THE New Wine PRESS

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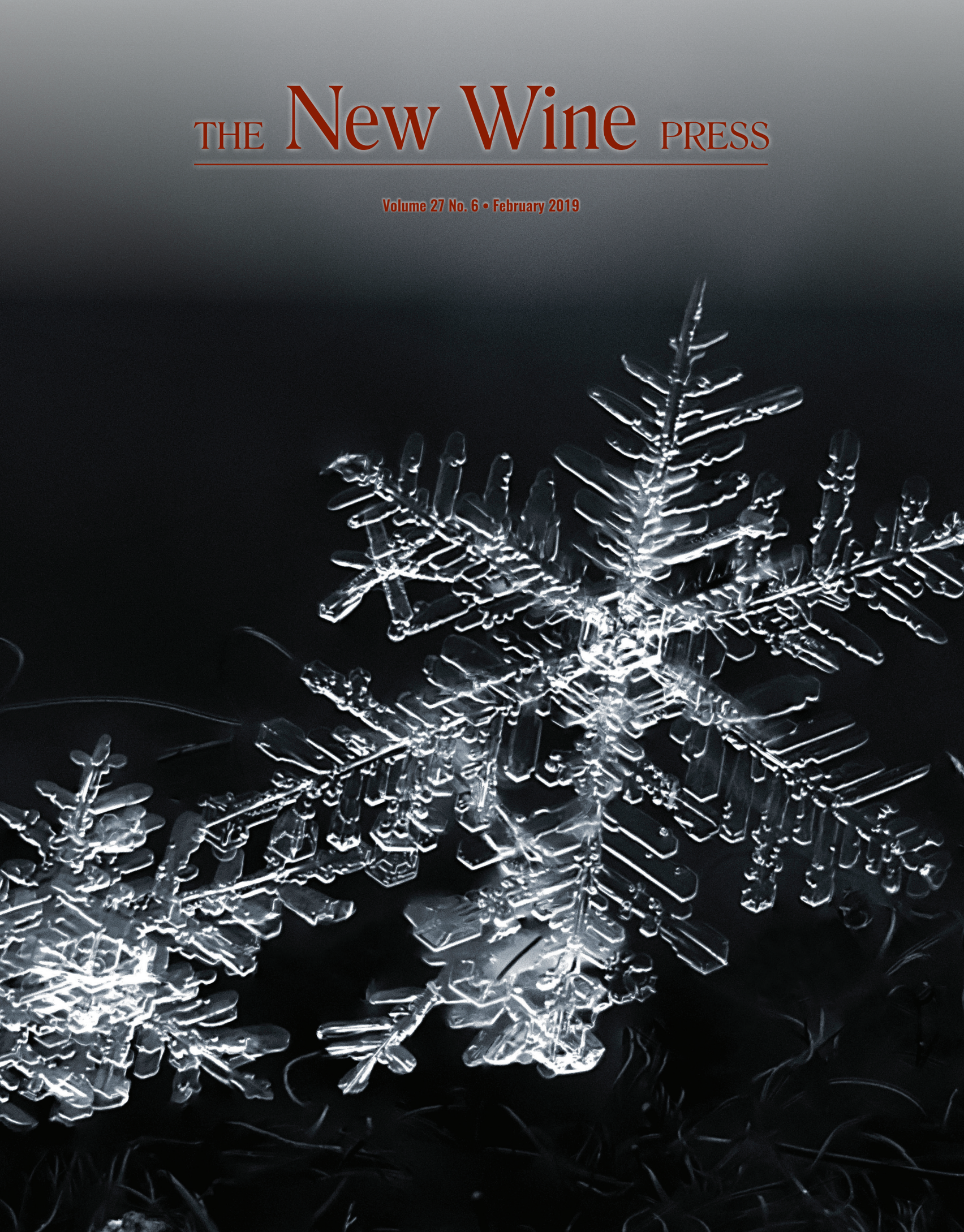

Let us serve God with holy joy.

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

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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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Kansas City Province

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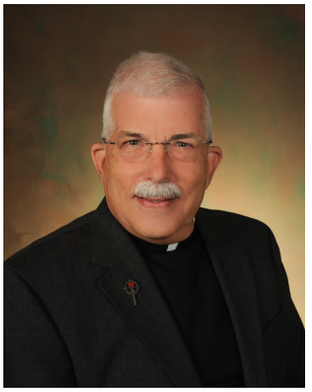

Risk the Wildest Places

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

"How beautiful it is to do nothing and then rest afterwards." I first made friends with this Spanish proverb when I read it on a greeting card I received from a cousin some time ago. It is still on my desk where I can enjoy it every day. When I heard of the death of my favorite poet, Mary Oliver, last week, I thought of this proverb. It resonates for me with her poem "Praying." I don't believe I have ever seen a better description of prayer—and reading it and reflecting on it can be prayer itself.

It doesn't have to be
the blue iris, it could be
weeds in a vacant lot, or a few
small stones; just
pay attention, then patch

a few words together and don't try
to make them elaborate, this isn't
a contest but the doorway

into thanks, and a silence in which
another voice may speak.

Of my three favorite poems by Oliver, "Praying" is the first. Allow me to share the other two with you as well. The second is titled "The Uses of Sorrow."

Someone I love once gave me
a box full of darkness.

It took me years to understand
That this, too, was a gift.

This poem is contained in a collection titled *Thirst*, which she published after the death of her partner of 40 years. Like all good poetry, it can touch people on many levels and in any number of life experiences—death, divorce, mental illness, and all sorts of lesser times of loss and darkness. I like to use it for prayer and reflection alongside a poem by Wendell Berry (another favorite) titled "To Know the Dark."

To go in the dark with a light is to know the light.
To know the dark, go dark. Go without sight,
and find that the dark, too, blooms and sings,
and is traveled by dark feet and dark wings.

Both poems can point to our eagerness to find the light, and consequently fail to live in the darkness long enough to learn what it has to

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The Thread That Binds Us

by Fr. Joseph Nassal, C.PP.S., Provincial Director

In times of chaos and division, when the world community appears to be tearing apart at the seams, there are certain Scriptures I turn to that offer hope. But I also rely on certain poets to keep me company. Mary Oliver, Seamus Heaney, Billy Collins, and William Stafford are among my favorites. Discouraged by the scandals in the church, the deepening polarization in the country, and the longest shutdown of the government in history over building a wall on our southern border, I rediscovered Stafford's poem, "The Way It Is":

There is a thread you follow. It goes among
things that change. But it doesn't change.
People wonder what you are pursuing.
You have to explain about the thread.
But it is hard for others to see.
While you hold it you can't get lost.
Tragedies happen; people get hurt
or die; and you suffer and get old.
Nothing you do can stop time's unfolding.
You don't ever let go of the thread.

For Precious Blood people, the thread that is woven in the fabric of our relationships and holds us together is the bond of charity. In my travels the past eight years as provincial, in visitations to our members and Companions in the Kansas City Province, and in visiting other Precious Blood communities throughout the world for meetings and retreats, the red thread of the bond of charity is quite visible. I experienced it last year, especially on trips to Vietnam, Croatia, and Chile.

Last September in Croatia, I had the privilege of spending time with our Precious Blood missionaries and lay associates who are striving for reconciliation in a region of the world that bears the scars of war. During the retreat at their new Reconciliation Center, some of the missionaries and lay associates shared their experiences and perspectives of the war in Bosnia (1991-1995). In listening to their stories, that red thread seeking truth and reconciliation was inspiring to see.

There was also another common thread in their stories of loss. The unspeakable horror of ethnic cleansing and the tragic loss of loved ones who were killed in the war weighed heavy on their hearts. But there was

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also the loss of friendship and trust. People who grew up with one another, neighbors and life-long friends, were betrayed, their relationships severed because of religious or ethnic affiliation.

Before the retreat began, the director of the mission, Father Ilija Grgic, C.PP.S., took me on a tour of some of the beautiful places in his country. A tour guide at one of the national parks we visited—a landscape teeming with wildlife, natural beauty, and the most stunning waterfalls—recalled his own story. Born in Australia, David spoke English with a thick accent as he told us how his parents were originally from Croatia and the family moved back to their country of origin when he was a boy. David made friends easily, learned the language, and enjoyed his new country. But when the war broke out in 1991, one day his friends told him, "Our parents told us we cannot play with you anymore." Just like that David was ostracized by classmates and friends because he was a Croat, who were primarily Catholic, and his friends were Serbs, who were Orthodox.

Visiting Dubrovnik, a beautiful city on the Adriatic Sea, one that has become a prime tourist attraction because of its beauty and history—also because the HBO series *Game of Thrones* is filmed in the city and surrounding region—we spent time at the memorial to the victims of the Serbian attack on the ancient city. The atrocities of the war, including the genocide of more than 7,000 Bosnian Muslims, were documented in gruesome detail. One display showed the black-and white photographs of more than a hundred young men that looked like they should have been in high school or college who died defending Dubrovnik. The pictures resembled those you might see in a hallway of a high school honoring various graduating classes. The difference is that each of these pictures reflected the faces of young men killed in the war.

Dubrovnik was considered a safe place since UNESCO had placed it on the list of World Heritage sites in 1979. Ivanna, the tour guide, told us that it was the Serbian attack on this historic city that awakened the world to the war. The siege of the city began on October 1, 1991 and lasted for seven months. The worst attack was on the feast of St. Nicholas, December 6th.

Though I heard various accounts of the war, depending on the storyteller's background, political loyalties, and religious beliefs, what they all agreed on was how the war destroyed trust and how difficult it has been to regain that trust in the aftermath of the war that ended with the Dayton Peace Accords in 1995.

After returning from Croatia, I read Steven Galloway's powerful novel, *The Cellist of Sarajevo*. In the novel based on actual events, a cellist plays Albinoni's "Adagio in G Minor" to keep his hope alive while the city of Sarajevo is under siege during the war in Bosnia. As he prepares to practice, the cellist looks out the window to the bakery across the street. There is a line of people waiting to buy bread. As he sits down to play the Adagio, he is shaken by an explosion—a mortar shell destroys the bakery. Twenty-two people are killed.

Though the danger is great with snipers surrounding the city, the cellist decides to bear witness. For twenty-two days at 4:00 in the afternoon, the exact time when the bomb destroyed the bakery, he takes his cello and sits amid the ruins and plays the "Adagio in G Minor."

"Every day he sits there and plays," one of the characters says as she meets an old friend she hasn't seen since the war began. As they hide from snipers, she tells her friend, "People go and listen. Some leave flowers. I've been several times. Sometimes I listen all the way through, and sometimes I leave after only a few minutes." Looking at her friend, she asks, "Why do you suppose he's there? Is he playing for the people who died? Or is he playing for the people who haven't? What does he hope to accomplish?"

The friend realizes it isn't a rhetorical question but before he could respond, she says, "Who is he playing for?"

"Maybe he's playing for himself," the friend says. "Maybe it's all he knows how to do, and he's not doing it to make something happen." The answer seems to satisfy his friend and in reflecting on what he said, he thinks it is true. "What the cellist wants isn't a change, or to set things right again, but to stop things from getting worse. Perhaps the only thing that will stop it from getting worse is people doing the things they know how to do."

As we see our world scarred by violence, as we look at our church seared by scandal and sexual abuse, perhaps the only thing that will keep it from getting worse is to draw upon the gifts that we have, the spirituality and charism that shapes us, and the bond of charity that sustains us and keep "doing the things we know how to do."

While the bishops failed to address the sexual abuse scandal at their meeting last November in Baltimore, waiting for the worldwide meeting called by Pope Francis this month, one of the decisions the bishops did make was to advance the cause for sainthood of Sr. Thea Bowman, a Franciscan Sister of Perpetual Adoration. Sr. Thea was the first African-American sister in her religious community and the first to address the United States bishops at their annual meeting in a memorable speech in 1989.

More than thirty years ago, I heard Sr. Thea speak at a vocation conference. She was near the end of her journey on earth. Only 52 and confined to a wheelchair because of the cancer that would claim her life, she said, "The elders in my church and the elders in my community made a deliberate effort to teach me about life. To teach me about love. To teach me about happiness and joy. To teach me how to deal with my insecurity and to convince me that I was somebody special." They would tell her, if you know how to cook, teach somebody; if you know how to sew, teach somebody; if you know how to read, then teach somebody; if you know how to raise a child, if you know how to get and hold a job, then teach somebody. What you know, Thea Bowman said, is not given to you to sit on. It is given to you so you can pass it on."

This remains our challenge today. We have been given a priceless gift of our charism and spirituality. We are intimately connected by that red thread of the bond of charity. Don't ever let go of that thread. Looking back on the last eight years as provincial and twenty-four years in leadership, the words St. Gaspar resonate loud and clear: "The more I advance in age, the more I recognize human weakness and I see that charity must be extended as far as possible whenever possible."

Don't ever let go of that thread. ✞

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teach us. These poets know how important it is to let darkness be darkness.

The third poem by Mary Oliver on my top ten list is "Magellan." [Ferdinand Magellan was a Portuguese explorer who organized the Spanish expedition to the East Indies from 1519 to 1522, resulting in the first circumnavigation of the Earth. He did not live to see its completion.] I invite members and Companions to read this poem through the lens of our becoming a New Creation, and all that it entails. Of course, anyone can enter this poem's landscape as good way to look at one's life and the opportunities we get.

Like Magellan, let us find our islands
To die in, far from home, from anywhere
Familiar. Let us risk the wildest places,
Lest we go down in comfort, and despair.

For years we have labored over common roads,
Dreaming of ships that sail into the night.
Let us be heroes, or, if that's not in us,
Let us find men to follow, honor-bright.

For what is life but reaching for an answer?
And what is death but a refusal to grow?
Magellan had a dream he had to follow.
The sea was big, his ships were awkward, slow.

And when the fever would not set him free,
To his thin crew, "Sail on, sail on!" he cried.
And so they did, carried the frail dream homeward.
And thus Magellan lives, although he died.

May we all cultivate "a silence in which another voice may speak," and embrace the gift of darkness, for "what is death but a refusal to grow." ✞

McAllen, Texas, USA - August 16, 2017: A small group of Central American refugees turn themselves in to a female Border Patrol agent after entering the United States by crossing the Rio Grande River in deep south Texas. A steady stream of Central Americans, ranging from single children to entire families, fleeing gang violence, continue to make the dangerous journey across Mexico to the U.S.

Conversation, Not Debate

by Fr. Jim Betzen, C.PP.S., St. Mary of the Visitation Parish, Ottumwa, Iowa

In the last couple of years, there has been a national debate on immigration. It seems to me that we should have a national conversation about immigration rather than a debate. To have a conversation about anything, those involved in the conversation need to be informed. The immigrants themselves have the most to offer to the conversation on immigration. However, they are not being asked for information and thus, they are not participating in the immigration conversation. As a parish priest who has worked with Hispanic immigrants for the past 15 years in Sedalia, Missouri, and now in Ottumwa, Iowa, I will offer here the information that I know about immigration and immigrants.

To be informed about immigration, one needs to understand that there are two sides or stories to the immigration conversation. People do not leave their homes or countries of origin unless there are dire reasons for leaving. It is difficult to leave one's extended family, community, culture, and familiar surroundings. Immigrants leave their countries of origin, for example, because of lack of sustainable work or to escape a violent environment. Therefore, the first part of the conversation explains why the immigrants had to leave their countries of origin. The second part of immigration conversations are the reasons that an immigrant decides to come to the United States. The reasons why Hispanic immigrants come to the United States are similar to the reasons many of our ancestors came to the United States.

Some experiences that helped me understand why immigrants leave Mexico, Guatemala, and El Salvador came from my travels and experience in those countries. In 1983-84, I lived seven months in Mexico City at a downtown parish while learning Spanish in a school nearby. I saw the poor constantly on the streets. While in Kansas City, I got involved with an

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God Dwells in Vulnerability

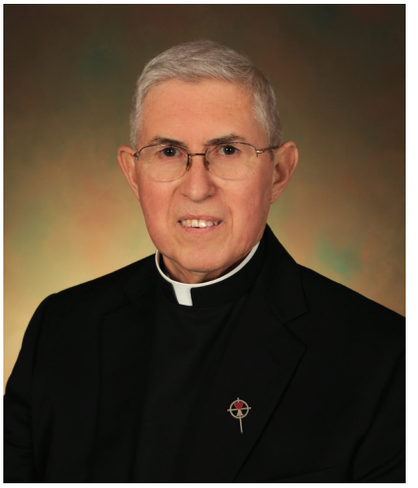
by Fr. Joe Uecker, C.PP.S., New Creation Commission Member

When I was asked to be part of the New Creation Commission, my first thought was: "Me? Why me? At my age? I'm retired; besides it's not going to affect me." I'm not sure exactly where the conversation went from there, but it ended up with my saying yes. I wasn't totally convinced that I was the right person, but as time went on, one thing became clearer: It is going to affect me, or I don't belong in the Community. To think otherwise would be like the grandfather who doesn't care what happens to his grandchild, just because he's old and won't be around for much of the child's life. My experience tells me that grandparents care a whole lot.

The new creation will mean different things for different people. But one constant will have to be an openness to change. I subscribe to the saying: "The only people who like change are wet babies." Even though we may not like change, it's coming, and life will be easier if we embrace it rather than fight it.

One area where I see a need for change for our new creation to succeed is vulnerability. Thomas Acklin, O.S.B. and Boniface Hicks, O.S.B., in their book, *Spiritual Direction*, write: "In Jesus, God has shown us that divine power, God's very omnipotence, is manifested in infinite vulnerability. From the first moment of His human existence, in the womb of Mary, Jesus shows us that God dwells in vulnerability.… Vulnerability radiates the beauty of God Himself. The vulnerable human heart is the most beautiful thing there is."

While these authors are speaking about vulnerability in spiritual direction, I think the same can and should be applied to community life. Community life requires vulnerability. Many of us experienced a little bit of that last summer when we were asked to get to know two other incorporated members or Companions. It required a bit of outreach—maybe not too much, but something. Any outreach involves a certain vulnerability because one might be accepted, but then again, one might be rejected. In several articles that have been written since, the idea of vulnerability has come up. I encourage us to grow in vulnerability with each other because therein lies our strength.



Vulnerability is intimacy. I like to think of intimacy as a target or series of concentric circles. You don't "open up" to just anyone; you don't become vulnerable without there being a sense of trust between you and the other person. There may be a whole lot of people on the outer edges of the "target," but the sharing out there will usually be quite superficial. As trust develops and grows, the level of vulnerability will deepen. As this happens, the number of people trusted will naturally decrease, such that the most personal and intimate sharing is reserved to a very small number of people. That's the bull's eye.

Even though we will not hit the bull's eye with everyone, we can try to bring everyone just a bit closer. That means becoming more vulnerable.

Why do I say that vulnerability is a needed change? I say it because in my 50+ years in the community, it has been my experience that we live—for the most part—on a superficial level with each other. Or, to use the example above, we're not even close to the bull's eye most of the time. In fact, it might be that we're aiming for the outer circles rather than the bull's eye. I don't know for sure, but I doubt if we're a whole lot different from other communities. I think that is one reason why, in my opinion, religious life in men's communities is diminishing in the United States. I'm reminded of a saying attributed to Bl. John Henry Cardinal Newman. The way I recall it is: "So much holiness is lost to the world because brother (sic) refuses to share the secrets of his heart with his brother." Could we say that much holiness is lost to

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organization that sent factory workers to the Mexican border to tour the Mexican border factories and meet with Mexicans who work there. I learned that the Mexican factories forced their workers to work long hours for low wages. While in Sedalia, I went on a Maryknoll retreat called "Remembering the Martyrs." This retreat was in El Salvador and Guatemala. In this retreat, the Maryknoll missionaries told us of the lives and deaths of Archbishop Oscar Romero, other priests, and sisters. They also told of repression and genocide of the native populations. Unfortunately, there are many parts of central America which are unsafe. Mexico is much worse in recent years because of the drug cartels. Immigrants are leaving unsafe environments.

The reasons why immigrants come to the United States are more obvious. Both in Sedalia and Ottumwa, Hispanic immigrants came in the late 1990s to work in the meat processing plants. Parishioners here in Ottumwa worked for Cargill, a pork processing plant. A few years ago, Cargill was sold to JBS. Since JBS. took over the plant, fewer workers work longer hours. Several of our immigrants have learned English and have been able to find work other than at JBS. Some Guatemalans have recently arrived to our parish to escape criminal activity. After jobs that will sustain their families, safety is probably the next reason for coming to the United States. Like most immigrants, they want to see their children grow up in a safe environment, receive a good education, and have a better life.

I hear rarely about our parishioners being involved with the process of becoming citizens. Most have work permits. I know that becoming a citizen or attaining a work visa status involves immigration lawyers, costly fees, and many years. I think that many have given up on becoming citizens. I know that in many families, there is a mix of those born in Mexico or Central America, those brought to the United States as minors, and those born in the United States.

In the immigration conversation, I wish that the status of millions of undocumented immigrant families who are living and working all across the nation would take precedence over discussion of "securing the border." These families are part of our communities and parishes. We need them here to work in our meat processing plants, do construction, work in our fields, and work in our restaurants and hotels. We need these families in our parish and church. Comprehensive immigration reform offering an earned path to citizenship will help these families and our nation as a whole. ✠

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our community because we do not share deeply with each other?

I think a turning point came in the Kansas City Province with one of our meetings at Leavenworth when a few people were invited to share hurts received from the community. It was a controlled situation and it was very conducive to both share and accept the sharing, but I think some very good things happened that week. Can something like that be repeated at future gatherings, and with companions as well? The Leavenworth meeting was members only. It took some courage to open up, of course. But having experienced acceptance in the past, it was much easier to take the risk at that meeting. One shares, becoming vulnerable; by being accepted one grows in confidence and that becomes contagious enabling oneself and others to share more deeply. But without vulnerability—zip, zero, nada, nyet.

I think that deep sharing is enabled when it is structured to a certain extent, especially for us beginners. I think I'm going to die as a beginner. But I know that practice makes perfect.

I'd like to close with a quote from Fr. Richard Rohr:

"The only people who change, who are transformed, are people who feel safe, who feel their dignity, and who feel loved. When you feel loved, when you feel safe, and when you know your dignity, you just keep growing! That's what we do for one another as loving people—offer safe relationships in which we can change. This kind of love is far from sentimental; it has real power. In general, we need a judicious combination of safety and necessary conflict to keep moving forward in life." ✠

Surprised by Epiphany

by Brooke Buth, Precious Blood Volunteer

When my husband Koby and I first applied to be Precious Blood Volunteers, we knew that the year would be hard. I wanted to work at Cristo Rey Kansas City High School, which provides a college preparatory education to low-income and minority students from Kansas City at little to no cost. Growing up in the wealthy suburbs of Chicago and going to college in the middle of nowhere Indiana, I knew the culture change would be a difficult adjustment. And it is.

I wanted to do a double placement to get a wider range of experiences here, so I also work at Bishop Sullivan Center, a social services organization that offers a food pantry, free dinners, and rent and utility assistance. Having almost no long-term experience working in social services, I knew learning and adapting to that work would be hard. And it is.

Don't get me wrong—we were very excited about this year and have had a wonderful time. Koby works at KC CARE Health Center, where he loves interacting with patients and helping them learn more about their health. My Cristo Rey kids are wonderful, and I've been able to have some great conversations about faith and life with them. In addition, Bishop Sullivan Center just opened their newly renovated kitchen, which was designed to add dignity and choices to the dining experience. It's a beautiful new location, and I am honored to be a part of their work.

But the year has been difficult—in that good way that means you're growing. By far the hardest thing about my volunteer year was completely a surprise. I have found it incredibly hard to live eight hours from my family, even though I went to college four hours away and two of my siblings don't live at home anymore. Because I work at a high school, I had almost two and a half weeks for break, which were spent with our families. It was a wonderful time to reconnect with them, do puzzles with my in-laws, watch cheesy movies with my little sisters, and play games. The time flew by, and then we were headed back to the second half of our year.

After driving back from Chicago to Kansas City on the Feast of the Epiphany, I arrived tired, hungry (when you're on a small stipend, you pack snacks instead of stopping for fast food), and quite homesick. I expected to come into our large community house in the dark, put a frozen pizza in the oven, and scarf it down before running to make 5:00 p.m. Mass. Maybe later Koby and I would watch Netflix and procrastinate on unpacking.

Instead, we pulled up to cars filling the driveway, all the lights of the house on, and a bright party in our living room. Food filled the dining table—which is large, seating 10 people easily—and drinks were moved to

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the kitchen to make space for even more food, which kept arriving. We had forgotten about the annual Gaspar House Epiphany party, held by our community priests and Companions of the Precious Blood. There were tamales, macarons, a King Cake, beer, queso, turkey roll ups, and more kinds of cookies than I could count.

All these people, most of whom I had met before, greeted me warmly, asked about the break and Christmas season, and expressed genuine joy to have us there at the party. Some I hadn't even met before – they had just heard about us through the Precious Blood grapevine. I quickly texted a local friend, who told me about the 8:00 p.m. Mass at the Cathedral. There was time to spare for the party! Later, at Mass I ran into another new friend I haven't seen in some time, reminding me that even though Kansas City can feel lonely, I have many more connections than I often realize.

On the Feast of the Epiphany we celebrate the Magi, who traveled from "the east," following the light of a star to find the baby Jesus. As it would go, Koby and I also came from "the east" (just Chicago and Michigan, but still, east) here to Kansas City. Even now it's hard to say what light we were following— service, Catholic community, a new experience, a chance to break out on our own, the voice of God calling us to take a risk and trust him, delicious Kansas City BBQ, or maybe all of the above. We were definitely inspired by the work that we would be able to do here, each in our own fields, but a new experience. Even though we had hoped that Koby would go right from college to medical school, something about this service year just seemed like the right decision.

In a way, we followed that light and we came upon Christ incarnate. We had both experienced the presence of Christ here before that—in Koby's patients, Mass at St. Francis Xavier, prayer with my students, and the people who work at Bishop Sullivan Center—but, for me, I had never experienced that arriving, coming home, being surprised by the presence of Christ here in Kansas City as I experienced it the night of the party. Those who saw us at the party may be surprised to hear this: I was so tired and hungry that I don't think I was a very

merry dinner guest and we retreated early to unpack but the feeling that stuck with me all night was one of welcome, love, and community.

I imagine it was a little like the Magi felt— traveling so far away from home, away from all their comforts (and a side note: how many snacks can a camel actually carry?). They traveled all that way looking for a new king, and I am quite sure they were surprised by the baby they found, in humble conditions. Did they feel that sense of "Ah, yes, now we have made it"? Were they surprised by Mary's generosity and hospitality? Did they feel like the journey was worthwhile, and more importantly, that their discovery was worth the journey home, along the back roads to avoid Herod?

We can't answer those questions about them, but for me, the Epiphany Party reminded me of why I originally chose to come out to Kansas City, and showed me that my journey here, and the next six months, would be worthwhile. This Feast of Epiphany, I was surprised by the great light of community surrounding me here, for this time, supporting me, praying for me, and feeding me with Christmas cookies. ✠

And Who is My Neighbor?

by Fr. Dave Kelly, C.PP.S., PBMR Director

I walked into the intake area of Cook County Juvenile Detention Center, as I always do. This is an area of the detention center where youth who have just been brought in are housed. Typically, there are a couple of young people whom I have met before, but there are many whom I meet for the first time.

Deon is one such kid—incarcerated for the first time. He looks like many of the other youth—the detention center is overwhelmingly African American and Hispanic. Even though it does not reflect the statistics of criminal activity, black and brown youth are overwhelmingly the majority in our jails and prisons.

While Deon may look like the others, his story appears a bit different. He is from a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia. He is in his junior year, plays high school football, and has plans to go to college and study architectural design. He seems like he has his "stuff" together.

As I was talking to Deon, he told me what happened and how he and his cousin went outside at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. They shot a gun into the air to celebrate the new year. He admitted that it was a stupid thing, but that he meant no harm. Now he sits in Cook County Juvenile Detention Center wondering what will become of him. He worries also about how his mother, who is still in Atlanta, is going to react. "She'll never let me come back to visit my cousin again," he said.

The police told him, as they were taking him to the police station, that he didn't "seem the type"—that's after he threw up in the police car from being so nervous and scared. The judge agreed that he was not the "type," then told him not to worry, that the charges would probably be dismissed, but sent him upstairs to one of the detention pods.

Each adult—police, public defender, sheriff and judge—said that he should not be held in jail, but the system seemed unable to interrupt what has become a pipeline to prison.

Almost all the research speaks to how important it is to keep youth out of the juvenile system and to find alternatives to incarceration, because statistics show that once a young person enters into the juvenile system, there is a greater likelihood that they will be a part of the adult system.

As I sat with Deon, I couldn't help but to wonder what good there was in detaining this young man—a young man with so much grace and possibility. Like all the others (police, sheriff, judge) I saw something in him that night as he sat in the detention center, and yet, because of this broken and dysfunctional system, I could not change the fate of this young man.

If only he could have been seen for who he was, not just another black kid in jail, things might have been different.

After 40 years of working in Cook County Detention Center and Cook County Jail, one thing is clear: the system is broken. The criminal justice system in the U.S. relies solely on punishment.

A young man was involved in a theft here at the Center. He was part of a group of youth who stole a computer and a wallet out of a backpack. There was a group of people here for a training and while they were at lunch, the youth stole the backpack.

As you can imagine, I (as well as others) was furious. I was embarrassed, angry, and disappointed. The young man who admitted his part in the matter was a regular here at PBMR. He was loved and respected by all, which made it all the more difficult.

I confronted him and with a little "encouragement" he admitted his part. He was embarrassed; I was disappointed. We decided the best way to move forward was for him to participate in a reconciliation/healing circle to admit his wrong, show sorrow, and work to repair the harm—to try to hold him accountable without expelling him from PBMR.

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Bishop Joseph Marling, C.PP.S.

by Fr. Jerry Stack, C.PP.S., Precious Blood Spirituality Committee

This month, the Precious Blood Spirituality Comittee presents profiles of people who have had a significant impact on the Missionaries of the Precious Blood in the United States. These short biographies are of people nominated last year during the months of September and October by members, Companions, and others.

After asking the members and Companions for nominations of those who impacted our community in the U.S., we ended up with a diverse group of about 40 nominees. Readers will probably be familiar with many of those nominated, because they are the more famous figures often mentioned in historical studies. Others may be less well known, perhaps familiar only to a few. This eclectic mix reminds us that it is not only the famous who have had an impact on the Precious Blood community in the United States, but "ordinary" people have also been contributed to the "Fair Inheritance" of the Congregation in the United States.

It is my hope that these vignettes will inform and inspire us as we move forward toward the New Creation in the months and years ahead.

Bishop Joseph Marling, C.PP.S.

Just as the United States was beginning to emerge from the Great Depression, Joseph Marling was elected provincial director of the American Province in 1938, the youngest priest ever elected to that position. At the time he was thirty-three years old and a philosophy professor at Catholic University of America.

Although the Depression had affected the country for eight years, it had been a time of surprising growth for the American Province. Under the careful guidance of Marling's predecessor, Ignatius Wagner, the province acquired three farms at St. Joseph College and built Brunnerdale minor seminary in Canton, Ohio, and three mission houses in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. By now the province numbered 266 priests, 74 brothers, 110 major seminarians, and 175 minor seminarians.

Marling offered strong support for the mission of St. Joseph College. He committed funds to the college, enabling the institution to build four major buildings (Seifert, Noll [now Merlini], and Xavier [now McHale] Halls, and the Alumni Fieldhouse) and meet the standards of the North Central accrediting agency. He also began sending newly ordained priests for graduate study to enlarge and improve the faculty. By 1950, there were 50 priests stationed at the college, up from 33 in 1938.

World War II saw 41 Precious Blood priests of the American Province serving as military chaplains. One of those chaplains, Fr. Clement Falter, professor of Spanish and French at the college, lost his life during the invasion of North Africa in 1942.

The biggest challenge facing Marling was dealing with the Apostolic Visitation of the entire Congregation. The visitation was a response to some problems in the Italian Province, and the Apostolic Visitator dismissed the moderator general and general council, appointing new members to fill those roles. The Congregation was tasked with reviewing the original Rule—approved in 1841—to bring it into conformity with canon law. The American Province prepared a Constitution (or Rule) and a Customary (a document outlining the practice of the American Province) in 1940. In a meeting with members from the German and Italian provinces, a new Rule was formulated.

The outbreak of World War II meant that the delegates from the American Province had to leave Italy in haste. The presumption was that this new Rule would be submitted to the Holy See, but instead the Italians and Germans submitted what amounted to

more or less the old Rule of 1841. This rule effectively rejected what the American Province—by now the largest—province, was doing. Among other things, it would have forbidden parish ministry, chaplaincies, conducting schools, and the tradition of electing the provincial and council by universal suffrage.

Nothing could be done during the war, of course, but in 1946 Marling traveled to Rome and, with the assistance of Cardinals Stritch and Mooney, was able to successfully defend the American proposals before the Congregation for Religious. At last Brunner's innovations—parish work, the promise of fidelity, and financial responsibility to the province—were accepted by the entire Congregation.

After the war, Marling also oversaw shipments of food to Germany and Austria. At that time, religious congregations were invited to send missionaries to Latin America. In response to that request, Marling investigated possibilities in a tour of that continent, and finally selected Chile. The first two missionaries were sent under his successor, Seraphin Oberhauser.

In 1947, Marling was appointed auxiliary bishop of Kansas City, Missouri. In 1956 he was named the founding bishop of the new diocese of Jefferson City, Missouri. During his years leading the diocese, he oversaw the construction of a new cathedral, 25 churches, 29 schools, a high school seminary, and establishment of a Newman Center, and a diocesan newspaper. He did not forget his tour of South America, apparently, and fostered a diocesan outreach to missionary efforts in Perú. At one time some ten percent of the clergy of the Jefferson City diocese were serving in those missions.

Marling retired as bishop in 1969 and went on to serve in parish ministry in Christ the King Parish in Kansas City until his death in 1979.

Bishop Marling was a brilliant and scholarly man, a man of vision and great energy, whose commitment to higher education and to the foreign missions were among his most important contributions to the American Province. His episcopal motto was *Per Sanguinem Crucis (*By the Blood of the Cross), and his life and ministry reveal a dedication to bringing the message of the Blood of Christ to many in his long and fruitful ministry.

(This biography borrowed extensively from *An Interpretative Essay on the History of the American Province* (1994) by the late Dominic Gerlach, C.PP.S., who served on the faculty of St. Joseph College for many years as professor of German and history.) ✠

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On January 9th, we sat in circle for over three hours. The emotions were strong, the honesty was real. In the end, the relationships were not only healed but, I would have to say, strengthened. The "check out" carried words of encouragement as well as strong expectations for the young man. As we left the circle, embraces were shared and smiles carried the day.

Justice is more than doling out punishment. Justice is about accountability, repairing the harm done. Justice is about changing the narrative and recognizing the dignity of the person who stands before us. ✠

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