

REFLECTIONS OF FAITH

Issue 131

JOURNEY

August 2021

Companions on the Journey

Years ago while on retreat, I encountered a small, simple framed ink drawing that became etched into my memory and has seeped into my soul. It presented the outline of a mountain, a figure slumped on the ground at its base, a second person extending a hand, and a long winding path extending up the mountain.

Often, that image calls me to reflection...

I am that person on the ground
with hand extended.

I am the person standing
and reaching out.

We become one, standing together
in the embrace of Love.

Gratitude for companions on the journey,
and the grace to recognize them rises within me.

The metaphor of life as journey has always held meaning for me. As a sojourner, many thresholds (minor and major) present themselves. These are times of transition, vulnerable spaces that hold the possibility of change and transformation. We may step onto that threshold purposefully searching for growth and challenging ourselves or we may find ourselves pushed there involuntarily due to illness or other life circumstances. Standing on the threshold looking out, we may see only thick fog or utter darkness. Standing in this in-between space can be filled with uncertainty, fear and anxiety. Possibility and hope call us forth. However, it takes courage to trust, have faith and believe that "All will be well" (Julian of Norwich).

How do we find that courage to challenge ourselves to risk letting go of the secure things we "know," to move through hard dark times in life, to find hope in times filled with pain, grief, division, and to summon the courage to take that first step forward? How do we discover in a deeper way of "knowing" all that God's Love holds for us?

I believe we are never alone,
though it may sometimes seem that way.

I believe we are One
with the Body of the Christ.

I envision a large Net of Love
with infinite boundaries.

Touch any part of the Net, and it reverberates throughout. Our struggles, our joys are all part of this Love vibrating and touching all.

We don't always recognize it, but there are always companions walking with us. Christ is always present. We do make a difference when we reach out to others, even with a simple smile or kindness.

On the ground or standing, hands meet.
Love flows.

We are One with the Body of Christ.
Companions on the Journey . . .

Colleen Plakut

Journey

How many times have I stumbled into the unseen pit on the road?
Sometimes shallow, I get up, on my way with ease.
But there have been deep pits...
I fall in, look up and see
 Not only have I sunk so low,
 There is a starless night
 With a slivered moon obscured by clouds
 Draped overhead.
I am immobilized, aware of fear, anxiety, despair,
 Invading my mind,
Rising from the pit of my stomach,
 Crawling over and within my body
 As if I am sitting on an anthill.
Yet
 Dawn does come.
Glimmers of light begin to drip over the edges of the pit
 Reaching out to me. Offering hope.
A hand appears, a face, a smile, a voice, to lift me up.
 I reach my hand to meet that Presence.
 I am not alone.

Colleen Plakut



A World-Wide Faith

In 1957, my mother and I moved to Kabul, Afghanistan. She was starting a job with PAS, the Public Administration Service, a program sponsored by the US government, advising the Afghan government.

No churches were allowed to be built in a Muslim country. So the Italian Embassy brought in a Catholic priest, Fr. Mannetti, as a second secretary. Every Sunday, we went to the Italian Embassy and met behind its tall compound walls. We cleared the furni-

ture out of his office and celebrated Mass. The Latin Mass united people from all over the world to our Catholic faith.

My favorite memory was singing "Silent Night" at Christmas in all the different languages of the people attending: Indians, Filipinos, Lebanese, Polish, Italian, Irish and English. At this young age, I felt the worldwide faith we have.

Mary Ruppert

My Musical Journey

I have taken many journeys in my lifetime, including visits to many states and nine countries. But the journey that has taken me to the best destination has been my music journey. I have oftentimes wondered where my passion of music has come from, as I have no known relatives who have embraced music as I have. So I believe that teachers in my past recognized an inherent talent and helped me to develop it.

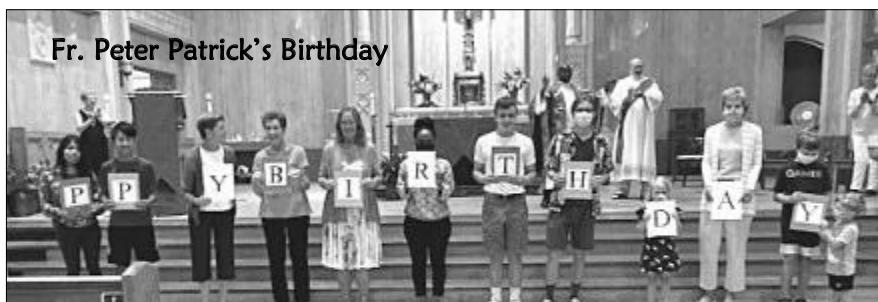
I remember being in a play in third grade where I dressed as a gypsy and sang songs with my class. I found the experience to be so much fun, and perhaps this inspired me to be a part of St. Sebastian's Cabaret. My fourth grade teacher, Sister Ann, taught me how to sing descants, and I learned how to sing in harmony with others. Sister Carola taught me how to sing by myself when I was in fifth grade, and I fancied myself to be Julie Andrews (a girl can dream, right?) singing "Mary Poppins" songs. In eighth grade, Sister Mary taught me how to play guitar, and I participated in many guitar masses.

It's been many years since those good and talented sisters fostered a love for music inside my soul, and I continue to have a passion for

music, specifically music that helps to spread the Gospel of Jesus. I firmly believe that this is my calling, and I use it to the best of my ability. I have been teaching music to young children for over 35 years, and it is a blessing that I can incorporate the love of Jesus into all of my lessons.

I am still on my musical journey, one that helps me to learn and embrace different cultures and genres of music. Every Sunday for 40 years, I have been a cantor/guitarist at St. Catherine, and before that at various other churches. Each music director has recognized my passion and has taught me more than I ever dreamed possible. Our current director, Doug Scott, is not only a wonderful and amazing musician, but also a good friend. He continues to be a part of my journey, along with the other Messengers of Joy, our choir. God willing, I can continue this musical journey for many more years. When my time on earth is over, I look forward to being a part of a new Journey – playing and singing with the Heavenly Band!

Kris Reck



I didn't expect to make this journey alone.

Oh, I did have a strong companion at the beginning of my parenting journey, but with the birth of each child, the presence and support of my companion weakened and wavered. We had planned for the journey, but the day-to-day steps on the journey's road were difficult for him to make. He kept pledging to make his presence felt in our family, but his frequent absences spoke louder than his words.

And so, I continued on the journey, with a companion who "just didn't get it." He hadn't had a model in his own father; the lure of career advancement and the world's image of the happy, carefree handsome young man enticed him to wander off the sometimes mundane path of parenting.

He left me in charge, figuratively and literally, his financial support diminished at times by the wants of other companions. I do have to acknowledge that deep in his heart, he wanted to be a true companion, but his inner struggles outpaced that commitment. He recommitted to the journey along the way, but time and again, the allure of other horizons took him off course and away.

Yet, the reality of having a sometimes-companion forced me to seek out divergent and self-challenging paths. I had always felt I was a good team player and sorely missed the companionship, but the solo parenting experience has led me into a formerly unexplored and stronger dependence on God and a deep sense of compassion for the many parents who walk their journey completely alone.

Anonymous

*It's your
road and
yours alone.
Others may
walk it
with you,
But no one
can walk it
for you.*

Rumi

My St. Catherine Journey

My parents joined St. Catherine Parish in 1951 when I was 3 years old. In September of 1953, I began my St. Catherine School journey. I was excited to go to school because all of my friends from the neighborhood were also going to my school. There are 25 homes on my block, and at that time, 20 of those households went to St. Catherine's. There were about 15 children from my block who attended St. Catherine School.

Every day started with Mass at 7:30, then it was time for learning. When it was time for recess, we had to line up and walk out silently to the playground. When the bell rang to go back to class, we had to stop what we were doing and walk back into school single file in silence. At lunch time, we were not allowed to talk in the cafeteria; you ate your lunch, and then you could go outside to play. My 2nd grade class of 100 certainly offered a challenge to get us all ready for First Communion!

When I was in 7th grade, we walked to High Mount School on Mondays. The boys went to shop class while we girls took a cooking class. In 8th grade, the girls went there for sewing classes, and the boys went to shop class.

The sisters were very creative when they wanted you to do things for them. They would give a holy card with a picture of a saint of your choice. I had quite a collection. They were strict but loving. Education and belief in God were very important to them.

I could go on and on about St. Catherine's, but we don't have enough pages in Reflections. St. Catherine's has been in my life for 70 years -- It's the only parish where I have ever been a member.

Elaine Benz

My Journey from Kenya to America



Life is a journey from moment of conception and beyond death. "Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born, I set you apart; I appointed you as a prophet to the nations." (Jer. 1:5). "Very truly I tell you, whoever hears my

word and believes him who sent me has eternal life and will not be judged but has crossed over from death to life" (Jn. 5:24).

In life, we make many different journeys, some willingly, others not. because we get detoured. When I received my acceptance letter from St. Francis De Sales seminary, I was excited to go back to the seminary to continue my discernment journey which I had begun before I got detoured a couple of years before. As usual, when you have a journey to make, you have to prepare. First things first. I had to apply for a visa – not an easy process. There is no guarantee you'll get it if you are coming from a third world country. I thank God everything went well for me. God is good all the time.

When my day to travel came, I was ready with everything I needed. I was nervous because it was my first time flying, and I was going to an unknown place over eight thousands miles away. I took British Airways from Nairobi to London. Due to air traffic at Heathrow Airport, our plane had to circle for about half an hour. By the time we landed and I went to the connecting terminal, my flight to Chicago had left. They had to rebook me on the next flight which was to leave two hours later than my original flight.

By the time I arrived in Milwaukee, it was late, and the person who had come to pick me had already left. I was stranded because I didn't know how to contact the seminary. Thank God for the

person at the customer service desk. She asked me if I had the phone number. I had printed the orientation schedule, and it listed the seminary's phone number and address. She tried calling, but no one answered because it was at 8 pm, and the office was closed.

After about an hour, I decided to take a taxi. I asked the driver for the fare because I had only a few dollars that I had changed in Nairobi. She asked me for the address, and I was on my way to the seminary. When I arrived at the seminary, no one was there to let me in. The taxi driver was so kind to me; she stayed with me and called using the front door phone, but again there was no response. I didn't realize that because it was summer, most of the residents were on break. After about a half hour, the vice rector appeared from nowhere and let me in. I was so grateful!



Due to the delay in London, my luggage was not transferred, so I arrived at the seminary with just a small backpack. I survived a week with the few clothes in the backpack. I thank God everything worked for me. First of all, I didn't know the importance of phone numbers and addresses. Back home, we don't use an address to take you to your destination; addresses are used only for post office boxes. When I had printed the orientation schedule, I didn't know it, but God was taking care of me.

Fr. Peter Patrick

Reflections of Journey

When I think of taking a journey, it's usually in the form of a road-trip. A few friends, a car, some camping gear, and I'm off to explore the sights and sounds and smells of the new landscape. I'm excited about the new people I will meet, the new towns and cities, the conversations with old friends, the stretches of nature, the pure joy of being on the road, the sense of freedom, the chance to get away from the familiar and explore the unknown and unfamiliar.

I've discovered, though, that my inner journey – the kind that allow me to go deep inside my heart – are as exciting or maybe even more exciting than an exterior road-trip. And many a time I have asked myself why that is. What is it about an inner journey that is often more satisfying than a physical journey?

My inner journeys are full of opportunities to explore lots of things – who I am, who God is, who I am in relation to God, my relationship with God-who-is-pure-Love. I take my inner journeys the same way I take my outer journeys – very simply: I find a place to sit down, and then I just begin to talk with God, to listen – and to just be.

The landscape changes very quickly, and I'm excited about the people I meet (Jesus, Mary, lots of different saints), I love the freedom of the journey, and the chance to get away from the familiar and explore the unknown and unfamiliar. I like the challenge of it. And I also respect that my inner journeys can be challenging – at times bringing me face to face with things I don't like about myself, or things I don't want to see. At the same time, I love a challenge!

And I think that is why inner journeys are so satisfying: I get to face myself in the context of Love. I have Someone on my side who continues to offer me pure Love at all times, and anything else I might tend to focus on pretty much pales in comparison. I am totally taken by Love, and the rest of my life sort of sorts itself out in that supreme gaze of Love.

I come away from our “conversations” really refreshed, no matter what the topic happened to be. I come back feeling like a new me.

And that, my friends, is the whole point of a good road-trip!

Theresa Utschig



Our
Vincentians
journey
with
neighbors
in need.

Reflections of Faith - Issue 131 August 2021

Editorial Board: Helen Dahms, Bernadette Davel, Marianne Hondel, Linda Duczman O'Connell, Carole Poth

Photos: Bernadette Davel, Carole Poth, Trudy Ranallo, Toni Wagner & families of the newly baptized.

Reflections of Faith is published five times each year for and by the parishioners of St. Catherine Parish.

A Journey of Friendship

This journey started at a YWCA camp for women in Wild Rose, Wisconsin. I saw an article about the camp in Mrs. Griggs' column in the *Milwaukee Journal* and talked my friend Mary Kratochvil into going. This was our response to deer hunting. Shouldn't women have the same opportunity to enjoy the North Woods? We never dreamed that this would begin 47 years of friendship and fun with women from all over the state of Wisconsin and some who returned from as far away as Maine. I look back at those beginning years when I gladly packed up my husband for deer hunting knowing that come summer, I too could get away and leave the parenting to him. I understood that you could still love your kids and husband and spend a week just for yourself.

When the Y camp closed, we decided to plan our own camp. We found a large converted inn and rented it. Instead of a camp cook, we took turns cooking and cleaning up afterward. We were not as organized and had no paid instructors. (I learned how to swim at the Y camp.)

At our camp, everyone shared their talents and hobbies. We learned to basket weave, make jewelry, macramé, canoe, hike, gamble, play miniature golf and shop. You could participate in any activity or just read a book, work on a jigsaw puzzle, play cards, lounge on the pier or nap. Here is a note I received from a longtime attendee who could not come this year. "I have been thinking about camp and the friends who make it fun. I never would have done kayaking, gone zip lining, got a ride in a small plane in the north woods or played laser tag. I hope you are having a good time and that the new place is as memorable as the others we have stayed in."

We also shared our life challenges and accomplishments. We saw our children graduate from elementary, high school and college, get married and have children of their own. We lost husbands, jobs, our health and sadly, a number of women have died. Camp is not for everyone. You are not at the Holiday Inn with your own room with a bathroom. You share a room, sometimes with several women. Some years you do not even get your own bed. One year someone slept on a roll-away bed in a large closet.

Our group is getting smaller. Over the years, we have stayed in several different resorts or lodges always downsizing. Our largest group was 26. Some women came for the whole week and others only several days. Women brought their mothers and adult daughters. This year was our smallest group -- only 9 women -- and we stayed in a new lodge. We still had fun, laughed and cried with each other, relived our adventures, shared stories of our ailments and went to bed earlier. In the past, some women stayed up late and slept on the first floor while those who went to be early slept upstairs. Then it was who can get up the stairs, and this past year it was who needs to be close to the bathroom. I think we have lasted 47 years because we care about each other and look forward to being together.

Trudy Ranallo



Our Group- a few years ago

Part 2

My "Up North" journey began in 1996 when I was invited to join Trudy and Mary Kratochvil in a cabin on Big St. Germaine Lake. I knew a few of the women from St. Catherine's, but not all of the others. There were 20 of us staying in a lodge on the lake. Instant friendships developed with this great group of women! Our passage from young women to wise elders has been a fun journey. There is something very special about long-term friendships; we can always pick up each year where we have left off the summer before. I now go to be with our "Ladies of the Lake" to connect with *them*, not for the activities. With God's help, the whole group can be together for years to come.

Toni Wagner

Journeys – Earthly and Spiritual

My journeys have been both earthly and spiritual. As a young man, I traveled to Ireland, Holland, Germany, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, France, Mexico and visited my brother in Canada. I saw beautiful churches in Europe like Sacre Coeur and Notre Dame in Paris as well as simple country churches in small towns. I learned that people are basically the same everywhere.

In 1958, I was blessed to join some New York relatives on Flying Tiger Airlines (named after the World War II pilots). It was a long propeller flight, and we had to stop in Ireland to refuel. In Germany, I was able to meet my living relatives for the first time. My mother had come to the U.S. from Harthausen and my father from Neufra, both 100% Catholic small villages in southern Germany close to the Swiss border.

Since all the townspeople were Catholic, they were named after saints. I met my father's twin brothers, Peter and Paul. Another brother had died from rough treatment as a Russian prisoner during WWII. My father's parents had also died, but I met my mother's parents, Andreas and Maria and Aunt Helen and Uncle Johan. Another uncle, a reluctant draftee in WWI, had a premonition and told his father he would not see him again and left a young wife and baby. I could not help

thinking of the book and movie, "All Quiet on the Western Front" by Erich Maria Remarque.

On a side trip with German friends, our old car broke down in the Italian Alps. We had to stay overnight in a rough area with rugged-looking people in the bar eyeing me in my U.S. garb. As we finished our beers in dirty foamy mugs, I was stung by a wasp inside my mouth. That night I stared at the hole in the wall which was my window, expecting a visitor. Eventually I fell asleep and nothing happened. I learned not to be judgmental. ("Judge not, that you be not judged" Mt.7:1.)

In my journeys, I learned other spiritual values. I learned that people everywhere have the same basic needs and wants. They love peace and hate war that is forced upon them by politics. My fondest memory was seeing my grandfather sing to my bedridden grandmother and the toothless smile she gave him. She died a month later. But my grandfather, the pleasant small farmer and shoemaker, lived to 94. In 1963, I returned to Germany as part of a Fulbright Exchange and witnessed JFK's famous "Ich bin eine Berliner" speech in the cause of freedom.

Ernest Andrew Herre

In my journeys, I learned that people everywhere have the same basic needs.

I have been on many journeys in my life. In fact, I even took a tour overseas sponsored by a company that was titled "Journeys." Journeys can be of any length. I have taken some journeys that I felt would never end, and they lasted less than an hour.

There are times when I wonder how to fill my time, and I reflect on what my future journey should be. Should I volunteer . . . pick up another hobby . . . plan a trip . . . learn about something new? I find that my choices are often directed by the words of one of my favorite psalms, Psalm 34:15. "Turn from evil and do good. Seek peace and follow after it."

I pray for peace all the time – inner and outer peace. I know that God will bless me with peace on my journey

Brenda Scharping



Stations on the Journey

Sometimes when I prepare to proclaim the Gospel, certain words stick out as they never have before. On this Pentecost day, as we are gathered under our Pentecost “Ring of Fire,” acknowledging that each of us has been given the breath of the Spirit and are called to carry that flame into the world, the words that speak to me are, “He breathed on them.”

I’ve been a deacon over 40 years and married almost 60 years, and over the years, there were many times the Spirit breathed on me as a deacon and a husband. Doors were opened, and I discovered new ways to look at life. Many of you know that I was a railroad engineer for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and in that job, there were men who passed on their *knowledge* so that I could do my job well. They breathed on me with the *counsel* of experience. One man in particular filled me with unbelievable *understanding* of the responsibility I had to bring the 20-ton train and its passengers or cargo safely into the station. He breathed on me, sharing his *knowledge* in a firm, but gentle way so that I could do my job well.

And so I think of the stations on our journey. What do we bring to them? What *wisdom* do we share at each station? Do we stop and look

around, asking God what he wants of us at that station in our life? Are we drawn into the great mystery of God’s love that shows us how to live in that time and place? Do we breathe the joy of God’s love into the people we encounter? And when we move on to the next station, what *fortitude* do we leave behind so they will continue to live in that love. . . to handle their troubles, to deal with illness, to share their joy, knowing that God loves them unconditionally and is always with them, a partner on their journey.

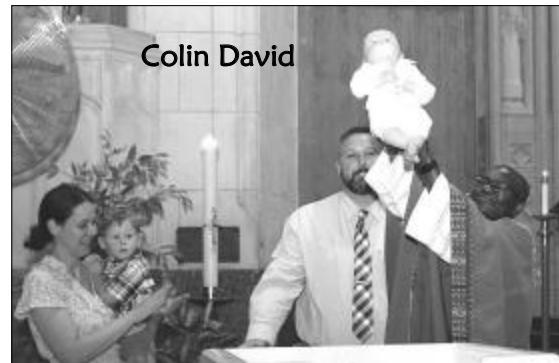
When Jane and I were working in an archdiocesan program for engaged couples, mostly who brought different faith traditions to their marriage, we started with this prayer:

“Our first task in approaching another peoples, another culture, another religion is to take off our shoes for the place we are approaching is holy. Else we may find ourselves treading on another’s dreams. More serious still, we may forget that God was there before us.”

- from Deacon Ralph Kornburger’s homily on Pentecost Sunday



Beginning
the journey
with the
family of
Christ.



"I Took You Up on It"

So started a class I was teaching at St. Joan Antida High. After St. Mary's Academy closed where I had been the principal, I decided to go back to the classroom. I was teaching juniors who were required to take a Justice and Peace course. The diverse student body made for lively class discussions. Part of the school's learning/teaching model was active learning: using all learning modalities. As you can imagine, I chose to involve the students in acts of Justice. We were looking at how we carry out the Gospel in our lives by addressing the injustices we see around us.

We started class every day in Chapel with prayer and testimonials. One day, a young woman, an excellent athlete who happened to be a white student, jumped up excitedly. She exclaimed "I took you up on it" and was off to tell her story. She told how when she came out of practice to wait for her ride home each day, she would see this homeless person, but she did not pay attention to him until we started talking in class about the status of folks in our society. She worked up the courage to ask him if he needed something to eat. She recounted how he looked at her "strangely" as she invited him to share a meal with her. Off they went to a restaurant near school. He told her that he was a veteran who lived on the streets. When she paid for the meal, he didn't know what to say other than "thanks for a great meal and conversation." She admitted that that act was a huge leap for her and her family members who were blown away to hear what she had done. He had a story of sadness and loneliness; she committed to having a meal with him on a regular basis—a new friend.

It's easy for those of us who teach to hold forth about how others are to live their lives, yet we often don't take up the Gospel call to serve others. My wife and I moved into Sherman Park making a commitment to live in a diverse community. Our daughters were raised on a block with neighbors of all races. I took up the challenge of being a resident leader. (We use the more positive term "resident leader" now rather than block watch captain.)

Life was cruising along until one day a neighbor, a veteran, blew up his house. Suddenly I was staring

at the critical issue of the struggles of the Viet Nam vets who call the 3800 block of N. 55th and 56th Streets home. Like my student, it was time to roll up my sleeves and get to work. I joined the Sherman Park Community Association board and eventually became the Executive Director, learning about our diverse community and all the issues that challenge our community. My reading of the social Gospel calls me to help create a livable community for all my fellow residents. Truth be told, it is a 24/7 job with countless hours of walking in the shoes of people of all ages and genders.

Recently, I saw an article about Sister Edna Lonergan and her ministry to God's people of all ages. I was reminded that Sr. Edna had convinced me to come back to work for her years ago. I had been focused on ministry to young people at St. Joan's. Joining her dream of intergenerational ministry, she challenged me to see how people of all ages are in need of God's care. In this eye-opening ministry, I was prepared to bring Franciscan values that had been so much a part of my life with the sisters at St. Mary's Academy to my journey of service in Sherman Park.

Over the last ten years, my commitment to older adults in the community has moved me to advocate for their safety in a number of practical projects like improving their outdoor lighting and replacing their doors and windows when they were crime victims. And I continue to serve older adults at the Sherman Park Gathering Place.

Over the years, I have been face to face with so many problems in our neighborhood, but with God's grace and His care, I keep at it.

I close with the latest personal challenge. The new Police Captain has never been in leadership at a district; she has served in the detective bureau. Keep in mind that the 7th District is larger than 70% of the towns in our state. I met with her the other day to talk about how we need to encourage the
(Continued on next page)

I have been face to face with so many problems in our neighborhood, but with God's grace . . . I keep at it.

My Unexpected Journey

Many of you at St. Catherine are aware of the daunting journey I've been facing since last fall. I was diagnosed with cancer in late October, and the news kept getting worse for a while. My lymphatic system and lungs were full of cancer, my physical stamina was decreasing rapidly, and I had trouble breathing. After four weeks of tests, biopsies and scans, it was found that I had a very aggressive Stage 4 metastatic melanoma that unfortunately did not have the right genetic profile to respond to the latest oral medications. I was prescribed a course of intravenous immunotherapy instead. However, my medical team was frankly not optimistic about my chances to survive long, since the cancer was so aggressive, and the immunotherapy takes a few months to work. But knowing that so many people were praying for me, I was somehow confident that I would find a way to continue my journey.

Finally, the good news came on December 1, five weeks after my first diagnosis. On the day I was to begin immunotherapy, a more advanced test result showed that my cancer actually did have a rare form of the genetic mutation that my team had hoped to find before. This mutation might make the cancer vulnerable to the oral medications

My confidence in God to find a way for me felt well-placed!

known as targeted therapy. I was told that 70% of Stage 4 melanoma patients with the mutation had shown some success with these meds, so it was certainly worth a try! I felt an enormous weight lifted off my shoulders, and I felt the power of prayer coming from all directions. My confidence in God to find a way for me felt well-placed!

It was clear after just a few days that the meds were having a remarkable effect. I was soon able to sing and play the piano at close to my previous level, just in time for Christmas at St. Catherine. Nearly eight months later, my health has

continued to improve gradually, and the journey continues! Now, I'll never be totally out of the woods, and I'll always have to take the meds. There's strong precedent for the cancer to develop resistance and come back, but if that happens, I'll have more treatment options than I did last November. I'm grateful for the chance to live and grateful to my medical team and my family. Also, I'm so grateful to everyone in the St. Catherine and St. Sebastian communities for their prayers, meals, help and encouragement.

Thank you all – see you in church!

Doug Scott

"I Took You Up on It" (Continued)

younger folks to take up the mantle of leadership in the community. She looked at me strangely, but she accepted the book I suggested she read about building community in a new way. At our next monthly Resident Leaders Council Meeting, she admitted in front of everyone that she was not buying what I was selling until she read the book. "Maybe there's something to all this positive focus on building community. I'm sold! Let's roll up our sleeves and get to work." All I could think was God bless her for taking up my challenge to make a difference in Sherman Park.

Steve O'Connell



"Which is more important,"
asked Big Panda,
"the journey or the destination?"
"The company,"
responded Little Dragon.

Reflections of Faith

St. Catherine Parish
5101 W. Center Street
Milwaukee, WI 53210

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

NON-PROFIT ORG'N
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
MILWAUKEE, WI
PERMIT NO. 5541

Next Issue: The Stages of Life

**Childhood - Teen Years - Young Adulthood
Adult Life - Senior Years**

- What are the blessings of each stage of life?
- What challenges did you encounter or overcome at each stage (or at one particular stage)?
- Who was/is an influential person or mentor at any one stage, and what did you learn from him/her?
- What do you look forward to, and how are you preparing for the next stage of your life?
- How has your relationship with God developed as you have lived your life?

Deadline: October 3, 2021

The glory
of God
is a
human being
fully alive.

St. Irenaeus