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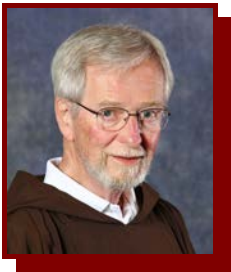
WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH

Honoring the accomplishments of women.

Issue 1126

Some women in my life

by Keith Clark



Keith Clark

Despite the fact that I have been a fan of the play and movie *My Fair Lady* since I was a high school student (having produced and directed an all-male cast rendition when I was a student at Marathon, including a command repeat performance for the benefit of visiting Cuthbert Gumbinger), I also found the sexist implications of Henry Higgins' attitude unnerving, and the submissive return of Eliza Doolittle at the end of the play disappointing. Henry's song in which he says "I shall never let a woman in my life" belies all of my personal and ministerial experience.

Without belaboring the fact that I had a mother who was a saint, and that I was surrounded by strong women in my youth, I recall my Auntie Dell, who was really no relative at all, but who had traveled from Chicago to Monroe WI by stage coach to be the housekeeper for my maternal grandfather after the death of his wife when my mother was an infant.

My first job was as a paper carrier for the *Milwaukee Journal*, whose drop off point in Monroe was Cookie and Marian Philips' garage. Marian died not long ago; she kept in touch with me until just before her death. My second job was at the Monroe Clinic Pharmacy, where Pauline was a force to be reckoned with, and who — though not Catholic — encouraged me in my pursuit of priesthood.

My years in formation within the order gave little chance to interact with women. But after ordination and a year of study at Fordham University, I was assigned to the novitiate in Huntington IN. Among the "un-parishioners" who came to the "un-parish" at St. Felix Friary was Eloise Parker. Shortly after I arrived in Huntington, I made it my practice on one afternoon each week to have tea with Eloise to listen to her practical wisdom. I still regard Eloise as one of the wisest persons I have ever known. There were times when I was novice director that I would tell a novice, "You need to go talk to Eloise." I don't remember what issues might have suggested Eloise as more qualified and competent than I to deal with, but I trusted any advice Eloise might give to an aspiring young Capuchin.

After my stint in novitiate, I was assigned to follow Irvin Udulutsch as formation director. His secretary retired when he left the job. I needed to find a secretary. I don't remember how Regina Cissne was recommended to me, but we interviewed, and I offered her the job, and she took it. Later she told me she almost didn't take the job because I was wearing an orange colored shirt during the interview and Jeannie was definitely a militant Irish person!

During my tenure as director, I would receive letters addressed to “Dear Keith.” Most of the time whatever was requested had to be handled by Jeannie. After awhile, the letters came addressed to “Dear Keith and Jeannie;” and finally to just “Dear Jeannie.” There came to be no doubt in anyone’s mind that Jeannie ran the office.



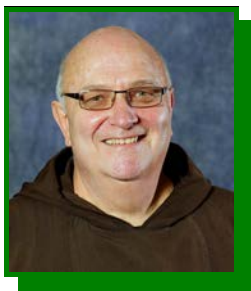
I have already exceeded the limit on the number of words to which I was limited, but I must mention others – Shirley Horn and Virginia Schmitz, whose contribution of Saint Lawrence Seminary is immense; Jane Kolosso, who ran Monte Alverno Retreat Center while I was the director; Kathleen Cepelka, whose guidance led to a revision of Saint Lawrence’s administrative structure; Julie Shank, the secretary for several provincial administrations, providing continuity from one administration after another; Brenda Boatman, who still manages much of the activity in the provincialate; and Linda Andrews, who shepherds the activity at Capuchin Retreat – with all of whom I have shared life and ministry, and who always seemed to everybody, including me, to be in charge, because they knew better than I what was needed.

There are many others, but I’m way over TL’s “words limit.”

(Keith Clark is retired, and lives in Washington MI)

Éirinn go Brách!

By Daniel Fox



Dan Fox

I must confess growing up in an Irish-American Catholic family had nuances that differ from the holy day of obligation in Ireland; but it was a day that was set apart, sanctified, albeit secularly. The first thing we did after dressing was to don a shamrock. We would wear anything green we could find without thought of matching. *Orange was prohibited.* We had the American tradition of corned beef and cabbage at supper and some soda bread. I know that my older siblings went on pub crawls and the like. Two of my sisters were “Maids of

Erin” for the parade in Detroit. If my father’s brothers would come over, my mother would be at the piano as they sang popular American-Irish ballads like *Galway Bay, Toorah Looorah, I’ll Take You Home Again, Kathleen, Danny Boy, Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy’s Chowder?, McNamara’s Band* and the like. To be sure they shared some Jameson or Tullamore Dew. The Irish identity was important, but it lacked rootedness in the saint’s real legacy of Apostolic Faith.



It was at Catholic school that we learned that St. Patrick was born in Britain around the year 389 CE, a son of a Roman-British deacon. When he was sixteen he was carried as a captive by pirates to Ireland and sold into slavery to serve a harsh herdsman. Up to that moment, he was a Christian in name only. There he experienced hunger, humiliation and isolation. It was there he began to pray, and discovered God in a profound way. He developed a real relationship with God that made him spiritually strong. After six years he escaped and went back home. But he never forgot the people of Ireland.

Growing in his new relationship with Christ he felt a call to priestly ministry and was ordained in his native place. He had a dream in which a person in Ireland asked him “to come and walk with us once more.” In 431, after a period in which his vocation was tested by the hesitancy of his superiors to entrust such a mission to him, Patrick was sent to Ireland as a missionary to assist the bishop there. As fate would have it, the bishop died, and Patrick was ordained bishop. He traveled the length and breadth of Ireland planting the faith everywhere and even succeeded in converting several members of the royal family. In winning the nation for Christ, St. Patrick established many avenues for learning and piety in local monasteries and convents. After living a completely apostolic life of labor and prayer he died on 17 March 461.



While I still don a shamrock — and as much green as I can — on St. Paddy’s Day, and I still make some soda bread and corned beef and cabbage, I think that what has always intrigued me about St. Patrick was the way his soul was stirred into passion by circumstances of oppression. Patrick’s pain fueled his prayer, and his prayer quickened the ardor of his apostolate. *Éirinn go Brách!*

(Dan Fox currently serves as a provincial councilor, local minister, and pastor in Sanford, Michigan.)

“Bittersweet” transition

Gary Wegner, pastor of the “Holyland” parishes in the Mt. Calvary WI area is preparing for the demolition of the St. Mary School in Marytown, as the focus is on maintaining churches and the buildings needed and used. It was great that some of the Agnesian Sisters and other teachers who taught in the school were able to participate in this bittersweet moment, as some of the former teachers gathered in the St. Mary School to say farewell to this building in which generations of the parish's children were educated and formed in the faith.



St. Mary School on the right

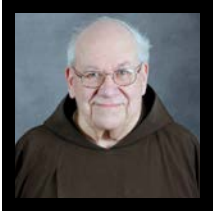


Former teachers attending included Sr. Lucy Brault, Sr. Beatrice Lindsay, Sr. Helen Gallitz, Sr. Rose (Thomas More), Ms. Linda Escher, Ms. Mary Neuman & Ms. Barbara Schultz.

Gary is grateful to all who helped make this an opportunity to remember and celebrate the past and to pray for our future as a parish community. The event was a wonderful sharing of some memories, songs and prayers.

God hears our deepest feelings of heart and mind and spirit, and has heard us this morning. We will continue to offer these feelings as we let go of this building. God will continue to listen to us. God will go with us in our pilgrimage of life and faith, God is eternally to be trusted. God’s peace, which passes all knowledge and understanding, will be our peace. We trust in the promise of Christ who is with us now and forever. Amen.





Our brother, Pius Cotter, died on 3 March at the age of 89, after struggling with cancer.

Pius Cotter was born on 18 August 1928, the son of George and Wivine Mary Cotter, in Appleton, Wisconsin. He was invested in the Capuchin Order on 18

March 1945, perpetually professed on 19 August 1949, and ordained on 3 June 1988. From 1945 -1988, Pius ministered as a lay friar. After ordination in 1988, he served in pastoral ministry in Chicago IL, Appleton, Oshkosh, Wautoma, Tigerton and Brussels WI. Pius retired from active ministry in 2013. Pius is survived by a brother, James, in Greenville WI, and three sisters: Lois Shandonay (Neenah WI), Mary Peterman (Kingwood TX), and Ann Uelein (Kaukauna WI), as well as his many Capuchin brothers with whom he lived and prayed for 73 years.

Antonio Garibay (father of Zoy Garibay) was recently hospitalized for cancer.

Jack Augenstein recently underwent back surgery.


Fabian Fehring was recently hospitalized after suffering an apparent stroke.

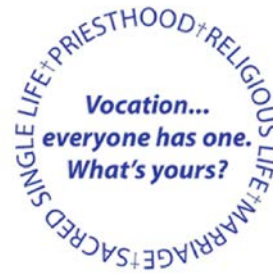
Don Mueller was recently hospitalized.

Tom Udulutsch (brother of Bob Udulutsch) died recently.

MARCH



- 6-10 NAPCC, San Antonio TX
- 7 OPCC Zoom Conference
- 8 Int'l Women's Day
- 11 Alexis Luzi (B)
- 16 Kent Bauer (B)
- 17  Patrick (F)
- 19 Joseph (F)
Provincial Patronal Feast Day
Milwaukee Friar Gathering
Brenton Ertel (B)
Amoris Laetitia, 2016
- 20 Spring Equinox
- 20-21 Provincial Council, Mt. Calvary WI



Blessings on the Feast of St. Joseph Patron of the Province



"[The first chapter of the Province of St. Joseph was held] Feb 6-12, 1873...The first decision of the chapter, that St. Joseph be taken as a protector, was couched in the words: 'Considering the greatness of the task that has been allotted to our province, to cultivate with apostolic labor such a vast and unusual field, mindful also of the many dangers that might be laid in its path or cause the ruin of its members, the province anxiously raises its eyes on high to implore the help of Almighty God, of the Immaculate Virgin, our fair protectress, and proclaims and pronounces St. Joseph, the foster father of Jesus Christ and the pure spouse of the Immaculate Virgin and Mother of God, patron of the province, and it decides that it shall always be called by his name and that its seal bear the representation of this glorious saint.'" From: *The Province of St. Joseph of the Capuchin Order in the U.S.*, published by Benziger Brothers, 1907.

