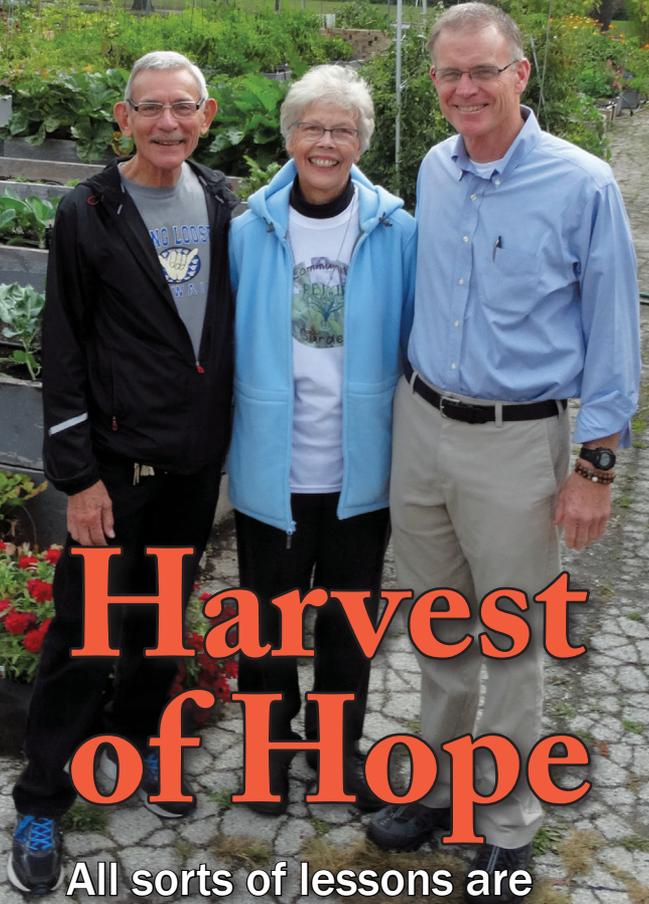


FALL 2017

CPPS TODAY

MISSIONARIES OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD



Harvest of Hope

All sorts of lessons are
learned in an urban garden

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C.P.P.S. is an abbreviation of the Latin name of the Congregation, Congregatio Pretiosissimi Sanguinis, *Congregation of the Most Precious Blood*.

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Lessons to be Learned in a Garden

When I was a kid, mom and dad kept us boys busy around the house and out in the yard. Whenever we could, we would escape to a neighbor's barn, the creek or the parish playground, but for the most part, they were able to conscript us for our daily chores.

In the spring and summer, that included working out in the garden. I enjoyed the process of planting—getting the ground ready, sticking seeds into rows and watching for them to pop through. That always seemed like a miracle to me, and it still does.

One thing I hated, though, was weeding. I think every kid who's ever spent a hot July morning out in the garden with a hoe would say the same thing. I can't say that I love to weed even to this day, but now that I'm older, I appreciate the time I spend in the flowerbeds, no matter what I'm doing. There's something about getting my hands into the dirt and being in close contact with God's creation that soothes and renews me.

You'll hear more about the good earth's therapeutic qualities when you read the cover story in this issue, about the community garden at the Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation (PBMR) in Chicago. You might not think of an urban neighborhood as the ideal place to plant a garden, but the Missionaries and C.P.P.S. sisters who minister there thought it would fit in perfectly with the center's mission to reach out to youth and people of the neighborhood. And it has. There are a lot of lessons that can be learned in a garden and a lot of values that can be instilled there.

There are similar lessons going on among the bees at St. Augustine Parish in Rensselaer, Ind., where Fr. Don Davison, C.P.P.S., has begun a parish beekeeping project. Youth from the parish who are tending the St. Augustine beehives and the bees within are getting a close-up view of the importance of these powerful pollinators, whose populations have been decimated in recent years. St. Augustine offers the bees a home, and the bees get to work on local crops and flowers, and in the end, there's honey, which the parish sells as a fundraiser. It's a win-win situation for everyone, particularly the young people who are learning so much.

God has a lot to teach us, and we have a lot to learn. Even in this time of the year, when gardens in our northern states are going to sleep, there's still life there. As we're aware of God's miracles under our feet, in the air and all around us, let's give thanks for all growing things—including ourselves.

**Between
the Lines
by Fr. Larry
Hemmelgarn,
C.P.P.S.**





Harvest of Hope

Good things are growing in the community garden of the Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation on Chicago's south side.

This time of the year in a northern climate, a garden may look as if nothing much is going on. The lives of the plants have mostly drawn to a close—for now. But all of the energy, the vibrancy, the DNA that tells a plant whether it is a beanstalk or a sunflower, is safely stored away in the roots and seeds, just waiting to unfold the following spring. Nothing is wasted; nothing disappears.

It was by all accounts a banner growing year in the community garden at the Precious Blood Ministry of Reconciliation (PBMR) in Chicago, where Sr. Carolyn Hoying, C.P.P.S., and a host of volunteers are attempting to extend the growing season nearly to Thanksgiving.

The harvest has already been bountiful, with tomatoes, potatoes, greens, okra, zucchini, strawberries, carrots, eggplant, onions, garlic and much more harvested and shared with the neighborhood. The garden's raised beds themselves also grew; another row was added with the financial support of some friends and labor provided by the young men who come to the center.

"I call that my Colorado row," said Sr. Carolyn, eyeing the three cold frames and 11 raised beds that were new to the garden plot this year. A family from the school where she once taught

in Loveland, Colo., donated the funds for the lumber, and the youth in the PBMR's carpentry program built the beds.

Growing Every Year

Raised beds are a necessity at the center, said Fr. Dave Kelly, C.P.P.S., the director of the PBMR, because the garden is located over a former parking lot in the Back of the Yards neighborhood on the city's south side. Plants are amazingly resilient but they don't grow well on asphalt, so raised beds allow the garden to grow and grow.

"We always say that at the center we want to create a safe space for youth and all the people of the neighborhood, a space where people can feel like they belong, that they are a community," Fr. Kelly said. "The garden is a living expression of that. It started small, and it's grown every year. And with Sr. Carolyn here, the garden has taken on a life of its own."

At its peak in late summer, the garden provided a sensory storm of color. The bright ruby red of the rhubarb stalks, the unexpectedly lovely blossoms on a tall okra plant, the ferny fluff of a row of carrots, all witness to the care lavished on the beds by many hands.

The growth of the garden, and its place among the PBMR's

many programs, are all perfectly natural to Sr. Carolyn. "Wherever the Missionaries are, they have a farm," she said.

Watching God at Work

When she came to the PBMR in November 2012, she saw the end of the growing season in what was then a small-scale community garden and she knew that it had a lot of potential. Sr. Carolyn, a retired teacher, uses it as a classroom for the youth at the center, and as a place of peace for everyone.

Everything around her in the garden is an example of how the world works and how God works through all of creation. Take the rhubarb, for example. "It's driving us crazy," she said. "It's beautiful, but we can't eat it" because it's not yet established itself enough to sustain a harvest. That will come next year, a lesson in patience.

And also in understanding, because the rhubarb, planted at first in a bed it shared with Swiss chard, did not thrive. "We found out that rhubarb needs its own space. It doesn't thrive when it has to share a bed," she said. "Now, when we have people come through the garden, we can tell them that story. That just as there are people who prefer to be alone, rhubarb is like that too."

Good To See Things Grow

Since the youth grow up in an urban environment without a lot of green space, the sights of the garden can be foreign to them, said Sr. Carolyn: "I'll never forget the young man who pulled up a carrot and went and put it in a vase." But she believes it's good for them to learn how things grow in nature, how the combination of water, sun and good dirt can bring seeds to life and bear much fruit.

At first, the young people, used to food that came neatly packaged from a neighborhood store, "were suspicious of food that came out of the dirt," she said. But now they can taste and see the goodness in the food that comes from their own efforts, from their own garden.

There are plenty of people who help with the garden these days because Sr. Carolyn has worked to make it a community effort. Mary Harkenrider is a master gardener with the University of Illinois Extension who volunteers her time at the garden, helping Sr. Carolyn plan, plant and harvest.

Sharrow Craig, who lives in the neighborhood and works part-time in the garden, finds her work there therapeutic. "I love to plant and I love to play in the dirt," she said.

The harvest from the garden is shared in many ways. Some is brought into the PBMR's kitchen, where it is used by Shawn Reed, who cooks at the center and teaches other youth about cooking. "Chef Shawn needs certain things in his kitchen, so we try to accommodate him," said Harkenrider.

Some is given away on Wednesdays, when the center holds its weekly food giveaway, where it also distributes donations from the Trader Joe's grocery chain. People from the neighborhood ask for the greens grown in the garden as well as green tomatoes and hot peppers. "We had to teach people about eggplants and how to use them, and people are becoming fans," Harkenrider said. "We're also introducing them to fresh herbs."

Excess vegetables are sold at a local farmer's market, where faithful customers wait for the PBMR's produce.

On the edge of the garden is a row of beehives, tended by Michael Thompson, a local beekeeper who shares some of the honey with the PBMR. The bees need blossoms, which the garden provides, but they also



Sharrow Craig in the PBMR's garden.

"I love to plant and I love to play in the dirt."
– Sharrow Craig

need a good fence; otherwise, city beehives often fall victim to vandals, Harkenrider said.

Truly a Community Garden

The beehives and the garden itself are the result of a web of well-meaning people who have worked hard to help it grow. The



Above, water beads on broccoli. Right, master gardener Mary Harkenrider with Sr. Carolyn Hoying.

PBMR receives support for its garden from St. John of the Cross parish in Western Springs, Ill., and from Harkenrider's Chicago parish, St. Barnabas. Fr. Timothy Armbruster, C.P.P.S., of the Kansas City Province is another friend of the garden; he built some of its raised beds and also engineered a watering system for the garden.

This summer, a group of young men were at the center for a service retreat; they are discerning a call to the religious life but also found time to harvest a hundred pounds of potatoes from the community garden.

People come and go in the garden space; chores remain, written on a white board in the nearby storage shed. Work in a garden is a constant throughout the growing season until one cold day when the tools are cleaned and stored away for the winter. Life in the garden continues, though unseen, as with the root crowns of that isolationist rhubarb, storing up growth for next spring. And the seeds of all kinds that have been planted, whether in dirt or in hearts and minds, are waiting for God's good time before they bear fruit.



Planting Seeds with Patience

In vocations ministry, you never know which conversation will blossom into a vocation. It is rare that someone shows up at the door of my office out of the blue saying, "I'm ready to apply." Far more likely is a relationship that begins with an invitation and grows over time.

I was at a vocations presentation recently where one of the other priests mentioned that it was something his eighth grade teacher had said during Vocations Awareness Week that finally clicked in his mind and heart about ten years later, and he began to discern. Nobody is born a priest, brother or sister; like seeds in the garden, or bees in their hive, a vocation needs to be cared for and nurtured.

National Vocations Awareness Week (November 5-11, 2017) is a great opportunity to plant seeds and tend the garden. It's a time to talk about, pray for and encourage vocations. Over the next month, look around you. Who could you invite to consider a vocation? Who might the Lord be inviting you to pray for? Who needs to hear a word of encouragement from you? Your word of encouragement may be the voice that makes all the difference.

Don't limit yourself to just one week a year. Gardeners do not plant their seeds and walk away until harvest. What should you look for? Here are some signs:

- They love Jesus. Their love of Jesus and his people is obvious and central to much of what they do.
- A servant's heart. Does the young man or woman in question give himself or herself whole-heartedly to being of service?
- A strong life of prayer. Do you get the sense that prayer is central to their life rather than just something they do?
- A tendency toward empathy and compassion. Are they the first person to reach out to another in need?
- A virtuous life. Are they striving to live a virtuous life? (Which isn't to say that they are perfect.)
- Patience. Do they exhibit patience, especially with troublesome people or situations?

This list is by no means complete, but I hope it gives you some things to look for as you tend the Lord's garden and keep your eye out for the men and women God is calling to service in his Church.

**Call and Answer
by Fr. Steve Dos
Santos, C.P.P.S.**



Youth group activity turns into a sweet fundraiser

The BEES of St. A's



Beekeepers Alex Nagel and Eli Dobson check out the hive at St. Augustine Parish in Rensselaer, Ind.



Consider the lilies of the field; they neither toil nor spin (Luke 12: 27).

But now consider the honeybees, which do both.

Honeybees toil in the sunshine through the warm months, searching for the nectar of flowering plants to bring back to their colony, their community, in the hive. They spin when they find a particularly productive patch of flowers, gyrating for

their fellow worker bees to tell them how to find that flower patch.

Honeybees also build hives with an architectural skill that is unsurpassed in the animal kingdom. They protect and nurture their queen and her young. In all their efforts they support each other and as a byproduct, through their pollination of plants, they support our natural world.

There are a lot of lessons to be learned in the lives and hives of the bees, and so Fr. Don Davison, C.P.P.S., bought a book and some equipment and introduced beekeeping to the youth of the parish where he is the pastor, St. Augustine in Rensselaer, Ind.

It was a good investment, particularly the book. *“Beekeeping for Dummies* is our bible,” he said.

Bee-Cause Honey

Fr. Davison has been interested in bees since he was a student at Saint Joseph’s College, also in Rensselaer. There, Fr. Charles Rueve, C.P.P.S., kept hives of bees on campus. Reading in recent years about the alarming decline of bee colonies in the United States, Fr. Davison thought he could blend bees into life at the parish. The parish paid for the equipment, and Fr. Davison bought the bees, all from Appleblossom Honey Farm in nearby Star City, Ind. Parish youth stepped forward to help, and as a result, St. Augustine’s beekeepers harvested 19 pints of honey in 2016, their first year.

That was a sweet surprise. “Usually in the first year, you don’t get any honey,” Fr. Davison said. The St. Augustine honey, called “Bee-Cause Honey,” was sold for \$10 a pint to raise money for the youth group.

One of the hives sits behind

the garage at the parish rectory, next door to the church. In general, they’re good neighbors. “The bees don’t bother anybody; they’re too busy,” Fr. Davison said.

Youth Help Out

Helping out with the bees are freshmen Eli Dobson and Alex Nagel. Eli, who said he’s always been interested in beekeeping, volunteered right away; this is his second year. Alex got involved earlier this year along with his dad, Duane. The Nagels keep another of the parish’s hives at their house just outside of town.

The new beekeepers learned that the path to success is not always smooth. Last year’s hive of bees broke from their warm winter cluster too soon. “We had too many false springs,” Eli said, and when the bees didn’t reform the cluster, they froze to death.

This year, the bees swarmed due to overcrowding; the queen left, along with half the hive. Fortunately, the bees who remained created a new queen and worked together busily for the rest of the summer.

The parish beekeepers feed their bees a sweet syrup when necessary to help the hive get established or to keep it going later in the year when blossoms fade, but mostly, the boys said, the bees are on their own.

“You do have to check up

“It’s cool to see how God and nature allow the bees to do something really elaborate and thrive.” – Alex Nagel



on them every couple of weeks to see how they’re building up their honeycomb,” Alex said. Beekeepers also hope to see larvae and eggs when they look in the hive, proof that the queen is producing young and that new bees are on their way.

Tiny Creatures, Big Impact

The boys have learned other skills to support the bees. Last summer, Eli built a top-bar beehive as a 4-H woodworking project. It earned a blue ribbon at the Jasper County Fair.

They’ve also learned to operate the smoker, which keeps the bees somewhat sedated when the beekeepers suit up to do their chores around the hive. They learned how to harvest the honey with the help of an extractor,

which uses centrifugal force to get the honey to flow from the frames, though they dream of an electric model; the hand-cranked one they use now is okay but takes a lot of work.

But mostly, they’re learning about the bees themselves, how tiny winged creatures can have such a big impact on our world, on what blooms and grows, and what withers and dies from lack of attention. They see how God’s intricate design for creation includes all living things in a web, a continuum. They see that no man is an island and no bee is a loner. “It’s cool to see them building up their honeycomb, to see how God and nature allows the bees to do something really elaborate and thrive,” Alex said.

And it’s fun to have a hand in that, Eli added: “It’s cool that

you have some amount of control over a very large community of bees, and that you're helping them live and thrive. It's fun to harvest the honey and see how all that hard work pays off."

This year, St. Augustine's beekeepers harvested 21 pints of honey in late September, which were sold at the parish's Fall Frolic festival. People who never tried locally-produced honey will love the difference, the beekeepers said. "It's unbelievable, the difference in natural honey as opposed to what you buy from the store," said Duane Nagel.

The boys have prepared their hives for winter, covering them with winter wraps that help keep in the heat, and installing mouse guards over the openings to keep out rodents and other predators. And now, they and the bees all wait for spring.

"This has been a great project



St. A's beekeepers Alex Nagel, left, and Eli Dobson.

for our parish youth group. We've all learned a lot from this," Fr. Davison said. "If there are other parishes that might want to try it with their youth, I'd encourage them to go ahead."



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Dr. Amy
McCormack
on the CCSJ
campus

A New President for Calumet College of St. Joseph

Each year before the fall term starts, Calumet College of St. Joseph in Whiting, Ind., holds a service day where all faculty, staff and administration show up to help get the campus ready for another academic year.

CCSJ President Amy McCormack was put to work weeding the native plants garden near the college's main entrance, which is appropriate because, as with native plants, she feels that God planted her where she is meant to be.

McCormack, 54, was inaugurated as Calumet's seventh president in October. She comes to the college from Dominican University in River Forest, Ill., where she served as senior vice president for finance and

administration.

Calumet College was founded by the Missionaries in 1951 to serve the working-class families of Northwest Indiana. The Missionaries continue to sponsor the college and minister there.

Among the gifts that the new president brings to the college is a love of learning, which she hopes each student also has. "I'm a really good student, and I'm learning all the time," said McCormack, who is a CPA and a Fulbright scholar.

Among the things she is learning at Calumet College is the name of every student, staff and faculty member. She's often in the college's common area, introducing herself to students

and asking them about themselves.

“I love talking with the students, asking them where they’re from, what’s their major,” she said. “I want to know the name of every student who walks across the stage at graduation.”

She comes from an institution whose religious identity was woven into campus life, and she wants the same thing for CCSJ, she said. Fr. Kevin Scalf, C.P.P.S., the director of mission and ministry for the college as well as the chairman of its humanities department, is working alongside McCormack on this goal. CCSJ, whose student-body diversity has always been its hallmark, welcomes students of any faith. But they should know and sense, McCormack said, that they are at a Catholic institution.

“I see the college as offering an opportunity for Catholic higher education that is accessible and affordable,” she said. “I embrace that mission. It’s the thing that brought me here. This is the only Catholic college in northwest Indiana, and it offers the lowest price point for a four-year degree of any private college in the state. I love that fact. It puts us on a lot of people’s radar.”

Students may not choose Calumet College because of its religious identity, she said, but



Dr. McCormack talks with students in the commons at CCSJ. It’s her priority in her first year on campus to learn everyone’s name.

they can still be formed by it. “Maybe they don’t realize the importance of a faith-based education at this point in their lives, but it can really make a big difference for our community and for the Church.”

Her embrace of Calumet’s identity and mission is an essential part of her leadership, said Fr. Scalf. “God has always provided for Calumet College, and that’s the starting point for our new president,” he said. “Amy’s faith informs everything else: her empowering leadership style, contagious cheerfulness and generous optimism, her extensive competencies, and quick assimilation and integration of our core values as a Catholic college in the tradition of the C.P.P.S. She sets a wonderfully high standard and leads by example.”





Ordinations: The Missionaries of the Precious Blood joyfully announce the ordination of James Smith, C.PP.S., to the priesthood and Matthew Keller, C.PP.S., to the diaconate during a liturgy on July 8 at St. Henry Church in St. Henry, Ohio.

Fr. Smith, of Pekin, Ind., is now parochial vicar of the St. Henry Cluster. Deacon Keller,

of Maria Stein, Ohio, is in ministry in Dayton's Region Seven parishes, which includes St. Joseph, Holy Trinity and Emmanuel.

Fr. Smith is the son of Ken and Gale Smith of Pekin. Deacon Keller is the son of Paul and Carol Keller, Maria Stein.

The two were ordained by Bishop Joseph Charron, C.PP.S. During his homily, Bishop Charron told the two men, "the Lord has chosen you. None of us are worthy of that call, but because God loves us so much, he calls us. . . . You have been called to servant-ministry. As Jesus said, 'I come among you as one who serves,' and he showed that by the powerful act of washing the disciples' feet."

The Church will make good use of the gifts that the newly ordained men have to offer, he added. "My prayer for both of you is that you learn to recognize the many gifts that God gives you, and that you look and see the gifts that are already there in the people you serve. They too are gifted. And when you bring all those gifts together, you'll find you are doubly blessed with God's grace and love."

The ordination Mass was followed by a social hosted by the St. Henry parish cluster.

"It meant a lot to me to have as part of the celebration people who have been significant throughout my journey in this vocation, said Fr. Smith. "A friend from college who was a part of the RCIA team when I came into the Church was the lector, and also was the lector at the Mass when I was confirmed; two former students who were confirmed



Deacon Matt Keller, Bishop Joe Charron, Fr. Jim Smith and Fr. Larry Hemmelgarn, all C.PP.S. members, after the ordination on July 8.

in the fall of 2016 in the last confirmation class I taught in Chicago brought forward the chalice and paten; a C.P.P.S. sister and an ASC sister brought forward the gifts, representing the richness of Precious Blood spirituality and ministry they continue to teach me; my best friend and his wife brought forward the chasuble and stole as a gift they were giving me, on top of the gift of their friendship and support; and Fr. Joe Nassal, C.P.P.S., and Fr. Joe Bathke, C.P.P.S., vested me in all they have taught me in formation on Precious Blood spirituality and community.”

For Deacon Keller, the moment of being called forward out of the assembly for ordination underscored that his vocation is not just a private matter between him and God.

“Often we speak of vocations to priesthood and religious life as being something that an individual chooses or something that God has chosen,” he said. “However, this moment in the ordination liturgy was about responding to God’s call. At the same time, it was the moment of being chosen by the people to serve the community as deacon. To me, the call of God and the call of the people came together at that moment to say that ‘we choose this man to be a deacon.’”



Above, Deacon Matt greets the Knights of St. John, whose chaplain he is, after his first Mass on July 9. Below, Fr. Jim Smith offers first blessings at St. Henry Church after his ordination.

St. Gaspar’s Preaching: A book is now available in English that explores the preaching of St. Gaspar del Bufalo, founder of the Missionaries of the Precious Blood. *Standing at the Cross: The Preaching of St. Gaspar del Bufalo* was first published in Italian by Fr. Beniamino Conti, C.P.P.S., and has now been translated by Fr. Jerome Stack, C.P.P.S., editor of the C.P.P.S. resource series. For more information, contact mission@cpps-preciousblood.org.



Selective Memory

When our youngest was a toddler, I volunteered in the cafeteria of the Catholic school that his older brothers and sister were attending. The kind ladies in the kitchen gave me the best job, which was to stand at the end of the serving line and hand out milk cartons to the students. That way, I look out at the nearby play area in the cafeteria and keep an eye on my toddler. He got to see his big brothers and sister, which was a highlight of the day for him and I hope for them.

The other day, I texted our youngest, who is now a senior in college, to ask if he remembers those happy, golden days in the cafeteria, when he was in school but didn't have to study.

"Vaguely," he said.

We don't get to choose what memories our kids will retain, which is unfortunate because I would erase all those of me yelling. I'm not sure we even get to choose or prioritize our own memories. My memories are a jumble of the divine and the irrelevant, of no reliable permanence. Viewed as a group, they would look exactly like my closet. There's some quality stuff in there, but good luck finding it.

My husband, on the other hand, can remember back to when he was two years old. Some people have nearly photographic memories and others among us are a little fuzzy. Our systems for storing them are clearly of varying quality.

I wonder if Christ, rising into the skies at the Ascension, had a moment's pause: what will they remember of me? Will it be the things they need to remember? Will they get it right? The Holy Spirit, rushing in, had to perch at the arm of each gospel writer, guiding their thoughts so that the stories would be worthwhile and true. We wouldn't want a faith based on human memory alone.

With our personal stories, though, we are on our own. We should compare notes as often as possible. I was a little sad with our son's response to my cafeteria memory: "vaguely." What else will his mind choose to jettison? But shortly after, I got another text from him. "Do you remember orthodontist trips to Greenville?" Oh, those interminable drives down a two-lane highway, stuck behind every school bus and farm tractor, trying to make it on time to those after-school appointments. Always late. Usually resulting in pain for him as they tightened his braces. Progress measured in months and years rather than days and weeks. But to him, perhaps, it was a happy memory of our time in the car, stopping at Arby's on the way home, laughing and talking, just the two of us. I hadn't thought of that in years.

At Our House
by Jean Giesige



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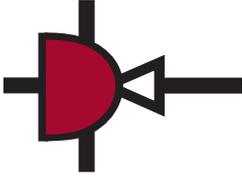
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