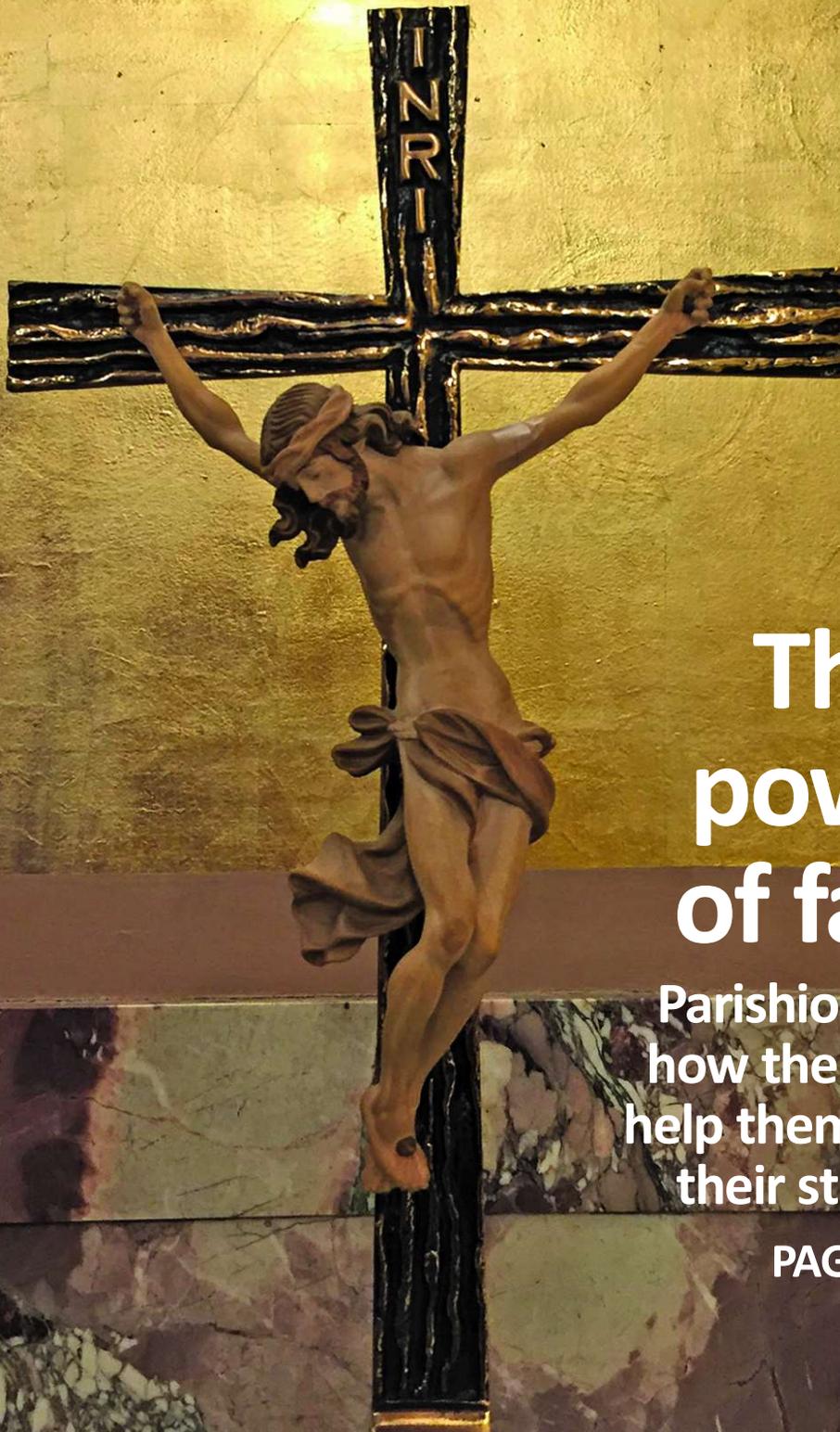


MORE

GOOD NEWS



The power of faith

**Parishioners tell
how their beliefs
help them through
their struggles**

PAGE 3

Faith: Keep eyes on Jesus

They tell us that among the most disliked words and phrases from 2017 are “fake news,” “going forward” and “no offense but.”

Truly, in this still fairly new year of 2018, one word that remains important in our lives is “faith.”

If you are reading this quarterly publication, then you most probably are a person of faith to one degree or another.

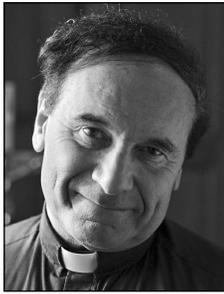
Faith can be explained as the substance of things hoped for — the evidence of things not seen — a biblical way of understanding it.

But what is faith?

In January 1915, the ship *Endurance* was trapped in the ice of Antarctica. The group of polar explorers led by Capt. Shackleton survived and managed to reach an island and stayed on that uninhabited place for more than three months.

A small number of them ventured out in a small lifeboat for 800 miles looking for help. After four more months, Shackleton came back for the original men and saved them all.

What held them together and caused them to



FATHER JIM

survive was their faith and hope in their captain.

Our Christian and Catholic faith moves us to put our hope and trust in the person of Christ Jesus. The Lord is our captain. We the faithful are in the same boat, touched by the challenges and troubles of living as well as the blessings and good things.

Sometimes, faith can even become stronger and more vibrant when it is tested by some dilemma. Sometimes, faith becomes more intense after a period of severe doubt.

Most of the time faith simply is lived out by keeping your eyes on the Lord and his ways.

Once, when hiking in the rain forest of Puerto Rico, walking over a rope bridge suspended high in the air, I was a bit scared. The guide said, “Fix your eyes on me; don’t look down.”

That’s a helpful posture and stance for the faithful person — keep your eyes on Jesus.

Real faith usually involves some risk, too. Real faith also makes itself known by the good works and practical expressions the spin off from a genuine and true faith.

An old church hymn spoke of it this way:

“Faith is the power that prompts us to go and give to the hungry bread. Faith means much more than a doctrine or two. For faith without works is all but dead.”

The word “faith” never will be picked as an annoying word in this year of any other year.

CELEBRATING THE SAINTS

St. Thomas Aquinas

Feast Day: Jan. 28

By universal consent, Thomas Aquinas is the pre-eminent spokesman of the Catholic tradition of reason and of divine revelation.

He is one of the great teachers of the medieval Catholic Church, honored with the titles Doctor of the Church and Angelic Doctor.

At age 5 he was given to the Benedictine monastery at Monte Cassino in his parents’ hopes that he would choose that way of life and eventually become abbot. In 1239, he was sent to Naples to complete his studies. It was here that he was first attracted to Aristotle’s philosophy.

By 1243, Thomas abandoned his family’s plans for him and joined the Dominicans, much to his mother’s dismay. On her order, Thomas was captured by his brother and kept at home for more than a year.

Once free, he went to Paris and then to



Cologne, where he finished his studies with Albert the Great. He held two professorships at Paris, lived at the court of Pope Urban IV, directed the Dominican schools at Rome and Viterbo, combated adversaries of the mendicants, as well as the Averroists, and argued with some Franciscans about Aristotelianism.

His greatest contribution to the Catholic Church is his writings. The unity, harmony and continuity of faith and reason, of revealed and natural human knowledge, pervades his writings.

One might expect Thomas, as a man of the gospel, to be an ardent defender of revealed truth. But he was broad enough, deep enough, to see the whole natural order as coming from God the Creator, and to see reason as a divine gift to be highly cherished.

The *Summa Theologiae*, his last and, unfortunately, uncompleted work, deals with the whole of Catholic theology. He stopped work on it after celebrating Mass on Dec. 6, 1273. When asked why he stopped writing, he replied, “I cannot go on. ... All that I have written seems to me like so much straw compared to what I have seen and what has been revealed to me.”

He died March 7, 1274.

Source: www.franciscanmedia.org

PARISH WEBSITE

Visit www.mountcarmelblessedsacrament.com for the latest parish news and announcements. There’s even a mobile version for your smart phone. You can donate online and check out our social media sites and more.

PHOTO GALLERIES



BULLETIN

A Community on a Journey of Faith April 2, 2017

St. Mary of Mt. Carmel
Blessed Sacrament Parish
648 Jay St., Utica, NY 13501 • www.mountcarmelblessedsacrament.com

Weekday Masses:
Saturday: 4:30 PM
Sunday: 8:00 AM & 10:30 AM
Reconciliation: Saturday 3:45 PM

Weekend Masses:
Nov. 7th: Holy Family Mass
Friday: 8:30 AM. Mass of Communion Service.
Rosary for the Immaculate and Divine Mercy Chaplet.
Thursdays after Mass.
Holy Days Consult Bulletin.

PARISH STAFF:
Pastor: Rev. Jim Cella
Parish Nurse: Patricia C. Cella
Co-ordinator of Faith Formation: Anne Carlini Cella 7-10 AM, 10:30 AM, 1:00 PM, 4:00 PM
Music Director: Peter Cella
Business Administrator: Jani French Lathave
Parish Priest: Fr. Paul Ferraro

CONTACT:
Office: 735-1423
Fax: 735-1423
Parish: 735-1423
email: mtc@cella.com

OFFICE HOURS:
8:00 AM - 5:00 PM Monday-Thursday
8:00 AM - 5:00 PM Friday
8:00 AM - 5:00 PM Saturday
8:00 AM - 5:00 PM Sunday
All bulletin items are to be submitted in writing by 12:00 noon Friday two days before publication.

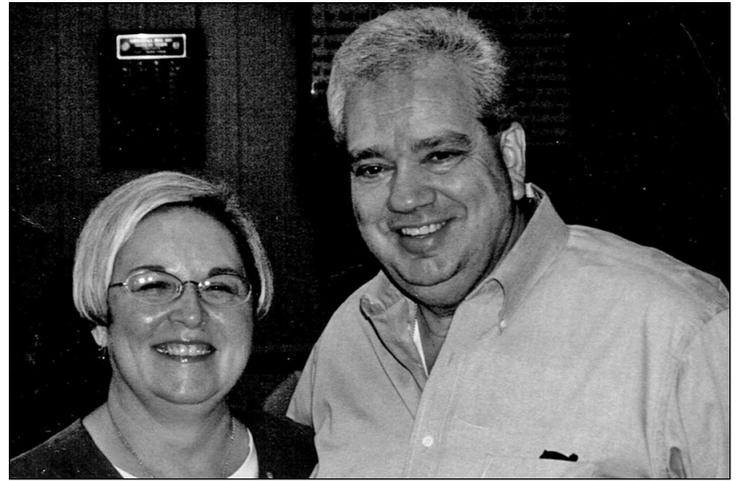
BAPTISM:
Confirmation: Please call the parish office to arrange a date. We reserve an opportunity to attend the parish class before the bath of your child.
BAPTISM for children, 7 or older who have never been baptized or confirmed or received the Sacrament are invited to call the Parish Office for information about this process.
BARRAGE: Couples must make arrangements six months in advance.
NEW SUBSCRIBERS: Welcome to our parish family. We invite you to become an active part of our parish community. Please see us to register by calling the parish office.
All donations are gratefully received.

... AND MORE

- Father Jim’s “Wise and Otherwise”
- History of the parish
- Lector, minister, altar server schedules
- Mass schedules
- Parish news
- Ministries
- Event calendar
- Weekly reflection on Sunday’s readings
- “More Good News” magazine
- Links to our social media sites such as Facebook, Twitter, Instagram and YouTube.



Joe and Laurie Siniscaro.



Bob and Diana Piperata on their 40th wedding anniversary.

Trusting in God

Through hardships, these parishioners turn to their faith

By **FRAN PERRITANO**

“You have cancer.”

Three words no one wants to hear.

“I have faith.”

Three words we all hope we can say when confronted with that diagnosis.

Mike Zasa, Laurie Siniscaro and Bob Piperata and his wife, Diana, all have heard the phrase and have faced health concerns over the last few years. Yet, they approach their challenges with a strong faith in God, putting their lives in His hands. Despite what happens, good or bad, they never give up on their faith.

These are their stories:

Mike: ‘Luck or providence?’

I was diagnosed (in 2016) around Veterans Day after experiencing slurring of my speech and weakness on my right side.

My doctor suggested I go for an MRI. At the end of the scan I was told by a voice at the end of the phone that the person speaking was a doctor who was viewing the MRI from a different location. He told me he was sorry that he couldn’t tell me the news in person but that I had a large tumor on the left side of my brain.

I was told that I needed to call for an ambulance from the scan and go the hospital ASAP. When I arrived I was told that I would be operated in the area that night. The neurologist who met me said I was better off going to Crouse in Syracuse where they “awake” brain surgery.

Luck or providence?

The neurosurgeon at Crouse immediately took another MRI. Upon completion he informed me that the tumor was a malignant cancerous tumor that I’ve had for at least five years and finally grew bigger and moved. He also informed me that while the tumor was malignant and cancer-



Mike Zasa, volunteering at the Parish Festival.

ous it was not aggressive, and said that if I had to pick any tumor, that was kind to get. It doesn’t spread to or from any other part of the body. The name is oligodendroglioma

Luck or providence?

The doctor, while letting me know without doubt that I had a long and rough road ahead of me, had a calming manner as well a good sense of humor. He told me he would not operate until after Thanksgiving. He prescribed medicine to help shrink and soften the tumor.

The operation, which was Dec. 1, 2016, was supposed to last eight to 10 hours. It lasted four hours due to the medicine, which really did soften the tumor. Before and after the operation I was visited by priests, sisters, chaplains

and Bishop Cunningham.

Luck or providence?

After a few days in the hospital and a week in rehab I was sent home to start chemo (pill form) and radiation for five weeks in Syracuse every day. The doctor was from Utica and whose brother I went to school with.

Luck or providence?

I was able to return to teaching theology part-time at Notre Dame after spring break. My sick days had just run out when I was allowed to return.

Luck or providence?

Many people came to my aid during this past year. Family members, friends and former and present co-workers were there constantly whether it was driving every day to Syracuse for five weeks straight, going for or taking me shopping, taking me out for something to eat, coming to visit and bringing me communion.

Having what happened to me and the “guardian angels” was by no means luck — it was God’s providence. I am deeply and forever grateful for the prayers, thoughts, cards and support over the past years.

A saying and a scripture verse were in the back of my mind: “If you pray, why worry, and if you worry, why pray,” and “whether we live or we die we are the Lord’s.” — Romans 14:8.

Laurie: Grateful for blessings

I am 64 years old, but my “health journey” began when I was 62.

In April 2015, I began to feel intense pain in my right hip that began one month before I retired. After several doctor visits to four specialists receiving misdiagnoses and treatments, I had a hip replacement in July 2016. Recovery was

Please see **FAITH**, Page 7

A CONVERSATION WITH ... JOE BRIGGS

Need some help? Joe is there

Joe Briggs always is willing to help out, so much so that he became co-chairman of the 2017 Parish Festival. From his former job at Social Services, to his family, to his parish, Joe puts other people first.

You worked in Oneida County Social Services for a number of years. What exactly did you do and what was the job like?

I was a Social Services examiner, the last 15 years in the daycare unit. We subsidized daycare expenses for low-income families.

I understand Social Service workers have a lot of cases to handle, many of them difficult? Did the job ever take an emotional toll on you?

I had the philosophy that if clients did what they were supposed to, I would do what I could to help them. It was difficult to tell someone they didn't qualify for help when I knew they were trying to improve their lives.

Is there one thing that stands out as memorable from your job?

One particular client who moved to Utica as a single dad with three kids. In three years he had four jobs, continuously improving his situation. He eventually didn't need our assistance.

You're a big sports fan, especially Syracuse University and the Yankees. How did you get to like sports so much?

I grew up with four brothers and two sisters, all of whom played sports. Our dad also was a sports fan, but not the Yankees.

You play a lot of golf and work part time at Valley View Golf Course during the summer. What's it about the sport that you like so much?

It gives me a chance to spend time outdoors with friends and family. It also feeds my competitive nature.

Can golf teach any life lessons?

Your success or failure is all on yourself. There is no one to blame for your failure nor can anyone take credit for your success.

You love baking with your granddaughter Gia and love to cook. How did you get so handy in the kitchen?

At a point in our marriage I was laid off from my job. My wife was working and we had three children. To help out, I did the household chores, including cooking dinner. I learned to



Joe Briggs and his favorite people in the world, his family.

JOE BRIGGS

Occupation: Retired from Oneida County Social Services.

Family: Married to Madeline for 45 years. Children Joe (43), Michael (41) and Maria (38). Grandchildren Giuliana (9), Chase (8), Mason (6) and Gia (4).

Things you like to do in your spare time: Golf, work outside, visit family, travel.

Favorite TV show: "Chicago PD."

Favorite movie: "Bronx Tale."

Favorite musical artist: Fifth Dimension.

Favorite quote: "Don't give up. Don't ever give up." — Jim Valvano

enjoy it. (My wife is a better cook.)

You're equally busy here at Mount Carmel / Blessed Sacrament. You served as a trustee, were a member of the parish council, a money counter for the Mass collections, and a volunteer for the Parish Festival, including being co-chairman as last year's festival. Why do you do so much here?

Before joining Mount Carmel we were

members at Blessed Sacrament. With three children in parochial school, my wife and I both became involved in the school and parish. It just carried over to Mount Carmel.

What is it about this parish that makes people want to volunteer and work hard to make it vibrant?

It is a welcoming place. We have many parishioners for whom Mount Carmel is an important part of their lives. There is a very active core of people who are ready and willing to do what needs to be done to sustain our parish. Young people are needed to help.

We're always in need of the younger generation continuing the great tradition of Mount Carmel. What advice would you give them to encourage them?

Mount Carmel is a special place. For it to continue to be such, we need our people to become involved. Once they do that they will find that it can be a rewarding experience. It makes you feel good about yourself.

What's the one thing about Joe Briggs that you would like people to know?

My family is the most important thing to me. They always come first.

“Mount Carmel is a special place. For it to continue to be such, we need our people to become involved. Once they do that they will find that it can be a rewarding experience.”

Verdict is in: Future is bright

Trinity, at age 15, sets high goals and plans to achieve them

Trinity Ward is just 15 years old but has major ambitions. She wants to go to law school and become a prosecutor so she can help people. And that's exactly what she does best right now whether it's in school or in the church choir.

You attend Proctor High School. What do you like best about the school?

The best part about Proctor is how willing the teachers are to help students who are struggling.

You are a high honors student and take advanced placement classes. Why is it important for you to do well in school?

The steps you take now will affect the outcome of your future.

You have a passion for the law and want to be a prosecutor someday. That's quite unusual for a 15-year-old. How did your interest in the law come about?

I have personally experienced dangerous people roam free and I feel sometimes people need help finding the right path.

Why do you want to be a prosecutor?

I want to help children and people be free from evil-doing or dangerous people and sometimes those dangerous people find the help they need to better themselves by being punished for their actions.

Last summer, you attended the National Youth Forum on Law and Forensic Science in Washington D.C., through a program called Envision, and the same program has invited you back this summer to attend an Intensive Law and Trial program at Stanford University in California. What was the youth forum like?

It was a great way for me to experience different fields of law hands on, and by listening to professionals talk about their experiences and give us tips to succeed in law I was able to get a sense of the time and dedication the law field needs.

What did you learn from the program?

I learned the law field requires a lot of schooling and writing abilities.

You like helping other people. Why is that important to you?

By putting a smile on someone's face it makes me feel I helped them feel better because sometimes people have rough lives or are just having a bad day and would like to smile every once in a while.

At Mount Carmel / Blessed Sacrament, you sing in the church choir with your grandmother. How did that come about and how special is it for you and your grandmother?

When I was little my grandmother would bring me up to the choir loft with her and I



Trinity Ward loves helping others. "By putting a smile on someone's face it makes me feel I helped them feel better."

would sing. Over the years it became our way of spending time and bonding with each other.

What does singing during Mass do for you?

When I sing I feel all my troubles releasing their grip on me and I am free.

What does our parish and the people in it mean to you?

They are like my second family. We all treat each other like family.

Looking toward the future, picture yourself in 10 years. Where are you and what are you doing?

In 10 years I see myself in law school.

Is there anything else you would like people to know about you?

I am a big lover of cats and dogs and own four pets — two dogs and two cats.

TRINITY WARD

Age: 15.

Education: Sophomore at Thomas R. Proctor High School.

Family: I mainly live with my mom and grandfather, but I do often see my dad, stepmom and two sisters.

Things I like to do: I enjoy baby-sitting small children and watching movies with my family.

Favorite movie: The live adaptation of "Beauty and the Beast."

Favorite TV show: "Lost."

Favorite book: "The Outsiders."

Favorite music: I love and enjoy all forms and genres of music.

Favorite quote: "To thine own self be true."

— William Shakespeare

Catholic Church universal, in any language

Not quite sure what our holiday guest's religious habits were, I explained a particular situation to her.

"Daisy, tomorrow (Dec. 24) is a bit unusual. We have Mass in the morning and later tomorrow night we'll have the Midnight Mass for Christmas Eve. My wife and I have ministries to serve. Would you like to come with us to both, or one or no service?"

Daisy Gramendola was our guest from Italy and a remarkable young woman. We had met in her capacity as manager of the Ostello Sant'Anna della Gioventù. It is a youth hostel where our students stayed during our summer immersion programs in Italian language and culture in Narni, a small medieval city about 80 miles from Rome. The 500-year-old convent in which it is housed also serves, on its ground floor, as a residence for handicapped citizens who need constant care.



A.J. VALENTINI

The student rooms where we stayed, and which during the scholastic year house university students, are on the first floor (second the way we count floors here). On the second floor are housed young male refugees who have landed on Italy's shores from the Balkans, Mideast, Northern Africa and even from far Afghanistan. The Italian government provides education, vocational training and housing until the boys are 18 and then they must go out into the world.

Recently, Daisy and her sister Alessandra, who helps her, took on an additional role as directors of a program that houses single mothers. Together, the Gramendola women manage four properties scattered around the city (God's work, I'd say.)

One would expect that every Italian is a fervent church-going Catholic. The reality is that though the Vatican might find itself within the geographic borders of Italy, a survey in 2010 showed that less than a quarter of baptized Italians actually attend church.

My wife and I have attended Mass in many churches in Italy and always are amazed that there are fewer people in the pews than we get, even on a slow weekend, at Mount Carmel / Blessed Sacrament. So perhaps now my readers can understand my trepidation. To our delight, Daisy is one of the ones who still are faithful. She came to both Masses with us.



Daisy Gramendola helps make a gingerbread house with Fred Valentini.

Before the morning Mass, while he was doing his usual rounds among the congregants, Father Cesta came over to our pew and I introduced him to Daisy. Finding out that she was visiting us from Italy, he spoke a few words to her in her native language. Of course his humor disarmed her as well.

In Italian Father Jim said, "This is a beautiful church, a beautiful parish and especially the priest is beautiful!"

We all laughed and Daisy began to feel at ease. I noticed she had brought a small missal with her so she could follow Mass more closely. As the celebration proceeded she looked at it less and less. Clearly, she was able to understand the ceremony without a written crutch. At Midnight Mass I believe she was pleasantly

surprised when the congregation began to sing the Italian carol "Tu Scendi dalle Stelle." She was truly at home.

One of the beauties of the Catholic liturgy is its universality. When traveling, I can walk into any church and follow the service. I must admit I still say the prayers to myself silently in English, though. Prayers, like mathematics, are something with which one feels most comfortable in one's own language, even though the concepts are universal.

I find I can say the prayers aloud in the language of the country I'm visiting with the help of the congregation, but on my own I slip back into my own language.

No matter, I think God hears us all, no matter how we beseech him.

FAITH

Continued from Page 3

uneventful and I looked forward to enjoying my retirement. However, life had a different plan.

At the parish Christmas party on Dec. 9, 2016, for which Joe and I were co-chairs, I began to feel a lot of discomfort in my back and abdomen. We left the party early and the next day, feeling worse, I was taken to the emergency room.

After a series of tests, I was told that I needed to see my own gynecologist as soon as possible because I had two huge cysts on my ovaries. I saw him four days later. He referred me to a gynecology-oncology specialist in Syracuse, and I was seen within a few days.

My own gynecologist, although indicating that the problem could be serious, told us the only way to know what we were dealing with was to have a biopsy. Nowhere to this point had anyone said the word cancer, but it was certainly on our minds. It seemed that what the specialists weren't saying was more telling than not. I went to the oncologist in Syracuse with my husband, daughter and sister, again being told that the only definitive way to tell what we were dealing with was to have a biopsy. That would be done at the time of the hysterectomy, which was scheduled for Dec. 28.

However, when I left the doctor's office, the impression that she gave on the discharge sheet was that I had malignant ascites. I knew what that was since I had been in the medical profession. I told my family what it read and we all cried. We went to my sister's house who lives in Camillus and we continued to cry for a while.

Then something came over me later that day. I decided that I wasn't going to cry anymore and was going to turn that emotion into fighting. I prayed that God would be with me through the surgery and whatever was found we would handle. I had surgery on Dec. 28 as planned and it was confirmed that I had ovarian cancer. The doctor told me she felt certain that she had gotten all of the cancer but that I would need follow-up treatment to be sure. I remember feeling grateful to God for that news.

And so it began. Chemotherapy once a week for 18 weeks. I felt fortunate for the fact that I did not feel sick like I had heard so many people experience. I was afraid to feel that other than being extremely tired and sleeping all day on Thursdays, I was getting through chemo OK. Then I hit a wall on week 10. Although still not feeling nauseous, I had other problems. During the rest of treatment, I had three blood transfusions because my red blood cells were being depleted. To say that going through chemo was uneventful would be a lie, but I remember being grateful to God that it was not worse.

I had so many prayers during my illness that I was so appreciative for. Family, friends, strangers and parishioners, some that I hardly knew, sent me cards and prayers. I told someone that I thought that my sister stopped people on the street to ask for their prayers. Every day she called me with more news of people she had praying for me. I am so overwhelmed

by the number of people from this parish that reached out to me through their prayers that I find it hard to express in words. Every week when Joe came home from Mass he would tell me how many people asked about me and were praying for me. It was those prayers that kept me going and brought me through this crisis. There is no way to ever repay their kindness.

I made it through the course of chemo and am considered in remission. I remain part of an experimental study that will conclude after two years. I felt that everything was in God's hands leading to the inclusion in this study. I also thought that the worst was over and that I could resume my retirement plans, so Joe and I booked a cruise to begin on Oct. 1 to celebrate my remission from cancer.

However, life again had another plan. On Sept. 18, I was again admitted to the hospital with blood clots in my lungs, which is a side-effect from my cancer. It was a serious condition, but I did not have any negative thoughts about what would happen to me. I felt that God would take care of me and I knew that I had many people praying for me. Needless to say, we canceled the cruise.

I never remember asking the "why me" question throughout this journey. But when I had the blood clots, I do remember that I did ask, "How much more do you want me to endure?" But I quickly made up my mind that I would endure whatever I was asked to because God had been so good to me thus far. Despite everything that I have been through, I feel very grateful for the many blessings that I have received because I know that the outcomes could have been much different.

The best compliment that I have received through my journey came from my sister-in-law Mary, who has often remarked that I have shown so much grace and dignity (her words) throughout this experience. I always respond back to her that it was not me, it was God's hand that brought me through it. I am very grateful for his many blessings.

Joe and I are again ready to enjoy our retirement — and God willing we will.

Bob: 'Play the hand you're dealt'

I had been followed for some time for issues with my prostate. My dad passed away from cancer that originated in his prostate. Unfortunately, he never went to the doctor until it was too late to have treatment for this condition.

My urologist, Dr. Robert P. Fleischer, was very aware of my family history, so even though my bloodwork was almost normal, he suggested that I have a biopsy just to be on the safe side.

I had gone to the doctor's appointment alone, so I agreed to whatever the doctor said. I set up the appointment.

When I got home I told my wife that I was going to cancel the appointment. Her immediate response was, "Oh, no you're not. You're keeping the appointment and I going with you to make sure."

We both prayed that the results would be negative and there would be nothing to worry about. Unfortunately, when we went in for the results, we received the news that four of 12 samples were positive for cancer.

We left the doctor's office shaken, but we knew that our faith and prayers would be our strength. There were tears and worry, but I felt that my attitude had to be that you have to play the hand you're dealt.

The surgery went well and we all were relieved and grateful that it was behind us.

Unfortunately, several months later, I began having severe abdominal pain and my doctor suspected that some cancer cells had migrated to the bladder. Again, I faced surgery and we asked all of our family and friends to "storm heaven" with prayers on my behalf.

I had two more surgeries, but the pain became unbearable. Thanks to the persistence of Dr. Garth Garramone, my gastroenterologist, he found that either I had a blood clot from the prostate surgery or there was a "mass" there.

I was admitted to the hospital and the diagnosis of bladder cancer was made. Although we were all frightened by the diagnosis, never once did we ask, "Why, God?"

When I was scheduled for my third bladder surgery, another obstacle occurred and the result was open-heart surgery and a quadruple bypass.

I guess I was so grateful that the doctors found my heart problem before the scheduled surgery that I never questioned God. Instead, I felt that I was blessed by His intervention.

I am just about fully recovered from the heart surgery and I'm again facing the third surgery to remove more tumors from my bladder. The surgery will take place in Syracuse by a doctor who is fellowship trained in specifically treating bladder cancer. He was highly recommended by Dr. Fleischer, and my wife and I met with him on Dec. 22. We were very impressed with his knowledge and kindness. We are hopeful that this will be the final surgery, but as always, it's in God's hands.

To add another twist to the journey, my wife and I have been on, two days before our trip to Syracuse, my wife had to have a breast biopsy.

On the way home, my wife's cellphone rang. It was from Dr. Nancy Shaheen, who had performed the biopsy. Unfortunately, her biopsy results were in and they were positive.

At this point we just looked at each other and said, "Really, God?!" My wife teased out loud, "Dear God, I know my hips are wide, but the shoulders not so much. I don't really know how much more I can handle."

At that point, the rosaries came out on the way home and have been in her hands even more times a day that usual.

We hope and pray that each of us has a favorable outcome and be able to see our beautiful and precious grandchildren Gia, Danielle and Alex Allan grow up.

We both have great faith and hope for the future. We hope we will continue to have the love and prayers of our family, friends and all the people who pray for everyone in need on the many prayer lists we have been blessed to be listed on.

After my diagnosis, I was given a "prayer shawl" from Sister Jean Albert Burns, a Sister of St. Joseph who worked with my wife. When I wrap myself in this beautifully knitted shawl, I feel the peace and comfort of being enveloped in God's arms.

From Confirmation to Christmas

Fall and winter at Mount Carmel / Blessed Sacrament had everything from the annual Communion Brunch, to the Volunteer Barbecue, Confirmation and Christmas. It's on to 2018.

