



St. Vincent de Paul Society is open for business at these times:

1st Thursday, from 6:00 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.
 3rd Thursday, from 6:00 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.

If an emergency, call Fr. Mike at 937-403-2510.

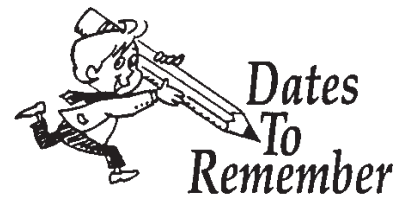


In conjunction with the Spaghetti Supper, Gene and Toni DeBruin will be doing the "Harvest For The Hungry" starting at 2:00 p.m., at the Religious Education Building. They will be handing out surplus and locally grown produce that our local Mennonite Communities are donating.

NEWS AROUND THE PARISH



- 1) PSR Open House/Registration will be on September 19th, from 11:15-11:45 p.m. Parents and students will both participate in a small project.
- 2) Server Training will be held during PSR on September 26th. If you are a new Server, you will need to attend. You must have already received your First Communion to become a Server. All Servers are welcome to attend. Parents will need to sign up their child at registration in order for their child to attend.



1. SVdP Meetings:
Second Sundays, 1:00 p.m.
2. Parish Council Meetings:
Third Wednesdays, 7:00 p.m.
3. St. Benignus K of C Meetings:
First Wednesday, 7:30 p.m.
4. Ladies Auxilliary Meetings:
Third Tuesdays, 6:30 p.m.



Annual St. Vincent De Paul Spaghetti Supper

August 28, 2010 after the 3:30 p.m. Mass
 Religious Education Building

MENU

- Spaghetti w/choice of sauce
- Salad
- Garlic Bread
- Desserts
- Drinks

Round trip, all expenses paid to Italy...New York! Population: 1,086. Mostly Polish, but a few Italians live there as well. Only place on Earth where you can get "Kielbasa Meatballs." Yummmmm.

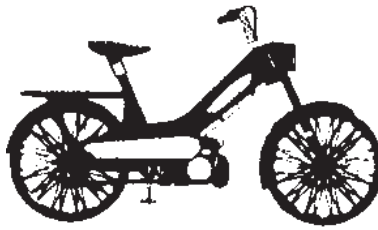
TODAY IN HISTORY

50 YEARS AGO, AUGUST 21st...Fr. Lawler asked the parishioners to please stop sitting on the Sunday Missals in the pews. They were getting all "tore up." (Plus, that wouldn't feel very comfortable, either.)

25 YEARS AGO, AUGUST 25th...The following Sunday, September 1, 1985, Don and Kay Flynn would celebrate their Wedding Anniversary at the 11:00 a.m. Mass. (Fr. Minic misspelled the Flynn name as "Don and Kay Flunn." The Mass on Monday, August 26th, 1985, was said for the Special Intention of the Jim Block Family. The Mass on Friday August 30, 1985, was said for Rosemary Mertz from the Zoldak Family.



10 YEARS AGO, AUGUST 27th...Many parishioners played volleyball at last week's St. Benignus/St. Michael's Parish Picnic.



A preacher was making his rounds on a bicycle when he came upon a little boy trying to sell a lawn mower. "How much do you want for the mower?" asked the preacher. "I just want enough money to buy me a bicycle," said the little boy.

After a moment of consideration, the preacher asked, "Will you take my bike in trade for it?" The little boy asked if he could try it out first. After riding the bike a little while, the boy said: "You've got yourself a deal."

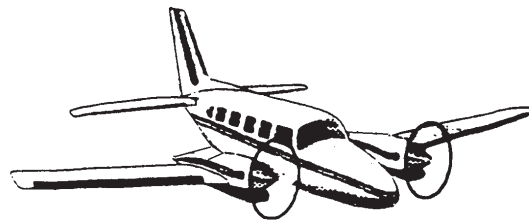
The preacher took the mower and began to crank it. He pulled on the rope a few times with no response from the mower.

The preacher called the little boy over and said, "I can't get this mower to start."

The little boy said, "That's because you have to cuss at it to get it started."

The preacher said, "I can't cuss. It's been so long since I became a Christian that I don't even remember HOW to cuss."

The little boy looked at him happily and said, "You just keep pulling on that rope. It'll come back to you."



A doctor, a lawyer, a little boy and a priest were out for a Sunday afternoon flight on a small private plane. Suddenly, the plane developed engine trouble.

In spite of the best efforts of the pilot, the plane started to go down. Finally, the pilot grabbed a parachute, yelled to the passengers that they had better jump, and bailed out.

Unfortunately, there were only three parachutes remaining.

The doctor grabbed one and said "I'm a doctor, I save lives, so I must live," and jumped out.

The lawyer then said, "I'm a lawyer and lawyers are the smartest people in the world. I deserve to live."

He also grabbed a parachute and jumped.

The priest looked at the little boy and said, "My son, I've lived a long and full life. You are young and have your whole life ahead of you. Take the last parachute and live in peace."

The little boy handed the parachute back to the priest and said, "Not to worry, Father. The "smartest man in the world" just took off with my back pack."

FR. MIKE'S SERMON

FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME, AUGUST 21/22

One day, the father of a very wealthy family took his son on a trip to the country with the express purpose of showing him how poor people live.

They spent a couple of days and nights on the farm of what would be considered a very poor family.

On their return from their trip, the father asked his son, "How was the trip?"

"It was great, Dad."

"Did you see how poor people live?" the father asked.

"Oh yeah," said the son.

"So, tell me, what you learned from the trip?" asked the father.

The son answered: "I saw that we have one dog and they had four. We have a pool that reaches to the middle of our garden and they have a creek that has no end. We have fancy lighted lanterns in our garden and they have a gazillion stars at night. Our patio reaches to the front yard, but they have the whole horizon that reaches to the sky.

"We have a small piece of land to live on and they have fields that go beyond our sight.

"We have servants who serve us, but they serve others. We buy our food, but they grow theirs.

"We have walls around our property to protect us, they have friends to protect them."

The boy's father was speechless.

Then his son added, "Thanks Dad for showing me how poor we are."

"For behold, some who are last will be first and some who are first will be last."

I think I'm pretty tight with God. I eat the Eucharist at His table thirteen times a week. I listen to His teachings in the Bible. I do my best to preach His Love. But at times I realize that I'm not first with

God, but really last when I fail to show the love I just preached about at Mass. God keeps testing me by sending me the poor of Hillsboro who bang at my door or call on the phone on a regular basis. I know some of them are lying as soon as they move their lips. It angers me to be played for a fool. But even though I know they are abusing the system that does not give me the right to be abusive to them. They are still God's children who deserve respectful treatment because God says that's the way I want it. I may not give them the help they request but I must give them a kindly attitude.

God tests me by sending me Cindy. Cindy is the one who lied to my mother about having cancer. My mother then summarily ordered my father to fork over thirty dollars. Last week, I got a big test from God when Cindy comes knocking on my back door at 11:30 p.m., long after I went to bed. I could feel the blood gush to my head as I saw her standing there. It took all the strength I had not to blast her. I reminded myself that God set this up so I didn't want to fail. Gritting my teeth, I calmly asked, "Cindy, it's really late. What is so important you have to wake me at this hour?" I did not expect what happened next. She said, "I'm sorry for taking money from your mom." I thought to myself, "Well, maybe she's finally being responsible." Any warm fuzzy feeling I had was quickly dashed when she then said, "Can I have ten dollars?" Ohhh, Lordy! The blood pressure started to rise again. I said to myself, "Mike, you're so close to passing. Don't blow it." I kept my mouth shut. I handed her a five dollar bill. I said, "This is enough to get you some food without the beer." She smiled and said what she always says, "God Bless you." On this night, God surely did. Who knows? When I receive my judgment in Heaven, Cindy might just be seated in the jury box! "For whom the Lord loves, He disciplines." Blessings...Fr. Mike

