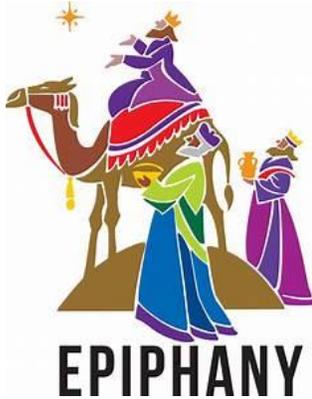


The Church of Saint Michael
January 5, 2020
The Epiphany of the Lord



Please remember in your prayers those who have died:
Elizabeth Secco

Please remember in your prayers the sick of our parish:
Tim Paternostro, Abigail Paternostro, Bill Regal,
Diane Grzymko, Zach Glut, Catherine Lackey, Maggie
Michaud, Diana Palumbo, Keith Pasquariello, Nancy
Regal, Carmella Susco, George Ellis, Mari Grohowski,
Danny Mannetti, Jean Rattner, Beth & Bruce Courter,
Loda Nehrebecki

Weekly Memorial

Bread & Wine: For All Deceased Parishioners

All are Welcome... All are Invited...
Come... PRAY the ROSARY
Monday though Saturday
7:30AM

Readings for the week

The Epiphany of the Lord
Sunday
Is 60:1-6; Eph 3:2-3a, 5-6; Mt 2:1-12
Monday
1 Jn 3:22-4:6; Mt 4:12-17, 23-25
Tuesday
1 Jn 4:7-10; Mk 6:34-44
Wednesday
1 Jn 4:11-18; Mk 6:45-52
Thursday
1 Jn 4:19-5:4; Lk 4:14-22
Friday
1 Jn 5:5-13; Lk 5:12-16
Saturday
1 Jn 5:14-21; Jn 3:22-30

Mass Intentions for the Week

Saturday, January 4, 2020

8:00 a.m. Special Intention
5:00 p.m. Sabato & Angelina Gugliemini, Pat Buckley

Sunday, January 5, 2020

7:00 a.m. Patricia Short, Betty DiBernard
9:30 a.m. Ronald E. Costanzo
11:30 a.m. For the Unborn
1:30 p.m. Special Intention

Monday, January 6, 2020

7:00 a.m. Mary & Elwin Burd

Tuesday, January 7, 2020

8:00 a.m. Pauline Flynn & Pauline Robinson

Wednesday, January 8, 2020

7:00 a.m. Gloria & John Bauer

Thursday, January 9, 2020

8:00 a.m. Anne T. Keenan

Friday, January 10, 2020

7:00 a.m. For All Parishioners

Saturday, January 11, 2020

8:00 a.m. Elizabeth Secco
5:00 p.m. Mary & Elwin Burd, Marie Vendola

Sunday, January 12, 2020

7:00 a.m. Mary Brodo
9:30 a.m. Joseph Albensi, Teresa Contendo
11:30 a.m. Josephine Vaia
1:30 p.m. Special Intention

TITHING – GOD'S PLAN FOR GIVING
ST. MICHAEL'S HAS BEEN A TITHING PARISH
SINCE 1988.

Sunday 12/22/19	\$6,783.00
WeShare	not available

Please pray for our Diaconate Candidates –
Russ Raffay and John Meyer

From Fr. Mike

Thank you Fr. Henry

Allow me to take this opportunity on the Feast of the Epiphany to say thank you for the gifts that Fr. Henry has shared with us during the past year and a half. Just as the Magi brought forth their gifts in Thanksgiving to the infant Jesus, Fr. Henry brought forth his own gifts to make our church better. I know that we are deeply saddened by his departure but the life of obedience is one that every priest upholds in his heart. Let us keep Fr. Henry in our thoughts and our prayers and give thanks for enriching and blessing us with his presence. We wish him well in his new assignment. He will be greatly missed.

The Story of the Fourth Magi by Henry Van Dyke
The other wise man's name was Artaban. He was one of the Magi and he lived in Persia. He was a man of great wealth, great learning, and great faith. With his learned companions he had searched the scriptures as to the time that the Savior should be born. They knew that a new star would appear and it was agreed between them that Artaban would watch from Persia and the others would observe the sky from Babylon. On the night he believed the sign was to be given, Artaban went out on this roof to watch the night sky. "If the star appears, they will wait for me ten days, then we will all set out for Jerusalem. I have made ready for the journey by selling all of my possessions and have bought three jewels—a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl. I intend to present them as my tribute to the king." As he watched an azure spark was born out of the darkness, rounding itself with splendor into a crimson sphere. Artaban bowed his head. "It is the sign," he said. "The King is coming, and I will go to meet him." The swiftest of Artaban's horses had been waiting saddled and bridled in her stall, pawing the ground impatiently. She shared the eagerness of her master's purpose. As Artaban placed himself upon her back, he said, "God bless us both from falling and our souls from death." They began their journey. Each day his faithful horse measured off the allotted proportion of the distance, and at nightfall on the tenth day, they approached the outskirts of Babylon. In a little island of desert palm trees, Artaban's horse scented difficulty and slackened her pace. Then she stood still, quivering in every muscle. Artaban dismounted. The dim starlight revealed a man lying in the roadway. His skin bore the mark of a deadly fever. The chill of death was in his lean hand. As Artaban turned to go, a sigh came from the sick man's lips. Artaban felt sorry that he could not stay to minister to this dying stranger, but this was the hour toward which his entire life had

been directed. He could not forfeit the reward of his years of study and faith to do a single deed of human mercy. But then, how could he leave his fellow man alone to die? "God of truth and mercy," prayed Artaban, "direct me in the path of wisdom which only thou knowest." Then he knew that he could not go on. The Magi were physicians as well as astronomers. He took off his robe and began his work of healing. Several hours later the patient regained consciousness. Artaban gave him all that was left of his bread and wine. He left a potion of healing herbs and instructions for his care. Though Artaban rode with the greatest haste the rest of the way, it was after dawn that he arrived at the designated meeting place. His friends were nowhere to be seen. Finally his eyes caught a piece of parchment arranged to attract his attention. It said, "We have waited till past midnight, and can delay no longer. We go to find the King. Follow us across the desert." Artaban sat down in despair and covered his face with his hands. "How can I cross the desert with no food and with a spent horse? I must return to Babylon, sell my sapphire and buy camels and provisions for the journey. I may never overtake my friends. Only the merciful God knows whether or not I shall lose my purpose because I tarried to show mercy."

Several days later when Artaban arrived at Bethlehem, the streets were deserted. It was rumored that Herod was sending soldiers, presumably to enforce some new tax, and the men of the city had taken their flocks into the hills beyond his reach. The door of one dwelling was open, and Artaban could hear a mother singing a lullaby to her child. He entered and introduced himself. The woman told him that it was now the third day since the three wise men had appeared in Bethlehem. They had found Joseph and Mary and the young child, and had laid their gifts at His feet. Then they had gone as mysteriously as they had come. Joseph had taken his wife and babe that same night and had secretly fled. It was whispered that they were going far away into Egypt. As Artaban listened, the baby reached up its dimpled hand and touched his cheek and smiled. His heart warmed at the touch. Then suddenly, outside there arose a wild confusion of sounds. Women were shrieking. Then a desperate cry was heard, "The soldiers of Herod are killing the children." Artaban went to the doorway. A band of soldiers came hurrying down the street. The captain approached the door to thrust Artaban aside, but Artaban did not stir. His face was as calm as though he were still watching the stars. Finally his out-stretched hand revealed the giant ruby. He said, "I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will go on his way and leave this house alone." The captain, amazed at the splendor of the gem, took it and said to his men, "March on, there are no children here."

Then Artaban prayed, "Oh, God, forgive me my sin, I have spent for men that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King?" But the voice of the woman, weeping for joy in the shadows behind him said softly, "Thou hast saved the life of my little one. May the Lord bless thee and keep thee and give thee peace." Artaban, still following the King, went on into Egypt seeking everywhere for traces of the little family that had fled before him. For many years we follow Artaban in his search. We see him at the pyramids. We see him in Alexandria taking counsel with a Hebrew rabbi who told him to seek the King not among the rich but among the poor. He passed through countries where famine lay heavy upon the land, and the poor were crying for bread. He made his dwelling in plague-stricken cities. He visited the oppressed and the afflicted in prisons. He searched the crowded slave-markets. Though he found no one to worship, he found many to serve. As the years passed he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the sick and comforted the captive. Thirty-three years had now passed away since Artaban began his search. His hair was white as snow. He knew his life's end was near, but he was still desperate with hope that he would find the King. He had come for the last time to Jerusalem. It was the season of the Passover and the city was thronged with strangers. Artaban inquired where they were going. One answered, "We are going to the execution on Golgotha outside the city walls. Two robbers are going to be crucified, and with them another called Jesus of Nazareth, a man who has done many wonderful works among the people. He claims to be the Son of God and the priests and elders have said that he must die. Pilate sent him to the cross." How strangely these familiar words fell upon the tired heart of Artaban. They had led him for a lifetime over land and sea. And now they came to him like a message of despair. The King had been denied and cast out. Perhaps he was already dying. Could he be the same one for whom the star had appeared thirty-three long years ago? Artaban's heart beat loudly within him. He thought, "It may be that I shall yet find the King and be able to ransom him from death by giving my treasure to his enemies." But as Artaban started toward Calgary, he saw a troop of soldiers coming down the street, dragging a sobbing young woman. As Artaban paused, she broke away from her tormentors and threw herself at his feet, her arms clasped around his knees. "Have pity on me," she cried. "And save me. My father was also of the Magi, but he is dead. I am to be sold as a slave to pay his debts." Artaban trembled as he again felt the conflict arising in his soul. It was the same he had experienced in the palm grove of Babylon and in the cottage at Bethlehem. Twice the gift which he had consecrated to the King had been drawn from his hand to the service of humanity. Would he now fail again? One thing was clear, he must rescue this helpless child from evil. He took the pearl and laid it in the hand of the girl and said, "Daughter, this is the

ransom. It is the last of my treasures which I had hoped to keep for the King." While he spoke, the darkness of the sky thickened and the shuddering tremors of an earthquake ran through the ground. The houses rocked. The soldiers fled in terror. Artaban sank beside a protecting wall. What had he to fear? What had he to hope for? He had given away the last of his tribute to the King. The quest was over and he had failed. What else mattered? The earthquake quivered beneath him. A heavy tile, shaken from a roof, fell and struck him. He lay breathless and pale. Then there came a still small voice through the twilight. It was like distant music. The rescued girl leaned over him and heard him say, "Not so, my Lord; for when saw I thee hungered and fed thee. Or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw I thee sick or in prison and came unto thee? Thirty-three years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered unto thee, my King." The sweet voice came again, "Verily I say unto thee, that inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me." A calm radiance of wonder and joy lighted the face of Artaban as one long, last breath exhaled gently from his lips. His journey was ended. His treasure accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King.

ADORATION CHAPEL

"If we really love the good God, we should make it our joy and happiness to come a few minutes to adore Him, and ask Him for the grace of forgiveness. We should regard those moments as the happiest in our lives. It is so sublime to just sit in peace for a while."

It would be beneficial throughout this new year for us to spend more time in adoration by volunteering an hour of your time each week. Not just because the Lord asks us to do so, but because we receive unexplained benefits that strengthen our faith and our purpose. Happy New Year to all!

Come and spend some quiet time at our Adoration Chapel, even for just an hour.

Open Hours-Sunday 11pm, Monday 12am & 1am
Please prayerfully consider filling an open hour. If you cannot make your hour – please find coverage or call your division leader. Thank you!

Marie Francisco 732-895-7972

Andrea Trapper 973-347-7031



Sessions resume:

- Today--Sun., 1/5 for Gr. 1-6
- Sun., 1/12 for Gr. K
- Mon., 1/6 for Gr. 8
- Mon., 1/13 for Gr. 7

Next Confirmation sessions:

- Sun., 1/5 for Confirmation II
- Sun., 1/12 for Confirmation I

Confirmation I and II:

- Service for the 4th quarter (4 hrs. over the course of Sept-Dec) and signed Mass sheets for December are to be returned this week.

First Reconciliation

Sat., January 18, 2020 in the Church

9:30 am, The classes of Tina DeLuca, Sierra Lopez and Lucia Pintos

Please arrive at least 15 min. early, in the church



Please keep in your prayers the parish children who will be celebrating the Sacrament of Reconciliation for the first

time on Jan. 18!

At the back of church there is a basket with refrigerator magnet 'sheep'—we ask that families take one and pray for the child listed on the back!

YOUTH MINISTRY

Feb. 13

Jason Evert – 7-9pm, St. Paul Inside the Wall

Youth Ministry Meetings

Mondays at 7:00pm in Youth Ministry mtg. room
All permission slips/registration forms can be found online. Calendar for other events can be found on the parish website at stmichaelnetcong.org/youth-ministry.
If you have questions, please email Nicole at youth.ministry@stmichaelnetcong.org

March For Life

Knights of Columbus Bus Trip

January 24th is the annual bus trip to Washington DC. Anyone interested can call John Hand at 973-670-7457. The trip to the March For Life is sponsored by St. Michael's Knights of Columbus Council #3665.

There is no charge to participate. Seats are limited. First come first serve. Leaving at 6:00 am from St Michael's school parking lot and returning around 10:00 pm. Let's take a stand against Roe v Wade together.

Saint Michael Outreach Pantry

Our distribution of food to the needy for Christmas is fast approaching and we need the following items to complete our food bags: men's and women's deodorant, toilet tissue, canned fruit and spaghetti. Please leave ONLY your NON-PERISHABLE donations in the bin outside the rectory garage. ANY FROZEN OR REFRIGERATED FOODS LEFT IN THE BIN WILL HAVE TO BE DISCARDED FOR HEALTH REASONS. Thank you for your generosity. Happy New Year!

FREE



ZUMBA

Saturdays from 10 to 11am

Also Wednesdays at 7pm in the Parish Gym

¡Clases de Zumba Gratis en el Gym de la parroquia!!!!

Sábados de 10:00 AM a 11:00 AM Y

Miercoles a las 7:00 PM

