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Diocese Kansas City ~ St. Joseph

The Dream Factory - Honors Larry Moore

Knight of Malta ~ *KMBC-TV9* News Anchor ~ Community Volunteer

Dream Maker of the Year 2001

Saturday, February 17, 2001

Invocation

GOD, OUR FATHER,

We depend on you more than we ever care to admit and we praise you for sharing your creative spirit with those conjurers of delight who call themselves the DREAM FACTORY. Their products cannot be measured by tape or yardstick. They cannot be shipped C.O.D. and they cannot be stacked on the shelves to be purchased by the dozen or the gross. And yet, these fulfillers of dreams, impelled by that touch of divinity which makes us truly human, fabricate fantasies of magic which are tender, delicate and so precious that they are beyond price.

Their commodities are the intangibles of the soul. They bring spontaneous smiles to the faces of those whose days are often burdened by the numbness of nagging pain. They ignite a flashing sparkle in the eyes of those who had long since convinced themselves that what might be possible for others would always be impossible for them. They provide a storehouse of treasured memories which like the rays of the sun can penetrate the foggiest of days or like those darting moonbeams which brighten the darkest night.

The DREAM FACTORY manufactures JOY so permeated by LOVE that it explodes in the hands of the bearer enveloping and enriching not only the receiver but also the giver. And, this evening, in your providence we honor the DREAM MAKER OF DREAM MAKERS, LARRY MOORE, a first citizen of our community, an architect of pleasant surprises and unexpected ecstasies, a messenger announcing wishes that come true, a weaver of dreams with happy endings.

Entering our homes each evening he and his coworkers counter their nightly diet of murder and mayhem, tornadoes and typhoons, light rail and heavy metal with the beaming faces of youngsters realizing their longed-for dreams and testifying to the fact that there is much good to be found amid the chaos of our daily living.

And, like the NIGHT WATCHMAN of days gone by he symbolically tucks us all in our beds with reassurances which echo across the rooftops from antenna to antenna or burrow into our homes by subterranean cables... 'HEAR YE! HEAR YE! IT'S TEN O'CLOCK AND ALL IS WELL!'

Bless our food this evening that it may nourish our bodies and bless our conversation that it may enrich our spirits, and bless us all in our waking and our sleeping and especially in our dreaming.

AMEN

