

The Saint Raphael Link

Some Periodic Ramblings of the Prior

October 2015 (Issue 20)



Dear Members

An old American farmer was once sat on the steps of his small shack chewing on a piece of straw. He was approached by a passing stranger who was looking for a cool drink of water. Wishing to start a conversation with the farmer, the stranger asked, "How is your cotton crop coming on this year?"

"I ain't got none", replied the farmer.

"Didn't you plant any?" asked the stranger.

"Nope," said the farmer, "I was afraid the boll weevils would get it."

"Well," asked the stranger, "how is your corn?"

"Didn't plant any corn either," replied the man, "I was afraid there wasn't going to be any rain."

"If you didn't plant any cotton or corn, what did you plant?" asked the man.

"Nothing," said the farmer. "I just played it safe!"

Well, I guess if you don't plant anything, it makes the harvest a lot easier, doesn't it?

Jesus once told the story about two brothers who were sent to work in their father's vineyard to bring in the harvest; but the harvest Jesus was trying to illustrate was not of cotton, fruit or vegetables. He was sending out workers to bring people into the kingdom of God. He said that there were many souls who were ready to be harvested, but there were not enough workers.

One reason it was hard to find workers was that it is very difficult work. Jesus warned that the workers in his kingdom would often be treated very unkindly. Only the other day I read a newspaper report about a very senior clergyman doing wrong. Is there any wonder

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that people are very often put off organised religion by those who should know better!

But, Jesus is still looking for people who will work for him and bring people into his kingdom. That is what the church is supposed to do. It won't always be easy. In fact, at times it will be hard.

Then there are people in the church who are like the farmer in our story -- they are "just playing it safe." It has been said that eight out of ten church members have never invited anyone to church and that nine out of ten church members have never won anyone for Christ.

Are you willing to work for Jesus and invite people to come to church? Will you go and tell people about Jesus' love and that he died on the cross so that they could have everlasting life?

There are many souls, who even today, need to be brought into God's kingdom, but there just aren't enough workers.

I am in the business of harvesting souls for Christ – How about you? Amen.

+Geoffrey GRAND PRIOR



Beryl Anderton / Mary Gallagher / Gillian Gaiter
/ Paul Shaw / Sheila Hogarth / Ivy Holland /
Ruth Barr / Kathleen Roberts / Lesley Fudge /
Thelma Thompson / Ian & Anne Weatherall /
Marlene Addy / Ray & Doreen Connell /
Margaret Smith / Tania Walker / John Bartle /
Brian Adams / Vicky Grimshaw / Patricia Grant /
Brian Barber / Elizabeth Mills / Lidia Flemming /
Vera Balmforth / Tracey Rouse / Paul Sheridan
/ Roy Howard / Elaine Ingham / Brian Sagar /
Albert Jones / (Baby) Charlotte Park / Nicole
Vendettuoli / Margaret Rixon / Vivienne
Ainsworth / Elaine Coope / Ivor MacFarlane /
Shaun Humphries / Lucy Riding / David Ford /
Veronica Hawcroft / Amelia Radomski / Mary
Flannigan / John & Mary Howard / Ida Simpson
/ Bernadette Delaney / Alexander Stoneham /

Edward Billington / Katie Baker / Mary Cumberbach / Debbie Munday / Michael Aymes / Gaynor Smith (nee James) / Anne Snell / Beryl & Julie Stelling / Diane Beresford / Doreen Devitt / Joan Armstrong / Brigitte Duffet / Malcolm Corby / Eileen Duffy / Tony Kirby / Ronald Ball / Ian Cameron / Terry Duffy / Jim Raper / Glyn Shipton, priest . Diane Shipton and parents Derek & Delia / Angela Billerness.

Answers to Locations: 1. Carlisle Cathedral / 2, Liverpool / 3. The Eden Project in Exeter.

Calendar of Saints



St Gaspar – Feast Day: 21st October

Gaspar, who was born in Rome, the son of a chef, in 1786, received his education at the Collegio Romano and was ordained priest in 1808. Shortly after this, Rome was taken by Napoleon's army, and he, with most of the clergy, was exiled for refusing to deny his allegiance to the Holy See. He returned after the fall of Napoleon to find a wide scope for work, as Rome had for nearly five years, been almost entirely without priests and sacraments.

In 1815, Gaspar founded the Congregation of the most Precious Blood with the approval of Pope Pius VII. His wish was to have a house in every diocese, and he chose the most neglected and wicked town or district. The kingdom of Naples was in those days a nest of crime of every kind; no one's life or property was safe, and in 1821 the pope asked Gaspar to found six houses there. He was very happy to do this, but he had many difficulties to overcome before it was accomplished.

In 1824, the houses of the congregation were opened to young clergy who wished to be trained specially as missionaries. In his lifetime, their work covered the whole of Italy.

Journeying from town to town, enduring endless hardships, threatened often even with death, Gaspar always taking the hardest work himself, they preached their message. One of his principles was that everybody should be made to work. He therefore founded works of

charity in Rome for young and old, rich and poor of both sexes. He opened the night oratory, where our Lord is worshipped all night by men, many coming to Him, like Nicodemus, by night who would not have the courage to go to confession by day. His last mission was preached in Rome during the cholera outbreak of 1836. Feeling his strength failing, he returned at once to Albano, and made every preparation for death. After the feast of St. Francis Xavier he went to Rome to die.

He received the last sacraments on December 28, and he died the same day. Various miracles had been worked by St. Gaspar during his lifetime, and after his death many graces were obtained by his intercession. He was canonized in 1954.

Story Corner



Once upon a time two brothers who lived on adjoining farms fell into conflict. It was the first serious rift in 40 years of farming side by side, sharing machinery, and trading labour and goods as needed without a hitch. Then the long collaboration fell apart. It began with a small misunderstanding and it grew into a major difference, and finally it exploded into an exchange of bitter words followed by weeks of silence.

One morning there was a knock on John's door. He opened it to find a man with a carpenter's toolbox. "I'm looking for a few days work" he said. "Perhaps you would have a few small jobs here and there. Could I help you?"

"Yes," said the older brother. "I do have a job for you. Look across the creek at that farm. That's my neighbour, in fact, it's my younger brother. Last week there was a meadow between us and he took his bulldozer to the river levee and now there is a creek between us. Well, he may have done this to spite me, but I'll go him one better. See that pile of lumber curing by the barn? I want you to build me a fence eight feet high so I won't need to see his place anymore. Cool him down, anyhow."

The carpenter said, "I think I understand the situation. Show me the nails and the post-hole digger and I'll be able to do a job that pleases you."

The older brother had to go to town for supplies, so he helped the carpenter get the

materials ready and then he was off for the day.

The carpenter worked hard all that day measuring, sawing, nailing. About sunset when the farmer returned, the carpenter had just finished his job. The farmer's eyes opened wide, his jaw dropped.

There was no fence there at all. It was a bridge; a bridge stretching from one side of the creek to the other! It was a fine piece of work, handrails and all. The neighbour, his younger brother, was coming across, his hand outstretched.

"You are quite a fellow to build this bridge after all I've said and done."

The two brothers stood at each end of the bridge, and then they met in the middle, taking each other's hand. They turned to see the carpenter hoist his toolbox on his shoulder. "No, wait! Stay a few days. I've a lot of other projects for you," said the older brother.

"I'd love to stay on," the carpenter said, "but, I have many more bridges to build."

Cook's Corner:



Ingredients:

2 chicken leg quarters (about 1 1/2 pounds) / 1 tablespoon chopped fresh or 1 teaspoon dried basil / 1 tablespoon chopped fresh or 1 teaspoon dried thyme / 1 tablespoon chopped fresh or 1 teaspoon dried rosemary, crushed / 2 teaspoons olive oil / 1/2 teaspoon salt / 1/4 teaspoon black pepper / 2 whole garlic heads

Preparation

Preheat oven to 375°.

Rinse chicken with cold water; pat dry. Trim excess fat. Loosen skin from thigh and leg by inserting fingers, gently pushing between skin and meat. Combine basil and next 5 ingredients (basil through pepper). Rub herb mixture under loosened skin. Place chicken on a broiler pan.

Insert meat thermometer into meaty part of thigh, making sure not to touch bone.

Remove white papery skin from garlic heads (do not peel or separate the cloves). Wrap each head separately in foil; place on broiler pan with chicken. Bake at 375° for 45 minutes. Increase oven temperature to 450° (do not remove chicken from oven). Bake 30 minutes or until thermometer registers 180°. Cover chicken loosely with foil; let stand 10 minutes.

Discard skin.

Guess the Locations:



1.



2.



3.

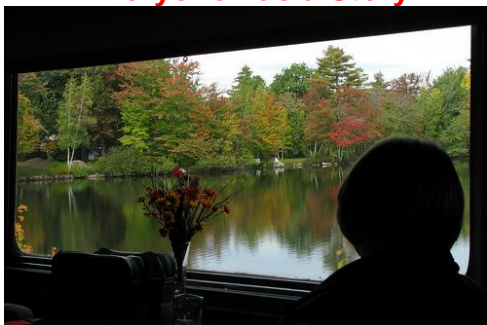
RELIGIOUS JOKES



"About my loaves and fishes . . .
could I get a receipt for tax purposes?"



Everyone has a Story



A 24 year old boy looking out from the train's window shouted...
"Dad, look the trees are going behind!"

Dad smiled and a young couple sitting nearby, looked at the 24 year old's childish behaviour with pity, suddenly he again exclaimed...
"Dad, look the clouds are running with us!"
The couple couldn't resist and said to the old man...

"Why don't you take your son to a good doctor?" The old man smiled and said... "I did and we are just coming from the hospital, my son was blind from birth, he just got his eyes today."

Every single person on the planet has a story. Don't judge people before you truly know them. The truth might surprise you.



WHERE THE BLESSED FEET HAVE TROD

by: Michael Field [pen name of Katherine Bradley (1846–1913) and Edith Cooper (1862–1914)]



NOT alone in Palestine those blessed Feet
have trod,

For I catch their print,
I have seen their dint
On a plot of chalky ground,
Little villas dotted round;

On a sea-worn waste,
Where a priest, in haste,
Passeth with the Blessèd Sacrament to one
dying, frail,

Through the yarrow, past the tamarisk, and the
plaited snail:

Bright upon the grass I see

Bleeding Feet of Calvary--
And I worship, and I clasp them round!
On this bit of chalky, English ground,
Jesu, Thou art found: my God I hail,
My Lord, my God!

The Legacy

She could not give her children gold,
So she gave them faith to have and hold.

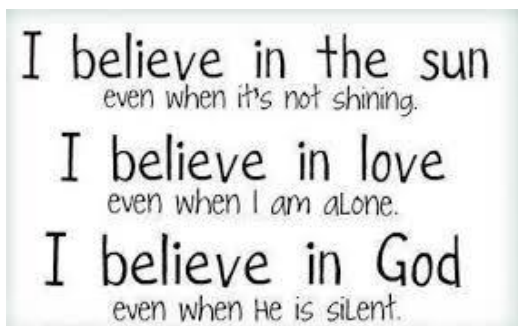
She could not give them royal birth...
A name renowned throughout the earth.
But she gave them seeds and garden spot
And shade trees when the sun was hot.

She could not give a silver spoon
Or servants waiting night and noon.
She gave them love and a listening ear
And told them God was always near.

She could not give them ocean trips
Aboard majestic sailing ships.
But she gave them books and quiet time,
Adventures found in prose and rhyme.

She could not give them worldly things
But what she gave was fit for kings.
For with her faith and books and sod,
She made each child aware of God.

—attributed to Alice Leedy Mason



And Finally!



The Professor began his class by holding up a glass with some water in it. He held it up for all to see & asked the students “How much do you think this glass weighs?” ‘50gms!’ ‘100gms!’ ‘125 gms’ ...the students answered.

“I really don’t know unless I weigh it,” said the professor, “but, my question is: What would happen if I held it up like this for a few minutes?”

‘Nothing’the students said.

‘Ok what would happen if I held it up like this for an hour?’ the professor asked.

‘Your arm would begin to ache’ said one of the student

“You’re right, now what would happen if I held it for a day?”

“Your arm could go numb; you might have severe muscle stress & paralysis & have to go to hospital for sure!”

..... Ventured another student & all the students laughed.

“Very good. But during all this, did the weight of the glass change?” Asked the professor. ‘No’.... Was the answer.

“Then what caused the arm ache & the muscle stress?”

The students were puzzled.

“What should I do now to come out of pain?” asked professor again.

“Put the glass down!” said one of the students. “Exactly!” said the professor.

Life’s problems are something like this.

Hold it for a few minutes in your head & they seem OK. Think of them for a long time & they begin to ache. Hold it even longer & they begin to paralyze you. You will not be able to do anything.

It’s important to think of the challenges or problems in your life, But EVEN MORE IMPORTANT is to ‘PUT THEM DOWN’ at the end of every day before you go to sleep...That way, you are not stressed, you wake up every day fresh & strong & can handle any issue, any challenge that comes your way!

So, when you start your day, Remember friend to ‘PUT THE GLASS DOWN TODAY!’



The Healing Teaching &
Chivalric Order of St Raphael