

The First Part of My Journey

by Stella Blue



I was raised in a good, healthy home in various locations, by good, loving parents who remained honorably married for over 65 years until death parted them. By an unusual arrangement with the Church, we kids were raised with a Southern Baptist Sunday school when we lived in the South, and Roman Catholic catechism later in our youth when we lived across the street from the Queen of The Rosary Catholic School. We were baptized and confirmed into the Catholic Church, although, I'm the only one practicing at this time.

I didn't for almost 50 years. Yowsah! What if I had faced death in that time?? We'll get to that later. We kids have done well, supporting ourselves to various levels of comfort, staying out of jail, and avoiding the Dreaded Addictions. Me, sometimes barely. We'll get to that later, too. My grandfather, father, brother, sister, and various other relatives, have proudly and honorably served in the United States Military and Civil Service. I didn't. We'll get to that later.

A few years, before my father passed, we had a reunion with his sister's side of the family who live in the Midwest. We're in regular communication with our cousins. Aunt and Uncle had a large, boisterous family, very Catholic, with several fostered and adopted children. During the reunion visit, Dad took some of us on a tour of his old neighborhood, and we stopped at the Church where he and Mom were married. Dad was hoping that the old classic stone Church was open, so we could see the inside, but it was locked. We happened upon the old Irish priest on the grounds and after a short private conversation between him and my parents, the priest opened the Church and to our astonishment and delight, conducted a semi-formal renewal of vows ceremony, with us children and my daughter as witnesses!

No matter what happened in my life through all the years, the fidelity and dedication to their marriage that my Mother and Father exemplified by their lives together has always been a source of inspiration to me. If they could get through the hard emotional times by faith and commitment, well, so can I! All you married people in the parish...even if you don't have children, be assured that your lives together-as-one can inspire others to carry on and persevere, trusting God. I am in awe of dedicated older couples. Absolutely in awe. So, what happened that brought me from a blessed childhood to now? Next, Stella gets married. Four years later, Stella runs away with the gypsies. (to be continued)

