


NEWS AROUND THE PARISH

1. Graduating seniors from High School and College are invited, along with their families, to the Senior breakfast on June 2 after the 10:00 a.m. Mass. Father Mike will give a special blessing during the Mass. Please contact the Religious Office (840-9932, ext. 2) to RSVP.
2. The Prayer Chain is for sudden illness, tragedy, medical surgeries, near death or dying experiences. The reason why we have to define this is that the groups could be very soon overburdened with non-emergency requests. It should only be for emergencies. All non-emergency prayer requests can be handled at the Prayer of the Faithful during Mass. To activate the Prayer Chain, call Fr. Mike, Michelle Salyer or Linda Bradford at 840-9932.
3. The school year is quickly coming to an end. The Principal is happy to report that the school's financial status is sound and no requests for financial assistance were required from the Church this year.
4. We are currently enrolling students in all the programs for next year. Please call the school if you would like to enroll for the 2013-2014 school year. We are adding another section of preschool next year. It is an early four program. If anyone has a kitchen set, easel or any type of preschool play materials they would like to donate or sell, please contact the school.
5. St. Mary School Spring Program is Wednesday, May 15th, at 7:00 p.m.
6. Fingerprinting for anyone working with the school or PRS will be here at St. Mary's on Wednesday, May 15, from 5:00-7:30 p.m.
7. June 1 is the Sharkey-Penn Golf Scholarship Tournament. Ruth and Joe were wonderful supporters of the school, so let's honor Ruth's recent passing with the best tournament ever. Hole Sponsors are \$100.00 and teams are \$200.00. Please contact Mary Stanforth at 402-0653 or 840-9932 if you would like to participate, sponsor a hole or donate an item for the raffle. 
8. I ran into Shawn Conlin at Walmart. I was looking for some letters like the ones that go on a mailbox. I didn't know where to find them so I asked Shawn. He immediately said, "Hardware." Sure enough, there they were. He seemed so poised and assured in his answer. I wonder if when he goes to Japan, he works for Weastec by day but moonlights as a Japanese Walmart greeter by night? He may even assume a Japanese name like "Satoshi," which means "clear thinking." Ahhh sooo.

WHERE DID THESE SAYINGS COME FROM?

1. Did you know the saying "God willing and the Creeks don't rise" was in reference to the Creek Indians and not a body of water? It was written by Benjamin Hawkins in the late 18th century. He was a politician and Indian diplomat. While in the south, Hawkins was requested by the President of the U.S. to return to Washington. In his response, he was said to write, "God willing and the Creeks don't rise." Because he capitalized the word "Creeks," it is deduced that he was referring to the Creek Indian tribe and not a body of water.



2. At local taverns, pubs, and bars, people drank from pint and quart-sized containers. A barmaid's job was to keep an eye on the customers and keep the drinks coming. She had to pay close attention and remember who was drinking in "pints" and who was drinking in "quarts," hence the phrase, "minding your 'P's and Q's."



3. As incredible as it sounds, men and women in the 1600's took baths only twice a year (May and October). Women kept their hair covered, while men shaved their heads (because of lice and bugs) and wore wigs. Wealthy men could afford good wigs made from wool. They couldn't wash the wigs, so to clean them, they would carve out a loaf of bread, put the wig in the shell, and bake it for 30 minutes. The heat would make the wig big and fluffy, hence the term "Big Wig." Today, we often use the term "here comes the Big Wig" because someone appears to be or is powerful and wealthy.
4. In the late 1700's, many houses consisted of a large room with only one chair. Commonly, a long, wide board folded down from the wall, and was used for dining. The "head of the household" always sat in the chair while everyone else ate sitting on the floor. Occasionally, a guest, who was usually a man, would be invited to sit in this chair during a meal. To sit in the chair meant you were important and in charge. They called the one sitting in the chair the "chair man." Today in business, we use the expression or title "Chairman" or "Chairman of the Board."

STUDENT WHO OBTAINED 0% ON AN EXAM

I would have given him 100% for his wit!!!

- Q1. In which battle did Napoleon die?
* **His last battle**
- Q2. Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?
* **At the bottom of the page**
- Q3. River Ravi flows in which state?
* **Liquid**
- Q4. What is the main reason for divorce?
* **Marriage**
- Q5. What is the main reason for failure?
* **Exams**
- Q6. What can you never eat for breakfast?
* **Lunch & dinner**
- Q7. What looks like half an apple? *
* **The other half**
- Q8. If you throw a red stone into the blue sea what it will become?
* **It will simply become wet**
- Q9. How can a man go eight days without sleeping? *
* **No problem, he sleeps at night.**
- Q10. How can you lift an elephant with one hand? *
* **You will never find an elephant that has only one hand.**
- Q11. If you had three apples and four oranges in one hand and four apples and three oranges in other hand, what would you have? *
* **Very large hands**
- Q12. If it took eight men ten hours to build a wall, how long would it take four men to build it?
* **No time at all, the wall is already built.**
- Q13. How can u drop a raw egg onto a concrete floor without cracking it?
* **Any way you want, concrete floors are very hard to crack.**



**SPREAD THE LAUGHTER, SHARE THE CHEER!
LET'S BE HAPPY, WHILE WE'RE HERE!!**

FR. MIKE'S SERMON FOR MOTHER'S DAY AND ASCENSION

What if you could catch a glimpse of every hope – big or small – your mother ever had for you? Here is one daughter's story of enduring love.



In May 2006, I lost my mother, Mary Finlayson. I miss so much about her. What I long for most is the way Mom could make me believe that everything would be OK.

She was my one-stop problem-solver with her own secret weapon: the God Box, her simple way of coping with the stresses of life. It wasn't anything fancy, just a series of trinket boxes filled with her typed or handwritten requests on behalf of me; my younger brother, Jack; and the love of her life, our father, Ray. Mom would scrounge up any old piece of paper – the back of a receipt, a torn paper towel, or a while-you-were-out slip sufficed – date it, and write, "Dear God," followed by her concern of the moment, which ran the gamut from big ("Please let our house sell today") to small ("Please let Mary Lou's Pergo floor be the right choice"). She would sign many of the scraps "Thank you, God. Sincerely, Mary," gently fold them into tiny origami, and tuck them into the box. Then, she believed, God would take over.

What we didn't know was how many times Mom wrote in the box – until we lost her. As Jack, Dad, and I were preparing for her funeral, we talked about the God Box. So I headed back to her bedroom to look for it. Reaching to the top shelf of her closet, I yelled, "I found it!" But as I grabbed the box, my hand brushed another and then another. Ultimately we found a total of 10. We were shocked to see so many, filled to the brim with petitions spanning two decades.

Spilling the scraps, we were face-to-face with every mountain and molehill we had ever confided to Mom. In the God Boxes, she had left a 20-year-old love letter to us in hundreds of pieces. Many messages were freighted with emotion: "Please help Dad get his speech back 100%." Others were mundane yet, surprisingly, poignant ("Please choose correct ship and cabin for Mother's Day cruise present"), revealing how much thought she put into everyday matters. I laughed when I saw that she had interceded to get difficult coworkers out of my life, citing each one by name; I'd forgotten most of them. If a favor was granted, Mom would insert thank-you notes, like "Good mammogram, thank you."

The pleas that hit me hardest were those in which Mom asked for an end to her suffering from the incurable blood disease that plagued the last 25 years of her life. "Memorial Day, 1994: Please hear me. My mouth is very sore. Please cure it and cure my platelet problem. I thank you, and I love you." Despite the unrelenting progress of her disease, her faith never flagged. As I read her words, I realized that she had hidden the worst of her ailments from all of us. Writing in the box must have been the one place she could fully express herself.

The God Boxes gathered dust. Then, one night this past March, at 2:00 a.m., my nearly 92-year-old father fell. A brain scan exposed severe late-stage cancer. Jack and I sat by his side around the clock. Alone with Dad on April 17, exhausted and desperate, I grabbed a piece of lined yellow paper and scrawled, "Dear God (and Mom), Dad has been so strong for so long. I know you don't want him to be in pain. I never thought I could ask this...but please bring Daddy to heaven, into your arms. Thank you, Always your girl, Mary Lou." I folded it small and put it in one of Mom's old God Boxes. I felt her calming hand on me. My heart finally lifted. And Dad died peacefully three days later.

That was my first entry into my own God Box, which I've kept ever since, though not as faithfully as Mom had. But I love to open her boxes from time to time, fingering the tiny scraps written in her urgent, loving hand. I'm so grateful that she left me this gift. Every day, I try to maintain my faith, to believe as fully as she did. As she taught me, it doesn't hurt to ask.

(Written for the Catholic Digest by Mary Lou Quinlan)

When Jesus went up to Heaven, He took all our prayers with Him. Jesus is our personal God Box to the Father. Happy Mother's Day.

