



Knighline Council #1711

Officers

Advent/Christmas Season 2018-19

Council Meets at 8 pm, 1st
Wednesday, of Every Month

NEXT MEETINGS
Dec 5, Jan 2, & Feb 6 - 8:00 PM

Officers Meet on the Last Wednesday of
Every Month-all are welcome

Officers:

Chaplain:	Fr. Bill Benedetto
Grand Knight:	Miguel Perez-Santalla
Fin Secretary:	Howard Saunders, PGK
Chancellor:	Saverio Zipeto
Warden:	Edward Dickert, PGK
Inside Guard:	Richard Rader
Trustee 1yr:	Jim Sadowski, PGK
Trustee 3yr:	George Russo, PGK
Deputy GK:	John-Michael Jones
Treasurer:	Glenn Miklencic
Advocate:	Carlos Perez-Santalla
Recorder:	Kevin Tedesco
Outside Guard:	Benjamin Chiang
Trustee 2yr:	Rick Weber, PGK
Lecturer:	Kevin Morrissey

We are on Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/kofc1711/>

**SEE UPCOMING EVENTS
ON THE FOLLOWING
PAGES**

A message from the Grand Knight

Dear Brother Knight and Family,



I am so indebted to my brothers and all our supporters. I have been a completely inept Grand Knight. I wish I could be 100% focused but the rest of one's life often makes it difficult. But this is where the truth of our faith makes itself so evident. By not being self-focused the others pick up and support me. Like angels I am lifted up when all around me is trying to drag me down. "Without Christ a people may always have the freedom to do, but never the power to complete." This quote from Criss Jami expresses it best for me. Jesus Christ is present in his church of which the brotherhood of the Knights of Columbus is the part of the body and uplifts me during these times. Nothing I do is without the support of the body of Christ. Just like that, we must recall that the body is one and we must all care for one another with the same love that I have received. Forgiveness and perseverance are two of the principle factors that enjoin us all together. We must remember these little things when dealing with each other. *"In this way, the children of God and the children of the devil are made plain; no one who fails to act in righteousness belongs to God, nor anyone who does not love his brother."* John 3:10 That is why every time I am with my brothers and their families I am brought to the realization that God is made present to me in the love we share. I love my Church and the Knights of Columbus and for this and many other reasons I praise and give thanks to our Lord.

With the coming of Advent and Christmas it is an appropriate time of reflection on our lives and goals. Though we often fail, let us each pray to help and uplift each other so that we may win the reward of eternal life.

I want thank George Russo, PGK for another successful Wine Tasting event. I also want to give a special thanks to Olivia Pinto-Grimes whose support was vital to its success and who has gone further and given me support in some of my duties as Grand Knight.

Finally, for all those I fail to mention and maybe forget to thank as much as I should such as our officers and their wives, the wonderful team at the Columbian Club and all the Pastors at our member parishes I thank you wish you many blessings coming into this most blessed Advent season.



All Souls Mass

Saturday

December 15, 3PM

In loving memory of our brothers past and family members. All

Celebrant: Fr. Bill Benedetto



Theology on Tap

Wednesday

December 19, 8PM

@ The Columbian Club

Cash Bar

"Spirituality of Work: A Real Thing or an Oxymoron?"

Speaker:

Julie Burkey

Adjunct Professor of Pastoral Theology

Seton Hall University

For men & women!

Please come to hear her valuable insights and enjoy a night out!

Contact Miguel for more details
gmiguelp@gmail.com

Financial Secretary's Report



Bills for membership dues for 2019 are going out this December. Please pay upon receipt. Note that the membership dues help to support the council's obligations and our works of mercy. Send your payment to my address in order to receive your card within 2 weeks. If you have any difficulties in paying,

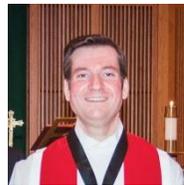
please let me know. My information is located on the bill.

If you know of anyone who has moved and has not received the bill or this email, please contact me at 908-755-7131 or email at howard_saunders@hotmail.com. Our council is in need of more volunteers to participate in council activities.

We need your help by becoming a Council Officer or by taking the lead for some of our events planned for the Columbian Year of 2019-2020. We are all volunteers. Manpower is limited with many of us becoming more active in our own parishes that we serve. It has become a challenge.

Become active Knights and support the activities: We are love, we are pro-Life; pro-Church; pro-Family; pro-community. Be the saint our Lord calls us to be, what else is there?

Contact any of our Council Officers with any questions on where and how you can contribute.



Chaplin's Corner

The month of November is the month of the Church in our Catholic Faith. In particular, these days are dedicated to that contingent of God's Holy Church which is traditionally called the

"Church Suffering" or the "Church Penitent," i.e. the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Tragically, due to the lack of concern and attention these souls have received from the living faithful, they have come to be known by another name: the Forgotten Church.

The word "Purgatory" elicits a rather negative reaction and even resistance from many Catholics upon hearing it. I, however, take a very different view of the Church's magisterial teaching on Purgatory. I believe it to be a hopeful and consoling doctrine. And, yes, it is *still* the magisterial doctrine of the Church.

Why should Purgatory be regarded as hopeful and consoling, you might say? First, nothing sinful, evil, or not of God can exist in Heaven, which means all those admitted to Heaven must be perfect. If we had to be perfect at the moment of our death in order to gain Heaven, it would be a place virtually devoid of human beings. You'd have the Lord Jesus Christ and

**Crèche Setup Westfield
December 1**
Meet at Columbian Club
7:00AM at Train Station 7:30AM
los@comcast.net

**Padre Dinner
February 1, 2019**
Spanish Tavern
7:30 PM \$65
los@comcast.net

**Chili Cook Off Fundraiser
Benefit for Persecuted
Christians**
February 24, 2019
KofC #1711
Entry fee \$30 for adults and \$15
for children 15 and under
Contact Benjamin Chiang
Bchiang@quiteriver.net

**Blessed Sacrament Perpetual
Adoration Chapel**
Our Lady of Lourdes always needs
more adorers. Will you spend one
hour a week with our Lord? For
more information contact:
732-574-0064
grammareni@aol.com

**Need to make your second or
third degree:**

Contact Howard Saunders
howard_saunders@hotmail.com

**PILGRIMAGE TO FRANCE
15-22 July, 2019**
**TRIP TO PARIS, LOURDES &
NORMANDY**
Chaplin:
Father William Benedetto
Contact Dick Rader
Richard.rader@verizon.net

Chapter Meeting

His Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and...that's about it. Maybe a handful of others (I could see St. John the Baptist and St. Joseph making the cut) would make it, but not many. Purgatory allows for literally a grace period to continue the process of purification and perfection post-mortem. We need not be perfect at our death to gain Heaven; it suffices to be in the state of grace and God's friendship.

Second, the Church Suffering is precisely that--the Church. The Holy Souls are exactly that--holy! They remain part of the Communion of Saints and the Mystical Body of Christ as they undergo final spiritual cleansing. Purgatory is not a subsection of Hell; they're not even in the same zip code. Purgatory is more like a suburb of the Heavenly Jerusalem. The "Poor" Souls who temporarily reside there are in fact closer to God than we are here on Earth. Also, unlike us, they cannot lose Heaven. There is only one exit out of Purgatory and that is through Heaven's front door, the proverbial Pearly Gates. The Holy Souls are therefore guaranteed redemption and an eternal place with God, Christ, and the Blessed Saints and Angels of Heaven.

Nevertheless, as good as I make all this sound, Purgatory is not Heaven. The Holy Souls in Purgatory are still the Suffering Souls in Purgatory. The process of spiritual purification and making reparation to the justice of God is not pleasant. The soul's intense desire to be in God's Presence and the state of extreme agitation caused by it only adds to their suffering. This is why it is so important to remember these Holy Souls and offer prayers and Masses for our beloved dead, as well as live holy and faithful lives ourselves while on Earth so as to shorten our own stay in Purgatory as much as possible, or perhaps bypass it altogether.

Columbian Club Corner



If you want **Football** we got it! Every Saturday, College football on 7 large screens. Every Sunday we have all the NFL games accompanied by fantastic food in the afternoons. There is no better place to watch the games!

January 25, 2019
Caldwell Council 256
8:30 PM
ejdickert@gmail.com

Federation Meeting
December 14
Union Council 4504
8:00 PM
ejdickert@gmail.com

Good of the Order
Please pray for our sick Brothers:
Paul Mack, Louis DiLuzio

**Please pray for our
deceased Brothers**

Contact Us

Email: kofc.council.1711@gmail.com
Telephone: (646) 422-9360 GK
Hall Rentals: (908) 612-3119

Next Issue:

**Our Worthy Chaplin -Fr. Bill
Benedetto's Words of Inspiration**

**Fundraiser to help Christians
Persecuted in the Middle East**

Columbian Club Corner Continued



The Columbian Club is **open on Thanksgiving Day from 10 AM** (closing early evening) to provide love and good cheer to all those that may not have somewhere to celebrate. Even if you do, you can come by and share the joy of the day with your fellow brothers.



Field Agent Brian Reilly's Spot

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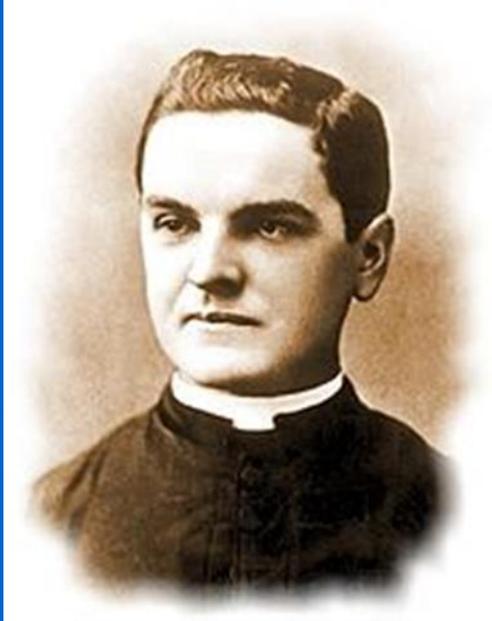
Contact me today to learn more:

Brian E. Reilly
FieldAgent
973—738—4248
brian.reilly@kofc.org
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DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY....*TICKLE?*

Father John A. Perricone

Death just isn't what it used to be. That is, if the conversation I heard the other day was any indication. It was at a modest restaurant where a number of joined tables were accommodating a rather large family. My ears shot up when I heard the odd phrase "bereavement team". Odder still was the seventyish, Italian woman saying it. Trendy phrases like that are expected from soccer moms or deracinated chancery bureaucrats, not from an affection-oozing lady who could easily be pictured over an outsized dented aluminum pot stirring tomato sauce. That wasn't all. This large ethnic woman, perfectly imagined praying at a Sacred Heart novena, began comfortably gabbing about a questionnaire required by the Liturgy Committee for Grandpa Tony's Mass of the Resurrection. Incongruities were flying. It was as if Jimmy Durante had been delivering a lecture on Deconstructionist epistemology. What was happening here? Who turned that good Italian lady's soul inside out?

As complex as Churchill's definition of the Soviet Union – a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma – is the villain of that Italian lady's anomaly. It is a Modernism wrapped in secularism inside sentimentality. This numbing error has taken not only holy doctrine hostage, but has done the same to the God-given web of noble emotions accompanying those truths. After modernity impaled religion it knew its work had only begun.. It now had to reconfigure man himself. He could no longer weep over Old Things like death or sin or

disloyalty. Man had become the New Man, or in a construal more suited to readers of a certain age, man had “come of age.” Those New Men now weep over new things like intolerance or being judgmental or indifference to “difference”. At one time the Church’s impregnable battlements protected us from such New Men. No longer. Those thick walls have been breached. Our Italian lady is proof enough of the fissure. It’s the old Italian woman on the outside, but it’s the New Man on the inside.

Only two generations ago men faced death as the Church did – with her ancient liturgy replete with glorious paradox, that eye-popping device that Chesterton explained as “truth standing on its head to attract notice.” Men once sat close to their humanity, relishing all its mysteries, even ghoulish ones like death. Glance again at Homer in the *Iliad* or Leonidas and his 300 at Thermopylae. See what I mean. But what were those paradoxical truths which Mother Church pointed to with her wise finger? There were two: death’s terror and Christ’s conquest. Denying either is to be left with neither. The Church began with the inescapable natural truth of death’s shattering tragedy: one which was only an echo of the more primordial catastrophe of Adam’s Original Sin. Death was part of the slime heaving from the festering swamp of Original Sin: unnatural, painful and utterly punishing, because it was decreed by God to *be* a punishment.

For all of its fearfulness, the Church never cheated her children of death’s sublime, albeit mournful, reality. As a Catholic brought his beloved into the arms of Mother Church for the final supernatural farewells of her Requiem Mass (properly called “requiem” because of the then, and even now, first words of the Introit prayer, “*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine...*” (“Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord...”), she looked for every opportunity to lecture about sin and its harrowing consequences. For instance, after the Epistle, the choir would moan the piercing stanzas of the Requiem sequence *Dies Irae*, “*Dies irae, dies illa/Solvat saeculum in favilla/Teste David cum Sybylla.*” (“Day of wrath and terror looming/Heaven and earth to ash consuming/Seer’s and Psalmist’s true foredooming.”) This is certainly light years apart from the treacly therapeutic Muzak familiar to most Catholics today (I suppose some things are worse than death).. Excising the grim stuff of death only results in producing papier-mâché men, able to speak only of lifestyle and never of life. But bid man gaze at truth’s depths and you will find truthful men of great depth.

If Samuel Johnson was right in saying that nothing concentrates a man’s mind more than hanging, the Church knew it first. She understands that nothing rouses our souls to existential clarity and fervent prayer more than death. Everything in the old Requiem Mass forced us to consider death and God’s judgment, Christ’s mercy and our complacency. Enveloped in the Church’s ancient Requiem’s splendor, what man does not fall to his knees to pray both for himself and the deceased, now standing naked before Christ’s eyes? The smarmy stanzas of *On Eagle’s Wings* simply shatter beneath this theological weight. In the past, every distraction from those grand truths was chased away by the majesty of the Church’s Requiem. All the senses of a Catholic were tutored by the mystery: he sat spellbound as he listened to the haunting Gregorian chant; stared uneasily at the eerie unbleached yellow funeral candles flanking the coffin; then was strangely consoled by the brooding black priestly vestments which gave fitting salute to the realities of man’s fallen condition. Every symbol conspired in a profound wonder that acknowledged searing sorrow even as they refused to be conquered by it.

Yet through all that grim reality of death, the other side of the paradox revealed itself. Christ shone through like some blazing horizon, glowing all the more brightly because of the liturgy's carefully articulated dread. Anything less airbrushes death's terror and miniaturizes Christ's victory. The old Requiem palliated none of the stark edges. Rather, it armed us with the grace to stand erect and carry their awful weight manfully. Pity those who rob death of its metaphysical punch by dressing it in the epicene white folds of unctuous sweetness and light. For them there is Flannery O'Connor's stinging rebuke in *A Memoir of Mary Ann*, "In the absence of the Faith now, we govern by tenderness. It is a tenderness which, long since cut off from the person of Christ, is wrapped in theory. When tenderness is detached from the Source of tenderness its logical outcome is terror. It ends in forced labor camps and the fumes of gas chambers." Slightly overwrought, you say? Look at Lewis' *That Hideous Strength*, with the inhuman atrocities of the futuristic committee acronymed *N.I.C.E.* Or Huxley's *Brave New World*, with its mummified humanity suckled at the teats of the Master State. But leave fiction aside, just glance at what modern culture nonchalantly tolerates in the name of compassion. Overwrought? Hardly.

Even when we rightly pray to St. Joseph for that much desired happy death, there is still the paralyzing horror of separation. Nothing can soften that agony, as St. Bernard of Clairvaux testifies when he weeps at the news of the death of Gerard, his first companion in religion and a close collaborator in his work, and declares,

"You tell me not to weep? My bowels are torn out; shall I have no feeling? Nay, if I suffer, I do so with my whole being. I am not made of stone; my heart is not a heart of bronze. I confess my woe. It is carnal you say? I know that well for I know that I am a creature of flesh and blood, sold under sin, delivered unto death and subject to suffering. What would you? I am not insensible to grief; I have a horror of death, both for myself, and for my own. Gerard has left me, and I am in pain; I am wounded unto death."

Alas, paradox again. Hope in Our Lord's mercy is sharpened even as death's lessons are made more graphic. Is this what Dorothy Sayers was trying to tell us when she wrote in *Creed or Chaos?*, "It is hopeless to offer Christianity as a vaguely idealistic aspiration of a simple and consoling kind; it is, on the contrary, a hard, tough, exacting and complex doctrine, steeped in a drastic and uncompromising realism." Tell that to the sunny priest giddily dispatching his bereavement teams, or commanding you to be happy at the next Mass of the Resurrection you attend. Better yet, quote him Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman: "We like to abandon ourselves to the satisfactions of religion; we do not like to hear of its severities. The age, whatever its peculiar excellences, has this serious defect: it loves an exclusively cheerful religion. It is determined to make religion bright, sunny and joyous." Or, when he hollers about not being in the spirit of the "new liturgy", show him Our Lord weeping over his friend Lazarus. The spirit of the "new liturgy" must have passed Him by too.

When St. Paul thunders, "O Death, where is thy sting?" (I Cor 15:55), he admitted that it was a *sting* that death inflicts. Modernity turns it into a tickle. Bereavement teams and Liturgy Committees make what was once the solemn committal unto God's throne of Judgment into a piece of Disney kitsch. Lay people undoubtedly labor on these things with the very best intentions. Little do they know that they are being used as props in the dehumanization of man, to say nothing of the trivialization of God.

But what of the old Italian lady? How can she prefer the grave assurances of the solitary priest to the gauzy hugs and smiles of a team? Wouldn't she quickly surrender the liturgist's slickly bureaucratized questionnaire for a simple Rosary with Father Brown? Of course, she would. If only she could be left alone to be herself. But modernity and Modernism won't let her.

No surprise. If they won't leave death alone, how can old ladies stand a chance?

Brothers at Work

Respect for Life drives were held at all three parishes in October. Thank you to all the brothers and their families for the support and special thanks to all the pastors. This fund raiser helps support unwed mother and their babies through difficult times and saves many lives.

