



Come adore Him Christ the Lord

Drodzy Parafianie i Przyjaciele

Niech Boże Narodzenie będzie dla Was i dla Waszych Rodzin czasem szczególnego błogosławieństwa. Pan Bóg, który narodził się w ubogim żłobku w Betlejem niech napelni mocą Wasze codzienne życie. Na te przepiękne święta i cały Nowy Rok przyjmijcie najlepsze życzenia.

Dear Parishioners and Friends

May the Celebration of the Birth of Christ be for You and Your Families a time of special blessings. May Jesus, who was born in a simple manger in Bethlehem, fill with virtue our daily lives. Please accept the most heart-felt Best Wishes for these beautiful Holy Days and throughout the New Year.

Pastor - Fr. Marek Ciesielski SChr.,

Fr. Ryszard Bucholc SChr., Fr. Antoni Bury SChr.,
s. Margaret Romanowska MChr., s. Mariola Inda MChr

A belated Chicagoland Wigilia

A POL-AM CHRISTMAS TALE

By: **Robert Strybel**,
Polish/Polonian Affairs Writer

Chudge (as Brian was called by his friends who couldn't pronounce Chojnacki) was aimlessly strolling through a shopping mall in Dallas a few days before Christmas. The sunny, mild weather seemed thoroughly "un-Christmassy" to this 28-year-old Chicago-bred Pol-Am. Sure, there was no shortage of grinning plastic Santas, snowmen, reindeer, elves, fake holly wreaths, blinking lights and all the other well known bright but meaningless commercial glitter. All of a sudden, from a music shop came the words "...i słowo ciałem się stało i mieszkało między nami." "A kolęda here of all places!" he thought to himself, and it really freaked him out.

Before he could go inside to inquire, an unfamiliar song blared forth: "Un flambeau, Jeanette, Isabelle, un flambeau courons au berceau..." The sales clerk showed him a CD labeled "Christmas Around the Globe" which he bought just for that one Polish selection "Wśród nocnej ciszy". That melody and those words stirred something in Chudge way deep down. It took him back to his Polonian Christmases in Chicago - Wigilia at Busia's, a tradition his mother had continued in Cicero after her mother passed away. He thought back to grandpa and later his dad breaking and passing around the opłatek and to all those fabulous dishes he had been raised on. They would sing kolędy, pass out presents and, if the weather was decent, often drive across town to Pasterka at majestic, old St. Hyacinth's in the old Polish neighborhood known as Jackowo.

Last year had been his first Christmas away from home and he spent it all alone in his studio apartment resting after a

party from his company on Christmas Eve. He wondered what his holidays would be like this year and whether any of his married colleagues would invite him over for Christmas dinner. But that "Bóg się rodzi", which he played over and over at his apartment, touched off an irresistible urge to go home for Christmas. The thought of a Pizza Hut meal on Christmas really turned him off, and he didn't even know if they would be open.

Why hadn't he thought of it sooner? Now it was impossible to book a plane seat. Someone suggested Amtrak. More than 30 hours on a train was hardly an inviting prospect, but he had no choice. As it turned out, his train ground to a halt in blizzard-swept Kansas and it took much longer than planned to reach his destination. But he had informed his family of the delay by cellphone, so on December 26th dad was there to pick him up at the train station. When he finally climbed the porch and opened the door of family's neat but modest Chojnacki home, he couldn't believe his eyes.

There was Mother holding a plate of opłatek and welcoming him to the table, beautifully set with tufts of hay protruding from beneath a snowy-white table-cloth, glowing candles, platters of food and the soft strains of Mazowsze singing kolędy in the background off an old vinyl record. There was his older brother Tim, a priest, Sis who had driven up from Indianapolis with her husband and three kids, Ciocia Harriet and Uncle Władziu - the whole gang!

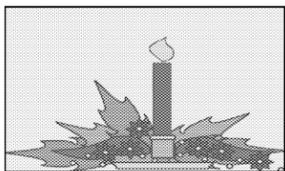
"But it's already a day after Christmas!" Chudge exclaimed. "So we're having two Wigilias this year, because our prodigal son has just come home. There's no law against that, is there?" joked mother with a loving smile. And then they all began breaking off and sharing bits of opłatek, tenderly embracing, kissing, wishing each other health and happiness, each nostalgically recalling the Christmases of bygone years. There was hardly a dry eye in the crowd! □



Wishing you a wonderful holiday season!

Radosnych Świąt, Bożego Narodzenia i
Szczęśliwego Nowego 2009 Roku!

Anthony, Jill and Nathan Nowak-Przygodzki
PNA National Director-Region "K"



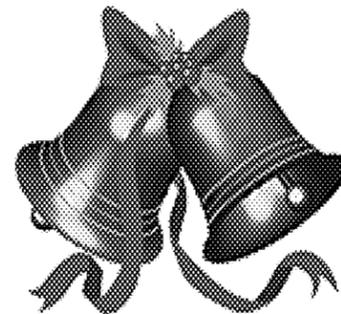
*Merry Christmas
&
a Joyous New Year*

*From the Board & Staff
Of
POLAM Credit Union*

Christopher Hiller - CEO

*Wesołych Świąt
i
Szczęśliwego Nowego Roku życzy*
Polska Kasa Kredytowa

**Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year**



**Wesołych Świąt
i
Szczęśliwego Nowego Roku
To All Members of Polonia**

The Polish Center of Los Angeles

Andy Kozłowski, President

Please visit our website
www.polishcenterla.org