † Tony, Charlotte and Michael George by the George Family (MN)
- † Beloved husband Holly Bine by his wife Shirley
- † Beloved mother, father, sister & brother by Shirley Bine
- † Philip Petros by the Petros Family
- † Betty Lou Petros by the Petros Family
- † George A. Fahey by the Petros Family
- † Dolores Fahey by the Petros Family
- † Bert D. Fahey by the Petros Family
- † Richard Frazier by his wife Luane & sons Rick & John
- † Shirley Elias Nickerson (our dear mother) by her loving Family
- † Shirley Elias Nickerson & the Deceased Members of the Elias Family by their loving Family
- † Nicholas & Amelia Elias (grandparents) by their loving Family
- † Donald A. Nickerson Sr. & Shirley Elias Nickerson & Albert & Wanda Nickerson (grandparents and parents) by their loving Family
- † Tessa Joseph by Stephanie Joseph
- † Deceased of the Duffy, Fadoul & Shedeed Families by Earl & Linda Duffy
- † Deceased of the Bott & Henning Families by Don & Roberta Henning
- † Don & Emilie Vince by their children & grandchildren
- † Patricia Gompers by Matt & Vickie & Christine Gompers
- † Gus & Anna Shia by their grandchildren
- † Deceased of the Reynolds and Bentz Families by Nathan, Adam and Lee Bentz
- † Silvio Perilli by the Perilli Family
- † Catherine Arthur by her daughter Carol Burkhart
- † Khalil & Sadie & Maria Harb and Annette & Al Togliatti by Jamil Harb (Troy, MI) and GiGi
- † Deceased of Tom & Judy Brock Jr.
- † Mike Linton by George & Patty fahey
- † Robert Lewis Yeater by Chris and Jeannette Wakim

This Weekend, November 7-8: Renewal of the church

Saturday, November 7 at 4:00 p.m.:

✠ Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt

✠ Deceased of Tom & Judy Brock Jr.

✠ Special Intention

Sunday, November 8 at 10:30 a.m.:

✠ George Weisner by Dick & Ann Marie Serafin and Family

✠ Kathy McKee by Earl & Linda Duffy

✠ Bill Dougherty by Steve & Mike Linton

Calendar of Events

Saturday, November 7th	Rummage Sale 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Everything Half Price
Christmas Basket & 50/50	Drawing: Sunday, December 20, 2020 after Mass
Bulletin ad renewal	Please renew your ad at the back of the bulletin by sending your payment

A note of Thanks

To our Supporters,

THANK YOU to everyone who supported our church by sponsoring the Lebanese Food Festival or purchasing food items. The event was a huge success and we were overwhelmed by your generosity. Because of you, we will have the funds to recover from the cancellation of the 2020 Mahrajan and sustain our church in 2021. We appreciate all that you do for our church and we look forward to serving you again soon! "God Bless you and your family abundantly".

With Gratitude,

Monsignor Bakhos and The Lebanese Food Festival Committee

To our Volunteers ,

THANK YOU to all our volunteers! Without your support, time and effort, we would not have been able to host the festival. Many thanks to everyone who helped plan, shop for ingredients, set-up the hall for baking, prepare and bake the food items and cookies, set-up the hall for the festival, pack food items, pack food orders, greet our customers, monitor for social distancing, and distribute orders to our customers. You did so much during the festival weekend and the weeks prior to the festival. Best of all, you made the work fun and we enjoyed the camaraderie. Your generosity of time and talent are appreciated more than you will ever know. "God Bless your hands and heart".

With Gratitude,

Monsignor Bakhos and The Lebanese Food Festival Committee

The most Beautiful T-Shirts has arrived

T-shirts have arrived and are on-sale now while supplies last. Priced at \$20 each, the proceeds will support our church. The shirt illustrates an electrocardiogram (EKG) with heart and Cedar Tree. *"My heart beats for Lebanon"*. The shirt is made of premium cotton fabric and is very stylish. Sizes include: S, M, L, XL, 2X and 3X. Shirts will be available for purchase and pickup before or after mass on Sat, Nov 1st - Sun, Nov 2 or call Susan at 304-218-3028. The shirt makes a wonderful Christmas gift!

Christmas Poinsettias in Memory of:

✠ Leslie McGlumphy by Jerry McGlumphy & Children

✠ Bill Dougherty by his wife Carol

✠ Mary K. & Thomas Ferris by Denise Ferris

✠ Patricia Gompers by Matt & Vickie Gompers

✠ Don & Emilie Vince by Matt & Vickie Gompers

✠ *Louis N. & Louis H. Khourey, Sr. & Gladys Howard by Lou & Charlotte Khourey & Family*

✠ *Bob Sengewalt by Dave & Debbie Sengewalt and Family*

✠ *Silvio Perilli by the Perilli Family*



Christmas Basket & 50/50 Raffle

Dear parishioners and friends,

A Christmas Gift Basket and a 50/50 Raffle will be your Christmas gift this year. You will receive letters by mail. The Christmas Basket includes these precious items:

8 cloth Christmas napkins, red with silver accents;

3 kitchen towels, 1 Christmas, 2 red;

2 red & white striped oven mitts;

A box of Belgium truffles;

A box of assorted pralines;

A box of peppermint bark.

Other items will be added to the basket. Good luck

Lower your 2020 Income Tax Bill

One way to lower your income tax bill for this year is to make charitable contributions, which can be deducted from your income if you are planning to itemize your deductions when you file your 2020 income tax. Gifts you make to charities, such as **Our Lady of Lebanon Church**, are tax deductible. But in order for you to claim the deduction on your tax return for **2020**, you must make the gift this year. That is important to keep in mind if you are planning on making a year-end gift. For example, if you are going to give money using a check, be sure the date on the check is on or before December 31st, 2020. Also, be sure to give the check to the church on or before that date. If your gift is **\$250** or more, and you plan to claim the gift as a deduction on your tax return, the IRS requires that you have a letter or receipt from the church that received the gift. By the end of January **2021** all donors -who donated \$250 or more- will receive a statement from **the Church** stating their names and the amount of gift received –through checks or weekly offering envelopes- from **January 1st, 2020 until December 31st, 2020**. It is wise to keep the church statement with your tax records, in case the IRS questions your itemized deductions.

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

November 8: Staci Duffy, Mark Wilson, Garrett Bratton

November 9: Liz Murad, Cindy Thomas

November 11: Ryan Murad

November 15: Rena Bratton

November 24: Rex Strawn

November 26: Mary Lish

November 28: Richard Obyc

December 3: Joey John

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)

Hailey John (granddaughter of Marge John, Louis “Butch” Elias, Dennis Porter, Mary Thomas, Jack Hogan (infant son of Mark & Michaela Hogan & great nephew of Lou Khourey), Justin Frenn, Elia Frenn, John Shiben, Laura Lee Hunter, Al Depto, Don Henning, Shirley & Jim George, Patty Fahey, Fred Schweizer (brother of our organist Mary Lee Porter), Mary Jo Terry, Barbara Hostage, Phil Geimer,

Your Church Support Last Week

\$991.00	Sunday Collection
4.00	Bake sale
240.00	Bulletin ads
44.00	Candles

80.00	Christmas Basket and 50/50 raffle
91.00	Lebanese Food Festival
\$1450.00	Total Deposits: <i>May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!</i> The Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Mary Stees, Linda Duffy, Susan Burns

What's New

Lebanese Food Festival Financial Report

INCOME		Expenses	
sponsorships	\$30,150.00	Ingredients	\$4,400.92
Food sales	\$15,426.75	Postage	\$130.06
Donations	\$609.02	Printing	\$650.40
Total Income	\$46,185.77	Total Expenses	\$5,181.38
Net Profit	\$41,004.39		

Many Thanks

--To the dedicated and responsible parishioners who sanitized the pews and every possible touched items on the way to Mass. May God reward you abundantly.

--To those of you who are wearing Masks properly at all times that you are inside Our Lady of Lebanon Church Building. This is to prevent the spread of COVID-19 and other flu & bacteria. Please note that **your Nose & Mouth are to be covered at ALL times** – especially when you are within 6 feet of another person.

Spirituality

God does not frown on your complaint.

Did not His Mother in the Temple ask: “*Son! Why have you done so to us?*”

And did not Christ on the Cross complain: “*My God! Why have You abandoned Me?*”

If the Son asked the Father, and the Mother the Son - “*Why?*”; why should not you?

But let your wails be to God, and not to man.

Asking not, “*Why does God do this to me?*” but: “*Why, O God do You treat me so?*”

Talk not **about** God, as Satan did to Eve: “*Why did God command you?*” but talk **to** God as Christ to His Father.

And at the end of your sweet complaining prayer you will say: “***Father, into Your Hands I command my spirit.***”

You will not so much be taken down as the thief on the left; but be taken up as the thief who heard: “***This day, Paradise.***”

They who complain to others never see God’s purposes; they who complain to God find that their passion, like Christ’s, turn into compassion.

Only He who made your wound can heal it. The love that tightened your bow-strings did so, not in hurt, but in love of music.

Do not all lovers ask in doubt: “*Do you love me?*”

Ask that of the Tremendous Lover, and each scar will seem a kiss!

God is not “*way up there.*”

He is taking another body -your own- to carry on the world’s redemption.

Complain that your shoulders ache beneath your pack; but see His own smarting under a cross beam.

--Bishop Fulton Sheen, *In the Fullness of Time*, pp.97-98.

Wisdom

A 92-year-old, petite, well-poised and proud man, who is fully dressed each morning by eight o'clock, with his hair fashionably coiffed and shaved perfectly, even though he is legally blind, moved to a nursing home today. His wife of 70 years recently passed away, making the move necessary. After many hours of waiting patiently in the lobby of the nursing home, he smiled sweetly when told his room was ready.

As he maneuvered his walker to the elevator, I provided a visual description of his tiny room, including the eyelet sheets that had been hung on his window.

"I love it," he stated with the enthusiasm of an eight-year-old having just been presented with a new puppy.

"Mr. Jones, you haven't seen the room; just wait."

"That doesn't have anything to do with it," he replied. "Happiness is something you decide on ahead of time. Whether I like my room or not doesn't depend on how the furniture is arranged... It's how I arrange my mind. I already decided to love it. "It's a decision I make every morning when I wake up. I have a choice; I can spend the day in bed recounting the difficulty I have with the parts of my body that no longer work, or get out of bed and be thankful for the ones that do.

Each day is a gift, and as long as my eyes open, I'll focus on the new day and all the happy memories I've stored away. Just for this time in my life.

Old age is like a bank account. You withdraw from what you've put in.

So, my advice to you would be to deposit a lot of happiness in the bank account of memories! Thank you for your part in filling my Memory bank. I am still depositing." Remember the five simple rules to be happy:

- 1- Free your heart from hatred.
- 2- Free your mind from worries.
- 3- Live simply.
- 4- Give more.
- 5- Expect less.

Story

We never know when God is testing our faith.

I sat, with two friends, in the picture window of a quaint restaurant just off the corner of the town-square. The food and the company were both especially good that day. As we talked, my attention was drawn outside, across the street. There, walking into town, was a man who appeared to be carrying all his worldly goods on his back. He was carrying, a well-worn sign that read, "I will work for food." My heart sank. I brought him to the attention of my friends and noticed that others around us had stopped eating to focus on him. Heads moved in a mixture of sadness and disbelief. We continued with our meal, but his image lingered in my mind. We finished our meal and went our separate ways. I had errands to do and quickly set out to accomplish them. I glanced toward the town square, looking somewhat halfheartedly for the strange visitor. I was fearful, knowing that seeing him again would call some response. I drove through town and saw nothing of him. I made some purchases at a store and got back in my car.

Deep within me, the Spirit of God kept speaking to me: "Don't go back to the office until you've at least driven once more around the square." And so, with some hesitancy, I headed back into town. As I turned the square's third corner, I saw him. He was standing on the steps of the storefront church, going through his sack. I stopped and looked; feeling both compelled to speak to him, yet wanting to drive on. The empty parking space on the corner seemed to be a sign from God: an invitation to park. I pulled in, got out and approached the town's newest visitor. "Looking for the pastor?" I asked.

"Not really," he replied, "just resting." "Have you eaten today?"

"Oh, I ate something early this morning." "Would you like to have lunch with me?"

"Do you have some work I could do for you?"

"No work," I replied. "I commute here to work from the city, but would like to take you to lunch." "Sure," he replied with a smile.

As he began to gather his things. I asked some surface questions.

"Where you headed?" "St. Louis." "Where you from?" "Oh, all over; mostly Florida."

"How long you been walking?" "Fourteen years," came the reply.

I knew I had met someone unusual. We sat across from each other in the same restaurant I had left earlier. His face was weathered slightly beyond his 38 years. His eyes were dark yet clear, and he spoke with an eloquence and articulation that was startling. He removed his jacket to reveal a bright red T-shirt that said, "Jesus is The Never Ending Story."

Then Daniel's story began to unfold. He had seen rough times early in life. He'd made some wrong choices and reaped the consequences. Fourteen years earlier, while backpacking across the country, he had stopped on the beach in Daytona. He tried to hire on with some men who were putting up a large tent and some equipment. A concert, he thought. He was hired, but the tent would not house a concert but revival services, and in those services he saw life more clearly. He gave his life over to God. "Nothing's been the same since," he said, "I felt the Lord telling me to keep walking, and so I did, some 14 years now." "Ever think of stopping?" I asked. "Oh, once in a while, when it seems to get the best of me. But God has given me this calling. I give out Bibles. That's what's in my sack. I work to buy food and Bibles, and I give them out when His Spirit leads." I sat amazed. My homeless friend was not homeless. He was on a mission and lived this way by choice. The question burned inside for a moment and then I asked: "What's it like?" "What?" "To walk into a town carrying all your things on your back and to show your sign?" "Oh, it was humiliating at first. People would stare and make comments. Once someone tossed a piece of half-eaten bread and made a gesture that certainly didn't make me feel welcome. But then it became humbling to realize that God was using me to touch lives and change people's concepts of other folks like me."

My concept was changing, too. We finished our dessert and gathered his things. Just outside the door, he paused. He turned to me and said, "Come Ye blessed of my Father and inherit the kingdom I've prepared for you. For when I was hungry you gave me food, when I was thirsty you gave me drink, a stranger and you took me in."

I felt as if we were on holy ground. "Could you use another Bible?" I asked.

He said he preferred a certain translation. It traveled well and was not too heavy. It was also his personal favorite. "I've read through it 14 times," he said.

"I'm not sure we've got one of those, but let's stop by our church and see." I was able to find my new friend a Bible that would do well, and he seemed very grateful. "Where you headed from here. "Well, I found this little map on the back of this amusement park coupon." "Are you hoping to hire on there for awhile?"

"No, I just figure I should go there. I figure someone under that star right there needs a Bible, so that's where I'm going next." He smiled, and the warmth of his spirit radiated the sincerity of his mission. I drove him back to the town-square where we'd met two hours earlier, and as we drove, it started raining. We parked and unloaded his things.

"Would you sign my autograph book?" he asked. "I like to keep messages from folks I meet." I wrote in his little book that his commitment to his calling had touched my life. I encouraged him to stay strong. And I left him with a verse of scripture from Jeremiah, "I know the plans I have for you," declared the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you. Plans to give you a future and a hope." "Thanks, man," he said. "I know we just met and we're really just strangers, but I love you." "I know," I said, "I love you, too."

"The Lord is good." "Yes, He is. How long has it been since someone hugged you?" I asked. "A long time," he replied. And so on the busy street corner in the drizzling rain, my new friend and I embraced, and I felt deep inside that I had been changed. He put his things on his back, smiled his winning smile and said, "See you in the New Jerusalem."

"I'll be there!" was my reply.

He began his journey again. He headed away with his sign dangling from his bedroll and pack of Bibles. He stopped, turned and said, "When you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?"

"You bet," I shouted back, "God bless."

"God bless." And that was the last I saw of him.

Late that evening as I left my office, the wind blew strong. The cold front had settled hard upon the town. I bundled up and hurried to my car. As I sat back and reached for the emergency brake, I saw them... a pair of well-worn brown work gloves neatly laid over the length of the handle. I picked them up and thought of my friend and wondered if his hands would stay warm that night without them. I remembered his words: "If you see something that makes you think of me, will you pray for me?"

Today his gloves lie on my desk in my office. They help me to see the world and its people in a new way, and they help me remember those two hours with my unique friend and to pray for his ministry. "See you in the New Jerusalem," he said. Yes, Daniel, I know I will...

A Time to Laugh (476)

In the Confessional

When I was about nine years old, I remember waiting in line with my parents to make our confession. My younger brother, Scott, seven years old, was in the confessional. This was in the 1960's and there were quite a few people of all ages lined up and waiting their turn.

Scott was unusually loud, which made it next to impossible not to hear him as he confessed. "Bless me Father for I have sinned," he shouted. The hushed murmurs of the priest were barely audible, but Scott's voice seemed to reverberate through the church.

"Well, I lied one time," he practically yelled. I looked at my parents, who exchanged glances and smirks with the other adults in line. Everyone kept a respectful distance from the confessional, but Scott could be heard through the church.

It was quiet for a moment at which time the priest must have said a few words. Then, again, Scott's booming voice could be heard, this time even louder. "Well, I didn't want to lie," he shouted. "My mother made me do it!"

Now my mother's face quickly changed into a look of horror. Scott came out absolved of this "sin" inflicted on him and mom was next in line to talk to the priest, perhaps to do some explaining about the previous confession.

The Priest and the Politician

A parish priest was being honored at a dinner on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his arrival in that parish. A leading local politician, who was a member of the congregation, was chosen to make the presentation and give a little speech at the dinner, but he was delayed in traffic, so the priest decided to say a few words while they waited. "You understand," he said, "the seal of the confessional can never be broken. I can say, however, that I got my first impressions of the parish from the first confession I heard here over twenty-five years ago. I thought I had been assigned to a terrible place. The very first chap who entered my confessional told me how he had stolen a television set and, when stopped by the police, how he had almost murdered the officer.

Furthermore, he told me he had embezzled money from his place of business and had an affair with his boss' wife. I was appalled. But as the days went by I discovered that not all my parishioners were like that, and that I had indeed come to a fine parish full of devout and loving people.

Just as the priest finished his talk, the politician arrived full of apologies at being late. He immediately began his presentation. "I'll never forget the first day Father arrived in this parish," said the politician. "In fact, I had the honor of being the first one to go to him in confession!"

The Honest Prayer

A woman invited some people to dinner. At the table she turned to her six-year-old daughter and said, "Would you like to say the blessing?"

"I wouldn't know what to say," the little girl replied. "Just say what you hear Mommy say," the mother said.

The little girl bowed her head and said, "Dear Lord, why on earth did I invite all these stupid people to dinner?"