

***The Monthly Newsletter Publication of Triune Lutheran Church***  
***“Set Free to Serve One Another”***  
***May 2024***

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Worship Schedule:  
Sundays 11AM (traditional)

Ministers.....All People  
Pastor.....  
Administrative Assistant.....Jan Piskac  
Organist.....Edith Schatt  
Council President.....Tim Mize  
Council Vice-President...Bonnie Piskac  
Council Secretary.....Tina Schwab  
Council Treasurer.....Jack Schwab



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Triune Lutheran Church



**Evangelical Lutheran  
Church in America**

God's work. Our hands.

Siblings in Christ of Triune,

He ain't heavy, Father... he's m' brother."

Those iconic words have symbolized the spirit of Boys Town for decades. But many people don't know how it originated.

Back in 1918, a boy named Howard Loomis was abandoned by his mother at Father Flanagan's Home for Boys, which had opened just a year earlier. Howard had polio and wore heavy leg braces. Walking was difficult for him, especially when he had to go up or down steps. Soon, several of the Home's older boys were carrying Howard up and down the stairs.

One day, [Father Flanagan](#) asked Reuben Granger, one of those older boys, if carrying Howard was hard. Reuben replied, "He ain't heavy, Father... he's m' brother."

But the story doesn't end there.

In 1943, Father Flanagan was paging through a copy of *Ideal* magazine when he saw an image of an older boy carrying a younger boy on his back. The caption read, "He ain't heavy, mister... he's my brother."

Immediately, the priest was reminded of a photo of Reuben carrying Howard at a Boys Town picnic many years before. Father Flanagan wrote to the magazine and requested permission to use the image and quote. The magazine agreed, and Boys Town adopted them both to define its new brand.

Nearly 75 years later, the motto is still the best description of what our boys and girls at Boys Town learn about the importance of caring for each other and having someone care about them.

"He ain't heavy" is relevant beyond Boys Town, though. At some point in our lives, most of us have needed to be carried by someone, metaphorically speaking. And, at some point, we probably carried somebody else. We're human. We stumble. And we look to each other for help when we do.

Father Steven Boes National Executive Director Emeritus

We ask you to keep the following siblings in Christ in your prayers:

**Niki Grigsby**  
**John Kurtz**  
**Phil Pesko**  
**Annie Slaughter**

**Carol Szendel**  
**Mardell Weiss**  
**Clara Wilcox**



If you wish to send any cards, please send them, or drop them off, to the church office, and we will be sure to deliver them.



13<sup>th</sup> Evan Schwab

***The Monday Discussion Group***

On May 6 and 13 we will finish our discussions of the prophet Daniel and decide on our next topic.

New folks are welcome any time!





## *Happy Mothers Day*

For every nose wiped and every boobo fixed.  
For every sleepless night and every cake batter mixed.  
For every monster slayed and every cookie made just right.  
For every bedtime story and every tickle fight.  
For every lesson taught and every macaroni art displayed.  
For every mended heart and every silly game played.  
For every comforting word, and every push of the swing.  
For every gift of time and every big and little thing.  
For every moment of joy and every time you said I Love You.  
For every time you cried with me and for every second I felt Loved by You.  
I am grateful, Happy Mother's Day xo

*K. Corrigan*

*Katherine's  
Corner*



Thank you for your sacrifice,  
You gave your strength, your youth, and time.  
You did a job not many will  
You deserved our respect, and you do still.  
Though you didn't give your life, you were a willing soul.  
Only your brothers in combat, your suffering truly know.

We love that you are here with us and honor who you are.  
A grateful nation appreciates every single scar  
That wrote upon the slate of you, though you were very brave.  
You came back to us a hero, you are not quite the same.  
For you have learned to bear the weight of defending freedom's call.  
But you did come back, and that is what we give thanks for most of all.

May God bless all of America's veterans.

# A motherless Mother's Day



I stopped going to Mother's Day services after my mom died. When that second Sunday in May pops up on my calendar, I find something else to do, anything that doesn't remind me of the days and weeks that followed her passing. I'm certain prayers were lifted for the maternal among us whose warmth, love and care so many people take for granted. Lamentations may have been added for those who are unable to be mothers and those who have lost a child or miscarried. I'm not sure. I don't avoid worship out of a need to avoid grief or a fear of moving forward. I avoid it because I know that almost everyone in those pews will soon experience what still wraps around me daily.

I remember my mother as a woman who tried hard to balance raising two kids with having fun along the way. We struggled for a time and scraped by for years before the dot-com era provided my mother with security and stability for the first time in her life, just as I was heading out to college. Our relationship ebbed and flowed no differently than that of most mothers and their children; we were still connected in that special way.

Mother's Day reflected that connection. She loved the 10-year-old me who destroyed the kitchen to make a special meal for her, a mess she lovingly helped clean up afterward. She took pride in the adult me who treated her to dinner at a Dutch-Indonesian restaurant to give her a taste of my new world, now that I had married into a family that took me overseas more than I ever dreamed possible. She would gush over the flowers and gifts I sent from adventures in Europe or what caught my eye on work trips throughout the United States.

That connection held when we had our differences over life choices or our inability to visit more often. Our bond strengthened during the hardest moments toward the end: when she called me just before Thanksgiving to explain that the doctor found a mass on her thigh, when she confirmed around Christmas that the cancer had returned, and when the doctor said this type of cancer couldn't be beaten.

Rather, the Tuesday after Easter, my stepfather called. "I just finished talking to the doctor," he said, "and they say your mom only has about a week left."

I hurried him off the phone and started packing to rush home. In less than an hour my spouse and I booked a hotel room, changed our work schedules and started driving south. We were stuck on the highway when my stepfather called again. This time he asked me to connect my brother and stepbrother onto the call.

“The doctor was just here, and it’s not good. She says that the breathing tube is the only thing keeping her alive. If they take it out, she’ll be gone in a matter of hours.”

He wanted us all to agree that now was the time to let her go. My stepbrother asked if we could talk to her. No. My brother asked if she wanted to say anything. No. All that remained was our consent. Nothing stops time and space faster or harder than having to consent to let your mother die.

At 5:53 p.m., I got the text message: “She just passed.”

The realization that my mom, the woman who had known me my entire life, no longer dwelled on earth gutted me. My heart sank into a void; my stomach churned. I was alone in the world. Our connection had been severed, impossible to restore.

Two years later, those memories still play out, though now they are flickering filmstrips from the silent era; I don’t hear the voices in my head so much as I read them on title cards while the sepia-toned past plays out in between. Sometimes I can feel the words as heartache as I experience everything all over again. Other times they are historical, detached, as if time created a barrier between the emotions I incurred and the state I am in. It’s the quirk of grief.

We’re told that there are five stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance. These stages are made out to be phases, eras we pass through to navigate loss before we come out on the other side, ready to return to some sense of normalcy. But none of that is true, not for the profound, deep losses of a parent, a sibling, a spouse, a child or another close companion instrumental in our lives. The phrase “it gets better” seems hollow at first and even more false as time continues its cold, heartless progression.

The pain of my mother dying relatively young (she was 58) compounds because now I realize I may live more years with her as a memory than I did with her in my reality. It seems impossible, but millions somehow do it. Perhaps they are comforted by Christ’s promise of a reunion after death. I’m not, not while I may endure decades without that reunion.

Instead, I live in the comfort that God grieves with me. God is there for the mothers and grandmothers. God is there for those who’ve lost children, who’ve never had children, who don’t want to bring children into the world. God is there for those who used to be mothers in every conceivable way, and for those who become mothers in every conceivable way. And, not least, God is there as we bawl to ourselves while the world around us celebrates Mother’s Day at church, at brunch or at home.

Grief doesn’t disappear, it doesn’t diminish. We grow, we adapt, and we adopt the new normal we find ourselves in. God is right there as we take one step forward each day, discovering what is familiar about this new world and what is vastly different. The differences will hurt sometimes, and at other times they will make us smile at the memory of what was.

Eventually, I’ll return to church for Mother’s Day, I think. I’m not sure when or why. But I know I won’t be alone when I enter the sanctuary, when I see the carnations or roses in each mother’s hands, when I hear the adulation of mothers from the pastor or in the prayers. I’ll feel isolated, but I won’t be alone.

# May 2024

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	4
				AA @ 8 pm		
5 WORSHIP <u>@11 AM</u>  SIXTH SUNDAY OF EASTER	6 Bible Study @ 1pm	7  AA @ 7pm	8	9  AA @ 8 pm	10	11
12 WORSHIP <u>@11 AM</u>  SEVENTH SUNDAY OF EASTER	13 Bible Study @ 1pm	14  AA @ 7pm	15	16  AA @ 8 pm	17	18
19 WORSHIP <u>@11 AM</u>  ASCENSION OF OUR LORD	20 Bible Study @ 1pm	21  AA @ 7pm	22	23  AA @ 8 pm	24	25
26 WORSHIP <u>@11 AM</u>  PENTECOST SUNDAY	27 Bible Study @ 1pm	28  AA @ 7pm	29	30  AA @ 8 pm	31	