

MARY QUEEN OF HEAVEN CHURCH

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September 18, 2011

*Twenty-fifth
Sunday in
Ordinary Time*

REV. ANTHONY R. TASCHETTA 40TH ANNIVERSARY



Note from the Pastor



FORTY YEARS WANDERINGS AND WONDERINGS

On my 39th birthday I celebrated by jogging from Christ the King Parish in Lombard to my little home in Wheaton. On my 40th birthday, now being the new pastor of St. Anne in Oswego, I woke up crying in my pillow. To make matters worse, when I went down to celebrate Saturday morning Mass, there was a huge cake with 40 lit candles on it. Forty is not an easy number. For 40 years, Moses wandered in the desert, for 40 days Jesus fasted and was tempted by the Devil, for 40 days the disciples had to get used to not having Jesus physically present with them, for 40 days we undergo the discipline of Lent and even in our seminary years when all seminarians held the Selected Service classification of 4-D, we referred to it as 4-D days and 4-D nights. It ain't easy being 40.



In the Scriptures and in our tradition 40 is a period of penance and preparation. We are on a journey to a promised land that we have never seen but only heard of. As we wander toward it there are many false starts, detours and dead-ends. But the lure of the promise never leaves us and constantly calls us into and through the deserts of life to the promise of the fullness of life... to live happily ever after. And so we wander and wonder.

It is said that all religion and faith begins in wonder. It is certainly true of my own personal faith journey. My earliest religious recollection was as a very little boy seeing a picture of Jesus and thinking that he was a she. And she looked so kind and inviting (I guess the beard didn't bother me). Every Sunday my Mother brought the three of us to Mother Cabrini Parish in Chicago. It wasn't



Fr. Tony's first birthday

until second grade, however, when we had moved to Wheaton that I became religiously aware. I actually liked going to CCD classes and studying the Baltimore Catechism. I liked getting a star every time I memorized another prayer. I even liked the film strips of the lives of the Saints who did heroic things for Jesus. And I, on the day before my First Holy Communion, sitting on a swing in the parking lot of St. Michael Church, the Heavens opened up and Jesus was there right with me. For a brief period the veil parted and life was ecstatically beautiful. This truly was my First Holy Communion.

About this time, my Father decided to come back to Church and from then until the day he died he, my Mother and we three never missed a Sunday. Oh, there was a period in junior high when I would rather join the bowling league than go to CCD and Church on Sunday. But that was not to be. There is so much to be said for the discipline of regular religious services, of continuing the journey even when it's boring because in your heart you know it's the right thing to do. I praise God for the faith of my parents and the gift of transferring that faith to me.



Father Tony and his parents Joe and Angie

In all of our journeys into the Heart of the Divine, into the Kingdom of God, the Lord places people and events to plant seeds and point the way. They become our models of how to make the next step on the journey and what to do when we walk into insurmountable walls. In my life and in my ministry, without them I would still be wandering in circles. No one gets to the Promised Land alone.

One of my earliest teachers in the ways of the Lord was Sister Malachi (we used to call her Sister Malarkey), a school sister of Saint Francis who taught me CCD and just offhandedly once made the remark, "You know, even Publics can become priests and nuns." The seed was planted. And then went dormant.



Father Tony's ordination day

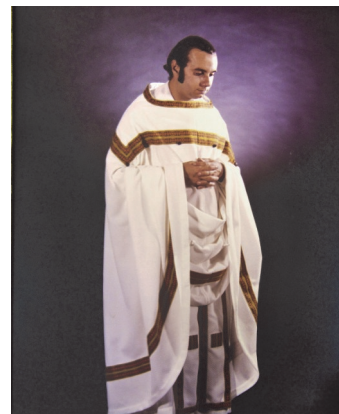
All through junior high and high school I wanted to be either a musician or a thespian. I was the drum major for the Wheaton High School Marching Band and Northwestern University loomed large in my future. And then in my sophomore year of high school, I found my calling. I became a door-to-door salesman. In all humility, I must confess I was good. By the end of the summer, I was making a whole lot of money for a 16 year old. It was then that I asked the Peggy Lee question, "Is that it? Is that all there is?" At the end of that year and beginning my junior year (and don't ask me why, it truly is a mystery to me) I found myself getting up at five in the morning to attend 6:30 a.m. Mass at St. Michael in Wheaton. My routine (oh, am I a man of ritual and routine) began at 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning with coffee, homework, Mass, a little more homework, then school.

Vocations really are a mystery. And they really are a call. I was talking recently to my classmate, Fr. Tom Sularz and both of us agreed that the bottom line in any priestly vocation is that the young person is convinced and absolutely sure that they are being called. It is simple and profound and mysterious as that. I was being called. But I wanted to be sure. So I did what any red blooded American Catholic boy did in the early 60's, I made a Novena. A St. Martha Novena. God how I love that neurotic, self-pitying, work alcoholic St. Martha. She may be wound too tight, but she gets stuff done. And she worked for me. By the time I was done there was no doubt in my mind that I was going to be a priest. This was my vocation.

From that time to today I have never doubted my vocation to the priesthood. Oh, I lost my faith once or twice, but I never lost my vocation. The journey, into the desert toward the Promised Land began in earnest.

I am a Benedictine baby. I am a true son of Benedict. I have two Benedictine mothers, one relatively poor and simple, the other quite well-heeled, thank you very much. Four years of college were spent at Conception Seminary in Missouri in the middle of nowhere and four years of theology were spent at St. Meinrad Seminary in St. Meinrad, IN, also in the middle of nowhere. If the Benedictines are anything they are foundational, rock solid. Their rhythms of life and liturgy go back to the beginnings of the Church. Forever I will be grateful to my first serious teachers and mentors in the ways of the Church and the priesthood.

In June of 1970, my priestly wanderings got serious. It was in that month that I was to be ordained a priest, along with my four other Joliet classmates. Surprise. No one was going to get ordained that June into the priesthood. We were already deacons, but were informed that before we could be ordained to the priesthood we would have to prove ourselves as a full time associate at a parish. Then, after a year, we could petition to be ordained. That year I was a deacon for five or six first Masses and walked away saying, "Always the deacon, never the priest." That, of course, was to change. On June 1 of 1970, I was assigned to St. Mary of Gostyn Parish along with their brand new pastor, Fr. Stanley Orlikiewicz who had just finished his tenure as pastor of Mary Queen of Heaven in Elmhurst (interesting, no?). Before we met face to face, he called me on the phone talking a mile a minute so I couldn't get a word in edgewise and



Ordination of Father Tony - Sept. 18, 1971

finished the conversation by saying, "Let's do lunch." That was the first of many lunches with my first priestly mentor who was larger than life.



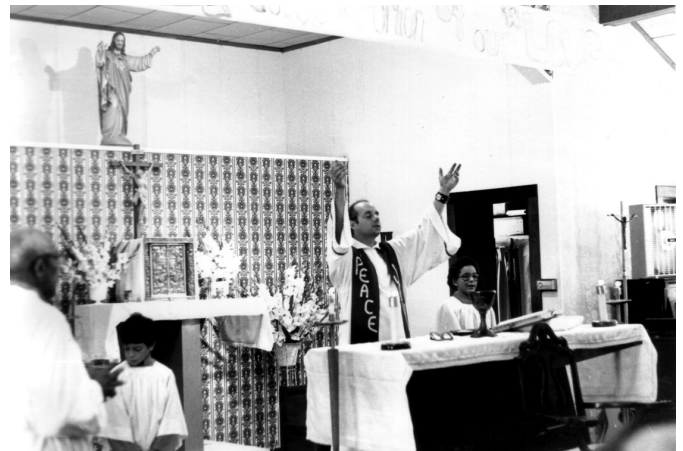
Pope John Paul II asks Fr. Tony, "Who is your barber?"

For 19 years I was the Assistant Vocation Director for the Diocese of Joliet and one of my mantras to the personnel board never wavered. Assign your newly ordained not out of need, but to a parish with the right pastor and the right people. The first assignment is critical. I could not have had a better first assignment. No one loves priests more than the people of St. Mary in Downers Grove. They literally taught me how to be a priest. It was there that we began the Godparent Program for our high school students which eventually ended up in many parishes in the Diocese and several surrounding states. It was there 40 years ago today, at the hands of Bishop Romeo Blanchette, that I was ordained. 1970-1973 St. Mary was a great place to wander and wonder.

1973-1976 were also eye opening years as a young priest. Those were the years I served as spiritual director and faculty member of St. Charles Borromeo Seminary in what was then Lockport. It was here that I would meet and make lifelong friends of several of my students. Because we were so small, it was here that I taught sociology, religion, English, poetry... and my students told me all my classes looked and sounded exactly the same. It was also here at this time that the most profound and life changing experience of my life and priesthood took place at the hands of my brother Joe.

The time, the day, the experience is etched into my consciousness forever. It was March 19, 1976, the Feast of St. Joseph, at the hands of my brother, Joe, while my spiritual sister prayed for me on a holy card of St. Joseph, that the Heavens opened up, the veil parted and my life forever changed. It was my most profound religious experience. And the instrument that God used was the last person I would ever expect, my own blood brother.

To say at that time I was spiritually dry was an understatement. I had literally lost my faith. I was teaching in the seminary, on automatic pilot, doing what I was supposed to do, and God was nowhere to be found. Nowhere. For six months before my encounter with my brother, I remember going to the chapel at St. Charles every night looking at the crucifix and saying, "If you're real, I want to know." Silence. Nothing. The verge of despair. And then, on the nineteenth, out of nowhere, my brother shows up. He sits me down and tells me truths about myself that only he could. And they were truths that were utterly painful and totally liberating. It was an all night encounter and my brother was able to say things to me that no one else could and I was finally vulnerable enough to listen. Some of the lines I would never forget were, "Tony, when are you going to stop playing at being a priest and actually become one." And, "Tony, when did God retire and you took over?"



Hopkins Park "Amen, thank you Jesus"

That night gave me an inkling of what St. Paul must have gone through on the day he heard the voice of the Lord. That night the Lord spoke to me through my brother. And He spoke loud and clear. From that night on and for the next six years I don't think my feet touched the ground. And, thank God, because those were my Hopkins Park years.

From 1976-1982 during my sojourn in the desert of Hopkins Park, IL (the largest rural black community North of the Mason Dixon Line and, as I always tease the people, “Just as Moses found the only place in the Middle East without oil, we have the only place in the Middle West without soil.”) It was there with the poor black folk God taught me everything I needed to know about being a priest of God and minister of His Word. It was there that I learned that for the rest of my life I would live in some kind of community, never to be alone again in a rectory. My student Lewis Holm moved in and for the next six years, a parade of former students and young people lived in my household. Joined by the Sister Servants of the Holy Heart of Mary and the Joliet Franciscans, quite a magical community was formed. And everything God allowed us to touch bore fruit. Why? Because we didn’t have a clue. All we knew was that we were supposed to be there with these incredibly wonderfully holy, faithful people and that as we ministered to them, they would teach all we needed to know. And as I have said so many times everything I ever needed to know in the priesthood, I learned from the great black matriarchs of Sacred Heart in Hopkins Park, “Let go and Let God.” That’s it, there’s nothing more.



From Sacred Heart, I went back to DuPage County to be associate pastor at Christ the King Parish in Lombard. It was just a little less than a year, but it was a sweet year. It was good for a while not to be in charge. But that was not to last. I was soon to find myself at St. Anne Parish in Oswego.

I arrived to find the futuristic church in the middle of a corn field. Oswego sounded like it belonged at the end of the Earth but actually at the time, only thirty minutes from my home base in Wheaton. It was there that I turned forty. It was there I endured mid-life

(whatever that means). And in the midst of that, I learned one of life’s great lessons. Life is not “either/or” but “both/and.” From when we are young life is either black or white, good or bad, in or out. As you age you begin to see that every upside has its downs and as Jesus so perfectly taught, every downside has its ups. The balancing of the paradoxes I learned at St. Anne. And when the time came to leave in 1989, I was ready to move in a completely new direction. And new it was. What I was about to enter into was a brand new culture and language.



For a little over six months I lived in Mexico City learning the culture and language of what was to be a large part of the future of the Church in America, the Hispanic community. Forty-six is not a good age to learn a new language and to this day I still stumble through it. But no one is more forgiving than our Hispanic brothers and sisters and somehow the love is able to shine through the syntax.



In June of 1990 I was called south of I-80 once again to St. Teresa in Kankakee. Little St. Teresa. Wonderful St. Teresa. It was to be the longest period I ever stayed in one place and in many ways, a place where I finally entered into some sort of priestly maturity. I believe most priests hit their prime around 50 (old and seasoned enough to have some idea of what you are doing and still young enough to have the energy to do it). I was thrilled to be in my prime at St. Teresa. It was and is the most catholic (universal) church I have ever been in. On the East side of Kankakee we were white and black and Hispanic, rich and poor, professional and laborer, degreed and undocumented. When one says catholic and means here comes everyone, they are talking about St. Teresa. And most wonderful of all was how kind the various groups and ethnicities were toward each other. If the world was converted by "see how these Christians love one another," St. Teresa took it to heart.

And it was in the early 90's that I adopted my children, TuAnh and Luis. It was all relatively easy since I got them after they were toilet trained. And they gave me the greatest gift a father could have... grandchildren. I have often teased them that if I knew how great the grandchildren would be, I would've skipped the kids and gone straight to the grandkids. Being an adoptive father has been more than just a bonus in my priesthood, it has helped define me as a priest, as a man, as a child of God. And it has helped me become a better priest. As one of my parishioners commented when my grandson Lewis Anthony spent his junior year in high school with me, "Oh, Father, your stock has gone up with us. Now we know that you know what we know." I do indeed.

At the end of twelve years, I received a call from the Bishop two days after my Mother's burial transferring me from little St. Teresa to great big St. Isidore. And while Isidore may have been a farmer, he lived on the corner of Army Trail Road and Gary Avenue where the traffic never stops. I needed the life of St. Isidore. I remember shortly after having arrived on a Friday night in September looking out over the parking lot at 9:00 p.m. and seeing every parking slot filled and every venue in the parish occupied with something going on. I was so overwhelmed that I wanted to get a megaphone and shout, "Go home! Do you people have homes!" But this is their home. St. Isidore is the home to almost 7,000 families. Can you imagine that? I couldn't and I'm not sure if I still can. But in its own way it was, and is, wonderful. Now

when Moses reached the end of his 40 years in the desert, he was ready to get to the Promised Land. But he never made it. He saw it from afar, he saluted it, but he was too exhausted to enter. For a while at St. Isidore I was afraid I would never get out alive either. I had a rather large bacteria growth eating my heart out. My daughter TuAnh insisted it was most likely really "heart" trouble and maybe it was. God bless the priests who have pastored and are pastoring right now. It is like no other parish in the Diocese in scope and size. To say it is easy is to put on the rose colored glasses of blindness. But to say it is good, very, very good is a proclamation of the Good News of Jesus Christ. And that Good News is proclaimed throughout the parish.

I must confess that after six years and having undergone my illness I was quite exhausted. So when the personnel board of the Diocese asked if there was anybody interested in little Mary Queen in Elmhurst, like a little kid anxious to go to the bathroom, I raised my hand and shouted, "Call on me, call on me!" And they did. The rest, as they say, is happy history. Who says that if you wander and wonder long enough you can not get to the Promised Land?

And here I am, 40 years later. Older, crustier, I pray, please God, wiser but still in love. I'm in love with my people, my family, and most of all, my God. In the grand scheme of things I could not ask for anything better. I pray that I have been able to give just a little bit back of what I have



received because I have received so much. And you, the people of God, have been the givers. Where we go on the journey from here is un-chartered territory. Wide open. So far, He has done a pretty good job of charting my course. My job is to give Him permission to take me all the way through, not just to the Promised Land, but to the Kingdom which I have, please God, faithfully proclaimed these last 40 years. Thank you, for allowing me to be part of that proclamation.

In Jesus, the One Who Shows Us the Way,
Who is the Way,

Fr Tony Lacheta

ON MY CHILDREN AND MY GRAND CHILDREN (AND HOW I GOT THEM)

When all is said and done, it's all about relationship. When all is said and done, our relationship to God, each other, and ourselves is all that there is. We are nothing and nowhere without it. Not only is 'no man an island,' but he doesn't even exist outside of it. Our God is a relationship! It is not only the biggest deal, it's the only deal.

We define ourselves in terms of the relationships we have beginning with our parents, through all the people who touch our lives and ending (and beginning) with our God. When I left St. Teresa in Kankakee, our people were given a bookmark with my picture and this quote, "Some people come into our lives and quickly go. Some stay for a while and leave footprints on our hearts. And we are never, ever the same."

The mosaic of my friends, classmates, relatives, mentors, teachers, parishioners and most importantly, family and my relationship to them have made up the person I am today. Some have been fun and fleeting, others enduring and endearing. Many of my best friends are the ones I made in grade and high school. And even if we don't see each other often, when we do it's like we never left. We pick up where we left off. My relationship with my brothers is not only life long, but siblings being who they are, life changing and life sustaining. And their families are obviously my family. And even though they are both gone now, my parents will live on in me forever.



Father Tony and his brothers Joe and Phil

But there are some others, who, while not physically related to me, are truly family. As the old black matriarch, Louise Edwards used to say, "I couldn't love them more if I birthed them myself." Some of them I came to know when I was teaching in the seminary, others in the parishes along the way, and two of them I ended up adopting.



One of the most poignant moments of my early priesthood was being at the second floor window of my rectory sitting room at St. Mary in Downers Grove looking down on the children in the playground. I was twenty-seven years old, newly ordained and it dawned on me fully, not just intellectually but really that I would never have children of my own. The more the children laughed and played on the playground, the freer the tears flowed down my cheeks. I had come to accept and embrace that I was to live a celibate life for the rest of my life. But not to have children... I suspended the thought.

I am afraid I am not too good at partying with my parishioners (it's hard to be a party animal when you go to bed at 9:00 p.m.). I have always rationalized that if the people whom I am called to shepherd had to choose between having another buddy or someone to pastor them with true love for their spiritual well-being and growth, most would choose the pastor. So my emphasis has always been on ministering to the people I have been called to serve much more than socializing with them. But we are social animals. And so from time to time, good and loving parishioners became friends. This happened most easily when I was teaching the high schoolers at St. Charles Borromeo. Fr. Cyprian Consiglio, Fr. Scott McCawley, Michael Hemkendreis, Dylan Higgins and Lewis Holm, all celebrating with us today were my former students. Some of them have moved into my heart and stayed.

When I left the seminary to go to Sacred Heart in Hopkins Park, I swear half the seminarians came along with me. Every weekend, a different group would show up to hang around and help out. One student, whom I cared a great deal about, was missing. Lewis Holm had gone off to work with the Caesar Chavez Grape Boycott in California and ended up with the cult *du jour*, the Children of God. At our first revival in Hopkins Park, every night we would pray, "Please Lord, send Lewis Holm home." At the last night of the revival, he showed up. And stayed... for seven years!

Out of high school, out of work, and out of a place to stay he moved in with me. And then moved into my heart. Soon he was known as "brother" Lewis who attended our many vegetable gardens, fought on the volunteer fire department, and worked with our young people and parishioners. Those were our very charismatic salad days when all of life was good and sweet and no matter what we did, it had a happy ending. (How sweet to look back on life with foggy rose colored glasses.) At the end of our sixth year, I was being transferred and Lewis had decided to become a missionary to French Africa. We traveled Europe, ended up in Paris where he was to meet with the Holy Ghost Fathers who then would take him to the French Cameroons. After meeting with the local bishop, it was decided that his French was so bad, he had to stay in Paris to learn the language before he could proceed to the missions.



Brother Lewis Holm

I left for the states. And every week I would receive a letter from Lewis that read, "Oh, Father, I'm so lonely. Oh, Father, I'm so lonely." This went on for six weeks and then on the seventh week, I received a letter that said, "Oh, Father, I'm in love." Never leave

an American in Paris.

It seems he had gone across the street to the little convent of the Sister Servants of the Holy Heart of Mary that housed a place for young single Parisian girls working in the city. And among them was one little Vietnamese refugee named TuAnh. Every evening Lewis would go over to practice his French and all the girls just loved the "pretty American boy." Except TuAnh. When he came to the door, she ran away. But he didn't. He knocked on the door, sent her flowers and one day convinced her to go to pray with him at the Church of the Sacred Heart on Montemart. And the rest is history. Lewis was back in Hopkins Park with his young Vietnamese bride to be. She didn't speak a word of English and his French was still abominable. Ah, the power of youthful hormones. Ah, the power of love. Within six months they were married.

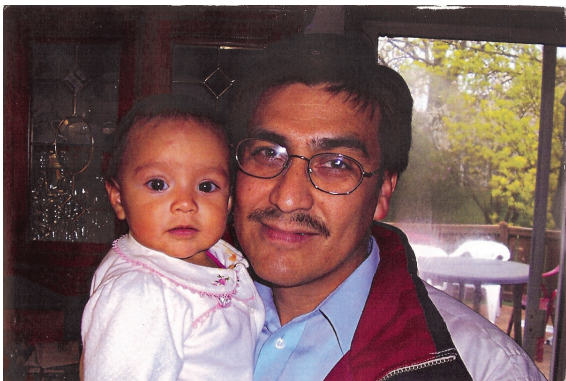


Lewis, TuAnh and family

It wasn't long before she was in a motherly way expecting her first born, Ange Michelle. And it wasn't too long after that when she was expecting her second born (that's my boy). But there was a problem. She had her first child in a hospital and the second child she was going to have naturally, at home, with a midwife. By now she knew enough English to hear my pleading cries, "TuAnh, are you sure? Is there a doctor? Is there a back up hospital? How are you going to do this living in a barn in Dwight?" And those were just for openers. TuAnh had invited me to the birth of their second child and when I finally found out that indeed there was a back up doctor and hospital, one which was very close to my rectory in Oswego, I invited her to have the child in my house. "Are you crazy?" I was told by my friends. No one had a birth in a rectory. Why not? We've got running water and the mid-wife told me I would get to boil it during the

labor period (I found out later the boiled water was for tea after we were done).

When the time came, I got a call at 2:00 a.m. from Lewis. "Father, it's time. We're on our way." At 4:00 a.m. all were in our guest room on the first floor of the rectory. The mid-wife had arrived and we were ready. Well, almost. I now know why it is called labor. My mother once said if any man every experienced one labor pain, the world would end. Now, I know it's true. After a hard night's labor, the dawn had come upon us and it was time for morning Mass and... no baby. I rushed off to morning Mass and announced to the congregation that we were having a baby in the rectory. The response was short and simple, "Father, don't preach." Fifteen minutes later I was back in the rectory. And just in time. There are certain things in your life that make an indelible mark never to go away. Birth is one of them. As this precious child of God began to crown, I remember hearing the mid-wife say, "I hope that's the head." I blanched and turned her hope into a prayer. It was indeed and once she crowned, plop, she came straight out. Oh my God! I swear, the last scream was mine. I was so excited I volunteered to be the clean up committee. I didn't know it yet, but this was to be my second grand baby. Ange Raphaella Holm.



Ariel and Luis

Lewis and TuAnh moved to Oregon where he continued his studies to become a Chiropractor and Acupuncturist. In Oregon was born child number three, Emmanuel Joseph. And then came Lewis Anthony. And finally, after the tragic loss of Ange Michelle, Ange Gabrielle who today is a sophomore in high school.

In the meantime, I was transferred from St. Anne, went to Mexico to learn Spanish, and ended up in St

Teresa Parish in Kankakee. It was 1990 and I had never done Hispanic ministry before in my life. Boy was I to learn.

After about three months, there was a knock on my door. A young Mexican boy named Luis was looking for a little *consejo*, counsel. We talked for a while and I prayed with him and he went away. Two weeks later he came back and asked if he could wash the windows in the rectory. I said sure, I figured he needed the money. So he washed the windows. He did an excellent job. When I went to pay him, he said, "Oh, no, no, *Padrecito, es un regalo.*" No, Father, it's a gift. Little did I know at time those would be the most expensive windows I never paid for in my life.

About a month later, Sister Judy Callahan asked me if I would take Luis in for about a week as winter was coming on and his bicycle trip to the restaurant where he bused tables was so far from where he lived. Yes, but only for a week. Right. That week has lasted a lifetime. Luis like Lewis before him moved into my house and then into my heart. He was the fastest "learn" I'd ever met. When he moved in he spoke not a word of English. Within six months his English was better than my Spanish. Three months later he was asking if he could attend the local junior college. He was so intent on learning and I was so impressed that I told him that if he was serious about going to college, he could quit his job and I would support him. Within a half hour, he quit his job. Two years later with an Associates Degree in his hand, he went to Governors State and two years after that he had a degree in Business and Technology. Pretty amazing stuff. Pretty amazing young man.

There was just one glitch. He was illegal. Undocumented. When he first got here I did everything I could to get him a student visa, even traveling to Mexico to the American Embassy. Nothing worked. At the time, I was told if he was legally mine, that maybe we could do something to get him legal. And so we talked about adoption. And so I did. It wasn't long before I discovered that no matter how hard I tried, it would not help to get him legal because he was over 17 when I adopted him. It was then that I realized within the depth of my heart that was not the reason I adopted him. I wanted a son. I've always wanted a child. And now I had one. Next to the birth of my granddaughter, one of the happiest days of my life was the day I adopted Luis. I was one happy man!

But that caused one young woman to be a little unhappy. When TuAnh found out that I had legally adopted Luis, she was just a little ticked. O.K. she was a lot ticked. While she had some father figures in her life, she wanted a father. And I wanted a daughter. So I wrote up a spiritual adoption. It was a marriage made in Heaven, well more like Purgatory. It took some time for us to adjust to the father/daughter relationship. But love conquers all. It really does. Yet it must be tested.

When TuAnh and Lewis' oldest daughter, Ange Michelle was nine, she came down to visit her paternal grandmother and me. I never got to see her. While she and her brother and sister were on their way to see me from Dwight, she and her grandmother were killed in a tragic car accident outside of the city. The birth of her sister was one of the happiest days of my life, her death was my saddest. It was and is a loss unspeakable. There are no people stronger in faith than Lewis and TuAnh and through the years, they have come out the other side not only intact, but deeply and profoundly able to help others in the same pain they had experienced. Who wouldn't want a daughter like this.



Fr. Tony, Leticia and Luis Gonzalez

Two days after Luis graduated from college, he took his bride, Leticia. They met in their respective youth groups in Kankakee and Onarga and after many chaperoned dances announced their engagement. In the Mexican tradition, the father of the groom has to ask the father of the bride permission for his son to marry their daughter. Sitting at the kitchen table of her oldest brother, I petitioned for the hand of his sister for my son. "Well, Father," he said in Spanish, "she comes from a very good family." My



Fr. Tony with Luis and family

eyes widened and I shouted, "And so does he!" For the next twenty minutes we bartered and finally shook hands on the deal. They were now *prometidos*, the promised ones, soon to be wed. From this union came Azucena who has just turned 13, ten year old Abraham, and the apple of my eye who has grandpa wrapped around her little finger, seven year old Ariel.

And that's my family and I'm sticking with them. Of all the things I've done in my life, nothing has been more fulfilling or profound or loving than adopting my children and being part of my grandchildren's growing up. For me, it's as good as it gets. Who would have thought that one of your greatest joys would be sitting down with your granddaughter and helping her with her homework?

Relationships. It's all about relationships. And I thank and praise God that he has given me the most profound and wonderful of unions and communions with my people, my family.

That's my story. And I'm sticking to it.

Fr. Tony

CONGRATULATIONS FATHER TONY ON YOUR 40TH ANNIVERSARY!



Father Tony's Mom with her great-grand daughter Celia



MASS INTENTIONS FOR THE WEEK

Sunday, September 18, 2011

- 8:30 AM Fr. Tony 40th year
- 11:00 AM Fr. Tony 40th Celebration
at the Odeum in Villa Park

Monday, September 19, 2011

- 8:30 AM † Frances and Dominic Scanlon

Tuesday, September 20, 2011

- 8:30 AM † Lucille Rogers

Wednesday, September 21, 2011

- 8:30 AM † Noeleen Loesch

Thursday, September 22, 2011

- 8:30 AM † Robert Clark

Friday, September 23, 2011

- 8:30 AM Communion Service

Saturday, September 24, 2011

- 4:30 PM † Elmer Raasakka

Sunday, September 25, 2011

- 8:30 AM † Mary Kay O'Rourke
- 10:30 AM † Robert Lawlor, Jr.

† indicates person is deceased

