



BLESSED SACRAMENT PARISH FUNERAL LUNCH VOLUNTEERS' NEWSLETTER October 2022

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PRAYER CORNER

The devastating storm that hit the Maritimes in late September has left so many people in dire need of help. It must have been terrifying to watch helplessly while your home and possessions were pulled into the ocean, or smashed into the ground. In many cases, power was lost for days. Let's say a prayer of gratitude that there was very little loss of life, and let's also ask the good Lord to be with all of those who have been affected by this storm:

"Good and Loving God, please console and bless those who are struggling with untold losses as a result of Hurricane Fiona. We pray for those who are living in uncertainty and fear, and ask You to send Your Spirit of comfort to calm and reassure them that You are always with them. We ask blessings of peace and love to help the people of the Maritime Provinces, and especially the children who have seen and experienced very frightening sights and sounds. We ask all these blessings through Christ our Lord."

Amen.

Hi Everyone!

I'm so thankful to have grown up within a fairly large family. I had two sisters and three brothers. We were raised in a small town in the 40's and 50's and although times were difficult, as children we had a lot of freedom to be outside and to roam around the town. This kind of belonging to a larger group gave us the confidence to see the larger population as an extension of my family.

I'm grateful that I grew up with a Mother who chided me, harangued me, scolded me, lectured me and proverbial me to death! Her ambitions for us as children at times were unbearable, but sometimes with easy-going children, you have to push them; she did that for me and I'm glad that she did.

I'm thankful that my Father was a man of high principles. Many times, I knew that I hadn't lived up to his expectations, and sense of morality, but as I got older, I realized how easily people can be swayed by flashy life-styles and sweet talk. I know that he was very black and white about many issues, but he insisted that we children take a stand on the problems of the day. Our home was noisy at times with great participation and discussions!

Marrying a good, patient, kind and loving man is often just a matter of luck! Well, I hit the jackpot with my husband, Enar. Not a day goes past that I don't think of something that I can do or accomplish because of him. I owe him such a debt of gratitude and he is always in my prayers.

Having children was such a blessing! My children and grandchildren have brought me endless joy. I always have niggling thoughts of worry about them and their spouses or partners, but I can't believe that this gang of wonderful people belongs to me. I often say that they turned out so well, not because of me but in spite of me!

At this time of Thanksgiving, our list of "Thanks" could be endless, and so it should be! Let's all be thankful that we woke up this morning to enjoy another day. Don't forget to express your gratitude for having food in the cupboards, a roof over your heads, and a Church community to which we feel a sense of belonging. Let's also be grateful for a country where we can live without fear. We may not be wealthy, but we are so blessed. Meister Eckart has said, ***"If the only prayer you ever say in your entire life is 'Thank-You', it will be enough."***



Dear friends,

Autumn is a time of colour and wonder. It is also a time of harvest and thanksgiving. St. Anselm wrote that we cannot be grateful and unhappy at the same time. Thankfulness brings joy! What are you joy-filled about? What are you thankful for?

We are blessed with so much; even I'm thinking of all the things I take for granted, that somebody else is praying for. Let us take stock of what we have and moreover who we have. Are you looking for joy? Be thankful.

Fr. Kevin



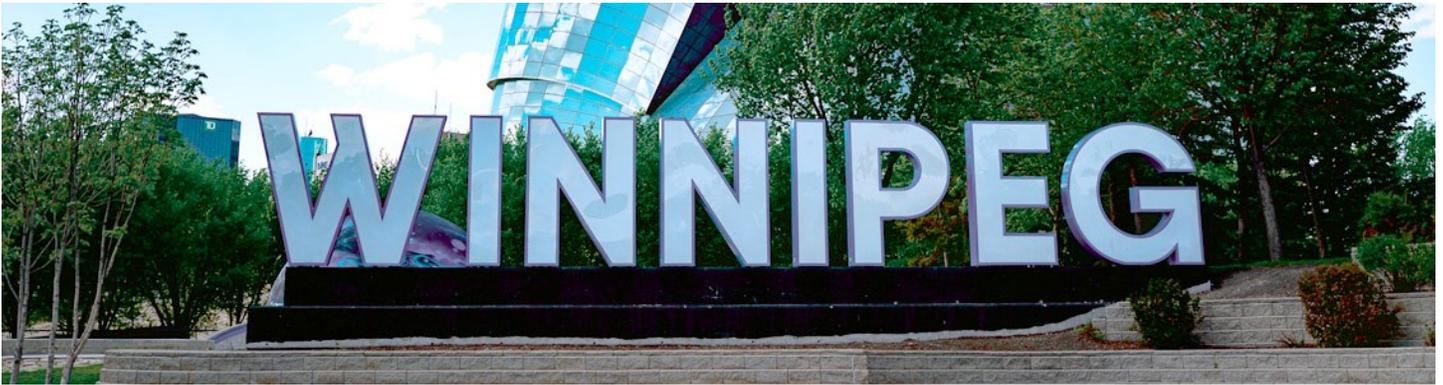
As we gather together around tables laden with food on this Thanksgiving weekend, let us pause to give thanks for all the gifts that God has given us, and also to remember those who go without on this and every other day of the year:

“Heavenly Father, we thank you for food and remember the hungry. We thank you for health and remember the sick. We thank you for friends and remember the friendless. We thank you for freedom and remember the enslaved. May these remembrances stir us to service that your gifts to us may be used for others.” *Amen.*

Let us remember those in need by continuing to support the **Transcona Food Bank**, the **Plessis Family Resource Centre Food Bank**, and the **Gifts of Grace Street Mission**.

AMAZING FACTS FROM THE CENTRE OF NORTH AMERICA

We thought that you might find these facts interesting, since we all know where the "slurpee" capital of Canada is, the biggest Zoo, the Human Rights Museum, The Canadian Virology Lab, the largest IKEA in Canada AND Socials—to name a few fascinating axioms about our favourite city:



Did you know???

- ◆ The University of Manitoba was the first University in Western Canada.
- ◆ The Winnipeg Floodway, at the time of construction was the second largest earth-moving project in the world, after the Panama Canal.
- ◆ Winnipeg was the first city in the world to develop the 911 Emergency number and this was thanks to our own beloved Mayor, Steve Juba.
- ◆ Winnipeg International Airport opened in 1928. It was the first International airport in Canada.
- ◆ Winnipeg's Exchange District has been designated as a National Historic Site by the Canadian Government, due to its rich collection of turn-of-the-century terracotta and stone cut buildings, unrivalled in the world.
- ◆ Winnipeg was the first city in Canada to establish a "United Way."
- ◆ Winnipeg has the "sunniest winter season" with 358 hours of sunshine.
- ◆ The Assiniboine Forest is the "Largest Urban Forest" in North America.

LET'S HEAR IT—LOUD AND PROUD for WINNIPEG!!

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS THANKSGIVING

It was 1990 and my cousin Dorothy and I had the whole Thanksgiving Dinner planned. As usual, we were meeting at the Lake. Our cabin was not very big, but my husband, Enar, had pushed all of the furniture against the walls of our open plan Living room/dining room/kitchen, and had set up folding tables to accommodate the 15 people who were coming for Thanksgiving dinner. My four older teenagers had reluctantly agreed to show up on the Saturday, spend the night and then join us for Sunday dinner. Enar and I had driven from Winnipeg on Friday after work to get everything ready. We expected my cousin Dorothy and her husband Wally, along with their three pre-teen children, Madison, 12, Andrea, 9 and little Stephen, 6. As well as family, I had invited our neighbours, Joan and Mark and another recent widower neighbour, Manny.

Fourteen people in our three bedroom cabin was a little tight, but I knew that this would probably be the last time our older kids would want to make the three hour drive to the cabin to eat a meal with boring parents and my favourite cousin and family. Dorothy was one of those people who had meticulous taste and she always had every dish that she brought decorated to the nth degree. She was a wonderful cook and baker and so she had insisted that she would bring the Turkey this year, along

with the pumpkin and apple pies. I was given the chore of cooking the sweet potatoes, the red cabbage and apple casserole, the mashed potatoes, as well as the salad and pickles. As I waited for Dorothy and family to arrive, I felt a little quiver in my stomach. Dorothy liked everything to be perfect and my cooking had never really hit her high expectations, nor her "Martha Stewart" attitude. Dorothy was a good-hearted person, if a little demanding of Wally and those around her. She had called the night before to tell me that the turkey was stuffed and was ready in their fridge, to slip into my oven at 1:30 and that it would be ready at exactly 5:pm She would make the gravy as the turkey, a 20 pounder, was resting after being removed from the oven. I knew that the turkey would be perfectly golden and delicious. Dorothy wouldn't have it any other way!

At exactly 11:30 that morning, Dorothy and Wally, along with three cranky children pulled into our driveway. The children disappeared and the adults unloaded the car. Dorothy turned to Wally "Where did you put the Turkey?"

"You said last night not to go near it, that you didn't want the tin foil messed up. You didn't say to put anything else into the car. You only said to take all of the stuff that you had in those bags in the hallway. I thought you'd

look after the turkey. Isn't it in one of the bags?? "Wally seemed very defensive.

"YOU TWIT," shouted Dorothy. "I can't believe that you forgot the turkey."

"What—I didn't forget the turkey! You forgot to put it in the car or even tell someone else to do it!"

"Leave right now! Go home and get that turkey!"

"Oh, Dorothy," I intervened. "It will take two hours to go back to Fort Frances and two hours to drive back. We won't be able to eat until midnight and you'll be driving back home at two a.m. We won't be having turkey, but I'll think of something else."

Dorothy, by now, was sobbing loud, pitiful sobs. Wally started to approach her, but she snarled, "Get out of here!"

Now, I felt very sorry for the perfect Dorothy, but a little part of my meaner self was saying, "Sooo, Mrs. Martha isn't as perfect as we thought."

I quickly looked into my freezer, which I knew was nearly empty, since we would be closing the cabin up on Monday. There was a package of walleye in it with three fillets. I ran over to Joan and Mark's place, hoping for a miracle frozen turkey, but they had a few hamburgers and a bit of bacon, as well as a few packages of frozen walleye. Meanwhile, Enar had gone over to Manny's cabin and soon

returned with six bags of walleye. It was Manny's complete catch from the month of September. There were four fillets in each package. He was glad to be able to help and donated it for our Thanksgiving dinner.

Now, Dorothy is renowned for her fantastic walleye dinners. No fish fry in the family is considered complete without Dorothy cooking walleye. After she calmed down, and Enar persuaded all seven kids to go out into the woods to find flowers, branches and coloured

leaves to decorate the deck with, we persuaded Dorothy that all was not lost and she agreed to cook the walleye. She did insist throughout, that walleye was a poor substitute for golden, roasted turkey!

It was a wonderful meal. All through dinner, Wally was very quiet and Dorothy was humbly accepting praise for the tasty fish. The neighbours were fun and Manny was absolutely joyful! Enar and I were both pretty contemplative, and feeling grateful about how everything

had worked out. Nobody had even missed having a turkey for our Thanksgiving Dinner—nobody but Dorothy, that is. Even the kids—older and younger—had eaten the walleye with relish!

Late evening, over a well-deserved glass of wine, my Swedish husband surprised me with this philosophical quote by Robert Burns:

*"The best laid schemes o' mice
and men gang aft agley."*



From our Recipe Box, courtesy of Carol Engstrom:
WALLEYE, NORTHWESTERN ONTARIO STYLE



Ingredients

6—8 walleye fillets

1 cup milk

1 cup flour, seasoned with 1 tbsp. dried dill,
salt and pepper

2 eggs, beaten

1 cup cornflake crumbs

Approx. ½ cup butter and ⅓ cup oil

Directions

Place about half of the butter and the oil into a frying pan and heat pan on low to medium. Butter will burn if heat is too high. While the butter and oil are heating, prepare your fish. Set up a row of 4 shallow bowls, which contain milk in one, flour in the next one, eggs next and cornflake crumbs in the last one. Dip each fillet into the milk, then flour, and the eggs, and lastly the corn flake crumbs. If the crumbs do not adhere easily, re-dip them in eggs and more flakes. Place immediately into the heated oil as you prepare the next fillet. Cook until golden brown on each side. Fish cook rather quickly and will burn if you don't keep an eye on them. The traditional way that walleye are served at a Fish Fry is with boiled or mashed potatoes, baked beans and coleslaw. Food fit for a King - or Queen!

FIRST SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION

Years ago, anthropologist Margaret Mead was asked by a student what she considered to be the first sign of civilization in a culture. The student expected Mead to talk about fishhooks or clay pots or grinding stones.

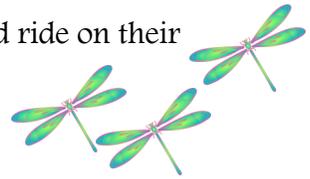
But no. Mead said that the first sign of civilization in an ancient culture was a femur (thighbone) that had been broken and then healed. Mead explained that in the animal kingdom, if you break your leg, you die. You cannot run from danger, get to the river for a drink or hunt for food. You are meat for prowling beasts. No animal survives a broken leg long enough for the bone to heal.

A broken femur that has healed is evidence that someone has taken time to stay with the one who fell, has bound up the wound, has carried the person to safety and has tended the person through recovery. Helping someone else through difficulty is where civilization starts, Mead said.

We are at our best when we serve others. Be civilized.

DRAGONFLIES

Legend has it that dragonflies were given an extra set of wings so that Angels could ride on their backs. When you see a dragonfly, it just might be that an Angel is visiting you, bringing greetings from someone in Heaven!!



This October has been called a lucky month.
It has five Mondays, five Saturdays and five Sundays.
This phenomenon happens only once every 823* years!

**I have no idea how to fact-check this, and I haven't lived long enough to know if it's true or not! - Chris*

18 FAMOUS CANADIAN FOOD INVENTIONS

1. Butter Tarts–Barrie, Ont., 1900
2. Nanaimo Bars–Nanaimo, B.C., 1952
3. Poutine–Montreal, Que., late 1950s
4. Hawkins Cheezies–Belleville, Ont., 1949
5. Ginger Ale–Toronto, Ont., 1907
6. Canola Oil–Saskatchewan/ Manitoba, 1960s
7. Pabulum–Toronto, Ont., 1930
8. Instant Mashed Potatoes–Ottawa, Ont., 1962
9. Yukon Gold Potatoes–Guelph, Ont., 1960s
10. Peanut Butter–Montreal, Que., 1884
11. California Rolls–Vancouver, B.C., 1971
12. Cuban Lunch–Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1948
13. Caesar (or Bloody Caesar)–Calgary, Alberta, 1969
14. Beaver Tails–Ottawa, Ont., 1978
15. Maple Syrup–Quebec, pre 17/1800s
16. Hawaiian Pizza–Chatham, Ont., 1962
17. Ginger Beef–Calgary, Alberta, 1975
18. Chewing Gum–Toronto, Ont., 1860s

Silly Spot

- A German Shepard, a Doberman and a cat died. In heaven, all three faced God, who wanted to know what they believed in.
The German Shepard said, "I believe in discipline, training and loyalty to my Master."
"Very good," said God. "Come, sit at my right side."
The Doberman said, "I believe in love, care and the protection of my Master."
"Aha", said God. "You may sit at my left side."
Then God looked at the cat and asked, "What do you believe?"
The cat replied, "I believe that you are sitting in my seat!"
- Rest in peace, boiling water! You will be mist!
- How do trees get online? They just log in!
- Getting older is like visiting an all-you-can-eat buffet.
What should be hot is cold, what should be firm is limp and the buns are bigger than anything else on display!
- To the thief who stole my glasses: I will find you—I have contacts!

Grandpa, Did God Make You?

A little girl was sitting on her grandfather's lap as he read her a bedtime story. From time to time, she would take her eyes off the book and reach up to touch his wrinkled cheek. She was alternately stroking her own cheek, then his again.

Finally she spoke up, "Grandpa, did God make you?" "Yes, sweetheart," he answered. "God made me a long time ago." "Oh," she paused. "Grandpa, did God make me too?" "Yes, indeed, honey," he said. "God made you just a little while ago."

Feeling their respective faces again, the little girl observed, "God's getting better at it, isn't He?"

Sudoku

If you haven't played before, here are the rules:

- Every square has to contain a single number
- Only the numbers from 1 to 9 can be used
- Each 3×3 box can only contain each number from 1 to 9 once
- Each vertical column can only contain each number from 1 to 9 once
- Each horizontal row can only contain each number from 1 to 9 once.

2						6	9	
	5				3			
1	7				9	4		5
		3		2	5		1	8
				4				
7	2		3	8		5		
5		2	6				4	1
			5				7	
	6	7						3

FIVE WAYS TO SPREAD KINDNESS AND HAPPINESS AROUND YOU

1. **Express your gratitude.**

Voice your gratefulness aloud in a simple "Thank-You," or in a sincere sentence or two.

2. **Replace the Judgements that you are holding.**

No one likes to be judged. When you feel the urge to judge someone, ask yourself, "Is this a good or kind thing to say?"

3. **Encourage those around you but don't criticize!**

Encouraging folks raises people's self-confidence and, as a result, they will do a better job and be happier.

4. **Put yourself in the other person's shoes.**

Our own perspectives are not the only ones out there. Try to see and understand other viewpoints. Ask yourself, "How would I feel if I were in his or her shoes?"

5. **Recall how you felt when someone treated you with kindness.**

Remember instances when you were helped by someone. Try to remember how that act of kindness touched your heart. Think about how you can do the same for someone in your life.

A Single act of Kindness throws roots out in all directions
and the roots spring up and make new trees!

~ *Amelia Earhart*



Our closing thoughts ...

Chris & I both hope that your Thanksgiving is a very peaceful and happy one! We hope that you only eat fish if that's what you want!

Take good care of each other and remember:

Work hard,

Laugh when you can,

Keep putting one foot ahead of the other, and

Never stop being grateful!



That's all for now, but let's continue to pray for each other and to keep in touch as much as possible!

Carol Engstrom and Chris Klassen

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