



The Knight Lite

Knights of Columbus

St. John the Evangelist
Council #8342
kc8342.org

June 2007

COUNCIL OFFICERS

Chaplain: Father Eric Gyan
Grand Knight: Don Belanger
Deputy Grand Knight: Samuel Gonzalez
Chancellor: Brent Bourgeois
Recorder: Anthony Babin

Financial Secretary: Merle Russelburg
Treasurer: Tim Goatley
Advocate: Ron Lindsey
Warden: Cliston Guillot
Inside Guard: Richard Holder

Outside Guard: James Hubbs
1-Year Trustee: W. Paul Duplessis
2-Year Trustee: Robert Templet, Sr.
3-Year Trustee: Willis Broussard
Lecturer: Paul Allen



SERVICE PROGRAM PERSONNEL

Program Director: Samuel Gonzalez
Church Director: Michael Riche'
Community Director: Paul Silvio
Council Director: Kelly McGovern
Family Director: J. David Gregory
Youth Director: Blake Bourgeois

Vocations Chairman: Timothy Langlois
Pro-Life: J. David & Anne Gregory
Health Services: Brent Bourgeois
Public Relations: David Guedry
Columbian Squires: Edward Touchet
Insurance Promotion: Merle Russelburg

Membership Dir.: Delphin Russelburg
Recruitment Comm.: Willis Broussard
Recruitment Comm.: W. Paul Duplessis
Recruitment Comm.: Robert Templet, Sr.
Retention Chairman: Timothy Langlois
Insurance Field Agent: Dennis Burke

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

TO OUR BROTHERS WHO CELEBRATE THEIR BIRTHDAY DURING JUNE

Shelton Babin, Jr. (2)
Randolph Breaux (2)
Marion Mayeaux (2)
Gary Millet (6)
Timothy Whitney (6)
Jimmy Gentry (9)

Lewis Roussel (9)
Lawrence Badeaux (10)
Myles Mire (11)
David Broussard (15)
Delphin Russelburg (16)
Daryl Chopin (17)

Danny Landry (18)
John Carpenter (21)
Isaac Carpenter (23)
Paul Plauche (27)
Ron Lindsey (29)

Thanks to their parents for being PRO-LIFE; by their love for each other and by the grace of God, these good Catholic gentlemen were born. We join in celebrating their lives.

Family Director's May Presentation



April Family of the Month: Roni and Duane Fruge

April Knight of the Month: Sam Watts

LOOKING FORWARD

JUNE

- 3rd – Council Fundraiser after 9:30 and 11:30 am Masses
- 3rd – Quarterly Communion at 11:30 am Mass
- 6th – Charity Calendar drawing @ 6 pm followed by Meeting of Officers and Directors @ 7 pm
- 6th – Columbian Squires Meeting @ 7:00 pm
- 9th/10th – Columbian Squires State Convention in Broussard
- 9th – Corpus Christi Procession after 4:30 Mass
- 14th – Flag Day
- 14th – Regular Monthly Meeting of Council @ 7 pm – Eat @ 6:30 pm – Officer Nominations/Election
- 17th – Fathers’ Day
- 24th – Council Blood Drive – 8 am to 2 pm in Community Center
- 24th – Third Degree @ Plaquemine KC home – Candidates report @ 8 am
- 28th – First Degree – St. John – Candidates Report @ 6:30 pm – Ceremony @ 7 pm
- 30th – District Communion @ 4:30 Mass - Installation of Officers and Banquet after Mass

JULY

- 4th – Independence Day
- 11th – Charity Calendar drawing @ 6 pm followed by Meeting of Officers and Directors @ 7 pm
- 11th – Columbian Squires Meeting @ 7:00 pm
- 22nd – KCLS @ Dutchtown High School



Columbian Squires Update

Our next meeting will be at 7:00 pm on Wednesday, June 6 in the Community Center.

Our Circle leaders will represent us at the annual State Squires' Convention in Broussard, LA on June 9 and 10. We look forward to their report of the convention activities at our July meeting.

Thanks to our Squires for voting to assist our Knights with the Installation of Officers banquet on June 30 by offering to serve the meal.

Esto Dignos, Be Worthy

Edward Touchet, Chief Counselor



Membership is the lifeblood of our Order; so, if you know someone who is interested in joining our Council, explain the workings of the Order, give him a Form 100 and help him complete it. Brother Delphin Russelburg, our Membership Director, is available to help if you need information. His phone number is 622-4278.

Grand Knight's Column

The members of our nominating committee, Brothers Robert Templet, Sr., DD, PGK, Willis Broussard and W. Paul Duplessis, Jr., PGK, have done a fine job of obtaining a list of nominees who have agreed to serve our council in the coming fraternal year. We thank them for their effort and generous gift of time.

The nominees are:

Grand Knight: *OPEN*

Chancellor: Gerald Blair

Treasurer: Tim Goatley

Warden: David Guedry & Brian Ducote

Outside Guard: James Hubbs

Robert Templet, Sr. and Willis Broussard will continue to serve as 1-Year and 2-Year Trustees respectively.

As you can see, the position of Grand Knight is open. Won't you consider placing your name in nomination at our June meeting for this leadership role?

Deputy Grand Knight: Paul Allen

Recorder: Anthony Babin

Advocate: Ron Lindsey

Inside Guard: Richard Holder

3-Year Trustee: Don Belanger

Can you help plate the meals at our Installation of Officers banquet? Our Squires will carry the plates to the attendees; we only need someone to place the food in the plates. I would appreciate a call if you can help.

Brothers, this will be the last Knight Lite I shall publish. I thank all who have helped me in putting the newsletter to press each month. Without support, I could never have accomplished the task

These last two years have been a highlight of my life. As a newcomer to St. John's, you asked in me to lead you as Grand Knight. I hope I have lived up to your expectations; I know you have exceeded mine. Thank you for placing your trust in me and supporting my plans. To finalize my tenure, I would appreciate it if you and your family would attend 4:30 Mass on June 30 and afterwards, our Installation of Officers ceremony and banquet.

To those men who have served our council during the past fraternal year, as either officers or program directors, I offer you my sincerest thanks. Without you, this council would not have functioned.

I've included two stories, "A Father's Love" and "The Cab Ride" with this issue of the Knight Lite. I hope they touch and inspire you as I have been.

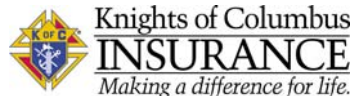
As always, please remember our sick and departed brother Knights and their families in your thoughts and prayers.

If you need me for anything, call me at 673-3766 or email me at grandknight@kc8342.org. After June 30 my email contact will be kjindon1@eatel.net.

Vivat Jesus!

Don Belanger

INSURANCE AGENT'S REPORT



As we come to the end of another fraternal year I take this opportunity to thank all who welcomed me into their homes. While not everyone obtained Knights of Columbus insurance, you treated me with respect and allowed me to explain our products to you and your family.

If you need me for insurance or annuities in the future, please feel free to call me at 225-906-8041.

Again, thank you and know that I am only a telephone call away to help you in any way I can.

May God bless you and your family!

Dennis Burke, FIC, Field Agent

A FATHER'S LOVE

AFTER A FEW OF THE USUAL SUNDAY EVENING HYMNS, THE CHURCH'S PASTOR SLOWLY STOOD UP, WALKED OVER TO THE PULPIT AND, BEFORE HE GAVE HIS SERMON FOR THE EVENING, HE BRIEFLY INTRODUCED A GUEST MINISTER WHO WAS IN THE SERVICE THAT EVENING. IN THE INTRODUCTION, THE PASTOR TOLD THE CONGREGATION THAT THE GUEST MINISTER WAS ONE OF HIS DEAREST CHILDHOOD FRIENDS AND THAT HE WANTED HIM TO HAVE A FEW MOMENTS TO GREET THE CHURCH AND SHARE WHATEVER HE FELT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR THE SERVICE.

WITH THAT, AN ELDERLY MAN STEPPED UP TO THE PULPIT AND BEGAN TO SPEAK. "A FATHER, HIS SON, AND A FRIEND OF HIS SON WERE SAILING OFF THE PACIFIC COAST," HE BEGAN, "WHEN A FAST APPROACHING STORM BLOCKED ANY ATTEMPT TO GET BACK TO THE SHORE. THE WAVES WERE SO HIGH, THAT EVEN THOUGH THE FATHER WAS AN EXPERIENCED SAILOR, HE COULD NOT KEEP THE BOAT UPRIGHT AND THE THREE WERE SWEEPED INTO THE OCEAN AS THE BOAT CAPSIZED."

THE OLD MAN HESITATED FOR A MOMENT, MAKING EYE CONTACT WITH TWO TEENAGERS WHO WERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE SERVICE BEGAN, LOOKING SOMEWHAT INTERESTED IN HIS STORY.

THE AGED MINISTER CONTINUED WITH HIS STORY, "GRABBING A RESCUE LINE, THE FATHER HAD TO MAKE THE MOST EXCRUCIATING DECISION OF HIS LIFE: TO WHICH BOY WOULD HE THROW THE OTHER END OF THE LIFE LINE? HE ONLY HAD SECONDS TO MAKE THE DECISION. THE FATHER KNEW THAT HIS SON WAS A CHRISTIAN AND HE KNEW THAT HIS SON'S FRIEND WAS NOT. THE AGONY OF HIS DECISION COULD NOT BE MATCHED BY THE TORRENT OF WAVES. AS THE FATHER YELLED OUT, 'I LOVE YOU, SON!' HE THREW OUT THE LIFE LINE TO HIS SON'S FRIEND. BY THE TIME THE FATHER HAD PULLED THE FRIEND BACK TO THE CAPSIZED BOAT, HIS SON HAD DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE RAGING SWELLS INTO THE BLACK OF NIGHT. HIS BODY WAS NEVER RECOVERED."

BY THIS TIME, THE TWO TEENAGERS WERE SITTING UP STRAIGHT IN THE PEW, ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR THE NEXT WORDS TO COME OUT OF THE OLD MINISTER'S MOUTH.

"THE FATHER," HE CONTINUED, "KNEW HIS SON WOULD STEP INTO ETERNITY WITH JESUS AND HE COULD NOT BEAR THE THOUGHT OF HIS SON'S FRIEND STEPPING INTO AN ETERNITY WITHOUT JESUS. THEREFORE, HE SACRIFICED HIS SON TO SAVE THE SON'S FRIEND. HOW GREAT IS THE LOVE OF GOD THAT HE SHOULD DO THE SAME FOR US. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER SACRIFICED HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON THAT WE COULD BE SAVED. I URGE YOU TO ACCEPT HIS OFFER TO RESCUE YOU AND TAKE A HOLD OF THE LIFE LINE HE IS THROWING OUT TO YOU IN THIS SERVICE."

WITH THAT, THE OLD MAN TURNED AND SAT BACK DOWN IN HIS CHAIR AS SILENCE FILLED THE ROOM.

THE PASTOR AGAIN WALKED SLOWLY TO THE PULPIT AND DELIVERED A BRIEF SERMON WITH AN INVITATION AT THE END. HOWEVER, NO ONE RESPONDED TO THE APPEAL.

WITHIN MINUTES AFTER THE SERVICE ENDED, THE TWO TEENAGERS WERE AT THE OLD MAN'S SIDE. "THAT WAS A NICE STORY," POLITELY STATED ONE OF THEM, "BUT I DON'T THINK IT WAS VERY REALISTIC FOR A FATHER TO GIVE UP HIS ONLY SON'S LIFE IN HOPES THAT THE OTHER BOY WOULD BECOME A CHRISTIAN."

"WELL, YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE," THE OLD MAN REPLIED, GLANCING DOWN AT HIS WORN BIBLE. A BIG SMILE BROADENED HIS NARROW FACE. HE ONCE AGAIN LOOKED UP AT THE BOYS AND SAID, "IT SURE ISN'T VERY REALISTIC, IS IT? HOWEVER, I'M STANDING HERE TODAY TO TELL YOU THAT STORY GIVES ME A GLIMPSE OF WHAT IT MUST HAVE BEEN LIKE FOR GOD TO GIVE UP HIS SON FOR ME."

YOU SEE...

I WAS THAT FATHER AND YOUR PASTOR IS MY SON'S FRIEND."

THE CAB RIDE – Anonymous Author

Twenty years ago, I drove a cab for a living. When I arrived at 2:30 AM, the building was dark except for a single light in a ground floor window. Under these circumstances, many drivers would just honk once or twice, wait a minute, and then drive away. But I had seen too many impoverished people who depended on taxis as their only means of transportation. Unless a situation smelled of danger, I always went to the door. This passenger might be someone who needs my assistance, I reasoned to myself. So I walked to the door and knocked.

“Just as minute,” answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor.

After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 80s stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940s movie. By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years; all the furniture was covered with sheets. There were no clocks on the walls; no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

“Would you carry my bag out to the car?” she asked. I took the suitcase to the cab; then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb. She kept thanking me for my kindness. “It’s nothing,” I told her. “I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother treated.” “Oh, you’re such a good boy,” she said.

When we got in the cab, she gave me an address, and then asked, “Could you drive through downtown?” “It’s not the shortest way,” I answered quickly. “Oh, I don’t mind,” she said. “I’m in no hurry; I’m on my way to a hospice.” I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening. “I don’t have any family left,” she continued. “The doctor says I don’t have very long.” I quietly reached over and shut off the meter. “What route would you like me to take?” I asked.

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator. We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl. Sometimes she’d ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, “I’m tired; let’s go now.” We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico. Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her. I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

“How much do I owe you?” she asked, reaching into her purse. “Nothing,” I answered. “You have to make a living,” she exclaimed. “There are other passengers,” I responded. Almost without thinking, I bent down and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly. “You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,” she said. “Thank you.”

I squeezed her hand, and then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life.

I didn’t pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly, lost in thought. For the rest of that day I could hardly talk. What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don’t think that I have done anything more important in my life. We’re conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware – beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small moment.

People may not remember exactly what you did, or what you said, but they will always remember how you made them feel.

YOU might help make the world a little kinder and more compassionate.