



The New Wine Press

Motivated by the spirituality of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ

White, Athletic, and Clean, or Why I Hate Eli Manning: A Volunteer's Retrospective

David Painton Bray

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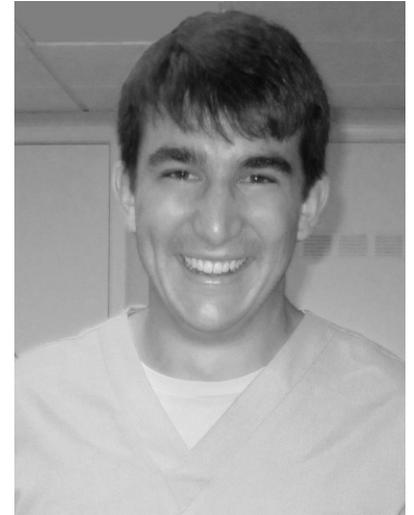
I loathe National Football League marquee quarterback, Eli Manning. This being said, I do not dislike the two-time Superbowl victor because of any major character flaws, negative conduct in the public sphere, nor even his juvenile “bowl” haircut. Actually, my only qualm with the man is that he has led the New York Giants to two momentous playoff victories in the last five years against my beloved Green Bay Packers. Despite my esteemed Packers steamrolling the Giants during the regular seasons of 2007 and 2011, Mr. Manning has proved to be quite resilient against the Pack in the playoffs and has stymied two promising Green Bay Superbowl runs.

It is for this reason I am peeved to be told that I resemble Eli Manning. While volunteering as Medical Assistant and HIV Testing Co-ordinator at LifeLong Medical Care in downtown Oakland, CA for the last six months, dozens (not a hyperbolic statement) of patients have told me I “look just like” Eli Manning. I am constantly berated with my patients’ realizations of my resemblance; “Yo Eli!,” “Lemme see your Superbowl ring!,” and the more temporally relevant, “Are you worried about your brother’s neck?” After about a month of being called “Eli,” I asked one of my patients why he thought I looked so much like the Giants quarterback. He quipped, “You’re white, you’re athletic, and you keep yourself clean.”

For the rest of the day I mulled over the three adjectives my patient employed to describe me: “white,” “athletic,” and “clean.” I wondered if all of the patients that visited our primary care clinic for the homeless and disadvantaged (more than 70% of our patients are below the Federal Poverty Line) thought of me as simply a pale, clean-shaven, tall male. In my opinion, “David Painton Bray” was so much more than my superficial appearance.

It was while feeling the sting of a stereotype that I realized the dehumanizing power of the adjectives we utilize to describe the people we encounter. When my friends and family asked what the patients I worked with were like, I usually described them as “homeless,” or “impoverished.” However, after working with my patients for the last six months, I have realized that they are diverse individuals, each with his or her own story and consciousness. It took being slapped with my own stereotype for me to understand the fallacy of synecdoche; the parts or appearance of a person do not completely define the individual. Discovering this truth was the most valuable aspect of my volunteering as a Missionary of the Precious Blood.

A few months ago, a patient I will call “Mark” came to the clinic for a physical. As I perused Mark’s medical chart before meeting him to conduct his initial history, I noticed the



David Painton Bray

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Leadership Notes: *The Winds of Change*

Richard Bayuk, C.P.P.S.

In 1934, the future Pope John XXIII, Bishop Angelo Roncalli, was appointed apostolic delegate to Turkey and Greece and bishop of Istanbul—the site of the early ecumenical councils of Nicea, Ephesus, Chalcedon, and Constantinople. According to Thomas Cahill (*Pope John XXIII*, Viking Penguin, 2002), Roncalli was pained by what he saw as the needless division between Catholicism and Orthodoxy. Addressing the wall between the two, he said, “I try to pull out a brick here and there.” One of those bricks was his insistence that in his cathedral those parts of the liturgy that didn’t have to be in Latin be in Turkish. Because of this he had to defend himself from detractors. He wrote, “The Gospel...does not admit national monopolies, is not fossilized, and looks to the future.” Cahill points out that Roncalli’s friendships with everyone, the ecumenical overtures, the small attempts at inculturation were all hints of the papacy to come.

In a Pentecost sermon in the early 1940s, Bishop Roncalli stated, “The Spirit is poured out on the whole Church—and even the simplest faithful and the humblest souls share in the Spirit, sometimes super-abundantly and to the point of heroism and holiness.” In his next Pentecost sermon, he again spoke of the Spirit in the context of so many divisions in the world: “I have to tell you that in the light of the Gospel and Catholic principle, this

logic of division makes no sense. Jesus came to break down the barriers; he died to proclaim universal brotherhood; the central point of his teaching is charity—that is, the love that binds all human beings to him as the elder brother and binds us all with him to the Father.”

As Cahill noted, “in Istanbul in 1944, the breath that would animate the council was already blowing.”

Pentecost was known to be Pope John XXIII’s favorite feast. In 1963, it fell on June 2, and it was that night and into the next day that he lay dying. His last words were “Lord, you know that I love you”—

connecting him to the encounter between the risen Lord and Peter centuries before and to that Spirit that Jesus breathed on the early Church. The same Spirit that John had opened the windows for; the

same mighty wind that blew through the gathering called Vatican Council II, as it began in October of 1962.

Following John’s death after the first session of the council, Pope Paul VI guided the proceedings through the next three sessions, and the council came to a close on December 8, 1965. In her recent book, *The Spirit of Vatican II* (Basic Books, 2011), Colleen McDannell recounts how in the later years of his life Paul VI “questioned whether opening the windows during the Council era had let in an invigorating breeze or a destructive wind....A reform of the reform became inevitable.” At the risk of simplifying, it seems safe to say that for many conservative Catholics the council and its liberalizing and liberating effects were a calamity, while many liberals would say the reforms didn’t go far enough. The divisions continue. McDannell maintains, however, that for most Catholics the council was a success, as she uses her mother’s life as the narrative thread in the book, showing the social history of Vatican II and how it transformed Catholic life in the United States in particular.



The New Wine Press

Missionaries of the Precious Blood

Kansas City Province

www.kcprovince.org

The Society of the Precious Blood is a fraternal community of priests and brothers founded by St. Gaspar in 1815. Bonded through charity by a promise of fidelity, we are prayerfully motivated by the spirituality of the precious blood of Jesus Christ to serve the needs of the Church as discerned through the signs of the times and in the light of the Gospel.

The Kansas City Province—incorporated members, covenanted companions, and candidates—united in prayer, service and mutual support, characterized by the tradition of its American predecessors, are missionaries of these times with diverse gifts and ministries.

In a spirit of joy, we strive to serve all people—especially the poor—with care and compassion, hope and hospitality.

The New Wine Press seeks to remain faithful to the charism of our founder, St. Gaspar, and the spirituality of the Blood of Christ with its emphasis on reconciliation, renewal and refounding. We accept and encourage unsolicited manuscripts and letters to the editor.

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At our annual Provincial Assembly, June 4-6, we will devote a full day to celebrating the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the Second Vatican Council. Remembering that our founder, St. Gaspar, has left us with a legacy of renewal and reconciliation, we will celebrate our charism and recommit ourselves to the renewal of the Church in the spirit of Vatican II. Our presenter will be theologian and author Bill Huebsch. One of his books is *The Council: Vatican II in Plain English* (Ave Maria, 1997), in which he does an excellent job of telling the story of the council, its historical context, chronology, and documents. I recommend it highly (or either of the other two books mentioned previously) as one possible way to prepare for our gathering.

The relationship of our founder and our community to Vatican Council II is significant. St. Gaspar del Bufalo was motivated by his spirituality of the Precious Blood to work for the reform and renewal of the clergy and the church in the early 1800s. John XXIII was very familiar with St. Gaspar and he himself had a strong devotion to the Precious Blood. On June 30, 1960—the eve of the Feast of the Precious Blood—he published the Apostolic Letter, *On Promoting Devotion to the Most Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ*, in which he credited Gaspar with the spread of this devotion. (He also directed that the phrase “Blessed be his most Precious Blood” be inserted into the Divine Praises.) Shortly before the start of the Second Vatican Council, John XXIII visited the tomb of St. Gaspar to pray for the success of the Council.

At the time of the council (and before) it was devotion to the Precious Blood that prevailed—as opposed to a spirituality of the Precious Blood that has developed in more recent years. Even though he didn’t articulate it as such, I see Pope John’s theology and spirituality resonating with Precious Blood spirituality today. He was committed to reconciliation and renewal without a doubt. The quotes earlier in this article speak to his dedication to ending divisions between peoples, breaking down barriers, eliminating walls one brick at a time. He saw the need for renewal long before he called a council. Reconciliation and renewal in his theology and ecclesiology were the work of the Spirit. It is work that must continue; it is the charism given us by Gaspar.

In a recent article in *America* (February 13, 2012), Richard Gaillardetz maintains that every ecumenical

council manifests to some extent what the church really is. What happens there is “more than the writing, debate, revision and approval of documents. At an ecumenical council, saints and sinners, the learned and the ignorant gather together. They share their faith, voice their concerns, pray, argue, gossip, forge alliances and compromises, enter into political intrigue, rise above that intrigue to discern the movement of the Spirit, worry about preserving the great tradition in which their identity is rooted, seek to understand the demands of the present moment and hope for a better future...Their deliberations represent, in a dramatic form, what the church is called to be.”

He goes on the article to describe three of the “crucial ecclesial dynamics” that were in play as the bishops gathered: catholicity of dialogue (the experience of engaging different perspectives and insights brought by people from all parts of the catholic world); commitment to humble learning and inquiry (“Our pilgrim church does not so much possess the truth as it humbly lives into it...”); and openness to the world. It was John himself who set the tone for this third dynamic. He “was convinced that Christians must be willing to read ‘the signs of the times’ and enter into a more constructive engagement with the world.”

During this anniversary year of the council’s opening and continuing through 2015 (which is, in addition to the 50th anniversary of the council’s ending, also the 200th birthday of the Missionaries of the Precious Blood), there will be many opportunities to reflect upon and celebrate what Vatican II accomplished and continues to call us to be as a community and a church. Both Blessed John XXIII and St. Gaspar are with us as we strive for renewal and reconciliation.

2012 Assembly The Promise of Vatican II: Calling the Universe to Holiness

Monday, June 4 through Wednesday, June 6
Church of the Annunciation
Kearney, Missouri

Remembering that our founder, St. Gaspar, has left us with a legacy of renewal and reconciliation, we look forward to seeing all members and companions at this year’s Assembly to celebrate our charism and recommit ourselves to the renewal of the Church in the spirit of Vatican II. This year’s keynote speaker will be Bill Heubsch, founder of The Vatican II Project which contributes to the effort being made within the Church to keep alive the spirit and energy of Vatican II.

Contact Br. Daryl Charron, C.P.P.S. for registration and lodging information: daryl.charron@yahoo.com.



L to R: Fr. Dick Bayuk, C.P.P.S., vice-provincial of the Kansas City Province, Precious Blood Volunteers Bonnie Kane and David Bray, and Fr. Joe Nassal, C.P.P.S., provincial of the Kansas City Province.

numerous anti-depressants prescribed to him and his lack of medical insurance. After reading the information in his chart, I surmised that Mark was just like the majority of the patients that visited our clinic: “homeless.”

As I admitted Mark to the vitalization section of our clinic, I noticed that his outward appearance fit my expectation of a homeless, middle-aged man. His hair was disheveled, his sweatpants featured multiple stains, and his dated sneakers emitted an odorous stench. I greeted him and asked him to take off his jacket so I could record his blood pressure. Under his soiled jacket he wore a tattered Boston College t-shirt.

I pointed to his shirt with my pen, “Are you a BC fan?”

He answered, “Yeah, I went there.”

My jaw must have hit the floor. I stammered out something about how we were practically birds-of-a-feather; I just graduated from the University of Notre Dame last May.

His eyes lit up. “Tough season you guys are having...what did you study?”

I responded that I studied pre-medicine and that I planned on attending medical school in the fall.

“No way, that’s what I studied.”

I almost blurted out, “What happened?” But as I studied the wrinkles on his face and his forlorn countenance, I knew it did not matter *what*

happened, but just that *it* had happened and Mark was at rock bottom. Five minutes of idle conversation took place and I checked Mark into his room.

Interacting with patients such as Mark informed me of the fragility of the human condition. Even a promising youth, fresh out of a prestigious Catholic university, could encounter a life-changing event and end up on the streets. After encountering multiple patients like Mark, the “homeless” did not seem so different from me. Many of the people I met had promising beginnings to their lives, yet some string of events led them into depression and poverty. This made me wonder about my own vulnerabilities and whether something like this could ever happen to me.

While I dislike Eli Manning, I love bacon and eggs. Actually, I love frying bacon on a pan above a constant blast of ignited propane and making it extraordinarily crispy. I then use the rendered bacon fat to cook my eggs. I enjoy the bacon and eggs with coffee before I go to work every morning. It is during this time and at dinner when I spend the most time with other members of the Precious Blood community at Soninno House in Berkeley, CA. I encounter extremely depressing cases while at work everyday, so I rely upon my time with community to lighten my mood and lift my spirit. My community members, work colleagues, friends, and family, ask me about my work and inspire me to return to the clinic with their words and action of support. While I deal with saddening circumstances everyday, the infinite support of the Precious Blood community allows me to continue volunteering.

Volunteering in a medical clinic for the impoverished in Oakland, CA has been one of the most important experiences in my life, not because of the skills it taught me as I continue a career in medicine, but because it taught me to respect the diversity of human life. After encountering many patients who fell into poverty, all for different reasons, I have come to appreciate the infinite assortment of experiences that create “homelessness.” This is not to say that some of my pre-conceived notions and stereotypes of the poor have been completely altered in a short six months; to the contrary, some of my original conceptions of homelessness still exist, just as surely as my patients will swear that I resemble Eli Manning. However, after this experience, I am cognizant of my own understanding of the impoverished, and treat every one of them with the utmost respect and dignity that they deserve.

David Bray graduated from the University of Notre Dame in 2011. He has been a Precious Blood Volunteer, living in community in Berkeley, CA and working in Oakland, CA. He plans to attend medical school in the fall.

A Place at the Table: *From Water to Wine*

Nathan Hess

Representatives from the Precious Blood LGBT Ministry joined several hundred Catholic leaders at the Seventh National Symposium on Catholicism and Homosexuality held in Baltimore from March 15-17, 2012. The conference is held every five years, and it was five years ago that members of the various Precious Blood communities (priests, sisters, adorers, companions) in attendance were inspired to form a ministry rooted in Precious Blood spirituality, to increase dialogue and understanding within our communities of the needs of gay and lesbian Catholics and their families.

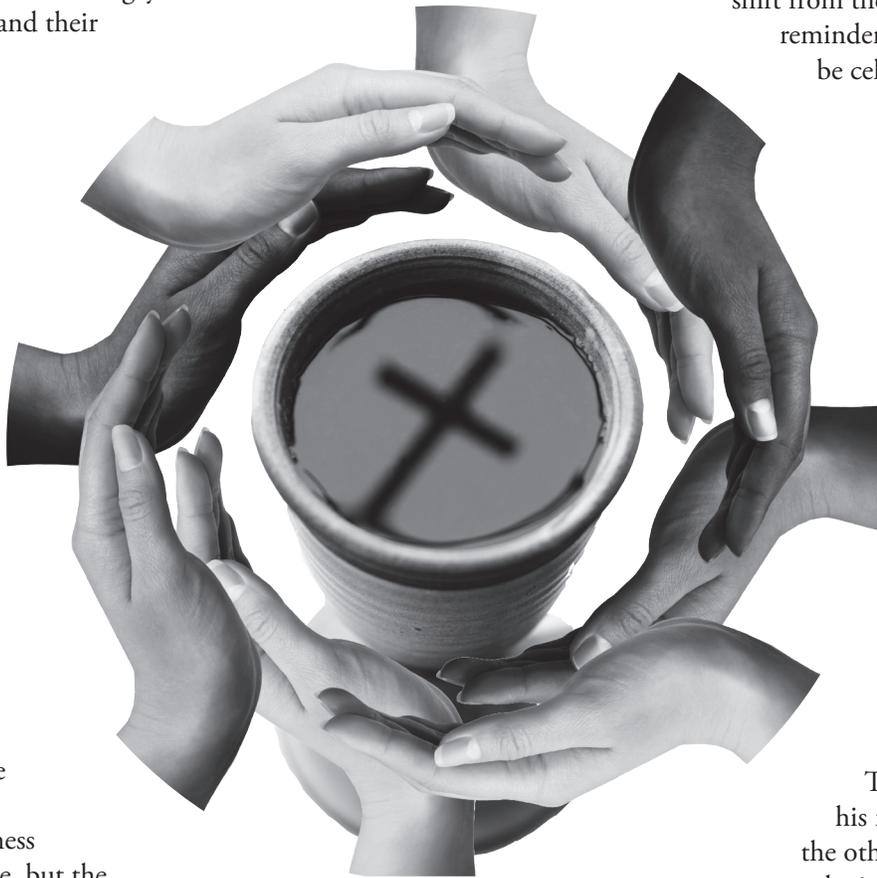
The weekend began with a retreat led by Bishop Geoffrey Robinson, author of *Confronting Power and Sex in the Catholic Church*, and *Love's Urgent Longings*. Bishop Robinson explained that our common, profound desire for freedom, peace, happiness, and love is the basis of all that is spiritual, and life is our response to these longings. He noted that true happiness requires self-acceptance, but the greatest longing of the human heart is love. In fact, the desire for love is so deep that nothing really answers it. This desire leads us to search for, and find, love in God, which he described as "a stunned appreciation of another One beyond the reach of either imagination or language."

Bishop Robinson warned that the idea of an angry God can lead us astray, and proposed that a healthy image of God is of One who both loves us and challenges us to grow, become better, and enter deeper into one's self. Acknowledging that the Christian community is not, has never been, and

cannot be perfect, Bishop Robinson also proclaimed that "if I love God, then I must love all of the people that God loves."

It was refreshing to hear a Catholic bishop validate the same desires and longings that gay and straight people share: freedom, peace, happiness, and love. And he went further to say that the path to God is our journey of fully realizing these desires. God is not angry when people, regardless of sexual orientation, long for and fulfill their desires. On the contrary, God is glorified when our human needs are met!

This does not exempt anyone from living and loving responsibly, but it does present a significant shift from the usual hierarchical reminder that homosexuals are to be celibate.



Richard Rodriguez, a regular on the PBS NewsHour, addressed the conference and tearfully shared his relief that this was the first speech in which he was permitted to acknowledge that he is gay. He recalled a story from his childhood; how he was playing with a friend, became afraid of his attraction to his friend, and he attacked the other boy.

That evening, he overheard his mother on the phone with the other boy's mother, laughing over the incident and conceding that "boys will be boys." Rodriguez observed how, even today, male aggression is acceptable, yet male affection is not accepted. How sad that nobody cares if men fight, but heaven forbid if they should kiss! His experience is a powerful story worthy of reflection.

The next morning, Patricia Beattie-Jung, a Roman Catholic moral theologian and Professor of Christian Ethics at Saint Paul School of Theology, gave a presentation entitled "Faithful Sexual Relationships and Marriage." She argued that we should promote marriage, for queer and straight alike, because promising to be steadfast and sexually

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+ Fr. Leonard Goettemoeller, C.P.P.S.

Fr. Leonard H. Goettemoeller, C.P.P.S., of the Kansas City Province, died on April 4, 2012. He was a native of St. Henry, OH; a graduate of Brunnerdale Seminary, St. Joseph College, and St. Charles Seminary, where he was ordained in 1949. Fr. Leonard, affectionately known as “Gutty,” faithfully served the church and the community for over 60 years—as a teacher, chaplain, and pastor. In the midst of his illnesses and physical challenges of the last several years, he retained the intellectual curiosity, keen memory, sense of humor and love of words and laughter that had served him so well for so long. The Mass of Christian Burial was celebrated on Wednesday, April 11, at St. Charles with burial in the community cemetery. The following memories of Gutty were sent in by various members.

In 1973, when I served as Vocation Director, I stopped by to visit Frs. Tom Welk and Leonard Goettemoeller in Wichita. I arrived in midafternoon and came upon Len pacing to and fro in the living room. He was annoyed with one of the sisters who happened to park her car right next to his. What disturbed Len was her bumper sticker, which read: *Adam had defective genes*. I just waited a while for him to emerge from his smoldering. After stammering, suddenly he stopped in his pacing pattern, looked up at me, smiled, and with his blue eyes sparkling, he calmly announced the solution for his agitation. He said he would get his own bumper sticker printed and park next to her car at every opportunity. His would simply say: *...and Eve was no prime rib either!*

(Fr. Richard Colbert)

Gutty would share with me his experiences with the Hispanic community while he was in Holly, Colorado. He would tell me about the Hispanic families who would drive to the town park in their pickups on Sunday afternoon and play soccer til dark. He said that they



would drink Coors beer which they called ‘Colorado Kool-aid.’ Gutty would give extra emphasis when saying ‘Colorado Kool-aid.’ I always enjoyed hearing stories from Gutty since he had so much joy in sharing them. He was a gifted story teller.
(Fr. Jim Betzen)

I always found Gutty entertaining when he went into explaining the meaning and origin of words. He enjoyed explaining the difference between high German and low German—how it developed.
(Fr. Ron Will)

Gutty delighted in his time at Our Lady of the Lake Convent in Mequon, Wisconsin. He was my spiritual advisor and community contact when I attended Marquette University. There was a Korean priest by the name of Matthew Wong who lived with Gutty in the convent. He was in the states studying English. There was a “honeybear” squeeze jar on the priests’ dining room table. Gutty taught Fr. Matthew to refer to it as “my private honey.” Gutty would hide the honey and have Matthew ring the little bell and ask where his “private honey” was.
(Fr. Bill Hubmann)

All four years of Precious Blood Seminary I had Fr. Leonard for English class; four years of his writing classes, grammar, and poetry “going down to the seas again.” It was a lot. I think I can safely speak for my classmates at the time, that there were times when we hated it. A little Gutty could go a long way. We had no awareness or appreciation at the time of his medical problems with ulcers and the

pressures of opening a new seminary “out West” and giving leadership to a new community of pioneers. For me, he was not a pleasant part of the experience.

Fast forward from my high school graduation to 1972 when I was a recent graduate of St. Joseph College, and was sent to Centerville, IA to be a part of the new experiment for the community in Special Formation. One night among many, when Frs. David Dougherty and Bill Miller and I were sitting in the living room watching TV and reminiscing, I turned to remembering my high school experience at Precious Blood Seminary. I got around to griping, grousing, and groaning about how awful Fr. Goettemoeller was. I was completely oblivious to the fact that Fr. Dougherty and he were classmates. After quite a stretch of patient listening, Dave waited for a pause in my rant, and then he suddenly suggested that I speak to Gutty sometime about this and my feelings. He then revealed, much to my embarrassment, that they were classmates! So, at the next assembly I went right up to Gutty and spoke to him about this past. Without skipping a beat, this enormous personage in my life cut right through all the bluster and naturally and calmly went straight for reconciliation and forgiveness. I’ll never forget the magnanimity he had, his largesse, so to speak. We became friends. I always knew that I would get his straight up thoughts and feelings right away. I liked that. Now I am grateful for this bigger than life person who taught me now to read and write and appreciate “going down to the seas again.” I will miss him and his lifelong contribution to community life. In fact, despite one of his more famous pronouncements, I struggle not to lower my expectations, but set them high.

(Fr. Alan Hartway)

Gutty taught me history when I was a ninth grader at Brunnerdale in 1951. He was a rather easy going teacher. I worked for him in the library when I was a senior. He was the librarian at Brunnerdale and then later at Del Bufalo. He was very methodical. Before he read any articles from magazines he would take out all loose advertisements. Working for him was the easiest job I ever had in the seminary. He spent half of the work hour telling stories. My first assignment as a priest was at Precious Blood Seminary. Gutty began his own customs. The reading at meals consisted of one sentence from a book. He kept the letter of the law! He tried to get the priests to pray Evening Prayer together after supper. It really never worked out since Stukie torpedoed it. When Stukie answered

the psalms, he prayed twice as fast as anyone else. It became a circus. Gutty got ulcers while he was rector. He often ate a half gallon of ice cream as he watched TV in the recreation room at night before bed. He eventually got over the ulcers. Gutty was known to be able to kick his right leg higher than the top of the door in the recreation room. Gutty’s homilies were always down to earth, he was a gifted writer and homilist, a great community man and an unforgettable man.
(Fr. Ed Oen)

From Water to Wine, continued from page 5

exclusive serves society, life and love. Withholding marriage from a segment of the population encourages promiscuity, increased risky behavior, and even violence. She noted that there is no documented evidence that marriage equality will harm marriage, and that scientific studies have shown that children raised by same sex parents are flourishing. Beattie-Jung pointed out that children raised in Catholic orphanages have flourished throughout history, and those orphanages were run by congregations of same-sex men and women religious. The focus of her talk addressed the benefits of greater fidelity and social stability through promotion of marriage equality for all committed couples. This idea that all of society would benefit from marriage equality deserves further exploration.

Afterwards, we were greeted by Maryland Governor Martin O’Malley, who only days earlier signed marriage equality into state law. He shared with us the value of his Catholic upbringing and education, but noted that he did not sign the bill because he was Catholic, rather, because it was the right thing to do for the people of Maryland. O’Malley joins other Catholic governors from New York and Washington who have recently signed marriage equality laws.

Scripture Scholar and Professor Luke Timothy Johnson addressed the gathering and explained the scriptural references to homosexuality and their common misinterpretations. More powerful was his proclamation, drawing on the Letter to Ephesians, that the Church must serve as an agent of reconciliation, rather than avoid or attempt to silence the current discourse on sexual diversity and morality.

Additional talks from Kathleen Kennedy Townsend and several other Catholic leaders, with prayer services led by Sister Diana Rawlings, A.S.C., assisted by Fr. David Matz, C.P.P.S., made for one remarkable and inspiring conference. The Precious Blood LGBT Ministry hopes to share what we are learning with you in more detail. Please visit our page on the kcprovince.org website and call upon us to help you in your efforts for greater education and dialogue on these issues.

Nathan Hess is a Companion from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Great Expectations

Joe Nassal, C.P.P.S.

This is the homily preached at the Mass of Christian Burial for Fr. Leonard Goettemoeller.

On Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday, Masterpiece Theater on public television presented a new version of Charles Dickens' classic story, *Great Expectations*. Though I never had Fr. Leonard Goettemoeller as a teacher at Precious Blood Seminary—he moved the summer before I arrived, after serving as the rector and librarian for the seminary during its first six years of existence—his English classes and particularly his dramatic reading of *Great Expectations* were legendary.

Fr. Leonard had a unique style of speaking, a certain cadence, measuring his words carefully, pausing to underscore dramatic effect. He was especially fond of the characters in *Great Expectations*, like Pip, the orphan boy and Mrs. Havisham, the wealthy spinster. When I told Tren Meyers, one of Fr. Leonard's former students, that he had died, Tren reflected on those classes so many years ago. He said he had just been thinking about Fr. Leonard, who we affectionately called "Gutty," because he had watched the first installment of *Great Expectations* on PBS and remembers Fr. Gutty reading the book aloud during study hall.



"No one could say 'Pip ole chap' like Gutty," Tren said. Fr. Gutty gave Tren, who worked for him for a couple of years in the seminary library, and many of his students, a great love for poetry.

One of my favorite poets, Mary Oliver, captures Fr. Leonard's life and death in her poem, "When Death Comes." She writes:

*When death comes
like a hungry bear in autumn...
When death comes
like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,
I want to step through the door full of curiosity,
wondering:
What is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?*

This is how I envision Fr. Leonard approaching his death last week: "full of curiosity." Throughout his life, Fr. Len was always curious about life, about the way things worked, about changes in the Church and the community. He was well-read and always ready to engage in a conversation about life.

As a librarian and English teacher, Leonard loved language. He had certain code words which he delighted to use when certain students thought they were being clever or had a profound insight into a poem. Tren remembers Fr. Gutty telling the class that one of the brand names for manure spreaders in Ohio was "New Idea." So one day when Tren offered what he thought was wonderful interpretation of a poem, Fr. Gutty, stopped in his tracks—he was constantly pacing back and forth during class—looked up with eyes wide open and a big smile covering his face. "Time to get your boots on, boys!" he said. "I think Mr. Meyers has a New Idea!" And then he let out a belly laugh that rolled through the aisles of the classroom and spilled out into the hallways of the seminary.

Leonard was a wonderful storyteller and excellent homilist. Tren reminded me of one of his most memorable sermons that has been told and retold in the community. Fr. Len was substituting in Miami, OK and leaning heavily on the pulpit, rubbing his forehead and his bald dome for dramatic effect. He looked over at the tabernacle which was near the pulpit, and with his bony finger, pointed at it and said, "I see you have a really nice tabernacle here and it's got a lock on it!" Fr. Leonard then paused, rubbed his smooth crown, and said, "You got JESUS

in there! He's all locked up!" Again, he paused. "I don't know about YOU," he paused again and opened his eyes as wide as he could as he looked at the congregation on the edge of their seats, "but I think we better let him out!"

I have used that story often because it captures so well how we can put the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle and forget that each of us carry the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle of our hearts.



One of his most memorable homilies was given at a Provincial Assembly. When he celebrated his 40th anniversary of priesthood, we asked Fr. Leonard to preach at the Mass honoring the jubilarians. He began with his typical style and rhetorical flourish. "What have I learned in forty years of priesthood?" His voice resounding throughout the chapel. Again, a long, dramatic pause, and then, perhaps thinking of Dickens' *Great Expectations*, Fr. Guty said, "What I have learned in forty years of priesthood is...LOWER YOUR EXPECTATIONS!" The chapel erupted with laughter as we thought he was being funny.

But as the homily wore on, this theme of "lower your expectations" became the refrain of his reflection and we knew he wasn't being humorous; he was being very honest and serious. And it left many of us very sad. As a young priest at the time, I looked up to Guty and was looking forward to his wisdom. Maybe Fr. Leonard was feeling a little like Job that day. He was being very honest that the great expectations he had as a young priest did not turn out as he had expected. Perhaps he felt his gifts were not being utilized to their full effect as a pastor as they were when he was a teacher and librarian.

So, like Job, he shared with us his brokenness:

*O that my words were written down!
O that they were inscribed in a book!
O that with an iron pen and with lead
They were engraved on a rock forever!*

His words about "lowering our expectations" that day were certainly engraved on many of our hearts. Fr. Guty received so much feedback about that homily, ten years later, he preached again at the Assembly on the occasion of his 50th anniversary of ordination. And the theme of that homily was similar except when he asked rhetorically, "What have I learned in 50 years of being a priest?" His answer resounded, "RAISE YOUR EXPECTATIONS!"

Like that first reading from the book of Job that he chose for his funeral, Fr. Guty articulated what he always knew in his heart to be true:

*For I know that my Redeemer lives,
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth...
and after my skin has been thus destroyed,
then in my flesh I shall see God...*

And if he had preached on his 60th anniversary at the Assembly, I have no doubt his homily would be about *Great Expectations!*

Fr. Leonard believed deeply in the vision of Vatican II that we are the body of Christ, the people of God. As he had said in that homily about letting Jesus out of the tabernacle, though it is devout to adore the Blessed Sacrament in the Tabernacle, he believed our spirituality demands that we take the body and blood of Christ out into the world—to be the body and blood of Christ for the life of the world.

Isn't that what we celebrate during this Easter season? After Jesus was raised from the dead, he told his disciples to go forth and spread the good news; to be the risen body of Christ for one another. As Fr. Leonard said that Sunday in Miami, Oklahoma so many years ago, and said often in his 63 years of priesthood, we are to become the Eucharist for one another and our world by serving the Risen Christ we see and recognize in each person we meet along the way. On this Easter Wednesday, when we hear the story of Jesus meeting the two disciples on the road to Emmaus and breaking open the Word for them so that their hearts burn inside of them and they recognize the Risen Christ in the breaking of the bread, Fr. Leonard had a great facility for breaking open the Word through the power of language.

He also had a deep love for the Eucharist. It was not surprising that the gospel he wanted proclaimed at his funeral was the one we just heard from John where Jesus identifies himself as "the living bread that came down from heaven. "Whoever eats of this bread will live forever; and the bread that I will give for the life of the world is my flesh."

Fr. Guty had great expectations in this life but even greater expectations of the life to come because he knew, as Paul wrote to the Philippians, "our citizenship is in heaven." From Brunnerdale Seminary to Bloomfield, IA; from Liberty, MO to Holly, CO, Fr. Guty spent his life as a Missionary of the Precious Blood remembering that while we are here on earth, we are all missionaries who are to give voice to the love of our God in our words and our witness. Knowing that our home is in heaven, Guty waited with great expectations because, as Paul says, "we are expecting a Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ. He will transform the

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Justice and Peace: *The Death Penalty*

Daryl Charron, C.P.P.S.

At our annual assembly in 1998, the Kansas City Province took a corporate stance against the death penalty. We took this stand in opposition to capital punishment: “Motivated by the Blood of Christ and called to be ministers of reconciliation, the Society of the Precious Blood, Kansas City Province, reaffirms its belief in the sacredness of life and thereby takes this position that capital punishment is wrong. To put these words into action, we encourage our priests, brothers and companions of the Society of the Precious Blood to engage in activities which will end the death penalty in those states where it is still used and to work toward the goal of ending this type of sentence in our nation. Whenever and wherever it is deemed appropriate, we encourage our members to preach justice and mercy on behalf of the victim and perpetrator of such horrendous crimes.” Are you still motivated today to engage in activities which will end the death penalty?

Fr. Mike Volkmer was the chairperson for the Justice and Peace Committee of the province of that time encouraging the corporate stance by saying, “It is easy to make a statement. The challenge is to back up that statement with our words and deeds. We must be instruments of conversion to people who support the death penalty. Our province cannot force every member and companion to support the statement or join in a public affirmation of its teaching. But it would be difficult to see how one could affirm our spirituality and not affirm the value and dignity of every human life. Members of the Justice and Peace Committee believe that we can give powerful witness by calling people to conversion. Let’s let the statement take life by living it and helping people to do a serious examination of conscience on this issue.” Here we are fourteen years later since I served on that committee. The newly formed Justice and Peace Committee would like to carry on where we left off.

What has changed or happened on the issue since we first took our corporate stance? Thirty-four states still have the death penalty, but since then four states have abolished the death penalty. New Jersey and New York abolished it in 2007. Governor Bill Richardson signed legislation to repeal the death penalty in New Mexico, replacing it with life without parole in 2009. Governor Pat Quinn did the same in Illinois in 2011.

Since 1998, there have been 857 executions in the U.S. On the other hand, the number of death sentences per year has dropped dramatically since 1998. There were 294 death sentences in 1998; in 2011 only 78. From 2000–2011 there have been an average of five exonerations per year due in part to the success of DNA testing. In 2010, the Death Penalty Information Center released the results of one of the most comprehensive studies ever conducted of America’s views on the death penalty. A clear majority of 61% opposed the death penalty. That was promising compared to the previous all-time low support of capital punishment at 42% according to a Gallup poll back in 1966.

Other studies have proven to be helpful in dissuading the use of capital punishment this past decade. According to a 2009 survey of the former presidents of the country’s top academic criminological societies, 88% of these experts rejected the notion that the death penalty acts as a deterrent to murder. A 2011 study in California revealed that the cost of the death penalty in the state has been over \$4 billion since 1978. Likewise, a study in Kansas in 2003 found the costs of capital cases are 70% more expensive than comparable non-capital cases, including the costs of incarceration. This question of cost effectiveness is a key issue in many states that are economically challenged at this time. At least nine states will consider bills to repeal the death penalty in 2012. That is why this is such a hot issue once again. In California, a coalition called Taxpayers for Justice has been collecting signatures to place a death penalty repeal initiative on the ballot in November. California has 721 people on death row and yet had no executions in 2011. On January 25, the state of Washington started a bill to repeal the death penalty. The bill’s sponsor cited high costs as a reason for the bill.



Other states considering repeal bills are Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Maryland, Nebraska, and Pennsylvania.

Retired District Judge Steven Becker, along with prosecutors, defense lawyers, and religious leaders, recently testified at a legislative hearing in favor of a bill to repeal the death penalty in Kansas. Judge Becker commented, "As long as the death penalty is a part of our imperfect system, there will always be the unacceptable possibility of the execution of an innocent person." Ron Wurtz, a federal public defender and a former director of the state's Death Penalty Defense Unit, said, "The American people have seen the ongoing releases from death row. About one release for wrongful conviction for every nine executions." The Kansas Catholic Conference also voiced their concerns at this legislative hearing.

Recent studies have also focused on the factor of race in death penalty cases. A 2011 study in Louisiana found the odds of a death sentence were 97% higher when the victim was white than when black. Likewise, in California a 2005 study revealed those who killed whites were over three times likely to be sentenced to death than those who killed blacks and over four times more likely than those who killed Latinos. The odds for receiving a death sentence in North Carolina rose by 3–5 times among those defendants whose victims were white according to a study in 2001. Part of the reason for race being a factor is that 98% of the chief district attorneys in death penalty states are white and only 1% are black.



Still the debate goes on in other states. Some legislators in Illinois are attempting to revive the state's newly outlawed death penalty, even as some legislators in Missouri are trying to outlaw theirs. Missouri state representatives, Mike McGhee and Penny Hubbard have filed two bills proposing to follow Illinois and abolish the state's longstanding death penalty. They are using two of the main arguments which are being too costly and too risky for executing innocent people. McGhee said if his legislation passes, the state would commute the sentences of those inmates on death row to life in prison, as Illinois did last year with its 15 death row inmates. Missouri currently has 47 inmates on death row.

Over the past two years, a team of judges, lawyers, former prosecutors, defense attorneys and law professors have undertaken the most comprehensive examination of the death penalty ever conducted in Missouri. Their 400-page report, sponsored by the American Bar Association, was released this past month. It makes a number of recommendations on the administration of the death penalty in Missouri and reducing the risks of executing the innocent. The study found that several persons in Missouri have been wrongly convicted of murder and other serious crimes due to eyewitness misidentifications, false confessions, and untruthful jailhouse informant testimony. The investigative team recommended comprehensive reform of the ways police conduct lineups and interrogations as well as preserving biological evidence. They also pointed out that Missouri's death penalty statute should be amended because it is so broad that virtually any murder case could qualify for the death penalty. Although these efforts do not get rid of the death penalty, it will more than likely decrease unjust practices that lead to innocent people going on death row.

The Supreme Court has issued a few important laws since our corporate stance against the death penalty was written. In 2002, they declared it unconstitutional to execute defendants with mental retardation. In 2005, they struck down the death penalty for juveniles. It was also during 2005 that the United States Conference of Catholic Bishops developed the document, "A Culture of Life and the Penalty of Death." This document invited every Catholic to join the Catholic Campaign to End the Use of the Death Penalty.

The bishops asked Catholics to join this campaign by taking the following steps:

- Pray for victims of crime and their loved ones, for those awaiting execution and their families, for our leaders, for those who work in the criminal justice system, and for one another—that we might help bring an end to the culture of violence and build a culture of life in our nation and throughout the world.
- Reach out to the families of those whose lives have been taken away through violence, and assure them of the Church's support, compassion, and care, ministering to their spiritual, physical, and emotional needs. Support efforts to provide hope and help for the families of murder victims.

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The New Creation: Reflections from the Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation Catching the Blessing of Eternal Life

Mike Donovan

I began writing this reflection over three years ago, but I never finished. I guess I've always wanted my stories, whether happy or sad, to have a positive message at the end. In this case, the murder of Christopher left me so empty at the time, that nothing I tried to write provided me solace regarding this senseless death. Now several years and several murders later of young men I've known, I'm finally ready to finish this article.

I met him when he was 15, locked up at the Cook County Juvenile Temporary Detention Center, charged as an adult with first degree murder. I remember meeting with him on one of his first nights in detention, his endless tears, his profession of innocence. That meeting was the first of 68 visits, seeing him through every mood imaginable, as he patiently, but nervously awaited trial. Sometimes our conversations were light; sometimes intense, especially before each court date. We prayed at the end of each visit, and Chris always prayed for a blessing. I can't tell you the amount of times he said, "Mike, I just gotta catch a blessing."

At 17, he was transferred to Cook County Jail, still awaiting trial, through countless continuances and delays. My visits continued, but now our visits amounted to screaming to each other through the thick glass of the jail's visitor room. Chris also called and wrote to me on occasion. In his last letter to me he wrote: "Mike, I'm just hoping for the best at trial. I pray for a blessing. Please continue to pray for me, and tell Fr. Kelly and Denny as well. Because Mike, I really need you. I'm counting the days. They seem to be really going slow. But it's alright. Be careful and take care. Hope to see you on the outside, Mike. Pray for me!"

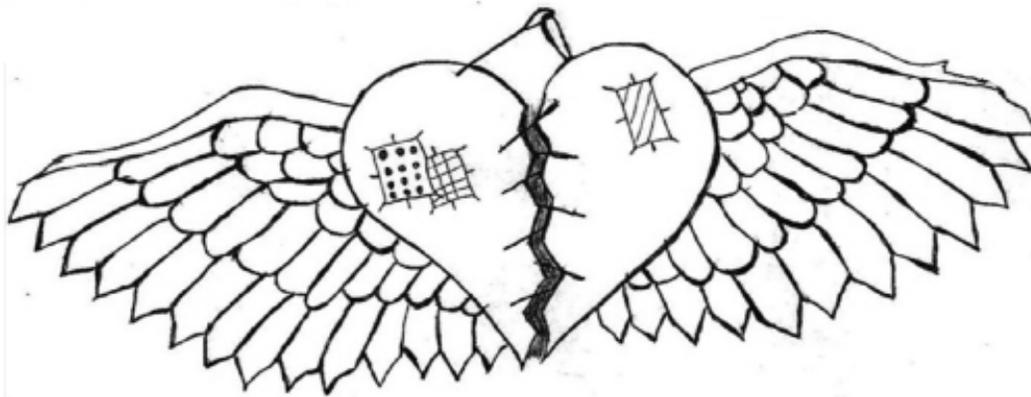
After almost three years, Christopher was acquitted at trial in August. He caught that blessing! I wish the story could end here, a happy ending and the beginning of a second chance and new life for

Christopher. Unfortunately, the reality of gang life is different, and upon his release, he was back on the streets in no time. I spoke to him briefly on three occasions, trying in vain to arrange a meeting to discuss his hopes and dreams and the promises he made while he was locked up. Somehow he seemed distant to me, and he was too busy to meet.

On Sunday, October 12, 2008, Fr. Kelly called me to tell me Chris had been critically injured and was not expected to live. He died the next day from the injuries suffered after a rival gang member rammed his car, grabbed him, and dragged him alongside the vehicle while fleeing the scene of the crash.

I asked myself all the questions one asks after someone you love dies senselessly and prematurely. Why? Why after catching a blessing did he return to the streets? I attended two street prayer vigils, the wake, and the funeral Mass for Chris, searching for answers.

In time, my belief in God's mercy and goodness, my belief in the resurrection and in eternal life got me through this difficult time. Certainly I heard Fr. Kelly preach this message at subsequent wakes and funerals for other youth. It finally took hold. I am comforted in the belief that Christopher is with God. That's enough of a happy ending for me.



"Sad Wings of Destiny" by Marco A.P. is artwork featured on the Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation website: www.pbmr.org. Used with permission.

Sustained by the Blood

Dave Kelly, C.P.P.S.

To be honest, I went to Brunnerdale High School Seminary and eventually was professed as a member of the Missionaries of the Precious Blood not because I had some deep attraction to St. Gaspar or the spirituality of the Precious Blood, but because my uncle was a C.P.P.S. priest (John Byrne) and my childhood parish (Wapakoneta) was staffed by C.P.P.S. priests, brothers and sisters. So the spirituality that inspired Gaspar and so many others came to me through the work I have been blessed to do.

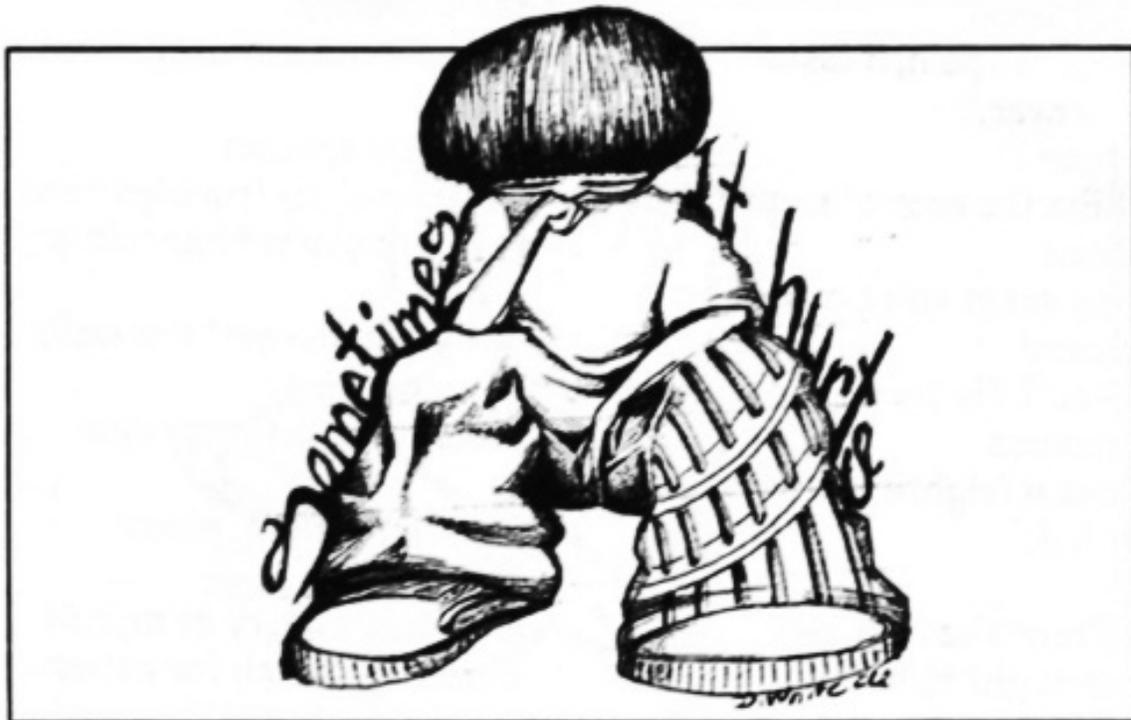
For over fifteen years I lived in a diocesan parish; I have worked for 27 years with the Archdiocese of Chicago's jail ministry—Kolbe House. I will have been ordained 30 years in June and have grown to not only embrace the spirituality of the Precious Blood, but be sustained by it. As I strive to be a faithful witness, I am strengthened by a spirituality that allows us to see beyond the suffering and death. The cup and the cross are more than images; they become a place of refuge and comfort.

During a recent weekend the death toll in Chicago was severe. The shootings from Friday night to Sunday morning numbered 41. A six year old was killed while playing on the front porch of her home. A block from the PBMR Center, a young man was shot and is in critical condition and another was shot and killed. The airways are filled with the outrage at so much violence; the police promise a sure and decisive response. Young people are targeted as out of control. Political and

religious leaders and community organizers seek to add their voice to the plethora of ideas and suggestions.

In the wake of the violence, impacted communities continue to go about daily living. Experience has told them that the outrage will quiet until the next high profile killing. They will seek ways to protect their children as best they can with the little they have. Their voice is rarely heard. Calls for better schools and more mental health centers to help combat the ever-rising stress and strain experienced by children and families will be "voiced-over" by the call for budget cuts and reduced spending.

I spoke to a young man today, Max, who lost his best friend—a young man who a few months ago, along with Max, accompanied me to give a talk to Archdiocesan Catechetical Conference in Oak Brook, IL. Today Max sat with me and told me how the death of his friend, David, has caused him nightmares, blackouts and outbursts of anger. With tears in his eyes he says that he feels lost. For many,



"Sometimes it Hurts" by D. White is artwork featured on the Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation website: www.pbmr.org. Used with permission.

including Max, it is not the singular act of violence, but the continual and prolonged violence that is so damaging. The trauma that is the result of so much violence has a devastating impact on youth, families, and the community.

Those of us who are caregivers are not exempt from the strain and stress of so much violence. I struggle with how to respond when 14 year old kills another 14 year old. I recoil at the easy answers to such a complex problem. Better policing certainly is a part of the necessary response, but it alone is not the answer. The answer lies in the very ethos of the community. We need to change the very culture of how we see one another. We cannot continue to try to punish our way out of the violence. We have to create communities of hope where we recognize that our lives are intertwined with one another and that what affects one affects us all.

This ethos—the interconnectedness of all— is at the heart of the spirituality that calls us to be ambassadors of reconciliation. It seems to me that at the very core—the very essence—of who we are, has to be the willingness to enter into the tension and messiness of life and witness to the power of God’s love to transform. I have to believe that is our ministry—walking faithfully into the muddled mess of life and giving witness to the transforming power of the blood of Christ.

I am reminded of the prayers we have said for years calling us to respond to the “ever changing times.” If there was ever a time in which the spirituality of the Precious Blood and the call to the ministry of reconciliation was needed, it is today. We are living in a time, both in the world and in the Church, which cries out for the work of healing and reconciliation. In these ever changing times we must lift the cross high—a cross not of condemnation but of hope. And it is not just for others to see, but for us who live the call to be ministers of reconciliation.



My Back Pages, continued from page 16

and housing a six-piece orchestra. Several hundred guests would be milling around. My husband and I would exchange diamond studded matching tennis bracelets. He would romantically feed me out-of-season blueberries, and the orchestra would play our song, “Our Love Is Here To Stay,” while we swayed together on the dance floor.

The reality was, our kids had thrown a couple of hamburgers and a few hot dogs on the grill, scarfed them down and split, leaving us to clean up. The table held our bounty: matching one-size-fits-all bathrobes and a shower booster from my husband with five positions ranging from gentle spray to pin-you-against-the-wall.

I looked at my husband as he returned the folding chairs to their original boxes. We had gone through three wars, two miscarriages, five houses, three children, nine cars, 23 funerals, seven camping trips, 12 jobs, 19 banks and three credit unions. We had shared toothpaste, debts, closets and relatives. We had given each other honesty and trust.

He came over to where I was seated and said, “I’ve got a present for you.” “What is it?” I asked excitedly. “Close your eyes.” When I opened them, he was holding a cauliflower that comes packed in a pickle jar. “I hid it from the kids,” he said, “because I know how you like the cauliflower.” Maybe love was that simple.

The love of Christ shines long after the flame of romance dies out, endures through the most painful and traumatic steps of life’s journey, finds its expression in both the most heroic sacrifices and simplest gifts—like a piece of pickled cauliflower, like the whisper of a mother, like a faith that is taught and shepherded and above all lived.

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- Advocate for public policies that better protect society from perpetrators of violence and do not resort to the death penalty.
- Learn more about Catholic teaching on the death penalty, and seriously reflect on and reexamine our own attitudes and positions on the death penalty.
- Educate people about Catholic teaching on the death penalty and the criminal justice system.
- Act by continuing to advocate in state legislators, in the Congress, in the courts and in the public square. Urge public officials to support measures that restrict the death penalty or provide alternatives; and in a particular way, ask those who make decisions about the death penalty to take their own opportunities to bring an end to its use. Work to reform the criminal justice system to make it more just, more effective, and more “restorative” to victims, offenders, and communities.
- Change the debate and decisions on the use of the death penalty by building a constituency for life, not death, and by calling on lawmakers to lead, not follow, to defend life, not take it away.

That may be a good place to start in renewing our efforts to reaffirm our corporate stance against the death penalty. Each in our own way or in some ways together carry out these seven suggestions put forth by the bishop’s statement. They seem to me to be practical ways by which we can put our words into action. As we go about this important ministry, let’s call to mind our biblical foundations. Some argue that passages from the Old Testament require that the death penalty be used for certain crimes. A correct interpretation of such passages indicates the intent of such passages was to limit retribution, not to require certain punishment.

While the Old Testament includes passages about taking the life of one who kills, the Old Testament and the teaching of Christ in the New Testament call us to protect life, practice mercy, and reject vengeance.

body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of his glory.”

Today, we celebrate that for Fr. Leonard the greatest of our expectations—that God will transform our mortal bodies into the new creation—has been fulfilled. We are grateful to the Goettmoeller family who shared with the Precious Blood community and the church this remarkable man of faith. Fr. Leonard was a man who lived a Eucharistic life because he knew “...unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you have no life in you.”

Fr. Leonard was filled with the life of the risen Christ. He was a man “full of curiosity” who no doubt embraced what Mary Oliver writes at the conclusion of her poem, “When Death Comes”:

*When it’s over, I want to say: all my life
I was a bride married to amazement.
I was a bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.
When it’s over, I don’t want to wonder
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.
I don’t want to find myself sighing and frightened or
full of argument.
I don’t want to end up simply having visited this world.*

Fr. Leonard did not simply visit the world; he took the world into his arms. And so, Fr. Leonard, we thank you for your witness and your words, your friendship and your faith, your humor and your holiness. During this Easter season, you celebrate the great promise that those who feast on the life of Christ will be raised up on the last day and “will live forever.”

Fr. Leonard, may heaven be everything you expected—and more.

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My Back Pages

Richard Bayuk, C.P.P.S.

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.
- Old Spanish proverb

A sister who taught second grade was preparing her students for their part in a school program which would be presented to all the parents. She carefully typed individual bible verses on small pieces of paper, and then gave each student one of them, which they in turn were to memorize and recite at the program. One little boy was given the verse, "I am the light of the world," which he took home with him and began practicing with his mother.

When the night arrived for the school program, all the parents sat proudly and expectantly in their seats. When it came time for the boy to recite his verse, he became frightened and could not recall the words. He looked at his mother in the front row, who in a stage whisper said, "I am the light of world." He immediately straightened up and loudly and confidently proclaimed, "My mother is the light of the world!"

As Mothers' Day approaches I am thinking not only of mothers but also of sisters—given the news this past week of the Vatican's actions being taken regarding the Leadership Conference of Women Religious, which represents most of the nuns in the U.S. It is disheartening to see the lines already being drawn and to anticipate further division and

polarization in the face of what one reporter compared to a hostile takeover (readers may want to google this story to get details and unfolding developments).

Jesus declared, "I am the light of the world." He also said, "I am the Good Shepherd"—and these words can be found in the gospel for the 4th Sunday of Easter, designated as World Day of Prayer for Vocations. I am remembering the Good Shepherds I have known who had a woman's face. At least one of them was a mother, but others were sisters. In particular I remember Sr. Aloysius who taught us summer school catechism in the late 50s. Like all the nuns of her time she wore the long black habit and dangling rosary and veil. Like all nuns then—and today—she was a real person, invested in a great love of God, the church, and the people she dedicated her life to serve. She communicated zeal for the word of God, and love for God and neighbor; she inspired me to learn, to enjoy being church. Even that seventh grader so many years ago could see it in this woman as she spun her stories that told us about God's love and our responsibilities, taught us to sing the *Gloria* in Latin or serve Mass (just the boys then, of course) with reverence. There's a lot of awful and unfair stereotypes of nuns—those from our past and those directed at contemporary women religious. They belong in the trash. Sisters weren't always treated by the church with respect and justice back then, and I fear the same may be true today. There is much renewal and reconciliation left to be done.

In her book, *A Marriage Made in Heaven...or Too Tired for An Affair*, Erma Bombeck remembers her wedding anniversary:

It wasn't the way I had imagined our 25th wedding anniversary gala. I had fantasized a large white tent decorated with flowers

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