

St. Anthony
By
Mary Lou Lardi

I, too, can vouch for St. Anthony as a finder of lost objects. True story... Bob and I lived in Hawaii, while he was in the service. While there, we were fortunate to obtain excellent (very expensive) tickets to see the Harlem Globetrotters. Bob drove to the base every day via the freeway, on his motorcycle. After procuring the tickets, he unthinkingly put them in his back pocket, and proceeded to drive home. At speeds of 65-70 miles an hour, the tickets blew out of his pocket, somewhere along the 14 mile route. With St. Anthony's intercession, the tickets were found, dirty and tire marked, blown up against a fence.