

The Scroll



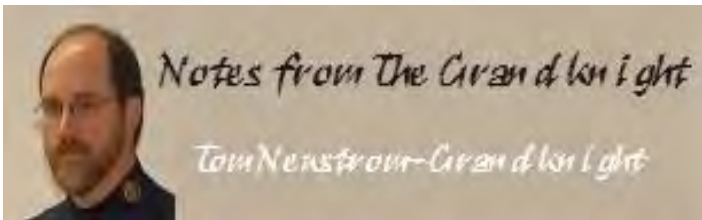
The Catholic Community of
**St. Katharine
Drexel**

Knights of Columbus Council #14984
Membership Meeting 1st Mon, 7:30 pm
Planning Meeting, Last Monday of Month, 7:30pm



Volume 2, No. 4

April 2011



Brothers.

Wow what a month March was. Is everyone partied out?

Thanks to Joe and Annette LaBonne for putting together another great Banquet. Everyone had a good time and enjoyed the great food and company. Well done Joe!

You gotta admit, the Irish sure know how to celebrate heritage! Just about the time you recoup from St. Patrick's Day, it's time for an Irish hoedown. Great music, food and dance... it doesn't get much better than that! Thanks to all who helped set up, serve and clean up after the concert. I was not able to attend but I hear that everyone had a great time.

Now we look forward to SPRING. Warm sunny days, BIG puddles, soggy lawns and kids getting muddy while enjoying every bit of it!

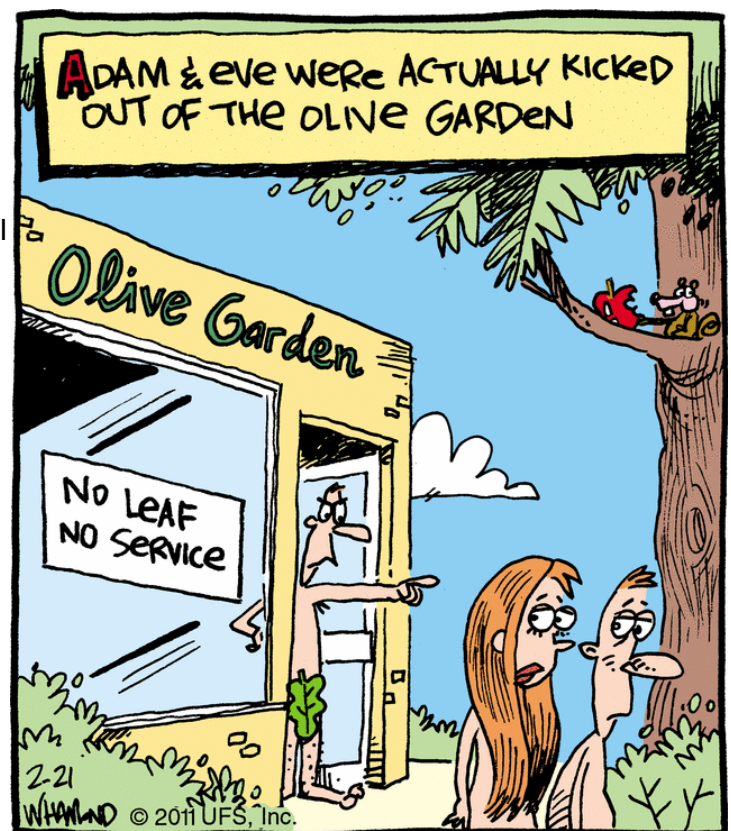
Spring also means State convention time, and the need for a new slate of officers. Some of our current officers will be returning, and others.....not. If you are interested in any position let us know. If you are approached for an office please consider that your abilities are needed, and be generous with your answer.

We also need two delegates for the State Convention in St. Cloud, May 20-22 (Fri-Sun). You don't need to attend all three days. Convention Business is done on Saturday. I have a packet with the itinerary and items

on the agenda if anyone would like to look it over. All expenses for the convention and dinner banquet are covered by the council and state. If you are interested, contact me soon so we can get the registration in by the 15th.

We have a very busy April ahead of us, with 2 service projects and 2 community events there is something for everyone. We'll be packing food for Feed My Starving Children, hosting the bar at Beer, Brats and Bingo, and the Easter Egg Hunt in Central Park. Then there is the Tootsie Roll Drive. Check out the calendar and volunteer before the phone rings with a chairman looking for help.

Peace, tom





Many Things to Consider

By: Ricardo Acevedo, State Deputy

Let's continue to recruit new members. Hold 1st Degrees as soon as possible after recruiting a new member. Remember to send in the form 100 as soon as possible so that

your new member starts to receive the Columbia Magazine.

The State Convention in St Cloud is coming up very soon. We look forward to election of new State Officers. It is great to see many candidates stepping forward for State Office. The Supreme Convention this year will be in Denver, CO. The State Convention next year (2012) will be in Rochester and Supreme Convention will be in Anaheim, CA.

We encourage councils to consider hosting the 2013 and future State Conventions. Please contact State Administrative Assistant, Greg van der Hagen, PSD, VSM - glvdh@mchsi.com - 320-587-0747, for Convention Package as soon as possible. We would like to review the proposals by our July 9, 2011, Mid Summer meeting. It would be great to see councils interested in future conventions from all parts of the state.

We continue to have great support for the Ultrasound Program throughout the State of Minnesota. So far, we have helped purchase three new Ultrasounds in the Arch-diocese and have another one in the works. We also have projects to purchase an Ultrasound going in the New Ulm, Duluth, and St Cloud Dioceses. Councils in Winona Diocese are also working to utilize the Ultrasound Program Fund. There is a Crisis Pregnancy Center in Winona that could use an Ultrasound per Fr. Colletti, Our State Chaplain. We are making a difference in Minnesota keep up the great work! Working together we can by July 1 reach the goal of one new Ultrasound in each Diocese! Thank you very much for all you do for the Knights of Columbus.



Join the 4th Degree

Are you a Sir Knight? If not, why not? We are blessed to have assemblies throughout Minnesota that promote the 4th Degree of our Order, Patriot-ism. Every assembly is looking for a —few good men will to join their ranks and become part of the visible arm of the Knights of Columbus.

April 16th, in St Paul is the next opportunity to become a 4th Degree Knight. If you are interested in becoming a 4th Degree Knight please contact District Master Bob Mathewson at 763-754-2892.

“What's the difference between an obstacle and an opportunity? Our attitude toward it. Every opportunity has a difficulty, and every difficulty has an opportunity.”

– J. Sidlow Baxter
1903 – 1999, Author and Theologian



Adoration First Friday of each month 10:00 AM-9:00 PM

Upon the invitation of Archbishop Flynn and as part of the Parish Strategic Plan we have added Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament on the first Friday of each month from 10:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Knights interested in signing up for a specific time should contact Robert Teachman, at robertteachman@usfamily.net or simply stop by to pray anytime from 10:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m. on the first Friday of the month, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament

In the interest of keeping all of us dressed appropriately for each holiday, I thought I'd better let you in on the next couple of months holidays:

4/1 – One Cent Day I don't want anyone throwing in their “Two Cents Worth on this one!!

4/2 – National Peanut Butter and Jelly Day. I intend to celebrate by having Mom make my lunch, and watching “Casey Jones” during lunch. They may frown upon this at work, but....

4/10 – Golfers Day!! We'll be filling plastic Easter Eggs, but it does give a new idea for how to hide those eggs throughout Central Park, doesn't it!

4/17 – National Cheeseball Day Hey, Richard Cich is kind of a Cheeseball, it must mean a day for him!!

4/20 – Look Alike Day – Let's all dress like Steve Dufon!

4/27 – Tell A Story Day. Many of you may think that April 15th is the day for telling stories, but...

4/30 – National Honesty Day. Hope you got all the “Story Telling” out of your system.

...and here's the one that I KNOW we're all looking forward to for next month 5/7 – *International Tuba Day – Start practicing Now!!*

Tootsie Roll Drive the End of April



We have lost a Brother ...

Our Brother Knight, and our friend, Bill Harris passed away in early March. Bill had been battling heart disease, and was surrounded by his loved ones at the end. He was a devoted father, husband, grandfather and friend of many. Bill was born in Owatonna, MN 70 years ago, and spent his spare time deer hunting, fishing, bowling.....or maybe playing a little Blackjack.

Bill spent 55 years as an electrical engineer with Honeywell, retiring just this past December. Bill invented many different pieces of technology, and held over 50 patents. In fact, he'd be the first to tell you that if you've seen the movie "Apollo 13", you've seen a number of his ideas.

Bill leaves behind his loving wife, Linda, and his five daughters, Julie (Mike) Breyen, Kim (Robin) Hemp, Dawn (Dave) Florey, Heidi (Mike) Wells and Jody (Brandon) Verdick, along with a number of grandkids, and friends.

Godspeed, Bill. You will be missed.

St. Katharine Drexel KC Council # 14984 will be participating in our first Tootsie Roll Drive on Friday and Saturday, April 29th and 30th. This is an annual events for the Knights, and we will distribute the candy after Masses on Saturday and Sunday. This is a state wide event that raises funds for programs and organizations that work with persons with developmental disabilities.

Joel Coudron and John Smetana are chairing this event. They are looking for a number of people to help hand out Tootsie Rolls and graciously accept donations. We're going to be outside a number of places in Ramsey, including Coborn's / Little Dukes, both Holiday Stations in Ramsey, Wiser Choice Liquors, and Village Bank. We also need help for very short shifts to distribute after the Masses on Saturday and Sunday at SKD.

This is a 'family friendly' event, not just for us guys. Your entire family is welcome to join you distributing Tootsie Rolls.

This is a 'no pressure' approach for distributing the candy and raising funds. When a customer approaches, just ask them if they would like a Tootsie Roll. If they have kids tagging along, we've got plenty of candy for all of them. Let them know that if they would like to make a donation for the candy, their money will be given to organizations that work with people who are developmentally disabled.

We have 900 Tootsie Rolls to hand out. If it looks like that's not enough, we can get more from the Anoka Council to carry us through the weekend.

Shifts on Friday and Saturday run for 2 hours. Friday we begin at noon and continue until 8pm. Saturday things begin at 8am, with shifts running until 6pm.

Stop at the parish center to pick up the items you need to take with you to your post: Apron, Tootsie Rolls, and canister for donations.

To sign up, contact Joel Coudron. Joel is putting together the schedule for who will be covering which location, at what time, on what day. You can contact Joel by calling his cell phone at 763-228-0720, or emailing him at joelc@molin.com.

There are all shifts available at this time, so contact Joel early and you can be assured to get the time slot you would like. Please help out for this very worthy cause.

Thank you,
Joel Coudron & John Smetana, Tootsie Roll Chairs



Upcoming Events

Grilling Season!!

Saturday 4/9 – 1st Beer, Brats & Bingo, after the 4:30. Come join us for Service, and the official Kick off of the

Sunday 4/10 – 1pm. We'll be packing the eggs for the 1st annual SKDCC Knights of Columbus Easter Egg Hunt, and the Jackson household. Mike and Cindy have graciously offered to provide Sloppy Joes, Beer and pop (Coke, Diet Coke). See Mike Studemans article in this edition of the Scroll

Saturday 4/16 – 11am, Central Park in Ramsey. 1st annual SKDCC / K of C Easter Egg Hunt. In case of inclement weather, this event will be held on Saturday 4/23.

Friday 4/19 – Saturday 4/20 – Tootsie Roll Drive. See John Smetana's article, in this edition of the Scroll, for more info.

Monday 4/25 – 8 – 9:30, Feed My Starving Children in Coon Rapids. Contact Mike St. John for more info.

Brother Knights –

I am writing to update you on a number of events related to the first annual SKDCC Knights of Columbus Easter Egg Hunt. The Hunt will be held Saturday, April 16 (April 23 in case of inclement weather) at 1 PM at Ramsey Central Park. It's open to all children up to age 10.

We will be packing the eggs in advance of the Hunt on Sunday, April 10th at 1 PM. Mike and Cindy Jackson have graciously volunteered their house for this gathering, and will provide sloppy joes for the event. They will also be providing the beer, set-ups and diet coke. Spouses are welcomed to join us. Feel free to bring other drinks and/or food to share. It will be a great opportunity to get together and have some fellowship time with your brother Knights as we prepare for the Hunt.



I have had the opportunity to read this story a couple of times before, and thought I'd pass it along to you, my brothers. Unfortunately, the garden was only open for a couple of weeks in 2009, and has been closed thereafter. That is a picture of part of it, above. Even though I may not have the opportunity to see this garden first-hand, the story still has quite an impact on me.

The Daffodil Principle

Several times my daughter had telephoned to say, "Mother, you must come and see the daffodils before they are over." I wanted to go, but it was a two-hour drive from Laguna to Lake Arrowhead. Going and coming took most of a day - and I honestly did not have a free day until the following week.

"I will come next Tuesday," I promised, a little reluctantly, on her third call. Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised, and so I drove the length of Route 91, continued on I-215, and finally turned onto Route 18 and began to drive up the mountain highway. The tops of the mountains were sheathed in clouds, and I had gone only a few miles when the road was completely covered with a wet, gray blanket of fog. I slowed to a crawl, my heart pounding. The road becomes narrow and winding

We are still seeking donations of candy or small toys for the Hunt. The candy should be wrapped and small enough to fit in a plastic egg. Examples of small toys include pin wheels or bubbles. Donations of funds are also appreciated. Please let myself, Steve Dufon, or Mike St. John know if you are willing to donate to this event.

We need volunteers the day of the Hunt to assist with both set-up and clean-up. A schedule will be circulated at Monday's General Meeting, but please let Steve, Mike, or myself know if you are willing to help on the day of the event.

Please let us know if you have any related questions or concerns.

Thanks, have a great week and God Bless -

Mike Studeman

toward the top of the mountain.

As I executed the hazardous turns at a snail's pace, I was praying to reach the turnoff at Blue Jay that would signify I had arrived. When I finally walked into Carolyn's house and hugged and greeted my grandchildren I said, "Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in the clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these darling children that I want to see bad enough to drive inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly, "We drive in this all the time, Mother."

"Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears - and then I'm heading for home!" I assured her.

"I was hoping you'd take me over to the garage to pick up my car. The mechanic just called, and they've finished repairing the engine," she answered.

"How far will we have to drive?" I asked cautiously.

"Just a few blocks," Carolyn said cheerfully.

So we buckled up the children and went out to my car. "I'll drive," Carolyn offered. "I'm used to this." We got into the car, and she began driving.

In a few minutes I was aware that we were back on the Rim-of-the-World Road heading over the top of the mountain. "Where are we going?" I exclaimed, distressed to be back on the mountain road in the fog. "This isn't the way to the garage!"

"We're going to my garage the long way," Carolyn smiled, "by way of the daffodils."

"Carolyn, I said sternly, trying to sound as if I was still the mother and in charge of the situation, "please turn around. There is nothing in the world that I want to see enough to drive on this road in this weather."

"It's all right, Mother," She replied with a knowing grin. "I know what I'm doing. I promise, you will never forgive yourself if you miss this experience."

And so my sweet, darling daughter who had never given me a minute of difficulty in her whole life was suddenly in charge - and she was kidnapping me! I couldn't believe it. Like it or not, I was on the way to see some ridiculous daffodils - driving through the thick, gray silence of the mist-wrapped mountaintop at what I thought was risk to life and limb.

I muttered all the way. After about twenty minutes we turned onto a small gravel road that branched down into an oak-filled hollow on the side of the mountain. The fog had lifted a little, but the sky was lowering, gray and heavy with clouds.

We parked in a small parking lot adjoining a little stone church. From our vantage point at the top of the mountain we could see beyond us, in the mist, the crests of the San Bernardino range like the dark, humped backs of a herd of elephants. Far below us the fog-shrouded valleys, hills, and flatlands stretched away to the desert.

On the far side of the church I saw a pine-needle-covered path, with towering evergreens and manzanita bushes and an inconspicuous, lettered sign "Daffodil Garden."

We each took a child's hand, and I followed Carolyn down the path as it wound through the trees. The mountain sloped away from the side of the path in irregular dips, folds, and valleys, like a deeply creased skirt.

Live oaks, mountain laurel, shrubs, and bushes clustered in the folds, and in the gray, drizzling air, the green foliage looked dark and monochromatic. I shivered. Then we turned a corner of the path, and I looked up and gasped. Before me lay the most glorious sight, unexpectedly and completely splendid. It looked as though someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it down over the mountain peak and slopes where it had run into every crevice and over every rise. Even in the mist-filled air, the mountainside was radiant, clothed in massive drifts and waterfalls of daffodils. The flowers were planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, white, lemon yellow, salmon pink, saffron, and butter yellow.

Each different-colored variety (I learned later that there were more than thirty-five varieties of daffodils in the vast display) was planted as a group so that it swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue.

In the center of this incredible and dazzling display of gold, a great cascade of purple grape hyacinth flowed down like a waterfall of blossoms framed in its own rock-lined basin, weaving through the brilliant daffodils. A charming path wound throughout the garden. There were several resting stations, paved with stone and

furnished with Victorian wooden benches and great tubs of coral and carmine tulips. As though this were not magnificent enough, Mother Nature had to add her own grace note - above the daffodils, a bevy of western bluebirds flitted and darted, flashing their brilliance. These charming little birds are the color of sapphires with breasts of magenta red. As they dance in the air, their colors are truly like jewels above the blowing, glowing daffodils. The effect was spectacular.

It did not matter that the sun was not shining. The brilliance of the daffodils was like the glow of the brightest sunlit day. Words, wonderful as they are, simply cannot describe the incredible beauty of that flower-bedecked mountain top.

Five acres of flowers! (This too I discovered later when some of my questions were answered.) "But who has done this?" I asked Carolyn. I was overflowing with gratitude that she brought me - even against my will. This was a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

"Who?" I asked again, almost speechless with wonder, "And how, and why, and when?"

"It's just one woman," Carolyn answered. "She lives on the property. That's her home." Carolyn pointed to a well-kept A-frame house that looked small and modest in the midst of all that glory.

We walked up to the house, my mind buzzing with questions. On the patio we saw a poster. "Answers to the Questions I Know You Are Asking" was the headline. The first answer was a simple one. "50,000 bulbs," it read. The second answer was, "One at a time, by one woman, two hands, two feet, and very little brain." The third answer was, "Began in 1958."

There it was. The Daffodil Principle.

For me that moment was a life-changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than thirty-five years before, had begun - one bulb at a time - to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountain top. One bulb at a time.

There was no other way to do it. One bulb at a time. No shortcuts - simply loving the slow process of planting. Loving the work as it unfolded.

Loving an achievement that grew so slowly and that bloomed for only three weeks of each year. Still, just planting one bulb at a time, year after year, had changed the world.

This unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived. She had created something of ineffable magnificence, beauty, and inspiration.

The principle her daffodil garden taught is one of the greatest principle of celebration: learning to move toward our goals and desires one step at a time - often just one baby-step at a time - learning to love the doing, learning to use the accumulation of time.

When we multiply tiny pieces of time with small

increments of daily effort, we too will find we can accomplish magnificent things. We can change the world.

"Carolyn," I said that morning on the top of the mountain as we left the haven of daffodils, our minds and hearts still bathed and bemused by the splendors we had seen, "it's as though that remarkable woman has needle-pointed the earth! Decorated it. Just think of it, she planted every single bulb for more than thirty years. One bulb at a time! And that's the only way this garden could be created. Every individual bulb had to be planted. There was no way of short-circuiting that process. Five acres of blooms. That magnificent cascade of hyacinth! All, just one bulb at a time."

The thought of it filled my mind. I was suddenly overwhelmed with the implications of what I had seen. "It makes me sad in a way," I admitted to Carolyn. "What might I have accomplished if I had thought of a wonderful goal thirty-five years ago and had worked away at it 'one bulb at a time' through all those years. Just think what I might have been able to achieve!"

My wise daughter put the car into gear and summed up the message of the day in her direct way. "Start tomorrow," she said with the same knowing smile she had worn for most of the morning. Oh, profound wisdom!

It is pointless to think of the lost hours of yesterdays. The way to make learning a lesson a celebration instead of a cause for regret is to only ask, "How can I put this to use tomorrow?"

Jaroldeen Asplund Edwards