

Extracted from St John Vianney November 11, 2008 Bulletin

I Have A Dream by Carl E Beyer

No, it is not a dream about finding old articles about dumping gas. It is about a community: a community within a community. I do not know about you but I have been finding it hard to get to know the 75,000+ people in Rio Rancho. I have so enjoyed the small church of St. John Vianney these past eight years. Not being a cradle Catholic I like to think I have some outside perspective of what I like to see a church be. There are those among St. John Vianney who just want to spend their hour in church and be done with it. Most likely they are not reading this so let me speak to the rest of you.

If no one else besides John Lombardo feeds me articles you are going to get to know me very well. A short version is my father died when I was nine months and I was told that he was a foster child and that was that. My stepfather and Mom were not very communicative, so it went no further than that. After my mother's death in 1999 my siblings started looking into this and found out that it was not the full story. How did they find out so much information? Very easily. They looked in the old newspapers. Dad was not a foster child till he was thirteen and had a family history. I had relatives within ten miles of me. We tracked down our grandmother's gravesite and gave her a head stone. All this was found in old newspaper articles.

Papers today are mostly about politics, sports, and the rich and famous. I do not want to, nor desire to be rich and famous and my sports days are over so you will not find my name in the paper unless I commit a crime and land up in the police blotter. The top story of the local paper is the Community Club Pond. Give me a break. What happened to being a community paper? Does being a community means just non-personal stories about things that we have no control over or very little interest in?

But we have the power and I have the dream. I have the dream that our descendants will be able to read some good stories about us. For instance, I know my great grandfather bought a farm and that later his farm was burned down by lightning and he rebuilt it from the ashes. We can be a community within a community. St John Vianney is going to grow and grow fast. Will our main purpose be to serve one-hour Masses to people or to draw everyone together into a Roman Catholic Community? Will we get together yearly at a picnic or do we have a chance to learn about and to know each other?

I do not want to and will not post any negative news but I have a dream about posting positive news: the blessing of births; the blessing of marriages. I like to even hear about someone starting a business, buying a house, getting promoted, doing a good deed. Bring it on. Let a blurb in our bulletin spark a conversation between two parishioners that grows into a friendship that can last a lifetime. And these friends that can keep each other going to church to see each other and by doing so hear the words of God.

On the other side let us hear about those that are having illness and need our prayers and if possible our companionship. Upon passing, do we just deserve our family listed in a paper? Is that the sum of our life or can someone write-up some words to pass along in our community

about what a blessing this person was to others. By passing on these stories, we not only learn about a fellow parishioner but we come to know that we can make a difference in other lives. That we may have had hard times in our lives but we can overcome and reach out and touch others.

All together now, say after me, “**WE ARE A COMMUNITY**”. We can grow but still be a small community by sharing with others. Did anyone know that Ed Uhrich had a birthday this past week? Sorry Ed thought I would start with you. I like to hear from you all.

Let us see what is happening in my life. Well I may well have to get a job this spring after working for myself for the past fourteen years. I took a full-time year contract with a company last April whose CEO embezzle a large sum of money so now that company is poor. And to top it off even in this bulletin I asked for prayers for her during her breast cancer, which she was *faking*. How can people live a lie like that? Maybe they feel so alone it drives them into it.

The time is now to start pumping up this bulletin. I do not want to see this bulletin turned into a large collection of information that is hardly worth reading week to week. We can put together an informational pamphlet with all the courtesy phone numbers, contacts, etc but not here. Together we can make this bulletin a community newsletter where we come together to share.

My dream is a bulletin that people actually want to read. One that people cannot wait from week after week to read. If you have not figure it out by now, I like humor and I hope you all enjoy the weekly jokes. Pass any clean ones along to me, please. I do envision our younger members reading the bulletin for the jokes and from there reading a little further along. Anyone know a good clean joke? They can be hard to find.

I heard someone brought along sausage lasagna to the potluck. It was gone by the time I got through the line. I will have to ask to have it kept back for a little bit next time so I can have a chance at it. Oh well, I will bribe one of my daughters to make me up a batch. It looks like we had a good crowd so thank you all for coming. Many thanks for the good food especially those that were homemade. I know it took me many hours to form those cans and mix up that batch of Pepsi.

So, unless you want to hear about how I had my tonsils taken out when I was four, now would be a good time to eMail me at bulletin@sjvnm.org. I do remember the ice cream and it was pretty good. Oops let us not get sidetracked.

How was everyone Halloween? I played the crazy fat old man by staying upstairs and shooting candy down a PVC tube to the kids. They of course loved it because kids have just great imaginations.

God Bless you all, now go forth and eMail me something to post. Happy eMailing.