





**BENEDICTION EVERY THURSDAY AT 6:30 P.M.**



**\$252,747.60**

Debt on Fr. Luehrmann Hall



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY**

January 22...Barb Ludwick, Elizabeth Tamborski

January 23...Bonnie Rusch

January 24...John Butsch, Ellie Howland, Ashley Shriver, David Spicer, Carole Terrell

January 26...Delores Kossler, Anastazja Singleton

January 27...Janet Hauser, Hannah Wendel

January 28...Linda Friessen



**LAUGHTER IS GOOD**

A young schoolboy was having a hard time pronouncing the letter "R" and all the other kids were, of course, teasing him about it.

To help him out, the teacher gave him a sentence to practice at home: "Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare."

In class a few days later, the teacher asked the boy to recite the sentence out loud.

The boy nervously eyed his classmates - many of them already laughing - then replied, "Bob gave Dick a poke in the side because the bunny wasn't cooked enough."

**I HATE WHEN I'M TRYING TO PULL THE BLANKETS UP AND I PUNCH MYSELF IN THE FACE.**

**BABY - WHILE SLEEPING WITH**

**MAMA**



**PAPA**



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**WAKE UP, BLANKET HOG!  
YOU'RE HAVING THAT BURRITO  
DREAM AGAIN.**



**Hiding under my blanket**

will protect me from anything

**BEST. BLANKET.**



**EVER.**



**BUILDING FORTS**

Admit it you miss doing it.

## SERMON FOR THIRD SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

Last Monday night was so cold, about 8 degrees. I stayed warm in my little Batavia trailer as me and the cat dug under the plush Velux blanket I just bought on sale. It wasn't cheap. It still cost 80 dollars but the warmth was worth the price when it's that cold outside.

Around 6 a.m. I was awakened from a sound sleep with several knocks on my door. I thought, "Who could be knocking on my door at this hour on a bitterly cold night?" My glass storm door was locked so I could safely open the main door to see who this might be. There before me stood a young white guy about 25 years old wearing a hoody and no coat. His lips were blue. He was shaking from the cold. I asked, "What the heck are you doing out on a night like this?" He asked if he could come in from the cold. I said "No, I don't know you." I felt bad but I was afraid. He would not answer my question why he was out there in the first place, nor would he tell me where he lived. He requested me to make some phone calls so someone could pick him up. He gave me the numbers through the glass. Then I would lock the main door. The first caller said he didn't have a car. The second call was to his wife who didn't even bother to pick up the phone. (Not surprised)

I opened the door and gave him the results. He looked so sad. I asked, "I can call the state police and maybe they can offer you shelter at their station." He said, "Don't want any police." (Not surprised again) He asked again if I could let him inside for a while to warm up. I declined a second time. He said he was not there to rob or hurt me, but how could I know he was truthful? I told him I can't help him. He stood on my porch and cried. When I closed the door my heart felt as cold as the weather outside. This pitiful person put me in a moral dilemma. Were those tears real? Did I just shut the door on Christ or prevent myself from being harmed by a really good actor? I didn't know the answer. I was even more confused about what I could do.

I got under my warm blanket feeling so guilty. Then the Lord spoke, "Give him your blanket." I thought, "Lord, no. Not that! I just got this on sale at JC Penney. It's so pretty and soft and comfy. Remember, I got this on sale!" I put the blanket over my head hoping the message would just go away, but it only grew louder, "Give him your blanket." I thought of Jonah who at first refused to do what God said. He ran away only from God. God had Jonah swallowed by a whale for three days, living in its belly until he agreed to deliver the message of repentance to Nineveh. I wondered what God would do to me if I didn't obey – maybe lock me in a Gold Star gym for three days with treadmills and thigh masters with no hope of tasting a Krispy Kreme doughnut with chocolate sprinkles ever again. Unimaginable suffering.

I got in my car where I found him walking down the street. I opened the window. "Where are you going?" He replied, "I really don't know." I said, "Take this for the journey." I handed him the blanket through my car window. "This is for me?" I said, "Yes, take it and keep warm." He sincerely thanked me. His last words to me were, "I'll bring it back." I thought, "Yah, right." I went back to the trailer and slept under a bath robe that Craig Turner bought for me many Christmases ago. I know what present to ask from Craig next Christmas.

Repentance means more than giving up sin. God wants you to do actions that show you have given up sin. All your actions should show you sincerely desire to turn away from the sinful things of this world towards God. Why should you do this? Because the things of this world are passing away. They will never give you complete satisfaction. You will find your true fulfillment only in God. Simon, Andrew, James and John understood this. That's why they gave up a lucrative fishing business to follow Jesus. God does not want you to be destitute, but he does will you to use your blessings for those less blest, even for those who make bad life choices like that man on my porch. I believe there are no blankets in Heaven. They are not needed. The souls of the just warm each other with their love.