

FEBRUARY 28, 2025



Once upon a time two brothers who lived on adjoining farms fell into conflict. This was the first time in 40 years in farming side by side, sharing machinery, and trading labor and goods as needed, without a hitch. Then the long collaboration fell apart. It began with a small mix-up that grew into a major difference and finally exploded into an exchange of bitter words followed by weeks of silence.

One morning there was a knock on John's door. He opened it to find a man with a carpenter's toolbox. *"I'm looking for a few days' work,"* he said. *"Perhaps you would have a few small jobs here and there. Could I help you?"* "Yes," said the older brother. *"I do have a job for you. Look across the creek at that farm. That's my neighbor, in fact, it's my younger brother. Last week there was a meadow between us, and he took his bulldozer to the river levee and now it is a creek between us. Well, he may have done this to spite me, but I'll go him one better. See that pile of lumber curing by the barn? I want you to build me a fence--an 8-foot fence so I won't need to see his place anymore. Cool him down anyhow."* The carpenter said, *"I think I understand the situation. Show me the nails and the post hole digger and I'll be able to do a job that pleases you."*

The older brother went to town on business, so he helped the carpenter get the materials ready and then he was off for the day. The carpenter worked hard measuring, sawing, and nailing. About sunset when the farmer returned, the carpenter had just finished his job. The farmer's eyes opened wide, and his jaw dropped. There was no fence there at all. It was a bridge, a bridge stretching from one side of the creek to the other.

A fine piece of work--handrails and all--and the neighbor, his younger brother, was coming across, his hand outstretched. *"You are quite a fellow to build this bridge after all I've said and done."* The two brothers stood at each end of the bridge and then they met in the middle, taking each other's hands. They turned to see the carpenter hoist his toolbox on his shoulder, *"No wait, stay a few days. I've a lot of other projects for you,"* said the older brother. -- *"I'd love to stay on,"* the carpenter said, *"but, I have many bridges to build."*

Jesus is the ultimate bridge builder between God and a fallen people. We, too, with the grace of God can help the estranged make peace with each other.

Phone: Office (304) 744-5523

Email

Parish website

Faith in West Virginia

This Sunday's Readings

Wednesday Bible Handout

This Sunday's Bulletin

Fr. Paul's Cellphone: (304) 433-7472.

pjw424@gmail.com

<https://www.blessedsacramentwv.org>

<https://faithinwv.org/latest-bulletin/>

<https://bible.usccb.org/bible/readings/030225.cfm>

Headlines and Happenings

PANCAKE BREAKFAST this Sunday March 2 at 10:10 - 11:11 am in the Parish Hall.

ASH WEDNESDAY SERVICES 7:00 am, 12:00 noon, & 6:00 pm. **LENT BEGINS.**

POEM|PRAYER

It is truly right and just that
 we should give you thanks and praise,
O God, almighty Father,
 for all you do in this world,
 through our Lord Jesus Christ.

For though the human race is divided
 by dissension and discord,
yet we know that by testing us you change
 our hearts to prepare them for reconciliation.

Even more, by your Spirit you move human hearts that
 enemies may speak to each other again,
 adversaries may join hands, and
 peoples seek to meet together.

By the working of your power it comes about, O Lord,
 that hatred is overcome by love,
 revenge gives way to forgiveness,
 and discord is changed to mutual respect.

Therefore, as we give you ceaseless thanks
 with the choirs of heaven, we cry out
to your majesty on earth, and without end we pray :
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts . . .
– Preface from Reconciliation Eucharistic Prayer II

MYSTIC MORSELS

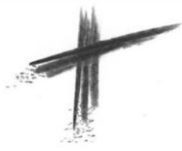
Love of our neighbor consists of three things: to desire the greater good for everyone; to do what good we can when we can; to bear, excuse, and hide other's faults.
– Saint John Vianney (1786-1859)

We must nourish a great love for God and our neighbors; a strong love, an ardent love, a love that burns away imperfections, a love that gently bears an act of impatience, or a bitter word, a love that lets an inadvertence or act of neglect pass without comment, a love that lends itself readily to an act of charity.
– Saint Maria Elisabetta Hesselblad (1870-1957)

CARBONATED GRACE

Blessed are the pure of heart for they shall see God. This is taken from the national archives of the letters of kids to their pastors proving how pure they are in heart:

- Dear Pastor, I know God loves everybody, but He never met my sister. Yours sincerely, Arnold. Age 8, Nashville.
- Dear Pastor, please say in your sermon that Peter Peterson has been a good boy all week. I am Peter Peterson. Sincerely, Pete. Age 9, Phoenix.
- Dear Pastor, I'm sorry I can't leave more money in the plate, but my father didn't give me a raise in my allowance. Could you have a sermon about a raise in my allowance? Love, Patty. Age 10, New Haven.
- Dear Pastor, My mother is very religious. She goes to play Bingo at Church every week even if she has a cold. Yours truly, Annette. Age 9, Albany.
- Dear Pastor, Please say a prayer for our Little League team. We need God's help or a new pitcher. Thank you, Alexander. Age 10, Raleigh.
- Dear Pastor, My dad says I should learn the 10 Commandments. But I don't want to because we have enough rules already in my house. Joshua. Age 10, South Pasadena.



ASH WEDNESDAY

07:00 am — Ashes and Communion Service
12 Noon — Mass and Ashes
06:00 pm — Mass and Ashes

