



May 7, 2023
Bulletin #18

Our Lady of Lebanon Maronite Catholic Church

2216 Eoff Street, Wheeling, WV 26003

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Msgr. Bakhos Chidiac, Pastor

Mary Lee Porter, Ed.D. Organist



May Crowning

***Weekend Masses:** Saturdays: Mass at 4:00 p.m.

Sundays: Mass at 10:30 a.m.

***Weekday Masses:** Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays: No Mass. Pastor's office work.

Tuesdays and Thursday: Mass at 12:00 Noon

***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, Mary Stees, Susan (John) Burns, Mark McLaughlin, Liz Murad

***Choir Members:** Lou Kourey, Robert Harris, Joe Simon, Shelly Hancher, Holly Stahl

***Bulletin Coordinator:** Thomasina Geimer

***Altar Server:** Earl Duffy and Joe Roxby

***Altar Boy:** Christopher AlKhouri

***Cedar Club:** Linda Duffy, President

***Women's Society:** Jeannette Wakim, 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

May Crowning

Readings: Ez 34:11-16, 23-25; Eph 2:1-10 and Jn 21:15-19

The third question is perhaps the crucial one for the interpreter. For when Jesus questioned Peter for the third time He said (to continue to treat the two words for love as not synonymous): ***“Simon son of John, do you care for me?”*** The words with which John follows this question: ***“Peter was grieved because he said to him the third time ‘do you care for me?’”*** seem to confirm the view that the two words are not synonymous. It is indeed understandable why Peter should have been grieved had the narrative been using two synonymous words for love. But to treat them as not synonymous brings an immediately heightened tension and drama into the narrative. Twice Jesus had used the strong, new, typically Christian word for love; and twice Peter had deliberately avoided using it in his reply. Now, in his third question, that must have brought to Peter’s mind the bitter memory of his three denials, Jesus used the very word by which he had hoped to escape the worst of the probing. ***“Simon, son of John, do you really care for me? Are you sure of that?”*** seems to be the dramatic question Jesus now puts. And Peter cannot and knows he cannot lay claim even to this. All his self-knowledge and all his self-confidence have gone; the only thing he can trust is his Lord’s knowledge of him that has, even at this moment, twice recommissioned him, and he says: ***“Lord you know everything; you know that I care for you.”*** So at last Peter is brought to the point of being completely remade in the reception anew of his divine commission: ***“Feed my sheep.”***

May Crowning: At Mary’s Fountain

Before being crowned Queen of Heaven, Our Lady experienced the dust of our poor earth. In the month of May, we honor her and crown her with roses, but her path was certainly not strewn with flower petals: swords pierced her heart. Mary invites us to not lose the meaning of motherhood, its immensity and its great value. To lose this meaning is to head towards the destruction of humanity.

Our Lady was a woman with immense and deep dimensions. In his Gospel, St. Luke states that Mary knew how to keep silent, to reflect, meditate (Lk 2:59) and pray (Lk 1:46-55). With her song, the “Magnificat”, Mary became the Lord’s zither.

Mary is one of the most common names in the world. In Italy alone there are approximately three million women who have this name. In his research, a German scholar considered no less than sixty different explanations for this name. However, there are three hypotheses that are most accredited: the first makes the name ‘Mary’ derive from the Egyptian ‘Mara’, i.e. ‘satiated, beautiful’. The second hypothesis ties it again to an Egyptian word, ‘Mari’, which means ‘loved’. The third, and probably the most correct hypothesis, holds that ‘Mary’ derives from ‘Mrym’, a word that comes from the language of the indigenous Palestinians before the arrival of the Jews, which meant ‘elevated, excellent’.

Therefore, in summing up, ‘Mary’ means ‘beautiful, loved, elevated’ and Mary was always elevated and went upwards. She set off for the mountains to go and see Elizabeth who was expecting John the Baptist. She went up to Judea to register for the census. She went up to Jerusalem with the twelve year-old Jesus and St. Joseph for the feast of Passover. She went up to Calvary. She went up to the upper room with the Apostles to await Pentecost, and later she went up to heaven, where she was assumed, together with the Son and the Father.

The perfect Mother, Mary truly invites us to not lose the meaning of motherhood, its immensity and its great value. To lose this meaning is to head towards the destruction of humanity. She is the right answer to the many shortcomings and failures of families, even the ones that call themselves Christians. She alone is capable of renewing the tired image of families: she is the Mother who can make mothers and thus society new because she never ceases to encourage, prod and love us like her own children. If there was a bit of Mary in every mother, everything would be simpler: women would put on their natural appearance that is not made up, falsified or at times filled with protest, invective and vindications, and, in the end, we could all wash in her fountain, as simple and precious as the one where she went every day holding little Jesus by the hand.

Jesus performed 37 Miracles.

We will publish them weekly in order to strengthen our faith that Jesus is indeed the Son of God who has divine power to heal and raise the dead by a Word from his mouth. Blessed are those who believe without seeing Him.

Story of the miracle #10 of Jesus when he healed a man's withered hand

Going on from that place, Jesus went into their synagogue. A man with a weak and twisted hand was there. The Pharisees were trying to accuse Jesus of a crime. So, they asked him, "Does the Law allow us to heal on the Sabbath day?" He said to them, "What if one of your sheep falls into a pit on the Sabbath day? Won't you take hold of it and lift it out? A person is worth more than sheep! So, the Law allows us to do good on the Sabbath day." Then Jesus said to the man, "Stretch out your hand." So, he stretched it out. It had been made as good as new. It was just as good as the other hand. But the Pharisees went out and planned how to kill Jesus. (Matthew 12:9-14)

This Weekend and the following weekdays (May 6-14)

Masses for the Deceased Mothers and Grandmothers

- ✠ Deceased of the Togliatti & Harb Families by GiGi Rice
- ✠ Deceased mothers & grandmothers of Jamil Harb (MI)
- ✠ Louise N. Khourey & Gladys Howard by children Lou & Charlotte & grandchildren Emmalena & Louie
- ✠ Emma Nader & Nabiha "Lena" Khourey by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie Khourey
- ✠ Minnie Church Riggs & Cassandra "Cassie" Howard by Lou, Charlotte, Emmalena & Louie Khourey
- ✠ Sadie Chidiac (mother), Kathrine & Hasibi (grandmothers) & all my sisters by Msgr. Bakhos
- ✠ Sylvia Long, her husband Arthur, & her son Mark by her last will
- ✠ Janis & George Thomas (Ohio) by their last will
- ✠ Catherine Arthur by her daughter Carole Burkhart
- ✠ Deceased mothers of the Thomas, Splatt & Nutter Families by John & Kathy Thomas (MN)
- ✠ Rosella Saseen, parents Nancepe & Helen, grandparents Shikrey & Helen Saseen by her last Will
- ✠ Mary K. Ferris by her daughter Denise Ferris
- ✠ Pearl I (Nolte) Shutler (mother), Clara Shutler (grandmother), Isabelle (Frey) Nolte (great-grandmother) by Janet Shutler
- ✠ Shirley Elias Nickerson & Amelia Elias by Tammy Strong & their loving Family
- ✠ Wanda Nickerson by her loving Family
- ✠ Martha Saseen by her son George Saseen
- ✠ Elizabeth Harasuik by her daughter Susan Saseen
- ✠ Mary Popovich by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- ✠ Helen Fielding by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- ✠ Laura Z. Wakim by The Wakim Family
- ✠ For all mothers & grandmothers by The Wakim Family
- ✠ Sara McLaughlin & Selma Joseph by Mark & Barb McLaughlin
- ✠ Mary Miller by Mark & Barb McLaughlin
- ✠ Barbara Lenz by PJ, Nikki, Lindsay & Luke Lenz
- ✠ Betty Lou Petros by Jackie & Pat Petros
- ✠ Dolores M. Fahey by Jackie & Pat Petros
- ✠ Ginny & Martha Shia & Anna Shia by their Family
- ✠ Edna Jochum by her Family
- ✠ Angela Henning & Anna Bott by Don & Roberta Henning
- ✠ Cecilia (mother) & Saada (grandmother) by Carol Dougherty
- ✠ Nell Comer Duffy & Rose Shedeed Fadoul by Earl & Linda Duffy
- ✠ Cecilia Ann Murad by her daughter Luane Frazier
- ✠ Margaret Schlog by her daughter Fran Saseen

- ✠ Charlotte George by her daughter Margaret George
- ✠ Lottie Elwartoski by her son Richard Elwartoski
- ✠ Mary (Joseph) Shipley & Salema (Awed) Joseph by Thomasina Geimer
- ✠ LaVerne Thomas and Siham Frenn by Dr Adel, Diane & Justin Frenn & Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ June Fahey by George & Patricia Fahey
- ✠ Agnes Jacovetty by George & Patricia Jacovetty-Fahey
- ✠ Eileen M. Hatty and Cecilia F. Hatty by Judge Michael P. Hatty and Family
- ✠ Mary Ann Hatty by Judge Michael P. Hatty and Family
- ✠ Lucy Gibbons, Ann Otterbeck and Sadie Coury by Ron & Kim Gibbons
- ✠ Ellen Dennis by Annette & Rusty Wetzel
- ✠ Beryl Wetzel by Annette & Rusty Wetzel
- ✠ Annette Togliatti and Sadie Bou Harb by GiGi Rice
- ✠ Mariam Joseph and Anita Weisner by Mary Beth Weisner
- ✠ Mariam (Habe) Joseph and Mary Catherine Habe by Jean Weisner
- ✠ Freda Josephs by Shawn & Cyndi Josephs-Tobias
- ✠ Doloes Palotay by the Palotay Family
- ✠ Helen Schroeder by her son Mark and Jane Wine
- ✠ Freda Josephs and Sadie George (MN) by Larry and Kathy Josephs and Msgr Bakhos
- ✠ Teresa Ferrera, Selma Joseph, Elsie Ritchie by Larry & Becky Ferrera
- ✠ Mary Jean Ferrera Comas Janet Rae Ferrera, Joann Ferrera Slack by Larry & Becky Ferrera
- ✠ Sophie Moses by her son Jim Moses
- ✠ Georgette Joseph by Vickie Joseph
- ✠ Nancy Valles and Betty Allen by Vickie Joseph
- ✠ Theresa Sofka by Mike & Judy Sofka
- ✠ Mary Jean Stanton by Mike & Judy Sofka
- ✠

Prayers for the Living Mothers and Grandmothers

- ✠ Charlotte Kourey by her children Emmalena & Louie
- ✠ Living mothers & grandmothers of Jamil Harb (MI)
- ✠ My sisters & their daughters in law by Msgr. Bakhos
- ✠ Nikki Jo Lenz by Joe & Nikki Popovich
- ✠ Nikki A. Popovich by Joe Popovich
- ✠ Jeannette M. Wakim by her children Laura Chapman & Nathan Wakim
- ✠ Barb McLaughlin by Brad McLaughlin & Kristen & Matt Graney
- ✠ Barb McLaughlin by Nathan Graney
- ✠ Nikki Popovich by PJ, Nikki, Lindsay & Luke Lenz
- ✠ Kristen (McLaughlin) Graney by her son Nathan Graney
- ✠ Diane Frenn & Brenda Riedel by Dr Adel, Diane & Justin Frenn & Andreah & Zack Riedel
- ✠ Patricia Fahey by George Fahey and daughters
- ✠ Jean Weisner by her son Gary Weisner
- ✠ Jean (Joseph) Weisner by her daughter Mary Beth Weisner
- ✠ Joyce Josephs by Shawn & Cyndi Josephs-Tobias
- ✠ Nancy Joseph by her daughter Cheryl Tucker and Family
- ✠ Kathy Josephs (MN) by her husband Larry and son Greg and Msgr Bakhos
- ✠ Becky Ferrera by Melissa, Larry III, Tony & Danny Ferrera
- ✠ Renzella, Andee, Melissa Ferrera, Deana Russell Ferrera by Larry Ferrera Jr, Larry III, Tony & Danny
- ✠ Judy Hudlik Wilson by Buzz, Chris, Pete Bailey
- ✠ Nancy Valles by Vickie Joseph
- ✠ Sandy Sayre by Mike & Judy Sofka

Coming Parish Events

Sunday, May 7	May Queen Procession. Ava Murad will be the May Queen this year.
Monday, May 8	Cedar Club Meeting at 6:00 p.m. in Cedar Hall
Rummage Sale	Drop off: May, Tue.16, Wed.17 and Thu.18 (From noon to 3:00 pm) May, Tue.23, Wed.24 and Thu.25 (From noon to 3:00 pm)
Saturday, June 17 after 4pm Mass	Parish Dinner on the occasion of Father Day. Dinner at 5:30 p.m.
Sunday, August 13 until 7:00 pm	Mahrajan (Festival) at Oglebay Park, Levenson Shelter 10:00 a.m. Outdoor Mass at Oglebay (No Mass at the church)

Birthdays Wishes in the Coming Month:

May 9:	Mark Thomas
May 15:	Austin Musilli
May 16:	Jacqueline Petros
May 17:	Tina Kitlak, David Weisner
May 18:	Millet L. Fadoul
May 20:	John Fadoul
May 21:	Ella George,
May 23:	Jim George Jr.,
May 27:	Emmalena Khourey, Brad McLaughlin
May 30:	Josie Stees Fertig
June 1:	Billy Committee
June 2:	Debbie Sengewalt
June 5:	Earl "Mickey" Duffy, Mary Zaid Stees, Kenly George
June 7:	Jean Weisner

Your Church Support Last Week

\$914.00	Sunday Collection
4.00	Bake sale
49.00	Candles
22.00	Coffee hour
625.00	Donations to the church
155.00	Father's Day Party
2,670.00	Mahrajan
\$4,439.00	Total Deposits: <i>May God reward you abundantly for supporting your spiritual home!</i> Finance Committee: Lou Khourey, Mary Stees, Linda Duffy, Susan Burns, Liz Murad

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)
Patty Olinsky, Pat Duffy, Sarah Volk (aunt of GiGi Rice), Julia Schiess (daughter of Leo Bleifus), Fred Jaquay, Patty Olinsky, Earl Ragase, Patrick Sengewalt, Renee Beabout (daughter of Marge John), Mary Stees, Rex Strawn, Mary Thomas, Jack Hogan (infant son of Mark & Michaela Hogan & great nephew of Lou Khourey), Justin Frenn, Elia Frenn, Patty Fahey, Fred Schweizer (brother of our organist Mary Lee Porter),

What's New?

Many Thanks:

To the generous parishioner who sponsored the two Square Readers needed to make transactions easier at the Festival and at all church events. He wants to remain anonymous and the church respects his wishes. May the Blessed Mother reward him abundantly. It is highly appreciated.

Free Hospital Bed (Contact Linda at 304-242-6853)***Rummage Sale*** (Saturday, June 3rd from 8 am until 2 pm)

Drop off: May, Tue.16, Wed.17 and Thu.18 (From noon to 3:00 pm)

May, Tue.23, Wed.24 and Thu.25 (From noon to 3:00 pm)

The ladies of the church would appreciate any items to be donated toward the coming rummage sale in June. Please bring your items with you to the church and we will open the basement door for you. "For other arrangements on dropping off donations, please call Linda at 304-242-6853." Thank you

Mahrajan Update (Sunday, August 13, 2023)

--This year we will celebrate our 90th Lebanese Festival (Mahrajan) at Oglebay Park on Sunday, August 13.

--Outdoor Mass at 10:00 a.m. not 10:30 a.m. There will be no Mass at the church the day of the Festival.

--Only 1,000 numbered tickets were printed this year. If all tickets are sold, the cash prize will be \$10,000 cash. If not, the winner will get half of the amount collected up to the time of the drawing. The purchased tickets will be mailed while the stubs will be completed and saved in the church ready for the drawing that will take place at the stage of the Festival at Oglebay Park around 6:00 p.m. in presence of everyone. Good luck.

--Many Thanks to Susan & Ron Burns for sponsoring the welcome center tent at the entrance of the Mahrajan (Festival) this year. It is a beautiful 10x10 red and white stripes. May God reward you manyfolds.

--The church purchased 2 refrigerators for pop and water. Also one Sajj (woke) for Lebanese cheese pizza and Zaatar bread.

--The church purchased four red tents 10x15 feet each to be used for our special booths.

--There will be a special booth for Lebanese wine taste.

--If you have a friend or know someone who is interested in receiving correspondence about our Festival, please submit their addresses to Msgr. Bakhos.

Spirituality: The Church

These are the words of the Church on the fullness of Christ:

"On the day of Pentecost there were twelve cells in my body besides the Blessed Mother who was left to be my mother and nurse during infancy. My body first began to grow within the nursery of Judaism where I had my birth; but within a few short years I had incorporated unto myself even the Gentiles who knew no God but Caesar. My Spouse, Christ, had told me that I would be hated as he was hated, and while still an infant there were other Herods who would have slain me in Rome, as they would have slain him in Bethlehem. I have had but few moments of peace. From the outside I was attacked by the sword; from the inside I was abused by false brethren. And yet neither persecution nor error has stopped my growth. The sword strengthened my courage, and error sharpened my intellect.

In a century I had grown until I filled the Roman Empire, and then beyond its outposts I sent forth missionaries to the barbarians who helped me grow unto that fullness I had when I crowned Charlemagne in the year 800. My body grew in age and grace and strength and in the twelfth century of my existence, like Christ in the twelfth year, I was instructing the doctors of the world in the temples of the medieval universities. In the sixteenth century, I lost some cells of my body, as I had lost some before in the errors of the Gnostics and Pelagians. And yet after each loss there came new strength, for my lot, like that of my Spouse Christ, is to be ever rising from the tomb where men can leave me as dead. And so I chastened myself at the Council of Trent and brought myself into subjection, and now at this very hour the twelve cells whom I numbered in my body on Pentecost have grown to [several hundred million] souls in every corner of the globe.

But in the course of my life [of 2000 years], like the life of a human body, some of my cells have died and been replaced by others -but I have remained the same, because my soul is the abiding Spirit of God. Some of my members have been gathered into the Church Triumphant, where they enjoy blessedness with my Spouse Christ; others of my members who, while they were with me in the Church Militant, sinned and atoned not, are now gathered in purgatory, which is the Church Suffering where they wash their baptismal robes clear for the Spotless King in the glory of heaven.

How much longer I shall live on this earth, how much time awaits the consummation, I know not. But

when the number of the elect is completed, when the seats vacated by the fallen angels are filled, when I shall have grown to my full stature, then shall the end come; then shall the Church Militant on earth and the Church Suffering in purgatory be gathered into the unity of the Church Triumphant in heaven, on the glorious Easter that shall never end because there is no time with God but only eternal love.

Bishop Fulton SHEEN, In the Fullness of Time, pp.129-130.

Wisdom: Memorial Day

(As we honor our veterans)

THE THINGS THEY CARRIED

They carried P-38 can openers and heat tabs, watches and dog tags, insect repellent, gum, cigarettes, Zippo lighters, salt tablets, compress bandages, ponchos, Kool-Aid, two or three canteens of water, iodine tablets, sterno, LRRP-rations, and C-rations stuffed in socks. They carried standard fatigues, jungle boots, bush hats, flak jackets, and steel pots.

They carried the M-16 assault rifle. They carried trip flares and Claymore mines, M-60 machine guns, the M-70 grenade launcher, M-14's, CR-15s, Stoners, Swedish K's, 66 mm Laws, shotguns, 45 caliber pistols, silencers, the sound of bullets, rockets, and choppers, and sometimes the sound of silence. They carried C-4 plastic explosives, an assortment of hand grenades, PRC-25 radios, knives and machetes.

Some carried napalm, CBU's, and large bombs; some risked their lives to rescue others. Some escaped the fear, but dealt with the death and damages. Some made very hard decisions, and some just tried to survive. They carried malaria, dysentery, ringworm's, and leaches. They carried the land itself as it hardened on their boots.

Some launched torpedoes, wore life vests and treaded thru the night in shark-infested water listening to the cries of a few. They carried stationery, pencils, and pictures of their loved ones real and imagined. They carried love for people in the real world, and love for one another. And sometimes they disguised that love: "Don't mean nothin'!"

They carried memories!

For the most part, they carried themselves with poise and a kind of dignity. Now and then, there were times when panic set in, and people squealed, or wanted to, but couldn't; when they twitched and made moaning sounds and covered their heads and said, "Dear God," and hugged the earth and fired their weapons blindly, and cringed and begged for the noise to stop, and went wild and made stupid promises to themselves and God and their parents, hoping not to die.

They carried the traditions of the United States military, and memories and images of those who served before them. They carried grief, terror, longing, and their reputations. They carried the soldier's greatest fear, the embarrassment of dishonor. They crawled into tunnels, walked point, and advanced or flew into fire, so as not to die of embarrassment. They were afraid of dying, but too afraid to show it.

They carried the emotional baggage of men and women who might die at any moment. They carried the weight of the world, and the weight of every free citizen of America. ***THEY CARRIED EACH OTHER.***

Story

Little Chad was a shy, quiet young man. One day he came home and told his mother that he'd like to make a valentine for everyone in his class. Her heart sank. She thought, "*I wish he wouldn't do that!*" because she had watched the children when they walked home from school. Her Chad was always behind them. They laughed and hung on to each other and talked to each other. But Chad was never included. Nevertheless, she decided she would go along with her son. So, she purchased the paper and glue and crayons. For three weeks, night after night, Chad painstakingly made 35 valentines.

Valentine's Day dawned, and Chad was beside himself with excitement. He carefully stacked them up, put them in a bag, and bolted out the door. His mother decided to bake him his favorite cookies and serve them nice and warm with a cool glass of milk when he came home from school. She just knew he would be disappointed and maybe that would ease the pain a little. It hurt her to think that he wouldn't get many valentines --maybe none at all.

That afternoon she had the cookies and milk on the table. When she heard the children outside, she looked out the window. Sure enough, there they came, laughing and having the best time. And, as always, there was Chad in the rear. He walked a little faster than usual. She fully expected him to burst into tears as soon as he got inside. His arms were empty, she noticed, and when the door opened she choked back the tears.

"Mommy has some cookies and milk for you," she said.

But he hardly heard her words. He just marched right on by, his face aglow, and all he could say was: *"Not a one. Not a one."*

Her heart sank. And then he added, *"I didn't forget a one, not a single one!"*

Another story: Red Sea crossing

The story is told of the youngster who came home from Sunday School, having been taught the biblical story of the crossing of the Red Sea. His mother asked him what he had learned in class, and he told her: "The Israelites got out of Egypt, but Pharaoh and his army chased after them. They got to the Red Sea and they couldn't cross it. The Egyptians army was getting closer. So, Moses got on his walkie-talkie, the Israeli air force bombed the Egyptians, and the Israeli navy built a pontoon bridge so the people could cross." The mother was shocked. "Is that the way they taught you the story?" "Well, no," the boy admitted, "but if I told it to you the way they told it to us, you'd never believe it."

A Time to Laugh (64)

Asylum

Three men in an insane asylum were talking. The first said, "I'm Napoleon, none are tougher than I." The second said, "I'm Moses, God gave me the Ten Commandments." The third said, "I gave you what?"

Don't Mess with IRS!

Father O'Malley answers the phone.

"Hello, is this Father O'Malley?" "It is."

"This is the IRS. Can you help us?" "I can."

"Do you know a Ted Houlihan?" "I do."

"Is he a member of your congregation?" "He is."

"Did he donate \$10,000 to the church?" "He will."

Wake up! or Grow up!

The story goes that a fire broke out in a house in which a man was fast asleep. They tried to carry him out through the window. No way. They tried to carry him out through the door. No way. He was just too huge and heavy. They were pretty desperate till someone suggested: "Wake him up, then he'll get out by himself."

Be Good Listener

A young man in training to be a priest was told that what people expect of a priest is that he listen to their woes. Just listen, listen, listen... Maybe he wouldn't be able to lend a helping hand, but he could always lend a sympathetic ear. So this is what he determined to do when he arrived at his first parish assignment.

No matter how much the whole of him revolted, he forced himself to listen, listen, listen... and the people were most appreciative. But something seemed to be going wrong somewhere. For instance, an old lady would come in and complain of a headache. Such a terrible, awful headache. "Tell me what's bothering you," the priest would say invitingly. So she would talk and talk and talk while the priest listened and listened and listened.

It always seemed to work. "I came in here an hour ago with such a headache, Father. And now it's gone, gone, gone." And the priest would think, "I know, I know, I know. Because now I've got it!"

Festival

A great festival was to be held in a village and each villager was asked to contribute by pouring a bottle of wine into a giant barrel. When the banquet began and the barrel was tapped what came out of it was water.

One of the villagers had had this thought: "If I pour a bottle of water in that giant barrel, no one will notice the difference." But it hadn't occurred to him that everyone else in the village might have the same thought.

Dear Hunting Season

A man and his friend were enjoying Deer Hunting Season in rural Arkansas near a blacktop highway. A huge buck walked by and the hunter carefully drew his bow and took careful aim.

Before he could release his arrow, his friend pointed at a funeral procession passing on the road below their stand.

The hunter slowly let off the pressure on his bow, took off his hat, bowed his head and closed his eyes in prayer. His friend was amazed. "Wow, that is the most thoughtful and touching thing I have ever seen. You are the kindest man I have ever known."

The hunter shrugged. "Yeah, well, we were married for 35 years."