

Most Precious Blood Church Bulletin

A Little Italy Newsletter

Sunday, December 13, 2009

Special Collection For Retired Religious

Be Generous

We ask you to be as generous as possible in the second collection today, which is taken up once each year to help support those religious and priests who have worked for a good portion of their lives in the Archdiocese of New York.

Many of them now have retired to their own communities, and spend the remainder of their lives in prayer waiting until God calls them to their eternal reward. But after working very hard for the salvation of souls in parishes and schools, they deserve to live the rest of their lives in relative peace and harmony, with dependance on others for their basic needs,

Please be as generous as you can in this collection which will go to their support.

Advent

We are now in the Third week of Advent, and before we know it, it will be Christmas. What are we doing to prepare ourselves for the coming of the Christ child into our hearts? John the Baptist tells us that we must prepare if Christmas is to mean anything at all to us; and how? Very simple: by trying to make sacrifices daily

in our lives so that we will be in a good spiritual state on Christmas Day. The more we prepare ourselves during these days of Advent, the state of the soul will be in that much better a shape when Christ comes to us at Christmas.

Christmas Flowers

We have received so many compliments on the beauty of our Church this Christmas. And there is no doubt about it, it is one of the most beautiful in the city of New York. We have to thank our decorators who are responsible for their genius in this art of decorating. Those who would like to help us defray the expenses of especially the poinsettias, please take a "flower envelope at the door of the church or Sacristy and put your offering in there and drop it in a collection basket or offering box. We thank everyone who has contributed to this date.

Yearly Offering Evelopes

These, for the most part may be found in the Sacristy or at the back of the church. Each family in the parish should have at least a set of envelopes. If you do not have one, please get a box with NO NAME on it and put your name on each of the envelopes of the month of Jan.

Parish Sick & Deceased

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Remember the sick and deceased of the Parish. Among the sick of the Parish, please pray for the healing of Gennaro Quintana & Family, For Dr. Paul Viviano, as well as for Ms. Andrea Glover, and Alma Fidani and Rina Cieczko. Also keep in mind one of our friars, Fr. Michael Bercik who is not expected to live out the week.

Fun Stuff

An elderly couple was invited for dinner at another couple's house, and after eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen. The two gentlemen were talking, and one said: "Last night, we went out to a new restaurant, and it was really great. I would recommend it very highly."

The other man said: "What was the name of the restaurant?"

The first man thought, and thought and finally said, "What is the name of that flower that you give to someone you love? You know The one that's red and has thorns."

"You mean a rose?"

"Yes, that's it," replied the man. He then turned around towards the kitchen and yelled: "Rose, what was the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"

Breakfast at McDonald's

I am a mother of three (ages 14, 12 and 3) and have recently completed my college degree. The last class I had to take was Sociology. The teacher was absolutely inspiring with the qualities that I wish every human being had been graced with. Her last project of the term was called "Smile" The class was asked to go out and smile at three people and document their reactions.

I am a very friendly person and always smile at everyone and say hello anyway. And so I thought this would be a piece of cake, literally.

Soon after we were assigned the project, my husband, youngest son, and I went out to McDonald's one crisp March morning. It was just our way of sharing special playtime with our son.

We were standing in line, waiting to be served, when all of a sudden everyone around us began to back away and then even my husband did.

I did not move an inch ... an overwhelming feeling of panic welled up inside of me as I turned to see why they had all moved so fast.

As I turned around, I smelled a horrible dirty "body" smell, and there, standing right behind me were two poor homeless men. As I looked down at the short gentleman, the one closest to me, he was "smiling". His beautiful sky blue eyes were full of God's light as he searched for acceptance.. He said: "Good day", as he counted out the few coins he had been clutching. The second man fumbled with his hands as he stood behind his friend. I realized the second man was mentally challenged, and the blue-eyed gentleman was his salvation,. I held my tears as I stood there with them.

The young lady at the counter asked him what they wanted. He said: "Coffee is all, Miss" because that is all he could afford. (If they wanted to sit in the restaurant and warm up, they had to buy something. He just wanted to be warm. Then I really felt it. The compulsion was so great I almost reached out and embraced the little man with the blue eyes. That's when I noticed that everyone else in the restaurant was looking at ME, judging my every action. I then smiled and asked the young lady behind the counter to give me two more breakfasts on a separate tray. I then walked around the corner to the table that the men had chosen, put the tray down and laid my hand on the blue-eyed gentleman's cold hand.. He looked up at me with tears in his eyes and said "Thank you"

I leaned over, patted his hand and said, "I did not do this for you. God is here working through me to give you hope." I started to cry as I walked away to join my son and husband. Then my husband smiled at me and said: "That is why God gave YOU to me, Honey, to give me hope." We held hands for a moment and knew that only because of the grace of God that we were able to give.

I returned to college on the last day of class with this story in hand. I turned in my project and the teacher read it. She then looked up and asked me if she could share it with the rest of the class. I slowly nodded.

As she began to read, I realized that weas human beings and being part of god's plan share this need to heal people, as well as to be healed.. I graduated

learning one of the biggest lessons I could ever learn - unconditional acceptance of everyone around me