

July 15, 2018

Thoughts from the pastor,

Wow, a lot has happened in the two weeks since I wrote last. I heard that Fr. Don tried to fill some of you in on some of it. I do know that some of the rumors aren't correct. I left early Friday, 6/29, for Boston to get ready for boarding the cruise ship. The plans changed within three hours after our arrival. Fr. Mike missed a step and cracked his hip. I didn't push him. He tried to tough it out, and we rode a duck boat tour for 1 ½ hours after his fall. By that time it was obvious he needed an emergency room. We got there and after eight hours of watching the excitement of Massachusetts General Hospital's emergency room during one of the busiest weeks of the Boston year, they figured he needed surgery. The next morning they put in three screws. I canceled the cruise.

For the next eight days he stayed at MGH while I stayed at a Hostel with four beds in a room, or two bunkbeds. It was just like the old days in the seminary only I am 52 years older, which made that top bunk more exciting to get in and out of. But that is the bunk I had in the seminary also. I actually spent most of my days doing what I would have been doing on the ship. I walked 8-10 miles, slept, ate, and prayed. I did have to go higher tech than usual. Usually I walk and read. I could not do that with the Boston crowds during 4<sup>th</sup> of July week. I listened to courses that I had downloaded as I walked. I finished two courses and still had time to read two and a half books. I didn't get to Mass everyday but just about. I saw a lot of Boston. Fr. Mike saw the same walls and the same little section of the sky the whole time. Luckily we had good trip insurance so we should be reimbursed for all the interesting expenses and for the trip we didn't have. All in all, it was according to God's plan.

It was fun trying to help the Boston people understand a little about Nebraska. They were very nice but I really think they thought we were crazy for wanting to come back home to finish his recovery. I really believe some of them think we live in teepees and have witch doctors shaking rattles. The clincher happened when we were getting ready for the flights back to Nebraska. The social worker that was assigned to his case would not believe that I could make adequate arrangements, so she called the Community Pride Home in Battle Creek, NE. I had already talked with them. She came back in the room with the most bewildered look on her face. She couldn't figure out how they all knew Fr. Mike? She just couldn't wrap her head around the fact that they all knew that he had been on vacation, and that he had gotten hurt, and they couldn't wait to see how they could help him. Her question was: Are they all your friends? Of course the answer was: Yes! That is why we wanted to get back to Nebraska ASAP.

One of the most welcoming sights I have ever seen was the lush green hills of Iowa as we were coming in for a landing in Omaha. I had been getting a little crazy walking down the sidewalks of Boston with shoulder-to-shoulder buildings all around me. One surprise for me as I was in Boston was that I had never seen so many Dunkin Donut shops in my life. I was able to avoid them for I was working on losing a few pounds with all the walking while having small meals. By the way, it worked. So my vacation was a little like the Gilligan's Island Show, just a three hour cruise.

This coming week, Fr. Don will be gone. He has vacation during the week, and then will be subbing in Boyd County for the weekend. The next week is Totus Tuus. And the following weekend Fr. Don will be helping in North Bend and Snyder. Many of our young people will be at the Steubenville conference this weekend. Next weekend we will have a short announcement at the Masses for them and their parents about the John Paul II Neumann Center at UNO. The moral of these stories is that God never wants me to be bored.

God bless you,  
Fr. Frank