

Give and it will be given unto you IV

Food. Italians have a love affair with food, and the part of my family that was closest to me was all Italian. We ate together with my grandparents nearly every night, and when the larger part of the family gathered at my grandparents the food and the wine were always in abundance. From this I learned that the main essentials to the truly happy life are family, especially the family at table. If there was food on the table and time to be together, everything else was of less significance. My grandparents were poor but resourceful; they were “hunter – gatherers” – one of my strongest memories as a small child was being awakened before dawn to go out to a field in the cold fog of Fall to pick mushrooms. Their house was a trove of canned produce they grew in their large garden, including tomatoes in the front yard. I remember as a teenager being embarrassed by that, but now I think it was terrific. Another strong memory is of me sitting in my grandmother’s very large kitchen, heated by a wood stove, and my grandfather coming in from hunting in the late morning with about a dozen ducks which he unceremoniously dumped on the floor. We cleaned them, and prepared them for that night’s feast. Somehow there was always abundance, and in remembering these warm memories I can see that the principle that I learned was that when we share what we have, blessings will result. For me this was the spark that called me to generosity.

IHM Pray for us.

Father Jerry

Dad y se os Dara IV

Comida. Los Italianos tienen un amor con la comida, y la parte de la familia que estaba mas cercana a mi eran Italianos. Comiamos juntos con mis abuelos casi todas las noches y cuando la mayoria de la familia se reunia en casa de mis abuelos siempre habia abundancia de comida y vino. De esto yo aprendi que esencialmente ser una familia verdaderamente feliz, especialmente la familia sentados en la mesa. Si habia comida en la mesa y tiempo para pasarlo juntos, todo lo demas era insignificante. Mis abuelos eran pobres pero ventajosos; ellos eran “cazadores - colectaban” una de mis memorias mas fuertes de cuando yo era nino pequeno era ser despertado antes del amanecer e ir afuera con el frio y la niebla del otoño para recoger hongos. Su casa era un almacén de productos enlatados que ellos crecian en su jardin, incluyendo tomates en la parte del frente de la casa. Yo me recuerdo que me daba mucha verguenza cuando yo estaba en bachillerato, pero ahora pienso que era magnifico. Otra memoria que tengo es cuando yo estaba sentado en la enorme cocina de mi abuela con el calor de una estufa de madera, y mi abuelo regresando de caceria a mediodia con una docena de patos que sin ninguna ceremonia los tiraba en el suelo. Nosotros los limpiabamos y los preparabamos para el festin de la noche. De alguna manera siempre habia mucha abundancia y recordandome de estas calidas memorias yo puedo ver que el principio que yo aprendi que cuando nosotros compartimos lo que tenemos, resultaran en bendiciones. Para mi esta fué la chispa que me llamo a la generosidad.

ICM Ora por nosotros

Padre Jerry