

WOMEN'S GUILD

by Therese Tuttle

"It was a nice day. All the days had been nice. There had been rather more than seven of them so far, and rain hadn't been invented yet. But clouds massing east of Eden suggested that the first thunderstorm was on its way, and it was going to be a big one." ~Good Omens by Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett

The above quote sums up the beginning, the middle, and the fast approaching end of our summer break. The women's guild has had a few things going on this summer that we would like to share with those who could not participate. In early July, the Women's Guild and the Associates of Notre Dame celebrated Sister Mary Cora Skrivan's SND Diamond Jubilee by hosting a reception after Mass. The reception was well attended and Sister Mary Cora was very pleased to see everyone. Again, congratulations to Sister Mary Cora and thank you for your unselfish witness to God's goodness and provident care through your life of prayer and service.



Sr. Mary Cora Skrivan celebrating her Diamond Jubilee (60 Years!)

With the church undergoing construction, the Women's Guild felt that we could not put together a formal parish picnic which all could attend. However, we were able to arrange a "Family Fun Day" at the Warren Olympic Club. This sponsorship was to allow families to enjoy a picnic of their own and enjoy the amenities provided by the Olympic Club. We had very pleasant weather for our day of fun.

The annual "Rummage Sale" was held the first week in August. As always, a lot of work went into this project and it was successful. Many parishioners and community members donated belongings to be sold to others and over \$6,500 was realized repurposing those treasures.

September marks the beginning of our new year. At this meeting we will go over our Program Booklet for 2017-2018 and enjoy a delightful array of wine and cheeses. October's meeting, to be held October 4, will feature a K9 dog and handler, and is open to all parishioners. The K9 handler will demonstrate how he works with the K9 dog. November 8th will be our craft night—we will be making star ornaments. At the end of November, we will be making and selling the first of the Kolachi delights.

Hope to see you at our September 6 meeting at 6:30!



I have been diagnosed with celiac disease and unfortunately cannot have gluten in my diet. I read recently where the Vatican stated that "gluten free" hosts are not permitted at Mass. What am I to do about receiving communion?

Signed: In A Quandary

Dear "In A Quandary,"

It is true that the Vatican Congregation for Divine Worship and the Discipline of the Sacraments did issue a "Circular Letter to Bishops on the Bread and Wine for the Eucharist" this past June. In this letter, reference was made to the use of gluten free hosts at Mass. Paragraph 4 stated "*hosts that are completely gluten-free are invalid matter for the celebration of the Eucharist. Low gluten hosts (partially gluten-free) are valid matter provided they contain a sufficient amount of gluten to obtain the confection of bread without the addition of foreign materials and without the use of procedures that would alter the nature of bread.*" As a matter of clarification, the current suppliers of low-gluten hosts approved by the United States Conference of Catholic Bishops remain in compliance with the guidelines of the Congregation's letter. It is important to make every effort to accommodate and normalize the experience of Holy Communion for the faithful, including those suffering from celiac disease. Here at Saint William, low-gluten hosts, (*with a gluten content of 0.01%*) are available for those in need. Please inform Father Balash before Mass and a host will be provided. Likewise, every effort is made to also avoid cross-contamination when using low-gluten hosts. Finally, in extreme circumstances when there is a gluten intolerance of any amount, it is permissible to receive the Precious Blood only. It remains the teaching of the Church to receive one or both species is to fully receive Holy Communion. I hope this alleviates any confusion that the Vatican letter might have raised.

Have a question about faith or why we do what we do at Mass....submit it to A-A-A Ask/Answer Angle by email at parishoffice@stwilliamchampion.org or drop your question in the weekly collection basket.

MINCEMEAT IS FOR MURDER

by Gloria Alden

Mincemeat pie is my specialty. It's what I always bring for the Thanksgiving dinner at Ma Edna's. Now mincemeat is a pie some love, some hate and most can take it or leave it. To tell the truth, after making it for so many years, I'm rather sick of it myself though I always cut a small piece for me to make sure it's okay. Ya gotta do that. Every year my mother-in-law says, "I can always count on Alice to bring my favorite pie," followed by that whinnying horse laugh of hers. Once I tried to rebel tellin' her I was bringin' cherry pies instead. Her small dark eyes buried in pouches like a hound dog's, actually bulged out as her mouth dropped open. You'd have thought I'd committed blasphemy, and was goin' straight to that H place. She actually gasped tryin' to get her breath, if you could believe that, and she wailed "But ya have to bring it, Alice. Thanksgivin' won't be Thanksgivin' without your mincemeat pie." Then she paused. Ma Edna is sneaky that way. "Of course, if you was willin' to share your secret ingredient or ingredients that make it taste better than any other mincemeat pie I've ever eaten; I might be willin' to make it myself." As if I'd give away how I make my mincemeat pie, 'specially to her. So this year I'm makin' my mincemeat pie as usual.

Ma Edna is born again. She don't believe in playin' cards, dancin' or drinkin'. I like all those things. It's why I always add a liberal amount of brandy to my mincemeat pie. Of course, I don't never tell that, or how me and Tom met in a bar all those years ago where we not only drank, but also danced. We dance well together. We still like to go out Saturday nights to the Dew Drop Inn when there's a good band playin'. We been married most twenty-five years now. Ma Edna blames me for her son's drinkin' and what she calls his wayward ways. She claims he never drank 'til he met me, but truth is I think she's the one that set him on that path. You know, a rebellion against all that preachin'. Of course, I do think he carries it too far, but I'm not goin' to turn into a nag like his ma, 'specially since I like a little drink now and then, too.

She blames me for us not havin' kids, too. The truth is, it's 'cause Tom can't. He was checked, but I never told anyone 'bout it. He felt some bad when he found out. Took to drinkin' more than ever.

Tom's not a fussy eater. He'll eat just about anythin' I put before him, but he don't like my mincemeat pie. He says he'd rather have his brandy straight and not mixed up with that raisin junk stuff.

Every Thanksgivin' at Ma Edna and Pa's house, seems like there's some brouhaha goin' on. Ma Edna's sure to pick on one of the daughters-in-law. Seems like none of us was good enough for her three sons. It's not like they're any prizes. Tom's probably the best of the lot, and that's not sayin' much, believe me.

Tom's pa never says much when Ma Edna starts in on whichever daughter-in-law is in her sights be it Margie, Ruth or me. Tom says he's pussy whipped, but I think he's just a coward, a weaklin'. She's one mean woman! None of the boys stand up to her, either. Last year it was me she aimed her mean words and comments at. I put up with it long as I could tryin' to ignore things like, "Can't see why Tom picked a woman who can't have kids. Thank the Good Lord I've got Margie and Ruth to give me and Pa grandkids."

I bit my tongue and didn't say nothin' about how she don't have much to do with her grandkids anyway. Not that they're much to brag on. They were wild ones when they were young, always actin' up. The kind you don't want to see comin' for a visit. And now that they're in their teens? Well, I sure hear enough about what's going on with them. Small towns are like that. Can't keep many secrets here. I don't blame Margie and Ruth none. Takin' after their fathers, I'd say. They're lazy and drink way more than Tom does. They just manage to keep it more of a secret, at least one that don't seem to get back to Ma Edna.

But it was when she criticized my mincemeat pie, after she'd eaten a huge piece, sayin' it wasn't quite as good this year, and I must've forgotten somethin' like my secret ingredient, that I blew up. The old witch! I'd call her somethin' else, but in spite of drinkin', dancin' and playin' a little poker, I don't hold with cussin' much. I feel it sort of cheapens a woman. Still I told her how I felt before I stormed out with Tom followin'. He tried to tell me she don't mean no harm; it's just her way. Yeah, right! She does mean harm. She'd like to get rid of all her sons' wives and get her little boys back.

We spent Christmas with my family. We ain't the perfect family, but there's no meanness there. Even Tom has to admit he'd rather spend holidays with my family, but Thanksgivin' has to be spent with his

family. It's always been that way, and I guess it always will be that way as long as Ma Edna's around. At least this year it'll be one of the other girls she'll turn her spite on, I'm guessin'. Not that I like to see them suffer. They're nice enough if a little wishy washy. No spine in either of them two gals. They take all the venom that woman spews out without ever sayin' anythin' back. They're born again, too.

So like I was sayin', I'm makin' the mincemeat pie again only this year I'm makin' two instead of just one. I'm makin' a special one for Ma Edna for her to eat the next day; one with a little somethin' added; somethin' to take the meanness out of her.

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It's a nice funeral if I do say so myself. Lots of pretty flowers. I 'specially like the spray of roses on the casket. Red roses for love. Lots more people showed up than I would've expected. Tom's pretty broken up. I feel bad about that. I certainly didn't want him hurt. Reverend Martin had nice words to say at the end of the calling hours last night. I've always liked him. He's a good man for a preacher. He'll probably have some more good words to say during the service later, too.

When the results of the autopsy come back, they'll find out it was arsenic. I made sure only one tiny area, enough for one slice, had the arsenic. Knowin' Ma Edna, I knew she'd eat the whole special pie I'd made just for her. When the rest of the pie is checked, if there's any left, they won't find arsenic in it. I didn't have to worry about Pa since he don't like mincemeat pie anymore than Tom does. I made sure I ate a small piece of the pie so as no one would suspect me, and no one would know how she got the arsenic.

I can't believe somehow her special pie got switched with the one I made for the Thanksgivin' dinner. I sure never thought about that happenin'. I just heard Ma Edna say somethin' almost nice about me. She said, "Alice made a mean mincemeat pie, and now she's takin' her secret ingredient to the grave with her so we won't have nothin' like it again."

[Editor's Note: This is a work of fiction from our very own St. William parishioner Gloria Alden. If you like this story, you will love her Catherine Jewell Mysteries. (available through Amazon in print and e-book.)]