



BENEDICTION EVERY THURSDAY AT 6:30 p.m.

LAUGHTER IS GOOD

It's not the minutes spent at the table that put on weight, it's the seconds.

Thanksgiving dinners take eighteen hours to prepare. They are consumed in twelve minutes. Half-times take twelve minutes. This is not coincidence. – Erma Bombeck

A new survey found that 80 percent of men claim they help cook Thanksgiving dinner. Which makes sense, when you hear they consider saying “that smells good” to be helping. – Jimmy Fallon



November 19
Barry Reinholz, Sr.

November 21
Nancy Fenner

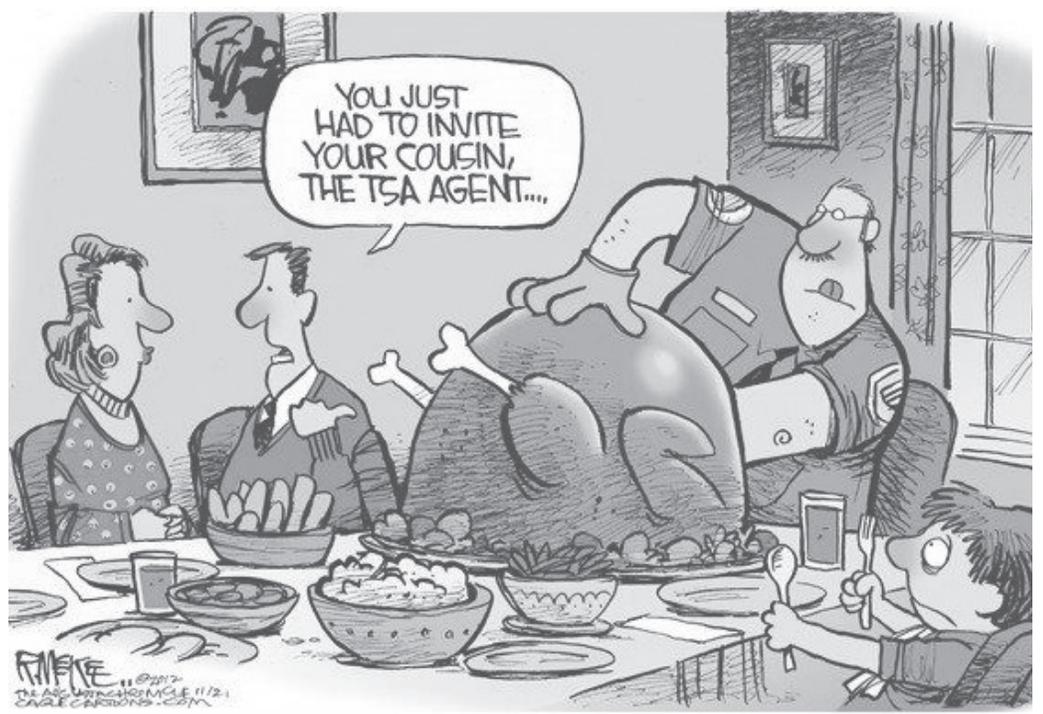
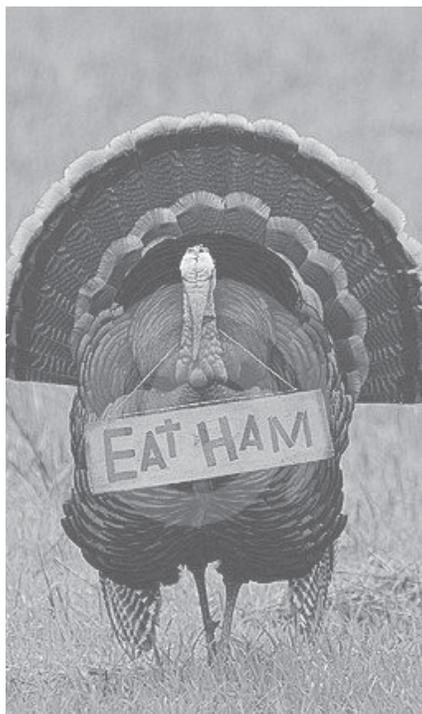
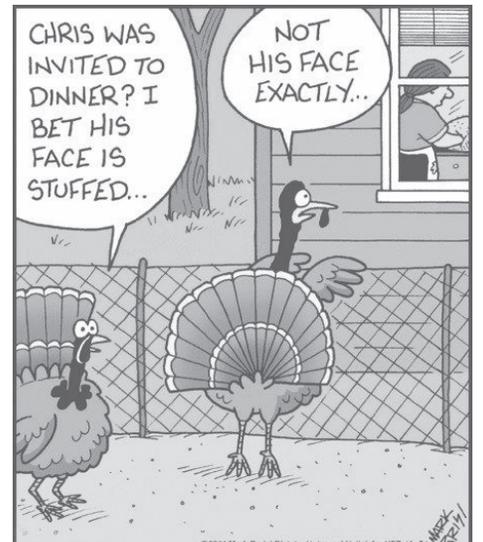
November 23
Joann Davis, Patty Reinholz, Tammy Wells

November 24
Emily Shanahan, Joan Wright



news AROUND THE PARISH

St. Mary School is hiring a Janitor. Norma Butsch is retiring December 21st, after many years of faithful service. This paid position is 19 hours per week. If interested, please call the School Office (937-840-9932) for more details.



SERMON FOR THIRTY-THIRD SUNDAY

When I was a kid our three TV stations offered cartoons only on Saturday morning. The 24-hour Cartoon Network didn't exist yet. What a joy to sleep in till 8:00 in the morning, then my brother and I ran down stairs to turn on the 21-inch black and white Sylvania TV to watch cartoons for four straight hours. Mom would make a big bowl of popcorn to enhance our viewing pleasure. My favorite cartoon was "Mighty Mouse," the mouse with super powers who possessed super strength to rescue the virtuous from evil villains. Every show opened with his theme song:

Mister Trouble never hangs around
When he hears this Mighty sound.

"Here I come to save the day."

That means that Mighty Mouse is on his way.
Yes sir, when there is a wrong to right
Mighty Mouse will join the fight.
On the sea or on the land,
He gets the situation well in hand.

Today's Gospel presents our true super hero, Jesus Christ coming on the clouds, who will send out His angels to protect "his elect" from the great tribulation. The elect are those who have made Jesus a home in their hearts. There is no limit to where the angels will go, "from the end of the earth to the end of the sky," to gather those faithful to Jesus.

Many of us have experienced tribulation in life. Tribulation comes in the darkness you feel when life as you knew it is no longer the same. What felt comfortable, familiar and safe is gone. You feel the loss of what used to be is now no more. It could be a death of a loved one or broken relationship, the limitations of getting older, the empty nest when your kids are now on their own, not having enough money to make ends meet or solve a problem that disrupts your peace of mind. What do you do when darkness keeps you from seeing God and you cry out in agony like Isaiah the prophet, "O God that you would tear open the heavens and come down." (Is. 64:1)

I believe it is in these moments the elect should expect God to reveal His Presence in a special way. Jesus may not come to you on a cloud but expect Him to reveal He is here just for you with His Love, His Light that gives hope. Jesus has done this for me.

When the Franciscans told me I have no vocation to priesthood, life as I knew it for nine years since I was 14 came to an end. I moved to an apartment in Batavia close to where my parents lived. I remember walking through the Batavia streets for the first time. The darkness of the night revealed how I felt inside. When I left the seminary I lost my purpose in life itself. What does God want me to do now? I remember walking down Fifth Street where I passed a church window of Jesus praying in agony at the Garden of Gethsemane. I knew just how He felt.

I continued walking. I saw to my left what appeared to me in the darkness as some sort of flower garden. I walked down the path. Then I realized. I'm in the midst of a cemetery. This felt really creepy but something inside me told me to keep walking. I walked to the top of the hill. It was a beautiful moonless night. The night sky was lit with gleaming stars. As I stood at the top of the hill, God spoke to me. I heard Him say over and over, "Michael, in the darkest night I shine most bright." A feeling of peace came over me that words can't describe. From that moment on, I knew God was with me. I knew God would take care of me. I knew God had my future in the palm of His Hand. All I had to do was let go and let God. Jesus would show me the way.

I bought the parcel of land where I stood that night. I intended to be buried there. In the darkness of my death I believe God will still shine most bright. Though I will be buried in Hillsboro next to Fr. Luehrmann, I still own that plot where God spoke to me 44 years ago. It reminds me that no matter how bad things get, no darkness can ever extinguish His Light.