

IN MEMORIAM

"MSGR. MAC"

Devoted Friend, Beloved Shepherd and Treasured Creature of God



"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."

2 Timothy 4:7

On June 10, 2013, Mac returned to the heart of God. He was prepared for his heavenly journey with dignity, tender loving care and great compassion. Mourning the loss of Mac's faithfulness, devotion and companionship is Msgr. Michael S.C. Schmied, Mac's shepherd mentor, surrogate father and devoted friend, the many, many, many parishioners at St. Augustine Church, neighbors, friends and very special friends, Georgeann, Eileen, Elisa and Toni.

The endearing memories of Mac are as numerous as those who loved him. The following memories are those of just one parishioner. Many other fun, amazing, magical moments exist.

Fr. Mike received Mac as a very small puppy from Ann Dyson, Joe Oatman's sister. He became part of the St. Augustine family on Feast of the Epiphany, 1999. At that time, Mac fit in Fr. Mike's gym bag. He became part of the office staff from the beginning. As he grew he took

on the persona of Fr. Mike; laid back, quiet, friendly and loving. Anyone who had a stash of dog goodies became his new best friend. He became very protective of "his people" and would walk the perimeter of the grounds and building to be sure everything was OK. As he grew he slept on the love seat in the reception area. That way he could be loved on by all visitors. He came in each office daily to meet and greet and hope for food. He attended mass faithfully. To the delight of most and the chagrin of others, Mac attended all masses that Fr. Mike celebrated; he would very respectfully lie at Fr. Mike's feet. Early on when Fr. Mike was preaching he would saunter down the center aisle until Fr. Mike sat down and then Mac would return.

As more and more people got to know him, certain folks would bring dog biscuits with them to mass. Mac knew who they were and which mass they attended and would seek them out. He thought he had found heaven with five masses a weekend.

He loved to ride in the car, always thinking he was going to get a cheeseburger at McDonalds.

So whenever a staff member went to their car, if they didn't close the door quickly, they had a passenger. The disappointment in those soulful brown eyes was just too much if you had to ask him to get out of the car. It was easier

to run down to McDonald's and get him a burger.

Mac loved parish festivities because he was surrounded by his flock and they almost always had food; poor box breakfast, Lenten soup suppers, special occasions, Women's Guild dinners, etc., etc. On Friday afternoons when we had Bingo, if he could get into the building, Mac would go into the kitchen and Horace Scott would give him a hot dog. An eye witness saw Frank Cuff try to give him one once and he wouldn't take it; it had to come from Horace. On occasion Mac played favorites.

As a Mac groupie, I have a wonderful memory of Mac showing me special attention. I had a back injury and was away from the parish for 3 months. The first Sunday I came back to church, I slowly walked in and sat down and the next thing I knew Mac came and sat with me in the pew. He missed me. That's what shepherd's do. They go after the lost sheep. Where had I been? He had to check me out personally.

Mac, as you join THE Good Shepherd and the angels and the saints, run and play and meet and greet. I understand that there is a perpetual banquet. You truly are in Heaven.

"If you have men who will exclude any of God's creatures from the shelter of compassion and pity, you will have men who will deal likewise with their fellow men."

St. Francis of Assisi