

Franciscan Alumni Association



Established May 28th, 1989

Serving Provinces of Our Lady of Guadalupe and St. John the Baptist

www.franciscan-alumni.org

Meet Me in St. Louis



The Alumni Association is bringing our yearly Chapter to St. Louis, "Gateway to the West," June 23-25, 2006. Plan now to join us in the heartland of America and also the heartland of the Sacred Heart Province of the OFM's.

Our host hotel is The Oak Grove Inn in South St. Louis County (zip code 63123). The room rate is \$63 per night plus tax, which includes a complimentary continental breakfast. We'll gather in the lobby for our get together Friday evening. Please call 1-888-Oak Grove to make your reservations. Tell them you are part of the

"Franciscan Gathering." Our group number is 168039. Give 'em a call or make reservations online at www.oakgroveinn.com/accom.html

We hope you can spend more than the weekend in St. Louis because there is so much to do here! The world famous St. Louis Zoo, Six Flags, the Science Center, the Gateway Arch on the riverfront, Grant's Farm, Major Land Minor League baseball, great restaurants, golf courses and a host of other things for every age. Check out this website for more info on things to do and places to go in St. Louis: www.explorestlouis.com

We are also lucky to have very beautiful churches here. The Cathedral Basilica, The Old Cathedral, St. Joe Shrine as well as where we will be celebrating the Eucharist Saturday evening—St. Anthony of Padua—the St. Francis Seraph Church of the Sacred Heart Province. Our intent is to offer a church tour on Saturday.

Bro. Donald Lachowicz ('80) is head of "Franciscan Connection," a ministry that does home repair in the area around St. Anthony's. Bro Donald would like to invite all of us to join him beginning around 9 a.m. on Friday morning for some constructive (sorry) time together serv-

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Volume 17, Issue 2

Winter 2005

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2005 Chapter at SFS in Cincinnati

More than 150 people attended, representing classes of 1940 - 1983.

Thanks to Norb Garmann, Rick Gardner, Mike Niklas, Terry McNally and others for contributing to this article. Thanks to Dave Imhoff and Frank Jasper for taking spectacular photos during the Chapter and sharing them here and on the website.



Friday evening, June 24, 2005

The first event of the 2005 Chapter took place at Staybridge Suites where a good number of out-of-towners resided for the weekend. Many alumni arrived at 6 p.m. and enjoyed conversation and dinner.

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Several classmates from the final years of the minor seminary brought school memorabilia to share and a large poster with photos. Fr. Berard Doerger led the prayer before dinner and welcomed everyone in true Franciscan spirit.

Savio Russo got a little nervous when he noticed "Big John" Peroutka assisting Tim Lacey with the gas grills in the courtyard - "an accident waiting to happen" - but fortunately, the only things they managed to burn were some hot dogs. The food choices for the evening reflected a taste of Cincinnati, with Coney dogs and bratwurst as the entrees. Veggie trays, snacks, cold beer and sodas rounded out the meal.

The 60+ attendees on Friday night had a comfortable environment, plenty of food and drink, and the conversations went well into the evening. Some chatted past midnight in the pleasant evening air of the courtyard.

Meanwhile, also on Friday evening, the class of '55 held its fiftieth reunion at the Manor House Restaurant nearby in Springdale, Ohio. Those in attendance for the celebration were Fr. Murray Bodo, Joe Buening, Ralph Hatke, Bernard Lohkamp, Terry McNally, Fr. Joe Nelson, Charlie Neuhaus, Bill O'Neill, Charlie Rausch, Fr. Gil Schneider, George Ski, Leonard Stonestreet, and Bill Westendick.

Saturday morning, June 25, 2005

Father Dan Anderson '65 is curator of the St. John the Baptist Province Archives, now located at St. Anthony Friary, site of the former novitiate. On Saturday morning, Dan graciously hosted a fairly large

group of FAA'ers and family members. The group numbered approximately 45. Dan opened all rooms and answered many questions as the tour group meandered through exhibits of the history of the Province. A highlight of the Archives tour was the presentation of his high school diploma by Don Weller '80. Don's was the very last diploma to be issued by St. Francis Seminary, so he and the Class of '80 agreed to donate the diploma to the Archives of St. John the Baptist Province. Dan gratefully accepted the diploma and mentioned, at that time, that an unidentified class ring from 1980 had been found and was also now exhibited in the Archives of the Province.

Many from the Archives tour visited St. Anthony Friary which is now the residence of postulants for the Order. Bro. Greg Mayer, Guardian, led folks through the area. Most of it has been fairly well preserved. Then, on to the old St. Francis Seminary grounds!

Saturday afternoon, June 25, 2005

The registration table, managed by Rick '75 and Kathryn Gardner and Norb '52 and Rosemary Garmann, was set up in the basement of the gym building because of the 93 degree temperature outside. Phil Fluegeman '74, who hailed from San Jose, California, traveled farthest to at-



tend this Chapter. Bill Jansen '40 was a first-timer and the most senior alumnus to check in. Socializing and self-guided touring made for a very casual and enjoyable beginning for the afternoon activities.

It was a hot and humid afternoon, and even hotter in the seminary gym. The gym was pretty much as it was in the early 70's, except for the blue and white three-point lines and the blue cat's head painted on the floor. Someone said that the gym is now home to the Cincinnati Ice girls' basketball team. Fr. Berard Doerger '52, Bob Hassenmiller '59, Jim Graf '59, Ed Graf '61, Roy Brannan '75 and Rick Gardner '75 were some of the first to come in and a few of them began to "warm up." Roy had a triple bypass just the previous November. This was the first time he'd picked up a basketball since then. After shooting awhile, he was hit-



ting outside shots just like when he played for the SFS Saints. Bob Hassenmiller lives in California. He met up with Jim and Ed Graf in Wichita, Kansas and they drove to the reunion together. Fr. Berard told us that, at two different times, he ruptured both of his Achilles tendons. But he still loves to play ball.

After sharing stories of various injuries — good reasons why these guys shouldn't be playing competitive basketball in a gym that felt like an oven — a two-on-two game began, one point per basket. Bob and Rick teamed up against Roy and Fr. Berard. Fr. Berard was grabbing all the rebounds under the basket. When the players stopped for a break — from which they never returned — team Gardner/Hassenmiller was ahead of team Brannan/Doerger 7 to 3.



Fr. Ed Lammert '49

Throughout the afternoon, many alumni and guests toured the apartments now located inside the old Seminary building, or walked around the grounds they knew so well. There are changes aplenty, but many memories were shared about every nook and cranny of the building and walkways and pond still remaining on the site. Fr. Aubert's garden is beautiful, thanks to the frequent weekend labors of Mike Niklas '75, his family and a number of other alumni. Newcomers were amazed to view the current usage of the "old swimming pool." The latest addition to the property is the group of cottages for seniors, some of which are al-

ready occupied. They are located in the field behind the gym in the tennis court and orchard areas of the property.

Holy Mass in chapel followed at 5:00. Fr. Gil Wohler '53 was the celebrant. Butch Feldhaus '75 and his group provided inspiring music for the celebration, almost enough to make folks forget about the temperature. Other musicians and singers included Mary Wiley (wife of Donn '76), Mike Lippman '76, Paul Landers '76, and Mike Niklas '75. John Peroutka '75 served as a lector for the liturgy. Neither heat nor crowded quarters — due to overflow attendance — could still the enthusiasm of the alumni, their family and friends of FAA. The *Ultima* sung at the end of Mass was a resounding tribute to the spirit shared by the men who were present.

Saturday evening, June 25, 2005

A buffet dinner in the old Study Hall followed Mass. The dinner was prepared and set up by Mike Niklas '75 and his helpers — including Marge Wagner (wife of Mario '52), Nancy Imhoff (wife of Dave '70), Charlie Bullington '67, Pat Daly '76, Pat's wife Jan, and the rest of the crew. Many delicious foods were arrayed, including fresh Italian sausages and bratwurst donated by Jim Burke '62, who is vice-president of Fresh Sausage Specialists — products from Fresh Sausage Specialists are available at Kroger supermarkets, labeled as the Kroger brand. Many desserts were prepared by residents of Mercy Franciscan and Marge Wagner. Marge's chocolate chip cookies were irresistible! Although it took awhile for more than 130 people to make their way through the buffet, the wait provided socializing time.

After dinner, Mike Niklas welcomed and introduced Pat Otto (sister of Fr. Aubert Grieser) and Vickie Dudley (worked with Fr. Aubert in the gardens for years). Pat thanked everyone for remembering her wonderful brother and carrying on his work in the seminary gardens. Pat and Vickie said they were very impressed by the Fr. Aubert Grieser Memorial Peace Garden and touched by the efforts of all

those who helped restore and sustain it. They were also overjoyed with all the stories of Aubert that people shared with them.

Then FAA President Rick Gardner '75 called the Chapter meeting to order. A wireless microphone was passed around the room so each alumnus could introduce himself and comment.

Next, a couple association members were nominated and agreed to serve on the Franciscan Alumni Association Board: Don Weller and Mike Bramer, both of the class of '80.

Then Fr. Tom Speier '49 came forward to confer the Christian Life Award on Fr. Ed Lammert '49 who has spent 18 years of his priestly life ministering to the people of Appalachia. Fr. Ed has been spiritual advisor and guide, pastor and friend for people in three counties of Kentucky and Tennessee. He has also engaged in political activity to bring about an end to strip-mining the small parcels of land that belong to the impoverished people who live in the counties.

Fr. Ed Lammert received a plaque, designating him as the recipient of the Christian Life award, and spoke a few humble words to the assembly.

Mike Thomas '74 presented the Humanitarian Award to Roger Kapraun '74. Mike reported that Roger is a lector, CCD instructor, Eucharistic minister, served on parish council, coached church teams, was an education director, volunteer EMT and rescue technician for a fire squad, and

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Mike Thomas and Roger Kapraun '74

The Brown and White: Final Years

by Tom Baca '72

The Camera Goes to Black

This is the last in a series of articles about St. Francis High School Seminary and more specifically, its student magazine, the Brown and White (B&W). Over the last two years I have struggled to capture on paper a reasonable synopsis of the school's history as it was chronicled in the B&W. Of course St. Francis Seminary pre-existed the yellow brick building at 10290 Mill Road. However, the B&W's history coincides with that of the school as it existed after 1924 when it celebrated its first fall semester in the rural hills of Mount Healthy, Ohio.

The writing on the wall was there for all to see; but the St. John the Baptist Province of the Order of Friars Minor maintained hope to the very last that the seminary should never have to close. I was never privy to the planning discussions that might have gone on between the provincial definitors. However, they must have discussed all possible options including redefining or expanding the seminary's mission. But the final decisions that were made in 1980 boiled down to the school's main purpose being to foster vocations to the priesthood. In other words, the school should not be perpetuated for its own sake if it was not able to meet that one mission. However, in the wake of the 60's and early 70s, the last eight years of St Francis Seminary were years of attempted revitalization, recommitment, and refocus. The B&W was the scribe of that "long day's journey into the night." In the end, only the Holy Spirit would have complete understanding as to why vocations to the priesthood would continue to decline and why the high school seminary was no longer to be the primary incubator of future priests.

When I graduated from St. Francis Seminary High School in June of 1972, it was the closing of a personal chapter of my life. It was a rite of passage for all those

who graduated in the past and who would graduate in the future, but most of all, it was a rite of passage for the old school itself. 1972 was the close of much more than a personal chapter. I graduated the year that Richard Milhous Nixon was reelected to a second term. It was in that term that the Paris Peace Talks ended with the pullout of U.S. troops from South Vietnam. It was in that term that Americans first experienced wage and price freezes to curb the growth of inflation. And it was the term that ended in disaster, shame and resignation for Nixon. It was also the year in which Harrison H. Schmitt and Eugene Cernan blasted off on a December night for what was to be the last trip in the 20th century by man to the moon. Ironically, Schmitt was later to become a United States Senator from New Mexico and I would soon afterward join his staff.



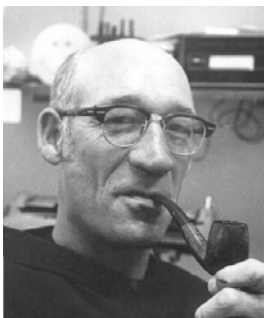
Fray Angelico

But with respect to St. Francis Seminary, that old yellow brick academy of excellence, 1972 seemed to be the beginning of the end. Many things which I left in 1972 had been benchmarks for a long list of youthful hearts beginning from 1926 and ending in 1980. The front parlors, the rectors office, study hall, the little store, the grandfathers clock in the lobby, the infirmary, the refectory, the second floor cloistered area, the boiler room, the front steps, that magnificent statue of Il Poverello himself, the lake, Calvary, Winton woods, Mill Creek, the covered bridge, on and on. The halls and the

grounds that were brand new to Manuel (Fray Angelico) Chavez in 1926 were the same halls and grounds I experienced. And the last youthful hearts beat upon those grounds and within those halls in the spring of 1980. The mainstay among all of those years at 10290 Mill Road was none other than the B&W.

The fall issue of the B&W depicts the 1972-73 school year as a landmark year for the school because departing were many of those faculty mainstays many of us remember so very fondly. I list them: Fr. Aubert departed to England to study music; Fr. Valentine Young, departed for the southwest; Fr. David (Dismas) Turnbull departed for the Philippines. Fr. Ronan Hoffer, the Guardian of the Seminary departed to be Pastor of Holy Family Parish in Oldenburg, Indiana; and Fr. Jim Fehrenbach departed for Munich, Germany to study systematic Theology. Already gone were Fr. Thomas Richstatter who was studying in Paris, France, and Fr. Murray Bodo, who was writing his first book, *Francis, the Journey and the Dream*, in Assisi, Italy. Plans were also underway to make physical changes that benchmarked change at SFS. The chapel with all of its baroque paintings throughout the sanctuary dome and the side altars were to be renovated. When the plan was completed in 1974, the interior of the chapel was painted white and the entire chapel was renovated with the intent to be more in line with the recommendations of the Synod of Bishops concerning liturgical celebrations. To some these changes were what had been needed for years to brighten the environment for celebration. However, to many, there was some displeasure at the extensive obliteration of "sacred art." Perhaps the hope was to truly throw open the windows at SFS, allowing fresh Vatican II spirit into the world of worship at St. Francis Seminary as if that might make some difference to the outer world, and perhaps once again attract vocations.

The first issue of the B&W representing the last 7 years faithfully documented these changes. The returning classes of 1973, 74, and 75 all would feel the change more than anyone because they experienced what had been. The freshmen, the class of 1976, were not to know what had been. The introductory article sporting the kids on the block among the faculty points out that the school was changing, but in a way that many would think might be an attempt to recover lost discipline of the late 60's and early 70s. "When the faculty members strolled up to the stage Monday, September 4th, not all was evident at the first glance. The hopes and expectations for the coming school year were soon made clear, as Fr. Laurian's (Rausch) vintage voice, aged by seven years in the administrative position at Roger Bacon, soared across the hall greeting the old and new alike. His was the new face which would fill the position of Rector, vacated by Fr. Aldric Heidlage after eight years of hard and tireless service for the community." And there were some immediate differences. Gone would be the shoulder length hair that so marked



*Father
Laurian
Rausch,
new Rector
in 1972*

the previous era. Students were asked to dress more seriously for classes and prayer. But these were indications that Fr. Laurian believed that somehow things had been a little lax at the seminary before his arrival. He strictly prohibited the wearing of peace symbols, for example, referring to them as "oddball ornaments." Although he was more strict than some students would have liked, he was fair, consistent and had a good sense of humor.

Following Brunette as editor of the B&W in the Class of 74 was Jim Lubinski. And it seemed that the structure of the magazine, its look, had remained consistent with what was introduced from 1969 through 1972. The last editor that I would personally remember was Mike Fritsch '75 and he had the honor of being editor during the 50th Anniversary year of SFS. Fritsch was very enterprising in that he initiated the publication of a monthly newsletter which he states was "mainly concerned with current news involving either the students or faculty of the seminary." Fritsch stated that the newsletter was to be circulated to students' parents, Seraphic Seminary Society members, and patrons of the B&W. He states: "The funds to print this newsletter will be taken out of the money obtained from subscribers to the B&W." In view of the costs of printing, Fritsch was confident that subscriptions would be able to support both the printing of the B&W and the monthly newsletter.

The fall issue of 1974 reported that Friar Larry Dunham was to be leaving the seminary after three years on the faculty. Larry had already been ordained to the diaconate and was to continue his studies for ordination to the priesthood. Little did Friar Larry know that the future would hold for him a big move to the west. There he would be one of the first friars forming the Our Lady of Guadalupe Province and he would become Minister Provincial. In the same issue, Editor Fritsch disclosed that the staff was behind in the schedule of publication and that to facilitate meeting the schedule, the winter and spring editions of the B&W would be restricted to eight-page editions.

Overall, the 1976-77 school year brought in a tidal wave of change in faculty and the B&W reflected that the school held on to its many identifiable traits. In the fall of 1976 issue, three items struck me as interesting in reviewing those issues of the B&W. Firstly, the B&W reported that

there was a new lay faculty member on the coaching staff of SFS by the name of Dave Gehring ('72). Dave was the first lay member of the faculty at SFS who also was an alumnus. I can remember when Dave and I were students at the seminary and how much Dave was active in all sports activities. Dave was an avid Cincinnati Reds fan and at the time we graduated, Dave had expressed to me that he was interested in sports journalism. So it seems Dave was able to achieve his dream of a career aligned with sports activities.

The second item in the B&W that struck me as interesting is that there was a freshman recruit by the name of Tom Mapother who, although he stayed at the seminary only that year, was a serious athlete. Tom launched away from SFS to go back to his native New York where he became better known as Tom Cruise of international fame. We have heard that Tom is aware of the Franciscan Alumni Association. Seminary photos of Tom have appeared in local and international publications and videos (such as CNN's *People in the News*). We look forward to hearing from Tom or seeing him at one of the annual reunions.

The third item was that a special article that year documented the Pontifical Transitus Mass which was celebrated in the Cathedral of St. George commemorating the 750 Anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi. The Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Joseph Bernardin who was head of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati at the time. The archbishop would go on to become a Cardinal and head the Archdiocese of Chicago.

By the fall of 1977, there was a big change that should have given all those concerned for the Seminary's future a warning of what was to come. Instead, it seemed to give them hope. The Sacred Heart Province of the Order of Friars Minor based in St. Louis, Missouri, came to a difficult decision to close the doors of

its own minor seminary, St. Joseph. The students of St. Joseph Seminary would join with those at St. Francis Seminary in an attempt to avoid abandoning the minor seminary track to eventual ordination to the priesthood. The B&W documented the closure of St. Josephs after more than a hundred years of existence. The transfer of seminarians to SFS fostered the hope that perhaps by pooling resources, provinces of the Franciscan Order could maintain the minor seminary in a cooperative sense. Fr. Lawrence Jagdfeld, O.F.M. transferred from the St. Joseph Seminary faculty to keep an eye on the students from his province. The B&W reports that Fr. Lawrence stated: "I felt disappointed at the closing of St. Joseph, and I hope our province can still run a formation program at this level. I am impressed with the intense spirit here, but there are also the same difficulties every minor seminary encounters." More writing on the walls.



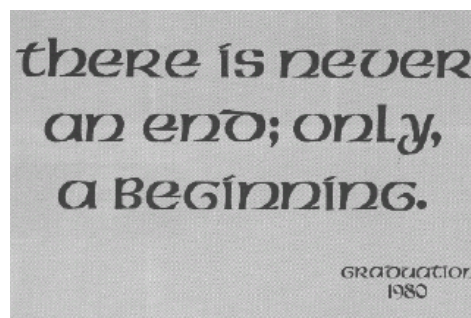
The Fall 77 issue of the B&W reported a very unusual event for the seminarians. It actually took place in the previous school year during Easter vacation. School closure for weather reasons that winter elongated the Easter vacation to a full two weeks. The B&W reports that at the direction of Fr. Paul Jewett, seminarians from the west were given an opportunity to be home for Easter. In the history of the seminary, students from the southwest were never able to make the trip home because of the limited time allotted and the expense. Fr. Paul

packed up a U-haul trailer in tandem with the Seminary bus and headed for New Mexico and Arizona. A group of science students also went along for a planned field trip to visit geologically and archeologically famous sites as well as a backpacking trip to a wilderness area. The B&W reports: "The main idea of the World Tech trip," according to Father Paul, "was to gain appreciation of geology and archeology through practical experience." Many of the students had never before been in the southwest, experienced the culture there, or lived in the great climate. It was also a chance for them to see the Franciscan missions and how they operated."

An article in the winter 1977 B&W entitled Fishers of Men reintroduced the Franciscan vocation offices' friars who were dedicated to the fostering of new vocations. The B&W records: "Here at St. Francis the friars are making every effort to keep up with the demand for vocations. Much work and time is expended in our vocation office to help God call his workers. From this 'headquarters' six people work to reach young men in many parts of the United States from many different backgrounds and cultures. They must meet the needs of these people in changing times and make a relevant and meaningful appeal. And this only to give these men a chance to try their vocation as a follower of St. Francis of Assisi." The article goes on to explain in detail the true extensiveness of the vocation program. It is interesting to note that when I was being recruited in the mid-1960s, there were only two men who were charged with the effort, Fr. Paul Scales, O.F.M., and Fr. Finbarr (Barry) Coyle, O.F.M, who was stationed in the Southwest. Six fulltime personnel is another sign that the pressure was on to produce results. The clock was ticking and ticking and the B&W reflected the urgency.

From fall of 72 until the spring of 77, the B&W began to change in more subtle

ways. From my own observations, it appeared as though there was a gradual migration from reporting on the typical life of the seminarian to reporting on more sports activities. The final issue of 1977 devoted one quarter of the magazine to sports stories. Additionally, bylines were no longer used in these later years. The magazine seemed more compact, with less use of "white space" than in previous years.



In the end, the finale for SFS was documented by a Brown and White Commemorative Issue in the spring of 1980.

For those of you who are interested in the nostalgia, I recommend that you get a copy of the Brown and White Collection and read the outstanding material for yourself. The Commemorative Issue, orchestrated by the last editor of the B&W, Donald Lachowicz '80, presents the thoughts and feelings of many who had hoped that there would be no end to the old school. Integrated amidst the words on paper was the shock of it all. I was fortunate to be able to interview Dean Whittaker of Batesville, Indiana, who would have graduated in the class of 1982. I asked him to describe how he felt when the closing of the old school was announced. He states: "Regarding the seminary closure announcement, I mostly remember feelings of bitterness and betrayal. Most of the students cried, I think we all did inside our hearts if not openly. We felt somehow that we had been betrayed, 'why didn't anyone discuss this

with us first?’, ‘What can we do to change this?’, ‘why doesn’t anyone care about the seminary?’ Some were naïve enough to believe the school should be able to operate without sufficient enrollment and income, yet most probably knew it wasn’t possible, but didn’t want to think about reality and what it would bring. For several days everyone was quite somber, we didn’t talk as much and we didn’t laugh as much, at least for those first few days. I think the biggest ‘hit’ for a lot of us was fear. We were all young, we were scared of our futures, and because of the news we all had to make decisions and we had to make them relatively quickly. ‘What were we going to do without the seminary life?’, ‘What about my friends?’”

It has been said that old schools “die hard.” Ever since I graduated from SFS, I used to hear other alumni, my friends, and colleagues refer to SFS as “the farm.” I always felt that the term did not give proper honor to our Alma Mater. To me it was always my “other” home. St. Francis Seraphic Seminary was the launch pad of my deeper journey to young adulthood. So when I used to hear my classmates refer to SFS as “the farm,” I would grimace. But since I started this project it is very easy now for me to see the obvious reasons for such an epithet. St. Francis Seminary literally was a farm once upon a time. Long before I arrived there, many of the acres on the property were farmed and crops were harvested. But there is another reason that it is appropriate to call SFS “the farm.” It was the soil upon which good Christian men were grown into good fruit in spite of unsympathetic influences that would have it otherwise. So now, I gladly call SFS, my “once upon a home,” the farm; and I consider myself a “farm boy.”

I have had an interesting task with this series. No doubt, I have learned much about the B&W, the school and the lives

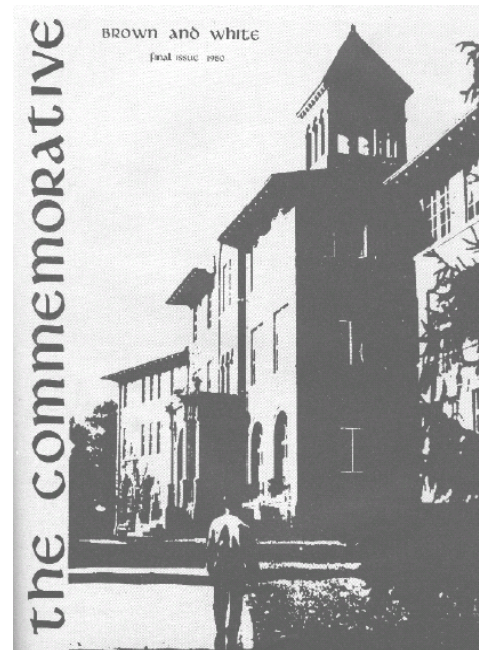
of those who walked her halls from 1924 until its closure in 1980. I have had fun remembering my own experiences in the context of so many years of students living their teenage lives away from home as they contemplated their visions of future priesthood and religious life. Some of those visions were realized. Many learned that the Holy Spirit was moving them in a different direction.

The writing was on the wall. And already by 1972, the year I graduated, it was clear that the Holy Spirit was moving the church in a completely different direction with respect to the recruitment of vocations. And it was clear that the stalwart educational track record on all academic and extracurricular fronts of the old school was not enough to sustain its existence. By fall of 1979, the school could hardly withstand a “Katrina force” of both secular and religious factors that steered the interest of young men away from the thought of religious life and the priesthood. This was a trend that eventually swallowed up minor seminaries throughout the entire United States including our beloved St. Francis Seraphic Seminary. It was our home. It was now exposed to the outer world and the massive changes caused by our quickening pace of life in America.

This has been our sojourn. Like the dazed disciples of Jesus walking to Emmaus or, perhaps, like Francesco Bernardoni walking the road from the town of Assisi to the little broken down chapel of San Damiano.

The B&W was the window into our sojourn. Ultimately, while the magazine is no longer published, it remains timeless by the power of its content and its effect on those of us who breathed life into it between 1926 and 1980. For those of us who wrote on its pages as editors or staff, it was a means to grow outward. To each editor along the way, the B&W was like our little chapel that we would build word

by word, page by page and each issue presented a little chapel of sorts with the lives of seminarians breathing within. From the days of former Editor Fray Angelico (Manuel) Chavez, to those of the last editor, Donald Lachowicz, St. Francis Seminary High School was our house; and the B&W was more certainly our voice and our camera, recording the colorful journeys of boys on the road to becoming men.



[About the author: Tom Baca is a former editor of the B&W. He earned a degree in Journalism and Mass Communications and a degree in Philosophy from New Mexico State University. Tom also received a Master of Public Administration Degree from NMSU and is currently in his third year of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe Deacon Formation Program. Tom remains avidly committed to writing poetry. He, his son, Joseph, and Esther, his wife, live in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Tom currently works for the United States Fish and Wildlife Service.]

Life After the Seminary

By Berard Doerger, OFM '52

(Editor: Many of you know Fr. Berard Doerger as a devoted priest, teacher, and sports enthusiast. Some know him as a skilled singer and harmonica player. We asked Fr. Berard to tell us about his other activities and what he's been up to in recent decades.)

First, a word about my days at St. Francis Seminary: I spent altogether twelve years at St. Francis Seminary—four years as a student from 1948 to 1952, and eight years (1966 to 1973 & 1977-78) as a teacher of Latin, German and Religion, athletic director and coach of all the sport teams, and Dean of students for one somewhat fateful year. I loved the life of a seminarian at St. Francis from day one as a freshman to graduation day as a senior. And I look back on those four years with great fondness and gratitude for all the opportunities that the seminary life offered me to grow physically (from 100 pounds to 190), intellectually, socially and spiritually. The eight years as a faculty member at the “farm” brought some trials and tribulations, but they were also years that were filled with many wonderful experiences and friendships with the faculty members and the hundreds of young men who passed through the halls of St. Francis.

My life since my years at St. Francis Seminary has gone in many directions geographically and ministerially.

When I left the Seminary in 1973, I first spent a year at a House of Prayer, the Franciscan Retreat, in Cedar Lake, Indiana (which house is now the Inter-Provincial Novitiate for three or four Provinces in the states). This year was followed by a year as associate pastor in Buras, Louisiana, down on the Delta below New Orleans. During that year, however, I was the chairman of a committee of five friars of the SJB Province who were commissioned to set up a House of Prayer for the Province of SJB within a



year. We eventually founded such a House (The Franciscan Hermitage) in Jemez Springs, NM, and I spent two great years there until I was asked to return to St. Francis Seminary in 1977-78.

After just one year back on the “farm,” I next became associate pastor at the Hispanic parish in Roswell, NM, called St. John’s Parish. During the two years that I was in Roswell, I was also the part-time chaplain to the Poor Clares Convent in that city (before the time of the “aliens” in Roswell). But then I moved to the state of Kansas in the summer of 1980, becoming the pastor of the rural parishes of Olpe and Hartford, Kansas. Here I lived by myself for the first time in my life, and found that to be a good experience for me personally, although I soon missed the Franciscan community life and the blessings that come from community living. So, when a year later I was asked by a friar-friend of mine to go to Bolivia, South America, with him to take over a parish in Coripata, Bolivia, I decided “Why not!”; and I requested the Provincial Council for permission to undertake this new venture.

“Boliva, aqui yo voy!”

The Provincial Council hesitatingly gave permission for me to join Father Justus

Wirth for this commitment in Bolivia. But they suggested that I first attend a program of preparation for missionaries going to Latin America—a program established by the American Bishops and run out of the Mexican American Cultural Center (MACC) in San Antonio, Texas. This program ran from August to December of 1981 and consisted of six weeks of living in Mexico in various contexts, six weeks of Spanish-language study at MACC, and six more weeks of workshops on different aspects of missionary ministry in Latin America.

While I was in this program from August to December, Father Justus went down to Bolivia. But, after some weeks there, he felt he needed to return to the States for various reasons, and he called me at MACC to inform me of his decision. I finished the rest of my program at MACC and then told the Provincial, Jeremy Harrington, that I still felt I wanted to go to Bolivia. The Provincial Council then decided that I could go to Bolivia for three months and use that time to travel around Bolivia and investigate what the Franciscans were doing in various ministries there. The Council also said that if I decided I wanted to stay, I would then have to join up with the New York Province that had a number of friars in Bolivia and help with their ministries.

To shorten a rather long story, as a result of my three months of traveling throughout Bolivia and visiting almost all of the Franciscan ministries and institutions there, I decided to stay in Bolivia with a somewhat unusual agenda. My plan was to spend six months of each year in a House of Prayer that the friars were just opening up in Cochabamba, Bolivia; then to teach some Franciscan courses for three months in the Novitiate at Copacabana on the shores of Lake Titicaca; and to teach also for three months in another program run by the Franciscans called the

OSCAR program. This was a volunteer program for young Catholic men between the ages of 18-30, which consisted of some pre-college preparation courses, but also working on building roads in areas of Bolivia where there were no roads so that people in remote areas could travel to some of the bigger cities. This program was also an obligatory part of the Franciscan and Oblates of Mary candidate programs in Bolivia. The schedule of the program included Morning and Evening Prayer and Mass every day, about four hours of work on the roads in two shifts, and several hours of classes, besides the meals together and some recreational activities, such as soccer and basketball.

Well, all those in charge of these different programs and the SJB Provincial said: "That sounds great!" So in August of 1982 I joined the House of Prayer that was just beginning in the outskirts of Cochabamba, together with two friar-priests from Spain and a lay brother from the New York Province. After six months in the House of Prayer I went to the Novitiate and for a couple months taught a course on the Writings of St. Francis and on the Early Biographies of St. Francis. (And I played handball almost every day with the Novice Master and some of the novices at an altitude of 15,000 feet!)

In March of 1983 I began my stint in the OSCAR program, teaching a class in World History twice a day to two groups of about 25 volunteers each. I also was giving a presentation once a week to all the young men on the Christian faith in general. My time in the OSCAR program came to a rather abrupt end when I came down with hepatitis toward the end of April. I had to leave the OSCAR camp out in the wilderness and go into La Paz, where I was taken immediately to a clinic or hospital for almost a month's stay. For a number of reasons that would take too long to explain, I decided to return to the

States when I was released from the hospital. My time in Bolivia had been most interesting and enjoyable and rewarding, and I left from La Paz at the end of May 1983 with happy memories of friars and friends and of a beautiful country and of many interesting experiences there. One of the latter was the peaceful return of Bolivia to a democracy, following the military rule for some years, on the Feast of St. Francis, Oct. 4th, 1982.

Post-Bolivia Assignments

When I returned to the States after these almost two years in Bolivia, I lived a couple months at St. Francis Seminary, which had now become "St. Francis Center." Then I was asked to take Father Ric Schneider's (beloved Dean of Students for many years at St. Francis Seminary) place at St. Mary's Parish in Bloomington, Illinois, while he was on a three-month sabbatical in California. My next move was to Lukachukai, AZ, on the Navajo Indian Reservation as a part-time associate pastor. In July of 1984 I was appointed pastor of the Immaculate Conception Parish in Cuba, New Mexico, where I lived by myself again for most of a year.

In January of 1985 the friars in the Southwest became a separate Province, the Province of Our Lady of Guadalupe, with headquarters in Albuquerque, NM. I elected to join the new province and also spearheaded a move to open a House of Prayer in our new Province. The new Provincial Council of the Province gave its approval and four of our Province opened up a House of Prayer, called the Hermitage of St. Anselm, in Houck, AZ in August of 1985. Houck was also a small parish or mission, and I was the pastor of the small parish (only one Mass on Sundays) for four of the five years that I was stationed at Houck.

In the Footsteps of the Master – Bible Study Program

It was decided to close the House of Prayer at Houck in August of 1990; and Father Valentine Young, who taught Latin to many of you at the "farm," took over as the pastor of the parish there. I was given permission to join a Holy-Land Bible Study Program run by the Chicago Theological Union (CTU). This program lasted for four months; and, besides living in Palestine for most of this time, we also spent a week in Greece and Turkey, a week in the Mt. Sinai area, and a week in Egypt. This was a very rewarding experience for me. And one of the fruits of this trip was a book that I wrote on returning home, which I entitled "A Journey through the Land and Life of Jesus." Sad to say, I could never get any publishing company to print it. (I have a few mimeographed copies of this work if anyone would be interested in reading it.)

Home Again

When I returned from the Holy Land in November of 1990, I was asked to help out in the Northern Hispanic missions of Chama, Los Ojos, Tierra Amarilla, Cebolla and Canjilon. Father Charlie Martinez (SFS class of 1971) was the pastor and I, his former teacher, became his humble assistant. I stayed in this assignment only until March of 1991 when I was appointed Guardian of the Provincial House in Albuquerque, NM, under the new Provincial, Father Gilbert Schneider (Graduate Class of 1955).

I remained in this position for three years, until July of 1994. During these years I began some new ministries or activities. One of these was to teach a course on the Bible to the candidates for the permanent diaconate program in the Gallup Diocese. Also I began to give retreats to religious communities and lay people and also to conduct some parish missions.

Abroad Once Again

In my years at the Provincial House, the General Minister of the Order requested the American Provinces for a friar to teach English for several months in the Franciscan Minor Seminary in Croatia, part of former Yugoslavia. He wanted this teacher from America to take the place of a Croatian friar who was the English teacher in the seminary so that they could free up this friar to work in the Order's Peace and Justice Office in Rome. In his letter of request, the General Minister also mentioned that many of the Croatian friars at the Seminary spoke German as their second language.

Well, "Why not?" I asked myself again. I had taught in a minor seminary for eight years; I knew what it was like to live in a foreign country; I knew the principles of teaching a foreign language; I knew enough German to get along in that language; and I didn't have that many responsibilities connected with my position as Guardian at the Provincial House. So I volunteered and was accepted.

On February 1, 1993 I took off for Rome, and, after a two-day stay at the General Curia in Rome, I flew across the Adriatic Sea to Croatia. I arrived at the Minor Seminary located in a small town called Sinj in the evening, and was greeted by the friars and students of the seminary as some kind of hero. They all wanted to shake this American's hand and to show off some of the English they knew.

The plan at first was that I would just take over the English classes (1st, 2nd & 3rd years) in the high school that was run by the friars. The school was also open to boys and girls from the town of Sinj. However, their school was an officially accredited school of Croatia, and their Provincial visited me a few days after my

arrival to inform me that he was not able to get permission from the Croatian Administration in Zagreb for me to teach English since I hadn't taken the necessary courses for accreditation... But the Provincial had a Plan B. They were going to have an accredited English teacher from the town take over the English classes in the school. What he wanted me to do was to have extra-curricular classes for the high school seminarians on several days after school hours and in the evenings. Also, he informed me, their major seminary was only about an hour's drive away and some of the clerics there wanted to have some English classes also. And, besides, some of the friar-teachers at the Seminary in Sinj wanted to learn some English too.

Well, to shorten again a rather long story, I ended up implementing Plan B for about four months to the end of the school year. I would go down to Makarska where the major seminary was and have some classes there on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday. Then I would return to Sinj and have classes on Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings for the students and faculty members at the Minor Seminary. On Saturday mornings I would have an English class for the non-seminarian boys and girls from Sinj who wished to come. I don't think I really was too successful in teaching very much English in the four months that I was there, but I certainly enjoyed the overall experience of living in Croatia, and also the opportunity to visit Germany for about ten days – and the few days that I was in Rome. I was also on an emotional high during most of this time; and I never was sure if it was from the wine that was served at every meal or from the sauerkraut that we ate at least once a day during those months in Croatia.

Post-Croatian Period

Returning to Albuquerque in June of 1993, I was soon on the move again—this time as pastor of the Acoma Pueblo, living at Laguna with Fr. Matthias Crehan (Seminary grad of 1957). After two years at Acoma, I requested to be relieved of parish ministry, and I ended up living at Pena Blanc, where I was not officially attached to the parish ministry there. During my stay there from August 1996 to September 1998, I helped out with the weekend liturgies at Pena Blanca and their missions or at other parishes in the Santa Fe or Gallup dioceses. I also directed some more retreats and parish missions during these years and continued teaching in the Gallup diaconate program, adding courses in Dogmatic Theology to the Scripture classes that I had been teaching for some years. I also tried to spend some quality time in prayer and a lot of afternoons cutting grass and cleaning up weeds, etc. around the parish and friary in Pena Blanca.

Then, it was back to Laguna and Acoma in September of 1998 where I was now assistant pastor to Fr. Antonia Trujillo, (seminary grad of 1978) who had been appointed pastor of both Acoma and Laguna. Antonio decided to leave the order and priesthood about a year later, and Father Sean Murnan replaced him as pastor for a couple months until he was moved to Zuni Pueblo as pastor. I once again became pastor of Acoma and now also of Laguna Pueblo. A Jesuit priest became my associate at both places. After a year in this role, I realized that what Father Stanley Bir (the Personnel Adviser of the SJB Province) had told me many years before was true; namely, that I would never be comfortable or satisfied or fulfilled in parish ministry.

Chapter 2005 (concluded)

And so I requested a change from our new Provincial at the time, Fr. Larry Dunham (graduate of 1957 and last Dean of Students at "The Farm"). I found a new home and a great community at St. Michael's Mission in July of 2001. I help out with weekday Masses at the parish or at St. Michael's School nearby when needed. On weekends, I usually help either at St. Michael's and its four other missions, or at various parishes in the Gallup diocese and beyond. I also continue teaching courses in the deacon-preparation program (Scripture, Church History and Fathers of the Church now) and I give occasional parish missions, retreats, days of recollection and workshops on various topics in parishes of the diocese. At St. Michael's, which is now the Candidate-Postulant House of the Province, I have been helping in this program with some English classes for the candidates from Mexico and with other classes in Church History, Liturgy, etc. I am now 70 years old, but still in good health, and, believe it or not, still able to play basketball, baseball or handball when the opportunity presents itself.

Finally, I do try to spend some time each day in intercessory prayer for the needs of the church, the order, the world, etc., and I do pray in general each day for all the alumni of St. Francis Seminary, especially for those who were students in the years I was there as a student or faculty member. If any of you reading this long article have any special requests for prayer, let me know your request by phone (928-871-4171) or mail (St. Michael's Mission, P.O. Box 680, St. Michael's, AZ 86511). I promise to include your special requests in my daily prayer.

Pax et bonum! Aufwiedersehen!
Hasta la vista! Bog!
And God bless you!

(Continued from page 3)

was 20 times a presenter for Teens Encounter Christ. Last year, doctors relayed to Roger that his life was nearing its end. Yet, here in June, 2005, Roger has fully recovered and continues his Christ-centered life. After receiving his Humanitarian Award plaque, Roger attributed his recovery to prayers offered for him.

Next, Pat Daly '74 presented the Alumni Association President award to Rick Gardner '75 for serving so well in this capacity for the past year.



Pat Daly '76 and Rick Gardner '75

Following the Chapter meeting, many attendees gathered in the chapel for a wonderful concert by Gregg Martinez, international entertainer from the Class of '74. There they enjoyed and savored Gregg's powerful and inspirational music with a message. The concert, about an hour in length, included several songs and stories. Gregg



Gregg Martinez '74

reminded about his years in Fr. Aubert's glee club and commented with pride that he now has Fr. Aubert's hair style too.

The 2005 Chapter closed with the traditional memorial service for alumni who have gone home to God during the past year. Butch Feldhaus '75 arranged the moving service and led the group in an opening song. As Dennis Kirby '56 read each name, Ralph Hatke '55 lit a candle for the deceased. All candles were burning brightly as the memorial service ended with a final Ultima!



Finding Woodrow Bergeron '61



Woody Bergeron (left) and Fred Link posing during junior year at the sem

I attended the most recent Chapter in Cincinnati. For years I have not been active in the Alumni Association - not sure why, as I cherished the time I spent at St. Francis, St. Anthony's, and Duns Scotus.

While there I recalled many good times and while talking to Mike Erard I learned that Mike was a Medic with the Special Forces in the central highlands of Viet Nam. I too was there serving with the Army's 23 Infantry Division, called the Americal Division. During this discussion I recalled reading in the Pacific Stars and Stripes about a navigator being extracted from the jungle after evading the enemy for several days. The picture took up the top half of the newspaper and showed the soldier dangling from the end of a long cable being hoisted into a hovering helicopter. His name was Woodrow Bergeron.

Well, there was a Woodrow Bergeron one year ahead of me in the Seminary. He was always flying model airplanes, and I wondered if he was this navigator.

So, I found Woodrow Bergeron's email address on the alumni website and wrote him. He replied and confirmed that IT WAS HIM!! Chuck Lawrence '62

(Editor: The following is a condensed version of the official Air Force after-action report on Woody's rescue.)

The largest search and rescue operation of the Vietnam conflict began at 0900 hours on 5 Dec 1969 when two Phantom jets (Boxer 21/22) took off from Cam Ranh Bay Air base and headed north to refuel at the yellow anchor south of Da Nang. Their mission was to emplace MK-36 antipersonnel mines along a section of the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos. The F-4Cs refueled and headed west toward their preplanned target in central Laos. They were diverted northward to a target near Ban Phanop, 10 miles below Mu Gia Pass, a major entry to the trail from North Vietnam.

Boxer 21 made the first run successfully. Boxer 22 followed, but at the bottom of the dive, after releasing ordnance, the aircraft was hit by ground fire and the pilot, Capt. Benjamin Danielson, and the navigator, Lt. Woodrow Bergeron, Jr., ejected. Lt. Bergeron said: "The windblast knocked my helmet off and got my nose. The chutes were fairly close. As I was coming down, there was a guy shooting at me with a 12.7. When I got on the ground, the shots were ricocheting over my head right at the edge of the river in a little cleared area about ten by ten. I hit the ground running. My chute was stuck in a ten-foot high bush. Ben's (across the river) was in about a forty-foot tree."

The mayday and chute beepers were picked up by the King HC-130 rescue aircraft which was flying its normal orbit north of Nakhon Phanom, approximately 60 miles to the west of the bailout area. During a SAR operation, the responsibility of King was to orbit high over the rescue area and act as strategic overseer of the effort. Radio contact confirmed that two good chutes had been seen and that a bona fide SAR operation existed. King called for two Sandy A-1s, two Jolly Green rescue helicopters, and a second King aircraft for refueling.

Sandy 01 contacted the survivors and learned that the pilot had landed in a work area on the west side of the Nam Ngo River. There were well worn paths leading to the river. The navigator was at the river's edge next to a 20-foot high embankment which shielded him from the ground above. The river was 50 feet wide and the 2 airmen were about 70 feet apart. There was small arms fire on the west side—the east bank was quiet.

By 1120 hours, several A-1s, F-100s and F-105s arrived and began suppression of the ground fire. For a couple hours the A-1s raked the valley floor while the jets struck against the larger guns to the north.

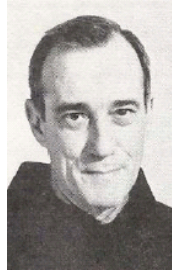
During this hosing down operation, reports increased of heavy antiaircraft fire. It was soon apparent that the ground threat was greater than was originally thought. Particularly troublesome was a 7-mm gun located in a cave 300 meters behind the navigator. Additional air support was requested. Six A-1s loaded with riot control agents, four more Jolly Green helicopters, and four F-4s carrying Paveway laser-guided bombs came from nearby bases.

By 1230 hours the ground fire had died down sufficiently to attempt a pickup. The first Jolly Green got to within two minutes of the survivors when intense ground fire forced him out of the area. Four more attempts before dark failed. A pararescue jumper was wounded and died. Bombs were delivered at the 37-mm gun but missed. Lt. Bergeron remained hidden in a clump of bamboo. During the night there had been a burst of gunfire and a scream from the pilot, who died in the attack.

The rescue armada, composed of the HC-130, four Jolly Green helicopters, 12 A-1s, and a number of jets was back on the scene at 0600 the second day. The navigator spent all day directing air strikes by radio. Intense bombing, missiles and gunfire continued all day and the A-1s dropped smoke munitions and anti-riot agents, some of which drifted toward the navigator. That evening Lt. Bergeron entered the river and hid under a leafy bush.

By the third day, both sides were well organized for the effort. Midway through the day, after one failed attempt at rescue, huge walls of smoke were built up while 22 A-1s circled a Jolly Green and formed a protective ring with their ordnance. Lt. Bergeron dashed out into the river and was rescued. 336 sorties participated in the rescue. It was a wonder that there were no mid-air collisions. Ten helicopters and five A-1s suffered battle damage. For the survivor, it was an indication of the effort that would be expended to save a downed crewmember.

Fr. Alvin Deem's Legacy



Shirley Slaughter is publishing a book titled "Our Lady of Victory — a Saga of an African-American Catholic Community." A central character in the story is Alvin Deem, OFM. The book is available from <http://motownwriters.homestead.com>

[/AuthorsNetwork.html](#). Shirley has graciously allowed us to print an excerpt from the book here.

Fr. Alvin Deem was born in New Albany, Indiana on April 17, 1913. He was invested as a Franciscan in 1930 and ordained in 1940. He spent 48 years in "pioneer ministry" to African Americans beginning with the founding of the storefront church of Our Lady of Victory in 1943. Though he served only three years as founding pastor, his contribution to the Archdiocese had such impact that in 1988 Cardinal Edmund Szoka named him recipient of the Archdiocese of Detroit's Crusader Award. From Detroit he moved to St. Joseph Parish on the Paseo in Kansas City, MO, where he served for sixteen years. In 1963 he moved to the Mississippi Delta where he spent 29 years as pastor at St. Jude Church in Diamond, LA. Fr. Alvin was strong and vocal in his opinions but always gracious in expressing them.

Father Alvin came to Detroit to establish a Catholic mission and took up residence at Duns Scotus College. Detroit was a city troubled by racial unrest and disturbance. Although the Diocese of Detroit was responsible for ministering to the entire community, it neglected the enclave of African Americans living in Royal Oak Township and Detroit in the vicinity of Wyoming and Eight Mile Road. And African Americans were not welcome at the surrounding Catholic parishes.

Late in 1943, and shortly after the race riots, Father Alvin began his ministry in an abandoned storefront on the corner of Cherrylawn and West Eight Mile Road. He commuted from Duns Scotus College, three miles distant while organizing the mission. He rented a small store and with help and donations of neighbors and potential parishioners, the mission was cleaned and renovated. Our Lady of Victory Mission was formally opened with the offering of the first Mass on October 3, 1943. Although the neighborhood was practically 100% non-Catholic at the time of his arrival, Father Alvin, an exceedingly charitable and zealous priest, baptized a total of 78 persons during the three years of his administration.

Fr. Alvin's deep commitment to the community, especially to the children, was evident. He evangelized from door to door in his brown robe, white cord, bare feet and sandals. He taught the Catholic faith and offered mass. He encouraged the youth to get a good education and helped many of them attend Catholic schools. He secured jobs and college scholarships for many of the young adults.

Respect for Fr. Alvin and his work was so great that he was able to convince "Doc" Washington, a local tavern owner, to donate land on the corner of Washburn and Eight Mile Road for a new church. During his brief stay at Our Lady of Victory he laid a strong foundation and had a deep impact on the neighboring community. New homes were built around the parish. His contributions helped to strengthen the entire black community.

In 1944, Our Lady of Victory was consecrated, built primarily with the labor of

members of the mission church. Fr. Alvin with the Oblate Sisters of Providence continued his ministry of home visits, evangelization, and made plans for a school.

During most of 1945 Father Alvin spent his time imploring the diocese to give him more space as he was bulging at the seams in the storefront church. There were 300 children receiving religious education at that time. This was more than enough to justify building a school. He wrote to Msgr. John C. Ryan, Director of Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, on three separate occasions. The tone of these letters may have been a source of irritation for the diocese. They started taking a closer look at who had authority over Our Lady of Victory Mission—the Franciscans or the Archdiocese. Msgr. Ryan in a letter to the Very Rev. Romauld Mollaun, O.F.M. at the direction of His Eminence, Cardinal Mooney, stated that the Archdiocese now has a priest to take over Our Lady of Victory Mission.

Fr. Alvin had a strong impact on the neighboring community. He ran the mission on the premise that all people were entitled to respect and dignity.

On Oct 26, 1946 a new chapel was erected on a permanent site at 10113 W. 8 Mile Road, Detroit. On this day also, Fr. Alvin was replaced by Fr. Hubert Roberge.

The Reverend Alvin Deem, longtime pastor in African-American Catholic communities passed away at the age of 85 on Saturday August 15, 1998 on the 68th anniversary of his investiture as a friar. Fr. Deem left behind several nieces and nephews, and was buried that Tuesday in St. Bernard, Ohio. He also left behind to mourn him a parish family in Detroit.

Memory Lane

Excerpts from the guestbook at www.franciscan-alumni.org

In 1987, parishioners phoned my mother to see where I should be sent on vacation. I really didn't believe that I needed a vacation, after all La Joya, N.M. was at the end of Highway 47. The rectory had one of three phones in the village, the closest store was thirty miles north in Belen. Yes, the weekends were busy with three masses at three different prisons, two masses I helped out at in the missions of Socorro, one 74 miles from 'base camp.' On Sundays I had three masses at three different missions of La Joya parish. So it was with the weekends, but from Monday thru Friday, after morning mass, there was just not a lot of activity, except when I typed the bulletin. Mom told the inquiring parishioners that "Bill needs to return to the seminary in Cincinnati for a visit." Before I knew it, I was on a plane bound for Covington, KY and the Cincinnati Airport, a rental car waiting for me, and a weeks stay at a local hotel. As I was going down the escalator to the baggage carousel, coming up the escalator is Fr. Murray. "Billy." "Fr. Murray" - as if I was showing up for my usual spiritual direction, sixteen years later. The rest of the pilgrimage was like this first encounter, they mostly just happened. Fr. Aldric (after Fr. Murray assured me he had completely forgotten the cool-aid for wine incident during my Senior Sacristan watch), Fr. P.Aubs as he drew me up to his face and shared with me how a novena to St. Therese helped him lose weight and still allowed him to eat his exotic cheeses. Brother Leo getting off the elevator with the current Reds scores. Steve 'Kakes' Kaelin and I walking around the building at night for two hours. Bob Wissel, Jerry Weisbrod and I 'legally' sharing a few beers and pizzas. Meeting Jim Nelson for lunch without his pipe, and so responsible at Thomas Moore College. I drove out to Batesville to see Fr. Theodric, to thank him again for his summer visit to my parents' home when in the middle of dinner Dad asked "And Father,

why did Bill deserve a C grade in Conduct this past Report Card?"

Ten freshmen from New Mexico got "busted" for taking a little bit of wine from the Sacristy Wine Closet during Easter Vacation. The guys from Colorado, Gonzales and Salazar, did the actual 'break in' (one of them just got elected to Congress, his initials are Johnny Salazar). The first meal after Easter recess, Fr. Ric stood up, twirled his cord, and proclaimed that somebody had stolen something during the Easter break, he knew who they were, and those 'Birds' were going to pay. After the meal, the ten of us gathered secretly in the dorm, a few began crying, others planned an escape to Canada, but eventually we decided to take our medicine and turn ourselves in before we felt Fr. Ric's tap on our shoulder. We rang the cloister bell, and dreadfully waited for Judgment Day. We could hear Fr. Ric's sandals slap against the polished floor, the door flung open and Fr. Ric surveyed us "Yesssss?"

I was pushed forward—it took the nine of them—"Father Ric, we are truly sorry." "Oh, yeah, for what?" "You know for what, Father, you spoke about us in the refectory tonight, the wine we took." Fr. Ric lit up a Schneider toothy-grin, nudged back his eye glasses and let out a laugh that echoed down and up the stairwells from the basement to the classrooms. "I didn't know about any wine missing, but I do know now, you sneaky birds!"

There was no free time for us the rest of the year, door mats glistened, toilets sparkled, and bumpy, rocky fields became smooth as Kentucky. And how did Fr. Ric answer my father's inquiry on my C in Conduct: "You know, Benny, I just can't recall right now." Fr. Ric always believed that once you paid your debt to society, that was it, no more punishment. That was my summer vacation at the 'Farm,' not 2005, but 1987.

Shalom bonumque,

Bill Sanchez'71

I had a huge laugh at the story about fessing up to a crime when Fr. Ric did not know about it. In the junior year of the class of 67, Fr. Gil told us all that Fr. Ric knew about a lot of rule breaking that had been going on. Probably half of our class was involved in some kind of serious rule breaking involving illicit cash, cigarettes, stealthy departures from the Farm's grounds, or consumption of sacramental wine for non-sacramental purposes. Groups of classmates got together in the junior-senior lounge to whisper about what they thought Fr. Ric knew and to figure out who needed to confess to what. The tension rapidly built up, and then Fr. Ric sat in one of the visitors parlors as a parade of frightened juniors walked in, one after another, to fess up and face the music. In the end, it turned out that a departing classmate, when he left the Farm, had bragged to Fr. Ric about all the bad stuff he had gotten away with. Fr. Ric knew that the miscreant had not acted alone, so he sent out the word that he knew stuff was going on, and we all were so scared that we told him all kinds of stuff that we had done. Punishment followed immediately and in some cases lasted for the rest of the year. But it is true that Fr. Ric played fair about his punishments. Once he had meted out his sentence, it was over. **Dick Fraher '67**

It is truly a wonder how the staff handled so many teens! I do not remember Fr. Ric ever taking a "day off." Yeah, he flew planes, but he was always there. Except one weekend, March 23, 1970. Word soon spread around, and of course his solitary chair in refectory was blatantly empty. And so, like the Israelites their first night in the desert, after having escaped the Pharaoh's chariots, we were FREEEE! That evening after Night Prayers, 90% of the beds in the dorms were vacant. Unfortunately, the staff might not have even noticed, if it had not been that some lower classmen of course left grotesque bulging replicas of them-



selves in their beds—they could have left Rinks' Blue Flashing Light Special and been less noticed! The real catastrophe that Freedom Night was, yes, you guessed it: Fr. Ric returned to the Seminary earlier than expected. That night I had nightmares that in the morning we would wake up and find a guillotine in the volleyball court yard, and at Bun Fun we would all run out there and line up, but instead of trays of sweet rolls.... even now I can not go there, it is too traumatic. At breakfast the next morning after the inexcusable breach of Grand Silence, no one ate. The Refectory was silent except for Fr. Ric opening up his three small boxes of Raisin Brand, sprinkling three spoonfuls of sugar in the cereal bowl in front of him, and pouring on half a bowl of milk so that the top layer of cereal would be above the milk line, Louisville style *si vous ples*. We could hear Fr. Ric chew each spoonful of his cereal deliberately, painfully, slowly. A few guilty freshmen passed out and hit the tables with a thud. Mostly we prayed and prayed, because we were so very caught. It seemed like hours had passed since Fr. Ric began eating his Raisin Brand, but finally we heard the large metal spoon clink against the empty bowl. Fr. Ric pushed his wooden chair back haltingly, swung up on his sandaled feet and customarily rocked back and forth slightly and then stopped. The deafening silence in the refectory that morning was suddenly defiled by a deep, deep groan, and no toothy Schneider grin. Boy, were we in trouble. One guy, a sophomore from Indiana, snapped and ran out of the refectory and outside the building, a dead run on the grassy fields... until Princess, Fr. Ric's German Police Dog, glided easily between his legs and tripped him face down on the mushy, dew soaked lawn. Princess gently led the sullenly surrendered sophomore back to the building as Fr. Ric succinctly defined the process we all would go through later that day of writing down every infraction of the rules we had ever committed in our time at St.

Francis, and who else was with us when we committed those infractions. We would have a mandatory two hours to think well of our past deeds, and to write them down completely. Our Journals of Regret would be read by Fr. Ric and if we failed to mention this or another person that was with us, and if they mentioned us and the crime we forgot, then the punishment would be tripled. I glanced up from the refectory table and caught Joe Moya giving me the optical sign of "don't mention me and I will not mention you." I desperately looked for Dale Recinella, but he was nowhere to be found; could it be that he had not yet returned? What if he writes about last January's retreat, and how he convinced me to walk thru three feet of snow in the dark of the night, while Fr. Maynard was giving his evening spiritual talk. Three girls were waiting for us at the skating rink in Winton Woods. And Dale described them like soon to be super models, waiting for us! We made it to the skating rink that night, they did not. By the way, what is the statute of limitations on such teenaged hormonal psychosis? **Bill Sanchez '71**

Late as usual, I met Fr. Tom Richstatter at the classroom door. "And I thought I was a Liberal Liturgist!" "Are you talking to me?" I asked. "You will find out soon enough, Bill." And suddenly a baritone voice broke the drone of pre-class chatter: "Sanchez, please come to my office." Fr. Tom's furrowed eyebrows curled like the Coney Island roller coaster urging my immediate response to Fr. Aldric's, Seminary Rector, intercom command. There was an eerie and foreboding silence in the first floor hall as I stood hesitating before the white office door stenciled 'Rector.' Shadowed as he sat in front of the window washed in early afternoon sunlight, Fr. Aldric slowly came into focus; his brown robed arms rested in front of him as he sat at his desk and began slowly and deliberately to lay before me his thoughts: "This morning I went to the Chapel to pray my Mass, and asked Brother Leo to prepare a side-altar to offer the Holy

Sacrifice." Being the Senior Sacristan, the one and only senior, with two junior and two sophomore classmen under my supervision, I carefully followed Fr. Aldric's description of side-altar mass preparation in my mind. "Due to the fact that there were no cruets prepared for mass in the downstairs sacristy refrigerator..." (I had told the sophomore sacristan that morning after our community mass to fill some in preparation for any side-altar masses. But it was seemingly becoming evident to me that—now what was that kid's name?—had not filled any cruets.) "And when Brother Leo went downstairs and opened the refrigerator and found no cruets prepared, Brother Leo took the large five-gallon wine jug that he found in the refrigerator, filled his own cruets, and brought them up to the side altar for my Mass. I began the Holy Mass, read the Sacred Scriptures, prayed the Offertory Prayers, the Sacred Words of Consecration, the Communion Rite and Our Fr. Prayers, the Lamb of God, and when it came time for me to drink from the sacred chalice..." Fr. Aldric's voice suddenly, and unusually, cracked with deep emotion. "And when I went to drink from the Sacred Chalice the wine transubstantiated into the Blood of Christ... I went to drink from the Sacred Communion and it was orange cool-aid." I immediately flashed back to what Fr. Tom had told me as I met him earlier at the classroom door and reference to his 'liberal liturgies.' My first reaction was to smile, but then I saw Fr. Aldric begin to cry, and if I had to, I was going to chew off my right arm to keep from laughing about Fr. Tom's prophesy. I apologized and apologized to Fr. Aldric, and I must admit, that at that moment I did not fully understand his 'pain.' I was "demoted" to Fr. Aubert's manure crew on work days for the rest of the year—another preparation for being a Pastor! Oh, yeah, now I remember that sophomore sacristan who forgot to fill the cruets that morning; his first name was Gus. **Bill Sanchez '71**

Franciscan Alumni Association



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ing the St. Anthony area with elbow grease and whatever other gifts we bring to the table—a time of Franciscan service to God's people. Sounds good to me and I hope it rings for you as well. There will be more detail in the coming months. Check out www.archstl.org for more info about the Archdiocese.

Mass will be on Saturday at 4:30 with the Parish Community of St. Anthony of Padua Church. Dinner will follow Mass at The Feasting Fox restaurant, a few blocks from St. Anthony's. Cost for the outstanding dinner will be \$25.

After dinner we'll have an award ceremony and more fellowship—plus entertainment.

We already have some entertainment lined up. The Voices of Praise, a Spirit led, Spirit fed choir from St. Alphonsus Liguori Church in St. Louis will be singing for us. This is also the choir your humble scribe is a member of. All I can say is get ready to tap your feet, clap your hands and Praise the Lord!

There has been interplay between the SJB/OLG and Sacred Heart Province for years. Guys like Albert Haase, Thom Smith and others are part of the fabric of our association. We hope to make this Chapter one that includes those brothers from the heartland Province as well. More on that as time goes by.

Why not make the Chapter the beginning or the end of a vacation in this great city? See the sights, see your brothers, reconnect with long ago friends... and meet me in St. Louis.

Mike Thomas '74, Chapter Coordinator

The Franciscan Alumni Association newsletter is published twice annually and mailed to approximately 1,300 members for whom we have addresses. The only cost of production is the expense of printing and mailing, which amounts to about \$1,200 per issue. The editor is Mike Niklas. Other writers are identified with their articles. Thank you for your interest and support.

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