

◦The◦Rhythm◦And◦The◦Beads◦

The TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society [RPBS] Newsletter

The Voice Of The Rosary Pray-ers In The Third Order,
Society Of St. Francis, Province Of The Americas

Autumn 2018

"THE RHYTHM AND THE BEADS" THE TSSF AND RBPS NEWSLETTER



A WORD FROM DARLENE

Welcome to our first newsletter! A friend of mine used to say, "Praying the rosary is a key to opening the heart of God." This saying is such a comfort to me as I pray and observe the growth of our rosary community. Praying the rosary has brought great strength to the faithful members of the original group, and having so many other tertiaries join with us can only bring an even greater effectiveness to our intercessions! My personal prayer for all of you is that you will continue to find peace and relief through praying your rosary, knowing that there is a great company of brothers and sisters praying right alongside you. May you be inspired as you use sacred beads of all kinds to deepen your faith and prayer life, and find joy as you connect with other Franciscans in this special way!

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



ADJUSTMENTS AND GROWTH

Many of us who are Anglican/Episcopalian have arrived in this group of rosary pray-ers from non-liturgical churches (or perhaps made an even longer journey from the Catholic Church, then to another denomination before arriving) have had to wrestle with a number of church traditions. Call it a reconciliation if you will, but such topics as Statues, Icons, Saints, Incense, the Virgin Mary, and yes, the Holy Rosary are all on the list of things that had to be processed, reexamined, or reconciled. Integration (or in some cases reintegration) of these traditions and practices may occur for people rapidly or they may take a lifetime. It is our hope that the rosary continues to be a significant part of your prayer life.

The TSSF RPBS Team



Some Early
Images of
"Our Lady of
Coolidge"



MY ROSARIES (AND ME)

I'm so pleased that our Order has a program promoting the rosary among our TSSF sisters and brothers. The Blessed Virgin told us that praying the Rosary is like giving Her bouquets of roses. Who doesn't want to do that? And the expanded version of the Rosary and Prayer Bead Society allows for many more people to participate.

THE JESUS PRAYER

The rosary has always been part of my devotional life. As a Roman Catholic, I was introduced to the Dominican (five decade) rosary at a very early age. Many years later, after having been introduced to and falling in love with The Episcopal Church, I added the Anglican Rosary to my devotional bedtime meditation repertoire, saying the "Jesus Prayer" on the small beads.

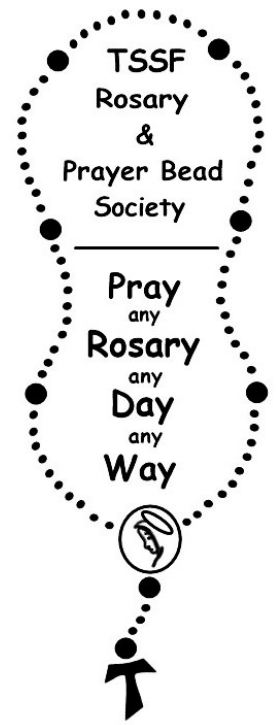
PRAYERS FOR UNITY

Eventually my love and interest regarding all things Franciscan led me to discover the rosary dedicated to The Seven Joys of the Blessed Mother. The Seraphic Rosary or Franciscan Crown Rosary, composed of seven decades each commemorating one of the joys of Mary (plus two extra Hail Mary's), commemorates the seventy-two years Our Lady spent on this earth. The rosary ends with a final Hail Mary and Our Father which I use to pray for unity within Christ's Church.

WONDERFUL FORMS

Currently, I say one decade of the Franciscan Crown Rosary each morning. I begin on Tuesday with the Annunciation so that the Resurrection will fall on Sunday. What happiness it must bring Jesus, when people all over the world are sending roses to His Holy Mother, by praying the Rosary in all of its wonderful forms.

*Gabriel Sinisi, TSSF
Arizona*





REACHING FOR MY ROSARY TIGER EYES

The Rt. Rev. Joseph I. Heistand was the Bishop of Arizona from 1979 until 1992. During those years, the Rev. David Keller directed the Bishop's School of Lay Ministry. It met in Arizona's major cities on scheduled weekends and gave instruction to adults who were interested in being licensed as a lector and/or a chalice bearer. And at least once a year the Bishop's School also directed a retreat. It was while I was attending one of those retreats that I purchased an Anglican rosary with tiger eye beads and a two inch San Damiano crucifix, which I carry in my purse always.

IT WAS ON A SUNDAY

In 1996, I traveled to Russia for a long anticipated visit with friends. While we were there, we went to a well-known monastery just outside of Moscow. I was especially pleased to learn about this part of the trip, because it was on a Sunday, and I was looking forward to worshiping God in a church rather than on a bus or in a hotel room. I arrived at the monastery; however, I was disappointed to learn that the entrance to the church was being blocked by one of the brothers and touring visitors were not being admitted. I understood that he was only protecting the sacredness of the service from the intrusions of folks who would probably enter the sanctuary out of curiosity, only to look at things they probably would not understand, before leaving to take photos of the "onion domes" (which many tourists did).

I REACHED INTO MY PURSE

I tried to explain through my tour guide that I was a Christian and that I understood and respected his tradition. As well, I said that I simply wanted to enter the church to praise God. He was, however, adamant. He still considered me a tourist and tourists would not be admitted inside until after the service. Of course, my disappointment was beyond words. As a last resort, I reached into my purse and handed him my Anglican Rosary!

TRUST THE HOLY SPIRIT

He began to examine it closely, especially the San Damiano crucifix, and it was obvious that he was intrigued by its orthodox style. All the while, I stood by anxiously awaiting his reaction and decision. Finally, after studying my rosary for a full minute, he gently slipped it back into my hand. He bowed ever so slightly, and "Praise be to God," he opened the church door to admit me. Me, an Episcopalian, to worship with my orthodox brothers and sisters!

Deanna Gursky, TSSF

The St. Mary Of The Angels Fellowship



INTERCESSORY PRAYER: "HOLDING IN THE LIGHT"

"We don't know what God wants us to pray for. But the Holy Spirit prays for us with groanings that cannot be expressed in words." Romans 8:26

YOUR WILL BE DONE

Some people are good at intercessory prayer. They remember, not only those who have asked them for prayer, but also those whose situations simply seem to warrant it. They pray fluently, simply and without over-thinking things, and they make their needs known without seeming to micromanage God. I am not one of those people. In a group setting—in church, during the Daily Office with my fellow Franciscans, after Morning Meditation—it's easy to simply ask for prayer for someone and briefly describe his or her situation and needs. But when alone, I feel the need to "pray something," and find myself either talking too much, or feeling like I'm just going through the motions. I wonder whether to pray for a particular outcome or simply "Your will be done." Then I get caught in a "Your Father knows what you need before you ask," [1] wondering if there's even any point to intercession.

HOLD THEM IN THE LIGHT

For those who may have similar difficulties, I will share a technique I have developed to deepen my intercessory prayer life using the rosary. Before beginning, I spend about five minutes in silent meditation, being aware of my intention to use the practice as a vehicle for intercession. Then, during each Hail Mary (or Jesus Prayer which I use sometimes) I allow the remembrance of some person or situation to come into my awareness. I then simply "hold them in the Light," as the Quakers say, for the duration of the prayer, trusting that God will take it from there. And that's it. The "allowing" is key; if I sit down with a predetermined list of people to pray for, the whole practice takes on a mechanical, even frantic aspect. And once I've prayed through the list, my mind goes blank.

TRUSTING AND WAITING

For me, over-thinking is deadly. It's important to be like Winnie the Pooh, and wait for things to come to us, rather than be like his friend Rabbit, who takes it upon himself to go out and get them. This requires trust, but the trust is always rewarded; I have never done this practice without a steady stream of friends, enemies, relations, colleagues and situations coming to mind to be held up in prayer. I do this practice with the Dominican Rosary [2], because each group of beads (or "decade," since they are arranged in groups of ten) is associated with a particular "mystery" from the lives of Jesus and Mary. The mysteries are:

THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES

1. The Annunciation of Mary
2. The Visitation of Mary to her cousin Elizabeth
3. The Birth of Jesus
4. The Presentation of Jesus in the Temple
5. The Finding of the Jesus among the Elders

THE LUMINOUS MYSTERIES [3]

THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES

1. The Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane
2. The Scourging at the Pillar
3. The Crowning with Thorns
4. The Carrying of the Cross
5. The Crucifixion

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES

1. The Resurrection of Jesus
2. The Ascension of Jesus
3. The Sending of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost
4. The Assumption of Mary [4]
5. The Crowning of Mary as Queen of Heaven

REFRAIN FROM GRASPING

In the traditional practice, one thinks about these events while praying the ten Hail Marys in each decade. But I have never gotten used to such discursive meditation; I don't like "thinking about" things during contemplative prayer time. So while I soldiered on with the rosary off and on for years, brief seasons of great fruitfulness alternated with endless stretches of mechanical recitation, and I would often abandon the practice for long periods. When I use the rosary as an aid to intercession, however, the practice comes powerfully to life, because the mysteries themselves guide my intercessions. While praying the Annunciation, for instance, ten people or groups of people who are struggling with issues of vocation may come to mind; during the Birth of Jesus decade, I remember expectant mothers and new parents; as I pray the Carrying of the Cross, I remember people who have taken on extraordinary burdens. And while you wouldn't think you know a hundred and fifty people, groups or situations in need of your prayer, you would probably be surprised. Just relax and refrain from grasping (as the Buddhists say) and all will come to you. And don't worry, you will not forget those people who have particularly solicited your intercession.

A GREAT CLOUD OF WITNESSES

So this practice has not only grounded and freed my intercessory prayer, but it has also enlivened my use of the rosary. For me, holding people in the light whose situations connect them to the mysteries is a much more meaningful meditation on those mysteries than forcing myself to think about the events in some more literal way. While remembering those for whom I pray in the light of Jesus' and Mary's lives and ministries

enables me to pray for others without getting tangled up in what to say. Finally, when I rise from my prayer bench after this practice, I have a vivid sense of the "great cloud of witnesses [5] by whom we are all surrounded on our spiritual pilgrimage; I feel more connected to "all the faithful of every generation" [6] in the Communion of Saints, and am powerfully reassured that I am not alone.

[1] Matthew 6:8

[2] I also use the seven-decade Franciscan Crown Rosary, which also invokes different "mysteries" for the various decades.

[3] Pope John Paul II added a group of ten "Luminous Mysteries" that reference Jesus' public ministry, but they are not in universal use.

[4] Because, as a non-Catholic, I do not believe in the Assumption (or Mary being taken up bodily into heaven), I substitute the Orthodox "Dormition" or "falling asleep" (death) of Mary for this mystery.

[5] Hebrews 12:1

[6] Book of Common Prayer

Scott Robinson, TSSF

The Tau Fellowship

This article is from the Scott's book, The Dark Hills (Sacred Feet Publishing Imprint, 2015). Used with permission.

NOTE

Although the format Scott uses is meant for use with the Dominican (Roman) Rosary, one could easily adapt it for the Franciscan Crown (Seraphic) Rosary by adding two additional prayers for the sixth and seventh decades. In fact, this is how Darlene and some of the original members prayed. They also used the Franciscan Crown Rosary. Either way, the total was seven decades, one for each day of the week.

The TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society



ROSARY MEMORIES IN THE BEGINNING

Growing up Roman Catholic, the rosary was always a big part of my religious upbringing. I went to parochial school run by the Sisters of St. Anne, which is a French order from Canada. We were taught everything in two languages with French being the predominant one. My grandparents on my mother's side were from Nova Scotia. Paperè and Grandmère recited the rosary twice a day by way of a radio station in Boston which was broadcast in French. And anytime you visited them if the rosary was on the radio you had to drop on your knees and say the rosary!

A "LIVING ROSARY"

Also, when I was young, another regular practice was that after going to confession, the rosary was a part of my penance. One year when I was eleven or twelve, I was invited to be part of something called a "living rosary." All the surrounding parishes sent representatives to participate and I was chosen to go. We were to travel to Fenway Park, in Boston. For us kids, this was quite an honor, being on the same field that the Red Sox baseball team played.

I STILL REMEMBER

It was a huge event and we were met there by Cardinal Richard James Cushing who was the Archbishop of Boston at the time. How it worked was that we assembled on the field that day and each person represented a living part of the rosary, and if you were to take a picture from above, together we looked like a rosary. I am closing in on eighty years old, but I still remember that day like it was yesterday!

A COMFORT IN TIMES OF GRIEF

A more recent rosary story has a sad, but encouraging note. It happened on the weekend retreat when I became a novice. You see, my oldest daughter, Cheryl Trainor Creonte had just recently died of an aneurism of the brain. She was only thirty-eight years old. As part of my grieving process, I decided to still make the retreat I was scheduled to make with my new fellowship. This was a special retreat for me because I was to take my novice pledge and begin my formation process in the Third Order. On that retreat, I was presented with a wooden rosary by my friend Judy. Until then I did not know that Episcopalians even used the rosary! Because of how much the rosary has meant to me in my life, I was relieved that I could continue the practice without feeling uncomfortable. This has been such a blessing. Now I am a proud member of The TSSF Rosary and Prayer Bead Society. Life is great. Peace be with you.

Harold [Butch] Trainor, TSSF

Florida (And The Brother Juniper Fellowship)



WHY I PRAY THE ROSARY RECOVERY OF MY INTERIOR LIFE

It was a brisk September day in the year 2000 when my mother, Rose, lost her battle with brain cancer. She was a major presence in my earlier religious life. At that time, I was formally serving as a priest in the Reformed Catholic Church, one of the many independent Catholic denominations that were springing up and evolving into the movement known today as the Contemporary Catholics. Mom made a point to attend as many of my masses as she could and

purchased many of the vestments I still have: A fitting tribute to extraordinary love. I officiated at her funeral Mass and her picture was on the altar seven days later as I was consecrated a bishop of that church. My service as bishop lasted just three years before I chose a simpler way: To return as layman in the Episcopal Church of my younger years and to become a Franciscan. This was the recovery of my interior life of prayer and the greater opening to true silence. This transition was powerfully generative and formative.

MESMERIZE

On the day of her passing, returning to the home I grew up in with my three sisters, mom and dad, we witnessed a miraculous showing. Roses were my mom's favorite flower and she had ample and healthy bushes of them in the front yard. On that day of deep sorrows, all the roses had succumbed to the cold save one: A bright red and bold rose braved the temperatures. I was mesmerized as I came up to it and I knew that this single rose was a miraculous sign. Later the same day, on returning to my own home, I approached the front door and, as I went to unlock it, a single large praying mantis appeared, out of season, unmoving, alert and somehow terribly encouraging. The rose fell away the next day and the mantis too was gone in short order.

THREE SIGNS!

What are miracles? I see them not as supernatural interventions but as natural constellations of seemingly random and improbable events that signal meaning well beneath the surface of our machinations in the world. So, what does all this have to do with the rosary and its place in my heart? In the homily I gave at the Holy Rood Cemetery Chapel during her funeral Mass, I made a public vow to recite the rosary, mom's favorite prayer, every day for the rest of my life. I do so in recognition of the powerful archetype of feminine spirituality that is the Rose and the wisdom of the Magnificat. I also made the commitment as an homage to my mother's legacy as she lives on in and through me and the choices I make. While I celebrated her funeral Mass, my wife Linda, not prone to flights of fancy and very level-headed, had a vision of my mom and sister, Jean-Marie, who had passed away in a car accident years before. She saw them both at the altar standing beside me, appearing only sad that I was grieving: A third sign. Three unusual events in quick succession: A solitary rose, an unseasonal praying mantis, and a compelling vision of my mom and sister standing at the altar reassuringly.

THE SEVEN JOYS OF OUR LADY

For me, the rosary functions at many levels. It is an emotional experience, a connection to my ancestors, psychically comprised of strong and sensitive women,

like my mom, her mom, a Calabrian peasant who recited the rosary daily, and my sister, a poet and deeply reflective person with whom I was very close. It is a mystical experience as I see the Spirit of Christ in His mother, our Divine Mother, in the Seven Joys of Our Lady that define the Franciscan Crown Rosary. It is a physical and sensory experience as I pass the beads through my fingers, and wonder at the marvelous Spirit-Matter forms of the natural world and watch (as penned by Irish poet Dylan Thomas) for “the force that through the green fuse drives the flower.”

OPPORTUNITY FOR CONTEMPLATION

While I enjoy using the traditional methods of recitation handed down by the Roman and Episcopal Churches at times, I prefer a “fingering of the beads” instead. This allows opportunity for contemplation free from strict form. I rotate rosary types and create new ones to keep my meditations fresh. Doing so, I visit the hearts of Mary and Clare every day in honoring the Christ within us all whom Pierre Teilhard de Chardin referred to as “the matrix of the universe.” The rosary is Love-Consciousness made manifest in meditating upon the words of the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria with incessant resolve to get beyond the words to the essence signified.

*Anton Armbruster, TSSF
The Long Island Fellowship*



FINDING THE MUSIC (IN PRAYING THE ROSARY)

My grandmother’s rosary was of amethyst-colored beads and a small silver crucifix, gray-black with tarnish. She kept it on the bureau in her bedroom near a holy card of St. Jude and a talcum powder box made of imitation satin. She’d put it in a special pouch—an old change purse, actually—when she was heading out for Mass or had a reasonably long bus ride ahead of her. When she would visit us out in the suburbs—she still lived fairly deep in the city, not all the way downtown but close enough that you could smell the breweries—she’d say her rosary in the living room, in an easy chair by the picture window, looking out at the lawn. We kids knew we weren’t supposed to disturb her when she was praying, but I would watch her from the dining room, her lips moving softly with the rhythm of the prayer, her eyes remote yet focused, looking at the lawn, lifting to an occasional passing car, looking and not really looking at all, there and not there.

WHY?

And I would get a little scared watching her, a little off-kilter. Because in the depth of prayer, at the heart of it, Grandma wasn’t just beyond herself, she was beyond everything: beyond the rosary, beyond lawns, beyond families, grandchildren. When Grandma was in prayer, I wasn’t quite sure who I was anymore, who anyone was.

MOTHER

My mother also prayed the rosary daily, kneeling by the bed, her arms resting on the white chenille spread, the beads moving softly, steadily between her fingers as she stared out the window or occasionally lowered her head. She’d slip off to the bedroom right after the lunch dishes, and when she came back into the kitchen a while later, as she was putting on her apron you’d see the little inverted bumps on her forearms from the chenille. She also still bore the impression of whatever mysteries she’d been praying that day and would resume the housework with an aspect more joyous, sorrowful or glorious. At least for a while.

ME

My first rosary was all of blue plastic on waxy string. We were given rosaries in the first grade; and once we knew the requisite prayers, our homework assignment one night was to say a complete rosary on our own. But six-year-olds aren’t really wired for saying the same prayer fifty times, and while I approached the first decade with admirable fervor, by the second I was getting squirmy. What saved me were the beads. I loved the beads. The blue was a sharp turquoise, like swimming pools. Or a dress my mother wore at a picnic one summer. The turquoise became my bridge. I don’t recall what mysteries I was supposed to be meditating on, but they had been superseded by my own: the mysteries of swimming pools and picnics, of charcoal briquettes and marshmallows.

LATER ON

And once I was a little older, I liked occasions that included the rosary: Marian feasts, Forty Hours’ devotion, all-school rosaries during May (and Lent), though I don’t know that I liked the rosary so much as the rhythm of people praying together. I thought of the rosary as a drum and the people praying as the drumbeat. But it couldn’t survive that charming moment in my adolescence when everything became just too boring and corny for words, and it was many years later before I re-encountered it in any meaningful way.

THE TEXTURE OF PRAYER

One afternoon I stopped in at the upper church of St. Francis of Assisi near Penn Station in New York. I needed quiet—or so I thought. Instead, as soon as I walked in I was greeted by the soft drone of twenty or thirty people, most of them women, in the final stretch of a Hail Mary, led by a woman up front with a tinny microphone. I figured I would ignore them, that I would pray in spite of the rosary. But within moments my reflection wasn't so much disturbed as absorbed by the steady tread of prayer wending its way into mystery. It turned out they were doing the Joyfuls; I had just caught the end of the Annunciation (a personal favorite). I prayed the Visitation with them (another favorite). And of course I had to stay for Christmas. The last time I visited my aunt in the nursing home we said a rosary. She was, by that time, essentially nonverbal. The Alzheimer's had so dismantled her language that she was reduced to a roiling pool of dissolved syntax and random phonemes—though this in no way precluded her from saying a rosary, nor anyone else in the forty or so wheelchairs crammed into the chapel.

A MARVELOUS INCARNATION

I had done volunteer work in an advanced-stage Alzheimer's unit, so I had seen this miracle before: nonverbal residents, people who couldn't remember who you were from one minute to the next, would know all the words to "Bicycle Built for Two" when the music therapist came in. Old classics, Christmas carols, childhood songs; music seems to be stored somewhere else, somewhere beyond memory. Music, poetry, prayer. At the sound of the Sign of the Cross heads around the chapel lifted, eyes straining through a fog, and people who hadn't said anything in days, in weeks, began praying along. They may have gotten a little lost in the Creed, but the Our Father set them at ease, and with the first Hail Mary they were home free. The Hail Mary had nothing to do with memory. It was in their blood, their breath, the fulfillment of a wonderful promise: that prayer, pursued long enough, cherished long enough, could actually become part of your biology, a marvelous incarnation. Even my aunt's verbal *mélange* had taken on the pattern, the rhythm, the texture of prayer. Once I even thought I heard a "Hail."

WHAT REALLY DID IT

It was a very moving experience that in no way prompted me to start praying the rosary on my own. No, what brought me back to the rosary was my second graders (I'm the catechist for the second graders at my parish.) When we hit the unit on the rosary in May, I

realized, to my shame, that I didn't even own one. It was the first time that year I felt I wasn't qualified to teach a unit. We pray a lot in class, and anything I teach them about prayer I want to be from lived experience. I owe them that. So in order to honor the covenant with my catechism kids, I had to have a lived experience of the rosary. I had to be able to tell them firsthand why this is part of the tradition. I had to be able to talk about the beads.

PROFOUND CONSOLATION

So last summer I bought a simple rosary (plain brown beads on hand-wound string, very Franciscan) and said my first rosary in many years. And yes, the first one back felt a little long, but I also experienced within it moments of profound consolation. I focused on my breath as I meditated on the mystery and let the rhythm of my breathing draw me into the rhythm of the rosary till breath and prayer became so organic, so one, that at times I felt I was praying from that place beyond memory the nursing home people had prayed from. That place in my blood.

YES YES YES

I committed to saying one rosary a week, a commitment I've come to cherish. I very often say my rosary on the subway. At first I found the scene in the car itself too distracting and would look out the window at the forest of steel supports sweeping by. But as I grew more focused, I paid greater attention to the people around me as I prayed, and found that in fact the Sorrowful Mysteries and the A train are in perfect sync: the Agony in the Garden at 145th Street, the Scourging at the Pillar at Columbus Circle, agony and scourging in every car. And as I speed beneath the city I often think of my grandmother on her longer bus rides, the ones out to us in the suburbs, telling her beads as she moved toward a world of lawns.

NO MATTER WHAT

This year I'm looking forward to teaching the rosary unit to my second graders. I think they'll like the rosary, at least parts of it. They'll like the call and response of the prayer, they'll like taking turns as prayer leader and of course they'll love the beads (I researched it: they still have blue plastic starter sets.) Still, I suspect they'll find it dull. No matter. If God can't work in dullness, most of us are doomed. But if we trust to the rhythm of our prayer together, our lives together, trust to the repetition and the rote, to what we call the dullness, within that rhythm we may begin to sense the mysterious pulse of grace.

Jeffrey Essmann (From America magazine) Originally published October 19, 2015. Used with permission.

JUST SO YOU KNOW

One of our members sent us Jeffrey Essmann's article and it was so relevant to our ministry that we had to include it in the inaugural edition of *The Rhythm And The Beads*. Not only is it a great article in its own right, but Mr. Essmann seems to end up in a similar place as us, namely, a commitment to praying the rosary a once a week! Sure many pray it more than once per week and some struggle to keep the weekly dedication, but overall this pattern seems balanced and manageable.

The TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society Team

INTENTIONS SCHEDULE

(Remember These Are Only Suggestions)

	WEEKLY	ROSARY
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

THANK YOU!

Thank you to all members who sent in stories. We are delighted to make them available to the rest of the family. With great anticipation, we look forward to regular future editions of this newsletter to inspire us and warm our hearts. You do not have to wait to be asked to share your stories. Just start sending them! *Pax et bonum, The TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society Team*



PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF COOLIDGE

Blessed Mary, handmaid of the Lord, pray for us. Daughter of God through faith, pray for us. Mother of God, vessel of the Most High, pray for us. Our friend and sister in Christ, pray for us. Mary, full of grace, pray for the conversion

of the world, especially of this nation. In your compassion, pray for the sick in body, mind, or spirit, that they may be healed. Pray for the departed, that they may know your Son. And grant us your favors, Holy Mary, that the Name of Jesus may be glorified in this place. Our Lady of Coolidge, mother and maiden, pray for us.

Marie Webner, TSSF

STILL TIME TO JOIN

You may join at any time by calling 631-928-1895 and leaving a message, or by contacting either Judith at serg1us@aol.com or Joy at joymazzola@me.com. You may also send a snail mail letter to *St. Mark's Episcopal Church @ 754 Montauk Highway, Islip, NY 11751 [Attention: The TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society]*.

UNTIL NEXT TIME

What a joy to see so many tertiaries connecting in such a special way. The more we connect as believers and as Christians, the stronger the fiber of our love will be. If you feel encouraged by something you read in this newsletter, tell us. If you discover a certain way of using the beads that works for you, share it with us so we may offer up your idea to the rest of the membership. Do you have any artwork relative to the TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society or Marian Spirituality? Do you make rosaries or other prayer bead configurations? Please send us pictures of your work along with an explanation. Also, kindly let us know if you have any ideas to contribute to the development of this newsletter. Thank you.

The TSSF Rosary And Prayer Bead Society Team

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

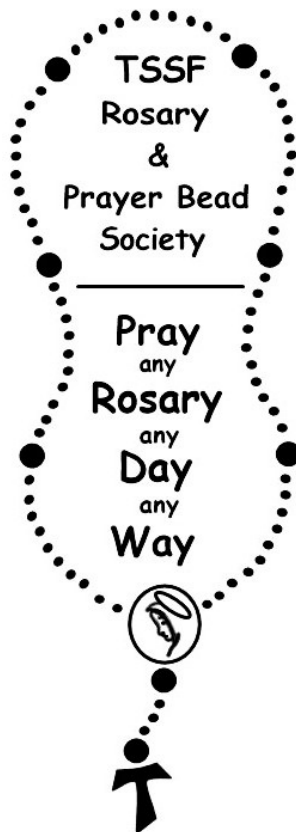
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◦B◦e◦a◦d◦s◦



The TSSF
Rosary And Prayer Bead Society
[RPBS] Newsletter

The Voice Of The Rosary Pray-ers In
The Third Order, Society Of St. Francis,
Province Of The Americas

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