

THANK YOU...THANK YOU...THANK YOU...
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Due to your generosity, our collection is the highest amount ever given in the 161-year history of our Church. The record was broken last year when you contributed \$253,105.64. I never thought we would break that record again, but you did it. Yet, as I congratulate you for your generosity, that doesn't mean we have gobs of money in the bank. It amazes me how many things break down in the physical plant we call St. Mary – roofs leak, concrete cracks, pipes burst, and even my water heater exploded last year. It's never ending. So please, don't end your giving either.

Blessings...Fr. Mike



The debt on the
Parish Center
is \$275,251.66.

Happy Birthday!



July 8 Keith Chambers
 July 9 Connor Ernst, Gina Taylor
 July 10 Alberta Burke, Jonah Hunt
 July 12 Al Takacs
 July 13 Kieran Conlon, Jim Lehn
 July 14 Virgil Downing, Pat Rumpke

Jesus was wandering around Jerusalem when He decided that He really needed a new robe.

After looking around for a while, He saw a sign for Finkelstein, the Tailor...

So, He went in and made the necessary arrangements to have Finkelstein prepare a new robe for Him. A few days later, when the robe was finished, Jesus tried it on – and it was a perfect fit!

He asked how much He owed.

Finkelstein brushed him off, “No, no, no, for the Son of God, there’s no charge!

However, may I ask for a small favor? Whenever you give a sermon, perhaps you could just mention that your nice new robe was made by Finkelstein, the Tailor?”

Jesus readily agreed and as promised, extolled the virtues of His Finkelstein robe whenever He spoke to the masses.

A few months later, while Jesus was again walking through Jerusalem, He happened to walk past Finkelstein’s shop and noted a huge line of people waiting for Finkelstein’s robes.

He pushed His way through the crowd to speak to him and as soon as Finkelstein spotted Him, he said: “Jesus, Jesus, look what you’ve done for my business!

Would you consider a partnership?”

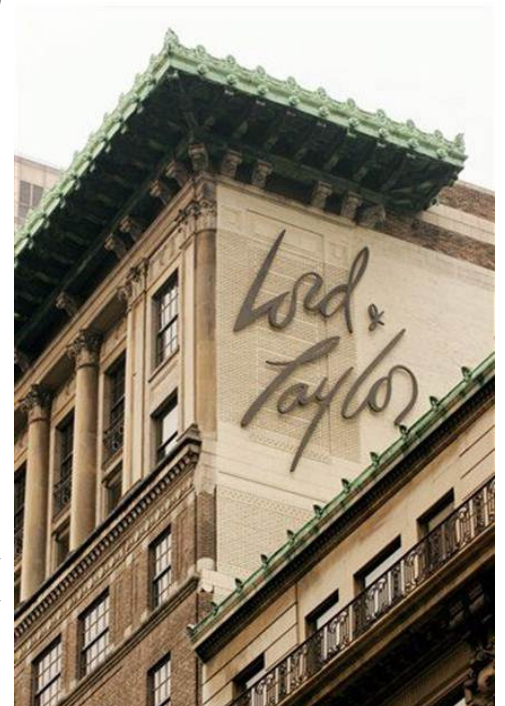
“Certainly,” replied Jesus, “Jesus & Finkelstein it is.”

“Oh, no, no,” said Finkelstein.

“Finkelstein & Jesus; after all, I am the craftsman.”

The two of them debated this for some time.

Their discussion was long and spirited, but ultimately fruitful – and they finally came up with a mutually acceptable compromise. A few days later, the new sign went up over Finkelstein’s shop:



WHERE WERE THE PROOFREADERS FOR THESE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES??

Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says
(No crap, really? Ya think?)

Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers
(How drastic?)

Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over
(What a guy!)

Miners Refuse to Work after Death
(How lazy can they be??)

Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant
(See if that works any better than a fair trial!)

War Dims Hope for Peace
(I can see where it might have that effect!)

If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last Awhile
(Ya think?!)

Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures
(Who would have thought!)

Ohio Couple Slain; Police Suspect Homicide
(They may be on to something!)

Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges
(You mean there's something stronger than grey duct tape?)

Man Struck By Lightning: Faces Battery Charge
(He probably IS the battery charge!)

New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group
(Weren't they fat enough?! Send Fr. Mike in there.)

Kids Make Nutritious Snacks
(Do they taste like chicken?)

Local High School Dropouts Cut in Half
(Chainsaw Massacre all over again!)

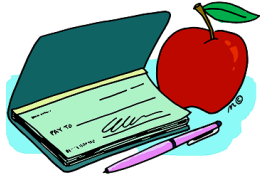
Hospitals are Sued by 7 Foot Doctors
(Boy, are they tall!)

And the winner is....

Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead
(Did I read that right?)

FR. MIKE'S SERMON FOR FOURTEENTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

Monday (June 24th) started like all the other Mondays in my life. Said the 11:30 a.m. Mass at St. Benignus, then travelled back to St. Mary to spend the rest of the day writing the bulletin. After writing out my 390th weekend sermon at St. Mary (oh, you have suffered so long), I decided to pay some bills. I couldn't find my checkbook in my desk, so I figured I left it in my car.



After saying my two Tuesday Masses, I headed for my place in Batavia. As I drove down Rt. 50, I remembered to look for the checkbook. I opened my glovebox and it wasn't there either. I figured I just left it somewhere in the Rectory. I thought nothing more about it until this strong urge came upon me from out of the blue right near the old Holy Ghost Catholic Church in Vera Cruz, "Go to 5/3rd Bank in Batavia and check out the checks." I just didn't want to believe the checks were stolen, so I was going to get proof that they were safe.

Waiting for the teller to bring up the information seemed like hours. Finally she reappeared and said, "The last activity we show is that you hand wrote two checks on Sunday, June 23rd, and Monday, June 24th." My heart just sank. How could I have written two checks when I didn't even have the checkbook? Plus, I always type my checks on my vintage 1977 IBM typewriter. I said nervously, "Who did I supposedly write them to?" She replied, "John Smith" (for legal reasons this name is obviously fictitious because this hasn't yet gone to trial). I asked, "How much were the checks for?" She said, "The first one was for \$50.00 and the other one was for \$275.00, cashed at the Hillsboro 5/3rd."

I know John. He has been pounding the door of my Rectory on and off for 7 years, always asking for a handout. I have helped him for years, giving him \$5.00 or \$10.00 to get some food. But on Sunday, June 23rd, I was shocked to see John sitting in the next to the last pew at the 10:00 a.m. Mass. This is the first time I *ever* saw him at Mass. I do not even know if he is Catholic. He gave me a warm hug at the sign of Peace and even took Holy Communion.

The rest of what I say is conjectured, but very probable. When Mass ended, he never left the building but hid somewhere in the Church. With the doors locked and the last person gone, he easily gained access to the Rectory through one of the two unlocked interior doors leading to the Rectory. He went through my desk drawers and found the checkbook.

The bank official at 5/3rd Batavia proceeded to cancel all remaining checks, about 80 in all. I said to her, "How stupid can he be to write a check to himself, using his own name?" She laughed. I added, "I'm really angry that he did such a lousy job forging my signature. He didn't even try to make it look nice!" I told the official John probably had skipped town. She said, "Oh, I bet you he ain't done yet."

As soon as I got into my car just seconds after she said that, here comes a call on my cell phone from the Hillsboro police, called to the bank by a teller at 5/3rd Hillsboro. "Are you Fr. Mike?" "Yes." "Did you write a check to John Smith?" I said, "No...because he stole my checkbook!" She said, "That's all we need to know."

The handcuffs were slapped on his skinny little wrists and he was hauled off to the police station. He had on his possession my forged check #5551, but he knew nothing about this so-called checkbook that I claim he stole. "Checkbook? What checkbook? Never seen it." They held him for about an hour, then let him go free till the Grand Jury meets and hands down an indictment.

I really want to thank the Lord who had my back, or should I say my bank, covered. He gave me the prompting to go to the bank and check it out, overriding my initial reluctance. God's timing was perfect, as it always is. If the bank official had canceled my checks just 5 minutes later, John would have stolen even more money on top of the \$325.00 he already got. He wrote the last check #5551 for \$475.00, which would have brought the total to \$800.00.

What irked me the most is that he took Holy Communion and then walked right into my home to rob me. I thought to myself, "How dare he take Communion and then minutes later steal. He just desecrated the Holy Eucharist!" God then spoke, "Don't get upset. That's nothing new. My people do that to me all the time."

In this enlightened moment, it became clear to me: how many times have you or I received Holy Communion and then acted opposite of the Love given to us by the Christ we just consumed? Have you ever received Jesus in the Eucharist and then later in the week acted mean, spiteful, impatient, judgmental, unkind, uncaring, unforgiving, spiteful, dishonest, lying, cheating, not keeping promises, lustful, gluttonous, greedy, lazy, wrathful, with envy, or pride? Is what John did any different than what we do? Have we not also desecrated the Eucharist by our sins?



Communion is not a bus token to Heaven. Communion is not a "magic cookie" to curry Divine Favor. Communion is our commitment to Christ to live His way of Love in the following week and every week till we see our names written in Heaven. Consecrate your entire life to Christ with every Communion you receive.

Goodnight and God Bless...Fr. Mike