

# The NEW WINE PRESS

*Motivated by the Spirituality of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ*

June 2007

VOLUME 16 No. 10

## LEADERSHIP TEAM INSTALLED

During this past year, members and companions identified many needs in the church which need attention. They spoke of the gifts which are needed in those who exercise leadership. Not all can be possessed by any one person nor can they be developed to the same degree. Recognizing that all are called to develop the gifts they have been given, and to share them for the building up of the body of Christ, the community chose five members to lead them for the next four years.

On June 4, 2007, members and companions met at Savior Pastoral Center in Kansas City Kansas to celebrate the Rite of Installation for the new leadership team. The evening began with a social and dinner, followed by the liturgy.

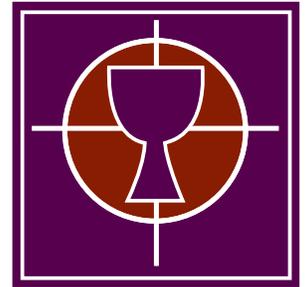
The opening song presented the summons to the community: "Will you come and follow me if I but call your name? Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?" Following a blessing of those who served in leadership the last four years, the words of Jesus from Mark's gospel spoke of the cup of service and suffering that is offered to the community. The gathering responded in song: "I will take the cup of life, I will call God's name all my days."

The liturgy continued with the new leadership stating their willingness and commitment to service in the community and the church, followed by all present professing their faith and responding in prayer: "You call us into being and commission us to serve your people. We pray that our lives might make a difference and that our service may give you glory."

Fr. Jim Urbanic spoke briefly, inviting the community to recognize, as he put it, that "it [who we are and what we do] is not about us, it is about God." This was followed by a final blessing prayer for the new leadership and the community, which said in part: "May your word of reconciliation be in our hearts and on our lips that your peace might be present to all."

The rite concluded with song in which all prayed: "Draw together at one table all the human family... Let us bring the gifts that differ and... sing a new church into being." 🍷

*The new leadership team caught in a rare spontaneous moment by the lake at Precious Blood Center. l to r: Richard Bayuk, Al Ebach, Jim Urbanic, Joe Nassal, and Garry Richmeier.*



NEW  
WINESKINS  
page 2

CELEBRATING  
COMMUNITY  
page 3

GENTLE  
BEN  
page 4

BOOK  
PREVIEW  
page 6

GENERATIVITY  
AND THE  
PRECIOUS BLOOD  
page 8

HEALING  
RHYTHMS  
page 9

TRANSITIONS  
page 11

# NEW WINESKINS

*Al Ebach, C.P.P.S.*

I have been thinking about, and praying for those province members who are involved in transitions this year—from people moving to St. Charles Center in Ohio, to those leaving a particular apostolate or ministry. It is easy to be distracted in one's own transition and forget about brothers or sisters who are experiencing changes, moves or downsizing.

Yes, we are called to have a missionary spirit, but one must realize that missionaries also have human emotions. In our insensitivity, at times, it is easy to question someone who may be hesitant about uprooting, downsizing, or leaving specific ministries and relationships. There may be situations where individuals find support in relationships that may not be easy to leave, or someone may feel there are tasks that seem incomplete, or others see themselves abandoning situations that were very life giving.

I remember when my brothers, sisters and I convinced our Mother to move out of her house into independent living. As a family, we began making plans for the sale of her belongings, packed the things we thought she needed, and set up the new space—as she watched. We all thought we were very sensitive, encouraging and supportive, but we were all looking from the outside in. Because we were looking through our eyes, we underestimated her feelings, at times not really hearing her grief—which she needed to share.

It wasn't until we were busy setting up the new apartment, that we heard her say—as she was looking out of the living room window to a cemetery across the road—“There is the next place I will be moving.” All of us were oblivious to the cemetery because we had already decided what was good for her. It was that statement that finally awakened us to her emotional needs. We were so busy we did not hear her cries of grief until she pointed out the cemetery.

As difficult as it may be to hear people share their experiences of grief in situations of transition, it is so important to invite people to share about their disappointments, their accomplishments and their fears. Again, we have to step outside our own feelings and emotions and invite others to share their grief.

Community life does not easily lend itself to invite people to share emotions during transitions from one ministry or living situation to another. Actually, transitions happen in families too—more often than people may realize. My mother certainly is a good example.

There definitely have been some improvements regarding transitions in community life. We no longer just get a letter informing us of our next appointment. Yes, it is better, but I am not sure that people's emotions are taken into account when transitions occur. Most of us are expected to just deal with it. Get over it!

Any transition in community or in family affects the entire community or family. There is a certain amount of grieving that goes on among all the members and companions, when just one person is in transition. This year there are a number of us affected by new assignments and appointments, and many emotions are undoubtedly floating around.

It should not take a cemetery across the road for us to invite others to share. Remember that the grieving you are going through, or have experienced in the past are the very feelings others also experience. We need to hear the stories, the pains, the joys, the hopes! Pray for those who are facing transitions!

Thank you to everyone for being open to new assignments, ministries and living arrangements. People truly are missionary. 🍷

## THE NEW WINE PRESS

*Kansas City Province*

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, 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, together with Precious Blood Companions, 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.

*The New Wine Press* is published monthly. The submission deadline is the 15th of the month.

### Mailing Address:

PO Box 339  
Liberty, MO 64069-0339  
(816) 781-4344  
Fax: (816) 781-3639  
sec@kcprov.org

### Editor

RICHARD BAYUK, C.P.P.S.  
rbayukcpps@mac.com  
(773) 960-8447

### Assistant Editor

LOU CAREY

### Design by

CLARE McCLAREN  
*luxedesign*  
Kansas City, MO

Printed on recycled paper by  
Trojan Press of North Kansas City

# CELEBRATING COMMUNITY JUNE 4, 2007



You have been chosen  
to serve and lead our province  
for the next four years.  
Are you ready and willing to drink  
from the cup of the New Covenant  
and to share this cup  
with the incorporated members  
and covenanted companions?

In the waters of baptism,  
you were washed in love;  
in the blood of the cross you were redeemed;  
in your incorporation you promised fidelity  
to the Society of the Precious Blood.  
Are you ready and willing to live this commitment  
with authenticity, boldness, and sacred  
abandonment?

You carry within you  
the charism of St. Gaspar del Bufalo.  
Are you willing and ready to empower others  
to stand in solidarity  
with the poor and marginalized;  
are you willing and ready  
to be ministers of reconciliation  
to the wounded and the weary;  
are you willing and ready  
to be a redemptive presence  
in this Community and in the world  
by reclaiming the charism of the Blood of Christ?

This cup signifies  
the beginning of our Province and its history.  
Are you willing to remain creatively faithful  
to our tradition  
and to stand on the threshold of transformation  
by giving witness to what it means  
to be a Precious Blood Missionary?

*We are willing, with the help of God.*

“God of reconciliation, passionate for your whole creation,  
impel us by the love of Christ to see your guiding hand  
in leading us to forgiveness, pardon, and peace.  
Give us the courage to hear every story  
of every person  
with dignity and respect.  
Give us hope  
in the blood of the cross.  
Help us by your grace  
in the ministry of reconciliation  
which you have given us to do:  
to heal and to make whole,  
to remove that  
which provokes, promotes,  
and sustains violence.  
May your word of reconciliation  
be in our hearts and on our lips  
that your peace might be present to all.  
Build us up into the body of Christ, a living temple.  
We pray at the table of the Lamb  
and at the foot of the cross,  
washed in the blood of Jesus.  
We pray in his name. Amen.”



*Companion Marie Trout and  
Fr. Mike Goode leading the  
Installation liturgy.*



*Companion Mary Wagner (Butternut,  
WI) and Dennis Schaab.*

“Summoned by the God  
who made us,  
Rich in our diversity,  
Gathered in the name of Jesus,  
Richer still in unity.

Let us bring  
the gifts that differ  
And in splendid varied ways,  
Sing a new church into being,  
One in faith and  
love and praise.”

“Can you drink the cup that I drink or be baptized with  
the baptism with which I am baptized?” They said to him,  
“We can.”



*Jack McClure, Al Ebach, Jim  
Wagner (son of companion Mary  
Wagner), and Joe Miller.*

# GENTLE BEN: 60 Years of Priestly Service and Compassionate Presence

Joe Nassal, C.P.P.S.

Type “Gentle Ben” in your memory’s search engine and you might retrieve a television show that premiered in 1967 about the friendship between a grizzly bear and young boy. For those who know the way from tee to green, “Gentle Ben” might bring to mind two-time Masters champion Ben Crenshaw. But for members and companions not familiar with either the grizzly bear or grizzled golfer, the name “Gentle Ben” can only refer to one man: Father Bernard “Ben” Diekhoff who celebrated his sixtieth anniversary of priesthood on May 15, 2007.

Though Ben is well known for his passion for golf, he was more of a bowler when he was ordained on Ascension Thursday in 1947. Those years at the two-lane bowling alley in the basement of St. Charles Seminary in Carthagen had honed his skills so when he arrived in his first assignment at St. Joseph’s Parish in Hamilton, Ohio, Ben joined the parish bowling team. “When I came home at night,” he recalls, “the pastor could tell immediately whether I had a good or bad series by the way I crept up the stairs or leaped up the stairs two by two.”

It was Father Walter Junk who introduced Ben to golf during his five and a half years in Hamilton. Fr. Junk was pastor at the nearby African-American parish and one day he picked up Ben and took him to a sporting good store to buy his first set of clubs. “We play golf around here,” Fr. Junk told him.

That was Ben’s introduction to what he describes as “the awesome and treacherous game of golf” that he’s been “hooked on ever since.”

In his first assignment, Ben also began a ministry that would mark most of his sixty years of priesthood. “I walked the sidewalks to visit parishioners,” he said. Then, “sitting in front of a new-fangled television set, watching those westerns,” he would type the information about the family he visited on census cards.

In December 1952, Ben was transferred to St. John the Baptist Parish in Glandorf, Ohio. He admits, “I did not make a very good impression upon the pastor, Father Otto Brackman. I carried my golf clubs in first. He looked at me and said, ‘Where is your chalice?’” Ben also recalls how in those days the assistant was not allowed to own or possess a car. “So when Father Otto allowed me

to use his car,” Ben said, he would tell him, “Be sure to take good care of this car. I can always get another assistant but I’m not sure I can buy another car.”

After he left Glandorf, Ben worked with diocesan priests at St. Peter’s parish in Mansfield, OH, before moving to St. Joseph Church in Wapakoneta in June 1957, where he spent six years. As he did in his previous assignments, Ben taught religion in the grade school and high school, while also finding time in the evening to visit parishioners. Ben also remembers, “The golf clubs came into better use at Wapak.”

During his later years at St. Peters, Ben “began to dream that my next appointment might be a pastorate in some parish.” His dream was fulfilled in the summer of 1963 but it took him from Ohio to western Kansas. “Where were the trees and the lush blue grass?” Ben remembers thinking when he arrived at St. Raphael’s in Syracuse, Kansas. But the wide-open spaces of western Kansas capture the landscape of Ben’s soul and the open-minded and compassionate priest he is. “I reveled in

*“I did not make a very good impression upon the pastor, Father Otto Brackman. I carried my golf clubs in first. He looked at me and said, ‘Where is your chalice?’”*

being able to see miles upon miles down the road,” Ben said. “The quiet, moonlit nights had a way of soothing my soul. It was peaceful on the plains of Kansas.”

Ben continued to cultivate his ministry of home visits during the five years he spent as pastor in Syracuse and its mission thirty miles to the south. He also had the time to work on his golf game but “wouldn’t you know,” he said, “there were only sand greens and a scramble on the fairways to find a tuft of buffalo grass to set the ball up for hitting.”

In 1968, Ben moved from western Kansas to North Dakota to begin his longest stint as a pastor, ten years in Linton. “The visitation and blessing of parishioners in their homes became an even higher priority for me,” Ben said. One of his fondest memories of Linton was the “sizable number of parishioners at daily Mass and their love of singing at these Masses.”

Ben loves to sing and his beautiful rendition of “Danny Boy” in honor of the first provincial of the Kansas City Province, Father Danny Schaefer, became a highlight of provincial assemblies through the years. Father Danny obviously thought highly of Ben’s gentle

guidance and mentoring skills as a pastor because while he was at Linton, the parish was a training ground for newly ordained priests. Ben had six different assistants during the decade he was in Linton. Ben's golf also improved during those years, especially when the local nine hole golf course in Linton converted the sand greens to grass greens. "I played some of my best golf," he said.

In 1978, Ben moved to St. Benedict Church in Nebraska City, Nebraska. Though he spent only two years in the home of the Apple Blossom Parade and the town that gave the community some outstanding members—Bob Lechner, Mike Volkmer, Bob Schreiter, and Steve Ohnmacht—Ben continued to enjoy visiting parishioners and sharing evening meals during the week with the Precious Blood priests serving at St. Mary's parish in town.

Ben became chaplain at the Motherhouse of the Adorers of the Blood of Christ in Wichita, Kansas in 1980. During these seven years, Ben said worked with the nuns on peace and justice issues, "attending vigil-light services to protest unfair practices or the injustice and horrors of abortion, and marching in the streets for charitable causes." The ASC sisters not only engaged Ben in social justice activities, but also impressed him with their care for one another. "I was deeply impressed by their health care unit," Ben said, "and their gracious and trusting art of dying in the Lord, the way they supported each other in the dying process, praying and singing their favorite hymns and being with them until their death. They really taught me the blessed way to prepare for God's call from his life."

While always a primary focus of his priesthood, the ministry of visitation and compassionate presence became central in Ben's life when he moved to St. Anthony Parish in Park Falls, WI as associate in 1987 and later to St. Francis Xavier Parish in St. Joseph, MO as senior priest in 1990. While in Park Falls, he visited more than 600 families. In St. Joe, that number of families Gentle Ben visited exceeded 1200. And, of course, his love affair with

the links continued to unfold in St. Joseph. On October 9, 1996, Zen-like Ben achieved golf nirvana when he recorded a hole in one. "There was something very special about that shot, about its accuracy (some say luck) with which it was executed," Ben recalls. "Using a seven wood on a par three 135 yard hold I knocked the ball directly into the hole, no bouncing across nor

dribbling on the green. The ball just landed in the hole. That took real skill!"

Ben's greatest skill, of course, is not on the links but in the thousands of living rooms where he visited the people he served with gentleness, kindness and care.

Whether around the table in a family's dining room

or around the altar in the many sanctuaries where he broke open the Word and passed the Cup, we are grateful, Ben, for gifting us for sixty years with a ministry of compassionate presence that reflects the best of priesthood in the blood of Christ. ✠

*"I was deeply impressed by their health care unit and their gracious and trusting art of dying in the Lord, the way they supported each other in the dying process, praying and singing their favorite hymns and being with them until their death. They really taught me the blessed way to prepare for God's call from his life."*



*Fr. Ben Diekhoff with companion Connie Swymeler at the April 2007 Provincial Assembly.*

# AN S & P 50

Bill Dineen, C.P.P.S.

[Editor's note: Bill Dineen recently shared with me part of the manuscript of a book of homilies and reflections that he hopes to publish in the future. These reflections are culled from Bill's preaching over the years. What follows is an excerpt from the introduction, and two of the homilies with his commentary.]

Imagine Peter Lynch, finding a book entitled *An S & P 50*. He surely would be tempted to moan, "Not another book on the stock market." Once again, he would be right. In this case the S stands for "sermons" and the P for "persons."

What I would like to do in this book is give acknowledgement to those persons who have had influence on me and on my preaching. So each sermon has associated with it at least one name that comes to mind whenever I read the sermon. Besides, most of these stories come from minds greater than mine; though I may be far out on occasion, I am no Gary Larsen.

I realize I am taking a chance with this title. Everyone knows most Catholic clergymen's sermons range from 'standard' to 'poor.' But hopefully, you will see yourself, either in the sermon or in someone who inspired those words.

---

1

Willa Cather has a place in the history of American literature because of her stories about the southwest. Among her short stories is one entitled "The Sculptor's Funeral."

Harvey Marrick became a famous sculptor. Now he is returning to the small town in which he had been born and raised; but it is his body that is going home for burial.

Most of the story is concerned with the reactions of the hometown people as they remember Harvey for a young sculptor, who has accompanied the body. Although the town is honored that their only famous citizen chose to be buried at home, they recall that Harvey just did not seem to fit in as a boy. Their reactions reveal that they just did not appreciate Harvey as an artist. The saddest point of the story is that now they will never be able to appreciate the beauty that is revealed in Harvey's works.

There was at Jesus' time a rabbinic saying: "Three things are wholly unexpected: a godsend, a scorpion, and the Messiah." For the Pharisees and the Sadducees, the Messiah would appear as suddenly as a person receives unexpected treasure or as surprisingly as one steps on a

hidden scorpion. But this attitude of belief caused them to seek God only in the abnormal. They did see God in the ordinary.

"A prophet is not without honor except in his native land, among his own family." More than once Jesus' words have proven true. How unfortunate it is when that home is one's own religious family!

*Gary Jarvis taught English at our high-school seminary in Liberty for a couple of years. I heard him tell this story in a sermon for Jesus' Homecoming Sunday.*

*From him, I learned other good stories. From him, I learned that Jesus' words are still true today. From him, I learned there is truth to another saying: The good die young. 🍷*

---

2

Shortly before his death Charles Dickens was asked what he considered to be the greatest short story ever written. The questioners expected him to name one of his own works; so they were surprised when he answered without hesitation, "The Parable of the Prodigal Son."

In the entire history of world literature, the story that has been most often told, most often translated, most easily recognized is the Parable of the Prodigal Son. We, too, have heard the story more often than we can remember. Perhaps, what we need is not so much an explanation as an interpretation. But we might remember that an interpretation of a gospel story is something given more with our lives than with our words.

In the movie, *Jesus of Nazareth*, which seems to show up on TV every Holy Week, today's gospel of the prodigal son is put into this setting.

Jesus had already chosen Peter, James, and John to be his disciples. Then, continuing to move through the town of Capernaum, Jesus chooses Levi to be a disciple. This choice does not go over well with Peter, a businessman who has his difference with the tax collector.

But Matthew is overjoyed to be chosen. He decides to throw a banquet for Jesus and his disciples. Everyone invited comes. Peter comes, but he stands outside the door, showing anger with Matthew and disappointment with Jesus.

Looking as much at Peter and the disciples as at Matthew and his sinful friends, Jesus tells the story of the prodigal son. The movie then takes a liberty with the gospel, because the story is directed at the Pharisees by

St. Luke. But this artistic license may bring home the real truth of the story.

When we listen to the parable of the prodigal son, we should not consider the character of the older son as non-essential to the story. The one teaching that Jesus mentioned more often than any other in the gospels is forgiveness. In every instance, Jesus also reminds us that we will be forgiven as we forgive; there is no other way God can deal with us.

*In 1984, a young man named Marvin Gaye won a Grammy Award. People thought it would be the first of many; but within the year he was dead. The tragedy of his death is that he was murdered by his own father.*

*In 1985, a friend named David Ritz wrote about Marvin. In the book, Ritz recalled that Marvin's father had always been a cruel man. At one point, Ritz wrote, "Marvin really did believe in Jesus a lot. But he could never apply the teaching of Jesus on forgiveness to his own father. In the end, this destroyed them both."*



*Since I read this about Marvin and his father, I think of them every time I hear this gospel; and I thank God for my own Father. 🙏*

*Fr. Bill "Truck" Dineen*

## TO THE EDITOR

Deb Patyrak

I received the May 2007 *NWP* last week and felt compelled write. I still miss my CPPS connections and the fellowship I discovered at the assemblies, way back when I used to attend them. I am no longer a mom raising 3 teenagers, as I was when I wrote for the *NWP* years ago. I graduated from nursing school 6 years ago (yes, I was definitely a 'mature' student) and have been a float nurse at a multi-speciality group ever since. Talk about expanding my horizons!

I was delighted to discover the May edition of *The New Wine Press* in my mailbox last week and was taken back to some very happy memories I have of attending Assemblies in the past. It was great to see the pictures of so many people who, just like me, haven't aged a lick! While I enjoyed all of the articles, Joe Nassal's article entitled "Surprise, Surprise!" captured my attention and prompted me to reflect on other surprises in my life.

About 14 years ago, the Patyraks received an invitation in the mail to something called a Creekfest. It was a simple piece of paper that said "Come join us on the Kickapoo creek for fun, family, and good food. We'll supply the BBQ beef and goat, along with drinks. You bring blankets, chairs, and side dishes. Bring a fishing pole if you like." We had absolutely no clue who had

invited us or where the Kickapoo creek is, but there was a crude map on the paper.

It turned out that my husband, Rob, was unable to join us, so the kids and I climbed in the car and ventured forth. We started on a four lane highway with a median, eventually turning off on a two lane road. After a few miles, the road was no longer paved, but clearly well traveled because it was good and packed down. The further we drove, it became a little less traveled. Along the way, there were occasional red plastic streamers to guide us.

After a while, the streamers directed us to turn on to some private property, where we had to open and shut several cattle gates. By now we were in the middle of nowhere. Nothing but dry desert property, some random mesquite trees, the rare cow, and lots of cactus on the side of a couple of ruts in the dirt that were presumably our "road."

The kids kept a sharp lookout for red streamers because we truly had no clue where we were headed. We passed two ranch houses, but there was no one present so we just kept on driving, very slowly." By this time, at least two of my kids were getting a little whiney and said: "You know, Mom, we don't know where we are, where we're headed, or who invited us. We haven't seen anyone for miles! Don't you think we should just turn around and go back?"

I kept saying, "Now, kids, think of this as an adventure!" I, on the other hand, kept thinking that I hoped this adventure didn't take out any of my wheels because I was going to be stuck out in the desert with three kids if I was wrong about this little escapade. After another ten minutes of hoping we were headed in the right direction, we saw some trees, real trees! And as we got closer to the trees, we saw another vehicle. Maybe we weren't the only crazy people out here. And sure enough, there were lots of vehicles, all parked under the trees.

When we walked through the outer edge of the trees, we discovered this wonderful group of people, tons of great food, and a running creek, probably the source of nourishment for those beautiful green trees that seemed so out of place in the desert environment.

We discovered how it was we came to be invited, and those same kids who wanted to turn back were reluctant to leave when the festivities were winding down. They were filthy and wet from playing and fishing in the creek, had picked up a few insect bites and lots of scratches from playing in the woods. I'd like to say they never again questioned good ole' Mom when she said, "Let's just think of this as an adventure," but that would be a blatant lie.

*See Editor, continued on page 10...*

# GENERATIVITY AND THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Timothy Guthridge, C.P.P.S.

During one of the table discussions at our recent assembly, the subject of generativity came up in my group. The question we were discussing was, how is our community being generative? We describe our Precious Blood charism in part as bringing new life to the church. We discussed the need of our community for new life—and in a deeper sense than just more members.

In 1950, psychoanalyst Erik Erikson coined the term “generativity,” which denotes “a concern for establishing and guiding the next generation.” In his text, *Make It Count*, psychologist John Kotre defines generativity as “creativity between the generations.”

St. Gaspar found generativity and energy through the Precious Blood of Christ and devoted his life to sharing what he found with others. For close to 200 years, men and women—through mission and community—have engaged and engaged others in life giving generativity through the transformation by God’s grace of the Precious Blood of Jesus.

Generally, our community has enabled people to open their hearts to God’s healing and loving grace through apostolic work: parish work, chaplaincy, directing retreats, teaching, etc. In recent years, through our own development and struggle regarding community life, some people, including some community members and companions, have found God’s grace through the way we live in community.

As a community, we place a lot of emphasis on the work we do. I wonder if we put enough emphasis on the way we live our lives as people devoted to the Precious Blood. Even more importantly, I wonder if we place enough emphasis on what God does.

All real conversion and transformation takes place through God’s grace. Any good that comes from our work has more to do with God than with us. This is not to say what we do isn’t important, but I wonder if we place too much emphasis on ourselves and not enough on God’s grace. St. Gaspar used devotion to the Precious Blood of Jesus as a means of opening the hearts of God’s people to God’s grace.

If we want new life, if we wish invigorating generativity in our lives as well as the life of the community, then I think we need to start living as people dependent upon God’s grace.

The early desert fathers and mothers were convinced that people were “created in the image of God” and the human vocation is to make manifest our “likeness to God” in our manner of living. A question I think we all need to ask ourselves is how our manner of living, both communally and individually, is dependent upon God’s grace? How do we permit ourselves as a community to be transformed by the Precious Blood of Jesus.

I don’t wish to simply express pious sentiment. The Precious Blood of Christ brings new life into the Church. St. Gaspar tapped into this grace through preaching and devotion. He permitted himself to be transformed by the Precious Blood of Christ and it was his mission to enable others to do the same. We share that same mission.

As community members, we must be grounded in Scripture, we must spend sufficient time in the presence of God in prayer, and we must be willing to share and talk about our faith. Joe Nassal talks a lot about finding safe places to tell the truth. Our faith is our truth and we have to find safe places to share and discuss it.

I have no intention of laying out a plan as to how to do this, but I think it is something we need to discuss. Vision, plans, leadership, and hard work are important. By themselves they will not give the community the generative energy it needs.

If people are going to join our community, we have to be a community worth joining. I think we already are. I think we have to become energized and enthusiastic about who we are and what we do. Sometimes I think we sell ourselves short. I also think we need to do a better job of what Ralph Bardgett discussed at our assembly, namely, getting the word out about who we are.

The heart of our community lies in the Paschal Mystery. If we wish new life, then this is where we must go. We must embrace and immerse ourselves in it if we are to be transformed by it. God wants us to bring new life to the church. Learning how to live in God’s grace and love is what will get the job done. The Precious Blood of Jesus will show us the way if we are willing to follow. 🕊️

# HEALING RHYTHMS

Denny Kinderman, C.P.P.S.

“At the cross her station keeping, stood the mournful mother weeping.” Though lyrics to a familiar hymn, the description is real this evening. Sitting in the front pew in church to be near to the cross is a mother cuddling an 8x10 framed photo of her murdered son. Her husband holding the photo of their other son murdered two months after the first is at her side. With their two teenage daughters they are attending a hope and healing prayer service for victims of violence and those who lost loved ones due to violence.

Over the past four years our Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation has offered Masses for victims and loved ones. These November Masses commemorate those lost or wounded by violence in our streets through ongoing gang hostilities and offer hope and healing to surviving victims. Bishop Gustavo Garcia-Siller presides and preaches with such tenderness and solace. A Catholic Mass is well structured; we send the bishop a script, and he comes well prepared. Except for starting a few minutes late everything flows smoothly.

We decided to reach out to the broader community with a second annual service that would be ecumenical. We wrote letters, made phone calls, and set up a community-based committee. Invitations were mailed to more than 20 churches including a couple mosques and a Hari Chrisna group.

Imam Abel wanted to attend and would have if he had not already planned to be in Los Angeles attending a similar service. Our service was on the first day of National Victims of Crime Awareness Week in April. Pastor Elder William Price of Disciples of Christ Full Gospel Church showed up unexpectedly. The reverend entered smiling broadly and carrying his karaoke machine, for surely God’s children would want to be graced by his rendition of *Let Us Kneel in the Presence of the Lord*, his own composition.

It was one of those evenings set to God’s rhythm. An air of busyness buzzed through St. Basil-Visitation Church. Rev. Price was testing his karaoke equipment. Pierre Walker and Terry Banks, both keyboard accompanists, arrived. We had arranged for Pierre. A few days before the service we found out that Terry would also be with us that hallowed evening. Turns out Terry knew Pierre and there was no struggle over who got which keyboard. Five days before the service a choir announced

its decision to sing and was added to the list of three vocalists already lined up. Alfredo Cobos and three women accompanying him, filling in at the last minute to provide the Hispanic songs, showed up five minutes after the service was to start. Hooking up their keyboard to the church’s sound system wasn’t working, so they sang *acapella*. Should no one else show up there would at least be a church full of musicians and singers.

The choir was made up of twenty women from St. Martin de Porres House of Hope, a home for recovering women and their children, joined by a handful of men from Higgin’s Halfway House. These are they who know about reconciliation and healing, about forgiving and getting on in a new way as told in the stories of their lives and expressed richly in song. The music ministry that holy night turned out to be a blessing despite our earlier efforts to be better organized.

A few days prior to the service, small wooden crosses would receive a final coat of white paint. The children of the mothers living at House of Hope would do the painting four nights before the service. More than the crosses were covered with white that night. Luckily Bruno, the house dog, opted not to enter the room of enthusiastic cross painters!

Finally, the paint on the small white crosses was dry, all keyboards and karaoke equipment plugged in, the three 4x8 black panels up front were ready to hold all the small white crosses, and everyone was in their place. Months of planning and lots of last minute surprises. We were ready. And then it happened, a night of hope and healing.

Healing comes in many ways. Some hearing the message Fr. David Kelly delivered with such resolve. Some moved by the singing. Some performing the singing. Some carrying up their little white cross with their beloved’s name written on it. Some carrying up the candles to reverence the display of crosses. Some sharing the story of their pain, and some by just being there. All

*See Healing Rhythms, continued on page 10...*



*The New Creation*  
REFLECTIONS FROM THE  
PRECIOUS BLOOD MINISTRY  
OF RECONCILIATION

## CENTERVILLE CELEBRATION

On the weekend of May 19-20, St. Mary's Parish in Centerville celebrated the 70th anniversary of their school and the 40th anniversary of the present church building. The Kansas City Province was represented by Frs. Jim Urbanic, Vince Hoying, Keith Branson, and many Precious Blood Companions from the Centerville parish.



*Fr. Ron Will, pastor, holds the Apostolic Blessing presented to the parish. He is joined by Frs. Vince Hoying and Jim Urbanic.*



*Companion Lucy Reznicek and Sr. Justine Denning, who taught at St. Mary's School for many years.*

"The association of the Society with the Centerville parish began back in 1938 when Bishop Henry Rohlman invited the Society of the Precious Blood to assume responsibility for St. Mary's Parish and its missions in Mystic, Rathbun, Jerome, Numa and Cincinnati, plus the chaplaincy at St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital. Three Precious Blood Fathers (Isidore Stadtherr, Edward Charek, and Leonard Rancilio) came to Centerville in August, 1938."

"In March 1964, a building committee was chosen by the people to undertake the building of a new church. Father Richard Steinemann officiated at the groundbreaking ceremony May 12, 1965. Mass was first celebrated in the new church February 4, 1967." *The Gasparian*, June 1967

*Editor, continued from page 7...*

There is no Creekfest when the creek isn't running; this year we've already received a year's worth of rain—yet another of God's blessings. It has been my experience that there is a lot more growth to be found in the challenges I face, in the messier areas of my life, than in the neat and tidy life I would prefer to live. In the redefinition of your province, you already have a crude map and lots of red streamers to guide you. There will be some insect bites and scratches. It should come as no big surprise that they, too, will mend, and you may also find a little oasis in what appears to be a desert. 🍷

*[Deb Patyrak is a former companion from Texas. She was at one time a regular contributor to The New Wine Press.]*



*The Hope and Healing Choir*

*Healing Rhythms, continued from page 9...*

were in some way affected by the rhythm of reconciliation because the One who does not show up late, the One who touches us in voices that sing or preach or read or witness, was there. God's healing presence is not something magical but comes in a setting that sings out the value of relationships.

Relationships that in other settings may be stressed or even combative by cultural differences are here lifted up in bilingual pronouncements and songs. In the midst of a diversity of faiths all are bonded by a universal human desire to be connected to others in a good way. On this blessed occasion a desire for forgiveness, normally so difficult to broach, blends into a realization of a deeper desire for right relationships.

Wrongdoing rattles and disrupts our lives as was evident in the clutching of the photos of their sons by the distraught parents. Placing those photos near the cross of our crucified God and being joined by so many bearing crosses due to violence and lifting that suffering up to a place of reverence is a way of opening oneself to receive God's grace. What wrongdoing has undone, the blood of Christ can heal. Like the beat of the songs, the tempo of healing and reconciliation flows in a rhythm paced by God. 🍷

# TRANSITIONS

## *Appointments*

**Thomas Albers**, Pastor, St. James, Liberty, Missouri, effective July 3, 2007

**Joseph Bathke**, Director of Formation, effective August 1, 2007

**Keith Branson**, Pastor, St. Ann Church, Warsaw, Missouri, effective July 1, 2007

**Linus Evers**, Pastor, St. Mary, Centerville, Iowa, effective July 1, 2007

**Albert Fey**, retirement, St. Charles Center, Carthage, Ohio, effective July 1, 2007

**Michael Goode**, part-time sacramental ministry, Sacred Heart-Guadalupe, Kansas City, Missouri.

**Timothy Guthridge**, summer supply, St. Mary, Albia, Iowa, June-October 1, 2007

**Robert Hermann**, Precious Blood Center, Liberty, Missouri, effective June 30, 2007

**William Hubmann**, Chaplain, St. Mary and St. Elizabeth Medical Center, Chicago, effective June 1, 2007

**Jack McClure**, Pastor of five-parish cluster (St. John, Blairstown; St. Paul, Newhall; St. Michael, Norway; Immaculate Conception, Van Horne; St. Patrick, Watkins), Diocese of Dubuque, Iowa, effective July 1, 2007.

**Joseph Miller**, Vocation Office, effective July 3, 2007

**Bernard Mullen**, Retirement, St. Charles Center, Carthage, Ohio, effective May 25, 2007

**Ed Oen**, Pastor, Sacred Heart, Baileyville, Kansas, effective July 1, 2007

**Garry Richmeier**, Residence at Gaspar Mission House, continue counseling at St Charles, sacramental ministry at St Charles and St. James downtown Kansas City.

**Michael Volkmer**, Pastor, St. Mary, Albia, Iowa, effective October 1, 2007

**William Walter**, Senior Priest in Residence, St. Francis Xavier, St. Joseph, effective June 12, 2007

**Ronald Will**, Pastor, St. Francis Xavier, St. Joseph, Missouri, effective July 1, 2007

Effective June 30, 2007 the Society will return St. Charles parish, Gladstone, Immaculate Conception parish, Montrose, and St. Patrick parish, Butler, to the Diocese of Kansas City-St. Joseph.

**Bishop Joseph Charron, C.P.P.S.**, retired as bishop of Des Moines, Iowa on June 3.

## *Address Book Changes*

**Fr. Bill Walter**  
2618 Seneca St  
St. Joseph, MO 64507  
816-232-8449

**Fr. Bernard Mullen**  
2860 US Route 127  
Carthage, OH 45822

**Fr. Bill Hubmann**  
1828 N Mozart St. Apt 1  
Chicago, IL 60647  
Home: 773-278-3018  
Work: 312-770-2525

**Fr. Ron Will**  
St. Francis Xavier  
2618 Seneca Street  
St. Joseph, MO 64507  
816-232-8449

**Fr. Garry Richmeier**  
5221 Rockhill Road  
Kansas City, MO 64110  
Home: 816-225-5841

**Br. Robert Hermann**  
2110 Saint Gaspar Way  
Liberty, MO 64068

**Fr. Edward Oen**  
Sacred Heart Church  
PO Box 36  
Baileyville, KS 66404-0036  
785-336-6464

Effective July 1:  
**Fr. Al Fey**  
2860 US Route 127  
Carthage, OH 45822-9591  
419-925-4516

## *We Remember*

+**Joan Sanders**, wife of Charles Sanders and sister-in-law of Fr. Paul Sanders.

+**Rita Flanagan**, sister of Fr. Jim Schrader.

+**Edna Kremer**, sister of Fr. Leonard Goettemoeller.

**Mrs. Elsie Matz**, mother of Fr. Dave Matz, who recently suffered a stroke.

**Fr. Tom Albers**  
St. James Church  
309 S. Stewart Road  
Liberty, MO 64068  
816-781-4343  
Res: 950 Wellington Way  
Liberty, MO 64068  
816-792-4454

**Fr. Keith Branson**  
30455 W. Dam Access Road  
Warsaw, MO 65355  
Ofc: 660-438-3844  
Res: 660-438-5870  
padrekb-cpps@yahoo.com

**Fr. Linus Evers**  
St. Mary Church  
828 S. 18th St.  
Centerville, IA 52544  
641-437-1984

**Fr. Joe Miller**  
2130 Saint Gaspar Way  
Liberty, MO 64068  
816-781-4344  
Res: 1357 Sherman Court  
Liberty, MO 64068

Effective until Oct 1:  
**Fr. Timothy Guthridge**  
St. Mary Church  
PO Box 365  
Albia, IA 52531-0365  
641-932-5130

Effective Aug 21:  
**Mark Yates**  
**Steve Heckadon**  
5332 S. Woodlawn Ave #3  
Chicago IL 60615

“Again, again we come and go,  
changed, changing. Hands  
join, unjoin in love and fear,  
grief and joy. The circles turn,  
each giving into each, into all.  
Only music keeps us here,  
each by all the others held.”

Wendell Berry, *Song 4*

Transitions are important. Without them we get nowhere. Anyone who can recall learning to write essays or research papers will remember that transitions are our friends. One of my mantras with students in homiletics has always been, “You may know where you are going with this homily, but if you don’t use transitions well, no one will be with you when you finally arrive.”

When comparing the life journey to writing or preaching, the analogy develops a limp, or at least a sore muscle. We may reflect well on where and who we have been, and we may have definite ideas and dreams about where we are headed, but we have little of the control we possess when writing. Even preachers with carefully crafted texts have been known to suddenly take a surprise turn—for better or worse!

This issue speaks of transitions. One author reminds us that these times are filled with feelings—of grief, uncertainty, fear, hope, joy, maybe excitement. Letting go and hanging on. The importance of recognizing this in ourselves and one another. One member’s life—60 years of transitions—is highlighted, reminding me that there

are countless others as well who continue to show the way and invite me to come with them.

The province blesses new leadership. A former companion uses the word “adventure” to describe the reality of change, and reminds us that growth happens more often in the mess than in a sterile, controlled life. A parish community looks back 70 years in celebration and remembrance even as they move forward into the uncertain future that is the church today. One member shares how he has been supported and affected by others through the preaching ministry. People whose lives have been torn apart by violence, open themselves to healing and hope and forgiveness. And finally, one entire page is needed to list those who are retiring, moving, changing ministries, assuming new assignments, those who are ill, and those who have died.

Transitions. They are our friends indeed. But as with any friendship, we grow in our trust, our enjoyment, our ability to feel at home with them. It’s a given that many people resist change (as someone told me once, “No one has changed me since I was in diapers”). I believe it’s the uncertainty that weighs most heavily. In the words of the children of one of our authors, “You know, Mom, we don’t know where we are, where we’re headed, or who invited us. Don’t you think we should just turn around and go back?” Lest we think this is a contemporary concern, let me point out that those are almost the exact words that Moses heard from the folks in the middle of the wilderness. 🍷

*The*  
NEW  
WINE  
PRESS

Precious Blood Center  
PO Box 339  
Liberty, MO 64069-0339



*Change Service Requested*

Presorted  
First Class  
US Postage  
PAID  
Kansas City MO  
Permit 6654