



Everything you probably do not want to know...and more!

Journal | Handbook | Yearbook | Almanac

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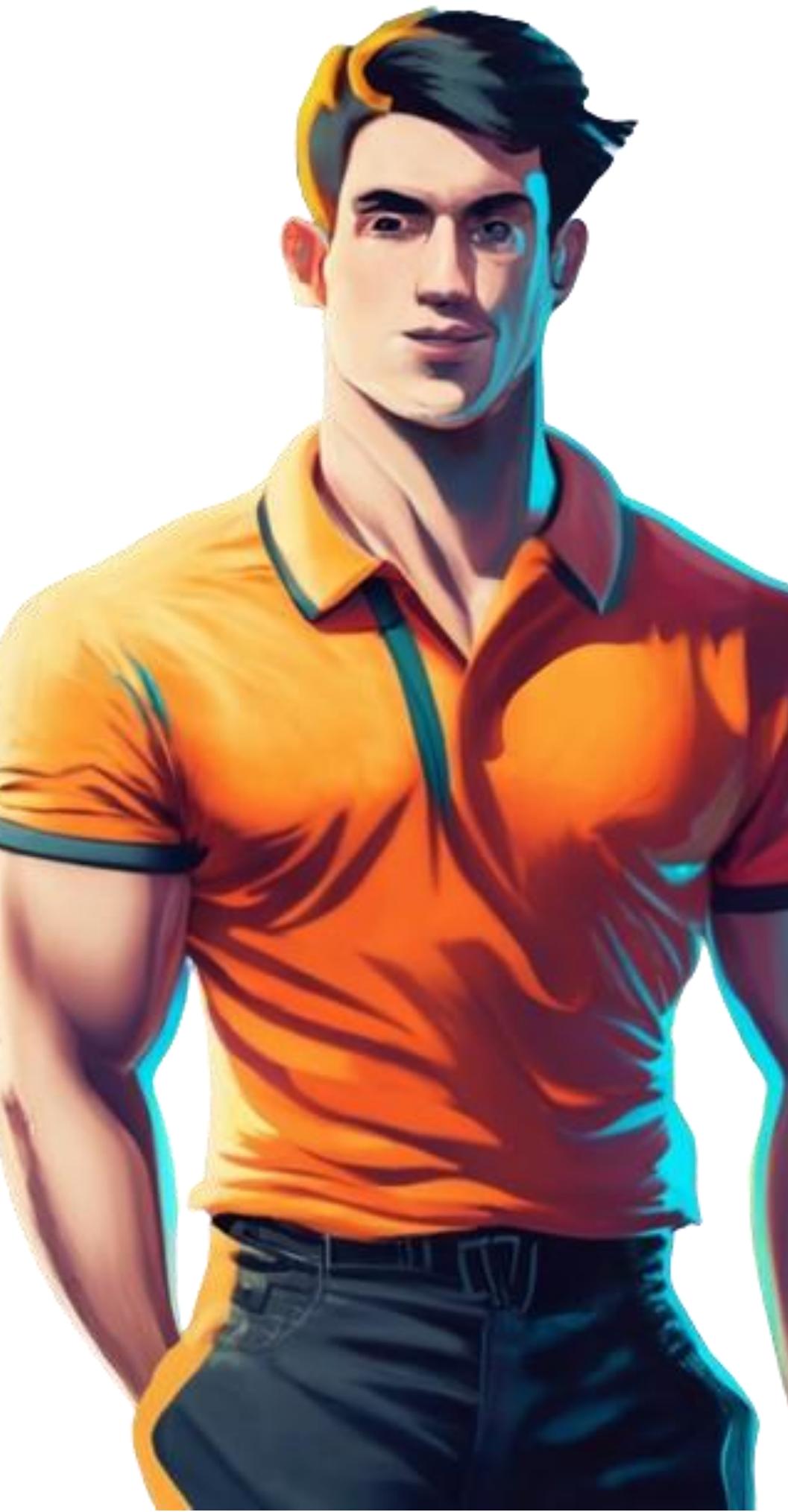
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CONTENT

Issue 3 | March 2024

March 2024

- 5 Welcome
- 6 Opening Prayer
- 8 People Like Us?
- 10 Journal Entry: 022824
- 13 Charisma
- 18 Journal Entry: 022924
- 22 Journal Entry: 030124
- 27 Journal Entry: 030224
- 30 Journal Entry: 030324
- 33 Short Notes
- 34 Mailbag Question
- 36 Journal Entry: 030524
- 38 Let There Be Light: C1
- 53 Let There Be Light: C2
- 58 Letters to God
- 60 Reflection: Cancer
- 63 Journal Entry: 030724
- 64 Sibling Rivalries
- 68 2021 Blog Entry: 082821
- 73 This N' That!
- 75 Journal Entry: 031224
- 77 Answering the Call
- 81 Journal Entry: 031424
- 82 St. Joseph Catholic Church
- 87 Favorite Theme Park?
- 90 The Friendship Club
- 92 Journal Entry: 031524
- 94 Same Sex Attraction
- 99 Mailbag Question
- 101 Journal Entry: 032024
- 103 Journal Entry: 032224
- 105 Mailbag Question



March 2024

- 107 Journal Entry: 032324
- 109 Journal Entry: 032424
- 111 Journal Entry: 032524
- 113 Journal Entry: 032624
- 115 Dr. J.D. Thordason
- 118 The Story of Ruth
- 120 What A Son Needs
- 125 Journal Entry: 032724
- 127 Mailbag Question
- 129 Journal Entry: 032824
- 130 Trust
- 131 Mailbag Question
- 133 Podcast Update
- 135 Journal Entry: 032924
- 136 Random Musings
- 137 Journal Entry: 033024
- 138 Random Musings 2
- 141 Divine Mercy Novena
- 142 Journal Entry: 033124
- 144 Mailbag Question

March

2024

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
25	26	27	28	29	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

Kindness is *beautiful*

Welcome to 2 4 6 8 Friday – a weekly podcast and monthly publication of Carlos Michael Communications Media.

Our mission is to plant seeds that motivate, educate, empower, and entertain. Our vision is to live in a world that thinks less of itself and more about its neighbors.

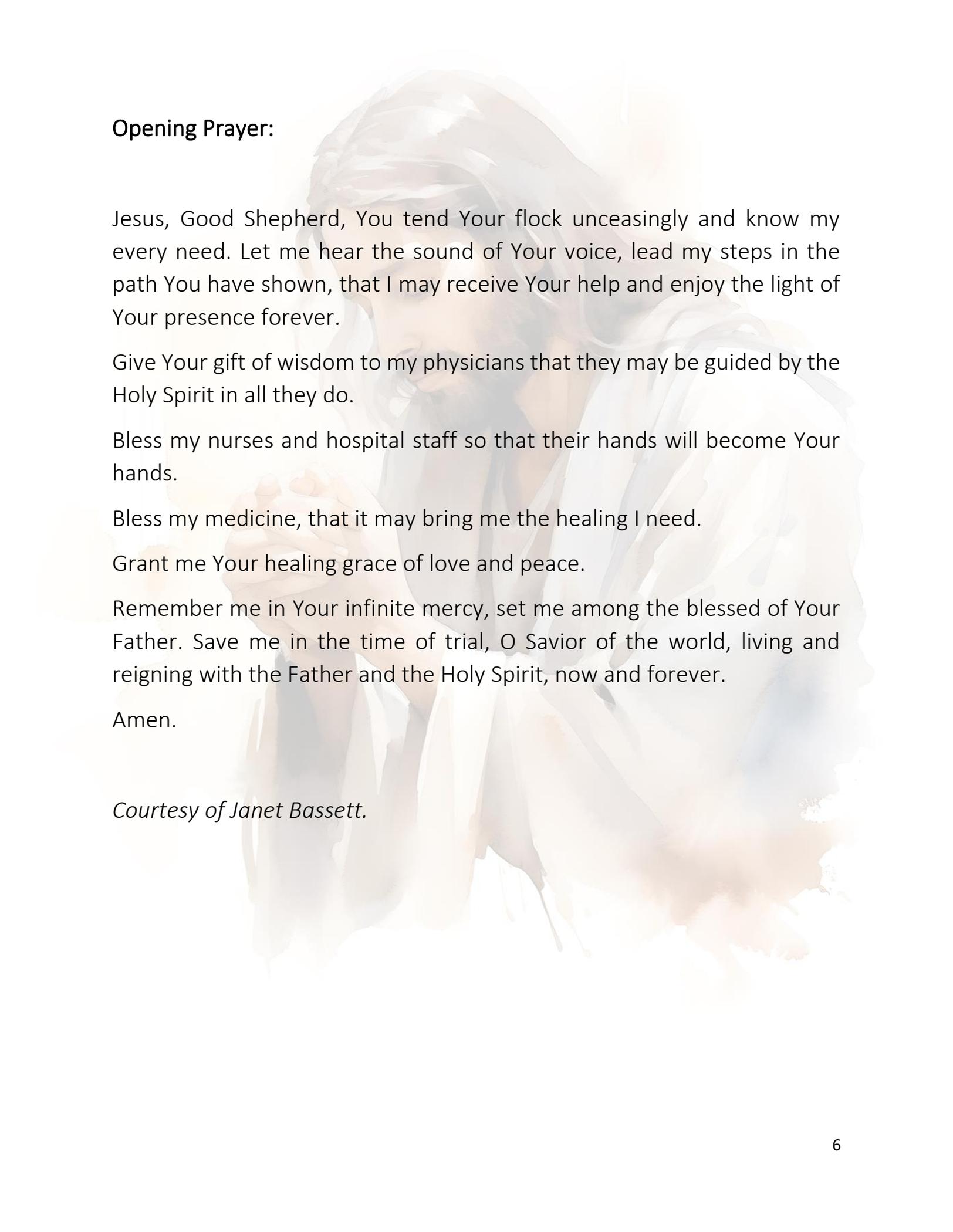
Think of 2 4 6 8 Friday as an extension of what Carlos likes to call *the best virtual coffee shop in America (aka The Cup!)*.

This virtual medium provides a platform where we can gather as a group of friends at the local coffee shop talking about a variety of topics that only a small intimate circle of friends would be interested in talking or hearing about.

We look forward to sharing a cup of coffee with you.
“Let’s Coffee Break!”

--Carlos Michael Communications Media





Opening Prayer:

Jesus, Good Shepherd, You tend Your flock unceasingly and know my every need. Let me hear the sound of Your voice, lead my steps in the path You have shown, that I may receive Your help and enjoy the light of Your presence forever.

Give Your gift of wisdom to my physicians that they may be guided by the Holy Spirit in all they do.

Bless my nurses and hospital staff so that their hands will become Your hands.

Bless my medicine, that it may bring me the healing I need.

Grant me Your healing grace of love and peace.

Remember me in Your infinite mercy, set me among the blessed of Your Father. Save me in the time of trial, O Savior of the world, living and reigning with the Father and the Holy Spirit, now and forever.

Amen.

Courtesy of Janet Bassett.

“Doctor!?”
People like
us don’t
become
doctors!
Servants?
Yes!
Doctor’s?
No!

A CHARLIE COUSIN

People Like Us!

I still remember that day however many years ago, I don't even think I had hit puberty yet, when a cousin asked what I wanted to be when I grew up and said in response to my answer ...

“Doctor!? People like us don't become doctors. Servants? Yes! Doctors? No!”

Until that day, I *believed* that I could become anything I wanted to be *professionally* just so long as I put my mind to it.

However, since I came from a culture where I naively believed that the word of an adult was *law* and I was not to question that word, I believed my cousin when he *unintentionally* shattered my dream of becoming a doctor when he said, “people like us (Mexicans) don't become doctors.”

At that instant, I gave up the dream and spent the rest of my life in the service of others, just not as a doctor.

Turns out that wasn't so bad either.

At least that is what I keep telling myself. Besides, in many ways you could say that God used me to help others, just not with the title of doctor, priest, or teacher.

And that's okay!

--CM

F.Y.I.

I don't believe I wanted to be a doctor for money or prestige. If that were true, I believe I would not have wanted to be a priest or a teacher—where money and prestige would be absent.

When my cousin asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, my full response was, “*I want to be a doctor, priest, or teacher in that order.*”

Meaning, if I could not one (first choice), then the second or third choice would have been fine with me, if I was helping others.

Its interesting how we allow ignorance, arrogance, or naivete, to affect our decisions with respect to aspirations or goals.

I erroneously allowed a belief (because I assumed that was what we were supposed to do back then), to hold me back. It wasn't my cousin, it was me!

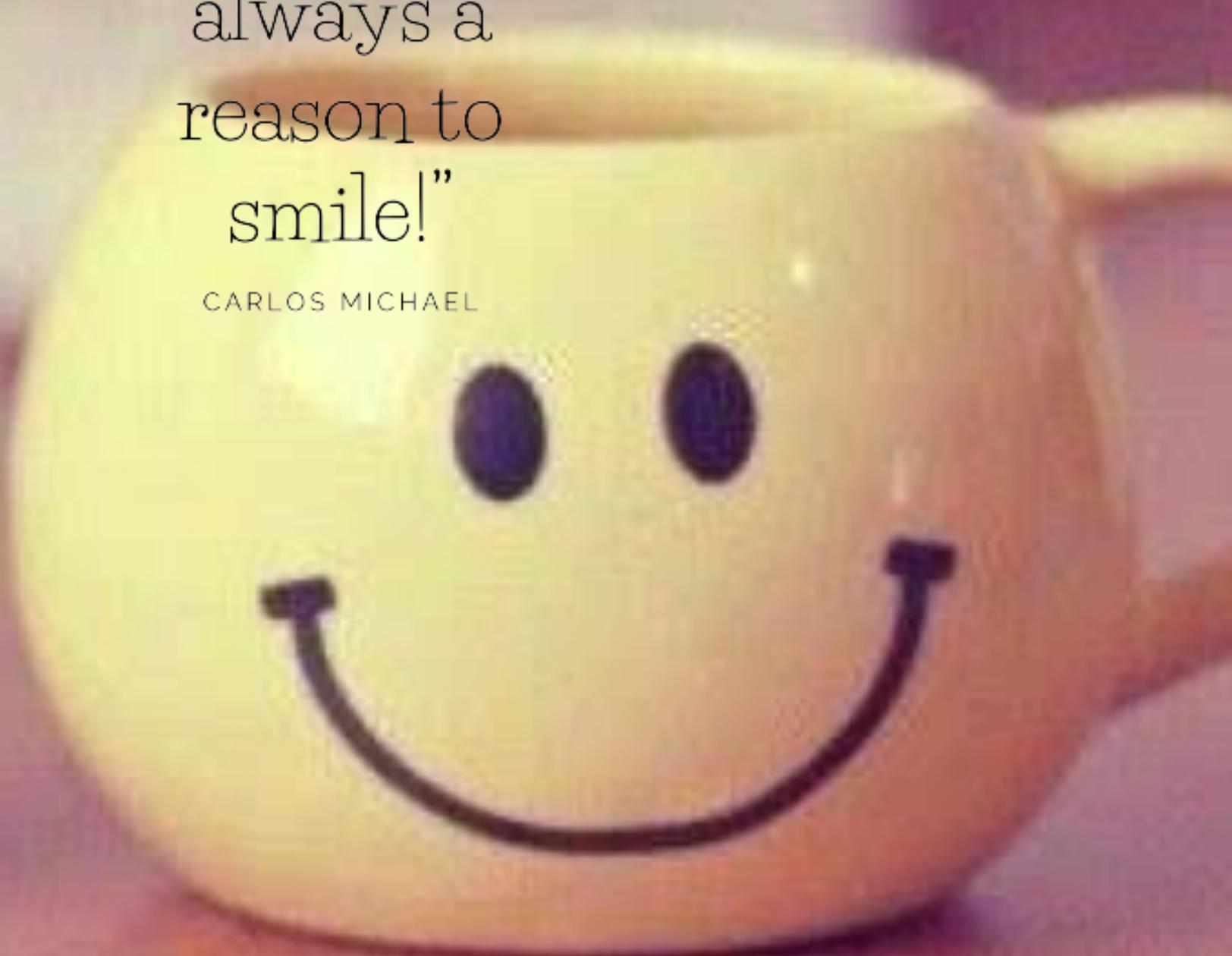
You know what they say about *assumptions!*

There is no excuse for arrogance, ignorance, or being naïve. Don't let those be the reasons you fail to answer the call that God has planned for you.

But should you fail to answer that call, don't lose hope. Trust Jesus, like a GPS that corrects itself, your course will be corrected, and you will still serve Him in accordance with His will. Amen.

“There is
always a
reason to
smile!”

CARLOS MICHAEL



Wednesday 022824

Dear Journal:

I realize this is the month of March and I should have included this entry in the February issue of 2468 Friday!

I would have except that I emailed that issue Tuesday evening (022728).

That's okay!

Today would have been the last day of the month, however, due to leap year (which comes every four years), there are 29 days rather than 28 on the calendar for February.

It's cold outside. According to my computer as of 6:56 A.M., the temperature is listed at 28 degrees Fahrenheit.

Hot one day. Cold the next. Heater on. Heater off. A/C on. A/C off. I wish the seasons would be as they used to be when I was growing up.

But...no complaining. To God be all the glory.

QUOTE

"The fast of Lent has no advantage to us unless it brings about our spiritual renewal. It is necessary while fasting to change our whole life and practice virtue. Turning away from all wickedness means keeping our tongue in check, restraining our anger, avoiding all gossip, lying and swearing. To abstain from these things—herein lies the true value of the fast."

—St. John Chrysostom

I probably sound like an overzealous crazy man considering how much I talk about God and faith.

I prefer to view myself as a joyful man. Why? Because of where I am in my walk with Christ today in contrast to the past.

I am not on a mission to convert folks to the Catholic faith, although it is always a blessing when that occurs.

I share what I share merely as an extension of who I am, what I believe, why I am or believe, etc. Think of it as “apologetics”.

I don't want this to get too complicated.

It's like this!

God loves me. I respond to His love by loving Him, you, and me.

God first, neighbor second, self, third!

The rest is us gathered at the best virtual coffee shop in America. Friends who have a common connection. We listen to one another, lift each other up, console the other when they are walking in pain be it physical, mental, or emotional.

We are what friends do! More than that, we are, in the truest sense of the word, living out our vocation as brothers and sisters in Christ.

Which is all about love.

Cool beans! I am down with that.

Today is a great day to have an awesome day. Amen.



Charisma (Charismatic)

A friend once asked me what I thought is the reason for a joyful heart? He wanted to know why I always seem joyful and is that the reason why people like me?

‘Wait, do people like me? Dude, I am not always joyful!’

I had to a moment to really think about his question because I wanted to give a satisfactory response.

I explained to Pedro (*not his real name*) that I wasn’t always this kind of joyful. Sure, I had my good and bad days; and on the good days I was “happy,” but you know what they say about happiness, *it is fleeting and not the same as having a joyful heart.*

I must admit that is true. It wasn’t until I responded to the Lord’s invitation to return to Him in 2017, that I came to experience true joy—the type of joy that can only exist in a *right* relationship with Christ.

Now, that doesn’t mean that I still do not experience good and bad days, because I do. The difference between pre-2017 and post-2017 is despite the bad, *more like challenging days*, I still have my joy and that means everything to me. So, to his question about what I thought is the reason for a joyful life, well, it goes without saying, ***a right relationship with Jesus*** is the reason for a joyful life.

Is that joy the reason people gravitate toward or enjoy my company?

For the record, *not everyone likes me nor enjoys my company*. Let's not think I am all that (plus the bag of potato chips) because I am not. A sack of potatoes has more personality than I do.

However, as often as I would ask my mother not to tell me about the gift of "charisma" that I had been blessed with, according to her, mom was right.

Let's look at what it means to be charismatic.

According to Google (2024), **"Charismatic people are often attractive, likeable, and respected. They are good at building rapport with others and can inspire and influence others."**

According to Psychology Today, **"Charisma is an individual's ability to attract and influence people. While it is often described as a mysterious quality that one either has or doesn't have, some experts argue that the skills of charismatic people can be learned and cultivated."**

To the former, I don't know about being attractive or respected, however, I do agree, based on past life experience, that building rapport (friendship and relationships) and inspiring others always did come easy for me.

While it is true that I had to work at improving my gift – *that isn't how I viewed it when I was younger* – I thought of being charismatic as more of a curse than a blessing. Thankfully, that thinking has gone the way of the dinosaur.

Empty_Wine_Box (2018), wrote the following response about *charisma* on the Reddit.com website in response to the following question, *“What is charisma, and does it require someone to be attractive?”*

EWB’s response: *“My personal thoughts and answer would be that attractive is not required, but it’s easier to use your attractiveness to be charismatic. I think charisma is being likeable, and while likeability is subjective, those who are funny, cute, loveable, extra kind, outgoing, entertaining, enjoyable to be around, etc., are usually well liked by others. I think if you are unattractive, then you are relying more on your personality and behavior.”*

Until my mother mentioned it, I didn’t know what *charisma* was. I used to wonder why people, peers and adults would want to be my friend or hang out with me when, in my opinion, I was unattractive, overweight, unpopular, and lacking talent and yet, I was never short of friends or the company of others.

Then there were those who took advantage of me through the relationship in sexual and other ways and me allowing it to go on because I thought, based on what I was being told, that it was the only way I could be loved, among other things.

What an idiot I was!!!

So, no, you don’t have to be attractive physically to be attractive emotionally and charismatic. Had I been an All-American physically handsome young man and charismatic, I am certain the predators would have been legion.

Thank the good Lord for small favors. At least in that I was spared. It could have been worse.

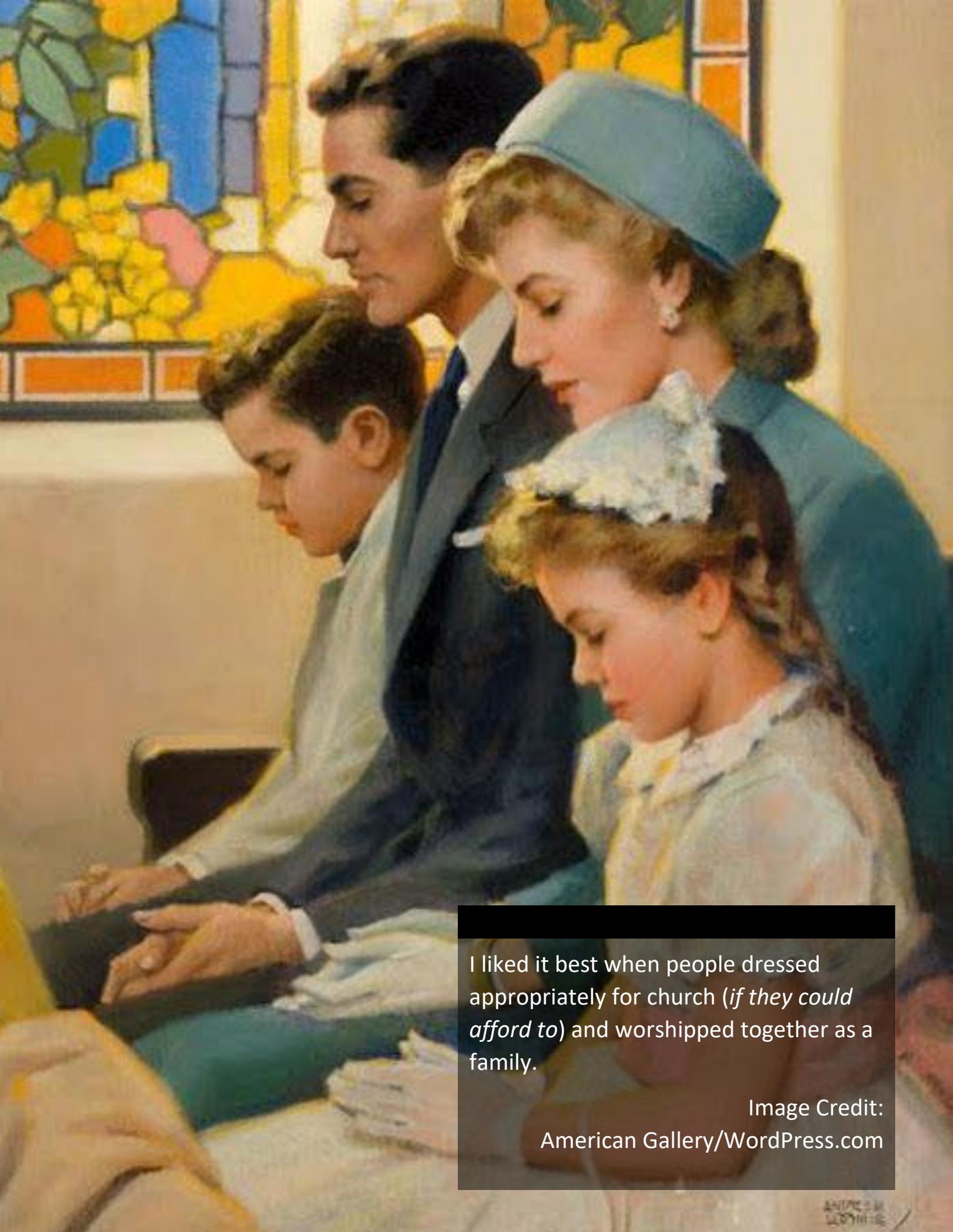
In closing, I believe charisma comes easy for some than it does for others. At least it did for me. It almost seems natural [for me] now that I think about it all these years later.

I don't ever recall having to go out of my way to work hard at making friends, loving others, showing respect, etc. As I stated earlier, it just seemed natural to me. I naively thought everyone was like me in that way.

I guess I was wrong.

Whatever your gifts or blessings are, have the humility to know that they are a gift from God that are meant to be used in accordance with His will, not our own will. And one last point, always be grateful for your gifts.





I liked it best when people dressed appropriately for church (*if they could afford to*) and worshipped together as a family.

Image Credit:
[American Gallery/WordPress.com](https://www.americangallery.com/)

Thursday, February 29, 2024

Time: 8:00 AM

Random Thoughts

Just me thinking out loud!

I saw a post about an Italian film titled, ***Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*** that was based on a loose adaptation of the 1785 novel (*first published in 1904*) ***The 120 Days of Sodom*** by **Marquis de Sade**, updating the story's setting to the World War II era.

*Note: The only reason I saw this post is because I was researching films that I had watched at the movie theatre between 1970 and 1979, ***Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*** NOT being one of those movies.*

The director and co-writer of the film, **Pier Paolo Pasolini** (1922-1975) was found murdered on a beach in Ostia, Italy, three weeks before this controversial film was released. He was 53 years old. His body was almost unrecognizable.



Note: Marquis de Sade, who wrote the 1785 novel, was (1740-1814), was a French writer, libertine, political activist and nobleman best known for his

F.Y.I.

One day, several years back, while having lunch with a friend, my friend asked if I was open to sharing my life journey with him. I was surprised at how interested he was. I recall asking him, *"Why in the world would you be interested in my story?"* He chuckled and said, *"Humor me. Maybe I will learn something that I don't already know."* We ended up spending four hours at that restaurant. My rump was numb from sitting so long.

After telling parts of the journey and not the whole journey, my friend asked, *"Carlos, why didn't you ever pursue and become what you believed in your heart to become?"*

He was referring to my desire to become a doctor (*which we know the answer to that question*), in addition to a priest, teacher, motivational speaker, and successful business owner, or actor.

My response to my friend was thus:

1 Because of what my cousin said to me when I was young.

2 Because I thought Catholics were not supposed to be ambitious or have desires for success. I really believed that we were supposed to be poor servants.

Life lesson takeaway...1 Don't be ignorant. 2 Don't believe everything you hear. 3 Adults can be wrong too. 4 That was never Church teaching. 5 Ask questions, take chances, and if it is meant to be, it will be.

libertine novels and imprisonment for sex crimes, blasphemy and pornography. His works include novels, short stories, plays, dialogues, and political tracts. Some of these were published under his own name during his lifetime, but most appeared anonymously or posthumously.

The portrait of Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade was painted by Charles Amedee Philippe van Loo. The drawing dates to 1760, when Sade was 19 years old, and is the only known authentic portrait of Sade.

[Click here](#) if you wish to read more about the Marquis de Sade. What a character this guy was. If the link does not work, just type the following into your browser:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marquis_de_Sade

Getting back to this horrible film.

According to *Wikipedia*, the film focuses on four wealthy, corrupt Italian libertines in the time of the fascist Republic of Salò (1943–1945). The libertines kidnap 18 teenagers and subject them to four months of extreme violence, sadism, genital torture and psychological torture. Because the film depicts youths subjected to graphic violence, torture, sexual abuse, and murder, the film was controversial upon its release and has remained banned in many countries.

Thank God for that.

The point of this entry is the horror I feel when I think about what humanity's worst (*which could also be us*) can do (*or in the case of Marquis de Sade – writing*).

How many people, including children, have suffered such unspeakable torture and abuse in the name of God, country, flag, honor, patriotism, fanaticism, political wickedness, duty, the Devil made me do, etc.?

No wonder Our Lord suffered as he did in the Garden of Gethsemani, not just due to the voluntary impending death He was about to experience; but also, because He foresaw that His death would be of use to but very few and that the many would be lost through their own negligence and ingratitude.

Source: Website (2024). *Sorrowful Mysteries Meditation: Meditations on the Sorrowful Mysteries of Christ*. Retrieved Thursday, February 29, 2024, from prayinglatin.com/sorrowful-mystery-meditations/

That last statement: *“Because He foresaw that His death would be of use to but very few and that the many would be lost through their own negligence and ingratitude,”* with respect to Christ disturbed me greatly.

I cannot judge the Marquis de Sade or Mr. Pasolini, only God can do that. But I can pray for them and the many others like them throughout the world that have no one praying for them, just as I pray others are praying for me.

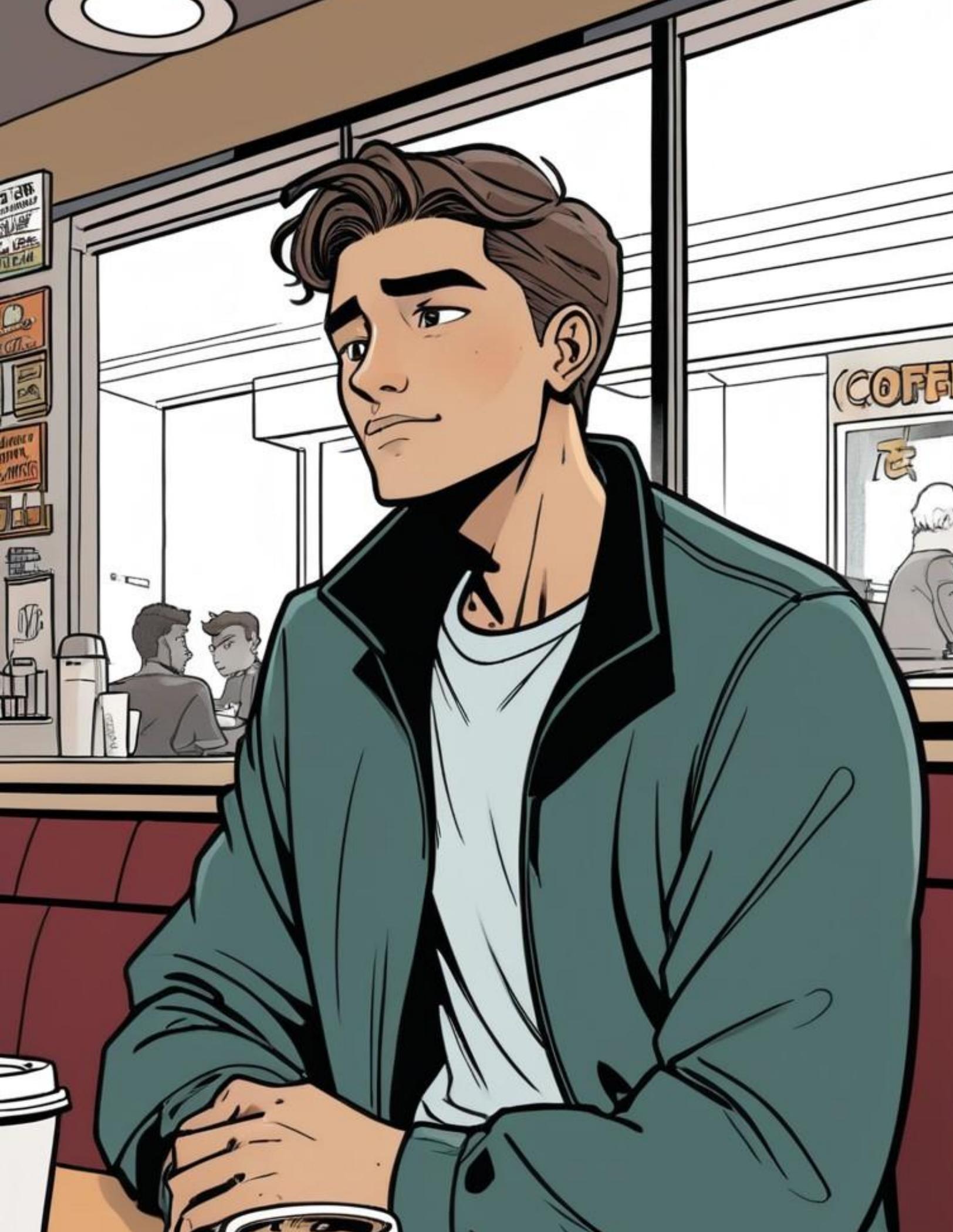
Those of us who are Roman Catholic and are familiar with the apparition of Mary at Fatima (1917: Our Lady of Fatima), know all too well one of several requests Mary made to us through the three shepherd children, **“Pray the Rosary every day, especially to end the war (WWI), and for those that have no one praying for them.”**

“Those that have no one praying for them!”

How many people go past us, unnoticed, because we are too busy to think about them, simply because we do not know them, that we fail to pray for at each opportunity we have to offer a prayer to the Father?

I am guilty of this myself.

That is something that I would like to change, especially during this time of Lent.



Friday, March 1, 2024

Time: 6:56 AM

Hi. Welcome to today. Let's celebrate the fact that today is "TGIF" (Thank God, It's Friday), and we are 16 days and counting from pretending that we are all Irish—*St. Patrick's Day*.

The holidays were always a fun time for me, especially when I was younger. My favorites? Hmmm, good question. Let me think....

When I was in Elementary School:

Valentine's Day, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln's Birthdays (*before they became President's Day*.) St. Patrick's, Independence Day, Easter, Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas.

With respect to Easter and Christmas, I am ashamed to admit that I enjoyed the *secular* rather than the *religious* traditions and trappings of the holidays during my younger days. However, I am happy to report it is the reverse today.

Now that I am an adult:

My favorite season of the year has always been Autumn. With respect to the holidays, I would say that I *honor* them. Let me rephrase that. I like to believe that I honor the *tradition* and what certain holidays *represent* more than the holiday itself.

I am less into the decorations, big meals, and parties associated with whichever holiday, and am more about the spirit of the holiday.

For instance, when I think of Memorial or Veteran's Day, I think of the countless American patriots who sacrificed themselves, sometimes with the ultimate sacrifice in the service of our country. Where would be today (as a nation, off the rails though it is now), were it not for those men and women? And let's not forget the civilians who did their part in the service of America. As far as being *off the rails*, not to worry, God will set things right. He always does.

Christmas and Easter are now about the Lord and what His coming into this world and His sacrifice means to me. He was born and died because of love—His love for us. Santa Claus and Peter Rabbit can't say they did for love what the Lord did for us. Still, I am a fan of both with respect to the *good* that they represent. However, when it comes to *truth*, there is only one *truth*, and His name is Jesus Christ.

I look at *Thanksgiving* differently today more than in the past. In the past it was more about family and food. Today, it is (for me) about truly being grateful to an amazing God for His blessings upon our country, its founders, the Constitution, freedom, and getting together with family. The key word being *gratitude*. I am truly grateful.

Surprisingly, I still enjoy Halloween. Why? No certain reason. I suppose I like the whole *what goes bump in the night* mystery of Halloween. I

Random Thoughts

A family friend once asked me why I always dressed as *Count Dracula* for Halloween. For the record, it wasn't because of what Dracula represented. I mean, let's face it, he was one bad dude (and I don't mean that in a good way). However, to the question, I dressed like the Drac because I liked the fact that he wore a tuxedo, bowtie, and a cape. I mean, c'mon, he was a sharp dresser which is what I aspired to be—to be a sharp dresser. Presentation, manners, and respect toward others was always important to me. Being well dressed right down to my skivvies was always part of the presentation and that was important to me. Now you know.

Note: What I liked more than Drac's costume during Halloween were the pumpkins. Don't know why. Just do.



don't have a problem with ghosts and zombies, smiling Jack-O-Lanterns and witches on broomsticks, haunted houses and children coming to the door shouting, "Trick or Treat!", just so long as we enjoy the holiday for the right reasons, keep it in check, and understand its origins.

That is probably true about all the holidays. Being a history buff, I should know these things myself. (*Carlos! Make note, research holiday history.*)

When I think of Halloween, I picture in my mind Disney's "The Haunted Mansion," or television specials such as "It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown!" or "The Goosebump Series," or Disney's "Halloween Town."

I guess I enjoy the fun behind the holiday, the time spent with family and friends, the innocents of it (if that is even possible), and the fact that it is the precursor to *All Saints and All Souls Day*. Two important dates on the Church calendar. Sort of like *Mardi Gras* is to the season of Lent.

I can't say that I was a fan of New Year's Day. Not sure why. I didn't dislike it, but I wasn't overly fond of it either.

Hmmm, I didn't know when I started writing today's entry that I would be writing about holidays.



“Am I wearing
boxers? For
future
reference, I
usually prefer
briefs for their
security and
peace of mind.
Going free-
bird is not
exactly ideal. I
don't like it!”

MAXWELL SMART
“GET SMART” (2008)



Saturday, March 2, 2024

7:35 A.M.

Hello Journal!

Today is First Saturday. My desire today is to first and foremost, love God with all my heart, mind, body, and soul. Secondly, I wish to honor the mother of God through the *First Saturday Devotion*.

There are three additional devotions or *small acts of faith* that I used to practice or observe that I would like to return to: *The First Friday Devotion* (together with the Divine Mercy), *the Miraculous Medal*, and *the Brown Scapular*.

I think it is time to take my spiritual life up a notch. That includes familiarizing and putting into practice both *virtue* and *the Beatitudes*.

I will start by going to daily Mass on Wednesdays, and spending time in *adoration* on Fridays before the Blessed Sacrament.

God has blessed me with privilege and time, and I should make good use of both. By privilege, I mean that I am retired, work from home, and am in decent health (I think) for a man my age. If I balance my time (with the help of grace), and work, I can certainly (and should) make time for God through Mass and adoration.

It isn't just for me, but for all those that I love and care about, including those neighbors that I don't know.

For the record, just so there is no misunderstanding, I am like some of the bad boys you hear about who is trying very hard to *go straight*.

No, not that type of straight, but know that at some point, I do intend to have that discussion, just not today.

Here is a prayer I should commit to memory and pray daily:

“My God, make me a saint. Bless me with what I need each day to do Your will. Amen.”

The challenging part is the constant struggle within to be *who I was* rather than *who God wishes me to be*.

I have a difficult time *living in the world* but not being *of the world*.

I have heard others say, *“This world is not our destination. God and heaven are our destination.”*

This world is just a temporary way station. God watches to see what choices we will make and how much good will we perform in the service of others before the train pulls into the station and takes us to our next destination.

That analogy makes sense to me.

I will keep trying (to improve). In the meantime, I appreciate your prayers.

Maxwell Smart Quote (Get Smart) 2008

I don't know what made me think of the Maxwell Smart quote, but I thought it to be a classic (and true for me too!).

Dude, What's Your Superpower? “I talk people to death!”

Is it possible for any one person to talk unceasingly to another to the point that you drop dead from the experience? Good grief, I hope not. If it is true, then I am in trouble (*I write with a sense of humor*).

That's it for now. See you next time.





Sunday, March 3, 2024

6:39 AM

Good morning.

I am looking out of my temporary office window looking through the open spaces in the bush that covers the window. The breath of the wind causes the branches to sway slightly back and forth. I don't know why, but I find it pleasant to watch, as well as birds who nest between the branches.

That reminds me, I must express my gratitude for the blessing of this day.

Father Creator. I remain always grateful and thankful for your love, the blessing of today, the gift of life. Thank you, Father, for all of that which challenges me, disturbs my spirit, and causes suffering. I offer those suffering moments to you, praying that You will use them for others in accordance with Your perfect will. May everything, I experience over this precious day be both a prayer and reparation for my own shortcomings. Forgive me for the sins and errors of yesterday and tomorrow. I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. Amen.

Random thoughts and questions ...

1 Where do these tiny gnats come from and why do keep *bugging* me!?

2 Why do some children call their parents out for a reaction they perceive to be negative (*toxic*) only to act that way themselves? ***Toxic seems to be a favorite word these days as it relates to relationships and social media.***

3 Do I really believe in the power of prayer. Yes, I do.

4 Why does a young man who did not grow up in my generation (*Baby Boomers*) get made fun of by his peers because he prefers *old school classic briefs* to boxers or boxer briefs? ***Of all the reasons to get made fun of or picked on, that one is ridiculous.***

5 Why do we act nice toward each other when face-to-face, only to speak negatively about the person we are *falsely* being nice to in secret? That's not cool.

6 Why do we call ourselves Christian and act contrary to what it means to be Christian? Do we even understand what it means to be Christian?

7 People think they know you, even those who profess to be a card-carrying member of your inner circle, but do they?

8 Why do I continue to do what I don't want to do and not what I should do, especially where sin is concerned? Ugh!

9 My idea of rest is different from your idea of rest. Spending hours in front of the television set is not as restful (for me) as it is reading a good book, spending time in prayer, or writing in this journal.

10 Why are briefs considered indecent, while swimming speedos are not? I never understood that. Just wondering.

11 Did you know that I detested board games and anything competition related when I was young. It's true! I didn't like losing. I was known as a *poor sport*. What an idiot I was back in the day. Maybe still am!!!

12 Did you know when I was 10 or 11 years old my mother became tired of me wetting the bed that she made me wear rubber pants? True story. Thankfully it was only for a short time. Mom finally took me to see the family doctor about the situation. The doctor explained to mom the reason why I was wetting the bed, is because my brain was not registering that I needed to wake up to urinate at night. Also, because I was a heavy sleeper. "*It happens to a lot of children,*" he said. He gave me a prescription that would help wake me up and recommended that I not drink any liquids after 7:00 PM. That did the trick. I stopped wetting the bed at age 12. Was I ever glad when that part of my life journey finally came to an end. I know mom was too.

Please don't judge mom for the rubber pants incident. While it was wrong, it was all that she knew what to do (at the time). Having to wash urine-stained sheets, blankets, and clothes every time an incident occurred was hard on mom. Not to mention the fact that she was caring for a family of nine and the parade of relatives that were always stopping at the house. She was tired. She apologized years later. I told her that wasn't necessary. She was mom. What was there to forgive?

13 Which is more favorable to God, spending hours on my knees praying, or out on the front lines serving those in need? While both are beautiful acts of faith, I believe the latter (serving) rather than the latter (prayer) is more pleasing to God.

14 **Did I truly forgive (and forget) those persons who sexually abused me as a child?** Forgive them? Yes, I did. Absolutely. Without a second thought. Forget? Yes, in that I no longer give what occurred much thought, and when I do, I do not empower that thought with emotion. I am no longer affected by what happened then, only what happens today. It is my hope that through my forgiveness and life-long prayers for those who, for whatever reason were prisoners of action (at that time), that the gate of heaven was opened for them as much as I pray it may be open for me. If I do think of them, it is always in the spirit of prayer and of love.





SHORT NOTES.



I LIKE WHITE.

My favorite "white" clothing are pants, rugby shorts, tennis shorts, dress shirts, underwear, and t-shirts.

OSU COWBOY

If I had been a student at Oklahoma State University, I would have been known as the dude in white pants, orange sweater [or vest], white dress shirt, and coffee! Go Pokes!



My favorite day of the week is Saturday.



What do you mean, I have no clean underwear!

FROM THE MAILBAG!

Carlos, how old were you when you first starting working out, what was your routine, where were you living, and were you successful?

MAILBAG RESPONSE!

Great question. I was 25 years old when I made the decision to get serious about exercise. It was 1985. I was living at the Pheasant Ridge Apartments in Rowland Heights, California. My routine consisted of running a mile per day except on Sunday. Yes, I was successful, until I got married.





Mailbag Question:

What would you do if you woke up tomorrow and it was 13 years in the past and you were your younger self but still had your current memories and experiences?

That would make it 2011: The year I graduated with a bachelor's degree in *human services management* from the University of Phoenix before enrolling into graduate studies, the year I began working for the *Williams Company*, and two years before my brother passed away from cancer. Six years before mom passed away and eight years before dad passed away.

Wow! That is a good question. What would I do?

I know that I am going to be laid off from Williams in November 2011. I interview for the *Onboarding* position with *WPX Energy* in December and report to work in January 2012.

My brother passes out at work in January 2013. He is diagnosed with cancer and is told he has 8 months to live. He passes away in August 2013. My son Michael asks if he can move back to Oklahoma. Upon my return, I learn that I am going to be laid off from my contract position with WPX Energy in March 2014.

I am called back a second time to WPX from March 2015 to January 2016. My friend Terry passes away in 2017. I begin practicing my faith as a Roman Catholic in 2017. Mom passes away in 2018. Covid hits in 2021. Dad passes away in 2022. Gary moves in and out four times between 2017 and 2024. I get hit with first UTI infection in 2022. I go to the ER in late 2022 and 2023. The first time due to 4th UTI infection. The second due to the flu. We host an award ceremony in 2023.

I don't know what I would do in this situation knowing what I know today. I must really think about this and get back to you.



Tuesday, March 5, 2024

5:39 AM

Monday was a good day, other than the fatigue that I seem to experience on an almost daily occurrence. Glory to God!

My appointment with Dr. Durfee, DO at OSU Eastgate went well. The appointment was scheduled for 2:20 PM. Mr. Man accompanied me to the appointment. At one point while completing a set of forms I was required to complete, the Monsieur Man started making me laugh. For me, that was a perfect *Holy Moment* that Matthew Kelly, founder of *Dynamic Catholic* spoke about in several of his books.

I know he does not want me to; however, it hurts my heart seeing Mark dependent on a walker or a cane to assist with walking, the struggles he experiences with back pain, getting in and out of a chair or sofa, not having the energy to do what used to be enjoyable, etc.

I will continue to *believe* that *aging* is a beautiful gift from God. It truly is. However, the struggles that come with aging can sometimes be the pits. The plus side is, aging with someone who truly cares for you, wants to be there for you, wants to help you, etc., is a true gift from God.

The alternative is not a pleasant experience. Just ask those who are living that experience as we speak. Those poor souls. We, including me, need to be more patient (*charitable*), loving, and helpful to those elderly souls that God has put into our care.

The caregiver sacrifices much for the privilege to serve but doesn't mind because their focus is on God and the understanding that service to others is its own reward. Let's keep the elderly in our prayers.





QUOTE

ONE
CHILD,
ONE
TEACHER,
ONE BOOK,
ONE PEN,
CAN
CHANGE
THE
WORLD!

Malala
Yousafzai

www.pinterest.com

LET THERE

BE LIGHT!

2009

Carlos Michael Communications



“GOD SAW THAT THE
LIGHT WAS GOOD
AND DIVIDED IT FROM
THE DARKNESS.

CARLOS
MICHAEL

PADILLA



Dear Reader: Below is the original “press release” that was issued when this book was first published in 2009. **Let There Be Light** is the third in a series of four books that I self-published between 2006 and 2010. Over the next seven months (March – September 2024), I am going to re-release **Let There Be Light** two chapters per month through 2468 Friday. Enjoy!

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Contact: Carlos Michael Padilla
Telephone: 918/828-2865
Cell Phone: 918/629-7661
Email: carlos.carlosmichael@gmail.com

Let There Be Light

Many of us believe that angels guide us as we navigate through life’s challenges. For some, one angel isn’t enough. Meet the eleven "Cliff Angels" that guided Carlos Michael through his personal 30-year war. These are the eleven points of light that brought Carlos Michael into a closer relationship with God.

Let There Be Light is about hope and inspiration.

*“I enjoyed **Let There Be Light** because it begins and ends with God. I especially enjoyed the chapter about laughter.”* – Norma Clothier, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

“This is a book everyone should read. I couldn’t put it down until I finished reading it—then I had to read it again!” – Mark Bergner, Sand Springs, Oklahoma

Let There Be Light is a book about finding your *purpose driven* (what drives and motivates you) while understanding that *without God* we cannot move forward with our lives.

“I don’t know how this book will affect the reader; however, I do know what those eleven angels did for me in my relationship with God. I hope they do even more for the reader.”

– Carlos Michael

Let There Be Light is available as a paperback or PDF file and can be ordered by visiting <http://www.lulu.com/content/7284954> or for a signed copy by the author send \$12.99 (check or money order) + \$3.00 shipping to:

Let There Be Light

PMB-178, 3171-A S. 129th E. Ave
Tulsa, OK 74134-3215

Please make check or money order payable to Carlos Padilla

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Carlos Michael was born and raised in southern California. He is the second oldest of seven children and the father of four children and one grandchild. Carlos Michael relocated to Tulsa, Oklahoma in 2002, where he continues to write and work.

Let There Be Light

Softcover; **ISBN 13:** 978-0-9791551-3-0 / **ISBN 10:** 0-9791551-3-4; **\$12.99, 78 pgs**

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Available at <http://www.lulu.com/content/7284954>

###

If you would like more information, or to schedule an interview with Carlos Michael, please call (918) 629-7661 or email carlos.carlosmichael@gmail.com

Please visit our website: www.carlosmichaelbooks.com

The numbers and website listed in the original press release are no longer valid. If you would like to contact or invite me to speak at your next event, please use the following:

Carlos Michael Padilla

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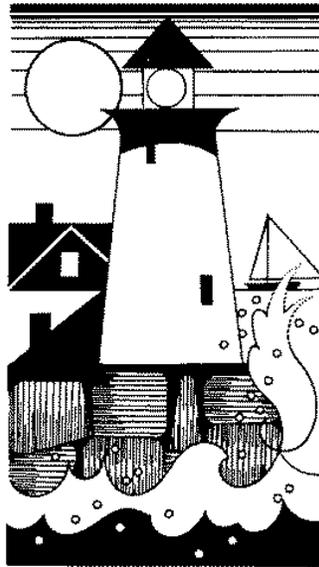
918.280.8920

www.carlosmichael.com

“My door is always open; my light is always on!”

“Let There Be Light!”

“God saw that the light was good and divided it from the darkness.”



Carlos Michael Padilla

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Written by Carlos Michael Padilla

“My door is always open; my light is always on!”

“Let There Be Light!”

“God saw that the light was good and divided it from the darkness.”



Carlos Michael Padilla

Dedicated to

James Kenneth and Jeanette Braunwalder

The two best family friends a cousin could ever have.

Table of Contents

Introduction	5
Put God above all things	10
Love God with all your heart and soul	15
Praise God every day that you are alive	21
Never buy into the lies	27
Believe	34
Love	40
Forgiveness	46
Smile	52
Laugh	58
Never be ashamed of who you are ...	64
Follow your heart	70

Introduction

When I was a child, I used to believe in a world that was filled with wonders, magic, and enchantment--until the day when I became an unwilling participant in a carnival of evil operated by the boogey man.

In *Baltimore Monday: A Celebration of Life beyond Sexual Abuse* (Signature Printing, 2006) I wrote about a period known as the **thirty-year war** (1969-2005).

I had been sexually molested and exposed to adult sexuality at an early age. I was emotionally, verbally, and sometimes physically abused by both peers and some adults. I was horrified by my attraction to the same sex coupled together with a spiritual identity crisis all while engaging in a flurry of negative behavior.

It wasn't until 2002 when my life began to turn around. However, it would take an additional three years before I would realize my relationship with destiny. A destiny I had long been familiar with since the day God revealed it to me (so I thought), through Isaiah 49:6 that I would one day become a voice of the people and a light to the nations.

"I have a greater task for you, my servant. Not only will you restore to greatness the people Israel who have survived, but I will also make you a light to the nations."
(Isaiah 49:6)

I knew immediately after reading Isaiah 49:6 that God had challenged me to become a *difference maker* rather than just making a difference.

However, as with the end of the world I neither knew the place nor the time nor the hour as to when this *difference making* was going to begin.

"No one knows when that day or hour will come. Not the angels in heaven, nor the Son." (Mark 13:32)

What I did know was that God had a purpose for me—a purpose that would require that I believe in something greater than myself so that God could work through me.

It was at that moment that I began my 30-year journey across the seas of life trusting in God's Word while watching for His signs.

Although it was difficult to see through the misting fog and choppy seas, I could see in the distance a small flashing light. Little did I realize that those lights would become the compass by which I guided my ship through life. Rather than just believe I learned to practice what I believed.

I eventually came to realize (through that belief) that there was something greater than myself; something more powerful than the negative forces I had encountered. All that was required was that I embrace that belief and give it a name ...

... And that is exactly what I did.

This book is based on page 217 of ***Baltimore Monday: A Celebration of Life beyond Sexual Abuse***. It is on that page that I list eleven key points (which I refer to as my personal lighthouse beacons). I believe these beacons stood as my personal sentinels in life. They were and/or perhaps still are the revolving one-eyed cliff angels who guided me through the difficult times of my life.

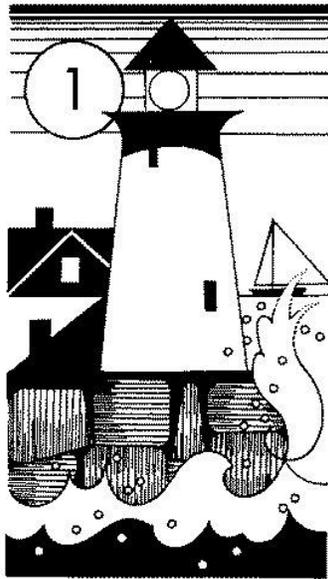
I have come to know each beacon by name hope, love, truth, shield, strength, honor, commitment, trust, faith, dignity, and resolve.

These are the eleven PC's (personal commitments) I found and made once I realized that I was not on a never-ending voyage into a realm of nothingness.

These eleven cliff angels; my personal lighthouse beacons are

1. Put God above all things.
2. Love God with all your heart and soul.
3. Praise God every day that you are alive.
4. Never buy into the lies.
5. Believe.
6. Love.
7. Forgiveness.
8. Never be ashamed of who you are nor be afraid to be who you were meant to be.
9. Smile.
10. Laugh.
11. Follow your heart.

First Lighthouse Beacon



Put God first above all things.

Many will argue that believing in God is an outdated custom. The atheistic non-believers believe worshipping God is no longer applicable. They argue that science has proven that God is nothing more than an idea; a concept created by a few to control and manipulate the many.

I disagree!

It is my belief that the universe is ordered in such a way that it at least gives evidence of, if not proof of the existence of God; a creator.

According to the *Movement of Existence* blog site¹ - the premise of the existence of God or at least the evidence thereof, is based on the Movement of Existence's five-point deductive argument which is, *"The attempts of Renaissance architecture at creating beauty based on simplified systems of the natural order of the cosmos may be demonstrated to be evidence for the existence of a divine being."*

The movement lays out the foundation of this argument in the following manner:

1. Renaissance architecture is designed to be pleasing to the eyes and mind of the viewer.
2. These buildings that were designed to be pleasing to the eyes and mind are based on certain mathematical principles.
3. These mathematical principles are derived directly from the architect's interpretation of the natural order of the universe.
4. Natural order in the universe necessitates a designer.
5. This is how we define God.

¹ <http://movementofexistence.blogspot.com/2007/02/teleological-argument-for-gods.html>

If all steps of this argument are shown to be true, then the premise of the argument should also be true, namely that *the use of order to achieve beauty in Renaissance architecture gives evidence* for, not proof of, the existence of God.

Whether evidential or proven I have always accepted the belief in the existence of a creator.

Like energy, God has been and always will be. He had no beginning and will have no end. Many of us do not understand electricity. We do not know how it works, where it comes from and why it is – we just know that it is. One man summed up electricity best when he said, “*With electricity you can cook a man’s dinner—but you can also cook the man!*”

Electricity is a power we do not understand, yet we respect and fear it for its beauty and destructive force. We marvel at the power of the charge as it lights up the evening sky during a major thunderstorm. We stand in awe at the way the charge dances its way across the angry thunderheads. And yet we also cower in fear the instant a finger of that charge reaches out and touches the fringe of our existence.

That is the power of God.

God gives life and He can take it away. God is a power we do not understand, except that He is, has been, and always will be. God is the ultimate glory of creation. That is reason enough to place God above all things--both human and divine.

Putting God first in my mind means doing something as simple as providing a glass of water to someone who is thirsty; giving your coat to someone who is cold, or

providing shelter to another family when you barely have enough room for your own.

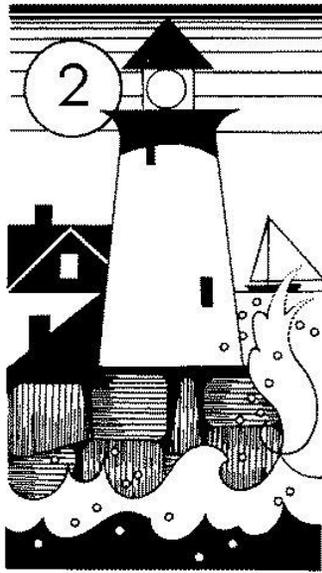
Putting God first is an act of kindness or mercy that extends from the love that we experience through God which in turn gives glory to God.

When we act with a sincere heart and truly seek nothing in return, we are putting God first through our action which is motivated by our love for God.



Chapter Two

Second Lighthouse Beacon



Love God with all your heart and soul.

"...you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, and with all your strength.' This is the first commandment." (Mark 12:30)

To love God with all you heart and soul is to love the Creator with complete surrender and trust' *"To God do I give all things for all things come from God."* God should always be our first thought when we wake in the morning and our last thought as we drift off to sleep.

To love with passion is to love so intently that nothing else matters. Some refer to this as *unconditional love*.

Wikipedia describes unconditional love as *"one's ability to love another regardless of individual belief or actions."* Unconditional love is a love that acts without prejudice. It has no defined boundaries and is shaped only by the intensity of the degree to which that one person, place or thing is loved--unconditionally.

I have four biological children: three sons and one daughter. Each of these four beautiful creations was born into a family system that was, for all intents and purposes, negative, dysfunctional, self-centered, unfocused, angry, confused, and unresponsive.

Living in that environment and experiencing firsthand two parents seeking to dominate and control the family system these four children and their two half-sisters could have chosen to love their parents within a prejudicial boundary. However, instead of choosing to love within the gates of their own limitations our children chose to love their parents without conditional boundaries. This in turn eventually healed the bridges that divided the family and brought the two warring parents into a peaceful co-existence.

That is the power of loving God with all your heart and soul.

Love, which I will speak about later (Chapter 6), is a very powerful emotion. In my heart I believe, (as I believe in the existence of God) *that love has been and always will be.*

I realized at a very early age that the key to loving God was in loving all things created by God exactly as they are. In doing so I am expressing, sharing and loving God continuously through His creations; ***loving God with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength*** as predicated by Mark 12:30.

When you love **something**, that **something** becomes your ultimate desire. You nurture it, grow it, shape it, mold it, feed it, and care for it in a way that you would not for **something** less loved or merely appreciated. You take all the necessary steps to procure life longevity in that **something** to continue loving it.

The same is true with God. God loves His children so much that He willingly sacrificed His only begotten Son to suffer upon the cross so that we may have eternal life with God in Heaven.

That is the awesome power of God's love. Reflect on that for a while. God allowed Himself through His son to be sacrificed on the cross by the very *creatures* He created so that we could live eternally with Him.

That is absolute love.

To love God with all your heart and soul is to love God as a child loves--*completely, unconditionally and with complete trust.*

To love God with all your heart and soul is to **believe** (which I will speak about later in Chapter 5) that God's love will deliver you from the pain and sorrow that years of living have brought upon us—or what we have brought upon ourselves.

Believe me. I am speaking from firsthand experience.

I believe the ultimate slap in the face where our love for God is concerned is when we fail to love God completely. We believe that we are not loved by God or that we cannot find grace and comfort through God's love. We believe that God cannot or will not forgive us for falling short of His glory.

Who are we to restrict God in such a way? Who are we to believe that we know God better than God knows Himself? Who are we to wrap God so tightly in box believing that He cannot find a way out?

To love God completely with all your heart and soul is to believe in and love God absolutely.



Movie Review

Letters To God

The story of what happens when one boy's walk of faith crosses paths with one man's search for meaning: the resulting transformational journey touches the lives of everyone around them. Tyler Doherty is an extraordinary eight-year-old boy. Surrounded by a loving family and community, and armed with the courage of his faith, he faces his daily battle against cancer with bravery and grace. To Tyler, God is a friend, a teacher, and the ultimate pen pal; Tyler's prayers take the form of letters he composes and mails daily. The letters find their way into the hands of Brady McDaniels, a beleaguered postman standing at some crossroads in his life. At first, he is conflicted over what to do with the letters. But the decision he ultimately makes becomes a testament to the quiet power of one boy's shining spirit and unshakable faith. (-IMDb, 2024).

Release date: April 9, 2010 ([USA](#))

Director: [David Nixon](#)

Distributed by: [Gaiam Vivendi Entertainment](#)

Box office: \$2.9 million

Cinematography: Bob Scott

Edited by: Patrick Tyler

Starring: Tanner Maguire, Robyn Lively, Bailee Madison, Ralph Waite

A great blend of fiction and non-fiction about a boy who has the courage to face his demon (cancer) through his faith in God via his prayer letters. On a scale of 1-10 letters with 10 being best, I give this film, 9 letters.

I watched this movie on Wednesday, March 6, 2024.



LETTERS TO GOD

Vivendi Entertainment

2010

Based on a true story.

Major Life Journey Experience: Cancer

As I reflect on this memory, please be advised that much of the occurrence has long left my memory. Only bits and pieces remain. My apologies to my cousin Julie, whose daughter is the subject of this memory as it relates to the topic of *cancer*. Not wanting to trouble my cousin by drudging up old memories, I will rely on my own memory and any information my sister Cindy might be able to provide for the purpose of relating this memory.

To borrow a phrase from the television sitcom, “The Goldbergs” (2013-2023), “*The year was nineteen eighty something.*” I recall mom coming to me and asking if I would give my cousin Julie and her daughter who had been diagnosed with cancer, “a ride” or “ride(s)” to *Children’s Hospital* in Los Angeles?

Children's Hospital Los Angeles is a nationally ranked, freestanding acute care children's hospital in the East Hollywood district of Los Angeles, on Sunset Boulevard at the corner of Vermont Avenue. The hospital is located at 4650 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California, 90027.

It was my understanding that my cousin and her daughter were eventually going to stay at the *Ronald McDonald House* located very near the children’s hospital: 4560 Fountain Ave., Los Angeles, California 90029.

I cannot attest to the accuracy of the above information because, as I said, my memory is sketchy (at best), however, I do recall driving cousin Julie to a “children’s hospital” in Los Angeles and that she and her daughter (Nadine) whose name I just recalled (GTG!) were accepted to stay at the Ronald McDonald House for cancer patients, which if memory serves me correct, according to cousin Julie, was next door to the hospital.

Nadine, who favored her mother, was a beautiful little girl. I believe she was somewhere between the age of 3 and 5 (give or take a year) when she was diagnosed with and subsequently died from cancer.

Julie used to tie two ends of Nadine's hair into ponytails that looked like miniature water fountains.

This was my first look at cancer and its devastating effects on the child who is suffering from this terrible disease, among others, to how the effect of this disease ripples out and affects others, especially the family.

I could see the pain and sadness, the tiredness of caring for and loving this stricken child while attempting to care for her remaining family at home.

I vaguely recall walking through the hospital on one occasion heartbroken at seeing the number of children who were stricken with cancer and how the disease impacted them and their families. I remember thinking to myself, "*How many of these precious little one's never made it out of here?*"

This was an experience and a disease I never would have benefitted from had mother not asked me to be Julie's pre-Uber driver. Even though baby Nadine was one of those children who did not make it out of the hospital, alive, I cannot thank God and my cousin enough, despite the suffering and loss, that I was able to walk through this experience with my cousin that I might better appreciate the *gift of life* and how in a blink of an eye, it can be taken from us.

Cancer is a disease, like abortion, that I pray with all my heart will one day be eradicated. In the meantime, we need to do more to be better servants of God to these neighbors. (--CM).

“It just
occurred to me,
who is going to
care enough to
read these
entries once I
am dead?
Eventually
Wix will cancel
my website
because I won't
be alive to pay
for it. Hmmm!”

CARLOS MICHAEL
MARCH 7, 2024

Thursday, March 7, 2024

9:13 AM

In reference to the question on the preceding page (credit to Divine Providence), that problem has been solved. I will print one (1) hard copy of each month's 2468 Friday publication as a book. It could turn out to be a lot of volumes but could be entertaining reading for someone in the future.

I will print the first (January) and last (December) month's publication as a hardcover and the remaining months as a softcover. I prefer hardcovers for all, but in the interest of saving money, go with the least expensive.

The February 2024 edition of 2468 Friday has been ordered prestophoto.com. I am looking forward to receiving that first print. It really looked nice as a preview.

I pray this doesn't fall under the sins of pride or vanity. I truly just want to leave something behind that isn't solely about me, but about my thoughts, faith, life journey experiences, people I admired, opinions, photos, illustrations, memories, places I have lived, etc.

Since I have been accused of being long-winded, something I do try and work on, why not a long-winded collection of memories, hence 2468 Friday: Journal, Handbook, Yearbook, and Almanac.

--CM



Sibling Rivalries

According to Britannica, *sibling rivalry is a common concern for parents. It's defined as "intense competition between siblings for attention and recognition from their parents". Sibling rivalry can include jealousy, fighting, and competition. It can occur between blood-related siblings, stepsiblings, adopted siblings, or foster siblings.*

Now that I look back on it, I can see how this *condition* for lack of a better word existed between me and my brother Frank. He was the oldest, I was the second oldest.

I think I understand now why I sometimes provoked my brother in certain situations. It was

a vain and stupid attempt (*on my part*) to gain my parents attention (*as if my negative behavior didn't already have their attention*).

While I never want to excuse any bad or illicit behavior, because contrary to popular belief, we do have choices and regardless of what the *influencer* is relative to those choices, we ultimately still make a choice one way or the other.

My choice to behave toward a certain stimulus, situation, event, or individual, was usually responded to in anger. That was a choice.

Pride is such a terrible evil. How many innocent individuals have been the victim of someone's pride.

I read on Google (2024), *A certain amount of arguing between children is normal, and can help children learn to resolve problems independently, respect others, and fight fairly.*

That's great, however, when it gets to the level that it sometimes seems to with my adult children, I sometimes must question what is really going on?

I understand that the children experienced a great deal of negativity growing up. I too, am truly sorry for any role I contributed to that negativity. However, at the same time, as a parent, I have more than demonstrated the love I have for the children. I have apologized where I could with respect to my mistakes, which is more than I ever received from my own parents. However, in the end—YOU will always be *the child* (even as an adult) and I, the parent. WE are never going to be equals.

The commandment says, "Honor thy mother and father." It does not say, "Honor thy children." But that does not mean that parents have the right to ride roughshod over their children. I also believe it means that we parents are not required to constantly apologize or explain every word, action, punishment, etc.

Considering all that occurred in my life, I don't believe (as an adult child) that I ever felt that my parents owed me an explanation nor an apology for the parenting mistakes they made when I was maturing.

It was enough for me, and I wasn't always successful, to honor my parents as the Lord said to Moses when He gave Moses the Ten Commandments.

I don't view the commandments as a relic of the past that can be dismissed simply for the sake of wanting to live life my way. I mean, you can try, but in the end, you are going to eventually learn that (your way) isn't the right way.

That was true in my case. I suspect it is true with many of us.

Now that I think back on it, I can see why each time the Israelites got to the point of being ridiculous why God had to punish them. The same is true for us in the child to parent relationship.

I mean, seriously, did the Israeli's really believe they knew better than God? One need only recall the story of Satan and his rebellion. What did that *pride* get him?

A note to the children: *If you are as, you say you are and you are NOT like "mom and dad" than it is time to back that mouth up with action, not words. Show that you are who you say you are and learn to get along with your siblings. That starts with BOTH sides learning to listen, walk in humility, and put their vanity and pride aside.*

It worked for me.



POKE!

HOT DRINKS

HOT CHOCOLATE

WHITE CHOCOLATE

VANILLA TEA

GREEN TEA

HOT DRINKS

HOT CHOCOLATE

WHITE CHOCOLATE

The Holy Family
Catholic Edition

Blog entry from 2021:

Saturday, August 28, 2021

Hello friends!

What or who is Carlos Michael Communications Media and Coffee House Productions? We are social media content creators who specialize in creating content that motivates, educates, empowers, and entertains. Our mission is to act in the role of the farmer, civil engineer, and concierge.

What do the farmer, civil engineer, and concierge have in common? Each of them is employed in a profession that benefits their neighbors. The farmer plants the seeds that grow the food we consume which benefits our bodies. The civil engineer builds the bridges that connect people and communities to other people and communities, while the concierge serves. He or she sees a need and attempts to fill that need.

My role as a content creator is to imitate the farmer, civil engineer, and concierge.

Like the farmer, I hope to plant seeds of faith that deepen, wake up, or renew one's desire to have a more meaningful relationship with the Lord, their neighbors, and themselves. Like a civil engineer, I desire to build bridges that bring neighbors and communities together. Like the concierge, rather than wait for permission to do good, I desire to see

“You’re Hired!”

Well, not quite yet. Sunday, March 10, 2024. Here is the abbreviated version:

I invite Gary to walk with me at the Riverwalk on Riverside Drive, Tulsa. Following the walk, I ask Gary if he would mind a brief detour to Michael’s (craft store) in Broken Arrow. “Not at all,” he says.

Those who know me well, know that I never leave the house “undone” and am always dressed for the occasion, only this day I was dressed in white Rugby shorts and an exercise shirt.

I am looking around trying to remember where the *fabric paints* are shelved when a woman (*with an awesome smile and personality to boot*) offers to help.

The next thing I know, we are laughing, hugging, meeting staff, and interviewing for a job part-time job position. Turns out that woman was the *store manager*.

Who saw that coming? Not me! Hand of God? Who knows? Maybe.

I am going to pray about this and let *the will of God* guide the way.

Note: The one time I am not *business* dressed, but am wearing shorts, shirt, and tennis shoes, looking like a seasoned old codger, and I am interviewed for a job. God is awesome indeed. It seems that He has a sense of humor too!

or anticipate my neighbors' needs in order that Christ may fill that need through me.

Thank you for taking this journey with me. Welcome to the neighborhood.

Current Show Lineup

The only show I have playing currently is Carlos Michael 2.0. This is a weekly video blog that airs every Saturday on the Coffee Break Channel. The intended audience is baby boomers. The show runs approximately 15-20 minutes, featuring topics that focus on many of my personal life journey experiences from 1961 to the present.

Coming soon to the lineup either as separate shows or part of a larger show are Coffee Break Catholic, Coffee Break Short Break, and Coffee Break Oklahoma. Please stay tuned for further details as they become available or visit our website: www.carlosmichael.com where further updates will be posted.



CARLOS MICHAEL 2.0

Last week on Carlos Michael 2.0, ([082121, Episode 1](#)), I discussed my reason for changing the name of the show from Coffee Break with Carlos Michael to Carlos Michael 2.0. I also discussed my recent weight gain and the efforts I am taking to lose that weight. I also discussed the one-year anniversary of my father's passing (Aug. 24, 2020) and the significance my father played in my life.

Total video time: 24:22

On this week's show (082821/Episode 2), I continue my conversation on the progress I am making on the weight loss front. I also discuss the recent changes made to the website as well as the dream I had Wednesday morning (081821). Movies we watched this week include, Van Helsing (2004), Replicas (2018), Deepwater Horizon (2016), and Skyscraper (2018).

Total Video Time: 18:42

The X-Files

Currently, we are watching season eight of the X-Files. To date, we learned that Mulder, played by David Duchovny has been abducted by the aliens as Assistant Director Skinner, played by Mitch Pileggi helplessly looked on. Scully, played by Gillian Anderson is distraught over the loss of Mulder. She is assigned a new partner, Agent John Doggett, played by Robert Patrick who initially finds it difficult to get on board with the X-Files. However, he assures Scully that He will find Mulder.

Fast forward several episodes later, Mulder is strapped naked into an alien chair where experiments are conducted before he is dumped in a field near a religious sect compound. By the time Doggett and Scully get to him, Mulder is dead. Three months pass from the time Mulder is buried when another abductee is found floating in the ocean by a fishing trawler. After coming back to life, although he wasn't dead, A.D. Skinner believes the same may be true about Mulder and has his body exhumed. Doggett thinks Skinner is nuts. It turns out Skinner was correct. After A.D. Alvin Kersh played by James Pickens Jr., is promoted to the post of Deputy Director, he sets out on a quest to close the X-Files for good but settles on eventually firing Mulder from the bureau. This all occurred following Mulders miraculous resurrection from the dead. We are now approaching the end of season eight and moving on with season nine.

College Football Season Kicks Off!

College football season kicks off this weekend featuring a Big-10 marquee match-up: Nebraska versus Illinois. I also learned that former Wisconsin Badgers and Arkansas Razorbacks coach, Bret Bielema is now coaching the Fighting Illini. Oklahoma State will open their season next week in Stillwater as they host the Missouri State Bears in a 6:00 PM/CST contest. It's that time of year again. It also means that Fall is just around the corner. Always my favorite time of the year.

This concludes this week's entry. Have a great weekend and a good week. Remember to love God, be a good neighbor, especially to those who aren't always so kind to you. Do what you can to help the poor and less fortunate in your communities. If nothing else, pray for their well-being.

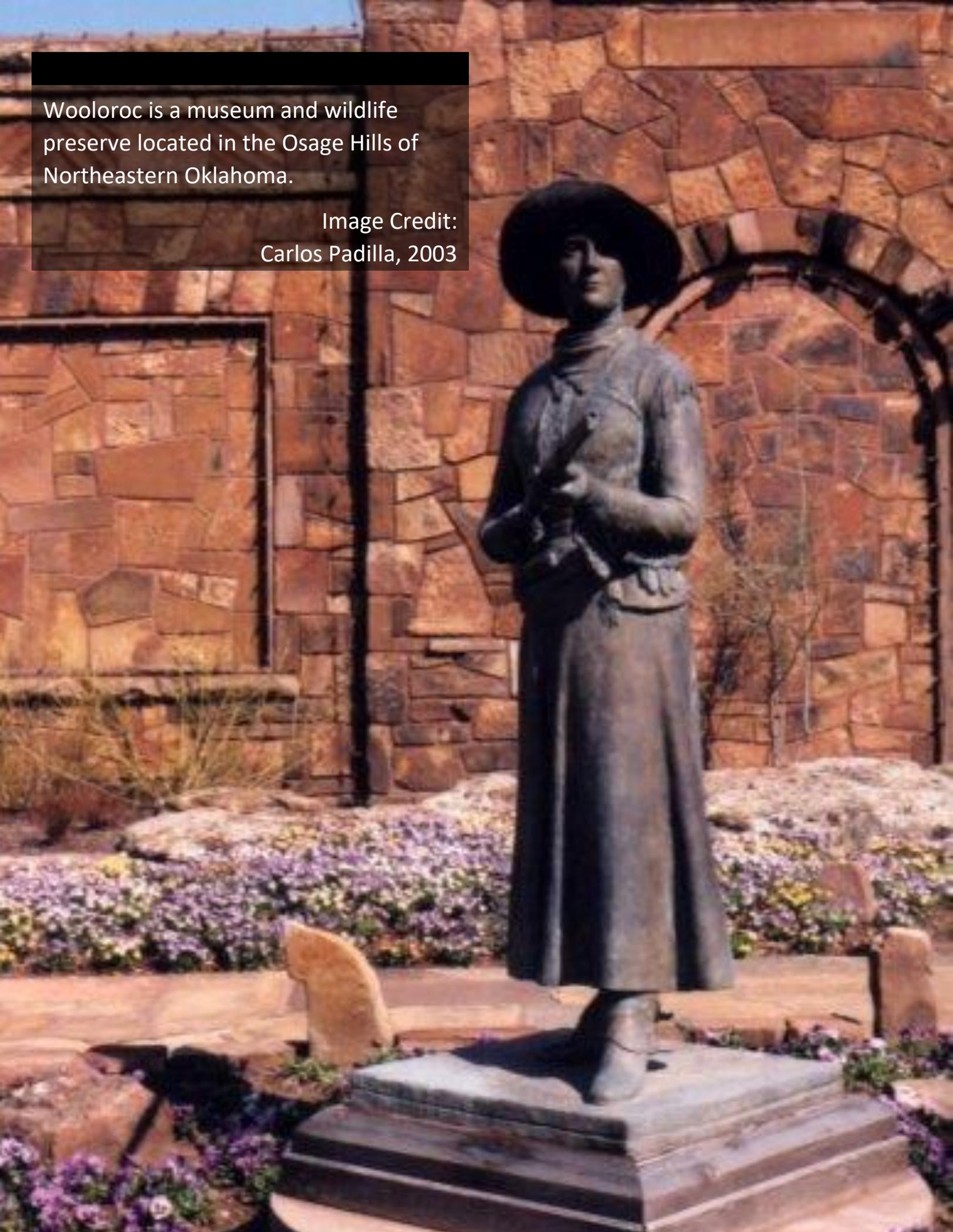
God Bless.



CARLOS MICHAEL

Wooloroc is a museum and wildlife preserve located in the Osage Hills of Northeastern Oklahoma.

Image Credit:
Carlos Padilla, 2003



This N' That

1 How often do we need to hear the same message before said message begins to sink into our noggin and we put it into practice?

If you know the answer, I would love to know it too.

2 I can't believe what a mess the current *powers that be* including the *network/cable television stations* have made of the *college football landscape*. I am all about moving forward into the future but this—not a fan of what the *greed demon* is doing here.

3 Two family dogs growing up that I recall was an *Australian German Shepherd* named *Lobo*. The other was a *Collie* named *Lady*. Not necessarily a *family dog* as she was my youngest brother's dog, was a *Rottweiler* named *Roxie*.

4 How is it that I was embarrassed to be semi-undressed in front of certain people (*back in the day*) but didn't give it a second thought in the locker room at school or at

the gym before and after working out?

5 Why does it seem that every family has that one *uncle* that most family members don't like to be around. *Hey, wait a minute, that could be me!* (LOL).

6 Do I believe in Bigfoot, Aliens ("*the truth is out there!*"), the Chupacabra, etc.? Well, let's just say that I believe in God. With Him, anything is possible and that is good enough for me.

7 How much did Wilma (The Flintstones), and Alice (The Honeymooners) really love Fred and Ralph? Would they be together in today's culture?

8 Fruit of the Loom or Hanes? *FOTL's for me.*

9 What was your high school mascot? *The Trojan.*

10 Most watched 80s movie by me: *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial.*



Tues. March 12, 2024 (6:57 AM)

Good grief! Trying to keep up with this project is quite the challenge. I must be mindful not to repeat myself with these entries.

Rough Monday. Very rough Monday. I did not react well to the situation. I pray to do better today. I wasn't off to a good start; however, the grace of God gave me a dose of awareness and I am back on track.

God has this. He truly does.

Matt woke early but went back to bed. He needed to use the bathroom just as I was finishing getting ready. Good timing!

Started the St. Joseph Novena Monday afternoon as shared by the World Apostolate of Fatima.

My sister Kristina has a strong devotion to St. Joseph. I am glad about that.

The novena to Our Lady of Guadalupe sponsored by Bishop Barnes is scheduled to begin today as well. It is a 9-month novena prayer for America. I am honored to be part of both prayer events.

I was going to abandon this project because I was concerned about the number of pages: 74 as of this entry.

But then I decided, **“Look, the person reading this is going to find it interesting enough to read to the end or not. That’s okay. In this instance you are doing this for your peace of mind and not necessarily for the reader.”**

Based on that one-person conversation, I decided to keep doing what I am doing.

I submitted my resignation to resign from the COHO (Coalition of Hispanic Organizations) Board of Directors.

The main reasons are fatigue, time, and personal commitments. I am waiting to hear back from the board.

Before making a post on Facebook, the question asked is **“What’s on your mind?”**

Honestly, it would take an entire book, an editor, a counselor, and a village for me to express what “truly” is on my mind.

I don’t believe (which goes contrary to the message my son Matthew was sharing with Monday afternoon) that I am talented enough to express what is on my mind without sounding like a babbling fool, so I won’t.

Let’s just say there is much on my mind and leave it at that.

--CM



Answering the Call!

“Hey Carlos! I was wondering if you wouldn’t mind going more into depth about your experience in the seminary?” (R.C., Madison, Wisconsin)

My response: *Thanks for the question, R.C. It’s difficult for me to know what to share when I am uncertain what it is you want to know. May I ask you to send me a series of questions you are most interested in as it relates to my experience, and I will do my best to answer them. However, here is what I can tell you ...”*

I first experienced *the call* a few months after the breakup of my *Las Vegas Chapel Marriage* to my former high school sweetheart.

After the way our marriage ended and believing that love and marriage was not for a sinner like me, my choice was clear ... since you can’t become a doctor and you aren’t going to make a good husband, and you can’t live alone

because you are too much of a people person, and you love God, why not listen to your conscience and answer the call?

Yep! The spiritual phone had already been ringing by the time I was thinking those thoughts in my mind.

While I loved God and His Church, the idea of wearing a black *man dress* (the proper term is *cassock*) and being obedient to the point where I couldn’t even think for myself didn’t sit too well with me.

At that time, I was still busting a prideful groove with my pre-reject the world for God Francis of Assisi attitude.

I was also angry with my former wife for leaving me the way she did. I mean, c’mon, we were married in March, separated in July, and divorced in November all in the same year.

Who does that? I guess we did!

Then there was the other side of me, the same sex attracted side. That was the side of me that I anguished and agonized over the most. I can't tell you if that attraction was due to a biological mistake or the result of being sexually molested for umpteen years. Either way, I didn't want it to become an issue.

Of course, this was well before the first sexual abuse scandal broke out in the church with respect to Cardinal Bernard Law, *the senior-ranking prelate of the Catholic Church, known largely for covering up the serial rape of children by Catholic priests.* (Wikipedia).

Interesting enough, R.C., I didn't give that part of my life any thought at all, that I can recall, when I was married to my first wife (c.1981), nor while I was in the seminary, however, I am jumping ahead of myself.

After much prayer and conversations with my parents and priest, it was decided that my heart and faith were in the right place and that I would make a good candidate for the seminary.

My priest especially thought so.

Once I received that *green light* as it were, I began to explore *religious orders* who had advertisements in the various Catholic publications my mother used to receive.

Two caught my eye, *The Missionaries of the Holy Family* located in *Overland, Missouri*; and, *The Society of Divine Vocations or Vocationist Fathers* located in *Newark, New Jersey*.

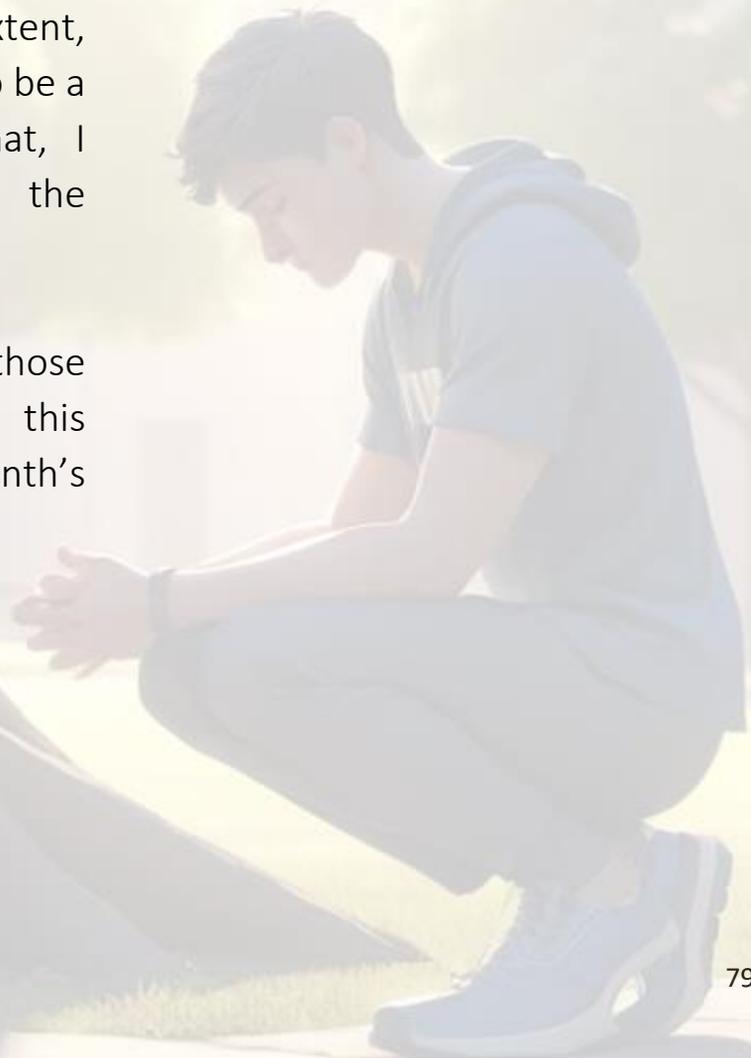
Before coming to a decision, I had to consider that I would be leaving everything and person I had known and loved in sunny southern California – especially my parents.

Up until that time, the furthest I had been away from home, but not separated from family was Sonora, Mexico with grandpa, dad, my brother Frank and sister Cindy, and San Francisco with the high school band.

This however was different. I was being asked to give up everything for God, including family, for the sake of one day taking the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

Poverty and to an extent, obedience were not going to be a problem. But chastity? That, I thought was going to be the greatest challenge.

Listen R.C., you send in those questions. I will continue this conversation in next month's edition of 2468 Friday. –CM





Thursday, March 14, 2024 (7:15 AM)

I was working on this very journal this morning when I received word from Mark (aka Mr. Man, Monsieur Man) on Facebook Messenger that he was experiencing back pain on his lower left side.

This has been going on for a little more than a week now.

It is good that he had his phone with him. He stated in his message that he was going to call and speak with his primary physician and maybe Dr. Malone's office.

He isn't certain either of them can do anything for his back, but it is worth a shot.

After messaging me, I immediately stopped what I was doing to check on him. I felt so bad for him seeing him sitting in the dark hurting.

My heart only knew mercy and charity, which I followed up with prayer (for Mark).

As a Catholic (and I dislike admitting this), I wish I had the ability to pray as a Catholic the way some Protestants do as Protestants.

I suppose what I am really saying is that I wish I knew how to pray—really pray—the kind of prayer that matters during times like these. Naturally, it probably helps to be in a state of grace too.

In this moment I am not concerned with myself, only with Mark's comfort and well-being.

I asked the Lord to be with Mark and help him through this in accordance with His will. I don't know if my gracious and merciful Savior heard my prayer being the sinner that I am, but all I can do is trust, believe, and have faith.

--CM

St. Joseph Catholic Church

550 Glendora Avenue, La Puente, California 91744

The three parishes I spent most of my time in were Our Lady of Guadalupe (Irwindale, CA), St. Joseph's (La Puente, CA), and St. Louis of France (La Puente, CA). Below and on the next page are images of St. Joseph's parish. The same parish where I believe my parents were married, the funeral Masses of several relatives were celebrated, and where I spent a great deal of time in worship and prayer.



In the photo above, we are facing the main entrance with the main altar behind us. I would often use the confessional on the right near the *Sacred Heart Alcove* for confession. One time, while alone in the Church, I was asking a favor from Our Lady at the *Immaculate Heart Alcove* when I heard a voice call my name three times, "**Carlos! Carlos! Carlos!**" It was a woman's voice. The voice seemed to come from the choir loft, however, no one was present in the Church with me that day. Being the coward I

was, I quickly made the sign of the cross and quietly but at a fast clip, left the Church.

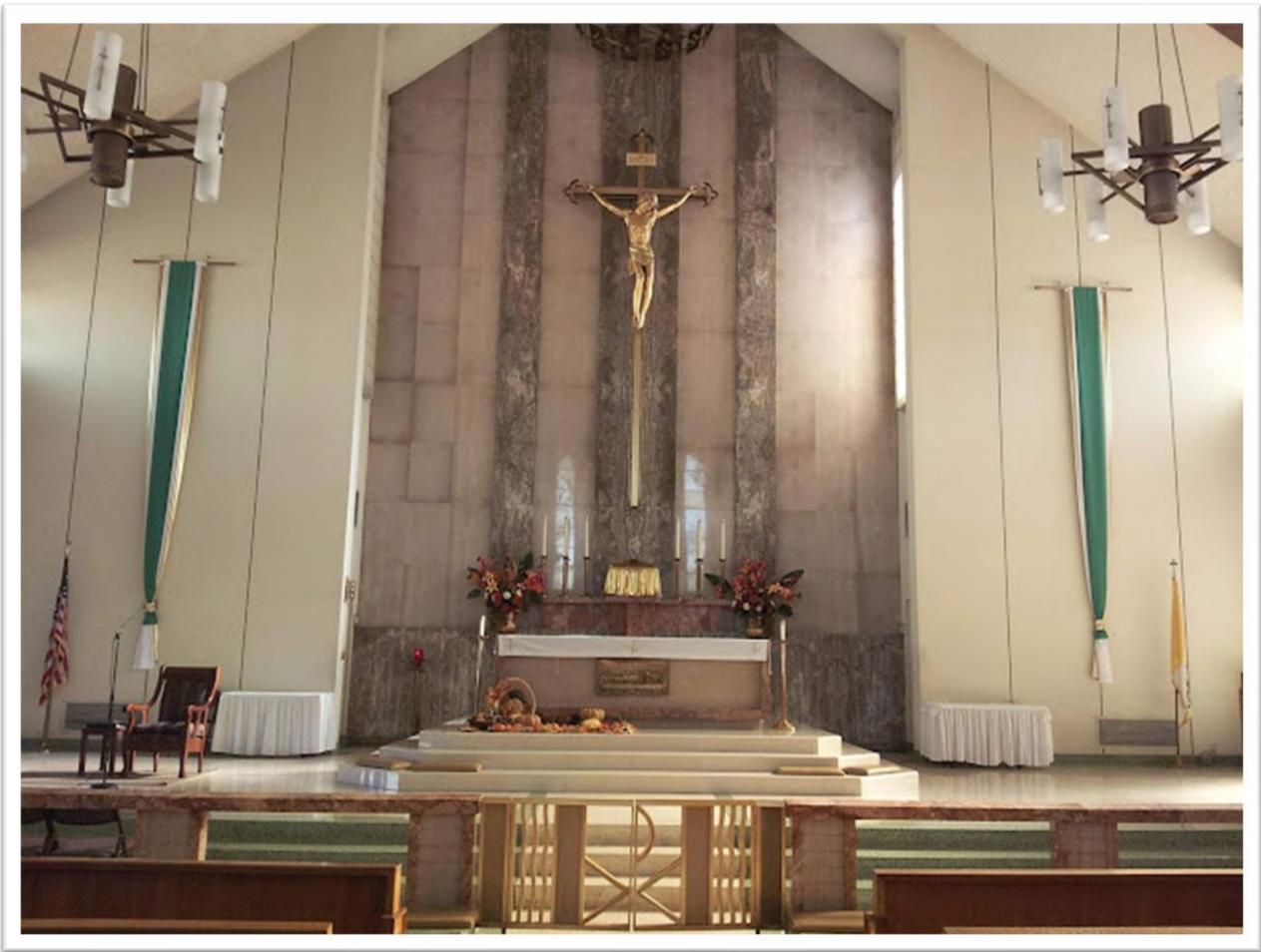


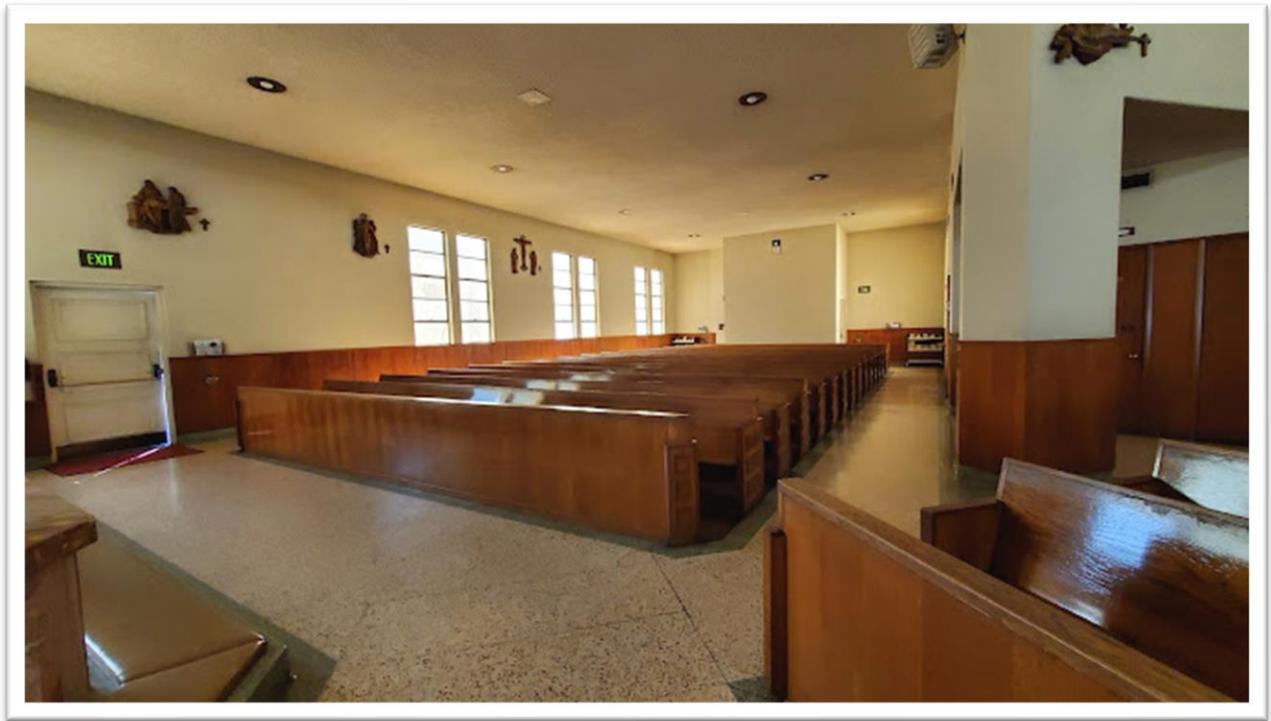
Photo Credit: Gabriel Ratliff, February 2023

The photo above is of the *main altar* at *St. Joseph's*. Many times, I received Our Lord here in *Holy Communion* and sometimes kneeled at the altar rail in prayer and adoration. How I loved to spend time (alone, if possible) with the Lord in those days.

There was a time when I (for me and/or my mother) would stop at the Church to purchase blessed holy candles to use at home. These candles would last for about a week at a time and were always a comfort to have

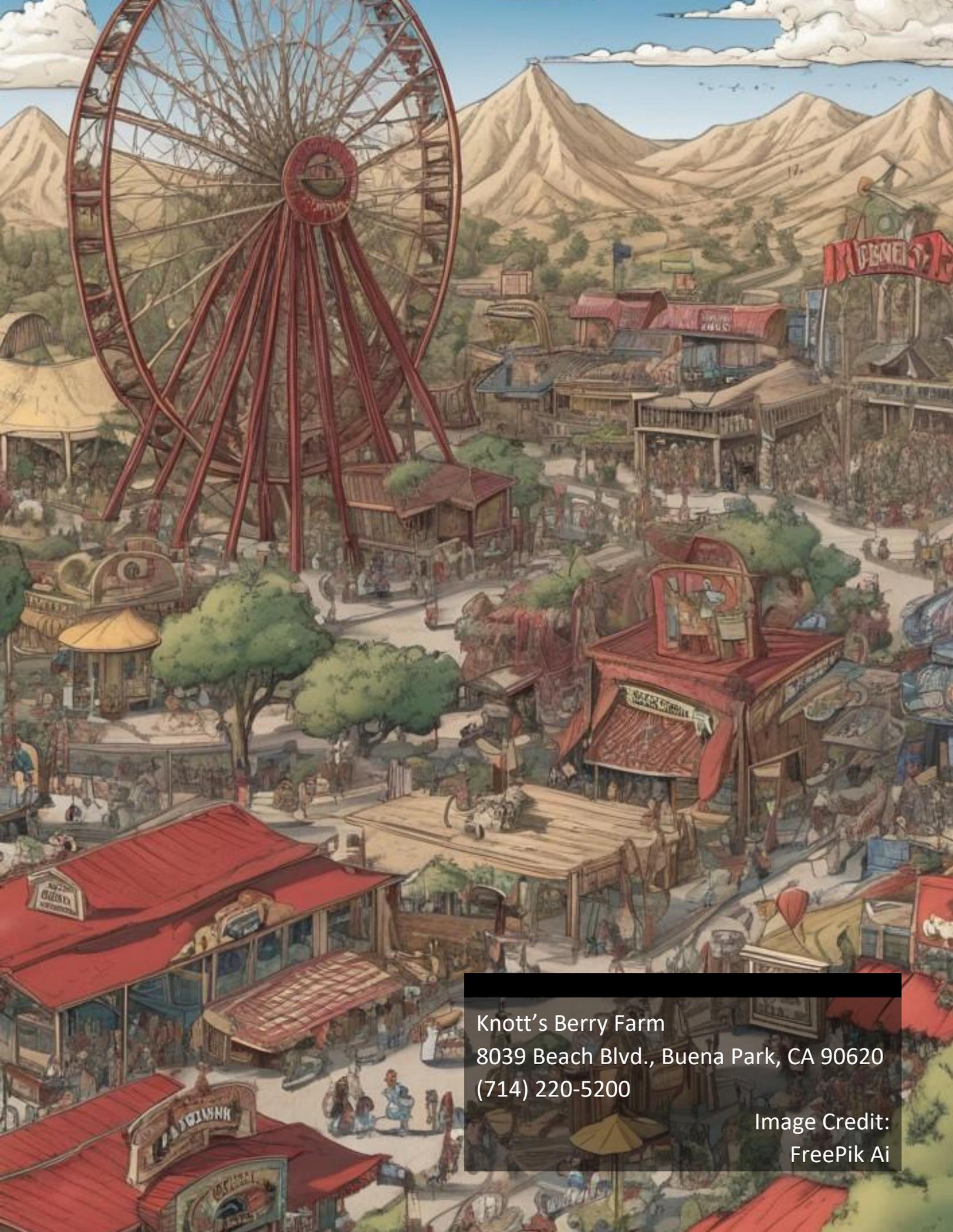
in the house. It has been many years since a blessed candle has been lit in my home. It is time to change that.

I cannot thank God enough through my parents for the gift of my Catholic faith.



The final photo (above) shows the area of the Church (which would be on the right side if you are facing the main altar) where my Uncle Ralph (Confirmation Sponsor and mother's oldest brother) would sit when he attended Mass. I used to enjoy seeing him (in the front pew) the few times we were together at the same daily Mass. After Mass, Uncle would join his friends at the local Winchell's Donut House for coffee and conversation. He was the inspiration for *Coffee Break with Carlos Michael* launched February 2019.

If you are ever in southern California in the *San Gabriel Valley* in the city of *La Puente*, I strongly recommend you visit this beautiful parish.

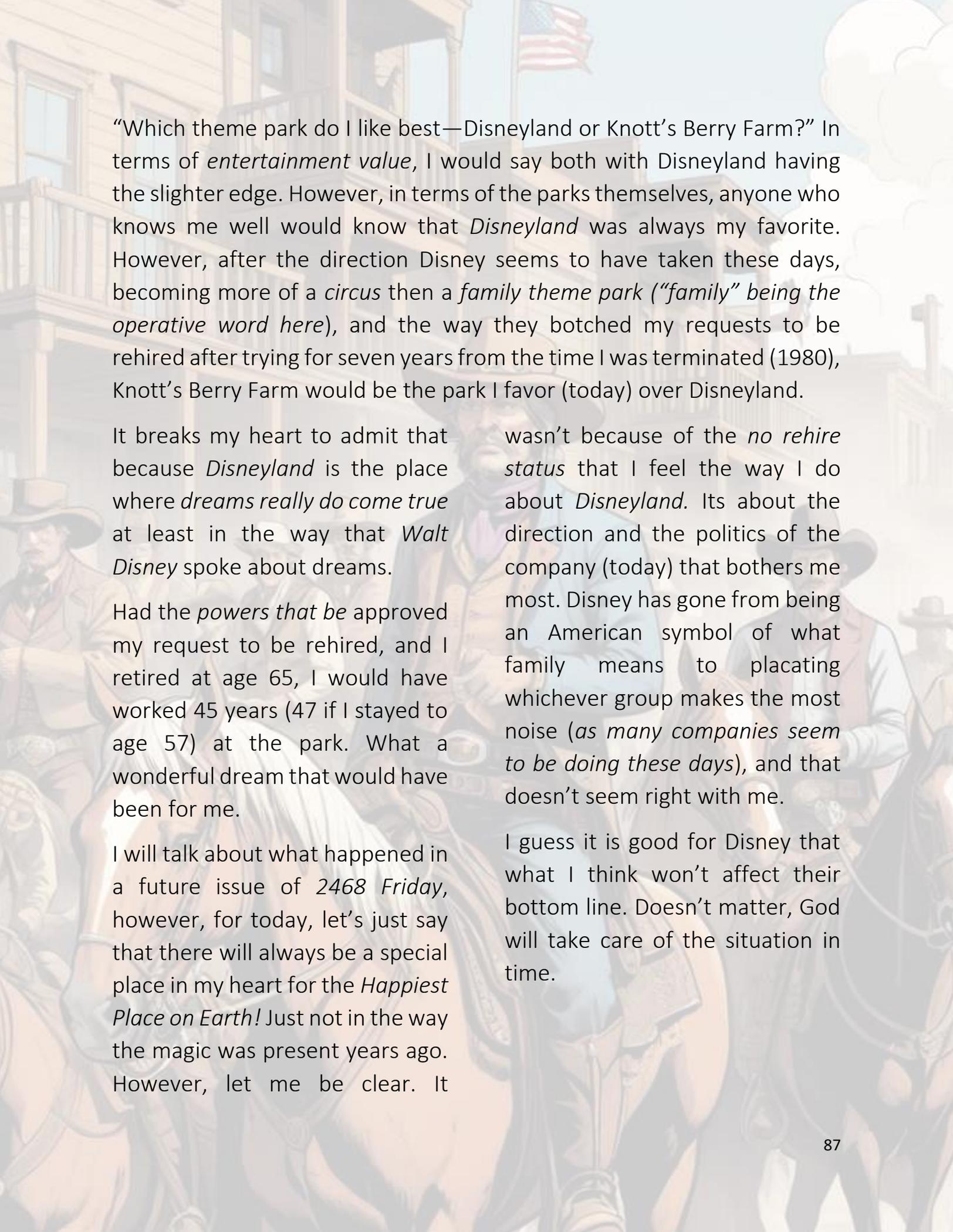


Knott's Berry Farm
8039 Beach Blvd., Buena Park, CA 90620
(714) 220-5200

Image Credit:
FreePik Ai

“Which
theme park
do I like
best--
Disneyland
or Knott's
Berry
Farm?”

CARLOS MICHAEL



“Which theme park do I like best—Disneyland or Knott’s Berry Farm?” In terms of *entertainment value*, I would say both with Disneyland having the slighter edge. However, in terms of the parks themselves, anyone who knows me well would know that *Disneyland* was always my favorite. However, after the direction Disney seems to have taken these days, becoming more of a *circus* than a *family theme park* (“family” being the operative word here), and the way they botched my requests to be rehired after trying for seven years from the time I was terminated (1980), Knott’s Berry Farm would be the park I favor (today) over Disneyland.

It breaks my heart to admit that because *Disneyland* is the place where *dreams really do come true* at least in the way that *Walt Disney* spoke about dreams.

Had the *powers that be* approved my request to be rehired, and I retired at age 65, I would have worked 45 years (47 if I stayed to age 57) at the park. What a wonderful dream that would have been for me.

I will talk about what happened in a future issue of *2468 Friday*, however, for today, let’s just say that there will always be a special place in my heart for the *Happiest Place on Earth!* Just not in the way the magic was present years ago. However, let me be clear. It

wasn’t because of the *no rehire status* that I feel the way I do about *Disneyland*. Its about the direction and the politics of the company (today) that bothers me most. Disney has gone from being an American symbol of what family means to placating whichever group makes the most noise (*as many companies seem to be doing these days*), and that doesn’t seem right with me.

I guess it is good for Disney that what I think won’t affect their bottom line. Doesn’t matter, God will take care of the situation in time.



Bergner Family Reunion Oklahoma City

March 2019, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
*Wonderful family. Good values. Strong
bond of love. I enjoyed the privilege to
celebrate family with the Bergner family.*

Image Credit:
Carlos Michael Padilla



THE FRIENDSHIP CLUB

"NO MAN IS EVER A FAILURE WHO HAS FRIENDS."

THE FRIENDSHIP CLUB

The one line that resonated most with me in the film, *It's A Wonderful Life* (1946) starring Jimmy Stewart, Donna Reed, and Henry Travers (Clarence) is when Clarence says at the end of the film, ***"No man is ever a failure who has friends."***

George Bailey (Stewart) finds himself in precarious situation when his uncle Billy (Thomas Mitchell) misplaces \$8,000.00.

Facing a possible arrest, Bailey contemplates suicide when Clarence jumps into the freezing water ahead of Bailey who then later shows George what life would have been like had he not been around.

I think about the power of that line and movie each time I watch a rerun of the film. What would my life (and theirs) be like had we never been present nor shared a friendship with one another?

I have had the privilege of many friendships over the years. Some

great, others, not so great. However, the one constant that had made those friendships special *is the person I became because of them.*

Sure, some friends I probably could have done without when you consider the motive of the friendship. But in the end, you forgive and move on. Life is too short to hang on to bad karma.

Beginning next month, I would like to share my thoughts about the many individuals I have been privileged to call *friend* over the years. Out of respect for my friends, I will only use their first name, but should they read these entries, I believe they will know who they are.

"No man is ever a failure who has friends."



"LET EVERYTHING I DO,
MY JESUS, BE MY DAILY
PRAYER TO YOU [THAT I
MAY GLORIFY YOUR
FATHER AND OFFER
PRAYER FOR MY
NEIGHBORS MOST IN
NEED]. AMEN.

COFFEE BREAK MOMENT



"Am I angry with
God because I did
not get what I
prayed for or am I
angry with God
because I got
exactly what I
needed!"

Sunday Coffee Moment

Friday, March 15, 2024

7:58 A.M.

Here we are at the middle of the month, and I am already on page 92. How does that even happen?

Hi, welcome to today. It's Friday. Woo Hoo! At least for those of you who work away from home.

Then again, I suppose the same is true for those neighbors who work remotely, just not in the same way for those neighbors who do not work remotely.

I am on day three or is it four of taking my cholesterol medication. That medication is not going to do me a bit of good if I do not change my diet. I have done terrible the last couple of days. That ends today!

I feel sad today but do not know why. I am waiting patiently for things to change around the house so I can move forward with certain plans, however, the longer things take the less interested I become in those plans.

There is no point in making home improvement plans. My recommendation is to sell the house

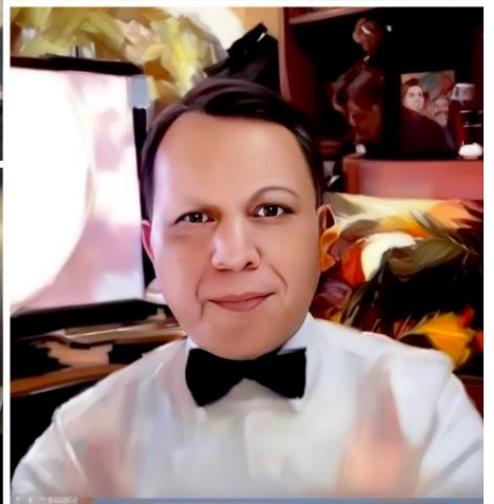
(once it is paid) and decide what to do at that point. We will not get the full value of the house being we will have to sell it "as is." Still, something is better than nothing and if that nothing allows for a more peaceful, quite life elsewhere (e.g., Stillwater) then that is okay with me.

My first payment to Calvary Cemetery for my end-of-life arrangements begin this month. Once the cemetery portion is paid (two years from this month), I will then take care of the cremation arrangements.

It seems strange to know that my ashes will be laid to rest in a cemetery 1,418.7 miles from the family cemetery (Queen of Heaven) located in Rowland Heights, California. That is where most of the family are buried.

No matter. At least I will be laid to rest properly and by the grace of God, spending my eternity with the Lord and our Lady.

Until next time...--CM



Same Sex Attraction: How do I really view this controversial topic?

I have spent a part of today, Friday, March 15th reflecting on that question.

What made me consider it was an audio recording I heard on YouTube shared with me by a friend. The title of the video is, *Fred Rogers, Spiritual Journey to the Catholic Church*, by Thomas S. Venditti. Here is the URL to the video: <https://youtu.be/gujmpB-IBE8?si=Saatlq4vdCvDcDUM>

After conducting further research on Fred Rogers and the Catholic Church's view on *same sex attraction*, I came across an article from the *Catholic Answers* website titled, **Tract: Homosexuality**. Here is the link to that article: <https://www.catholic.com/tract/homosexuality>

First, for the record, something becomes *controversial* only when we make it so.

I prefer to broach this topic from a Mr. Spok non-emotional, logical perspective. A perspective using me as the example.

I was introduced to same-sex attraction and adult sexuality at a noticeably youthful age. At what age, I cannot say. Let us just say that I was young enough not to remember when it started.

One day during this activity, I became aware of what was happening, however, by that time, it was too late.

The damage had already been done. I had come to believe that this activity was punishment for something I had done wrong and that my role was to be obedient to the one who had physical power over me.

By the time I came out to my best friend at age 14, I was convinced that a) there was something wrong with me because of my attraction to the same sex, and b) that I was attracted to both sexes.

“Is that even possible?” I thought to myself, “To be attracted to both sexes.”

The first time the “gay label” was assigned to me, I rejected it with great vehemency. I did not want to be that person—the person my faith had told me would send me to hell.

The idea of being separated from God was something that could never happen for me. I loved Him too much, and yet, it happened over and repeatedly because of my actions.

Because of the hatred (or dislike) I can never tell which was greater that I had for the fact that I was attracted to two things: clean-cut Caucasian males and white old

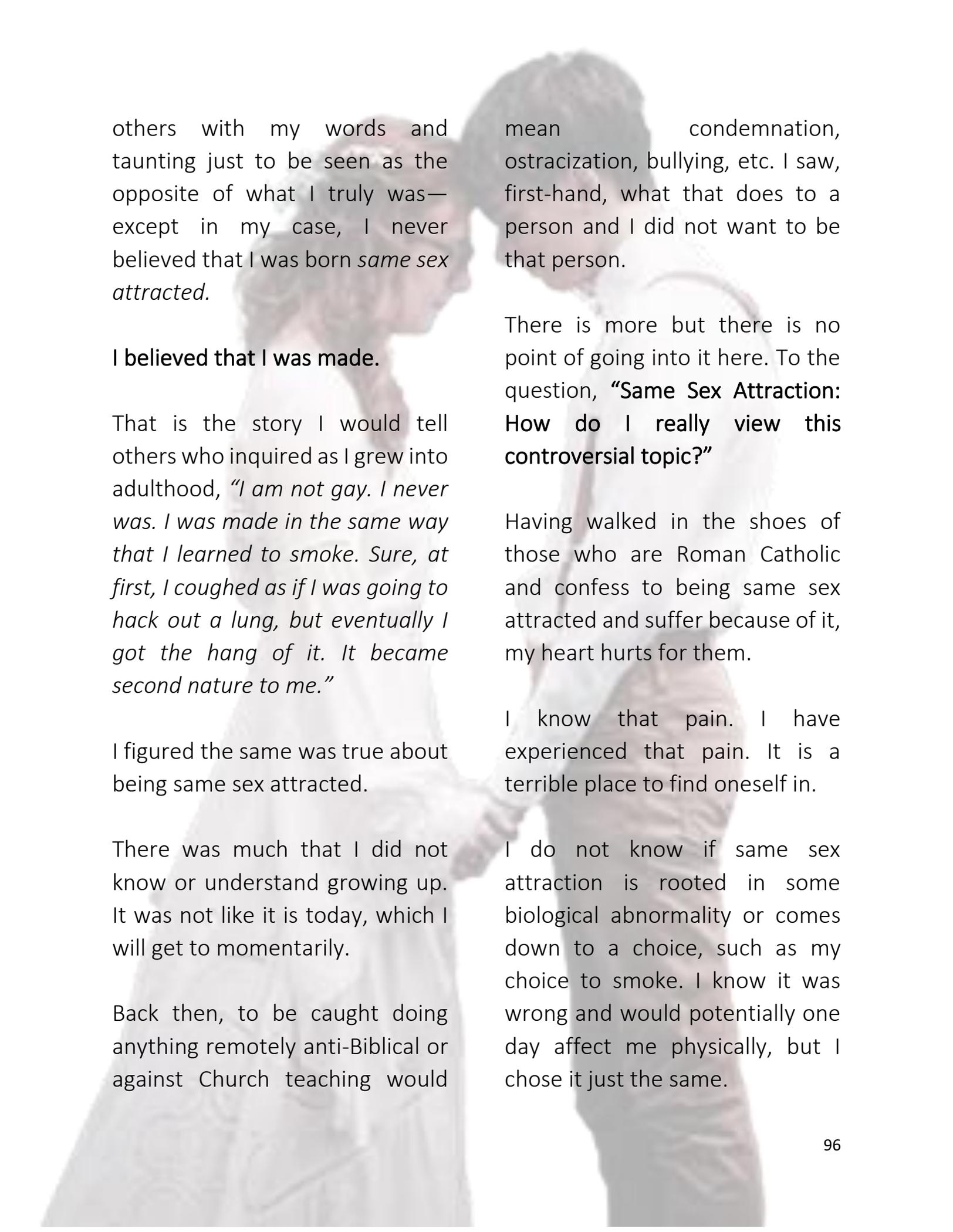
school classic briefs, what they call *tighty whities* today was so abhorrent to me that I would, any chance I got in the company of others, would taunt, call names, and judge those I knew who were openly same sex attracted or at least accepting of it.

“No! No! You must not do that,” I would say. “Do you want to burn in hell for all eternity because that is what is going to happen to you!”

I am not certain at that time I was concerned about the individual and his soul as much I was trying to give the appearance, for the sake of acceptance—the same reason I believe I allowed myself to be sexually molested—to fit in, feel loved, that kind of nonsense.

I believe that is the same reason kids join gangs or form “families— to feel accepted and loved.”

I was so angry and scared at what I had become *secretly*, that I hurt



others with my words and taunting just to be seen as the opposite of what I truly was—except in my case, I never believed that I was born *same sex attracted*.

I believed that I was made.

That is the story I would tell others who inquired as I grew into adulthood, *“I am not gay. I never was. I was made in the same way that I learned to smoke. Sure, at first, I coughed as if I was going to hack out a lung, but eventually I got the hang of it. It became second nature to me.”*

I figured the same was true about being same sex attracted.

There was much that I did not know or understand growing up. It was not like it is today, which I will get to momentarily.

Back then, to be caught doing anything remotely anti-Biblical or against Church teaching would

mean condemnation, ostracization, bullying, etc. I saw, first-hand, what that does to a person and I did not want to be that person.

There is more but there is no point of going into it here. To the question, **“Same Sex Attraction: How do I really view this controversial topic?”**

Having walked in the shoes of those who are Roman Catholic and confess to being same sex attracted and suffer because of it, my heart hurts for them.

I know that pain. I have experienced that pain. It is a terrible place to find oneself in.

I do not know if same sex attraction is rooted in some biological abnormality or comes down to a choice, such as my choice to smoke. I know it was wrong and would potentially one day affect me physically, but I chose it just the same.

Why? For me it was not about wanting to appear cool, tough, or wearing big boy pants. It was always about love and acceptance.

If I became (like them) I would reason, then they will *accept* and *love* me.

But what about the Terry's, Gary's, and Doug's I have known throughout my life journey who were not sexually molested and from an exceedingly early age knew they were *different* for lack of a better word or had no attraction whatsoever to the opposite sex. What about them?

Is it possible that they were genetically predisposed to that condition or way of being and by virtue of that condition could not help the fact that they were same sex attracted?

And what about me? Was that true for me? I would never know

because the choice to be introduced to adult male sexuality at an early age tainted that theory; contaminated the results of the test as it were.

I was never going to know.

Regardless of what I have shared to this point, the bottom line for me as far as reason goes and why I agree with the Catholic Church's position on *chastity* is this:

When you look at how we have been created physically and biologically, it is clear to me that the male and female reproductive organs were created in such a way to accommodate each other for one specific purpose. It is not pleasure, although that is a part of the act. It is for the purpose of reproduction; to create a new life – a baby.

Once that function is no longer needed, in other words, the parents no longer plan to have any more children, chastity

between the parents makes sense (if that is what they decide for each other).

They have consummated their marriage and through their union God has blessed new life into the world and that is a beautiful thing. It is good.

But for those individuals who are same sex attracted, while I empathize with said attraction, it does not make logical sense to come together sexually other than for the pleasure associated with the act because no new life can come from such a union.

While it may be viewed as an act of love or to fill a need, I believe there are other ways that love, and need can be fulfilled.

Grant it, that is asking much. Who wants to carry a cross like that?

I did not at first, but now that I have had time to reason with an advance mind and weigh the

evidence with an open mind, I have concluded that the Church is correct in her position on same sex attraction.

There is no “sin” in the attraction itself. I could be attracted to a book end, but I am not going to have sex with that book end.

It would not be logical. In fact, strange if you ask me. That would make the use of my sexual encounter with said book end disordered. The act goes against the natural order of what my reproductive organs were created for, not to mention the bookend as well.

I write this with no judgment against my same sex attracted brothers and sisters who disagree with me and are living out their lives in accordance with their beliefs.

The choice we make is between God and ourselves. I feel, however, that I made the right

choice for me and that is to accept Church teaching as valid if I am going to live my life as a practicing Roman Catholic. I am okay with that.



Dear Carlos, what was that ONE thing your mother did that was so egregious that you could not forgive her for? –Anonymous.

Oops! Does someone have Mommy Dearest issues? ... Kidding, of course.

Joke aside, let me state for the record that there was no behavior or reaction my mother may have done that was beyond forgiveness. In fact, if mom wanted to apologize for a negative reaction, response, or behavior toward me, that would have been up to her—*it was not expected by me.*

As far as I was concerned, there was nothing mother did that I expected an apology for. An explanation, maybe, just so I could better understand, but an apology or something requiring my forgiveness, don't think so.

That type of thinking just never entered my mind back in the day. Great question. Thank you for asking. --CM



CARLOS MICHAEL

March 20, 2024

6:12 AM

Why do we do the things we DO NOT want to do, and not the things we SHOULD do?

St. Paul stated the same thing in the New Testament.

I do not know what he was referring to (or doing) but I know what I have done and not done, and I seek to correct that.

I asked the Lord's forgiveness and plan to go to confession the first opportunity I get. In the meantime, I surrender once more this part of myself to Christ trusting in His love and mercy. It is all that I can do because, on my own, I can do nothing. With Him, I can do anything He wills for me.

I enjoyed a beautiful Tuesday.

I took Mark to see his doctor (about the back pain). Mark seemed to be pleased with the

visit—and he lost weight too. Way to go, Monsieur Man. I am proud of you.

After leaving the doctor, we had breakfast at the Cracker Barrel. After returning home, because it was such a beautiful day, I decided to go for a walk (alone) at the Riverwalk.

I enjoyed the walk, which gave me time to think, but it is always best when shared in the company of another.

I believe my focus needs to be in three areas: Carlos Michael Communications Media, We Serve Oklahoma, and the Good Neighbor Awards. That is what I shared with Mark on the way to see his doctor.

I believe God, in His goodness, has given me the clarity I need to move forward. Amen.

Great Tuesday. --CM



TROJAN WAY
HOME OF THE EHS TROJANS!

March 22, 2024 (4:02 PM)

What a day today has been, but first, may all the glory be God's. I am truly grateful for His blessings.

Matthew informed me this morning sometime after 7:00 AM that he noticed blood in his urine and was experiencing pain and burning on his right side—the same pain he experienced two weeks ago Saturday when I first took him to the emergency room.

After checking him over and surveying the situation, I decided it was best to return to the emergency room (Ascension/St. John in Broken Arrow).

After running tests, the doctor diagnosed Matt with the same 5-millimeter stone, except it was no longer in his kidney but traveling along the ureter (which I suspected).

The doctor said hospitalization was not necessary. He prescribed additional nausea and pain medication as well as

CEPHALEXIN for the bladder infection.

Prayerfully, once the stone passes, Matt will begin to feel better.

After taking care of Matt I went to lunch with Mark (Olive Garden), Walgreens (to pick up Matt's prescriptions but not ready), Target, Walgreens (prescriptions ready), and later to Braums. I did not get much done but am grateful that the Lord provided everything together to get Matt the necessary care he required.

An incident Friday evening (which I will not disclose) provided a clear understanding or *awareness* of how I need to proceed moving forward—what I truly can and cannot do.

If that is what God desires of me, I will be obedient to His will. Not mine, but His will be done.

In some ways it may turn out to be a good thing. Who knows? We'll see.



*Hey Carlos:
Humor me. This is just for fun.
You are known for your
appreciation of old-school classic
briefs. Off the top of your head,
can you list all the brands you
have worn over the years, which
style and color you preferred, and
which were your favorites (more
than one is okay). – C.J., West
Covina, CA.*

Hey CJ, great question. This should be fun. Let me think ... Fruit of the Loom, Hanes, Stafford, Towncraft (JC Penney), Dockers, Fossil, Polo/Ralph Lauren, Tommy Hilfiger, Bill Blass, Jockey, Cambridge Classics (Mervyn's Dept. Store), Croft & Borrow (Kohl's Dept. Store), Meeting Street (Dillard's Dept. Store), Gildan, Cowboy, George (Walmart), Underoos (Adult), Calvin Klein, 2xist, Stanfield (Canada), Land's End, Champion, Nautica, Michael Kors, ExOfficio, Joe Boxer and Manhattan. There are some brands that I have forgotten that are not listed.

My preferred style is *full-cut, fly-front, white*.

My current favorites are *Fruit of the Loom, Stanfield, Jockey, ExOfficio, and Stafford*.

My previous favorites were *Dockers, Fossil, Cambridge Classics, Cowboy, Joe Boxer, and Bill Blass*.

Thanks for the question, CJ.

In case you have not figured it out, I love wearing white Rugby shorts. They are perfect for jogging, walking, working out, relaxing, and are very comfortable.



Saturday 032324 9:18 AM

Despite the slight chill (*it feels like rain*), today is a good day to praise God for everything that is today. To Him be all the glory. Amen.

Due to certain circumstances that occurred Thursday and Friday, I have decided to abandon the idea of establishing *Carlos Michael Communications Media* as a business. In fact, I have decided to abandon several ideas and projects.



Instead, the website will just be *Carlos Michael: Communicatio / Servitium, Amicitia* (communication, service, and friendship).

I don't know what exactly that means moving forward. I'll wait and see. More information to follow.

I spoke with Matt this morning. He is in good spirits and seems to be doing well. Thank God for that.

Sunday is the start of Holy Week beginning with Palm Sunday. I want to make the most of this holy season (spiritually) as my goal is to more closely unite myself with Christ through my faith, the sacraments, and most especially, the *Holy Eucharist*.

First, I must improve the small prideful itty-bitty sins that eventually grow into big sins. Of course, I can only accomplish that with grace, prayer, and the sacraments. By grace, I mean Christ for nothing is possible without God. The opposite is true with God.

I feel good about where I am and where I am headed. I just need to slow down, breathe, and let God be God. In the meantime, I intend to enjoy my blessings and this life. Thank you, Father. -- CM

*Spiders or what I like to call
"Thudders!" are not my favorite insect.
I know they are helpful, but they give
me the heevie jeevies! This E.T. looking
beauty was taken by my son Michael
on one of his trips to North Carolina.
Just thought I would share.*



Sunday 032423 7:03 AM

I have been a great deal of praying, reflecting, searching, and if you will pardon the use of this phrase, "*internal house cleaning.*"

I love both God and neighbor, this much is true. However, it is also true that I struggle with loving *myself* as my neighbor.

I am working to change that because I must not think as man (or woman) thinks, but as God thinks. Isn't that what Jesus said to do or to stop doing—thinking like us rather than God?

Today marks the beginning of Holy Week—the holiest week on the Church's liturgical calendar.

Today, Jesus enters Jerusalem triumphant only to be abandoned, arrested, scourged, and crucified on Good Friday.

The more I consider what my Lord experienced *because of his love for me despite my sins for which I repent*, I cannot help but want to become a better *servant, neighbor, and friend*. That starts

by being kind to myself as well. Love myself as I love my neighbor.

I know the world is a mess. I hold my breath each day grateful that we made it to the next day.

However, I am not going to allow Satan to use *fear* against me. Jesus said, "*Be not afraid.*" We must also trust in His promises; His word; His love and MERCY!

I believe Heaven wants me to begin this *beatitudes* charity whose focus will be *feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick and lonely*.

The world needs Jesus and that begins with me!

It is time to take the focus off me and put it where it belongs—*on Christ and His people*.

Pray with conviction. Pray with belief. Pray with hope. Pray because it is always the right thing to do. It is an *act* of love.

--CM



Monday 032524 6:54 AM

Holy Week

The holiest week on the liturgical calendar of the Catholic Church began Saturday evening with the vigil Mass—*Palm Sunday*. For me, that began Sunday morning at St. Thomas More (Tulsa).

I want to truly commit to making this week a weeklong retreat as I walk with Christ from Jerusalem to His Resurrection Easter morning.

That starts by putting myself in the right frame of mind. Lining my senses up with virtuous thoughts and behavior. It will take some work, but I intend to give it a shot.

I still feel today as I did Friday evening—accept what will never be (owning a business), be rid of what there is no room for (my stuff), and trust in God.

Thinking Tuesday (03/26) is “bulk waste” pick up day, I put gas in the

gas can (for the mower), mowed the front lawn (the weeds are getting out of control), collected and put out the trash (with Matthew’s help), and piled up the bulk waste when I realized the collection of the bulk waste is not until Tuesday, April 2nd. UGH!!!

However, when you look at it from a “virtuous frame of mind,” you realize that is all is good and in accordance with God’s will.

Busy “Holy Monday” but a good kind of busy. Mowing the lawn helped me to reach my daily quota of steps for the day.

Woo Hoo! God is great.

Thinking about the best way to move forward with the event in October. The problem is the best way to provide food without it being crazy expensive. I will pray on it.

--CM



Manitou, Colorado. Photo was taken in December 2021.

Tuesday 032624 6:58 AM
Holy Week

Reflection: Be mindful of the power of the spoken word, especially when spoken in anger, joking, gossip, etc. Remember that life is not about me and that what has been blessed to me MUST be shared with those in need. Practice often *humility, charity, mercy, love, and forgiveness.*

Monday evening, Mark and I watched the story of Ruth (1960), starring *Elana Eden, Stuart Whitman, Tom Tryon, Peggy Wood,* and *Jeff Morrow.*

I will share my thoughts about *The Story of Ruth* in the next page or two ahead.

It is interesting what you learn about other people, especially actors, sports figures, politicians, religious figures and others after reading about them online or

through documents, historical books, etc.

I found a track on YouTube from Disney's *The Pirates of the Caribbean* attraction. It is called *Pirates of the Caribbean queue line opening music 1 hour loop.*

The contributor of the *queue*, **AlsoTV** wrote: "*I like this part of the Pirates of the Caribbean queue line music, so I made an hour-long loop of it. Some people like this kind of thing, okay?? Too funny!*"

I read that my friend Janet and her husband Fred were on a trip to Central America and the Panama Canal. Good for them. Janet is such a blessing.

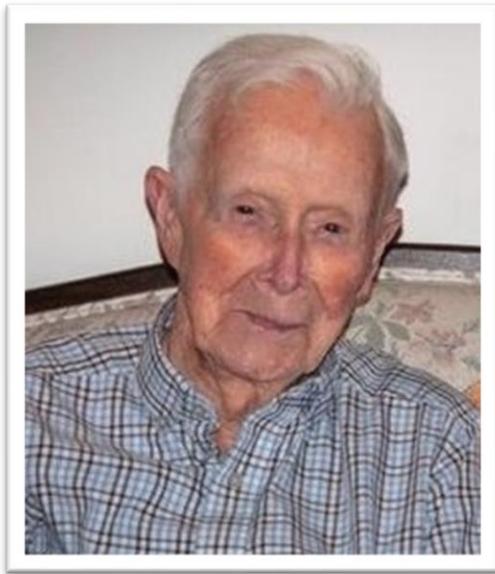
I saw my darling Rose and Sally at Mass on Sunday. It was so nice to see them. I love those two gals so much. Have a great today!

--CM

Highly charged spirited Oklahoma State University Cowboy fans at a game in Stillwater, Oklahoma. Go Pokes!



John D. Thordason, MD
1927-1991



You have heard me mention 2 family doctor's and 1 ear, nose, and throat specialist who cared for the family (and me) back in the day: Dr's. J.D. Thordason, Morgan, and Bettes. Dr. Morgan was the ear, nose, and throat specialist to whom I was referred by Dr. Thordason.

One of the physicians I have fond memories of and often wondered what happened to him after mom switched over to Dr. Bettes, I learned this morning (TUE 032624) when I came across his 1991 obituary:

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/legacyremembers/john-thordarson-obituary?id=8785468>

John Thordarson Obituary

Published by Legacy Remembers on May 25, 2019.

12/7/1927 - 5/19/2019

John D. Thordarson, MD died peacefully at home at the age of 91, surrounded by his wife and family in his home of 59 years in Covina, CA. He was born and raised in Winnipeg, Manitoba and met the love of his life, Betty Jean Wasson, on June 20, 1945, in Gimli, Manitoba. For each it was a first and forever love. After marrying June 17, 1950, they went on to have seven children: Donny, Karen, Kevin, David, Kris, Shaunda, Beth. He became "Bapa" to 23 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. After completing his MD at University of Manitoba in 1952 and his internship in 1953, he moved to Maddock, North Dakota for 4

years. Subsequently he realized his dream, moving to southern California where he was a Family Practitioner until his retirement in 1992. While he always felt medicine was the greatest job in the world, he was most proud of his family and their achievements. He will be sorely missed by all. Private services will be held.

I was happy to read that Dr. Thordason lived out the remainder of his life with the love of his life, his children and grandchildren doing what I know he did best – loving back.

I noticed that a *David B. Thordason, MD* is practicing medicine at Cedar-Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles. I wonder if that is Dr. Thordason's son, David?

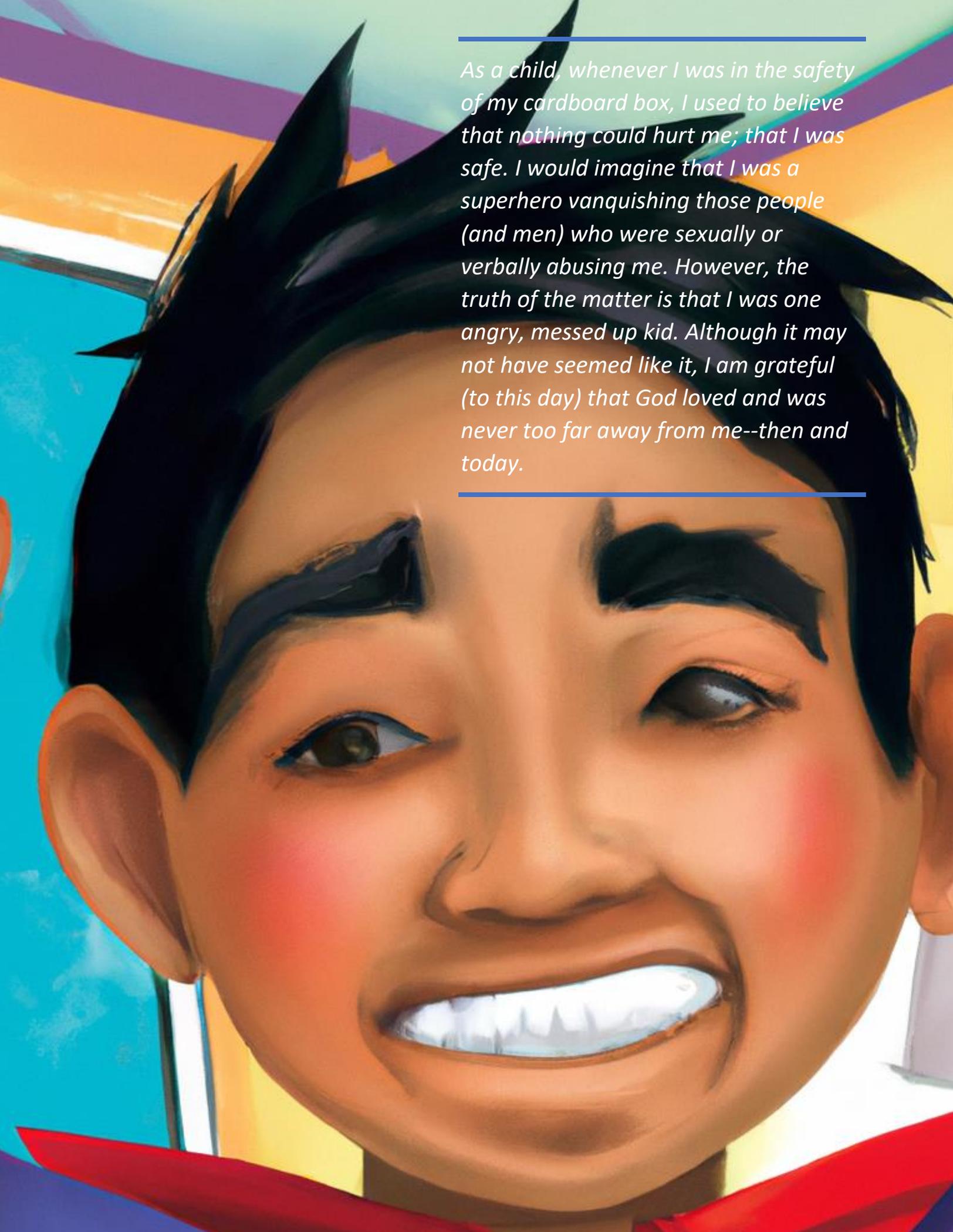
This is one of the reasons I am grateful for the technology of today. In this case, Google – politics aside. It is because of this technology that I was able to

locate this information about this beloved family doctor.

The primary areas that Dr. Thordason treated me for was a cyst on the bottom of my right foot, chronic ear infections, a urinary tract infection, bedwetting (*hey, we all have that one ailment or condition we are not proud of*) post mump and appendicitis care, tonsils, and a variety of childhood related illnesses.

It is nice to know that Dr. Thordason is in heaven loving God and probably still practicing his profession as a physician through prayer. I pray that when my time comes, and if I make it to heaven, that I will come into awareness of the good doctor that I may thank him personally for his care of me as our family physician.

--CM



As a child, whenever I was in the safety of my cardboard box, I used to believe that nothing could hurt me; that I was safe. I would imagine that I was a superhero vanquishing those people (and men) who were sexually or verbally abusing me. However, the truth of the matter is that I was one angry, messed up kid. Although it may not have seemed like it, I am grateful (to this day) that God loved and was never too far away from me--then and today.

The Story of Ruth (1960)

Elana Eden, Stuart Whitman, Tom Tryon, Peggy Wood, and Jeff Morrow.

As I wrote in Tuesday's 032624 journal entry, 'I had an opportunity to watch this film with Mark Monday evening.'

Good movie. Decent acting. Stuart Whitman (Boaz) played his role well. I was troubled by the Moabite practice of sacrificing young children to their God—Chemosh.

According to Google, *Chemosh* was the supreme deity of the Canaanite state of Moab and the patron-God of its population, the Moabites, who in consequence were called the "People of Chemosh". Chemosh is primarily attested from Moabite inscriptions and the Hebrew Bible.

According to Google, *The Moabites considered human sacrifice to Chemosh to be*

necessary to obtain the favor of Chemosh in critical situations, as attested by those performed by the Moabite king Mōša'.

One form of human sacrifice to Chemosh was performed by Moabite kings to thank him for the accomplishment of a vow made to him in a military context, that is, in exchange of the Moabites' victory in war, the enemy population defeated in the said war was killed in the name of Chemosh. This is attested when Mesha had embarked on a policy of conquest of Israelite territories in the 9th century BC, and he slaughtered all of the inhabitants of the Gadite city of Ataroth as an accomplishment of a vow he had made to Chemosh.

Enemy populations defeated in war were also directly sacrificed to Chemosh, such as when, following his capture of Ataroth, Mesha conquered the town of Nebo, he sacrificed the whole Israelite population of the town to Ashtar-Chemosh, likely because of 'Aštar's function as an avenger deity who was invoked in curses against enemies.

The Hebrew Bible claims that Mesha sacrificed his own son to Chemosh on the wall of his city when faced with a difficult situation in war, after which Chemosh rewarded Mesha by immediately starting to destroy the kingdom of Israel. The claim that Mesha sacrificed his son to Chemosh has so far remained unverifiable and is not attested in any Moabite inscription.

After Mesha conquered Nebo, he brought all the lambs of the sanctuary of Yahweh, the God of his Israelite enemies, at Nebo to the sanctuary of Chemosh, where he sacrificed them to Chemosh.

Here is what I learned from Google about this movie:

What is the movie Ruth about?

As a child, Ruth (Elana Eden) is sold to a group of pagans and reared to be a priestess to their gods and idols. But, as an adult, she meets the Hebrew Mahlon (Tom Tryon), and is intrigued by his morality and monotheism.

She eventually falls in love with him and adopts his faith. However, the couple soon find themselves persecuted -- Mahlon is imprisoned, and Ruth is cast into the wilderness. After Ruth's attempt to free Mahlon goes horribly wrong, she redoubles her commitment to God.

How accurate is the movie The Story of Ruth?

Aside from the usual few Hollywood add- Ons (e.g., Ruth was a Priestess, the death of Mahlon, the two Moabite spies, and the exact issue of Levirate law with Tob being first kin and the idea of love, not obligation for marriage) it is reasonably accurate.

Why is the story of Ruth so significant?

Why is the story of Ruth so significant?

It's a story about God and how he restores those who look to

him with hope. It's about God's covenant faithfulness and it contributes to the overall covenantal storyline that unifies the entire Bible.



Release date: June 17, 1960 (USA)

Director: Henry Koster

Distributed by: 20th Century Studios

Adapted from: Book of Ruth

Box office: \$3 million (US/Canada rentals)

Budget: \$2.93 million

What A Son Needs from His Father – 3 Key Aspects to Have the Best Relationship with Your Son

Christoph Gruener 052919

*I came across this informative article on the **Word from the Bird** blog site that I think all dads, including me can appreciate. I wish I had read this when my children were younger.*

Hey dads, want to know what your son needs from you? Here are the 3 main things to keep in mind as you raise your young boy to become a man like you.

Having a son changed my life. Parenthood causes people to deal with their innermost selfish desires. If you're going to have a good and healthy relationship with your son, you can't be selfish anymore. To most dad's, this comes naturally — some, not so much.

For me, there was an immediate trigger from the moment they

were born that fired off — a feeling of wanting to protect, provide, and give my life for that tiny human. That shift in thinking does something to a man; something I will never forget.

It reminds me — how much must God love us as His children when the love for my child seems unbreakable; unrelenting and unconditional.

I heard something once. We sometimes don't understand why God does what He does. Just as a child doesn't understand why his father wouldn't let him eat an unending supply of candy all at once, so does God not give us everything we want. The child in his immaturity doesn't understand it. But the father does in his wisdom.

That analogy really hit home. Because of fatherhood, I can now understand why God allows things in my life that may seem difficult now.

I have broken down what a son needs from his father into three different categories —

emotionally, physically, and spiritually. The bond between a father and son is the second most important relationship a boy will have, the first being his relationship to his mother. Check out [what a son needs from his mom.](#)

The nurturing physical needs from a mother in the beginning years are the most vital to a boy or girl for healthy development. After that, the relationship will shift from always wanting mommy, to always wanting daddy. The point in time this happens is relative to the child.

Our son went through this stage at around five. I'm not negating the importance of the father in the beginning years as well — they are just as vital. But there is a certain time when the child's needs shift from a nurturing mother to a more physical and emotional connection with the father.

These are the most important moments for a father to show up in his son's life to meet every one

of his needs — emotional, physical and spiritual.

One important note – If you had or still have a difficult relationship with your dad, the most important thing that you need to do as a father for your son, is to heal from that relationship so that you don’t continue the bad cycle in the family.

If you’re looking for a creative way to connect with your kids on a deeper level, check out this incredible dinner talk card game – [OUR MOMENTS](#)

What a boy needs emotionally from his dad

All these aspects have one thing in common — they need to be modeled in a healthy way by you.

For his entire life, your son is watching you with his big open eyes, soaking up every bit of information he can. He isn’t immediately aware of this until he reaches his later years, so while he is still moldable, be the mold — but make sure it’s a healthy one.

Affirmation in who he is.

If you have had a healthy relationship with your dad, then doing this should come easy. If not, then it may be something you have to learn.

Using your words to affirm him in who he is can be as simple as, “You did an awesome job!” or “I am so proud of you.”

But the most important affirmation you can give your son is that you love him no matter what, and you admire who he is.

Unconditional Love

Most men have a natural unconditional love for their child. But let’s delve a little deeper into what unconditional means. It means that no matter what your son does, is or who he becomes, you love him.

God loves us this way, and we are called to love others this way — especially our children.

Correction in love

Discipline is one of the least favorite aspects of being a parent. But it’s an important

aspect that will shape a lot of who your son becomes. If you discipline out of anger, then you will accomplish nothing, aggravate your child, and make things worse.

If you discipline in love, then God will use that correction in his life to produce character and a healthy humility.

One of the most important things I learned as a father when it comes to discipline, is to look at the heart and not the behavior.

A child might behave a certain way based on a deeper issue — so correcting the behavior is only covering the wound with a band aid. How this looks is relative to the age and personality of your child. But whatever you're doing, do it out of love and not anger. Address his heart and not his behavior.

I heard somewhere that a father should wrestle with his son for at least 15 min a day as it causes vital brain development to take place.

Wresting with your son is usually something that comes naturally, but I bet you didn't know it was just as important as breast feeding!

He also needs you to hug and hold him. The importance of physically touch is nothing new — so make sure that you're giving your son all the physical attention he needs. Again, it's helping his brain develop!

Another physical aspect of being there for his needs, is show up for him physically. Do things with him! Take him camping, fishing — play with him and do what HE wants to do. Meet him where he is at while also showing him the world.

He needs someone to adventure with — why shouldn't it be you!

What a boy needs from his dad spiritually

Model your faith, don't force it. I am hopeful that this new generation is aware of the detriment caused by forcing faith instead of guiding it.

That means, while he grows up, implement daily practices of prayer or devotionals, bible reading at bedtime — but don't force it.

Ask them if they would like to pray, but don't force them to. Be open for questions, and more times than not, let them come to you. If you're continually preaching at them, yet not listening to their heart, you will create an environment of talking at them, instead of with them.

Again, it's modeling your faith. Act in a way that you want them to act. Pursue Jesus like you want them to pursue Jesus. Live your life in a Godly way if you want them to, so on and so forth.

**What your son needs YOU to do
He needs you to have a healthy relationship with mom.**

One thing that strikes me as probably the most vital when it comes to modeling your faith, is to have a good relationship with your wife. Children who have healthy home lives are more

likely to have a healthy life themselves.

So, if you need to work on that, don't only do it for yourself and your wife, do it for your kids.

He needs you to deal with failure in a healthy way.

Failure is a part of life, and when dealt with healthily, will most likely evolve into success. When you fail, do you give up? Or do you press on, accept your failure, and learn from your mistakes?

If your son messes up or gets frustrated with a school project, encourage him to press on, in spite of the difficulty.

If he hurts someone's feelings, or did something wrong, guide him to take responsibility for his actions. This will teach humility and respect for others as well.

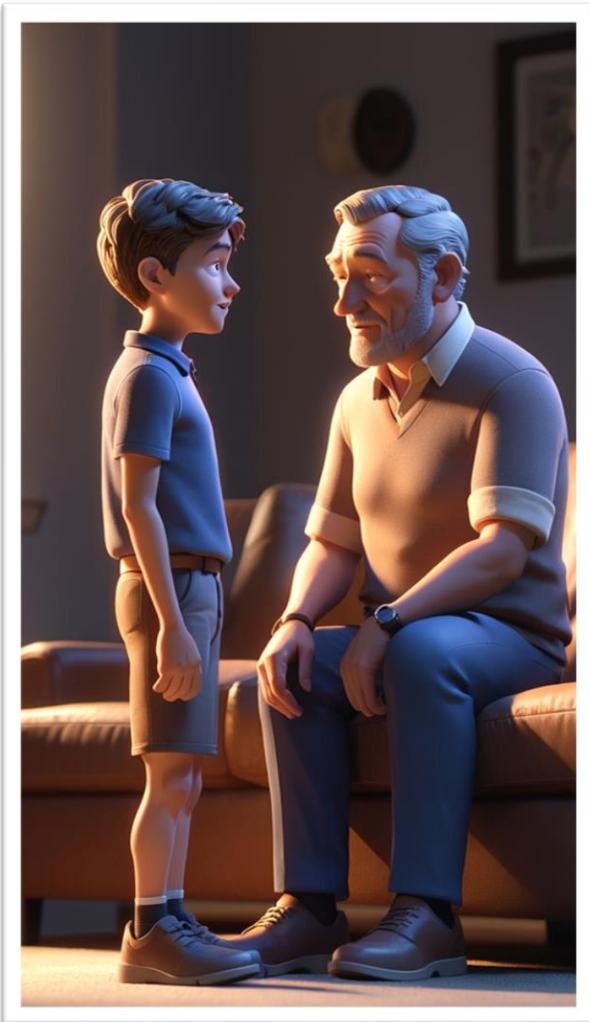
He needs you to admit it when you're wrong.

I fail with fatherhood, sometimes daily — which is why it's so important to admit when I'm wrong and apologize. From this,

he will know that perfection is not a part of life. We all make mistakes. When you can show transparency in your failure, he will also apply this to his life.

Again, with this, he will learn humility, knowing he doesn't have to go through life pretending he is perfect.

He needs you to be a healthy leader, not a dominant male.



Wednesday 032724 (7:02 AM)
Holy Week

God willing, Confession and Mass this morning at St. Thomas More. Afterward, computer work after spending Monday and Tuesday working on the yards. God is good.

The Lord blessed me with time to reflect this morning on areas that I want to work or improve upon. God is good.

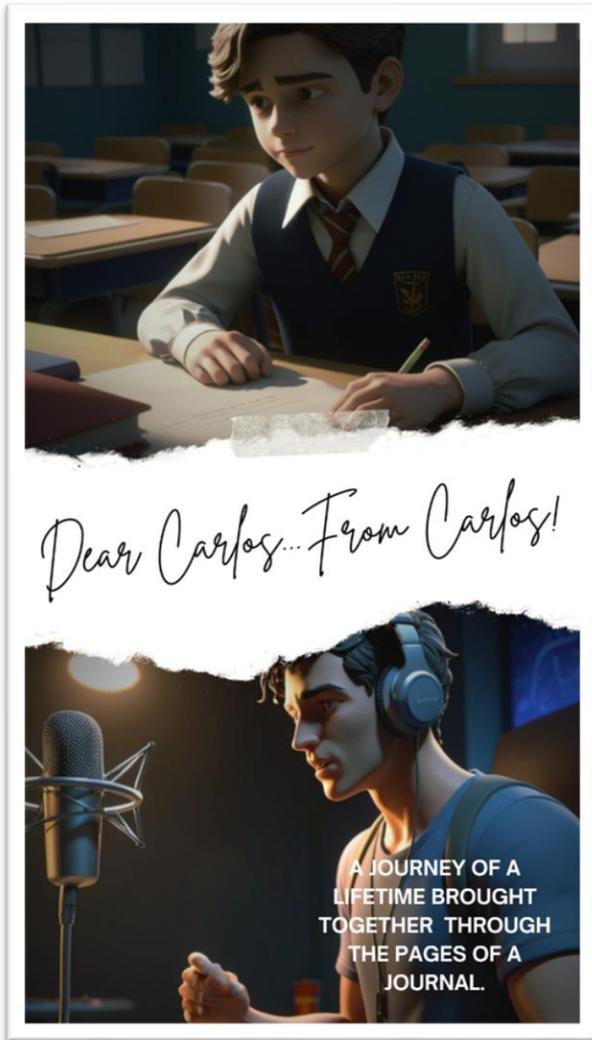
I watched the 1951 film *David and Bathsheba*, starring *Gregory Peck* and *Susan Hayward*. Both Peck and Hayward seemed out-of-place (to me) in this film, but it was a good film to watch for this time of the year. Good is good.

It is almost time for me to leave. I want to be certain to go to confession. We will talk again soon. Have a great today!

--CM



Every time I see this man's face and smile, I think of Walt Disney.



One day out of the blue, Carlos receives a telephone call from his sister informing him about a box she found in their mother's attic with his name on it. Little did he know, the pages of this journal would connect him with his younger self.

Dear Carlos... From Carlos!

Coming soon!

Hey Carlos! What is your favorite...?

Dessert: *Lemon Meringue Pie*

Color: *Hunter Green*

Season: *Autumn*

Tree: *Pine*

Underwear Style: *Brief*

Short: *Rugby*

Food: *Italian*

Bird: *Bald Eagle*

DC Hero: *Hawkman*

Marvel Hero: *Capt. America*

Male Saint: *Francis of Assisi*

Female Saint: *Francis Cabrini*

Candy: *Three Musketeers*

College Sport: *Football*

University: *Oklahoma State*

State: *Oklahoma*

Sweater: *Cardigan*

Western: *Gunsmoke*

(OK) City: *Stillwater*

Insect: *Monarch Butterfly*

(CA) City: *Mission Viejo*

Holiday: *Halloween*

Tradition: *Family Prayer*

Holiday Icon: *Santa Claus*

President: *Abraham Lincoln*

Mascot: *EHS Trojan*

Instrument: *Trombone*



I found this image online. Apparently, this is a ride at Walt Disney World, Florida. I have never visited WDW. Probably never will.

Thursday 032824 (7:55 AM)
Holy Week

Today is *Holy Thursday*. It is on this day that the Lord institutes the sacrament of the *Holy Eucharist* during the last supper.

This is also the day when He goes into the garden where He agonizes over what is about to take place; where he is betrayed by Judas, abandoned by the apostles, and arrested as if He were a common criminal.

Dear God, forgive us. Have mercy on us.

Both Lent and the month of March are ending. I cannot say with any certainty if Lent 2024 was as penitential and observed in the way that I did in 2023 and 2022—but I can say this, “*My love for God and faith continue to grow exponentially.*”

Wednesday morning was probably the best way that I

could have spent in preparation for today and tomorrow (Good Friday).

I went to confession. Attended Mass. Received the Holy Eucharist and Anointing of the Sick. Spent time with the Lord through my friend Leda and in Adoration at St. Benedict’s in Broken Arrow.

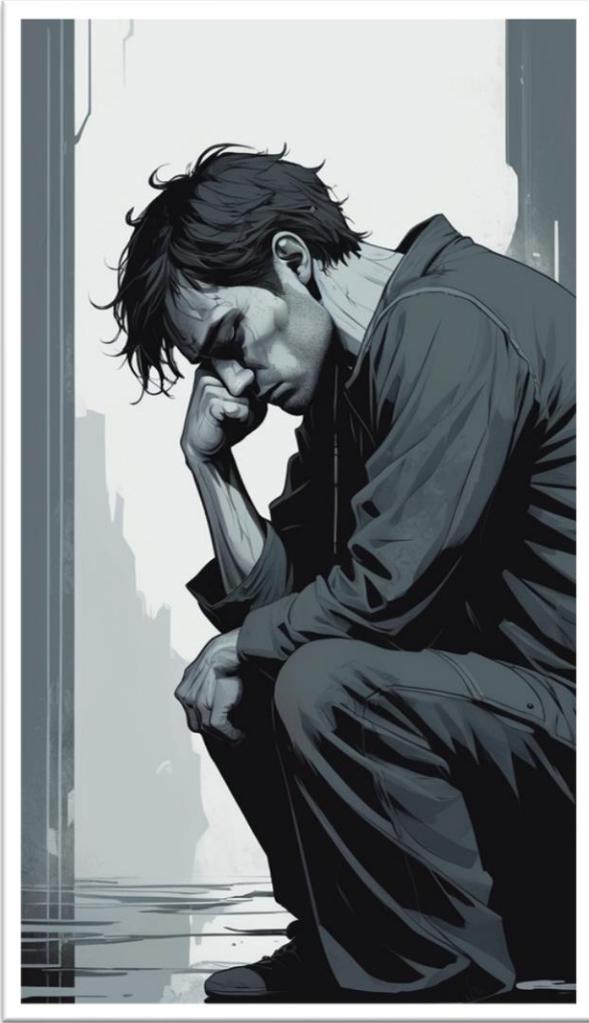
It was, by far, for me, a one-day spiritual retreat spent with the Lord that I am truly grateful for.

Today is the day the Lord has made, and I will rejoice and be glad.

I finished reading the Fish Easter article: *Dealing with Homosexuality*:
<https://www.fisheaters.com/homosexuality.html>

It is worth reading.

--CM



Trust.

How many times during my life-journey, have I found myself in the position or state as that of the man in the illustration above: exhausted, angry, sad, depressed, overwhelmed, resigned?

And how many times while in that state did, I truly believe there was no possible way out?

That the situation or even would never get better? That I was doomed to a lifetime of failure?

I hesitate to confess; however, the truth is, too many times!

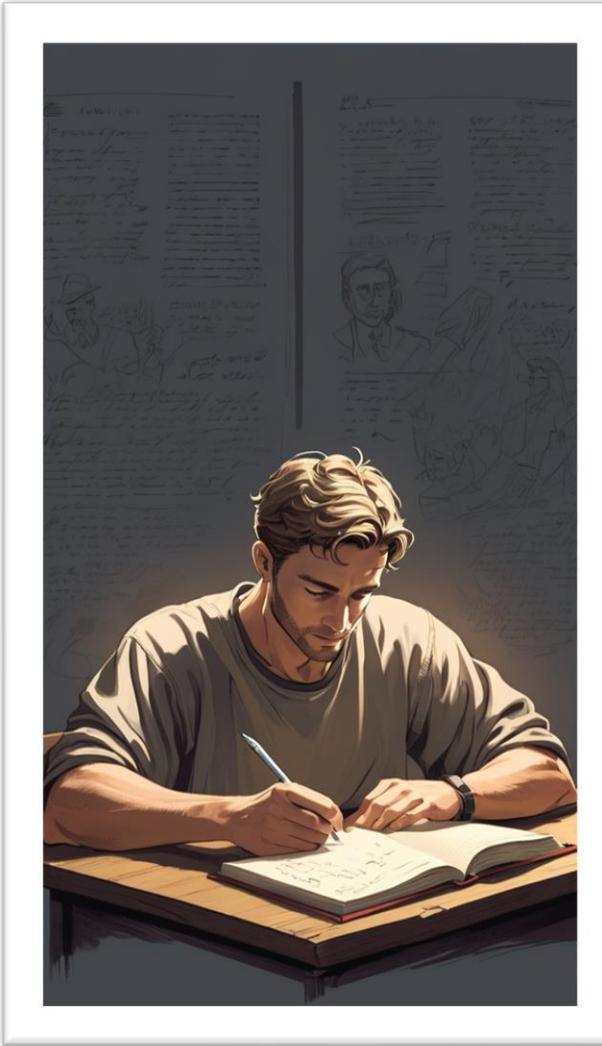
Every day, as often as I could, I would express my love for God, broken though I was, but in the process, failed to trust in His love, His Mercy, His promise to know that He is always with me— always with YOU!

Whatever we are experiencing, no matter the degree to which we have been called into suffering (in that moment), do not lose your hope or trust in Jesus.

Never!

It may not seem that He is present, but He is. Surrender everything to Him and TRUST in HIM!

Sometimes easier said than done, I know. Believe me, I know. But the truth of the matter is, HIS truth WILL set us free.



Dear Carlos: Two questions! 1) What did you like best about the following films: Star Wars, E.T., Somewhere in Time, Hoosiers, The Avengers, Mannequin, and Top Gun. 2) Are you really sharing everything in your journals or are you holding back?
—Anonymous

Dear Anonymous! Great question. Thank you for asking. To your first question, what I liked most about the films listed is the music. This is true about many of the films I have watched over the years. I find that the music oftentimes speaks to me more than watching the actual movie. I will often give a film a higher rating of approval based on how the musical score affects me emotionally in tandem with the visual presentation.

*To your second question: No, I am not sharing everything. Yes, I am holding back. No doubt you have heard the old saying, “**Some things are better left unsaid.**” For the sake of family and friends who may read these journals, I hold back for them. However, I do plan to self-publish one book of truths where I will speak candidly and uncensored about certain experiences, while keeping it respectful, of course. --CM*



**ZOMBIE
LATTE**

CARLOS MICHAEL CM



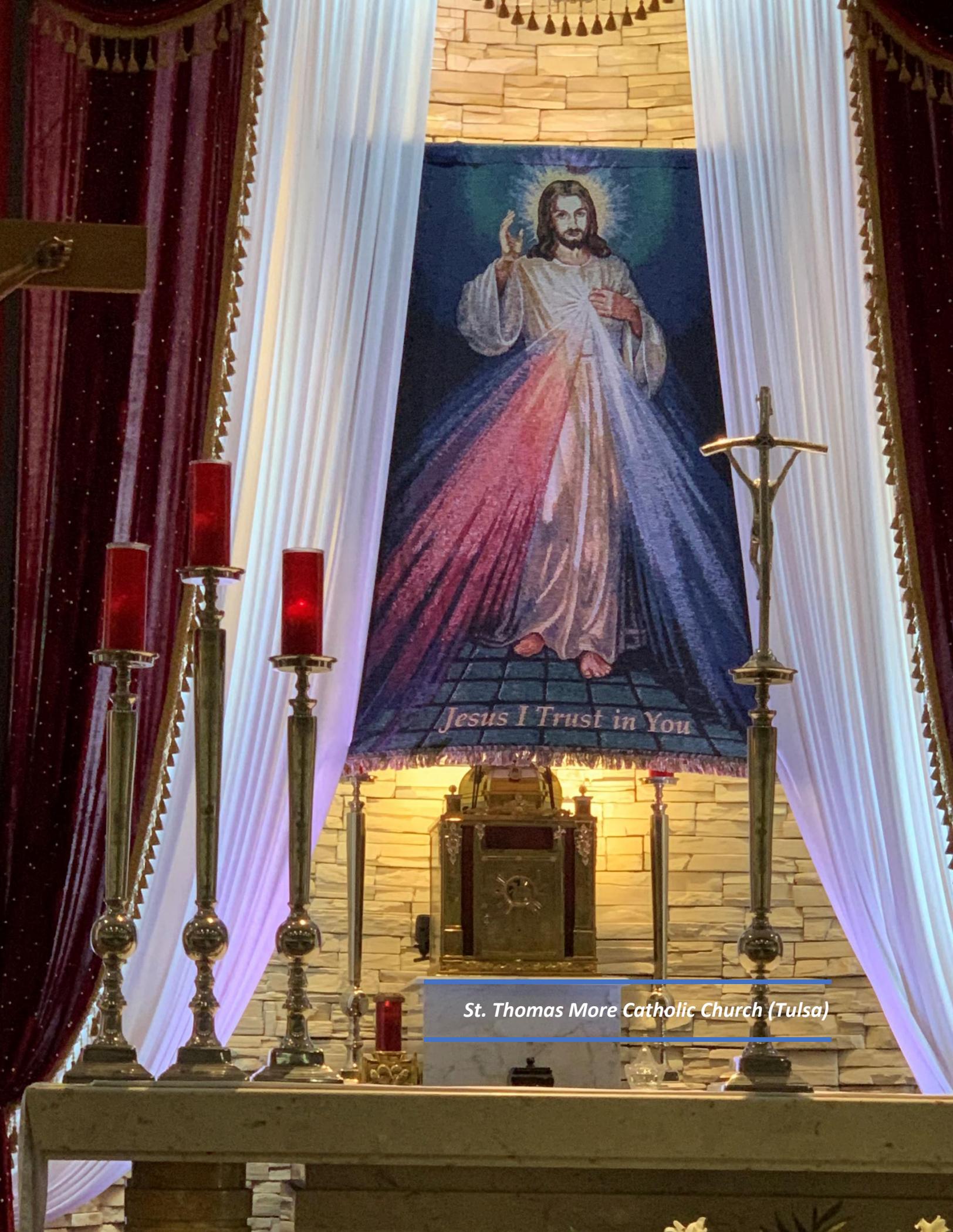
Podcast Update

It is amazing to think how far I have come since I first began podcasting in late 2016, beginning with *No Pants Charlie* before moving to *The Talking Mexi-CAN!* Until I rebranded the show following the death of my mother (2018) when I launched *Coffee Break with Carlos Michael* (2019).

Despite not making it past puberty as far as podcasting goes, I am amazed at the number of hours logged in and the different show ideas we came up with since 2019: *Coffee Break with Carlos Michael*, *Coffee Break Short Break*, *Coffee Break Catholic*, *Downtown Oklahoma*, *Game Time with Mr. Man*, *Coffee Break Comics*, *Coffee Break Dad*, *Micing in My Underwear*, *Zombie Latte*, *Carlos Michael 2.0*, *Carlos Michael 360*, and *2468 Friday*.

Some of the shows listed never made it off the cutting board, while some did okay as far as pre-pubescent podcasts go.

Earlier this month, I decided to put podcasting on hold to assess where we are, who our audience is, what listeners want to hear, how is the best way to reach the target audience, etc. The problem with knowing is the lack of feedback we don't receive. Let's hope that changes moving forward. We'll keep you posted. "Let's Coffee Break!" --CM



St. Thomas More Catholic Church (Tulsa)

Friday 032924 (6:42 AM)
Holy Week

Today is *Good Friday*. It is the day of the Lord's passion. *"Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do."*

Today is also the first day of the novena to *The Divine Mercy*. Thank you, Jesus, for your love—even to death upon the cross, and for the beautiful opportunity to immerse ourselves in Your Mercy.

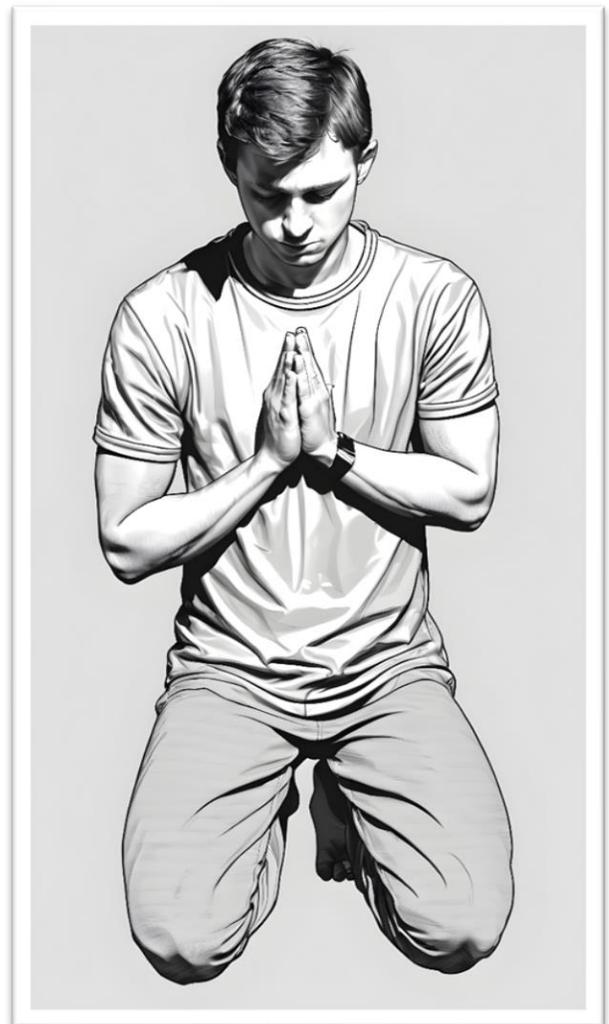
"In that hour, vouchsafe my God, to hear the prayers of Your Church and grant her desires through the merits of our Savior, Jesus Christ and of His Blessed Mother. Amen."

It was a blessing for me to participate in the 6:00 PM *Holy Thursday* Mass at St. Thomas More Catholic Church (Tulsa).

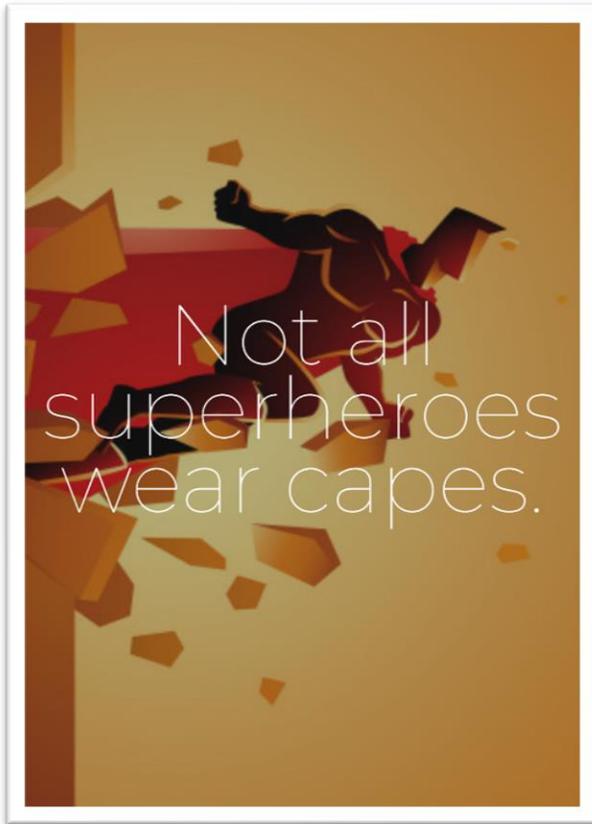
It was a blessing to sing with the choir, spend a few minutes in conversation with my friend Christopher, see the happiness on Janet's face when she received the Palm Sunday replica

of Christ (made from palms) that I presented to her, to see my dearest Rose, Leda, Laura, Irma, Mary, the faithful present, all the priests and deacons of the parish and most especially, to receive the Lord in Holy Communion.

Dear God, I love You!



Everything of every day for the glory of God. Amen.



"Some heroes drink a lot of coffee and talk too much!"

RANDOM MUSINGS

1 Why would President Biden who professes to be Roman Catholic want to make *Roe v. Wade* the law of the land?

2 Why do some members of the faith (Roman Catholics) openly criticize Pope Francis when they should be praying for him?

3 If Jesus stated to St. Faustina that He wants the Divine Mercy

message to be preached and shared, why aren't we Roman Catholics shouting His message of mercy from the rooftops?

4 How can I truly call myself Roman Catholic and still act like a sinning idiot!!? *Thank the Lord for His mercy, the Sacrament of Reconciliation, and the Church, otherwise I would be in a heap of trouble.*

5 Jesus tells us not to be afraid and yet, it seems like I am always afraid. Good grief, what does that tell you?

6 October 18, 2022, I weighed in (with clothes on) at 214 lbs. 4 oz, following my last visit with Dr. Saylor. Let's see if I can surpass that weight by one pound by the end of this year.

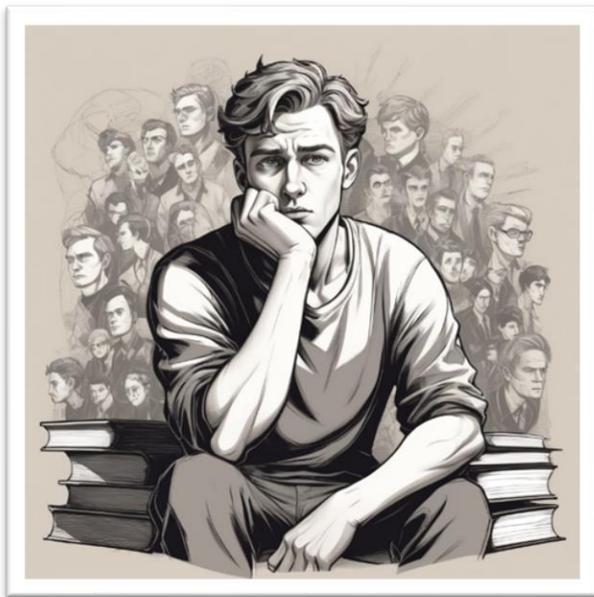
7 It is interesting how members of my immediate family, *not referring to siblings*, keep telling me how to be a father and parent—a successful one at that. The problem is, three of them have never been parents, and one a not so successful parent.

Sheesh! I know they mean well and their hearts are most likely in the right place, but please, give me a break already.

8 I realize and accept that I no longer communicate as well as I believed I once use to. Perhaps that belief was self-serving and an incorrect assessment of my ability to communicate. *“Carlos! The great communicator you are not.”*

9 Either I am shrinking, or I the length of my pants is too long. Let’s face it, the former is true.

10 Why is it people are quick to tell you WHAT to do, but never ask, what you would like to do?



Saturday 033024 (6:37 AM)
Holy Week

Praise God. Tomorrow is Easter Sunday. The Lord will have risen. Halleluiah.

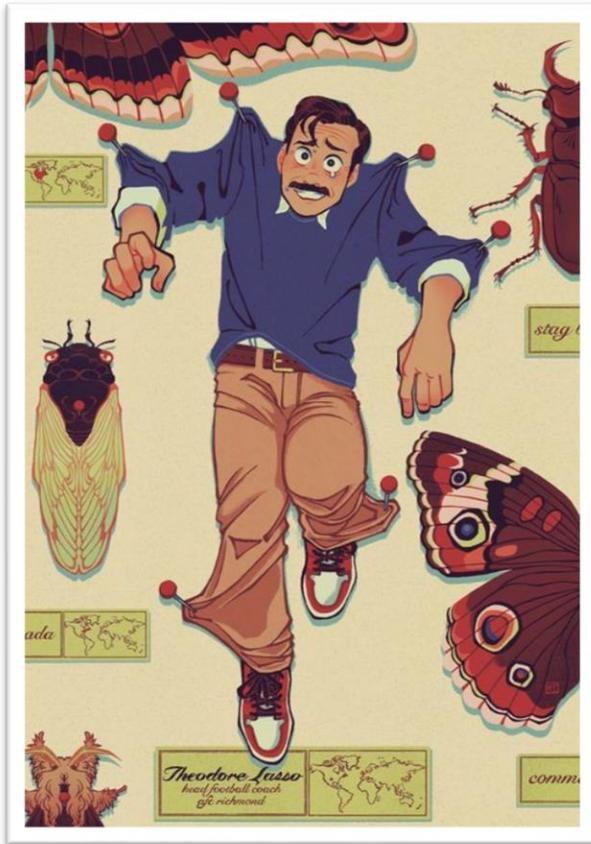
Saw **Godzilla X Kong: The New Empire** (2024) with Michael, Matthew, and Josh (courtesy of Josh) at the Cinemark Theatre on 71st Street.

Good and cheesy. Funny and informative. On a scale of 1-10 Kongs (10 being best), I give this film an 8. Spending time with the boys...priceless. The cheese fries, M&Ms and Coke did nothing for my figure! (LOL).

Hit my left thigh on the corner point of the desk yesterday. Ouch!

I never thought the day would come when one of my own would accuse and ask me why I pray and am at Church so much. I guess that is a good thing. At least they notice. God is good! --CM

RANDOM MUSINGS 2

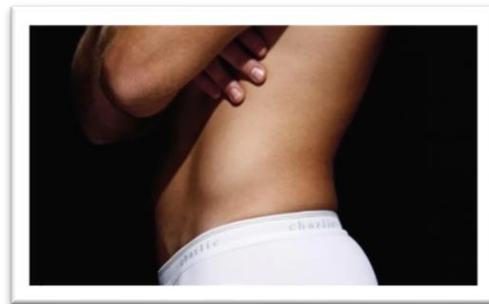


11 Saw the above illustration on Pinterest with the following caption, “**Confidence Starts at Self-Acceptance.**” Yep! That’s me—always pinned to the wall (as it were) struggling to break free. However, I do agree with the caption.

What is *self-acceptance*?

According to the Virginia Dept. of Health: *Self-acceptance is defined*

as “an individual’s acceptance of all of their attributes, positive or negative.” [1] When we’re self-accepting, we embrace every part of ourselves, not just the “positive” things! Self-acceptance is unconditional—you can recognize weaknesses, but still fully accept yourself.



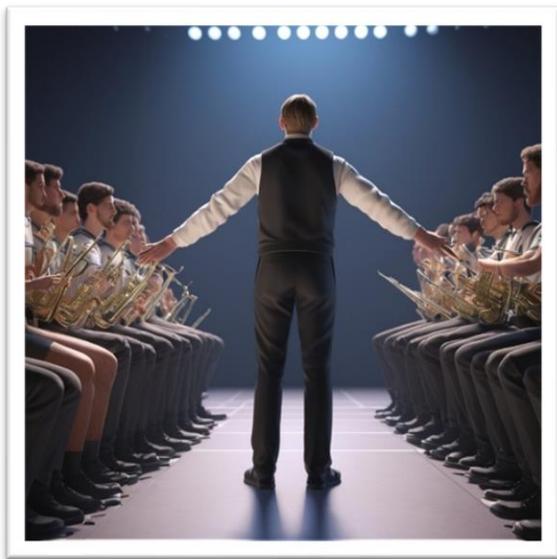
12 How fitting that some genius had the foresight to finally put my name in its rightful place! Thank you, Charlie.

13 Why does someone emphatically say they are listening when it is evident that they are not listening. Shamefully, that sometimes includes me.

14 There is a certain atmosphere or magic, if you will, about the American Midwest that is so intoxicating in its beauty and

mystique, that I almost feel that I am under the influence of a narcotic. For me, the film *Hoosiers* (1986) and the television series *Leave It to Beaver* (1957-1963) best captures that mystique.

15 Who knew that my former band director *Dr. Laurence Marks* is the *Former Professor of Music, Director of Bands (retired) at the University of North Carolina Charlotte*. From high school band director at Edgewood (West Covina, CA) to Professor of Music at a major university in North Carolina. Good for you, Mr. Marks. I really thought the world of this man. Musical genius.



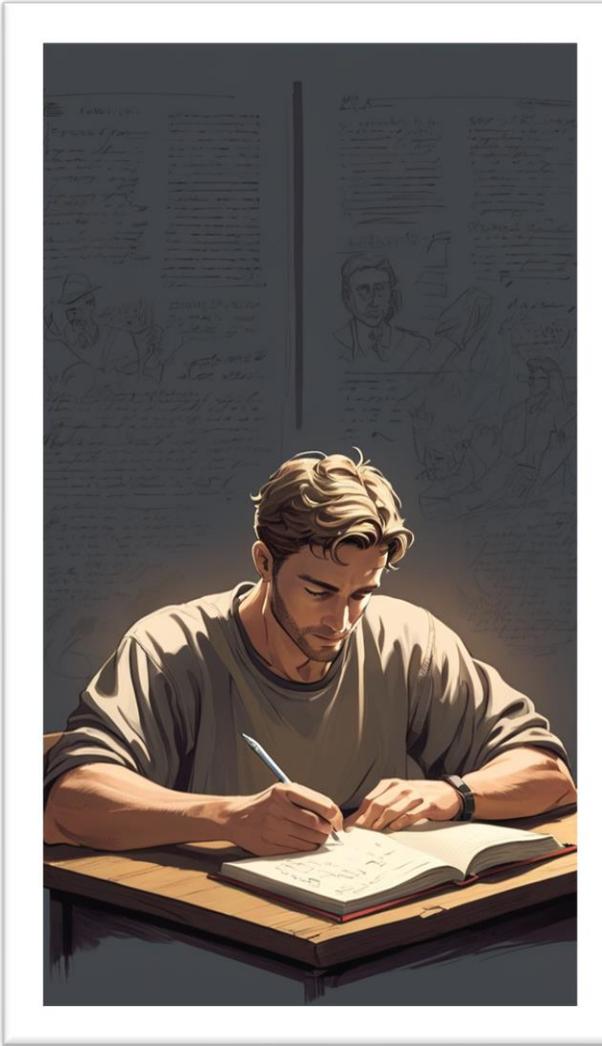
16 Why do we say to someone that WE are there for them, as if to imply that is unconditional, but when they really need US to be there for them, we are not there for them?

17 Which of these *Star Trek* characters would you classify me as: Capt. James T. Kirk, Mr. Spok, Montgomery Scott, Mr. Sulu, Mr. Chekov, Dr. McCoy, or Lt. Uhura?

18 In 7th grade, I was called *the teacher's pet* by a friend. Do you know that I did not know what a *teacher's pet* was until she explained it to me. Good grief!

19 I began smoking in the summer of 1976. I quit in 2013.

20 I married twice. First time in 1981. Divorced that same year. The second in 1987. Divorced in 2002. No one's fault. Just the way life worked out. No children from the first marriage. Six (four biological) from the second.



21 I forgot to mention while watching previews at the theater Friday evening that a remake of *Twister* (1996) – this time with an “S” (Twisters), and *Beetlejuice* (1988) are returning to the big screen. According to Google, Michael Keaton will reprise his role as Beetlejuice, along with *Catherine O’Hara* and *Winona Ryder*. *Tim Burton* who directed

the first film, will also direct this film. Cool!

22 For the record, my underwear preference does not make me less than a man in contrast to my contemporaries. Second, they are not *shorts*. The correct term is *underwear*. Everyone has a *pet peeve*. That is mine.

23. For those *not in the know*, a *pet peeve* is defined as *something a particular person finds especially annoying*. Do I have any other pet peeves? Yes, their names are ... I’ll just keep that to myself (*he writes with a smirk*).

24 I did not realize that *Blue Jays* are related to *Crows*. I mention this because I have been watching two Blue Jays build a nest in a bush that is just outside the window of where my office is located. Very cool.

25 Mom said that one day I would have to pay the piper. She was right.



DIVINE MERCY NOVENA

Without making this too complicated, *a novena is a Christian spiritual practice that involves praying the same prayer for nine consecutive days. The word "novena" comes from the Latin word novem, which means "nine". Novenas are primarily practiced by members of the Catholic Church, but are also practiced by some Orthodox, Anglican, and Lutheran groups.*

The Divine Mercy message, prayer, and novena have been

more a part of my *spiritual practice* post 2017 than pre-2017.

I am especially in awe of the love and mercy that Jesus has for sinners (including ME!) and how much He wants us to immerse ourselves in His mercy.

While the revelations to St. Faustina, which are Church approved, fall under *private revelation*, which means, *private revelations are not dogmas. Dogma is a revealed truth that the Church defines. Private revelations are binding only on those who receive them*, I choose to accept the teaching of *mercy* as presented in Faustina's diaries, and to do my part to share the message of Christ's mercy as well as pray for His mercy.

The Divine Mercy novena always begins on Good Friday and concludes on the Saturday before Divine Mercy Sunday or the Second Sunday of Easter.

Sunday 033124 (6:10 AM)
Easter Sunday

Fr. Leo referred to today as *Resurrection Sunday*. I like that sound of that—*Resurrection Sunday*.

The Lord is risen. Alleluia. Amen.

For Christians, today should be our *Happy New Year*. The start of a new life; a resurrected life (if you will) after 40 days of penance, reflection, prayer, and almsgiving.

A day of celebration and rejoicing in all the truth, beauty, and goodness that is God. Amen.

Saturday ended on a rough note with respect to my son Matthew and a strange dream.

The interesting part of the dream is that I was aware that I was dreaming and as I was being chased, I willed myself awake.

Perhaps Satan does not like that I attended Mass twice during Holy Week, went to confession, and received my Lord in Communion, twice. God is good.

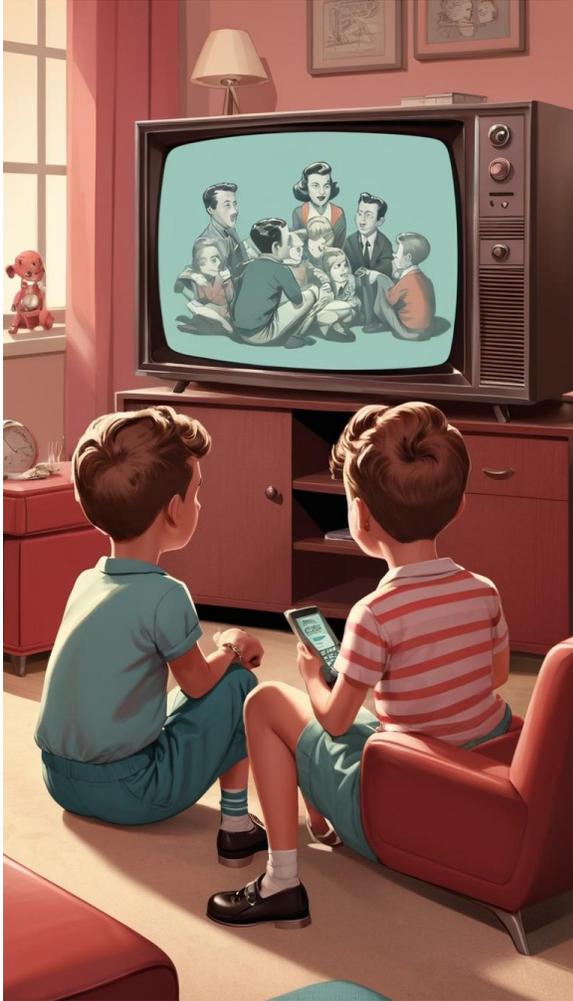
That left thigh still is sore after running head on into the corner of my desk earlier in the week. God is good.

Walked and chatted with Gary at the Riverwalk Saturday afternoon. I always enjoy moments like that.

I wish I could get Matthew to understand that my only desire is to help him (when he asks) and love him. Nothing more. I suppose that begins with me—being a better listener too! God is good.

I feel exhausted this morning. Happy Resurrection Sunday! --CM





E.C. of Rancho Cucamonga, CA., wants to know what favorite television programs I enjoyed watching growing up.

- *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (1965-1967)
 - *Gilligan's Island* (1964-1992)
 - *The Munster's* 1964-1966)
 - *The Courtship of Eddie's Father* (1969-1972)
 - *The Brady Bunch* (1969-1974)
 - *The Partridge Family* (1970-1974)
 - *The Waltons* 1972-1981)
 - *The Wonderful World of Disney* (1969-1979)
 - *Bewitched* (1964-1972)
 - *I Dream of Jeannie* (1965-1970)
 - *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (1964-1968)
 - *Night Gallery* (1970-1973)
 - *The Twilight Zone* (1959-1964)
 - *The Outer Limits* (1963-1965)
 - *Lost In Space* (1965-1968)
 - *Family Affair* (1966-1971)
 - *Adam-12* (1968-1975)
 - *Speed Racer* (1967-1968)
 - *The Little Rascals* (1955)
 - *Kimba the White Lion* (1965-1967)
 - *Fright Night with Seymour* (1970-1987)
 - *The Three Stooges* (1922-1970)
 - *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom* (1963-1985)
 - *Wonderama with Bob McAllister* (1955-1977)
 - *The Bugs Bunny/Roadrunner Hour* (1960-2000)
 - *Petticoat Junction* (1963-1970)
- Just to name a few!



“That’s
all
folks!
See
you
next
month.”

CARLOS MICHAEL