

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

# The West Wagga Wag

Issue 167

January 2017

### Coming Events

**Adoration - 6 to 7am daily (Fri night adoration starting Feb)**  
**Mary the Mother of God** Sun 1  
**Epiphany of the Lord** Sun 8  
**Baptism of the Lord** Mon 9  
**Beginning of Ordinary Time** Tues 10  
**St Hilary of Poitiers** Fri 13  
**St Francis de Sales** Tues 24  
**Conversion of St Paul** Wed 25  
**Australia Day** Thurs 26  
**St Thomas Aquinas** Sat 28  
**St John Bosco** Tues 31  
**Monthly Cuppa, after 9am Mass on last Sunday of the month**

## Bethlehem 2016!



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### Wag Contacts

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 The date for submissions for the next Wag is: Wednesday Feb 1st.



## pastor's page - Mary truly is Theotokos

This Sunday we celebrate the Feast day "Mary Mother of God". It was on account of the privilege of being the Mother of God that Our Lady received so many other blessings, including being conceived without sin and being taken body and soul into heaven. We hear Mary referred to as Mother of God so often that no Catholic should doubt this title is approved and this doctrine officially taught in the Catholic Church.

I had the joy of visiting two special places in Turkey connected to Mother Mary- outside the ancient city of Ephesus is the house where St John cared for her, and in Ephesus are the ruins of the Basilica of St John.

In Ad431 the assembled Catholic Church officially declared that Mary is "God-bearer" (**Theotokos**) - Mother of God. This doctrine shows clearly that we believe Jesus is true God and true man. Through the mothering of Mary, Jesus, Who always exists as God ("In the beginning was the Word... And the Word was God"! ) became man ("And the Word became flesh"). Those who deny that doctrine of the Blessed Trinity and deny that Jesus is God the Son, equal to the Father and the Holy Spirit, will not admit that Mary can be called the Mother of God. If they were Catholic, such a person is no longer united to the Catholic Church, and has actually lost their Faith. To deny "De Fidei" ('of the Faith') doctrine is heresy and severs one's unity with the Church.

History has shown that those who hold onto the Catholic understanding about Mary also hold fast to the truth about Jesus. Christmas is a perfect time to recall that the Child of Mary is in fact Emmanuel: God-with-us. The Child

in the crib is the most wonderful child in history; the mother is the most wonderful mother ever!

A recent confusion in an Australian parish led to the Bishop of Wollongong issuing a letter reaffirming our Catholic Faith which he sent me to share. Here it is:

### STATEMENT BY BISHOP



### PETER INGHAM

"In view of the erroneous statement in ---- Parish bulletin on the Fourth Sunday of Advent 2016, it is necessary for me, as your Bishop, to clarify Catholic teaching.

It is of Christian and Catholic faith that Mary is the Mother of God.

"This claim caused much theological controversy in the early centuries, and much misunderstanding in more recent times. So it is necessary to understand it properly. The

explanation of Eastern Churches, both Catholic and Orthodox, is clearer because of their choice of terminology: they speak of Mary as the "God-bearer."

"The actual word used in Greek theology is theotokos meaning "God-bearer" and therefore "Mother of God" because the one Mary bears is God the Son. The Church has never said that the Divine nature of Jesus, the Word Made Flesh, received the beginning of his existence from the Holy Virgin Mary (Catechism of the Catholic Church, para 466.)

"The title Mother of God had been given to Mary in popular devotion from the second century onwards and it was confirmed by the Council of Ephesus in AD 431 in order to assert the full divinity of her Son. "... Mary truly became the Mother of God by the human conception of the Son of God in her womb..." says the Catechism of the Catholic Church (para 466.) And of course in the Gospel scene of the Visitation, Elizabeth greeted Mary as "the mother of my Lord."

"As we naturally ask another person to pray for us, all the more so do we ask the Blessed Mother to "pray for us sinners now and (especially) at the hour of our death." The Virgin Mary and the Saints are with God so their prayers are powerful."

*Fr Thomas Casanova CCS*

LIFE ISN'T  
ABOUT FINDING  
YOURSELF, IT'S  
ABOUT FINDING  
THE **GOD** WHO  
CREATED YOU.



OUR HEARTS  
ARE RESTLESS  
UNTIL THEY FIND  
REST IN YOU

ST. AUGUSTINE

# January Jokes



Q. What happened when Guy ate the Christmas decorations?

A. He went down with tinsel-itis.

The judge asked the defendant what he was charged with.

"Doing my Christmas shopping early," was the reply.

"That not illegal!. How early were you shopping?"

"Before the store was open."

A man wandered into a doctor's consulting rooms and asked if could see the doctor. The receptionist was hesitant to let him in, especially as it was Christmas Eve and she was waiting to turn off the Christmas lights in the waiting room and go home; but he was very insistent. So the Doctor, having had completed all his consultations for the day and feeling in a 'good will to men' mood, agreed to see him.

The man entered in a rather aimless manner and after some hesitation flopped into a chair and looked nervously around the room.

"How can I help you?" said the doctor.

"Well, it's like this" said the man. "I keep thinking I'm a moth".

"A moth?"

"Yes" the man replied. "I'm convinced that I'm a moth".

"Well I'm very sorry, but you're in the wrong place. What you need is a psychiatrist".

"That's what I've been thinking" replied the man .

"Well, as it happens, I know just the man". said the doctor "I'll give him a call and see if he can fix an appointment for you after the holiday."

The man agreed and the doctor made the appointment.

"Tell me" said the doctor "It must have been very apparent from the sign outside that I'm a general practitioner. So if you already know you need to see a psychiatrist, why did you come in?"

"Well" the man said in a resigned voice "The door was open and the lights were on ....."

How do you know Santa has to be a man?

No woman is going to wear the same outfit year after year.

Q: What goes Ho, Ho, Swoosh, Ho, Ho, Swoosh?

A: Santa caught in a revolving door!

Q: What do you get when you cross an archer with a gift-wrapper?

A: Ribbon hood.

What do lions sing at Christmas?  
Jungle bells!

Q. What do you get if you cross Santa with a detective ?

A. Santa Clues!



It was the day after Christmas at St Peter and St Paul's church in Borden, Kent, England. Father John, the vicar, was looking at the nativity scene outside when he noticed the baby Jesus was missing from the figures.

Immediately, Father John's thoughts turned to calling in the local policeman but as he was about to do so, he saw little Nathan with a red wagon, and in the wagon was the figure of the little infant, Jesus.

Father John approached Nathan and asked him, 'Well, Nathan, where did you get the little infant?'

Nathan looked up, smiled and replied, 'I took him from the church.'

'And why did you take him?'

With a sheepish grin, Nathan said, 'Well, Father John, about a week before Christmas I prayed to Lord Jesus. I told him if he would bring me a red wagon for Christmas, I would give him a ride around the block in it.'

A Silly, Short, Funny Tale At Christmas

The Crist family worked at a zoo. Each year they predicted the general luck and overall mood of the year

by watching the gnu. If the gnu's ears were forward, that meant a successful, joyous year was almost certain to happen. But if his ears were laid back flat against his head, it meant that a very unhappy year was sure to come.

One year it was young Mary's turn to "survey" the animal and come up with the prediction. It was her first time solo, and in her excitement, she forgot to take the key to the cage. She was late in coming to check on the gnu. Well, she saw the wrong ear position and predicted a bad year, when in fact it was quite good. To explain the error, the local newspaper ran the following headline a year later:

Mary Crist misses a happy gnu's year.

A man goes into a Chemist shop and asks the pharmacist if he can give him something for the hiccups. The pharmacist promptly reaches out and slaps the man's face. "What did you do that for?" the man asks.

"Well, you don't have the hiccups anymore, do you?"

The man says, "No, but my wife out in the car still does!"

A funeral procession is going up a steep hill to the Catholic Church in Junee when the door of the hearse flies open and the coffin falls out then speeds down the street, bumpity bump over the railway tracks, round the bend, through the front door of the chemists and crashes into the counter. The lid pops open and the deceased sits up and says to the chemist, "Have you got something to stop this coffin?"



## The Big Problem with Scorsese's "Silence" ...



[Scorsese's] most recent offering, the much-anticipated *Silence*, based upon the Shusaku Endo novel of the same name, is a worthy addition to the Scorsese oeuvre. Like so many of his other films, it is marked by gorgeous cinematography, outstanding performances from both lead and supporting actors, a gripping narrative, and enough thematic complexity to keep you thinking for the foreseeable future.

The story is set in mid-seventeenth century Japan, where a fierce persecution of the Catholic faith is underway. To this dangerous country come two young Jesuit priests ..., sent to find Fr. Ferreira, their mentor and seminary professor who, rumour has it, had apostatized under torture and actually gone over to the other side.

Immediately upon arriving onshore, they are met by a small group of Japanese Christians who had been maintaining their faith underground for many years. Due to the extreme danger, the young priests are forced into hiding during the day, but they are able to engage in clandestine ministry at night: baptizing, catechizing, confessing, celebrating the Mass.

In rather short order, however, the authorities get wind of their presence, and suspected Christians are rounded up and tortured in the hopes of luring the priests out into the open. The single most memorable scene in the film, at least for me, was the sea-side crucifixion of four of these courageous lay believers. Tied to crosses by the shore, they are, in the course of several days, buffeted by the incoming tide until they drown. Afterwards, their bodies are placed on pyres of straw and they are burned to ashes, appearing for

all the world like holocausts offered to the Lord.

In time, the priests are captured and subjected to a unique and terrible form of psychological torture. The film focuses on the struggles of Fr. Rodrigues. As Japanese Christians, men and women who had risked their lives to protect him, are tortured in his presence, he is invited to renounce his faith and thereby put an end to their torment. If only he would trample on a Christian image, even as a mere external sign, an empty formality, he would free his colleagues from their pain. A good warrior, he refuses. Even when a Japanese Christian is beheaded, he doesn't give in.

Finally, and it is the most devastating scene in the movie, he is brought to Fr. Ferreira, the mentor whom he had been seeking since his arrival in Japan. All the rumours are true: this former master of the Christian life, this Jesuit hero, has renounced his faith, taken a Japanese wife, and is living as a sort of philosopher under the protection of the state. Using a variety of arguments, the disgraced priest tries to convince his former student to give up the quest to evangelize Japan, which he characterized as a "swamp" where the seed of Christianity can never take root.

The next day, in the presence of Christians being horrifically tortured, hung upside down ..., he is given the opportunity, once more, to step on a depiction of the face of Christ. At the height of his anguish, resisting from the depth of his heart, Rodrigues hears what he takes to be the voice of Jesus himself, finally breaking the divine silence, telling him to trample on the image. When he does so, a cock crows in the distance.

In the wake of his apostasy, he follows in the footsteps of Ferreira, becoming a ward of the state, a well-fed, well-provided for philosopher, regularly called upon to step on a Christian image and formally renounce his Christian faith. He takes a Japanese name and a Japanese wife and lives out many long years in Japan before his death

at the age of 64 and his burial in a Buddhist ceremony.

What in the world do we make of this strange and disturbing story? ... In fact, almost all of the commentaries that I have read, especially from religious people, emphasize how *Silence* beautifully brings forward the complex, layered, ambiguous nature of faith. Fully acknowledging the profound psychological and spiritual truth of that claim, I wonder whether I might add a somewhat dissenting voice to the conversation?

I would like to propose a comparison, altogether warranted by the instincts of a one-time soldier named Ignatius of Loyola, who founded the Jesuit order to which all the *Silence* missionaries belonged. Suppose a small team of highly-trained American special ops was smuggled behind enemy lines for a dangerous mission. Suppose furthermore that they were aided by loyal civilians on the ground, who were eventually captured and proved willing to die rather than betray the mission. Suppose finally that the troops themselves were eventually detained and, under torture, renounced their loyalty to the United States, joined their opponents and lived comfortable lives under the aegis of their former enemies. Would anyone be eager to celebrate the layered complexity and rich ambiguity of their patriotism? Wouldn't we see them rather straightforwardly as cowards and traitors?

My worry is that all of the stress on complexity and multivalence and ambiguity is in service of the cultural elite today, which is not that different from the Japanese cultural elite depicted in the film. What I mean is that the secular establishment always prefers Christians who are vacillating, unsure, divided, and altogether eager to privatize their religion. And



## ... Is Privatized Christianity Really Heroic? Bishop Barron



it is all too willing to dismiss passionately religious people as dangerous, violent, and let's face it, not that bright. Revisit Ferreira's speech to Rodrigues about the supposedly simplistic Christianity of the Japanese laity if you doubt me on this score.

I wonder whether Shusaku Endo (and perhaps Scorsese) was actually inviting us to look away from the priests and toward that

wonderful group of courageous, pious, dedicated, long-suffering lay people who kept the Christian faith alive under the most inhospitable conditions imaginable and who, at the decisive moment, witnessed to Christ with their lives. Whereas the specially trained Ferreira and Rodrigues became paid lackeys of a tyrannical government, those simple folk remained a thorn in the side of the tyranny.

I know, I know, Scorsese shows the corpse of Rodrigues inside his coffin clutching a small crucifix, which proves, I suppose, that the priest remained in some sense Christian. But again, that's just the kind of Christianity the regnant culture likes: utterly privatized, hidden away, harmless.

So okay, perhaps a half-cheer for Rodrigues, but a full-throated three cheers for the martyrs, crucified by the seaside.



## Our Lady of Akita, pray for us!

In 1973, the Blessed Virgin Mary gave Sister Agnes Katsuko Sasagawa in Akita, Japan, three messages through a statue of Mary. Bathed in a brilliant light, the statue became alive and spoke with a voice of indescribable beauty.

Her Guardian Angel appeared, and among other things said, "The world today wounds the Most

Sacred Heart of Our Lord by its ingratitude and injuries."

Mary spoke of troubles for the world and the Church: "Many men in this world afflict the Lord. ... I wish, with My Son, for souls who will repair, by their suffering and their poverty, for the sinners and ingrates."

"Pray very much the prayers of the Rosary. I alone am able to still save

you from the calamities which approach. Those who place their confidence in Me will be saved."

### Approval of the local Bishop

After having been an eyewitness, and carefully investigated for years, Most Rev. John Shojiro Ito, Bishop of Niigata declared the events of Akita, Japan, to be supernatural. He said: "The Message of Akita is the Message of Fatima."

## Fatima Centenary - 3 ways to obtain an indulgence

For the 100th anniversary of the apparitions of Our Lady of Fatima in Portugal, Pope Francis is granting a plenary indulgence opportunity throughout the entire anniversary year, which began Nov. 27, 2016, and will end Nov. 26, 2017.

### 1. Make a pilgrimage to the shrine

The first way is for "the faithful to make a pilgrimage to the Fatima Shrine in Portugal and participate in a celebration or prayer dedicated to the Virgin." In addition, the faithful must pray the Our Father, recite the Creed, and invoke the Mother of God.

### 2. Pray before any statue of Our Lady of Fatima

The second way applies to "the

pious faithful who visit with devotion a statue of Our Lady of Fatima solemnly exposed for public veneration in any church, oratory or proper place during the days of the anniversary of the apparitions, the 13th of each month from May to October (2017), and there devoutly participate in some celebration or prayer in honour of the Virgin Mary." Those seeking an indulgence must also pray an Our Father, recite the Creed and invoke Our Lady of Fatima.

### 3. The elderly and infirm

The third way to obtain a plenary indulgence applies to people who, because of age, illness or other serious cause, are unable to get around.

These individuals can pray in front of a statue of Our Lady of Fatima and most spiritually unite themselves to the jubilee celebrations on the days of the apparitions, the 13th of each month, between May and October 2017.

They also must "offer to merciful God with confidence, through Mary, their prayers and sufferings or the sacrifices they make in their own lives."



## The Three Kings

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Three Kings came riding from far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;  
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,  
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,  
And by this they knew that the coming was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;  
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,  
Through the dusk of the night, over hill and dell,  
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,  
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,  
With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,  
"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news;  
For we in the East have seen his star,  
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,  
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;  
We know of no King but Herod the Great!"  
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,  
As they spurred their horses across the plain,  
Like riders in haste, who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,  
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;  
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,  
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,  
The only one in the grey of morn;  
Yes, it stopped –it stood still of its own free will,  
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate  
and the guard, Through the silent street,  
till their horses turned And neighed  
as they entered the great inn-yard;  
But the windows were closed, and the doors  
were barred, And only a light in the stable  
burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,  
The little child in the manger lay,  
The child, that would be king one day  
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth Sat  
watching beside his place of rest,



Watching the even flow of his breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:  
The gold was their tribute to a King,  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,  
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,  
And sat as still as a statue of stone;  
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the Angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,  
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,  
And returned to their homes by another way.



Less Me  
Less Pride  
Less Anger  
Less Drama  
Less Gossip  
Less Bitterness  
Less Complaining  
Less Selfishness  
More *Jesus*

## Temperance

When I reflect back on some high points in my spiritual walk, they seem characterized by a kind of harmony in my mind, body and soul. In other words, I notice how I was temperate in my consumption of food and drink, how I read Scripture and good Catholic books regularly, and how much more conscious I was about what I thought, said, and did. Conversely, when I look back at some of the low points in my

life, when I was struggled with doubts, fears, and temptations, it was apparent that I was lacking temperance during those phases. Will you join me in praying for the spiritual gift of temperance this month, which brings a sense of harmony and peace to our spiritual lives?

Your brother in Christ,

Tom Peterson  
and your  
CatholicsComeHome.org  
team

## This Christmas God used an atheist to teach me to trust Him

LifeSiteNews – My wife Erin had hinted to me a few months prior to Christmas last year that she wanted an aloe vera plant for a present. And silly me had put off looking for one until the very end. So here I was, driving into our nearby small town in the middle of our harsh Canadian winter with its freezing temperatures and mountains of snow on a ‘mission impossible’ of trying to find a desert plant.

I was pretty sure my efforts would be futile. Gardening season was over months and months ago and the local economy could not support a greenhouse in the winter months that stocked exotic items like an aloe vera plant. The only kinds of green things likely to be found were poinsettias and Christmas trees. But I wanted to have the satisfaction of being able to tell my wife that I had looked everywhere for the plant and had not been able to find one.

As I was driving toward town musing about the unlikelihood of finding this plant, I was suddenly struck with the idea that I should ask God to help me find one.

“Why not,” I thought. “God has done bigger things than this. Helping me find an aloe vera plant is nothing compared to helping the lame walk and the blind see.”

So, I made a simple prayer asking God to help me find an aloe vera plant for Erin for Christmas.

“Lord, help me to bump into the right people who will know where I can find one of these,” I remember praying. It was nothing fancy or complicated, but short and simple. I mentioned to God how Erin wanted to be able to use the plant to heal the small cuts or burns that sometimes happen to our six young kids. As I pulled into town, I figured there was about three or four shops where I might check for the plant. The first shop I stopped at, a building supply store, was the most unlikely, but I wanted to exhaust every possibility.

I walked into the shop and asked a lady tending the cash register if they had any plants for sale. Yes, she said, there were some Christmas plants out in the back. Were there, by chance, any aloe vera plants, I asked. Not likely, she said, but we could go check. Of course there was nothing.

I was about to leave the store when a young employee who had just arrived for her work shift literally came running up to me and blurted out, “I hear you’re looking for an aloe vera plant?” “Yes,” I said, “but we already went to look in the back and there weren’t any.”

“Well, just wait a moment,” she said. “My dad, who just dropped me off for my shift, has a bunch of aloe vera plants at home that he’s trying to get rid of. I’m sure he would love to give you one. He’s still here in the store. I’ll go ask him.”

I must admit, I was kind of skeptical. Probably the plants were old, dried out, withered, diseased, and who knows what else. “But, there’s no harm in following the lead,” I thought. The girl’s big burly dad approached me. “So, my daughter tells me you’re looking for an aloe vera plant,” he boomed. “Well, today’s your lucky day. I grow aloe vera for a hobby and I’ve been thinning out my plants and repotted a few. I have a bunch at my house that I’ve been looking to give away. They’re yours if you want them.”

I eagerly accepted, but remained dubious. The man’s house was a short drive from the shop. As I followed him in my car, I just kept thinking that all of this must be too good to be true, and what were the odds of coming away with a nice plant. Oh, me of little faith...

Well, we pulled up to his house and no kidding, it was like entering aloe vera heaven. The plants were everywhere. Big, beautiful, luscious. It was like entering a tropical paradise. I simply stood in his front entrance, I’m sure with my mouth wide open, admiring the vastness of the verdure.

The man went downstairs to get me a plant. And would you believe, he returned with exactly my ‘mission impossible’ plant. It was about 8 inches tall and had a few little “pups” beneath it. The man gave me the plant and went on to describe the ‘best practices’ for keeping the plant living and healthy (extremely important info that I passed on to my wife who, it is safe to say, has not enjoyed the best of luck with plants). I experienced such gratitude in my heart. I thanked the man for his kindness and generosity.

“I don’t know if you’re Christian or not,” I said, “but on the way to town I asked God to help me find an aloe vera plant for my wife’s Christmas present and he must’ve heard me because you were the answer to my prayer.”

“Well,” he said, “I’m an atheist. I don’t believe in God.”

“Whether or not you believe in God, he still heard my prayer and he used you to answer it,” I said. “For that I am grateful.”

We were both smiling and chuckling as we bade each other ‘farewell’ and I wished him a ‘Merry Christmas.’

I drove home with this beautiful aloe vera plant on my front seat, reflecting on the bizarre chain of events that had just unfolded. A simple prayer, a kind atheist, and an amazing aloe vera plant – only The Big Guy could have perfectly executed a stunt like this.

Some words of Jesus came to my lips: “With man this is impossible, but with God all things are possible.”

“Yup God, you did it again,” I said. “You never cease to amaze me. And the atheist... simply brilliant. Thank you!”



# The West Wagga Wag

West Wagga Parish



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



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

- |           |       |
|-----------|-------|
| NAZARETH  | EGYPT |
| BETHLEHEM | LORD  |
| ESCAPE    | ANGEL |
| MOTHER    | KILL  |
| JOSEPH    | NIGHT |
| HEROD     | MAGI  |
| SEARCH    | CHILD |
| APPEAR    |       |

## Escape to Egypt

When they had gone, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream. "Get up," he said, "take the child and his mother and escape to Egypt. Stay there until I tell you, for Herod is going to search for the child to kill him." Matthew 2:13 (NIV)



Then God sent an angel to tell Joseph to flee to Egypt with Mary and Jesus. There they were safe.

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