

The MESSENGER

MISSIONARIES OF THE HOLY FAMILY



WINTER 2010 - 2011

The MESSENGER

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Provincial Perspective

Dear Friends,

Finding ourselves living in difficult and challenging times, we long to find a little peace to refresh and renew our wearied minds and hearts. At the beginning of another year, we often wonder what is in store for us. We must remember what it must have been like for Mary and Joseph to live out their lives, submitting to God's will. They questioned and feared what they could not understand. But their strong faith and trust in God helped them live out their lives.

When we look at ourselves, no doubt we share some of their experiences. They are the example for us to keep a close relationship to our God by praying daily and by loving and serving others. And, making Jesus the foundation of our lives brings us the gift of true peace and renews our wearied minds and hearts.

Let us keep you and your family in prayer. Please send your prayer intentions to us. You will find a return envelope located in the middle of this issue of *The Messenger*.

Wishing you and your families every blessing this year!

Sincerely yours,



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



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

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HOLY FAMILY LIFE

Virtue of the Month **Forgiveness: Healing the Hurts in Marriage**

by Kathy Heskin

Reconciliation is the most critical work of the first years of marriage.

On our 25th wedding anniversary, Neil and I celebrated with our faith community at Mass. By chance the Gospel was the parable of the prodigal son, but it probably wasn't chance at all! This story is often applied to parents and children, but as I listened, I heard our journey in marriage.

I remembered one of our sons saying that the father didn't just happen to be on the hill that day, that he went out every day and watched the road, waiting to forgive. In many ways this is what happens in marriage. We become road watchers. Marriage involves waiting, sometimes through real or emotional distance, sometimes through deep hurts, and it calls us to seek and offer forgiveness. Marriage asks that we not take forgiving for granted, but instead that we celebrate when it happens. Love demands that we stand by the road every day watching for each other, welcoming each other home.

At that Mass, I listened to Fr. Rich talk about forgiveness in the Gospel, and I realized that being married to Neil had taught me to stand in a place of forgiveness. In fact, reconciliation is the most critical work of the first years of marriage, and if a couple does it well, it becomes the work and the gift of a lifetime.

One of the graces present in the sacrament of marriage is the grace of healing and forgiveness. When we come to marriage we each bring our histories – healed or broken, reflected upon or repressed – to our life together. Our vocation is to help each other become fully human. This means finding a way to share hurts, to risk allowing the other person to know us so intimately that we are willing to open up old wounds and allow God to heal them through each other. Marriage at its best creates a safe space where healing and forgiveness can take place. It offers the possibility of having a companion to share the journey, someone to

help us to dig a little deeper, to reflect more fully.

One of the best parts of being forgiven is the freedom it brings. Jesus taught us to ask for forgiveness when he taught us to pray. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" invites God to forgive us as we forgive.

Another way to look at it is to say, loose the cords that bind us as we have released the strands we hold of another's guilt. In marriage we can hold each other fast, or we can release each other to grow toward wholeness. It is always a choice!

Early in our marriage, Neil and I didn't know how to free each other. We had grown up in homes where feelings were not shared, and where reconciling was difficult. In my home it was not safe to express anger. In Neil's home disagreement could lead to estrangement. Because we brought these

broken places to our marriage, we found ourselves unable to have healthy conflict and to move to reconciliation. Our joy in each other changed to distance, and living together became a strain. I wanted to leave, but I was too scared, so I picked fights, threw tantrums, and in general made Neil's life miserable. One evening I asked him, "Why do you put up with this? Why don't you just leave?" Neil grabbed my arms and said, "Don't you know, you are worth waiting for?"

I didn't know. I didn't think I was worth much at all. But Neil seemed to think so, and somewhere deep inside I felt hope. And hope, once the cords are loosed, will grow. Neil gave me a gift of forgiveness with his words, and with that gift I could begin to forgive myself. And it is a gift that keeps on giving.

When our second son was going through a rough time in his teens,



The Missionaries of the Holy Family Website has Daily Marriage Tips that are provided by "For Your Marriage.org" Here are some samples....

December 3, 2010

Most things couples argue about are not worth it. Many of our opinions about the right way to hang Christmas ornaments, cook a turkey, or plan a vacation come from our families of origin. Let go of the past. Create a new future.


December 11, 2010

"Marriage is one long conversation, checkered with disputes." (*Robert Louis Stevenson*) How long has your longest argument lasted? An hour? A day? A week? What finally brought you out of it? Learn from it so the next one can be shorter.

he yelled at me, “Why do you and Dad put up with me? Why don’t you throw me out?” I heard myself in those words, and I hear Neil in my response, “Don’t you know you are worth waiting for?” The gift had come full circle. When we are forgiven and healed we are able to see our true selves, the beloved of God, and because we know it, we can share it.

Because of the things that Neil and I encountered on our road together, I have learned to forgive myself, my parents, uncontrolled events, God, our children, and Neil.

A friend of mine says that the concept of “forgive and forget” comes from chivalry, not from Scripture, and she described forgiving this way: “You know you have forgiven when you can remember the incident but not relive the feelings.”

I would add one more piece to her definition: You have forgiven when you are able to bless the incident. It is easy to bless the good things in life, but when I remember the times I have been hurt and am able to see the blessing that came from it, I know I have been healed. It is in the blessing that the pain becomes a gift. 

Reprinted from www.foryourmarriage.org

For more stories on marriage and sound advice from a Catholic perspective go to
www.foryourmarriage.org





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Family



Vocations



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MISSION REFLECTION

Adventures of a Missionary Priest

By Late +Rev. James Lienert, M.S.F.
Our Lady of Guadalupe



Profile #6 La Canforada



+Fr. James Lienert, MSF was best known as Padre Jaime because of his 33 years of service in Mexico. He served as pastor for Our Lady of Refuge parish in Coahuila, Mexico which was roughly 5,500 square miles! (~50 miles by 110 miles). The main church was in La Esmeralda, but the numerous communities in the parish also needed pastoral care and many did not have a place of worship. During his years in Mexico from 1967 to 2000, Padre Jaime led the construction of numerous chapels. Each chapel, like the community it was built for, has its special endearing attributes. Upon his return to the United States in 2000, Padre Jaime learned the technology of the computer. He was an avid email communicator and documented about the communities he served in Mexico. Samples of these vignettes will be featured in the Messenger Magazine. **+Fr. Lienert entered his eternal reward on January 4, 2010.**

The meaning of the word “Canforada” is “treated with camphor.” There has to be a reason why this place was so named, but it never occurred to me to ask.

La Canforada is a small, abandoned manganese mine. The small, scattered bodies of ore are quite superficial. None of the mines is more



An interactive Google Map is available on our website. It locates the missions where Padre Jaime served. See our website at www.msf-america.org under “About Us” and “Mexico Mission History” and “Vignettes”.



than forty feet deep, and they cover an area of only eight acres. The mission lies just where the foot of a range of low mountains fades onto a wide open plain. The strata of these stark limestone mountains are stacked and twisted at dramatic angles. One could study them for hours on end.

I believe this mine was in operation for a span of only 10 or 15 years. It was owned by a man from Monclova whom everyone called Don Tino (Faustino). Since the mine was in such a remote place, Don Tino went there in his dump truck to collect the ore, bring it to La

Esmeralda, and ship it by rail to the smelter. On the next trip he would pay the miners. The miners would not be paid until Don Tino was paid because the price of ore is always in flux. And when Don Tino made the trip back to the mine he would bring along groceries and mining materials the individual miners had requested when he picked up the ore. Most of the miners did not have any transportation other than a horse or burro, and some not even that.

There was a small school at the mine site because most of the

miners had their family living there with them.

Gradually the quality and quantity of the ore became so poor that it was no longer profitable to maintain the operation. Don Tino made his last collection, and without any more ado simply abandoned the operation and drove his dump truck back to Monclova. He did not make a final payment to the miners, nor take provisions out to them.

Most of the miners, maybe three dozen, were originally from La Esmeralda, and some had a home

in town, but for others, their only home was at the mine. For the most part, the living quarters were primitive. Most had constructed their own hovels. They made out the best they could. Some had small fields nearby; others had some goats or cows.

A number of men who worked in the mine developed a condition of weak muscles. Some were not able to stand up and walk, not even with crutches. They believe that this condition resulted from not allowing the mines to ventilate sufficiently after blasting. Since they were paid according to the volume they produced, there was a temptation to return to the mine before it was properly ventilated. The men returned too soon, and breathed the noxious gases. It should be noted that there was no electricity at the mine site, and so any ventilation was only by a natural process. I 'explored' the mines rather thoroughly, and do not remember seeing even any ventilating shafts.

When I arrived, there were still a dozen or so people living at La Canforada, and so I would celebrate Mass at the little chapel when I was out that way.

One that stayed on for several years was Fermín Contreras and his wife, Luisa.

Fermín had the sobriquet of El Tránsito – The Traffic Cop – because he always ran, never walked, to

where he was going. He stayed on because another claim owner hired him to work in an abandoned silver/lead mine in another range of low mountains about a mile and a half away. Fermín's work there was mostly exploratory; just to see if there was a vein of good grade ore to be found. Fermín and Luisa were the last to leave La Canforada.

Fermín and Luisa lived directly across the road in front of the chapel. Fermín himself built the place where they lived. He first excavated a hole about ten feet wide and fifteen feet long, around five feet deep. Part of the dirt was piled around the edge of the hole as for a dam to prevent surface water from entering when it rained. Next he made a pitched roof, using as rafters *quiotes*, which are the dry flower stalks of the *maguey* (century plant), which are abundant in the region. These are very light in weight and quite strong. Usually they are four inches in diameter at the bottom, and twenty feet tall. These were lashed together at the top using heavy twine he made from the *lechuguilla* leaves. Many people make this twine and light ropes. Across the *quiote* rafters he lashed *garrotes*, which are the flower stalks of *sotol*. They are even stronger than the *quiote*. On top of the *garrotes* he lashed clusters of six to eight joined leaves of what they call *palma*, a relative of the *yucca*. The cross section of these leaves is the shape of the letter v,

and turned with the wide side up, they act like miniature tiles. Even dry, they last for years. This roof rested on the ground and extended beyond the little dam around the excavation. Such a roof is not perfectly leak proof, but close enough for comfort. The low doorway was under the gable of the roof, and there were field stone steps to the bottom. The only investment in this whole 'house' was his labor. Their children had already left home, so this small one room place was adequate for them.

Later, Fermín and Luisa, and one of their married sons with his family, moved to Chula Vista, which is right next to the Peñoles plant at Laguna del Rey. Both father and son worked in the plant.

For some reason it was Luisa who took sick and lost her strength, and finally could not walk at all. I always celebrated a weekly Mass in Chula Vista on Mondays, and Luisa had always attended. Now, from time to time, her son would load her into a wheelbarrow and bring her to the chapel, a trip of maybe three city blocks. Medical aid is deficient in Chula Vista and Luisa's condition worsened. In the end she was bedridden. Finally, in desperation, they took her off somewhere to a curandero. (A curandero is sort of a hybrid between a faith healer and a witch doctor. Many people still firmly believe in them.) She was gone for several weeks, and when she came back, she could

not even talk. I have no idea what the curandero did to 'cure' her, and I did not want to add to the pain by asking. I visited her several times. It was obvious that she recognized me, and by her gaze and body language she was saying that she was anxious and desperate. She passed away about a month later.

Fermín worked on for some years more until retirement. He took his retirement pay in hard cash because he was unacquainted with the ways of a bank. And he carried it with him always. A niece who lived in Naica, Chihuahua, and who never had much contact with the rest of the family wrote and asked Fermín to come for a visit. He never came back. Though a search was made, no one knows what happened to him. The niece says that she put him on the bus for the return trip, and that was the last she saw of him.


This little chapel had been constructed by Don Tino and everything except the adobes and the cement for the floor was used material; even the tin roof was of short pieces, and barely covered the edge of the walls. Even the altar was made of plastered-over adobes.

For some reason, the people have an affection for this lonely little chapel. It is right beside a road that is used frequently, and many on passing by stop to say a prayer, or light a candle, or leave a few

flowers, or the gift of some plastic flowers. One local couple wanted to be married in the chapel. Several times I was asked by a nearby rancher to come for a special Mass in the chapel when he arranged an open fiesta at his ranch in recognition of God's blessings.

Because of the poor construction from the start, the chapel was deteriorating, and I thought it ought to be preserved. The original rafters were of one inch boards, so I bought 2" x 4"s, new galvanized roofing, a new metal door and windows. The original door was wooden and so wide that it was always sagging onto the floor. The

new one was narrower, and had a side panel to fill in the extra width. The windows are sliding windows so they can be opened for ventilation. We also made repairs and improvements to the cement outside. I installed the door and the windows, and the locals did the rest of the work. Their compensation was the old rafters and the tin from the roof which had been already used. And they had their little chapel.

When I went there unannounced to take this picture, the inside was perfectly clean and neat. The people from nearby Las Moras take loving care of the chapel. 

Explore the Mexico Missions... From the comfort of your computer.

+Fr. Lienert worked diligently to share the joy of his years in the Mexico Missions. He wrote 28 vignettes which captured the spirit and challenges of the people to whom he ministered. In 2008, he undertook a final effort to map the locations of these mission buildings and communities. A pinpoint marks the location of each of the missions. You can access this map from our website, www.MSF-America.org, under "About Us," then choose "Mexico Mission History," then finally "Vignettes."

Click on '[View MSF Mexico Missions in a larger map](#)' - for an interactive way to tour these missions. In some locations you can actually see the roof of the chapel if you use the satellite view and zoom in!



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The Strengthening Power of Confirmation

By William Holland

I was confirmed on May 23, 2010. Along the road to Confirmation I learned much about the Catholic faith. I met many people and I did many things to help my parish, which in turn helped me grow in my faith.

My parents decided on my religion when I was born. My dad was Catholic and my mom grew up United Church of Christ, but they both decided I should be Catholic.

When I was 12 years old we started attending St. Wenceslaus parish in St. Louis. There I met some of the best people that I know: my priests, Father Jim Wuerth and Father Francois Rakotovoavy, who came from Madagascar. Then Father Eka Yuantoro, came from Indonesia a few months before my Confirmation. All these men helped me to be resolved in my choice of Catholicism. They inspired me to become confirmed in the Church.

I had a lot of help working toward



Confirmation. Fr. Jim taught me everything that I needed to know: my prayers, the precepts of the Church, etc. and the deeper spiritual meaning of the sacraments. Both Fr. Francois and Fr. Eka supported me as I was getting closer and closer to my Confirmation. I also worked to raise money for St. Wenceslaus, and helped decorate the church for Christmas.


My family was a great help to me as well. At home we often say the rosary as a family. My mom even made a nice rosary for me to use. My parents helped me choose my patron saint, St. Michael the Archangel. They would also help me study for the Confirmation classes that I had with Fr. Jim. My parents made sure that I got to my Confirmation classes on time, and whenever I was stumbling over questions, they would help me figure out the answers. My sponsor also helped me out a lot. I was so

blessed to have such a great mentor in the Catholic Faith.

Of course, Confirmation is the sacrament of spiritual strengthening and infuses the virtues and gifts of the Holy Spirit. Going through Confirmation has helped me grow a profound respect and love for Jesus and my faith.

Confirmation is important to me because it brings me closer to God. This sacrament designates that I have chosen to be Catholic. This process has given me a better understanding of my Catholic


faith. The process of Confirmation is also important to me because of all of the support from my family and friends. It has shown me that God has blessed me with such a good family to help me become a better Christian. If it wasn't for the priests at my church, my sponsor, my family – and the intercession of the Holy Spirit – I would never have been able to receive my Confirmation.

I am William Holland, and this is how I think that Confirmation is important to the Catholic faith. 



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Having a will is important. It provides you the opportunity to have your decisions today help care for your loved ones in the future. It also provides you the opportunity to support the Missionaries of the Holy Family with a bequest to enable our mission into the future. Legacy gifts are so special that we have the **Family Forever Society**. To receive a booklet on preparing your will and to learn more about the **Family Forever Society**, please write us at: Missionaries of the Holy Family, 3014 Oregon Avenue, Saint Louis, MO 63118 or call us at (314) 577-6300.

*If you are remembering the Missionaries of the Holy Family in your estate plans please remember us as: **Congregation of the Missionaries of the Holy Family – North American Province.***

AROUND THE PROVINCE



▲ Director of Mission Advancement Guy Parasch, back row, left, was bid a fond farewell after eight years of dedicated and gracious service.



▶ The new Formation House on Ashby Place in San Antonio, Texas. We are renting with an option to buy from the Archdiocese of San Antonio in anticipation of more men entering formation in the next year – a blessing indeed!

AROUND THE PROVINCE



◀ Provincial Superior Very Rev. Philip Sosa, M.S.F. displays the chalice of Rev. James Lienert, M.S.F. who passed away last January. He is shown with Father Jim's sisters, Marcella Hopkins (left) and Geraldine Mottino (right).



▲ In his will, Rev. James Lienert, M.S.F. left his chalice to his niece, Judith, who is pictured with her two children, Sabrina and Nigel.



◀ Bishop John W. Yanta prepares to ordain Brother Robert DeLong to the Diaconate.

Provincial Superior Very ▶
Rev. Philip Sosa, M.S.F. speaks at
the ordination of Brother Robert
DeLong, M.S.F. (right) to the
Diaconate. In the center is retired
Bishop John W. Yanta. Brother
Robert's ordination took place
at Holy Family Church in New
Braunfels, TX on Nov. 26.





PARENTS TIME OUT

It's All Right to Be Wrong

Contributed by Dr. Ray Guarendi

Dear Dr. Ray,

I worry a lot about making mistakes in raising my children. How do I know what I'm doing now won't hurt them in some way later in life?

– Nervous

Few things can ruin the enjoyment of parenthood more surely than a fear of mistakes. Nowadays so many parents live with the daily worry that they will accidentally set in motion some emotional hang-up that will plague their youngster through childhood and maybe into adulthood. One single parent mom told me she was reluctant to discipline her strong willed son because she didn't want him to grow up with bad feelings towards women.



It's no surprise that parents are so skittish. They've been blamed for everything from Waldo's belly-ache to his dropping out of school. Somehow, some way, the finger gets pointed back at the folks. They must have miscalculated or blundered at some crucial stage along the way. Out of ignorance, inex-

perience, lack of sophistication or savvy, they've done something to create the instability or defect in Sigmund's mental health.

What a tragedy that such a black cloud hovers over childrearing. The reality is that the very best of moms and dads will miscue so many


times that they'll lose count in their first year. Mistakes are inseparable from good parenthood. They are as integral to the process as children are. My guess is that

the typical parent with the typical youngster misjudges, overreacts, and mishandles things thousands of times per childrearing career. And that's in raising a typical youngster. If you live with a Spike, allow yourself two or three times the norm in mistakes, because this little spitfire would make Job cry uncle.

Unquestionably, your parenting is powerful in shaping the person your child is and becomes. If you consistently parent poorly, she probably will develop some problems on her way to adulthood. The key words here are consistently and probably. You have to mess up not once or twice, but repeatedly, to lay the base for possible future trouble. Just as it takes time and perseverance to teach good values and habits, it takes time to teach bad ones. Mistakes made by parents who love, discipline, and care for their children simply will not ruin a child for life.

Kids are emotionally durable. The good Lord knew that children were going to be raised by humans, with all of our shortcomings, inconsistencies and flaws. So he built them to withstand us, and all the trial and error-ing we do on our way to better parenting. Kids are not fashioned from spun glass. They don't have to be ever so delicately shielded from all bumps and jostles. Not at all! Kids are built tough. They can be more likened to hard rubber, with steel belts on both sides.

Whenever you worry that you may have blundered badly in handling a situation or problem, remember: that occasion is only one of thousands upon thousands of interactions you and Waldo will have together. It's the overall picture that matters, not the periodic foul-ups that all of us parents are prone to, especially if we're raising kids and not something easy like wolves.

There's a bright side to making mistakes. Responsible parents learn from mistakes. If you think you make more than your share, you'll learn more quickly. Mistakes are how good parents get better. 

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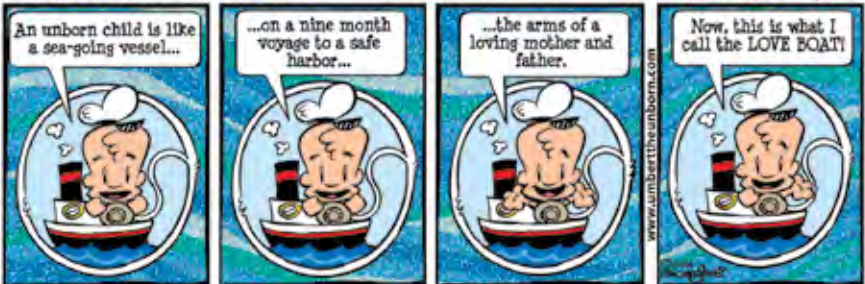


Dr. Ray Guarendi

The father of ten, a psychologist, a popular Catholic radio personality and guest speaker offering parenting advice in concert with Catholic values. More information about Dr. Ray's books and tapes can be found on the internet at www.DrRay.com

Umbert the Unborn

by Gary Cangemi





DEAR FATHER

Ask Father John

By Rev. John Carl Lombardi, M.S.F.

Q: Dear Father, *My parents are not Catholic. My husband, children and I are, but my parents are not supportive. They have said and done some hurtful things. So how can I follow the Fourth Commandment, "Honor thy father and mother"?*

A: The fourth Commandment seems simple enough. Children are taught early on that God expects them to honor, respect and obey their parents. Today, however, we unfortunately read and hear about abusive fathers or mothers, or dead-beat dads and moms who abandon their kids. When a father or mother uses physical or verbal abuse, how does this commandment apply?

Again, the Natural Moral Law tells us that immoral or sinful commands (or orders) – whether they are from a parent, teacher, coach, priest, employer, police or military superior – must not be obeyed whatsoever. Likewise, if your parents are immorally inflicting pain by verbal or physical abuse on you, you have the right, if possible, to resist and defend yourself. Because we are Christians doesn't mean we have to be a doormat, even for our parents. As an adult you deserve the same respect from your parents that they expect from you.

It may take you a long time to

forgive your parents for not being supportive and for the hurtful things they have done and said to you, but it is something every Christian is asked to do no matter how long it takes or how difficult it may be.

It is important to remember that the duty and responsibility of maintaining contact with your parents for the sake of your children, if at all possible, could be the first step toward some sort of reconciliation and healing. Prayer in these sorts of circumstances has more power than you would suspect. If you haven't tried praying about this, I would suggest it be your first step in this whole painful situation. **JMJ**



Father Lombardi, a priest of the Missionaries of the Holy Family, lives at the Little Sisters of the Poor in Saint Louis, Missouri.

Q: Dear Father, *I am concerned by the disruptive and disrespectful behavior I have been seeing at Mass. Talking, failure to remove misbehaving children and cell phones going off are on the top of my list. I have even seen parishioners sending text messages during the Mass. How should I handle this terribly disruptive practice?*

A: I believe the first thing you should do is meet with your pastor and tell him how you feel about this disruptive behavior that is going on during the Mass. You could suggest to him that during the announcements at the beginning of Mass to ask parishioners to turn off their cell phones.


As far as disruptive children goes, if you have a “cry room” I would suggest that the usher should direct the parents to use it. If you don’t have one, then the usher should conduct the child and parent to the vestibule of the church until that child quiets down.

When it comes to talking before and during the Mass, it would be more disruptive to have the usher come down the aisle to ask them to refrain from talking. Your pastor could mention this in one of his homilies or point out this problem in the church bulletin.

What is going on in your parish is going on in a lot of parishes. It is just the tip of the iceberg, and I truly believe that is the result of passive attendance. What has happened is that many Catholics are no longer participating in the Mass.

They come to occupy a space for one hour, alternately watching the priest celebrate Mass and the minutes ticking away on their watches. Although this might fulfill the letter of the law, it is not what is intended when the Church obliges its members to participate in the Eucharist.

The keyword to this problem is “participate.” Weekend Mass should be a time of great activity – listening intently; singing, praying fervently, reflecting quietly and worshipping joyfully.

We need to be reminded that Jesus fostered a sense of family among his disciples and his first faithful followers. We sometimes forget that weekend parish liturgies should be a time when all – young and old, rich and poor, families and single people – join together to experience their unity in Christ. Friendship, fellowship, warmth and welcome should be just as much in evidence as collections baskets and parish bulletins. You could be an instrument for change in your parish by first praying about the situation and then taking action with your pastor’s approval by starting a committee to handle these problems. 



VOCATIONS

Vocation Directors Conference

The cultural diversity of our congregation came to the fore this fall when 24 vocations directors met at *Foyer de Charité* in Antsirabe, Madagascar. Nine of the 15 provinces were represented, with

men coming from five different continents. The priests in attendance spoke English, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Indonesian and Malagasy (the native language of Madagascar). But we all shared the goal of drawing men to the service of God through membership in the Missionaries of the Holy Family.

We began the conference with the celebration of the Eucharist. Of unique interest was the interpretation of the homily into the various languages. Prior to our arrival, we had been informed that we needed to be able to communicate in one of three languages: English, Spanish, or French, in order to be able to communicate with each other. We each received a hand-




Attendees at the Vocation Directors Conference

book in multiple languages, so that we could follow the Mass.

Each of us shared a PowerPoint presentation about our home province. The presentations focused on the Hopes, Difficulties, Priorities and Organization of each Province. Subtopics included the membership of the Province, the formation of the seminarians, the desire for an increase of vocations... and other topics. As we listened to each other's presentation, we recognized that although we are from different Provinces, we share many of the same aspirations.

The vocation directors were joined by two representatives from the congregation's general government in Rome: Very Reverend Patrice

Ralaivao, M.S.F. and Very Reverend Itacir Brassiani, M.S.F.

It was a beneficial and affirming meeting, and one which I pray will bring an abundance of God's blessings. Each of us left with a feeling of accomplishment. For me, it is a joy to know that the North American Province is part of a greater congregation. We hope to see some fruitful results for the Missionaries of the Holy Family in the not too distant future, knowing that our efforts all began in Madagascar in 2010. 



Fr. Mario Galindo, MSF.
You can contact Fr. Mario regarding
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***Be a gentle inspiration. Consider making a Vocation Nomination:
Copy or cut and mail the completed form to***

***Vocations
Missionaries of the Holy Family
3014 Oregon Avenue
Saint Louis, MO 63118***



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Vocation Nomination

He has the spark of a priest...
1(888) 4-THY-WILL www.MSF-America.org

Do you know someone who might have the gifts to be a priest or religious brother? If so, you can encourage that person by ***letting us know their name***. We will pray for them, let their parish pastor know and personally contact them.

Nominee Contact Information:

Adult or Youth

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Street Address _____

City _____ ST _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Parish Name (if known) _____

Your Contact Information (required):

First & Last Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ ST _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Parish Name _____



APOSTOLATE UP CLOSE

General Superior Visits North America

The Missionaries of the Holy Family North American Province



were pleased to welcome the general superior of our international congregation this fall. Very Rev. Edmund Michalski, M.S.F., Superior General, (*above left*) and Very Rev. Paulinus Yan Olla, M.S.F.,

Second Assistant, (*right*) came for the canonical visitation required by our constitution. While in North America, they met with 27 priests and brothers.

The canonical visitation is intended to give the general superior the opportunity to get to know every priest and brother in the congregation. Father Michalski met with each member individually in order to learn about their ministry and offer his support. He and Father Olla also gave feedback to Provincial Superior Very Rev. Philip M. Sosa, M.S.F.



Very Rev. Paulinus Yan Olla, M.S.F., Rev. Simon Brzozowski, M.S.F., chaplain of the Little Sisters of the Poor residence in Louisville, KY, and Very Rev. Edmund Michalski, M.S.F.

“Knowing that the general superior is meeting and getting to know every member of our international congregation gives us a sense of real connection,” Father Sosa said.

While in St. Louis, Father Michalski, of the Polish Province, and Father Olla, of the Java Province, met with the local pastoral leader, Archbishop Robert Carlson [JMJ](#).



Very Rev. Paulinus Yan Olla, M.S.F., left, and Very Rev. Edmund Michalski, M.S.F., right, enjoyed a visit with Archbishop Robert Carlson during their canonical visit with members of the Missionaries of the Holy Family North American Province.



Very Rev. Paulinus Yan Olla, M.S.F., Second Assistant of the Missionaries of the Holy Family, Very Rev. Edmund Michalski, M.S.F., Superior General, and Rev. Philip Sosa, Provincial Superior of the North American Province, visited Rev. Joseph Roelke's gravesite at Resurrection Cemetery in St. Louis.



The Missionaries of the Holy Family is a worldwide congregation of more than 900 priests and brothers. There are 15 Provinces. Father Michalski and Father Olla are part of a five-member General Government (photo above), based in Rome.



A PROFILE OF SERVICE

The Pikus Of Ariangon

By F. A. Eka Yuantoro, MSF

I'll introduce myself. My name is Franciscus Asisi Eka Yuantoro. I was born 39 years ago in Semarang, Central Java, Indonesia. I worked as a laborer before I entered the Missionaries of the Holy Family, but I wanted to be a missionary. This gave me strong motivation to join the Missionaries of the Holy Family.

Before I was ordained, I worked as a missionary in Borneo. There I learned the Dayak traditions, the Dayak Ngaju language and to help the people during times of great suffering. Borneo is the third largest island in the world, and is governed by three different sovereign nations: Brunei, Indonesia and Malaysia. It has peoples of many different cultures and ethnic backgrounds, which results in rich diversity, but also conflict. During the time of my mission work, there was much violence. Ministering to the people was a challenge because of the trauma and grief.

After I returned from Borneo, I was ordained in the Java Province on July

16, 2002 in Semarang.

After ordination, my provincial superior sent me to Jakarta to work in the Jagakarsa parish. It was an interesting assignment, because I worked with people from many different backgrounds. I continued studying canon law, because many people were dealing with problems in their marriages. I



needed to continue to expand my knowledge about different cultures to help people with their family problems.

Following a process that took eight months, I got a Visa to go to Papua New Guinea. I said good-bye to my communities in Jakarta and went to my new assignment. The bishop helped me to cross the border and welcomed me to his diocese. I served in the Vanimo diocese and lived in the minor seminary in Vanimo.

In March, 2005, I traveled to Madang in Papua New Guinea where I studied a Pidgin English language in Jomba parish. Pater Golly, SVD

helped me learn to use the language. On July 16, 2005, I celebrated the third anniversary of my ordination with all MSF priests working in the Madang archdiocese and some Indonesian Society of the Divine Word priests and some missionary sisters, members of the Servants of the Holy Spirit. Soon after, the bishop vicar called me and said that I should go to Ariangon parish.

I titled this article "The Pikus Of Ariangon," because a pikus is the symbol of Ariangon Village. A pikus is a tree. This tree has grown up with the people of Ariangon. The ancestors of the Ariangon people came from a place they called Hill of Kong Guan.



The parish council of Ariangon

Ariangon is a nice place because you can see a large volcanic island mountain called Manam Island. The climate is not too hot. The people of Ariangon work as farmers. They grow commodities like coffee, vanil-

la and cacao, but they have a hard time selling their products because transportation to markets is scarce. They have no electricity, no televi-



Baragum, a village near Ariangon parish.

sion, no telephone and so on. For communication with other parishes and with the diocese we used a radio cell call.

Papua New Guinea has two national languages and they use an Australian English as their formal language. In the southern part of the country, they use Mottu; in the north, Pidgin English. Papua New Guinea has a large number of languages: as many as 825 languages and dialects. I used Pidgin English to communicate with the people in Ariangon, but they have another language they called Aruamu. It was very hard for me to learn Aruamu, because it does not use regular grammar and construction. I can understand Aruamu, but not speak it.

It was very interesting for me to learn their culture, traditions, customs, languages and so on. Learning their

culture and their way of life was very important to me, because when I understood their way of life, I could easily proclaim the Good News to all people.


In my reflection after I came back from Papua New Guinea, I realized what a great

blessing from God my experience there was. I struggled with a very difficult situation, and I believe that God lives in my heart and gave me strength to serve and proclaim the Good News to His people. I believe that God always guided and led me in His way.

After leaving Ariangon, I served in the Atmodirono Parish in Semarang



This group just celebrated their first Holy Communion.

before I got my Visa to come to the United States. It was not easy for me to get a Visa to come here, but I knew that with patience and faith, God would help me. On January 15, 2010, I went to the U.S. consulate in Surabaya and learned that my Visa was ready. I came here on Friday, April 15, 2010. And now I am living at St. Wenceslaus parish in St. Louis. 



**Rev. Franciscus Asisi
Eka Yuntoro, M.S.F.**

8 years of Priesthood

Born: 10/14/1971

Age: 39

Hometown:

Semarang, Central Java, Indonesia

Home Parish:

Holy Rosary Cathedral

Patron Saint:

St. Francis of Assisi

Education:

Degrees in Philosophy
and Theology

Seminary:

Pontifical Faculty of Theology
Wedabhakti in Jogjakarta

Hobbies:

Sports and Reading



SERVING GOD'S PEOPLE

Celebrating 50 Years of Service



At the same time Father John Berthier, a Missionary of LaSalette, was founding the Missionaries of the Holy Family in Grave, Holland, thousands of miles away the Bohemian community in St. Louis, Missouri at St. John Nepomuk parish needed a larger church. And so it happened that the Missionaries of the Holy Family and St. Wenceslaus parish in St. Louis, Missouri were both founded on September 28, 1895 – two unrelated events. No

one could have foreseen at the time how the two religious institutions would become intertwined. But now, 115 years later, on December 26, the Feast of the Holy Family, we celebrated 50 years of staffing the parish with a Jubilee Mass at St. Wenceslaus.

The Holy Family Community's first missionaries to the United States arrived in 1925 and were well established in St. Louis by the mid-1940s. These were vibrant years of

growth and service for the Province, as well as for St. Wenceslaus parish and school. In 1945, Father Joseph Pelley, M.S.F., began assisting the pastor of St. Wenceslaus, Msgr. William Hamtil, on weekends at the parish. As Father Hamtil's health declined, he asked Archbishop Joseph Ritter to entrust the parish to the Missionaries of the Holy Family.

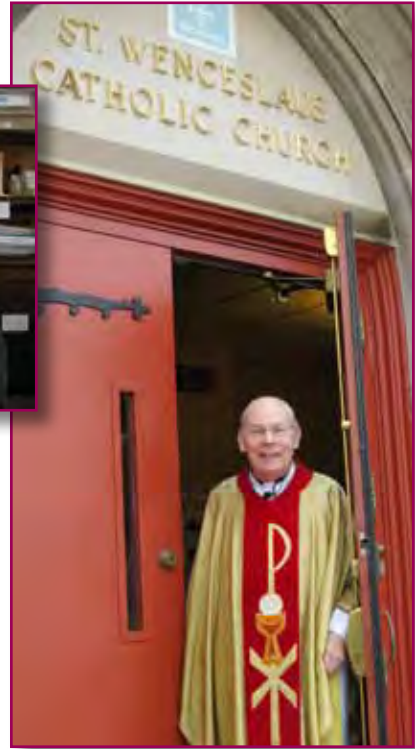
became pastor. Later pastors were Father Edward Zaborowski, M.S.F., Father Joseph Roelke, M.S.F. and currently Father James Wuerth, M.S.F. During the past 50 years many other MSF priests and brothers have also served at St. Wenceslaus.




Pastor Rev. James Wuerth, M.S.F.

"It is unusual for a pastor to make this kind of request," current pastor, Father James Wuerth, M.S.F. explained. "Msgr. Hamtil was so fond of our community, and admired what we did. He knew St. Wenceslaus would be in good hands."

On December 28, 1960, Archbishop – later Cardinal – Ritter announced that the care of St. Wenceslaus parish would be given to the Missionaries of the Holy Family. Father Herman Berg, M.S.F., was appointed pastor with Father Edward Matthews, M.S.F., as assistant. Father Pelley was named pastor in 1965, but died on the day he was to assume his duties, so Father Peter Roebrocks, M.S.F



St. Wenceslaus is the only parish that the Missionaries of the Holy Family have staffed in the Archdiocese of St. Louis, where they have served primarily as chaplains for religious communities, schools and homes for the elderly. 

St. Wenceslaus article photos courtesy of Jerome Bielicke.



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*Great is the LORD and worthy of high praise;
God's grandeur is beyond understanding.*

Psalm 145:3



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