



FR. CK'S CORNER



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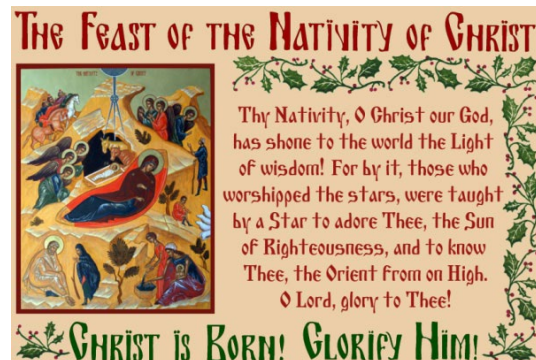


By Fr. Christopher Klusman

I pray that this newsletter finds you well. I hoped you enjoyed the previous Spring's two-part newsletter. While we have returned to Ordinary Time, there aren't multiple liturgical seasons, so this newsletter resumes its one-part format.

With the first day of summer on Sunday, June 20, that day also includes the Twelfth Sunday in Ordinary Time and Father's Day. While I like seeing connections between things, the number "12" brings to mind the 12 Apostles, who were the first bishops. We are grateful for all the holy bishops and priests for their spiritual fatherhood. A blessed Father's Day to our bishops and priests. We also say a blessed Father's Day to all fathers reading this. While we are still amid the Year of St. Joseph, we can't forget the role of Saint Joseph as a spiritual father to us all, so a blessed Father's Day to him too. Last, but not least, a blessed Father's Day to God our Heavenly Father.

I will like us to remember two important dates of our year, December 25, in which



the first day of winter is near, as well as June 24, which is close to the first day of summer. What is important about those two dates is that it is Jesus' Birthday, called the Nativity

of Our Lord. June 24 is the birthday (or nativity) of Jesus' older cousin, His precursor, St. John the Baptist. I would like us to remember St. John the Baptist's famous words when Jesus arrived at the Jordan River, "He must increase; I must decrease" (John 3:30). This means that St. John the Baptist must decrease while the time and presence of Jesus Christ must increase.

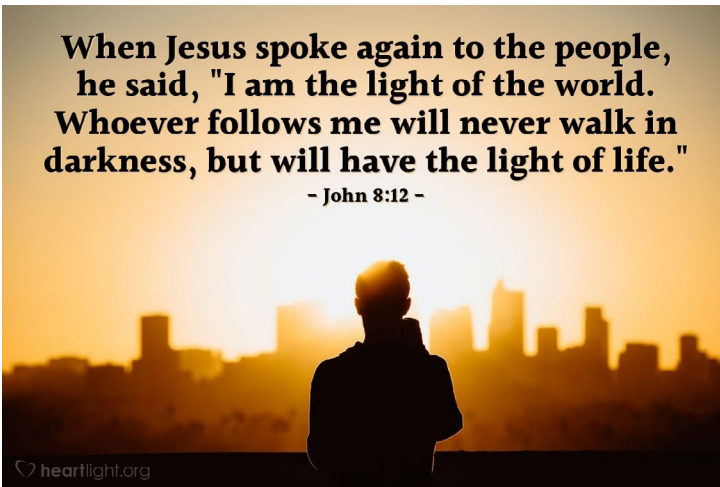
How is this made clear? The first day of winter shows a decrease in darkness (nighttime), with an increase in daylight. The first day of summer begins the decrease of daylight with an increase of darkness.

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MISSION STATEMENT - DEAF APOSTOLATE

The Deaf Apostolate in the Archdiocese of Milwaukee exists to enable all Catholic Deaf and Hard of Hearing people to participate fully in the liturgical, educational, pastoral, spiritual, and human concerns ministries in the Church.

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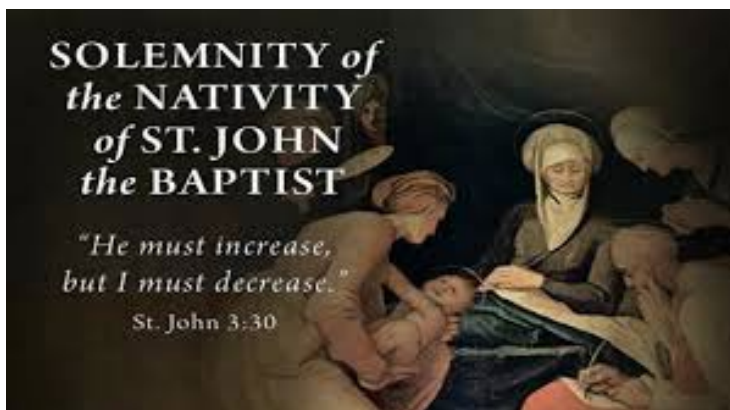


When Jesus spoke again to the people, he said, "I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life."

- John 8:12 -

Even when we are seemingly getting out of many COVID-19 restrictions, such as wearing masks and social distancing, which is a great thing, but it doesn't mean that we are not out of the dark yet. There are a lot of disturbing things that are happening in our world today, such as that more things (like gender fluidity, etc.) are becoming conflictive with God and His Teachings. While many of those "things" seem at the surface to be "good" to support, they aren't. If anyone is not sure whether something is good to believe or not, always remember the words of St. John the Baptist in which he says: "Behold the Lamb of God" to whom he pointed to Jesus the Christ! Jesus is our all and everything. He is the One that we should support, believe, and share. Jesus Christ is the only Good News worth sharing and laying our lives down for. Jesus Christ is the only Light that can push away the darkness, who can remove the masks that mask the unhealthy as "a good," and that can truly bridge the social distancing we have been experiencing.

Now, with Jesus Christ as our center, our everything, our all, this means that He is our Summit, the peak of everything. I came across a very disturbing statistic that 70% of Catholics believe that the Body and Blood of Christ are only



**SOLEMNITY of
the NATIVITY
of ST. JOHN
the BAPTIST**

*"He must increase,
but I must decrease."*

St. John 3:30

symbols. I never forgot the words of a famous American writer, Flannery O'Connor, who said: "If it's only a symbol, to hell with it." She is right that if at Mass that the bread and wine only stay symbols throughout the entire Mass, it is not worth attending; it is not worth our time, and it is not worth bothering. BUT, Jesus Christ who is the Truth Himself, said, "***This is my Body... This is my Blood.***" Jesus is God, so He can change anything into Himself. That part during the Mass where the bread and wine are changed permanently into His Body and Blood is the summit of the Mass, the highest point! Knowing through faith given to us by Jesus and His Apostles, Jesus' words can do anything. With faith, we, Catholics, should believe that the bread and wine are changed into His Body and Blood during Mass. It is when the Word becomes flesh, which changes everything. It means the Mass is worth attending, worth our time, and worth bothering. There isn't anything else more important than to go to every weekend Mass and every Holy Day of Obligation. I pray that you all can come back to the Mass, and continue to attend Mass, for we do everything we can to make the Catholic Churches safe places of worship and adoration for everyone.

I join with Archbishop ListECKI to encourage you all to remember the precious and priceless gift of the Mass. We must repeat the words of St. John the Baptist, whose birthday on June 24, is born to prepare us to receive Our Dearest Lord. To receive the Light. To make our days brighter. To overcome the darkness including Satan and his demons. We must decrease so that Jesus can increase in all that we say and do. ***We truly*** meet Jesus at the Mass! Will your Summer be filled with weekends and Holy Day of Obligations of going up the Summit by witnessing the transformation of the bread and wine into Jesus' Most Holy Body and Blood?

I close here with the hope that you will still enjoy this Summer Newsletter. It is filled with many features that should accompany you throughout the Summer season as you can read this and that and meditate. You are most welcome to reread, etc. If you know of anyone who would appreciate this newsletter, please don't hesitate to share it with them.

The Immaculate Conception, patroness of our country, pray for us! St. Joseph, pray for us during his year. St. John the Baptist, pray for us! St. John the Evangelist, patron of our archdiocese, pray for us! St. Francis de Sales, patron saint of the Deaf, pray for us! St. René Goupil, our Deaf saint, pray for us! St. Benedict, pray for us!

Let us all decrease so that Jesus can increase! A blessed Summer to you!



St. Andrew Parish

DEAF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION MINISTRY

SHARING THE GOOD NEWS

FROM THE DELAVAN CORNER: BEAUTIFUL WORKS ONE WAY OR ANOTHER



**By Jennifer Paul, Coordinator
Deaf Religious Education & Deaf Ministry
St. Andrew Parish, Delavan**

St. Mother Teresa wrote in *The Joy in Loving: A Guide to Daily Living*:

“God does not ask that we succeed in everything, but that we are faithful.

However beautiful our work may be, let us not become attached to it. Always remain prepared to give it up, without losing your peace.”

This is exceptionally insightful because, before the COVID-19 pandemic, we had goals and plans that we intended to follow. Typically, if we did not follow through with our goals and plans for reasons other than what we could control, we would feel that we were a failure.

The COVID-19 pandemic is beyond our control. So whatever impacts we had to deal with because of the pandemic, we (hopefully most of us) understood, accepted, and ran with the logistical upheaval that came with the pandemic. At work, for example, staff might agree to do certain plans possible only by the actual physical presence of the individuals. Now, being physically present for many plans was something we all took for granted. That is becoming ‘attached to the work’ that St. Mother Teresa cautioned against.

The pandemic disrupted almost everything at work and its impacts made it impossible to execute exactly the works that the staff planned to do. Put in St. Mother Teresa’s words, we were “attached to” them. Would we consider not doing works exactly as planned a failure? Obviously not. But the important question

is whether we ‘gave it up, without losing our peace’ and stayed faithful?

St. Mother Teresa’s point is that ‘losing our peace’ means losing faith in God and not making use of the gifts that He gave us: prayer, Sacraments, the Eucharist, and the works to fulfill in His name. It is the “unwavering” peace that sustains us and allows us to be faithful. By keeping the faith, we keep our peace despite the changes spurred by the pandemic and other events beyond our control. After all, Jesus said in the Gospel:

“Peace is what I leave with you; it is my own peace that I give you. I do not give it as the world does.” (John 14:27).

So, to answer the question of whether we ‘gave it up, without losing our peace’ during the pandemic, I say YES with great joy! Remember what St. Mother Teresa said: we are not asked to succeed in everything but to be faithful. We reviewed the works and prayed on the purpose of the works.

How could we achieve the purpose by doing things differently but still productively? In doing things differently from what we were ‘attached to’, we did not fail. Rather, we shifted gears, letting go of our attachments but we did so without losing our peace. We carried forward still fulfilling the works in His name.

Many deaf Religious Education students and their families, priests, deacons, sisters, pastoral workers, and Catechist teachers including the numerous laypeople and finally the broader Catholic community, detached themselves from the beautiful works of the pre-pandemic times. We remained faithful and continued to worship and learn more about the faith in productive ways:

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attending Religious Education classes online, downloading and accessing various Catholic apps on our handheld devices, celebrating Sunday Mass online, respecting the safety protocols at various churches for the in-person Sunday Mass, participating in Bible Study sessions online and finally staying in touch over emails, FT / VP calls, and different videoconference apps. Best of all, some of us took on beautiful new works that otherwise would not happen during 'normal' times, which in turn reached out to more people than otherwise in person. Some beautiful examples are:

- Expertly and laboriously edited Sunday Masses videos in ASL given by [Fr. Christopher Klusman](#);
- Deaf Apostolate Milwaukee's Via Lucis Vlog Series at their [YouTube channel](#);
- The [Holy Helpers Video Series](#) and [The 12+2 Apostles Video Series](#) on the St. Andrew Parish Deaf Ministry's YouTube channel;
- Deaf Catholic Philly's 33 Days of Consecration to St. Joseph at their [YouTube channel](#); and
- Live streaming video Mass in ASL by many churches such as [Holy Angels Deaf Church in Los Angeles](#)

With the vaccination rollout underway and the vaccination almost ready to be available for more population groups i.e., children ages 12 – 15 and children ages 11 and under, we are slowly but surely resuming our normal life. However beautiful our works we created during the pandemic, we must be prepared to “give it up, without losing our peace.” We carry on in the post-pandemic world and stay faithful. Whatever works we faithfully take on in the post-pandemic world, they will be beautiful, too.

HAPPY 21ST
ANNIVERSARY
(JUNE 3)
OF YOUR
DIACONATE
ORDINATION,
DEACON
DAVID
SOMMERS!

Happy
Anniversary



CATHOLIC QUIZ

1. What person was called the “voice crying in the wilderness”?

- (a) St. Paul (b) Amos
(c) St. John the Baptizer
(d) Isaiah

2. What sacrament is the “seal of eternal life”?

- (a) Baptism
(b) Confirmation
(c) Anointing of the Sick (d) Reconciliation

3. Who was the third son of Adam and Eve?

- (a) Cain (b) Seth (c) Abel (d) Moab

4. Why do images of St. Joseph show him holding a lily?

- (a) He was a skilled gardener.
(b) Our Lady and St. Joseph displayed lilies in their home
(c) The lily is a sign of St. Joseph's purity.
(d) St. Joseph gave Our Lady a lily at their wedding.

5. How many dreams of St. Joseph does the Gospel of Matthew recount?

- (a) one (b) two (c) three (d) four

(Answers on page 10.)



A motorist was driving through a remote section of the country, and after stopping in a small village for a bit to eat, noticed that his watch had stopped. He paused on the porch of a small café where a native was lounging on a bench.

“I wonder,” said the motorist, “If you could tell me what time it is.”

“It's 12 o'clock,” drawled the native.

“Only 12 o'clock?” questioned the traveler. “I thought it was much more than that.”

“It's never more than that around this part of the country,” said the native. “It goes up to 12 o'clock and then starts all over again.”



WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LIFE? BY SR. MARGARET PETER



Sr. Margaret Peter

Begun recently in our Newsletters, we have included interviews or articles about various individuals. This article is taken from:

Whatever Happened to the Good Sisters: A Collection of Real Life Stories by Kathleen W. Fitzgerald, 1992 (pages 186-197). We hope that you will enjoy a dear Sister who was a big part of St. John's School for the Deaf, as well as in the lives of so many people.

What have I done with my life?

As a teenager I dreamed lofty dreams. I remember sitting on the highest rung of the steel ladder that reached to the top of the windmill on our South Dakota farm. From there I surveyed the surrounding countryside with its miles of farm land on every side. I had just graduated from high school as valedictorian. (Never mind that there were only six in my class!) Exhilarated by my accomplishment, and by the height from which I looked down on the earth, all the world was mine. I was strong, healthy, intelligent, ambitious, attractive. I could do anything I wanted to do, maybe even be the first woman president of the United States. It would probably be more fun, though, to travel all over the world and write books about what I'd seen. I wouldn't marry until I was real old -- like about twenty-four -- unless I found a man as smart as I was who also wanted to travel and write!

During the two years after I descended from the windmill, I worked at home or at whatever lowly jobs were available to women during the Great Depression years. Then came my twentieth birthday and a need to decide what to do with my life. My mind was filled with the scores of books and magazines I had read -- a mixture of Wild West stories, Catholic Mission magazines, and romance novels. Out of all that reading, and out of a strong Catholic home life, I retained high ideals and a longing to do with my life the best thing I could possibly do. That, I figured, was to be ordained a priest and work in the foreign missions. Even though I knew such was not possible, I cherished the dream. The Mission magazines, especially the Maryknoll magazine, had appealed to me more than the Wild West stories or the romance novels. I had dated young men and liked most of them, but, after three months of quiet reading, pondering, praying and searching for the special life that would please both God and me, I decided to join a religious order that sent sisters to the foreign missions.

My parents, when I told them my plans, were proud and happy. My brother and six sisters were surprised and less

than enthusiastic, but they accepted my decision to join the Sisters of St. Francis in faraway Milwaukee.

Although I had struggled against giving up dreams of adventure and vague plans for having a family of my own, I knew that I truly wanted to be a sister.

In September of 1940, when I joined the Sisters of St. Francis of Assisi in Milwaukee, I walked into the motherhouse with great excitement and anticipation.

Meeting the twenty-three young women who would be my classmates was a delight. They were far different than I had expected. There were no quiet, withdrawn types, no spinster types, no types at all, but just a group of individual personalities who shared my excitement and anticipation. During the following three years of living, working, and studying together, most of us would become life-long friends.

I thoroughly enjoyed the three years of preparation required before taking vows as a Franciscan sister. Each morning I awoke at 5:00 a.m. to the sound of a bell and to white curtains surrounding my bed in the large dormitory where all twenty-four of us slept. Each morning I exulted, "I'm a Sister! Me!" That fact kept surprising and cheering me for years to come.

I loved going to college -- the fulfillment of one of my dreams. I was pleasantly surprised at the fun my classmates and I had during free times, especially the time we spent in the gym playing basketball, volley ball or badminton. We also learned square dances, circle games and relay races -- whatever might prove useful in later years of teaching.

At the end of the three years of preparation I proudly professed the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Then came the challenge of teaching forty-nine second graders in a large city school. The kindness and helpfulness of the other sisters helped me do a fair job that first year, and to decide that teaching was what I like best. However, I still dreamed of going to China and had volunteered to do so. Those dreams collapsed when the Communists in China took over our schools there in the 1940's.

Then, in the spring of 1951, the mother general asked for



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volunteers to teach at St. John's School for the Deaf in Milwaukee. "Not me!" I thought. "I don't know anything about deaf children, except that they seem rather strange."

The following summer I overheard one of our sisters who taught there say, "Nobody volunteered! Nobody cares about poor little deaf children." I pretended not to hear, but the remarks persisted in my memory. Shortly after that our class made a seven-day silent retreat, a time of prayer and reflection. Between conferences and prayer times in chapel, I allowed those words to echo in my mind and heart. Deciding to volunteer for St. John's would be as difficult as my first major decision to enter a convent. The retreat master, a Jesuit priest, spoke much of doing God's will, whatever that was for each of us.

On the last day of retreat I wrote a note to the mother general, volunteering to teach at St. John's. Hoping such was not God's will, I thrust the note into mother's mailbox, thinking she wouldn't really accept my offer. Surely she would send me back to St. Joseph's School, the rural parish where I had been teaching. The pastor there wanted me to come back and to enjoy the beautiful new school that was being built that summer.

Then came August and the exciting appointment day when the mother general would give each sister a card with the name of her mission for that year. Mine said I would be going on to school to earn a Master's degree in deaf education. The idea of more education set my spirits soaring, but the thought of leaving the lovable children at St. Joseph's saddened me. As for teaching deaf children, probably for the rest of my life, well – that would be the most difficult part.

During my year of further education in Buffalo, New York, I would be getting my Master's at one of the largest universities in the United States. That excited me. The practical classes in Deaf Education were taught at St. Mary's School for the Deaf where I would be living for one year. There I learned, to my surprise, that deaf children were lovable, whether they were nursery school tots or high school seniors. The forty Sisters of St. Joseph and ten lay teachers who staffed the school were models of dedication and expertise. I marveled at their ability to communicate via speech, lip reading and sign language with children who could not hear. Another surprise -- deaf children were happy and friendly – not strange or distant, as I had feared.

The school year of 1951-1952 was full of new awakenings. I learned to do things I never dreamed I could do. By following the instructions of pre-school teacher Sister Rosemary, I could work miracles. Teaching a three-year-old deaf child to imitate her first intelligible basic speech sound "bububu" filled me with awe. It had taken scores of tries, with me pressing the little girl's hand against my cheek, then against her own, while I spoke



"bububu." At first Judy watched me with curiosity, then she imitated my lip movements, and finally she vocalized "bububu." That was an important beginning. By the end of the school year Judy could speak, in her soft deaf voice, nearly one hundred words. She could lip read more than that, and sign even more.

That year was unique in many ways. Our group of twelve student teachers visited various institutions for multiple handicapped children. Each was an adventure, but not at all like my youthful dreams of adventure. Each institution seemed to me a whole different world, but the experience of learning and working at St. Mary's introduced me to a new and unique world that changed my life. The sisters there helped me feel at home and a welcome part of the staff. They remain in my memory and affection now, forty years later. The students, with their eagerness to learn and their fun-loving ways, touched me deeply, convincing me that the best thing I could do with the rest of my life was to teach deaf children. At the end of that year of observing, teaching and earning a Master's degree in Deaf Education, I thought I was well prepared to teach deaf children full-time.

My first year at St. John's School for the Deaf proved to be quite overwhelming. Teaching was one thing; supervising children outside of school hours quite another. It took several years for me to learn that such times could be enjoyable. The next thirty years of my life would be intricately bound up with the lives of deaf children, their families and our deeply committed staff. For the first twelve years the staff consisted of fourteen sisters, two priests and several lay people. St. John's was a residential elementary school for nearly one hundred deaf children. Most of the children and staff lived and worked in one old four-story building under very crowded conditions. No one complained about that. We knew St. John's was a great school, rated among the top five of its kind in the nation.

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► **MY LIFE - Continued from Page 6.**

All the sisters worked overtime, often double time. People said that St. John's operated on a shoestring. The school was the largest charity of our Franciscan community. For nearly forty years the sisters had worked without a salary, since that was the only way the school could survive. For another twenty years we would be paid a small stipend. No state or Federal assistance was available for our private school at that time. Hiring an adequate lay staff was out of the question financially, so the sisters willingly took on multiple roles. We saw the need for our services, knew that we were being effective, had compassion for the parents, and most of all, loved the deaf children in our care.

After teaching all day we took weekly turns supervising on the playground, in the children's dining room, in the dormitory morning and evening, in chapel during Mass, or in playrooms. Through our constant presence with the children and with each other we formed close family relationships. I felt that in the classroom I was respected and loved as a teacher, while at other times my relationship with the children was more that of a mother or big sister.

After overcoming initial discipline problems, my favorite job was supervising the children at play. Sometimes, while watching the younger boys play basketball in the gym, I would sit on the sidelines and laugh aloud at their mad scrambling for the ball. The self-appointed leader of the group, a black lad from Atlanta, claimed attention by grabbing the basketball and sitting on it. With all the boys gathered around him, R.P. would share bits of wisdom: "Play ball. Don't fight!" "Don't cry. Be tough!" The boys played with such earnestness and concentration that they seemed oblivious of my presence.

On the other hand, when I supervised the girls, they never forgot my presence. They often asked me to join in their games, interpret a program on TV, or just tell them things I remembered about them when they were little. One evening at bedtime one of the girls asked if the group could stay up late that night. Feeling exhausted and anxious to go off duty, I said, "No!" Gayle was taken aback by my impatience. The next evening she said to me, "I was surprised that you were so crabby last night." Appreciating her honest remark, I excused my mood with: "Gayle, last night I was very, very tired." She smiled brightly and said, "Oh, I understand. Sometimes I'm crabby, too, when I'm tired." We shared a knowing smile, and our bond of friendship grew stronger.

I found being on duty with the girls in the dormitory one week out of each month a pleasant task. It was an important family time for everyone. The girls were like sisters to one another and they knew I cared about them and their families. Each girl would kneel at her bedside for a short night prayer before hopping into bed, but once Cathy, a hard-of-hearing girl, forgetting I could

hear, prayed aloud in her bed after lights were out. She had just told her parents good-bye at the close of her weekend at home. "Dear God, please bless my family. Please carry my kisses to my family. Here's one for Mommy (smack). Here's one for Daddy..."

We formed lasting friendships with the parents. I felt a deep sense of responsibility to them, for they relied on us for so many things: to give their deaf child early understandings of God and religion, to teach their three-year-old deaf children to speak for the first time, "I love you," and to enable them to communicate via speech, lip reading, sign language and writing, while also teaching regular school subjects and being caregivers nine months of the year. Parents often admitted feelings of helplessness in dealing with their deaf child and I acknowledged my own frustrations while also sharing successes and precious moments.

Frustration led me to fulfill one of the greatest dreams of my teenage years. It would be in my struggle to teach young deaf children to communicate that my creativity would be forced to the hilt and beyond. I would do things I had dreamed I would do, but I started with very small steps.

In school I strove to make each day a perfect one. Failing that for even a single day, I settled for "as good as possible." In any case I had to learn to keep the alert, willing attention of each child. It was obvious to me that deaf children, in order to learn, must watch and must want to learn. The most important subject they had to learn was language, which was key to all other subjects. They could see things happening all around them, but could not communicate in speech or sign language what was happening.

I noticed that the children loved wordless comic strips. They studied each picture of the Julie and Jack comic strip at the end of our weekly first grade Little Messenger and chuckled with glee. "That's the way deaf children see life!" I realized with sudden insight. They see things happening but don't hear what's happening. In the comic strip the complete story is told in pictures so they understand it. Now they need to learn to tell the story in sign language, speech and writing.

I could hardly wait to try out my new idea, which I did the following week. I kept group attention by holding up an enlarged copy of each picture of the comic strip. My students told me the story, word by word, as I elicited answers to fit under the blackboard headings: Who, Verb, What and Where. They followed my every move. At last I had perfect attention! Teaching expressive language became fun. The Julie and Jack comic strips became an important part of daily lessons. When I needed more such comic strips, I wrote to former students I had taught at St. Joseph's, asking whether they had saved their first grade Little Messengers from past years, and would they give

► **MY LIFE - Continued on Page 8.**

► **MY LIFE - Continued from Page 7.**

them to me? They had and they would! Those comic strips were destined to travel far beyond my classroom.

The following autumn a national convention for teachers of the deaf was held in Milwaukee. One day was reserved for open house at St. John's. All classrooms were open for visiting teachers to come and go at will. Usually I found visitors observing me teaching quite an ordeal. That day, however, proved to be very exciting. For every teacher or group that came to my room I put on a demonstration using Julie and Jack comic strips. Teachers from various states showed great interest. "Where can we get picture stories like that?" they inquired. I promised to get the publisher's permission to make copies and share them with anyone interested.

That was the beginning of a series of ten reading and language workbooks that I developed with and for deaf children. My dream of writing books had been fulfilled! Gradually the books sold to most schools for the deaf in the United States and to one or more schools in thirty different countries. Writing, producing and marketing the books kept me much too busy. The other sisters helped when their schedules allowed. Volunteers helped with collating, typing, packing and mailing. My greatest encouragement to keep up all that extra work came from more than 500 teachers who wrote appreciative letters telling how much they and their deaf students enjoyed the language lessons based on comic strips.

By 1960 St. John's School was bursting at the seams. Classrooms and dormitories were filled. Prospective students had to be turned away because there were no more beds. One mother told us her boy, Tom, could bring a sleeping bag and sleep on the floor! We did make room for Tom, and better yet, by 1965 we had built a large new school, including a high school.

With the opening of the new school more staff members were hired, mostly lay teachers and child care workers. The latter took over many of the Sister's extracurricular duties. With extra time on my hands and energy to spare, I found ways to expend both.

In the new school I taught upper primary students. They were a bright group, bubbling with enthusiasm and ready to learn whatever appealed to them. Keeping their attention was often a problem because they wouldn't tolerate a moment's boredom. The Julie and Jack books were too easy for them. One day, to teach a sentence pattern, I used a "Family Circus" cartoon from the Sunday Comic Section of The Milwaukee Journal. In the cartoon Billy, Dolly, Jeffy and PJ were bringing gifts to their mother, so I wrote and signed the sentence, "Billy brought Mother a flower." The children quickly caught on to the sentence pattern and signed, "Jeffy brought Mother a card," etc. The group

identified with the Family Circus characters and wanted "More! More!"

After sharing my idea with other teachers and asking them to try it out, I wrote to Bil Keane, the cartoonist, and to the sponsoring syndicate for permission to use past and current cartoons in language books for deaf children. The syndicate approved the idea. They sent me copies of original cartoons from the previous two years. They even called the Milwaukee Journal asking them to publish an article in the Green Sheet, which they did. Cartoonist Bil Keane also liked the idea. The only royalty he wanted: "Pray two Our Fathers and Hail Marys for me every Sunday!"

During those busy years, I heard hundreds of times from the other sisters: "Margaret, don't work so hard!" My response was always the same: "But I enjoy working!" The job that kept me overly busy was keeping up with book orders. I loved it because of my belief in the value of the books and my pride in the fulfillment of my fondest dream – being an author.

I lived in a world of deaf education. Everything I read, wrote, watched or listened to had to do with deaf education. I experienced a real high at the beginning of Saturdays when I was free to work in my classroom all day. I hardly knew what was going on in the world outside.

Then, in 1972, at the urging of another sister, I joined the Milwaukee Archdiocesan Sisters Council. Here was another whole new world. More new awakenings. More new adventures, however distant they were from the dreams of my youth. The Sisters Council, made up of delegates from ten or twelve different religious communities, was involved in works and causes that I hardly knew existed. At one meeting a sister amazed me by speaking her belief in the ordination of women. Until that moment I had told no one of my early dreams of ordination, feeling that it was somehow wrong for me to even think about. Some sisters agreed with the idea, some did not.

Life at St. John's moved briskly forward, filled, for the most part, with success stories of most of our high school seniors going on to college, other students doing well, the basketball team winning games, some funding available for many out-of-state students, faculty members, students and parents proud of our school. But we were having financial problems. We were borrowing heavily from the Milwaukee Archdiocese.

Then came February of 1982 and the tragic news that the Archdiocese could no longer afford to help fund our school. The priest director and sister principal met with the sisters to break the sad news: St. John's must close in June! The eight of us had given most of our teaching years to St. John's. It was the

► **MY LIFE - Continued on Page 9.**

► **MY LIFE - Continued from Page 8.**

contributed services of the sisters that had kept St. John's going strong for 106 years. We felt devastated, not because we couldn't easily find another job, but because the children we loved would be parted from us and from each other. Our close-knit family would be torn apart. It seemed to us that no other school could possibly take the place of St. John's.

The day after the sisters heard of the closing a meeting was called for the entire faculty and student body. We met in the chapel. In a strained voice and in sign language, Father Zerkel explained slowly and clearly that we were no longer able to meet expenses and that our beloved school would close in June. After a moment of intense silence, students and faculty expressed their grief in gasps, startled movements, tears, sobs, frantic signing to one another and shocked disbelief.

No one was ready to accept that decision. Faculty members immediately started planning ways to raise enough money to reverse the decision. Parents were notified. An emergency meeting was called for all parents and anyone who could possibly help. The local Knights of Columbus promised to raise \$20,000 a year. St. John's would not go down without a struggle.

The closing of St. John's would be traumatic, especially for parents who were already sacrificing to keep their child in their chosen school. They put forth heroic efforts to keep the school open. An early meeting of parents from several states was covered by the three Milwaukee TV stations. They televised the parent spokesman shouting: "We'll go to hell and back to save this school!"

Newspapers, radio and television stations kept the public informed on a daily basis. Scores of people wrote letters to us, to the archbishop and to editors of all local newspapers. Telephone calls, letters and cards of support and sympathy poured in. We were heartened and gratified by the unexpected generosity and support of many people: local parishes, former students or their parents, former faculty members, high school students, neighbors, friends and total strangers.

In the next few months, as we bowed to the inevitable, our bonding with students and parents grew stronger, enabling us to support each other in the final sad closing of a great residential school for deaf children. The blow was softened somewhat when the high school was allowed to remain open for one year so that students who had attended St. John's since they were three years old could graduate from there.

Those months of fighting a losing battle for a great cause constituted the most difficult period of my life. Saying good-bye to so many loved ones, most of whom I would never see

again, was heartbreaking. But I know with new certainty there is a heaven, and I shall see them again.

Some of them we do see on special occasions, times that are like family reunions – heartwarming and filled with reminiscing. Our former students will always be a part of our lives. We rejoice when they do well, grieve when they fail, and keep them in prayer always.

During the ten years since St. John's closed, I have let go of many things, including the workbooks on which I spent so much time. They are now published by a company in Illinois. However, letting go has opened up new avenues. I have been working part-time in Jefferson, Wisconsin at St. Coletta's, a school for persons with mental retardation. This, too, is a great residential school and, once again, a whole different world. I now teach several deaf children who are multiply handicapped. This is far more difficult than teaching normal deaf children, but I rejoice at every inch of improvement. I am often surprised that life continues to offer new experiences and new opportunities for growth.

Looking back over the fifty-two years that have passed since my decision to do the best thing I could, I believe that being a Franciscan Sister and committing most of my life to deaf children has been my very best.

Today, the pace of my life has slowed. I take more time for prayer, community activities, reading, letter writing, leisure time and keeping up with world events. I'm not climbing any windmills to contemplate the future, but the past holds enough memories, and the present enough challenges to keep my life rewarding and fulfilling.

NCOD (NATIONAL CATHOLIC OFFICE FOR THE DEAF) CONFERENCE

It has been recently announced that the NCOD Conference will take place from **January 6 to 10, 2022**, in Savannah, Georgia. Please keep NCOD in your prayers for successful preparation and Conference.



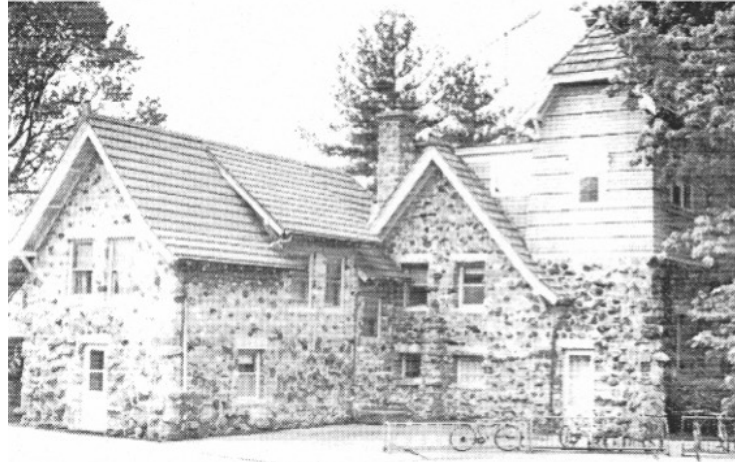
ST. JOHN'S CARETAKER HOUSE: DOES THIS PICTURE BRING BACK MEMORIES?

Begun in the previous Fall 2019 Newsletter, an article/feature is chosen from an older Hand in Hand Newsletter to revisit important people, events, and places of our rich history. I hope you will enjoy this selection from the November / December 1993 Newsletter.

This was the home of the shoe repair and carpenter shop for many of the students who attended St. John's School for the Deaf. It was also the home to the school's caretaker for many years. Over 102 years old, this building has seen many changes over the years.

In 1990, St. John's School for the Deaf was sold to the St. Francis School District to become a public school. The caretaker house remained – until recently.

In July of 1993 the St. Francis School board announced their intention to demolish this building. Several individuals and organizations approached the school board with offers of renting or leasing the building. Gisela Ikeler led a movement to stop the demolition. She gathered all interested persons (including the Wisconsin Historical Society) to attend the August 12 school board meeting. David and Susan Sommers and Clark Christensen attended, speaking for the value of keeping this building. The school board, however, felt the offers of renting or leasing or even a "caretaker house co-op" were impractical, regardless of the many people who felt so strongly the need to save the house.



Thus, on Friday, August 13, 1993, the Caretaker House was demolished. Memories, however, are not so easily destroyed. Though the house no longer exists, hundreds of people continue to cherish their memories of it.

Said the friend: "That pain in your leg must be due to old age."

Grandpa: "Nonsense! The other leg is the same age, and it doesn't hurt a bit!"



BEFORE THE ALTAR

We are commanded by the Church to go to Mass every Sunday and holy day. Children should love to go to Mass. There on the altar is Jesus, once a Child in Nazareth town. Once before the altar all study, all play should be forgotten. Pray for yourself, for your father and mother, for your playmates who may be in some trouble.

Pray for the child who is about to commit a first mortal sin. This is the greatest misfortune in life, the first mortal sin. There is the little child, clothed in the robe of baptismal innocence, and there is the devil trying to take it away from him, and so often he succeeds.

Pray then, dear children, for those who are tempted, that Our Lord may send to them special graces, that they may not wander from the shelter of His Sacred Heart.

THE WORLD ALWAYS DISAPPOINTS

The glory of this world is a transitory glory. Where are those rich and powerful and learned ones who made the earth ring with their name and fame, but whose lives held nothing that was truly great or good? Others have stepped into their places and they are forgotten. And their souls, where are they now? "I was once supreme — what use is that to me now?" asked the dying Severus. He who has no thoughts beyond this earth climbs the green slopes of the hill of life, only to perish at length on the bare, deserted summit. No single human soul has ever yet reached happiness by an insatiate and reckless pursuit of earthly good. Can I then look to attain that which has so far been denied to all others? — *Pesch, S.J.*

In St. John's School for the Deaf's publications of the "Our Young People," there is a section that has their current news. I hope you will enjoy these various news clippings:



A newsreel cameraman and a script writer from WISN-TV spent April 14th at St. John's taking moving pictures of the various classrooms, dining room and playground. These movies were shown on WISN-TV on the program entitled *Documentary 12* on April 23rd and 24th. Being featured on a television show was quite an experience for everyone.

All the children participated in Thirteen Hours Devotion held in St. John's Chapel on May 14th. Father David Walsh, C.S.S.R., gave an inspiring talk that evening.

June 1958

One Saturday morning the senior boys agreed to hang socks on the washline for Sister Lucina. Like good Boy Scouts they did more than was asked—they also hung up a basket full of blouses which were noticeably damp. What they didn't know is that Sister had just sprinkled them for ironing!

June 1960

When Michael Walters, four years old, was home for Easter vacation he was quite interested in a goat on their farm. Observing that one of the goat's ears seemed to be drooping, Michael thought it was injured, so he sympathetically stuffed cotton into the ear.

June 1954

REFLECTION QUESTION:

Try to start a conversation with your family and/or friends about this question.

Who has taught you about God?
Say a prayer of thanksgiving for that person.



Hotel clerk to prospective guest: "Sorry, we don't have room service."

Guest: "Oh, that's all right."

Clerk: "You'll have to make your own bed."

Guest: "That's all right."

Clerk: "Well, you'll find hammer, saw, lumber, and nails in back there."



TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE: JUNE 1967



Two of St. John's staff compare notes over their years of service to St. John's. Both are celebrating their golden jubilee. Sister M. Praxedes (left) has given 25 years to St. John's and Sister M. Philippa has taught deaf children for 40 years.



KIDS PRAY THE DARNDDEST THINGS

Here is a reprint from the Archdiocese of Milwaukee's Catholic Herald issue from August 27, 2020. Enjoy!

By the Catholic Herald Staff

Thank goodness for little voices raised in prayer – and sometimes in hilarity. Milwaukee Catholic Mamas shared some of their children's funniest (and most priceless) expressions of prayer and worship.

"The other day, I made sweet potato fries and zucchini fries. That night at prayer time my kid said: '...and thank you God for fries, but only the orange ones.'"

"My daughter begins her prayer every night 'I love you God. Will you marry me? Just kidding.'"

"My oldest prays the Hail Mary: '...pray for our sinners, now you mother of death' instead of 'pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death.'"

"My kid tried to consecrate an Eggo waffle and was really angry when I told him it wasn't Jesus."

"My nephew tried to kneel with us at church when he was 3, but said out loud, 'I too short!' Nobody around us could keep a straight face and you could hear bits of laughter."

"This was when my oldest was 2-ish, but during the Our Father he would always say '...lead us not into train station.'"

"My 3.5-year-old, when praying before our lunchable snack: 'God is good, God is great, thank you for the food on our... hey Momma, we don't have plates.'"

"When my son was around 8 or 9, after watching Star Wars, I said to him, 'May the Force be with you.' His response was 'And with your spirit.'"

"When my oldest was 3 she used to say she wants 'lettuce and Jesus' when she grows up. She meant the Eucharist... and we figured out the lettuce part was because at Mass we say 'lettuce pray.'"

"When I was a little girl, the priest asked 'Who are you going to call on' (or something along those lines) and I loudly shouted out 'Ghostbusters!' My mom had to take us and leave, she was so embarrassed."

"When my daughter was about 3, she wanted to pray one



of our nightly prayers out loud all alone. So she began, 'Our Father who art in heaven, have a piece of cake.' It was adorable. A couple of years later when I reminded her of her 'version' of the Our Father, she said, 'Well, it makes sense. Cake is one of the best things to eat. And I suppose I just was saying I should let God get the best of who I am.' It forever changed that prayer for me."

"My 2-year-old niece is fascinated by a large crucifix hanging at her church. One time she flung her arms out wide and hung over the pew and yelled 'Look Mom, I'm hanging like Jesus.' She was so loud the whole congregation could hear her."

"Once I was driving and saw a pretty bad accident, and blurted out 'Lord have mercy.' From the backseat, my eldest pipes up 'Christ have mercy!'"

"Every night my daughter prays: 'God, help me not to say bad words.' And every day she says bad words."

"When my youngest was howling after being baptized, my middle son whispered 'I thought you were supposed to make a joyful noise.'"

"When my son was younger he would say, 'Holy Mary, mother of God, we pray for our scissors, now and at the hour of death. Amen.' I couldn't bring myself to correct him for the longest time, but when I finally did he was just like, 'Oh, that makes way more sense, I never knew why we prayed so hard for scissors.'"

"Ten years ago, my nephew was sitting with us at church. He was about 3 at the time, and it was Halloween. As everyone was lining up for Communion, he yells, 'Don't forget to say Trick or Treat and thank you.'"

ST. BENEDICT, MODEL SAINT FOR THE SUMMER

By Fr. Christopher Klusman

One of the most beautiful things about our Catholic faith is the Communion of Saints. Through the gift of our baptism, we are joined to all of the faithful departed as “brothers and sisters in Christ.” For our featured saint in this newsletter, I prayed about which saint would be a great model for us to imitate and pray with; a saint popped into my mind: St. Benedict. When I checked on the calendar which day is his Memorial, it is July 11! My answer was confirmed as he is the one to be featured in this newsletter.

Why would St. Benedict be a good saint for us at this time? While our world is moving more and more away from God and His Teachings, St. Benedict lived in a world very similar to ours. He is a great model of how we can do the same.

One New York Times Bestseller book that is highly recommended for everyone to read is *The Benedict Option* by Rod Dreher, published in the year 2017. I will provide here a passage from the book that includes the early years of St. Benedict:

...American Christians are going to have to come to terms with the brute fact that we live in a culture, one in which our beliefs making increasingly little sense. We speak a language that the world more and more either cannot hear or finds offensive to its ears.

One day near the turn of the sixth century, a young Roman named Benedict said good-bye to his hometown, Nursia, a rugged village pocketed away in central Italy's Sibylline mountain range. The son of Nursia's governor, Benedict was on his way to Rome, the place where promising young men seeking a place in the world went to complete their education.

This was no longer the Rome of imperial glory, the memory of which remained after Constantine's conversion made the empire officially Christian. Nearly seventy years before Benedict was born, the Visigoths had sacked the Eternal City. The collapse of the city of Rome was a staggering blow to the morale of citizens across the once-mighty empire.

...By the turn of the sixth century, Rome's population



St. Benedict.

had scattered, leaving only one hundred thousand souls to pick over the ruins.

...Pope Saint Gregory the Great never knew Benedict, but he wrote the saint's biography based on interviews he conducted with four of Benedict's disciples. Gregory writes that young Benedict was so shocked and disgusted by the vice and corruption in the city that he turned his back on the life of privilege

that awaited him there, as the son of a government official. He moved to the nearby forest and later to a cave forty miles to the east. There Benedict lived a life of prayer and contemplation as a hermit for three years.

....During Benedict's three years in the cave, a monk named Romanus, from a nearby monastery, brought him food. By the time Benedict emerged from the cave, he had a reputation for sanctity and was invited by a monastic community to be their abbot. Eventually Benedict founded twelve monasteries of his own in the region. His twin sister, Scholastica, followed in his footsteps, beginning her own community of nuns.

To guide the monks and nuns in living simple, orderly lives consecrated to Christ, Benedict wrote a slim book, now known as the Rule of Saint Benedict... Benedict's spirituality is wholly practical – and he originally wrote it not for the clergy but for laymen.

When he left fallen Rome for the wilderness, Benedict had no idea that his founding of his schools for the Lord's



A map of Italy, in which you can see the locations of Nursia, Subiaco, and Monte Cassino.

► ST. BENEDICT - Continued on Page 14.

► ST. BENEDICT - Continued from Page 13.



Photo of the cave in Subiaco in which St. Benedict stayed.

service would over time have such dramatic impact on Western civilization. Europe in the early Middle Ages was reeling from the calamitous end of the empire, which left in its wake countless local wars as barbarian tribes fought for dominance. Rome's fall left behind a staggering degree of material poverty, the result of both the disintegration of Rome's complex trade network and the loss of intellectual and technical sophistication.

In these miserable conditions, the church was often the strongest – and perhaps the only – government people had. Within the broad embrace of the church, monasticism provided much-needed help and hope to the peasantry, and thanks to Benedict, a renewed focus on spiritual life led many men and women to leave the world and devote themselves wholly to God within the walls of monasteries under the Rule. These monasteries kept faith and learning alive within their walls, evangelized barbarian peoples, and taught them how to pray, to read, to plant crops, and to build things. Over the next few centuries, they prepared the devastated societies of post-Roman Europe for the rebirth of civilization.

It all grew from the mustard seed of faith planted by a faithful young Italian who wanted nothing more than to seek and to serve God in a community of faith constructed to withstand the chaos and decadence all around them. Benedict's example gives us hope today, because it reveals what a small cohort of believers who respond creatively to the challenges of their own time and place can accomplish by channeling the grace that flows through them from their radical openness to God, and embodying that grace in a distinct way of life” (pgs 12-16).

While many of you probably won't become a monk or nun, but what you can do is to offer various times during the day and evening to pray with God. While monks and nuns are in a monastery or convent, you can retreat into the “inner sanctuary of your heart and soul” and meet God. There you can offer your sufferings, your prayers, and your selves to God. Don't forget to ask Him for humility that you can open your heart, mind, soul, and being to Him so that He can transform you into doing His Will. Then, as St. Catherine of Siena famously said, “Be who God meant you to be and you will set the world on fire.” This doesn't mean that you can be what you think you can be. If you think you are contradictory to God's Will, it is not who you are meant to be. To discover your true selves is always in conformity to everything that God (and Jesus) says. Everything that the Virgin Mary, Saint Joseph, Saint Benedict, and Saint Scholastica are is what God meant them to be. And look at how they set the world on fire with the Holy Spirit! They transformed the world in greater uniformity and conformity to God and filled the world with greater peace, love, hope, and faith.

To share with you an amazing part of our Summer Saint, God had performed many miracles through St. Benedict. I will be listing here only 4 of them (*borrowed from: <https://www.churchpop.com/2015/07/11/miracles-performed-by-the-great-st-benedict/>*):

1) Broke a glass full of poison with the Sign of the Cross.

The abbot of a nearby monastery died and the monks there asked St. Benedict if he would become their new abbot. He declined at first, but they insisted, so he agreed. Benedict was stricter than the previous abbot and soon the monks came to hate Benedict. They decided to kill him and put some poison in his glass of wine.

But when he made the Sign of the Cross to bless the wine, the wine glass suddenly broke as if a rock had been thrown at it. St. Gregory the Great writes in his telling of the story: “on which accident the man of God by and by perceived that the glass had in it the drink of death, which could not endure the sign of life.”

2) Saved a man from drowning by briefly becoming another person.

A monk named Placidus was getting water from lake, accidentally fell in, and was swept away quickly by a current. Even though Benedict was a good distance from the lake, he miraculously knew what had happened and immediately ordered another monk Maurus to run to the lake to save Placidus.

When Maurus arrived at the lake, without thinking about it he

► ST. BENEDICT - Continued from Page 14.



Monte Cassino.

ran across the surface of the lake, grabbed Placidus by the hair, and dragged him back to shore. He only realized he had walked on water after he was back on land. St. Gregory the Great writes that Maurus “marveled and was afraid of what he had done.”

And this is where things got a lot weirder. Talking about the event later that day, Maurus insisted that he had hardly been aware of walking on water as he was doing it. And Placidus? He claimed that *the person who had pulled him from the water in the middle of the lake wasn't wearing Maurus' clothes, but Benedict's.*

In other words, in some mysterious way, although Maurus had been the one who went to the lake, Benedict had miraculously worked through him to walk on water and save Placidus.

3) Brought a child back to life. During a construction project at the abbey, Satan himself came to St. Benedict and told him that he planned on attacking the monks working on the project. Benedict at once sent a message of warning to the workers. Just as soon as the message arrived, a partially completed wall collapsed on a small boy who was helping with the work, killing him.

Grief stricken, the monks brought the dead, mangled body to Benedict, who laid the child's corpse on a table, sent everyone out of the room, and started praying. Miraculously, the boy came back to life, his body healed of all injuries.

4) Unfazed by the Devil's trickery. During construction, Benedict requested that the monks dig a deep hole in a certain spot. The monks found an old brass idol. For some reason, one of the monks set the idol in their kitchen; not with the intention of worshipping it, but just as a place to



St. Benedict and his twin sister, St. Scholastica.

put it.

Suddenly, a massive fire broke out in the kitchen. Worried the fire might engulf their whole building, the monks called for Benedict, who said he saw no fire. When the monks insisted the kitchen was full of flames, Benedict realized that the flames were a trick of the Devil to scare them – a trick that was completely ineffective on him. He prayed that the monks would be freed from the deception, and they quickly were.

Amazingly, while St. Benedict began founding monasteries at the age of 31. By the time he was 39 years old, he had founded 12 monasteries. He is the “Father of Monks.” He had founded the thirteenth monastery for novices and those needing education. Sadly a priest, Florentius, was envious of St. Benedict's popularity so St. Benedict left Subiaco heading towards Cassino. Between the years of 525 to 529, St. Benedict founded the most famous abbey in Europe: the Montecassino. It was there that he wrote his famous “Rule of Saint Benedict.” This rule became the norm for all Western Monasticism and is still practiced by Benedictines all over the world. The Benedictine Order has given the Church over 57,000 known saints and 35 popes, of whom 17 are Saints or Blessed.

Last, but not least, what many people didn't know is that St. Benedict is a twin, whose sister is also a saint: St. Scholastica. She also founded an order for nuns based on the same rule of life by St. Benedict. Here is a great story about them two from *Dialogues* by St. Gregory the Great:

“Scholastica, the sister of Saint Benedict, had been consecrated to God from her earliest years. She was accustomed to visiting her brother once a year. He

► ST. BENEDICT - Continued from Page 15.



Tombs of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica.

would come down to meet her at a place on the monastery property, not far outside the gate.

One day she came as usual and her saintly brother went with some of his disciples; they spent the whole day praising God and talking of sacred things. As night fell they had supper together.

Their spiritual conversation went on and the hour grew late. The holy nun said to her brother: "Please do not leave me tonight; let us go on until morning talking about the delights of the spiritual life." "Sister," he replied, "what are you saying? I simply cannot stay outside my cell."

When she heard her brother refuse her request, the holy woman joined her hands on the table, laid her head on them and began to pray. As she raised her head from the table, there were such brilliant flashes of lightning, such great peals of thunder and such a heavy downpour of rain that neither Benedict nor his brethren could stir across the threshold of the place where they had been seated. Sadly he began to complain: "May God forgive you, sister. What have you done?" "Well," she answered, "I asked you and you would not listen; so I asked my God and he did listen. So now go off, if you can, leave me and return to your monastery."

Reluctant as he was to stay of his own will, he remained against his will. So it came about that they stayed awake the whole night, engrossed in their conversation about the spiritual life.

It is not surprising that she was more effective than he, since as John says, God is love, it was absolutely right that she could do more, as she loved more.

Three days later, Benedict was in his cell. Looking up to the sky, he saw his sister's soul leave her body in the form of a dove, and fly up to the secret places of heaven. Rejoicing in her great glory, he thanked almighty God with hymns and words of praise. He then sent his brethren to bring her body to the monastery and lay it in the tomb he had prepared for himself.

Their minds had always been united in God; their bodies were to share a common grave."

After his twin sister's death and seeing a vision of her soul rising toward heaven in a form of a dove on February 10, 543 AD, St. Benedict died 40 days later on March 21. They are both buried in the Cathedral of Montecassino.

St. Benedict is often shown with a bell, a broken tray, a raven, or a crosier.

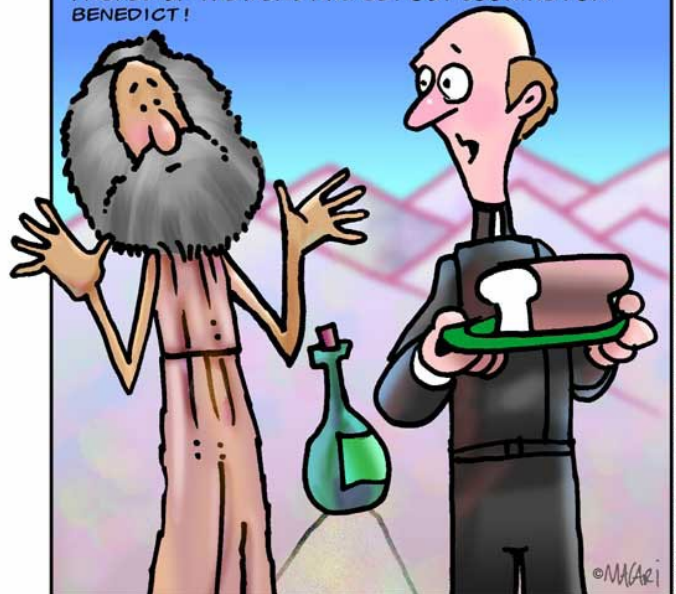
St. Benedict, pray for us!

SAINTS FUN FACTS by mario d. macari

SAINST BENEDICT WAS A MERE TEENAGER WHEN HE LEFT THE SINFUL WORLD IN 497 TO LIVE LIFE FASTING AND PRAYING IN THE INACCESSIBLE DESERT MOUNTAINS. HE WAS THEREFORE QUITE SURPRISED ONE DAY TO SEE A PRIEST BEARING FOOD APPEAR IN THE REMOTE REGION. "IT'S EASTER DAY!," THE PRIEST SAID, "SHARE THIS FEAST WITH ME!"

AFTER PRAYING AND EATING TOGETHER, THE YOUNG SAINT WONDERED WHY THE PRIEST HAD FOUND HIM.

AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN TO HIS DINNER THAT DAY, THE PRIEST REPLIED, HE HAD HEARD A GENTLE VOICE SAY: "YOU ARE PREPARING FOR YOURSELF A BANQUET, WHILE MY SERVANT BENEDICT IS DISTRESSED WITH HUNGER." THE PRIEST IMMEDIATELY PACKED UP THE MEAL AND SET OUT LOOKING FOR BENEDICT!



THE JUBILEE MEDAL OF MONTECASSINO

The above features were finally incorporated in a newly designed medal struck in 1880 under the supervision of the monks of Montecassino, Italy, to mark the 1400th anniversary of the birth of St. Benedict. The design of this medal was produced at Saint Martin's Archabbey, Beuron, Germany, at the request of the prior of Montecassino, Very Rev. Boniface Krug OSB (1838-1909). Prior Boniface was a native of Baltimore and originally a monk of St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pennsylvania, until he was chosen to become prior and latter archabbot of Montecassino.

Since that time, the Jubilee Medal of 1880 has proven to be more popular throughout the Christian world than any other medal ever struck to honor Saint Benedict.

Symbolism of Medal

Because the Jubilee Medal of 1880 has all the important features ever associated with the Medal of St. Benedict, the following description of this medal can serve to make clear the nature and intent of any medal of St. Benedict, no matter what shape or design it may legitimately have.

On the face of the medal is the image of Saint Benedict. In his right hand, he holds the cross, the Christian's symbol of salvation. The cross reminds us of the zealous work of evangelizing and civilizing England and Europe carried out mainly by the Benedictine monks and nuns, especially for the sixth to the ninth/tenth centuries.

Rule and Raven

In St. Benedict's left hand is his Rule for Monasteries that could well be summed up in the words of the Prolog exhorting us to "walk in God's ways, with the Gospel as our guide."

On a pedestal to the right of St. Benedict is the poisoned cup, shattered when he made the sign of the cross over it. On a pedestal to the left is a raven about to carry away a loaf of poisoned bread that a jealous enemy had sent to St. Benedict.

C. S. P. B.

Above the cup and the raven are the Latin words: *Crux s. patris Benedicti* (The Cross of our holy father Benedict). On the margin of the medal, encircling the figure of Benedict, are the Latin words: *Eius in obitu nostro praesentia muniamur!* (May we be strengthened by his presence in the hour of our

death!). Benedictines have always regarded St. Benedict as a special patron of a happy death. He himself died in the chapel at Montecassino while standing with his arms raised up to heaven, supported by the brothers of the monastery, shortly after St. Benedict had received Holy Communion.

Monte Cassino

Below Benedict, we read *ex SM Casino MDCCCLXXX* (from holy Monte Cassino, 1880). This is the medal struck to commemorate the 1400th anniversary of the birth of Saint Benedict.

On the back of the medal, the cross is dominant. On the arms of the cross are the initial letters of a rhythmic Latin prayer: *Crux sacra sit mihi lux!*

Nunquam draco sit mihi dux! (May the holy cross be my light! May the dragon never be my guide!).

In the angles of the cross, the letters C S P B stand for *Crux Sancti Patris Benedicti* (The cross of our holy father Benedict).

Peace

Above the cross is the word *pax* (peace), that has been a Benedictine motto for centuries. Around the margin of the back of the medal, the letters V R S N S M V – S M Q L I V B are the initial letters, as mentioned above, of a Latin prayer of exorcism against Satan: *Vade retro Satana! Nunquam suade mihi vana! Sunt mala quae libas. Ipse venena bibas!* (Begone Satan! Never tempt me with your vanities! What you offer me is evil. Drink the poison yourself!).

Taken from: <https://www.saintbenedict.com/saint-benedict/>



USE OF THE SAINT BENEDICT MEDAL

There is no special way prescribed for carrying or wearing the Medal of Saint Benedict. It can be worn on a chain around the neck, attached to one's rosary, kept in one's pocket or purse, or placed in one's car or home.

The medal is often put into the foundations of houses and buildings, on the walls of barns and sheds, or in one's place of business.

The purpose of using the medal in any of the above ways is to call down God's blessing and protection upon us, wherever we are, and upon our homes and possessions, especially through the intercession of Saint Benedict.

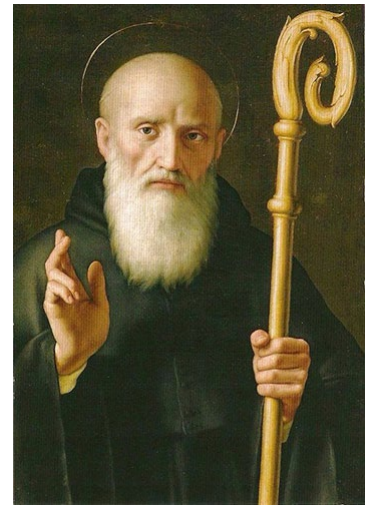
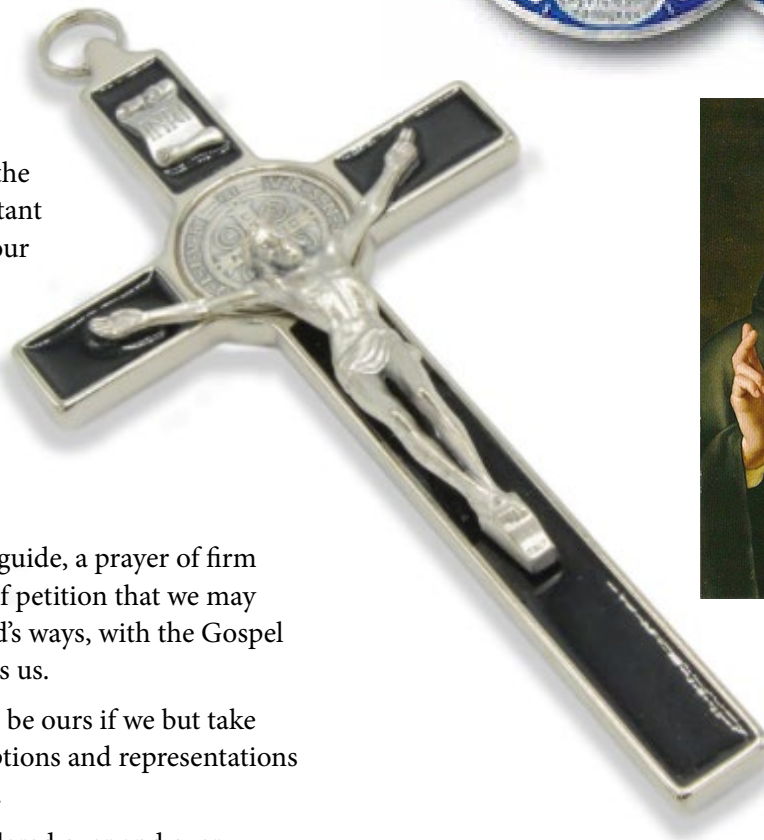
By the conscious and devout use of the medal, it becomes, as it were, a constant silent prayer and reminder to us of our dignity as followers of Christ.

The medal is a prayer of exorcism against Satan, a prayer for strength in time of temptation, a prayer for peace among ourselves and among the nations of the world, a prayer that the Cross of Christ be our light and guide, a prayer of firm rejection of all that is evil, a prayer of petition that we may with Christian courage "walk in God's ways, with the Gospel as our guide," as Saint Benedict urges us.

A profitable spiritual experience can be ours if we but take the time to study the array of inscriptions and representations found on the two sides of the medal.

The lessons found there can be pondered over and over to bring true peace of mind and heart into our lives as we struggle to overcome the weaknesses of our human nature and realize that our human condition is not perfect, but that with the help of God and the intercession of the saints our condition can become better.

The Medal of Saint Benedict can serve as a constant reminder of the need for us to take up our cross daily and "follow the true King, Christ our Lord," and thus learn "to share in his heavenly kingdom," as Saint Benedict urges us in the Prolog of his Rule.



Special Use of the Medal

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites (6 March 1959), the Blessing of Saint Maur over the sick is permitted to be given with a Medal of Saint Benedict instead of with a relic of the True Cross, since the latter is difficult to obtain.

(from the Order of Saint Benedict)

Taken from: <https://www.saintbenedict.com/saint-benedict/>

REFLECTIONS ON MY 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRIESTHOOD

By Fr. Christopher Klusman

I have to admit, I'm still shocked that 10 years actually came and went. To this day, I'm still very grateful for the beautiful memories experienced on the day of my ordination.

Celebrating
10 years

As I sit writing this reflection, my heart sings at the many remembered experiences of joy, as well as feeling sharp swords piercing my heart from various painful experiences.

During the past 10 years, I have met so many wonderful people who have become true blessings in my life. I had felt so humbled to be a part of so many Baptisms, First Holy Communions, Confirmations, Weddings, and Ordinations. However, it was tough to be a part of the Anointing of the Sick, Last Rites, and funerals for many people. To be able to share God's forgiveness, mercy, and love in the Sacrament of Reconciliation for His sheep is a beautiful grace. Last, but not least, to be able to offer many, many, many Masses is a precious and priceless grace. To be able to witness the transformation of bread and wine into the Most Holy and Precious Body and Blood in front of me on the altar is incredible. I always pray before each and every Mass that, no matter how many years I am a priest, God bless me with the grace to offer the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as if it was my first time.

It has been a privilege in my vocation in teaching, sanctifying, and pastoring the flock. We are entering into an interesting world today that is different 10 years ago, so if you could continue to pray for me and offer Mass Intentions for me, I will be most grateful! Please know of my continued



and daily prayers for you all.

St. Francis de Sales, pray for us! May God bless you!

Last, but not least, I had found a beautiful article from the "Our Young People: The Friend of the Deaf" publication from June 1957 titled, "Letter of a Mother," which you will see below. I hope you will enjoy it as it is a beautiful article about the joys my mother felt on my ordination day, as well as for the countless times she joins us at our Masses. Please know she prays for you all too!

LETTER OF A MOTHER

With me, dear friend, bless, bless the good God! I am the mother of a priest. It was to you that I wrote twenty-five years ago, when this child was given to me. I remember it well. I was crazy with joy. I felt him living at my side. I stretched out my hand toward him, I touched him in his crib as if to assure myself that I really had him. Ah! What a distance between that joy and this of today, which stirs my soul and fills it with a new sentiment.

Today I am the mother of a priest! The tiny hands that I kissed with so rapturous a love twenty-five years ago, are now consecrated, those fingers have touched God!

That understanding which received light from me, and to which I pointed out the purpose of life, has matured. It has become impregnated with truth, it has far surpassed mine by study and by grace; and now, behold it consecrated!

That body which I cared for, protected, which made me pass so many nights in tears when illness disputed it with me – that body grown tall, robust... behold it consecrated! Servant of a priests' soul, it will wear itself out in raising up the sinner, instructing the ignorant, giving the Lord to every intelligent creature that asks for Him, that seeks Him.

► [LETTER OF A MOTHER - Continued on Page 20.](#)

► **LETTER OF A MOTHER - Continued from Page 19.**

That heart – ah! that chaste heart which wished only its mother, which trembled before every earthly contact... behold it consecrated! The love that it pours out is called charity. O my son! I know him, yes, I know that there are treasures in that concentrated nature. That concentration will be a rampart against the dangers of life, against himself. But under the shelter of the priesthood, when God will send upon his path a faltering soul, tempted or lost, he will find words to raise her up and inspire her with confidence in the Divine Goodness.

Yes, yes, my child will be good – he will be according to the Heart of God – he will be all charity. Yes, yes, I am the mother of a priest, of a true priest. What shall I say of yesterday's ceremony? I was present, but I saw only him, only him kneeling, standing, prostrating, rising, going to receive the hands of the Bishop laid on his head... I saw only him the priest!

And this morning, he said his first Mass in the little chapel of a humble convent; its only splendor, silence and two candles; for server, a child; for congregation, myself, his mother, and some intimate friends.

Ah! When they try to depict the happiness of heaven, they might well look upon that of a mother who sees God descend at the voice of her son while she is lost in adoration so profound that she has forgotten the world, life, the past... she touches only two points, God and her son.

He was there. His height, his black hair, the gravity of his movements... all rendered him majestic. And I... I was close to the altar. I did not stir, my sense seemed suspended.

At a certain moment, I heard the sounds of a genuflection before the Sacred Host. I did not pray; or at least... I know not how it was called... it was the ecstasy of a Christian mother. I said; I thank Thee, my God, I thank Thee. This priest was mine, it was I who formed him, his soul illuminated by mine. Now he is no longer mine, he is Thine alone! Guard him from the shadow of evil. He is the salt of the earth... prevent it from ever becoming corrupt. My God, I love Thee, and I love him! I respect him and I reverence him... he is Thy priest!

At the moment of Communion, the server seeing me advancing to the rail, said the Confratour. The celebrant turned and raised his right hand. It was the absolution falling on his mother! My poor child... a sob escaped him. Then he raised his the holy ciborium and came to me. It was God Whom my son bore! What a moment! What a union! – God, His priest, and I! ... Did I pray? I do not know. A most extraordinary peace inundated my whole being, and I welted in tears. It was my love and gratitude, and I murmured: My God! My son! ... Yes, for us mothers, I think that is prayer! ... Believe me, I am too happy! But do not pity me.

There have been many happy days in my life, but this one is the most beautiful, because thoughts of earth have had, so to say, no part of it. Adieu! I can write no more. My tears are falling on this paper.



Deaf/ Hard of Hearing adults who use ASL, who desire a deep understanding of their faith and to be empowered to live and share their faith. This is an opportunity to encounter Jesus, and become a disciple – *Jesus' Deaf Crew!*

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CLICK HERE

to complete a form to show your interest or email

JesusDeafCrew@gmail.com

• *Catholic Religious Enrichment Week*

is a two-year program in the summer.

Participants will have the opportunity for morning classes, Mass and times of prayer while enjoying time to socialize and enjoy the beauty of a 214- acre lakefront woodland surrounding Vineyard Lake in Brooklyn, Michigan.

DID THE CHURCH PUNISH GALILEO?

How often were you asked (and accused) that the Catholic Church was horrible for going against science and for being against Galileo? From “The Catholic Company’s Get Fed: Bite-Sized Faith” on correcting this extremely misunderstood issue:

Didn’t the Church persecute and punish Galileo? Read the real story here.

If the Catholic Church affirms science, why was Galileo punished?

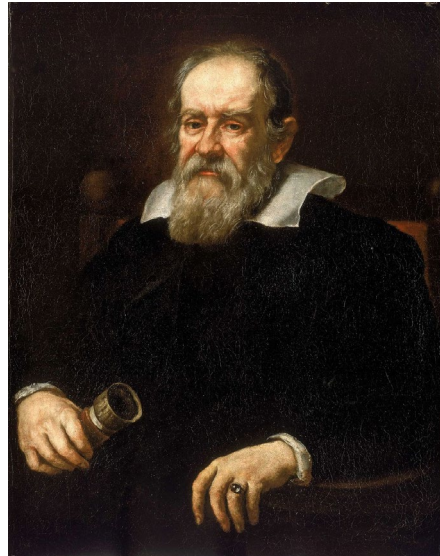
Galileo was criticized by many people when he began to publicize his research on heliocentrism, which explains how the earth revolves around the sun.

In his book [Why We’re Catholic: Our Questions for Faith, Hope, and Love](#), Catholic Answers apologist Trent Horn describes what really happened. Citing the Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy, Trent Horn shows that, at this point in history, the Church did not have an official position for or against heliocentrism.

Moreover, [our Good Catholic Series We Believe](#) explains how heliocentrism was first introduced by Nicholas Copernicus, a Polish scientist who may have been a priest. The Copernican model was not banned or forbidden by the Church. It had even been suggested a century prior by Nicolas of Cusa, a Catholic cardinal. Many Jesuit scholars promoted Copernicus’s ideas and sought to understand them better.

Nonetheless, when Galileo championed heliocentrism, this theory was still an unproven hypothesis at this point in history. There is no doubt that Galileo’s work has contributed greatly to the fields of astronomy and physics, but his insistence on promoting the yet-unproven heliocentric model as a fact (when it had not yet been “proven”) led to his conflict with the Church.

Despite popular theory, Galileo was never tortured. However, since he belligerently refused to admit that his theory was still an unproven hypothesis and made trouble about it for everyone else, he was rebuked and placed under house arrest. Other scientists, who didn’t insist on an unproven hypothesis, were free to write on the very same theory!



Historian Christopher Zehnder explains Galileo’s punishment and its significance:

Galileo’s “imprisonment” in the palace of the Holy Office lasted three days [after the trial]...

he was then moved to a rich villa and from there to comfortable quarters belonging to a friend in Siena. Finally, in December 1633, he was allowed to return to his own villa near Florence. There he spent the remaining years of his life, receiving visitors, studying, teaching, and writing books.

The Catholic Church, who has always been the advocate and promoter of good science, teaches that the scientific method helps us better understand the world God created and advance our knowledge of the physical earth. But the Church is very careful about promoting theories that have not been “proven.” If She weren’t so cautious, the Church might have ended up promoting theories that were later disproven by scientific advancements.

If you’re used to facing attacks from non-Catholics who have a skewed perception of Church history and teaching, [Our Good Catholic Series We Believe](#) is the perfect guide for you! This series answers the most complex questions about the role of faith and science, the logic behind fundamental

Catholic teachings, and more to help you understand what we believe and why we believe it.

Taken from: <https://www.catholiccompany.com/getfed/did-the-church-punish-galileo/>

Bank Teller: “So you wish to open a join account with your husband? A checking account, I suppose?”

Mrs. B: “A checking account for me, yes, and just a deposit account for my husband.”



ST. JOSEPH, TERROR OF DEMONS

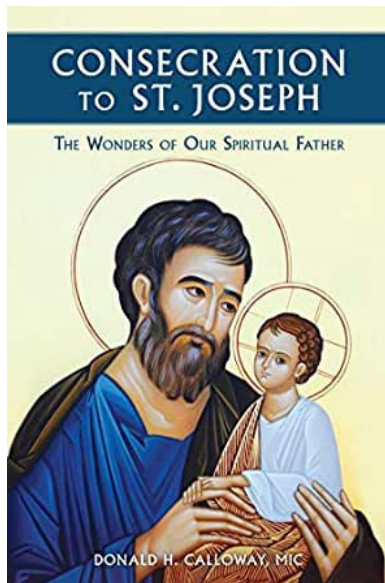
By Fr. Christopher Klusman

With the Year of St. Joseph still in effect, it is important to learn about the most important saint after his Blessed Wife, Mary who is the Mother of Jesus. Now that summer has arrived, it is sad that we are already halfway through the Year of St. Joseph. Begun in the previous Spring *Hand in Hand* Newsletter, we included two articles about St. Joseph on his role as a Husband to Mary (Lent) and for being a Patron Saint of a Happy Death (Easter). If you missed either or both of those articles, I encourage you to go back to our Spring Newsletter to read them.

Returning to Fr. Donald Calloway's wonderful book, *Consecration to St. Joseph: The Wonders of Our Spiritual Father*, he reminds us that "the title 'Terror of Demons' is the most unique title of St. Joseph... Demons are terrified at the mere mention of St. Joseph's name. They fear everything about St. Joseph." While Satan is often known as the Master of Lies, and for good reason. Many people think nowadays that Satan, evil spirits, and demons are all myths, fairytales, and legends. Fr. Calloway again writes: "They are real. We are in a spiritual battle. Satan and his demons are out to get you." In Scripture, such as the 1st Letter of St. Peter, chapter 5, verses 8 and 9, it says:

Be sober and vigilant. Your opponent the devil is prowling around like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour. Resist him, steadfast in your faith, knowing that your fellow believers throughout the world undergo the same sufferings.

To believe and say that Satan, evil spirits, and demons are myths, fairytales, and legends is to say that Scripture is false because if Scripture says that they are true and anyone who says otherwise will contradict Scripture! Fr. Calloway says, "To defeat the devil, you need Jesus, Mary, St. Joseph, and the teachings and Sacraments of the Catholic Church. Every Christian needs truth and the strong spiritual fatherhood of



St. Joseph, Terror of Demons & Year of St. Joseph

St. Joseph."

In St. Joseph's role as "Terror of Demons," what would be his sword? "The lily St. Joseph holds in his hand is a mighty spiritual weapon, a sword of purity. It has the power to pierce fire-breathing dragons (demons) and conquer every form of filth and darkness."

What is neat is that demons fear St. Joseph when he is both awake and asleep! We all know that God

speaks to St. Joseph during his dreams. Many people have a "Sleeping St. Joseph" statue in which they can put written prayer requests under him.

Satan hates that Jesus, the Second Person of the Trinity, obeys the 10 Commandments, especially the Fourth Commandment In which says: "Honor your father and your mother." Jesus obeyed St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary. Satan is disgusted by this that the King of kings and the Lord of lords would obey creatures. What is important to note here is from the quote by Blessed William Joseph Chaminade: "The Eternal Father shares with St. Joseph the authority which he has over [Jesus] the Incarnate Word, just as God shared with Adam his authority over creatures." As a result, "all fatherhood is a threat to Satan. For centuries, the devil 'delighted' in the reality that so few Christians prayed to St. Joseph and called upon his paternal intercession." The Year of St. Joseph



► **ST. JOSEPH - Continued from Page 22.**

encourages more people to pray to St. Joseph and to imitate his fatherhood that terrifies Satan. “If men resemble St. Joseph, the kingdom of Satan will be destroyed... If a man allows himself to be an apparition of St. Joseph, imitating the virtues of St. Joseph, Satan becomes powerless in his attacks against the family (the domestic church) and the Mystical Body of Christ (the Church).”



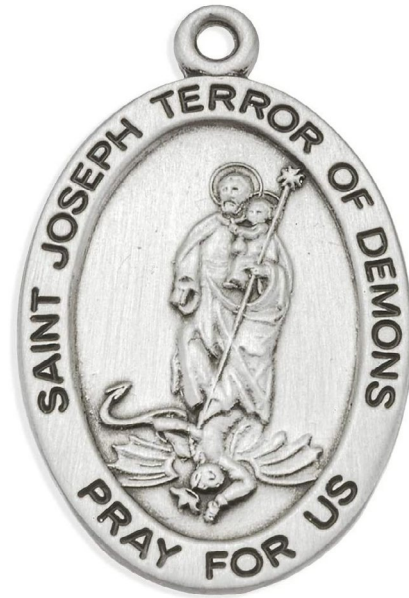
Satan also hates motherhood too. We know that Satan is very afraid of the Virgin Mary as you can see statues and paintings

of her stepping on the head of the serpent.

We all know that the devil hates life, in which women are “bearers of life.”

A huge tactic of the devil to hurt the fatherhood and motherhood of humanity is impurity. See the increase of many people to pornography, immodesty, etc. “A filthy heart blinds a person to the countenance of God. . . Saint Joseph sees the face of God and has power over evil because

he is pure.” Remember one of the Beatitudes from the Gospel of Matthew in which Jesus said, “Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God” (5:8). Without prayer, men and women can’t be pure. We need the assistance of St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary, especially with praying the rosary, to help us in our battle with evil. “The Church needs to constantly invoke the aid of St. Joseph to overcome the devil. Saint Joseph is more powerful in heaven than he was on earth!”



The incredible litany from Blessed Bartolo Longo is worthy of prayer:

*The fatherhood of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The humility of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The charity of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The poverty of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The purity of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The obedience of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The silence of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The suffering of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The prayer of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The name of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.
The sleep of St. Joseph terrorizes the devil.*

Don’t forget to keep Saint Joseph close and call on him. Imitate him in all you say and do for that will terrorize the demons!

For our upcoming Fall Newsletter, our saint model for the Fall will be Blessed Bortolo Longo, who had a great devotion to St. Joseph, especially his role as “Terror of Demons,” which will be perfect for October as we celebrate Halloween. You’ll find out why!

St. Joseph, Terror of Demons, pray for us!



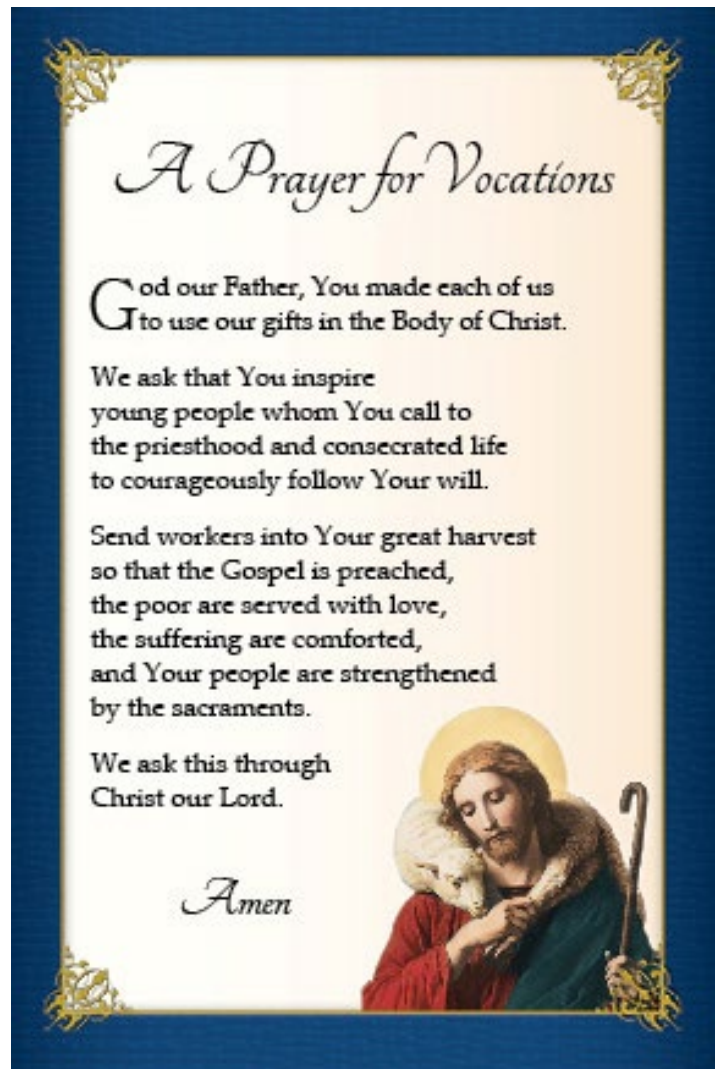


THE NOVENA

In honor of the Year of St. Joseph, here is a beautiful story borrowed from *Our Young People: The Friend of the Deaf*, March 1958 issue.

Definition of Novena: The public or private devotional practices over a period of nine consecutive days or, by extension, over nine weeks in which one day a week is set aside for the devotions... The word novena is derived from the Latin word novem, meaning "nine." Usually, the prayers are for a particular intention, and are in honor of a particular saint or a particular facet of the life of Our Lord or Our Lady. The person making the novena is often praying to obtain special graces or favors. Any suitable prayers may be used in making a novena, but it is preferable to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion daily as practices of a novena... In the New Testament, Acts says that during the nine days between the Ascension of Our Lord and the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, the Apostles "with one accord devoted themselves to prayer, together with the women and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brothers" (see Acts 1:14). This is sometimes suggested as the basis for novenas... Over time, other novenas were composed to help the faithful prepare for a special feast or to invoke the aid of a favorite saint. Today a novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is known worldwide. Other prominent novenas include those focusing on the Holy Spirit, the Holy Trinity, the Sacred Heart, Christ the King, the Immaculate Conception, the Queen of Peace, the Seven Sorrows, the Sorrowful Mother, St. Joseph, St. Ann, St. Jude, and the souls in purgatory (Taken from the Encyclopedia of Catholic Devotions and Practices by Ann Ball, Our Sunday Visitor, 2003, pages 380-1).

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► THE NOVENA - Continued from Page 24.

The great Novena to St. Joseph had just ended and two girls came out of the deep portals of St. Joseph's church into the starlight. Both were handsome and well dressed, one dark and the other fair.

"Of course, you prayed for a vocation, as usual, Clare," said the dark girl.

"And my parents have given their consent – which is almost a miracle," laughed Clare happily. "And what did you pray for – hardly a religious vocation?"

"Well, for once, I did not pray for myself. There's a dear little boy – do you remember the children we met at the Crib on Christmas Day we would deliver the letters ourselves, and see that the presents came?"

"Oh yes, I had three notes from three little girls. It was queer writing, but I managed to guess what they wanted. Poor little darlings, I wonder where they are now?"

"I am not interested in your three little girls. One of my little boys was an easy one, for he wanted all the conventional Christmas goodies and toys that he happened to know about, but the other one, who, by the way, was no kin to the other four children, was quite a problem. His poor little letter was beautifully written and was not addressed to me or to Santa Claus but to his patron saint, St. Joseph. His name is Francis Joseph. He did not want anything, alas, in my power to bestow. He wanted to become a priest! To encourage him in the belief that the gift was surely coming some day, I bought a beautiful statue of St. Joseph and some other pious articles and carried them to Francis Joseph's house and I have been praying ever since. Of course, it's 'up to me,' if you will excuse the slang, to obtain that gift from St. Joseph. He is the only child of very poor working people and they are quite anxious for Francis Joseph to be old enough to leave school in order that he may go to work and add to the meager income. He is ten years old now and there are two little orphan cousins, much younger, to be supported."

"That is very interesting, Edith. Are you going to do anything besides pray?"

Edith turned surprised eyes on her friend.

"I am sure I do not know what else to do. Vocations are gifts from God, of course."

"Of course," echoed Clare, "but there is always the practical side. For instance, you might use your influence with the parents to leave Francis Joseph in school, and then you might pay his way through the seminary and make up the financial loss, in part at least, to his parents."

"There is certainly nothing small about you, Clare," laughed

Edith. "That is exactly what you would do. I know Francis Joseph is very bright and attractive with the sweetest and most musical of Irish names – Delahanty. Why, already the Novena prayers are being answered. I can see, in a vision, Father Delahanty, at the altar in white vestments, and myself a staid, grey-haired old spinster, fumbling my beads in a dark corner and thinking of the day when I made it all possible."

"A very beautiful picture, I am sure," laughed Clare, "but it will never be realized in full – for you certainly will not be a spinster."

"Well, it will not be a mixed marriage, I promise you," said Edith with a little toss of her head. "And here I am in front of my own door. To judge from the brilliant lights across the way, your sisters are holding a grand reception tonight. I suppose you will steal to your own room – already half a nun, fleeing from the allurements of the world."

"They would hardly think me presentable in this sombre outfit," said Clare. "They call me the visionary at home, something rather ornamental than useful. They think it is even rather pretty and romantic that one should be hidden away in the cloister. All the professions, save that of the priesthood, are to be represented by the boys."

With smiles the two girls parted and Edith entered her home. For the first time in her life she felt really important and for days she was quiet and grave-eyed. She was the only child of wealthy parents and could do any deed of charity she pleased. Accordingly she set to work. It was a more troublesome matter than she had expected it to be. Mrs. Delahanty threw up her hands in dismay and incredulity.

"I tell you, he hasn't a mite of a vocation – such a little rascal you never saw – why I'm in hot water all the time! And the neighbors come and complain, and I'm mending and patching and darning all the time. He's always getting into fights and climbing trees and breaking windows. It's glad I'll be when I can set him to work at a trade where he'll have to keep quiet and decent and earn a bit."

"I am surprised," said Edith, summoning all the dignity which her nineteen years could boast, "that you have not more appreciation of the beauty and greatness of the call our dear Lord is making to your boy. Why you ought to be the proudest, happiest mother!"

Mrs. Delahanty laughed.

"But I've told you, Miss, just what he is. Sure, I don't mean any disrespect, but I don't see he's called, and besides—"

Mrs. Delahanty raised her arms with a triumphant air from

ST JOSEPH NOVENA

Day 1: Foster Father of Jesus

Saint Joseph, you were privileged to share in the mystery of the Incarnation as the foster-father of Jesus. Mary alone was directly connected with the fulfillment of the mystery, in that she gave her consent to Christ's conception and allowed the Holy Spirit to form the sacred humanity of Jesus from her blood. You had a part in this mystery in an indirect manner, by fulfilling the condition necessary for the Incarnation -- the protection of Mary's virginity before and during your married life with her. You made the virginal marriage possible, and this was a part of God's plan, foreseen, willed, and decreed from all eternity.

In a more direct manner you shared in the support, upbringing, and protection of the Divine Child as His foster-father. For

this purpose the Heavenly Father gave you a genuine heart of a father -- a heart full of love and self-sacrifice. With the toil of your hands you were obliged to offer protection to the Divine Child, to procure for Him food, clothing, and a home. You were truly the saint of the holy childhood of Jesus -- the living created providence which watched over the Christ-Child.

When Herod sought the Child to put Him to death, the Heavenly Father sent an angel but only as a messenger, giving orders for the flight; the rest He left entirely in your hands. It was that fatherly love which was the only refuge that received and protected the Divine Child. Your fatherly love carried Him through the desert

► [ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued on Page 27.](#)

► [THE NOVENA - Continued from Page 25.](#)

foaming soapy water over which she had been bending –

“Besides, Miss McDonnell, it's a good four years or more before I mean to take him out of school anyway, and by that time, bless you, child, you'll be married and forgotten all about Francis Joseph.”

“You are quite mistaken,” said Edith almost angrily. “I do not intend to marry and, if necessary, I will devote all my youth to saving this little child for God. You do not deserve such a dear little boy.”

“Sure I love him,” said Mrs. Delahanty, wiping away a tear as she turned again to her washing, “but I'm not blind to the faults of my own.”

“Take care you are not blind to what is good,” retorted Edith, turning away with a flushed and disappointed face. “You may be sure I will come to see you again, even if you will not invite me.”

A few months later, with a determined face, Edith was ringing the bell of the rectory. All her arguments with Mrs. Delahanty had failed. That lady refused absolutely to let Francis Joseph be suitably attired and sent off to a great Catholic boarding school where probably he would learn more and have better environment than the small and poor parish school which he was now attending.

Edith tripped into the rectory parlor and sat down and presently in came the smiling rector.

“And she will not give in, eh? That's certainly too bad. Why not wait two or three years until Francis Joseph is older and we can more reasonably be sure he has a vocation? He is not very pious now, I am sure.”

“Oh, Father, you do not know him at all,” cried Edith. “Nobody understands him. Very few people understand boys anyway. But I do. I had a little brother once very, very like him and he, too, wanted to be a priest, but God took and made an angel of him – and this little one-“

The girl's voice broke and she sat staring at the opposite wall.

“If your eloquence has failed there is not the ghost of a chance for me, Edith. There is Edward, he might do something. Mrs. Delahanty nursed Edward, when she came over here, a sweet young Irish girl, twenty-five years ago, and if ever she loved anyone-“

“Who on earth is Edward, Father?” said Edith with small interest in her voice.

“Edward is my younger brother, who is just paying me a short visit. He hails from a quaint little town where we were both born. He is making a fortune out of the business he has built up. He ought to see Mother Delahanty anyway. Shall I introduce you and send you both over together?”

“If you think it will do any good,” said Edith doubtfully. What Father Quinlan could not accomplish seemed, in Edith's eyes, a foolish undertaking for anyone else.

“Just think of that one Novena,” laughed Clare, six months later, when she called to say goodbye to Father Quinlan. “We saw Francis Joseph off to the Jesuit boarding school yesterday, and here I am today, and a few months hence you will have the happiness of uniting two happy hearts at God's altar. I have no doubt that Francis Joseph will make a noble priest, even though he is such a live, healthy boy now, for it takes the real boys, does it not? And I told Edith that part of her vision would not come true. I thought that, somehow, Francis Joseph would pay her back by obtaining from his patron some good gift for her.”

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued from Page 26.**

into Egypt until all enemies were removed. Then on your arms the Child returned to Nazareth to be nourished and provided for during many years by the labor of your hands. Whatever a human son owes to a human father for all the benefits of his up-bringing and support, Jesus owed to you, because you were to Him a foster-father, teacher, and protector.

You served the Divine Child with a singular love. God gave you a heart filled with heavenly, supernatural love -- a love far deeper and more powerful than any natural father's love could be.

You served the Divine Child with great unselfishness, without any regard to self-interest, but not without sacrifices. You did not toil for yourself, but you seemed to be an instrument intended for the benefit of others, to be put aside as soon as it had done its word, for you disappeared from the scene once the childhood of Jesus had passed.

You were the shadow of the Heavenly Father not only as the earthly representative of the authority of the Father, but also by means of your fatherhood -- which only appeared to be natural -- you were to hide for a while the divinity of Jesus. What a wonderfully sublime and divine vocation was yours -- the loving Child which you carried in your arms, and loved and served so faithfully, had God in Heaven as Father and was Himself God!

Yours is a very special rank among the saints of the Kingdom of God, because you were so much a part of the very life of the Word of God made Man. In your house at Nazareth and under your care the redemption of mankind was prepared. What you accomplished, you did for us. You are not only a powerful and great saint in the Kingdom of God, but a benefactor of the whole of Christendom and mankind. Your rank in the Kingdom of God, surpassing far in dignity and honor of all the angels, deserves our very special veneration, love, and gratitude.

Saint Joseph, I thank God for your privilege of having been chosen by God to be the foster-father of His Divine Son. As a token of your own gratitude to God for this your greatest privilege, obtain for me the grace of a very devoted love for Jesus Christ, my God and my Savior. Help me to serve Him with some of the self-sacrificing love and devotion which you had while on this earth with Him. Grant that through your intercession with Jesus, your foster-Son, I may reach the degree of holiness God has destined for me, and save my soul.



**NOVENA
TO
SAINT
JOSEPH**

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

MEMORARE

Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief. Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

Day 2: Virginal Husband of Mary

Saint Joseph, I honor you as the true husband of Mary. Scripture says: 'Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, and of her was born Jesus who is called Christ' (Matt. 1:16). Your marriage to Mary was a sacred contract by which you and Mary gave yourselves to each other. Mary really belonged to you with all she was and had. You had a right to her love and obedience; and no other person so won her esteem, obedience, and love.

You were also the protector and witness of Mary's virginity. By your marriage you gave to each other your virginity, and

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued from Page 27.**

also the mutual right over it -- a right to safeguard the other's virtue. This mutual virginity also belonged to the divine plan of the Incarnation, for God sent His angel to assure you that motherhood and virginity in Mary could be united.

This union of marriage not only brought you into daily familiar association with Mary, the loveliest of God's creatures, but also enabled you to share with her a mutual exchange of spiritual goods. And Mary found her edification in your calm, humble, and deep virtue, purity, and sanctity. What a great honor comes to you from this close union with her whom the Son of God calls Mother and whom He declared the Queen of heaven and earth! Whatever Mary had belonged by right to you also, and this included her Son, even though He had been given to her by God in a wonderful way. Jesus belonged to you as His legal father. Your marriage was the way which God chose to have Jesus introduced into the world, a great divine mystery from which all benefits have come to us.

God the Son confided the guardianship and the support of His Immaculate Mother to your care. Mary's life was that of the Mother of the Savior, who did not come upon earth to enjoy honors and pleasures, but to redeem the world by hard work, suffering, and the cross. You were the faithful companion, support, and comforter of the Mother of Sorrows. How loyal you were to her in poverty, journeying, work, and pain. Your love for Mary was based upon your esteem for her as Mother of God. After God and the Divine Child, you loved no one as much as her. Mary responded to this love. She submitted to your guidance with naturalness and easy grace and childlike confidence. The Holy Spirit Himself was the bond of the great love which united your hearts.

Saint Joseph, I thank God for your privilege of being the virginal husband of Mary. As a token of your own gratitude to God, obtain for me the grace to love Jesus with all my heart, as you did, and love Mary with some of the tenderness and loyalty with which you loved her.

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain

for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

MEMORARE

Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief. Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

Day 3: Man Chosen By The Blessed Trinity

Saint Joseph, you were the man chosen by God the Father. He selected you to be His representative on earth, hence He granted you all the graces and blessings you needed to be His worthy representative.

You were the man chosen by God the Son. Desirous of a worthy foster-father, He added His own riches and gifts, and above all, His love. The true measure of your sanctity is to be judged by your imitation of Jesus. You were entirely consecrated to Jesus, working always near Him, offering Him your virtues, your work, your sufferings, your very life. Jesus lived in you perfectly so that you were transformed into Him. In this lies your special glory, and the keynote of your sanctity. Hence, after Mary, you are the holiest of the saints.

You were chosen by the Holy Spirit. He is the mutual Love of the Father and the Son -- the heart of the Holy Trinity. In His wisdom He draws forth all creatures from nothing, guides them to their end in showing them their destiny and giving them the means to reach it. Every vocation and every fulfillment of a vocation proceeds from the Holy Spirit. As a foster-father of Jesus and head of the Holy Family, you had an exalted and most responsible vocation -- to open the way for the redemption of the world and to prepare for it by the education and guidance of the youth of the God-Man. In this work you cooperated as the instrument of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit was the guide; you obeyed and carried out the works. How perfectly you obeyed the

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued from Page 28.**

guidance of the God of Love!

The words of the Old Testament which Pharaoh spoke concerning Joseph of Egypt can well be applied to you: 'Can we find such another man, that is full of the spirit of God, or a wise man like to him?' (Gen. 41:38). No less is your share in the divine work of God than was that of Egypt.

You now reign with your foster-Son and see reflected in the mirror of God's Wisdom the Divine Will and what is of benefit to our souls.

Saint Joseph, I thank God for having made you the man specially chosen by Him. As a token of your own gratitude to God, obtain for me the grace to imitate your virtues so that I too may be pleasing to the Heart of God. Help me to give myself entirely to His service and to the accomplishment of His Holy Will, that one day I may reach heaven and be eternally united to God as you are.

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

MEMORARE

Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief.

Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and

humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

Day 4: Faithful Servant

Saint Joseph, you lived for one purpose -- to be the personal servant of Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh. Your noble birth and ancestry, the graces and gifts, so generously poured out on you by God -- all this was yours to serve our Lord better. Every thought, word, and action of yours was a homage to the love and glory of the Incarnate Word. You fulfilled most faithfully the role of a good and faithful servant who cared for the House of God.

How perfect was your obedience! Your position in the Holy Family obliged you to command, but besides being the foster-father of Jesus, you were also His disciple. For almost thirty years, you watched the God-Man display a simple and prompt obedience, and you grew to love and practice it very perfectly yourself. Without exception you submitted to God, to the civil rulers, and to the voice of your conscience.

When God sent an angel to tell you to care for Mary, you obeyed in spite of the mystery which surrounded her motherhood.

When you were told to flee into Egypt under painful conditions, you obeyed without the slightest word of complaint. When God advised you in a dream to return to Nazareth, you obeyed. In every situation your obedience was as simple as your faith, as humble as your heart, as prompt as your love. It neglected nothing; it took in every command.

You had the virtue of perfect devotedness, which marks a good servant. Every moment of your life was consecrated to the service of our Lord: sleep, rest, work, pain. Faithful to your duties, you sacrificed everything unselfishly, even cheerfully. You would have sacrificed even the happiness of being with Mary. The rest and quiet of Nazareth was sacrificed at the call of duty. Your entire life was one generous giving, even to the point of being ready to die in proof of your love for Jesus and Mary. With true unselfish devotedness you worked without praise or reward.

But God wanted you to be in a certain sense a cooperator in the Redemption of the world. He confided to you the care of nourishing and defending the Divine Child. He wanted you to be poor and to suffer because He destined you to be the foster-father of His Son, who came into the world to save men by His sufferings and death, and you were to share in His suffering. In all of these important tasks, the Heavenly Father always found you a faithful servant!

Saint Joseph, I thank God for your privilege of being God's faithful servant. As a token of your own gratitude to God, obtain for me the grace to be a faithful servant of God as you were. Help me to share, as you did, the perfect obedience of Jesus, who came

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued from Page 29.**

not to do His Will, but the Will of His Father; to trust in the Providence of God, knowing that if I do His Will, He will provide for all my needs of soul and body; to be calm in my trials and to leave it to our Lord to free me from them when it pleases Him to do so. And help me to imitate your generosity, for there can be no greater reward here on earth than the joy and honor of being a faithful servant of God.

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

MEMORARE

Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief. Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

Day 5: Patron of the Church

Saint Joseph, God has appointed you patron of the Catholic Church because you were the head of the Holy Family, the starting-point of the Church. You were the father, protector, guide and support of the Holy Family. For that reason you belong in a particular way to the Church, which was the purpose of the Holy Family's existence.

I believe that the Church is the family of God on earth. Its government is represented in priestly authority which consists above all in its power over the true Body of Christ, really present in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, thus continuing Christ's life in the Church. From this power, too, comes authority over the Mystical Body of Christ, the members of the Church -- the power to teach and govern souls, to reconcile them with God, to bless them, and to pray for them.

You have a special relationship to the priesthood because you possessed a wonderful power over our Savior Himself. Your life and office were of a priestly function and are especially connected with the Blessed Sacrament. To some extent you were the means of bringing the Redeemer to us -- as it is the priest's function to bring Him to us in the Mass -- for you reared Jesus, supported, nourished, protected and sheltered Him. You were prefigured by the patriarch Joseph, who kept supplies of wheat for his people. But how much greater than he were you! Joseph of old gave the Egyptians mere bread for their bodies. You nourished, and with the most tender care, preserved for the Church Him who is the Bread of Heaven and who gives eternal life in Holy Communion.

God has appointed you patron of the Church because the glorious title of patriarch also falls by special right to you. The patriarchs were the heads of families of the Chosen People, and theirs was the honor to prepare for the Savior's incarnation. You belonged to this line of patriarchs, for you were one of the last descendants of the family of David and one of the nearest forebears of Christ according to the flesh. As husband of Mary, the Mother of God, and as the foster-father of the Savior, you were directly connected with Christ. Your vocation was especially concerned with the Person of Jesus; your entire activity centered about Him. You are, therefore, the closing of the Old Testament and the beginning of the New, which took its rise with the Holy Family of Nazareth. Because the New Testament surpasses the Old in every respect, you are the patriarch of patriarchs, the most venerable, exalted, and amiable of all the patriarchs.

Through Mary, the Church received Christ, and therefore the Church is indebted to her. But the Church owes her debt of gratitude and veneration to you also, for you were the chosen one who enabled Christ to enter into the world according to the laws of order and fitness. It was by you that the patriarchs and the prophets and the faithful reaped the fruit of God's promise. Alone among them all, you saw with your own eyes and possessed the Redeemer promised to the rest of men.

Saint Joseph, I thank God for your privilege of being the Patron of the Church. As a token of your own gratitude to God, obtain for me the grace to live always as a worthy member of this Church, so that through it I may save my soul. Bless the priests,

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued from Page 30.**

the religious, and the laity of the Catholic Church, that they may ever grow in God's love and faithfulness in His service. Protect the Church from the evils of our day and from the persecution of her enemies. Through your powerful intercession may the church successfully accomplish its mission in this world -- the glory of God and the salvation of souls!

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

MEMORARE

Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief. Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

Day 6: Patron of Families

Saint Joseph, I venerate you as the gentle head of the Holy Family. The Holy Family was the scene of your life's work in its origin, in its guidance, in its protection, in your labor for Jesus and Mary, and even in your death in their arms. You lived, moved, and acted in the loving company of Jesus and Mary. The inspired writer describes your life at Nazareth in only a few words: 'And (Jesus) went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them' (Luke, 2:51). Yet these words tell of your high

vocation here on earth, and the abundance of graces which filled your soul during those years spent in Nazareth.

Your family life at Nazareth was all radiant with the light of divine charity. There was an intimate union of heart and mind among the members of your Holy Family. There could not have been a closer bond than that uniting you to Jesus, your foster-Son and to Mary, your most loving wife. Jesus chose to fulfill toward you, His foster-father, all the duties of a faithful son, showing you every mark of honor and affection due to a parent. And Mary showed you all the signs of respect and love of a devoted wife. You responded to this love and veneration from Jesus and Mary with feelings of deepest love and respect. You had for Jesus a true fatherly love, enkindled and kept aglow in your heart by the Holy Spirit. And you could not cease to admire the workings of grace in Mary's soul, and this admiration caused the holy love which you had consecrated to her on the day of your wedding grow stronger every day.

God has made you a heavenly patron of family life because you sanctified yourself as head of the Holy Family and thus by your beautiful example sanctified family life. How peacefully and happily the Holy Family rested under the care of your fatherly rule, even in the midst of trials. You were the protector, counselor, and consolation of the Holy Family in every need. And just as you were the model of piety, so you gave us by your zeal, your earnestness and devout trust in God's providence, and especially by your love, the example of labor according to the Will of God. You cherished all the experiences common to family life and the sacred memories of the life, sufferings, and joys in the company of Jesus and Mary. Therefore the family is dear to you as the work of God, and it is of the highest importance in your eyes to promote the honor of God and the well-being of man. In your loving fatherliness and unfailing intercession you are the patron and intercessor of families, and you deserve a place in every home.

Saint Joseph, I thank God for your privilege of living in the Holy Family and being its head. As a token of your own gratitude to God, obtain God's blessing upon my own family. Make our home the kingdom of Jesus and Mary -- a kingdom of peace, of joy, and love.

I also pray for all Christian families. Your help is needed in our day when God's enemy has directed his attack against the family in order to desecrate and destroy it. In the face of these evils, as patron of families, be pleased to help; and as of old, you arose to save the Child and His Mother, so today arise to protect the sanctity of the home. Make our homes sanctuaries of prayer, of love, of patient sacrifice, and of work. May they be modeled after your own at Nazareth. Remain with us with Jesus and Mary, so

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► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued from Page 31.**

that by your help we may obey the commandments of God and of the Church; receive the holy sacraments of God and of the Church; live a life of prayer; and foster religious instruction in our homes. Grant that we may be reunited in God's Kingdom and eternally live in the company of the Holy Family in heaven.

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

MEMORARE

Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief. Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

Day 7: Patron of Workers

Saint Joseph, you devoted your time at Nazareth to the work of a carpenter. It was the Will of God that you and your foster-Son should spend your days together in manual labor. What a beautiful example you set for the working classes!

It was especially for the poor, who compose the greater part of mankind, that Jesus came upon earth, for in the synagogue of Nazareth, He read the words of Isaiah and referred them to Himself: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He has

anointed Me to bring good news to the poor..." (Luke 4:18). It was God's Will that you should be occupied with work common to poor people, that in this way Jesus Himself might ennoble it by inheriting it from you, His foster-father, and by freely embracing it. Thus our Lord teaches us that for the humbler class of workmen, He has in store His richest graces, provided they live content in the place God's Providence has assigned them, and remain poor in spirit for He said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven' (Matt. 5:3).

The kind of work to which you devoted your time in the workshop of Nazareth offered you many occasions of practicing humility. You were privileged to see each day the example of humility which Jesus practiced -- a virtue most pleasing to Him. He chose for His earthly surroundings not the courts of princes nor the halls of the learned, but a little workshop of Nazareth. Here you shared for many years the humble and hidden toiling of the God-Man. What a touching example for the worker of today!

While your hands were occupied with manual work, your mind was turned to God in prayer. From the Divine Master, who worked along with you, you learned to work in the presence of God in the spirit of prayer, for as He worked He adored His Father and recommended the welfare of the world to Him, Jesus also instructed you in the wonderful truths of grace and virtue, for you were in close contact with Him who said of Himself, 'I am the Way and the Truth and the Life.'

As you were working at your trade, you were reminded of the greatness and majesty of God, who, as a most wise Architect, formed this vast universe with wonderful skill and limitless power.

The light of divine faith that filled your mind, did not grow dim when you saw Jesus working as a carpenter. You firmly believed that the saintly Youth working beside you was truly God's own Son.

Saint Joseph, I thank God for your privilege of being able to work side by side with Jesus in the carpenter shop of Nazareth. As a token of your own gratitude to God, obtain for me the grace to respect the dignity of labor and ever to be content with the position in life, however lowly, in which it may please Divine Providence to place me. Teach me to work for God and with God in the spirit of humility and prayer, as you did, so that I may offer my toil in union with the sacrifice of Jesus in the Mass as a reparation for my sins, and gain rich merit for heaven.

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued on Page 33.**

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued from Page 32.**

you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

MEMORARE

Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief.

Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

Day 8: Friend In Suffering

Saint Joseph, your share of suffering was very great because of your close union with the Divine Savior. All the mysteries of His life were more or less mysteries of suffering. Poverty pressed upon you, and the cross of labor followed you everywhere. Nor were you spared domestic crosses, owing to misunderstandings in regard to the holiest and most cherished of all beings, Jesus and Mary, who were all to you. Keen must have been the suffering caused by the uncertainty regarding Mary's virginity; by the bestowal of the name of Jesus, which pointed to future misfortune. Deeply painful must have been the prophecy of Simeon, the flight into Egypt, the disappearance of Jesus at the Paschal feast. To these sufferings were surely added interior sorrow at the sight of the sins of your own people.

You bore all this suffering in a truly Christ-like manner, and in this you are our example. No sound of complaint or impatience escaped you -- you were, indeed, the silent saint! You submitted to all in the spirit of faith, humility, confidence, and love. You cheerfully bore all in union with and for the Savior and His

Mother, knowing well that true love is a crucified love. But God never forsook you in your trials. The trials, too, disappeared and were changed at last into consolation and joy.

It seems that God had purposely intended your life to be filled with suffering as well as consolation to keep before my eyes the truth that my life on earth is but a succession of joys and sorrows, and that I must gratefully accept whatever God sends me, and during the time of consolation prepare for suffering. Teach me to bear my cross in the spirit of faith, of confidence, and of gratitude toward God. In a happy eternity, I shall thank God fervently for the sufferings which He deigned to send me during my pilgrimage on earth, and which after your example I endured with patience and heartfelt love for Jesus and Mary.

You were truly the martyr of the hidden life. This was God's Will, for the holier a person is, the more he is tried for the love and glory of God. If suffering is the flowering of God's grace in a soul and the triumph of the soul's love for God, being the greatest of saints after Mary, you suffered more than any of the martyrs.

Because you have experienced the sufferings of this valley of tears, you are most kind and sympathetic toward those in need. Down through the ages souls have turned to you in distress and have always found you a faithful friend in suffering. You have graciously heard their prayers in their needs even though it demanded a miracle. Having been so intimately united with Jesus and Mary in life, your intercession with Them is most powerful.

Saint Joseph, I thank God for your privilege of being able to suffer for Jesus and Mary. As a token of your own gratitude to God, obtain for me the grace to bear my suffering patiently for love of Jesus and Mary. Grant that I may unite the sufferings, works and disappointments of life with the sacrifice of Jesus in the Mass, and share like you in Mary's spirit of sacrifice.

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued on Page 34.**

► **ST. JOSEPH NOVENA - Continued from Page 33.**

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

MEMORARE

Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief.

Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

Day 9: Patron of a Happy Death

Saint Joseph, how fitting it was that at the hour of your death Jesus should stand at your bedside with Mary, the sweetness and hope of all mankind. You gave your entire life to the service of Jesus and Mary; at death you enjoyed the consolation of dying in Their loving arms. You accepted death in the spirit of loving submission to the Will of God, and this acceptance crowned your hidden life of virtue. Yours was a merciful judgment, for your foster-Son, for whom you had cared so lovingly, was your Judge, and Mary was your advocate. The verdict of the Judge was a word of encouragement to wait for His coming to Limbo, where He would shower you with the choicest fruits of the Redemption, and an embrace of grateful affection before you breathed forth your soul into eternity.

You looked into eternity and to your everlasting reward with confidence. If our Savior blessed the shepherds, the Magi, Simeon, John the Baptist, and others, because they greeted His presence with devoted hearts for a brief passing hour, how much more did He bless you who have sanctified yourself for so many years in His company and that of His Mother? If Jesus regards every corporal and spiritual work of mercy, performed in behalf of our fellow men out of love for Him, as done to Himself, and promises heaven as a reward, what must have been the extent of His gratitude to you who in the truest sense of the word have received Him, given Him shelter, clothed, nourished, and consoled Him at the sacrifice of your strength and rest, and even your life, with a love which surpassed the love of all fathers.

God really and personally made Himself your debtor. Our

Divine Savior paid that debt of gratitude by granting you many graces in your lifetime, especially the grace of growing in love, which is the best and most perfect of all gifts. Thus at the end of your life your heart became filled with love, the fervor and longing of which your frail body could not resist. Your soul followed the triumphant impulse of your love and winged its flight from earth to bear the prophets and patriarchs in Limbo the glad tidings of the advent of the Redeemer.

Saint Joseph, I thank God for your privilege of being able to die in the arms of Jesus and Mary. As a token of your own gratitude to God, obtain for me the grace of a happy death. Help me to spend each day in preparation for death. May I, too, accept death in the spirit of resignation to God's Holy Will, and die, as you did, in the arms of Jesus, strengthened by Holy Viaticum, and in the arms of Mary, with her rosary in my hand and her name on my lips!

Saint Joseph, I, your unworthy child, greet you. You are the faithful protector and intercessor of all who love and venerate you. You know that I have special confidence in you and that, after Jesus and Mary, I place all my hope of salvation in you, for you are especially powerful with God and will never abandon your faithful servants. Therefore I humbly invoke you and commend myself, with all who are dear to me and all that belong to me, to your intercession. I beg of you, by your love for Jesus and Mary, not to abandon me during life and to assist me at the hour of my death.

Glorious Saint Joseph, spouse of the Immaculate Virgin, obtain for me a pure, humble, charitable mind, and perfect resignation to the divine Will. Be my guide, my father, and my model through life that I may merit to die as you did in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Loving Saint Joseph, faithful follower of Jesus Christ, I raise my heart to you to implore your powerful intercession in obtaining from the Divine Heart of Jesus all the graces necessary for my spiritual and temporal welfare, particularly the grace of a happy death, and the special grace I now implore:

(Mention your request).

Guardian of the Word Incarnate, I feel confident that your prayers in my behalf will be graciously heard before the throne of God. Amen.

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Remember, most pure spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, my loving protector, Saint Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to your protection or asked for your aid without obtaining relief.

Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, I come before you and humbly implore you. Despise not my petitions, foster-father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

PATRON SAINT OF THE DEAF – PRAY FOR US!

Someone has a birthday in August! Do you know which saint beloved by the Deaf community has a birthday in the summer month of August? It is St. Francis de Sales! On his birthday of August 21st of this year, he will be 454 years old. Ha ha! Don't forget to wish him a happy birthday. In honor of his birthday, I am reprinting here a very nice brief article about St. Francis de Sales that was given to me. Unfortunately, the article does not list the author or source.

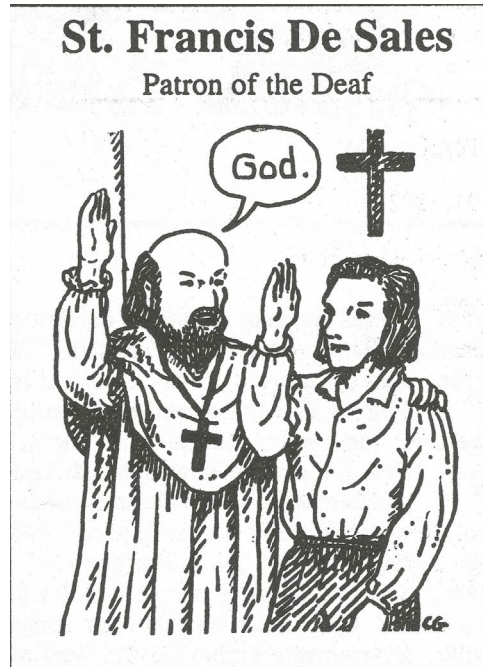
Francis de Sales was born, August 21, 1567 in Switzerland and was the oldest of a family of seven children – 6 boys and 1 girl. He was a premature baby, he did not participate in rough games. He accompanied his father on missions in area where they live.

By twenty-one, he was ready for school of law and his father had him attend the famous University of Padua where he excelled in studies. While there he became ill and received the Last Rites. During this illness he left instruction that if he died, his body was to be given to the medical students of the university for dissection. But he recovered.

He graduated with honors and took a brief tour of Italy; to Rome and Venice. After he came home, with fear and respect he told his father he wanted nothing of a lawyer's career; he wanted to be a priest. His father was not just disappointed, he was angry. He studied for priesthood and was ordained in 1593. His father gave in and accept his son in his new position.

The reformation hatred was at its height. Francis and his cousin, canon Louis, accept to live near the rough area and minister to the few Catholics. The people there never met a man as gentle and as holy as Francis. But end of two years people begin to accept him and begin the confirmation and holy orders for the first time in 63 years. It was the gentle kindness of Francis that won them over, though some miracles did help: as when he was offered a poison drink and when the cup was blessed it broke; or one time someone tried to shoot him but the gun did not go off; or the woman who had a baby dying – begged of the child's life for baptism. The baby was healed and her family returned back to Catholicism.

Francis was told that the Holy Father would examine him for the



bishop position. Francis prayed that he would fail, but the youngest priest of 32 answered so well that Pope Clement said that no previous examination please him so completely.

Later Francis was named assistant to the Bishop of Geneva. He went to Paris to do diocese business with the king. He won the king over and the king offered him a larger and richer diocese. Francis said, "I am already married, having wed a poor wife, I cannot forsake her for the one that is richer." On the way home, news came that the old bishop died. On December 6, 1602, he was ordained a bishop and took up rule of the diocese. He was 35 and he brought 12,000 people back to the faith.

This had been his life of serving the people. He taught, heard confessions, sought to bring his priests to holiness.

He was in demand as a preacher and he hardly had free time for himself. He wrote many books. His most famous book, is called "Introduction to the Devout Life."

One day Francis met a deaf man who was 25 years old. His name was Martin and he had no friends. People made fun of him. In those days there were no deaf schools. He did not learn anything. Francis decided to help him learn many things. Martin was smart and became a good and holy man.

By 55, he was worn out by labors and though not feeling strong. He went to stop at the convent of the Order he founded at Lyons to see if he could regain his strength – traveling was difficult and his legs has swelled up and had bad headaches. Despite his weakness, he served a three hour Christmas Eve Mass. The next day after he said the Mass, he left to rest, but he suffered a stroke. For two days he was in and out of coma. Finally, on the evening of December 26, 1622, he gave his soul to God with the word, "Jesus" on his lips as he died.

Lyons wanted to keep his body, but finally it was agreed that his heart would be entombed in Lyons, his body in Geneva. Miracles multiplied and St. Jean Francis worked for his beatification which took place in 1661, the first one in the newly built St. Peter Church in Rome.

Because of his interest in the deaf that St. Francis de Sales was chosen Patron Saint of the Deaf. His Feast Day is January 24th.

INTERPRETED & ASL *Masses*

THROUGHOUT THE ARCHDIOCESE OF MILWAUKEE



- ASL WEEKEND MASS -

**St. Charles
Borromeo
Parish**

5571 S Marilyn
St., Milwaukee,
WI 53221

Time: Saturdays, 6 p.m.

Please email deafapostolate@archmil.org
for updates on Signed Masses, as we are
resuming normal schedules, etc.



- CLOSED CAPTIONED MASS -

St. Clare Parish
7616 Fritz St.,
Wind Lake, WI
53185

(None during the Summer 2021,
Will resume Sept. 2021)

E-Mail: bulletins@tds.net

Website: stclarewindlake.org

**Times Listed Are Subject to Change* as of
May 25, 2021*



- INTERPRETED SUNDAY MASS -

St. Andrew Parish

714 E. Walworth Ave,
Delavan, WI 53115

Time: 9 a.m.

E-Mail: [deafministry@](mailto:deafministry@saspcatholics.org)

saspcatholics.org

Website: standrews-delavan.org



**St. Mary's
Immaculate
Conception**

1610 Monroe St,
West Bend, WI 53090

2nd Sundays at 9:30 a.m.

Email: rprim@wbparishes.org

Website: stmaryparishwb.org



St. Peter Parish

2224 30th Ave,
Kenosha, WI
53144

Time: 10:30 a.m.

Please request at least 3 days in advance to:
broadwayterp73@gmail.com.

Website: stpeterskenosha.com



St. Joseph Parish

1619 Washington
St, Grafton,
WI 53024

1st & 4th Saturdays at 4 p.m.
and 3rd Sunday at 10:30 a.m.

E-Mail: parish@stjosephgrafton.org

Website: stjosephgrafton.org



**St. Paul the
Apostle Parish**

6400 Spring St,
Racine, WI 53406

Time: 10 a.m.

(on certain Sundays)

Please check with office prior to attending

E-Mail: svrana@stpaulracine.org

Website: stpaulracine.org



**Shepherd of the
Hills Parish**

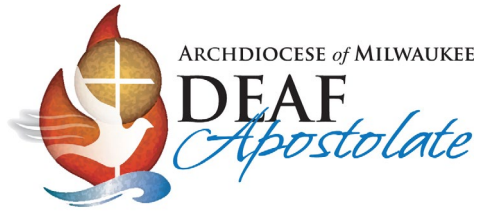
W1562 County
Road B, Eden,
WI 53019

Please email deafapostolate@archmil.org
for schedule

Website: sothparish.org



ARCHDIOCESE
of MILWAUKEE



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HAND IN HAND SUBSCRIPTION

Two ways to get the Hand in Hand newsletters:

- (1) **E-mail:** Cost is FREE and will be emailed to you. Please fill out this online form to get your Newsletter at: <https://www.archmil.org/deaf-apostolate/offnav/Subscription-Form.htm>
- (2) **By Mail:** Fill out and send registration form & check below:

MAILED (PAPER COPY) SUBSCRIPTION

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, & Zip Code: _____

Cost: \$8.00 for 4 Newsletters from Jan. to Dec. 2022.

Make checks payable to: The Deaf Apostolate.

Mail to: **Deaf Apostolate, Archdiocese of Milwaukee**

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