

Happy Father's Day



WEEKLY LETTER FROM MONSIGNOR KEN

He died without warning from a sudden heart attack, only 39. He was deeply loved by his family and greatly respected by his co-workers, His funeral Mass was packed, the large attendance a tribute to the man. His obituary stated: "Scott was the kind of husband and father who always put his family first. He was a protector, a provider, a teacher, and a constant source of love and encouragement."

This weekend we celebrate Father's Day. Simply put, it is a day appropriately and necessarily set aside to honor the Scotts of this world, living and deceased. A lot has happened in our culture over the years. There are many voices, trends, polls and discussions over the topic of men, masculinity and fatherhood. You can throw all of that out the window, because there is no argument or discussion when confronted with reality, a real-life, honest to goodness dad. The flip-side of this family's broken hearts, is the privilege and honor of having the real deal, a father. Like St. Joseph, a real father is there; he always shows up. He comes home after work; he's at the dinner table; he's at the game; he's with the kids; he loves their mom. That's the way God intended it, and it makes all the difference in the world and to the world. This weekend, we honor all the Scotts of the world.

In honor of all fathers, there is a touching song, written by Phil Coulter and sung by many artists. While written by a son about his father, the same is true for the special bond between a daughter and her dad. I encourage you to take the time to find one of the recordings. It will bring a tear to your eye.

"The tears have all been shed now, we've said our last good-bye, his soul's been blessed and he's laid to rest, and it's now I feel alone.

He was more than just a father, a teacher my best friend. He can still be heard in the tunes we shared, when I play them on my own.

[refrain] I never will forget him for he made me what I am, though he may be gone, memories linger on, and I miss him...The old man.

As a boy he'd take me walking, by mountain field and stream, and he showed me things not known to kings, and secrets between him and me.

Like the colors of the pheasant, as he rises in the dawn, and how to fish and make a wish, beside the holly tree.

[refrain]

I thought he'd live forever he seemed so big and strong, but the minutes fly and the years roll by, for a father and his son.

And suddenly when it happened, there was so much left unsaid, no second chance to tell him thanks, for everything he's done.

[refrain] I never will forget him for he made me what I am, though he may be gone memory lingers on, and I miss him...My Old Man."

Happy Father's Day.

"The Lord sets a father in honor over his children." (Sirach 3:2)