



CrossRoads: Bulletin of the Passionist Alumni Association

February 2019

Issue#2

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REUNION 2019

by Ray Alonzo

Whoo - Hoo! Yeeee - Hah! Bring your whoopee cushion!!!

They said I should start with some exciting motivation. So like, that's done. Back to basics...

The trick, my Brothers, in drinking from a fire hose, is quenching the thirst without drowning. We figure the best way to give you the information you'll need for the next Reunion is to give you info before you need it, but not inundate you so badly that you use up all those remaining memory banks you are currently using to remember grandchildren's birthdays and where you put your teeth last night.

That being said, here's what you want to know right now...

The Reunion is in Detroit at the Passionist Retreat Center, 22225 Schoolcraft Road, Detroit, MI. We picked this spot for several reasons, not the least being that it's centrally located for guys on both coasts. We got a pretty good deal on housing from both the Retreat Center and nearby hotels, and both Fr. Peter and Fr. Randal are not really able to traipse around the country anymore and that's where they're at.

Many of the brothers stated last time that we wanted to see as many of our professed as possible, so we're working hard at getting familiar faces there.

The date of the Reunion is August 16th-18th of THIS YEAR. No mistake, that's this August, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Carl DeLage, this year's Reunion Director—long may he reign—has made it his stated purpose that we will deliver “more good stuff and no boring stuff” with plenty of time just to spend time with classmates, professed, and other old friends. (Trust me, they're all old now).

REUNION 2019

Continued

COSTS

If you plan to stay at the retreat house, your total bill for lodging, all meals, snacks, and drinks will be approximately \$218 for the weekend. In the interest of full disclosure, while it doesn't normally get too warm in Detroit even in August, there is only central air conditioning in the main gathering rooms but not in the sleeping rooms. Each room does have an overhead fan which Fr. John says he thinks is very comfortable. Also, the retreat house is not set up to house couples, so you have the option to stay at a local hotel.

Carl has negotiated with America's Best Value hotel, which is just down the street, for either 2 double beds or 1 king size bed at a cost of \$65 per night. So this is a good option for couples or for someone who just wants an air conditioned room. You will pay the hotel directly for the room charge and pay a registration fee of approximately \$98 per person for the meals, etc.

Carl is also negotiating with a nearby Holiday Inn Express and is still trying to get a more favorable rate for our group.

You will get more information about the registration process and fees in the next issue of the bulletin, once we finalize all the costs and arrangements.

SCHEDULE SO FAR...

Friday evening: We gather for drinks and lies in the Retreat Center. We own the place for the weekend so it doesn't matter where we want to settle down. Snacks, drinks, sandwiches, glad handing and outrageous stories in the lounge, the cafeteria, the gardens – wherever!

Saturday Morning: Breakfast at the Center. Mass. Breakouts with lots of breaks, then lunch.

Early teaser....

One of the four breakouts to be offered is currently entitled: "What Now, Lord?" As envisioned, this will be forty-five of the quickest minutes you've ever spent. Anticipate all the changes over the years; Prep closing, classmates gone, divorces, fortunes won or lost, weight gained and lost and perhaps gained again, even the natural aging process that has had effects on our psyche. No matter where you're at in your spiritual life, or even if you don't have one, this format hosted by Seminary/Retreat/and Ladies favorite, Fr. Bob Weiss (was Fr. Marion... LONG boring story, don't ask), promises to bring smiles and perhaps some wisdom and insight into the processes we've all been through or are going through. This presentation may be offered a few times on Saturday morning. There will be limited seating so first come.... We're looking at three other breakouts so you'll have choices to make between breaks and such. Spouses are welcome to EVERYTHING we do this weekend. (I mean, who wants to look at your ugly mugs?)

REUNION 2019

continued

Saturday Afternoon:

a) Look for tourist destinations, even the opportunity to visit the Ford Museum! Trust me, this is NOT an auto show! My wife and I have been there three times and it's been amazing every time, and you'll be guided by our own personal museum Docent. Available to see are a Thomas Edison's workshop where he made the first light bulb and so much more, a History museum covering much of America's own history, and even a full size village from the 1700's and 1800's. Don't miss this! Plus Carl promises other venue choices.

b) Ray is bringing his 12-string if anybody wants to Hootenanny in the lounge and try to remember the lyrics to more than just the first stanza of any song. Bring your guitar, banjo, mandolin, fiddle (Capt'n Whipple), anything acoustic. No Fenders with Base Pro mixers and Bose speakers. Jeesh! Is anything pure anymore???

c) Lolligag around the coolers, drink beer or soda and try to remember more stuff.

d) Nap

Saturday Evening: Dinner at 6:30. NOTHING is scheduled after dinner but drinks and snacks. We'll just enjoy the company we came to see, as so many of us after the last reunion requested to do.

Sunday Morning: Farewell breakfast. Mass. Goodbyes until the next Reunion.

A few more details will follow in the next Bulletin, but you've now got the gist of it.

One Reminder....we hope that lack of funding will not keep you from attending. The Alumni Council hopes to provide some financial assistance and more information will be provided in the next issue of the bulletin.

You need to be there and your brothers need you there. If you've never been to our Reunions before, you're in for a really great time. If you've been there before, why are we even talking about this? Come share the joy we've all felt at being part of the Brotherhood once more.

Passionist Alumni Reunion

August 16-18, 2019

St. Paul of the Cross Passionist Retreat and Conference Center

Detroit Michigan

REGIONAL REUNIONS

Mini-reunions happen all the time in parts of the U.S. Three groups are profiled below. By the way, let us know what's going on in YOUR neck of the woods. Consider emailing your local news to Jack Dermody for future issues of this bulletin. Once upon a time, some of us took planes, trains, and cars to Passionist formation from "far off" places like California, Michigan, Ohio, and Texas.

ArchAngels in St. Louis

Let's move on to the ArchAngels from Saint Louis. Only in the Cardinals' home town will 'archangels' be pronounced like the famous arch that crowns the city. Our own wordsmith Ray Alonzo surely minted that idea. Ray wrote to us on December 12:

What a festive evening we shared yesterday with the St. Louis preppers and spouses at our annual Christmas Dinner!

We were seated at a long wooden table, vaguely reminiscent of MGC's refectory tables, facing the fireplace flames, Christmas lights twinkling, crystal glasses tinkling, and laughter ringing throughout the room (much to the chagrin of other diners who looked on in amusement).

The Kormans and Alonzos took the foot of the table so, as Charlie put it, "they couldn't kick us down any further."

Our august senior class Powers family came in next and were followed promptly by the Brueggens who nestled in quickly enough to join the first drink order.

The joy of being together again was the same as that experienced by any of our Passionist brothers and sisters who have made it to the Reunions. So much to talk about... families growing, retirements being enjoyed or anticipated, the delights of becoming grandparents...

We were in full swing when the cold air came swirling in announcing the spirited and much anticipated arrival of the Kentucky Colonel and his Lady ~ Don and Susan Noltemeyer! (They now hail from that den of evil known as jayhawkland, in lawrence, kansas. We do not capitalize that state because it is NEVER proper).

After the excitement of their arrival, just as salads were served, in strolled the best Christmas gift yet... Craig and Marisa Franklin! Craig was sporting a cane but insisted on jovially hugging each of us in turn. Marisa was beaming as we rushed to get them seated and comfortable.

Craig had a chemo session that morning but he looked good and said he felt pretty good. Stronger. He had also gotten words of encouragement again from his doctors that healing continues.



Ray Alonzo and Craig Franklin

REGIONAL REUNIONS

continued

The rest of the evening went as they always do... talk about the amazing men who raised us at the Prep and how they're getting along: Fr. Peter, Fr. Bob Weiss, Gerry Steckle (Fr. Gerard), Hugh Pates (Fr. Hugh), Gus Wilhemy, so many good men we owe our thanks. We talked about how strange it was at first to realize that some of "our guys" are doing a lot of the heavy lifting for the Province now. We tipped a glass to our Prepster brothers Fr. Joe Moons and Fr. John Schork for all their great work for our Congregation.

We also toasted Carl DeLage who had tried to join us as he did last year but was kept at home by work at the last minute. As Carl is the 2019 Reunion Director, we naturally talked about the Reunion next August and how we're praying Fr. Randal is back at the Retreat Center by the time we get there. He's still recuperating at the medical center in Detroit. My end of the table said a special prayer for Mike Schweizer. You're in our thoughts, Michael, and we are all so grateful for your leadership in starting the first Reunion in 2002.

It was so very, very great to be together. Our ladies were decked out in holiday sweaters and jackets. Only Don Noltemeyer and Pat Brueggen felt the need to humble the rest of us by eclipsing our sober neckties with their Christmas variants.

The restaurant manager came by several times to make sure we were happy and to tell us she had already made our group reservation for the second Monday in December next year! (We've been doing Christmas Dinner at Hoolihans on the same Monday in December for quite a few years now and I guess they like having us even if we do get a bit boisterous every so often).

So everyone has to get healthy or stay that way at least for the next year because the reservation has already been made. We can always add more though, so if any of y'all wanna slip into town for dinner and maybe a weekend at a St. Louis brother's home, we'll keep a candle in the window.

From the ArchAngels to all our Passionist brothers and sisters, we send our love and best wishes for the Merriest and Blessed Christmas ever and a bright and joyful New Year. God bless each of you and those you love.

REGIONAL REUNIONS

continued

Christmas in Chicago

The Chicago Gang. Fr. John Schork, C.P. sent the photo below and merry words about their own gathering in the Windy City.

Greetings from Chicago-land! We offered a brunch for Chicago area alumni on Tuesday, Dec. 18...went to a diner just down the street from the Provincial Office. So good a time it was that the group asked for a repeat every year. After two hours, we walked four blocks east and took a tour of the Provincial Office. Great!



Clockwise (l-r): Mike Kruger, Tom Monahan, Dan O'Donnell, Angie Kwasinski, Jerry Crimmins, Fr. John Schork, C.P., Claire Smith and Jim Pryma. Phil Jackson took the photo.

Louisville in January

The regular Monday morning Louisville alumni group as they met on Jan. 7, 2019 at the local Frisch's Restaurant. The ever itinerant Fr. John Schork, C.P., reports these friends are regulars at the restaurant. The waitress has worn out her shoes hauling coffee.

The group conversation runs the gamut of issues (even "organ" recitals...due to the effects of aging). They visit for at least one hour (we were there for almost two). A real spirit of support is present in the group, built up over the years. They have fun when they are together.



Clockwise (l-r): Dan MacAdam, Jim Aalen, Jim Byrne, Terry McDevitt, John Schork, Charlie Schnell and John Filiatreau. Usually present but unable to make it that day were Frank Cameron and Jim Williams.

THE PASSIONISTS AND DOTTIE

by Jerry Crimmins (Novitiate '64)

Editor's Note: Jerry Crimmins made a career as a journalist for the Chicago Tribune. Some of you may remember he was already writing articles in our student newsletters in high school. The most oft-told story at our reunions could be the impact of seminary formation on the rest of our lives. This a good one.



In 1958, when I was a 13-year-old Chicago boy, I entered Mother of Good Counsel seminary in Warrenton, far out in the countryside in rural Missouri. My uncle, Father Carl Schmitz, C.P., was a missionary in the Passionist Fathers and Brothers religious order. "Missionary" sounded romantic and a fine goal to me, and I set off in that direction.

On March 14, 2018, while making my coffee, I suddenly thought of the forest behind Mother of Good Counsel. Today it is the Reifsnider State Forest, 1,388 acres. Back then the forest was probably more like 2,000 or 3,000 acres or more, including parts of the forest that today remain in private ownership. Private ownership was pretty invisible in those days except for rare, and skimpy, barbed wire fences that were easily passed. This was a wet forest, lush in all vegetation and types of trees. It was up and down and rugged, with a large, rocky creek running crookedly through it. Our hikes often ended at cliffs that were stark and gorgeous. While making my morning coffee in 2018, the image of this forest came into my head, near the little waterfall on a tributary to the larger creek. In this image, the

greenery was thick and dense, the air humid, and I remembered what an effect that forest had on me in my first year in the seminary. I kept returning to the forest as often as possible. The forest gave me such wonder and took me into another place from normal life, lifted me out, and spoke to me, saying: "This is yours if you want it." I could have it in the way you have a day or a sunset or a sunrise. And it was still there the next day. But you had to enter to get it. It was a new universe.

While I waited for my coffee water to boil in 2018, I thought of my late wife. "Dottie was like that. Dottie is like that whole forest." One could never see all that forest, all that universe, even in several days. Dottie was full of wonders like that. She was and is equal to that forest, and better. I had Dottie for 53 years including the dating, and you never could see all of Dottie either. She was that exciting.

Our high school dormitory bordered on the forest, just a few feet from it. In the spring and summer months and the early fall, we went to sleep each night amidst the loud chorus of animals in the forest. I later used these night forest sounds as the opening paragraphs in the book, "Fort Dearborn, A Novel," Chapter I.

The Passionists stressed that every boy at Mother of Good Counsel had to play sports. We all played all sports. Some students, who weren't inclined, played the minimum allowable. Yours truly played every sport to the maximum. I was full of energy. All of us played football in full equipment and in a league of intramural teams in those days, 1958 to 1963. We also had a high school football team on which I played. Those who wanted to played also pickup touch football games, two, three, four, or five men on a side. On both Thursdays and Sundays when we were allowed a full half day of outdoor recreation, I would sometimes play pickup touch football for five hours straight with constant running.

THE PASSIONISTS AND DOTTIE

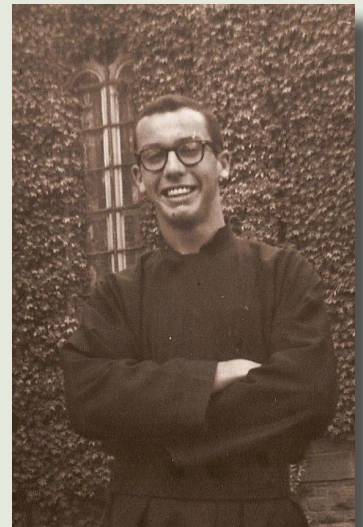
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We played 12-inch softball in the in-school league of teams and fast-pitch hardball in pickup games. We played basketball in the in-school league of teams, plus pickup basketball games, plus we had the high school team for those who made it. I made it, briefly. For five minutes. We would sometimes play pickup basketball for hours straight. We played handball for hours, played hockey when the ponds were frozen in the winter, played other chasing games that involved big crowds of skaters on ice. In winter, we also sailed down a twisty toboggan run in the woods at high speeds. We did minor gymnastics of our own invention on the outdoor bars and trapezes. Trying to teach myself a “cherry drop” trick on the trapeze while hanging by my legs, I let go at the wrong point in the pendulum swing. I landed on my head and temporarily lost part of my memory. I no longer knew where the locker room or showers were. I followed the other guys until my wits returned. We played “Capture the Flag” games over large areas of forest. These would be rough contests, sometimes modestly dangerous the ways boys prefer. We had an annual in-school track meet, for which many people practiced in advance. To learn the high jump, I studied the photos in a book in the school library by a famous U.S. high jumper. Then I practiced every day for weeks, including one rainy afternoon when nobody went outside except me. I jumped time after time in the rain over a bamboo bar onto wet sawdust in the high jump pit. I won the high jump that year.

I was not the best athlete in the school, nor the second best, nor the third best. But I could play, and I could run a team. As you can guess, for a boy with my energy level, the Passionists’ seminary was a boys’ paradise.

Next, our novitiate year, when we became novices in the Passionist monastery in St. Paul, Kansas, started out fine in June of 1963. It was fine until the new novice master eliminated one of our two half days per week of outdoor sports. This was offensive to me and even frightening. I needed as much high octane, high aerobic sports as possible. I didn’t know why I needed this, but I knew I did really need it. I asked for a private meeting with the novice master and strongly objected to this change for the whole novice class. I was really arguing for my own need as well as my novice brothers. The novice

master gave in half way. He changed the half day of sports he had eliminated to a half day of physical labor. The work was too easy for me and not vigorous enough. The novice master made other moves that I objected to, some of which appeared to be simply to annoy us novices and teach us obedience. Some parts of novitiate that seemed designed to teach us humility and poverty were okay but seemed to me trivial. I had to sweep all the stairs in the three-story monastery every day mostly on my knees with a hand brush and a dust pan. Ehh. This did not seem to me a whole lot different from chores I had done at home as a child. In novitiate, we had to wear the same head-to-toe religious habit every day, similar to a cassock that you put on over your head, and we wore it without it being washed, ever, for months. Mine was dusty from the sweeping. I did not care. Boys do not care. I was dissatisfied and skeptical in novitiate. I tried to keep this inside and not show it.



*Jerry Crimmins
in Novitiate
in St. Paul, Kansas*



*Reporter Crimmins at
the Chicago Tribune.*

THE PASSIONISTS AND DOTTIE

continued

I was 18. At the end of my novice year, I was supposed to take temporary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. I think the vows were for three years to try it out before we took permanent vows. Poverty meant I would not own anything. Chastity meant I would not get married or date girls. And obedience meant I would positively obey my superiors. Due to my disagreements with our novice master, I began to doubt, for the first time in five plus years in the seminary, if I really wanted to stay in this religious order. Could I really, for the rest of my life, obey arbitrary superiors, including superiors I considered odd, and obey arbitrary commands that to me were inappropriate? Did I want to?

There were also girls in Kansas. I had failed to consider this. In Missouri, where, I should point out, there are girls as well, our high school was far out in the open country, and the only girls we usually saw were nuns from Mexico in full nuns-type dress who cooked for us. A few of these nuns were young and pretty, and very shy. I had a crush on one of them. Yet somehow in Missouri I figured I could live a chaste, future life as a priest without a girlfriend or a wife.

In Kansas, as all my fellow novices will recall, our monastery was the parish church for the town. Scores of girls our own age came to mass every Sunday in summer dresses. From the choir loft in the rear of the church, I began to enjoy the part of the mass after Holy Communion when I could see the girls walk back to their pews and see them from the front. It was very distracting. But I kind of liked it.

I began to ask God, "Just what is the plan here?" or words to that effect. What was really wrong? Probably something had changed in me, not in the Passionists. At age 18, suddenly I was different. I struggled with this for months and waited for the Holy Spirit to give me a definite sign. This means I told my superiors I did not like this place. I did not want to be a priest any more, and I wanted to leave. I cried while stating this because this situation was so unexpected and frustrating for me. I had planned all my life to be a priest. My superiors knew I waited for them to tell me to leave. I trusted them, and I trusted the Holy Spirit. And they trusted me. I do not quit easily. The Holy Spirit and the novice master finally told me to leave. Praise the Lord.

I went to my room where I lived with my roommate, Bob Smith, and I started to pack.

"Quo vadis, confrater?" Bob asked me, despite the fact that we were supposed to be silent in our rooms. This means, "Where are you going, my brother?"

"Abeo, Bob," I said, which means, "I'm leaving." In the seminary, "I'm leaving" meant "for good." Bob seemed quite surprised. Smitty and I said our goodbyes. Then I went to the rooms of various friends with whom I had lived, played, fought, worked and struggled through high school, through a year of college and six months of novitiate. It was difficult to leave my friends. It was painful but necessary.

To me and for me, the Passionist Fathers and Brothers had provided, for five-and-a-half years, an innocent home.

THE PASSIONISTS AND DOTTIE

continued

Toward the end of the 20th Century and early in the 21st Century, it would be alleged that some Catholic seminaries in the U.S. had become “hell-holes of error and heresy” where sexual abuses and homosexuality were tolerated. However, in the late 1950s and early 1960s in the Passionist Fathers and Brothers seminary and monastery in Missouri and Kansas, the reverse was true. In my experience, the Passionists worked to create a healthy, morally upright school for future priests and brothers, and the Passionists succeeded.

I did not realize at the time that the combination of closeness to God and instruction in the faith the Passionist Fathers and Brothers had given me as well as the superb education they provided along with high quality exercise and nutrition, training in all sorts of manual labor, and their benign day-to-day lifestyle had probably saved my mind and my future.

I went home to Chicago in January 1964.

At home, I had to adjust to life with my family again. That wasn't too hard. My mother, even before I got home, signed me up as a full time student at Loyola University Chicago for the spring semester, which was to begin in late January or early February. I was surprised that my mother could sign me up for college without my even being present. Didn't the school want to ask me about this? I told my parents I had decided to go to work to pay my own tuition and expenses, although I would live at home and eat at home for free. My parents had 10 children. It did not seem right for such a healthy fellow as yours truly to force my parents to pay my way through college. I cancelled the application for day college and signed up myself for night school at Loyola Chicago.

I made other adjustments. I started to work for wages every day in my first job as a lowly office boy for a huge corporation downtown. I delivered the mail and did menial, boring tasks. I found this job through a help wanted ad in a newspaper. At Loyola U., I started night school. And I had to learn to make friends in Chicago.

One of my biggest adjustments was unexpected. The horizon was gone. When I left my family home each day, my horizon was 15 yards away, across the street. That was as far as I could see. No horizon at all. It was no better to look the long way down the street because the view was far too narrow. For five and a half years in the seminary in Missouri and Kansas I had been used to a horizon that was often a quarter of a mile or more away and extended far to the east and far to the west. That wide horizon would usually be a tree line with a suggestion of more and more space beyond. At home on Van Buren Street, I suddenly felt unable to see the earth. I got the sensation of being tied up, restricted. I missed the forest like crazy. The monastery in Kansas had also been on the edge of a forest. In Chicago, my outdoors was mostly concrete and asphalt.

I didn't know it, but eventually I would find a new horizon and a new forest. I would meet Dottie. The wonder of Dottie became equal to and better than the wonder of those forests. And with Dottie, the horizon would again become limitless. The Passionists, in their own way, had prepared me to be in awe of Dottie, God's gift. But in 1964, I didn't know she existed.

I was 19 years old.

MY FRIEND GEORGE STEINMILLER

by Bob Durr

Let me tell you about my friend George Steinmiller. He was part of that monster class that entered the Prep in 1957. They set a record for ordinations from a single class. The only position no member has attained is Pope. Yes, you know some of them, like Mike Higgins, Jose (Arthur) Carrillo, Jim Strommer, and Clemente (Felix) Barron.

George Steinmiller became Father Alex Steinmiller, then later brought back 'George' and will be found on Facebook today as George Alex Steinmiller.

When it came to sports at the Prep, the biggest authorities were not the rector or the student director. The most powerful figures had been Fr. Carl and Fr. Albert, the referees. One day, however, fellow student George Steinmiller moved in as referee, assisted by Bill Toner. George and Bill became absolute authorities. Mercifully they managed to retain their classiness and a great attitude.

Bill was one of those guys with privileges. He had a driver's license. It's a small thing to mention but I recall once sitting in the front seat while he drove to buy medicine in Warrenton. We had no access to radio at the prep, so we punched through all the car radio stations to find any kind of rock and roll. The only song we knew and ended up singing together was Lawrence Welk's "Calcutta." If you are unfamiliar with the song, the lyrics are la, la, la, la, la, etc.

Over the high school years, George was a friend, mentor, and always an inspiration. For example, I remember submitting to him a football article for the student newspaper. He took a blue pencil to it—revising, cutting words, and drawing a lot of lines and arrows. My re-submission contained only more penciled-in changes in the margins. And that was the only time I ever saw George a little irked. "Next time," he said, "retype the copy."

George became such a role model I fancied that I could also become a referee—wise and fair, just like him. I asked myself, "seriously now, how hard could it be to ref a bunch of freshmen and sophomores in a daily intramural competition?"

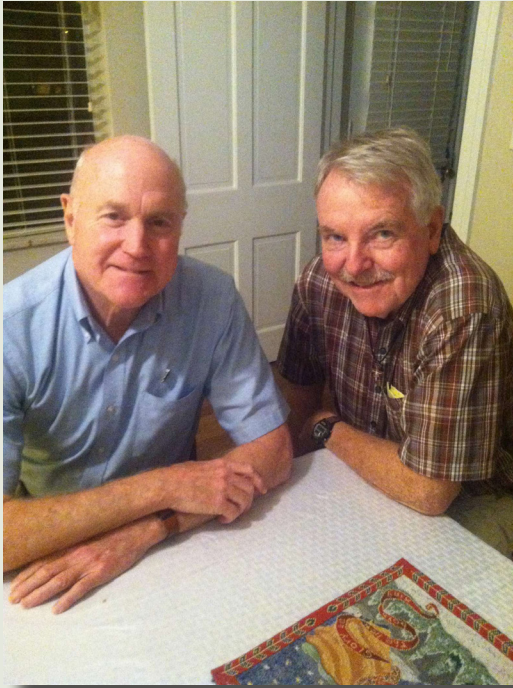
Early in this new career of mine, Mike Carson kicked a ball in a basketball game. Heck, it was just a loose ball, I thought. Mike's move had to be unintentional, so no big deal. Everybody else knew it was a penalty.



*Fall of 1958. One third of "that monster class."
Standing (l to r) Michael Berry, Michael Pfaff,
Louis Oropeza, Michael Higgins and
George Steinmiller. Sitting (l to r) Felix Barron,
Bernard Boward and Joseph O'Donnell.*

MY FRIEND GEORGE STEINMILLER

continued



*George Alex Steinmiller
and Bob Durr today.*

It became evident I lacked the class, attitude, wisdom, and fairness of my idol George. I told Ron Reneau to quit crying about my calls or I would give him a technical foul. And I did. He did provoke me after all.

Maybe one of my calls at a softball game sullied my reputation forever. This guy named Phil disputed a called third strike. I refuted by insisting the ball went right across his shoulders. It was news to me when he explained the armpits delineated the upper part of the strike zone. I shrugged weakly and told the batter to take it up with Fr. Carl. Of course I did not tell Fr. Carl a thing. Yes, I did look up the baseball rule one day and learned all about the “midway through the torso” standard.

George Steinmiller was the go-to man for sports. He was an athlete—from football to ice skating. In the summer of 1962, I got to accompany him to a White Sox game and an auto race in Chicago.

Since the Prep days, I got to mingle with many Passionists, but it wasn't until 2016 that I was lucky enough to visit George as Fr. Alex in Birmingham, Alabama. Today he is the pastor of a local parish. Via Facebook, I got to watch a radio show that Alex appeared on every Friday night.

He had headed up the Holy Family Cristo Rey high school there for a long time, and is now President Emeritus.

If you visit, you might find him heading all over town in Birmingham in his “Confession Truck.” Yes, it's a mobile confessional from which he removes a card table and chairs and meets with the locals. He sits down with anybody who wants to talk.

On the Saturday morning I visited, we headed south for a First Penance for second graders. He heard their confessions and then spent a few hours listening to the Spanish-speaking folks who had learned he would be there. Yes, Fr. Alex is fluent as can be in Spanish.

George Alex Steinmiller remains wise, fair, classy, and positive. I want to get back to Alabama soon.

THE ALUMNI COUNCIL:

Our Trajectory This Year

by Mike Owens, Alumni Council Coordinator



The reunion will be our major focus during the first eight months of 2019, but there are plenty of other items on our “To-Do” lists. Here are the updates since our last bulletin.

Database (Paul Schulte and Don Noltemeyer)

The team announced that 162 alumni have opted in to our database which means that we have valid, confirmed contact information for each person. This is a very significant accomplishment; however, several hundred alumni have either not responded to our invitation, or the team did not have valid email addresses to reach them. The goal is to continue identifying and recruiting more alumni to register. The team plans to create a registry of our deceased alumni that can be published on the alumni website. This will be a major project during 2019.

Reunion (Ray Alonzo and Carl DeLage)

Planning for the 2019 reunion in Detroit is moving along. Please see the update from the reunion team in this newsletter.

Lay Association (Mark Brockman and Carl Middleton)

Research is the name of the game for the Lay Association team. They have had conference calls with Terry McDevitt and Fr. Don Webber, CP, to learn about the work of the Office of Mission Effectiveness and the increasing role of the laity in the Province’s mission. The team is also planning conference calls with Ken Schmidt in Nashville and Dan O’Donnell in Chicago to learn about the work of the Passionist Partners. Mark is planning to meet with Fr. Cedric Pisegna, CP, on the role of the laity in the Houston area.

Bulletin and Website (Jack Dermody)

Jack Dermody is doing his best Perry White / Lou Grant impressions as editor-in-chief of the bulletin and website. He has provided the Council with a wide-ranging list of suggestions for articles in upcoming issues of the bulletin and is looking for contributors and editors for those issues. All alumni are invited to submit articles about their experiences during formation, vowed members who became role models, and other topics that would be entertaining and interesting to read.

If you have questions about the Alumni Council or suggestions for us to consider, please send me an email at mtowens2368@icloud.com

Mission Statement

The formation alumni mission statement can be found with a [click from here](#) on our website.

THE ALUMNI COUNCIL

continued

Alumni Council Members

Ray Alonzo:	Chair, Spiritual Formation
Mark Brockman:	Co-Chair, Lay Association; Technology
Carl DeLage:	Chair, Family Events
Jack Dermody:	Chair, Communications: Website and Newsletter
Phil Jackson:	Spiritual Formation
Terry McDevitt:	Co-Chair, Administration/Province Liaison
Carl Middleton:	Co-Chair, Lay Association
Don Noltemeyer:	Co-Chair, Communications: Database
Mike Owens:	Coordinator
Richard Padilla:	Co-Chair, Administration/Province Liaison
Paul Schulte:	Co-Chair, Communications: Database
Fr. John Schork:	Province Liaison
Claire Smith:	Communications

IN MEMORIAM

Thomas Garry Ransdell, 94, entered Eternal Life January 7, 2019.

Tom was born in Louisville to the late Charles Augustus and Sara Mae Ransdell. He was a real estate broker and builder, owner of Ransdell Realty Co. for over 65 years. He was a charter member of the Serra Club of Louisville and studied at the Passionist Monastery. He served the Louisville community with great distinction as a realty broker, but was also deeply honored to serve as the Associate Director of Vocations for the Louisville Archdiocese in the 1990's.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Ursuline Sisters and the Passionist Fathers. Online condolences may be shared at www.Ratterman.com.

Note from Fr. John Schork, C.P.: Just saw the note in the St. Agnes bulletin about the death of alumni Tom Ransdell of Louisville. He had a great love for his experience with the Passionists, which sparked his interests on many levels...including promoting religious vocations. I'm sure his family appreciates the support of our prayer.

