

The following announcement appeared in our Parish Bulletin the weekend of April 17-18, 2021:

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?

The Community of Believers kept adding more and more men & women to this new community of THE WAY. The GOOD NEWS was spreading like wild fire all throughout the Mediterrean Basin of the known world in the years following the Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus Christ. The Apostles were following the instructions of Jesus: GO OUT TO THE WHOLE WORLD AND BAPTIZE ALL PEOPLES & NATIONS – BAPTIZE THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, and of the SON and of the HOLY SPIRIT. Do you have a story to tell about your conversion to Catholicism? Are you willing to share that story? Your name can be revealed or you may remain anonymous. Please send your story to me (Fr. Anthony Francis) and I will be honored to share your story with the Parishioners of our parish and those who visit our website.

I am very happy and honored to have received the 1st response to What's Your Story? Thank you Cindy Shorto for sharing your amazing life story!

Ron and I have had the wonderful life except for the loss of our only child and only unborn grandchild. Even through that I have learned everyone has a sad story but they have joyous ones also.

Gosh I just read over this. Hope its not corny but it is from my heart.

My Story

When I was sixteen my Dad bought me an old 1956 Ford and so my friends and I could ride to school and not bother with the town bus. It was quite the big deal then. Each morning I would drive around and pick up my friends and we would head off to Senior High School. The last friend to pick up was my only Catholic friend at the time. As we would wait for her to come out the door each morning following behind her would be her tiny Hungarian mom with her babushka tightly wrapped around her head and she would walk with determination up the street. After a couple of times I asked my friend where her mother was going every morning. And she said daily Mass. For the last two years of high school I watched this little woman head off to church. Certainly (I think anyway) if I hadn't had a car full I would have offered her a ride. I would hope so. Fast forward to two years after we were out of high school and my friends and I are going for a weekend trip to Geneva on the Lake. First time out alone and on a trip by ourselves. We had a great time and when Sunday morning came we all piled into the car and took my Catholic friend to Mass while the rest of us went for breakfast. Meanwhile in the back of my head is "I want that" I wasn't sure what but I wanted God in my life. Meantime I moved to Washington, D.C. and was working there. Many evenings I would go to the library and study the various religions mainly out of curiosity. Then my future husband came into the picture and we began to attend Mass every Sunday. When I walked into that church for the first time I slipped into a pew and found what I had been seeking all along. The prayers came easily as I was a raised Episcopalian and knew many of them. And I knew I was home.

Cindy Shorto