

THE New Wine PRESS

Volume 28 No. 2 • October 2019



**Grow in your faith.
Build community.
Walk with those who suffer.
Seek reconciliation.**



Precious Blood Volunteers
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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.

THE New Wine PRESS

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Kansas City Province

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“...And You Welcomed Me”

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

The following is a poem by a Syrian refugee that I recently discovered. There was no author listed.

*I am a refugee
Forced to leave my home where I belong
Forced to leave the home where I grew up
Forced to leave the school where I learned
The civil war brought bombings and battles, which drove my family away
Now I must leave my country and heritage to somewhere new
Now me and my people are all leaving for nowhere
We have nowhere to stay, there is no one to help us
No other country seems to care
Escaping the war didn't mean escaping the problems
The winter brings harsh cold nights, and the meals are a mystery
We don't go to school and we don't play games
I don't get to learn about why I must leave
The time is never my own, I must always run*

I interrupt. Millions of people around the world have been forced from their home countries due to war (including some that we are involved in)—places like Syria, Somalia, Sudan. They often spend years in refugee camps before they can relocate to a safe country. Others are fleeing their homes because of violence or poverty, fearing for their lives (our neighbors to the south, for example). The U.S. accepts a tiny, tiny fraction of the world's refugees, and the vetting process has become stricter. For example, in 2016, under the previous administration, 12,587 Syrian refugees were allowed into the country. In 2018, the number accepted was 62. The poem concludes as follows. If only the final line were true in the U.S. today.

*There are, however, people who help me
They build shelters and homes, the food is less scarce
They give me somewhere to stay, and protection from the cold
I am a refugee, forced from my home
I am a refugee, traveling forever with no place to go
I am a refugee, but I'm not alone
There are people who help me, and that gives me hope ✠*

Welcome All; No Exceptions

by Br. Daryl Charron, C.P.P.S., Provincial Council

“America must welcome all without exceptions: become an asylum for all who choose to come. We may have drifted away from this principle temporarily, but time will bring us back. America is not for special types, for the caste, but for the great mass of people—the vast, surging, hopeful, army of workers. Dare we deny them a home, close the doors in their face, take possession of all and fence it in and then sit down satisfied with our system. Are we convinced that we have solved our problem? I for my part refuse to connect America with such a failure, such a tragedy, for tragedy it would be.” These words of the poet Walt Whitman speak to me, especially during these times of a false sense of nationalism in United States. His book, *Walt Whitman Speaks: His Final Thoughts on Life, Writing, Spirituality, and the Promise of America*, causes me to reflect on the current state of immigration in the United States. I agree with him that we have drifted away from an important principle that defined our country in a good way.

Unfortunately, our current president has pushed an agenda that limits asylum for those attempting to enter our country legally. He has pushed for a change in policy that forces people to seek asylum in Mexico first. Like Whitman, I also want to say what a tragedy. What a contrast this is as I return to the U.S. from having served in Vietnam the past three years. In Vietnam, the people live by the proverb, “Ban an em xa mua lang gieng gan.” It basically means they would trade distant relatives for close neighbors. Those who live near you are most helpful especially in emergencies, when blood-related people are far away and unable to deliver instant help. It is a life lesson I learned in Vietnam about proper behaviors in community. Why can’t we show such care to our neighbors at our southern border who are in a state of emergency?

Upon my return to the U.S., I was pleased to find out that one of our five issues to focus on in the “New Creation” is immigration. Now living in Chicago, I decided to connect with Illinois Coalition for Immigrant and Refugee Rights in order to more effectively advocate for immigrants and refugees. They were able to direct me to a recent public demonstration at Daly Plaza downtown on behalf of those trying to seek asylum in the United States from Central America and Mexico. Br. Juan Acuña and I attended, along several Franciscan brothers. It was a worthwhile experience in solidarity that touched both Juan and myself. It was amazing to see the entire plaza filled with people chanting numerous phrases

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One Stitch at a Time

by Kathy Schroeder, *Butternut, Wisconsin Companion*

Our Park Falls/Butternut Companion group convenor, Angie Schienebeck, passed away on September 7th, 2019—a day we had been dreading for the past three years, after her diagnosis of a brain tumor. She, along with her husband Deacon Bob, led our Companion gatherings right to the end, including the prayer service held around Angie’s bed the week before she passed.

The following are some excerpts from comments at her wake and funeral.

Angie was a master seamstress. Our kitchen aprons, church banners, altar cloths, and vestments are all Angie’s handiwork. Her Aunt Hattie told of meeting Angie for the first time. Angie was four years old when Aunt Hattie came to her house as a girlfriend to meet the family. Angie was a darling little girl, sitting and sewing, making something for her dolls to wear. Companion Wendy Teeter’s husband Forrest added to the story. He described how Angie used his wife Wendy’s wedding gown. Angie took Wendy’s dress apart and completely remade it for Wendy and Forrest daughter’s wedding dress—which turned out to be the last wedding gown that Angie made.

Many stories were told of her 40-plus years of teaching religious education and her great devotion to the Virgin Mary. Mainly teaching First Communion and leading the Companions. As it was time to choose a new convenor this spring, a conversation was held within our Companion group and everyone agreed that Angie would not be replaced until God took her home. She was a prayerful, organized, faith-filled leader.

The gospel of Matthew’s account of the Beatitudes that was chosen for the funeral Mass was one that was heard by Angie when she visited Israel and went to the Mount of Beatitudes. Fr. Joseph Miller, C.P.P.S., homilist for her funeral, told a story of meeting a woman—who was also a seamstress—while waiting at the airport on the way to Butternut. She described taking a flat piece of material and making it into a beautiful gown. One stitch at a time. He talked about how Angie had done that with her life. How her deep faith did not come



Fr. Joe Miller, C.P.P.S., Angie Schienebeck, and Deacon Bob Schienebeck in Jerusalem.

overnight, but rather one stitch at a time. Her children and grandchildren and great grandchildren were reminded of the deep faith that she had given them. And how they were to continue to grow their faith one stitch at a time.

Angie was not afraid to die—or if she was, she never let anyone see that. She was quick to tell you to “stop crying.” She met her diagnosis head on with courage, strength, and hope. She also met it with a family who stood by her and allowed their community to stand with them. Even in her death Angie, was building faith, one stitch at a time. ✠

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

Please let us know about it!

We welcome submissions and higher resolution photographs.

Send submissions to:

communications@preciousbloodkc.org

The New Creation: Empowering the Laity

by Fr. Tim McFarland, C.P.P.S., Cincinnati Province

As was noted in the July/August Cincinnati Newsletter, there are some ongoing “conversations” on email about the areas of ministry articulated at the February gathering in St. Louis for the New Creation. One of the areas is “Empowering the Laity.” (If any of our readers would like to be added to this group, please send an email to Br. Juan Acuna.)

In St. Louis, several members discussed an idea in our mission statement regarding our charge to work with and empower the laity in their rightful role of ministry in the Church and world. Several members who were at the meeting in St. Louis have been involved in lay formation programs in various diocese and other settings. There was some concern that the number of lay formation programs in the United States seem to have diminished. This was confirmed in a study released in June of this year by the Center for Research in the Apostolate (CARA). The study noted that, “The number of programs [in lay ministry formation] decreased by 28% since the first study of lay ministry formation in 1985-1986 and decreased by 36% since 2010. The number of participants in these programs increased by 23% between 1986 and 2019 and decreased by 28% between 2010 and 2019.” The study also showed that in 1985-86 there were 206 lay ministry programs offered by 110 dioceses. In 2018-19 the number of lay ministry formation programs had dropped to 149 in 88 dioceses. There was little contained in the study as to why this decrease. This was also a topic of conversation at a recent gathering of the Conference of Major Superiors of Men in August.

Another topic that has been discussed among the group has been what would be important areas of study in a such a formation program? *Co-workers in the Vineyard of the Lord*, a 2005 USCCB publication on lay ministry formation provides some guidance. However, different dioceses, colleges, and universities have implemented these guidelines in different ways. There are some programs that meet as a cohort and others use online for course delivery. Some Companions have shared what their ecclesial lay ministry formation programs entailed.

Given the aging of the clergy in our (and other) congregations, and among diocesan clergy, and the diminishing number of lay formation programs, this seems to be an important area to address.

It would seem the need for well-formed ecclesial lay ministers is a critical issue as the Church moves into the future. One would think this points to a definite need in the Church for developing lay ministers—one that speaks to our mission and that we might be able to fulfill. We’ll see where the conversation takes us. ✠

Leadership, continued from page 3

about justice and welcoming the stranger. It felt like Precious Blood Spirituality was calling Juan and I to be there.

This special experience with Juan and the other brothers inspired me to have more direct contact with immigrants in Chicago. I am now volunteering at Casa Catalina, run by Catholic Charities, which serves immigrants in the ‘Back of the Yards’ neighborhood near PBMR. I offer service in their food pantry to provide food to immigrants through emergency assistance. I am also glad to be living in a city in which the civil leadership encourages protection for immigrants from raids conducted by ICE. Our new mayor, Lori Lightfoot, is not afraid to be vocal about this in those cases where churches especially are providing sanctuary for those threatened by deportation.

I encourage any of our members and Companions to get involved in local organizations which provide direct care to immigrants or advocacy for refugees and immigrants. I believe our faith calls us to such advocacy for immigrants through living our gospel values, especially through works of mercy. I specifically want to urge you all to explore what it means to “welcome the stranger.” Having just experienced being a stranger in a foreign land the past three years, my eyes are fully open to seeking out the strangers in our midst and offering them hospitality through trying to meet their most basic needs. ✠



Immigrants Arriving in New York City, 1887 Engraving

iStockphoto.com

Enough! We Want No More!

by Gabino Zavala. Justice and Peace Director

We often hear it said that we are a nation of immigrants. While this is true, it has not been an easy transition for many immigrants coming from their countries of origin and entering the life of a new country. The famous poem by Emma Lazarus on the Statue of Liberty invited the world to “give me your poor, your tired, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.” As Americans, we still find that generous spirit of welcome and a sense of promise in her poem and the images it evokes. However, there are also many who say “Enough!”

Now there is a widespread anti-immigrant attitude our country. The rhetoric we hear states that we need to close our southern borders to immigrants. They are invading our country. Immigrants have been demonized by the present administration as undesirables who are criminals, drug dealers, and a plague on our

country. We need to build a wall to keep them out! Enough! Enough! We don’t want any more!

This anti-immigrant sentiment is not new in American history. In the early nineteenth century we went through another period of anti-immigrant fever. The Chinese Exclusion Act of 1862 was the first attempt in our country to restrict immigration because of ethnicity. In the twentieth century this animus against immigrants was encouraged by bigotry and the pseudo-science of the eugenics movement—which considered certain people inferior. However, this was not directed towards Latinos or Muslims as it is today, but it was meant to exclude Jews, Italians, Poles, Slavs, and others from southern and eastern Europe. To this end, quotas from certain countries were established in 1924 to limit those considered to be less desirable.

The policies and actions of the Trump administration betray a strong desire to limit new residents from abroad. These policies and actions show a blind disregard for whatever cruelty might be inflicted to attain those goals.

The most recent example of this administration's stepping back from previous decisions was their plan to end a program that deferred deportations of migrants suffering from debilitating illnesses, including some taking part in clinical trials that benefit others who are suffering from the same illnesses. In one such case, highlighted by the *New York Times*, the government declined to renew a two-year deferral for Maria Isabel Bueso, a 24-year-old woman suffering from a rare and severe genetic disorder. She had been invited by the United States 17 years ago to take part in experimental treatments for her disease. She had been told that without treatment her disease would kill her before her teens. It didn't matter that her doctors warned that returning her to Guatemala would mean certain death.

The United States Citizenship and Immigration Service is now reconsidering the decision to end the program, but the lack of details concerning their intentions and the administration's history of contradicting its own statements, suggests the public shouldn't put much store in the announcement. We have learned not to listen to what is said, but to look at what they do.

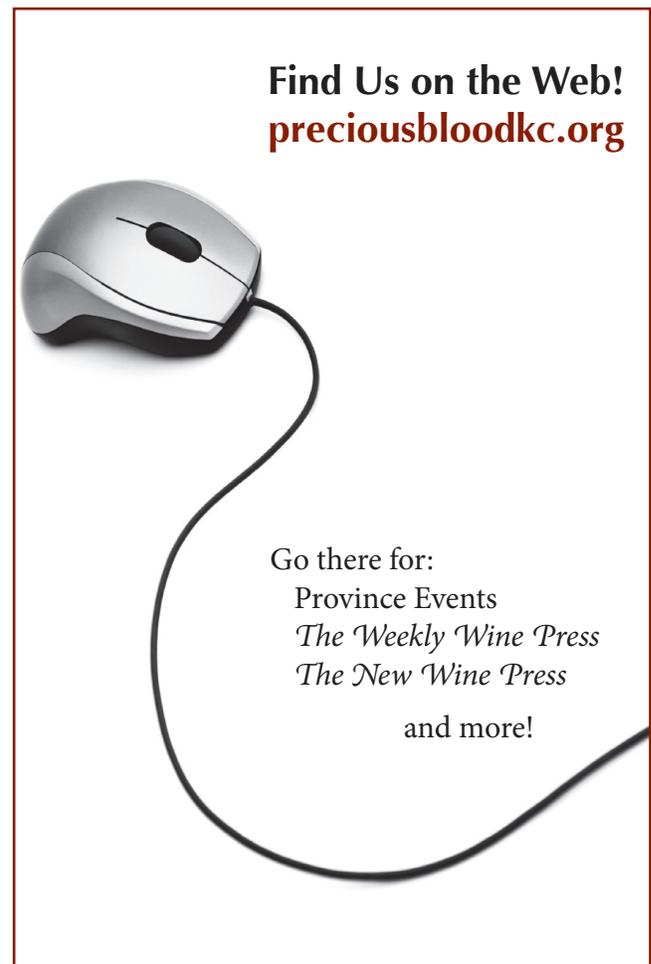
The administration is doing shameful and horrific things. In fact, we would have hoped that the disastrous decision to separate children from their migrant parents for the simple "crime" of seeking asylum would have been the administration's low point. But now we see that it is willing to go even lower, including consigning the ill to certain death, simply because there are those nationalists whispering in the President's ear that they don't want them here.

There are efforts to open detention centers for families while they await a decision on their asylum petition in immigration court. If the administration succeeds in this effort, families would remain in detention for nearly two years, which is the average wait for a family or individual to get their day in

court. This is due to the backlog of nearly a million cases pending. The administration sees this lengthy process as a deterrent to people seeking asylum. We are aware of the serious psychological damage that incarceration has on children.

These are a few examples of the policies and strategies of the present administration in its handling of immigration. The level of cruelty inflicted by these policies is unconscionable and immoral.

Considering this reality, we must continue to advocate for just and comprehensive reform of our immigration system. How do we respond justly to those leaving deplorable situations of hunger and violence? How do we pass laws that respond to this humanitarian crisis? Cruel policies are certainly not the answer. Lack of courage on the part of Congress that does nothing is not the answer. How do we welcome those "huddled masses yearning to breathe free?" †

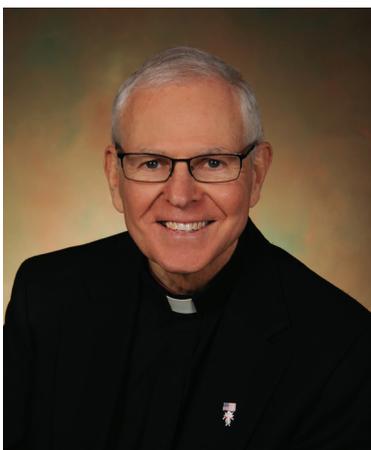


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preciousbloodkc.org

Go there for:
Province Events
The Weekly Wine Press
The New Wine Press
and more!

Walking on a New Path

Every morning as the province staff arrive at Precious Blood Center, Fr. Mike is out walking the property, prayer book in hand.



Fr. Mike Volkmer, C.P.P.S. served for 12 years as pastor at St. Mary's Church community in Albia, Iowa. He retired in June and soon after moved to Precious Blood Center in Liberty, Missouri. He has taken on senior priest in residence duties at St. James Parish in Liberty.

Fr. Mike Volkmer, C.P.P.S. is the senior priest in residence at St. James Parish in Liberty.

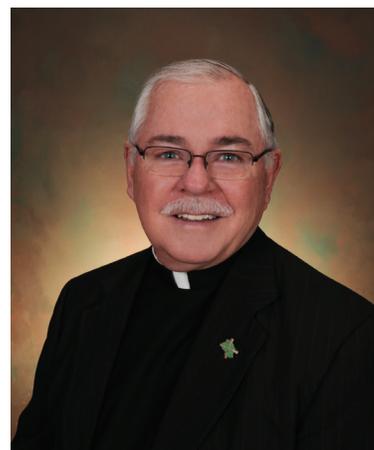
Fr. Mike says his move from Albia to Liberty has come with a lot of changes. One of the changes is in the number of families he serves in his ministry. St. Mary's is a parish of about 400 families, while St. James has approximately 1,800 families.

As senior priest in residence, Fr. Mike celebrates Masses, both at the parish and at local nursing homes; he also visits with the infirmed and builds relationships with parishioners by being present in the school and at parish functions. Although the number of families Fr. Mike is trying to get acquainted with is large, he says that he appreciates ministering without the meetings and other administration issues that pastors normally deal with.

When not at St. James, Fr. Mike appreciates the community he lives with at Precious Blood Center, not far from St. James. Living with three other priests is a "welcome experience." Moving to Liberty has also presented the opportunity to spend time with other local community members when they gather once a month at Gaspar Mission House in Kansas City. ✠

A Different Set of Lenses

Fr. Timothy Coday, C.P.P.S. is headed back to Tanzania. After three years of working at Unbound in Kansas City, the Tanzanian Province has asked Fr. Timothy to be the administrator of one of the province's hospitals in Malongwa.



Fr. Timothy Coday, C.P.P.S. will become the administrator for Tanzanian Province hospital in Malongwa at the end of September.

Fr. Timothy first ministered in Tanzania in 1984, on loan to the Italian Province, doing formation and parish work in Itigi, Tegeta, Dar es Salaam, Chibumagwa, Miyuji, Dodoma, Manyoni, and Kintinku. He later took over the Water Project, started by Br. Anthony Canterucci, C.P.P.S. of the Atlantic Province. Fr. Timothy said that the Water Project first helped the people of the region by digging wells for the residents. Then the ministry expanded into building a healthcare facility in Itigi that has grown into a state-of-the-art hospital. Lastly, the Water Project expanded to build primary and high schools for the town.

Although Fr. Timothy is grateful for the time back at Precious Blood Center, he is eager to return to Tanzania. "It's an honor," he says for the Tanzanian Province to ask him back to take over the hospital in Malongwa.

Additionally, Fr. Timothy says he has missed Tanzania. He feels it equally his home to the United States. Spending the first half of his life in the United States, he says, "is like wearing blue-lensed glasses." People in Tanzania see the world differently than in the United States—"they're looking through yellow glasses. After living in both places for so long, it's like I'm wearing green-lensed glasses. I get to see both viewpoints of the world." ✠



A Culture of Hope

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

IStockphoto.com

I drove back to Chicago after spending a weekend in Ohio for a family reunion of my mother's side of the family. We gathered in a small church—St. Patrick's in Glynwood, Ohio—where my family settled generations ago. We began with Mass and ended with a potluck lunch in the old one-room schoolhouse. A few of my distant cousins had researched our family and gave us the history of relatives from generations ago. It was a truly a family celebration of storytelling and renewing our family ties.

No sooner had I arrived back in Chicago, pulling into the parking lot of Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation, when I got word of a shooting that took place just a few blocks away. A young 18-year-old girl, Treja Kelley, was killed. That night and the following days were spent listening to stories, reaching out to Treja's family, and holding a prayer vigil.

As we assisted with the funeral arrangements, I was reminded of the stark difference between these two worlds—one in which we celebrate resilience and lives lived to their fullest, and the other of a young life cut short.

In her book *Until We Reckon*, Danielle Sered tells the story of a young man she knew. She writes, "I think all the time about Victor, a survivor of a serious assault. He was beaten terribly, stripped of all his clothes down to his boxers, and left in the middle of the street in the heart of winter lying in his own blood. When he told me of the story, he concluded it by saying, 'I was almost a victim.'"

Sered goes on to say that what he meant was that he almost died that night. He didn't see himself as a

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victim because he survived; a victim is a dead body. Anything short of death was just more or less a normal part of life.

PBMR is part of a community where too many young people grow up feeling that violence is a part of life. Violence has taken on a sense of normalcy; that is just the way it is. And it is more than guns, or young people who have no respect for life. It is more complicated than that. The normalcy of violence can only survive where people feel as though their lives have little value.

We can talk about violence prevention strategies, re-imagining the criminal justice system, and the many ways to confront the inequities in our nation, but at the very core must be a culture of kinship—a culture of hope.

Ours is a ministry of reconciliation as given to us by Christ himself: “But now in Christ Jesus you who formerly were far off have been brought near by the blood of Christ. For He Himself is our peace, who made both groups into one and broke down the barrier of the dividing wall” (Ephesians 2: 13-14). †

Fr. William Kramer, C.P.P.S.

by Amicus Thomas Gustin

“If he’s so smart, how come he’s not rich?”

This was the tag line in a large bold font covering the lower half of a full-page advertisement asking a very important question. It included a wonderful picture of Fr. William J. Kramer, C.P.P.S., L.Sc.N., Sc.D. Oh, lest I forget (as if that were possible), Fr. Bill was also my uncle. The subhead of that ad continued: “Imagine! Teaching with a doctorate for \$50 a month!”

Perhaps some may have believed that Fr. Bill was not wealthy, as asserted by the advertising text. I’ll address this topic later as I share my experiences of Fr. Bill with you. Keep in mind that I was never one of his students, so my experiences may be different than those who knew him from the classroom.

Fr. Bill was wise as well as smart, and he was an extremely effective teacher. Many considered him to be a genuine “Renaissance Man.” Students at St. Joseph’s College, where he taught for so many years, remember him working on the chapel organ. He was also on the staff of the respected publication *Philosophy Today*, translating many articles from German.

Fr. Bill lived a full and creative life. He taught more by his loving deeds than by his spoken word, even if he taught so much by the spoken word.



Fr. Bill was the richest man I have ever known. He shared himself and his wisdom and scientific knowledge in a lifelong ministry of love to his students and others. Anytime and anywhere he was ready to offer you his attention, empathy, and friendship. This was Fr. Bill sharing his personal wealth.

His warm and loving encounters with people speak of how rich he truly was. He freely shared these riches with many, in his teaching and in other ways in which his actions revealed the wealth of his love.

Thank you, Fr. Bill. You were smart, but you were also rich, and we are all grateful that you shared your treasure with us. †

Missionary in Motion: Fr. John Kostik, C.P.P.S.

by Fr. Jerome Stack, C.P.P.S.

Who would have thought that a poor boy from eastern Europe would end up as one of the first Precious Blood Missionaries to Chile? That's the story of Fr. John Kostik, C.P.P.S., born in eastern Slovakia in 1894. He emigrated to the U.S. with his family in 1908. A gifted student, he learned English quickly and entered St. Joseph's College in 1909, then continued his studies at St. Charles Seminary until his ordination in 1921.

After two years as a professor at St. Joseph's College, he was sent to the University of Wisconsin to obtain a master's degree in science. While there, he was awarded a scholarship to study marine biology at Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

He seemed to be on the way to a career in academia, but after just two months at Woods Hole, he was asked to become the parochial vicar at St. John the Baptist parish in Whiting, Indiana, because of his knowledge of Slovak. After two years, the pastor decided to retire, and the parish was entrusted to the capable pastoral care of Fr. Kostik.

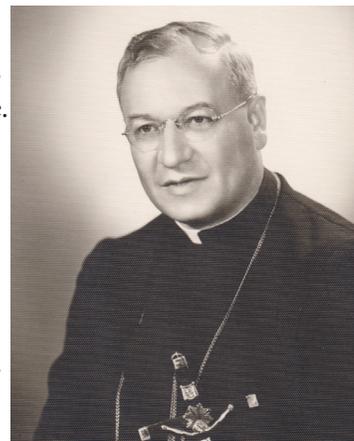
During the next 18 years as pastor, he oversaw the construction of the current church, which was begun during the Great Depression. Despite the circumstances, the church was completed on schedule, and within about a decade the debt had been retired—quite an impressive accomplishment for a congregation of 600 families, made up largely of Slovak immigrants, who were by no means wealthy. (Full disclosure: my maternal grandparents were members of the parish.)

An obviously talented man, Fr. Kostik was appointed rector of St. Charles Seminary in 1945. At the time, the American Province was actively seeking to send Missionaries to Latin America, and after examining several possibilities, Chile was chosen for the new foundation. Fr. Kostik volunteered for this new apostolate, along with Fr. John Wilson, a survivor of the Bataan Death March, and Fr. Paul Buehler.

In late 1947 they arrived in Santiago. They were given three parishes in the Diocese of Valdivia, one of

which in Purranque is still staffed by members of the Chilean Vicariate.

Unlike missionaries to foreign countries today, those pioneer Missionaries had minimal preparation for ministry in a different culture. Fr. Kostik began his ministry in Chile with little knowledge of Spanish, but he had a facility for languages (he already spoke five languages) and was eager to serve the people of Chile.



There was great enthusiasm for the new venture, and many members volunteered to go to Chile. By 1955, there were 22 C.P.P.S. members from the United States working in Chile.

Fr. Kostik left Chile in 1962, retiring at St. John the Baptist, where in 1970 he died in his beloved garden behind the rectory while reciting the Rosary.

St. Gaspar famously wrote in one of his letters: "Unlike statues, Missionaries are not motionless. They serve wherever God wills to call them." Fr. John Kostik's life was certainly a witness to that maxim. He was a Missionary in motion, responding to the signs of the times and to God's call.

(Fr. Antonio Baus, C.P.P.S., provided historical material on the Chilean Vicariate consulted for this biography.) †

The articles on Frs. William Kramer and John Kostik are part of a series of profiles of people who have had a significant impact on the Missionaries of the Precious Blood in the United States. These biographical sketches are of people nominated last fall as part of the Fair Inheritance Project. The suggestions came from members, Companions, and others.

Love Your Enemies?

by Tim Deveney, Precious Blood Volunteers Director

Jesus said to his disciples:

"To you who hear I say, love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who mistreat you. To the person who strikes you on one cheek, offer the other one as well, and from the person who takes your cloak, do not withhold even your tunic. Give to everyone who asks of you, and from the one who takes what is yours do not demand it back. Do to others as you would have them do to you. For if you love those who love you, what credit is that to you? Even sinners love those who love them. And if you do good to those who do good to you, what credit is that to you? Even sinners do the same. If you lend money to those from whom you expect repayment, what credit is that to you? Even sinners lend to sinners, and get back the same amount. But rather, love your enemies and do good to them, and lend expecting nothing back; then your reward will be great and you will be children of the Most High, for he himself is kind to the ungrateful and the wicked. Be merciful, just as also your Father is merciful. Luke 6:27-36

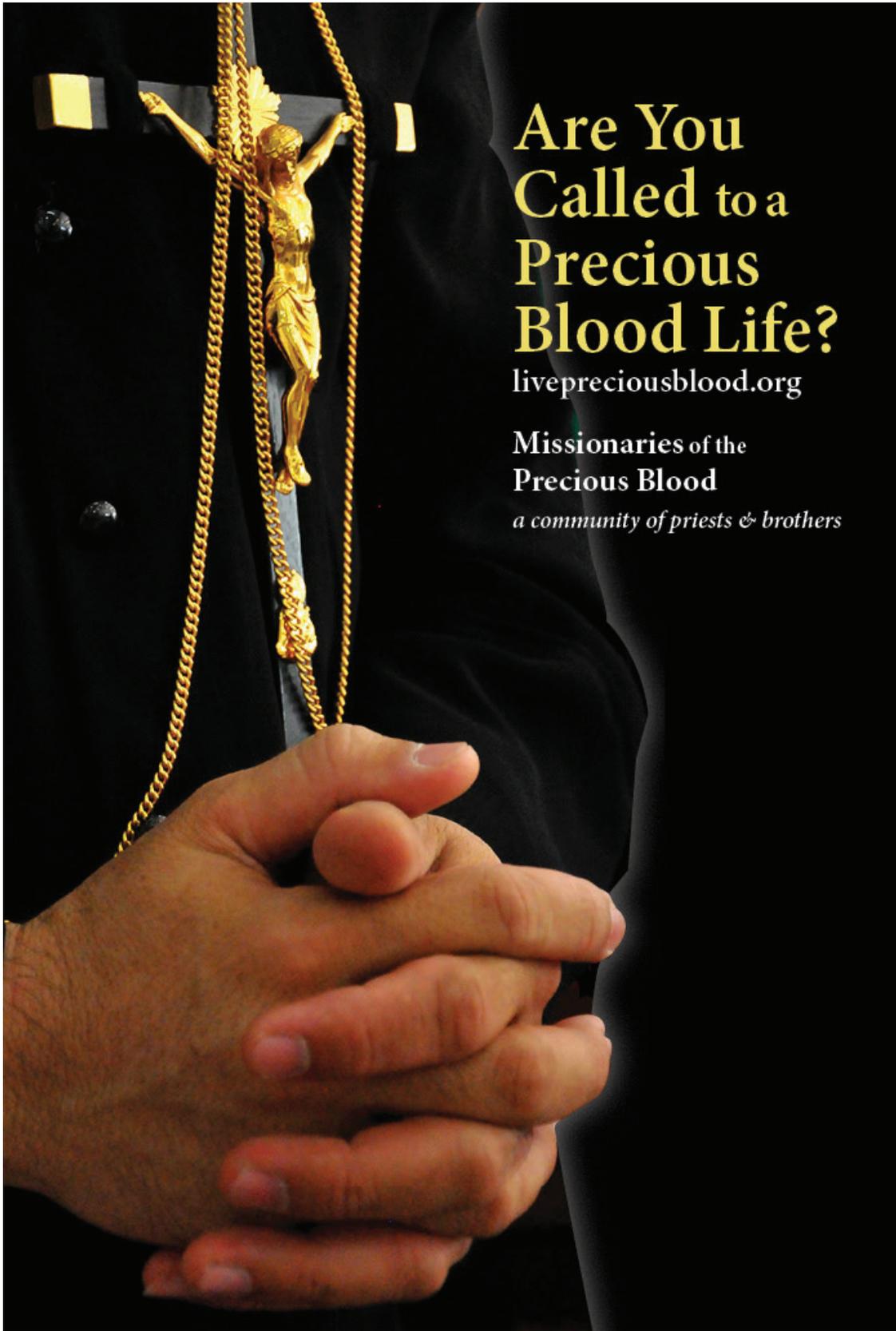
The 18th anniversary of attacks on the Pentagon and the World Trade Center buildings was marked last month with memorials for the victims. In the days following these attacks people had many different responses. There was grief, sadness, anger, horror. Many people reached out in love to their neighbors. People lined up to give blood to the victims. First responders in New York worked feverishly, and without concerns for their own health and safety, to find survivors. There was an outpouring of prayers for the people who died in the attacks and for the families whose loved ones would not be walking through the doors in the evenings.

There was also a strong movement for vengeance. Muslims in the United States were targeted for violence as were people who were thought to be Muslims. On a larger scale the United States invaded Afghanistan to find Osama bin Laden and the other conspirators of the terror attacks of September

11th. Eventually the attacks on New York and Washington, D.C. were used as reasons for invading Iraq. We are still mired in these conflicts with a great deal of human blood that continues to be shed in both countries.

The memories of where people were when it happened is seared on our minds and hearts. I was living and working in Kathmandu, Nepal when these attacks happened. I was overwhelmed by the compassion and love my Nepali coworkers showed to me and my fellow American volunteers in the days and weeks following the attacks. My strongest memory of the week was at daily Mass on Thursday, September 13th. The words of the Gospel, which was Luke 6:27-38, jumped right out at me. Jesus's words coming to us during the emotions of sadness, anger, and vengeance that came with that grief. Jesus tells us "love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who mistreat you." Luke reports that Jesus says we should be merciful as God is merciful to us. It's Jesus calling us to something more. It is, I believe, a call to not respond out of anger or vengeance, but to act with love, mercy, peace, and justice.

Our response to crime and terrorism is a response of violence. The response to almost any transgression against the law is to lock people up in prison or jail them. For our brothers and sisters who cross borders because of violence, poverty, and lack of opportunity is to deport them or put them in detention facilities. When we are attacked by people viewed as outsiders, our response is with our military might. As I am writing this article there is a drumbeat for war against Iran. As always, we need to be listening to these words from Jesus to love others, which means that we need to work for peace, to be merciful, and do good to others. ✠



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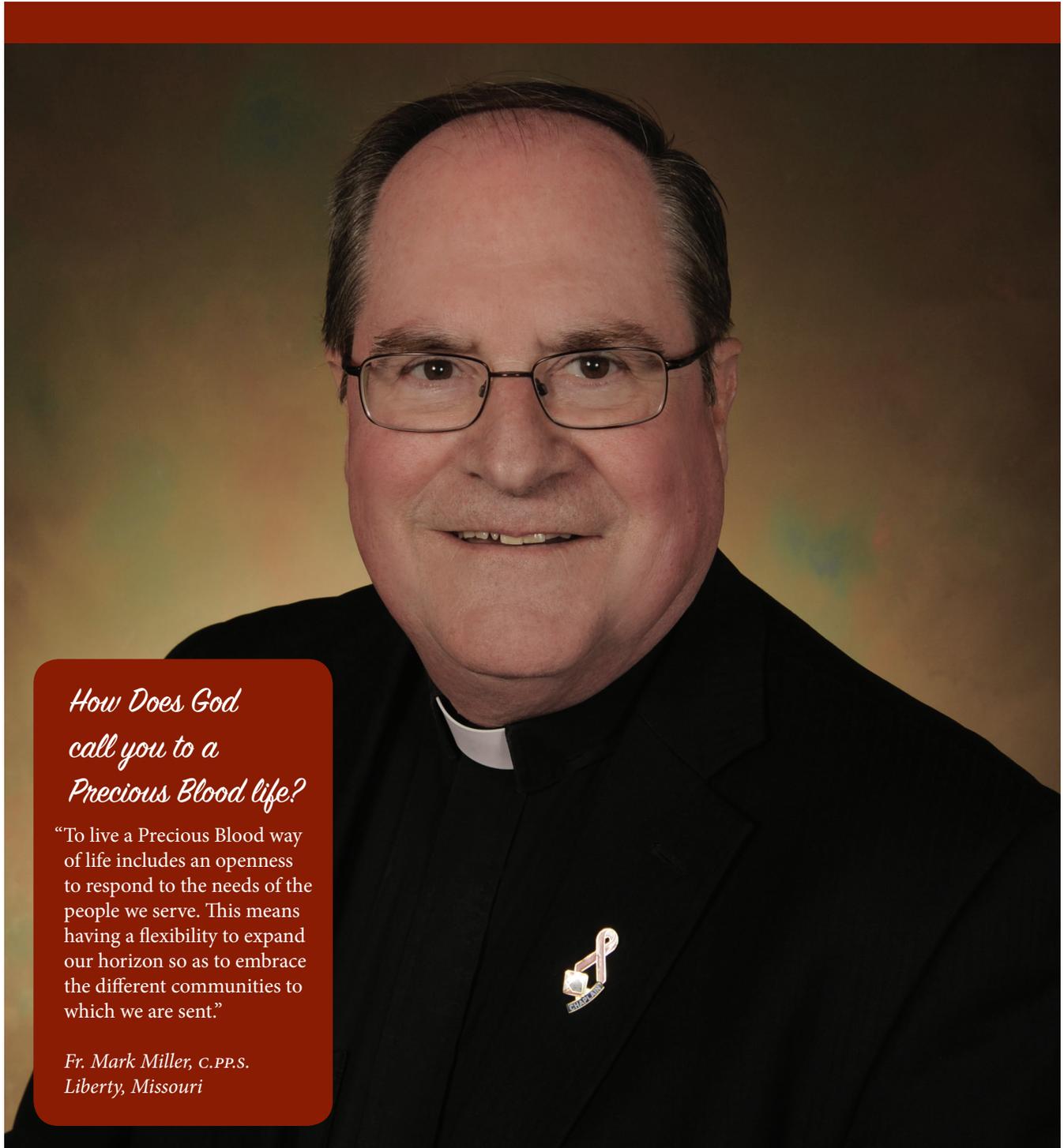
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“To live a Precious Blood way of life includes an openness to respond to the needs of the people we serve. This means having a flexibility to expand our horizon so as to embrace the different communities to which we are sent.”

*Fr. Mark Miller, C.P.P.S.
Liberty, Missouri*