

On a rare rainy morning, our little band of egg crackers, hash slingers and scullery scullions made their way to the Family to Family facility in Ventura to serve 200 of our fabulous breakfasts. Denny's ain't got nothin' on us. There's never a charge, and it doesn't have to be your birthday!

No, I can't tell you who all was present, except that we numbered a little over a dozen and we were missing the Sally's stalwart leadership. She would have certainly have taken roll but then, she's much smarter than me. Suffice to say, the rain, God's blessing for our gardens, was heaviest on the grade and I'm grateful to everyone who got up early and made the journey.

To begin our meal, Deacon Gary Mallaley said grace, telling all of God's favor in bestowing the blessings they were about to receive.



There were more blessings to bestow. Thanks to St. Max's Men's Club, we were able to give away a dozen sleeping bags. Of course, we had many more than a dozen people who needed them. So we held a drawing. Everyone who needed a sleeping bag, wrote their name a slip of paper, which we put in a coffee can. I drew the first name, and each winner drew the next one.

We plan to do the same thing next month, and maybe the month after that.



Here I am with some of the sleeping bag winners.



Sincerely - Bob Calverley