

Dear Brothers and Sisters



There was a collective gasp from the whole congregation at the 10:30 am Mass last Sunday when I announced that Deacon Stan Fedison had passed away.

Deacon Stan, or 'Stan the Man' as he liked to be called, faithfully served here at Our Lady Mother of the Church for the past twenty years. He was always present and willing to help in any way. Stan did an immense work especially with the home bound and the residents of the Assisted Living and Rehab facilities in town. Stan was a man of faith, a faith that was expressed in his love of people, especially the sick and elderly.

I never saw him upset or out of sorts, he was always of good cheer. Every morning as we vested for Mass in the sacristy, I would ask him how he was doing, to which he would usually reply 'It's too early to say yet!'

He served our community, performing countless Baptisms, preaching thoughtful homilies, and with his ministry of presence to those in need. He took the trouble to prepare Mass when we went to celebrate for the residents at Sunrise or the Woodcliff Lake Rehab Center, carrying all the vestments and books, and setting everything up for the liturgy. He would love to tell jokes to the residents after Mass. I think he deliberately found the corniest one liners you could imagine. The

residents loved it, and to see these elderly folk giggle like school kids made Stan's day.

He could have spent the last years of his life in retirement, but he chose to spend his twilight years serving others. This meant going back to school in his 60's, studying theology and liturgy, and being ordained to the Ministry. He did this with the support of his wife Jean, and children Chris and Diana - selfless on their part, because it meant sharing Stan not just with their own family, but with the wider parish and town communities.

I joked with Stan that we should open a chapel at the recycling center, because he spent so much time there. I think he recycled so avidly because it was an opportunity for him to meet folks and connect with them.

Stan fooled everyone at our parish social events- "I didn't know Deacon Stan could play guitar!" as he would be up on stage singing his favorite tunes - which meant Johnny Cash, even if it was St. Patrick's Day or an Oktoberfest.

This past month, even in his sickness, he meticulously wrapped and labeled Christmas gifts from the parish giving tree. He did this while going through the travail of chemo and personal sickness, from his own want he was aware of, and responding to, the need of others.

Deacon Stan sought to meet the spiritual and material needs of others. We can now seek to do the same for him. Spiritually we can pray for him. Materially we can support his widow, Jean.

If you would like to make a donation to help Jean Fedison, you may write a check payable to the parish with 'Deacon Stan' on the memo line, or place cash in an envelope labeled 'Deacon Stan' These monies will be given directly to Jean to help her in her need. Jean is not asking for this, but I think it fitting to give an opportunity to those who would like to express their gratitude.

We thank you Stan for the life and the love which you shared with all of us. May you Rest in Peace.

Until we meet again,

Fr. Sean