



8 November 2020

**CONGRATULATIONS TO
 OUR THIRTY-THREE**

Newly Confirmed

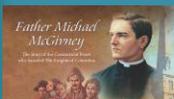


**NEWLY CONFIRMED
 FINAL CLASS IS:**

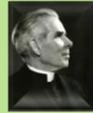
SUNDAY, 15 NOVEMBER

TO REGISTER for FORMED: 1) Go to formed.org. 2) Click "Sign up as a Parishioner" 3) Enter Our Holy Redeemer, a dropdown menu will appear. Click on Our Holy Redeemer. Click **NEXT** 4) Enter your name & email & click sign-up.

**FORMED FILM OF THE WEEK:
 FATHER MCGIVNEY**



Father Michael McGivney was born in Connecticut of Irish immigrant parents just a few years before the Civil War he grew up at a time when millions of Catholic immigrants were struggling to overcome poverty and prejudice. Emboldened to care for families threatened by the death of the breadwinner, Fr. McGivney founded the Knights of Colum-bus, a mutual benefit society that today remains the world's largest Catholic lay organization with 1.8 million members in 13 nations.



Week Thirty-Seven Selection

Bishop Venerable Fulton J. Sheen

**EXCERPT FROM: ON BEING HUMAN
 CHAPTER 25 "JOY FROM THE INSIDE"**

Each of us makes his own weather, determines the color of the skies in the emotional universe which he inhabits. We can, by a creative effort, bring such sunlight to our souls that it makes radiant whatever events may come our way. We can, on the other hand permit ourselves to limp into a state of inner depression so deep and filled with gloom that only the most intense outward stimulations of the senses are able to rouse us from our apathy.

Everyone must have pleasure, the philosophers tell us. The man who has integrated his personality in accordance with its nature and oriented his life towards God knows the intense and indestructible



pleasure the saints called joy. No outward event can threaten him or ruffle his happiness. But many men look outward for their pleasure and expect the accidents of their lives to provide their happiness. Since nobody can make the universe his slave, everyone who looks outward for pleasure is bound to disappointment. A glut of entertainment wearies us; a realized ambition becomes

a bore; a love that promised full contentment loses its glamour and its thrill. Lasting happiness can never come from the world. Joy is not derived from the things we get or the people we meet; it is manufactured by the soul itself, as it goes about its self-forgetful business.

The secret of a happy life is the moderation of our pleasures in exchange for an increase of joy...

O happiness! Our being's end and aim,
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! Whate'er they
 name.

That something still which prompts th' eternal
 sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare or die.

Alexander Pope



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