



Knights Digest



Union Council 4504

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UNION, NJ

February, 1996



VALENTINE'S DANCE

Saturday, February 10, 1996
8:00 PM

\$15.00 per person

Knights of Columbus Hall

For reservations call

Barney Capriglione PGK—964-3143

Andy Popp PGK—688-6951

Tom Hornig—688-5867

ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNER DANCE

Saturday, March 16, 1996
7:00 PM until midnight

An Irish meal will be served

Music will be provided by
the Danny Kane Band

Entertainment by the
Brettni Academy of Irish Dancing

\$40.00 per couple

Seats will be limited, so reserve early

For reservations call

Dance Chairman: Pat Scanlon—
964-3393

Rosario Bove—687-7696

Jim Feehan—964-8014

Mike Scanlon—964-7122

ATLANTIC CITY BUS TRIP

Showboat Casino

February 18, 1996

\$20.00 per person

and casino will return \$20.00 in coins

For tickets call

Nick Iarossi—908-688-8941

HUMANITARIAN HUNGER HARVEST

Reminder

March 1, 1996 to March 29, 1996

DON'T WAIT TILL IT'S TOO LATE

“A Time to love...”—Ecclesiastes 3:8a KJV

Thomas Carlyle lived from 1795 until 1881. He was a Scot essayist and historian. During his lifetime he became one of the world's greatest writers. But he was a human, and humans make mistakes.

On October 17, 1826, Carlyle married his secretary Jane Welsh. She was an intelligent, attractive and somewhat temperamental daughter of a well-to-do doctor. They had their quarrels and misunderstandings, but still loved each other dearly. After their marriage, Jane continued to serve as his secretary. After several years of marriage, Jane became ill. Being a hard worker, Carlyle became so absorbed in his writings that he let Jane continue working for several weeks after she became ill. She had cancer, and it was one of the slow growing kind. Finally, she became confined to her bed. Although Carlyle loved her dearly, he very seldom found time to stay with her long. He was busy with his work.

When Jane died they carried her to the

cemetery for the service. The day was a miserable day. It was raining hard and the mud was deep. Following the funeral Carlyle went back to his home. He was taking it pretty hard. He went up the stairs to Jane's room and sat down in the chair next to her bed. He sat there thinking about how little time he had spent with her and wishing so much he had a chance to do it differently. Noticing her diary on a table beside the bed, he picked it up and began to read in it.

Suddenly he seemed shocked. He saw it. There, on one page, she had written a single line. “Yesterday he spent an hour with me and it was like heaven; I love him so.” Something dawned on him that he had not noticed before. He had been too busy to notice that he meant so much to her. He thought of all the times he had gone about his work without thinking about and noticing her.

Then Carlyle turned the page in the di-

ary. There he noticed written some words that broke his heart. “I have listened all day to hear his steps in the hall, but now it is late and I guess he won't come today.” Carlyle read a little more in the book. Then he threw it down and ran out of the house. Some of his friends found him at the grave, his face buried in the mud. His eyes were red from weeping. Tears continued to roll down his cheeks. He kept repeating over and over again, “If I had only known, if I had only known.” But it was too late for Carlyle. She was dead.

After Jane's death, Carlyle made little attempt to write again. The historian said he lived another 15 years, “weary, bored, and a partial recluse.”

I tell the story with the hope that you will not make the same mistake. While our loved ones must have the money we make to live, it is the love we have that they really want. Give it now before it is too late.

