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# REFLECTIONS OF FAITH

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Issue 132

THE STAGES OF LIFE

November 2021

The best and most wonderful thing  
that can happen to you in this life  
is that you be silent  
and let God work and speak.

*Dag Hammarskjöld*

First I'm going to  
you-tuber, then I  
will be a police  
Person. Roosevelt

I will be an  
entrepreneur  
so I can help  
the homeless.  
Jaderrion

I will be a nail tech. I love nails  
cause they are so cute. Or maybe  
a police officer. A'Lorderia

## The hopes and dreams of the young children at our school

I want to learn  
everything, and  
then I will be a  
lawyer. Nevaeh

It will be cool to be a police  
officer or firefighter so I  
can help people in danger.  
Cedrianna

I want to be a preacher  
because I like to praise  
God every day. Bryson

I want to sell  
puppets when  
I grow up. Ava

I want to  
be a nurse  
so I can  
save people.  
Laniaja

I will be an art you-tuber  
and will make videos. I'll edit  
the best and post them  
three times a week. Darvell

When we are at peace, we find the  
freedom to be most fully who we are,  
even in the worst of times. We let go of  
what is nonessential and embrace what is  
essential. We empty ourselves so that God  
may more fully work within us. And we  
become instruments in the hands  
of the Lord.

*Cardinal Joseph Bernardin*

For I know the plans I have for you,  
declares the Lord,  
plans for welfare and not for evil,  
to give you  
a future and a hope.

*Jeremiah 29:11*

## The Story of Life

As children, we have a lot of time and energy, but no money. We want to wake up early and play all day. We go outside, play with friends until the street lights come on, and then we go home to do it all over again the next day.

As an adult, we have energy and money, but no time. We wake up early and work all day. We go to the office, communicate with colleagues until 5pm, and then we go home to do it all over again the next day.

As an elder or senior, we have a lot of time and money, but no energy. We wake up whenever and do whatever all day. We go outside to work on the garden, come inside to work on the house until we feel tired and go to bed to do it all over again the next day.

But life doesn't have to be this way. We don't have to be robots, follow a script and do what everyone says we should do. Find something in life that makes you happy. Find something to wake up for every day.

*Nathan Lindner*

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# “Teenagerhood”



I think that when a lot of us think about teenagers, we think of those high schoolers who are always angry or looking to argue. We think they like to hide in their rooms and ignore us or specifically go against our direction. Honestly, a lot of these thoughts are very valid. Teenagers can definitely be difficult, but I think a lot of times we forget that it is a stage of life. Specifically, it is a stage of discovery and growth.

Teenagers are not kids. Teenagers are not adults. They are the in-betweens. They have to learn to let go of a little bit of that childishness and begin to start to consider being an adult. They can't continue to be a child because they won't be responsible enough, and they can't be an adult yet because they won't be experienced enough. If you ask yourself, “How did I become an adult?” I'd guess you don't have a straight-up answer. I think that's because no one actually knows if they are prepared for that stage of life. This is why I think “teenagerhood” is such a difficult stage.

You begin to grow as you get older. A teenager grows in so many different areas in their life. You choose a high school, classes, extracurriculars and situations that you hope will create a strong base for college, and then you will start all the way over again once you get there. This time, the goal is having a strong base for life and adulthood. It is almost as if nothing you do is in the present. Everything is for your future. Maybe it's, “Which club will look good on my college application next year?” or “Are my grades good enough to continue to be an A student even if I fail this test?” It could even be, “Am I playing well enough to be on varsity next year?” and “Am I good enough to get a scholarship for this?” How do you live in the present when everything is for the future?

Balancing all of the academic portions of being a teenager is hard, but I believe it can be even more difficult to figure out identity in all of this. As I've mentioned, being a teen is about learning to become an adult. This means trying to figure out who you are going to be. I don't just mean your occupation. What will your values be? What are your beliefs? In your life, who is the most important? What is most valuable to you? What guides you in your decision making?

All of these tough thoughts are hard to work through. Now, I'm not an expert, but the feelings and ideas around all of these things aren't simple. When you add in family life, expectations, fear, doubt and all of the realities of the troubles going on in our world today, there is so much stress and worry surrounding life in general. This could be one of many explanations for why teens shut themselves away, don't want to talk or may not always react in the best possible way. We are working through all of this, and sometimes it doesn't work out. Like everyone, we make mistakes.

Being a teen is just one step in the stages of life, but it is an important one. It comes with opportunity and difficulty. So many new experiences can lead to both good and bad. I think it is always important that we remember we are all working through something. Whether someone is struggling or thriving in the moment, it could be completely different in a few hours. Teens especially have hard choices and responsibilities in the present, but we are the future, and right now, we are already doing amazing things!

*Eliana Melendes*

*Being a teenager is an amazing time and a hard time. You get the best and the worst. You make the best friendships and the worst heartaches.*

*Sophia Bush*

# The Gift of a Lasting Friendship



From our earliest years, Mary Wells and I have been friends. We allegedly met at a playground when we were little, although I don't actually remember that. However, as we have stuck together through the years, we have made a myriad of unforgettable memories. Some shared milestones include our First Communions, First Reconciliations, and -- very recently -- Confirmation.

In our younger years, we participated in Catechesis of the Good Shepherd at Saint Catherine's, we played together on a soccer team (yes, we were quite the dynamic duo), participated in musicals together (she made an excellent Friar Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet*), shared interests (we were both Harry Potter fans) and made countless inside jokes throughout our childhood. As we grew older, we saw each other less but always made time to go to each other's musicals, and we hung out whenever we could.

Come high school, we've barely seen each other due to COVID and both of our busy schedules, but nevertheless, during Confirmation prep, we hit it off as though we'd never grown apart. This was a true sign of God in my life, as He was the One who had given me this great friendship. The decision to make my Confirmation came to me on my own, but this renewed friendship strengthened the journey of preparation for the sacrament.

I have come to realize how great a gift friendship is. It is something to rely on, something we all need as human beings, and it gives us hope in times of stress and anxiety. This particular friendship has given me great joy, and it has helped me understand the profoundness of every friendship I have. It is truly an experience of Christ through others... Thank You, God, for friendship!



Emma Fessenbecker

## Ah...the stages of life -

such a mish-mosh of feelings that I'll narrow it down to a list. Our extended family likes playing all kinds of games. So here it goes - Scattergories/Categories version:

Silly	Teen Angst
Grateful	Enjoyment
Oscillating	Self-care
Faithful	Learning
"I'm possible"	Forgiving
Aging	Everlasting

Renée Lindner

Let us step into our strength and teach, lead and serve.  
Let us pick up the mantle of Guardian and pave a path of healing and hope for the generations to come.

*Anonymous*

# It All Went By So Fast

The stages of life come and go fairly quickly. Before you get to one particular stage, you think it will never arrive, or at the least it will take "forever," figuratively. When you are present during that stage of life, you try to soak in as much of the experience as you can, but it seems to fly by at a hummingbird's pace. Finally, once you are past each stage, you look back and you think two things: how long ago that was and how you wish you had more time there.

First is the school stage. I don't really remember the anticipation of the school stage, but I very much remember being present at school here at Saint Catherine's and thinking, "This is never going to end!" As you progress through grade school, you think about how great high school will be. You get to high school; it comes and goes, you have some great times, but as I prepare to celebrate my 20 year high school reunion, I think, "Where did THAT time go?" During high school, you spend time prepping for college and think how great college will be. Now I think about how breezy it would be to live a few days of my early 20s again. And then you finish all of your schooling, some have more than others, only to look back and wish you had paid more attention or soaked up more educational opportunity because it is so hard to get that drive going again.

Then comes the life stage. The first part of the life stage is spent believing you have all the time in the world, and there is no rush for anything. Soon enough you start to consider what goals you still have to accomplish and how you had better get started on them before too long. For me, always knowing I wanted to get married and start a family, I kept believing that Mrs. Right could always pop into my life the next day or the day after that, and life would really get rolling pretty quickly after that. Before long, I was 34 years old looking back and wondering where my 20s had gone. But then, sure enough, I found her! My soulmate, Mrs. Right, the one who I would spend my life with . . . only to find out we had a chance to meet when I was 28, and how did we not cross paths then, how long ago that was, and how much time that we could have been together! But she got me here to the best part of the life stage, after our marriage, of course - fatherhood!



I have always wanted to be a dad. It is probably the reason my grandmother is disappointed that I never became a priest, but I always just knew that was my special calling. Even though I have always known I wanted to be a dad, now that Declan Brendan is here, I think on how many years I didn't have him, and how I already wish I had more time

with him. But I am also acutely aware of how quickly these early years will go by, and I want to absorb as much of the present with DB as I can. The first look and smile he flashes me each day keep me going until I can squeeze the next one out of him. I am already proud of him, even though he doesn't do much during the day. And all of these thoughts and feelings draw me to ponderings of my own father and thinking about how long the 37 years he has had with me have been, but also it makes me excited to see where our many more years together take us!

I don't really know or haven't thought much about the stages of life after fatherhood -- it was a race just to get here. I am thrilled to experience and really focus on as much of the present as I can. I couldn't have asked for better companions along this journey, and I am sure that once Declan graduates grade school and high school and hopefully college, I could re-write this piece and ask, "Where has THAT time gone?!"

Brendan D. Holahan

## Reflections of Faith - Issue 132 November, 2021

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

**Pictures:** Bernadette Davel; Fessenbecker, Holahan, Melendes & Quintanilla families; and the families of the deceased

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# What a Wonderful World!

“If this is the world now, what do I do with it,?” a colleague mused recently. He spoke in terms of his job, in this case as pastor of the church where I work, and was reflecting on how our expectation to be “back to normal” by Christmas had been so emphatically shattered by the Delta variant and rising COVID trends. It was a question that resonated with me in my role as mother. For me, the changes to the way the world works in pandemic-land have been icing on the cake, but I’ve been asking myself, “What do I do with this world?” since the day I became responsible for guiding another life through it.

After my first pregnancy ended in early miscarriage, I spent the three subsequent pregnancies whispering this prayer: “God, if you please, just let me hold this baby in my arms. I promise I will nurture him or her and raise them in your image to do your work.” But how best to do that?

My oldest, Bella, is eight now. In the early years, I discovered *Daniel Tiger’s Neighborhood*, this generation’s version of Fred Rogers’ teachings. Bella and I watched every episode available to us at the time, and I still quote the show or sing the lessons when applicable. But when I sent Bella off to her first day of school, things got more complex. She learned the phrase “booty butt,” which was never uttered once on Daniel Tiger, but for some reason my current three-year old is all too familiar with it.

Bella began to be exposed to the world. As she neared the end of K5, George Floyd was murdered. I was grateful for the pandemic which kept her home and by my side. Grateful, as I watched a Black Lives Matter Protest that I have the White privilege of sheltering my child, and that lockdown gave me control over how much exposure she got. I chose the moment to bring her to a protest.



I chose when to let her see the boarded-up buildings and hear about the fear that so many were experiencing. I chose to call her into the room as I watched the Capitol riots unfold on TV. I chose to tell her the whole story of 9/11 this year and to answer her questions about it. Bit by bit, I let her see the pain of the world. It’s important that she knows this world so she is prepared to live in it.



I was gifted the idyllic childhood of an early 80’s baby, born at the beginning of our modern technological age in a time of economic security. Wars were distant and had no bearing on my life other than that there was a girl from Yugoslavia in my class for a year or two. I was 18 when the planes attacked the towers and the Pentagon. I wish my children could wait until they’re 18 to learn that there are people who hate us. But that wouldn’t serve them, and it wouldn’t serve the world we live in now. A world that is hurting but, maybe through that hurt, is beginning to heal. If my children learn to love others in a world so bent on teaching hate, then maybe their children won’t have to know quite so much hate in the first place. I do my best as a mother in this new world. I hold my babies in my arms, and I teach them that **God wants us to love one another as God loves us**. 2,021 years after Jesus was born to bring us that message, that is *still* the world we live in.

Jessica Quintanilla

*Young people who are willing to push super hard to make something happen are the most powerful force in the world.*

Sam Altman

# Getting in the Boat

I'm old enough to reflect on many stages of my own life; however, I want to share with you a change in my life beginning three years ago. 2018 was when I started exploring a new career in the cemetery business with its rewards and challenges, including dealing with the appearance of COVID.

My career for decades had been in finance, marketing and advertising. After witnessing the end-of-life stage of my parents and my husband John's parents, I was inspired by those who ministered to them. I began to ponder if I should use my talents to shift to a career with a cemetery or a funeral home, which was dad's family's business.

My dad's grandfather was a Lutheran minister. One of his sons, Martin, decided to become an undertaker. Martin eventually purchased a funeral home at 3<sup>rd</sup> and Burleigh with another family. Growing up, my dad did not enjoy living above the family business – especially having to be quiet while services were being held. Dad sought refuge in his basement “laboratory,” developing his interest in tinkering with electronics. My dad's brother chose to become a funeral director. I wasn't very close with my grandpa or my uncle, but I admired the ministerial work they did. Since I've been working at the cemetery, I frequently meet funeral directors who knew one or both of them. I often feel I am channeling my uncle, my grandpa, or even my great-grandpa (the minister) when I meet with families. To reference a story Fr. Larry told in a recent homily, I “get in the boat” with those who are preparing for the death of themselves or loved ones. The faith I see flowing through these families at such a difficult time has encouraged me in what I believe to be my true calling.

As much as my role as a Family Service Advisor at the cemetery is *rewarding* in knowing I'm assisting families' journeys at the end-of-life stage, it has definitely been equally as *challenging*. There are many days that are nonstop in meeting families' requests. I often eat lunch quickly at my desk, and that is often the extent of my break for the day. In my work prior to the cemetery, I had been used to having time to make phone calls to friends and family over lunch or in the evening, but my busy days now flow into my home

time, trying to keep up with the workload. In addition, I feel the grief from

families in its especially challenging stages, such as anger. I definitely pray for the Lord's love and compassion to flow through me.

When COVID hit and the world shut down, I was an essential worker. In the beginning, families whose loved ones had died from COVID were not allowed to even be at the cemetery for the burial. Our grounds crew wore PPE clothing when handling caskets. Other families couldn't have gatherings of more than ten people in an attempt to avoid spreading the virus. In families with many children, it often meant spouses and grandchildren couldn't be at the graveside. Our staff was criticized repeatedly for being too careful. Funeral directors were saying they worried about the long-term effects for people not being able to properly grieve. In writing this, I feel a deep sadness, and I wonder: How did we all get through that? At the cemetery, our staff prayed together at the beginning of each day as we always have, but we added time to pray for each other. As immunizations became available, there was some relief; however, I have witnessed lingering anxiety and anger over the effects of the pandemic and our continuing struggles.

I've always known there are no certainties in life, but the aftereffects of COVID on my work have amplified that realization. With our volatile climate, frequent acts of violence and the stresses added to my family and church, it's very difficult to remain positive going forward. This is where my faith sustains me to flow into the next stage of life.

Emily Figlesthaler



# My Son David

When I was a child, our now-deceased parish members Walter and Mary Roob had a young child who died of cancer. I could tell my parents were disturbed by the death of this young child when they returned home from the visitation. Why not; they had three young children at home themselves. I remember my mother being touched that they placed the child's favorite blanket Mary had made onto their child. I didn't understand why a child could die. I thought only "old" people died.

My son David, an electrical lineman, was working in California restoring high wire, high voltage electrical lines damaged from the wildfires. He bought a small camper and drove it to California to sleep and cook to avoid hotels and restaurants to ward off COVID. He was there less than a year flying home for the holidays.

In January, 2021, he decided he had enough and wanted to bring the camper home. He planned to take his wife Annie and daughter Audrey camping for a long vacation this summer.

My daughter Stephanie flew out to California to help with driving the long trip home. At home, she reported he was constantly drinking energy drinks to stay awake, requiring many rest stops to purchase more energy drinks. Now at home, we noticed he had difficulty with his memory; later diagnosed as short-term memory loss. I insisted he see a doctor and to insure he kept his appointment, I went with him.

In early March we got the devastating news that he had a large cancerous brain tumor. An aggressive form of cancer typically found only in children.

We needed a miracle. I immediately wrote a prayer and sent it to everyone I knew who would pray it. The prayer was quickly forwarded to prayer groups, priests, deacons, individuals, people of all Christian faiths as well as Muslim and Sikh and others. Everyone was praying for a miracle.

A twelve-hour surgery was preformed; it removed part of the tumor the size of two golf balls, yet the tentacles of the cancer had reached vital areas of the brain which could not be removed.

After the surgery, there was physical therapy to train him to walk again, more surgeries and more physical therapy, and chemo, which ultimately failed to even slow the cancer.

We never got a break, never good news. We needed a miracle.

As David entered hospice, I began to inquire by prayer if a miracle could still manifest. Then a thought came to me, and I changed my prayer to a prayer of thanks. I remembered that David's cancer is an aggressive form of cancer found in children. Those children die at an early age -- 6, 8, 10, years old. Since God the Father can see and hear into the future, he heard our prayers.

David was 42.

We got a miracle.

*Larry Teufel*



**Declan's Baptism**



They blessed our lives with their presence.



Ted Bandoni



John Miller



Mary Jo Rennoe



David Teufel



Sylvia Machulak

Not pictured:  
Dorothy  
Tiggs



Ron Scott

May they rest in peace in the  
arms of their Savior and Lord!

On the Death of the Beloved

Though we need to weep your loss,  
You dwell in that safe place in our hearts  
Where no storm or night or pain can reach you.

Your love was like the dawn  
Brightening over our lives,  
Awakening beneath the dark  
A further adventure of color.

The sound of your voice  
Found for us a new music  
That brightened everything.

Let us not look for you only in memory  
Where we would grow lonely without you.  
You would want us to find you in presence  
Beside us when beauty brightens,  
Where kindness glows  
And music echoes eternal tunes.

May you continue to inspire us:  
To enter each day with a generous heart.  
To serve the call of courage and love  
Until we see your beautiful face again  
In that land where there is no more separation,  
Where all tears will be wiped from our mind,  
And where we will never lose you again.

*To Bless the Space Between Us.*

*John O'Donohue*

My brother Ted had his passions. His Jeeps, his family, his friends and fishing -- probably in that order. Very easy guy to love.

*Toni Wagner*



Mary Jo had a resolute will, grand courage, and a bountiful heart - all of which she set to the service of justice and mercy wherever it was lacking. She did so with humor and flair that gave her many stories to tell and many memories to leave those who mourn her passing.

*Shared by Monica Meagher*

My dad, Ron Scott, was a lover of all kinds of cultural things, like classical music, theater, sports, history and much more. He passed those interests on to me and my sisters, and I owe my musical talent to my parents meeting as flutists in the college band.

*Doug Scott*

John's life as a humble, kind and faithful person spoke of the difference one good man can make in the lives of so many people. He was loving and thoughtful as a son, brother, husband, father, grandfather, relative and friend. He was not a "center of attention" kind of guy but a gentle soul who could relate well to people, a quiet, helpful support to all those he loved. He left us an amazing example of genuine unassuming goodness.

*Mary Miller*

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# Peaks and Valleys

I'm thankful for a good memory, though my memories are not all good – there have been peaks and valleys. I was born during the Great Depression, three years after my brother. I'm not sure he wanted a younger brother as he had been the center of the universe before I arrived.

When I saw my first movie, "The Man in the Iron Mask," the story of twin brothers fighting to be king, I crawled under the seat. At a picnic, around the same time, I refused to let go of a firecracker which exploded just as my father kicked my hand, saving it. I returned the favor years later when I was a medical student, assisting the surgeon as he did a skin graft to save two of my father's fingers, nearly cut off in a lawnmower accident.

My brother went to kindergarten and joined Boy Scouts, but he convinced my parents that I did not need either. And when we started baseball, he said I didn't need a glove although we played hardball. In one game, I borrowed a tiny unpadded mitt that had belonged to a friend's father. In centerfield, I stepped into a hole and fell on my back, but made the catch to the cheers of my team. My brother said, "It came right to him." I liked baseball more than piano, and my first recital was embarrassingly mediocre. That ended my lessons with Sister.

A classmate and I were playing baseball on the playground of Saint John's one day and ran into the school for a drink of water from the bubbler. Sister Scholastica heard us and made us hold out our hands for a slap across the knuckles with her triangular ruler. Serving Mass for our kindly pastor, Fr. Kondelka, my friend accidentally kicked the bells, causing me to burst out laughing.

Surprisingly, he didn't chastise us, but he did when I hit a ball into the yard of a fussy neighbor who had complained to him.

Since I started first grade at age 5, I was shy, and it took me awhile to catch up. In seventh and eighth grades, I started winning spelling bees and was awarded the History Prize by Sen. Alexander Wiley. It was then I discovered there were girls in the class. I hated giving speeches, but somehow I did it at Marquette High. Yet at MU, I withdrew from Speech class, so my report card for that year showed 5 A's and 1 W. (I later retook Speech and got an A.) During college, I worked on JFK's presidential campaign and wrote articles for all the newspapers opposing capital punishment. I went on to be a social worker and teacher for forty years.

At Saint John's, I served as a lector, and after we lost our choir, I would lead the congregation in hymns before and after Mass. I also joined the Third Order of Saint Francis and recruited my mom to join, too.

The biggest influence on my life has been the New Testament. I find Bible study with Catholics and non-Catholics rewarding. The best thing I did in my life was to care for my bedridden mother the last five years of her life after my father's sudden death from a "routine" operation. I was also working at that time and developed pneumonia. My mother and I received the Last Rites of the Church from Fr. Breit. Mom passed away; I slowly recovered. I pray now for God's love, kindness, mercy and grace. Seeing the folly of life, I reflect on Saint Augustin's words, "Our hearts are restless until they rest in You, O Lord."

*Ernest Herre*

*Our hearts are  
restless until  
they rest in  
you, O Lord.*



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*This stage of my life is pretty difficult.*

*Anonymous*



## Life as a Retiree

Ever since I retired from my career as a commercial lines underwriter after 38 years, I have been keeping quite busy. I've developed a lot of "fix-it" skills over the years, first with our own home and then with three rental properties we

acquired. I don't particularly find picture puzzles interesting, except with our grandchildren, partly because my eyesight isn't as sharp as it used to be. But I enjoy the "puzzle" of figuring out how to build or repair something.

When I retired 5 years ago, I thought I would be able to catch up on repairs, have some time to fish, camp, golf, play with the grandkids and travel a bit with June. But sometimes life gets in the way, and God has different plans. The houses we own have not gotten any newer, so the repairs keep cropping up. But apparently my tenants like where they live, paying a rent they can afford since three of the four families have stayed for 30, 12 and 8 years, respectively. However, the other day when I was fixing a leaky pipe under the kitchen sink, twisting and reaching awkwardly under the sink, I realized that the time is coming when I am going to need to pull back from owning these properties. My back was aching and my legs were cramping as I got the pipes back together. My concern, though, is what will happen when they are sold, and what will happen to my current renters. How much would a new owner increase the rent to quickly pay down the mortgage and then flip the dwelling? Could my tenants afford the increase that would come with the sale? There definitely is an issue in Milwaukee with decent affordable housing.

People are surprised when they find out that I am 69. I've had more than one comment that I look younger than that. I thank God for my health, but my body tells me I am aging. I don't think we need to down-size to a different home because our home isn't that large, unless we get to a point where we can no longer navigate stairs. June's knee replacement surgery is a test for that consideration.

As I think about the future, the one thing that I do want to concentrate on is de-cluttering. I have too much "stuff" in the basement just taking up space. Also, we have three file cabinets with old papers that we no longer need. I don't want to leave all of that for our daughters and sons-in-law to have to sort through. So that is my task for the future, to chip away at the detritus of life so as not to burden them.

Mike Wessa

\*Mike has been St. Catherine's "Mr. Fix-it" before and after retirement.

### *Growing Older*

*is the school for humility.*

*You walk last  
in the group  
you once led.*

*You are offered an arm  
along the path  
you first carved.*

*Where once your footsteps  
beat staccato notes,  
they slide.*

*The bones that once  
held you upright  
now bow and break.*

*The muscles you stretched  
and tested, now fail,  
flaccid and weary.*

*Once you were  
the decider;  
now you are told.*

*Best to let it happen.*

*There is joy in the group,  
security in the arm,  
a new rhythm in the slide,  
peace in acceptance  
and strength in weakness.*

*"He humbled himself  
unto death,  
death on the cross."*

BMD

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## Reflections of Faith

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### Next Issue: Community

How is community important in your life . . .

Your faith community?

The community that is your family?

Your neighborhood community?

Your workplace community?

The world community?

What have been the losses or gains in the community you value?

Is a sense of belonging a human need? Why or why not?

How can you/will you help build community?

Does God call us to community? If so, how?

**Deadline: January 3, 2022**

*If you want  
to go quickly,  
go alone.  
If you want  
to go far,  
go together.'*

*African Proverb*