



BLESSED SACRAMENT PARISH FUNERAL LUNCH VOLUNTEERS' NEWSLETTER

February 2022

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PRAYER CORNER

During this month let's say a prayer, every morning, for those people in our midst who are suffering from Mental Illness, especially for those who are struggling alone and do not have helpful supports from friends or family.

"Loving God, please be with those who feel alone in their challenges with daily living. Light their way as they cope with devastating loneliness and psychological problems. Help us as well, oh Lord, to be compassionate and kind with our brothers and sisters who are trying to cope with difficult and uncertain events in their lives.

Amen.



Hi Everyone!

Here we are into February! January was such a hyperactive month, weather wise, but we hope that February settles down and is more sedate and unexcitable. We really don't need more snow! Let's hope for blue skies with hardly any wind to make life so frigid!

Chris and I are both people who see the humour in life and our conversations are usually punctuated with chuckles and laughter. We were discussing Desmond Tutu a while ago, and commented on the fact that even though he had so many problems to face in South Africa, you seldom ever saw a picture of him without a grin or a smile on his face. Although we folks living in Canada have many problems at this time in our lives, Chris and I both feel that our troubles can best be tackled by making a sincere effort to address them, but to keep life in perspective and to remember that laughter is the best medicine.

February is the month devoted to Love. For those of us who live alone, we'll have to make do with chocolate! Remember, this month has many special days to celebrate: February 2 is *Groundhog Day*, February 12 is *Louis Riel Day*, and February 14 is *Valentine's Day* - but February 17 is *National Cabbage Day* and February 18 is *Drink Wine Day*.

We also have Festival du Voyageur from February 18 - 27. It seems that there are numerous occasions to celebrate this month! This is the advice that Chris and I are giving you for this short month: Stay warm, but enjoy yourself and have a good laugh whenever you can! Remember that all you really need is Love ... but a little chocolate every now and then doesn't hurt!



It was with profound sadness that Chris and I heard of the passing of

Andrew Ilchena, on January 16. Andrew was a kind and gentle man, who treated everyone he met with kindness and concern.

He was a familiar member of the 9 a.m. choir group, who enthusiastically pitched in to help us do the "clean-up" at funeral lunches and his help was so appreciated!

More important than his work, though, was his quiet and loving presence. Andrew and his beloved Jeanette were both very interested and involved in small faith communities and their good effect on the Parish. They were instrumental in helping with RENEW and ARISE. His keen sense of humour and his friendly and pleasant manner made Andrew very approachable. He was a tender-hearted and thoughtful man.

Rest in Peace, dear Andrew.



Dear friends,

Happy February!

This month we could celebrate many things. It could be the Festival du Voyageur, or Louis Riel Day, or International Margarita Day on February 22.

On February 14 we celebrate the feast of St. Valentine, who was a 3rd Century Roman Priest and Martyr. He is the patron of lovers and bee keepers (not sure of the connection). Inspired by Valentine, why don't we strengthen God's love in our homes, in our families and in our hearts this month. What can you do this month to share a bit of love? A gesture, a kiss? A phone call or kind word? A prayer for a family member or friend? A Valentine Card or sweet?

If you have a lot of heart, then why not share some of it!

Fr. Kevin

OUR ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS SO COMPLICATED!

There is no egg in eggplant nor is there ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England, and French Fries didn't come from France. Sweetmeats are candies. Sweetbreads are meat.

Quicksand works slowly, boxing rings are square and a Guinea Pig is neither from Guinea, nor is it a pig! Writers write, so why don't fingers fing. grocers groce or hammers ham?

If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth, beeth?

Crazy plurals: 1 goose, 2 geese. 1 moose, 2 meese? 1 mouse, 2 mice. 1 house, 2 hice?

How can a fat chance and a slim chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites? You have to marvel at the complexity of a language that has you watch as your house burns up, while it burns down. We also say that people recite at a play, and play at a recital. We ship by truck and send cargo by ship. We have noses that run and feet that smell!

English was invented by people and has evolved down the ages through usage by the majority of the Human Race – although the Human Race is, of course, no race at all!

S.O.S. EXPLAINED

An Airbus 380 is on its way across the Atlantic. It flies consistently at 800 km/h at 30,000 feet, when suddenly a Eurofighter with Tempo Mach 2 appears. The pilot of the fighter jet slows down, flies alongside the Airbus and greets the pilot of the passenger plane by radio: "Airbus, boring flight, isn't it? Now have a look here!"

He rolls his jet on its back, accelerates, breaks through the sound barrier, rises rapidly to a dizzying height, and then swoops down almost to sea level in a

breathtaking dive. He loops back next to the Airbus and asks, "Well, how was that?"

The Airbus pilot answers: "Very impressive, but now you look!"

The jet pilot watches the Airbus, but nothing happens. It continues to fly stubbornly straight, with the same speed. After 15 minutes, the Airbus pilot radios, "Well, how was that?"

Confused, the jet pilot asks, "What did you do?"

The Airbus pilot laughs and says, "I got up, stretched my legs, walked to the back of the aircraft to use the washroom, then got a cup of coffee and a chocolate fudge pastry."

The moral of the story is:

When we are young, speed and adrenaline seems to be great. But as we get older and wiser, we learn that comfort and peace are more important.

This is called S.O.S.—**S**lower, **O**lder, but **S**marter.

Dedicated to all our friends who are like us, now realizing that it is time to slow down and enjoy the rest of the trip.

Dedicated to all seniors!

From our Recipe Box, courtesy of Carol Engstrom:

TASTY PARMESAN OVEN CHICKEN (Serves 3—4)



This recipe is one I have used for years, but lately I see that "sheet" cooking is all the rage. If you keep doing the old regular things, they eventually become a new fad! Who knew that I would finally be up to date!

Ingredients

¾ cup breadcrumbs
1 tsp oregano
1 tsp basil
1 tsp thyme
Salt
Pepper

Mix these 6 ingredients together and put into a small bowl. Set aside. These breadcrumbs are to coat the chicken, so you might prefer to put them on a square of wax paper.

2 chicken breasts (or thighs, or legs)
4 potatoes, cut into wedges
8 asparagus spears (or fresh green beans)
½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup grated parmesan cheese
2—3 tbsp vegetable oil

Directions

Preheat oven to 375°F. Cover a cookie sheet with parchment paper or oil the sheet. Add the parmesan cheese to the mayonnaise and stir well. Cut the chicken breasts in half and roll them in the mayo mixture and then in the bread crumb mixture until they are fully covered with crumbs. Place the chicken at one end of the cookie sheet. Brush the potato wedges with the vegetable oil until they are coated. Sprinkle them with salt, pepper and a little paprika (optional). Place potatoes on the cookie sheet beside the chicken, leaving space at the end for the asparagus. Bake for 20-25 minutes. Meanwhile, break the ends off the asparagus then wash and dry the spears; brush with the remaining oil. If you have extra parmesan, sprinkle a teaspoon or so onto the asparagus. Set aside until chicken and potatoes come out of the oven. Add the asparagus at the end of the cookie sheet and return to the oven for another 10-15 minutes.

Silly Spot

- ♦ Without Valentine's Day, February would be ... well, January!
- ♦ I have no Valentine date—anyway, that's OK. I have Food. Food is Love. Food is Life!!
- ♦ YOU are just like Wine, Bacon and Chocolate—YOU make everything better.
- ♦ If we can live through the Quarantine, without killing each other, forever should be a piece of cake.
- ♦ You hold my heart in your hands. DON'T CLAP!
- ♦ My husband and I divorced over religious differences. He thought he was God and I didn't.
- ♦ If love is blind, why is lingerie so popular?
- ♦ It's scary when you start to make the same noises as your coffee maker.
- ♦ It's Valentine's Day and Love is in the Air.
So is COVID! Wear a Mask! Keep your distance! Wash your hands!!

LESSON LEARNED

"Carol, Mother Superior will see you ... NOW!"

I shook like a leaf and had trouble breathing. That long walk down the hall of St. Mary's School was terrifying. I knew that I couldn't lie about what I had done, but I hated to be confronted with my crime. It had seemed like such a good idea at the time.

It was 1950 and I was 11 years old. I was growing up in a small town, where children had a huge amount of freedom to roam around the town without many constraints. We were pretty good kids and there had never been any problems - until I had done this impetuous act.

Every Sunday, we children went to Mass with our families. Now Mass was always said in Latin and we used prayer books to follow along with what the Priest was saying. In May and October, we went to an evening service, called Benediction. We said the Rosary in English and then had a short worship service, also in English. We loved Benediction, not only because it was an English service, but because we went to church with our friends and our parents seldom came. The time at Benediction allowed us free time with our friends. Although our Parents probably knew that were using Benediction as an excuse, they agreed that we could go and set rules about how long we were allowed to be out. Benediction began at 7:00 and my strict Father warned me that I had to be home by 8:00. Since the service was usually over by 7:30, we had 30 minutes to goof off with the pals that we would meet at church.

And so it was a cool, dark evening on Gate Night, Hallowe'en's Eve, that my friends Marilyn, Adelyn, Marina and I slipped across the road from the church

and stood in the shadows of the school until everyone had left the vicinity. We didn't have much time, but how long does it take to soap all of the lower windows? I had snuck a small stub of candle from home since soap was a precious commodity at our place and I knew that my Mother would have immediately noticed missing soap. And therein was the greater sin. Candle wax is not easy to remove from panes of glass. It had to be laboriously scraped off with a knife.

As I shakily walked down that long hall, with the smell of Dustbane in the air, I felt the tall statue of Mary, Mother of God looking sadly at me as I tried to keep from crying. I edged into the classroom where a somber Sister Catherine was sitting. I stood beside her desk, trembling while I waited for her to look up and address me. I just wanted this whole episode to be over, but of course the bad deed happens very quickly but the punishment takes its time. When Sister finally looked at me, I felt horribly ashamed of myself. Sister Catherine was my idol. She was a tough Nun but she was fair and she had a wicked sense of humour. She often had us in stitches. Not today. Her long look had a penetrating stare.

"Carol, how could you?", she began.

"You girls have let the school down and you have brought shame to your families. You acted like hooligans and you even had the nerve to desecrate your own St. Mary's school! This is a Catholic School and we expect all of you to act in an exemplary manner. What were you thinking?"

I was trying not to cry and I knew that she didn't want me to answer her questions - they were rhetorical and she was just making a point.

"And, what about Mr. Rousseau? Do you think that it is fair that he should have to wash and scrape all of those windows? He works very hard to keep our school in tip top shape and look at the amount of work you girls have created for him! Your brother Thomas would never have done such a terrible thing! I'm sure that when your Father hears about this mischief, he will not be happy. Your Mother will probably be very angry that you used the occasion of sacred prayer to behave in such a reckless and mean-spirited manner!"

"You, Marilyn, Adelyn and Marina will stay after school today and you will scrape off all of the windows. Tomorrow you will wash them. Ask Thomas to explain to your Mother why you will be late today. I am most disappointed in you, Carol. I thought that you were a better person than this sorry incident has shown you to be. Be sure to go to confession as soon as possible and Carol, I hope never to have to speak to you again as I have done to-day. You may go."

I walked out of that room with tears blinding me. I sobbed all the way to the washroom and got myself calmed down. I had done something wrong and for those ten minutes of fun and giggling about how we had soaped those darn windows, I knew that I would spend many hours having deep regret and guilt about that rash and foolish act. It was a lesson that I have always carried with me. I have been a rather cautious person all of my life and when confronted with a chance to be a little wild, I often used to say to myself,

"What if I get caught? What would Sister Superior say?"



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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