



The Knight Newsletter

Of S.K. Gerry Gauthier Council 10209

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January 2016

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Church Committee Chair

Community Committee ChairRene Gaytan

Family Committee ChairAlbert Villegas

Council Committee Chair

Youth Committee ChairBrian Tuohy

Membership Chair

MEETING NOTICE

K of C Council # 10209 Meets

Where: St. Paul Church-room 5

When: Monday, January 4, 2016

Time: 7:00 pm

Join the KofC10209 Google Group and get email notices of upcoming events! To sign up simply visit:

<https://groups.google.com/forum/?fromgroups#!forum/kofc10209>

Grand Knight's Report

Brother Knights,

Looking back at 2015, I feel it was a good year. I also think we could have done more. This time of year we often analyze. We see the good and bad of what happened over the past year. This is how we start to make resolutions for a better and more prosperous year. In our case with the Council we should resolve to just do better. When we do better than in the past we will be really good.

We have many opportunities coming up real soon in the New Year. The Golf Tournament is just two short months away on March 5th, at Jimmy Clay Golf Course. Chris has done a really good job of organizing it and there are many ways to volunteer or donate to this event.

We have a fundraiser coming up for the weekend of January 23-24th, we will decide shortly on what to sell. Also on January 31st, we have our Corporate Communion at the 1230 Mass. Corporate Communion is where we gather as a group to celebrate our group. It is inconvenient because of the time and language. We should look at this as a good thing and support it as a group. The Corporate Communion at the 1230 Mass is a once a year

opportunity, please mark your calendars and attend.

On February 4th, we have the Clergy Appreciation Dinner, we will need RSVP's very shortly. If you have never attended this event you should schedule it and see for yourself. You won't be disappointed.

Hopefully everybody had a nice Christmas. My thanks go out to the McGee family for doing a wonderful job with our Christmas party. I also want to wish everyone a blessed and eventful Happy New Year.

May God Bless the Knights of Columbus!

Bill Hoagland
Grand Knight

Prayer Requests

Please continue to pray for Mary Moore, Gayle Ferguson, Bob Natoli, Mike Snowden, Louis Palacios, Fr.Hector, Jeff Payne, Roy Ramirez, Ish Gonzalez, Jack and Patricia Wills, James Meny, Mathew Soto, Norma Nunez, Katherine Clark, Carlos Mendoza, Bill Bunten, Denise Goss, Barry Kennedy, the repose of the soul of Betty Parks, John Kennedy, Alex Garza, Mary Garcia, Benito Mendoza, Gary Matherson, Jane Goss, Betty Payne, Jim and Janet Elman, Jim Tompkins, Bob Natoli, Wayne Weaver, Jacob Soto, Don Stafford, Nick Palacios, Ophelia Cantu, Terry Gonzales, Eduardo Gonzalez, Christine Gonzalez, Joe Casas, Sonya Pickwell, Stephanie Weismon and breast cancer survivors

Calendar Review

Monday, January 4, 2016 - Council 10209 General Meeting 7pm – Room 5

Monday, January 18, 2016 - Council Officers and Chairpersons meeting – 7pm Room 5

Saturday, January 30, 2016 -Men's Club Workday – 8am

Good of the Order

As we come to the end of the Christmas Season, I want to share this one last Christmas Story – one worth reading and remembering. It is a little long, but

well worth the time to read, it is very touching and we should all try to be as charitable and merciful throughout 2016. Enjoy...

“It was Christmas Eve 1881. I was fifteen years old and feeling like the world had caved in on me because there just hadn't been enough money to buy me the rifle that I'd wanted for Christmas.

We did the chores early that night for some reason. I just figured Pa wanted a little extra time so we could read in the Bible. After supper was over I took my boots off and stretched out in front of the fireplace and waited for Pa to get down the old Bible.

I was still feeling sorry for myself and, to be honest, I wasn't in much of a mood to read Scriptures. But Pa didn't get the Bible instead he bundled up again and went outside. I couldn't figure it out because we had already done all the chores. I didn't worry about it long though I was too busy wallowing in self-pity.

Soon Pa came back in. It was a cold clear night out and there was ice in his beard. "Come on, Matt," he said. "Bundle up good, it's cold out tonight." I was really upset then. Not only wasn't I getting the rifle for Christmas, now Pa was dragging me out in the cold, and for no earthly reason that I could see. We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew Pa was not very patient at one dragging one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up and put my boots back on and got my cap, coat, and mittens. Ma gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up, but I didn't know what..

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up this sled unless we were going to haul a big load. Pa was already up on the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him. The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy. When I was on, Pa pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the

woodshed. He got off and I followed.

"I think we'll put on the high sideboards," he said. "Here, help me." The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high side boards on.

After we had exchanged the sideboards, Pa went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood - the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the mountain, and then all Fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing? Finally I said something. "Pa," I asked, "what are you doing?" You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?" he asked. The Widow Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight. Sure, I'd been by, but so what?

Yeah," I said, "Why?"

"I rode by just today," Pa said. "Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. They're out of wood, Matt." That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him. We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it. Finally, Pa called a halt to our loading then we went to the smoke house and Pa took down a big ham and a side of bacon. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand.

"What's in the little sack?" I asked. Shoes, they're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy."

We rode the two miles to Widow Jensen's pretty much in silence. I tried to think through what Pa was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we could

spare that, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was Pa buying them shoes and candy? Really, why was he doing any of this? Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us; it shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door. We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, "Who is it?" "Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt, could we come in for a bit?"

Widow Jensen opened the door and let us in. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all. Widow Jensen fumbled with a match and finally lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Pa said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then Pa handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children - sturdy shoes, the best, shoes that would last. I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks. She looked up at Pa like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out.

"We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," Pa said. He turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring in enough to last awhile. Let's get that fire up to size and heat this place up." I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in the wood. I had a big lump in my throat and as much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too. In my mind I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheeks with so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak.

My heart swelled within me and a joy that I'd never known before filled my soul. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference. I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people.

I soon had the fire blazing and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Pa handed them each a piece of candy and Widow Jensen looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time. She finally turned to us. "God bless you," she said. "I know the Lord has sent you. The children and I have been praying that he would send one of his angels to spare us."

In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of Pa in those exact terms before, but after Widow Jensen mentioned it I could see that it was probably true. I was sure that a better man than Pa had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Ma and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Pa insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes.

Tears were running down Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. Pa took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I could see that they missed their Pa and I was glad that I still had mine.

At the door Pa turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt, here, hasn't been little for quite a spell." I was the youngest. My two brothers and two sisters had all married and had moved away.

Widow Jensen nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, May the Lord bless you, I know for certain that He will."

Out on the sled I felt a warmth that came from deep within and I didn't even notice the cold. When we had

gone a ways, Pa turned to me and said, "Matt, I want you to know something. Your ma and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you, but we didn't have quite enough.

Then yesterday a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your ma and me were real excited, thinking that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that, but on the way I saw little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunny sacks and I knew what I had to do. Son, I spent the money for shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand."

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Pa had done it. Now the rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. Pa had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on Widow Jensen's face and the radiant smiles of her three children. For the rest of my life, Whenever I saw any of the Jensens, or split a block of wood, I remembered, and remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside Pa that night. Pa had given me much more than a rifle that night, he had given me the best Christmas of my life."

Anonymous

Clergy and Religious Appreciation Dinner

The Greater Austin Area Chapter of the Knights of Columbus is hosting the 23rd Annual Clergy & Religious Appreciation Dinner on February 4, 2016 at St. Helen's in Georgetown.

Please join us for a great evening to show our appreciation to all of the religious in our community. Both Bishop Vasquez and Bishop Garcia will be joining us. The format is the same as previous years however it comes very early in February so we are asking Councils to start their planning early and get their registration in by January 25, 2016 so we can accommodate everyone.

Greg Nelson
Austin Chapter President

Knights of Columbus
512-758-1639

2016 Golf Tournament Update

Our annual golf tournament is now set for Saturday, March 5, 2016, about 2-months away so it is not too soon to begin confirming golf teams, raffle prizes and sponsors. Please see below for all the important information to reach our goals and have a successful tournament.

General Information: Tournament date: Saturday, March 5th; Jimmy Clay Golf Course; 8:00 a.m. shotgun start; scramble format; \$80 per player of \$320 per team; includes green fees, cart, range balls, BBQ plate, awards, door prizes and more!

2016 Goals: have fun; net \$5,000 as budgeted for this fraternal year; recruit 25-golf teams (net-\$3,200); 30 major sponsors (\$100 value or more, can be monetary donation, raffle prizes or auction items), 3 major auction items (net 500-\$1,000, can be rounds of golf, hotel stay or package or any other item of value), 30 raffle prizes (golf clubs, cool towel, gift cards, golf bag, case of beer); and goodie bag items.

We are off to a great start and this will be the first of many updates to come. Soon I will send out this year's tournament brochure and sponsorship letter. As you visit restaurants and local businesses please see if they will provide a gift card or sponsor a hole this year. Thank you for all you do to make our biggest fundraiser of the year successful.

Thank you,

Chris Jistel, DGK

Major Degree

St Mary's Council 8131 will be hosting
A Major Degree on Saturday, January 16th, 2016
205 W Pecan Lockhart, TX. 78644

Registration begins at 7:00 a.m. in the
Religious Education Building (next door to the
Church Hall)
Mass will begin at 8:00 a.m.

Continental Breakfast provided after Mass

Degree programs begin at about 9:30 a.m.
Lunch served at completion of the Degree
Ceremonies

Candidate Registration Fee:
With Medallion \$21.00 (includes lunch)
Without Medallion \$23.00 (includes lunch)
Sponsors staying for lunch \$10.00

Council Field Agent

Paul Lally
Field Agent
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Newsletter Articles

The next newsletter articles are due by Friday, January 29, 2016. Submit your articles to Albert Villegas at villegas3732@yahoo.com or by calling 512-799-7422.