



MINISTERS



Liturgical Appointments for
December 31, 2016/January 1, 2017

	Ministers of Altar	Ministers of Hospitality	Ministers of Word	Ministers of Holy Communion
5:30 p.m.	Brandon Ludwick	Volunteer	Kelli Cole	Michael Bradford
				Linda Bradford
				Volunteer
8:00 a.m.	Volunteer	Richard & Anna Vilvens	Jim Lehn	Marilyn Rosselott
				Jane Cadwallader
				Gayle Paetzel
10:00 a.m.	The Conlons	Jim Hehl	Elizabeth House	Joyce Combs
		Shawn Conlon		Jenny Hart
				Jamie Corns



MASS SCHEDULE

Sunday, December 25

9:00 a.m. XMAS DAY for Betty Jo Cole
(Sally Frydryk) &
Jack Boler (Cookie Boler)
WLRU BROADCAST

Monday, December 26

10:00 a.m. NO RADIO ROSARY
BROADCAST

Tuesday, December 27

9:15 a.m. No Mass

Thursday, December 29

7:00 p.m. Jane Lawson for December 26th
(Greg Lawson)

Saturday, December 31

9:00 a.m. No Mass
5:30 p.m. Jack Boler (Cookie Boler)

Sunday, January 1

7:40 a.m. RADIO ROSARY BROADCAST
8:00 a.m. NEW YEAR'S DAY MASS for
Darlene Prosek
(The Quilt Squad)
10:00 a.m. NEW YEAR'S DAY MASS for
Ernie Blankenship
(Rita Blankenship)



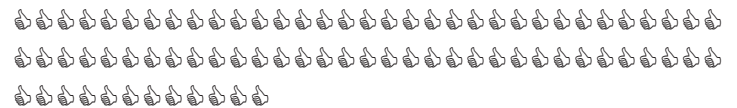
STEWARDSHIP NEWS

Weekly Need\$ 4,500.00

Collection for December 17/18

Envelopes & Loose.....\$ 3,479.00
Variance -\$ 1,021.00
(10☹☹☹☹☹☹☹☹☹☹)

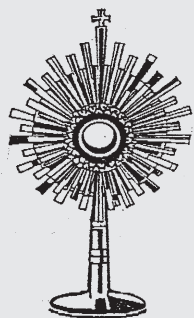
Building Fund: \$80.00
St. Vincent de Paul: \$236.00
Votives: \$47.00Buck-a-Month: \$20.00.



YTD NEED STARTING 7/3/2016\$107,500.00
YTD COLLECTED\$109,300.00
VARIANCE+\$ 1,800.00
(18☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺)



\$280,000.00
Debt on Fr. Luehrmann Hall



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



Birthdays

December 29

Jane Horne, Tom Miller

December 30

Joyce Baker, Tara Beery

December 31

Sheri Barton, Karla Ronnenberg

CHRISTMAS JOKES FOR YOU

Looking in the mall for a cotton nightgown, I tried my luck in a store known for its hot lingerie. To my delight, however, I found just what I was looking for. Waiting in the line to pay, I noticed a young woman behind me holding the same nightgown. This confirmed what I suspected all along, that despite being over 50, I still have a very “with it, young” attitude.

“I see we have the same taste,” I said proudly to the 20 something behind me.

“Yes,” she replied. “I’m getting this for my grandmother for Christmas.”

Joe: What nationality is Santa Claus?

Moe: What?

Joe: North Polish.

A little girl asked her mother, “How did the human race appear?” The mother answered, “God made Adam and Eve and they had children and so was all mankind made.”

Two days later, the girl asked her father the same question. The father answered, “Many years ago, there were monkeys from which the human race evolved.”

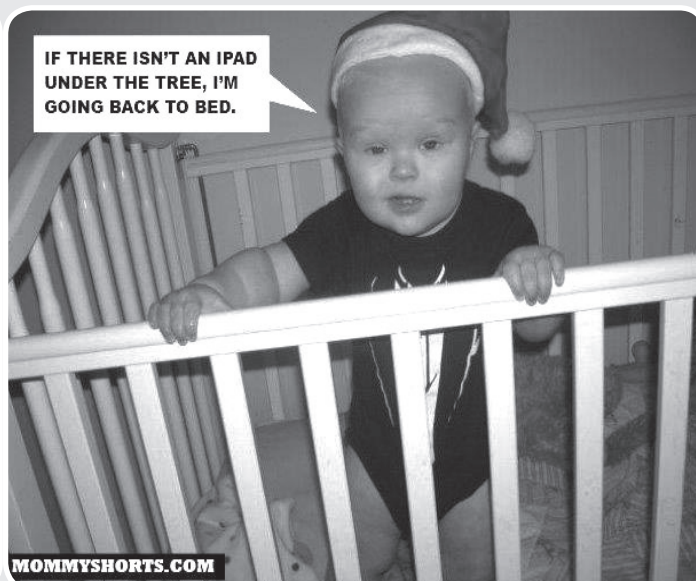
The confused girl returned to her mother and said, “Mom, how is it possible that you told me the human race was created by God, and Dad said they developed from monkeys?”

The mother answered, “Well, dear, it is very simple. I told you about my side of the family and your father told you about his.”



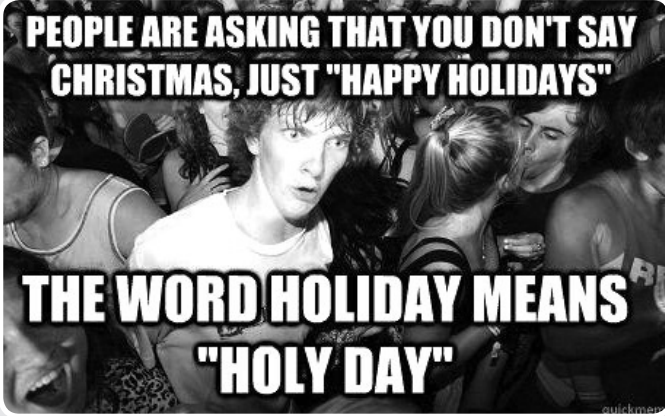
PRETTY SURE THERE'S A LIVE WIRE ON THE TREE, DAD.

MOMMYSHORTS.COM



IF THERE ISN'T AN IPAD UNDER THE TREE, I'M GOING BACK TO BED.

MOMMYSHORTS.COM



FR. MIKE'S SERMON FOR CHRISTMAS 2016

My elderly friend Harry told me the greatest Christmas story I ever heard. The year is 1945. Harry was serving the country as a Navy Seabee in the Philippines. He built airports and roads so our troops could have all they needed to win the war. He helped win the war, not with a gun but with a bulldozer, earning him the Silver Star. He joked, "I dodged many a bullet with my bulldozer." On December 11th Harry heard the words from his Commanding Officer he longed to hear for four years. He was going home. He knew the journey across the Pacific Ocean and the train trip across the US would be long and hard. But all he could think about was getting home for Christmas. He wanted to surprise his family who had no idea he was coming home.

The journey lasted two weeks, bringing him to Union Terminal in Cincinnati right around 1:00 o'clock on Christmas Day. Harry said, "I travelled 7,000 miles on the ocean and 3,000 miles on a train but couldn't find anyone to take me ten miles to Norwood. I was so close yet so far away." In the midst of falling snow and freezing cold, he started walking to Norwood with nothing but his wool green Navy overcoat and duffle bag on his back. The cold and snow did not stop him. Harry told me, "Every step brought me closer to my wife and mother. I dodged bullets for four years to get home alive. A little snow was nothing."

After walking several miles up Montgomery Road, an old guy in a 1940 black Ford pickup truck gave him a ride to Norwood. The driver recognized the green government issued coat Harry was wearing. He said, "Soldier, throw your duffle bag in the truck bed. Where to?" Harry said, "Norwood." The old man laughed, "The best bars are in Norwood. Hop in." Harry said there was no heat in that truck, but the thoughts of holding his wife again kept him warm.

The old man drove him right to his mom's white wooden house where Harry's wife and mom lived together while he was gone. He walked up the rickety steps of the old wood porch. He wiped away the snow and ice on one of the square window panes with his wool gloves. He cried as he peered through the wavy glass, staring at his wife and mother after 4 long years, wondering if he would ever be alive to see this moment. They were cutting the turkey to begin the Christmas meal.

He dried his eyes so they wouldn't see he was crying. He nervously knocked at the locked door. Mom opened the door, saw Harry, screamed and fainted in his arm. The wife heard the commotion, arose from the table and came running to the door. She sees Harry, screams and faints in his other arm. Harry said, "Years of carrying around that duffle bag sure came in handy."

Harry said when they came to we just couldn't stop hugging each other at the front door. It took us over a half hour to make it to the dining room. Finally I escorted mom on one arm and my wife Anita on my other arm, walking slowly to the dining room table. The food had gotten cold but we didn't care. The warmth of our love made up for it.

Anita was upset she didn't buy Harry any Christmas gift. Harry said, "Oh yes you have. You gave me the best gift four years ago and I finally get to see her." Harry would now see his daughter for the very first time. I'll let him describe the moment, "Anita brought her out from the bedroom. I worried about my appearance. I might scare her with my long red scraggly beard. I didn't smell too good as I hadn't bathed in days. Anita told my daughter, 'This is your daddy.' She took one look at me, turned to her mother and said, 'I don't like this daddy. Let's go get another one?' After a bath and a shave, my daughter decided to keep me."

Harry said being reunited with his family in 1945 after 4 years apart was the happiest moment of his life. When Harry told me this story, he was 87 and would not live to see another Christmas. He made me promise to preach his story one day. He said, "Tell the people that the true joy in life will always be found in love. Every Christmas I thank God that I have someone who loves me and I love them back. There is no greater gift than this." Every Christmas Jesus tells you, "I love you." Give Jesus the one gift He wants so desperately that He left Heaven and travelled billions of miles across the universe to find it on earth...*your heart*. Merry Christmas!