

LONG POINT BAY PARISH

WEEKLY NEWS

FRIDAY February 4- 2022

Read the story below and we then understand how pathetic and superficial our world has become.

Remember this lady?

WHAT A WOMAN



Irena Sender
Died: May 12, 2008 (aged 98)
Warsaw, Poland

During WWII, Irena, got permission to work in the Warsaw ghetto, as a Plumbing/Sewer specialist. She had an ulterior motive.



Irena smuggled Jewish infants out in the bottom of the tool box she carried. She also carried a burlap sack in the back of her truck, for larger kids.

Irena kept a dog in the back that she trained to bark when the Nazi soldiers let her in and out of the ghetto. The soldiers, of course, wanted nothing to do with the dog, and the barking covered the kids/infants noises.

During her time of doing this, she managed to smuggle out and save 2500 kids/infants. Ultimately, she was caught, however, and the Nazis broke both of her legs and arms and beat her severely.

Irena kept a record of the names of all the kids she had smuggled out, in a glass jar that she buried under a tree in her back yard. After the war, she tried to locate any parents that may have survived and tried to reunite the family. Most had been gassed. Those kids she helped got placed into foster family homes or adopted. In 2007 Irena was up for the Nobel Peace Prize. She was not selected. Al Gore won, for a slide show on Global Warming. Later another politician, Barack Obama, won for SIMPLY BEING THE FIRST BLACK PRESIDENT. It is now more than 72 years since the Second World War in Europe ended.

This e-mail is being sent as a memorial chain, In memory of the six million Jews, 20 million Russians 10 million Christians and 1,900 Catholic priests who were murdered.

Now, more than ever, with Iran, and others, claiming the HOLOCAUST to be 'a myth', it's imperative to make sure the world never forgets, because there are others who would like to do it again.

This e-mail is intended to reach 40 million people worldwide! Join us and be a link in the memorial chain and help us distribute it around the world.

Please send this e-mail to people you know and ask them to continue the memorial chain.

By Jim Pepper

Epiphany readings



Second Sunday after the Epiphany January 16, 2022 ART - PRAYER	Isaiah 62:1-5	Psalm 36:5-10	1 Corinthians 12:1-11	John 2:1-11
Third Sunday after the Epiphany January 23, 2022 ART - PRAYER	Nehemiah 8:1-3, 5-6, 8-10	Psalm 19	1 Corinthians 12:12-31a	Luke 4:14-21
Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany January 30, 2022 ART - PRAYER	Jeremiah 1:4-10	Psalm 71:1-6	1 Corinthians 13:1-13	Luke 4:21-30
Presentation of the Lord February 2, 2022 ART - PRAYER	Malachi 3:1-4	Psalm 84 or Psalm 24:7-10	Hebrews 2:14-18	Luke 2:22-40
Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany February 6, 2022 ART - PRAYER	Isaiah 6:1-8, (9-13)	Psalm 138	1 Corinthians 15:1-11	Luke 5:1-11
Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany February 13, 2022 ART - PRAYER	Jeremiah 17:5-10	Psalm 1	1 Corinthians 15:12-20	Luke 6:17-26
Seventh Sunday after the Epiphany February 20, 2022 ART - PRAYER	Genesis 45:3-11, 15	Psalm 37:1-11, 39-40	1 Corinthians 15:35-38, 42-50	Luke 6:27-38
Transfiguration Sunday February 27, 2022 (Last Sunday before Lent) ART - PRAYER	Exodus 34:29-35	Psalm 99	2 Corinthians 3:12-4:2	Luke 9:28-36, (37-43a)

IN CHURCH

February 13 St. John's Port Rowan



ONLINE

SUNDAY February 13 2022

Anytime

Service of the Word

<http://www.parishoflongpointbay.com/events.html> or

<https://www.facebook.com/parishoflongpoint/>



1. Who was Jesus' human mother?
2. Who was Jesus' adoptive father on Earth?
3. What day of the week did Jesus rise back to life?

Find the answers in this newspaper and



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For the week beginning Sunday February 6, 2022, we will be praying for our Long Point Bay Parish, specially for our family of the church of St. John's Woodhouse.

Michael and Betty Howes, Nancy Howe-Olmstead, Bev Jewson, Fred and Sharon Judd, Thomas and Sarah Judd, Richard and Sarah Kersten, John and Shirly Luke, June Miller, Paul and Pearl Mills, Robert Moore, Doug Murphy, Judy Peach, Jo Anne Pos, Grant and Janice Schultz, David and Miriam Woods, Walter Wychopen.

For our Bishop Todd and Rev. Rick and family, Rev. Jack Cox and family, Rev. Paul Sherwood, Fr. Enrique and Family.

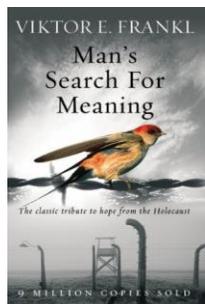


What's coming

Day	
Saturday Feb 5	Wardens meeting 5 PM. By Zoom
Thursday Feb 10	St. John's Woodhouse Meeting 7 PM. By Zoom
Monday Feb 14	Valentine Day
Tuesday Feb 22	<i>Denary Council by Zoom</i>

Recommended Book

The Man Search for Meaning



What is the meaning of life? This question has both plagued and motivated humans for centuries, and it's probably crossed your mind once or twice. But how do we answer this question, and how can we ensure our lives have meaning? Man's Search for Meaning recounts Viktor Frankl's experiences in the concentration camps of WWII and the school of therapy he invented to help us confront this very question.

by **Victor Frankl**

Fr. Enrique

The Grey Ghost in Happier Times



During the last month that I used my golf cart, affectionately known as the Grey Ghost, this past fall, there were two identical electrical problems. For some reason both times the negative post on one of the batteries (there are six in total) would melt right out of the casing and render the cart useful for not much else than an anchor for my boat. I got in touch with Otterville Golf Carts to have it checked out and hopefully repaired. I preferred that course of action rather than to singlehandedly raise the stock quotes for Interstate Batteries to an all- time high by purchasing new ones each time. The cart shop promised to get back to me when they had an opportunity to have a look at it.... and they did... They emailed me with instructions to, "Bring her on up to the shop on Monday !" Great!

Now this particular Monday wasn't on a sun- dappled day back in October, but rather was to be a few Monday's ago. You remember the Monday of the last big snowstorm. Right on!!! So there I was on Monday morning looking at my golf cart at the back of the property. It was literally begging to be pushed out of the shed and get fixed, but there was a small situation. The poor old girl was separated from the trailer by the reality of 100 feet of snow covered lawn. Not to worry! Once the plow goes by leaving its usual three foot impenetrable mess of pushed back snow, I'll get out the snowblower and do the local driveways. Then I'll blast a path to the shed somewhat like a modern-day King Wenceslas. And so I waited and waited and waited....

Around 4:15 I could hear the plow scrape by and I got all dressed in my snow blowing garb and out to the garage I charged; that is if 82 year old guys ever charge. Here I was dressed like a 2 year old toddler in a puffy snowsuit but moving more like a elderly robot with rusty hinges. The trusty yellow snow removal machine started with a roar, and out I went happily displacing snow for exactly 11 feet! At that point, while the engine purred merrily away, the auger handle flopped down and suggested to my non-mechanical brain, "Malfunction, Malunction!!" The cable that makes the auger turn and shoot lovely plumes of not to be shovelled snow decided to break. Oh joy!!!

Back into the garage robot-man lugged a now second anchor for my boat. Inside the house I went, not in the least charging with the former boyish enthusiasm as I had not five minutes before. Blondie greeted me in her best retired grade one teacher's voice, " Well sweetie, that didn't take you long... it was hardly worth getting all dressed for..."

[Continuin in tha last page...](#)

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H C S O N M S K F C G I M K S
 I C C J L E I N E E F E S R T
 S D R O W N H P A R E S E O R
 B I I E G Y H G J M E T L W E
 O A P C S A C E I N S K T U N
 A R T L S O S H L A D T S Y G
 T F U O B U P U M E J R O O T
 S A R R S O F R M P N A P W H
 C I E D H H T I U M N E A C T
 F H S P T O A H J P H H T J N
 S I R I R L L I T E M P L E O
 I E A I C A N Y A B E L I E F
 W F M O S S I R F S R T T N W
 A V R A A T D S J F I L L E D
 C P B Q J E V L E W T X S Q X

afraid	apostles	belief
boats	both	Cephas
Christ	faithfulness	filled
heard	heart	him
holy	ISAIAH	James
Jesus	King	Lord
Master	praise	proclaimed
purpose	scriptures	seraph
strength	temple	twelve
words	work	

Easy Chicken Flautas and Guacamole (Mexico)

STEP 1

Melt butter in a skillet over medium heat; stir flour into butter until smooth. Add onion to flour-butter mixture; cook and stir until onion is softened, 5 to 10 minutes. Mix black olives, lemon juice, oil, paprika, black pepper, and salt into onion mixture; cook and stir until heated through, about 2 minutes. Stir chicken into mixture and remove skillet from heat and cover.

STEP 2

Heat oil in a large, heavy saucepan or deep-fryer.

STEP 3

Fill tortillas with chicken mixture. Roll tortilla around filling and secure with a toothpick.

STEP 4

Fry the rolled tortillas, working in batches, in the hot oil until browned, about 2 minutes. Transfer fried tortillas to a paper towel-lined plate using a slotted spoon or tongs.



INGREDIENTS

- ✓ ¼ cup butter
- ✓ ¼ cup all-purpose flour
- ✓ ¼ cup minced onion
- ✓ ¼ cup chopped black olives
- ✓ 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ✓ 1 tablespoon oil
- ✓ ¼ teaspoon ground paprika
- ✓ ⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper
- ✓ ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ✓ 1 ½ cups cooked shredded chicken
- ✓ 8 flour tortillas
- ✓ oil for frying, or as needed
- ✓ toothpicks

Guacamole

- 3 avocados - peeled, pitted, and mashed
- 1 lime, juiced
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup diced onion
- 3 tablespoons chopped fresh cilantro
- 2 Roma (plum) tomatoes, diced
- 1 teaspoon minced garlic
- 1 pinch ground cayenne pepper (Optional)

Step 1

In a medium bowl, mash together the avocados, lime juice, and salt. Mix in onion, cilantro, tomatoes, and garlic. Stir in cayenne pepper. Refrigerate 1 hour for best flavor, or serve immediately.

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Continuing from page 2

No doubt a reference to her much loved toddlers who got all ready for recess just in time for the bell to ring signalling its end. At this point I digress from reality and truth in journalism and will not report my response... this being a church newspaper and all...

Two days later and \$150 lighter in the wallet, I got old yeller back, and she was ready to blow snow even before it fell to the ground! Once again out the garage door she roared and just like a four year old licking icing off a birthday cake, I cleaned out not only the driveways but also blew a path to the shed where my golf cart eagerly waited. Away went the blower and off came the arctic garb. Now I'll just push the Ghost out to the trailer. After a huff and a puff not only did the straw house not blow down, but also the GG refused to budge. "Well the ground is frozen - no harm to the lawn," I reasoned. "Why not just tow it out?" So I fired up my Korean copy of a mini-truck, slipped her into 4 wheel drive and backed out to the shed, hooked the vehicle up with a stout rope to the cart and jumped into the seat. "I'll just take it easy," I figured, "and then hopefully nothing more will break." A little gas and no movement, a little more gas and still no movement, a little more gas and there was movement. The rope literally exploded to pieces, and the truck shot ahead a few feet, and... the Grey Ghost still sat there seemingly disdaining our puny efforts to make her come out in such weather. I could hear her saying, "Hey Dummy, it isn't even golf season!"

Hmmm..... back to the drawing board. Flash! Just like the inspiration that must have occasioned $E = MC^2$, I remembered - the Ghost has an emergency brake. Up into the cart, press off the brake, retie the exploded rope with three fine sailor's knots, get back into the truck and away we went, a tiny caravan through the Siberian snows (well that's what Toronto citizens are calling them) and right to the driveway.

Now you're thinking, "Well good for Old Jim. He can now load up his cart and get it fixed." And I did just that. But not before one more twist of fate. I'd tied the cart about 10 feet behind the truck, and so as we reached the now pristinely clear of snow driveway, the Ghost in one last show of temper, kept rolling ahead and smack... it just had to prove who's the boss by running into the other car. No estimate yet on repairing the dent!

That's it, I'm done, it's over! Get me a beer!

By. [Jim Pepper](#)

Christian Jokes for Faith-Filled Fun



Your mom before church Your mom when you arrive at church



Answers

1. Virgin Mary.
2. Joseph.
3. Sunday.

Fr. E



February



Its birth flowers are the violet the common primrose and the Iris.

Its birthstone is the amethyst. It symbolizes piety, humility, spiritual wisdom, and sincerity. The zodiac signs for the month of February are Aquarius (until February 20) and Pisces (February 20 onwards).



The legend of the snowdrop

The flower called snowdrop appears in February and is a symbol of hope. According to legend, the snowdrop became the symbol of hope when Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden. When Eve was about to give up hope that the cold winters would never end, an angel appeared. She transformed some of the snowflakes into snowdrop flowers, proving that the winters eventually give way to spring.

"Winter is the time for comfort, for good food and warmth, for the touch of a friendly hand and for a talk beside the fire: it is the time for home."

- Edith Sitwell