

Dear Parishioners:

A former parishioner of mine was cleaning out her house recently due to a move to North Carolina and she found this a bulletin from Saints Philip and James Church (in St. James). I thought you might find it interesting. It dates back almost 50 years!

FOUND IN AN OLD CHURCH BULLETIN DATING BACK TO 1970!!

"I had the meanest Mother in the whole world", this anonymous person wrote. "While other kids ate candy for breakfast, I had to eat cereal, eggs and toast. When others had coke and candy for lunch, I had to eat a sandwich. As you can guess, my dinner was different from the other kids.

My mother insisted in knowing where we were at all times. You would think that we were on a chain gang. She had to know who our friends were and what we were doing. She insisted that if we said we would be gone for an hour, that we would be gone one hour or less.

I am ashamed to admit it, but she actually had the nerve to break the child labor law. She made us work! We had to wash all of the dishes, make beds, learn to cook, and all sorts of cruel things. I believe she lay awake nights thinking up mean things for us to do.

She always insisted on us telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. By the time we were teenagers she was much wiser, and our life became even more unbearable.

None of this tooting the horn of a car for us to come running. She embarrassed us to no end by making our dates and friends come to the door to get us. I forgot to mention, while my friends were dating at the mature age of 12 and 13, my old-fashioned Mother refused to let me date until I was 16.

My mother was a complete failure as a mother. None of us has ever been arrested, or beaten by a mate. Each of my brothers served his time in the service of his country. And whom do we have to blame for this terrible way we turned out? You're right, our mean old mother.

Look at all the things we missed. We never got to take part in a riot, burn draft cards, and a million and one things that our friends did. She made us grow up into God-fearing, educated, honest adults.

Using this as a background, I am trying to raise my children. I stand a little taller and I am getting filled with pride when my children call me mean. You see, I thank God, he gave me the meanest Mother in the whole world.

From this, I would say the country doesn't need a 5-cent cigar; it needs more mean Mothers... and Dads."

To all the "mean" mothers in the world: thank you, thank you, thank you! May God bless you and reward you for all your sacrificial love that you so freely and generously bestow upon your families each and every day!

Remember: Together, we can do something beautiful for God.

In Christ,

Fr. Brian