If you judge people you have no time to love them.  
— Teresa of Calcutta

- We’ve begun Ordinary Time in the Church’s liturgical year. Rather than meaning “common” or “mundane,” this term comes from the word “ordinal,” which simply means counted time. It’s the name given for the thirty-three or thirty-four weeks apart from Advent/Christmas/Lent/Triduum/Easter. It doesn’t mean we get a break from the liturgical year. Quite the opposite, actually. Ordinary Time celebrates the mystery of Christ “in all its aspects.” Many important liturgical celebrations fall during Ordinary Time, including Trinity, Corpus Christi, All Saints, the Assumption of Mary and Christ the King. In addition, the Church celebrates many saints during this time. The liturgical color associated with Ordinary Time is green, which traditionally has been associated with new life and growth. So, let this time of the Church year be one of our spiritual growth.

- “In hell there is no hope and no laughter. In purgatory there is no laughter, but there is hope. In heaven, hope is no longer necessary because laughter reigns.”  
  - Dante, Italian poet (1321), Author, The Divine Comedy

- “People will forget what you said; people will forget what you did; but people will always remember how you made them feel.”  
  — Maya Angelou

- Bob Hope on his family’s early poverty: “Four of us slept in one bed. When it got cold, mother threw on another brother.”

- Money isn’t everything, but it sure keeps the kids in touch.

- “A good wife always forgives her husband when she’s wrong.”  
  - Milton Berle

- Asked how a stranger can tell if two people are married, Derrick, age 8, replied, “You might have to guess, based on whether they seem to be yelling at the same kids.”

The Lighter Side of Marriage (The Joyful Noiseletter, 7/18)

**PRAYER OF ST. JOHN XXIII FOR THE FATHERS**

St. Joseph, guardian of Jesus and chaste husband of Mary, you passed your life in loving fulfillment of duty. You supported the holy family of Nazareth with the work of your hands. Kindly protect all the fathers who trustingly come to you. You know their aspirations, their hardships, their hopes. They look to you because they know you will understand and protect them. You too knew trial, labor and weariness. But amid the worries of material life your soul was full of deep peace and sang out in true joy through intimacy with God’s Son entrusted to you and with Mary, his tender Mother. Assure those you protect that they do not labor alone. Teach them to find Jesus near them and to watch over him faithfully as you have done. Amen

MICHELANGELO'S Father: Mike, can't you paint on walls like other children? Do you have any idea how hard it is to get that stuff off the ceiling?
“I’ve learned that you can tell a lot about a person by the way he/she handles these three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights.”
— Maya Angelou

Fathers

- My dad didn’t tell me how to live; he lived, and let me watch him do it.

- “You never leave a place you love. You take part of it with you, and leave part of you behind.”
  - Jim Reed

Becoming a Father

The idea of becoming a father terrified him. Every time he thought of becoming a father, the walls closed in. Fatherhood, he thought, was nothing more than dirty diapers, stacks of bills, sleepless nights, and doting grandparents in every spare bed and couch. Fatherhood meant an end to spontaneous weekends and evenings with the guys. It meant trading his sports car for a minivan and a bigger life insurance policy. It was all so overwhelming.

Then one day he gave in. He set his jaw and made the decision to transform himself from a man to a father. He took the chance that he could find himself with all the responsibility of fatherhood and none of the compensations. Then came the day when his wife presented to him their newborn son.

Unexpectedly, an inner alchemy began. He melted, and magically, the baby gave birth to a father. He was so full of love for this child that he didn’t know what to do with himself. While he once feared losing sleep, he now began checking so often that the baby lost sleep. He found himself full of boundless gratitude for his rebirth, regret the fool he had been, and compassion for his single friends who simply could not understand. He called it a miracle.


- "We wondered why when a child laughed, he belonged to Daddy, and when he had a sagging diaper that smelled like a landfill, ‘He wants his mother.'"
  - Erma Bombeck

- "When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant, I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years.”
  - Mark Twain

Happy Father’s Day!