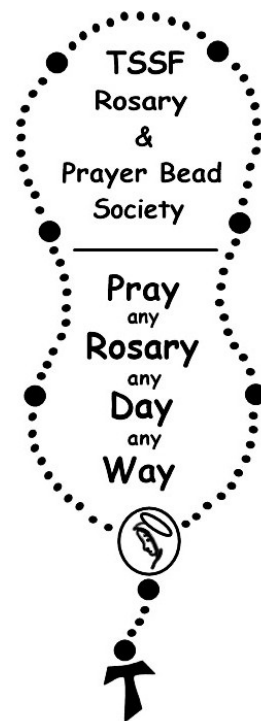


**THE NEWSLETTER OF
THE TSSF ROSARY AND PRAYER BEAD SOCIETY [RPBS]
THE THIRD ORDER, SOCIETY OF ST. FRANCIS, PROVINCE OF THE AMERICAS**

CHRISTMAS 2018



A WORD FROM DARLENE

Greetings everyone. I trust you had a wonderful Thanksgiving holiday. When I think back to the early days of this ministry, I am amazed at how far we have come and how blessed and enduring the road has been. Who knew that forty-five years later we would not only still be here, but be growing more than ever! Numbers are not important in and of themselves, but they do tell a story. I am sure God is just as pleased with a few faithful "pray-ers" as with many. However, the phenomenal increase in the membership of the RPBS is a testimony of the need we share to be connected through prayer as well as an enduring love for this unique way of praying. We have so much for which to be grateful. Have a Blessed Christmastide and a Happy New Year.

*Darlene Sipes, TSSF (Founder, The TSSF RPBS)
St. Mary Of The Angels Fellowship*

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

By now all of you should have received your Christmas Card from Darlene and the team. We hope you liked it. What a blessing to be a part of such a thriving ministry! As you may have discovered by our inaugural newsletter last month, there is a resurgence of interest in the holy rosary. We attribute this to the fact that folks are being encouraged to pray with the beads in whatever way works best for them. So as you read the stories in this issue, may they continue to encourage you to find your own rhythm in praying the beads.

The TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society Team

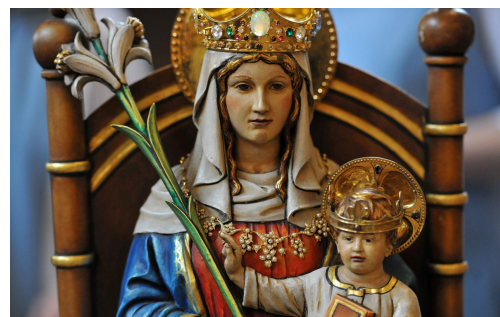


Painting of St. Francis. When Marie Webner, TSSF saw this Painting she said, "Look, it is Francis pushing back the Darkness!"

*Original Painting
By Artist Lavonne Unger*

MY ROSARY WITH DAD

I hold in my hand a rosary I've held there daily for the past sixty-three years. My dad gave it to me (beautiful sterling silver beads with a blue ceramic crucifix). Over the years, it has become almost an extension of me. In my early twenties, just before I went off to seminary, I used to pray it with him every Friday evening when we would go together to St. Clement's Church in Philadelphia. The rosary has also become an extension of us, because some of my happiest moments with my father were those times we prayed together. I hold it in my hand as I write this! Later, my dad became a priest as well.



*Our Lady Of Walsingham
In England*

MANY PAST BLESSINGS

Over the years, many hands have blessed this rosary for me. Beginning with Father Joseph and Brother Paul, SSF, as well as a score of other priests I much respected. Later, my late wife and I would camp all over Europe, sleeping in the front seat of our car as we visited many Holy places. We experienced such places like Taize in France, The Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, Knock in Ireland, and Walsingham (both the Anglican and Roman shrines). We also made our way to Athens to the very hill on which St. Paul prayed. We visited the prison in Greece where St. Paul was imprisoned with companions, as well as saw the city of Ephesus. At each holy spot we reached, I would kneel and pray the rosary and touch the very spot where I knelt.



A NEW BLESSING

So, the rosary is an extension of me and a constant reminder of God. I have told one of my sons that when I die, it would become his rosary. I am now so happy to be a new member of the Rosary and Prayer Bead Society and pray along with fellow Third Order Franciscans and friends.

*Michael Cassell, TSSF
Florida*

 **ME? THE ROSARY?**

Rosary? Growing up in an agnostic home, the rosary evoked dim, scented places with black-clad women muttering as they fingered beads. It evoked mystery and something very far out of my reach. When someone forwarded to me the Franciscan Crown Rosary with the Story of Creation, I had to Google what the Hail Mary actually said. So foreign is the Rosary to me, unlike so many of you. Your back stories of your experiences with the Rosary and your families are exotic to me. And wonderful.

A NEW OPEN DOOR

So now I struggle with the Hail Mary and which bead to use when and why. But I'm getting it. I persevere. I am a contemplative, so prayer for me is usually wordless, open to the speaking of the Holy Spirit. This oral mandala of praying specific prayers over and over with beads takes some getting used to. It's not yet a gift, but I can sense its potential! Thank you, all of you, for this new and uncomfortable prayer path! God is so good!

*Janet Fedders, TSSF
Minister Provincial, Province of the Americas*



 **HAIL MARY**

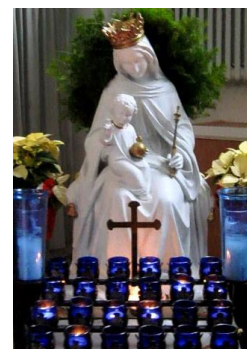
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you; blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.


 **THE ANGELUS**

Here is the full prayer.

- V. *The angel of the Lord brought tidings to Mary;*
- R. And she conceived by the Holy Spirit.
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you; blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.
- V. *Behold the handmaid of the Lord;*
- R. Be it unto me according, to your word. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you; blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.
- V. *And the Word was made flesh;*
- R. And dwelt among us. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you; blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.
- V. *Pray for us, O holy Mother of God;*
- R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ. Pour your grace into our hearts, O Lord, that we who have known the incarnation of your Son Jesus Christ, announced by an angel to the Virgin Mary, may by his cross and passion be brought to the glory of his resurrection; who lives and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen

*Restored
Statue Of
Our Lady
In The Chapel
At Little Portion
Friary, NY
Circa 2009*



 **BETWEEN THE BEADS**

I am on the threshold of my seventieth birthday. My brain thinks I'm thirty but my body says, "You wish." I had been a professed member of the Secular Franciscan Order since 1973, but about six months ago I transferred into The Third Order of The Society of St. Francis. I received a phone call outlining what the Holy Spirit is doing through the Saints Wisdom Project, The Emmaus Travelers Program, and the TSSF Rosary and Prayer Bead Society (Pray any rosary, any day, any way)! I was invited to share about my personal practice of praying with prayer beads.

I USE THEM ALL!

There are so many types of rosaries and prayer beads and so many prayers one can say using prayer beads, but I believe it is just a matter of finding one that works for each person. For me, I use all types of prayer beads and rosaries. I started many years ago with the Dominican Rosary. Later on, I was given an Anglican Rosary by an Episcopal Priest, and was also introduced to the Chotki (or Orthodox Prayer Rope) by an Archdeacon during my diaconal formation.



Chotki
Prayer Rope



Anglican
Rosary



Franciscan
Crown



Dominican
Rosary

HOW DO I PRAY?

My practice begins as I lovingly hold the beads in my hands. I kiss the cross (or crucifix depending on the type of rosary I am using at the time) and say an Our Father, a Hail Mary, and the confession. I then move to the first decade and I remember and recite the names of those for whom I am praying. I deliberately pause *between the beads* to pray for the specific intention of the one I have named, ending with *Lord have mercy*.

WHY THE PAUSE?

For me, this practice of praying between the beads, slows me down to the point where time has no meaning, and accordingly I notice my breathing also slows. I think of the prayer between the beads as being the space between heaven and earth. A quiet place. A place of knowing Jesus more intimately than I might, had I never made myself available in this way. It is a place where I can conceive the idea of answered prayer. Might I suggest that you give it a try? Try praying *between the beads!* May your daily prayers bring you perfect joy.

Dianne Lowe, TSSF
Los Pequeños Fellowship



WHEN JESUS SPOKE TO ME

In 2015 I realized the culmination of a twenty year dream. I walked the Camino de Santiago, from St. Jean Pied de Port in France to Santiago de Compostela in Spain. It's harder than it looks and just easy enough that anyone can go. My spirituality then was to use the Daily Office and have a conversational relationship with the Lord.

YOU CHOSE THIS

The Camino, especially those first days, never met a hill it didn't climb. As I was toiling and moiling up yet another hill still many kilometers from my rest, I called out, "Jesus, you've got to help me up this hill." He answered directly, "You chose this." My choice, responsibility, and my will. It would be another month before the Lord spoke to me again. I needed another way over the next hill.

MY WALKING BECAME MY PRAYER

Count one hundred steps. Rest. Count another one hundred steps. Rest. A week or so later I realized that I could swap the Jesus prayer for all that counting. Santiago here I come. We pilgrims say that when you arrive in Santiago your real Camino begins. It is a Way that will order your steps for the rest of your life. Mostly I kept walking. I walked outside. I walked in my church. I walked in my home. My walking became my prayer.

KEEPING MY MIND CLEAR

I use a fifty knot orthodox prayer rope. It is simple and always in my pocket. A pair of trips around the rope is six hundred steps and takes about six minutes. Ten thousand steps is about eight kilometers. That adds up to more than three "Caminos" a year. I don't know how to reckon the prayer. My goal is not to fill myself with devotions to any mysteries. Rather I seek to empty myself into the dual truths of my prayers. "Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on me, and Lord as you love and



as you will, have mercy." Once my mind is clear the Word can come.

KEEPING ALL THINGS BALANCED

One Franciscan irony here is that I started with a more ornate version of the Jesus prayer. Too much emphasis was on being a sinner, both greedy and proud. It was the notion that I was proud enough of my sins to need an extra portion of grace that seemed to offend both Jesus and Francis. Jesus might say, "You don't need to lay it on so thick." One iteration of, "Lord Jesus, Son of the Living God, have mercy on me a sinner," may not sound like much. Fifty such in six minutes, or a thousand in a day and it begins to be a boast. That's it. No decades. No Aves. No Our Fathers. Just my steps, my breath, and my prayer, walking into the Word of God.

Michael Munro, TSSF
Arizona

"Ever Since God
Created The World His
Everlasting Power And
Deity (However Invisible)
Have Been There For The
Mind To See In The
Things He Has Created."
Romans 1:20 TJB



PRAYING THE FRANCISCAN CROWN ROSARY (WITH THE STORY OF CREATION)

Like many others of my generation who grew up Roman Catholic in the era before Vatican II, I have a mixed bag of feelings about praying the rosary. In the parochial school I attended, it meant the end of mid-day recess as we were marched into our classroom to pray the rosary and start the afternoon. The rosary was droned at wakes in the funeral home and rosary beads were a gift one got from a grandmother when you really wanted something more exciting. Yet, there was something redemptive in getting a "glow in the dark" plastic rosary one year! At the same time there were the inspirational aspects of the rosary like watching the same grandmother flip along the beads with hands gnarled by severe arthritis, knowing even as a child that there was something very meaningful, and holy that was transpiring. For my grandmother, the rosary was a daily practice with fifteen decades spread throughout the day. Her several sets of beads were to be found on doily-topped tables throughout her house.

INSPIRATION CAME

So, it was this mixed bag of associations that I brought to a recent retreat that John and I experienced with the Long Island Fellowship in May when we were introduced to the seven-decade Franciscan Crown Rosary. This retreat came when we, in the Potomac Witness Fellowship, were working with the folks in the PenMar and Susquehanna Troubadours fellowships to plan the program for the 2018 Northeast Regional Convocation with its theme of "Franciscans as Cosmic Christians." As we meditated on the Seven Joys of Mary, which are the traditional focus of the Franciscan Crown Rosary, I had the insight that we might pray the crown rosary using the prologue to the Book of Genesis and mediate on the seven days of Creation. And John had the same thought!

MY CREATION/GOD'S CREATION

Back home from the retreat, I incorporated the Franciscan Crown Rosary into my daily prayer practice as a way of reflecting on the story of Creation. The final version of this was prayed by those at the NERC (Northeast Regional Convocation) in August. If you

like, I would be happy to share the full text of these mysteries. Please contact me at my email address: TerranceDoyle@msn.com. But, for the thumbnail summary of each, read on.

I. THE COSMOS AND EXPANDING UNIVERSE

(Genesis 1: 1-5) God proclaims, "Let there be light" and the first mystery invites feelings of humility to contemplate in awe and wonder the whole of Creation and to pray for light to illuminate the dark and empty spaces of our lives.

II. THE SKY AND AIR (Genesis 1: 6-8) The second meditation shifts to focus on Earth's atmosphere, praying in repentance for human activities that foul the air, and offer thanksgiving for every breath we receive to praise God,

III. SEA AND LAND (Genesis 1: 9-13) We recognize the abundance of life-giving water and fertile land that nourish and sustain life on Earth, while praying for God's guidance for the just use of Earth's resources.

IV. SUN AND MOON (Genesis 1: 14-19) Our eyes are raised to the skies in wonder and praise for the movements of an infinity of stars that mark the rhythms of time and season. We ask to be mindful of problems of global climate change and seek constructive solutions.

V. FISH AND BIRDS (Genesis 1: 20-23) We give thanks for the diversity of marine and avian life and seek ways to preserve habitats that sustain life forms that depend upon clean water.

VI. LAND CREATURES AND HUMANKIND (Genesis 1: 24-31) We continue to give thanks for the diversity of life forms and the many types of creatures with whom we share the Earth, striving to be responsible stewards of Creation.

VII. SABBATH (Genesis 2: 1-3) As God creates the seventh day for rest, we give thanks for all of Creation, which God called good. We pray for renewal through sabbath time and strive to find the appropriate balance between work that is meaningful and rest that restores us to well-being.

I hope these reflections feed you, or perhaps inspire your own way of praying the rosary. Again, please feel free to contact me for the full version of the meditations. You might like to try creating your own set of mysteries as suggested by our Devotional Companion, or with prayers that hold special meaning for you.

*Terrance Doyle, TSSF
Potomac Witness Fellowship*



**THE LITANY OF OUR LADY
(OF OUR LADY OF WALSHINGHAM)**

Our Lady of Walsingham, pray to the Lord for us.
 Mary conceived without sin, pray to the Lord for us.
 Mary the Virgin, pray to the Lord for us.
 Mary, the Mother of God, pray to the Lord for us.
 Mary taken up into heaven, pray to the Lord for us.
 Mary at Bethlehem, pray for all mothers.
 Mary at Nazareth, pray for all families.
 Mary at Cana, pray for all married couples.
 Mary who stood by the Cross, pray for all who suffer.
 Mary in the Upper Room, pray for all who wait.
 Mary, model of womanhood, pray for all women.
 Woman of Faith, keep us in mind.
 Woman of Hope, keep us in mind.
 Woman of Charity, keep us in mind.
 Woman of Suffering, keep us in mind.
 Woman of Anxiety, keep us in mind.
 Woman of Humility, keep us in mind.
 Woman of Poverty, keep us in mind.
 Woman of Purity, keep us in mind.
 Woman of Obedience, keep us in mind.
 Woman who wondered, remember us to God.
 Woman who listened, remember us to God.
 Woman who followed Him, remember us to God.
 Woman who longed for Him, remember us to God.
 Woman who loves Him, remember us to God.
 Mother of God, be our Mother always.
 Mother of Men, be our Mother always.
 Mother of the Church, be our Mother always.
 Mother of the World, be our Mother always.
 Mother we need, be our Mother always.
 Mother who went on believing, we thank God for you.
 Mother who never lost hope, we thank God for you.



All holy and ever living God, in giving us Jesus Christ to be our Savior and Brother, you gave us Mary, his Mother, to be our Mother also; grant us, we pray you, that we may be worthy of so great a Brother and so dear a Mother. May we come at last to you the Father of us all, through Jesus Christ Your Son, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit for ever and ever. Amen.



**INTENTIONS SCHEDULE
(PRAYER SUGGESTIONS)**

	Weekly	Rosary Options
SUNDAY	Dominican Rosary	5 Decades
MONDAY	Rings/Prayer Rope	1 Decade
TUESDAY	Anglican Rosary	4 Weeks
WEDNESDAY	Franciscan Crown	7 Decades
THURSDAY	Dominican Rosary	5 Decades
FRIDAY	Unique Rosaries/Beads	Various
SATURDAY	Franciscan Crown	7 Decades
	MONTHLY	INTENTIONS
JANUARY	3rd Order TSSF	Stability/Vocations
FEBRUARY	Companions SSF	Stability/Vocations
MARCH	1st Order Brothers SSF	Stability/Vocations
APRIL	1st Order Sisters CSF	Stability/Vocations
MAY	Poor Clares/Cloistered	Stability/Vocations
JUNE	All Religious Orders	Wise Leadership
JULY	World Hunger/Peace	Help/Disarmament
AUGUST	World Leaders	Care/Compassion
SEPTEMBER	Purging/Simplicity	Less Possessions
OCTOBER	Pause/Reflect	Counting Blessings
NOVEMBER	Thanksgiving/Creation	Incarnation/All Life
DECEMBER	Lost/Know Salvation	Win Souls
	SEASONAL	INTENTIONS
ADVENT	Prepare/Lord's Birth	In Hearts/Lives
CHRISTMAS	Thanksgiving/Jesus	The Incarnation
LENT	Holy Lenten Time	Revisit Rule
EASTER-TIDE	Thanksgiving	Resurrection



**HIGH PRAISE FOR THE (RAB)!
(THE RHYTHM AND THE BEADS NEWSLETTER)**

Dear Friends,
 Thanks so much for getting back to me, and thanks for the Rhythm And The Beads Newsletter. Seldom have I seen so much written on saying the rosary! Even as a Roman Catholic Priest, whose tradition is rich in rosary literature, I've not in recent years seen anything from the laity on praying the rosary and what it means to them. What a wonderful testimony, and how grace-filled is your promotion and praying of the rosary. Thanks for sharing this newsletter with me here in Assisi.

*Peace and all good,
 Murray Bodo, OFM*

"THE ROSARY IS THE BOOK OF THE BLIND, WHERE SOULS SEE AND THERE ENACT THE GREATEST DRAMA OF LOVE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN; IT IS THE BOOK OF THE SIMPLE, WHICH INITIATES THEM INTO MYSTERIES AND KNOWLEDGE MORE SATISFYING THAN THE EDUCATION OF OTHER MEN."

Fulton J. Sheen



THE PRESENCE (OF THE BLESSED MOTHER)

I was born in 1947, one year after the death of my sister, aged six months, and the death of my paternal grandfather, a Welsh Presbyterian minister. My widowed Grandmother had moved to a small garden apartment, but was visited regularly by her four sons, their wives and eventually nine grandchildren. My dad was the eldest son, and my brother the eldest grandson, with the distinction of being named for his father and grandfather. Many years later, Parke Richards III would choose to enter seminary. More about that...

GRANDMA, CAN I HAVE THAT?

In my grandmother's apartment, in each of the rooms, there hung a famous Madonna. Story was, her grandparents had done a European tour in the mid-1800's and came back with Madonnas. My favorite was a small Madonna in an exquisite carved wooden frame with doors that could be opened and shut. At the end of more than one visit, Gram would ask me, "Now, is there anything I can do for you before you leave?" And I would take her hand and lead her to her bedroom, point at the little Madonna and say, "Can I have that?" The answer was always, "Not today, dear. But someday that will be yours." The Blessed Mother, beloved of my Presbyterian grandmother, had begun to make her presence felt. In fact, growing up, I haunted Catholic churches, drawn to the candlelit statue of Mary, though she was not actively evident in our family or church life.

MY BEST FRIEND

When I was fifteen my brother went off to seminary in California, to prepare for the Presbyterian ministry. Parke (we called him Pick) was simply one of the kindest people I knew. Six and a half years older than I, he was my best friend. We talked about everything, spent hours over jigsaw puzzles, played handball on the sidewalk, and danced jitterbug in the basement when he was home from college. He was a tease, of course, but never nasty, and by the time he was in high school he was helping in the church school and was known for his sincere Christian faith. Through college, that faith deepened into a strong personal relationship with Jesus.

A FEAR TOO GREAT TO HANDLE

Five weeks into his first Seminary year, I came home from school to find that Pick has a "mass" of some sort, and that exploratory surgery on his brain was required. The next morning my father left for California, to see him before surgery, and called home at two o'clock in the morning with the devastating news. There was no hope, Pick had at most six months to live. My mother

flew to California a day later, and I found myself alone with some elderly relatives, and a fear too great to handle. A couple of evenings later, I ran out of the house down four blocks to my friend Nola's house. Her mom, a widow, French Canadian Roman Catholic, whom I had known all my life, turned from her sink full of dishes when I burst in the back door. She opened her arms, soapily hugged me, learned what was happening, made tea for us both, and then called my great-aunt to say I would be staying with her that night.

GENTLE CLINKING OF THE BEADS

I was bedded down on a mattress next to my friend Nola's bed, and I lay there, feeling utterly lost. After a little while, I heard Angie come back into the room, kneel at the bottom of the bed, and begin to pray in French, with a gentle clinking of beads. I thought, "Oh, that must be a rosary," and suddenly I was enveloped by a Presence who enfolded me, as I would later enfold my children when they were frightened and couldn't sleep. I was filled with peace and well-being that remained with me and supported me through my brother's illness and death several weeks later.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE NIGHT?

Years went by. I married, bore two children, bought a rosary and learned to pray with it, and I became a member of the Third Order of the Society of St. Francis. And when the Vatican issued a special rosary for a Holy Year I bought two, and sent one to Angie, saying only that I thought she would like it. More years passed, more "beads" and more reflection, and on a trip home to visit my parents I, as usual, visited Angie. Only this time, after a brief hug, I asked, "Do you remember the night...?" "Oh, yes!" She replied. "You prayed the beads for me." "Oh, Honey," she said, "I had nowhere else to take you!" She, too, had felt the Presence of the Blessed Mother who had come to comfort us both.

MOMENTS IN A LIFETIME

My home now has its Madonnas, including from my grandmother's apartment, and the little wooden carved frame with doors has its "pride of place." I know Mary as my Mother-in-Christ, and dearest friend, and I never hesitate to commit to her care my own struggles as well as those in need, whether praying the decades or simply holding the rosary and whispering a name. My dear grandmother's prayers for her grandchildren, my brother's faith in the face of death, Angie's simple, heartfelt prayer, all moments in a lifetime of companionship with Jesus through Mary. Thanks be to God for His mercy!

Judith Gillette, TSSF

Brother Juniper Fellowship



THE BEADS

From my earliest memories, I see my piano teacher, Mrs. Wazeter (short bright red nails, perfectly groomed, putting her rosary aside on the pipe organ or piano as she prepared to play). That rosary held a mystery for me as a three-year-old. None of my family had prayer beads. In our family, tradition prayer was a conversation with God, newly formed for each occasion. But, Mrs. Wazeter always had her rosary near her, and when she prayed the words were comforting and somehow familiar.

CLOSENESS WITH GOD

As I grew to an adult and young mother I learned more about the prayer traditions of Episcopalians. I began exploring various beads. There were the Anglican (nice and short), Franciscan Crown (seven decades, WOW!) and the traditional Dominican Rosary (five decades). I began with a few beads and then found I wanted them in my car and my purse so I could always reach for some beads whenever I felt the need for closeness with God. Holding the beads drew me to the holy, the mystery of breath, of life within, somehow deeply inward and at the same time completely through the veil. It didn't matter to me if I'd grabbed an Anglican rosary, or a single decade bracelet or ring, or had one of my many traditional rosaries that I've gathered over the years. I've even gotten some prayer ropes which I also treasure.

EACH MOVING SILENTLY

I was telling my spiritual director about praying the rosary as I drove home one night. As I approached a spot on the highway I had a very strong call to pray. I didn't know what I was praying "for" just that I needed to pray. My beads were already in my hand and I opened my heart to God's presence and felt the most extraordinary presence of my Franciscan family gathering, each moving silently to our own choir stall. We were in complete peace. There was no sense of time, and we began to sing (many of us with our beads in our hands). The experience was repeated, always at that same spot. It sometimes came as a complete surprise. It reoccurred over several weeks.

PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

One evening at my Education For Ministry class (EFM) as we were sharing some of our "God moments," I felt moved to share my experience with them. My friends knew that I usually held my beads in my hands during those classes to center myself. After I related my story one of my classmates shared that a teenage boy had been brutally killed in a horrid motorcycle accident caused by rage in the location I described. She said that shortly after his death the boy's mother had told Mary that she just knew her son was getting help from

some people who loved him. None of us could speak for awhile. My Spiritual Director was much more practical. He suggested if I ever experienced such a call again, I pull over to the side of the road. According to him not everybody has such experiences and he didn't think driving during one was advisable.

MY ROSARY WAS IN MY HAND

For me, the attachment I have to my beads is deeply personal. It's not something I often speak about. Whenever I went with my adult son throughout his journey with a glioblastoma (involving consultations, treatments, and tests), my rosary was in my hand to remind me to whom I belong. The pressure of the beads on my flesh helped me stay centered and know that we were not traveling alone. As I sat with my son on his very last day on earth, his friend Michelle asked him if he knew we were there. Though his eyes were closed and his breathing somewhat labored, he smiled and nodded. Then she asked, "Do you know we love you?" Again he nodded enthusiastically. And my beads affirmed the presence of the holy. We were all at peace.

THE SACRED ACT OF BREATHING

In Life, there are moments we recognize the precious, sacred act of breathing. We welcome it with that first fragile breath at a birth. We watch and wait until that very last breath leaves and life is ended. For me, in these moments I reach for my beads, or even my fingers as I pray, and find strength for the moment, courage to face what is to be faced and gratitude for the mercy of God present with us in the touch of our beads.

*Joy Mazolla Bidlack, TSSF
The Mustard Seed Fellowship*



OPEN MEMBERSHIP

Anyone may join. Just commit to praying any rosary once a week, minimally. That's it! Contact Judith serg1us@aol.com or Joy joymazzola@me.com or write The TSFS Rosary And Prayer Bead Society P.O. Box 706, NY 11766.



UNTIL NEXT TIME

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. The TSSF RPBS has seen amazing growth this year. The innovative and deeply personal ways in which our members have been using their beads are such an inspiration, as well as a testimony to uniqueness of prayer and how it works in our lives. Why not share *your* story?

The TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society Team

**PRAY ANY ROSARY, ANY DAY, ANY WAY!
AMEN.**

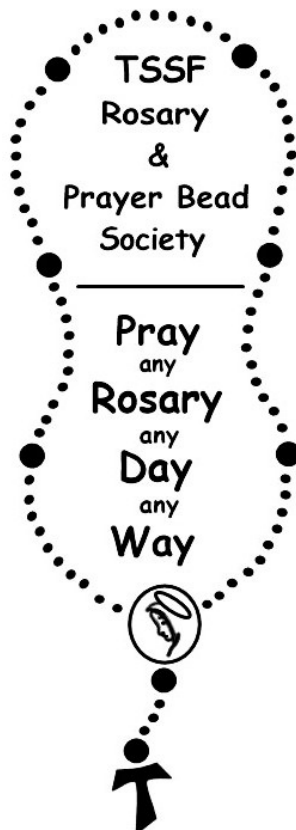
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**THE NEWSLETTER OF
THE TSSF ROSARY AND PRAYER
BEAD SOCIETY [RPBS]**

**THE THIRD ORDER, SOCIETY OF ST. FRANCIS,
PROVINCE OF THE AMERICAS**

"PRAY ANY ROSARY, ANY DAY, ANY WAY!"

CHRISTMAS 2018

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- My Rosary With Dad • Michael Cassell, TSSF
- Me? The Rosary? • Janet Fedders, TSSF
- Between The Beads • Dianne Lowe, TSSF
- When Jesus Spoke To Me • Michael Munro, TSSF
- Praying The Franciscan Crown Rosary (With The Story Of Creation) • Terrance Doyle, TSSF
- Presence Of The Blessed Mother • Judith Gillette, TSSF
- The Beads • Joy Bidlack, TSSF
- Open Enrollment In The TSSF RPBS!
- Until Next Time