



ST. LOUIS THE KING PARISH THE HERALD

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Inside this issue:

Family Life Ministry	2
The Glory of Motherhood	2
Drive in Movie Anyone?	3
A Morning Run with the Lord	3
Springing into Action	4



Special points of interest:

- Mother Mary**
- Family Videos**
- Glory of Motherhood**
- A Night at the Drive In**
- Sunrise with the Lord**
- Springing into Action**
- Visible Growth**

MARY—MOTHER OF THE AMERICAS—BY FR. GLENN



On the Feast Day of St. Joseph the Worker, Friday May 1st at 3 p.m. I united with bishops, priests and deacons across the United States to Re-Consecrate our country, our Church, and our parish family to Mary, the Mother of the Americas. In doing so we are reaching out and intrusting ourselves again to her motherly care.

When St. John Paul II visited the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe several years ago he proclaimed Mary as Mother of the Americas. At a time when the indigenous Aztec civilization had gone awry Mary intervened as a loving mother would. The natives were engulfed in the religious practice of child and human sacrifice. Some years ago when I made a pilgrimage to celebrate the

Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe I visited the Aztec Pyramids. At the base of the pyramids still lay the ruins of the altars of sacrifice. The altars lie before a huge stone head of a serpent with mouth open as to devour the child. The darkness of what once took place there brought a chill down my spine. This is the world into which Mary as a loving mother intervened. After years of making very little progress in bring Christ to the native people, Mary brought millions of people to her Son almost overnight. The Miracle of Guadalupe changed the course of human history.

At a time when churches are closed across the country and abortion clinics are open we beg our Mother to once more intervene for us. May she lead our hearts to her Son.

As a child when we are sick we turn to our mothers for healing and consolation. Mothers always know what to do and what to say to give us comfort and reassurance. As we live in a world more intensely in need of healing than I can recall in my lifetime we turn to our Mother, Mary. From the Cross, in His greatest time of need, Jesus turned to His mother and to us in love and gave her to us as He said, "Behold your mother." We are most united to Jesus as brothers and sisters when we turn to Mary our Mother.

At that moment at the foot of the Cross we are told that St. John the beloved disciple took Mary into his home. My prayer is that each one of us take Mary into our homes. With a mother's love may she unite us evermore to her Son.

Family Life—The Beating Heart of St. Louis the King Parish

One of the most amazing and beautiful things about our church community is our friendship and our love for one another, the way our individual families come together to make one large parish family. During this time of quarantine we take advantage of spiritual communion and we use technology to communicate with one another but it cannot replace the face to face contact that we miss and have come to appreciate in a deeper sense these past weeks.

We are asking for your help and are putting out a challenge to all of our parishioners. We want you to share your beautiful faces with your parish family. Take videos of your families saying hello, praying, sharing a moment, or just being silly. We will have a contest for the funniest home video. We are also looking for specific videos wishing our mothers, both physical mothers and spiritual mothers, a Happy

Mother’s Day.

Here is how you do it: Upload your family video(s) onto your computer and then email them by using Google Drive (or its equivalent) to Holly at: secretary@sltkchurch.org. These will be placed on our facebook page, website and Youtube channel and by sending them you agree to publication. Check out these sites for videos currently posted.

The Glory of Motherhood—By Deacon Bill McKnight

The most important person on earth is a mother. She cannot claim the honor of having built Notre Dame Cathedral. She need not. She has built something more magnificent than any cathedral—a dwelling for an immortal soul, the tiny perfection of her baby’s body. The angels have not been blessed with such a grace. They cannot share in God’s creative miracle to bring new saints to Heaven. Only a human mother can. Mothers are closer to God the Creator than any other creature; God joins forces with mothers in per-

forming this act of creation. . . What on God’s good earth is more glorious than this; to be a mother?

Joszef Cardinal Mindszenty

God Bless all mothers, not only mothers who have bore children but spiritual mothers. May you accept this token of our gratitude and love from your parish family. May our Mother Mary wrap you in her mantel of love and protection and may she guide you with her humility.



**St. Louis the King Parking Lot
Saturday, May 9th, 9:00pm
Family Friendly,
Bring Your Own Snacks,
No Car Swapping!
Feature Film:
*My Princes Bride***



Mothers Day Breakfast—2019

A Morning Run with the Lord—By Stacy Bolf

This morning, I set the alarm for 5:30...am. The time is not unusual. I love mornings. I use the silence of the early morning to read my devotional and Bible, pray and sip my coffee without any distraction. Just me and God. A workout typically follows that quiet time. It is that routine that wakes up my mind, soul and body and sets the tone for my day, centering me. Today I felt rushed. My devotional was short and I felt like I was being pushed to just run. I noticed dawn starting to break and decided to get going on a run to the Welcome Center and catch the sunrise. I hardly ever run with music, but something told me today that I would want it. The playlist I selected took forever to download, but finally I bounded out of the door, tunes flooding my ears.

After three miles of breathing in the cool, crisp air, I made it to the Welcome Center and gazed out over Lake Superior. The sun had risen and was about four inches over the horizon already. I had failed. Or had I? The sky was painted with many majestic colors. The water was calm. An ore ship navigated its way toward the dock at Presque Isle. Birds were singing. I felt God's loving arms wrap around me as he whispered, "You are right where you need to be, at the perfect time. Now, talk to me." So, I did. I told Him my fears about this virus. I told Him my sadness for all of the selfishness and hatred I'd seen this week. I know that there are, and will continue to be good things that come out of this, but I prayed for Him to help me see more of that and to be a bigger part of it. I prayed for patience and protection for myself, husband and kids as we all adjust to changes that are continually being made in our home due to all being there, all the time. And I came back to me...God guide me on where I can make an impact right now...what can I do? ...Silence. I thanked Him for being there to always listen and prepared to head back home.

After snapping a picture of the beauty around me, I jogged back down the trail, music blaring once again. But this time, the music coupled with my thoughts, brought extreme clarity. God directed me back to reflecting on other trials in my life, at those experiences and how He pulled me through, only once I had completely surrendered my plans. Enter Toby Mac's

"Way Beyond Me" and the lyrics:

You take me to the place where I
know I need You
Straight to the depths that I can't
handle on my own
And Lord I know, I know I need
You
So take me to Your great
Take me to Your great unknown

Boom. This time that we are in - we CAN NOT handle it on our own and we are being shown that daily. All the statistics, the case numbers, the deaths, they are all hard to read without invoking a sense of fear. This virus is driving us to the depths that WE can NOT handle on our own. We just can't. Whining, getting angry and especially protesting, is not going to do any good. As much as us humans like and crave control, God has got this and He is in control. I guess some people have never had to surrender their "rights". I get it, they are angry. But can the anger be used for good? Hmmm. I prayed that, especially during this time, others would be led to the only One that can truly save them, give them hope and provide them a helpful purpose during this time.

Then as I switched my cadence to a higher gear for the final 2 miles, "Survivor" by Zach Williams started...and so did a few tears of mine. This song is an anthem for me when reflecting on trials I have been through, the trials of falling away from God during my High School and College years (enter GFS and the disciples I met through my 13 years there). The hopelessness and anger I had at God when my Dad was dying (God showed his loving compassion to me so many times during that month). Also, this past year with deciding to leave a well-paying and prideful HR job that kept me from my family and left me feeling empty at the end of each day. All trials, all tough, all with many moments I used to regret but have come to realize that all those bad, uncomfortable, shameful moments had a purpose. They were used to push me deeper into my trust and faith in God. The God of truth, that never leaves (enter another

great song, The God Who Stays by Matthew West) and a God who always has a plan for good. Survivor lyrics:

Now all I can see are the fields
of your grace
Wherever I run your leading
the way
You shook the shackles off
my feet
I found redemption on my
knees
You gave me hope you gave
me something to believe

After a few more songs and prayer, I knew what I needed to do. Through tears, I spoke the words "Ok, God, Ok" in my driveway and told Him I'd start writing. So here it is, installment one. Short, sweet and to the point of the point of doing this. Having an outlet during this time is important for everyone. I encourage you to find yours. If your outlet can help others, even better and it may leave you even more fulfilled. Whatever it is, pour your heart and soul into it and I promise it will be fruitful.

One last thought: Family time is one thing I prayed hard for when I quit my full time job. I needed more quality time with the ones I love. God answered my prayer not just once, with an amazing opportunity for a flexible job schedule that started last October, but once again during all of this. Do not misunderstand, I am NOT grateful for why we need to stay home at all, but I am loving our time together as a family and the continued reinforcement of its importance. Even the new challenges that present themselves with us being together every minute of every day, help us to better understand each other and deepen our relationships with one another. Maybe that's the greater purpose in all of this, to bring us closer together, working to understand one another, appreciating our differences, our uniqueness and loving one another more deeply, as our Father loves us.

Springing into Action—By Fr. Glenn & Garden Club

The movement of the Holy Spirit has brought forth incredible new growth in our parish. The most visible sign of that is the continued beautification of our parish grounds. The Garden Club led by Rhode and Carol Labine has been an amazing blessing for us. Their energy and enthusiasm is more contagious than Covid-19. Once again they have big plans now that most of the snow has melted. As the pandemic lingers on it may be a good time to get out of doors and spring into action.

The Spring and Summer projects are almost too numerous to mention, but I would like to share a few with you. I am doing this to keep you informed but also to invite you to join in the fun. Spring yard cleanup is a good starting project. We will need a hand planting the garden in early June, which will include pumpkins and a variety of vegetables. The flower gardens will need attention as well.

We would like to utilize our property beyond Silver Creek by making a Way of the Cross through the woods. The plan is to bridge the creek on the East and West end of



the property and wind the Stations of the Cross along a nature trail. At 4th Station where Jesus meets His mother we plan a prayer garden and Marian Grotto. At the 12th Station, the death of Jesus, another prayer garden will be constructed. We have a very beautiful large crucifix in storage that I would like to set up there under a canopy roof for protection from the weather. All construction will match the natural woods background. St. Louis the King will have its own “Cross in the Woods.”

One of the projects that has been on our agenda for some time is to increase our parking. We will begin by developing some additional spaces along Willow Road. The project will include replacing the earth mound with a retaining wall around the back stairway. An enclosed area will be built to house the dumpster. With additional landscaping moving south along Willow Road we can add additional parking spaces.

The Garden Club will be publishing scheduled work bees each week in the bulletin. Please watch the bulletin for opportunities to join the fun. It really is a joy to work together beautifying God’s property!



October Pumpkins = Smiling Faces

Coming Attractions (Pandemic Permitting)

- ◆ *Drive in Movie*
- ◆ *First Communion*
- ◆ *Confirmation*
- ◆ *Blessing of the Bikes*
- ◆ *Steubenville- HS Youth*
- ◆ *Family Retreat*
- ◆ *Community Meal*
- ◆ *Faith Fest*
- ◆ *Parish Picnic*
- ◆ *Pumpkin Fest*