

SATKOVICH – Mary, 84, Cairnbrook, died May 5, 2003, at Memorial Medical Center. Born Aug. 2, 1916, in Central City, daughter of Frank and Helen (Kuna) Kawala. Preceded in death by parents; husband, John; brother, Joseph; and sister, Margaret. Survived by children: David, Johanna Payne, John, Lou Pagano, Fran Bivens, and Mark. Also survived by 15 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; sister, Josephine Matusko; and brother, Edward. Friends will be received after 2 p.m. Thursday at the Mulcahy Funeral Home, Central City, where wake service will be held Thursday afternoon. Funeral Mass will be celebrated at 11 a.m. Friday at Our Lady Queen of Angels, the Rev. Father William E. Mullen. Committal, Sacred Heart of Jesus Cemetery. Friends who wish may make donations to: The Regional Neuroscience Center/Cone-maugh Health Systems or their favorite charity in Mary's memory.

Mary Kawala Satkovich,
"Shooting Stars"

The shooting stars are the most beautiful miracle night-riders we have. They come through space with speed indescribable – leaving only a trail of fire in their wake. They do not ask to be put into the black folds of the heavens, nor do they ask to leave them; their flashing just happens and has to be. The life of man is like a shooting star. Unasked he enters into the world from the Unknown; unasked he returns to the Unknown. Life – what is life? everything; yet nothing tangible. Everywhere; yet past seeking for. life dwells in the minute amoeba as well as in the giant whale; in the towering redwoods as well as in the parasitic algae; in the particles of the air, in the dust of earth, and in the ocean's depths. Has science found the true essence of life? From time immemorial man has endea-

vored to delve into the mystery of life only to emerge with the faintest hopes of solving it. Life ever flees before the probing hand of science. The mind seems at a loss to grasp the final meaning of what God's man calls life. The germ which gives it birth and nurtures it from beginning to end has always seemed destined to be understood only by its creator. It is one of nature's phenomena which will always remain an insolvable mystery. Dreams play a part in directing the fundamental principles of life. They are reveries that flare up just to be crushed with nothing more than their brightness left behind them – shooting stars. No dreams, no life; for life, brightened by dreams, remains a mystery, secure on a pedestal from the inquisitive mind of man. Life, like the faint shadow of a picture, could be better described if the shadow were a little more distinct. And life, the shooting star, could be better described if its flash were not so brief. What is more spectacular to watch than that disappearing yellow flash – fading to no one knows where? Or the last peaceful somber hours of life – fading to no one knows where? Where is the shooting star's destination? Where is life's? The shooting stars are really not so very far away when they disappear; perhaps life too is not very far away when it disappears with the last murmur of the heart. Are all of us so puzzled about life? Often I find a face which I study intently to find what life really means to its owner. Is it to him just a thing that comes and goes? Or is it for him too a mystery over which to ponder? Does he live now with a fervent hope that he may live again? Or does he consider himself the possessor of a life that is ebbing aimlessly away? Oh, why do we doubt so much? Why should we think about these things? Why should we just not live, not think – flashes in the annals of eternity like shooting stars at night.