



# From the Heart

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## I Wonder Why

Many years ago when I was a seminarian and regularly soloed for our community liturgies, one of the songs I was frequently asked to perform, mused, "I wonder why." It was a thought-provoking piece in which the lyrics pondered:

I wonder why men can't live in peace together, why are looks so important, why do men fear death?

I wonder why children suffer pain and sorrow, fear and anger shatter love, and people won't commit?

The refrain to all these musings responded, "I remember what a man once said, 'Blessed are those who mourn, for theirs is the kingdom of God.'"

The thoughts I've had and the songs I've sung have changed somewhat over the years, and yet, like the composer of that song, I continue to "wonder why" about a great many things. I wonder why people play so many games. I don't mean sporting ones or those with cards or boxes. The games I'm referring to are life games that involve the mind and relationships.

I wonder why it is so difficult for us humans to be "up front" about who we really are. Why do we wear so many different masks to hide our true identities? We so often say one thing in order to appease or cajole another person while thinking something else or holding an opposing view. We keep up appearances, go along with the popular opinion, do the acceptable thing, and then wonder why we never achieve any real peace or happiness. Could it be that we don't really know what it means to be authentic? I wonder if deep down inside we're afraid to be different from everybody else. I have often found myself wondering why God puts up with us. Why is he so tolerant, understanding and forgiving of us when we use, abuse and ignore his requests?

Why is it that after centuries of his message repeated over and over, when the vast majority of the world's population proposes to embrace Christianity, our world isn't getting better, our relationships and concerns for one another aren't stronger, our collective self-image isn't more positive? It

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## I Wonder Why

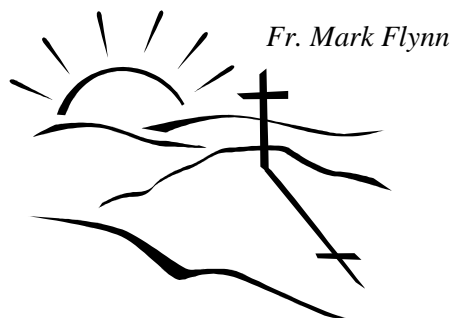
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probably comes down to a one-word answer—*selfishness*—which we also call sin. Ironically, we don't think of ourselves as selfish. We prefer to say we're goal oriented, self-sufficient, independent people who can achieve anything. By rationalizing our actions, we have officially dismissed the concept of sin from our lives. We feel we need not justify our choices or answers to anyone, not even God.

I am confounded that people say they believe in God, that they know what he demands; yet they use God and religion only to suit their needs. People find it unacceptable when the Church says “no” or “not at this time.”

I wonder why our values are most apt to reflect society's approach to be trendy rather than God-like and constant. I wonder what is ultimately going to happen to us as a global society. I wonder how many wake-up calls it will take to make us see the answer.

Perhaps you wonder as I do. But when all is said and done, I know that God is, and always will be, in charge. I will continue to ask why and wonder what the result will be, but I know that through God's grace as long as I trust in him and seek to do his will, everything will work out according to his plan. I simply have to do my best and be open to what he may be calling me to “wonder about” next.



# Saint Therese of Lisieux

St. Therese was born Marie-Francoise Therese in Alencon, France on January 2, 1873, the ninth child of Louise and Zelig Martin. Four of her siblings died very young, and the remaining five girls entered the religious life, one at the Visitation Convent in Caen and the others in Carmel at Lisieux.

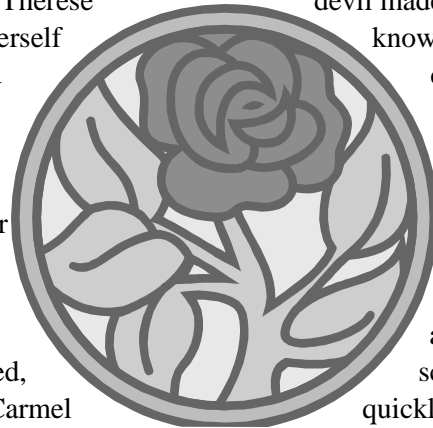
An extremely religious person even in her youth, St. Therese only wanted to give herself to God. She requested permission from the superiors at Carmel, the bishop and even Pope Leo XIII to enter Carmel early. After many agonizing months of waiting, permission was granted, and Therese entered Carmel in 1888 at age fifteen.

St. Therese is called the Doctor of the Little Way. It was in her childlike simplicity that she became a saint. St. Therese described her little way as, “the way of spiritual childhood, the way of trust and complete self-surrender. I want to teach others the means I have always found so successful, to let them know that the only thing to do on earth is to offer the Lord the flowers of little sacrifices and win him by proofs of love.”

Ironically, even those closest to her never knew how much mental and physical suffering she endured in her short life of 24 years. She was in poor health most of her life, suffering from headaches, dizziness, neuralgia, frequent nausea and periods of trembling that led to hours of coma.

Through it all, she continued her little way of suffering in silence and offering her little flowers to God. “The more personal the suffering, and the more hidden from the eyes of the world, the more pleasing it is to you, my God.”

Her mental suffering came in the form of temptations from the devil. Shortly after entering Carmel, the devil made his presence known. “So deep became my darkness that one fact alone was clear to me—I did not have a religious vocation and must return to the world. My anguish was indescribable.” She quickly told the Novice



Mistress who dismissed Therese's fears. “My act of humility was like a charm in putting the devil to flight.”

On September 8, 1890, she made her profession at Carmel stating that she had come to save souls and pray for priests. “As Jesus had made me realize that the cross was the means by which he would give me souls, the more often it came my way, the more suffering attracted me. For five years I was to follow this course, though I was the only one to know it, and this practice was nothing else but the hidden flower I wanted to offer Jesus.”

Eighteen months of physical and spiritual trials began on Good Friday in 1896, when St. Therese suffered a lung hemorrhage. In the dead of winter, increasingly ill from tuberculosis

she would carry out her daily routine of walking through the bitterly cold cloisters to attend choir, work all day and pray until 11 p.m. In the evenings, insomnia, coughing and fever would keep her awake. In June of 1897 she was placed in the infirmary, and her severe illness prevented her from taking communion. God let her be tempted by the devil one last time. "The devil is all around me, I do not see him, but I can feel him. He is tormenting me, he holds me with an iron hand in order to prevent me from grasping for the least comfort; he increases my discomfort so I am despondent. I am not suffering for myself but for another soul, and the devil does not want that." After her bed was sprinkled with holy water and a blessed candle was lit in her room, the devil fled and never returned.

Moments before her death on September 30, 1897 she sat up from her sick bed and raised her eyes upward as if she were seeing heaven and the angels in all their glory. Her face broke out into a heavenly smile and she was full of radiant beauty even unto her death.

Many miraculous events began to happen the next day. A nun was cured of her cerebral anemia after

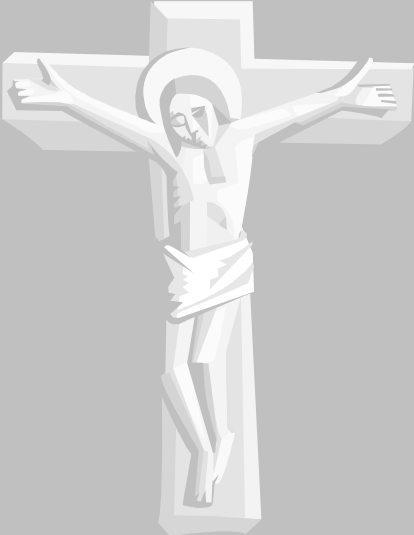
laying her head on St. Therese's coffin. In the few years following her death, so many miracles and apparitions of St. Therese had occurred that the Bishop of Lisieux began to take the first steps toward her canonization. Two of these miracles were scrutinized and accepted. One was that of a seminarian dying of tuberculosis who was cured when he held her relic in his hand. The second was the cure of a nun dying from stomach cancer to whom St. Therese appeared.

At her canonization on May 25, 1925, a shower of roses fell near the Pope's feet after a painting of her was revealed. St. Peter's Basilica was seen to glow as if thousands of lights glittered over the entire building.

St. Therese is also known as the little flower. "My short life shall be spent scattering flowers, that is to say, by never letting slip a single little sacrifice, a single glance, a single word, by making profit of the very smallest actions, by doing them all for love." Her love of flowers is well known. "After my death I shall let fall a shower of roses. I shall not rest until the end of the world. I shall spend my heaven doing good upon earth."

*Diane Tomas*

*Easter*



A time of love;  
A time of giving;  
A time of warmth;  
A time of feelings.

Easter, better than Christmas,  
More exciting than Thanksgiving;  
There is no greed involved,  
Or people wanting only what's  
best for themselves.

It is the Resurrection of Jesus Christ  
Who was sent to this world for our sake,  
not for his own.

*Amanda Comeau*



*In November, family members and parishioners helped Vin Cassidy celebrate his 25th anniversary of ordination to the permanent diaconate. Pictured with Vin, left, are his daughter-in-law and son, Lori and Joseph Cassidy, and grandson Patrick. On the right is his cousin, Rev. John Georgia, and Vin's wife Ellen.*

## The Good Cult

Modern times have witnessed the decay of many ancient religions, and subsequently, the disappearance of both the moral and virtuous fibers that once existed in the average American family. I would like to think of myself as a problem solver, but most of the time I just figure things out. I asked myself (and others): Why is Catholicism—and religion in general—shrinking? The quick answer included the overused scapegoats of political correctness, materialism, individualism, multicultural globalization, etc. Yes, these “hang nails” in our current civilization started the decline of our piety, but if we were so devout then, why did we let these things overcome our fortitude?

Remembering several brief interviews I conducted about four months ago, I came to the conclusion that people wanted a fresh start in their religion. At the time of my research, I was seeking people dissatisfied with the Catholic Church to find out why and how they became disconnected from the other two billion Christians in the world. Commonly, I found that the people most likely to have left the Church were young adults or teenagers; most of them either became non-religious or became interested in oriental philosophies.

So why are young people turned off by Catholicism? I’ve heard many reasons, many of them about the rigidity of the Church. I’ve heard



numerous people call Catholicism a cult, which is simply funny. I do understand that if you were non-religious, and walked into a church and found 300 people chanting, praying and singing all in unison, you might be afraid. You might find it especially bizarre that we have an array of rituals and initiations to complete before you can become one of us.

Considering the fact that Christianity is today’s “standard religion,” you could say that Catholicism is a cult. Look “cult” up in the dictionary. Does it mean something bad or evil? No, although we’ve come to associate that word with a single negative thought. But seriously, Catholicism is a beautiful religion/cult/movement that stands up for life, kindness, compassion and understanding. Whatever you want to call it, Catholicism remains the same awesome and time enduring institution of morals and values—based on the laws given to us by almighty God himself. Amen to that!

*Mark Adam Prybylski*

## Parish Stewardship

Three years ago Sacred Heart Parish united with all the parishes of the Archdiocese of Hartford to begin a journey of faith to learn about the stewardship way of life. A full-time director of stewardship was hired to promote and coordinate this important program for the archdiocese.

Working under the direction of the Archdiocesan Stewardship Committee and National Conference of Catholic Bishops, our stewardship committee presented the concept to our parishioners with a Ministry Fair in October, parish bulletin notices, newsletter articles and lay witness speakers at all the Masses.

During the month of September 2001, our third year in the program, Fr. Flynn wrote to all parishioners asking them to take time to renew their stewardship commitment to God and to Sacred Heart Church. As of the current date, only 329 of our 2000+ parishioners responded to the call to embrace the stewardship way of life.

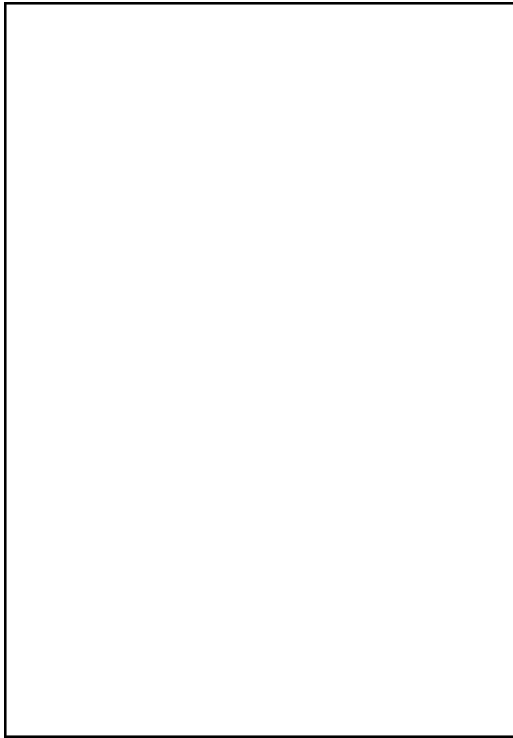
The 1992 U.S. Bishop’s pastoral letter tells us:

- ◆ Mature Christians make conscious decisions based on the Gospels of Jesus Christ.
- ◆ Your individual behavior must be open to change and this change will only occur if you deepen your relationship with Jesus Christ through prayer and study.
- ◆ The Christian steward understands that God is the creator of all and that we must evaluate and re-evaluate how we act and care for our family, church and community as well as the material things God has entrusted to our care.

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# God's Special Servants

**D**uring the nearly one hundred years that the Kowalski family has called Southbury home, the town has seen countless changes. You need only look around to see how Southbury's deep rural roots and character are strained by suburban sprawl. Over the century, the Kowalskis' deep commitment to living their faith has remained as steadfast as it was when a horse and buggy carried their grandmother to a little white church on Main Street North. When I sat down to talk with Nancy and Tom Kowalski, their dedication to family, friends, and each other, as well as their thoughtfulness and concern for others, simply shined.



*The Kowalskis': Tom, Sarah, Tom, Jr. and Nancy*

The Kowalskis' have seen Sacred Heart parish grow, too.

Each pastor built upon the spiritual foundation laid down by his predecessor to enrich and renew the life of the faith community. Tom and Nancy believe that the parish growth, and many liturgical changes have had a positive effect on their lives. Today, they experience their faith in ways they never dreamed possible.

Back when Tom was about 15, he was often asked to usher at Mass. He enjoyed doing whatever he could to assist, and over time found himself taking on more and more responsibilities. When an elderly lady gave him a Mass card to thank him for helping her, Tom's fate as an usher was sealed, and he's been ushering ever since.

Before they were married in 1971, Nancy started attending Mass with Tom, although she was not Catholic. Wanting to learn more about the faith, she began to meet



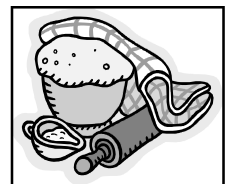
weekly with Fr. John Shea for a heart-to-heart discussion. Nancy recalls that they talked a lot about religion, and a lot about their gardens. Fr. Shea and those talks remain very special to her.

Nancy joined the Church three years after they began. She was confirmed in a private ceremony with family and friends and she's been living her faith ever since.

Recognizing a great way to serve the parish and community, Nancy joined the Columbiettes. She's been a member of that faithful group of women for 25 years. Nancy has always liked working at the various events the Columbiettes run to help raise funds for various charities.

The social aspects of our Catholic faith led Nancy and Tom down many roads over the years. As greeters at the 9:00 o'clock Mass, they warmly welcomed parishioners entering the church. They pulled kitchen duty and helped prepare the pasta for the Newcomers' Dinner, at which new members of the parish learn about the Sacred Heart community and its many ministries.

Now, as a member of Extend-A-Hand, Nancy uses her baking talents to provide refreshments for those attending funerals. She also bakes muffins that are delivered to the St. Vincent DePaul soup kitchen twice a month, with the sandwiches other parishioners prepare. The muffin tradition started as a service project for daughter Sarah and her friend Meg, but Nancy just couldn't stop baking!



Tom, who personifies the ideal member of the Knights of Columbus, long resisted joining the K of C, despite his admiration for the organization. About ten years ago, when he felt his life becoming less overburdened, he finally decided to join and has remained a hard-working, active Knight ever since. Tom likes being involved in an organization that makes good happen both in the church and throughout the community. Whether it's making pancakes and sausages for young graduates, selling raffle tickets at a

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## Family Focus

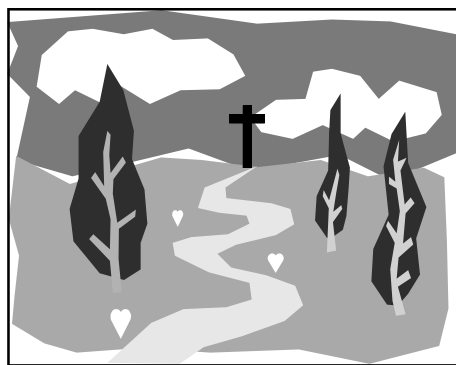
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car show, or guiding participants in a faith walk, Tom is there. He even provides a special recipe and oversees the careful preparation of the delicious hot chocolate that the K of C serves at the town Christmas tree lighting. When I joined the Knights and first met Tom six years ago, he was the Grand Knight of our council here in Southbury. Ever since, his thoughtfulness, soft-spoken determination, and leadership have been the model that I can only hope to achieve.

As someone who enjoys music and loves to sing, Nancy was overjoyed when asked to try out for the choir nearly 11 years ago. To her, as St. Augustine wrote, “Singing is a second way of praying.” For the two years that she taught CCD, Nancy always gave her students that same message. She realized the importance of music as communication, especially for the young. For a short time, Nancy also sang with the Madrigals, an a cappella group led by Janet Basher. To Nancy, the choir is another family.

A few years ago, Nancy and Tom were asked to become eucharistic ministers. Both deeply cherish this ministry and enjoy the fact that they can participate together. Tom also ministers to the folks at Mediplex and feels that he always receives more than he gives.

With warmth and sincerity, Tom and Nancy go about their daily activities, incorporating an ever-deepening faith. They unselfishly share their time and talents in countless ways. Believing that their two children, Tom and Sarah, must someday choose their own paths, Nancy



and Tom are leaving a well-marked trail to follow. God has called each of us to be his special servant. Tom and Nancy Kowalski have answered the call.

Barry M. Bonetti

## FROM THE LIBRARY OF DEACON MIKE

*“One of the most important—and most neglected—elements in the beginnings of the interior life is the ability to respond to reality, to see the value and the beauty in ordinary things, to come alive to the splendor that is all around us.”* —Thomas Merton

One of the funniest, but most wrenchingly sad, books that I have been fortunate to read this year is a memoir by Martha Beck entitled *Expecting Adam*. From the moment they conceived their second child in September 1987, Martha and her husband John lived through a time they came to refer to as “the month it all went to hell.”

To put it mildly, the unexpected pregnancy complicated their busy lives and academic careers. Martha and John were a couple obsessed with success. Both had Harvard degrees and wanted to earn even more. When their unborn son, Adam, was diagnosed with Down’s syndrome, doctors, advisors and friends in the Harvard community warned the couple that keeping the baby would mean losing all hope of achieving their carefully crafted goals. Fortunately, that’s exactly what happened.

Martha and John were propelled into a world in which they were forced to redefine everything of value to them. They were made to confront the “amazing grace” of an invitation to put their faith in miracles, to trust that they could fly without a net.

Funny and sad, this story is, best of all, spiritual. Here is what Martha discovered through her son, Adam, and would like others to know:

“You know what, they didn’t really understand. Not any of them. Not Plato, not Kant, not any of the big boys...None of those philosophers got the point. Why? Because they were always focusing on what happens to people. The meaning of life is not what happens to people. The meaning of life is what happens between people. The belief John and I shared before Adam came along—that our rigidly disciplined, distasteful work was the one and only path to a good life—now seems both horrible and silly...Adam’s birth convinced us that fate was quite capable of crushing our best-laid plans...In the face of such uncertainty, the only things that seem to us worth doing are the ones that allow us to experience the strange

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## Ask Father Flynn

**Q:** *Can anyone become a eucharistic minister?*

**A:** In the mid 1960's the second Vatican Council convened by Pope John XXIII initiated changes in the Church that restructured what had existed since the council of Trent (1545- 1563). While focusing on the concept of the Church as "the people of God" Vatican II shaped a totally new, yet historically accurate return to the traditions and teachings of the early Church. Roles and functions between clergy and laity prescribed by Trent were enhanced, and greater participation of the laity was allowed and encouraged. The liturgy (Mass) was altered from its traditional use of Latin to the vernacular (English), so also was the manner in which the liturgy was celebrated. Worship became a communal experience that incorporated a greater interaction between the priest celebrant and the person in the pew.

The order of the diaconate was restored; lay readers were incorporated and extraordinary ministers of the Eucharist were trained and commissioned to assist the clergy in the distribution of the most holy Eucharist. A new sense of collegiality was set in motion. Functions previously reserved only to the clergy became open to lay participation, thereby allowing every Catholic to accept the call to share in the priesthood of Jesus Christ as a member of the Church.

Now that I have given some background, let me address the question at hand. Can anyone become an extraordinary minister of the Eucharist? According to the guidelines prescribed by Canon Law (the laws of the Church) and the

Archdiocesan Liturgical Commission (affectionately referred to as the liturgical police), members may not volunteer to become eucharistic ministers. They must be chosen by the pastor and then trained and commissioned by the Archbishop. Each candidate must be confirmed and over the age of 16, be recognized as an individual of moral and religious character who possesses and displays a love of the Church and reverent devotion to the Eucharist. Candidates must attend archdiocesan and parish training sessions. They are commissioned to serve in this capacity for a three year period, and like all ministries based on the concept of service, eucharistic ministers are required to be regular recipients of the sacraments of reconciliation and the Eucharist. They are expected to help administer the Eucharist at Mass and to those confined to home or care facilities.

Occasionally, one selected to serve in this honored role has turned down the request based on feelings of genuine unworthiness. Some Catholics staunchly hold to the belief that only the priest, whose hands have been consecrated at ordination, should dispense the Eucharist. We must remind ourselves that we all form the priesthood of Jesus Christ, and as Church we form the body of Christ. Each of us is called to make Christ's presence alive in our expression of faith through our liturgical celebrations as well as in the actions of our daily lives.

Ministry and service can never be designated to a particular time or place. I see this post-Vatican Council II Church as a vibrant, energized community that continues to grow and change, making our faith response to Christ's call ever more real. When we are involved in ministry in any capacity, we are doing Christ's work.



### Stewardship

*(Continued from page 4)*

We are all stewards. The questions are: What kind of stewards are we? Are we willing to make the commitment to become followers of Jesus Christ? Have we made the commitment to the ministry(s) in which we are actively involved at Sacred Heart?

After what we all witnessed in September, the material things in life don't seem all that important. Scripture says, "You have given us yourself dear Lord, in love and thanksgiving. I commit myself afresh to you." If you have not already done so, will you commit yourself for this year?

*Jean M. Brickey*

# Ruth's Story

Among the most dramatic and romantic stories of the Old Testament is the brief tale of a woman named Ruth. Ruth is praised for her devotion, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and her love for her mother-in-law, Naomi.

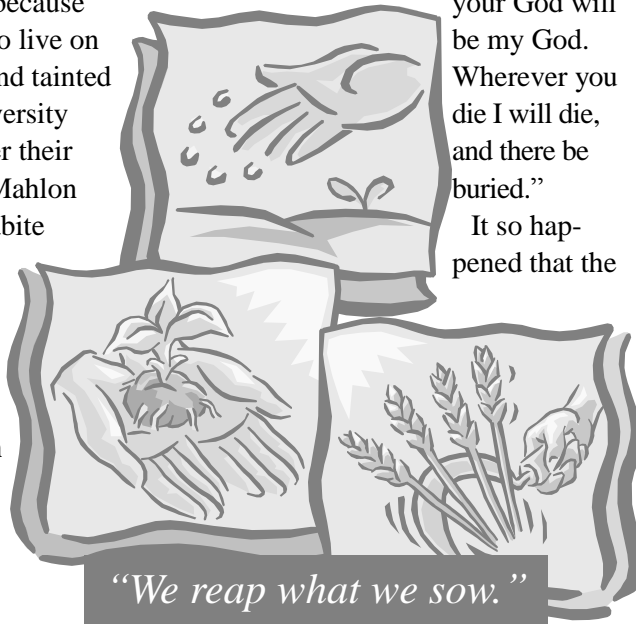
Naomi, her husband Elimelech, and their sons Mahlon and Chilion left Bethlehem of Judah because of a famine. They came to live on the plateau of Moab, a land tainted with idolatry, sexual perversity and hostility. Shortly after their arrival, Elimelech died. Mahlon and Chilion married Moabite women but ten years later, both of Naomi's sons also died. Neither woman had borne children. The carrying on of family, producing children to face the future, was important to the Hebrew people. Naomi, left with no husband or heirs, called herself "empty."

Although neither of Naomi's daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah, was Hebrew, both were devoted to her. When word reached Naomi that food was available again in Bethlehem, she decided to return to her own people. Ruth and Orpah left with her. Not long into the journey, Naomi stopped and said to them, "Go back, my daughters, each of you, to your mother's house. May the Lord be kind to you as you were to the departed and me." She told them to marry again and have children.

The women wept, and again Naomi begged them to return to their own people. Finally, Orpah consented and left. Ruth refused to leave her mother-in-law and made an oath: "Do not ask me to abandon or forsake you, for wherever you go I will go, wherever you lodge I will lodge, your people will be my people, and

your God will be my God. Wherever you die I will die, and there be buried."

It so happened that the



women returned at the beginning of the season for harvesting barley. Through her husband's family, Naomi had a well-to-do kinsman named Boaz who owned grain fields. Ruth went to one of his fields to glean (gather) what remained from the first pickings. Landowners sometimes left such gleanings for the poor.

When Boaz visited his fields, he noticed Ruth working. He asked about her, and heard good reports. Ruth continued gleaning until the end of the harvests, sharing all she

had with Naomi.

On the advice of her mother-in-law, Ruth approached Boaz and asked him to protect her. It was his duty as a kinsman of her dead husband's family. Boaz told Ruth that he knew of her devotion and loyalty to her mother-in-law and he praised her highly. He also told her that since she had a closer kinsman, Boaz was bound by Jewish law to offer Ruth to him first. When that relative chose not to exercise his claim, Boaz, according to the law, took Ruth as his wife and acquired from Naomi all the holdings of Elimelech and her sons. Poverty had earlier forced Naomi to sell the land of her deceased husband, but the law permitted a kinsman to redeem the land and thus preserve the family patrimony.

The story of Ruth ends happily, for the Lord enabled her to conceive and she bore a son named Obed. Naomi became his nurse. The women of Bethlehem loved Ruth and told Naomi she was blessed to have such a daughter-in-law—"worth more than seven sons," they said—a great compliment in their male-oriented culture.

Remarkably, the Moabite Ruth gave birth to Obed, the father of Jesse, and Jesse was the father of David. Ruth's strong love and devotion gave her the honor of being the great grandmother of David and among the holy women in the genealogy of Jesus.

*Dina Carella*



# To “The Max”

It is with a total lack of humility that I announce the addition to my family of Maxwell Paul, the first son of Paul and Kelly. The child was created by God to fulfill his plan, and of course, to be spoiled and pampered by me.

As a result of said spoiling and pampering, my departure from Max’s presence produces a certain amount of physiological turmoil—just enough for Paul and Kelly to be somewhat uncomfortable, I hope. Tough!

Our children always tolerate our actions. They offer us that assuring smile, signaling that they, as new parents, accept the fact that they will be up for umpteen hours trying to get their newborn to sleep—this child made more hyper because of dear ol’ Grandfather.

Tough, again I say. I am entitled!

As a teenager, Paul used to drive me crazy. During his dating life, I’d worry that the next telephone call would be from an irate parent complaining about who knows what event, with my son at its center. I’d sit thinking of excuses: We found him in a bus depot, so who knows where he came from, or he fell out of his crib and landed on his head. You never know when the results of these falls may manifest themselves. Fortunately, no telephone calls ever came, or, perhaps more realistically, knowing my son, he just never got caught.

And so with the addition of a new grandchild, resulting in another birthday for Judy to keep track of, I turned my attention to what I can only describe as a historical event of wide-ranging importance (at least in our family): the Baptism.

I am of the old school when it comes to the timing of the Rite of Christian Initiation. I want it done sooner rather than later. Not being one to ponder God’s mercy for eternal salvation in connection with the soul of an unbaptized baby, I made my preference known to Paul and Kelly, in the politest terms, of course.

Horrified, Kelly replied, “Good grief, I have only been

home for a couple of days. Give me a break! Who is going to prepare the Christening? The food?” I reminded her that in the old days (the timeframe to which I belong, thinks my daughter-in-law), Kelly would be out plowing the fields by now.

From the look on Kelly’s face, one would think I had committed a gross and grievous sin. (I won’t bother to tell you her response). Accordingly, I decided to try my persuasiveness with the one person who has acknowledged that I can be tolerated for some period of time, the briefer the better, Kelly’s mother, Elizabeth. I informed her that each of my sons was baptized within a week after their circumcisions. Sure they were sore, and immersion into the baptismal waters did dampen their spirits—broadening the meaning “a hue and a cry,” yet they became Christians and that was all I cared about.

I had forgotten that Kelly has a sister; consequently, it should come as no surprise that Elizabeth was not much interested in the boys’ discomfort, no matter where it was located.

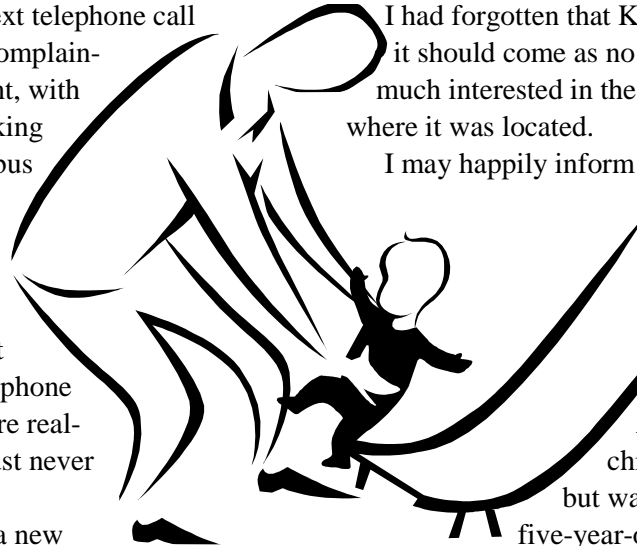
I may happily inform you that in the case of Maxwell Paul, my wishes prevailed.

Note, however, that the tendering of a sizable monetary donation to defray party expenses sped the decision-making process considerably.

And so Kelly and Paul’s first child was baptized Maxwell Paul, but was nicknamed “The Max” by my five-year-old granddaughter, Meghan.

Upon hearing my explanation that the name “Max” may have evolved from Maimian or Maximilian or Maximus, who were all saints, she decided that the new baby would not be Max the Saint but rather “The Max.” “How adorable!” chortled Max’s grandmother, and the well-fed and well-imbibed guests were in total harmony.

Yeah, right! I wondered if The Max will think it’s “adorable” in a few years. That’s one problem that this Grandfather does not have to worry about. God is good.



*Dennis J. McLaughlin*

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## From the Library of Deacon Mike

(Continued from page 6)

and eventful journey of life in its full richness... In his strange way, Adam is constantly reminding me that real magic doesn't come from achieving the perfect appearance, from being Cinderella at the ball with both glass slippers and a killer hairstyle. The real magic is in the pumpkin, in the mice, in the moonlight; not beyond ordinary life, but within it. Despite all my years of education and training, what I have learned most about living joyfully has come from one person, and he is not on any faculty. They barely let my son into the first grade... but it scares

me to think how much I owe him."

In responding to the reality before them, in seeing the value and beauty in the ordinary, Martha and John came alive to the splendor all around them, all through the beauty of a little boy named Adam.

Indeed, this is a true story of the stirrings of the interior life, of birth, rebirth, and everyday magic. My wish is that it brings you to see as much splendor as it has brought me to see now and, I am sure, will for years to come.

Happy Reading!!!



### *From the Heart*

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