

## Pope Francis' Prayer Intention for January

### Promotion of World Peace

We pray that Christians, followers of other religions, and all people of goodwill may promote peace and justice in the world.

## Pope Francis' Prayer Intention for February

### Listen to the Migrants' Cries

We pray that the cries of our migrant brothers and sisters, victims of criminal trafficking, may be heard and considered.



## Celebrate Catholic Schools Week 2020

January 26 – February 1

#CSW1920

## A Note from Our Grandpals!

At HTS, we enjoy hosting a Grandpals' Day on Valentine's Day each year. This month, we honor their legacy by asking a few of our grandpals to tell us what Catholic education has meant to them.



My Catholic education started in the very first grade class of the new St. Andrew's School in Newtown in 1953. I was just 5 years old, and I shared a desk with my cousin who was 6 and in the 2nd grade. We had 1st, 2nd and 3rd grade in the same classroom. One time the principal, whom we called Mother (we only had Immaculate Heart of Mary Nuns as teachers), sat me on her lap and had me read the book *The Pokey Little Puppy* to the 8th grade class to show them how well a first grader could read. My 8 years at St. Andrew's, along with growing up in a Catholic family with my parents, grandparents and brother, taught me values of respect, consideration, and love. My own children went to Catholic elementary schools – St. John the Evangelist and Our Lady of Grace – and also Catholic high schools. Some of them went on to Catholic colleges like St. Joseph's Univ., Catholic Univ. of America, and King's College. Nowadays, many of my 21 grandchildren also go to Catholic schools. The ones that don't go to a Catholic grade school attend Prep classes and one has made her First Communion and another one is studying for Reconciliation and First Communion this spring. I also have two daughters that teach Prep classes at their parishes. I enjoy visiting the grandchildren at school and playing Bingo and seeing what they are learning. A lot of things have changed, very few Nuns now, computer labs and security, but some things haven't changed. The children still say prayers in their classroom just as I did at St. Andrew's many years ago. I also find that children coming from a Catholic education have respect for family and others. I attend daily Mass to continue growing with the Lord. I am truly thankful for all the teachers and the Catholic education that my family has received for generations. – An HTS Grandpal

## Catholic Education is an Every Day Grace

I have been asked to write about what Catholic Education means to me. As I began to put my thoughts down on paper I realized that the ideas I was espousing were really just definitions: Quality education which develops the students intellectually, socially, physically, emotionally combined with a strong commitment of service to others through volunteerism and giving; The exposure of the students to the Catholic Faith, through religious teaching and practice through the Liturgy and Prayer Life of the students; A very strong sense of being part of a community of people from diverse backgrounds. After some thought, I realized that this is not really what Catholic Education means to me.

Catholic Education is watching my older Grandson standing in front of a Church full of people and serve as the Cantor for the Sacrifice of the Mass. Or seeing him as an Altar Server just like his Grandfather (a product of Catholic Education) did 55 years ago and his Great Grandfather (also a product of a Catholic Education) did 80 years ago.

Catholic Education is listening to that same Grandson sit in a roomful of people of different ages and backgrounds and intelligently discuss a subject. Or to watch him, with a group of his classmates, participate in the Reading Olympics. It is also having a complete stranger come up to me and tell me how polite and helpful my younger Grandson is.

Catholic Education is sitting in an Assembly Hall full of students talking and having fun prior to a ceremony and when the teachers simply raise their hands and extend two fingers in a "V" symbol, the entire room becomes quiet. It is those same students coming out of the school building at the end of the day some smiling, some laughing, several hugging each other and telling each other that they will see them tomorrow.

Finally, Catholic Education, is my younger Grandson asking me if he and his brother can have the spare change sitting on my desk for a Fund Raiser for a little girl in Ecuador.

Those are just a few of the things that Catholic Education means to me. – An HTS Grandpa!

## A Catholic School Education

As a kid, my family moved often but no matter where we lived a good education was important to my parents. They made many sacrifices in order to provide my siblings and me with a Catholic school education. One of our moves brought us to the Morrisville area and I attended HTS for sixth and seventh grade in the mid '60s. Always being the "new" kid was difficult, but we were accepted into the school and church community with welcoming smiles and fellowship.

HTS continues to offer that community to its current students including my grandchildren, Allie and Zackary. In addition to providing a quality education in a safe and friendly environment, the teachers are caring and supportive and reinforce the values that are taught at home.

As a grandparent, I have had the opportunity to attend several ceremonies as well as volunteer at the school and it feels I've come full circle. Catholic schools shaped my identity and gave me a strong foundation in my faith along with learning respect and responsibility. I'm glad my grandchildren are a part of the community at Holy Trinity, and I pray that they will continue to learn and grow in their faith.

Patricia Nay

I'm on the bottom right, Holy Trinity 1966.



## St. Benedict the Moor



**St. Benedict the Moor**  
1526 - 1589  
Memorial - 4 April

St. Benedict the Moor, a lay brother, was born in Sicily in 1526. He was the son of African slave parents, but he was freed at an early age. When about twenty-one he was insulted because of his color, but his patient and dignified bearing caused a group of Franciscan hermits who witnessed the incident to invite him to join their group. He became their leader. In 1564 he joined the Franciscan friary in Palermo and worked in the kitchen until 1578, when he was chosen superior of the group against his will. He later requested to be the cook again. He could not read or write, but he was known for his power to read people's minds and held the nickname of the "Holy Moor" (which is a misnomer originating from the Italian IL MORO, 'the black'). His life of austerity resembled that of St. Francis of Assisi. His holiness, reputation for miracles, and his fame as a confessor brought hordes of visitors to see the obscure and humble cook. He died at the convent, was canonized in 1807, and is the patron saint of blacks in the United States.

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