

THE New Wine PRESS

Volume 27 No. 8 • April 2019





Let us serve God with holy joy.

-St. Gaspar del Bufalo, founder of the Missionaries of the Precious Blood

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Front cover image: Sacred Heart Church, Sedalia, Missouri. Fr. Mark Miller, C.PP.S., president. Photo by Sedalia Companion Ruth Mather.

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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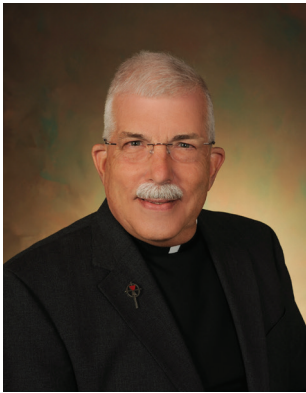
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Relationship and Solidarity

by Fr. Richard Bayuk, C.P.P.S., Editor

We have become a world, a nation, divided along political and religious and ethnic lines, into “us” and “them,” despite that what we have in common far outweighs differences, whether real or manufactured and exploited by those who wish to sow division. In the United States, much of the fear and hate—and misunderstanding—is directed at the Muslim community, often and sadly by elected officials.

Following the terrorist attack by a white supremacist at two mosques in New Zealand, the shooter left behind a message saying that he was specifically targeting Muslims who invaded “our lands [and] live on our soil” and that it was an “act of revenge against Islam.” Our administration’s official condolences notably failed to use the word “Muslim” or “Islam”—or “terrorism.” Had this been a Muslim shooter in a Christian place of worship—well, we know what the reaction would have been.

The New Zealand bishops, on the other hand, released a message addressed to the nation’s Muslim community, which said in part: “We hold you in prayer as we hear the terrible news of violence against Muslims at mosques in Christchurch. We are profoundly aware of the positive relationships we have with Islamic people in this land, and we are particularly horrified that this has happened at a place and time of prayer. We wish you to be aware of our solidarity with you in the face of such violence. Peace, Salaam.” Yes, relationship and solidarity.

About 1600 young people from over 40 countries took part in the World Ecumenical Youth Meeting in Beirut, Lebanon from March 22-26. Most of the participants were young Christians belonging to the different communities scattered throughout Middle East. On March 25, on the occasion of the Feast of the Annunciation, these young Christians also joined with Muslim youth, to participate together in the celebrations in honor of the Virgin Mary. Since 2010, in Lebanon, the Solemnity of the Annunciation of the Lord has been a national holiday, with the intention of finding in the devotion to Mary a point of coming together between the different religious communities. Mary is venerated as one of the most important and righteous women in Islam. She is mentioned in the Quran more than in the New Testament. She continues to be an important part of the ongoing Muslim-Christian dialogue.

I don’t think it is a coincidence that three of the five pillars of Islam are prayer, fasting, and charity (almsgiving). These are of course the three

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Christ is All in All

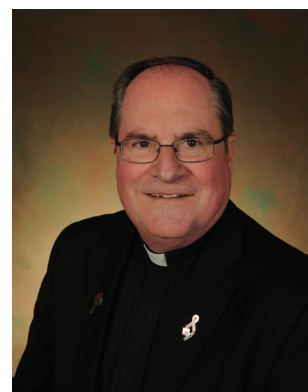
by Fr. Mark Miller, C.P.P.S., Leadership Team

We are not the only ones who are speaking and working towards a “new creation.” On the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, Pope Francis looked ahead to the Lenten season and part of what he said was: “The Lenten period of forty days spent by the Son of God in the desert of creation had the goal of making it once more that garden of communion with God that it was before original sin.” It seems that our Holy Father cannot speak about the reconciliation among the People of God without also mentioning the reconciliation that must take place within all of creation. They are so intertwined that one cannot happen without the other. When we talk about a “new creation” for our Community, it seems to me that our attention needs to be more in terms of how we understand our position in relationship to all of life, rather than focusing on specific ways of ministry.

As we read the gospels, it seems that Jesus went about his ministry not wondering so much about the rubrics of it all, but rather how was he going to identify with those who were hurting or marginalized or those who seemed to be invisible. He was questioned about his eating and drinking habits, he was confronted with his disciples not willing to fast, he was accused of talking to people who were considered unclean, and he was caught alone with a woman who had a “reputation.” But as Richard Rohr continues to emphasize, “Christ is all in all.” In other words, the cosmic Christ is not a separate entity from what needs to be reconciled, but is an integral member—so reconciliation can be achieved. Our members who attended the recent 70 and under gathering in St. Louis seemed to have understood this when they were talking about “presence,” “being led by the Spirit,” “accompaniment,” etc.

A “new creation” is taking place in Pettis County, Missouri beginning in July. Since our three faith communities have been collaborating on a variety of ministries for the last several decades, it was decided by us and the Holy Spirit to create one new parish out of the three—under the name of St. Vincent de Paul, which was the name of the first parish in Sedalia before St. Patrick became a parish. With the three churches of Sacred Heart, St. Patrick, and St. John the Evangelist in Bahner entering into this new relationship, they will be guided by a team of two diocesan priests “in solidum” (Canon Law 517 #1). This will be a “new creation” of leadership. While it is much the same as “co-pastoring,” it has a technical description and one of the priests will be named Moderator. While it is sad that we as a Community will be leaving Sedalia after 137 years

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Members from Cincinnati & Kansas City Provinces in St. Louis

Mission Gathering in St. Louis

by Fr. Jeffrey Kirch, C.P.P.S., Cincinnati Provincial Director

Since our gathering in 2017 in Techny, Illinois, where the participants reached a consensus that we would like to move forward to become a new creation in the United States, many people have been asking what exactly is going to be “new” in the new creation. The question is an important one. From the beginning of this process, the leadership of the Kansas City and Cincinnati Provinces have been clear that we are not simply merging the two provinces. A simple merger would not be sufficient to ensure the long-term vitality and viability of the Congregation in the United States. A simple merger would basically lead us to examine our parochial commitments and try to do our best in maintaining the status quo.

Maintaining the status quo will not help us live our charism more faithfully. Maintaining the status quo will not help us respond more effectively to the Cry of the Blood. Maintaining the status quo will not significantly help us attract more candidates and Companions for our Congregation. More is needed. And I believe the first step to seeing what is truly going to be “new” in the new creation happened in St. Louis on February 25th-28th, when 45 Missionaries of the Precious Blood gathered at the Mercy Retreat Center to discern where we are hearing the Cry of the Blood.

Missionaries from Kansas City and Cincinnati Provinces were led by Br. Paul Michalenko, S.T., who has worked with several religious communities as they

have reimagined their futures. We began by recalling how we are right now living our charism in our ministry. And we are definitely doing a good job of it. As the days went by, through small group work and large group sessions, we began to discern where the Spirit might be calling us. Where are we being called to respond to our broken world with our message of reconciliation and renewal?

As members shared how they experience the Spirit calling the Congregation, the ideas began to coalesce around several main topics. I do not have the space to explain each of the topics fully, so I will simply offer a few comments about each idea. The first area in which we hear the Cry of the Blood involves polarization in our Church and world. Our charism of reconciliation is desperately needed in our world and we envision that our apostolate in the future could concentrate specifically on sharing this gift in a variety of ways.

The second Cry of the Blood we hear concerns immigration. The group that discussed this topic proposed that we develop teams that would minister on the border with immigrants. They also saw a need to develop programs for our parishes to help our parishes welcome refugees and immigrants.

Another group focused on reimagining our parish ministry. They discussed how our parishes could better concretize our charism of hospitality, openness,

and reconciliation. They also discussed how our parishes are called to be missionary by going out to meet people where they are.

A different group had a similar idea. They heard the Cry of the Blood most clearly in the need for evangelization. They dreamed about the development of regional evangelization centers in the United States. From these centers, missionaries would reach out with the Good News.

The fifth group concentrated on how we could collaborate more in our ministry with the wider Precious Blood family. The sixth group reflected on the Cry of the Blood in the clergy sex abuse crisis. Relying on our Precious Blood spirituality, they thought that teams of Missionaries and Companions could be trained to respond to the suffering experienced by those who are affected by the crisis.

Finally, the seventh group discussed the real need for continued lay formation in the Church. Following in St. Gaspar's footsteps, they saw one avenue for our future ministry in the formation of lay leaders for our Church today. This could be done both through a physical center as well as through parish mission style programs.

There are two important points to make in conclusion. First, the room was full of energy during our days in St. Louis. There was the sense that at this meeting, there was no "us" and "them." There were many ideas that surfaced and all of them were clearly connected to our charism. That is an important point because our goal in the new creation process is to more faithfully embody our spirituality in our ministry.

Second, this is only a first step. There is no guarantee that these ideas will come to fruition in the way we put them down on paper. There is no guarantee that we can accomplish everything that was discussed. That is okay. We know that the Spirit is in control. What is important is that we have begun to see what could be new in the new creation.

Our next step is to get more concrete with our proposals and ask ourselves the truly difficult question: After discerning how the Congregation is being

called to respond to the Cry of the Blood in a renewed way, am I willing to become a new creation in my own life? ✚

Editor, continued from page 2

primary points of observance during the season of Lent for most Christians—and a good foundation for year-round spiritual life as well, as evidenced by their importance in many religions.

I wonder how many Catholics realize that we pray for Muslims at every Mass when we remember baptized Christians who have died (calling them "brothers and sisters") but also those dead who were not baptized—which includes Muslims (and many others) of course. Note the words in italics from three of the Eucharistic Prayers.

"Remember also our brothers and sisters who have fallen asleep in the hope of the resurrection, *and all who have died in your mercy*: welcome them into the light of your face." "To our departed brothers and sisters and to *all who were pleasing to you at their passing from this life*, give kind admittance to your kingdom." "Just as you have gathered us now at the table of your Son, so also bring us together...with our brothers and sisters and *those of every race and tongue who have died in your friendship*."

The word "Islam" in Arabic can be translated as "submission to the will of God." "Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." Amen. ✚

Leadership, continued from page 3

of ministry, the ground has been prepared with the help and support of the parish councils and finance councils of the parishes moving in this new direction. This will officially become inaugurated on September 22, 2019 with a Mass celebrated by Bishop W. Shawn McKnight.

As we come to understand the reality of a "new creation," we recognize that it always includes reconciliation, collaboration, a desire for unity and oneness of purpose, and an openness to the power of the Spirit. May we welcome the transforming power of Christ which is over all of creation. ✚

Father James H. Schrader, C.P.P.S. June 24, 1930 – March 6, 2019

by Fr. Joe Nassal, C.P.P.S., Provincial Director

Father James H. Schrader, C.P.P.S. of the Kansas City Province of the Missionaries of the Precious Blood died on Ash Wednesday, March 6, 2019 at St. Charles Center in Carthagen, Ohio. He was 88 years old.

Fr. Jim was born in Randolph, Ohio on June 24, 1930, to Henry J. and Therese L. (May) Schrader. He entered formation with the Society of the Precious Blood at Brunnerdale Seminary in Canton, Ohio on August 30, 1944, and made Temporary Incorporation on December 3, 1951 at St. Charles Seminary in Carthagen, Ohio. He was Definitively Incorporated as a Missionary of the Precious Blood three years later on December 3, 1954 and was ordained to the priesthood at St. Charles on June 2, 1956.

After ordination, Fr. Schrader served as parochial vicar at Sacred Heart Parish in Sedalia, Missouri (1956-59), St. Anthony Parish in Detroit, Michigan (1959-60), and St. Mary Parish in Garden City, Kansas (1960-63). In August 1963, Fr. Schrader joined the Precious Blood Mission Band, preaching retreats and parish missions across the country. He was assigned to the Mission House at St. Mark Parish in Cincinnati, Ohio. With the founding of the Kansas City Province in 1965, Fr. Schrader moved to Precious Blood Seminary in Liberty, Missouri, while continuing on the Mission Band.

In November 1969, Fr. Schrader was named pastor at Sacred Heart Parish in Miami, Oklahoma, where he served until 1977. Fr. Jim was elected to the Provincial Council as second councilor on April 14, 1971. He became vice-provincial and first councilor on August 12, 1971 when Fr. Daniel Schafer, C.P.P.S. was elected moderator general of the Society of the Precious Blood. Fr. Schrader served on the Provincial Council until 1975. In 1977, Fr. Jim became pastor at St. Mary Parish in Garden City, Kansas, and served until 1981 when he was named pastor at St. Mary's Parish in Centerville, Iowa.

Following a sabbatical in 1984-85, Fr. Schrader served several parishes in Florida as parochial vicar until he was named pastor at St. Mary Parish in Nevada,

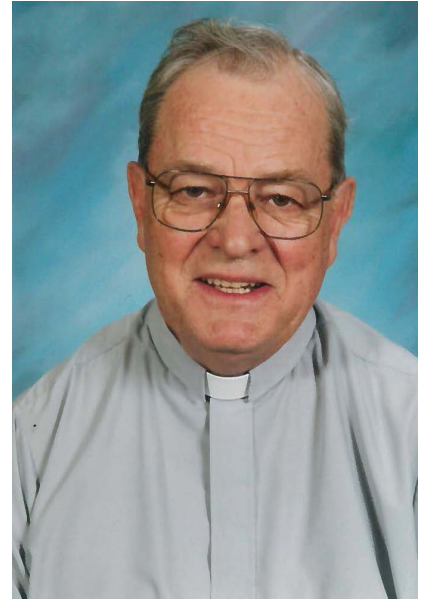
Missouri in 1989.

Fr. Jim moved to Kansas City in 1998 to live in residence at the Don Green Mission House. While residing there, he helped out at various parishes in the area, including two years as associate pastor at St. Elizabeth Parish in Kansas City (1998-

2000), and sacramental minister at St. Rose Parish in Savannah, Missouri (2001-2003). In 2005, Fr. Schrader moved into retirement at Precious Blood Center in Liberty, Missouri.

At both the Mission House and the Center, Fr. Jim was known for tending the flower gardens, especially irises. The flower garden in front of the Altmann Guest House at the Center is dedicated in memory of Fr. Jim's mother. He was also a prolific painter and sold his works of art at Assemblies to support the Vietnam Mission of the Kansas City Province. Fr. Schrader moved to St. Charles Center in Carthagen in September 2011, where he remained until his death.

Throughout his life, Fr. Jim was known as an engaging homilist, and for his sense of humor and his love for the community. "He was a good community man who enjoyed being with members of the community," Fr. Mark Miller, former provincial of the Kansas City Province who lived with Fr. Jim in the mission house in Kansas City, said. "He loved to bake bread and the smell of bread was always refreshing. We had some good conversations as we would eat our evening meal together." Fr. Jim Betzen recalled, "He enjoyed teaching at St. Elizabeth and was very much liked by the parishioners there."



Fr. Schrader is survived by his brother, Hank Schrader and his wife, Jean; his sister, Jean Koczur and her husband, Stanley; sister-in-law, Ardella Schrader; and several nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents, Henry and Therese, two brothers, William and Donald, and three sisters, Rita Flanagan, Rosemary Hammer, and Martha Gardner.

The visitation and wake service was held at St. Charles Center on Friday, March 8th, with Fr. Vince Hoying, C.P.P.S., presiding. The Mass of Christian Burial was celebrated on Saturday, March 9th, at St. Charles, with Fr. Richard Bayuk, C.P.P.S., vice-provincial director, presiding. Burial followed at St. Charles Cemetery.

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Excerpts from the homily preached at the Mass of Christian Burial by Fr. Richard Bayuk.

Beginning in the summer of 1974, I did my deacon internship with Fr. Jim at Sacred Heart Parish in Miami, Oklahoma. I was young, idealistic, wanting to learn, and needing to be mentored. From my first day there, I remember admiring how easily and warmly Jim interacted with people. (I was much more reserved and hesitant.) His homilies were well prepared and delivered, down to earth. His was an all-around pastoral presence. I remember too his gregarious sense of humor, how he loved to tell stories and then laugh so loudly along with everyone else.

There was also a sadness to Jim at times that I didn't fully understand until years later when I became aware of his struggles with depression, and how he could be so on top of the world one day and deep in the darkness the next. This was to be for Jim a life-long struggle—and thanks be to God that mental illnesses of all kinds are today something to be treated rather than hidden away.

We come together to celebrate the mystery of Jesus Christ in the presence of Fr. Jim who now shares in life eternal. And we can take solace in the words from the Book of Wisdom today: "The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. They are in peace." Yes, they are in peace and no torment can touch them.

Fr. Jim's life—as it is for all of us—was a gift from a loving God. His life was also a gift shared—with a large

and loving family, with thousands of parishioners, with all of us in the Precious Blood community.

Of course, the significant history of our lives is not to be found in the record of our daily comings and goings, nor our years of school, our jobs, property acquired, money made, nor recognition gained. What matters more are those important events which formed us as disciples of Jesus and children of God. Our baptism, confirmation, marriage, incorporation, or ordination. The times we craved and received forgiveness or sat at the Lord's table and heard the promise, "Whoever eats this food will live forever."

The gospel we heard this morning is very sobering and challenging. The criteria for judgment will be the range and sincerity of our compassion—especially to those in need. "I was hungry, and you gave me food." "I was a stranger and you welcomed me." "I was sick, and you cared for me." To that extent, in the goodness of every human being there is another revelation of God—incomplete, flawed, but still a mirror of divine love. We can be grateful because Fr. Jim helped us glimpse God.

To the best of my knowledge, Fr. Jim never gave up, and he never gave in to the times of darkness in his life. He was a faithful priest and Missionary of the Precious Blood until the very end. As many of you know, he lived in retirement for a number of years at our province center in Liberty Missouri. It was Fr. Jim who created the flower garden in front of the guest house there—dedicated in memory of his mother. Last night at the vigil, one of his nieces shared that the greatest joy in her grandmother's life was to have a son who was priest. They would both be happy to know that the irises still bloom every spring next to the crucifix and plaque with her name on it.

Throughout his life, Father Jim was known as a good homilist with a pastoral heart; for his sense of humor and his love for the Community. God called him by name, sustained him with love and grace, and now has gathered him into the divine embrace. So, we are here to give thanks—for the love of God which was shown to others in Fr. Jim's life; for his perseverance in faith, hope and love; and for the happy end of his journey and his final homecoming. ✠

Lent 2019

by Fr. Keith Branson, C.P.P.S., Avila University

A few days ago, I passed an anniversary: it's been six months since I lost my left leg. For many weeks, I've debated how to tell this story in print, practicing many times in person with people of all ages. In many ways, the past few months have been a Lent for me. I don't say that, however, meaning that it's been an endless grind of darkness. It has been a time of grace and blessing as well, as a challenge on a scale I've never known. I have lost some weight over this time, however I wouldn't call "almost dying" an acceptable diet program. I've had a lot of time to reflect, and I'd like to offer some thoughts that may be helpful for this Lent.

Repentance

I am completely responsible for what happened to me. It's wasn't sin that did me in, but I let myself be controlled by my own fear and stubbornness. There was an infection on my foot that got out of hand. I don't know exactly when it started, but I tried to doctor it myself and failed completely. I was in denial about being in bad shape, in denial about the possibility I had diabetes (I do), and afraid to approach a doctor. Then one day, I fell in my apartment and couldn't get back up again. My family couldn't help me, although they came when I called, and I had to summon an ambulance. The next three weeks were rather hazy: I had six surgeries in twelve days and wasn't sure of what was real and wasn't real. In the end, I lost my left leg above the knee, and since then I've been working my way back.

Honesty with self is probably the most important thing we need to do with ourselves. We don't have to beat ourselves up about our faults, but we shouldn't hide from them. If we aren't honest with ourselves, then we have no hope of doing much good with anyone, much less ourselves. What we don't know can kill us.

I hear a lot about people getting what they deserve. That's happened to me, and I can say with certainty I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy. What happened to me wasn't a tragedy and wasn't something noble to rise from. From now on, I'll try not to

live in denial, not just during Lent.

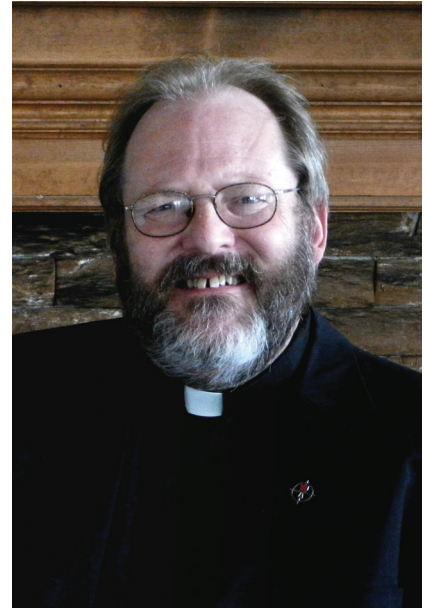
Almsgiving (Charity)

Many wonderful people have helped me over the past six months. I've learned a lot of patience and a lot of gratitude. There isn't much I've been able to give in return, but I've offered what I could. Since I got my wits back together, I've particularly tried to treat my caregivers kindly, as human beings, as well as my family and community, who have stay with me literally. I am still a priest, and I have a calling to live the Gospel, however that looks, and preach what I live. I don't know exactly what that's going to look like in the future, but I will do what I can.

Gratitude is the best motivation for helping others. It doesn't matter how good it looks, or whether others see what we're doing, what matters is to see what others have given us and respond. It doesn't matter that we only respond to the people who've helped us, although that's very important, but we respond to everyone who needs us as best we can.

Penance (Fasting)

Over the months of therapy that I've been through, I've realized this journey is very similar to my graduate studies in music when I learned difficult repertoire for degree recitals. It requires a particular mindset: relaxed, yet alert; paying close attention to detail, but keeping the big picture in view. There are peaks and valleys, moments of triumph, and long stretches where it takes everything to keep moving. It's a long journey and will be longer. I have a set of motions and reflexes to program into my muscles,



a choreography if you wish to think of it that way, and they must become second nature, done without thinking, yet perfect. I can't take anything for granted while I do this programming. The journey is just as important as the destination. It's said of musicians (and athletes), "Good musicians practice until they get the notes right; great musicians practice until they can't get it wrong." The price of wrong notes these days isn't embarrassment on the concert stage, but landing on the floor hard. My therapy continues, and hopefully I will be able to go from a walker to a cane before long.

Letting go of expectations is the most helpful step. That doesn't say we don't have hopes or goals, or we should put up with anything, but the rest of the world isn't here to keep us happy. Our expectations can be blinders that keep us from seeing what's going on around us. If someone doesn't answer the call button, it's probably because there are ten other people who've pushed it about the same time.

Self-control is the other key piece. We have control over how we think, how we feel, how we act. If we don't have control, we are at the mercy of any craving, any obsession, any mood, any fear that crosses our paths. I know, because I didn't have it last year, and it cost me dearly.

Prayer (Community)

I've felt all the people praying for me. There weren't any great visions of heaven when I was dreaming, but I knew Christ was near. I remember more frightening visions than consoling ones, but knowing those bad dreams weren't real was a gift and an insight. There have been many cards and visitors, and many times I could hold others up in prayer, as well as do a little spiritual direction. There have been a few setbacks, but there have been opportunities to grow. There are times I grieve my loss and where I'm at now, but I try not to dwell on it, try to let it pass like a summer storm. I know there's a reason I'm still here, a mission I'm still part of, and that keeps me looking forward.

Prayer should be a time we let God work on us. We pray because we need to, it's part of our ongoing therapy. God already knows what needs to be done,

and what we need. Not everyone listens to God, and that's why so much evil happens. "Let go and let God" is the best advice about prayer I've heard yet.

I know one important thing about prayer is that it's supposed to bring us together. Christ didn't send us out to be lone rangers: at the very least he sent his disciples out in pairs. The most important thing about prayer is connection both to God and to one another. It's a change for God to work on us more than anything else. We all need more. We need to do more things together to grow as a people and grow as individuals.

Coda

Since Christmas Eve, I've been celebrating Mass again, and I'm able to stand through most of it now. So far, I can only serve where there are no steps to climb. I can travel a little locally, but not far. The best thing has been the chance to return to the Avila University Campus. I can take care of a lot of things, like dressing myself, but it requires more planning and preparation than it used to; ordinary things aren't so ordinary any longer. Recently, a young friend of mine called my prosthetic my "robot leg," and that sounds good to me: Thanks be to God for robot legs. Before long, I may be able to drive myself again. Since the first of December I've been writing music again, which has been good therapy if nothing else. I stayed offline while I wasn't able to trust my perceptions, and it's only now I've feel comfortable putting something in print again. I don't know what the limit of my mobility is going to be. I probably won't be able to travel as much as I used to, but what matters most is being present to now. What will be, will be.

Lent is a time to get a great song together, imitating our Master in all we do. We can regret wrong notes, but not get lost in them: we will get it right eventually and not remember where we had problems. God gives us all the time in the world, we just have to keep working to be what God has made us to be. When we get our chorus together, we will have the grace to be part of the greatest song of all creation: The Song of Resurrection, of new life. ✠

From Sailing to Filming

by Fr. Denny Kinderman, C.P.P.S. and Nigel Lee

Some readers may remember Nigel Lee. In an article titled “Setting Sail for Change,” we had written how we were thrilled with the opportunity for him to train with other young men for an ocean voyage of self-discovery, teamwork, and transformation from their criminal pasts. In Sail Future, he was to sail the ocean blue—but it all fell through. That article ended with us saying we would never give up on Nigel, who was then 16 years old.

Now at age 19 he’s involved in another opportunity. A few weeks ago, a large filming crew arrived at PBMR. Palsal Rudnicke Casting and the production company chose our location for their work creating TV commercials for the “AT&T Believe” program. While a number of our youth were involved, it was Nigel that especially caught their attention.

The following week they flew him to Atlanta for a couple days of filming. He quickly went from intern to three positions. He is a production assistant, a member of the cast, and has a third role as influencer, i.e., keeping everyone on their toes and enjoying their work.

He is moving away from street life, but at the same time not forgetting. We at PBMR have circles and workshops focusing on healing and the trauma that violence causes. Nigel tells us how it is known in the streets among the youth.

While filming in Atlanta, he got into a deep conversation with Jena, one of the producers. After their conversation, he recorded a selfie. You can hear and see it on our website; but a transcript is presented here as it was taped—adlib. While he is speaking to what the “AT&T Believe” Program needs to know, it is good for all of us.

Hello, It’s Nigel Lee and I’m on set. So, me and Jena we just had a talk and she was saying what she did with her work; and we went into deep conversation, you know. And I had let her know something that I don’t think a lot of people know, that I think a lot of people should know.

And it’s not just in Chicago. It’s not just in Atlanta. It’s not just in Dallas; it’s everywhere. You know wherever there is violence—I know in my neighborhood for a fact—kids suffer from PTSD. And it don’t get dealt with correctly because a lot of people don’t

know that kids suffering from PTSD have PTSD because they stay to their self or whatever or whatnot. And even if people do know some kids got PTSD, it don’t get handled correctly—you know what I’m saying.

Like, people get shot a lot as you know in Chicago. People get shot in front of people, down the street, relatives, close friends—it’s anybody, everybody, anywhere, everywhere, you know. And just imagine not only the person that get shot, of course it’s a tragedy, but imagine the person that was right there, you know what I’m saying, even the person that was shooting, imagine them.

You know what I’m saying; like for real. PTSD is very alive in our neighborhood, and I really don’t know what to do about it myself, you know, but I know it’s people out there that can help. I’ll be glad to help; I’ll be more than grateful to help. I just want to tell you guys I think it is something that should be addressed. Post-traumatic stress, actually it’s not post-traumatic stress, it’s present traumatic stress because these kids are going through this stuff as we talk right now.

I remember a time when one of my friend’s daddy died in front of me and him; we was both right there.

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Fr. Harold Diller, C.PP.S.

by Neil and Patricia Diller, Carthagenia, Ohio Companions

When I think of people who have been an inspiration to me and many others throughout their lives, one who always comes near the top of the list is my uncle, Fr. Harold Diller, C.PP.S. Now that we are discussing “A New Creation,” I recall that Fr. Harold helped with the heavy lifting in the early 1960s, during the creation of three new provinces from the former American Province: Cincinnati, Kansas City, and Pacific. At that time, he was secretary of the provincial council and was fully immersed in the paper work needed to form the three provinces.

I remember him going to Rome over 50 years ago to make sure all of the many documents were presented in a fashion that helped gain approval for the division into three provinces. During my college years at the University of Dayton, I lived near Fr. Harold. He was also in Dayton, living at the provincial office as provincial secretary. I could speak with him on the phone often, since our regular phone calls were free. It was then that I became aware of the many people he had already come to know and serve in his life as a priest.

Fr. Harold was ordained in 1934 as a Missionary of the Precious Blood, and throughout his varied assignments, his was always a ministry of service and love, sharing God’s love wherever he was called. He began as an assistant pastor at Holy Family Church in Dayton, where he grew to love parish work. When asked to become an assistant to the treasurer of Saint Joseph College, he hated to leave parish life. But he learned to love his new surroundings at Rensselaer, Indiana, where he stayed until 1941, the last three years serving as choir director and professor of music.

For the next 20 years, during his assignments in various parishes and as superior of St. Mary Novitiate in Burkettsville, Ohio, he seized the opportunity to get involved with the Catholic Rural Life Conference, Marriage Encounter, and retreat work. He marveled at the power of God’s love as people came to look to him for wisdom, hope, and strength. He also became a beacon of light for us, his family, as he joined our gatherings and celebrations.

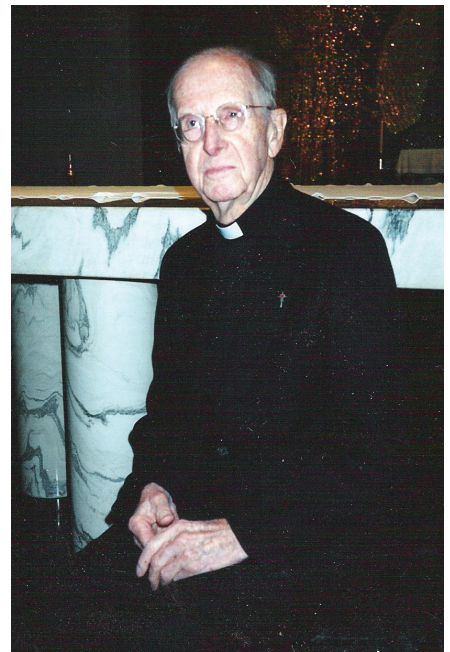
In 1965 he was appointed rector of Brunnerdale Seminary, the high school for boys contemplating the priesthood. At Brunnerdale, he had the opportunity to provide encouragement and support to the young men attending the school, and it

became apparent that being a cheerleader was God’s planned role for him in this life. Fr. Harold’s mission became quite clear to all, as he fully embraced the life of being a Missionary of the Precious Blood, living the life St. Gaspar preached about to his followers, when he said he wished he had a “thousand tongues” to praise all things of the Lord.

He lived a life in the Spirit, serving the Lord untiringly, bringing God’s presence to all circumstances and people he encountered. Exceptionally modest and humble, he had an amazing ability to see the best in every human being and he empowered people to be their best. I remember a specific comment he made about why he never found it useful to criticize. He said, “There are already more than enough people doing that, so I simply made a decision to look for the good in others and leave the rest for God to sort out.”

I remember him as one of the most caring people I have ever known. Regardless of who you were, the color of your skin, or your status in this life, he treated people as though they were special, simply because they were created in God’s image. In 1976, when many his age would be considering retirement, he decided to join his priest brother, Fr. Otto Diller, C.PP.S., who was

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PBMR, continued from page 10

And you know what I'm saying, I still remember that picture vividly to this day. You know what I'm saying, after that, after he got shot and killed, the area that he got shot in, I didn't go to that place for Lord knows how long, because I was scared. I, I got over it. But there's kids that won't even go back; that's what I'm trying to say. There's kids that their mind really gets messed up due to that type of stuff.

And I don't want to keep talking and running my mouth, but, yea, something should be done about it. And I hoping you guys will do something about it because I know all you guys got a good heart. You got me out here, got me doing something positive, something good. Let's help out. Let's fight this present post-traumatic stress disorder—for real.

Thank you, Nigel. This year we have titled our fund-raising gala "Disrupting Violence." Funds raised at the event May 1st and on line will help us "fight this present post-traumatic stress disorder—for real" as Nigel encourages. He is an influencer for all of us; and we'll never give up. ✚



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and more!

Fr. Harold Diller, continued from page 11

disabled with rheumatoid arthritis and was serving as chaplain at Lourdes Hospital in Paducah, Kentucky. You might say Fr. Harold then began his second career. He and Fr. Otto joined forces to provide ministry to the sick and dying as chaplains at Lourdes Hospital.

They became known as the "Diller Boys" and spread God's love throughout Paducah, where Catholics were a small minority. During that time Fr. Harold also served as pastor at Rosary Chapel for eight years. When Fr. Otto died in 1981, Fr. Harold remained in Paducah until failing eyesight forced his retirement to St. Charles Center.

After retirement he became one of the early proponents of the Companion Movement, offering constant encouragement and support. Instead of trying to figure out just how it should all work, he welcomed Companions to join with the Precious Blood Community, enjoying the company of as many people as possible on the journey St. Gaspar envisioned. Fr. Harold's was a journey of love. He could—at the drop of a hat—become a sermon for all to behold, a sermon that didn't need many words, but a life to be observed.

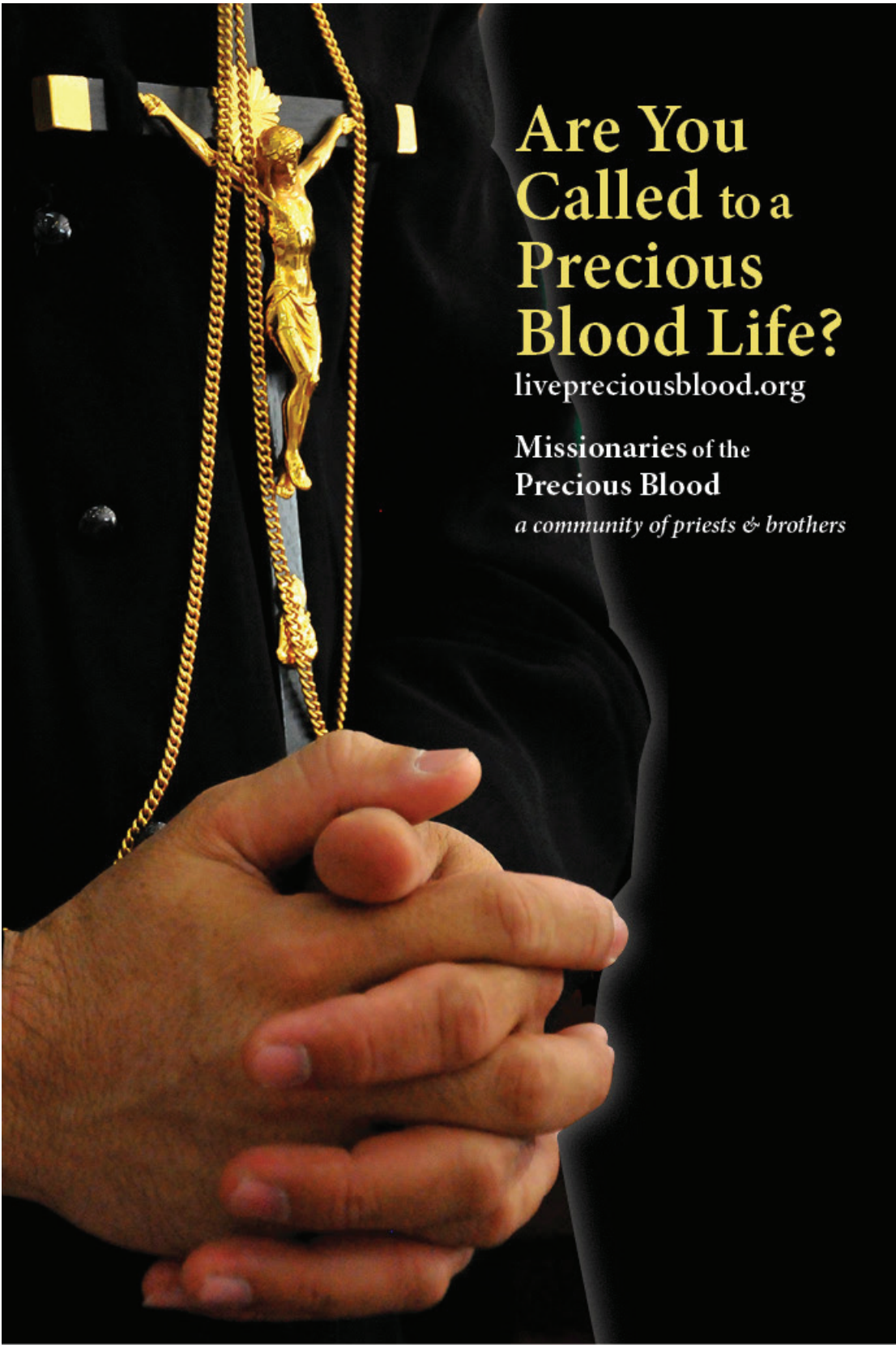
In failing health, Fr. Harold joined the powerhouse of prayer at St. Charles and, until his death in 2003, continued to help people feel appreciated and affirmed. Although he was physically blind, Fr. Harold's well-developed spiritual vision saw each person as God's special creation, and each person knew he fully meant it.

As I reflect on it now, we are all made in God's image, so how could it be seen any other way? ✚

Have a Precious Blood Members, Companions, Parish, or other community event happening?

Tell us about it! We welcome submissions and higher resolution photographs.

Send submissions to:
communications@preciousbloodkc.org



Are You Called to a Precious Blood Life?

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Missionaries of the
Precious Blood

a community of priests & brothers

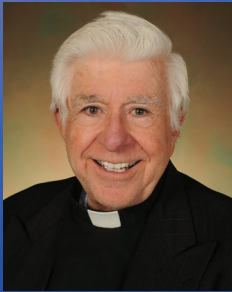


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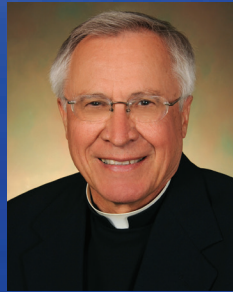


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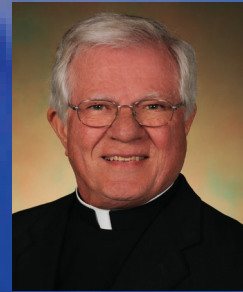
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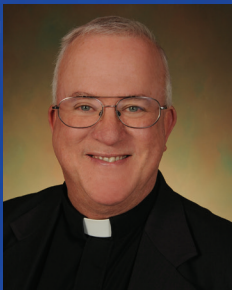
50 Years Ordination
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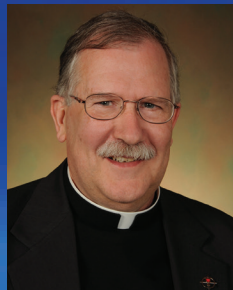
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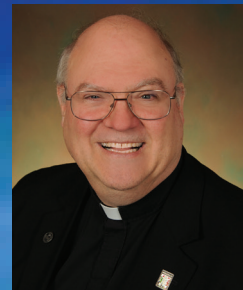
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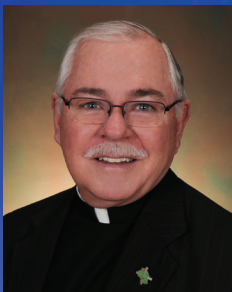
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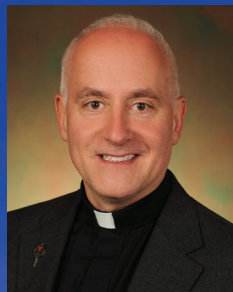
40 Years Ordination
Fr. Bill Hubmann, C.P.P.S.



40 Years Incorporation
Fr. Jim Betzen, C.P.P.S.



25 Years Ordination
Fr. Tim Coday, C.P.P.S.



25 Years Incorporation
Fr. David Matz, C.P.P.S.

**We look forward
to celebrating with you
at the Provincial Assembly,
April 29 - May 2, 2019.**