



JANUARY 2021  
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# CINCINNATI C.P.P.S. NEWSLETTER

*In Christ, through the  
shedding of his blood,  
we have redemption and  
forgiveness of our sins.*

*Ephesians 1: 7a*

## The Provincial Director's Message for the New Year

# Crisis Has Added to Community Life

*Jeffrey Kirch, C.P.P.S.*

My prayer for each of you in 2021 is that you will be able to go to Kroger or your neighborhood grocery store without fear and there will be no special extraordinary procedures in place. I hope that someday soon you can walk freely among the produce and your fellow shoppers, thinking about nothing but what you are going to make for supper.

Last year was a year that taught us by force not to take such little things for granted. We have all been processing how our world changed almost overnight. We all had to navigate through the news, follow directives and find our own way to get through it. We are not quite to the promised land yet, but help is on the way. I am grateful for all the researchers whose work led to vaccines that may keep this virus at bay, as vaccines have done for many other health risks through the centuries. All those hours spent studying for chemistry exams pays off.

We have all been studying. We cannot and should not go through a crisis like this without learning anything. I

have been gratified, time and again, to see our Missionaries find extraordinary ways to rise to this occasion. For many, the pandemic has meant an increased workload, hours and hours of planning and meetings, and creative new ways of doing ministry. I am not aware of anyone in our Congregation who said, "Well, there's a global pandemic so I am no longer going to serve the people of God." We are Missionaries and we found a way to be with the people who need us.

Some of those people who needed us may have lived in our own house. Especially in the early days of the pandemic, we were spending a lot of time at home, perhaps much more than we normally would. In-person meetings were cancelled and travel was



**J**esus pulls people out of the familiar and into a new way of living.

out of the question. Members of the same household got to know each other maybe more than they wanted to. This is true of families, of course, but it was also true in religious life. I heard this not only from our Missionaries, but from those of other religious congregations. We were around the house and our housemates a lot. And yes, there were some irritations but there were also revelations. People got to know each other better because they were not just going off to do their own  
*(Continued on page two)*

# Crisis Has Added to Community Life

(Continued from page one)

thing. We spent more time sitting and talking and so, I hope, the Community got stronger. Good came out of that.

I hope it led us all to a new appreciation for those around us. We may have thought we knew them well but the time we spent together helped us see something new in each other.

If the pandemic is teaching us to look within, it is also teaching us to look beyond borders. The virus does not recognize borders, and in a way, neither should we. We recognize our common humanity and our common goals, to keep each other safe and to pull each other from whatever abyss yawns before us. There's

something very basic in our nature that calls to us to stick with our own kind and stay close to those who understand us. But that's not Jesus' message. He pulled people out of the familiar and into a new way of living, always speaking in stories that they would understand.

That's our mission as Missionaries, whether we live and minister in the Teutonic Province, the Tanzanian Province, the Latin American Province, the Cincinnati or Kansas City Province, or what we soon

hope will be the United States Province, our new creation. We are to help people see that there is an eternal truth, and that it continually finds new ways to come to life. That we can die to self, and in doing so find a life that is utterly fulfilling. That out of sacrifice comes a great gift, to others, yes, but also to ourselves. That calamity and destruction can be transformed, through God's grace, into something that strengthens and fortifies us. That while we are many, we are one.



## Community Notes

### Cincinnati C.P.P.S. Newsletter

This newsletter is published monthly by the Cincinnati Province of the Missionaries of the Precious Blood. It is sent to all incorporated members, Companions, Amici and friends of the province upon request. Your input is welcome. Deadline for submissions is the tenth of every month. Email submissions to [cppscommunications@gmail.com](mailto:cppscommunications@gmail.com) or mail to C.P.P.S. Cincinnati Newsletter, 431 E. Second St., Dayton, OH 45402-1764, or fax to 937-228-6878

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### Assignments

**Fr. James Gaynor, C.P.P.S.,** has transferred from the Latin American Province to the Cincinnati Province.

**Fr. James Gaynor, C.P.P.S.,** senior associate at St. Henry Cluster, St. Henry, Ohio, effective January 4, 2021–July 1, 2021.

**Fr. Alfons Minja, C.P.P.S.,** administrator at St. Henry Cluster, effective January 4, 2021–July 1, 2021.

**Fr. William O'Donnell, C.P.P.S.,** administrator at St. Augustine Church, Cleveland, effective January 4, 2021.

### Address Changes

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Saint Henry Cluster

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**Fr. Clarence Williams, C.P.P.S.**  
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### Business

The IRS mileage rate increased to 58 cents per mile (up from 57.5 cents) effective January 1.

# Precious Blood People (and Dogs) Find a Way

Trish Frazer, *Companion*

2020. Some would probably say this is like those four-letter words we should avoid. The year certainly didn't begin that way. For John, Sylvie and me, the year began just like the year before. We delighted in seeing friends, spending time with family and enjoying the beautiful Florida winter months.

Our weekdays were busy with work and of course, Sylvie's outings as a certified therapy dog. Sylvie and John would sit with underprivileged children and while the children read stories to Sylvie, John would help the children if they stumbled over words. Then there were the visits to two nursing homes and hospital visits. On Saturday, Sylvie had agility classes and then a visit to the children's home. We also had last-minute requests to support events, which gave Sylvie the opportunity to share her love with animal lovers as well as with children who had never petted a dog.

That all changed March 1, when our state's governor announced that two Floridians had tested positive for the coronavirus. By March 9, Florida declared a state of emergency. Churches, schools, theme parks, gyms and restaurants closed their doors and nursing homes went into lockdown. By the end of March, Florida counties issued their first stay-at-home orders, beaches were closed and COVID-19 numbers skyrocketed. My job as a senior

credit manager was deemed essential back in 2005 when five hurricanes slammed into Florida, so I continued to work.

But for John, who retired in 2018, and Sylvie, everything stopped. No school or nursing home visits and no events or classes. By the beginning of April, like an approaching hurricane, COVID-19 consumed the news, sending people into a panic. It would have been very easy to spend time thinking of self-survival with all the doom and gloom in the media.

But this was an opportunity to pause and enjoy just being together without needing to rush out as soon as I got home from work. Our lives slowed to a gentle pace. In the evenings, we enjoyed home-cooked dinners on the porch while listening to the birds. We watched the gopher turtles roam the yard and the bees enjoying the flowers. Although this may seem perfect, something was missing and we felt a tugging at our hearts. Sylvie was restless and we recalled something we once read. As Fr. Dave Kelly wrote, "our lives are intertwined with one another" and we knew what was missing.

Our hearts yearned for the friends we made during Sylvie's visits, especially those in the nursing homes. We reflected on the happy faces that would greet us. While Sylvie sat quietly, she would gaze upward with loving eyes as John and I listened to stories of long ago. For some, the lockdown was filled with loneliness and empty hours wondering if



**Above, Companions John and Trish Frazer with Sylvie. Below, Sylvie and John greet nursing home residents through a glass door.**

they've been abandoned.

Perhaps it was our roots in Precious Blood spirituality that kept gnawing at our inner selves: "what about those on the fringes? What about those forgotten?" We wanted to continue the therapy dog work, but the restrictions prevented  
*(Continued on page 10)*



# At San Felice, Hope for the New Year

## CTU Welcomes New President, Sr. Barbara Reid, OP

*Dennis Chriszt, C.P.P.S.*

On New Years Day 2020, none of us would have imagined what kind of year lay ahead. The first couple of months seemed quite normal. Then the coronavirus arrived, and the world was turned upside down.

Here at San Felice Formation House, we've spent more time together than we had ever imagined. We continue to pray together, share meals and our lives, but with nowhere to go we often take more time to connect to one another.

Several of us had some serious health issues in 2020, but it seems that we are all on the mend and are getting used to our own new normal. I, for one, am grateful to all who have held me in prayer during and after my recent foot surgery. I am also grateful to the infirmary staff at St. Charles Center for their care and concern during the two and a half weeks I spent there. While not yet fully healed, I am hopeful that I will soon be wearing regular shoes on both feet and will be walking around like normal once again.

As Advent began, it was wonderful to get the news that a vaccine will soon be available. During that season of hope, the whole world seemed to fill with hope.

During the fall semester, Catholic Theological Union was engaged in a process to find a new president. Fr. Mark

Francis, CSV, had announced his upcoming retirement, and the board of trustees established a search committee. Br. Ton Sison, C.P.P.S., and I were both appointed to the committee.

After an intensive search, seven candidates applied for the position. The committee narrowed the field to two candidates, and the board unanimously elected Sr. Barbara Reid, OP, as the new president. She took office as the New Year began.

Sr. Barbara has been on the faculty for over 25 years. She served as vice president and academic dean for eight years then returned to full-time teaching a couple of years ago. Sr. Barbara is an internationally recognized New Testament scholar. She is the first woman religious to serve as president of any major school of theology and ministry in the U.S.

Br. Daryl Charron, C.P.P.S., has been serving occasionally as a hospital chaplain at the Franciscan Medical Center in Northwest Indiana since last fall. This year, he will be on a more regular schedule there, while we are all hopeful that there will be one or more candidates in initial formation later in the year.

Classes for the rest of this academic year will continue to be online, but we are hopeful that as the COVID-19 vaccine becomes available there will be more and more opportunities to gather together with those beyond the walls of our home.

Last month, I was elected to the board of the Religious Formation Conference (RFC)--a national organiza-

tion that supports the work of formation for religious men and women throughout the U.S. and beyond. Greg Evers, C.P.P.S., was also asked to serve on the RFC's new members advisory board. Br. Ton will be a presenter at the pre-congress gathering for its biannual Congress in November.



Please plan to join in the next round of *Becoming New Wine* discussions. The video exploring the Congregation's third core value, "The Spirituality of the Blood of Christ impels our mission to the margins of our Church and world."

Videos exploring the topic will be available to view beginning January 17.

Discussions will be held on Zoom on January 26 at 1 p.m. ET and January 28 at 7 p.m. ET.

Discussion sessions have been lengthened to 90 minutes to allow participants more time to get to know one another.

# Don't Wait for an Inkling: Encourage Now

Steve Dos Santos, C.PP.S.

Discerners often agonize over figuring it all out. A common question is, how does one know? They are filled with all manner of questions. Priest or brother? Diocesan or religious? Which community is right for me? It can be overwhelming for them as they try to sift through all the options and find their perfect place.



C.PP.S.  
for  
Tomorrow

## VOCATION MINISTRY

Sometimes we who are in the business of promoting and encouraging vocations get caught up in our own form of overthinking the question. We want some certainty or even verifiable evidence before we suggest that a young man might have a priestly or religious vocation. Or that a young woman might have a call to the convent. I'd like to encourage us to stop looking for such certainty and start encouraging more young people to consider a priestly or religious vocation.

While it is true that most people are called to married life, that doesn't mean that we need hard evidence before we encourage a young man to think about life as a Missionary of the Precious Blood. The more we encourage and suggest, the greater chance we have of helping the Holy Spirit speak to the right hearts.

I'm not suggesting that you all go out and start talking about religious vocations all

the time or to everyone, but regular frequent reminders are a good thing. The more young people are able to consider the possibility of living our life, the easier it will be for the Spirit to move them. The idea of a priestly or religious vocation should be mentioned regularly in religious ed. classes, not just during National Vocation Awareness Week, or the week you're covering the chapter on vocations

One of the ways I do this is by randomly greeting little boys as they walk out of Church with their family and saying "Good morning, Father" as I shake their hands. Or "Have a good week, Sister" to little girls as they walk by. The kids may not notice it, but their parents do. And it may prompt a brief conversation on the walk to the car or the drive home.

There was no angelic

glow that made me pick this child or that on a given week. Some weeks I don't do it at all. It's random and I have no idea whether there is a call there. All I know is that there is a potential call there. I don't wait until I have a hint or an inkling, I can encourage now and let the Holy Spirit do the rest. I would encourage you to do the same. Let go of the need to be sure before you say anything. Only Jesus knew completely the men and women he called to follow him.

Encourage young men with the possibility of becoming a priest or a brother. Let young women see the possibility of being a sister. Most young people are called to the vocation of married life—but they need little help imagining themselves living that life. I'm inviting you to spark their imagination into considering a different life.



## Condolences from the C.PP.S.

The prayers and sympathy of the Precious Blood family are extended to:

The family of **Melvin Rindler**, who died on November 23. Melvin was a lay resident of Saint Charles Senior Living.

The family **Companion Delphine Burwell** (Putnam County), who died on November 24.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood and the family of **Sr. Ann Catherine Lemkuhl, CPPS**, who died on December 5.

The family of **Companion Lois Hemmelgarn** (Carthagen, Ohio), who died on December 8. Lois was the mother of Fr. Larry Hemmelgarn, C.PP.S.



### *Eternal rest*

*grant unto them, O Lord,  
and let perpetual light  
shine upon them.*

*May they rest in peace.  
Amen.*

# Dumbstruck by Unbridled Catholicism

Thomas Weiss

I'm getting better at this. Summarizing, synthesizing, selecting particularly poignant moments laden with "spiritual significance." My parents ask me to do this when I visit home. We sit around the kitchen table fidgeting our coffee mugs and they, God bless them, ask me questions as if I'm returning from overseas.

My friends on Chicago's north side hush their voices when they ask me about my work day, like we are passing notes in the back row of middle school algebra. I hope Ms. Hopewell doesn't catch us! Or, put on the individual level, it's like a child flipping through the pages of forbidden fiction beneath the bedsheets, flashlight in a vice grip between incisors.

The (mostly white) circle into which I was born is undeniably fascinated with my work, just a minute fraction of the labor Precious Blood priests, brothers, sisters, lay workers, and Companions devote toward the ultimate renewal of the world. Needless to say, I am gladdened by their fascination. Many are even fascinated enough to offer generous donations, and by this, of course, I am delighted.

And yet, there's a nagging dissatisfaction when the evening ends and I am alone. At the end of it all, I do not want your money: I want your allegiance.

The most outspokenly Catholic kid in my class at college proudly toted a MAGA hat around campus. His sweat-ers were Burberry, his shoes Sperrys, his parka made from goose feathers. I believe he is now discerning the priesthood. After the shooting in Kenosha, Wisc., a young lady from my college made sure to let me know that Jacob Blake was a rapist, and that BLM's founders were Marxists, not to be trusted. She later invited me to Mass the following evening.

Let me be clear: I am not exempt from my own criticism. My parents gave me a car, debt free, on my sixteenth birthday. I attended a highly privileged high school and university, never having to work a job outside of class to keep myself afloat. I went to summer church camps with water slides and power boats. I've been to Europe on four different occasions. My family has vacationed in Mexico, Chile, Argentina and Alaska. My story bears the indelible mark of unapologetic privilege.

I suppose that's why I felt I felt like Saul on the road to Damascus last month, walking down Michigan Avenue.

A few of the boys I mentor at PBMR wanted to drive downtown to Millennium Park to see the Christmas lights. As we walked toward the park, we saw an old man, homeless, sitting on the sidewalk, his back curled up against the concrete retaining wall that runs along Michigan Avenue.

The man was singing, wailing, head tilted up into the yellow street lights, colored intermittent-

ly with the red beams of brake lights. He jingled the coins in his Big Gulp like a tambourine.

One of the young men raced ahead of the group and dropped half of what he had in his pocket into the man's cup. Another of the young men dropped in a few bucks as we passed. They told him to stay safe and we walked on toward the Christmas tree. "Man, I just hate to see people like that," one of them said to me. "If I make it to college, I'm going to open a homeless shelter. I hate to see people like that."

I am dumbstruck by the unbridled Catholicism of these young men, neither of whom are religious. Both boys would be considered "poor" as we commonly understand the label. Yet, here they are, giving away their few and precious resources to a man they have never met before. I see a mixture of the Good Samaritan and Mary Magdalene, anointing Jesus' feet with her precious perfume.

Jesus was for the poor; this much is obvious. What I find to be often forgotten is that Jesus was poor. "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for someone rich to enter the Kingdom of God." Jesus tells those of us with two tunics to give one away to those who have none. As if this were not explicit enough, he says to do the same with food. Fundamentally, Jesus means that to be for the poor is to break bread with the poor. It means giving beyond what makes us comfortable. It means giving \$10 to a homeless man on Michigan Ave when you have \$20 in your pocket. I ask myself daily what it means for me, and I ask the  
*(Continued on page seven)*



**Precious Blood**  
*Ministry of Reconciliation*



# Many Hands Worked on Nativity Scene

For well over 100 years, the same nativity figurines have taken their place in Assumption Chapel at St. Charles Center. Joseph and Mary, the shepherds, sheep, donkeys and angels, all gazing adoringly at the Christ Child, who is propped up on small handmade pillows so all can see him.

Some of the figurines possibly date back to the early 1900s. Assumption Chapel was built in 1906 at St. Charles, the Missionaries' motherhouse. The province's archivist, Fr. David Hoying, C.P.P.S., theorizes that the figures are not all from the same set, based on their appearance—but they're together now.

Many hands have moved the figures into place. Now the task falls to Br. Tim Cahill, C.P.P.S., St. Charles sacristan, assisted by Mike Hemmelgarn, maintenance manager. They begin on the Monday after the Third Sunday of Advent. In comes the wooden substructure that extends the surface area of the side altar to allow enough room for all the figures. Those wooden support pieces are decades old; it is believed they were built by religious brothers at St. Charles who were skilled in carpentry.

Behind them hangs dark fabric representing the night sky. On top of them is draped artificial grass. Then the figures, some as tall as 21 inches, are put in place. There's a tried-and-true way to go about the set-up, perfected during the long service of the previous sacristan, Br. Theophane Woodall, C.P.P.S. It was Br. Theophane's godson, Jared, and Jared's little brother, who

sewed the cushions for the Christ Child, back when they were Cub Scouts. St. Charles' nativity scene is the result of the work of many people over the years.

This year, Br. Tim and Mike accomplished the set-up in about an hour and a half. That does not include putting up the decorations in other areas of the chapel, which are completed as Christmas gets closer.

Normally, St. Charles welcomes everyone to the Advent and Christmas liturgies in its Assumption Chapel. Because of COVID-19, its chapels are closed to the public. This story is a way of sharing Christmas greetings from



**Br. Tim Cahill checks images from his phone to see how the nativity scene was set up in 2019. More photos on the back page.**

St. Charles to all.

Setting it up is a labor of love, said Br. Tim. "I enjoy setting up the manger scene, and the fact that I'm doing it here at our motherhouse makes it that much more meaningful," he said.



## Dumbstuck

*(Continued from page six)*  
same of you.

To give a sizable amount of cash can change lives. It ferries resources into resource-scare areas. It opens doors which were formerly closed. But the real act of service stems from the realization of equivalence: just as Christ "emptied himself" and took on the flesh of us sinners, we may realize our kinship with the beaten, hungry, weary, and alienated. Though we are not Christ, together we might become like Christ through allegiance to one another. This is the call of Christ, not toward judgment, skepticism, and cowardice, but toward radical hope, healing, and hospitality.

We—the privileged, the well-fed, the comfortable—risk the fate of the Pharisees if we do not soon recognize that Jesus' teaching explicitly commands us to eradicate the existence of privilege. The stakes are high. I pray that we, stirred by courage and humility, may sift through the distractions and delusions that obscure the substance of the Gospel: "Anyone who wants to save his life will lose it; but anyone who loses his life for my sake will find it."

*Thomas Weiss is a Precious Blood Volunteer from St. Louis, serving at the PBMR.*





# Missionaries Report

NEWS FROM OUR  
MINISTRY SITES

## Spring Semester Delayed One Week

Jim Ballmann, C.P.P.S.

In response to COVID-19, CCSJ offered a three-part series to learn about the effects of stress and uncover unhealthy coping skills while discovering new and healthy ways of navigating stressors. Topics in the series included, "What is stress and how does it affect me?" "Unhealthy coping skills and how they perpetuate stress," and "Healthy coping skills and strategies to reduce stress."



## CRIMSON WAVE

Also during the fall semester, CCSJ presented a Black History film series. The college family viewed then discussed the films *Committed to Justice*, *Pillar; Tell Them We Are Rising: The Story of Black Colleges and Universities* and *Against the Odds: Artists of the Harlem Renaissance*.

We ended the semester as we began it, with all classes online after the Thanksgiving break. The spring semester will be delayed one week. Courses will resume with a multimodal delivery (in-person, hybrid, virtual and online). Even though we experienced an odd semester with very few students on campus, we were still able to get the college family involved in several social justice projects.

Student life and campus

ministry sponsored a collection for Thanksgiving meal bags for CCSJ students' families. The goal was 25 bags. Each bag included a gift card for the main entrée along with all the trimmings for the festive meal. The Meyers Glaros Group, run by CCSJ Board President Larry Meyers, underwrote the cost of the initial 25 bags so that the college was able to provide a total of 50 bags.

The education department collaborated with Catholic Charities in the Diocese of Gary to sponsor 60 individuals or families for its 18th annual Angel Tree. The office of mission and ministry sponsored a Christmas toy drive to support Port Ministries of Chicago. Inspired by St. Francis and the Franciscan charism, the Port Ministries mission is to provide the fundamental needs of the mind, body, and spirit. The office of mission and ministry was able to provide for 100 needy children for the toy drive with the donations it received.

The office of mission and ministry has developed an ongoing partnership with Port Ministries to make sack lunches here on campus. CCSJ will make sandwiches and pack about 200 meals each Wednesday. It is recruiting campus groups to help assemble the lunches. This will provide an opportunity for



**Students help transfer mounds of books in the CCSJ library.**

students to complete their required service hours for their social justice classes.

As reported in an earlier edition of the Newsletter, CCSJ received a \$1 million grant from the Lilly Foundation to enhance and develop educational services and programs. A portion of this grant was used to renovate the first floor of the library as the Academic Resource Center. This renovation was completed over the semester break.

Over the last couple of decades, the library has been evolving as more research is done online. The tutoring center is expanding and new gathering and study spaces are being created for students.

In order to make room for this expansion, all the books in the main wing of the library have been moved to the four-story, high-bay area of the library. The women's softball and basketball teams formed a human chain to remove the old books from the high-bay area shelves to make room for



the theology and philosophy collection, which were shelved in the area that was renovated. The staff then removed 10,000 books from Voyager, the collections database.

Part of this renovation included new carpeting. The last of the ubiquitous orange carpet, which was installed in the building when it was donated by Amoco in 1975, was replaced.

## What Stories Will We Tell?

*Yuri Kuzara, C.P.P.S.*

Persons comprehend when they are getting older, at least it's true for me, when asked, "Father, what was it like in the old days before you became a priest? What did you do before going to the seminary? Tell us about it, you are so halcyon all of the time! Why did you become a priest and a Missionary of the Precious Blood?"



That question always stirs up some devilment in me, in a good manner. It makes me smile as I begin to describe my adventures as questions are presented. The reactions are wide-ranging. Some answers are what is to be expected, except when I mention I was involved in the 1968 Democratic National Convention riots in Chicago the month before going to Brunnerdale. After

that answer, the questions really come—in all varieties. Someone always says, "It must have been sensational to live back then. I wish I did." My response is always, "I don't think so."

The purpose of this article is not to recount past adventures, or talk about why I became a Missionary of the Precious Blood. Nor do I intend to reiterate what has already been written about the pandemic or its effects on society throughout the world. Yet, the thought did cross my mind: what will we tell future generations about the pandemic, and what it was like to live with it and through it? How will we explain how it affected all aspects of our lives and how it altered what we once knew as normal living?

In the future, young people will ask questions about it, and those of us who lived through it will share our experiences and stories. It will be just as I grew up hearing survival stories about the Great Depression, World War II and how my maternal grandparents fled Dalmatia because of the influenza pandemic. They made a new beginning in America. I'm sure some of the stories were embellished, but each held truth: not only truth but great hope and faith. God had not abandoned them or the world.

The pandemic weighed upon the celebration of the Nativity of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ in the flesh (Christmas). The celebration was different this year. Yet, decorations went up. At the shrine, our chapel and cafeteria were decorated, with lights up inside and outside, including the Mary Lay Center. All the symbols of the nativity of the

Christ Child were there, and they bespoke hope to a disenchanted world.

With the many stories I was told about the Great Depression and other cataclysmic events, depending on who was recounting the story, it usually ended with the thought, "Our Father may reprove us, but he continually raises us up and restores us. Never does he forsake us!" A popular Orthodox Christmas carol, always sung with great emotion, sums it up perfectly: "God is with us! Understand all ye nations that God is with us!" Yes, he truly is with us, always and forever.

A side note: A person who was visiting the shrine recently thanked us for the ministry being performed here, being confessed and able to receive the Eucharist at daily Mass. His eyes shone with joy as he said to me, "Fr. Yuri, please extend my thanks to all the Missionaries of the Precious Blood for the good work they do, not only here but throughout the world!" So, thanks to all of you wherever you might be, and for the ministry performed. I would extend this to our Companions and to the good lay persons who are an immense help to us.

May God grant all of us a blessed, healthy, prosperous, peaceful and favorable New Year.



*Pray without pause,  
and always be courageous  
through the merits of the  
most Precious Blood  
of Jesus Christ.*

—St. Gaspar del Bufalo

# Precious Blood People (and Dogs)

*(Continued from page three)*

it. Church moved to Zoom or the internet. Nursing homes went from facility lockdown to room lockdown. We couldn't get over the thought of all those people not being able to see anyone from the outside. Some have no family and were not even getting phone calls. As coordinator for the visits, I set out to let them know we still think about them and care. We started making flyers to give residents updates on the dogs, handlers and that we miss them and will visit as soon as it is safe.

When COVID-19 numbers dropped, John and Sylvie were allowed to visit the school again but only to walk through the class rooms for a quick visit with each child. The children were spaced out for social distancing and everyone had to wear masks. The children said they missed the days they could sit and read to Sylvie. And John's heart broke to see the sadness behind the masks.

By the end of August, one nursing home said we would be allowed back for visits, but as the numbers climbed the second time, the visits got canceled. Again we all dealt with the rollercoaster of emotions. The solution was the handlers would wear masks to meet County rules and would walk around the outside of the building, waving hello through the windows and glass doors. As our eyes met there was a spark of joy and recognition! We are now greeted with thumbs-up and kisses through the glass.

In October, the hospital visits resumed but only at the nurses' station. Even though

we wear masks, we can visit patients only if they are out of their room. On Thanksgiving night, we saw masked smiles so bold and eyes so bright. Several nurses said they were just finishing a 12-hour shift, were exhausted but after being with the dogs thought they could do another shift if needed.

As Precious Blood people, we know we are called to go where the people are, especially those who are alone and we are happiest when we are serving others. We are all compelled to respond to the cry of the blood and to openly share our gift of hospitality, reaching

*As Precious Blood people, we know we are called to go where the people are, especially those who are alone and we are happiest when we are serving others.*

out to the lonely, even if only through glass doors.

*(Trish Frazer and her husband, John, are Companions in Lake Mary, Fla.)*



## Provincial Director's Calendar

**January 11:** CMSM meeting via Zoom.

**January 12–13:** Provincial Council meeting in Dayton.



## Community Calendar

**January 6:** Birthday of St. Gaspar del Bufalo.

**January 12–13:** Provincial Council meeting in Dayton.

**January 26, 28:** *Becoming New Wine* discussion groups, via Zoom.

**September 11–12:** Companion

retreat, Liberty, Mo.

**September 18:** Companion retreat, Georgetown, Iowa.

**October 16:** Companion retreat, Park Falls/Butternut, Wisc.

**October 23–24,** Companion retreat, St. Charles Center, Carthagen, Ohio.

**The C.P.P.S. major superiors request that all members and lay associates pray each month for a different unit of the Congregation.**

**January: Vietnam Mission**

# Days of Praise

Celebrating Special Days  
With C.P.P.S. Members

## Celebrating Birthdays In February

- 5 Fr. Paul Wohlwend
- 6 Fr. James Franck
- 7 Br. Theophane Woodall
- 8 Fr. Juan Gonzalez
- 9 Br. Robert Reuter
- 21 Br. Charles McCafferty
- 21 Fr. Bill Nordenbrock
- 27 Br. Matthew Schaefer



*Happy birthday,  
Fr. Paul Wohlwend*



*Happy birthday,  
Br. Rob Reuter*

## *Please Pray Every Day for a Missionary of the Precious Blood*

**M**issionaries of the Precious Blood of the Cincinnati Province are in ministries of prayer, preaching, teaching, parish work and other apostolates, following their call to serve God's people. Please support them in prayer each day, lifting them up for God's blessing.

Prayer suggestion: O Jesus, Eternal High Priest, live in (name), act in him, speak in him and through him. Think your thoughts in his mind, love through his heart. Give him your own dispositions and feelings. Teach, lead and guide him always. Correct, enlighten and expand his thoughts and behavior. Possess his soul, take over his entire personality and life. Replace him with yourself. Incline him to constant adoration and thanksgiving, pray in and through him. Let him live in you and keep him in this intimate union always. Amen.

## Celebrating Anniversaries In February

- 17 Fr. Frankline Rayappa
- 21 Fr. Ernest Krantz



*Happy anniversary,  
Fr. Frankline  
Rayappa*

*Happy anniversary,  
Fr. Ernest Krantz*



### FEBRUARY PRAYER LIST

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. Fr. Joseph Hinders                           | 15. Fr. Scott Kramer                              |
| 2. Fr. David Hoying                             | 16. Fr. Ernest Krantz                             |
| 3. Fr. John Hoying                              | 17. Fr. Yuri Kuzara                               |
| 4. Fr. Mark Hoying                              | 18. Fr. Fred Licciardi                            |
| 5. Fr. William Hoyng                            | 19. Fr. James McCabe                              |
| 6. Fr. Matthew Jozefiak                         | 20. Br. Charles McCafferty                        |
| 7. Pray for vocations                           | 21. Pray for those in formation                   |
| 8. Fr. Edgar Jutte                              | 22. Fr. Timothy McFarland                         |
| 9. Fr. Matthew Keller                           | 23. Fr. John Mencsik                              |
| 10. Fr. David Kelly                             | 24. Fr. Alfons Minja                              |
| 11. Fr. Dennis Kinderman                        | 25. Fr. LeRoy Moreeuw                             |
| 12. Fr. Jeffrey Kirch                           | 26. Fr. Charles Mullen                            |
| 13. Fr. Timothy Knepper                         | 27. Fr. Alfred Naseman                            |
| 14. For living and deceased<br>C.P.P.S. members | 28. For living and deceased<br>Companions & Amici |





# A Century-Old Christmas Tradition



Br. Tim Cahill, C.P.P.S., sacristan at St. Charles Center, holds one of the figurines of the St. Charles nativity scene, lower right. To learn more about the historic nativity scene in St. Charles' Assumption Chapel, see page seven.



*With prayers for a  
happy and healthy  
New Year for all in the  
Precious Blood family.*

Missionaries of the Precious Blood  
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