

THE GABRIEL

FALL

2019



*And the apostles said to the Lord, “Increase our faith.”
The Lord replied, “If you have faith the size of a
mustard seed, you would say to this mulberry tree, ‘Be
uprooted and planted in the sea,’ and it would obey
you.”*

FROM THE DESK OF FATHER TOM



Wounds abound; beauty noticed heals. A friend shared this quote with me many years ago. It had a powerful impact on me at the time, and has continued to guide and challenge me through the years. For in addition to the truths stated, there's a definite challenge. It comes in the word "noticed". To see the beauty around us, to allow that beauty to affect us, to heal us, it first needs to be noticed.

Have you ever flown a kite? Kites don't fly by themselves. They need the power of the wind. We have the power of the resurrection to enable us to fly. The Spirit of Jesus is moving around and within us, spurring us on to notice the beauty in our lives, to pay attention to the hopes and dreams in our hearts, to release the energy within, allowing it to move us forward. We can become God's renewed creation, and not only be healed but also bring healing to others.

One of my favorite Eucharistic prayers begins, *Lord, renew your church of SS Philip and James by the light of the Gospel...that in a world torn by strife may your people shine forth as a prophetic sign of unity and concord.* We are invited by the Light to be light! To move out of darkness and see! To notice the goodness and beauty! To embrace new possibilities!

Need help noticing? No problem! Remember, we believe in an *Incarnate God*, a God who lives in the real with us, who says *"I am with you in every nook and cranny of your life. I will not only enable you to fly, I will fly with you! I will help you notice."*

A favorite hymn of mine has the phrases *Open my eyes, open my ears, open my heart.* The words remind me there are many ways of noticing God's presence, God's beauty, around and within us. We just need to be *open*. When we are, we begin to experience a stirring within, a desire for something more, a nudge to move forward with the Light. Yes, we can be light to one another! We can encourage one another! Yes, we can be Apostles of Hope to one another, to our families, our neighbors, our parish, our world.

The season of autumn is a time of new beginnings in many ways. At SSPJ let us begin again to shine forth with the Light of Christ!



THE GABRIEL

THE MAGAZINE OF THE PARISH OF STS. PHILIP AND JAMES
SAINT JAMES, NY, 11780

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That Time of Year – Thankful for Continued Growth

Calling Forth of People to be Part of RCIA

September rolls around and with that summer ends and there are new beginnings. One of my favorite new beginnings is gathering weekly for another opportunity to share our faith and some of the teachings of our Church. This takes place within the Rite of Christian Initiation (RCIA) process.

Together with a team of fellow parishioners, adults can renew their faith life, develop it or come to learn how to create a deep relationship with God. All are welcome to participate in this process. It is during this time of Thanksgiving that I am personally grateful for those who serve as the team for our RCIA process, Barbara Erias, Bill Haff, Glee and Michael Hoonhout, Janet O'Hanlon, Tom Parish, Georgia Priebe and Marty Rizzo. I am also grateful for all those individuals who come and share their faith with us, thus enriching the participants. We at Saints Philip and James Parish are always filled with gratitude for those who come forth to witness their faith to others.

By Sister Theresita



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Fall Into Place

A MESSAGE FROM OUR EDITOR ELENA ATKINS MINGIONE

Most of us are generally so impatient we're almost always in a rush. Is that just inherent in being a New Yorker or is there more behind the **spin**?

When my children were growing up Sundays meant church, then going to Grandma and Grandpa's house for dinner. There was lots of chatter, people talking over other people at the dinner table, good natured ribbing and a delicious meal that always ended with espresso, shelled nuts and fruit. We sat at the table for a long time. My father never allowed there to be a TV on during meals. In fact, even the sound of a TV from another room was a no go. We asked to be excused when we were done eating.

Annoyed and frustrated at my own inability to get my children and their families to dinner I will explain how things have changed in my family.

My son in law Chris (Russo) is a varsity soccer coach. I could stop there but I won't. He works hard at this and is MIA from August until roughly November. He also *plays* soccer and then there are seminars, courses, and the like (some out of state) that he attends all year round. Nicky is now 11. He has been kicking a soccer ball around and in the house since he could walk. He plays on 2-3 teams. If he's not playing he watches the varsity practices and has run with them since he was about 3.

Gabby is 14. She dances 4 nights a week. That means my daughter, Danielle, is driving her back and forth, forth and back. Gabby's dance team does competitive dance, (stay with me now) which means more practices than the NYC Rockettes. They became National Champions this summer. That took place in Atlantic City in August. Danielle and Chris are both teachers and leave for work at 6:30 am. They also have a puppy.

Let me move on from them and let's visit my son David and his family. David is a NY State Police Captain. He seems to be "ON" even when he's off. He's run out of family events to rush to scenes of unthinkable things. In addition to that he maintains and operates a full-time fitness business in which he and Kristen, my daughter in law, are immersed. They have 3 daughters. David has wanted to come to have Grandma's homemade pizza on a Friday night for about 10-12 years now. Grandma will soon be 93. What prevents this you ask? Easy answer! The **spin**.

Cassidy now takes the Metro North 1 stop to catch the school bus where she attends a Catholic high school. She's on a swim team. Sadie attends St Patrick's in Bedford NY. Sadie is the one who devours time in massive chunks. What causes this you ask? Easy answer. She plays ice hockey. I think I could stop there for anyone familiar with ice hockey. The practices are at ungodly hours. How does 4:30 am sound for a practice? I agree. It sounds painful. She's been one of 2-3 girls on predominantly boys' teams. I'd be remiss if I didn't share that her coach called her this past year and told her because of her extraordinary effort, drive and accomplishments she was invited to skate onto the Madison Square Garden Ice with the NY Rangers and stay on the ice through the National Anthem. Initially I was NOT impressed NOR was I happy because we were (get ready now) all going to have dinner together. The folks at work convinced me this was a very big deal and I needed to get over it. So I did. I'm getting very good at getting over it. My friend Loretta has embedded two things in my thick skull. **Get Over It** and **Let It Go!**

Addie goes to public elementary school. She's involved in dance and gymnastics.

Then there's Harbor, a 90-pound Golden Lab, lovable beyond words. However, you always need to keep a portable vacuum on your hip. In addition, you can't wear anything black, which is my favorite color. Kristen is the primary

driver and works full time from home.

I'll land this plane with my son Doug and my daughter-in-law, Marianna. They have 2 boys and 1 girl. Doug is a partner in a law firm. His days are very long and most often he works 6 days. Marianna was teaching ESL in the NYC Public Schools but after Matthew (the youngest) was born she decided to take a break. She had to, because Matthew is either getting stitches or has jumped off something landing on his face. And we know what that looks like. Doug runs all of Huntington soccer. I know! Lucas plays soccer. I know, I know. Ava dances and is in gymnastics. No dogs No cats. That's the good news.

You can now understand how having this crew for dinner is akin to getting an audience with the Pope which I tend to think might be an easier task.

In ending:

For approximately 10 years we have all gone together to Radio City Music Hall. Those arrangements were painful and had to be made in April of any given year for November -December. Close your eyes now and imagine how hard it must be to get this crew together on one day. Open your eyes! Pretty hard right? Answer, "YES" extremely! I'll end with this. Three years ago, 12 of us were on the corner of 6th Avenue in front of Radio City Music Hall. We were excited and revved up for the show. The children were all dressed in beautiful holiday attire. I heard David's voice, "Mom where's the line? Where are the crowds?" I let go of my grandchildren's hands and dug into my hand-bag for the tickets for the 2 pm show. It was 1:40 pm - We were early. NOT REALLY. When I took the tickets out, they clearly read SHOWTIME 1:00PM. I started crying right there on the busy streets of NYC. My grandchildren consoled me. Another story for another time.

Enjoy the glorious cool days of fall.

Step out of the **SPIN**....If you can.

It's a monumental task. But we are all living it.



SADIE BEFORE AND AFTER

THE OLD LADY AT THE BACK OF THE CHURCH

BY PETER SUSKI O.F.S., Ph. D

When the Nazis rolled over Poland in 1939, they instructed everyone born in 1925 or before to go to their town hall and register. My father was a city boy in Warsaw and my mother a farm girl in the south of Poland. They both went as instructed to their respective town halls and they were taken away from their families in 1940 when they were just 15-year old children. For the next five years they were slaves of the Nazi who used Polish Catholics and others to do the work of the German men who had enlisted or been forced into the military. Both now in Germany, Dad was put into forced labor in machine shops, while Mom was forced to work on a farm. A typical meal for Mom would be a boiled potato or a slice of bread soaked in milk. Her bed was the floor and the hay of the barn. Her older sister was in forced labor on a neighboring farm and once each month they got to see each other when they were permitted to attend Mass at a local church. After nearly five years of this squalor and degradation, one day they were simply told to leave.

When the war ended, thousands of homeless and lost people were housed in Displaced Persons Camps established by the Americans and their allies, many like the one pictured here. Provisions were scarce and people learned how to forage the woods for what they could find, sometimes making the wrong choice and suffering the consequences that come with the learning curve of survival. My Mom lost her taste for fish during those years when they would sprinkle breadcrumbs on the top of the lake, scoop up the little fish in a net, and boil them in an old coffee can for dinner. During the three years in such a camp, my parents met, fell in love, married, gave birth to my oldest brother, and conceived my other brother. My Mom's sister left the camp to return to their farm in Poland, searching for whatever she might find. While everyone back home had survived, she sent word to Mom not to come home; life in Poland under Stalin was utterly miserable.

My parents finally obtained their freedom through the National Catholic Welfare Conference (NCWC) and flew into New York during a snow-

storm on St. Patrick's Day 1949; two 24-year old refugees who hadn't seen their homes and families in over eight years. My father had just less than \$3 in his pocket and my mother had one shivering baby in her arms and was four-months into her second pregnancy. From the airport in New York they immediately boarded a train for Iowa, where a German-American farmer and his family would let them live and work for one year in a sponsorship program for refugees established by NCWC. Along that trip, my mother took the rags that were being used as shoes around my brother's feet as they had become wet and dried them as best she could on the heater in the train. While there was trepidation about working for a German family, my parents faced whatever would come by reciting the rosary repeatedly along that journey to America's heartland. Thankfully, their sponsoring family was a large one, and the kindnesses they showed my parents went a long way to helping them acclimate to their new lives.

Shortly after arriving in Dyersville, Iowa, Mom "had a vision". An aunt who emigrated to America after World War I kept regular correspondence with the family back in Poland. Mom had carried letters back and forth from the farm to the village post office. Her "vision", which could only be the gift of Divine Providence, was to one day sit in the Iowa farmhouse and write out the



EXAMPLE OF DP CAMP

address she had not seen in nearly a decade; the address of her aunt, living on Long Island in Port Washington. Excitedly praying she was correct about that address, Mom wrote to her aunt, explaining their plight, and by the Grace of God the address was the right one!

That aunt traveled to Iowa to visit with my parents, arriving in time for my second brother's birth. She and the German-American farmer became his Godparents when he was baptized at St. Francis Xavier Church in Dyersville. (That Church has since been declared a Basilica.) It was decided that once their one-year commitment in Iowa was completed, my family would come to Long Island where family and friends would help them find work and housing. An American dream was unfolding. It's beginnings, ironically or provi-

dentially, were on an Iowa farm right near the farm that one day became the site of the film, “Field of Dreams”.

Mom and Dad legally became American citizens, learned the English language, worked



MARIA SUSKI

at whatever jobs became available, and created a family of four children (My sister and I were born while the family was living in Port Washington). Along with perseverance, the greatest gift they gave us was the precious gift of their faith. Despite the struggles of making ends meet, there were always three (simple) meals each day, we were all provided the opportunity to attend Catholic schools, and we regularly attended Mass as a family at St. Aidan Church in Williston Park where Mom and Dad bought their home in 1956. We never heard a negative word uttered against Germany or the German people; Mom and Dad taught us to accept each person as they are and not by the preconceived notions of others. My brothers, my sister and I went on to become a successful private business owner, a four-time Emmy Award winner, a teacher, and a doctor in psychology. We four children have given our parents seven grandchildren who have given them six great-grandchildren. My father passed away suddenly and far too young in 1979. As my 94-year old mother passed away peacefully in April 2019, I held her hand and prayed over her. Up until her death, she lived in her own home, nearly deaf and blind but fiercely independent and always joyful, always humbly grateful to God for all she has been given, especially the struggles; they helped define her life of faith, hope, and love.

My family’s history is offered here for two reasons. First, it serves as a powerful example of faith and trust in God. Assaulted with more horrors than most people will ever face, their enduring faith brought them through and rewarded them with opportunities they never would have dreamed of as children in Poland or as young victims of Nazi cruelty. This history is also offered as a reminder (since we can all use reminders) that each life is precious and that behind the eyes of every face is a history of which we probably know little to nothing. It would be easy to see my Mom simply as “an old lady at the back of the church” and not know that behind those shining blue eyes and inside that stooped, aching body was a fascinating, painful history, and a heart burning with love for God, family, and the joy of life. “Say a prayer” was one of my Mom’s favorite answers to questions or problems. “Say a prayer.”

Heavenly Father, remind me the next time I see “an old lady at the back of the church,” to say a prayer for whatever brought her to where she is. Holy Spirit, instill in me the wisdom to see every person as one deserving of dignity and love. Christ Jesus, may Your sacrifice for our redemption compel me to do whatever I can for my brothers and sisters, in Your name. Amen.



DR. PETER SUSKI



A MESSAGE FROM OUR SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

MS. DIANE ANDERSON



Sts. Philip and James School has so much to be thankful for as the 2019 -2020 school year has already been filled with so many BLESSINGS!

I for one am most thankful for our Pastor, Fr. Thomas Haggerty. The school year is assured to be a success as parent orientation night began in church with Eucharist Adoration and Benediction. Thank you, Fr. Tom, for reminding us all of the mission of Sts. Philip and James School and the reason why we are here.

The Spirit is truly alive in the Academy of Sts. Philip and James School. At the opening school Mass, the 5th and 6th grade students were welcomed into the Mary B. Monte building to continue to learn and grow in their faith and to be challenged academically. To help prepare for the demands of junior high, grade 5 and grade 6 is now departmentalized. The students have adjusted nicely and I am thankful to Mrs. Naso and Mrs. Cacciani for taking on their new positions in the Academy.

The 7th and 8th grade students have been putting forth their best effort in hopes to be the first to be inducted into our newly formed charter of the National Junior Honor Society - The Apostles of Hope. The eight graders are all anxiously awaiting the results of the Catholic High School Entrance Exam which they spent several weeks preparing for. I am so looking forward to tallying up the amount of scholarship award monies received by our amazing students. I am thankful that our 8th grade students are committed to their education. Most are taking Algebra I and all are taking Living Environment. This will allow students to enter high school with two regent course credits.

The new STREAM (Science, Technology, Religion, Engineering, Art, Mathematics) Science Lab is helping all our students not only prepare for the Next Generation Science Standards but also allowing our students the opportunity to learn and grow spiritually as well. We are thankful that in our Science Lab we can pray and share information on all of God's wonderful creations and miracles.

Sts. Philip and James School would not be the fun, loving, family orientated place that it is without the help and support of our amazing School Guild. I am most thankful for Mrs. Jennine Cullen who is serving her second year as our Guild president. With the help and support from all parents, especially the ones who have signed up to chair events, Sts. Philip and James School has been able to bring families together for fun filled activities and events while raising funds for our school.

Sts. Philip and James School continues to grow and educate students heart, mind and soul. I am thankful for each and every day of the school year. I am thankful for my amazing students, my dedicated faculty and staff and my supportive parents. I am thankful and grateful to be able to go into each and every classroom and talk about God. Recently, I asked the children to share with me what they were most thankful for. The student replies were heartfelt and sincere. It is my hope that you enjoy reading the responses as much as I did listening to them.

Blessings,

Ms. Anderson



TO ***PAT AYERS***

SSPJ's own, Pat Ayers, has been appointed as Principal of Trinity Regional School.

Pat taught in SSPJ from 1986 until 1998. During those years, she touched the lives of so many students. She taught the third grade, fifth grade, as well as English and Social Studies to the 7th & 8th Graders.

In 1998 Pat brought her teaching and School where she has served with over 21 years.

During her years at Trinity, Pat never lost her love and connection to SSPJ. Not only did her two children attend two grandsons now attending SSPJ!

Pat and her husband Larry have been married for 45 years. Their daughter Tricia (Class of SSPJ 1990) and her husband, Doug, have two children who both attend SSPJ. Their son, Larry (Class of SSPJ 1991) and his wife, Alece, live in Pearl River, New York with their two children.



PAT AYERS

For those who don't know Pat personally, she is most well known for her excellent teaching skills and for her ability to interact with children of all ages as well as their parents. Her love of her faith and enthusiasm for Catholic education abound and continue even as she brings her grandchildren to Mass.

Pat also have a wonderful sense of humor. In her spare time, Pat's favorite thing to do is spend time with her family particularly at Breezy Point beach.

PAT AND HER HUSBAND LARRY



A MISSION OF MERCY TO PERU

By Grace Cazzaniga

THE CHILDREN OF EL HOGAR SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS



GRACE CAZZANIGA

CARING FOR

LISBETH

IN PERU





My name is Grace Cazzaniga. This past June, I traveled to Chaclacayo, Peru, on a mission trip with 13 of my classmates. My high school, St. John the Baptist, has been running this trip for about 10 years. My friends and I worked at El Hogar San Francisco de Asis. The Hogar was founded by Dr. Tony Lazzara, a doctor from America. On a trip to Peru many years ago, Dr. Tony saw how many Peruvian children were in desperate need of medical care, and he was inspired to create a place where children could receive treatment for free. He has been running the Hogar for over 25 years.

I have wanted to go to Peru since my older cousin went, the summer before I entered high school. It was one of the most amazing trips I have ever been on. Children ages 1-17 live at the Hogar. We were there to simply give them love and become friends with them. I was surprised how quickly the students from SJB, the children at the Hogar, and I felt like a family. I did not really know anyone that I traveled with, but we soon formed a bond unlike anything I have ever experienced.

Although the children at the Hogar are being treated for cleft lip and palates, severe burns, and cerebral palsy, it only took my friends and I a few minutes before we no longer saw their medical issues. On Saturday night, we went to Mass together. I walked to and from the church with a 15-year-old girl named Annaflor who was living at the Hogar. In an hour, we were good friends. Later, I found out that Annaflor is at the Hogar because she is missing her right hand, and only has one working eye. I spent all night talking to her, and I did not notice! When I left Peru, she was one of the hardest people to say goodbye to, and I wonder how she is every day.

I also became incredibly attached to a baby girl named Lisbeth. She has a cleft palate, and has to be fed carefully. I would play with her at the Hogar, and watch her when we took the children to the park. Seeing her smile at me made me so incredibly happy, and it was such a simple thing. Lisbeth also took her first steps while we were there. Even though I had only known Lisbeth for a few days, I was so proud of my little girl!

The magic of this trip to Peru is that the children have so little, and yet are some of the happiest and most grateful people I have ever met. They have learned to work around their disabilities, and they don't let anything slow them down, quite literally. One boy, nicknamed Segundo, does not have the use of his legs. So when he wanted something, Segundo would scoot himself across the floor, without a second thought. The optimism and faith these children have made me happy to be alive. I am so privileged and blessed to have had this experience.

For more information about the Hogar see <https://www.villalapazfoundation.org>

Music Is An Extraordinary Way To Praise God.

By Margaret Adams



This year marks two special anniversaries for me. It is the 22nd year as your Music Director and my 45th year in the Ministry of Music.

I am an alumnus of SSPJ School and a graduate of the Class of 1978. While attending the school, I joined the Children's Choir in 1974. It was there that my interest in music was piqued. After high school, I enhanced my interest in music and graduated from college with a Master of Science Degree in Music Education and I am certified to teach Music in Grades K-12 in New York State.

I have chosen to stay in church music because I wholeheartedly believe God has called me to this very special ministry. I feel blessed to have been able to share my talents with the wonderful people of our parish. I am so grateful to be the Music Minister at SSPJ. Our parish has always been a very special place to me.

Good News:

This year the Adult Choir surprised me with a **Proclamation from the Town of Smithtown** acknowledging me for 45 years of ministering music to the community. Thank you so much for this honor.

Our music ministry is filled with many dedicated choir members, soloists and musicians. They range in age from very young children, teenagers, young adults and beloved seniors.

Please join us!

We have an abundance of fun while praising God through music.

Come see what's it's all about!! I can hear you singing at Mass. Why don't you come and try singing with the choir? You can conatact me at: sspjmusicministry@gmail.com. Give it a try and remember,

"He who sings praises God twice."



Chords of Faith is the teenage group. Left to right: Anthony Spiezio, Grace Cazzaniga, Amanda Fox, Madeleine Kummer, Elena Caruso, Sofia DeLeon, Margaret Adams



Top-left to right: Jane Lohmann, Mary Clay, Barbara O'Donnell, Margaret Adams, Donna Chocko, Virginia Stabile, Susan Pace, Barbara Badolato, Vivian Cozzolino, Tim Adams, Cathy Calagna Mary Csorny :Middle -left to right: Bea Fox, Lori DelleCave, Susan Ricci, Mariette Cesarski, Nicole Northorn, Linda Cervini, Dominick Salerno, Steve O'Donnell: Front Sitting - left to right: Rosemarie Williams, Pat Tramantana, Connie Muscolino, Mary Pinata, George Pinata

ADORATION

WHAT IS IT AND IS IT SOMETHING NEW?

By Patricia Martin

Have you ever felt like life is speeding by too quickly?

Have you ever felt overwhelmed with all that's on your 'to do' list?

Have you longed for just a little while to slow down, take inventory of your life, your heart, your soul? I have just the time and place for you!

The Blessed Sacrament is on the altar just for you. Every Thursday, from 2:00 to 4:00 pm. Every Friday from 8:00 to 9:00 pm. All you have to do is come, sit, think, pray and listen. This is known as Adoration of Our Lord.

The easy steps to sitting with Jesus are think, pray, listen. The first is, "Think." This can be you pouring out your heart to God and letting Him handle everything. Which by the way He is already doing even when we don't think about it.

The second thing is "Prayer." Our prayers during Adoration can be prayers we've recited all our lives or we can read from a book of prayers that we've never read before.

New or old...comfort food for the soul. The third is "Listen." This is probably the hardest part of Adoration. A peacefulness will come when all you hear is the low chant, your heart beating or the deafening silence that comes when you're perfectly quiet. Silence is something we are totally not used to.

The Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is not something new. It is a centuries-old practice rooted in an essential teaching of Catholic Christianity: Jesus Christ is truly and completely present in the Eucharist. Like many practices of our faith, however, adoration of the Blessed Sacrament developed gradually.

In the earliest years of Christianity, consecrated bread would be brought home from the celebration of the Eucharist to be given to those not able to be present at the liturgy because of illness. It was also to be consumed by the faithful during the week to keep them connected to the Eucharist and the community they celebrated with.

In about the fourth century monasteries began to reserve the Eucharist, and by the 11th century, reservation—still mainly for the sick and dying—was a regular feature of churches. While reverence was

certainly given to Christ present in the sacrament, it was not yet customary to pray before the reserved sacrament.

In the 11th century the French monk Berengar of Tours began to teach that the bread and wine in the celebration of the Eucharist could not change physically into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. Pope Gregory VII demanded a retraction from Berengar saying that the body and blood of Christ were truly present in the Eucharist. This resulted in a refining of the church's teaching on the real presence. In response, eucharistic devotion burst forth throughout Europe: processions, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and other prayers focused on the reserved sacrament became part of Cath-



olic life.

Around the same time, elevations of the bread and the wine were added to the eucharistic prayer at Mass. For some, the moment of seeing the consecrated host overshadowed the rest of the liturgy. Times of extended exposition of the Blessed Sacrament outside the Mass grew out of this action, and eventually a blessing with the exposed Eucharist, or benediction, developed.

The feast of Corpus Christi developed in the 13th and 14th centuries. Processions became traditional on this day, and other devotions, including adoration, gained popularity. Eucharistic Congresses, held since the late 19th century (most recently in Canada in 2008), continue to promote this devotion.

Since the Second Vatican Council, a great deal of attention has focused on the reform of the liturgy and a deepening of eucharistic theology and piety, but the practice of adoration remained in many places. Like the practice of the earliest Christians, adoration can keep us connected to the community's celebration of the Eucharist.

The definition of treasure is "something of great value". You can be assured, if you try visiting Our Lord just once during Adoration you will come to understand why Adoration is truly a SSPJ treasure.

Embrace this treasure.

*NOTE: THANKS, PATRICIA, FOR ALLOWING ME TO ASSIST WITH THE RESEARCH.
ELENA ATKINS MINGIONE*

Patricia Martin is married to Bill Martin. They were married 50 years this past summer. They have 2 daughters Mary and Catherine who both attended SSPJ and St Anthony's High School. Catherine is married to Kevin Mc Loughlin. Catherine and Kevin have two wonderful boys. Bill and Patricia are both retired teachers and have been SSPJ parishioners for 48 years. You may also recognize Patricia as she serves our parish as a Eucharist minister as well as a consolation minister.

We are so grateful to have the Martin family as active members of our SSPJ community.

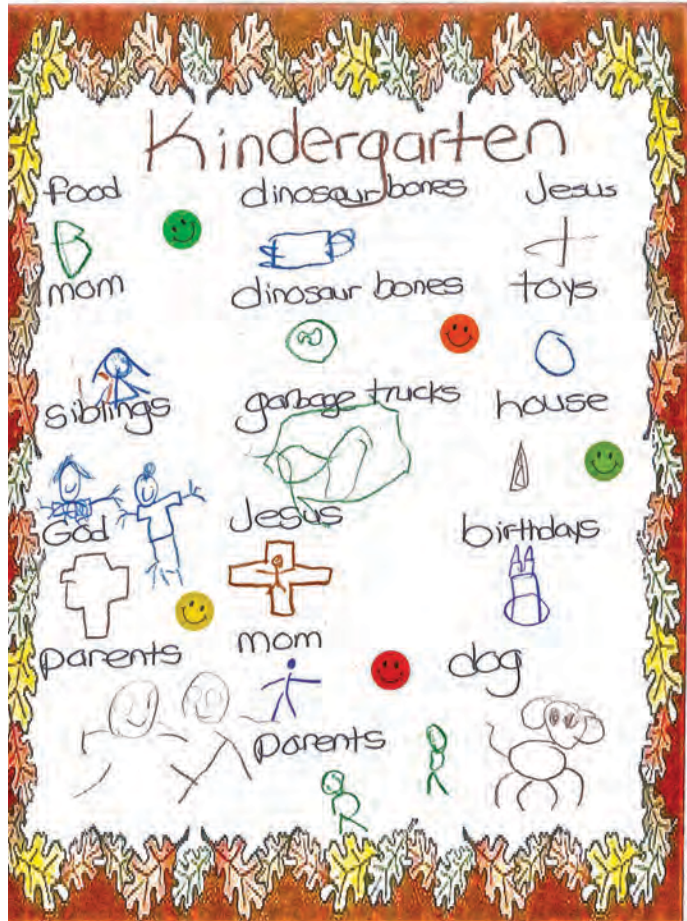
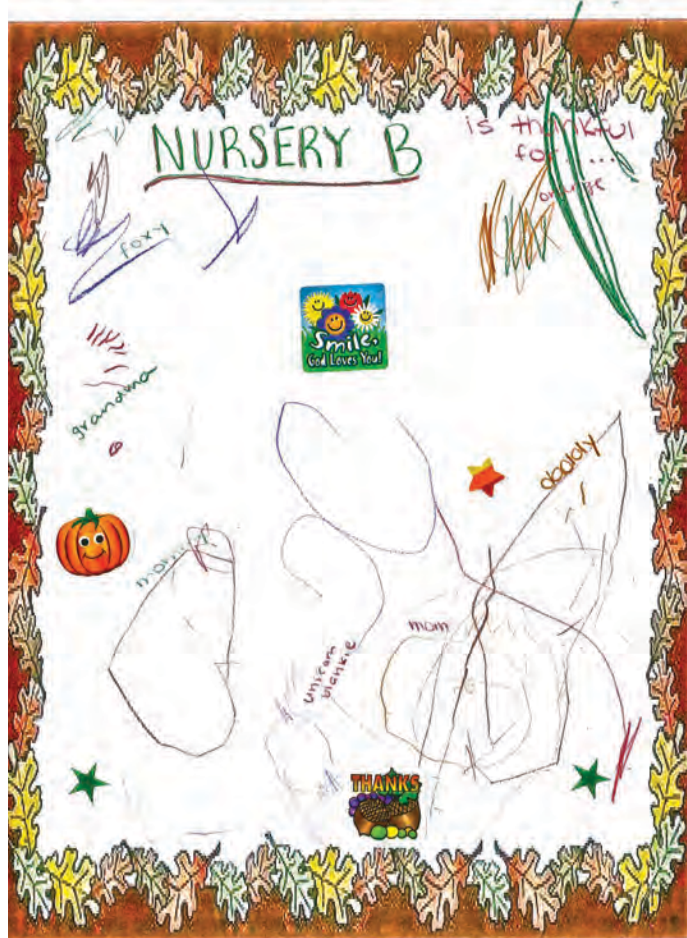
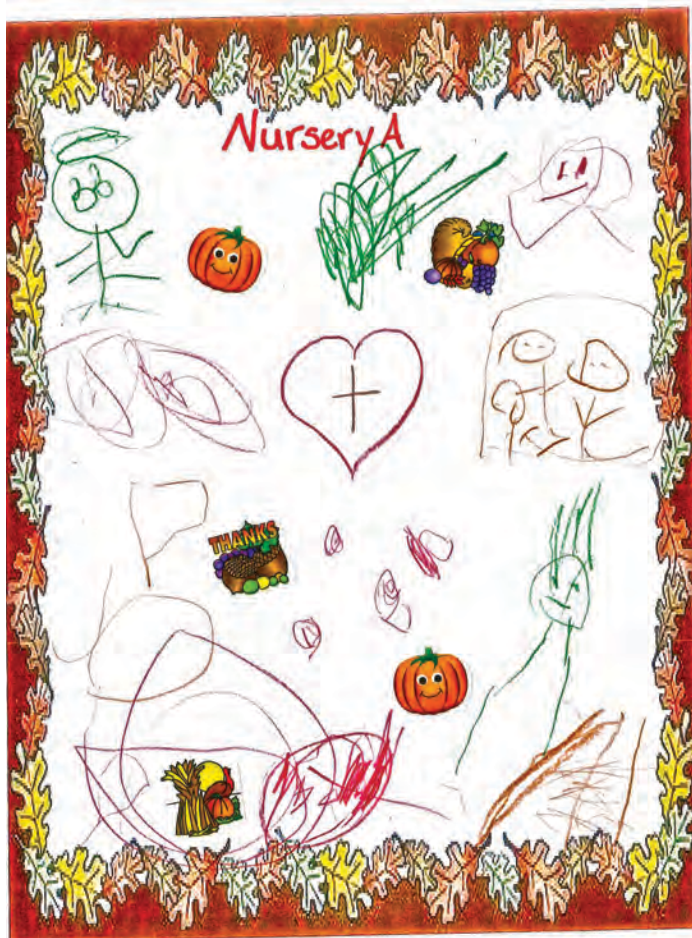
SSPJ STUDENTS CELEBRATE FALL BY GIVING THANKS

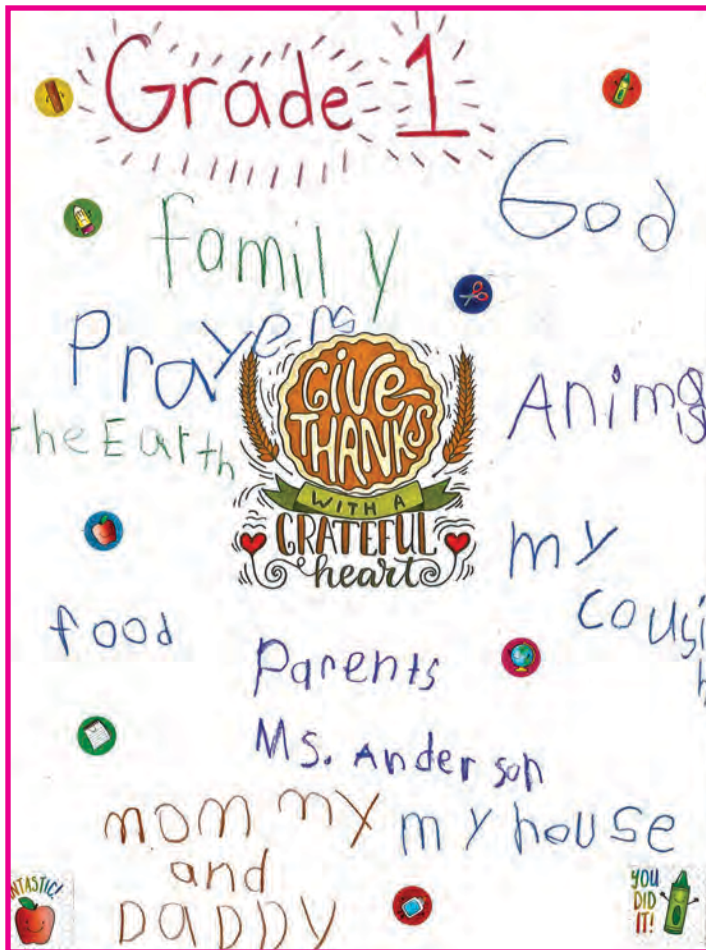
THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR. ONCE A YEAR, AT THANKSGIVING TIME, MOST OF US PAUSE TO THANK GOD FOR THE MANY BLESSINGS IN OUR LIFE.

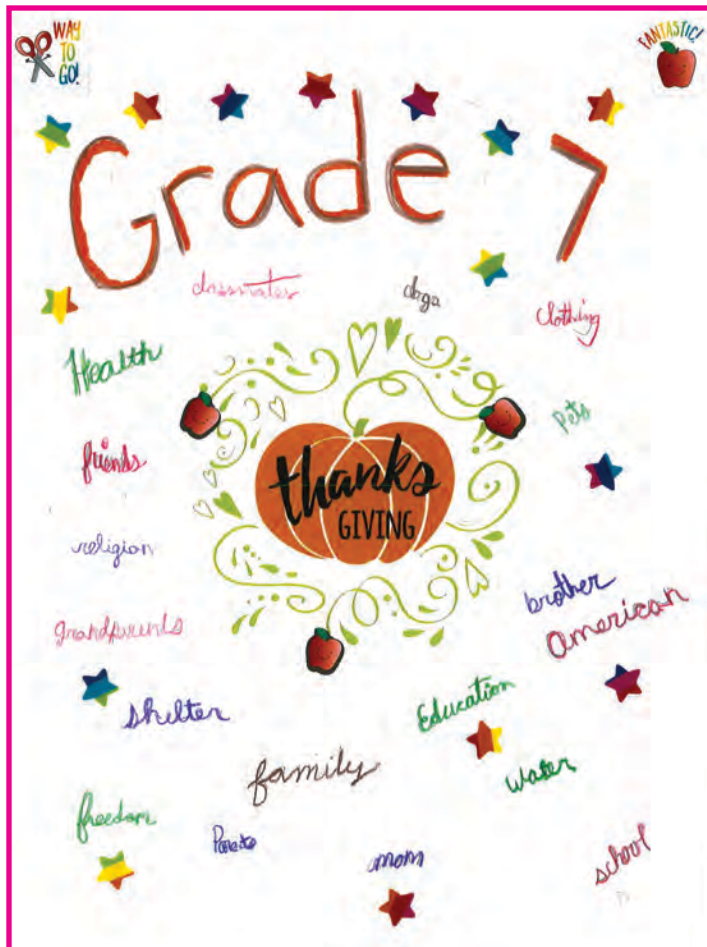
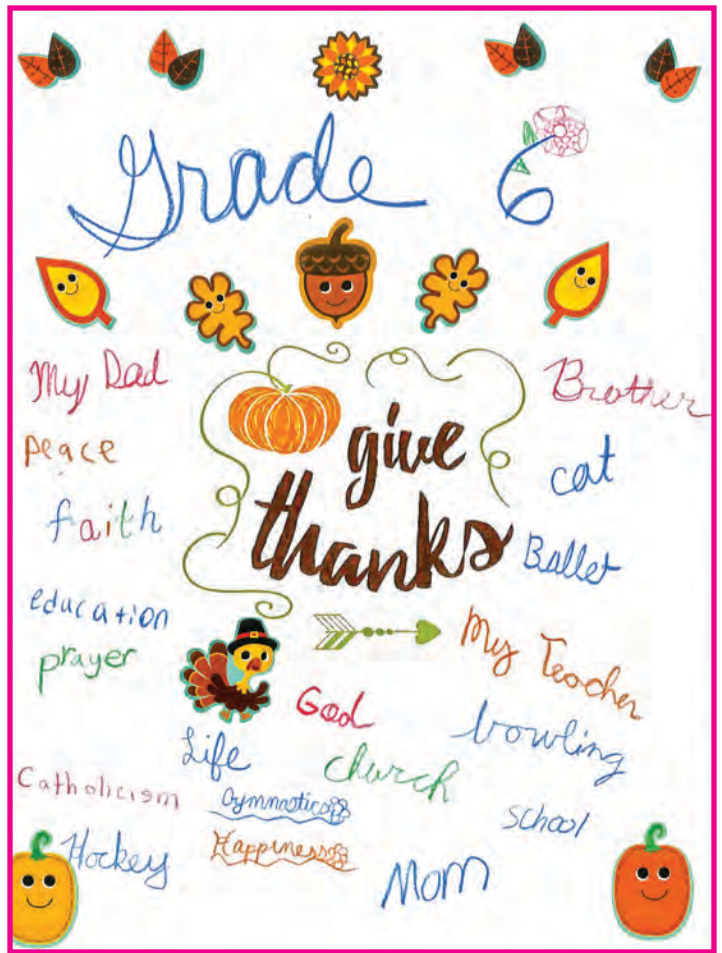
BUT THE STUDENTS OF SSPJ HAVE LEARNED THAT GIVING THANKS SHOULD BE A YEAR ROUND PART OF OUR LIVES.

HERE, AND ON THE NEXT FEW PAGES, ARE SOME OF THEIR THOUGHTS.









Prayer in Medicine

By Dr. Joseph Franco

“Whatever you ask in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours” (Mark 11:24)

I will never forget the first time I prayed with a patient.

In 2006, having been a doctor for a whole three months, I covered the night shift at Temple University Hospital, a large urban teaching hospital in North Philadelphia. “Night float” was a 5pm to 8am shift, given only to newly minted interns, in which we covered about 60 of the day team’s patients. Our job was straightforward as we were told by our senior residents: “Put out fires and keep alive till 8:05.” In the morning, we gave sign-out to the day team, then dragged ourselves home. We had no relationship to these patients, unless we had occasion to interact during the night.

We were supervised by a second-year resident named Matt. Matt was tall and thin with a drawn face but a knowing smile. He was generally soft spoken and understated. The interns liked his non-threatening demeanor, but he was one of the few young residents who already had a family with a few kids of his own. Since I had no children yet, that left little in common and we did not interact much outside of clinical discussions.

The shift usually consisted of checking lab work overnight, drawing blood and ordering sleeping pills or stool softeners. If we were lucky, somewhere between 2:00am-5:00 am, we could go to a call room, which had 2 twin beds and plastic pillowcases, trying not to wake each other up, to get a few hours of rest. *Gray’s Anatomy*, it was not.

Our other more vital task was to be on the code team. When a patient suffered cardiac arrest during the night, an overhead alert convened all doctors in the hospital to the dying patient’s bedside. Interns did CPR, upper year residents ran the code, gave orders and interpreted data; EKG’s, X-rays etc.

One night around 2:00am, we were summoned to the room of an elderly lady whose heart had stopped. I will spare the tragic details of our unsuccessful cardiopulmonary resuscitation, but after nearly 40 minutes of heroic measures, the code chief called it. Time of death: 2:46am.

When it was over, the group of young doctors unceremoniously walked back to their call rooms, the surge of adrenaline that had sharpened wakefulness and decision making now waning. Like soldiers on a battlefield, we had to stay low and keep moving.

That night, I would not walk back to my call room yet. This was my patient, at least until morning. It was my job to call the family and deliver the news of her death. After offering condolences, I encouraged them to come to the hospital.

Deaths in the city of Philadelphia, as in most places, require a bit of paperwork including death certificates, charting the events and letting the attending doctor know. As I busied myself with this, I felt the gravity of the situation. Just like that, a woman was dead. I had shared in her final minutes on earth. The patient’s suffering ended yet was accelerating for her family.



I finished my paperwork and shuffled back towards the on-call room, passing the open door of the deceased patient's room. The family had scrambled to the hospital and were now at her bedside. I hesitated for a moment outside the room, debating entering, when I heard muffled sounds of prayer from inside. Just outside the half-drawn curtain room divider was Matt. With head down and hands clasped, he led a quiet prayer for this distraught family.

My face flushed, eyes filled with tears, wrought with the emotion of this event and coupled with profound tiredness.

Matt was speaking in a way I never had expected from him. He was confident, eloquent and sincere. They prayed together for her soul, finding rest in eternity with Christ. For her family, that they may be comforted by their memories and the peace that comes with knowing that physical death opens the door to new life. After a minute, I decided to join them. Inside were four tearful adults, but there was something more. God was present in that room. We drew comfort from each other. Minutes earlier we fought to keep her alive. Now I was awakening to the revelation that only He can conquer death.

Matt could have slinked away, back to his own call room and counted the minutes until 8:05am. He was called to a higher purpose. Beyond caring for a dying woman, he ministered to her family. I never looked at him the same way after that. The experience gave me confidence to talk to my patients about faith. To pray for and with them and to recognize that God works through all people called to be healers.

Prayer has mixed data when reviewing studies of its efficacy. In the medical literature, some studies show a benefit, some harm and some show no difference. However, I have a hard time with the idea that a divine entity would submit Himself to experiments that would either seem to refute or validate His existence.

These days, medicine still pushes my limits of stress and emotion. Praying for and with my patients deepens our patient/physician relationship and helps me to humanize those I am charged to care for. The purpose of prayer is not to convince God to act towards what we think is best. My own opinion regarding prayer in medicine is that we can use it to heal by drawing close to one another while reorienting ourselves towards the source of all life. When patients know they are being prayed for, they realize that they matter and there is certainly healing in that.



PARISH SOCIAL MINISTRY

By Lynn Sisti



Below you will find a spreadsheet of Parish Social Ministry activities throughout the last fiscal year, extending from September 1, 2018 through August 31, 2019. It represents all areas of our services along with the funds used to provide them.

PSM/Outreach MONTHLY/ANNUAL REPORT													
Parish Name:	St. Philip and James					Town:	St. James			Parish Code:	148		
MONTH:	August, 2019			YEAR:	2018-2019								
Completed by:						Phone:							
Enter total count for each month	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	TOTAL
# of First-time Clients	108	19	56	690	28	11	19	21	17	22	23	32	1046
DEMOGRAPHICS													
Age: Child 0-17	13	3	14	137	7	4	12	11	9	5	5	13	233
Adult 18-64	97	27	45	555	35	17	22	24	27	21	21	24	915
Senior 65+	4	1	3	0	1	3	6	3	4	3	5	7	40
Total persons	114	31	62	692	43	24	40	38	40	29	31	44	1188
Gender: Male	11	14	20	345	18	11	17	20	23	14	15	20	528
Female	103	17	42	347	25	13	23	18	17	15	16	24	660
Total persons	114	31	62	692	43	24	40	38	40	29	31	44	1188
Race/ethnicity: Black	3	3	3	138	3	2	2	2	2	1	0	2	161
White	27	26	34	413	28	14	27	21	20	22	24	31	687
Hispanic	84	2	25	141	12	8	11	15	18	6	7	11	340
Other													0
Total persons	114	31	62	692	43	24	40	38	40	29	31	44	1188
TOTAL HOUSEHOLDS	12	12	21	10	14	8	11	9	11	12	10	13	143
Services or referrals provided:	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	TOTAL
1 Food	23	25	57	16	34	21	30	35	38	29	29	35	372
2 Shelter	0	0	6	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
3 Utilities	6	2	5	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	20
4 Basic needs for living (BNL)	111	27	60	21	34	272	36	35	40	29	32	42	739
5 Case Mgmt./Support Groups	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		0	1
6 Transportation	3	0	3	0	1	1	3	0	0	0		0	11
7 Information and Referral	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		0	0
8 Other	3	0	0	673	2	0	5	6	2	0	1	2	694
Total services/referrals	146	54	132	715	75	294	74	76	81	58	62	81	1848
Total amount of FINANCIAL assistance provided through parish funds each month	\$ 1,877	\$ 205	\$ 4,738	\$ 11,270	\$ 1,940	\$ 245	\$ 1,884	\$ 874	\$ 1,146	\$ 125	\$ 1,133	\$ 891	\$ 25,774.59

Fall is the busiest time of year in Parish Social Ministry with back-to-back events keeping our office buzzing. We start off September inundated with school supplies. This year, thanks to your overwhelming generosity, we were able to provide 21 local students with full backpacks containing everything on their supply lists. In addition, we sent many items to Little Flower Children's Services in Wading River.

October happenings include the Blessing of Animals and the Coast-to-Coast Rosary. Details on these two events will be covered in the Bulletins.

On November 2, we remember in a special way all those who have died during the past fiscal year and have had funerals between September 1, 2018 and August 31, 2019. We offer a special Mass for them

which includes a heartfelt ceremony for the families, signing of the Book of Remembrance. Mass is followed by light refreshments for all.

Our Thanksgiving drive also begins early in the month. Our families have repeatedly expressed their gratitude for the gift cards that enable them to have a blessed Thanksgiving and for the staples we provide for them not only at holiday time but throughout the year.

On the Saturday immediately following Thanksgiving, November 30, we launch our annual Pick-a-Star Program. This year it will end on December 13. The organizations provide us with lists of client needs. Most often, these center around warmth, which is why so many stars are labeled with sweatpants, sweatshirts, hats, and gloves. If you are wondering why the early cutoff date, it is because the institutions require delivery be made almost two weeks before Christmas. They must have time to sort and label packages with specific names, assigning different gifts to their clients. This year all gifts will be distributed on **Sunday December 15. Please have your donations under the tree by Friday, December 13 so that we, too, have time to group and direct them.**

Love only grows by sharing. We can only have more for ourselves by giving it away to others. Your continued generosity throughout the year is especially gratifying. You, the Sts. Philip & James Apostles of Hope, enable this ministry to be the hands, the feet, the eyes, but most of all, the heart of Christ. Thank you.

Religious Education Update

As we enter the 2019-2020 year, there are going to be some new changes to our Religious Education program. Last year we changed our Communion I (grade 1) program. The children were divided into 2 groups which met on either Tuesday or Wednesday in the beautiful Bethany Center. All the children were taught as a group. It proved to be very successful, so we will continue the same format this year and will stay with *Our Sunday Visitor, Alive in Christ* series.

Because of the success of that program, this year all Communion II (grade 2) children will meet in the auditorium on Mondays. As a group, they will be presented with a video from the *Dynamic Catholic: The Blessed Program*, followed by an introduction to the lesson. They will then proceed, with their individual catechist to a quiet area to complete the lesson.

In looking at the characteristics of our 6th grade students, we also decided to change the format of that program to make it more appropriate for their needs. This group will be meeting on Tuesdays, in either the Bethany Center or the Auditorium, first as a large group to hear and be introduced to the lesson for that week. We will be using a brand-new program from *Our Sunday Visitor: Alive in Christ*. Our first booklet is entitled *Jesus Christ* and then we will move into the next booklet entitled *The Kingdom of God*. In addition to the large group lesson, the students will then be assigned to individual catechists who will work in smaller groups to provide follow up activities to the main lesson. We will also be involved in outreach to the larger community throughout the year. We are very excited about this change.

Following on the success of catechetical model developed for the 1st and 2nd Grade Communion classes last year, this year's 7th grade (Confirmation I) class will begin using a similar 2-year format. The Diocese of Rockville Centre supports this approach as several parishes across Long Island have found it worked beautifully.

The Master Catechist format allows one trained catechist to teach the entire grade, every week. The lesson is prepared by the Master Catechist for the students and supported by 4 to 5 facilitating Catechists, who the students will be divided among, as smaller working groups, where facilitator-student discussion/clarification can take place and student-student interactions can develop. The groups then return to the main catechist for instruction and prayers.

We are blessed and grateful to teach your children and we look forward to a wonderful year filled with many blessings.

Submitted by our Religious Ed. Coordinators:

Charlotte Czujko, Barbara Luna, and Dominick Avento



WHERE DOES IT GO?

As September rolls around we find ourselves asking the same age-old question – where did it go? Where did the lazy days of summer go? Did I accomplish all I hoped for? Did I read that book – or join friends for lunch – or go to the beach.... where did it go?

As we prepare our children for the start of another school year we wonder, sometimes with a little sadness, where did the time go? How could it be that my little boy is now leaving for college. Time goes by much too quickly.

As a Parish, August 31st represents the end of our fiscal year and the start of another. We, too, find ourselves saying – where did it go. Yes, we wonder where time has gone, and we review with a fine tooth comb the finances of our parish. Just as with our own household budgets, we know that the electric bill must be paid and the phone and insurance, but do we understand what that means for our parish. We have been including in the Bulletin the funds needed weekly to operate our parish in a fiscally responsible manner. We understand the financial strain on all families – young and old alike.

We all have witnessed the decline in Mass attendance over the past several years.... may I respectfully say not due to one certain event but an overall change of the times throughout most parishes and most denominations. A decline in Mass attendance certainly reflects in a decline in revenue.

Our parish has been extremely prudent in monitoring and reducing all expenditures. Our parish payroll has been drastically reduced and we rely very heavily on our volunteers. There are a few “volunteers” who give us over 100 hours of work force each and every week. We are truly blessed with their generosity of time and treasure and we value them greatly.

- Did you know that our parish pays \$1400 per month to have collections envelopes mailed to your homes?
- We have all experienced the rising cost of utilities – but do you realize that our parish pays \$48,000 annually for utilities which equates to \$4000 per month.
- Our Diocesan Assessment last year was \$90,000 /\$7,500 monthly.
- Computers, phones, bank fees, copier rentals, professional services, landscaping equate to \$6100 per month
- Parish programs and liturgical expenses cost approximately \$105,000 yearly or \$8700 per month.
- Insurance cost are approximately \$3500 per month
- Payroll, health benefits and pension equate to \$8,250 weekly

Just from the items listed above you can see that the minimum expenditure each week is \$16,000.

**Reality is, while we may not always know where our dollar goes –
we know it doesn't go very far.**

We are most grateful and appreciate all you give, with a generous heart, to support our parish. We need a paradigm shift, an important change and a new approach to our individual financial support of our Parish. Despite every cost saving measure, the truth is we cannot continue to do today what was done over the years with the same dollar of yesterday.

Are we accomplishing great things – we certainly are! But we don't want to be frozen in this place – we want to offer more. We envision a parish of new growth. A church community where we can offer opportunities to grow a deeper more meaningful knowledge of our Catholic faith. To develop more than just a casual relationship with Jesus and each other. To be able to hand our children a love of Christ that will carry them over every hurdle that life puts in their way.

Honestly, WE NEED YOU! We invite you to get involved in parish programs, attend parish and school sponsored events, bring your love of Jesus to Mass every Sunday and join us in songs of praise and thanksgiving. Reality is, we need your increased contributions as well. Your additional three – five dollars weekly (or more if you can afford), along with 3,000 other registered families in our parish will cause a ripple effect that will afford us opportunities to face every challenge that all parishes across the country are experiencing.

For the past 30 years SSPJ has been my spiritual home, my refuge in difficult times and my place of thanksgiving for the grace God has bestowed upon me and my family. I am blessed to share fellowship with each of you in Christ Jesus, at Mass, in the supermarket, in our neighborhoods. May we continue to build up the Body of Christ in our parish.



For just as each of us has one body with many members, and these members do not all have the same function, so in Christ we, though many, form one body, and each member belongs to all the others.

Romans 12:4-5

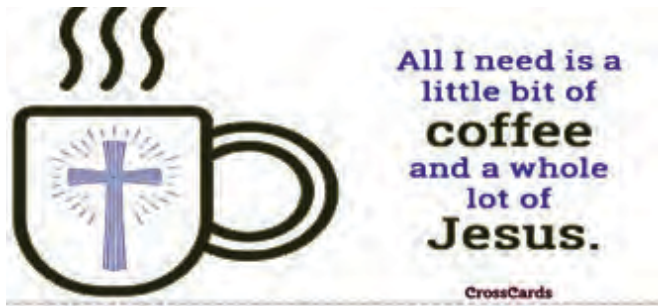
BY VIRGINIA PORTANOVA



Virginia is the Business Manager for SSPJ

A CUP OF COFFEE WITH JESUS

BY VIRGINIA PORTANOVA



Whether it's French press, a latte, a cold brew, a K-cup or an old-fashioned percolator – the relationship between coffee and coffee-lovers is fierce.

What better way to get a conversation started than over a fresh brewed cup?

“Coffee is the common man's gold, and like gold it brings to every person the feeling of luxury and nobility” – Sheik-Abd-al-Kadir

Coffee is more than popular: it's ubiquitous. Worldwide, we drink over 500 billion cups of coffee every year. American coffee drinkers average 3-and-a-half cups of coffee every day.

Coffee exporting alone is a **\$20 billion dollar industry**

I'm sure we can each place our own value on a cup of coffee, depending on the stress level of a day, the time of the day and who we are sharing it with. Would you be willing to share a cup of coffee with SSPJ every week...maybe once a month? There is great value to your \$5 cup of coffee.

- We have approximately 4,000 registered families in our parish.
- 1,150 choose to be marked as inactive – meaning they are registered but do not wish to receive mailings, important information about our parish or use the envelopes to financially support the parish
- 132 families utilize Faith Direct for their donations. Perhaps they are snow-birds who chose to support their parish during the times they are away. Maybe they frequent different churches for convenience on weekends but chose to support their home parish of SSPJ. If they are like most people now-a-days, they prefer not to carry cash but to pay direct through on-line services. For whatever their reason, we are grateful for their contributions, and we save on envelope mailings too!
- 2830 families receive contribution envelopes monthly. Our weekly collections average \$13,000. An average of \$4.60 per family per week.

When we combine our efforts, the results could be astounding! The financial support of the parish seems to fall on a few generous contributors. All it takes is many people doing a small part for the greater good of all.

If 2,000 families shared one \$5 cup of coffee with the parish weekly – that would equate to \$260 a year per family OR \$520,000. Can you imagine the outreach we could provide to our community with those funds!

Perhaps one \$5 cup of coffee weekly is not doable for you and you would be able to sacrifice one cup of coffee a month – that would equate to \$60 a year. Multiply that times 2000 families and we would generate \$120,000.

It's not a far-off dream – it can easily be reality. A sacrifice indeed - but together we can do it.

My cup is filled to the brim and I offer it to SSPJ – are you willing to join me in a cup of coffee and share yours?

YOUTH MINISTRY ON THE GO

BY SISTER THERESITA

Over the summer SSPJ had the exciting opportunity to offer leadership training to five wonderful young people. We experienced the best of what Alex Keane, Erin Nicastro, Hailey Sheridan, Liam Willman and Anthony Scarpelli were capable.

Father Tom, Sister Theresita, Dominick Avento, and Gail Alofsin (Sister T's former student) were delighted to be part of the training.

Lots of learning and laughs filled their hearts with a love for who they are as SSPJ Youth Leaders.

As we move into the beginning of the 2019-2020 school year we are happy to say that Dominick Avento will be acting as interim Director of Youth Ministry.

Our Youth Group meets every Wednesday starting September 25th from 7-9:00pm

We meet in the Bethany Center.

All high school students are welcome.

To learn more about what we do,

To learn how you can make a difference,

To learn how you can be part of something bigger than yourself

To learn and grow in your faith and commitment to your community

To learn how to laugh at yourself, have fun, while preparing to be the best version of yourself. Contact Dominick via email. davento@sspj.org



We are also happy to say that some of our youth will be attending the National Catholic Youth Conference in Indianapolis this November 21-23. I know there will be lots of stories and pictures after they return, stay tuned.

Our Youth Ministry is also invited to and plans to participate in the Diocese of Rockville Center Youth Ministry Kick-off. This is being held at St. Joseph's Parish in Ronkonkoma. See the ad above that recently came from the Diocese. All youth are invited to attend an evening of prayer along with the Bishop. Coffeehouse will follow after the time of prayer.

The parish is looking forward to the continued growth and development of our youth program. During the leadership training it was evident that the potential for youth involvement in the parish life was alive and well.

All the good that has been will continue to be and grow. Thank you to all those who have continued to support our youth here at SSPJ. Our young people will continue to strive to become the best witnesses of their faith to the parish and those they meet daily.

SISTER THERESITA IS A MEMBER OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY OF NAZARETH. SHE WRITES REGULARLY FOR HER ORDER'S MAGAZINE, **NAZARETH CONNECTIONS**, AND CURRENTLY MANAGES SSPJ'S YOUTH MINISTRY AND RCIA.





THE END OF SUMMER

BY RITA BYRNE

The leaves begin to change as we approach the days of Fall,
Aren't we now visioning the days of summer, as we recall;

Fun with friends, vacations, family visits and family trips,
Didn't they just fly by quickly in a zip.

Picnics, barbecues, lazy days at the beach,
Do they all now seem so far out of reach?

Kids riding bikes, swimming in the lake, fishing in a creek,
Baseball games, and maybe even a game of hide and seek.

Taking a rest in a hammock while reading a good book,
Shopping, gardening definitely were not overlooked.

Sunsets, walks in the rain, sitting in the shade of a tree,
We did things at a slower pace, and life was so carefree.

Roasting marshmallows, and who could forget s'mores,
Oh, I bet you ate one and went back for even more.

Corn on the cob, a hot dog and a good burger,
Do you want me to list them even further?

Watermelon, gin & tonic, a glass of wine, just to name a few,
And I could not leave out a nice cold frosty brew.

Yes, sadly the days of summer have now past,
But we all knew they could not last.

Those wonderful days may now be gone that is true,
But they are in our hearts and memory to always review.

So as the temperature now begins to drop a bit,
Our thoughts will slowly begin to shift.

The bell has rung and school has begun,
I hope the days of fall harvest will be pleasant ones.

IN THE FADING OF THE SUMMER SUN
THE SHORTENING OF DAYS, COOLING
BREEZE

SWALLOWS' FLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT
RAYS

WE SEE THE CREATOR'S HAND

IN THE BROWNING OF LEAVES ONCE
GREEN

MORNING MISTS, AUTUMN CHILL,
FRUIT THAT FALLS FROST'S FIRST KISS

WE SEE THE CREATOR'S HAND

