



## *Dear Brothers & Sisters*

Secular Franciscan Fraternity

We gather at **7:30 p.m** on the **second Monday** of each month at:

**St. Joseph's Home**  
80 W. Northwest Hwy.  
Palatine, IL

### **Council Members**

*Minister*

Stephanie Heavey, OFS  
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*Vice-Minister*

Sue Gribbon, OFS  
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*Secretary*

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*Councilor-at-Large*

Kay Crnich, OFS

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For privacy, all personal addresses, phone numbers, email, prayer intentions, and (for non-council members) last names are removed from this web version.

### **Our Monthly Gathering...**

Once again, dear Brothers and Sisters, we are unable to gather in fraternity because of the coronavirus. The continuation of shelter-in-place is extended until May 30<sup>th</sup>. *Our celebration of Vocation will be rescheduled for a gathering later this year.*

The hope is that in June, restrictions will be eased and we will be able to be together once again. Hopefully, the weather will be good and we will be able to gather outside where we will have more elbowroom than we do in the library. ☒

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### **Anniversaries**

*Four members of our fraternity are celebrating this month:*

May 6, 1984	Sister Lea
May 8, 2006	Sister Sue G.
May 13, 2013	Sister Geri
	Sister Kay

*God's abundant Blessings be Yours!*

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### **Member Directory**

The member directory will be updated in the future. Please send the following current, correct information to the minister:

NAME

ADDRESS, CITY, STATE AND ZIP CODE

PREFERRED PHONE NUMBER; indicate if cell or home phone

EMAIL ADDRESS

PARISH YOU ATTEND

BIRTHDATE – Month and day only

SPOUSE'S NAME – if applicable

# And So We Pray...

## PAPAL INTENTIONS FOR MAY

### For Deacons

We pray that deacons, faithful in their service to the Word and the poor, may be an invigorating symbol for the entire Church.

## PRAYER DURING CORONAVIRUS PANDEMIC

O clement, O loving, O sweet Mother Mary,  
We, your children of every nation,  
Turn to you in this pandemic.  
Our troubles are numerous; our fears are great.  
Grant that we might deposit them at your feet,  
Take refuge in your Immaculate Heart,  
And obtain peace, healing, rescue,  
And timely help in all our needs.  
You are our Mother.  
Pray for us to your Son.  
Amen

Morning Offering, The Catholic Company

## LET US PRAY

### Response: *Lord, hear our prayer.*

For our brother, **Deacon Lou**, who has prayed with us and for us, and imparted God's blessing on us, we pray to the Lord,  
For the grace of **patience** during this month of extended separation from each other, we pray to the Lord,  
For the grace of **gratitude** for the things we do have and can do, we pray to the Lord,  
For the grace to **reach out generously to those who don't**, we pray to the Lord,  
For those who are **suffering emotionally**, not only because a loved one is ill and hospitalized, but also because they cannot visit their loved one, we pray to the Lord,  
For the **lesson of the seasons**, which teaches that nothing lasts forever, we pray to the Lord,  
For **all those who have no one to pray for them**, we pray to the Lord, ☩

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# 2020 Calendar

Unless otherwise noted, all events are at St. Joseph's Home.

## January

~~13: Monthly Gathering (Communion Service)~~

## February

~~10: Monthly Gathering (Liturgy of the Hours)~~

## March

~~02: Council Meeting, Stephanie's home~~

~~09: Monthly Gathering (Stations of the Cross)~~

## April

~~13: Monthly Gathering (cancelled)~~

~~27: Council Meeting via email~~

## May

~~11: Vocation Day (cancelled)~~

*VOCATION DAY WILL BE RESCHEDULED*

## June

08: Monthly Gathering (Liturgy of the Hours)

22: Council Meeting, Stephanie's home

## July

13: Monthly Gathering (Communion Service)

## August

10: Monthly Gathering (Liturgy of the Hours)

24: Council Meeting, Stephanie's home

## September

14: Monthly Gathering (Liturgy of the Hours)

## October

12: Monthly Gathering (Crown Rosary)

26: Council Meeting, Stephanie's home

## November

09: Monthly Gathering (Mass – with Rite of Remembrance)

## December

14: Monthly Gathering (Communion Service)

TBD: Council Meeting, Stephanie's home

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## Franciscan Charity

Personal concerns were forgotten as all of us in our fraternity happily helped our elderly sisters and brothers living St. Joseph's Home. The Sisters are most grateful for the \$770. which our fraternity gave to help them provide food for the residents in these unusual times.

Like their founder, St. Jeanne Jugan, the Sisters have thought of ways to help the residents ride this storm of separation. Tables are placed at the door of each room at mealtime so that the residents can talk to their neighbors across the hall and maintain sociability. A portable keyboard is used to provide music each day as someone plays while walking the halls.

Any additional donations for the Little Sisters can be sent to our treasurer, Kathy, who will then take them to St. Joseph's on our behalf. ☒

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*It seems fitting to share this story in this month dedicated to Mary, the Heavenly Mother of All, and in which we honor our own mothers here on earth.*

### THE TWO MOTHERS

Many years ago, one of my husband's relatives gave a baby up for adoption. Her husband had quit his well-paying job. They sold their lovely house, moved out of state and made a real estate investment. It failed within a year, leaving a huge debt to be repaid.

The family came back home looking for work, a house to rent and schools for the two teenage children. Soon the mom realized she was pregnant. It was more than she could handle psychologically. She gave birth to the child and gave her up for adoption. Only a few relatives were aware of this. Everyone else was told that the child had been stillborn.

Two years later, my husband told me the story shortly after we were married. He did so knowing that I am a question box. He was concerned that someone might accidentally allude to the sad happening. I would ask questions and create a very uncomfortable situation.

Dear Brothers & Sisters    [www.nwfranciscans.org](http://www.nwfranciscans.org)

I would often think about this little girl. Where was she living? How was she doing? Years passed. The children we longed to have did not come. My husband and I adopted a beautiful baby girl of our own. Through adoption, one daughter left the family and another joined it.

On Mother's Day that year, we were invited to the relative's home for a family dinner. Our daughter was two months old. It was twenty years since there was a baby in the family. All the women, except our hostess, vied for a chance to hold her and fawn over her. With their maternal needs satisfied, they headed for the kitchen to help with dinner preparations.

Our host and I were alone in the living room. He asked if he could hold her. A bit reluctantly, I said 'Yes'. Once my daughter was in his arms, he turned and walked up the staircase to the second floor. This was disconcerting.

I sat uncomfortably until I could see his shoes descending the staircase. As I looked up, I saw him holding my daughter tightly. There were tears in his eyes as he handed her to me and walked away swiftly. Instantly my mind remembered. My heart went out to him silently. He was mourning the loss of his own daughter.

Five years ago, I had returned from a vacation and was scanning a gazillion emails. One of the emails from a church staff member stated that she had been contacted and asked to forward the attached email to me.

I opened the forwarded email. It was from the adopted daughter! Her name was Diane and she had found my name on the church website and was hoping I would meet with her. I replied immediately and two days later we had a four-hour lunch.

It was easy to recognize her as she bears a striking resemblance to her sister. I brought photo albums and gave Diane a brief outline of her birth family. She told me about her husband, two daughters, her 6-year-old granddaughter and the "one on the way".

Her adoptive parents were alive; her mom had severe health issues. Diane spoke at length about growing up in a family with a brother and numerous cousins. However, she said that she never felt like she belonged. She was eleven when she came across her adoption papers accidentally. Her feelings were validated.

Her desire to belong inspired her to search for her birth parents. When she was in her twenties, Diane found her birth mother who was widowed and leading a very active life in her church and community. She was not comfortable establishing a relationship with Diane that might disrupt her lifestyle. She was fearful of what her friends might think and say.

Diane reached out to her brother and sister. The brother lived out of state and rarely contacted his mother and sister. The sister wanted nothing to do with Diane.

Diane's strong faith helped her as she struggled with the pain of feeling unloved and unwanted by her birth family. However, at times the need for acceptance and validation overcame her and she would try again to find a connection.

Diane's birth mother was still alive and Diane had a strong longing to see her once again. However, her birth mother was having serious memory issues and was no longer sure of who the people in her life were. She was being cared for by the daughter. Because of the strong resemblance between the two sisters, seeing Diane might cause the birth mother to become confused which could hamper her care. This was a sorrow that Diane humbly accepted.

For a few months after we met, I prayed and pondered the best way to tell Diane's sister that I had met Diane and would have a continuing relationship with her. One evening, the sister called. Her mom had been taken to the hospital for a mental health evaluation. She said that when her mother had been asked how many children she had, she responded "three". Casually, she asked if I had ever heard of her mom having another child.

My prayers were answered. Just as casually, I responded that I had known about it since my marriage into the family. In fact, I recently met Diane. The daughter reiterated her intent not to meet her sister nor have any contact with her. I responded that she was free to make her choices and I was free to make mine.

Two years ago, Diane's adoptive mother died. It was January and I was not able to attend the wake or funeral. She was buried in the same huge cemetery as were all my husband's family. I would visit her grave in the future.

Five months later, Diane's birth mother died. The day of the funeral was sunny and steamy. The gravesite is right around the turn into the section and close to the road. The engraved headstone, only lacking the date of death, had been on the gravesite ever since the death of her husband thirty years before. There is a large shade tree nearby. The small group of elderly friends gratefully clustered under it during the committal service.

Two weeks later, my daughter, who could not attend the funeral, and I drove out to the cemetery. We planned on doing some maintenance and decoration of all the family plots. It was also a perfect opportunity to find the grave of Diane's adoptive mother.

As we drove in, I headed for the section where Diane's birth mother was buried so that my daughter could pray at her gravesite. There were the large shade trees and by the grave close to the road an Irish angel statue and a fresh pink carnation near the headstone. I was slightly ahead of my daughter as we walked the few steps to the grave. I looked at the stone to see if the date had already been engraved.

Chills ran up and down my spine and "Oh, my God!" escaped my lips spontaneously as I read the name on the stone. This was not the grave of Diane's birth mother. It was the grave of her adoptive mother! Her two mothers were buried less than one hundred feet from each other. For as I looked up, I saw the grave to which we should have walked, six rows away under the second shade tree, not the first.

Immediately I called Diane on her cell phone. She was as dumbfounded as was I. We were both shaking as we spoke with each other. Later in the evening, Diane texted me. "God has always spoken to me in coincidences because He knows that's how to get my attention. He is saying 'I picked them out for you. Quit worrying and concerning yourself about the biologicals'. I feel a great peace and no longer feel the desire to learn more about my birth family."

What could not be reconciled in life, God had reconciled in death.

Stephanie Heavey  
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