

The MESSENGER

MISSIONARIES OF THE HOLY FAMILY

The Face of a Priest



Father Phil Sosa at the age of 9

The MESSENGER

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The MESSENGER

MISSIONARIES OF THE HOLY FAMILY

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Provincial Perspective

Dear Family,

As we prepare for a change of seasons, we cannot help but notice that we are living in difficult and challenging times. We look at our world and the changes happening that we cannot understand: violence and conflicts, lack of respect for authority, loss of family values and morals, and so on. God seems to no longer be a part of our lives.

We long to find a little peace to refresh and renew our wearied minds and hearts. We can only imagine what it must have been like for Mary and Joseph in living out their lives submitting to God's will. They also questioned and feared what they could not understand.

We have to do our part in faith by trusting God in our lives. The opportunity is given to us to reflect on the gift of God's Son, Jesus Christ, who came to live among us and show us the way to the Father. As followers and witnesses of Jesus, we are given the Holy Spirit to bring about change and build the Kingdom of God in our world.

The Holy Family of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph is our example of keeping a close relationship with God by praying daily and by loving and serving one another. With Jesus Christ as the foundation of our lives, He brings us the gift of true peace.

Best wishes for a Blessed and Happy New Year for you and your family, and thank you for everything!

Sincerely in the Holy Family, I am

Fr. Phil Sosa, M.S.F.

Very Reverend Philip Sosa, M.S.F.
Provincial Superior



Very Rev. Philip Sosa, M.S.F.

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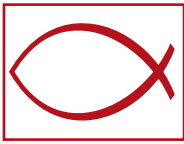
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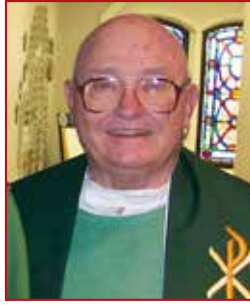
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A PROFILE OF SERVICE

“Well Done, Good and Faithful Servant!”



Reverend James C. Wasser, M.S.F.

December 20, 1944 – November 23, 2018

Fortified with the Sacraments of Holy Mother Church, Father Jim entered eternal life on Friday, November 23, 2018. He was the beloved son of the late Louis and Hilda Wasser (née Braundmeier); dear brother of Jerry Wasser and the late Bob and Cletus Wasser; dear brother-in-law of Margie Wasser; a dear uncle, great-uncle, cousin, friend, and brother in priestly life.

In 1959, Father Jim attended Holy Family Seminary in Overland, Missouri as a freshman, and he became a candidate. He left the seminary and graduated from Mercy High School in Saint Louis in 1963.

He returned as a Brother candidate and was a perpetually professed Brother with the Missionaries of the Holy Family. With permission, he changed his Brother status in our religious community to become a priest. He was

ordained as a Priest of Jesus Christ on May 25, 1974 in Saint Louis.

Father Jim served as pastor and associate pastor in many of our parishes in Missouri, Illinois, and Texas. He was provincial superior from 1990 to 1996. He was also novice master for our community, including dean of studies at Holy Family Seminary.

In Texas, he served as pastor at Holy Family and Our Lady of Perpetual Help Parishes in New Braunfels. He was the assistant pastor at Immaculate Heart of Mary and Assumption Parishes in Harlingen.

In Illinois, Father Jim was chaplain at Saint Elizabeth Medical Center in Granite City. In his final ministry, he served as pastor at Saint Wenceslaus Parish in Saint Louis, Missouri, and he was an avid fan of the Saint Louis Cardinals baseball team.

Father Jim also loved to write poetry! Following is a poem he wrote that could be used for members of the Missionaries of the Holy Family upon their death. Only a substitution of

names is needed. We inserted Father Jim's name, and we are honored to present his final, published poem in loving memory of him:

A Servant of the Lord

In the month of December in the year 1944,
A babe was born under the sun.
His name was James Charles and he grew quite fast,
He grew in God's love with a faith that would last.
As his years passed by and his stature grew tall,
He lived each day and strengthened his call.
His ministry was wide and shared by many;
He never looked back nor held in his smile,
As a priest of God, he walked the extra mile.
Day in and day out, he'd listen with compassion,
Always offering his love in a Christ like fashion.
As any good priest, when he began each day,
He'd pray for Christ's strength to come his way.
Now many of us here knew Father Jim quite well,
His love of family many did tell.
With Mom and Dad and family around,
The true Wasser "spirit" did always abound.
Now as a priest in our community,
Father Jim always lived the spirit of unity.
When times were hard and sometimes dark,
Leave it to Father Jim to rekindle the spark.
Then one day this past week,
Father Jim was called by the Creator to speak.
As he stood before God, the Essence of all Glory,
Father Jim began to unfold his own story.
Now as he spoke, there was no gloom,
For with his last breath, he entered his room.
A room of light, a room of love,
A room readied for him by God the Father above.

© **Father Jim Wasser, M.S.F.**

Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. Amen. May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Contributions in memory of Father Jim are greatly appreciated. Please mail your gift to the Missionaries of the Holy Family at 3014 Oregon Avenue, Saint Louis, MO 63118. Thank you and God bless your family!



REJOICE AND BE GLAD

Fifty (50!) Years as a Priest

by Very Reverend Philip Sosa, M.S.F.

I am the oldest of a family of nine children: three boys, then three girls, and three more boys. The last two boys died shortly after birth, so there are seven siblings surviving today. My life experience was that of a large family with lots of fun. My parents were simple people; but wise, loving, and caring.



Father Phil with his Mom (holding him) and his aunt.

Growing up, my Mom taught us boys to do chores in the house: wash dishes, sweep and mop floors, wash clothes and iron, and even cook. As we got older, we began to take care of the outside work, including the yard.

There were no dull moments. Meals were always together as a family, and Mom was a good cook. Many times, when our friends were at the house, they were invited to eat with us. Simple meals, but there was always food on the table.

Church was important to our family. Once we were old enough to go to Mass by ourselves, our parents would ask us what the priest talked about at the homily. It was in ninth grade that I first heard of vocations to the priesthood.



Father Phil at the age of 9.

My school buddy and I were at that Mass. Coming out of church he asked me, *"Why don't you go to the seminary?"* I said, *"No, and for the same reason you won't go: GIRLS!"*

I played football and basketball in high school, but I decided to get out of sports in order to work after school and help my parents. I worked as a stock boy and cashier at Price's Red and White Grocery Store. Mom and Dad traded at the store, so the owners knew me.

During my sophomore year in high school, we had a career day. I knew I wanted to go to college. My parents could not afford it, so I thought I'd join

the Navy. I chose two options, Navy recruiter and priesthood.

I wanted to be an altar server, but I did not get the chance since we lived too far from church. I did not mention to my friends, either the girls or the boys, that I had chosen the priesthood as one of my career options. Would they think I had an attitude that I was better than them?

The day I walked into the room to learn more about religious vocations, some of my own friends were there, too. They wanted to know why I had not told them I had also chosen religious vocations. I simply told them, *“Probably for the same reason you did not tell me!”*

Father Clement, a Missionary of the Holy Family (MSF) priest, was the pastor at Our Lady of the Assumption Church in Harlingen, Texas, and he would come weekly to visit my little brother Pete (who still has health complications). Father Clement would say, *“I have come to visit my little friend Pete.”*

I did not know the difference between the diocesan and religious priesthood. Later, I was encouraged to apply to the seminary of the Missionaries of the Holy Family. I thought that if the seminary is not for me, I'd still be eligible to serve Uncle Sam in the Navy.

I was only 17 when my parents put me on the train from Harlingen to Saint Louis, Missouri via Houston. It was my first time away from home and the longest train ride by myself. The

very day I arrived at the seminary, I felt like it was where I belonged because everyone made me feel at home.



Father Phil with the seminary rector, Father Joseph Mathey, M.S.F.

Father Joseph Mathey was the rector of the seminary, and he was very trusting of me. I finished my senior year of high school at Holy Family Seminary in Saint Louis. Later, I entered the novitiate year, which is “religious boot camp,” in Hillman, Minnesota. Afterwards, came two years of philosophy in Farmington, Missouri.

I never thought of going to Rome, Italy. However, for theology school, I was sent to our International Scholasticate in Rome. Students worldwide, from each of the 15 provinces of the Missionaries of the Holy Family, were sent to the International Scholasticate. It was a wonderful experience that fostered a lively, international spirit within our congregation.

Unfortunately, the generalate superiors decided to close our International Scholasticate -- which was a mistake. Later, when I returned to Rome the first time as provincial, I already knew five of the MSF provincials because I studied and lived with them all those years ago. I did not feel like a stranger in my own house.



Father Phil with his parents at his Ordination Mass, June 1, 1968.

My ordination to the priesthood took place in my home parish, Our Lady of the Assumption Church in Harlingen, Texas, on June 1, 1968. My first assignment was as a hospital chaplain at LA County General Hospital in Los Angeles, California for four years. Then, six months as parish administrator of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in Cuero, Texas.

For the next 15 years, I was in Saint Louis as novice master, rector of the seminary, and provincial superior. Following this, I served 20 years as pastor in Harlingen, vocation director in San Antonio, and pastor in the Rio Grande Valley in Donna, Texas.

For the past 11 years, I found myself back in Saint Louis as provincial superior again, this time at least until 2021. Uncle Sam did not get me, but the Church did, and I am happy where I am and have been. God is good!

No matter where I have been assigned, I've done my best by trusting in God's help, and He has blessed me with many friends all across the country. Many families have allowed me to be part of their family, and this has

blessed my life as a result. I never feel alone no matter where I go.

One of my favorite saints is Saint Theresa the Little Flower. Her spirituality attracted me: do ordinary



Father Phil at a Quinceañera Mass in 2011.

things in an extraordinary way. Be yourself and let God be part of your life. The virtue of humility is very much a part of our calling as a priest in following Jesus. Being a priest is a challenging life and our example touches many people.

Priests are not perfect, and we need prayers and the support of people. But, most of all, God must be at the center of our life. I've always made myself aware of God's presence in my life, no matter where I go or what I am doing.

I've also enjoyed fishing, and I grew up with an avid fisherman, my Dad. He would take the boys fishing every weekend, and he taught us how to drive a car at that time, too. I was ready to get my driver's license at 14 years old, but then the state law changed the age to 16.

My Dad was a truck driver, and one summer he took me with him, and he let me drive that semi. Boy, did I feel good handling that big rig! Guess that's why I love driving.

Times have changed over the years. The priesthood, of course, still has a place in our society. Pray that young men think about the possibility of

the priesthood. They will go through different stages of discernment, as individuals and through community evaluation.

As I look back on my own life, I would do it again, trusting ever more so in God's graces and help. And I will always pray for you. God bless your family. **+JM+**

Men of God: Priests Forever

In this Year of Our Lord 2019, two priests of the Missionaries of the Holy Family are celebrating anniversaries of their ordination.

We thank God for our priests and brothers, and we beseech Him to send us many more. If you would like to send a Tribute Gift in honor of one or more of these Men of God, please send it to 3014 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, MO 63118. Thank you and God bless your family!



Fr. Simon Brzozowski, M.S.F.
55 years



Fr. Arthur Ockwood, M.S.F.
60 years

Do You Want More Holy Priests?

Please join the *Holy Family Circle* and help foster vocations to the priesthood! Find your level of joyful giving below, complete the form, and mail it or a copy to 3014 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, MO 63118.

Giving Level	Associate..... up to \$49 per month	Patriarch/Matriarch
Examples:	Samaritan..... \$50 per month	\$10,000 annual gift
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HOMETOWN HEROES

The Key to Success

by Scott Brouk

Greetings! My name is Scott Brouk, and I am a lifelong parishioner of Saint Wenceslaus Church in Saint Louis, Missouri. I went to my parish school for grades one and two, and I remember how cool it was to actually run home for lunch because I lived just a block away (and I still do!).

I finished my grade school years at Notre Dame Elementary, a consolidated school on the campus of Saint Francis de Sales Parish. From there, it was high school at Saint John the Baptist on Delor Street. I was mostly an average student at best. Looking back, I wish I had applied myself more than I did. Some of my classmates and I used to refer to school as the "slave house!"

After graduating (by the skin of my teeth) in 1982, I really had no plan of what would be my career. I followed my older sisters, Rae Ann and Sally, in working for Ponderosa Steak House on Hampton Avenue. My baby sister Laura broke with tradition, but by then Ponderosa was gone and she was the



Scott Brouk and the late Father Jim Wasser, M.S.F.

only one of us to go to college.

The Ponderosa job lasted less than a year, and then I took some time off. I got a job as a temporary worker at Dolgin's (which later became Best Buy) filling orders and contouring

chairs. My job was to remove glue from the base of the chairs before they were painted. The boss asked me one day if I could do the painter's job, and I said, "Yes." Later that same day, I was laid off work! It took me awhile to get over the disappointment.

One day in April of 1985, I was told of another opportunity, and this was for a manager of a video rental store. The store's name was Disc-O-Video because it housed one of the largest collections of laser discs (anybody remember those?). These were larger than a record album and needed a special player to view them. We also had VHS tapes.

This business was owned by Joe Clements, Sr. In October of that year,

the business went under, and Joe asked me if I would be interested in becoming a locksmith. He told me that the lock shop was on Arsenal, only a couple of



Scott and Paula with a picture of the late owner, Joe Clements.

blocks from my house, and it was in business since 1973. I told him, "Yes!"

My true mentor at Clements Lock & Key really wasn't Joe, but it was a man named Ronnie Kannewurf who still is in the locksmith business. He was very patient with me as he taught me all the aspects of being a locksmith. Sadly, he quit a few years after I started because he wouldn't sign an S.O.P. Contract (Standard Operating Procedure). Hard to believe, but I recently found the original contract I signed in 1987! Ronnie's departure was a big blow to me, but I stuck with the job.

The business really began to flourish. At one point, in the early 1990s, we had seven or eight people working full time, which included Joe and his wife Paula. Joe and Paula are both military veterans, and Joe served in Vietnam. They initially met when they were stationed together in Virginia after the war, and they got married only one

week later!

As the years passed, the business only consisted of the three of us. In 2010, I began to have chest pains for the first time. It was so bad one night that I called 911. The medical staff checked me out, and my blood pressure was high, but I was okay. I went to my doctor for a physical examination, and he thought the problem was esophageal spasms. He asked me if I exercised, and unfortunately, I did not. This motivated me to start becoming more active.

Shortly after all this, Joe had a heart attack! The surgeons had to do a quadruple bypass and insert a pacemaker. But in pretty short order,



Scott Brouk with the previous co-owner, Paula Clements.

he recovered from it. I began to go out on business calls with him, and whenever we finished a call, Joe would tell Paula, "*The dastardly duo have done it again!*"

I received a call on New Year's Day 2018 from Paula, and she said that Joe had a stroke. Paula was actually able to diagnose his symptoms, and she saved his life. I ran the shop by myself

because Paula was with Joe pretty much all of his waking hours.

As the months slowly went by, Joe's recovery did not look promising. I would pray the Rosary for him every day at work. Still, there was no plan in place for moving forward with the business. However, in early April, I got a call from Jason Deem, a real estate developer on the south side of Saint Louis, who was our best master key client. He said that he would like to buy the business, and I said, *"I'm all ears! Please give Paula a call."*



Scott Brouk (second from left) with the new owner and management team.

Sadly, on April 29, 2018, Joe passed away. Another month or so went by, and I was still in the shop by myself. Jason was the new owner by now, and he came up with a new location for the store at 2626 Cherokee Street. We decided that opening day for the new location would be on Wednesday, August 1.

Now that we had a plan, the real work began! By the grace of God, the move began on Friday, July 27, and we opened right on schedule. I asked

Father Jim Wasser, the late pastor of Saint Wenceslaus Parish, to bless our new store, and he did so on Friday, August 17. This is a very special date for me because my dear mom, Marie Brouk, died 11 years ago on this day.


Less than a month later, on Wednesday, September 12, we had a wonderful turnout for the Grand Opening Party for the new and improved Clements Lock & Security at 2626 Cherokee Street.



Scott Brouk with his sister Sally (left) and Paula Clements.

When I look back at everything that happened this past year, I honestly believe that the key to success is to put your full trust in God because He always has a plan! Sometimes it just takes awhile for it to be realized.

If you live in Saint Louis, or if you are just visiting, please feel free to stop by Clements Lock & Security and enjoy the many shops and restaurants located in the great Cherokee Street Neighborhood: www.clementslock.com and (314) 865-2242. **After all, keys made by humans work better!**

P.S. The patron saint of locksmiths is Saint Baldomerus, a monk of Lyons, France who died in 650 A.D. *Saint Baldomerus, pray for us!* 



YOUTHFUL OUTLOOK

A Blessing within a Blessing

by Mandy Ortiz

The Hallmark Channel celebrates the Christmas spirit in July with a repertoire of movies filled with mentions of the Nativity story, the spirit of giving, glorious white snow, heartwarming love stories, Christmas trees and ornaments, Christmas cookies, and colors of red, green, silver, and gold. In a new tradition, my family and I end the month of July with a Christmas style dinner.

Together as a family on the last Sunday of July, we break bread and enjoy a time of fellowship and anticipate the arrival of the Advent and Christmas season. Turkey, dressing, that delicious cranberry sauce, and all the fixins'. Our "Christmas in July" dinner was extra special in 2018, and it reminded us of a blessing within a blessing.

There was no need for dessert after dinner because my nephew, A.J., provided the sweetness of a dessert in

the form of a blessing. As A.J. played with his cars and Playdoh, these sweet words came from his mouth, *"God bless you and keep you safe. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen."*



A.J. receiving a blessing from Father Francois, M.S.F.

Our heads turned in awe and amazement at this three-year-old, little boy. Immediately, we knew exactly where this prayer and imitation came from:

"Not seeking my own benefit but that of the many, that they may be saved. Be imitators of me, as I am of Christ." **1 Corinthians 10:33; 11:1**

Rev. Ralainirina "Father Francois" Rakotoavoavy, M.S.F., pastor of Holy Family Catholic Church in New Braunfels, Texas, is the man responsible for this ember and encouragement of prayer. At the Saturday and Sunday Masses, Father Francois offers a

children's blessing after Communion for all young ones, from pregnant women to tiny infants to teenagers. As children line up, Father Francois lays his hands upon each child individually and prays "God bless you and keep you safe. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Children imitate what they are exposed to, we cannot deny this. We are not perfect creatures, we fall short each day, and sometimes we may let a few unsatisfactory words slip from our mouths in front of our young ones. Parents are familiar with that embarrassing moment when their child repeats a negative word they've heard. Make no mistake, my nephew has done this once, maybe twice.

However, this powerful statement of prayer that came from these very young and innocent lips opened our eyes to the blessing within the blessing that Father Francois offers to A.J. and the children every weekend. How beautiful that, although A.J. may not fully understand the Gospel or Father's homily yet, he walks away each Sunday with a tangible call to mission and prayer. A.J. blessed each of us that day, physically and spiritually with those seven small words, "God bless you and keep you safe."

I am the organizer for our Vocation Ministry at Holy Family Church. After we witnessed A.J.'s prayer, we were inspired to have a blessing for our children, teenagers, and young adults returning to school. Father Francois and the Vocation Ministry organized a Back to School Blessing at each Mass

the last weekend of August. Children were encouraged to bring their backpacks to be blessed, and they received a white silicon bracelet embossed with the words "Jesus Guard My Heart and Mind." Father Francois blessed each student, and our community of

faith prayed for our children, the new school year, and their schools, faculty, and staff.

With the many tragic shootings in our nation, especially in schools, we are reminded that some places we deemed secure and safe are now questioned by many. The safety in our places of worship, schools, workplaces, event venues, movie theaters, and shopping centers are being compromised. Many ask what is the answer or the solution. Some argue that prayer is not the answer, however, prayer is a great place to begin:

"Pray for one another... The fervent prayer of a righteous person is very powerful." **James 5:16**



Father Francois and A.J.

This act of prayer for our young people before the new school year surrounds our children in God's grace, love, and protection. It is a call to action for parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles, godparents, our church community, and students themselves to keep each other in prayer at all times. It is a call to action to consider blessing our children and each other in the morning, before work or school, and before we lay our heads down to sleep at night.

With the approval from Father Francois, the Vocation Ministry at Holy Family Church will sponsor the same Back to School blessing three times a year:

- (1) prior to mid-terms and exams for our middle, high school, and college students,
- (2) before our students return to school after the Christmas break, and
- (3) before the new school year.

This is a great way to encourage and set an example for our students to stay strong and faithful in prayer, to support parents in our community, and to place our trust in God's providential care for our lives. From the prayer of a priest, to the imitation and prayer of a three-year-old child, to the call to action for more prayer in our schools and for our students, you can truly see the blessing within a blessing. +jMj+

Around The Province...

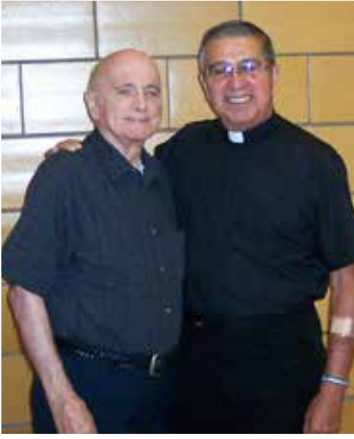


Father Jim Wuerth, M.S.F., one of our retired priests, recently enjoyed a family visit.

Party in Saint Louis



Party in Saint Louis



On Saturday, 25 August 2018, Very Rev. Philip Sosa, M.S.F., provincial superior of the Missionaries of the Holy Family, celebrated his 50th ordination to the Priesthood of Jesus Christ at Saint Wenceslaus Church in Saint Louis, Missouri. Congratulations, Father Phil!





“WHOM SHALL I SEND?”

My Journey as a Religious Brother

by Brother Rolland Kapsner, M.S.F.

On February 1, 1967, I began my journey as a religious brother with the Missionaries of the Holy Family. I started out at Holy Family Church on Bulldog Lake in Hillman, Minnesota. At that time, I became a postulant, which is a time to become familiar with religious life, as well as an opportunity for the community to determine if I was a good fit for them.

The way of life for a brother consisted of prayer and the ability to do manual work to benefit the community. In a short period of time, I became aware that this life was for me. Each day began with Morning Prayer followed by Mass. During the hours of manual labor, several prayer times would take place throughout the day.

In July of 1967, I was informed that if I wanted to continue that I must write a letter to the provincial superior requesting permission to enter the novitiate, which is the next step to becoming a religious brother. The provincial approved my request, and



Brother Rolland Kapsner, M.S.F.
at his Anniversary Mass.

on August 6, 1967, I traveled to Holy Family Seminary in Saint Louis, Missouri to make an eight-day retreat in preparation for my entrance into the novitiate.

On August 14, 1967, I officially entered the novitiate in Farmington, Missouri, which lasted for a period of one year and one day. The main focus was

learning the way of life as a religious by studying the requirements of living according to the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, as well as following the rules of the Constitution of the Missionaries of the Holy Family.

Likewise, emphasis was placed on the importance of manual labor. As it turned out, I ended up as the cook, preparing three meals a day for the community for a period of six months.

In July 1968, my novice master told me that if it was my desire to make vows to become a religious brother, I must write a letter to the provincial requesting permission to be accepted.

The provincial and his council

accepted my request. On August 15, 1968, I took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, which included observation and obedience to the rules of the community's constitution. Upon making this commitment, I publicly became a religious brother with the Missionaries of the Holy Family.



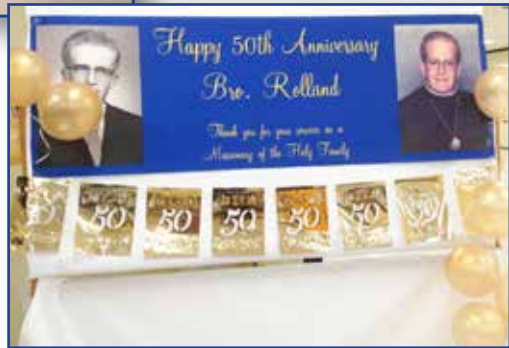
The very next day, August 16, 1968, I was informed by the provincial that my first assignment would be at Holy Family Church on Bulldog Lake in Hillman, Minnesota. This assignment lasted until June 15, 1980. The type of work I did at Bulldog Lake was varied. My teaching duties consisted of preparing adults to receive the sacraments, as well as religious instruction for children preparing for First Confession, First Communion, and Confirmation.

The manual labor included the operation of a roller skating rink, running a small farm, and other tasks too numerous to mention. Needless to say, there was plenty of work to prevent me from becoming bored! In June of

1980, the provincial called to inform me that my services were needed at Holy Family Seminary in Saint Louis, Missouri.

My main duties at the seminary were to keep up the grounds and do the maintenance work wherever it was needed. Likewise, I was able to receive a GED Certificate and to take classes at the Paul the VI Institute to prepare myself for teaching CCD (Confraternity of Christian Doctrine) classes at different parishes within the Archdiocese of Saint Louis.

In September of 1990, the provincial informed me that I



was being transferred to Holy Family Church in Edinburg, Texas. The pastor told me that my main duty would be to put together a CCD program for students in grades 1 – 12. This was quite a change from doing grounds keeping and maintenance work at the seminary!

Then the Diocese of Brownsville informed me that I had to take additional courses to do the work of a DRE (Director of Religious Education).

I was successful in coming up with a CCD program for the parish, and it did seem that my work as a religious brother from that time on would be in the area of teaching. So, with the permission of the provincial, I took courses at Incarnate Word College in San Antonio, Texas and received a Certificate in Pastoral Ministry in June of 1993.



Brother Rolland with family members.

In November of 1993, I was assigned to Saint Joseph's Church in Corpus Christi, Texas. I was in charge of implementing a n R C I A program (Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults) to prepare adults to receive the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and First Communion. It was also at this time that I began the ministry of taking Holy Communion to parishioners who were homebound.

Among other tasks, I was assigned as chairman of the raffle for the annual parish festival. This raffle consisted of purchasing a new automobile and selling chances for \$5.00. My job

was to keep a balance of the number of tickets given out and the amount of money received for the tickets. To

this day, I am still involved with this project. The annual profit for the raffle is usually anywhere between \$27,000 and \$30,000 over and above the cost of the vehicle, and this is used to cover the expenses of the CCD program.

In September of 2002, I was assigned to Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in Seguin, Texas where my duties are similar to my many ministries at Saint Joseph's in Corpus Christi. I am happy to note that my assignment remains here in Seguin.



Brother Rolland with the Guadalupanas Society.

In conclusion, I need to say that as I mark my 50th

anniversary of making First Vows as a religious brother, it would not have been possible without the grace of God and your prayer support. Please be assured of my prayers for you daily. May God's peace and blessings always rest upon you and your family. +jmi+



An Invitation

The Family Forever Society

by Very Reverend Philip Sosa, M.S.F.

What is the Family Forever Society? It's very simple! Members of this special society are people who have remembered the Missionaries of the Holy Family in their wills or estate plans. Their bequests are called Legacy Gifts.

While most Legacy Gifts are made with the intention of the Missionaries of the Holy Family receiving benefits in the future, some Legacy Gifts are realized in the present. Gifts of securities or stock, real estate, and other tangible property are usually transferred before December 31 of any year so the benefactor can realize tax breaks for charitable donations.

Most Legacy Gifts are used as principal for our Retirement Trust Fund. While we do have a modest trust fund to help cover the rising cost of healthcare needed by the elderly and disabled members of our religious community, medical expenses will only increase as our members grow older.

Please consider joining our Family Forever Society. To receive a free booklet on preparing your will, please send your request to me at 3014 Oregon Avenue, Saint Louis, MO 63118, or call me at 1-888-484-9945. If you are remembering us in your will, please remember us as: *Congregation of the Missionaries of the Holy Family - North American Province.*

Our Holy Family priests and brothers will always hold you and your loved ones in prayer. Isn't that what a Family is supposed to do? Thank you and God bless you... *forever.*



Forever Yours in the Holy Family,

Fr. Phil Sosa, M.S.F.

Very Reverend Philip Sosa, M.S.F.
Provincial Superior, North American Province



HOLY FAMILY SEMINARY

The Adventures of Seminary Life

by Doug Kruse

I never thought of myself as a city boy. But I had to admit it, on my first morning at Holy Family Seminary in Overland, Missouri, when I was called out of my dreams by a crowing rooster at some horrendous hour. I think

the rooster, or one of his gang of felons, woke me up every morning. I never got used to it.

Five years later, in Hillman, Minnesota, my first loon call would leave me dumbfounded. At least the loon, an aquatic bird, made me laugh, and I found it more soothing than the rooster.

I was an obsessive kid when I arrived at the seminary. If I had an assignment, I *had* to make it perfect. If I had to memorize the conjugation of a verb, I *had* to rattle off the whole thing: indicative, subjunctive, present, past, future, even the inexplicable pluperfect. I still don't know what *pluperfect* means, but by jingles (thank you, Father Kieras) I memorized it anyway.

One of the features of obsessiveness is moral perfectionism or scrupulosity. Since fourth grade, I had lived in fear of



Doug Kruse (left) with Philip Sosa in 1968.

sin, which seemed to lurk everywhere. If I impulsively tore a corner off a page in the girls' paper-drive trailer and added it to the boys' trailer, I worried about stealing. Scrupulosity took the fun out of being

a kid!

Of course, with priests all around me, there were plenty of opportunities to go to Confession. The problem became obvious within weeks, if not days, and I was referred to Father Copeland. He was very tender with me, told me this could be easily solved, and recommended a book on the subject. That reading healed me, of at least moral perfectionism.

My encounter with Father Copeland happened at a time when he was moving toward a position of authority, therefore needing respect, and I was moving toward adolescence, and therefore needing to rebel. So, we never had a comfortable relationship. But I can't let go of him without expressing my gratitude for that first encounter.

There were things about the seminary

that made a strong and immediate impression on the new kid. One of these was the liturgy. After all, we kids sat barely three yards from the sanctuary. The Mass seemed like it was in my lap. I didn't understand the Latin, nor for that matter did I understand the liturgy yet, but the mere physical proximity laid in my memory a sense of intimacy with the Mass. As I matured a little and learned the parts of the Mass, I would draw on that memory. For the time being, I was merely impressed with the "show."

Of course, the big show was the solemn High Mass. We got to see a lot of that because there seemed to be new deacons and subdeacons every year. The *ite missa est* with the *Alleluias* during Easter time provided us kids an opportunity to speculate whether the singer of it (deacon or subdeacon, I can't remember which) would stumble on the last *Alleluia*.

We'd been following the Mass by reading in our missals for years. The solemn High Mass gave us reasons to put our missals down. It gave us new actions to see, music to hear and sing,

and, given the incense, something to smell and even to taste, since smell and taste tend to trigger each other. The Mass pulled us in body and soul. It also drew us to want to be a part of what was going on in the sanctuary.



Doug Kruse making Temporary Vows on August 15, 1962.

Another thing that got our fervent attention was the food. Breakfast at the seminary is particularly memorable to me because I associate it with the pastries that Father Albers picked up frequently at Pfeifer's Bakery on Clayton Road.

I enjoyed the food at all meals. I remember learning to eat liver, which I loved for its taste and its texture for the brief period when it was part of the menu.

We had tasty barbecues by Father Rindt on periodic work days, called German holidays, which we enjoyed very much. Nothing like hot dogs, hamburgers, and baked beans after a day of work around



Outside dining area at the old seminary.

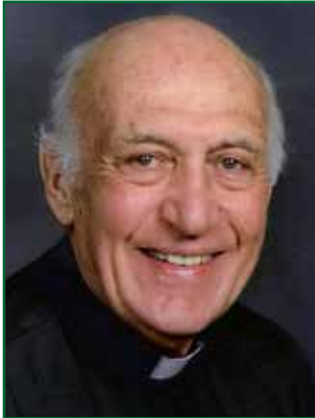
the property. We raked and burned leaves in the fall. There were so many trees that we could never quite catch up with the fallen leaves. Luckily, as far as I remember, we were able to control the fires...

On the north edge of the property, beyond the trees, there was a nicely flattened field where we could play softball when the weather was good. We kids formed a team. There were numerous old guys at the seminary, some even in their 30s, taking college courses and getting ready for novitiate, and these guys gathered around Father Leo Gariazzo to oppose us.

I think of them as Gariazzo's Goons, but they named themselves Cyclops, the one-eyed monster. This may have been a reference to their less than stellar eyesight. I don't remember who kept score. Nobody, I guess. The season ended in a dispute over who won all the half a dozen games we played.

I have fond memories of Father Leo. He was our barber. If you ask him today, I'm sure he'll tell you that he had fun cutting our hair. But don't believe him if he says we had fun. His patience with his customers was egregiously (horribly) absent.

He slapped me on the side of my head at the beginning and at the end of each haircut. And in between, he found occasion to deliver a couple more blows. If there were a Sweeney Todd Award (the fictitious, mad barber)... Thank you, Father Leo! I still chuckle at his story about the "huge, obstreperous (rowdy) bus" that brought him to the seminary.



Father Leo Gariazzo, M.S.F.,
the Mad Barber.

We played other sports when winter rolled around. When the weather was cold enough to freeze the lake, we couldn't resist ice skating. If you had watched us, you would have seen all kinds of skates venturing out on the lake: hockey skates, racers, figure skates. We started a couple games of hockey, but I don't think we ever finished one.

We expended most of our time and energy speeding from one end of the lake to the other, and when we got to the other end we jumped with both feet off the ice, turned our blades sideways and skidded, raising a cloud of ice chips as we came to a stop. The truth is that I fell and sprawled across the ice almost every time I tried that maneuver.

Taking refuge indoors, we played basketball. We had seven teams, as the 1959 yearbook points out, and I was the captain of the Devils. I was a shrimp among a pretty tall crowd of dolphins: I'm talking about a difference of a foot or so. My team came in fifth, which was no surprise. But I do take issue with the yearbook's very charitable statement that I scored eight points during the season. I beg your pardon! I don't remember scoring any.

We played basketball in the new gym, which was a refurbished hall in the

back building, the one that also housed the bookstore. The gym was the scene of our school plays. I particularly liked *She Stoops to Conquer*, because I played the leading lady. My name was Kate Hardcastle, a young lady who is being pursued by a rather rakish young man.

He chased me across the stage, but he never laid a hand on me. To play the part, I had to wear powder, makeup, lipstick, and a fancy yellow dress. I was so pretty! Darn near fell in love with myself. Here's what I garnered from

my theatrical experience: it would be a hoot if I could act, but I can't act.

Here's what I remember about the seminary bookstore: 4:00 p.m. was Butterfinger® time! Enough said.

I'll end with a story from my freshman

English class. We were studying about the placement of commas, and the chapter heading was a cartoon of a gift store owner, writing a sign on his shop window for Valentine's Day: *Give a box of our candy,*

and nuts to your girlfriend. Hey, who's perfect, anyway? +JM+



Doug Kruse (second from right) and former seminarian Weldon Tiekens together with their wives.

Around The Province...



Very Rev. Edmund Michalski, M.S.F. (third from left), general superior of the Missionaries of the Holy Family, with some priests and former seminarians of Holy Family Seminary.



Understanding the Digital Generation

by Father F.A. Eka Yuantoro, M.S.F.

Digital Generation

We finished the alphabet in the second millennium with Generations X, Y, and Z. Now in the third millennium, we have the Digital Generation, young people (under the age of 25) who are focused on media and technological communication.

In her book, *Generation Digital: Politics, Commerce, and Childhood in the Age of the Internet*, Kathryn C. Montgomery says that the Digital Generation has been at the epicenter of the major shifts transforming the media landscape.

This generation has a vision of a gleaming technological future in which the powerful new “information superhighway” connects everyone within an electronic global village, using the internet to communicate with family and friends.

The European Computer Driving Licence (ECDL) Foundation noted that “digital native” is a term increasingly used in public discourse to describe

the generation of young people who have grown up surrounded by digital technology. There are several other terms used in reference to this generation: digital generation, internet generation, net generation, digital kids, Google Generation.

When Pope Francis opened the Synod on Young People in Vatican City, on October 3, 2018, he said that we should pray, forgive, and listen to young people in the Church today: “It truly is worth the effort, it is not a waste of time!” (*Catholic News Service*)



We should try to understand the Digital Generation and hold no prejudices toward them. Rather, it is an opportunity to create a new pastoral way to reach young people today.

Meta-Modernism

Many young people were raised Catholic, but they no longer practice it. Our current culture is called meta-modernism which is an ideology that moves between modernism and post-

modernism. The Digital Generation is so dependent on technology that if it were not available, they would be absolutely lost. The following chart helps to understand the difference between modernism and post-modernism:

Modernism	Post-Modernism
Enthusiasm	Irony
Hope	Melancholy
Naiveté	Knowingness
Empathy	Apathy
Unity	Plurality
Totality	Fragmentation
Purity	Ambiguity

The Digital Generation is affected by a “structure of feeling.” This concept explains how personal, intimate, individual experiences or feelings are totally absorbed into the present. For example, Reality TV can drive feelings or emotions to express action. In the United States, we can see the changing focus of this generation by how they express their emotions in literature, architecture, music, and systems of communication.

The big question for us is how can we approach and interact with the



Digital Generation today? This was the concern of the recent Synod on Young People. From the synod’s *Instrumentum Laboris* (Working Document), the first part talks about how the Church currently thinks about the young generation and the need to see the reality of youth today.

New Evangelization

Have we lost young people from experiencing the beauty of our Faith because it is difficult to understand them from our perspective? If the youth do not find value in the teachings of the Church, then it becomes most important to listen to

their opinions and have discussions free of prejudices or perpetuated stereotypes.

In the new evangelization, we try to approach the young so they can participate in the dynamic of the Church as a community and mystical body of Christ. (*Lumen Gentium* 8, “Light of the Nations”) We

are called to be open and listen to the worries and anxieties of the Digital Generation. They often feel hopeless, on the peripheries of life, and far from the love of God. Embrace them

with the love of Jesus Christ who comes to the world as their Savior.

Pope Francis has tried to promote the same joy to this generation that was heralded 2,000 years ago by the angels to the poor shepherds in Bethlehem. In the working document of young people, *Instrumentum Laboris*, the second and third parts talk about vocational discernment, new pastoral outreach, and mission.

The first mission is to invite and welcome this young generation into an



encounter with Jesus Christ who wants to communicate directly with us in the mystery of the Incarnation. The struggle is learning how to proclaim the eternal message of the Gospel so that the beauty and mystery of Christ can be understood by the Digital Generation.

How do we interpret the Gospel to the Digital Generation today? This is the homework we must do right now! God bless your family. +JM+

Around The Province...



Yes, this is one family! Baldy's family. Baldy is a good friend of the Missionaries of the Holy Family, and he lives in the state of Washington. Gathered for Baldy's annual "Bald Guy's Fishing School" are his children, their spouses, and his grandchildren (and his lovely wife, too!).

Around The Province...



Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in Seguin, Texas loves to celebrate the sacraments! Recently receiving the Sacrament of Confirmation were students (top) and those in the Rite of Christian Initiation for Adults (RCIA).



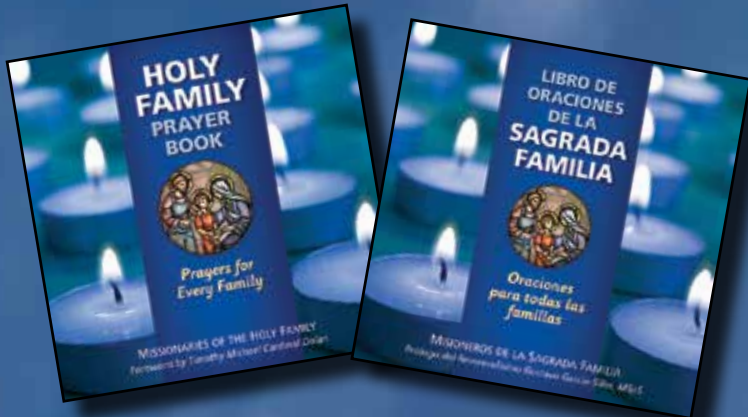
Thank You & God Bless You, to everyone who made a financial gift in 2018. We, the priests and brothers of the Missionaries of the Holy Family, extend our deep gratitude to all our benefactors. You are remembered in our prayers.

Around The Province...



Mr. Walter Lukaszek, president of the apostolate board for the Missionaries of the Holy Family, promoted the Holy Family Prayer Association at Saint Joseph Church's fall festival in Donna, Texas.

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