

Most Precious Blood Church Bulletin

A Little Italy Newsletter

Sunday, June 7, 2009

Pilgrim Statue To Visit Most Precious Blood!

Arrives on June 16th

The Pilgrim Statue of Our Lady of Fatima will make a historic visit to Most Precious Blood Church on Tuesday, June 16 at 12:00 Noon and will remain here until 2:00 pm. We ask as many Parishioners as possible to try to make it to the church on that day, assist at the Mass which will follow on its arrival at the Church, and we will also consecrate the parish and its families to Our Lady of Fatima.

We hope and pray that this will be a day of great opportunity for spiritual graces for us and our Parish at large.

Father's Day Cards

Fathers Day Cards are available at the door of the Church as well as in the Sacristy on your way into the Church from Mulberry Street. It is a spiritual gift for your Father, whether he be in the next world, or right here on earth still trying to please you. In any event, you will have him remembered in a Triduum of Masses to be celebrated right here in our own Church of the Most Precious Blood for his intentions. Be sure to fill out the envelope and hand it in to us before Father's Day.

Sacred Heart Devotion

I am sure that we all remember that June is specially dedicated to honoring the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This is something all of us were taught in grammar school along with honoring the Blessed Mother during the Month of May. On June 19th, which is the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the St. Anne Society will sponsor a Holy Hour of prayers and hymns to the Sacred Heart. It will begin at 7:30 pm and end at 8:30pm. Everyone is invited to participate.

St. Anthony Feast

The Feast Day of St. Anthony falls on June 13th which is a Saturday. Mass will be celebrated at 12 Noon, and St. Anthony's bread for the poor will be blessed and distributed both after the 12 noon Mass, as well as the 5:30pm Mass.

Banns of Marriage

The First Banns of Marriage are herewith published between Matthew Brabinski of Leonard and Nancy Skowonski, to Laura Milazzo, of Angelo and

Laura Lucarelli. They plan to be married here in our Church on July 3rd.

Next Bus to Atlantic City

Parish Sick & Deceased

Be sure to remember the sick of the Parish as well as your own, and all the deceased in your Masses and prayers. Remember that they depend on you for prayers.

Tommy

Fr. John Powell, a professor at the University of Chicago, writes about a student in his Theology of Faith class named "Tommy"

Some 12 years ago, I stood watching my university students file into the classroom for our first session in the Theology of Faith.

That was the first time I saw Tommy. My eyes and my mind both blinked. He was combing his long flaxen hair, which hung 6 inches below his shoulders. It was the first time I had ever seen a boy with hair that long. I guess it was just coming into fashion then.

I know in my mind that it isn't what on your head that counts but what's in it; but on that day I was unprepared and my emotions flipped. I immediately filed Tommy under "S" for —strange – very strange.

Tommy Turned out to be the 'Atheist in residence' in my Theology of Faith course. He constantly objected to, smirked at, or whined about the possibility of an unconditionally loving Father/God. We lived with each other in relative peace for one semester, although I admit he was for me at times a serious pain in the back pew.

When he came up at the end of the course to turn in his final exam, he asked in a cynical tone: "Do you think I'll ever find God?" I decided on a little shock therapy, "No !" I said very emphatically. "Why not,"

"But when the doctors removed a lump from my groin and told me that it was malignant, that's when I

Will be on Monday, June 15th, and it will be leaving from the West side. If you are interested in going down to spend a relaxing day at the shore, or perhaps to indulge in some games of chance at your favorite Casino, give Mary Frattini a call at 212-242-0195 and ask her for additional information and departure times.

he responded, "I thought that was the product you were pushing?"

I let him get five steps from the classroom door and then called out, "Tommy! I don't think you'll ever find Him, but I am absolutely certain that He will find you!" He shrugged a little, and left my class and my life.

I felt slightly disappointed at the thought he had missed my clever line - He will find you! At least I thought it was clever. Later I heard that Tommy graduated and I was duly grateful.

Then a sad report came. I heard that Tommy had terminal cancer, and before I could search him out, he came to see me.. He waded into my office, body badly wasted, and long hair fallen out as a result of chemo, but his eyes were bright and voice firm. "Tommy, I've thought about you so often; I hear you are sick," I blurted out.

"Oh yes, very sick! Cancer in both lungs. It's a matter of weeks.

"Can you talk about it?"

"Sure" what would you like to know? He replied.

"What's it like to be only 24 and dying?"

"Well, it could be worse.. Like, being 50 and having no values or ideals, like being 50 and thinking that booze, seducing women, and making money are the real biggies in life."

I began to look through my mental file cabinet under "S" where I had filed Tommy as strange (it seems as though everybody I try to reject by classification, God sends them back into my life to educate me.)

But what I really came to see you about," Tom said, "is something you said to me on the last day of class." (He remembered) He continued, "I asked you if you thought I would ever find God and you said "NO". Which surprised me. But then you added, "But He will find you." I thought about that a lot, even though my search for God was hardly intense at the time.

got serious about locating God. And when the malignancy spread into my vital organs, I really

began banging on heaven's door. But God did not come out. In fact, nothing at all happened. Did you ever try anything for a long time and finally get fed up with trying. And then you quit. Well one day I woke up, and instead of throwing a few more futile appeals over that high brick wall to a God who may be or may not be there, I just quit. I decided that I didn't really care about God, or after life. Or anything like that. I decided to spend whatever time I had left doing something more profitable. I thought about you and your class and I remembered something else you said: "The essential sadness is to go through life without loving. But it would be almost equally sad to go through life and leave this world without ever telling (continued on page behind the Mass schedule)

those you loved that you had loved them." So I began with the hardest one, my Dad. He was reading the paper when I approached him.

"Dad"

"Yes, What?" he asked without looking up.

"Dad, I would like to talk to you."

"Well, talk"

"I mean, it's really important."

The newspaper came down 3 slow inches. "What is it?"

"Dad I love you. I just want you to know that."

Tom smiled at me and said it with obvious satisfaction, as though he felt a warm secret joy flowing inside of him. "The newspaper fluttered to the floor and my Dad did 2 things I could never remember him doing before: He cried and he hugged me. We talked all night even tho he had to work the next day. It felt so good to be close to my father, to see his tears, to feel his hug, to hear him say that he loved me."

"It was easier with my mother and little brother. They cried with me and we hugged each other, and started saying nice things to each other. We shared things that we kept secret for so many years.

"I was sorry about one thing only, that I had waited so long to open up. Then one day I turned around and God was there. He didn't come to me when I pleaded with Him. I guess I was like an animal trainer holding out a hoop, "c'mon, jump through, I'll give you three days, three weeks!"

Apparently God does things in his own way and at His own time, but the important thing is that he was

there. He found me! You were right, He found me even after I stopped looking for Him!"

"Tommy," I practically gasped, "I think you are saying something very important and much more universal than you realize. To me, you are saying that the surest way to find God is not to make Him a private possession, a problem solver, or an instant consolation in time of need, but rather by opening up to love. You know, the apostle John said that "God is love, and anyone who lives in love is living with God and God in Him.

Tom, could I ask you for a favor? Would you come into my present Theology of Faith class and tell them what you have just told me? If I told them, it wouldn't be half as effective as if you were to tell it."

"Ooooh, I was ready for you, but I don't know if I'm ready for you class."

"Tom, think about it. If and when you are ready, give me a call."

In a few days, Tom called, and said he was ready for the class. That he wanted to do that for God and for me! So we scheduled a date.

However, he never made it. He had another appointment far more important than the one with me and my class. Of course, his life was not really ended by his death, only changed. He made the great step from faith into vision.

He found a life far more beautiful than the eye of man has ever seen or the ear of man has ever heard, or the mind of man has ever imagined.

Before he died, we talked one last time.

"I'm not going to make it to you class," he said.

"I know, Tom."

"Will you tell them for me? Will you tell the whole world for me?"

"I will, Tom, I will do my best."

And so to all of you who are reading this simple story about God's love thank you, and to you, Tommy, somewhere in the sunlit verdant hills of heaven, I kept my promise. I told them the best I could."