



The Messenger

October, 2018

Morsels of Faith from Mr. Kuhar



What a great joy to begin the year of Faith Formation! It is a great blessing to have the opportunity to share the faith with the students and families as we journey together along the path to heaven. I was at a conference recently and in one of the keynote addresses the speaker was talking about how it is not enough as Christians to simply be good or nice. We are called to do so much more. This has really stayed with me as the subsequent days have passed. As I have reflected upon this truth, the following has been on my heart.

We are sons and daughters of the King of Heaven and Earth. We are God's children. He has created us and loves us so deeply. God wants us to be filled with joy and peace. He only wants what is best for us just as we as parents only want what is best for our children. In Matthew 7:9-11 it is written, "Which one of you would hand his son a stone when he asks for a loaf of bread, or a snake when he asks for a fish? If you then, who are wicked, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give good things to those who ask him." God loves you and He only

wants to give you good things. What He asks or commands is for our benefit. It is not always easy. In fact, it sometimes is downright challenging. It is, however, always worth it because it is what is best for us and the salvation of our souls.

We are called to greatness! How exciting! We may never have realized that we have the gifts and talents to be great. This does not mean we are perfect. In fact it is quite the opposite. In the Christian journey part of being great is recognizing that all good gifts come from God and that without Him we are nothing. It is God who gives the strength and grace we need to be great and follow Him faithfully. We are called to make a difference in the world through our lives. We may never see the difference and others may not know that we have made a difference but if we live as faithful followers of the King, this is exactly what will happen. What does being a faithful follower of the King look like?

First, we must strive to follow the King and listen to His voice. He speaks to us through the commandments giving us guidance on what we need to do or not do as His followers. He shows us the path and calls us to imitate His life and sacrificial love shown in the ultimate sacrifice of His death on the cross out of love for you and me. Here are some non-negotiables for

living out the greatness to which we are called. **Attending Mass on Sundays and Holy Days is a must.** God commands us to come and worship with one another offering us the Bread of Life which nourishes and sustains us along the journey. **Daily prayer** helps us to stay connected to the source of our strength of greatness. It is through conversation with God that we grow in our relationship with Him. **Scripture** is God's word. He speaks to us and guides us through it. **The Sacrament of Reconciliation** is another of God's gifts where we receive healing, forgiveness, and a restoration of our relationship with God broken through our sin. It is through this Sacrament that we are reminded of our need for a Savior and the humility to recognize our dependence on God.

I encourage you to take a few minutes and look at your own lives of faith. Are you living lives of greatness? If you are, keep up the good work and continue to grow as beautiful children of God. If you are not quite there yet, do not fear but begin today to live the life to which God is calling each of you as His sons and daughters. You are not alone. We are in this journey together. Do not fear but follow God and live greatly. It is your call and one that will bring you great joy!

Cindy's Corner



"C'ead Mile Failte." Welcome! I recall at the close of our Faith Formation year last May mentioning to the students that when we travel on vacation over the summer we take God with us. Vacation can be the opportune time to draw more closely to Him as we take a needed break away from our everyday busyness, responsibilities and routines and have time to rest in Him. We also talked about how our universal Catholic church is everywhere, not only in big cities, but also in little remote Up North towns and neighborhoods, not only in the USA but all over the world. (Talk about a "megachurch"!) I asked the students to share with me when they returned this school year some place different where they met God this past summer.

My travels over the summer brought me to Dublin . . . no not that Dublin . . . but a town in Ohio, outside of Columbus. While researching churches (masstimes.org) St. Brigid of Kildare popped up. St. Brigid is one of the patron saints of Ireland. I take pride in my fraction of Irish ancestry that held my mother's family (Carroll) so closely together. Faith and good cheer are an attractive combination along with a strong sense of hope when in despair. I remember an artwork over my grandmother's bed; a woman clinging to a stone cross surrounded by an ocean of dark stormy water. It was frightening as a child but looking back at that as an adult, I get it. At our age we all do. So yes, to Saint Brigid's we would go! I love to celebrate and observe the same but yet so slightly different liturgies of the Mass in our travels. I enjoy being sur-

rounded by a community of believers I don't know personally but yet we are connected through our faith. I take comfort in the sound of the recitation of prayers in unison offered up to God. As Saint Brigid would say, "*C'ead Mile Failte*"; translation, "a hundred thousand welcomes". I did feel welcome at Saint Brigid's. I also delighted in the architecture and artwork and had to snap photos to share with some GA friends that Sunday morning. I am thankful that we are never far from feeling at home. "*C'ead Mile Failte.*"

I also traveled with some family and friends Up North, outside of Roger's City. I was the only practicing Catholic and did not have my own car to get to Mass. This led me to thinking, "should I borrow my brother-in-law's car?" (The last time I borrowed a car while vacationing on this very lake, a tornado totaled it!) Could I make it up that very steep driveway? Would I wake up the rest of the guests? Will my GPS get me there? How long will it take me? What if the car breaks down? Will I be okay by myself?" The way a mind can conjure up worries at the close of the day. After I was invited to borrow the car, I went to bed uncertain what I would decide the following morning; so I would sleep on it. I got up and desired to meet Jesus in the Eucharist. I decided I would go, in haste, throwing all caution to the wind. In the quiet of the morning I slipped out of the cottage and found my way to St. Dominic's in Metz, MI with a few minutes to spare before Mass began. This church is literally out in the middle of nowhere, which I realize is obviously somewhere for this little faith community. The thirty or so short church pews were full to capacity with the added vacationers like me. The Mass was coming to a close as a slew of announcements were read. People were nodding

along with the announcements and glancing in recognition of who was running what, a simple nod portraying, "I'll see you there", "You got this" or "thank you". A tightly knit congregation and also my home. "*C'ead Mile Failte.*"

Lastly, I went on a day trip with a couple of GA friends to Lexington, MI. We left at 7:00 a.m. so we could stop for Mass at Saint Joseph's in Port Huron as we happen to know Fr. Sal, the pastor there. I have a fondness for Saint Joseph our patron saint of a peaceful death. The older I get the more often I call on him to come to the aid of a dying loved one. Saint Joseph is often portrayed dying in the arms of Mary and Jesus; what a comfort and blessing. That morning as Fr. Sal processed in he spotted us grinning from one of the first pews. He invited us to join him for coffee after Mass at his favorite Tim Horton's. He had a little time to spend with us and we were thrilled. Fr. Sal was assigned at GA for about six months a few years back. During that time I mentioned to him in passing about Geraldine, my mother-in-law, suffering with Alzheimer's. His response was that he would like to anoint her that day. He spent a couple hours with her just visiting before celebrating the Sacrament of Anointing of the Sick. Geraldine wasn't sure who we all were specifically but she knew Fr. Sal was a priest and that we were her loved ones. As the sacrament was administered you could see how she immediately rested in God. Beautiful, peaceful, powerful. I am writing this article now on the second anniversary of Geraldine's death, the feast day of Saint Mother Teresa; no coincidence but more blessings from God. Seeing Fr. Sal was also like home. "*C'ead Mile Failte.*"