

Flock Quarterly



Good Shepherd's new magazine for parishioners by parishioners

MAKING THE HOUSE READY FOR THE LORD

By Mary Oliver

Dear Lord, I have swept and I have washed but
still nothing is as shining as it should be
for you. Under the sink, for example, is an
uproar of mice – it is the season of their
many children. What shall I do? And under the eaves
and through the walls the squirrels
have gnawed their ragged entrances – but it the season
when they need shelter, so what shall I do? And
the raccoon limps into the kitchen and opens the cupboard
while the dog snores, the cat holds the pillow;
what shall I do? Beautiful is the new snow falling
in the yard and the fox who is staring boldly
up the path, to the door. And I still believe you will
come, Lord; you will, when I speak to the fox,
the sparrow, the lost dog, the shivering sea-geese, know
that I am really speaking to you whenever I say,
as I do all morning and afternoon: Come in, Come in.

Facebook.com/PoetMaryOliver

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Welcome to the Fifth Issue of
FLOCK QUARTERLY

Good Shepherd's new magazine for parishioners by parishioners

When to expect it . . .

Issues likely appearing in the third week of February, May, August, and November

Types of material . . .

Essays; Humor; Bible Reflections; Interviews with Parishioners;
Short Fiction; Original Photos & Artwork; Original Poetry & Prayers

Prepared by the staff of our monthly Good Shepherd Newsletter . . .

. Graphics Editor Laura Rosato and Content Editor Richard Reid

Remember: You're never too young or too old to contribute . . . material from our children and teens as well from adults of all ages are always welcome

Guidelines for Contributors

Text submissions in Word format or are handwritten - try not to exceed 1,800 words

Please do not send any material in the PDF format

Submit original photos and original artwork in the .jpeg format if you are able

If original artwork is 8 1/2" by 11" or smaller, it may be submitted for scanning into .jpeg

Issue Deadlines

Lent/Easter (by February 4th)

Spring Ordinary Time (by May 4th)

Fall Ordinary Time (by August 4th)

Advent/Christmas (by November 4th)

Email to Richard Reid (writer2363@gmail.com) or telephone (cell: 585-766-7254)

General themes for any issue to inspire your submissions

family; hobbies; your vocation; religion; the weather; people/things/places you remember; a great day; something/someone you're thankful for; current events (but let's avoid being overtly political)

Special issue themes that look ahead to the coming three issues to spark your creativity

Lent/Easter Issue Themes

Ash Wednesday; Lent; Easter; Black History & Women's History Months; Valentine's Day

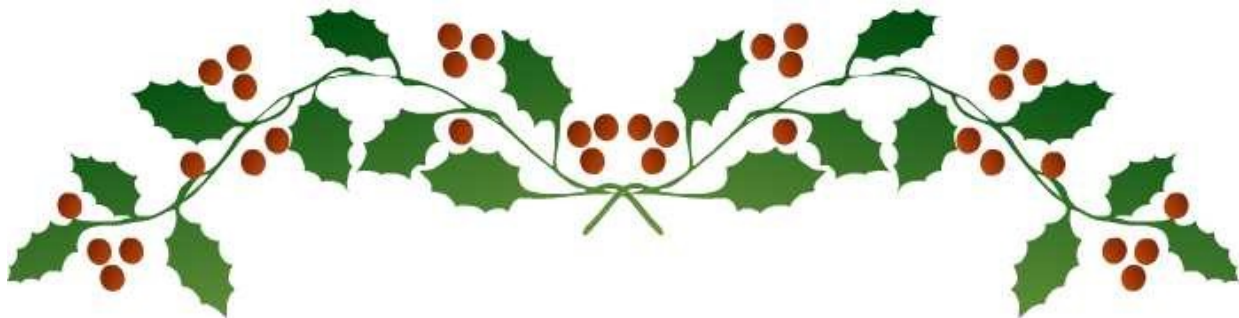
Spring Ordinary Time Issue Themes

Pentecost; Mother's Day; Father's Day; 4th of July; end-of-school; graduations; summer; vacations

Fall Ordinary Time Issue Themes

Pentecost; Labor Day; autumn; back-to-school; Halloween

You are part of the Good Shepherd flock . . . please contribute to Flock Quarterly!



ART

A Sample of My Needlework

by Maureen Marr

Growing up, I learned how to do embroidery at school and also from my mother, as most girls did at that time. I also took some embroidery lessons when I was about 16 years old. I stitched just as a hobby. Years later when Peter and I became engaged, I started embroidering a Tablecloth, Tray Cloth and a Tea Cosy cover. I still have them!

When Peter and I had been in the USA a few years, I heard about the EGA, Embroidery Guild of America. I found the local chapter which met in Rochester and joined in 1982. I still belong to the Guild. During the worst of COVID we could not meet as usual at our monthly meetings, so we began meeting on Zoom. It was so wonderful to see our needlework friends and show each other what we were working on and see the progress each week. It was a difficult time but this really helped to encourage each other to stitch and try different types of embroidery.

My favorite stitching is cross stitch. You can add different stitches with cross stitch, making it very enjoyable. I also like Crewel Work and Needlepoint. It is also great to try something completely different, so during the pandemic I did a piece of needlepoint. The teacher was in Australia, but she sent all the instructions online and it was really lovely to try something new.

Samplers are a very popular item to stitch. There are patterns from very old samplers and many new ones. I have stitched a few over the years and always enjoy them. Here are just a few of my needlework pictures. I hope you enjoy seeing my needlework. Perhaps they may encourage you to do some.



"My London Picture. This is all cross stitch but to get the shading you change the number of threads in the needle."

Continued



"This is a favorite of mine. I just love the design."



"I found this needlepoint design in a store in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Peter really liked the picture, so I stitched it on our return it was fun to do and we have fond memories of our trip."



"A cottage that has ribbon embroidery in it which I really enjoy stitching."



"This sampler was different. You didn't have the whole picture to start with. The designer had it in three sections, so it was a surprise when you received each section. I really liked it when it was finished."



"Sampler made based on the original stitched in 1818."

ESSAY

My Avocation – Gardening

by Dottie Smart



Gardening has been my life-long avocation. If at all possible, I take a daily walk in my garden. What a reminder of the love and greatness of God, seeing all of the beauty in the colors and variety of forms. I always come back to the house refreshed. One of earliest memories of gardening was of an Easter Sunday at All Saint's Episcopal Church in Baldwin, Long Island, N.Y. They had all the children come up to the altar to pick out a pansy plant to take home. Oh, how I tended and loved that little plant! That was the start of it all.

Dottie and Jerry in one corner of their garden Gardening serves many purposes for me. Frequent weeding, watering, and maintenance of the garden is excellent exercise. Things would probably look better if my garden didn't live on a shovel. Each fall I rearrange plants hoping by spring for their full recovery. Winter brings opportunities to peruse seed and plant catalogs for enticing additions to the garden. Starting some seed in early spring is fun and helps to get through the doldrums of early spring. If I remember to plan ahead, making pressed flower note cards is a pleasant pastime. Gracing my garden are several additions from Jerry's basement workshop: a lovely arbor, two chairs, a butterfly house, several bird houses, a wheelbarrow, and planters. So, it's also Jerry's garden, but his plantings, mostly wood and paint, are different from mine.

My garden also serves as a memory garden of loved ones lost. Granny Banwell lived with our family for much of my growing up years. She was so straight and tall. She walked several miles to church every Sunday. She could control my sisters and me with just a look. No spanking needed! Granny enrolled my sister Mary and me in the church's children's choir. No saying, "no" – what Granny said was law! Did I mention she made the most wonderful pies and cookies? It was 1953 and Princess Elizabeth had just become Queen Elizabeth of England. Granny persuaded Dad to take the family to a nursery where Granny brought a "Queen Elizabeth" rose bush. I have one in my garden to remind me of her and the trip. I also have Coral Bells that the hummers love, a gift from Granny's garden in Geneva.



Dottie, about age 8 (left) and sister Mary, about age 5, flank Great Aunt Amy



Granny Banwell

The Rose of Sharon tree came from Great Aunt Amy's Geneva property. How I loved her! Short, plump, blond, and childless. The most genteel person you would ever meet. Never raised her voice. Always wore black to her dry goods store, Keilty's, in Geneva. Wore only dresses. Remembered every one's birthday with a card. When I came in summer for a visit, she and Uncle Steve plied me with Nutty Buddies, Hershey's chocolate almond bars (full size!), and Orange Crush drinks. They would be so proud when they sent me home several pounds heavier. Which, of course, I ran right off.

Continued

The flowers that I see in the gardens are also a reminder of friendships. Shirley's bright red, pink, and yellow tulips are a push to be more outgoing. My neighbor, Elizabeth's gorgeous, big, yellow, heavenly fragrant day lilies, a reminder of all the sweet, lovely things in life. Gardening friend, Diana, known for her generosity in all things, gave me a plant butterflies love. My daughters, Debbie and Sandy, share my passion for gardening. We, of course, share our garden treasures.

As a gardener, I treasure the opportunity for garden club friendships. Do you also like to garden? Are you a member of, or have you ever considered joining a garden club? I am a member of the Mill Creek Garden Club, one of four such clubs under the umbrella of the Webster Arboretum at Kent Park (<https://www.websterarboretum.org/explore/garden-clubs/>). Jerry built a very impressive multi-bird house for the Mill Creek Gardeners Club at the Webster Arboretum. As well as the gardening, we have some great parties! Come and play with us! Call me at home (585-265-1239, announce please) and I can tell you more about the Mill Creek Garden Club.

Not all is sunshine and fun when it comes to gardens. I've nurtured plants that turned into giant weeds. The pumpkin plant I took out of the compost bin turned out to be the ugliest gourd you ever saw. And to think, I gave one to my daughter, Debbie, too! When I couldn't get a plant dug out with my shovel, I jumped on the shovel and landed on my back with the breath knocked out of me! I also made dandelion wine one year that was so potent, only our brother-in-law could drink it! Lastly, I am the owner of a lovely bird bath that a neighbor gave me. It looks quite nice in the garden but how I came to receive it still sends a chill up my spine: it was given to me after she accidentally set our cottage on fire.

To end this missive, I'd like you to know that my favorite summer activity is to read in the backyard and commune with any passing butterflies and hummingbirds that visit our butterfly bush. Hope you have had a happy summer.



Dottie loves to read while in her garden



Jerry's multibird house at the Webster Arboretum

COLUMN

A SAINT'S CORNER: A Look at the Christian Tradition

by Denise Junker



Author's Note: This is the first article in a series of four discussing the symbol of each Gospel writer. My interest in the symbols for the four Gospel writers started with the Gospel book in the photo that accompanies this article. It was taken on October 14, 2012 by John Clinton Bradley when I was a seminarian at The Episcopal Church of St. Luke and St. Simon Cyrene (aka Two Saints). This day I was vested to serve as a subdeacon and in that position, I carry their Gospel Book, which I am holding, in the procession. The symbols on the cover intrigued me. This project has allowed me to research them. Will you join me? Read on.

The four Gospels of the Bible are: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. This gives them the nickname "The Four Evangelists." Due to the four being grouped together and the plethora of symbolism in Christianity, the four evangelists are often shown as symbols themselves (other common symbols for each can be a part of future articles). These symbols include St. Matthew as a Winged Man, sometimes called an Angel, depending on the perspective on the meaning of this symbol.

The symbols for the Four Evangelists is believed to come from two similar references. One is from Ezekial 1: 10-11:

As for the appearance of their faces: the four had the face of a human being, the face of a lion on the right side, the face of an ox on the left side, and the face of an eagle; such were their faces. Their wings were spread out above; each creature had two wings, each of which touched the wing of another, while two covered their bodies.

And the other from Revelation 4: 6b-8a:

Around the throne, and on each side of the throne, are four living creatures, full of eyes in front and behind: the first living creature like a lion, the second living creature like an ox, the third living creature with a face like a human face, and the fourth living creature like a flying eagle. And the four living creatures, each of them with six wings, are full of eyes all around and inside.

In his article from the Catholic Exchange, Fr. William Saunders discusses these verses and how St. Irenaeus (140-202) interpreted them in his, *Adversus Haereses (Against Heresies XI)*. Per St. Irenaeus, Matthew is the human face because his is the only Gospel that lists Jesus's family genealogy. Per multiples sources, this is seen as emphasizing Jesus's human self.

The symbol can be seen in multiple perspectives of meaning. Other places see it as an Angel. St. James Cathedral in Seattle, Washington, explains that its stained glass window of Saint Matthew uses the symbol of an angel "because the first story he tells in his gospel is about how an angel appeared to Joseph in a dream (Matthew 1:18-25)."

If you keep seeing four symbols on Gospel books and in stained glass windows, this is one part of what that grouping is about. Next time, I will present the symbol of St. Mark as the winged lion.

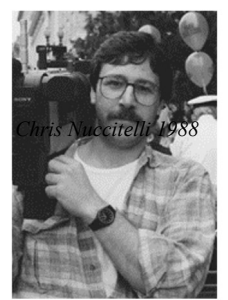
ESSAY

THE DAY BIG PAUL GOT HIS

Another story in the "Behind the Camera" series
by Chris Nuccitelli

The 1970's and 80's were a golden age for organized crime in New York City. All construction, concrete, and trucking contracts over \$1,000,000 were controlled by the Mafia's Five Families (Genovese, Gambino, Bonanno, Colombo, and Lucchese). While this was not Chicago in the 1920's, when weekly mob violence and blood ran rampant in the streets, there was an uneasy alliance among the Five Families in the interest of putting profits ahead of revenge and retribution. That is until a cool winter day in December 1985 in front of a popular steakhouse in Midtown Manhattan.

In 1985 I was working as a cameraman for an upstart cable news station called CNN. Cable TV was kind of a new thing back then and the idea of a 24-hour news network was laughed at and ridiculed by the established news outlets. Nevertheless, we were a scrappy, arrogant bunch of people eager to outdo these news veterans on any story that we covered. In reality, we spent 90% of our time on mundane celebrity and financial news, reflecting NYC's reputation for theatrical excellence and their position as America's center for investment and finance. For example, it was mandatory that a news crew be present in the gallery of the NY Stock Exchange for a live shot of the opening (9am) and closing (4pm) bell every day, Monday through Friday. Not exactly Pulitzer Prize material. To say it was boring would be an extreme understatement; a real buzzkill for a young guy with dreams of covering the breaking news of our day!



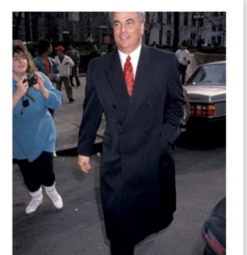
Chris Nuccitelli 1988



Rudolph Giuliani
Press Conference

But the Mob, now that was something else! Audiences have always been fascinated with the Mafia. After the release of *The Godfather* movies in the early 70's, public interest was off the charts. News outlets increased their coverage of Mob activity, including efforts by New York's Attorney General, Rudolph Giuliani, to prosecute the leadership of the five families. We attended weekly, sometimes daily, news briefings reporting the progress of various investigations, court proceedings, and the occasional murder, while Giuliani repeated his pledge to destroy the five families and put their leaders behind bars. And the weekly, sometimes daily, threats on Giuliani's life only added to the drama.

For months we knew that tensions had been brewing inside the Gambino Family, the largest of the Five Families. Our news director was well connected with people inside the AG's office, and we were often privy to information that put CNN crews first on the scene of many Mob happenings. Normally this would produce a 10 second shot of some mob figure walking in or out of a building or restaurant. If we caught a shot of someone walking into an establishment, we generally waited there until they came back out again. Almost as exciting as the Stock Exchange gig! We came to recognize many of the mobsters by sight, especially John Gotti, an underboss in the Gambino crime organization. He reported directly to the head of the Gambino Family, Paul "Big Paul" Castellano. Gotti was always easy to spot. Known as the "Dapper Don" for his penchant to wear custom-tailored \$500 suits, he drew attention wherever he went.



John Gotti,
The "Dapper Don"

Against the express instructions of Big Paul, and the rules established by The Commission that governed the business of the Five Families, Gotti got his organization involved in the narcotics business. This attracted the attention of the FBI who were already investigating and harassing Castellano. Gotti also resented Castellano as a mediocre businessman, ill-equipped to expand the family's interests. Big Paul was furious, and tensions boiled over to the point where Gotti was expecting to be killed by Castellano, or at the very least, demoted to insignificance in the Family. Gotti decided to act first.

Continued



Paul "Big Paul" Castellano

On that cold Monday afternoon in December, our news director got word that Big Paul was going to Sparks Steakhouse on 46th Street for a prearranged meeting. His information was spot on. But the meeting never took place. As Big Paul and his driver/bodyguard, Thomas Bilotti, pulled their car up in front of the restaurant, a Gotti hit squad quickly approached and opened fire. A backup hit team was only a few yards away but was not needed. Several shots hit Big Paul before John Carneglia walked up to him and delivered a final shot to the head. Bilotti, who was strangely unarmed at the time, witnessed the death of his boss moments before the guns were turned on him and they both lay dead in the street. John Gotti, and his lieutenant, Sammy "The Bull" Gravano, watched the hit from down the street before driving away past the scene. Years later Gravano turned state's evidence on Gotti and the Family. His testimony helped put the Dapper Don in jail.

In the 1980's covering the news was a physically challenging, two-person job. On his shoulder, the cameraman carried a large metal-framed camera with a steel tripod plate screwed to the bottom. With the battery (affectionately called "the brick"), total weight was about 30-35 lbs. Tethered to the camera by a thick, 12' cable was a $\frac{3}{4}$ " broadcast video recorder deck and a shotgun microphone on a long pole. The soundman was not only responsible to assure the deck was recording properly and for extending the microphone towards the subject to record good audio, but he also had to stay close to the cameraman to protect and guide him from people and hazards outside his field of view as he charged forward to keep up with events as they unfolded. It is simply astounding to me that forty years later one person can accomplish the same thing, and get the same broadcast quality video and audio, with a six-inch cell phone!



RCA TK47 News Camera



Typical 80's News Crew

But there were no cell phones in 1985, so we carried pagers with a one-line display. Ours went off about 5:30 on that Monday afternoon with only "210 E 46" crawling across the small display. We were only a few blocks away and knew to proceed there immediately, not knowing what we would find. Normally the pager would simply beep and would have to find a payphone to call the bureau for details. When all we got was an address it carried a sense of urgency, and the expectation was that a reporter would meet us there and fill us in on the story and what was needed in the way of video footage. Maybe another celebrity sighting? Was Jackie O going out to dinner again? I started to navigate our news van through the afternoon rush-hour traffic while my soundman, Kevin, loaded tape and prepped equipment. It's likely we could have walked there

faster than we could drive the seven blocks to the address. I still find it interesting that, while only a few blocks away, we failed to hear a sustained flurry of gunfire over the din of Manhattan traffic.

46th Street runs one way west to east. Driving north on 3rd Avenue, we made the right turn onto 46th to find a small crowd gathering around a car parked at the curb in front of Sparks Steakhouse. Our rearview mirror was filled with emergency lights and the air was filled with sirens. It is rare to beat the police to a crime scene but here we were, first in line with no barriers to a bloody mess. We jumped out of the van in seconds leaving it in the middle of the road. Videotape was rolling before we hit the pavement. My environment was reduced to the picture inside my 2" black and white viewfinder as it panned and zoomed across two bodies lying on opposite sides of the car. The voice in my head screamed every news cameraman's mantra, "Keep rolling, keep rolling, keep rolling."



Paul Castellano Murder, December 16, 1985

Suddenly I felt the cable connecting me to my sound guy pulling me back so hard I fell to the ground. Police officers swarmed over us and immediately set up barriers of yellow tape. Additional officers arrived and one grabbed me and shoved us toward the van, screaming to move our vehicle to the side of the road and allow the emergency vehicles to pass. As more news crews arrived, we were quickly at a disadvantage as we were stuck by our vehicle while the other crews flashed their press badges and crowded along the crime tape.

In all we were able to shoot a total of 50 seconds of footage. But what shots they were! As it turns out, no one could get a good shot of Big Paul from behind the barriers due to the car blocking his body that was spilled out the open door and onto the curb. Except for us.

For Big Paul and Bilotti, it was a bad day. For me, our little adventure drew some attention from the powers that be at CNN and I was able to move off the streets and into other roles in the studio including sometimes directing the NYC portion of CNN's Daybreak news program. The crime families eventually fell into disarray as FBI wiretaps and surveillance, combined with Sammy Gravano and other informants' testimony put many of them in jail. That night I finally got to see my footage on a large color monitor in one of the edit bays. It's funny how actual events become so surreal when you are focused on the image in your viewfinder, that you don't fully process what is directly in front of you. I had previously covered other crime scenes and car accidents and was certainly not squeamish at the sight of blood. And as in the past experiences, I didn't recognize the footage as what I had recorded just a few hours earlier until I saw the close-up of Big Paul's head laying against the car's door frame. It was the first time seeing a dead body not covered by a coroner's sheet. That shot made CNN some money as it was peddled to multiple news outlets. In modern times we would say it had gone viral.



Sparks Restaurant 2011

And it remains burned in my memory to this day.

Do You Have a Favorite Bible Verse?

Why not share your thoughts about what it means to you and why it is among your favorites with your fellow parishioners in an upcoming issue of *Flock Quarterly*? Your text can be short (a good-sized paragraph or two) or long (a page or two, say 500 to 1,000 words) or somewhere in-between. Please send your contributions to Content Editor Richard Reid (email: writer2363@gmail.com) or hand him your text at church. Don't hide your lamp under a basket!

(Oh, by the way, that last sentence is cribbed from Matthew 5:15 or from Mark 4:21. I like using it occasionally when I'm trying to motivate someone to share their thoughts. And look at this, I've already starting writing about a Bible verse. See, it's not hard. Please consider writing one. Thanks!)

ESSAY

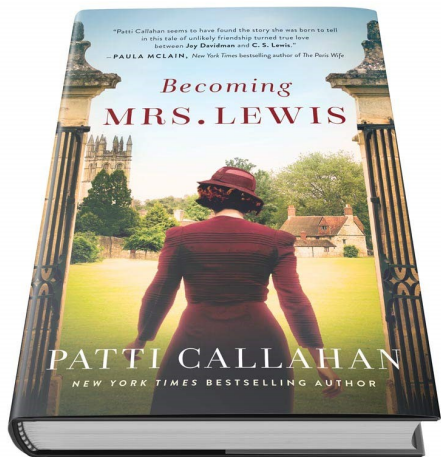
REFLECTIONS on *BECOMING MRS. LEWIS* by PATTI CALLAHAN

by Brenda Munch

One of the things I enjoy most about being retired is having more time to read. The Good Shepherd Stitchers Book Club has led me to many books that I wouldn't have picked up on my own. Lately, I find myself in the position where I need to suggest books to the club. I am reluctant to suggest a book just off the cuff or from some list. That means as I am trying to compile suggestions for 2022, I am pre-reading several books. The rest of these musings will concentrate on a book I just recently finished which I can highly recommend to anyone: *Becoming Mrs. Lewis*, by Patti Callahan.

Patti Callahan is not an author I have read before but her subject matter for this historical fiction caught my attention. *Becoming Mrs. Lewis* is about Joy Davidman, who married C S Lewis late in his life. I had never heard of Joy Davidman, but C S Lewis I certainly have heard about. I enjoy a good historical fiction book about a woman who is less known but is somehow attached to some important part of history. Suggestions here include *Mrs. Lincoln's Dressmaker* by Jennifer Chiaverini and *Lady Clementine* by Marie Benedict.

Patti Callahan takes us on a beautifully written journey of the relationship between Joy Davidman and C S Lewis. They were the most improbable couple. She was married with two small boys, he was a confirmed bachelor. She was American, he was British. Sixteen years separated them. But it wasn't their differences that were important, it was their shared experiences and focuses. They were both fascinated by myth and fairy tales. They both had profound conversions to Christianity. They were both writers and while many of us know of the breadth of Lewis' writings, most don't know that Davidman was nearly as prolific as he was.



When reading historical fiction, it is important to keep in mind that the intimate parts of the story such as dialog and daily specifics are created by the author but grounded in extensive research about the subject. Callahan does a beautiful job, weaving this story about a woman from New York City, who was born into a culturally Jewish family and who as a young woman identified as an atheist and a communist. It is during a dark moment of her life, while fearing that her alcoholic husband is about to commit suicide and with two small children at home, has a profound God moment leading to a conversion to Christianity. This moment leads her to actively seek out conversation about her newly found belief.

The quest amazingly leads her to become pen-friends with the great C S Lewis. This correspondence starts in 1950 and continues for two years at which time she travels to England to research a book and to finally meet Lewis. Their friendship is profound and the story is peppered with mentions of other amazing authors from the 1950's, J R R Tolkien and Arthur C Clarke to name just two. While Davidman's marriage inevitably disintegrates, she returns to England with her two young sons to embrace a life as the friend, editor, collaborator, and muse of Lewis. Their friendship and collaboration eventually turn into a profound love and they are married in 1956. Their marriage is bittersweet and only lasts a few short years ending with Davidman's death from cancer in 1960 when she was only 45 years old.

Continued

I was enthralled throughout this book. Callahan's book is lyrical and picturesque. I could "see" Davidman's home in upstate New York, London, Oxford and the Kilns (Lewis home). I could "feel" the seasons change and practically "smell" Lewis' pipe smoke. One of the best accolades I can give an author is when they make me want to read more, either about their characters or by the author themselves.

I admittedly have not read much of Lewis with the exception of the *Magician's Nephew* and *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, the first two books of the *Chronicles of Narnia* series. Callahan's book has made me want to read more of Lewis, something I should have done long ago. *The Screwtape Letters* is top of my list along with the rest of Narnia. Davidman's *Smoke on the Mountain* which is her musings on the Ten Commandments is in my queue. Finally I am looking forward to Callahan's newest book due out in October called *Once Upon a Wardrobe* which weaves the story of where Narnia came from. Patti Callahan also writes as Patti Callahan Henry which includes many more novels.

Becoming Mrs. Lewis is proof to me that history and biography don't have to be dry. A talented writer of historical fiction can make a time and characters come alive. Patti Callahan does just that in *Becoming Mrs. Lewis*.

In the Midst of Winter



Lord:

In the midst of Winter, when the days are cold and
wind can pierce remind us of the warmth of your love.

In the midst of Winter, when days are short, dawn
comes late, and dusk arrives early remind us that in
the darkness your light still shines.

In the midst of Winter, when the flowers of spring still
lie hidden in the earth, when leaves are off the trees,
and the world can seem bleak
remind us that Easter is but a short time away.

And when in our lives we feel as if we are experiencing
a season of winter, reach out to us with the power of
your resurrection so that we may feel the warmth of
your love and see your light that alone can take away
the darkness of our soul.

- Cal Wick

written by Cal Wick, and posted on Leonard
Sweet's Preach the Story. [https://
preachthestory.com/resources/](https://preachthestory.com/resources/)

ESSAY

OUR EUROPEAN TRAVELS

(With a Few Observations and Tips to Make Your Own Journeys Easier)

by Carol Wawrzycki

Two of my favorite travel quotes are:

“The world is a book... if you do not travel, you read only a page.”

“We do not travel to escape life, but for life not to escape us.”

Back in the 1980's, we were fortunate enough to have close friends who were transferred to work in London, Guadalajara (Mexico) and Brussels (Belgium) for several years each. After much cajoling, they convinced us to visit, and that's how we began our international travel! When we went to London, we toured the city, drove to the Cotswolds (quaint villages with thatched-roof houses), traveled by train to York, and took the train/Hovercraft to Paris for a few days. In Mexico, we toured the area around Guadalajara, spent a week with all our kids on the beach at Puerto Vallarta, then flew to Mexico City for a few days. We went to Belgium two years in a row, and saw a great deal of Belgium (Bruges, Liege, Ghent, Bouillon), as well as Amsterdam, Lake Como (on the border of Italy and Switzerland), and the Normandy beaches. It is NOT easy to visit all 5 beaches in the same day, because there is no direct road. Instead, you make endless loops and turns, go through tiny villages, see the X-shaped metal arromanches still in the water, and bunkers with thick walls still in the fields. We also visited the American cemetery with its sobering rows of crosses and Jewish stars.

We have learned that the experience is much richer if you read about your destination before you go. Then when a tour guide is telling you stories about the locale, it helps you recollect what you read, and deepens your understanding. We also try to learn phrases in the language of the area we will be visiting. Even if you aren't proficient, it is nice to be able to speak some amenities and show that you are *trying*. I also found it valuable to keep a journal. Every evening I entered where we went that day, stories that we heard, and interesting new facts about the places we visited. (Hint: It also helps label your pictures later!)

For our 25th Wedding Anniversary, we took a two-week trip with Tom's sister and her husband. We had a rental car and did our own driving, consisting of a big loop from Paris to Germany, Switzerland, northern Italy, southern France and Monte Carlo. We learned a big lesson: Don't try to cover so much that you are constantly unpacking and packing and moving on again! We would stop for one night, then two, then one, then 2 or 3 more. After the trip we each listed memorable things. Some of them were: Crazy traffic around the Eiffel Tower (where 12 streets funnel into the traffic circle around the tower), wild motorcycle drivers, parking "by touch" in Paris, the high cost of gasoline and eating everywhere, views from the top of any tower we could climb, quaint villages and hilltop towns. Also: too many tunnels, a snowstorm on a treacherous mountain pass, gargoyles, church services in French and Italian, endless steps, a riverside café totally under a huge tree festooned with tiny white lights, cowbells and edelweiss, a church plaza at night in Italy, and Old Towns with narrow streets and cobblestones.

We love to travel on our own, not with a tour group. That way we can research where we want to go, what we want to see, and decide how long to stay in each place. One of our favorite trips was to Italy with a friend. We started with several days in Venice, which we LOVED! We had read how everyone gets lost in Venice because the streets have no rhyme or reason, so we decided to just set out and explore. We knew where we wanted to go each day, but just wandered to get there, and it worked wonderfully! In Florence we explored the Uffizi Museum, Pont Vecchio, bought leather jackets, saw the famous statue of David, and the gorgeous Duomo (cathedral), baptistry and tower. Many churches have a separate building for the baptistry, and a tower that Tom always insisted that we climb. Then in Tuscany, we rented a hilltop villa with a stunning view looking down on a vineyard on our own property and rolling hills in the distance. We visited little towns and wineries in the area every day, then cooked in for dinner. (The narrow, winding road up the mountain was bad enough, then we turned off on a dirt path to find our way back to our villa. That driving doesn't pair well with wine with dinner!) Fortunately, our Italian friend cooked, I cleaned up, and Tom stoked the fireplace in the dining room, lit the candles in the metal chandelier over the dining table, and chopped endless heads of garlic! (No electric lights in the dining room!)

On our trip to Poland (Warsaw, Krakow and Lublin) we found a church record of Tom's grandfather's birth with his parents' names to add to the family tree. We also discovered that Wawrzycki is a common name there, and that NO ONE needed us to spell it for them! Poland is beautiful, and reminiscent of Western NY except that the farm equipment was about 50 years behind the times. (That trip began in Prague, Czech Republic, and ended in Vienna, Austria.)

Croatia was another favorite! We have a wonderful travel agent that booked our hotels, rental car, etc. We went to Zagreb, (the capital, but they don't see many tourists or Americans there), Pula (home of a Roman Amphitheater), Rovinj (on the coast), Plitvice Lakes National Park (famous for their 16 lakes: 12 upper lakes that flow through spectacular narrow waterfalls to 4 lower lakes), and Zadar. We took a ferry to the island of Krapanj (known for sponge divers) where we spent the night, then we drove to Split where we had to turn in the rental car. (Tom hated to turn it in because the Croatian roads were wonderful, and he really enjoyed driving there!) Fortunately, our travel agent was savvy enough to know that Bosnia has a finger of land as an outlet to the sea that cuts through Croatia, and that we can't cross the border there with the rental car! After spending a few days in Split, we took a hydrofoil to Hvar (on an island). We spent the night there, then took another hydrofoil to Dubrovnik.

We have also taken several cruises. To me, they are "sampler tours." You get to see a variety of places without the hassle of packing up again every time you move to a new place. Our cruises have included Cuba, Alaska, Panama Canal, several in the Caribbean, Athens to Rome (via Greek isles/ Malta/ Sicily/ Amalfi coast), a river cruise in Bordeaux during grape harvest time, and a Danube River cruise (Budapest, Vienna, many German towns, Amsterdam.) We followed this by visiting Hamburg and Berlin on our own. We always spend several days at each endpoint. (You are already there, so why not explore?)

You can't beat a good travel agent to book flights, hotels, car rentals, and private tours. A tour bypasses the line at an entrance (the Vatican, museums) and can get you into places you couldn't go to on your own (wineries in France). We loved having our tour of Sagrada Familia and Parc Guell in Barcelona before they even opened to the public for the day! Our cellphone GPS has gotten us around in every country we have visited so far! (We always get a special 24-hour rate for the countries we will be visiting before we leave home. Otherwise, it would be expensive to use the "Maps" app.)

The value of travel to me is twofold: while you are away, you learn about new cultures and talk to people there and have insightful experiences; and when you get home, you perceive things here differently, appreciate where you live, and see how new this country is in the grand scheme of things. Travel opens your eyes and leads to a wider world view and understanding. And above all, it is FUN!



Carol & Tom in Rome



Miltenberg, Germany



Santorini, Greece

PRAYER

A Prayer for Advent

For use with prayer beads
Submitted by Debra Nelson

Cross:

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Invitatory Bead:

For God alone my soul in silence waits; from Him comes my salvation.

Cruciform Beads:

O come, O come, Emmanuel.

Weeks:

Lord, as I await you coming, prepare my heart to receive you.
Lord, as I await you coming, grant me simplicity of spirit.
Lord, as I await you coming, grant me grace to see you in all mankind.
Lord, as I await you coming, grant me the courage to do what is difficult.
Lord, as I await you coming, strengthen me in your service.
Lord, as I await you coming, protect me from temptation.
Lord, as I await you coming, grant me peace.

Final:

Amen.

A Prayer for Christmas

For use with prayer beads
Submitted by Debra Nelson

Cross:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men.

Invitatory Bead:

For unto us a child is born. Unto us a son is given.

Cruciform Beads:

Blessed is His name.

Weeks:

Wonderful.
Counselor,
Mighty God.
Everlasting Father.
Prince of Peace.
Messiah.
Jesus Christ.

Final:

Amen.

INTERVIEW

“EVERY STUDENT FILM SHOULD HAVE A SCORE WORTHY OF A FEATURE FILM”

An interview with parishioner Andrew Ragan by Content Editor Richard Reid

Editor's Note: Andrew, age 20, is the son of Andy and Erica Ragan. They, along with younger son Jonathan and daughter, Alena, have been attending Good Shepherd since the late summer of 2015. Andrew started singing with the teen choir that fall but soon added playing instrumentals during church services after Good Shepherd's Music Director Dr. Karyn Robbins learned of his abilities on several instruments. He was active with the Youth Group for a few years where he found “a good strong group of friends” through activities such as caroling and diocesan youth gatherings. Currently, he's a junior at the Rochester Institute of Technology. On August 5, 2021, Andrew released his debut song album, “The Study of Sound”, available on all major streaming platforms including Spotify and Apple Music. His website, raganfilm.com, offers a summary of his music output – scores for 19 student films and counting – and other information. In early August, Andrew chatted about music and a few things about his creative process. Here are edited excerpts.



RR: I understand you play four instruments: the violin, keyboard, guitar and saxophone. When did you start each and do you have a favorite?

AR: I took up the violin when I was around six, maybe first grade, using the Suzuki method by ear/fingering, not actually reading musical notes. I've achieved a decent level of proficiency with it compared to some of the other instruments. When I was in fourth grade at school, I started the saxophone as a member of their wind ensemble and jazz band. In fifth grade, I decided to teach myself to play the guitar so I could accompany myself singing the songs I had started writing. I finally had some formal lessons with it when I was fifteen, studying classical

guitar at Hochstein where I had also been receiving violin instruction. Learning the keyboard came last, although I was always experimenting on the home piano. I realized that I had better learn to use it because the piano is an integral instrument for composing music and songs. Thanks to two years of formal piano lessons with Karyn Robbins, I did get a good foundation with it. My favorite instrument of the four is the guitar but the piano is what I use to write music, although the violin and saxophone lend themselves nicely as niche solo instruments for certain pieces.

RR: When writing songs, what usually comes first: the words or the music? How personal are your songs – are they based on your life? And what do you feel makes a good lyric?

AR: For me, the music comes first. I've come to realize that it's so much easier to reshape the music when you start to add the words and that's a recent revelation for me. Yes, I very much draw inspiration from my life for my songs but I seldom get into specific details in the lyrics. It's better to find the right mood and the best style you want to use to convey your feelings, in both the words and the music so that most people can relate to the emotions produced by hearing it. Pure music can be as autobiographical as words if it comes from your character. As for a good lyric, there is no easy answer. The right words rhyming within the rhythms of the melody will convey the mood and feelings sought. I know I've done that when I hear the song. Sometimes it takes a long time and sometimes it never happens. Of course, there is also value in not having them rhyme, too.

RR: Who do you like to listen to (singers and composers) and why?

AR: I'm a big fan of James Taylor and Jackson Browne and their styles of music. They've influenced me more than a little in writing my own songs. Taylor Swift also. I love to hear how Simon & Garfunkel harmonize their voices. Steely Dan, the Eagles, and Coldplay have long-been among my favorites for their emotional use of sound. More recently I've been getting into the intriguing sound of the folk indie music scene with an artist like Phoebe Bridgers.

Continued

RR: Do you ever envision working with someone on your songs?

AR: Yes, very much so. My first album, *The Study of Sound*, for which I wrote all the words and music, wasn't entirely a one-man effort. A friend of mine, Kevin Reed, did backing vocals and some guitar work for the track, "Cold Shoulder." Collaborating with others on an album would be beneficial to me so I could be more objective about what I've composed. From start to finish, I spent roughly 18 months on my first album. After a few months, I developed what I called, "ear fatigue". I couldn't hear the early tracks with the same discernment as I could the newest ones.

RR: How did you come to call it, *The Study of Sound*? By the way, the title song is the one that I think so far, I like the best. I especially enjoyed your use of close-sounding words in its lyrics. It reminded me of the style of some Stephen Sondheim songs.

AR: Thank you! It was the last song I wrote for the album and it's my favorite, too. Despite spending 18 months on the songs, up until a week before it was released, the album lacked a title. I guess you could say the title is a private joke but one I'm happy to share: it pokes fun at the fact that I'm still very much studying and learning about sound, of which music is just one aspect. At RIT, I've started specializing in sound design. They have a craft track program that teaches you the ins and outs of mixing a film from production to post production and everything in-between.

RR: I see on your website that you've been incredibly busy in the two years you've been at RIT composing, performing, mixing or doing sound designs for 19 student films. That seems like an incredible pace. Have you gotten much feedback on your efforts?

AR: One of the bonuses of being at RIT is that it has a film school. Those students are all making short films for various classes. Some student directors opt for stock music tracks for their films to save time and money. To me this is a mistake. I believe that every student film should be seen and heard at its best, and that includes having a music score worthy of a feature film. I have spread the word that I would be happy to write an original score for any student who wants their film to have one – without charge to them. So far, I've created music and/or designed sound for 19 films, including some of my own directorial efforts, but it's not purely altruism. I figure someday, perhaps not too far in the future, at least a couple of those students may actually get hired for something: a music video, a commercial, an industrial film, a movie for a paying audience – something for which they may need a sound mixer/designer, or a composer, and they will think of me. They might tell someone else about my work for them and urge they consider me for their project. It's the old Bible verse: "cast your bread upon the waters." As for feedback on what I've done so far, *Bioluminescence*, a film which I co-wrote, directed, and composed the score for was selected for three student film festivals during the 2020 festival circuit. Its music was driven by the saxophone, giving it a nervous, edgy quality that was a ton of trial and error for me but I think it worked. The most recent film I scored for someone, *Oneironaut*, turned out very well and I've been receiving compliments on it. You can hear a lot of my music on my website.

RR: I understand you scored a film for your brother, Jonathan. Was he easy to please?

AR: He needed a five-minute film for his portfolio to use for applying to colleges. It had to get done overnight so he could mail it the next day. We both had seen the 2019 film, *The Lighthouse*, with Robert Pattinson and Willem Dafoe. He told me he wanted something as evocative as that score for his film. No pressure, right? He got his portfolio off the next day with a score so, yes, I'd say he was pleased. Jonathan likes the visual aspects of movies, working with a camera and directing. I think I'm more a sound and music guy although at this point, I want to learn everything there is to know about as many aspects of making films as possible because understanding acting, editing, cinematography, screenwriting and the like can only make me a better composer in the long run. After I graduate from RIT, I think I would like to get a graduate degree in film composition and scoring, from a school on the caliber of Eastman in Rochester. Jonathan and I have talked about the possibility of maybe someday collaborating professionally if things ever worked out that way. Brothers making movies have long been a thing in movies. Probably the best known are the Cohens – Joel and Ethan – who've made about 25 movies, even won some Oscars. More recently, there are the Duffer Brothers who do the *Stranger Things* series on Netflix. Why not the Ragan brothers? Who knows?

Continued

RR: If you had your choice of serving as an intern for a film composer, someone active today and someone active in the past, who might you choose?

AR: For someone today, I'd love to shadow Bobby Krilic who did the music for the 2019 horror movie, *Mid-sommar*. He's British, working in America now. He also done the music for cable TV and streaming shows like *Snowpiercer*, *The Alienist*, and *Reprisal*. Alexandre Desplat is another composer I'd be honored to spend time with. He's won Oscars twice for *The Shape of Water* and *The Grand Budapest Hotel*. More recently he wrote the scores for *Little Women* and for *Isle of Dogs*, he had that great percussionist-driven score. For someone older, it would be Jerry Goldsmith, one of the first persons I've ever seriously listened to. He did the terrific music for *Chinatown*, *Patton*, *Planet of the Apes*, *The Omen*, *Hoosiers*, *L.A. Confidential* and over 200 more films earning many Academy Award nominations and two wins. James Horner would be another one whose music I deeply admire: *Titanic*, *Avatar*, *Field of Dreams*, *Apollo 13*, *Braveheart*, *Legends of the Fall* and scores more in his all-too-brief life.

RR: We've talked at length. Anything else that you would like to add that we haven't covered?

AR: Yes, about how important it is to have great teachers when you're studying something as complex as the music realm. Where would I be today if it had just been me plucking the strings of a violin or hitting piano keys alone in a room? Having mentors and teachers providing the human connection to the sounds of those notes is not only what sustains you on your life's journey, it's what makes it possible in the first place. I'm deeply grateful for all the teachers in my life and for all the things I know I still have to learn to become the best I can be, whatever that may prove to someday be.



FICTION

The Ice Cream Man

by Richard Reid



In 1959 in a small, northeast American city, an almost nine-year-old boy sat forlornly on his front steps while the sun sauntered along its mid-afternoon path across a starkly blue sky, past the church spire on the other block and then along the leaves of the tall oak in front of Jed's house a little way down the boy's street. Once free of those blocking branches, the shining orb could now do what it did best when clouds were absent: bathe that solitary sitter in its full summer radiance. Before long, little beads of liquid rose from his closely cropped scalp. Brushing away the sweat, Ben continued to stare south down Baxter Street.

If wishing could have made it so, Al would have turned onto his block an hour ago, when Ben first went out to wait. Early Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons, most weeks from early June through late September for as long as he could remember, Al, an independent seller, had driven his little ice cream truck along Baxter. With him came fudgsicles, popsicles, creamsicles, and ice cream sandwiches. There were all kinds of sherbet, but Ben seldom had them unless his mother insisted, so he wouldn't spoil his appetite for dinner. Most of all, Al brought ice cream with tasty names like strawberry macaroon, candied apple, chocolate marshmallow, banana strawberry, pineapple lemon, peacheroo, and black raspberry. Typically, the boy got enough money from his mother for just a single scoop on a cone, but when his father or an uncle was buying, perhaps remembering their own boyhoods, Ben usually came away with a double scoop.

The first time he saw Al exit from his truck, Ben was startled to see that Al was not much taller than his mom. His thick, black-rimmed eyeglasses might have given him a studious air had not they not rested on such a ruddy, wrinkled face, one that looked like it belonged to a hardscrabble farmer, defeated by mother nature but too proud to acknowledge it. At times, his voice hinted at an ethnic accent, perhaps Italian or Greek. Knowing his last name might have helped to pinpoint the country from which his family had originated, but "Al" was all he ever offered to anyone.

This past Tuesday, Ben had heard some vaguely familiar music coming from the street. Glancing out his window, he saw the words, "Mister Softee", on a large blue and white truck go slowly past his house, never stopping once as it moved down Baxter. To Ben, the driver had looked too young to know anything about children and ice cream. Most importantly, it wasn't jovial Al who knew every kid by name, something about them, and especially the frozen treat that he or she currently favored. Al always topped a cone with extra sprinkles if you gave him the big smile that he requested in exchange. He was both your kindly grandfather who always made you feel special and the funny uncle who was really just a child at heart. All the kids' mothers whom he expertly flattered and gently humored liked him, too. Yes, Al knew how to sell ice cream to children.

From where he sat, Ben saw Jed, his best friend (well, probably so), leaving his house, heading in his direction. As the approaching nine-year-old boy crossed the street, Jed said to his best friend (most definitely so), "You're not still waiting for Al, are you?" Ben was. "Our mothers fixed it real good for us," Jed rued. "He won't be back, at least not this year, and maybe never." Vigorously, Ben disagreed. "Don't be such a dope. Let's go to my cellar and play ping pong," Jed offered with a smile, hoping the game would lift his friend's spirits.

As the boys continued talking, Jed's little sister, four-year old Becky, who had been following him from a distance, finally reached the curb directly across from Ben's house. "Cross me, please," she demurely announced. When no response came after asking equally politely a second time, she shouted, "Cross me, Jed, cross me!" Even at her age, Becky knew by heart the story that all the children on this stretch of Baxter Street had been taught by their mothers ever since "poor little Teddy Templeton" had been run down by that speeding black sedan with the Yankees pennant tied to its aerial and kept right on going. Teddy, age-five (or was it six? -- it was so long ago) had run into the street chasing a ball. This is why all little children must never go into any street by themselves, mothers insisted. Ask a grown-up or a responsible older sibling to check the street both ways and tell you it's safe to cross. Always say to them, "Cross me, please."

"Stay there, we'll be right over. Ben and me are gonna play ping pong in our cellar," Jed yelled back, but then Ben grabbed his arm and they continued talking, now louder than previously. When a four-year old wants something, time seems to do the impossible: it speeds up and slows down, all in the same minute. Her demand, "When are you coming?" led Jed to yell back with evident annoyance, "Stop yelling at me! Go home and play with your dolls!" Not at all liking the tone in his voice, Becky decided running home crying to her mother about how mean Jed was being to her when all she said was, "Cross me, please," – just like her mommy always told her to do – would be the best way to get even with her brother. Two minutes later, unable to dissuade his friend from waiting for an Al who was never coming, Jed crossed the street. Hearing his mother loudly saying his name that certain way and seeing her holding Becky in her arms, he quickly concluded that this Saturday was not shaping up to be one of the summer's better days for him.

After arguing with Jed, Ben had more reason than ever to sulk. He sorely missed his dependable source of ice cream as much as he missed his friend, Al. A Good Humor man had pedaled his cart along Baxter two days before and sold some ice cream to a few kids down the street but Ben insisted to his mother that he only wanted Al's ice cream. As the sun continued to beat down on him, Ben told himself that Al had only done what any good guy hero in western movies and TV shows would have done: battled a claim jumper.

The first time that other independent ice cream vendor had pulled his truck over near Al's truck, Al walked over and quietly, calmly explained how he should stop following him as he had been doing. This was his territory, one that he had developed over the years. The young man needed to stop trying to steal his customers or there would be trouble and Al did not want any. Two days later, there was. When Al first turned onto Baxter that day, he was later than usual, delayed by nearly the hour it took to get rid of the vile words and picture someone had painted on his truck the night before. Seeing that same ice cream truck from the day before yesterday in the distance, Al suddenly had a pretty good idea who the culprit was.

Pulling up to the rival's truck idling two doors away from Ben's house, Al exited his truck, swinging high above his head the baseball bat he had kept discretely in his truck, as Ben watched from his front stoop. Calling him a snide young punk and worse, Al smashed the bat twice into the back of his enemy's truck, merely to get his attention he would later explain to the mothers. The sudden ashen look on his young adversary's face told Al he had succeeded. Dropping both the ice cream cone he held in one hand and the mother's money in his other hand, the competitor beat a hasty retreat back to his vehicle, spewing words that Ben very rarely ever heard his father use, and then only when he was very, very angry. As the twice-dented truck sped off, Al and his bat faced two horrified mothers and their crying children.

That night and all-day Sunday, a sizeable portion of the Baxter Street mothers who were known for patronizing Al held a series of impromptu meetings. When Al next returned, he faced a threat that this time his bat could not influence: a boycott. A delegation of three mothers told him to never again stop on Baxter Street because they would never buy any ice cream from him. They handed him a statement to that effect signed by twenty-seven neighborhood mothers. Al tried to explain about how the other man had defaced his vehicle and tried to ruin his livelihood, but the women had already tried, convicted and sentenced Al in absentia, so appalled were they by the violence and language that Mrs. Nussbaum and Mrs. DeAngelo had conveyed to the others. Appear here again, the delegation warned, and the police will be called. Grasping that nothing he could immediately say to them would matter in the least, Al withdrew, apologizing profusely as Ben, mesmerized, watched once again closely nearby.

Other ice cream vendors (but, curiously, not that “snide young punk”) soon showed up to fill the gap left by Al, who never returned to that section of the city. The tale of Al and his baseball bat occupied much of the talk among the neighborhood kids the rest of that summer. Having witnessed both Al’s defense of his claimed territory and his confrontation by the mothers made Ben quite the celebrity. The rift between him and Jed was minor, forgotten by the next day’s dawning. Some of the affected kids agreed with Ben: the ice cream they soon were buying from other sellers never quite tasted as good as Al’s, even when they were the same commercial brands. As the years unfolded, Ben never forgot what happened that summer. When he was older, if he ever spoke of the events, and he rarely did, his account was dryly brief and unremarkable . . . until the day his father lay on his hospital deathbed.

Trying to boost the very old man’s spirits, Ben recounted stories from his childhood, unexpectedly bringing up the one about Al, the ice cream man. When he realized what he was saying, he paused for three long seconds to reflect on what he was doing before, with great gusto, he continued, detailing all its splendid particulars. He was that boy again, sharing feelings he had long-repressed. While telling the tale, an old memory had suddenly awakened from its decades’ long sleep in Ben’s middle-aged mind. Do you remember what you said to me when I told you how scared that guy was when he saw Al swinging that bat, Ben asked?

His father, groggy from the painkillers he was receiving, managed a weak, “no.” Thinking it a harmless, good lie, Ben said he always remembered his dad’s witty quip, that the other guy’s face “must have turned an interesting shade of vanilla,” which had convulsed the two of them silly at the time. Remembering it, the smile that slowly spread across his beloved father’s emaciated face, coupled with the clear chuckle he had somehow managed to summon forth, came as a welcomed, soothing balm for their heavy-laden souls.

