



From the Heart

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Remembrance

The springtime is always associated with the celebration of Easter, and very fittingly so. We witness the process of resurrection all around us. The dreary, gray and cold earth that died in autumn and was buried in winter quietly comes back to life with the warmth of the sun and the nourishment of showers. The new green stubble of crocus, daffodils and tulips breaking through the ground, or the first buds forming on trees exhilarate us with the certainty of new life and the power of resurrection.

For all of us, certain holidays and seasons cause us to remember past celebrations. For instance, I cannot think of Easter without being transported back to my grandmother's kitchen on Easter morning. It was a tradition to go to Nana's house early with a big pot of flowers. She would have just returned from Mass at the church next door. Of course there was lively conversation

and good cheer in the big, old kitchen (the good cheer was assisted by the offering of anything over 80 proof). You see, my grandmother was a firm believer in the fact that the Flynn's were not really any fun at all without the help of some spirits...and she wasn't referring to the Holy Spirit! Amid the banter and joking, someone (obviously a designated sentinel) would interrupt on the hour to announce, "Here they come!" This was the signal that the Mass was getting out, and all assembled at Nana's would congregate at the kitchen windows, which offered full view of the Immaculate Conception parking lot. Each relative would give a two-cent appraisal on that particular year's Easter finery. Back in those days we always dressed up for church on Sundays, but Easter was particularly dressy. The "oohs" and "ahs" weren't very forthcoming during the ear-

lier Masses because everyone was waiting for 10:30 when Regina Klimas would appear. Regina was like the Dolly Parton of Terryville, and you really knew it was Easter when Regina arrived.

On one memorable Easter (I was probably only eight or nine) I remember hearing those words of complete astonishment, "Oh my, Regina has really outdone herself this year!" And there she was all in pink, like she was riding a float in the Easter Parade. Even I was drawn to the windows for a glimpse of the infamous Regina. Yes, she was indeed a vision in pink from her huge hat all the way down to her matching shoes...a vision. My only



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Remembrance

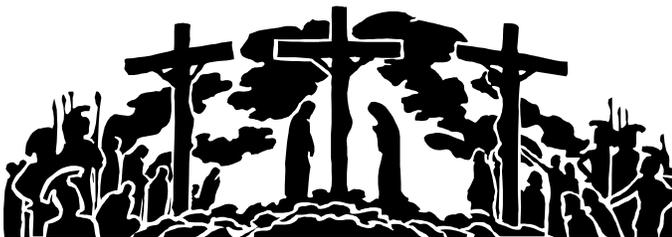
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question was why did she think her hair had to match? No kidding, even Regina's hair was pink to match her ensemble. No one else could even come close to getting any votes for best dressed at Easter!

Sadly, certain aspects of holidays that made them special are simply distant memories now. There was something nice about getting all dressed up for church that made it feel special and made us feel different. I couldn't help but think of this during our Easter celebrations this year. It's sad that you rarely see someone's mother wearing an orchid or an Easter bonnet. There's something missing of the specialness when people walk into church on Easter wearing baggy shorts and unlaced sneakers. Maybe that's my problem, because Easter or any other holiday has nothing to do with what you're wearing or whether you've made Vogue's best-dressed list. No, it's all about what you're wearing in your heart, and how your joy and belief radiate from you as a sign to others. That is what needs to be remembered!

Over two thousand years ago one man appeared on this planet, and no one was drawn to him because of his outfit or appearance. They were drawn because of the message that he spoke and the sincerity and conviction with which he lived every word he spoke. But his message wasn't enough. His actions weren't enough, and so he was silenced, executed and buried. But we know that his story doesn't end there, because he came back to life and back to us to show us the way when we get distracted and coerced into following a different path. That's what we need to remember and not just on a given holiday; we need to remember it everyday and live in that memory!

Fr. Mark Flynn



New Beginnings

On Holy Saturday, Stacey Owens Hudson was received into full communion with the Catholic Church community. Although this concludes months of study with the RCIA program, it is a new beginning in her lifelong faith journey.

Stacy, born and raised in California, married Michael Hudson, a respiratory therapist from Connecticut. Together they built a home in the high desert of Palmdale, California and began to raise their family, two daughters and one son (and a cat, a dog, a guinea pig and a horned toad).



Fr. Mark Flynn baptizes Stacy Hudson, assisted by Leigh Hudson her sponsor.

While raising her family, Stacy decided to become a nurse, the first of three major decisions that would profoundly change her life. Once she set her goal, she lost no time in implementing her plan and earned her associate degree in nursing from Antelope Valley College. She became a night nurse in Los Angeles County and can tell a hair-raising tale of driving to work through the L.A. riots.

The decline in the quality of education and a downturn in the economy, which forced many hospitals to close and threatened their jobs, were the catalysts for the second major decision, to return to Connecticut. In their characteristic style, once the decision was made, action

followed. The relocation was accomplished; jobs, schools and a new home found.

Stacy, who had been raised in a nondenominational church, frequently joined her husband and children at Mass. For some time she felt God drawing her closer to him. Extensive reading and Bible study led Stacy to her third major decision, to become Catholic. She chose the program here at Sacred Heart, and it was no surprise that she immersed herself in it with enthusiasm and grace.



Leigh Hudson Fr. Mark Flynn with RCIA candidate Stacy Hudson, Leigh Hudson, her sponsor and Linda Groves, RCIA team member.

Also embarking on a new beginning is Dave Brex who was welcomed into the Church on December 24 of last year. He made his profession of faith, was baptized and received the sacraments of Eucharist and Confirmation at the 11:00 a.m. Mass. Bob Holbrook was his sponsor.

For the past 12 years Dave has been attending Sacred Heart with his wife, Grace, and has often been called upon to usher. Although he wanted to convert to the Catholic faith sooner, he was never here to participate with other candidates in the RCIA program because he winters in the South. Fr. Flynn made arrangements for Dave to meet with Deacon Mike Kulas for weekly study and preparation.

Dave and Grace moved to Heritage Village from Woodbury, Long Island in 1987. They have two children, a son in Colorado and a daughter in California. In the Village he is active with patient transportation and the ambulance association. He said, "Having grown up in a Christian family, I was taught by my father to do all the good I can, at every chance I get."

Dave said he wished to thank Fr. Flynn and Mike Kulas for making it possible for him to fulfill his long-awaited goal and reach his new beginning as a Catholic.

Jean Brickey



Fr. Mark Flynn administers the sacrament of Confirmation to Dave Brex, as Bob Holbrook his sponsor assists. Dave's wife Grace is in the background.

Hospitality

A Committee for Celebration and Thanksgiving

Hospitality is a word derived from hospitable, meaning a generous and cordial reception of guests. Our parish is privileged to have a Hospitality Committee, active since 1989. One of its first functions was a reception in honor of Fr. Flynn when he became our pastor in October of that year.

The Hospitality Committee is in charge of three scheduled events each year. The first is a catered reception following the Easter Vigil Mass to welcome the RCIA candidates into the Catholic faith. The second is a pasta supper to welcome new parish members, and the third is a reception after the Thanksgiving morning Mass.

In addition to these activities, the committee is always on call to help when occasions arise to celebrate or give thanks to a person who has been instrumental in running a particular part of our parish. They have put together wonderful receptions for Kacey Tessitore upon her retirement as Director of Religious Education for our middle and high school students, as well as Ellen Cassidy's retirement from her position as Religious Education secretary. They also coordinated the reception following Fr. Sharkey's first Mass at Sacred Heart and most recently the St. Patrick's Day celebration for Fr. Donnelly.

The Hospitality Committee consists of 43 members and has been run by several very capable women since its inception. The first chairperson was Janet Mann, followed by Reva Lucille, Sue Palma and Jane San-

topietro. Lina Savard was acting chairperson for a few months, but couldn't continue because it conflicted with her membership on the Parish Council.

A few months ago, Kathleen Quinn was approached by Fr. Flynn to become the new chairperson for the Hospitality Committee and she eagerly agreed. Kathleen, a member of Sacred Heart since 1984, was interested in becoming more active in parish life after her retirement from Grolier in March 2000. She is involved with the Extend-a-Hand, Social Concerns, Social Activities and Stewardship Committees. She just finished training to become a eucharistic minister



Kathleen Quinn, chairperson for the Hospitality Committee.

and was commissioned April 28, 2001. While being involved with different parish ministries, Kathleen met Tom Magrane who is a member of the Parish Council. They are planning a June wedding. Congratulations Kathleen!

Diane Tomas



Resolution approved by Sacred Heart Parish Council March 19, 2001

Be it resolved:

“That all parishioners involved in active ministries at Sacred Heart Church will dedicate their service to the honor and glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We will acknowledge, visit and pray to Jesus, living and present in the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle, whenever we come into, or before we leave Sacred Heart Church. Our prayer may be brief or prolonged, simple or profound. May these prayers be first in praise and thanksgiving for God's gifts to us that we share with our parish family and greater community, and second, that our example, love and prayers will free the hearts of the uninvolved and uncommitted of our parish. May we truly become a family of God, one for all, all for one, a labor of love for Christ our Lord.”

Mass on the Hilltop

Father, we acknowledge your greatness, All your actions show your wisdom and love . . . “Where is it?” asked Sean, my fourth born, in a Shakespearean aside. He had recently discovered the mysteries of the Sunday missal and was expressing his uncertainty to his family as well as, without hesitation, to those parishioners in the surrounding pews.

Lauren, kneeling next to him, gave little brother what her siblings referred to as the “Lauren look.” They were convinced that just a glance could even cause God to hesitate in his governing. “It’s the Fourth Eucharistic Prayer, page 45, Wits-Which-Are-Dim!” whispered Lauren. Big sister believed in the tough love approach in educating her brothers; she still does, come to think of it.

And so it was, as I recall, on July 4th during noon Mass at St. Catherine’s in Spring Lake, New Jersey.

To refresh the memories of the readers, Spring Lake is often called the “Irish Riviera” by the summer renters emigrating from the Irish sections of the Bronx, Brooklyn and Lower Westchester. Consequently, the town, nearly 100% Irish Catholic as it was, always became rousing patriotic (as the Irish tend to get) on July 4th. We would gather on the beach at evening time, watching the colors and rockets red glare taking place over the water. Strangely, this was always a non-alcoholic event, and in Spring Lake there weren’t many of them, believe me.

Father Rooney’s homily at the twelve o’clock reflected our Irish sense of duty and loyalty to the flag as it related to Christ, something the Irish easily understand. But what I recollect most distinctly on that day was our family conversation as we were walking to our vacation retreat. It was one of the few times my children ever expressed an interest in my military career (thirty-six months - Ordinance Corps, U.S. Army - Captain).

“Yes, I was in the Vietnam War,” answering Tommy’s question. “You all know that I served in the Army during a period of time when it was most unpopular to believe in loyalty to this country. Frankly, you will find that very few of the American Irish fled to Canada to avoid the military.” I said this proudly.

“And did you know anyone who was killed?” Lauren was now walking next to me, having pushed Sean, the smaller, out of her way.

I recollect attending a Mass on a hilltop located within a forgotten, desolate area, known more by its map coordinates than anything else. I remember the priest was from Notre Dame University (“Heh, you graduated from there!” exclaimed Paul). Father Boarman C.S.C. I think was his name. I don’t think it was a Sunday, and I suppose it really didn’t matter, but I do remember the number of attending faithful was large. I never heard a shot fired, nor did I think I ever would, but that didn’t stop me

from asking God to protect my brother officers and enlisted men. Almost thirty-five years ago, John, a fellow Notre Dame graduate, had been a Lieutenant in the Infantry. I had attended his wedding to Carol at the log cabin on the campus. We had survived the four years together at N.D. and rediscovered each other eight thousand miles from Notre Dame University when I realized he was kneeling next to me during the Mass on the Hilltop.

“Be grateful that your father is here to love you as only a father can do, like Jesus, although I think he is far more generous and compassionate with you than I am,” I said in response to Lauren’s question, attempting to sound lighthearted.

“Dad? You knew someone!” I could get away with nothing with my Lauren, who was thirty years old at birth.

I had not really thought of John since I heard from one of my classmates that he was killed in battle a few weeks after the Mass on the Hilltop.

“Yes, Lauren, I did know someone.” The silence was most noticeable for the rest of the walk home – not a word was said. That night we went down to the beach and watched the fireworks with the oohs and ahs.

At that time I recall thinking that I would never understand why our God, as part of his eternal plan, would call John home, but, in any event, I promised myself that I would think of him every July 4th and I do, to this very day.



Dennis J. McLaughlin

Spotlight on Youth

Taking Another Walk With Jesus

As our class approaches graduation, ending school life as we know it, let's take time to reflect on our accomplishments and on how far we truly have come together.

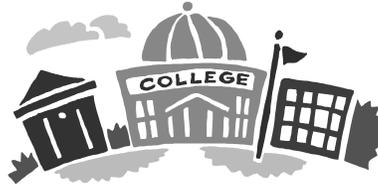
It has been twelve years and ten months since our first day of kindergarten, eleven years and ten months since school became full-time, and ten years since most of us made our First Communion. Seven years and ten months have passed since we began middle school, three years and ten months since our first day of freshman year, and two years since our Confirmation. One-year ago we became "all-powerful upper classmen," and our countdown to graduation began.

Throughout our thirteen years of school, we have met new friends, welcomed new classmates and said good-bye to others. We have supported and encouraged each other through the tough times and celebrated together on joyous occasions. Most important, however, is that we have been blessed with watching

each other grow spiritually, physically and emotionally. We were together when we first received Jesus' body and blood. Together we learned about our Lord and the Church, thereby growing as one in our faith in God. We went on retreats together and participated in community service projects. At our Confirmation, we became adults in the eyes of the church. After witnessing each other's passage through childhood, it is time to go our separate ways.

As much as we look forward to being independent and testing our wings, it will be difficult to say good-bye to our friends and families when September arrives. Instead of going back to familiar high school halls, we will walk different paths, some staying in state, others traveling thousands of miles away. However, in this time of such mixed emotions, we must remember where we call home, whom we call friends and who helped us become individuals.

We know we will always be wel-



come at Sacred Heart Church, the place we first learned about our

Savior, and where we formed our spiritual and moral beliefs. We will always be able to come home and find our best friends, who know us inside and out, those friends who remained with us through our most important learning experiences.

Finally, we must always remember that God put us on this earth for a reason and his special plan for each one of us makes us unique. God will always be at our sides to hold our hands through the difficult times and to celebrate with us when we ace our first test. When our lives become hectic, we must remember to include God in our day. We will never be alone as long as we keep Jesus in our hearts.

Congratulations to the Class of 2001 and good luck in all of your future endeavors.

Kathryn Ellis '01

Buildings and Grounds Ministry

Accomplishments and Work in Progress

Since becoming the Buildings and Grounds Ministry chairperson last September, I have seen our committee grow to over 43 members with varied backgrounds and skills. All share the desire and commitment to volunteer their time and talent to help maintain and improve the beauty of God's house, which includes the church building and grounds, the rectory and the cemetery.

Following is a brief description of our committee activities and accomplishments:

A cemetery sub-committee to maintain and enhance the appearance of the cemetery was formed. This committee has computerized all the cemetery records and plot maps, and is in the final stages



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Buildings and Grounds

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of proposing changes to existing rules and regulations. The cleanup is continuing, and improvement projects are planned.

Repair of a gable vent in the rectory garage and the construction of an enclosure for trashcans were completed.

Storage shelves were installed in the rectory basement; cleanup continues there and in the backyard shed.

Clearing of the property between the church parking lot and Tartufo's was accomplished. The fence will be removed, and the area will be seeded and landscaped.

Construction of soffits close to the church hall ceiling is in progress. They will hold dimmable lighting fixtures to provide alternate lighting for the hall.

Outdoor lighting for the handicapped parking area is in progress.

We have revised the lettering on the stone wall in front of the handicapped parking area, and are in the process of coordinating efforts to replace any cracked glass in the church building.

Several painting projects in the church atrium have been completed with additional projects planned for both inside and out.

A "Martha and Mary" cleaning committee to supplement the regular housekeeping activities has been formed.

We would welcome anyone who wishes to share time and talent by contributing to these ministries. This is a great way of giving thanks and glory to God.

Vince Berluti

A New Millennium

Lord God,
you continue to build the Church of your Son, Jesus Christ
through the faithful proclamation of the Gospel
and the joyous celebration of the Eucharist
in your plan of salvation
you establish Local Churches
to carry on the mission of your Son

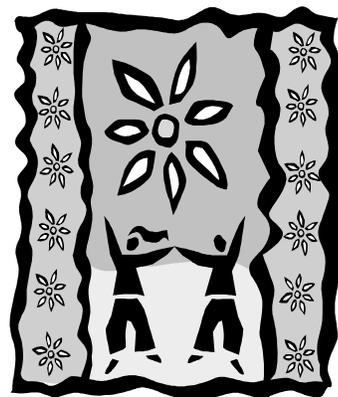
We pray for the members of our Archdiocese of Hartford
that together
we may become more fruitful channels of your grace
and faithful witnesses of the Gospel
to all of Connecticut

As we joyously celebrate the Third Millennium
of Christ's redeeming mission,
we ask your gracious assistance
as we plan and implement our stewardship program

May our efforts and prayers
bring grace and success to the Archdiocese
and serve as a clear sign of unity
linking all our parish communities
in a deeper spirit of faith, hope and love.

We make our prayer
through the intercession of
The Sacred Heart of Jesus.
Amen!

Al Savard



This prayer poem is a re-write of a prayer written by Roger Cardinal Mahoney of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles for the new Cathedral of Our Lady of the Angels.

From the Library of Deacon Mike

“The contemplative life has nothing to tell you except to reassure you and say that if you dare to penetrate your own silence and dare to advance without fear into the solitude of your own heart.... you will truly recover the light and capacity to understand what is beyond words and beyond explanations . . .”

Thomas Merton

I hope that some of you have had the opportunity to read The Relentless Hunger by Fr. James F. Sullivan, a book I return to again and again. Before we move on to another selection, may I leave you one final touching story from Fr. Sullivan? He wrote:

I’ll never forget an incident that took place years ago in a large Brooklyn hospital. A man in his mid-fifties was dying and kept calling for his son who was a marine at Camp Lejeune. The nurse contacted the Red Cross and the young marine was granted leave to go to the hospital. By the time he arrived there, the dying man was in a semi-comatose condition. However, as soon as the young marine arrived at the bedside, the man reached up instinctively and grabbed his hand and held it close to his chest.

The young man sat down and stayed there for three hours until the man died. Then he asked the nurse, “Can I have a cup of coffee?”

“Of course,” she replied. “Come with me and I’ll get you one.”

When they got there, he said to her, “Who was he?”

“Who was he!” she exclaimed in complete surprise. “Wasn’t that your father?”

“No,” he replied. “I never saw him before.”

The wrong name had been given to the Red Cross, so the wrong marine had been sent. The nurse looked at him absolutely perplexed.

“Why did you sit there all this time if he was a complete stranger?” she asked.

I’ll never forget the answer he gave her.

He said, “Gee, he needed a son!”

Another treasure in my library is a book that has withstood the test of time and may be familiar to many of you. It is the autobiographical work of Fr. Walter J. Ciszek entitled He Leadeth Me. If you have read it before, read it again. If you have never read it, you are in

for a treat. He Leadeth Me is the deeply personal story of one man’s spiritual wanderings and the enduring faith that enables him to survive an ordeal that nearly brings him to emotional and physical collapse.

Captured by Russian soldiers during World War II and convicted of being a Vatican spy, Fr. Ciszek spent twenty-three agonizing years in Soviet prisons and Siberian labor camps. He recalls how it was only through an utter reliance on God’s will that he managed to endure, finding courage in prayer—a courage that eased the loneliness, the pain, the frustrations, the anguish, the fears, the despair. In his spiritual contemplation Fr. Ciszek “recovered the light and found the capacity to understand what was beyond explanation,” the inner strength and serenity to accept even the inhuman work of toiling in the infamous Siberian salt mines as a labor pleasing to God.

In his emotional story Fr. Ciszek tells how he came to learn that every moment of life has a purpose, that every action of ours, no matter how dull, trivial or routine it may seem, has a dignity and a worth beyond human understanding. No matter what the world, family, friends or strangers may think, no person’s work, no person’s life is insignificant in the eyes of God.

I cannot begin to fully explain to you how this book, He Leadeth Me, has called me to a greater trust in God, even in my darkest hour. What I will say is that sharing his story Fr. Ciszek has simply asked me, “What can ultimately trouble my soul if I accept every moment of every day as a gift from the hand of God?” Nothing, not even death, can separate me from the love of God. Is it too simple, or am I just afraid really to believe it, to accept it, to live it? For me that is the ultimate question of faith, and every day I must answer it in the quiet of my heart, in the depths of my soul. But, I tell you; to answer it in the affirmative is to know a peace, to discover a meaning to life that surpasses all understanding.

Enjoy!



Scouting and the Church

Building a Solid Foundation

Preston Cohen and I consider ourselves lucky to be members of Boy Scout Troop 162 under the leadership of Ray Coulombe, a Sacred Heart parishioner. Since its inception eight years ago, Troop 162 has produced eight Eagle Scouts, an unprecedented number in scouting, since only 1 in 100 boys achieve that rank.

Preston and I took the long road to become Eagle Scouts, completing a number of requirements, the greatest of which were our Eagle projects. A qualifying project is anything involving leadership of others and accomplishment of something good for one's school, community, or scout troop.

To meet his project goals, Preston cleared trails in Heritage Village and built a set of large benches to place along these trails. To meet mine, I did a rough survey of town parks and along many of their borders nailed medallions that read, "Southbury Conservation Commission, Protected Open Space." These serve not only as guides for park patrons, but as warnings against the many encroachments from park neighbors. Each of the projects required well over 150 man-hours to complete.

Both Preston and I have also earned the Ad Altari Dei Religious award through scouting. Under the guidance of Mr. Coulombe, we each

spent almost a year working toward earning this medal. We were required to study our religion, as well as our parish, and be able to discuss particular issues in religion with Mr. Coulombe. We were also required to perform a number of service activities that helped bring us closer to our faith.

We have both been very active in our parish. Preston was an altar server until he went off to college. I have been a lector ever since reading for the first time at my younger sister Laura's first holy Communion.

Preston graduated from Pomperaug High School last year and now attends The University of Connecticut. He plans to pursue a career teaching mathematics. Preston is excelling at UConn, and he attributes this in part to the leadership skills he acquired through scouting. He has found that his voice is heard, and he is accomplishing things in what could have been an impersonal and ineffectual large campus environment.

I will graduate from Pomperaug High School this year, and continue on to the Cooper Union. I plan to major in electrical engineering, and after graduation I will join the work force as an electrical engineer, perhaps with the Air Force. I had no idea that I would be admitted to the Cooper Union this year, but I know



Preston Cohen and Anthony Annetta were recently honored for achieving the rank of Eagle Scout.

that one of the deciding factors in my acceptance must have been my Eagle Scout achievement and my parish family involvement.

Anthony Annetta



A Personal Reflection on Stewardship

Are you a Steward? What does Stewardship mean to you? To me, it is doing what I do best for God and the church. Stewardship is saying, "Yes!" to God's call. It is using the gifts that God gave me to further his work on earth and encouraging others to be disciples. Stewardship is how I can let God be a part of my life every day.

When I joined Sacred Heart, it was important for me to be involved. Growing up, I spent a lot of time at church, not just attending Sunday services, but also cooking, cleaning, holding bake sales, picnics and fairs. All of these activities helped to preserve the church and to strengthen the bonds of the parish members. It

was so wonderful to feel at ease and secure in God's house. If it hadn't been for my involvement as a child, I think it would be much harder for me to discover that comfort today. I feel it is important for my son to be at ease and comfortable in church and with its various ministries. By my stewardship, I encourage his participation so he will discover his own place and know discipleship as a part of his everyday life.

The Liturgy of the Word for Children was the first ministry I joined at Sacred Heart because of the importance of bringing the Word of God to children, the future of our church. In the course of my participation, however, I discovered that keeping the

attention of a large number of children was not one of my talents. I was questioning my participation as a proclaimer when Eileen Dignazio approached me about being a coordinator for the ministry. I was delighted to find I could still contribute. If I had quit, I may have missed the opportunity to serve.

Stewardship is participating in church activities and offering service to others. It's not the size of the commitment that matters. At Sacred Heart, we are blessed with many choices to utilize our talents. Sharing our gifts with others is Stewardship. It's that simple.

Deb McGrath

From the Heart

Managing Editor: Katherine Pavone

Editors: Dolores Matzen, Deb McGrath and Barbara Cushnie

Production Editor: Jean Brickey

Communications Committee Members: Trisha Beault, Barry Bonetti, Tony DiTamaso, John Dulina, Kathryn Ellis, Roseanne Franco, Susan Laselli, Stuart McKaige, Dennis McLaughlin, Jim Moran, Dee Nazelrod, Al Savard, Zita Seymour, Rich Stephens, Ernie Swanberg, Diane Tomas, George Vachris

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