

Gospel: John 6: 51-57

I am the living bread that came down from heaven; whoever eats this bread will live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world. The Jews quarreled among themselves, saying, "How can this man give us (his) flesh to eat?" Jesus said to them, "Amen, amen, I say to you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you do not have life within you.

Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood has eternal life, and I will raise him on the last day. For my flesh is true food, and my blood is true drink. Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me and I in him. Just as the living Father sent me and I have life because of the Father, so also the one who feeds on me will have life because of me.



Pall Bearers:

Mr. Raymond Gardner	Mr. Steven Tricarico
Mr. Frank Allio	Mr. William Kwiek
Mr. John Murtari (nephew)	Mr. Frank Murtari

Our Thanks:

Our special thanks to the staff at St. Michael's Church, especially the Choir and those who helped with the reception.

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John & Domenic Murtari

Funeral Mass for Caterina Galluccio Murtari



Born: Cittanova, Reggio Calabria, Italy
July 21, 1916

Married: Domenico Murtari
October 6, 1953

Born: John Murtari (son)
October 2, 1956

Born: Domenic Murtari (grandson)
February 11, 1993

Deceased: Lyons, New York, USA
January 29, 2006



Placing of the Pall: Kate Gardner & Rose Nicoletta

Opening Hymn: 608 - *Be Not Afraid*

Words of Remembrance:

First Reading: Lamentations 3:17-26 (Hope in God) by John Murtari (son)

Responsorial Psalm: 31 - *Shepherd Me O God*

Second Reading: Corinthians 15:51-57 (Death Where is Thy Sting?) by John Murtari (nephew)

Gospel: John 6:51-58 (Bread of Life) by Fr. Bill Darling

General Intercessions: Mary Lidestri

Presentation of the Gifts: 782 - *Hail Mary, Gentle Woman* (John & Amy Murtari & Family)

Holy Communion: 828 - *I am the Bread of Life*
Eucharistic Minister: Phil Paliotti

Recessional Hymn: 528 - *Joyful, Joyful We Adore You*

First Reading: Lamentations 3:17-26

My soul is deprived of peace, I have forgotten what happiness is;
I tell myself my future is lost, all that I hoped for from the Lord.
The thought of my homeless poverty is wormwood and gall;
Remembering it over and over leaves my soul downcast within me.

But I will call this to mind as my reason to have hope:
The favors of the Lord are not exhausted, his mercies are not spent;
They are renewed each morning, so great is his faithfulness.
My portion is the Lord, says my soul; therefore will I hope in him.
Good is the Lord to one who waits for him, to the soul that seeks him;
It is good to hope in silence for the saving help of the Lord

Second Reading: Corinthians 15:51-57

Behold, I tell you a mystery. We shall not all fall asleep, but we will all be changed, in an instant, in the blink of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, the dead will be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For that which is corruptible must clothe itself with incorruptibility, and that which is mortal must clothe itself with immortality. And when that which is corruptible clothes itself with incorruptibility and that which is mortal clothes itself with immortality, then the word that is written shall come about:

**“Death is swallowed up in victory.
Where, O death, is your victory?
Where, O death, is your sting?”**

The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

