

*From the Vicar's Desk*



*I depart(ed) from the parish Saturday after the 6pm Mass and, before long, I'll probably be sitting on my cabin balcony, sipping a cup of coffee, smoking a cheap cigar, and reading a good book. Just reading 'for the fun of it' is something I don't, normally, get a chance to do. Later in the week, I will go to the top deck (14<sup>th</sup>), where the ship's chapel is, to celebrate the Eucharist for those traveling with me from this and other parishes in which I have served. At the altar, know that you will be in my prayers and especially remembered. The Caribbean is a long way from Finleyville, Elrama, and Overbrook (my hometown), **BUT**... the Mystical Body of Christ is present wherever 2 or 3 are gathered.*

*Though I miss you at such times, I always feel your presence. The week away from our parishes, (SFA & SII) will afford me time to reflect on God's gift to me... as your vicar. These recent years of my priesthood have opened up vistas of expectation, that is, of co-operation in His plan, a plan I never dreamed He had for me. Regardless, for this, and for what is yet to be, I am most grateful.*

*I don't know if you realize it, **BUT**... just as a flock is lost without its sheppard, so a priest is lost without his parish. By 'his' parish, I do not mean to imply that I, or any priest, 'own' a particular parish. I mean, I feel lost without 'the' parish, of which we are 'all' members. I promise to return refreshed and ready to celebrate with you... Thanksgiving, Advent, and, then, His birth.*

*Life comes at us so-o fast...love & forgive, while there's still time.*

*See ya' when my ship comes in!—fr.t.  
(Part II—'I smell God,' next week.)*