

# The West Wagga Wag

Issue 182

April 2018

## Coming Events

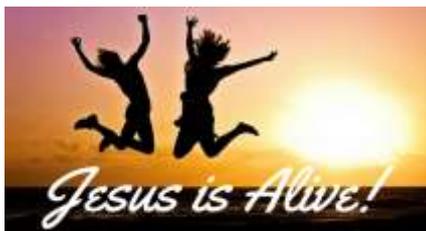
**Adoration of the Blessed  
Sacrament, Holy Trinity**

- 6 to 7am daily;

- overnight from 9pm Friday  
through to 7am Saturdays

<b>EASTER!</b>	Sun 1
<b>Feast of Divine Mercy</b>	Sun 8
<b>The Annunciation of the Lord</b>	Mon 9
<b>St Stanislaus</b>	Wed 11
<b>St Anselm</b>	Sat 21
<b>St George</b>	Mon 23
<b>St Fidelis of Sigmaringen</b>	Tue 24
<b>Anzac Day</b>	Wed 25
<b>St Mark</b>	Thu 26
<b>St Louis de Montfort</b>	Fri 27
<b>St Peter Chanel</b>	Sat 28
<b>St Pope Pius V</b>	Mon 30

**Monthly Cuppa, after 9am Mass  
on last Sunday of the month.**



## Inside this issue:

<i>April Foolery</i>	3
<i>Mary Magdalen story</i>	4
<i>In Praise of Holy Water</i>	6
<i>God's Happiest Saint</i>	7

## Wag Contacts

Email:

westwaggaparish@hotmail.com

Web Page: westwaggaparish.com

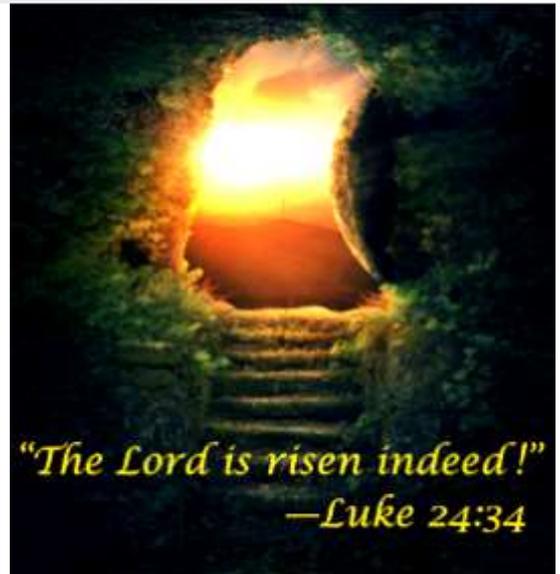
Phone: 6931 3601

The date for submissions for the next  
Wag is: Wednesday May 2nd.

## The Lord is risen, Alleluiah!

### He is risen indeed, Alleluiah!

Thank you to everyone  
who has participated in,  
and/or helped  
to prepare for  
Holy Thursday,  
Good Friday,  
the Easter Vigil and  
Easter Sunday!



## Come to the Parish Mission this month!



Fr Ricardo Pineda will be giving a  
mission at Holy Trinity Ashmont April  
22-26 7pm.

All welcome!

Fr Pineda lives in Kentucky, USA. and is  
of Salvadoran and Mexican descent.  
However while in studies at Notre Dame  
University, he played trumpet in the  
marching *Band of the Fighting Irish!*

Fr Pineda is a member of the Congregation of the Fathers of Mercy,  
which was founded in 1808.

The primary apostolate of the Fathers  
of Mercy is to conduct parish missions  
and retreats, which are now given  
throughout the United States, Canada  
and Australia.

As with previous parish missions, it is  
a time for all parishioners to receive  
from Almighty God many additional  
graces for themselves and their  
families.



## pastor's page - Easter!



*"For you have been bought at a great price. Glorify and carry God in your body." (1 Corinthians 6:20)*

Imagine on Easter Sunday that you were given a really good looking Easter egg, and as you hungrily (before you had eaten twenty others) started to eat it, the person who gave it to you says, "You know, I paid \$500 for that, I hope you enjoy it." I imagine you would be shocked and after realizing it was too late to sell it on "Gumtree" you would eat it slowly, savouring every bite.

The real goods celebrated at Easter are not made of chocolate. They are "justification" – being made good again by God, in His grace, innocence restored; and resurrection – being spiritually raised to life so that we can one day be raised physically in our bodies after death when we can enter heaven. We are celebrating the resurrection of Jesus, remembering it is not just that He came alive again. Of course the only reason He was in the tomb was because He wanted to save us. We are celebrating being set free from sin and hell.

The Easter egg, as a sign of new life and resurrection, is a reflection (or it should be a reflection) of the far

greater reason to be happy on this day. But as we celebrate, we must not forget how much this Easter cost, not \$500 but much more!

*"For you know that it was not with perishable things such as silver or gold that you were redeemed from the empty way of life you inherited from your forefathers, but with the precious blood of Christ." (1 Peter 1:18-19)*

As we celebrate the long weekend, and as we enjoy looking forward to heaven, these higher notes of happiness should always be joined in harmony with deeper chords of recalling what it cost: the thousands of years of preparation for the coming of the Saviour; the cooperation of so many wonderful people in the Old Testament and most especially the "Yes" of Our Blessed Mother Mary; Jesus' birth in Bethlehem and the flight into Egypt; the years in Nazareth; the public teaching and miracles; and not least, all that happened on Good Friday – the scourging at the pillar, the way of the Cross, the stripping of His clothes, being nailed to the Cross and hanging there in agony and thirst, His dying and being pierced with a lance. We can imagine Our Lady, holding the crucified body of Jesus at the foot of the Cross, asking us, "Do you realize what He paid for you, how much He loves you?"

**And knowing at what price we have been bought, what shall we do about it?**

**Firstly**, we should realize and be amazed at how much God loves each one of us. "He loved me and gave Himself up for me!" This should be a surprise. Of ourselves we have not deserved such a price, but we should not reject it. We become valuable not because of what we have done to deserve it but

because of how much God has paid for us and the precious grace God wants to infuse into us to transform us. "I am wonderfully made" the psalm says, and we can add, "I am wonderfully remade, redeemed." We should therefore behave like people who have been so loved, and never sell ourselves short, never give ourselves to anyone or anything who would treat us as though we did not have an immortal soul which is so loved by God.

**Secondly**, as St Peter said, we need to live up to this honour of being loved and bought by Jesus:

*"Brothers, you have been called and chosen: work all the harder to justify it by good deeds. If you do all these things there is no danger that you will ever fall away. In this way you will be granted admittance into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and saviour Jesus Christ." (2 Peter 1:10-11)*

Salvation has come as a gift, but it calls for a response, love in return for love. And our cooperation is needed for us to reach the eternal life God has offered us. The greatest thanks we can give to God for our salvation is to take hold of it, not to waste it. God wants us to be in heaven one day, He thirsts for our love.

**Thirdly**, with our eyes opened by faith, we should see the truth about all other people; they too have been bought at a great price, they too are precious in God's eyes. Let's do what we can to help them understand this, by the way we treat everybody and by evangelizing, sharing the Good News with them.

Happy Easter!

*Fr Thomas Casanova CCS*

### Is "centering prayer" okay? Is it Christian?

Here are two websites with some good information:

firstly about centering prayer itself - [www.catholic.com/magazine/print-edition/the-danger-of-centering-prayer](http://www.catholic.com/magazine/print-edition/the-danger-of-centering-prayer)

and secondly, from the Vatican, about what is and what is not Christian meditation -

[www.vatican.va/roman\\_curia/congregations/cfaith/documents/rc\\_con\\_cfaith\\_doc\\_19891015\\_meditazione-cristiana\\_en.html](http://www.vatican.va/roman_curia/congregations/cfaith/documents/rc_con_cfaith_doc_19891015_meditazione-cristiana_en.html)

# April Foolery



Knock, Knock  
Who's there  
Easter  
Easter Who?  
Easter Bunny!

Knock, Knock?  
Who's there?  
Ana  
Ana who?  
Ana-other Easter Bunny!

Knock, Knock  
Who's there?  
Some bunny  
Some bunny who?  
Some bunny has been eating my  
Easter chocolate!

Q: What do you get if you pour hot  
water down a rabbit hole?  
A: Hot cross bunnies!

Q: How does the Easter Bunny stay  
fit? A: Egg-xercise!

Q: How does the Easter Bunny  
travel? A: By hare plane!

Q: What did the Easter Egg say to  
the other Easter Egg?  
A: Have you heard any good yolks  
today?

Q: How can you tell where the  
Easter Bunny has been?  
A: Eggs mark the spot!

Q: What happened to the egg when  
he was tickled?  
A: He cracked up!

Q: How does a rabbit throw a  
tantrum? A: He gets hopping mad!

Q: What do you call a happy rabbit?  
A: An Hop-timist.

Q: What are the Easter Bunny's  
favorite stories?  
A: The ones with hoppy endings!

A: What kind of book does a rabbit  
like at bedtime?

B: One with a hoppy ending.

Q: What's the difference between a  
healthy rabbit and an odd rabbit? A:  
One is a fit bunny, and the other's a  
bit funny!

Q: What do you call an operation on  
a rabbit? A: A hare-cut.

Q: What do you get when you pour  
hot water down a rabbit hole? A: A  
hot cross bunny!

Q: How do you know a rabbit is in a  
good mood? A: He's hoppy

Q: What do rabbits get when it  
rains? a. Wet.



While sitting around a campfire, a  
boy asks his father, "Dad, are bugs  
good to eat?" "That's disgusting.  
Don't talk about things like that  
over dinner," the dad replies. After  
dinner the father asks, "Now, son,  
what did you want to ask me?" "Oh,  
nothing," the boy says. "There was  
a bug in your soup, but now it's  
gone."

Why did the owl go, 'Tweet, tweet?'  
Because he didn't give a hoot!

One time an adventurer paddling on  
a northern river got cold and lit a  
fire in his boat, only to discover that  
you can't have your kayak and heat  
it too.

Larry: Hey, look way off over there.  
What's that?

Garry: Wow, smoke signals!

Larry: What do they say?

Garry: Help ... my ... blanket's ...  
on ... fire!

Two lawyers walking through the  
woods spotted a vicious looking  
bear. The first lawyer immediately  
opened his briefcase, pulled out a  
pair of sneakers and started putting  
them on. The second lawyer looked  
at him and said, "You're crazy!  
You'll never be able to outrun that  
bear!" "I don't have to," the first  
lawyer replied. "I only have to  
outrun you."

If you ever get cold while camping,  
just stand in the corner of a tent for  
a while. They're normally around  
90 degrees.

Q: What do you call a camper  
without a nose or a body?  
A: Nobodynose.

## Steps to Build a Campfire

1. Split dead limb into fragments  
and shave one fragment into slivers.
2. Bandage left thumb.
3. Chop other fragments into  
smaller fragments.
4. Bandage left foot.
5. Make a structure of slivers  
(including those embedded in the  
hand).
6. Light match.
7. Light match.
8. Repeat "I'm a Happy Camper"  
and light match.
9. Apply match to slivers, add  
wood fragments, and blow gently  
into base of flames.
10. Apply burn ointment to nose.
11. When fire is burning, collect  
more wood.
12. When fire is burning well, add  
all remaining firewood.
13. After thunderstorm has passed,  
repeat the above steps.



# Easter Story - Mary Magdalen *Bud Macfarlane, CatholiCity.com*



*Easter Morning after the Storm - a story of Mary Magdalene - by Dr. Ralph F. Wilson*

It was like a violent storm had gone through leaving destruction in its wake. But early this Sunday morning all is quiet — the lull after the storm — or so it seems to Mary. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me tell you the story.

First, there is Jesus, the leader and prophet from Galilee. When His popularity was at its apex in Jerusalem just the week before, many had considered Him the Messiah. But on Friday, His enemies had succeeded executing Him by crucifixion.

There are soldiers guarding his tomb. Why? His enemies had heard a report that Jesus was supposed to "rise again" on the third day. Preposterous, His enemies said, but they could take no chances. If there were a guard — especially a Roman guard — His disciples wouldn't dare steal the body and claim He'd been raised. Keep a lid on any stories that might re-enflame the populace — that was the plan.

In the moist, bone-chilling darkness, the soldiers huddle around a sputtering fire that flickers ghostly images amidst the shadows of tombs. They're not afraid, mind you, just ill at ease, anxious for the dawn that will soon brighten the horizon.

Jesus' disciples figure in the story, too, but they are afraid — terrified that they too will be arrested because of their close association with Jesus. They're in hiding within the city. "No worries from them now," their enemies smirk.

Crowds of pilgrims that had swelled Jerusalem to the bursting point over the Passover weekend have gone home now, back to their villages, bearing a disquieting story of how the Galilean healer had been

killed. They are still angry, of course, but the danger of riot over the Nazarene's trial and execution is past.

That's how things stood just before dawn. Sad, tragic. So much hope, so much promise. But now it had come to nothing. A movement so full exuberance had been crushed — its famous leader cut down, its lieutenants in hiding, its followers scattered.

But after the storm, life must go on. And now we meet Mary Magdalene. She has been one of the Nazarene's most devoted followers. She and some of the women have risen very early to honor the teacher's body and are headed for the garden tomb just outside the city walls. Within the sepulchre He lies, cold and lifeless on a rock slab. Mary Magdalene had been there Friday night. Her own hands had helped wash and prepare the body.

The women turn from the lane into the cemetery garden, walking numbly, one foot in front of the other. Suddenly Mary looks up and shouts: "The stone has been moved!"

She runs into the garden, past remnants of a smoky fire, soldiers' equipment in disarray, abandoned in haste. She sprints to the now-open tomb. The ribbon and Roman seal that have guaranteed its security hang limply in the morning air.

"Where is He?" she shrieks, and ducks inside.



The darkness of the tomb and the concrete-like odor of fresh-cut limestone at the back of her mouth overwhelm her for a moment. As her eyes adjust, there on a shelf chiselled from the wall of the cave,

she can make out grave clothes, neatly folded. But where is Jesus? Grave-robbers!

Out in a flash, she begins to run back into the city.

"I'll tell Peter and John," she calls as she speeds on. In a few moments, the disciple-women will see an angel who tells them, "He is risen!" But by now, Mary is back in Jerusalem. She pauses for a moment at the head of the street where the disciples are staying. Hands on her legs, heaving, trying to catch her breath. Now she pounds on the door.

"Peter, Peter!"

After a long pause, the disciple who, until recently, everyone acknowledged as the leader, opens the door a crack, looks up the street, then down it. Finally, he motions Mary inside and quickly shuts the door.

"Somebody has taken His body out of the tomb! We can't find Him!"



Now Peter and John are in panic mode. They pull on tunics and sandals and dash towards the cemetery. Mary follows. Slowly now, head down, she walks and weeps. By the time she arrives back at the tomb, Peter and John have come and gone. The women are nowhere to be seen.

She pauses by the door for a long moment, weeping uncontrollably. Then she gathers herself and steps into the cold chamber. The sun is rising now, casting long shadows across the garden. But this time, the tomb seems lit, also. Two men in bright white, dressed in long robes that extend down to their feet, rise as she enters.

"Why are you crying?"

She sobs out her story. "They have taken my Lord away, and I don't

# Easter Story - continued ...



know where they have put him." She dissolves into tears.

When she looks up the men are gone. She turns. There, the sun silhouetting Him in the doorway, is yet another man — the gardener, she supposes. Perhaps he'll know.

"Why are you crying?" He asks quietly. "Who are you looking for?"

She begins her sad tale for a third time, of grave robbers who have desecrated the tomb and of the teacher who had healed her and restored her very life to wholeness. "If you have taken Him," she pleads, "tell me where His body is and I'll see that it is retrieved. There'll be no trouble."

"Mary!" The voice so familiar. She looks up in sudden recognition.

"Rabbi!" she cries and falls at His feet.

It is Jesus. It is the Lord. He is not dead. He is risen from the grave. He is alive. He is resurrected as He had said.

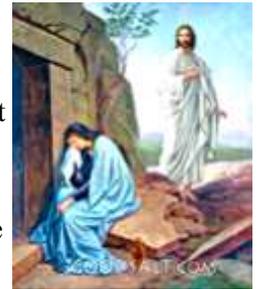
The storm has passed and the sun has broken through the clouds into a new day.

...

Over the next few years, Mary would watch the Christian movement grow in spurts, from 100 to 3,000 in a single day. Then to 5,000 men — more than a fifth of the Jerusalem's entire population. Persecution came, but instead of snuffing out this story of the resurrection of the Son of God, persecution caused it to spread all the more. The movement raced like wildfire to the farthest reaches of the world. He is alive! Jesus is alive. Untold millions call Him Lord.

Now old, facing her own

impending death, Mary realizes one more thing that the resurrection means to her. That day in the garden as she knelt before Him, she had touched His pierced feet — no longer cold in her hands as they had been that terrible Friday night when she had washed them. Now they were warm, alive.



Yes, death will come soon, but she no longer fears it. For she has touched the One who has conquered death. And in her final minutes she smiles and says — just loud enough for those close by to hear — "Death, where is your terror? He is risen from the dead!" Her eyes close for the last time.

The sun is shining very brightly indeed.

# The Battle Against the Devil

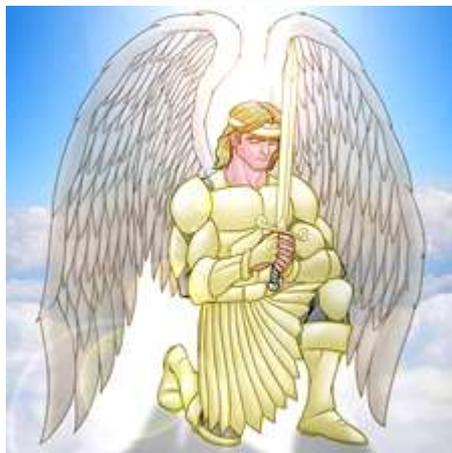
*Tarcisius Casanova*

## Pray Strong to Stay Strong

The devil wants all of us in hell. His target is marriage and the family.

If he does away with marriage he does away with children growing up and becoming religious men and women. When you are married it is like you have the strongest chains in the world tied around you - they can never be undone.

We are all going to die and the decision is up to us of where we go. There are two places: heaven; and hell. We are going to one of those places.



It is not enough to say, 'My aim is for heaven.'

Yes our aim is for heaven and we all need to fight with our weapons.

What are our weapons?

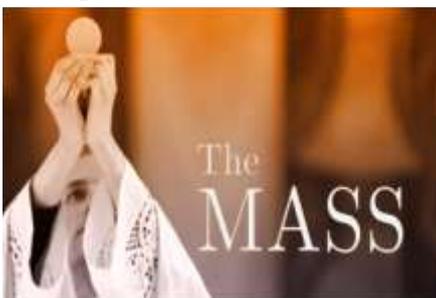
Our weapons are prayers.

Here are some of the BEST weapons!

1. the Mass;
2. the Rosary;
3. the Chaplets.

The devil hates prayer, so let's use prayer.

Let us Pray Strong,  
Stay Strong and  
Fight Strong.



# In Praise of Holy Water

Michael Pakulak



It used to be said that the priest “made” holy water; he did not simply bless it. The rite is still in the Roman Ritual. The priest makes holy water by adding exorcized salt to exorcized water.

He adds salt in imitation of the prophet Elisha, who thus purified the waters of Jericho (2 Kings 2: 19 -21): “Thus says the LORD, ‘I have purified these waters; there shall not be from there death or unfruitfulness any longer.’”

Holy water, in this rite, is understood as a pure creature directly conveying the power of God. Hence, both salt and water must first be exorcized, on the grounds that the Fall reverberated throughout all of material creation, giving Satan a dominion even over lifeless elements.

The exorcisms are bracing. For example, of the salt: “Our help is in the name of the Lord. Who hath made heaven and earth. I exorcise thee, thou creature salt, by the living God, by the true God, by the holy God. . . that thou may become health of soul and body to all who take thee; that every delusion and wickedness and snare of diabolical cunning and every unclean spirit may depart from the place in which thou shalt be sprinkled, when adjured by Him who is to come to judge the living and the dead and the world by fire. Amen.”

An exorcism is not simply a prayer but, as the philosopher J.L. Austin would say, “something done with words.” It remakes the salt and water, turning them in a special way into instruments against the Evil One. Thus the priest’s final prayer over the mixture entreats God to sanctify it so that “wheresoever it shall be sprinkled, by the invocation

of Thy holy name, all troubling of unclean spirits may be cast out, and the dread of the poisonous servant be chased far away.”

The holy water in churches today, I believe, is typically blessed not made, the priest saying a prayer of blessing and making a sign of the cross over it, often in the context of Mass.

... from experience I know that blessed water works very effectively against the devil.

I mean first of all “experience” in the broad and proper sense, of what has been experienced by those we trust – not the attenuated Cartesian sense of what has impinged upon my own senses in particular. In this sense, St. Theresa of Avila’s experience is mine too: “I have learned that there is nothing like holy water to put devils to flight and prevent them from coming back again.”

Many friends have told me the same thing. They were troubled at night by twisted dreams, for instance – and after they began sprinkling holy water on the bed each night, and said a Hail Mary or three, the problem vanished and never returned. Something my own life experiences tend to corroborate.

Many of the friends I’ve mentioned, naturally enough, do not omit holy water when tucking in their children. But this leads to another reason for praising it, beyond its utility, namely, how attractive it is to children and child-like adults.

As children we marvel at bells, smoke, fire. The Church is right to appeal to our senses in this way. But consider that water, like fire, is not “supposed” to be within buildings. So even a small votive candle – that little point of brilliant fire, guarded by the wax but dangerous if it were to break out – can signify something transcendent, prayer ascending to God and light descending.

For a similar reason, we lean forward to get sprinkled with Holy

Water on Easter Sunday, and we like to dip our fingers in the holy water font. As the water is not where it is “supposed” to be, it easily signifies inflowing grace from God, while it should lead us to consider our own baptism and the purifying efficacy of sacramental confession.

The family is a domestic church, not on its own, but as participating in the life of the Church. That little bottle of holy water in the household, then, testifies to the reality of Holy Orders and the power of the Church in the sacraments.

As holy water is held to be precious, and it comes solely from the priest, the priesthood is honoured by it. As we get holy water freely – we need only bring a bottle to the church and fill it – it teaches that the most precious things in life have no price. They are freely given by God, if we simply look for them in the right place.

Finally, as water is an ‘element’, and holy water is a blessed ‘element’, it testifies to the goodness of creation, how grace completes nature, and the logic of the Incarnation.

There is a catechism contained in holy water. Alternatively, we can say that the true Church would, of course, have devised it. Alternatively we can also say that the existence and use of holy water, like forty other things, is almost on its own a reason to become a Catholic.

Following St. Francis I want to say, “Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Holy Water, which is very useful and humble and precious and chaste.”



# God's Happiest Saint: St. Philip Neri

*Bishop Thomas Olmsted, Phoenix*

Five hundred years ago, in AD 1515, a man was born whom the world would come to know as the Apostle of Rome and one of the Church's funniest saints. In an age that badly needed holy men and women to rise above the spiritual squalor, and needed reformers among its priests to counteract clerical corruption, he is known not only for his holiness but also for his humor. While the Council of Trent (AD 1545-1563) was addressing the scandalous confusion of the Protestant Reformation, he was winning friends by his contagious delight in the Gospel of Jesus.

The secret to St. Philip Neri's impact on the City of Rome, and cities and villages far beyond, was his keen awareness of the greatest roadblocks to finding happiness.

## Impediments to joy

The Catechism of the Catholic Church lists five impediments to joy: **indifference, ingratitude, lukewarmness, spiritual sloth and hatred of God** (CCC 2094). Many people in the 16th century, as today, failed to grasp the wisdom of this teaching, and thus failed to recognize the holiness of Philip Neri. But it mattered little to him whether he was laughed at or laughed with; what mattered was helping others to discover how virtue and laughter walk together hand-in-hand. So, let's consider briefly what the Catechism has to say about hindrances to happiness.

**"Indifference neglects or refuses to reflect on divine charity"**. The charity of God is a wondrous reality; so immense that it bridges the temporal with eternity. The Psalms repeatedly sing of the mercy of God to help us overcome our slowness of heart. So it was that the Apostle of Rome encouraged young musicians like Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina to compose sacred music that lifted the soul to awe and wonder at the beauty of the Lord and His creation.

**Secondly, "Ingratitude fails or refuses to acknowledge divine charity and to return Him love for love"**. Philip Neri would readily agree with Mother Angelica, "Unless we are ready to do the ridiculous, we cannot expect the miraculous." For those who do not believe in God, worship seems ridiculous, the Ten Commandments look like the opposite of the way to freedom, and **Humanae Vitae** is labelled a war on women; but to us who believe in Jesus, these are expressions of the charity of God. St. Paul put it this way (1 Cor 1:18), *"The message of the Cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved it is the power of God."*

## 'The merriest man alive'

**Thirdly, "Lukewarmness is hesitation or negligence in responding to divine love; it can imply refusal to give oneself over to the prompting of charity"**.

The poet Phyllis McGinley called Philip Neri "the merriest man alive" during the troubled times of the Protestant Reformation and Catholic Counter-Reformation. He was a man of mirth because he delighted every day in the wondrous love of God. He took time to notice and to praise God for His charity in all His dealings with the human family. From experience, this saintly priest knew how easy it is to overlook the goodness of the Lord, to fall into a steady diet of pessimism, and to succumb to self-pity; so he fought with dynamic stamina of soul and a smile on his face against this and the other four impediments to joy.

**Fourthly, "Acedia or spiritual sloth goes so far as to refuse the joy that comes from God and to be repelled by divine goodness"**. Once the heart closes itself off to the joy and splendor of the Lord, it becomes radically disoriented with regard to its own identity. This disorientation all too easily slips into belligerent opposition to the things of God and animus against



His faithful followers. This is why the person who delights in the Lord at all times, like St. Philip Neri, stands in contradiction to those who refuse to see in themselves the image and likeness of God and who despise those who do so.

In other words, as the Catechism teaches about the fifth opponent to joy, **"Hatred comes from pride. It is contrary to love of God, whose goodness it denies, and whom it presumes to curse as the one who forbids sins and inflicts punishments"**.

In order to share his happiness with others and to bear even more convincing witness to the joy of the Gospel, St. Philip Neri, at the urging of his confessor, accepted ordination as a priest and soon became well-known as an outstanding confessor. He had the gift of being able to see through the pretences of penitents and, with charity and even humour, lead them to genuine conversion.

Gradually, a number of men seeking holiness of life were attracted by his gladsome way and formed a community around him in which they shared all things in common.

In an age of irony and sarcasm, St. Philip Neri was a sign of contradiction just because he was happy, always rejoicing in the Lord and leading others to discover His joy. Since, deep down, every person wants to be happy, but often doesn't know how, his cheerful demeanour moved many to ask, "What's his secret?" His secret was a humble and grateful heart that loved God and served Him with good cheer. Could you and I not try to do the same?

# The West Wagga Wag

West Wagga Parish



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

## Help Mary find the empty tomb



# The Case of the Empty Tomb

Early on the first day of the week, while it was still dark, Mary Magdalene went to the tomb and saw that the stone had been removed from the entrance.



Find the words below hidden in the 225 letters to the right.

REMOVED	MARY
BELIEVED	WEEK
FOLDED	DARK
ANGELS	TOMB
CRYING	FIRST
BURIAL	HEAD
CLOTH	DEAD
STRIPS	LORD
STONE	RISE
LINEN	DAY

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