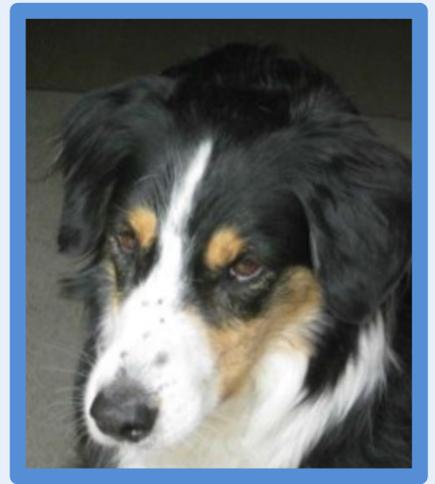


CLANCY'S CLICHES

Last year was a year of journey. This year will be my year of being the instrument for journey. No, I've not gone completely barkners. You see, we each are instruments— portals, so to speak, allowing a pass-through of intentions, transitions, and service.



Think extension cord. Someone or something jolts me from one side and it goes out the other, giving "juice" to whomsoever or whatsoever is on that other side. Or, think musical instrument. We see notes. We physically and emotionally give voice to those notes for others to enjoy— or to pull out their earplugs. They can choose to receive or not. Bring your inner instrument to life!

This realized New Years intention came to the forefront with my master's calamitous stunt. In his excitement to welcome pilgrims coming to St. Leo for the Pope's Year of Mercy (we've been appointed a pilgrimage site), he reached to clean the entrance from the ladder...oh, you say, you figured it out already! Well, you're right. Most folks know what happens on a ladder - or better put, the crunch that ensues off the ladder. He's healing nicely at this point but Jakie and I have been shuffled around and it gives cause to paws about our life's comforts and stability, and to those who have been the instruments on this temporary journey of ours, being transferred from one loving caretaker to another. Sooner or ladder (teehee-couldn't resist), we'll be home again, but not without the goodness of those willing to be instruments of journey to us.

Will you join me on this type of journey this year? I'll start it. Thinking. Thinking. Still thinking. Pulling out that from within. Oh! My paw is extended—will you be the portal and share my gentle greetings of peace, kindness and love to someone else?



This was saved from last year and, apologies to the source, but it seemed worth sharing during this season of "new": If, as Herod, we fill our lives with things, and again with things; if we consider ourselves so unimportant that we must fill every moment of our lives with action, when will we have the time to make the long, slow journey across the desert as did the Magi? Or sit and watch the stars, as did the shepherds? Or brood over the coming of the child as did Mary? For each one of us, there is a desert to travel – a star to discover – and a being within ourselves to bring to life.



JANUARY'S JOYS

We love when Cookie-Man stops by. He's a great instrument for journey. Not only does he connect cookies and mocha lattes from bakeries to our bellies, but he's a prop-meister—making us all giggle when he "plugs in" to whatever is lying about the office!

Howlin's hootn'; Growlin's not gooten!



- Clancy

CLANCY'S CACKLES



Knock, knock! Who's there? Grrrrrrrrrr. Grrrrrrrrrr Whooo? Hmmm. Is that a Polar Bear or is that an Owl I hear at the door?

1. What do you get from sitting on the ice too long? **You get Polaroids!!**
2. Why is slippery ice like music? **If you don't C sharp, you'll B flat!**
3. What do snowmen eat? **Chili coney's from Skyline!**
4. What lies on the ground, 100 feet up in the air? **A centipede lying on his back!**
5. What lies on the ground, 2 feet up in the air? **Fr. Jim upside down after falling off the ladder!**
6. What is Father Jim's foot surgeon's favorite Olympic event? **ARCH-ery!**