



**BENEDICTION
EVERY THURSDAY
AT 6:30 p.m.**



July 30Larry Andrews, Autumn Hodge
August 6Carol Chambers
August 8Tracy Boler, Loretta Dean,
Sevrin Florek
August 9Kathyleen Moran, Annie Rusch,
Bob Williams
August 11....Avery Elliott

LAUGHTER IS GOOD

EATING IN 1950

Pasta had not been invented. It was macaroni or spaghetti.

All chips were plain.

Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and it was never green.

Chickens didn't have fingers in those days.

None of us had ever heard of yogurt.

Healthy food consisted of anything edible.

Cooking outside was called camping.

Seaweed was not recognized as a food.

Sugar enjoyed good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold.

Prunes were medicinal and stewed.

Surprisingly, Muesli was readily available. It was called cattle feed.

Pineapples came in chunks, or were round with a hole in the middle – in a tin can.

We never saw a real pineapple unless we went to Hawaii.

Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than gasoline for it, they would have become a laughing stock.

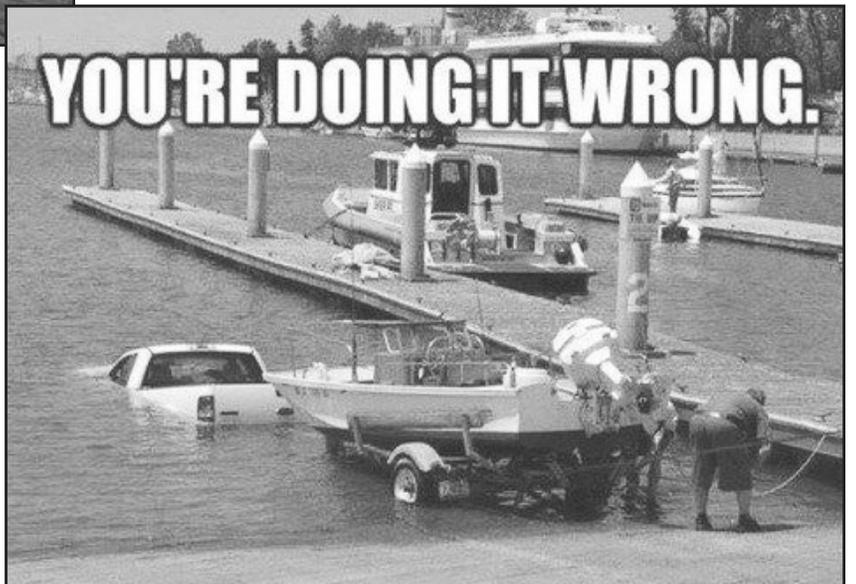
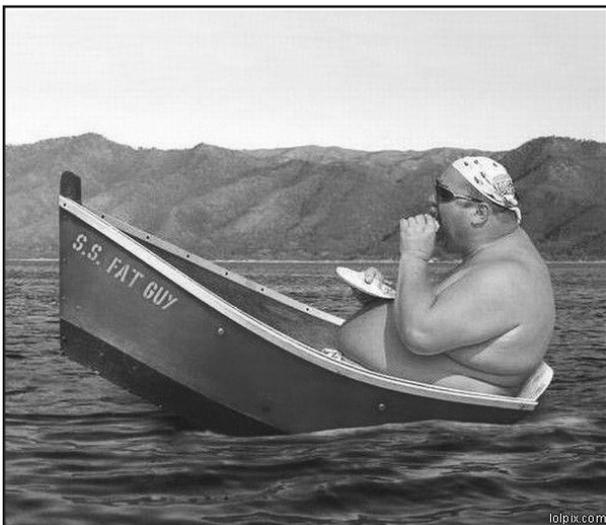
There were three things that we never ever had on/at our table in the fifties...
elbows, hats and cell phones!

Fast food meant...you ate your food real fast.

MacDonald owned a farm, not a hamburger joint. (If you wanted a hamburger, you had to grind the meat in a silver colored meat grinder bolted to the table. How primitive we were....but maybe better off.)

HUSBAND OF THE YEAR

This guy gets my vote



SERMON FOR EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY

My father and his brother Johnny were very close. Several times they traveled thousands of miles to the Northern wilderness of Canada to do some bass fishing. My dad said the lake was so clean he could just dip a cup from the side of the boat and drink the water. But they experienced a very scary moment my dad never forgot. My Uncle John invited dad to go out on the lake to view the sunset. As the sun beautifully set behind the hills, a fog started moving across the lake like a blanket being rolled open. The fog enveloped their bass boat on all sides. They could no longer see the shore line. Just as the fog enveloped them, their Evinrude motor conked out. It was an older motor with a pull start, like a lawn mower. My dad pulled and pulled but it stubbornly refused to start. They forgot to bring the oars. My dad said, "It wouldn't have mattered. We couldn't see the shore." They helplessly went adrift.

Then my uncle heard something that terrified him. "Walt, do you hear that in the distance?" "Ya, it sounds like a faint roar." "Walt, I think we're headed for a waterfall." The sound became louder. The boat picked up speed. They wanted to jump in the water to swim, but to where? The sun was just about to set. Darkness would soon come upon this moonless night.

My dad said that all he and Johnny could do was just sit in the boat, hope for the best and pray. Their prayer was heard. They heard another sound. Not the roar of water, but the putt of a big motor from another boat. A voice from the fog rang out, "I am the captain. Do you need help?" Johnny yelled back, "Our motor is dead. We need a tow to the shore." Soon they heard a plop in the water. "Tie your boat to the rope. I'll pull you back to shore." My dad was never happier to put his feet on dry land. Neither my dad nor his brother could see the face of the captain. Dad asked, "We can't even see you. How did you see us?" The captain replied, "The fog did not extend very far off the water. I am high up on the masthead. I am above the fog. I could look down through it and see you." My uncle offered him some money as a sign of gratitude. The captain simply replied, "Don't want your money. Glad to help. Throw a rope to someone else who may need it." The captain sailed off. To this day my dad and Johnny never saw his face or got the name of the man who saved them.

Unlike my father and his brother, we know the name of our Savior. "You want to do the works of God My Father? Believe in His Son, Jesus." Jesus wants you to believe He is the captain of your ship. He is above all the foggy situations in your life when you can't see ahead and don't know how to get away from the dangerous waterfall. Jesus is there to guide you to safety.

Many years later, in early August 1981, my 61-year-old Uncle John was near death from cancer. Jesus was there to guide him. Uncle John received Holy Communion from his newly-ordained nephew after decades of being outside the Church. He asked, "Father Michael, do you think I can get up there, to Heaven?" I replied, "Uncle John, I just gave you Confession, the Last Rites and Holy Communion. There's not enough time for you to do a big sin." We laughed. But we were keenly aware his time was short.

As I drove my car backwards down his long driveway, Uncle John stood at the top of the driveway. Holding his oxygen tank, he raised his right hand waving goodbye. The sun was setting right behind him. He stood in the middle of the sun's light which surrounded him like a big red ball. On August 18th, Uncle John went to Heaven where the light of God shines on him forever. Jesus says, "I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never hunger. Whoever believes in me will never thirst." Amen.....