

West Wagga Wagga Catholic Parish
Ashmont, Collingullie, Glenfield, Lloyd, San Isidore

The West Wagga Wag

Issue 129

November 2013

Coming Events

Prayer Vigil for Peace: Thurs 7
Prayers for Healing: Fri 15
Ordination to the Priesthood of Deacon Stephen Onyekwere: Sat 16
Presentation of BV Mary: Thurs 21
Parish Annual General Meeting: Mon 25
Solemnity of Christ the King: Sun 24
Advent: Sun Dec 1



(See Genesis 6-8) 07-02-2010

TWO ANTS? YOU HAVE ONLY TWO ANTS?!? MY WIFE AND I EAT LIKE 100,000 PER DAY EACH!

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Wag Contacts

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The due date for the next Wag is:
Sunday December 4

Parish News

On Sunday October 13 at all the Sunday Parish Masses, as a faith community we re-consecrated all parishioners, our families and all the parish to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. This was requested by the Blessed Virgin Mary at Fatima in 1917, when she appeared to three children, Lucia, Blessed Francesco and Blessed Jacinta.

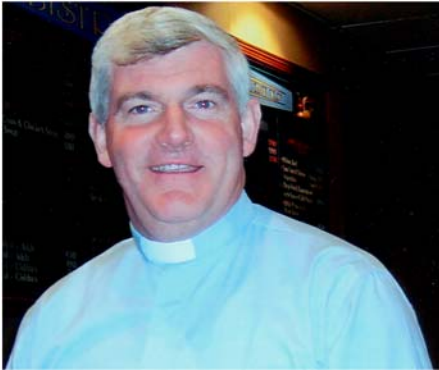
This consecration was done in union with Pope Francis who also consecrated the Church and the world to the Mary Immaculate.

At the 9am Mass, Samuel Bell made his first Holy Communion. His older brother Luke served the Mass and all the family and well wishes attended. Sam attends Mary Mackillop school so a number of teachers and other families were present for the occasion. This was a wonderful moment for all the family, especially Sarah with new three week old Baby Teresa and Evan who serves as a policeman was baptized and received into the Church in 2007.



Evan, Sarah and Teresa, Luke, Samuel, Joseph Christopher and Bridget.

pastor's page



All Saints; All Holy Souls

During November the Church invites all Catholics to consider more earnestly the necessity of praying for the Holy Souls in Purgatory [CCC 1472]. By celebrating the Feasts of All Saints and the next day the Commemoration of All Souls Day, it is a reminder to us of the destination to which each of us is inevitably called [CCC 1475]. Our ultimate bus stop is heaven. Indeed Jesus clearly stated, "This is indeed the will of my Father, that all who see the Son and believe in him may have eternal life; and I will raise them up on the last day" [John 6:40].

By our rejoicing in the condition of the Saints in glory we praise God for his goodness, and by our prayers and sacrifices for the suffering Souls in Purgatory we predestine our own eventual glory [CCC 1498]. Our prayers, penance and Masses for the Holy Souls are meant to be a daily occurrence but during November we should try to do even more [CCC 1477]. That is we should not just pray for our deceased family and friends every day, we can have Masses offered for the dead. This is an ancient act of charity well established in Christian Tradition, Sacred Scripture and the teaching of the Church [CCC 1031]. The saints too give us many examples.

St. Maria Faustyna Kowalska, most commonly known as St. Faustina, was a Polish nun who had a series of visions which included Jesus, the Eucharist, angels, and various saints. It is from her visions, recorded in her diary, that the Church received the now-popular devotion the Divine Mercy Chaplet. Sister Faustina wrote about many things including heaven,

hell and purgatory. In one entry, she tells of a vision of purgatory:

"It was at that time that I asked the Lord who else I should pray for. Jesus said that on the following night He would let me know for whom I should pray. The next night, I saw my Guardian Angel, who ordered me to follow him. In a moment I was in a misty place full of fire in which there was a great crowd of suffering souls. They were praying fervently, but to no avail, for themselves; only we can come to their aid. The flames which were burning them did not touch me at all. My Guardian Angel did not leave me for an instant. I asked these souls what their greatest suffering was. They answered me in one voice that their greatest torment was longing for God. I saw Our Lady visiting the souls in Purgatory. The souls call her "The Star of the Sea." She brings them refreshment. I wanted to talk with them some more, but my Guardian Angel beckoned me to leave. We went out of that prison of suffering. [I heard an interior voice, Jesus] which said, **My mercy does not want this, but justice demands it.** Since that time, I am in closer communion with the suffering souls. (Diary 20)

The Mass is the most powerful prayer anyone can pray with Jesus. There is none greater because it is actually the prayer of God the Son to God the Father with the invocation of the Holy Spirit. It is more important to have Masses offered for the living than for the dead, yet a Mass offered for the deceased remains a great act of mercy. Masses for the living forestall any need for a Mass after death. This applies both for us and others. I strongly recommend that all parishioners consider in faith, to pray this month for the Holy



Souls suffering in Purgatory, and to attend Masses to pray for deceased family, and to request that a Mass be offered for oneself and others, not just in November but at anniversaries, birthdays, and in other times of need and celebration. A person can include any number of personal intentions in the one request for a Mass. Moreover, even the poor can ask a priest for a Mass to be offered for some intentions.

At every Mass we can pray for the living and for the deceased. The Mass is only limited by the intentions of those attending. In itself it is unlimited. So ask for heaven and everything under it and it is yours for the receiving. Believe without doubt and it will be done for you [Mark 11:23]. It is appropriate to make an offering to the priest who offers the requested Mass intention (s). Jesus said "for the laborer deserves his food" [Matthew 10:10]. St Paul also stated, "The laborer deserves his wages" [1 Tim 5:18]. Mass stipends have always supplemented the priest's personal necessities. But these days of diminished faith and practice, Mass stipends are few and far between.

Australian Bishop's Conference have recommended an appropriate stipend for a Mass to be offered for the living is set at \$10 while a Mass offered for the deceased persons is \$20. Balanced against the enormous benefit of a Mass offered for one's eternal salvation or a love one's expiation from purgatory the stipend is negligible. To willing make an offering for a Mass to be celebrated for another is a double act of charity. Jesus commended those who supported his own and focused on the spiritually needy. "For truly, I say to you, whoever gives you a cup of water to drink because you bear the name of Christ, will by no means lose his reward" [Mark 9:41]. Thank you to all who respond to Christ's call of love. Eternal rest grant to the Holy Souls O Lord; may they rest in peace.

Fr Gerard

November Jokes



An inflatable jockey was riding an inflatable horse for an inflatable trainer and an inflatable owner, for the first time over the jumps. Leading easily after the last he pulls up too early and two horse go past him.

After the race the jockey was so mad he stuck a pin in the horse, then he stuck a pin in the trainer and then the owner. He was called in front of the Stewards where he stuck a pin in himself. The Stewards said to him, 'not only did you let the horse, the trainer and the owner down, you have let yourself down.'

Riding the favourite at Moonee Valley, the jockey is well ahead of the field. Suddenly he's hit on the head by a turkey and a string of sausages. He manages to keep control of his mount and pulls back into the lead, only to be struck by a box of Christmas crackers and a dozen mince pies as he goes over the last fence. With great skill he manages to steer the horse to the front of the field once more when, on the run in, he's struck on the head by a bottle of sherry and a Christmas pudding. thus distracted, he succeeds in coming only second. He immediately goes to the stewards to complain that he has been seriously hampered.

George said to Fred, 'I put \$20 on a horse last week and he came in at twenty five to one.', 'Wow! you must be loaded', said Fred. 'Not really' said George, 'the rest of the field came in at twelve thirty.'

John had 8 kids. When John was forced to move because of his job he was having a very hard time finding an apartment where the landlord would be willing to rent to such a big family.

Finally after being turned down one time too many John had an idea. "Listen hear Sally" said John to his wife, "go with the six little kids to the cemetery while I go see this apartment."

Later that day while checking out an apartment the landlord asked, "How many children do you have?" "I have 8 children," John truthfully replied, "but 6 of them are with their Mother in the cemetery."

You've Been Drinking Too Much Coffee When....

Your eyes stay open when you sneeze.

People get dizzy just watching you.

Instant coffee takes too long.

You go to sleep just so you can wake up and smell the coffee.

Your lips are permanently stuck in the sipping position.

You can outlast the Energizer bunny.

You don't even wait for the water to boil anymore.

You think CPR stands for "Coffee Provides Resuscitation."

So these two cockroaches, Tom and Oscar, are hanging out next to a rubbish bin enjoying a snack. "Hey Tom" said Tom to his friend Oscar, "You know that restaurant down the block? I went there yesterday to pick up some scraps, and I couldn't believe how clean it was, I could practically see my reflection through the shiny waxed floor." "Oscar" hollered Tom spitting the food out of his mouth, "please not while I am eating!!"

Did you hear about the kidnapping at school? It's ok, he woke up.

Jack strode into 'John's Stable' looking to buy a horse. "Listen here" said John, "I've got just the horse your looking for, the only thing is, he was trained by an interesting fellow. He doesn't go and stop the usual way. The way to get him to stop is to scream heyhey the way to get him to go is to scream Thank God.

Jim nodded his head, "fine with me, can I take him for a test run?"

Jim was having the time of his life this horse sure could run he thought to himself. Jim was speeding down the dirt road when he suddenly saw a cliff up ahead "stop!" screamed Jim, but the horse kept on going. No matter how much he tried he could not remember the words to get it to stop. "yoyo" screamed Jim but the horse just kept on speeding ahead. It was 5 feet from the cliff when Jim suddenly remembered "heyhey!" Jim screamed. The horse skidded to a halt just 1 inch from the cliff.

Jim could not believe his good fortune, he looked up to the sky, raise his hands in the air, breathed a deep sigh of relief and said with conviction "Thank God."

How do you make a small fortune out of horses? Start with a large fortune

Which side of a horse has more hair? The outside

It would have been a photo finish, but by the time my horse finished, it was too dark to take a picture.

My horse came in so late the jockey was wearing pyjamas.

The horse I bet on was so slow, the jockey kept a diary of the trip.

How do you spell Hungry Horse in four letters? MTGG



Black belt in faith and fortitude Debbie Warriar

www.therecord.com.au
These days, Fr Quang Hong Pham serves God in freedom, ministering among the Vietnamese Catholic community in Perth. He uses some of the 400 card tricks he learnt while a religious prisoner in Vietnam to delight local children.

I was born in Saigon on January 17, 1949 and had three sisters (one passed away at childbirth) and four brothers. My whole family was Catholic and I attended a Catholic school taught by the De La Salle brothers. One brother particularly stuck in my mind – Brother Aimee. That means “beloved”. He was so lovely. He organised youth activities and after school he taught Catechism very gently and very delicately. That touched every heart. He lived very humbly, like a poor person and loved children.

At the age of 14, I joined the De La Salle Congregation although I must confess I didn't know anything about vocations. It was just a natural call to be like that one brother whom I loved the best. Before entering the priesthood as a late vocation, I had been a De La Salle Brother for 40 years. I joined in 1963 &, on the Feast of the Assumption in 1975, I made my final vow & then I went to prison.

When the Communists took over South Vietnam they tried to take all the monasteries and buildings to do with religion. In my case, we were put in jail along with the other three big Congregations: Dominican, Redemptorists and Salesians of Don Bosco – we all went together. They confiscated our monasteries and accused us of attempting a coup against the government. No proof, no evidence was given.

In jail, it was strictly forbidden to learn any foreign language, to talk about religion or to do any



services associated with religion. Otherwise, you would be put in the dungeon. When I first came to jail I had two years in a dark cell completely alone. My hands were handcuffed behind my back and they put shackles around my ankles. Until now I don't know how I survived it other than it was with God's help. I kept my mind open by remembering every story I had read including Bible stories as well as novels, then praying a little bit and after that I continued to learn and conjugate the verbs in French. The worst part of that period was the loneliness. The cell was completely dark. Except at midnight when they woke you up for interrogation. It was terrible. Then I realised I had friends. Rats came and crawled on my chest. I accepted that and said, “Hello friends, stay here”. And the next day a lot came. Then I made little friends out of the cockroaches. They were everywhere. Never mind. I wasn't lonely anymore. In my first week in prison, the interrogator said to me, “If you say you don't believe in God, I will release you. Just say it in your mouth. If you still believe, we won't know”. I thought I would be like St Peter. Peter denied Jesus and He forgave Him. I tried to say it but after one week I realised that I could not deny Him even in my mouth. I was tempted to hesitate for the first time in my life but I found the strength to affirm my faith when I saw the interrogation room stained with the blood of all the other prisoners there on the wall. I

was shaken & suddenly I remembered the blood of Jesus – on His cross was the same blood. I said, “No, I cannot make Him shed blood again.” So I said to the interrogator, “No. I will never say that.” That was my first conversion.

When I moved to the common rooms there were hundreds of prisoners. I organised story telling every night for two hours and they called me “Cinema.” For the next eight years that I was in jail I tried to tell them every detail I remembered and sometimes I would imagine and invent. When I told a story they would give me a bit of sugar to give me energy to go on and all who had received a gift would share it with the Cinema. My family did not know where I was until I had spent seven years in jail and when they found me they sent me a piece of sugar – that's all because that was all they could spare. The best story I told to convert all the non-Catholics to Catholic was Quo Vadis. I had seen the movie and I had already read the book in French so it was easy to tell the story in Vietnamese. It took me eight months to tell the story. After that I found out that some prisoners came to the priests to be baptised. That was very moving. I was sentenced in prison for 13 years. After I stayed for over 10 years I had Amnesty. Those that had less than 3 years left of their sentence were released. God said, “That's enough for you.” That was 1998. I have done martial arts since I was 8 & have a black belt in Karate, Judo, Tae-Kwon-Do, Aikido & Kendo & the government needed instructors so that was what I became. Then my Vietnamese Karate group was invited to attend the Olympic Games in Sydney 2000. I was the coach of a team of 10 athletes. We went to Australia in 1998 for an intensive ‘Martial Art Training Course’ preparing for

The story of Fr Quang Hong Pham continued...

the Games &, after the Olympics, everyone escaped to begin a new life in Australia, including me. That is why I have my name on the blacklist of the Vietnamese government. They accused me of organising the escape but after the training course everyone escaped privately. How could I come home ... to go to jail again? After several attempts, I discovered with my limited English that I could not teach in the Catholic schools of the De La Salle Brothers. I realised many Vietnamese immigrants would be in the same position with their English and I decided the best way I could help them was in the Sacramental ministry, Reconciliation and all the pastoral ministries. That's why I went to St Charles' seminary to become a priest & sat for an interview with Bishop Don Sproxtton & the staff. They must

have looked at me & thought I was too old at the age of 53!! But they accepted me &, in June 2003, I left my Congregation to join St Charles' Seminary in Guildford. On May 12, 2006 I was ordained a priest by Archbishop Barry Hickey & was the last one to be ordained at the old St Mary's Cathedral before it was renovated. I am happy to be the old man ordained in the old Cathedral. I served at Lockridge Parish, Port Kennedy Parish and now I am an Assistant Priest at the Vietnamese Community Catholic Centre. I must confess that I learnt magic tricks whilst I was in prison. A lot of prisoners are experts at pick-pocketing. Now I can open any lock I used to know 400 card tricks when I was a prisoner and now I still remember over 40. I used my magic tricks with cards as a way to connect with children

in my ministry. It is easy to perform one trick and then they stay & listen to me. I think God didn't call me once. Instead, I like the definition that God calls you in every stage of your life & you respond at each stage.



(See psalms 100) 02-05-2004
MOM SAYS WE SING HYMNS TO MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD ... I PERSONALLY LIKE TO YELL "YIPPEE" EVERY NOW AND THEN

Fecundophobia

Writer and comedian Kristen Hatten says that until she converted a few years ago, she suffered from

Fecundophobia:

The Growing Fear of Children and Fertile Women.

"Here's the thing: I wanted kids from the time I was pretty young. But I wouldn't admit it – certainly not to others, and almost not even to myself. I am here to tell you that fecundophobia is pervasive. I have witnessed and participated in it for most of my life."

Have you ever met with fecundophobia? E.g. husband and wife with TWO children close in age get the serious question - "Are these ALL yours?"

There are heaps of examples, and some you hear are atrocious.

There are ways to parry the comments away too.

"You've got your hands full!"

"I've actually got a lot more hands."

How does Fecundophobia react to a woman who marries young with no university degree? Not the Christ-like way.

Kristen Hatten writes, "The Bible calls children a blessing, and even

if you're not into the Bible, it's a fact that a decline in fertility rates is actually not a very good thing for us a society or a species."

[The UN points to total world population decline hitting soon.]

"Truth is, the fecundophobes in charge want us to believe children spell disaster – overpopulation, overcrowding, famine, help!, argh! – because it helps them advance their agenda, which is to say get more votes, which is to say get more money and power."

Kirsten concludes:

"It's time we got over the irrational fear and loathing of babies and their mothers. It's time we stopped looking down on people who choose to have large families, and remember that once upon a time, we were wise enough to consider such families fortunate.

"What can you personally do to combat widespread fecundophobia?"



Some of the 4 monumental sculptures of unborn babies by controversial British artist unveiled in Qatar this year



Or, Everything I know about Adoration I learned from my 2-year-old

by Caitlin Kennell Kim

This year, for the first time ever in Kim family history, the 2 biggest pickles are in school. ... So, Thursday mornings the 2 littlest pickles & I have a standing “praydate.” With Jesus. Yep, that’s right. We go to Adoration.

What is Adoration, you ask?

Adoration (short for Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament) is an opportunity for prayer that happens at almost every parish throughout the world. After each Mass, any consecrated host remaining after the faithful have received the Eucharist is placed in the tabernacle (the gold box on an altar in the sanctuary usually accompanied by a lit candle).

During Adoration, the consecrated host (the Body of Christ!) is taken from the tabernacle & placed in a monstrance (a gold case) on the main altar & the community is welcome to come spend time with the Lord in prayer. Some parishes even have a chapel where Adoration happens around the clock!

Adoration is new to me... at least as a weekly spiritual discipline. Here are some important things I’ve learned about Adoration from our 2nd youngest — the 2-year-old — the one who, thanks to her overwhelmingly affectionate, affable, rough-and-tumble personality, is known around Casa Kim as “The Puppy.”

1. Say hello to Jesus

When we arrive at Adoration, The Puppy genuflects (which looks like a half-curtsey, half-linebacker 3-point stance). She then stands up, & with a big smile, an energetic wave, & the not-so-whispery whisper of a 2-year-old, says, “Hiya, Jeebus!”

Start your visit with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with a greeting.

The greeting can be a verse from Scripture, a short prayer, or an expression of adoration (worship) & praise from your own heart. Greeting Jesus reminds us that we have come into his presence (really & truly into his presence). That we are beginning a visit with him. That we have entered a unique time & place like no other time or place in our busy week.

2. Bring something to “pray” with

As I mention above, The Puppy is two. Her 2-ness yields busy-ness. Her busy-ness necessitates things to keep her appropriately occupied. When we go to Adoration, we bring some picture books about Jesus, some small toys, & her very own rosary. This helps keep her calm & focused.

Big people are not so different from little people. If your mind tends to wander (me) & you find it hard to focus (also, me) or quiet your mental to-do list (me, again), bringing something with you as an aid to prayer can really be helpful. I like to bring a rosary, a Bible, or a spiritual book like *Imitation of Mary*. It’s not uncommon for The Puppy to confiscate some or all of these from me in the course of our half hour visit with Jesus. In that case, I take a page from Pope Francis & pray his “Five Finger Prayer.” (This is also a great way to learn how to pray for both big folks and little folks alike.)

3. Not every visit is a great visit

Sometimes The Puppy stands next to me on the kneeler giving an abundance of sweet little kisses and cuddles while I pray quietly. Other times she’s rifling through my Bible with such noisy fury that she’s ripped out the better part of *Second Maccabees*, disrupted the pious elderly gentleman behind us by repeating the chorus of *Old*

MacDonald (you know, the E-I-E-I-O part) over and over again in her not-so-whispery whisper, poked her sleeping baby sister in the eye causing her to shriek like a riled velociraptor, and/or thrown herself on the pew repeating the words “snack” and “milk” with such studied despondency that, if not for her gorgeously chubby cheeks, compassionate witnesses might be led to believe that no one had ever fed her. Ever. In her whole life.

All this is to say that not every visit to the Blessed Sacrament will be a spiritually edifying experience. Sometimes I feel overcome by Christ’s presence and my heart overflows with prayer. Other times the half hour seems like an eternity and my prayer feels forced and parched. We all have good days and, well, not-so-good days. God is pleased with prayer that springs forth wild and instinctive from the soil of our hearts and God is (perhaps) most pleased with prayers we bring forth out of careful cultivation and concerted effort. Our visits with Jesus are an act of love. If no words come to you, just sit quietly. Jesus called us his friends and, as we all know, sometimes dear friends simply sit together in sweet silence without the burden of words.

4. Say goodbye to Jesus

When it’s time for us to leave, we gather up all of our things and The Puppy assumes her half-ballerina half-linebacker position and waves “Buhbye, Jeebus!” Sometimes we blow kisses. We promise Jesus we’ll come again next Thursday.

As you’re preparing to leave Adoration, thank Jesus for your visit and make plans to visit again. Taking the time to say a proper farewell reminds us that we are going out into the world strengthened and emboldened by his presence and his promise to be with us always.

Dogs Diary vs Cats Diary

The Dog's Diary

8:00 am - Dog food! My favorite thing!

9:30 am - A car ride! My favorite thing!

9:40 am - A walk in the park! My favorite thing!

10:30 am - Got rubbed and petted! My favorite thing!

12:00 pm - Milk bones! My favorite thing!

1:00 pm - Played in the yard! My favorite thing!

3:00 pm - Wagged my tail! My favorite thing!

5:00 pm - Dinner! My favorite thing!

7:00 pm - Got to play ball! My favorite thing!

8:00 pm - Wow! Watched TV with the people! My favorite thing!

11:00 pm - Sleeping on the bed! My favorite thing!



inmates and I are fed hash or some sort of dry nuggets. Although I make my contempt for the rations perfectly clear, I nevertheless must eat something in order to keep up my strength.

The only thing that keeps me going is my dream of escape. In an attempt to disgust them, I once again vomit on the carpet. Today I decapitated a mouse and dropped its headless body at their feet. I had hoped this would strike fear into their hearts, since it clearly demonstrates my capabilities. However, they merely made condescending comments about what a "good little hunter" I am.

There was some sort of assembly of their accomplices tonight. I was placed in solitary confinement for the duration of the event. However, I could hear the noises and smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to the power of "allergies." I must learn what this means, and how to use it to my advantage.

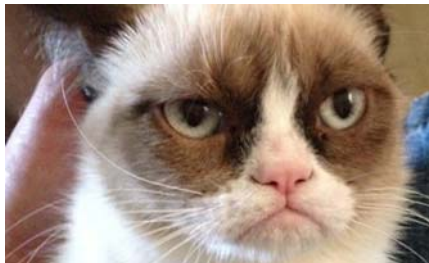
Today I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my tormentors by weaving around his feet as he was walking. I must try this again tomorrow, but at the top of the stairs.

I am convinced that the other prisoners here are flunkies and snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released, and seems to be more than willing to return. He is obviously retarded. The bird must be an informant. I observe him communicate with the guards regularly. I am certain that he reports my every move. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so he is safe. For now ...

The Cat's Diary

Day 983 of My Captivity

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while the other



The Little Boy and his sister

A little girl named Liz was suffering from a rare & serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness.

The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister.

He hesitated for only a moment before taking a deep breath & saying, "Yes I'll do it if it will save her."



As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale & his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor & asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away".

Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

The West Wagga Wag

West Wagga Parish



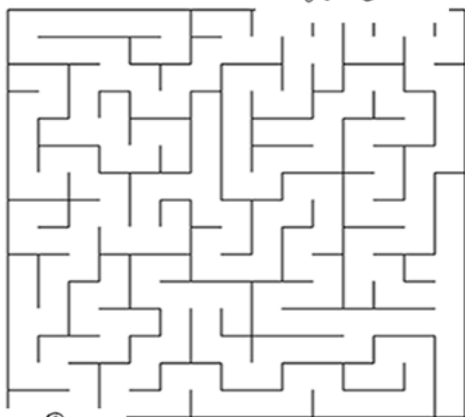
Serving: Ashmont,
Collingullie,
Glenfield, Lloyd,
and San Isidore



Zacchaeus Meets Jesus

When Jesus reached the spot, he looked up and said to him, "Zacchaeus, come down immediately. I must stay at your house today." So he came down at once and welcomed him

... Luke 19:5-6 (NIV)



Choose the word that best matches the definition.

- ___ 1. Not tall
A. fat B. short C. big D. loud
- ___ 2. A large plant with a trunk, branches, and leaves
A. tree B. weed C. flower D. bush
- ___ 3. To move upward, especially by using the hands and feet
A. climb B. run C. sit D. walk
- ___ 4. A person who disobeys God's laws; one who does wrong
A. poor B. banker C. climb D. sinner
- ___ 5. A building in which people, usually a family, live
A. tent B. house C. barn D. tree
- ___ 6. To get something for yourself in a dishonest way
A. save B. buy C. climb D. cheat
- ___ 7. To have very little money
A. rich B. cheat C. poor D. sinner
- ___ 8. To search for something or someone
A. cheat B. climb C. seek D. lost
- ___ 9. To set free from sin; to rescue
A. save B. lost C. poor D. cheat
- ___ 10. To be unable to find your way
A. poor B. climb C. lost D. cheat