

# The West Wagga Wag

Issue 139

September 2014

## Coming Events

**Happy Father's Day:** Sun 7  
**Nativity of the B V Mary:** Mon 8  
**Child Protection Week:**  
**Exaltation of the Cross:** Sun 14  
**Our Lady of Sorrows:** Mon 15  
**Craft & Friendship Arvo Tea:**  
Tues 16  
**Women's Spirituality Day:** Sat 20  
**Springtime Fashions:** Sun 21  
**St Pius of Pietrelcina:** Tues 23  
**St Vincent de Paul:** Sat 27  
**Social Justice Sunday:** Sept 28  
**St Thérèse Lisieux:** Wed 1 Oct  
**St Francis of Assisi:** Sat 4  
**Men's Cursillo:** Oct 3-5



2014, Year Two children from Holy Trinity Primary School holding their First Reconciliation Certificates.

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The due date for the next Wag is:  
Sunday October 5th.

## Vale Monsignor William Fulton

**1969** Fr William Fulton appointed as second parish priest to West Wagga  
**1970** He began building Holy Trinity Primary School  
**1971** And first brick classrooms were completed, and the first office space.  
**1972** Fr Fulton built the first presbytery, which is the present Trinity Centre kitchen and St V de Paul store room. Fr Fulton transferred to Howlong 1973.

Fr Norman Duck was the first parish priest of the West Wagga Parish. He energetically had the Bardia Street hall built. This is now the Holy Trinity Church. It was built in 1966/67. Fr Duck remained pastor of West Wagga Wagga Parish until 1969 when Father William Fulton became the second parish priest in Ashmont. This was his first parish as PP. Fr Fulton lived at the Cathedral for the first year and then lived at South Wagga Parish for the remaining two years, until late 1972.

Monsignor Fulton was born in Terang, Victoria. As a boy, he moved with his family from Holbrook to Albury when he was 12. Later he worked at the State Bank in Wodonga for several months before being transferred to Melbourne. It was after this that William followed his vocation to the priesthood. He did studies in Rome and was ordained there in Rome in 1957. Before being appointed to West Wagga in 1969, he served the Cathedral parish as an assistant priest.

Fr Fulton commissioned Mr. O'Halloran as the architect for the Holy Trinity School in 1969. Fr Bill oversaw the building of the school. He arranged for the 'bingo' to begin in the parish; ably run by parishioners. This would be an invaluable income source for many years. He had a red brick building constructed in 1971 close to the church which he used as an office and first presbytery. It was not the official presbytery as Bishop Henschke preferred his priests to live at the Cathedral.

Fr Fulton was made a monsignor by the Holy Father John Paul II in 1984 for services to the Church. Father Bill was a gentle, humble and hard-working man who spent his time administering the Sacraments and comforting the sick. He must have administered thousands of baptisms, funerals and weddings, aside from daily and Sunday Masses. He put himself at the service of people for more than 50 years. In July 2007, Fr Fulton celebrated his Golden Jubilee of Priesthood. Monsignor William Fulton, 83, died at the Mercy Hospital in Albury. Monsignor Fulton had served as a cleric for 54 years until his retirement in 2011. He worked at parishes in Wagga, Howlong, Leeton, Tarcutta, The Rock and finally Albury. He told The Border Mail in 2011, he believed God had given him a calling to become a priest and he said, "I've no regrets about becoming a priest".



## pastor's page

### Birthday of Blessed Virgin Mary

The Sacred Scripture does not give an account of Mary's birth. The source for the story of the birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the *Protoevangelium of James*, an apocryphal gospel written about 150 A.D. It was probably put into its final written form in the early second century and it describes Mary's father Joachim as a wealthy member of one of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. He and his wife Anne were deeply grieved by their childlessness. From it, we learn the names of Mary's parents, Joachim and Anne.

According to this account, Anna and Joachim are infertile but pray for a child. They receive the promise of a child that will advance God's plan of salvation for the world. Such a story (like many biblical counterparts) stresses the special presence of God in Mary's life from the beginning. The traditional date of the feast, September 8, falls exactly nine months after the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. It is hard to know which date was the source of the other. The September 8 date seems to have helped to determine the date for the feast of the Immaculate Conception on December 8 (nine months earlier). Tradition celebrates the event as a liturgical feast in the General Roman Calendar on 8 September. Similarly, Eastern Orthodox Christians celebrate the *Nativity of the Theotokos* (that is, The Mother of God) on the same day.

Sadly, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary is not celebrated these days with as much solemnity as that of the Immaculate Conception. It is, nonetheless, a very important feast, because it reminds us and prepares the way for the birth of Christ, Mary's child and Saviour of the world. The feast of Mary's Nativity began in the fifth century as the feast of the *Basilica Sanctae Mariae ubi nata est*, (the Basilica of Holy Mary, where she was born). It is now called the Basilica of Saint Anne. The original church built, in the fifth century, was

a Marian basilica erected on the spot known as the shepherd's field and thought to have been the home of Mary's parents. In the seventh century, the feast was celebrated by the Byzantine Christians as the feast of the Birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary. At Rome the Feast began to be kept toward the end of the 7th century, brought there by Eastern monks.

Even for Islamic people, the birth of Mary is recalled in the Quran with references to her father, after whom the chapter is named ('The Family of Imran' SURA 3, 36. AL-E-IMRAN). This passage also refers to Mary's mother. The wife of Imran prayed to God to fulfil her desire for a child and vowed, if her prayer was accepted, that her child would be dedicated to the service of God. She prayed for her child to remain protected from Satan (Shaytān) and Muslim tradition records a hadith, which states that the only children born without the "touch of Satan," were Mary and Jesus. This is a reference to Mary's Immaculate Conception.

St. Augustine also connects Mary's birth with Jesus' saving work. He tells the earth to rejoice and shine forth in the light of her birth. "She is the flower of the field from whom bloomed the precious lily of the valley. Through her birth the nature inherited from our first parents is

changed." The opening prayer at Mass speaks of the birth of Mary's Son as the dawn of our salvation and asks for an increase of peace.

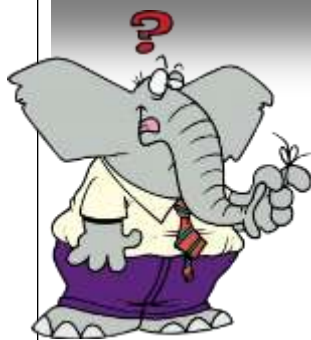
We can see every human birth as a call for new hope in the world. The love of two human beings joins with God in his creative work. Loving parents demonstrate hope in a world too often filled with trouble. Every new child has the potential to be a source of God's love and peace to the world; His very image! This is all true in a magnificent way in the person of Mary of Nazareth. If Jesus is the perfect expression of God's love, Mary is the foreshadowing of that love. If Jesus has brought the fullness of salvation, Mary is its dawning glory.

Birthday celebrations bring happiness to the person as well as to family and friends. Next to the birth of Jesus, Mary's birth offers the greatest possible happiness to the world. Each time we celebrate her birth we can confidently hope for an increase of peace in our hearts and in the world at large. A worthy tradition carried out by many over the centuries in celebrating Mary's birthday was to offer the family rosary in her honour and name. This would be an excellent devotion this Monday, the Birthday of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

*Fr Gerard*



# September Jokes



It seems that this old couple are having trouble remembering things, so they sign up for a

memory course. The course is wonderful; they come home and tell all their relatives, friends, and neighbours about it. Some months later, a neighbour approaches the man as he tends the garden. Neighbour asks, "Say, Ed, what was the name of the instructor of that memory course you liked so much?" Ed replies, "Well, it was...hmmm...let me think a minute... What's the name of that flower, you know, the one that smells so nice, but has thorns on the stems...? Neighbour says, "You mean a rose?" Ed replies, "Yeah, that's it!... (shouting toward house) Hey, Rose, what was that memory course instructor's name?"

A police officer in a small town stopped a motorist who was speeding down Main Street. "But officer," the man began, "I can explain". "Just be quiet," snapped the officer. "I'm going to let you cool your heels in jail until the chief gets back..." "But officer, I just wanted to say...." "And I said to keep quiet! You're going to jail!" A few hours later the officer looked in on his prisoner and said, "Lucky for you that the chief is at his daughter's wedding. He'll be in a good mood when he gets back." "Don't count on it," answered the fellow in the cell. "I'm the groom."

## Examination

I went to the doctor -  
He reached down my throat,  
He pulled out a shoe,  
And a little toy boat,  
He pulled out a skate  
And a bicycle seat,  
And he said, "Be more careful  
About what you eat."

## Hitting

Use a log to hit a hog.  
Use a twig to hit a pig  
Use a rake to hit a snake.  
Use a swatter to hit an otter.  
Use a ski to hit a bee.  
And use a feather when you hit me.

## The Lost Cat

We can't find the cat,  
We don't know where she's at,  
Oh, where did she go?  
Does anyone know?  
Let's ask this walking hat.

## Row Your Boat

Row row row your boat,  
Gently down the stream,  
Until you hit the water fall  
And then you start to scream.

My 5 year old daughter was talking to her daddy about ears (she had recently watched a show about music). She eagerly explained that there are even bones in your ear, like the drumstick.

My 4 year old daughter had been sitting in on our lessons and my seven year old was memorizing the Act of Contrition. Well, she memorized it too. One day she was at her uncle's house and she starts saying, "Uncle Chris, Uncle Chris, I can say 'Oh my God'." Her uncle told her that that wasn't a good thing to say. But she persisted and said "But my Mom said I can." Her dismayed uncle repeated "NO, that is not good." But again she said, I can say it. Listen, "Oh my God, I'm heartily sorry....."

My 3 year old son thought that St. Michael, St. Raphael and St. Gabriel were the three HarkAngels as in Hark the Herald Angels Sing.

I read the books that said 'your toddlers will learn amazing things right along with your older kids.' I thought it may be true for others, but how much can a little kid actually assimilate? One of the ideas I used is turning our kitchen table into a constant source of geography

by putting a world map on the table and a clear piece of plastic for a tablecloth over it. I walked in to find my two year old sitting on top of our kitchen table. I walked up to him ready with my outstretched hand to swat his behind for being on the table (an infraction he'd been spanked for before). As I approached, ready to strike, he pointed and said in his baby voice, "Look, Mama, Staylia!" I hesitated for just a second when he said, "Cocodiles. Staylia." As I diverted my attention from his rear end to the map...low and behold...he was pointing to Australia. My ready swat became a "Gooooooood Boy!! That is Australia. Crocodiles DO live in Australia." From that day on I was a believer. Even MY youngest children benefit from our homeschool.

A little friend was talking to me about her family. She was recalling to me about the time when her brother was born, and she informed me that her daddy had cut all of their "extension" cords.

## A Woman's Poem

He didn't like the casserole  
And he didn't like my cake,  
He said my biscuits were too hard  
Not like his mother used to make.  
I didn't perk the coffee right  
He didn't like the stew,  
I didn't mend his socks  
The way his mother used to do.  
I pondered for an answer  
I was looking for a clue.  
Then I turned around and  
hit him with a spoon...  
Like his mother used to do.







## Tie a Yellow Ribbon Around The Old Oak Tree

would be passing by the family farm.

The journey had been a long one, and now the train was rounding the bend that would take him past his old

homestead. Anxiously he waited to see if he could see the tree, and when it came into full view, it passed so fast he couldn't hardly believe his eyes. He couldn't see the tree!

He ran to the end of the car and jumped across the platform to the caboose and asked the Pullman for a set of binoculars. Quickly, before the train left view of the farm, the young man focused the binoculars on the tree. It was covered with yellow ribbons! Not one ribbon, but thousands of them were all over the tree! Every limb, every twig, even the trunk, had thousands of yellow ribbons tied all over the tree!

Tears welled up in the young man's eyes and he started crying. The Pullman asked him, "What's the matter, son?"

"I'm going home," he replied.

"Well, what in 'tarnation' are you crying for? Shouldn't you be happy?" asked the Pullman.

"I am happy. I haven't been home in a long time and I'm going home to see my dad," said the young man.

As the train pulled into the station and slowed to a stop, the young man stepped off the train – onto the platform – and stopped short. He couldn't believe his eyes. There stood his dad, his brothers and sisters, his mom, and many of his aunts and uncles. It looked like the whole town was there to welcome him home. Tears began to stream from his eyes, and soon everyone was crying and hugging him.

The "prodigal son" had come home.

Only a father would love his son that much that he would forgive him all his foibles, misdeeds and sins.



A young man was in prison and was going to be released soon. He wrote home to his father and told him that if he was still open to him coming back – after all the embarrassment he had brought on the family – to just tie a yellow ribbon on the tree in the back field. There was a railroad track that ran past the old family property and train passengers could see the tree as they went past. It was huge.

The warden came to the young man's cell three weeks later and told him, "Son, you're going home. You're a free man now. Live right and don't come back."

The young man gathered up his few belongings and gave away what he couldn't carry with him. Several hours later, he was finally released from prison and was standing on the landing at the train station. He bought his ticket, one way, for a continuing destination — just in case he wasn't welcome. With trepidation, he boarded the train that

## The Box of Kisses

The story goes that some time ago, a man punished his 3-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of gold wrapping paper. Money was tight and he became infuriated when the child tried to decorate a box to put under the Christmas tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy."

The man was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, but his anger flared again when he found out the box was empty. He yelled at her, stating, "Don't you know, when you give

someone a present, there is supposed to be something inside? The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and cried, "Oh, Daddy, it's not empty at all. I blew kisses into the box. They're all for you, Daddy."

The father was crushed. He put his arms around his little girl, and he begged for her forgiveness.



Only a short time later, an accident took the life of the child. It is also told that her father kept that gold box by his bed for many years and, whenever he was discouraged, he would take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there.

Moral: In a very real sense, each one of us, as humans beings, have been given a gold container filled with unconditional love from our children, family members, friends, and God. There is simply no other possession, anyone could hold, more precious than this.

## The Vocation of Being a Father

BY SHEILA LIAUGMINAS

I devoted two hours of radio to a discussion of fatherhood, families, children, the culture, men's organizations and efforts to support them all. It was edifying.

Fr. Sammie Maletta, a pastor in St. John, Indiana, told me about a men's group preparing to take the 'Courageous Pledge' on Father's Day. It was started by the 'Iron Disciples' and required a rigorous preparation. He hoped he'd get as many as 50 men signed up. He got 230.

Fr. Maletta read the Pledge and I jotted notes as fast as I could. These men are claiming a dedication 'to love, protect, serve and teach,' he said, and I missed a bunch of words in between. Those are the highlights. Here are some more:

To be the spiritual head of my home...to bless my children and teach them and train them...

To pursue justice and love mercy...to provide...repent and reconcile...

To model and teach integrity and honor and faithfulness...with resolve.

And I couldn't write fast enough to keep up with him. What a great witness to manly men, not daunted by political correctness but

concerned with moral correctness. St. John, Indiana thus becomes a shining city on a hill.

Bishop Jose Gomez just wrote about the vocation of fatherhood.

Even after a long day of work, even if he'd rather be doing something else—instead he will smile and laugh and take delight in spending time and playing games with his kids. Because that's what fathers do. They keep their promise to love.

This Father's Day, when again we celebrate the beautiful reality of fatherhood and the importance of our fathers and grandfathers in our lives. But we also realize that we're living increasingly in a "fatherless" culture where many fathers are absent from their children's lives. Almost half of all American children are now born to mothers who are not married to the child's father. More than a third of children aren't being raised in the same home as their fathers. These trends are part of a broader skepticism in

our society toward traditional ideas of the family and the human person.

There are strong forces at work that would have us reimagine and reengineer the basic meaning of human nature. They want us to believe that whether one is a man or a woman is just an "accident" of birth, and not intrinsic to who we really are. They want us to believe that motherhood, fatherhood, and marriage aren't natural realities, but just arbitrary "social constructs."

And at great cost. One of my guests, Steve Wood, cited a mind-boggling finding of what the cost of that is. After I referred to a poll result from his website.

According to a 1996 Gallup poll, 79.1 percent of Americans feel "the most significant family or social problem facing America is the physical absence of the father from the home." This number is up from 69.9 percent in 1992.

He asked if I was sitting down, because reports reveal "the estimated cost at the federal, state and local level of these absent fathers is \$100 billion."

Wow. G.K. Chesterton called the family 'the original department of health, education and welfare.' It's clearer these days how true that is.



## Practicing What You Preach!

An honest man was being tailgated by a stressed out woman on a busy boulevard. Suddenly, the light turned yellow just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk, even though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating through the intersection.

The tailgating woman hit the roof, and the horn, screaming in frustration as she missed her chance to get through the intersection.

As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to exit her car with her hands up. He took her to the police station where she was searched, finger-printed, and photographed, and then placed in a holding cell.

After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and opened the door. She was escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with

her personal effects.

He said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping off the guy in front of you, and cussing a blue streak at him. I noticed the 'Choose Life' license plate holder, the 'What Would Jesus Do?' bumper sticker, the 'Follow Me to Sunday School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk. Naturally, I assumed you had stolen the car!"



# St Francis of Assisi and the Sultan

The famous meeting began when Francis accompanied the crusaders to Damietta, Egypt with the goal of having a private audience with Sultan al-Malik al-Kamil who was the Islamic ruler of Egypt.

Prior to the battle of Damietta, Francis received a prophetic vision that the crusaders would lose the battle. He hesitatingly revealed his vision which was dismissed. The battle went forward, and the crusaders lost.

The crusaders losses were many. As one chronicler wrote--John the Baptist gained many companions that day due to the great many beheadings.

It was the loss at Damietta that gave St Francis the opportunity to finally meet the Sultan face to face in an attempt to convert him to the Christian faith.

St Francis sought permission to enter the camp of the Sultan from the Papal Legate who was hesitant to grant permission since al Kamil had reportedly stated that "anyone who brought him the head of a Christian should be awarded with Byzantine gold pieces". Eventually when confronted with the insistence and persistence of St Francis, the Papal legate allowed Francis and one companion, Brother Illuminato, to go into the Muslim camp.

Early documents all agree that upon entering the camp Francis and Brother Illuminato were treated very roughly. One account states that they were insulted and beaten



yet showed no fear even when threatened with torture and death. They kept repeating to their captors the word for "SULTAN" and were eventually dragged before him.

St Francis and Illuminato told the Sultan they were messengers from God. An early writing purports to contain the essence of their first words to the Sultan: "If you do not wish to believe we will commend your soul to God because we declare that if you die while holding to your law you will be lost; God will not accept your soul. For this reason we have come to you. They added that they would demonstrate the truth of Christianity to Al-Kamil and his imams.

Surprisingly the Sultan was captivated by the sincerity of the men's concern for his salvation. Al-Kamil willingly listened to St Francis and permitted them great liberty in their preaching.

The Sultan told his imams that beheading Francis and Illuminato would be an unjust recompense for their efforts, since they had arrived with the praiseworthy intention of seeking his personal salvation. He said to Francis: "I am going to go

counter to what my religious advisors demand and will not cut off your heads... you have risked your lives in order to save my soul."

The Franciscans were the guests of the Sultan for many days. The Sultan made certain that the men's wounds were taken care of.

There is a question as to whether the Sultan had a deathbed conversion to the faith as a result of his encounter with Francis. One historian writes wrote that: Al-Kamil before dismissing the friar, privately asked him to pray that God would reveal to me the law and the faith that is more pleasing to Him. Illuminato remarked that the Sultan, after hearing Francis fervently preach the Gospel, always had the Christian faith imprinted on his heart.

According to the Little Flower of St Francis which is a widely read historical account of the lives of the first friars, Francis prophesied that the Sultan would have a deathbed conversion. After Francis' death he appeared to two friars and instructed them to find the Sultan and teach him the faith. It is also reported in the Little Flower that the Sultan instructed his sentinels to watch for two friars in the ports. When the friars were found the Sultan received them with great joy. "The friars after instructing Al-Kamil in the faith, administered the Sacrament of Baptism to the dying Sultan and 'his soul was saved through the merits of St Francis'".



"No, I didn't download you.  
I gave birth to you!"

## Spider web

(noun)

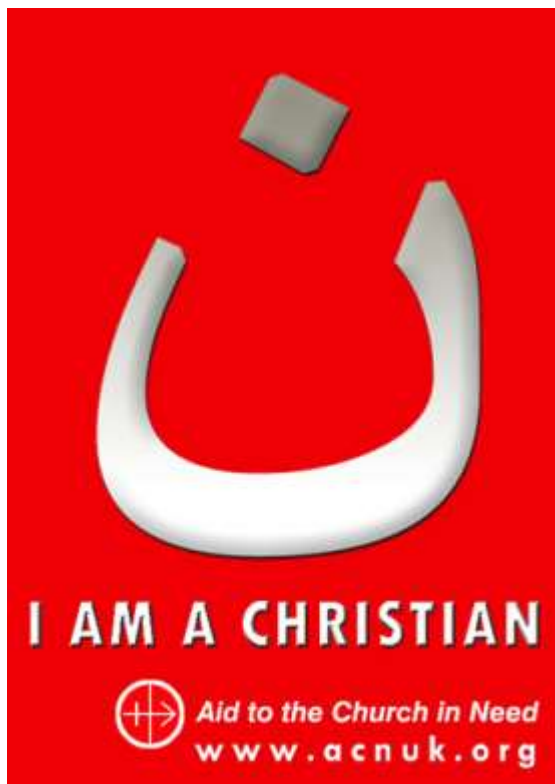
A thing you walk into  
which suddenly turns  
you into a karate master

## Penance and Partridge: Why Saints \*Must\* Smile - John Clark

Born in 1515, St. Teresa of Avila was recognized as the first female Doctor of the Church by Pope Paul VI. Teresa not only lived a life of exemplary holiness, but contributed a wealth of writings to the Church: *The Interior Castle*, *The Way of Perfection*, and other works. She helped strengthen the Carmelite order and is known as one of the greatest saints in Church history. The story is told that one day, a friend of Teresa's came to visit her at her convent and gave her the gift of a partridge, which was apparently considered a delicacy at the time. Upon receiving the gift, Teresa went into the kitchen and prepared the fine dish. As she began to eat, someone asked her whether it was proper that someone who had taken a vow of poverty should indulge in such a delicious treat. Teresa responded: "There is a time for penance, and a time for partridge." St. Teresa's response is not only indicative of her wonderful sense of humour, but also of her recognition that God loves us and created a wonderful world for us to enjoy. God

wants us to be happy. As Catholics, not every moment of our lives is meant to be penitential. This is a lesson that we can sometimes forget. As Pope Francis explained in *Evangelii Gaudium*, *There are Christians whose lives seem like Lent without Easter. I realize of course that joy is not expressed the same way at all times in life, especially at moments of great difficulty. Joy adapts and changes, but it always endures, even as a flicker of light born of our personal certainty that, when everything is said and done, we are infinitely loved. I understand the grief of people who have to endure great suffering, yet slowly but surely we all have to let the joy of faith slowly revive as a quiet yet firm trust, even amid the greatest distress...* (EG, 6.) Though, as Pope Francis reminds us, we all must endure difficult times, the direct response to the infinite love of God should be happiness. I was reminded of this when I went to visit a Catholic hospital for the terminally ill. As I walked through the hospital,

and mingled with the patients, I was struck by the fact that they all looked so happy. When I met them and smiled, the joy of their smiles dwarfed mine. The love of God, and the peace and joy that accompanies that love, was evident in their faces. One of St. Teresa's other famous quotes was this: "May God protect me from gloomy saints." Her point was that while some may have the faith, they fail to translate that into joy and happiness. That day, God not only protected me from gloomy saints, but showed me happy saints.



### Prayer for Persecuted Christians Around the World

**Father in Heaven, you make your sun shine on good and bad alike. Your Son Jesus Christ died for us all and in His glorious Resurrection He still retains the five wounds of His Passion. With His divine power He now sustains all those who suffer persecution and martyrdom for the sake of their fidelity to the faith of the Church.**

**Merciful and mighty Father, do not allow Cain to return again to murder helpless Abel, innocent Abel. May persecuted Christians around the world remain, like Mary, their Mother, together at the foot of the cross of Christ the Martyr. Comfort those menaced by violence and those oppressed by uncertainty.**

**May your Holy Spirit of love make fruitful the witness and the blood of those who die forgiving.**

**Amen.**



# The West Wagga Wag

West Wagga Parish



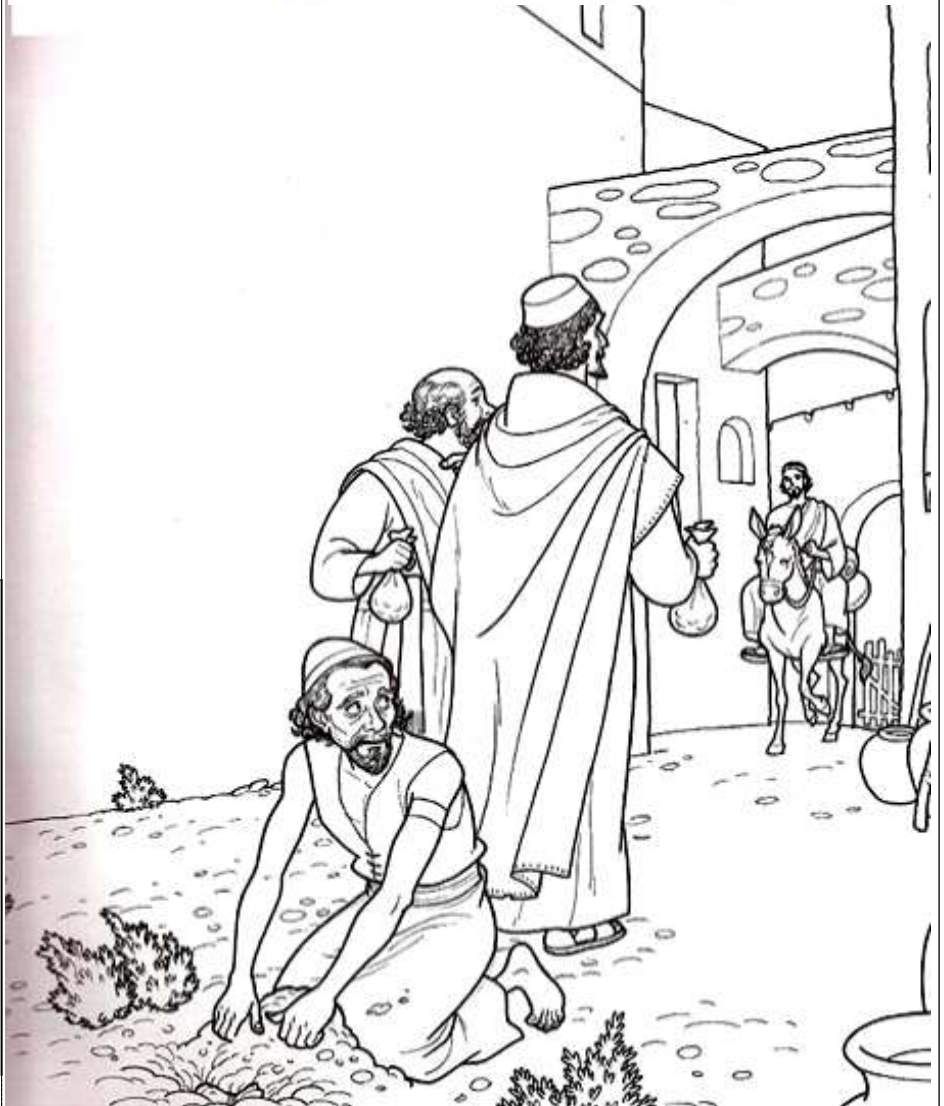
Serving: Ashmont,  
Collingullie,  
Glenfield, Lloyd,  
and San Isidore



JOURNEY	WORTHLESS
SERVANT	PROPERTY
ABILITY	WICKED
GAINED	HAPPINESS
TALENT	MASTER
SHARE	MONEY
FAITHFUL	WEEPING
LAZY	ENTRUSTED

# The Parable of the Talents

But the man who had received the one talent went off, dug a hole in the ground and hid his master's money. Matthew 25:18



W	O	R	T	H	L	E	S	S	T	R	E	S	N	R
W	I	C	K	E	D	U	J	R	E	M	N	X	N	U
K	G	O	S	C	E	M	J	T	S	H	T	Q	F	A
T	A	Z	I	L	H	Z	S	P	H	A	R	E	Q	X
F	I	Q	S	W	K	A	F	P	I	P	U	F	I	L
A	N	M	B	E	M	A	H	E	P	P	S	Q	F	A
I	E	O	J	E	R	A	B	I	L	I	T	Y	J	Z
T	D	N	I	P	C	V	U	Y	K	N	E	S	Q	Y
H	R	E	P	I	L	S	A	Y	P	E	D	N	E	T
F	X	Y	D	N	N	H	N	N	R	S	W	N	N	L
U	Q	C	J	G	W	A	Y	Q	T	S	R	E	O	X
L	Z	G	Z	G	N	R	C	J	N	U	L	Q	M	D
R	Z	D	M	E	F	E	N	E	O	A	T	W	S	K
P	R	O	P	E	R	T	Y	J	T	W	G	F	X	K
W	G	L	E	U	E	H	I	K	B	G	N	R	Y	U