



THE BANNER

Unfurled for God and Country



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**Happy Mother's Day to
Our Ladies Auxillary
and all wives and
moms!**

BUSINESS MEETING, May 7 7:30PM ♦ ALL MEETINGS @7:30PM IN PERSON ONLY!

Meetings IN PERSON ONLY @7:30pm!

Business Meeting, May 7, 7:30pm; Officers' Mtg, May 28, 7:30pm.

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR AN EMAIL FROM OUR GRAND KNIGHT REGARDING MEETING REMINDERS.

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From the Desk of the Grand Knight

May 2026

Dear Brothers,

The business meeting will be May 7th at 7:30 and the May Officer's meeting will be May 28th. I want to thank the brothers who came out for the Stations of the Cross on Good Friday. (picture left and below). The Brothers and families that came out for the pancake breakfast and the brothers that came out for the Legacy Run at St Cecilia's.

Nominations for next year's Officers will be held at the May 7th business meeting. We are in extremely desperate need of Officers. There are several open positions and a handful of current Officers are resigning.

Until next month.

Vivat Jesus!
Jim Woodruff
Grand Knight

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Trust in the Lord

I just returned from a three-week trip out West with my oldest daughter, Susanna. As a child, she was always taking risks—doing dangerous stunts, more so than other kids her age. She had been pushing the envelope since the day she first walked. My other daughter and son were never as daring or adventurous. Everyone said she was a Schmitt, taking after me, but I cannot recall ever being that fearless... or reckless.

Months before the trip, we talked about traversing the Moki Dugway and the Shafer Trail—both with treacherous

switchbacks carved into the faces of Utah mountains, with 1,000-foot sheer drop-offs, no guardrails, and stretches too narrow for oncoming vehicles to pass. The passenger-side wheels ride just inches from the edge, with nothing but open air below.

Traffic moves in both directions, with uphill traffic having the right-of-way. We started downhill on the Moki Dugway. If we met someone coming up in one of the narrow sections, we would have to back up—uphill—to a wider turnout. The driver cannot see the edge on the passenger side—only sky, dropping away for a thousand feet.

About a month before departure, I began coming up with reasons not to go. My back was acting up. We would be leaving on Good Friday. We might not be within 50 miles of a Catholic church on Divine Mercy Sunday. I even prayed for God to do “something” to force her to cancel the trip. And yet, part of me still craved the adventure.

We would be driving sandy, sometimes muddy dirt roads, crossing flooded washes and creeks—places where even four-wheel-drive vehicles can get stuck and need to be towed out. We planned to camp on BLM and National Forest land, miles from civilization. My 15-year-old, 5-speed, two-wheel-drive Tacoma was equipped with a limited-slip differential and rear locker, and just before the trip I added four new off-road tires and a set of traction boards.

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Finally, during the week of our departure, I committed. I would go—and I would embrace it. I had been praying for months to grow in trust in the Lord, and this trip would certainly test that. I resolved to let go and let God take over—*Que sera, sera*.

That's when the "coincidences" began.

Every day there were small moments—things that, taken alone, might seem insignificant. I don't believe in coincidence, so to me they were small miracles. I wish I had written them down as they happened, because now I can only remember the pattern—one after another, day after day. You may call them coincidence, but I saw them as God steadily building my trust.

Two moments stand out most clearly.

First, the two Sunday Masses we attended. Susanna brought her "dog"—a 90-pound Rottweiler who would bark, growl, and lunge at anything that came within five feet of the truck. Yet in the church parking lots, he lay quietly on the floor in the back, without a sound, as people walked past. Not a peep.



Second, the night we exited the Moki Dugway and entered the Valley of the Gods, heading for our campsite. Every single campsite along the 17-mile dirt road was occupied—until we reached the exact spot we had used three years earlier on her bus trip. It was open. We pulled in immediately.

Later, we learned it was one of the busiest weeks of the year in Moab—spring break, Easter Jeep Safari, and the start of the travel season. Finding that campsite felt like a gift.

And there were many more:

- A parking space right in front of a store in crowded Moab
- The exact part needed to repair our Bluetti
- A maître d' who walked us past a long line and seated us immediately

Small things—but constant.

My trust in God grew with each one.

Early on the trip, after my diabetic foot slipped from brake to gas on one of those narrow trails, Susanna took over all the driving. It was pure "luck"—or another small miracle—that we didn't slam into the rock wall or the open drop beside us. From that point on, I had to let go completely. I learned to trust her—and to trust God. (continued)



She did everything: driving the long, dusty roads, setting up camp, cooking, breaking camp each morning. It was humbling to step back and simply receive.

One day we visited Goblin Valley State Park. Dark storm clouds hung in the distance as we walked among the strange, mushroom-shaped hoodoos. It was a beautiful, peaceful day.

The next day, we heard on the radio that the area had flooded with torrential rain. Hikers nearby had been caught in a flash flood and swept down a canyon. Another small miracle—we had just missed it.

Now that I'm home, I find myself still noticing these moments. Small, quiet gifts. My trust in the Lord is stronger.

And that is my point.

Try it.

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Start paying attention. You may be surprised how often the Lord grants these “small” miracles. Consider keeping a simple journal—perhaps titled “*Will’s Everyday Miracles*.” As you begin to recognize these daily gifts, you may find your trust growing as well.

Vivat Jesus!
Will Schmitt



Happy Birthday to all Knights born in May!

Michael J Foell

Matthew B. McDonald

John P. Kelly

Jack C. Tomczuk

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PLEASE PRAY FOR OUR BROTHER KNIGHTS & LADIES

Also, please pray for an end to war everywhere. Please pray for victims of gun violence and the wildfires. Please pray for government officials, for a commitment to peace.

Please call or email Mike Pinkl with the names of all ill Brother Knights and Ladies.

PA KofC Newsletter: <https://kofcpennsylvania.org/keystone-knight>

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